

Lulita Crawford Pritchett's 1921 Diary



Jimmy and Lulita about 1921

Transcribed By
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The Pritchett family: Margaret, Lulie, Carr, and Lulita

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FOREWORD

Lulita Crawford Pritchett was the granddaughter of James and Margaret Crawford, the founders of Steamboat Springs, Colorado. She published over 70 stories, articles, and poems, including two novels about the founding of Steamboat Springs by the Crawford family and their early pioneer years. Lulita spent many summers in Steamboat Springs but only lived there for three years, during which time she graduated from the Steamboat Springs High School, class of 1922.

On her first Christmas in Steamboat, at the age of 14, Lulita must have received a gift of a new notebook, because on January 1, 1921, she started keeping a diary, or as she phrased it, “to write down interesting happenings and to record my thoughts sometimes.” For nine months she did just that, and we now have a valuable resource of her earliest poetry and nature descriptions. Even at 14 she was already planning on her career as a story teller of the pioneer days of Steamboat.

She mentions many people and places in her diary. Her family: Mama (Lulie), Papa (Carr), and sister Margaret (MEP), lived on the Pritchett Ranch just a mile southwest of the town. Her grandfather (JHC) and grandmother lived in the large stone house they had built 27 years earlier on Crawford Avenue. Aunt Mary Crawford lived in the stone house with them but also had a cabin up Soda Creek where she spent most of the summers. Half a block away from the stone house lived Uncle John Crawford (JDC), his wife Minnie, and son Jimmy (also called Jamie or Jim in the diary, but always Jimmy later in life). He was Lulita’s closest relative in age, being just two years younger. Her Uncle Logan Crawford, his wife Clara, and daughter Leola no longer lived in Steamboat. Uncle Grant Crawford, who was grandfather’s youngest brother, and Aunt Annie Crawford, who was the widow of grandfather’s older brother John, both lived in Sedalia, Missouri. Aunt Orie (Orientine Bourn Newton) and Uncle Fred (Frederick MacCormack Bourn) were younger siblings of grandmother. Uncle Os (Oswald), Aunt Elizabeth, and Aunt Sadie (Sarah) were the siblings of Lulita’s father.

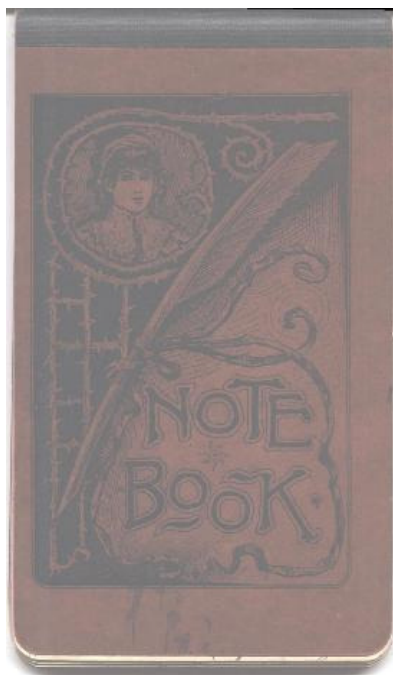
Lulita mentions several magazines in her diary. *Youth’s Companion* was published weekly in a newspaper-type format from 1827 until 1929. *St. Nicholas* was published monthly from 1873

until 1940. *Saturday Evening Post* was published weekly from 1821 to 1969.

Eighty years after Lulita wrote her diary, Meredith Crawford, the granddaughter of Lulita's first cousin Jimmy, transcribed the pages. I have cleaned up the spelling and punctuation to conform to modern standards, but the words are all Lulita's. Editorial comments are included in brackets [].

I have included a map of the area around Steamboat Springs to show many of the places Lulita mentions in her diary. Some have been renamed and are not found on any other map.

- Jim Crawford, 2006



Lulita Pritchett, Jan. 1, 1921.
I am not going to call this a diary or anything else special but I am going to use it to write down interesting happenings and to record my thoughts sometimes when I feel like I wanted to. This seems like a funny way to start out anything interesting but it is such a comfort to be able to write down once those sometimes. I can't realize that this is the first day in the new year - 1921 and that 1920 has flown by so swiftly. I didn't do nearly all the things I intended to last year but I hope at the end of 1921 I will be able to say something quite different. In fact I think I have made a pretty good beginning already for I have lived up to my

Lulita Pritchett.

Jan. 1, 1921

I am not going to call this a diary or anything else special, but I am going to use it to write down interesting happenings and to record my thoughts sometimes when I feel like I want to. This seems like a funny way to start out anything interesting but it is such a comfort to be able to write down one's thoughts sometimes. I can't realize that this is the first day in the new year -1921 and that 1920 has flown by so swiftly. I didn't do nearly all the things I intended to last year but I hope at the end of 1921 I will be able to say something quite different. In fact I think I have made a pretty good beginning already for I have lived up to my new rules and regulations pretty well today. I only made four or five, but I believe I will write them down here so that when I see any sign of weakening I can turn back and read them again and just keep on being good.

- 1. Think before you speak.*
- 2. Stand up straight.*
- 3. Help others as much as possible - housework & school.*
- 4. Study faithfully and uncomplainingly.*
- 5. Do not read too much.*
- 6. Be content - not envious or unhappy.*
- 7. Watch your manners at all times.*
- 8. Be kind to all.*
- 9. Do not yield to temptation.*
- 10. Do some good service every day - the more the better.*
- 11. Do not let others wait upon you when you can do it yourself.*

I will leave some room to add to the list if I find it necessary. It might sound funny to a stranger but I truly mean it in the best way possible to help me to be more like I desire.

Jan. 2

*Another day has flown by
In the record of this year,
And still, I think, I have held on high
The pledge that I've written here.
The day has been but a common one
With homely tasks to do;
Dusky and snowy, with naught of the sun
Except as the clouds broke into.
Ducks to be picked and the floor scrubbed clean,
Christmas letters to write;*

*A story was finished, a weasel seen,
And ice cream for supper tonight.
That's all for the record of this day's past
But I would not alter it here,
For such days as this make the home feeling last
And what else in this world is more dear?*

Jan. 6



I have just been reading in my new “St. Nicholas” about the prizes on verse and story writing and the topics for May. “In Blossom Time” sounds as if it holds wonderful possibilities and I wonder whether one can smell all the sweet Spring flowers and hear the music of the returned song-birds and see green carpet spreading over all the hills and valleys in January. It sounds rather impossible doesn't it? I believe I will try it though and I hope for better

success then “Christmas Bells” this time. I ran across an article entitled “Tusitala” in the “St. Nicholas” which I believe is an exact copy of the one Betty cut out and saved in “The Little Cloud’s House-party.” It is a beautiful thought to try and build a road of the loving heart - all shining and white with not a single stone in the way to mar the beauty. I have just started down a shining new road - 1921 that is just as nice as can be as far as I have gone but what may be around that coming bend? No matter what it is would it not be nice to have that road of good resolves continue for ever and ever with fewer twists and curves and turns of trouble in it as the years go by? Of course! How easy it is to fall into bad habits and become selfish and evil doing! Yet if we only think about noble and generous deeds and “love our neighbor as ourselves” - for love is God - how much easier it would be for us and how the curves and twists and sharp turns would unwind and finally straighten out forever like a shining white ribbon of sand – on – on - into eternity.

Jan. 23

The dreadful midyear exams are over once more and how glad I am! I haven't heard from two of them yet but 96 and 97 are not so bad so far. I shall find out about the rest tomorrow morning. I have great hopes - but they may be dashed to the ground. It is snowing very hard - thick and fast so I might not be able to go to school at all in the morning if it piles up very much. Uncle John's family came up

today. Ate dinner and supper with us and just telephoned they had gotten home safely. Uncle John told some trapping stories about Frank Ding and himself which would be very interesting if they were put in a book with some others. I always like the stories in "The Youth's Companion" by C. A. Stevens about the old Squire and Grandmother Ruth and Addison and all the others but I believe some of Grandfather's and Grandmother's stories would make just as big a hit and be as interesting as these and maybe more so. I fear the sandman is over taking me and I must go to bed before I fall asleep in my chair! School day tomorrow - Oh my! I wish I had a magic wand that I could wave over a certain spot and on that spot buttercups and bluebells and spring beauties and tulips and turkey peas and violets and all kinds of spring flowers and grasses would spring up and it would be as warm as summer there and it would stay that way as long as I pleased. That would be so nice!



Jan. 28

I am writing this with my new pen tonight - in my nightdress. Margaret has a little sore throat and Mama has been rubbing some grease on it. It is a regular blizzard outside. I stepped out on the porch a minute ago and I could hear the wind blowing away up on the mountain and the snow coming in my face at the rate of a mile a minute. How glad I am that this is Friday night and I will have 2 whole days to rest in. Mama says "Go straight to bed, Lulita, so you won't catch cold" so I'd better skip!

Feb. 22

Quite a lot has happened since I last wrote in here: the Junior Program is the biggest and most important thing and I am so glad it is over with now. I gave a reading from "Miss Minerva's Baby" entitled "A Juvenile Court." Everyone said it was very good and also liked the encore I gave - "Unfactful." We made between 45 and 50 dollars I think. This is for the benefit of the "Junior Prom". Mama wants me to go. Maybe I will but I do so hate to sit around and be a regular wall flower all the time and besides I haven't got a new dress, but that wouldn't matter because I've only worn the old one to a party once. I wish someone would teach me how to dance! I must ask Evelyn Ellis if she will. Today being Washington's birth-

day we spent all first period singing patriotic songs and being read to by Mr. Thompson. Since we are to have Thursday and Friday of this week for vacation on account of the Ski Carnival we didn't have vacation on the 12th & 22nd. I wish we had spring vacation over here - spring fever is starting I believe. Valentine's day passed almost in thought of as I didn't receive one card all for myself - not even from Martha or the friends in Denver! Jamie made one and gave it to the whole family but then that isn't like an individual one at all - nor nearly so nice. I remember when - but that seems ages and ages ago - I used to get around 16 and give about that many but then what's the use of thinking about that? I am inclined to be pessimistic and say like the boys sang in the Junior Program - "Nobody ever says sweetie to me!" Nobody hardly gets their Cicero any more - sometimes I do - nearly always but not tonight; the Spanish class is a failure I think - at least I am the only one who studies at all any more. Day & Evelyn did a little last semester but now since they are seniors they don't have to take the exam if they pass (70%) so they are not doing any work. We aren't going to cover the required ground either and won't know any conversation since Miss McCormac can't speak it! I never really appreciated school in Denver till now. Thank goodness tomorrow is the last day before vacation for a little while. I believe laziness is contagious! However I must be watching my 4th and 6th rules and have at least one perfect week before my birthday.

Feb. 28

I can hardly realize that this is the last day of February and March - a Spring month will begin tomorrow. How glad I am! The Pussy willows are coming out pink and gray and the little hill back of the warm iron spring is almost entirely bare. I want to walk to town Wednesday so that I can go over and see if there is a sprig of grass or a tiny Turkey Pea there yet. Margaret thought she heard the Robins about a week ago but I saw them day before yesterday and heard them and it did sound so sweet and Spring like. I just love Robin Red Breasts and am always so pleased to see them come back in the Spring.

March 13

The 7th has come and gone again - and I am 15 yrs. old now. As Mary Marie says I am "standing where the brook and river meet." Next year Mama says I can wear my hair up. I should have said in my last writing that the Ski carnival was a great success seeing that



Postcard showing A Haugen jumping - high school at upper right

we had the perfect weather both days. Margaret went both days but I only went the last one and saw Andres Haugen jump 202 ft. My eyes were red as fire the next day from sun burn! On my birthday Grandmother wanted to give a party for me and invite a lot of boys and girls in but someway I just didn't want it - it seems funny to think of not wanting a party but I certainly didn't. Grandmother just loves parties and would love to have one every week I think. Well, we all walked down town and celebrated down there. Aunt Mary gave a string to follow up which Jim (I don't know whether to call him that or not) had fixed and I found gifts hidden all over the house, even in the cellar. A lovely red hair bow, two outing flannel petticoats with lace around one and scallops around the other from Grandma; apron gingham from Grandpa; an embroidered collar, a Freesia plant just ready to bloom, a package of blue-hill cheese from Aunt Mary; two ribbon middy ties and some marbles from Jim; a collar from Uncle John; some lace and other little things from Aunt Minnie. Before I went down town that morning Mama gave me an outing suit - blue bloomers and tan middy and two pretty little washrags worked in red and yellow, Papa a bottle of rose leaves toilet water, Margaret "The Lucky Sixpence" and "Beatrice of Denewood" along with 4 packages of chewing gum and a loaf of creamy fudge with nuts in it. Mama also gave me some peanut brittle which, by the way, Papa and Mr. Hoklass nearly finished up

the evening he came up here. So many nice things for such a little insignificant girl in the world! Aunt Elizabeth & Aunt Sadie, the dears always remember the 7th and this year they sent me "A May-flower Maid" with a dollar bill inside of it. Mr. Borland rode up this morning and stayed for dinner and stayed and stayed and stayed and Papa went off down to the barn and left us to entertain him!

March 13

Jamie just phoned up that the Turkey-Peas are out! What good news - Spring is really here at last! Hurrah!

March 15

Yesterday I picked my first Spring flowers and I was so overjoyed that I gave them a heartier welcome than a good many prettier flowers will have I expect. Today is Papa's birthday. We gave him our little gifts this morning at the breakfast table and had a regular little celebration. I gave him a bottle of Rose Toilet water, Mama a cushion, Margaret some candy, gloves, etc.

March 20

I went to Sunday School today and am going to try to go quite often from now on. Quite an event. I didn't have a very good time all around but feel very well satisfied with myself and all the world just at present. I wish I knew what I am going to give Mama for her birthday - only five days off. I thought I'd make her up a poem today but somehow there was so little time left this afternoon that I didn't do it; I must though. Margaret is playing [violin] pieces that I love and that give one a kind of lovely but pleasant sensation. The Freesia Aunt Mary gave me are so pretty and sweet and white - almost like Easter Lilies I think. How I love them!

Mar. 25

Last night I didn't get any of my lessons, but made up a poem for Mama called "March Wind." Margaret gave her some dress goods and some stockings. Of course I had to go to school anyway but Mama and Margaret came down to Grandpa's and had a fine big dinner and Mama got some more gifts. After they had gone Grandfather walked down to the iron spring and found the first Buttercups.

Mar. 27

Easter and Aunt Mary's birthday too! Papa and all of us walked down and had a lovely dinner and afterwards Jamie and I hid Easter eggs for the folks to find and then they hid them for us. As prizes we made each one write a rhyme and read it. Here is

Grandfather's:

*Easter Sunday,
Tomorrow's Monday.*

Grandmother's:

*Here I stand on two little chips,
Come and kiss my sweet little lips.*

Mar. 30

Grandfather's birthday and such a nice day too! Last night I stayed down town and went to the picture show with Jamie. The wind started out to blow pretty hard but it had stopped snowing and blowing when we got home. It wasn't very late and I didn't have a thing for Grandfather unless mother brought something down for me to give him (which she did - some toilet water) so I just propped myself up in bed and thought and thought 'till it got quite late but couldn't finish what I had started before supper. Next morning we all got up early to go for some wood up on wood chuck, but I lingered long enough to finish it up but didn't copy it. I called it "Buttercups" and gave it to him at noon when Mama & MEP came down and JDC & family were there. Grandpa says he likes it better than any of my others. I'm glad I did it anyway. Tomorrow will be a nice day I'm sure and March will go out not like a lion but like a lamb.

April 1

I said in my declamation "In this sign we conquer," before the assembly today. I didn't get a good start till I was half way through, but the "kids" said it was fine. I'm mighty glad it's over with for the present anyway.

April 3

Mama, MEP & I went out on the crust a little while this morning. It wasn't very hard and we had to change our shoes and stockings when we came back. I saw one rabbit and two chipmunks and the folks saw a rabbit also. The first we saw of the chipmunks was yesterday when we went down to the bath and back in the morning. MEP had to give music lessons so she couldn't go with us though. We read some in "The Lucky Sixpence" and finished it up and started "Beatrice of Denewood." I wrote to Martha and Grosvenor and Dorothy Whitehead this afternoon. MEP has had her 13 little chickens, which are about a week old up here all afternoon scratching around in the dry ground. The one hatched on my birthday got stepped on. The gobbler has been strutting all day and

certainly considers himself very beautiful!

April 10



Lulie Crawford Pritchett
“Pussy Willows”,
1921, pastel on paper

It seems that I nearly always write in this on Sunday. When summer comes I am going to write something in it every day and do it in verse too I think. I wonder how regular authors get their start. That's what I want to be and I'd like to begin training if that will do any good. I would love to write! If I had to earn my living any time, and I may, I would rather do it that way than any other that I know of. The crust was fine this morning and so we went for a walk. I took my jumping rope along and Buster went too and we all had a lovely time. Poor Papa had to haul hay today and work

almost like it wasn't Sunday, but the horses and cattle have to be fed anyway. He is anxious to get as much as he can down before the road breaks up so he can't. It looks cloudy out and like it might rain tonight. I hope not but I doubt if the crust is any good tomorrow morning. We have 13 more little chickens, 26 in all. One of the Turkey hens is sick and we have had to feed her several days. This afternoon Mama got out her pastels and started to draw a pussy willow picture. MEP read out of "Peg 'O The Ring" until she went to sleep there. I got out my notebook and started to write a fairy story. We got a lot of Buttercups and Turkey Peas this morning away down by Aunt Annie's well. So pretty and sweet. The week ends fly by so quickly that Monday comes all too soon. Mama is making me a dress of pink voile to wear to the Junior Prom. I suppose I will have to go although I don't relish the prospect a bit - in fact I rather dread it. I don't know why exactly - I shouldn't and I do want to get in the habit of going out more. I don't want to get to be a stay-at-home old maid anyway. We got our report cards last week and I got 6 A's as usual. Mr. Young said "he didn't see much use in giving me a card, I always got the same thing" - quite a compliment I think.

Apr. 16

Saturday - but it seems like Sunday because I didn't go to school yesterday. I don't suppose very many students did either. The first thing I heard when I woke up yesterday was the wind howling around outside "to beat the band." I snuggled down close to Mother and we all listened to it bang a door and rattle the windows. The bad part of it was that when we went to bed it was snowing thick and fast but more like rain it was so wet, and so the wind blew it all over creation like a regular blizzard. It kept up all day incessantly and Onot getting any better it seemed but the barometer went up and today is pretty fair. But such a storm! The "folks" say it is the worst one they have ever seen and that's saying a good deal. MEP had to go to town today to give Music lessons but Mama and I went up to the Wild Rose Ranch to see what harm had been done there. Well the buildings were alright but when we got home we had counted 32 big spruce trees that had been blown down! It is a sorry sight, indeed, to see trees that have lived for perhaps half a century torn down in an instant never to stand again but to mold away in the earth. Hundreds of Aspens are down and broken limbs are scattered all over every place. The folks phoned up that the hay shed in the field had been blown down and sure enough it is a veritable wreck. Papa can manage to get the hay out though I think and save some of the building material. Pieces of the roofing were scattered all over the field. Down in town windows were blown in, doors torn off, roofs lifted and hay racks sailed around like flying machines. (Not literal but MEP did see one). The folk's fences were blown down, the telephone disconnected and the electric lights also and some windows broken. Also the woodpile blew down. Uncle John said the Lincoln Hotel had been moved 3 or four feet by the wind which seems terrible to me. Butler's roof was lifted and the family was afraid to stay in the house so went over to Groesbeck's. Six big cottonwoods are blown down in the gulch above the Navajo. Another tunnel has crashed in, in Egeria Canyon and we may not have a through train for a month or more. It is reported that Denver has 3 feet of snow and all trains are blockaded there also. When I came home from school on Thurs. night it was threatening to storm and I hurried so I think I got here in about 20 minutes. The wind certainly made grotesque figures in the snow. I almost forgot - the "red dust" has come again - I wish I knew its history! I made this up yesterday:

The Storm

*The roar of an angry blast,
The shriek of the wind on high,
And the furious storm is east
On the shrinking landscape by.*

*The agonized Aspens gasp
As they feel the sting of the blow,
And their long arms harshly rasp,
As they wave them to and fro.*

*The clouds of the blinding sleet
Drive madly through the gale,
And 'round nooks and crannies beat,
As they whirl to the wind's hoarse wail.*

*The frenzied pine trees groan
As they bend to a stronger force;
And the stately spruces moan,
Distressed by the gale's wild course.*

*The smothered crash of a fall,
Half lost in the wild uproar,
And a giant - the monarch of all,
Will tower above nevermore.*

*The forest heaves forth a gust sigh,
As nightfall descends with its gloom;
And wails 'neath the wind's shrill cry,
For the monarch of all - and his doom.*

Sun. Apr. 17

It has snowed practically all day today. Almost like rain it was so wet but it made it kind of damp and unpleasant out of doors so we stayed in the house and read in "Peg o' the Ring" and started "A Mayflower Maid." We brought down a lot of old "Youth's Companions" from the attic and Mama and I looked them over while MEP read. We were trying to find some piece that would be suitable to learn for "Expression." I cut out a lot of articles to paste in my scrap book. I forgot to mention yesterday that four of our little chickens got killed in the storm and the door post fell on a bigger



one and broke its leg. The old hen has stepped on the 4 little ones trying to get out of her box to eat with the big chickens. We have had the one with a broken leg up in the house and it is so cheerful and nice that we think it may get alright again. I hope so indeed. We took Buster on our walk with us yesterday and he got so balled up with snow that we finally had to give him a bath to get him dried at all. He looks pretty white today. I will be glad when his hair can be cut off but it is too cold yet, I fear. The "Pullet" is the greatest nuisance lately. She marches in with

the little chickens and eats up all their food and comes into the kitchen whenever the door is left open and eats all she can hold out of the chicken bucket and scatters scraps all over the floor! She's a nice old bird anyway and MEP thinks so too although she says sometimes she'd like to wring her neck. Grandfather's telephone line is out of fix so we haven't been able to talk with them today. Jimmy says the Bluebells and Tulips as well as bear's cabbage are out down on Woodchuck. I want to stop by and get some soon. Tomorrow is school day and I may have some work to make up for being absent Friday. Only 6 more weeks of school but how full they will be - Junior Prom, and Senior Play and Finals etc. all in a bunch. It means good hard work for me. I think I shall try for a prize in "St. Nicholas" again. Title is "In the Woods." I started it today. Mama and MEP have been playing and singing this evening and I finished an essay on Napoleon and read some M. & M. History. I don't think I will need much of an excuse to get back to school tomorrow! We saw 2 wild ducks flying over towards Fish Creek Falls just as we were eating supper this evening. So pretty against pink sunset clouds. The



folks ate supper down at the "Cabin" tonight with a man who is cooking there for a time. Used to know them and Grandmother showed him how to make a garden he said. Papa can get out the hay from under the shed alright and it isn't as bad as it might be, I know. It might have been the barn or house.

May. 14

It seems like a long time since I have written in here and it has been almost a month. During that time practically all the snow has gone from Woodchuck and the lower parts of all the mts. Spring Beauties, Bluebells, Tulips and several other flowers are in profusion now. Buttercups are past their prime but those around the water are still pretty. I am riding to school now and have been wearing my two pretty new dresses lately - pink calico and pink and white checks with cross-stitch on it. The Prom on the 6th of May was a great success I think. We took in 65 dollars at the door and had a lovely time all the way around. We rented the Masonic Hall and the Eastern Star served the banquet. I wore my new pink voile and my hair up and felt quite grown-up. Aunt Mary and Mama came down after the dancing had started to see how well I danced I suppose, but I didn't dance at all - too bashful I guess altho Murphy Comba was nice enough to ask me and Mr. Thompson also altho I wouldn't have danced with him for anything in the world! I would have stayed longer than I did but the folks went home and I got the nose-bleed and thought I'd better go too. Fredonia De Long went with us too. It rained and snowed and was so muddy and disagreeable outside. Pity! I don't think we have much money left over from the Prom but we girls had a candy sale at Furlongs the Saturday before & made \$16. Someway when I was down that Friday we lost my pansy locket. I do hope we find it. The folks have been housecleaning both in town & at the ranch so I don't know whether I shall ever see it again or not. Just at present the track-meet is being held down at Meeker. S. S. has its representatives down there and I hope they will win. Pearl Pacel, Grace Furlong & John Witter are the literary contestants. We had vacation yesterday (Fri.) and in the morning gathered Bear's Cabbage and saw a fine old grouse rooster all puffed-up right near the barns. In the afternoon Papa drove us down town and we took a bath & walked home. Today MEP went to town to give music lessons, Mother & I walked around a bit and Papa mended fence. By the way I cut Buster's hair off yesterday and Mama found an arrowhead out in our garden Thurs. - partly broken but very

pretty. I read "Mill on the Floss" by Eliot nearly all day and am going to try to finish it tomorrow and write a book review on it. Papa said he heard a crane today over in the next gulch. I don't believe I ever saw one alive. This evening Aunt Mary called up and wanted us to look at the northern lights in the sky. Papa went down town to have his hair cut but he saw it too. It certainly was beautiful- and I'm so glad to have been able to see it. The moon was up - half moon and a few stars out - not very bright but they shown thru the lights all the time. The rays seemed to come together at the very center of the sky almost at the point where the moon was and sloped down to the horizon all the delicate colors of the rainbow at first then becoming deeper lavender - purple, deep rose, green and yellow. After awhile it all faded out leaving only a patch of pink over the western sky and the white rays of light. Soon those faded out but left a picture that can never be erased from my mind as one of the loveliest gifts of life. I am very sleepy and tired so must go to bed and prepare all next week for the final exams.

June 1

I am trying to write with a turkey quill pen and it is rather slow. Grandpa made it for me. It makes me think of colonial and civil war times when they used them altogether. It must have been lots of fun to live then - how exciting - so much nicer then our last war. I guess I wouldn't have thought so though, if I had lived then. Emerson is right - "man never lives in the present;" but he is also right when he says "-there is a chance for you to be great."

I wonder if there really is! Great things were never accomplished without trying at least.

Last week saw the end of school for this time and how glad I am! Aunt Annie and Uncle Grant are coming out for about two weeks - expect to be here Fri. night. Everyone is tickled to pieces we were so afraid Aunt Annie wouldn't come. (Guess I'll save this pen for extra fine writing.)

Final exam marks were:

Cicero - 97%.

English III - 99

Spanish II - 99

Medieval & Modern History - 100

Psychology - 100

Expression - 95.

Pretty good I think. It is such a relief to be through with them.

I am a full-fledged Senior now - hard to realize.

The Juniors had to help in the Commencement exercises. We had all the work of decorating up and it took a lot of hard work on our part to accomplish everything. Their class colors were purple and gold so Mama & MEP got a lot of Tulips for us and I walked half way to get them. Of course it rained like everything like it always does, but most of the girls were at school to decorate. They were kind of fussy and at last there were only Ruth Norvell, Fredonia DeLong and myself who stayed to finish. We made 3 arches wound with white crêpe paper and adorned them with Larkspur & Tulips - very pretty.

The platform had to be decorated too so I hardly ate a bite at supper, Aunt Mary fixed my hair on top of my head with ear puffs, Uncle Os brought Mama & MEP & also my dress and Grandma and Aunt Mary went along too. We held the arches and the Seniors passed thru them. The exercises were fine. I had to stand up all the time & was very tired at last.

Fri. we got our report cards and said goodbye Juniors Hello! - Seniors!

Sat. we cleaned house a little and Sunday the folks came up. Gathered Bear's Cabbage, found Robin's nests, talked, ate as much as we could hold, watched our 4 little ducks (only 3 left now) and had a good time generally.

Mon. the folks washed and I planted lettuce and radishes. Uncle Os & I planted onions.

Tues. Mama, MEP and I all got out in the garden and planted peas and beans.

Wednesday or today MEP had to give music lessons so Mama & I planted carrots and beets. Jim came up about noon on the horse Frank let him have for the summer. He brought some Rhubarb along as well as some peanuts and chewing gum.

Sun. June 5

Rainy and wet outside but an ideal day for doing little things around the house.

We straightened around good part of the morning and Uncle Os went to town to take a bath.

We wanted to go down and see Aunt Annie and Uncle Grant this afternoon but it was too disagreeable out to do so. They came in Fri. night at midnight and it has been raining nearly ever since. Papa is glad on account of the seeds he just planted in the field.

We walked to town yesterday and got drenched both going and coming, but it was worth it to see the Missouri folks again. Aunt Annie is just as sweet as ever and Uncle Grant as jolly. Grandpa & Grandma are so delighted and can't seem to talk to them enough. Aunt Annie doesn't limp enough to notice either.

I read some in "Fish" this afternoon and got out MEP's Bible and read some in that. I never knew about the rainbow's being God's promise to us, before - it is a lovely thought and one that I shall think about often.

Mama made a cake and MEP some fudge this afternoon and after supper we played on the organ and sang songs and Papa and Uncle Os got to telling stories about their childhood and the pranks they used to play.

It is very hard to keep from getting lonesome and heartsick when I think that I will have to leave this lovely place someday - it is indeed terrible. I know Mother thinks about it a great deal and today especially she looked tired and worried I thought. I love her so I wish I could do something to ease her. I don't believe Papa has any sentiment for places at all. I'd give most anything if I only had my little Bible over here now; I'm sure I would use it every day.

I must not waste a day this summer - poetry needs nature.

June 6



Margaret, Rowdy, Lulita, Mama
one yet that she thought wasn't pretty.

Well, I certainly have had a time today. I started out alright but when I went up the pipeline a little ways to gather violets for Aunt Annie I slipped and fell into the ditch somehow and strained my knee pretty badly. I thought it surely must be broken clear off at first but of course it wasn't. The folks had their things on ready to walk to town, but I had to ride Rowdy down. I just can't seem to get enough of Aunt Annie and Uncle Grant too. Aunt A. certainly does love flowers - she said she never saw

It has rained all day, but I have been listening to the most in-

teresting stories told by everyone. I am writing in pencil because my pen needs filling and I don't want to get up and fill it.

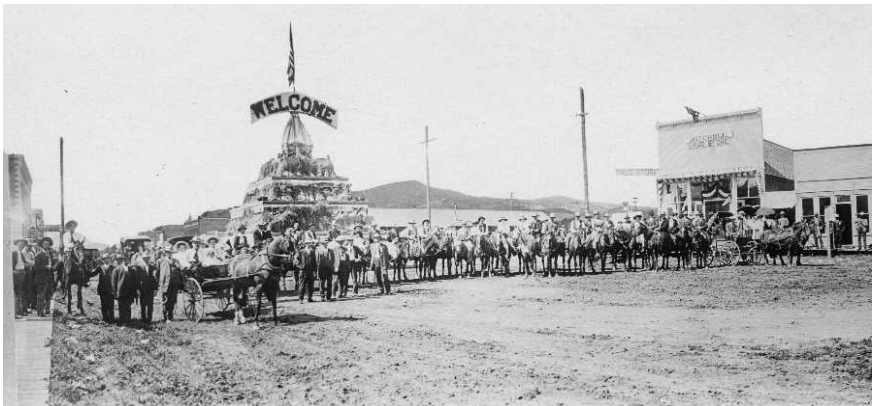
June 15

The Missouri folks didn't stay half long enough - they never do. They started home on the 12th - Sunday and I expect are home by now if nothing has happened. I have told what we did Mon. On Tues. we washed and Papa went down and visited with them awhile. Wed. - Margaret taught all day and Mama and I visited. Jimmy has the chickenpox. Thurs. and Fri. we visited also and Sat. morning went to the bath again. Mr. Louis Wilson took up in his auto. Aunt Annie bought some dress goods for a darkie Francis and I got my watch again. Had a lovely dinner and a nice afternoon. I finished a little poem for Aunt Annie and Mrs. Keller came and visited about an hour. She invited MEP to go up to the Hot Spring with her next week. MEP is going I think. I stayed all night and gave Aunt Annie her poem. She didn't say anything but I felt silly. I hope she doesn't show it to anyone it's not worth it. Aunt Mary and Uncle Grant went out on the hill and brought in 26 kinds of flowers in less than 20 minutes. We had a whole bowl full of Primroses - lovely and so sweet. Aunt Annie just loved them - so did I. Aunt Annie sure does love little Elizabeth - she was talking to me about her and said she always felt sorry for little motherless children. That mother-love is the nearest thing to Christ-love that we know. It almost made me cry. I felt so sorry. Next morning we all went down to see them off. I don't think either one of them liked to travel on Sunday very well. Everybody was there to say goodbye, but Jim, and he couldn't come on account of chickenpox. Aunt Annie took a lot of wild flower roots home to plant - some orchids too. We hope to hear from them soon.

There have been so many terrible floods lately in Pueblo and close. It has rained a great deal here and Bear River has overflowed in a few places. Uncle Os says it looks to be within about 3 ft. of the bridge. Soda Creek has overflowed and caused the most alarm. The water is four feet deep in that little brown house close to it and out in the road in several places. Water is standing one foot deep in the bath house. Margaret went to town today but is staying all night with Grandmother because Grandfather got on Rowdy and rode up to Aunt Mary's ranch to see if Jim & Auntie were all right. I guess he got pretty worried about them with Soda Creek so very high. Some people think there must have been a cloud burst up near her valley. I do hope and pray not. Grandmother didn't want him to go

but he was determined to do it. It was terribly slippery and muddy too. We were a little afraid he wouldn't be able to get across those swamps up there but I hope he has. He said he would try to get back before noon tomorrow so we will be in suspense till then.

7 out of 9 little Turkeys have already hatched and the other 2 eggs are pipped. Little ducks are just as cute as ever. We are practicing up to play for Pioneer meeting. I kind of wish it was over with. We found the first Wild Rose open today. This is Aunt Orie's birthday and a year ago today we all had our pictures taken and wore Lilacs. I wrote her a letter today. Cousin Betty sent Uncle Os a nice box of candy from Chicago and we have been enjoying that. I made some yesterday afternoon too with sour cream but it taste Some[sour?].



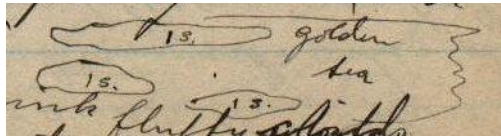
Pioneer Day in Steamboat Springs, 1909 – Lulita in wagon at left

June 22

Tomorrow is Pioneer Day and everybody is busy getting ready to go to Hayden. Margaret and I shall try our pieces over once more then trust to Providence! We are to go in Mr. Bradburn's auto at 8 o'clock in the A.M. Uncle Os is going to drive us down in town and back that night.

I am writing down on the old style and it makes a fine desk! The clouds are lovely tonight. There is a great mass of gold in the east and a good many heavy looking lavenderish pink clouds in the N. W. All the rest of the sky is clear. The church bells have just been ringing for Prayer Meeting. They sound so clear and pretty. The Robins are singing their evening songs and the little brown ground birds with red on their heads also. They have such a sweet song. The little brook is gurgling over the rocks and under the bridge and the

sky is steadily becoming more wonderful. The east is now a bright, deep, peach color and the west an old rose. The cowbells sound peaceful and contented and it's all just like poetry. Billy dog is here and I am petting him with one hand and writing with the other. I just went up on the hill - in the field and saw a lot more lovely little clouds in the west. There was a rippling golden sea - bright as the sun itself - three pretty large bright raspberry colored and like this with big pink fluffy clouds behind but all pointing the same way. The islands were all billowy and rolling. There were several tiny islands and when the pink began gradually to fade into old rose and at last into purple the small islands remained bright and when the 3 big ones had emerged into one lavender mass the tiny sail boat was hidden behind them but I'm sure the color nymphs and sunset fairies sailed away on it to follow the sun their king in his shining course.



Perhaps the sunset is God's poetry and He gives them to us as our highest ideals that we may follow in the path of His mastery. Words are far too inadequate to express the beauty of such poems. It is only God who can bring such holiness into our hearts and lives. I hope that when the long day of my life is over I may die as splendidly as the sunset, not to be merely robbed in glory, but to serve as an everlasting poem for my fellow men.

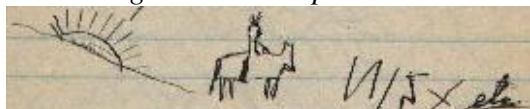
June 24

Pioneer Day - 23rd of June 1921.

It was a lovely day for traveling all the way down, but coming back it clouded up and sprinkled a little. We didn't really get wet though. Bud Wright drove down and back in an old ramshackle auto that wouldn't pull but had fine brakes - luckily. The country was new to me and lovely too. We approached Deer Mt. Saw Uncle Logan's old ranch, lots of other friend's ranches and came right under Elk Mt. All the little towns between were very interesting too. Mt. Harris, Bear River, McGregor, Milner etc. Margaret & I carried our dresses down in a suit case and changed there. Mr. Shelton was there to welcome us and also a big covered wagon adorned with frying pans and camp cutthro[?] with "Welcome" painted on a sign & hung on it. Flags were draped about the piano & seats were on the lawn under big cottonwoods planted by "Grandpa" Shelton himself. - Very pleasant. Lots of old timers with a great deal of

humor and jokes among them. All interesting. Mr. & Mrs. Wallahan were there. Mrs. W. said for me to go to Mr. Helgesson & ask him for a picture of a deer or antelope & if I would write to her she would tell me the story of that picture. I must do it. "Whispering Green" was there, Mr. Templeton of Sunbeam - a Mr. Smith etc. MEP & I played first - "Obertass" & Kamenioive Ostron (?) Mayor Birkett gave a speech of welcome - answered by Sam Walker - Mr. Shelton - Pres., Aunt Mary Sec. Treasurer. Cushie - Historian (elected). Grandpa & Grandma both spoke. Grandpa told of coming to Hayden 2 yrs. before Mr. Shelton & wanted to contest his claim. Grandma - about shooting the fire when out of matches. Saw Hattie & Wilbur - Mr. Shelton's Grandchildren but they did not play. Sam Reid & others played & some sang (Mother included). Many compliments & due congratulations paid to "folks." Fine lunch - all contributed. Aunt Mary went home with Leckenby's. Saw Indian writings & pictures on cliff. Just below Mt. Harris. Queer rock formations on which signs something like this are painted:

& a big Chief's head
and band of squaws.



Auto didn't stop - so

didn't get very good look. Washing away every year. Saw where Indian battlefield had been and where old "Tobey," Indian chief was buried on Elk River and where many pioneers had struggled for a living - tragedy & comedy. Green fields - gray sagebrush, barren rocks, red clay, huge big cottonwood trees - rivers, streams, Mts. in distance, - all lovely. Never-to-be-forgotten & enjoyable trip to Hayden.

June 30

How quickly time flies - Old Father Time waits for no man but continues to mow down the happy days months and years. Now June the most beautiful and enjoyable month in the year will pass into the annals of time in all its scenes of love and beauty and happiness. How carefree and joyful have these last weeks been to me! I can never in all the world find a spot to compare with my own hamlets and secret nooks and tree seats and chairs and most of all my lovely sunsets. Only a breath and they are gone but what a thrill passes thru one as she watches the fading change and the last golden glow on top of the rocky mountain horizon - out-lined sharply and black in the dusk. Beauty! Beauty in all its fineness and naturalness. Earth is at rest. Tired humanity ceases from toil and withdraws to an hour

or more of contented rest before sleep. Cattle low in the pastures; the several bells ring in contented harmony; the birds, forever made to cheer mankind sing snatches of song as if welcoming quiet night; wild animals steal forth to hunt and seek food - some timid, others bold; coyotes bark and break the silence with their long weird wailing. All of it belongs unutterably to the mountains - the wild untamed, beautiful and sacred. Close to the great beating heart of Nature one learns invaluable things that cannot be recounted but which enrich and glorify life for us ever afterwards.

The Spruces are dark and soft in the twilight with perhaps a silvery touch here and there and the white trunks of the Quakers gleam with an almost startling brightness. And the air - pure and untainted - fresh from the mountain tops is paradise in itself. Always cool and refreshing, at evening it becomes more balmy and sweet and there is rarely a time when there is not a gentle breeze to rock baby birds to sleep and whisper secrets with the quaking asp trees.

Roses and violets and sleep, green, cool vegetation and green alfalfa fields and a winding river in the valley below and sunshine glinting the tops of woodchuck mountain and illuminating the rugged crystal spires of Crystal Peak and sending a lovely pink glow to stain old Storm Mt. and emphasize the deepening shadows of the valley. Cloud boats sailing out to follow their shining leader and at last only a golden western glow lingers till darkness closes in and obscures it from view. No sunset is the same as any one preceding it and tho some are more brilliant than others each is filled with a supreme beauty which gives us a feeling of worshipful awe and reverence for the Master Artist whose wonders never cease.

For a long time God has watched over this little valley and the mountains around it - ages before mortals set their foot on the sacred earth. Where only the Indian, wolf packs and sneaking coyotes or chumsy buffalo followed these trails and perhaps realized in a savage way the glory of the land. He has guarded the frontiersmen and pioneers - Grandfather and Grandmother among them, from gnawing hardships and given them strength for the mighty ideal which they had set themselves to win. Now He must surely be looking down upon us and sending His angels of goodness and mercy to help us. Sometimes we little realize that we are blessed with a perfect land and with all the graces of God and oh dear Lord! - if I shall be called upon to leave it and go far into another land the beauty and love of it all will go with me even to the ends of the earth

and it must surely aid me in the unavoidable struggles of life and the world! Always in my heart will be the deep love for the wilds, the west, - our mountains and fields and forests and Nature at her best and above all will be a silent and ceaseless worship of He (Him) who made these so and continue to show His everlasting mercy to us by all his loving kindnesses.

I am writing this on Fri. because I couldn't seem to write any more last night. Yesterday morning we saw a lovely grouse walk across the garden and disappear in the bush. Finally a half grown chicken walked up to it and looked at it like it had no right here so it went away. Reminds me of when we had strawberries that year.

Fri. July 1

We weeded the garden almost all morning. Toward the last it was very warm so we didn't quite finish up everything. I weeded all but 3 rows of lettuce and planted beans where they hadn't come up in the first place. Mother made bread so I washed the breakfast dishes while Margaret tended to the chickens. We only got 7 eggs today. Too bad with haying coming on and two new men to feed for awhile beginning soon. Then MEP wants to set some more which will have to be broken up because we have to use them at the house. We think several hens are laying out in the bushes, but we haven't found their nests yet. MEP read some in "Vanguards of the Plains" (Mrs. Keller's) and then went to sleep as usual in the middle so Mother sewed on a pink & green gingham dress for Margaret and I just "lounged 'round." Papa came in early from working on the "wreck" feeling kind of sick at his stomach and also a board had fallen on the muscle of his arm and hurt it a little. He said MEP & I both ought to begin bank accounts. Wish I could earn some money-to save. It might come in handy in an emergency. Wonder if "Little Folks" would have any of my stories or poems. Why don't I try and find out? After Margaret's birthday I will if it takes all the nerve I've got! Only a few more days to finish up her poems and books if at all especially if I go up to Aunt Mary's Tuesday the 5th. I want to think awhile about "Fairies" before I retire so I will stop now. MEP went to town to give Charlie Forgry a violin lesson and took some Roses to Sharon and Roses to Grandma. Some Roses almost out of bloom now. Got a nice letter from Martha today and one from Edith Allin she must be pretty lonesome without any complaining. Must write to her soon. Papa's eating sugar so I must make him some candy right soon.

July 3

Folks at Wild Rose Ranch. - Caught baby grouse. Pretty Roses - picnic lunch - took pictures - Aunt Mary brought sherbert.

July 4

Just 145 years ago the Declaration of the Independence of the United States of America was adapted. The Liberty bell was rung and what a wild joy there must have been over all the civilized country!

*We may dream our dreams of the olden days
Of the times that are no more
We may picture the glory of '76
And the free Atlantic Shore.*

*We may follow the ride of Paul Rev re
To summon the minute men
We may hear the ring of the Liberty Bell
And the cheers of the crowd again.*

*We may strain our eyes in the dawns gray mist
For a glimpse of our flag on high
And may feel and suffer with F. Scott Key
And offer our prayers to the sky.*

*Loyal, true and a patriot bold
We may conquer with Washington
Or a maiden sly turn the British Away
But we're always a "rebel" one.*

*We may stand by the flag of our native land
We will stand by that flag today
And now though we live in a different age
They can't drive our dreams away!*

It has rained a good part of the day and is raining tonight Patter patter on the roof! I like to hear it. Dream time of days that were and days to come. Uncle Os found a Puff Ball 36 inches around today- all spoiled but a little which we had for supper. Papa caught a flicker - young one that nearly squawked his head off and a little cold wet warbler also. 2 firecrackers have gone off. That is all.

July, 5

Went to Aunt Mary's Ranch in the afternoon - rained all day before so had to dry off. MEP, Jim, Auntie, Grandma & Myself all went - took Franklin & Rowdy & Tookie. No trouble. Next day fished up a creek & caught 4 baby grouse & had our pictures taken



Aunt Mary at her ranch

with them in our hands. Too little to fly. Margaret painted Columbine, Grandma crocheted & we read "Huck' Twain," in afternoon. Ate supper outdoors with campfire. On Thurs. fished some more & all caught 33 together. Took some home to folks. Saw baby grouse just hatched dear things. Mosquitoes!!!!!! Fri.- went home strenuous getting horses & Grandma thru mud & over rough country all right. MEP took some heath roots home also Columbine, Elephant Head & White sweet violets. Took bunches of flowers. Waited at Homer's ½ hour then Jim & I started on the horses to bring auto. I rode side-saddle very hard to trot or gallop in when you didn't know how to manage. Met 2 autos on grade but got off & held them. Jim found their cow loose & drove her home. Grandpa had misunderstood time he was to meet us with auto - thought 1:30 instead of 11:30. Nothing in house to eat! Quick fine lunch though. I rode home but MEP stayed to teach next day.

July 9, 10, 11

Sat. & Sun worked on Poem - "Fairy-land" for MEP's birthday. Finished it & gave it to her Mon.

July 19, '21

I rode Rowdy down to bring Grandma up today & Grandpa & Aunt Mary walked. Uncle John sent up a trout he had caught - 4 lbs. when undressed & 21 in. Long. We took pictures of it, then cooked it for dinner. That & another small one made all 12 people could eat. So nice of Uncle Johnny.

Tonight I walked to town with MEP and brought Rowdy back home. Grosvenor is "thiuleny" [?] about sleeping out doors - I hope he doesn't get scared to Death!

Mrs. Kennedy, Grosvenor, Mama & I walked up in the field for

fun. The moon is full and certainly lovely and smiles down upon the dark world and looks wise. The Aspen trunks look luminous - almost transparent. Sand Mountain is a dark, dusky blue and looks like some enchanted Mt. that is only seen in the Sunset's glory. The sky in the west is a bright peach glow - almost a red color but it fades & fades till it is only a faint gold and the bewitching spell of Night is upon us. The air is soft, sweet and balmy in some places and sharp, cool and straight from the tops of snow covered in others. Little wood animals rustle about and perhaps an owl silently floats, as a shadow, over the tarnished looking hay mows looking for food. Gray Mts. in the distance and beauty and wonderment and a certain thrill at the whispering breeze. [picture]

July 22

MEP, G.R. & I walked up to the rock quarry & to top of our mt. before noon. Hard trip but pretty even though very warm. Went to bath in A.M.

July, 23

This evening Grosvenor & I walked to town, met MEP & Uncle John & Jim and went fishing down the river. We all had poles but only Uncle John & Jim fished very much. Then we only caught 4 fish. Uncle John a 1½ lb. Trout, Jim two small ones & Grosvenor 1 Grayling of which he was very proud. In my book of "description" I have pictured the beauties of that evening and night. - Deep, sweet clover, silver moon beams after a lovely sunset. We had a nice walk home too. MEP brought a fossil from the R.R. cut as far as the Navejo and we brought it up in the wagon later. Mama was sitting up waiting for us and Mrs. Kennedy was a little sick at her stomach. We had a regular feast of milk, bread & cake & then "hit the hay."

Sunday. July 24

In the evening we walked down the road a way and back. "Lounged around" and read "Fish" the rest of the day. Mama has such big sumptuous dinners - fried chicken, strawberries etc.

Monday, July 25

The Kennedys have departed. Unless Miss Dawkins & Hanson come we'll have no more company this summer. Washed a huge washing. I forgot to say that the K's stayed 10 days and Mrs. K. brought me a string of big green beads and MEP a long pin. G.K. brought me an "Eversharp gold pencil."

July 27

I rode to town this afternoon to bring MEP home from giving

music lessons. This morning Mama & I took time to climb the Acton hill and see if we could find a white clematis I was positive was there. We found it but it had blue clematis seed pods on it. Ironed, tended to chickens, found a hen's nest with 17 eggs in it and old hen setting and watched lovely sunset.

Thurs. July 28

Mama, MEP & I went down the gulch below the road to town and picked up what Gooseberries we could find. We got enough to make 2 large glasses of lovely red jelly. We had a good time, but ran on to 5 or 6 yellow jacket nests and lots of nettles. Buster got lost from us away down the road and cried till I came after him. Papa is having the cow barn roof painted black to help keep off the heavy snow. Costs \$140!!!! Terrible. MEP & I put the dish pan out in the yard today to let the ducks take a bath if they would. One got in and splashed around a lot and had a fine time, - but he looked too funny! We are beginning to get more eggs now - 22 tonight. Mr. Borland [?] had to go to town to help unload a load of coal & may not be back for a week. Papa is very busy. I don't believe we ever will finish weeding out the garden! Lovely sunset. thinking about writing some stories to submit to "Little Folks."

Sun. July 31

It is raining today and the men can not hay so Uncle Os went down and brought Grandma and Grandpa up for dinner. Aunt Mary has gone to the ranch with Mrs. Barnard Virginia, Jim, and Roger Butler. I'm afraid It's pretty wet up there. Papa & Mama rode horseback up to find the cattle and see how near ready the field was to cut. Margaret and I stayed home and cleaned up the house. I went out and got an armful of lovely Drummajors, and a little bouquet of Hairbells, Bedstraw and Yampa flowers for the table. Mama and Papa got back just before the "folks" came and Mama had to change her clothes in a hurry. Grandma wore a white, becoming dress and had her hair fluffed out around her face and with her black (dark brown) comprehending eyes and her pink cheeks she almost seems like a young girl. I would like to have known her when she was growing up. No wonder Grandpa fell in love with her. Grandfather always makes you think of high and mighty things - he is so straight and tall and handsome. Was there ever a finer example of perfect manhood? We had fried chicken and tawel(?) canned cherries for dinner with some new potatoes Grandpa brought up. The first we have had this year. Mr. Bill Gross has departed, thank

goodness and taken his big self and his "airships" and his grunts and whines off to town. Just before he left he lost his spectacle case with his check in it and we had quite a commotion hunting for it. I expect he found it that night in his pocket as he hasn't been back since. Mama, MEP & I rode down in the wagon with the folks when Uncle Os took them home. We took a loaf of graham bread to Uncle John. He went fishing down the river and caught 6 nice trout. Aunt Minnie went to the Chatugua with Grandma.

Mon. Aug. 1

I am sitting on the front porch writing on a big foot stool Aunt Mary made Papa for Xmas. It rained all last night and some this morning but stopped before long so we went out and worked in the garden. The weeds were very easy to pull up since the ground was wet so MEP & I weeded the carrots, which are mostly weeds and Mama thinned out the lettuce. It was so thick it wouldn't head up. Papa rode to town about something and Uncle Os mended the gates and did odd jobs around the place. Papa stayed at Grandma's for dinner and didn't come home 'till about 4 o'clock. He is down milking now. Mother is starting to get supper and MEP is tending to her chickens. We read some this afternoon in "Opal" and afterward I finished off with "Penrod and Sam." Made some Penocle candy. (Mama wants me to come and make some salad dressing now, but will finish this later.) I like to cook the little I have done when it isn't too hot and when I feel like it.

The time of enchantment is here again. If you watch, every single day in the year you will find something more beautiful than in any other day. Every single time. Sometimes it is hard but it is always there for the seeking. The evening is always that time for me. What a beautiful fascination it has for me! Of course early morning is pretty but that seems altogether different to me. Then everything is all waked and is joyful and noisy and dewy. In the evening things may be joyful but they are more quiet! One does not feel so hilarious as in the morning. There is a kind of solemnity - differing of course nearly every night. Tonight I thought I heard voices down the road and went down to the horse barn to listen. They didn't come any nearer so I went and sat on the fence and watched the 6 little calves play in the barn lot. There is one cute white one, several roan ones, one red and white spotted and one almost all red but with white on its forehead. They romped and played and kicked up their heels and nearly tumbled head over heels in their play. They had just found

out they could scratch their necks on an old learning "Quaker," so each of them took a turn at that. Pretty soon I heard a noise exactly like the brake on the hay wagon makes coming down the steep hill going to the field. I finally decided some pigeons had come up from Owmeus again and were roosting in our barn. If so I hope the cats don't get them. Rowdy and Bill with his lame foot were loose in the lot and made quite a lot of noise tramping around and crunching grass. For awhile I could hear two cow bells but pretty soon one was still and the other one jingles only fitfully. In the west the clouds were heavy and piled up in a deep, black bank, but just beneath was a bright fire like glow as if somewhere behind the purple hills was a huge forest fire. It is almost dark now - quiet too - no - listen! soft entrancing music - even, smooth, gently rhythmic - but where does it come from? Ah! a gurgling splash gives the musician away - it is the brook - happy as always singing to itself - laughing shyly as it skips along, tinkling on the smooth round pebbles sounding its mellow tones in the deeper, more enclosed holes where are miniature water falls, and trickling merrily all the night long, racing on toward the river, anxious to murmur its secrets to any understanding heart. What do the Aspen leaves whisper about? Does anyone know? They must be very wise and know most everything about the woods. They are friendly to all. The fairies come to dance with the leaves often although we can not see them; all the birds chirp in their branches; they can look down upon the flowers and grasses and watch them all the while; the vines cling to them - sometimes - I know of a friendly clematis on the hill that does - and they can see all the other trees and gossip with them and gaze out upon the mountains and smile at the sky all the sunbeams and moon beams and visit with their shadows. The cow bells add a clear note to their orchestra and a last anxious robin chirps sharply. The woods are never really quiet.

Tues. Aug. 2

When I woke up several times in the night I could hear the rain pattering down upon the roof. I like to hear it when everybody's in doors and warm and comfortable. It makes the house seem so cozy. It was practically clear this morning so we washed - or rather Mother did while Margaret and I strung four rows of string along to keep the pea vines from falling over on the ground. It was too wet to work in the fields so Papa wrote letters and Uncle Os pulled weeds out of the potatoes. There were some lovely cloud effects - great, big, rolling, white ones coming from behind the mts. After dinner (at

which we feasted sumptuously upon roast chicken, gravy, mashed potatoes and dressing) the folks rested and I went exploring. I didn't go far & I knew exactly what I would find but it is always interesting. First I came to my "Mossy Rock." It is pretty and green now on account of the rain and there aren't any cuts on it. There are 2 kinds of moss on it and lots of different lichens and the old leaves are scattered over the back of it. It is truly an ideal place but I didn't want to stop there so I went on around to the creek by the bank house. The grass is waist high on this side of it but I found a little mossy rock on the very edge of the water and leaned over and watched the tiny snails and water bugs crawling around. There are lots of Helgomites there and water snails and another kind of many legged bug that looks like a centipede. Goldenrod, Monk's-hood, late Buttercups, Head grass, tiny purple Moccasins, four-petaled pink flowers about this big - [drawing] and tall and some moss all go to make a perfect fairy town. Perhaps some day I shall take my scrap book over there and draw it so I can remember it always. Mama went over with me to look at it just for fun. This evening we couldn't find my flashlight so I went with MEP down to close up the chickens. She had to clean 3 tonight to take to Grandma tomorrow.



**Aunt Mary, Lulita, Mama, Margaret, Grandpa, and
Grandma at the Pritchett Ranch**

Thurs. Aug. 4

This morning Mama & I walked up the Acton way a while to hunt for Gooseberries but we didn't find but a ½ doz. so didn't go far nor stay long. Aunt Mary & her crowd got in about 10:30 and brought flowers and fish. They were disappointed in not finding any Pipsissewah in bloom. Auntie thinks it was frozen but Mother hardly thinks it could have been so tender. Margaret having stayed over night I rode down to get her on Rowdy with Uncle Os who went fishing. He didn't catch any after all the trouble I took to help him dig lots of angle-worms! Lovely pink and gray sunset tonight.

Fri. Aug. 5

After we did up all the usual work this morning we 3 went for a tramp. We took a lunch and left one here for the 2 men and set off up the mt. We went near the Wild Rose Ranch and followed the New-man road beyond that steep rocky hill to the little open park just on the other side then up that to the pines. We followed them along the hill side hunting for Pipsissewah and the little striped leaf plant. We only found 2 Pipsissewah blooms and decided we had come a little too late although we didn't see any seed pods. However, we did find lots of the striped leaved plants with flowers on them and also two kinds of little green flowers. We didn't see any fresh tall bell shaped [drawing] orchid but ran across some very odd and pretty plants - orchids too I suppose - like this [drawing]. Some were a bright yellow and some a kind of light chocolate colored brown/white veins in them and little brown ends. We had a most enjoyable time all around - picking pine gum, gathering flowers, looking at brightly colored mushrooms of yellow, pink, red, brown and gray & white, of course, listening to Chick-a-dees and Blue jays and Squirrels scolding us and hearing the rush of the wind through the pine needles and Quaking Asp leaves. There the Aspens grow so very tall and straight and slender. I guess they are obliged to in order to see the sky and breath the fresh sunny air. There are lots of pretty green mossy banks and covered stones and old picturesque stumps and logs that have been burned by Indians. We ate our lunch off the Thimble Berry leaves and even Buster had an extra fine dinner since he had a delicious chicken neck, lots of lettuce and even a piece of orange which he pretended to enjoy very much. He begged so for it Mama had to give him some of our milk in a Thimble Berry leaf cupped in the ground. He lapped it up and looked so cute doing it and swapping at flies and panting with his little red tongue out, but

we just had to laugh at him. It looked threatening so we didn't loiter afterwards but went on to the cabin. It rained a little there & we read some in "Opal." I drew an orchid & Mama embroidered. We got wet coming home and had to change. Jimmy had expected to come up about 4 but changed his mind & went fishing with Uncle John. After the dishes were washed after supper I slipped away to the old style down by the potato patch. I watched the sky and romped with Billy dog but didn't stay very long. In the very west there was a beautiful delicate perfect Wild Rose glow - which made the outline of the trees on the hills seem especially sharp and lovely. Just in the midst of the pink the evening star peeked thru making a picture long to be remembered. Petted Rowdy & Bill horse and came in. Already everybody is in bed but me so I must hurry this now. Tomorrow is work day.

Sat. Aug. 6

MEP taught today in town. Mama & I worked early and Mama made light bread and scrubbed and then Jim called up and said he was coming up & would bring some fish from Aunt Mary's and a big 1½ lb one Uncle John caught last night. We couldn't find much to do this A.M. He brought up two cry baby balloons but we broke them both inside of half an hour. Watched Papa & Uncle Os hoist up the hay - ate peanuts and chewed gum which he brought. The men finished putting up all the hay that was down today. While Jim & I were sitting in the loft kind of drowsy and looking out the big doors we saw a lot of sheep running across the alfalfa field - of course they weren't really sheep but they looked almost exactly like it running all the same way etc. but it was only the wind blowing the alfalfa leaves and turning them the wrong way making them all silvery and wavy. This PM we waded in two tubs of water which we had filled in hopes the ducks would come in them and bathe. We soon decided it would be much more fun to go down to the big watering trough & splash around so we did. It didn't take us long to get enthusiastic and thoroughly wet. After we had stirred up the moss in the bottom we spied a lot of little boards just right for a raft. Well we piled about 5 on top of each other so they wouldn't sink with us and then tried to balance on them. We fell off several times & got pretty wet but had more fun than a little! Pretty soon we heard the hay wagon coming and decided we had better put back the boards and be quick about it and skip to the house. The Turkeys had to be fed and the eggs gotten then Mama let us scrape a pan of cake icing and we

played 2 games of Parcheesi at which Jim won both times. After a hearty supper we ran out & played ball 'till it was time to saddle his horse. It was pretty dark but he finally got started with some rolls which Mama gave him to take home & it was just 20 minutes before he phoned from town. I churned. I'll have to say something about the sky as it is always the height of my pleasure combined with the hills or rather mts. and stars and moon & sun. Tonight it was a delicate wild rose pink with a new moon and a few tiny twinkling little stars. While I watched the moon went down, but for some time I could see it shining even thru the dense foliage on the hill. Papa is going to rest tomorrow it is Sunday.

Sunday, Aug. 7

Sometimes I think evening is the most beautiful time of the day but right now I believe 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon is almost as pretty. I have so many many things to say I hardly know where to begin, but I am writing in pencil because I can write faster. There are only 2 or 3 little white clouds in the sky, but mostly it is one big blue expanse where dwell the soul of the winds and all the little breezes that whisper and talk. It is the home of my cloud boats and the deep incomprehensible space where it seems great things must all be born and take life. Oh I could preach a sermon on the sky there are so many wonderful things about it; perhaps that is the reason I must begin with that today. This is God's day and somewhere up above the blue sky He must be looking down upon this world of his creation. God loves his children as he proves to us everyday. I think He must love this spot especially for it is endowed with every point of woodland beauty. It seems as though all the little birds and animals of the woods have stopped their work for today and are resting at His command. The trees seem to whisper about His love and say "He will take care of us - He will protect us." If all nature is so peaceful and at rest why should we fear? But I do not wish to be sad today. Perhaps there is just a tinge of Autumn in the air. Autumn is lovely but there is always some sadness in it for it reminds one of winter and leafless trees and cold. I am sitting under a sarvice berry bush on a carpet of last year's leaves which have turned brownish gray. Little blades



of grass and tiny little plants grow everywhere on the shadow flecked floor. There are Quaking Asps all about, some little some big and tall, and all straight and proud. I think I should be lost without Quaking Asp trees they are so interesting. To me they always seem so sociable always talking and laughing and dancing. If I were a tree I should wish to be a Quaking Aspen. For a long time I couldn't think of words to express my thoughts. Thoughts are frail articles - I mean the right words that come to you sometimes linger but an instant here before their silent light. Perhaps I shall finish this someday:

*The little breeze is whispering-
Whispering to me
Telling me the secrets
The golden sunbeams see.
Murmuring of cloud boats
That drift upon the sky
Telling of the forests
Upon the mountains high.*

*All the little wild folk
Listen for his song
All the little leaflets dance
When he comes along.
He makes the pine leaves rustle
He lets the shadows play
He swings the fairy cradles
And waves the fields of hay.*

Twilight is here - the lovely Evening Maiden is approaching. Billy dog and I have been watching the sunset. Indeed it was beautiful and kind of deceiving too since at first we thought the clouds didn't look very promising. I suppose I ought to put this in my description book but I think this belongs in here because it is part of a wonderful Sunday. At first the clouds were all a lovely rich cream color with just a little gray. Then they turned to a vivid old rose with a touch of real red - then lighter - salmon color - purple - gray. A big splurge of golden cloud was just above the Acton Hill - like where a splotch of ink spreads on cotton cloth. Gradually it became more pink. Up in the roof of the sky were scattering pink clouds. It

looked like it was just the colorings for a baby blanket - blue & pink. Bill and I watched a wonder cloud island with an old tumble down castle on it and a regular golden harbor with a big rock and some tiny islands showing in it. When it was all purple and gray it seemed as though a veil had been drawn over an ancient story of a long lost princess and a lonely stronghold of a castle with a dungeon in it. Perhaps there were pirates and hidden gold but the dusty mist of many forgetful centuries is drawing over the picture and perhaps the soul of the princess wanders back to the golden land of flowers behind the burning sun or seeks repose in a blue and purple valley beyond the darkening hills.

Now Papa and Uncle Os are reading and Mama and Margaret are playing. People who only hear the flat surface of music miss more than they know, but those who have the gift of understanding and penetrating into the very heart of melody gain a pleasure never to be found by others. I love to hear them play together. I believe the violin is the most musical of stringed instruments and the organ very romantic - an essence of olden days. Now I see polite old-fashioned ladies and gentlemen with powdered wigs and revolutionary costumes bowing to each other and dancing prettily. Now I am in an old monastery listening to a chant of monks. Now I am merely hearing memoirs of a bygone age of chivalry - now a dance of the peasants, now a peaceful dream. Now the music of the shepherd's flute - now of the ancient minstrel, now so it seems of the celestial choir itself.

Tues. Aug. 9

It has been rather cloudy and rainy today and just comfortable feeling in and out of doors. Just a gentle little summer rain - hardly enough to hurt the hay that is down and good for the garden. Mama & I planted some lettuce seed in the garden and Margaret & Mama ironed while I read "The Luck of Denewood" from my "St. Nicholas". We had apple dumplings for dinner and I forgot to say yesterday that Mr. Maxwell sent us a box filled with cucumbers and red and green apples. This is a nice kind of day to play up in the attic! It is so nice to have an attic to rummage around in - tho to be sure ours is not one of those where our Grandmothers carefully packed away their wedding gowns in huge old chests and kept their spinning wheels, but it is a very nice attic. There are piles of old "Youth's Companions" and "Sat. Evening Posts" etc and old winter bouquets of dried seed pods and 2 hay beds on the floor and lots of clothes packed away and hanging up on nails and boxes and

my doll house and scraps of goods and an old lamp. How many times in the long ago have our ancestors knelt in the attic and handled ancient articles with care! Even before the landing of the Pilgrims there must have been interesting attics in rainy England, green Ireland and romantic Scotland. Especially in Eng. I can just see in my minds eye a row of stiff old fashioned houses with thatched sloping roofs and quaint little windows and fronts and in everyone is an attic filled with wonderful old things, then in Colonial times there is the spacious top story - delightfully dusty and cobwebby with forgotten treasures buried away in musty corners and old chests in a solemn row along the wall. There is the spinning wheel, a queer-shaped chair or two. Perhaps, an ancient writing desk filled with yellowed papers and pervaded with the faint perfume of lavender.

8:45 PM. I have just written a letter to Uncle Fred. We haven't heard from him for a long time. Grandma, Aunt Mary and Mrs. Barnard & Virginia started off for Denver this morning. Almost at the last minute Jimmy decided to go and I expect he is having the time of his life. The folks went to a church convention. They expect to visit the Maxwells several days in Boulder. Mama & I walked to the 2nd gate with MEP then came back washed the dishes, churned and wrote & read. I hope the train to Denver will be on time and not delayed by the Rain.

Aug. 10

This morning when we woke up there was a big cloud in the valley and soon the mists from the valley came creeping so steady, so stealthy of tread and we were in a dense fog. Gradually as it came veering seemed changed. The sun barely showed thru it and it was like a bridal veil of thin wavy material covering everything. Thru this white screen one could see the green shrubbery and trees and the trunks of the Aspens looked as white as snow. After awhile we began to see the mts. At first they were entirely enveloped but soon the very top of Crystal Peak arose and we could distinguish the dark outline of the ranges. A sort of halo of clouds seemed to settle about Crystal Peak. Over in the rocky bear country a dark spot of mt. appeared and looked like a deep hole or pocket or perhaps a deep lake reflecting brown mts. in its waters. MEP stayed in town all night [Aug. 11, 1921 written lighter underneath "night"] with Grandpa. Almost supper time Mama, Uncle Os & I went down after her in the spring wagon and brought Grandpa home with us. Had fried chicken etc. & raspberry jelly for supper. Talked about old

fashioned churns and apples and interesting general topics. Mama, MEP & I slept upstairs on our nice hay beds and Grandpa slept in the big bed where Mama & I sleep.

Aug. 11

Grandpa went home this A.M. & Mama, MEP & I walked down with him. We went to the bath - MEP to the Dentist, after the mail & to Helgessons to see if the picture frame for Mama's Pussy Willow pastel picture was finished. We were so provoked! After waiting at least 3 months for it he lacked an inch & ½ of having enough! When we got home we were pretty tired. The editor of "The Shorthorn World" wrote that his daughter Pauline might spend a day or so here & might take some pictures of Papa's cattle. If so it would be a good advertisement. You never can tell - it might be the answer to my prayers. 16 little chickens hatched today. Grandpa & Uncle Os are receiving papers about the Missouri Centennial Exposition. Very interesting. Papa showed me a picture of Washington University he used to attend. Grandpa, no doubt can tell me lots about everything. Sarvice berries will soon be ripe, but there won't be many this year.

Sat. Aug. 13

*Dark shadows hover 'neath the wings of night;
A solitary breeze its vigil keeps;
No night hawk cries nor rabbit scream in fright
No coyote howls upon yon distant height
No noises bleak the deep and soundless quiet -
The forest sleeps,*

*O'er head the clouds in leaden mass hang down
Some edged in white and others fringed with gray,
Upon a restless earth they seem to frown
Upon the dusky valley seeped in brown
Upon the mts. trailed with Night's dark gown
They bend their sway.*

*A clash as if of steel rings in the air
A silence tense - some aged pine trees sigh. -
And then, amid the lightening's vivid glare
The gentle rain drops patter everywhere
And the still and quivering woodland's there.
Sing lullabies.*

Sun. Aug. 14

It rained all last night so was pretty wet out this morning and Papa & Uncle Os have rested all day. Uncle Os went to town with Rowdy & the buggy for a bath and brought Grandpa home with him. We had the house cleaned up and some flowers gathered and our clothes changed when they came. Had fried chicken for dinner and the first mess of string beans with Sarvice berry pie. Afterwards Papa took a nap because he had ridden all over the place nearly hunting the cattle this A.M. and was pretty tired. Grandpa & Uncle Os told stories about the olden times all afternoon. I will try to recount a few of them without many details and as nearly as I can as Grandfather told them:

Some traders stayed here one winter to trade with the Indians. They built the first room in the 2nd log cabin nearest the iron spring. All sorts of trinkets.

Once Grandfather found some old log stumps that had been sawed off high up where he could just reach them sitting on horse back. Near that he found half of an ox bow and some kind of a big pile of ashes. He supposed some trappers had come in and attempted to spend the winter and perhaps one of their oxen had died or they had run short of provisions and had to kill it & had attempted to take the other one out of the country with them. (I am trying to write with my pen and get it to working well before school begins and it doesn't flow very well.)

The Indians had told him that two trappers had come here and built that adobe fort by the river and when the Arapahos overran the country had gone on down the river with the Utes. They didn't seem to know about the remains of the log cabin in the elk pasture.

Pony Whitmore thought he knew of a gold mine. Some of his friends had found it, but he hadn't been along at the time. Later he went back and found where they had camped but never found the gold.

Over in Rock Creek Canyon where JHC first came here he saw painted on a steep wall a picture of a white man with a kind of round fur cap on like you see in pictures, holding up a beaver by the tail to show he was trapping. About half size.

In another place there was a perfect wagon wheel portrayed. Grandpa thought they were painted by some Indian who perhaps had some skill in painting and told others who passed that way some thing interesting.

Some Indians had White men's names. - Charlie, Jack, Antelope. Seemed to live very comfortably. Were not usually very tall, but rather chunky with round features. Ate Yampas, meat and begged for bread & sugar. Some had big brass kettle or two. Some bows & Arrows. Plenty of robes and hides. Always insisted upon giving food whenever JHC visited them.

Old Yarmony told JHC that his (Grand?) father was killed in a battle between the Arapahoes and Utes in a little hollow on the road to fish creek not far from town. Arapahoes won.

Onkerchuf [?] was tall and slim. Yarmony had one eye.

Told how JHC found queer trout wells up in Mad Creek Country.

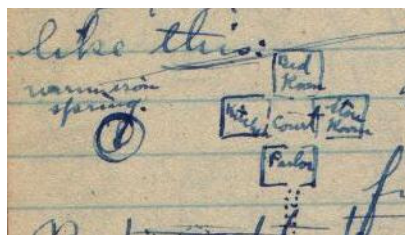
Lake Luna, Margaret etc.

Often Indians fished on horseback wading out into the river.

Bennetts lived in 1st log cabin in 1876 when JHC & family stayed all winter. Cabin arranged like this: Xmas tree and good time. Mr. B played fiddle. Mrs. B. paid to teach children.

Bear stories: First trip to Springs met one on Fish Creek trail - mouth slobbering - ambled right by them - unafraid.

Killed a light brownish yellow bear up by Hot Springs. Got away tho. Nothing like it.



Thurs. Aug. 18

Grandpa walked up about 10:45 A.M. Had fine time resting, talking, crocheting and shelling peas. Papa not feeling so very well - says its from riding on rake sore. Grandpa walked home, we with him to Navajo Spring for a drink. Met friends from Tex. who took him in Auto rest of way. Grandma, Aunt M. & Jim expected Sat.

Mon. Aug. 22

In the A.M. washed. Rained all PM. Papa & Uncle Os started to drive to the upper field & we went along but turned around in the big field because of rain.

Tues. Aug. 23

All this A.M. it was very cloudy and threatening but did not rain much. Uncle Os went to town for the mail & Papa wrote letters & read. MEP picked a chicken which she had killed because of its crooked tail and Mama and I ironed. Mama & I went after Campestres Mushrooms below the old hay shed.

Tues. Aug. 30

I am sitting on the front porch enjoying the familiar barnyard sounds and the peaceful homey feeling. Last Thurs. Mama, Aunt Mary, Grandpa & I went up to Aunt Mary's ranch. We took Rowdy and packed him mostly. It rained on us when we were about 2 miles or so from camp and we were all soaked when we got there. Grandpa slept in the bed, Mama in the bunk, Auntie on some grass on the floor and I on a cot. Next morning we all went way up to the Black Currant patch by Yellow creek and 3 of us went to look for berries while Grandpa fished. Going up there we ran onto a sheep herder's camp. The Mexican couldn't understand English but was tickled to pieces when he found out Mama could converse in Spanish. As Mother was saying, before he found that out he shouted and tried so hard to talk in English but the minute Mother said "¡Buenos días, Señor!" He quieted down and said so meekly - "¿Habla Ud. en Español Senorita?" I couldn't begin to keep up with his jabber but he said he used to live in Mexico in some places where Mother had been. Nueve Leon was one place he had lived. Hadn't seen his parents for 23 years and didn't write. Mother told him I was studying "Español" and he asked right away if it was "Castilla" instead. We didn't find any berries to speak of but JHC caught 45 fish. He & Mex. couldn't understand each other and it was too funny to watch them. We could see from up on the mt. where JHC was some of the time. He told the Mex. that he had found 5 sheep up the creek lost. He seemed pleased & hunted them with his dog. Grandpa and he would gesticulate and take off their hats and wave them around and bow and scrape and shout at each other! We nearly died laughing! We saw Marines who promised us a lamb if we wanted to catch it or would ask the Mex. to. However when we went after it 2 days later the camp had been moved. We caught 218 fish altogether and some [drawing of a feather]. On the way home we met Mr. Sprague the foreman & 2 Mexicans. They gave us a lamb. Next to the last night up there a big porcupine gnawed at the shack & Auntie & I got up and looked at him but didn't try to kill him. Later we wished we had because we heard him knocking tin cans around out on the provision table and next morning we found he had tipped over a whole pitcher of condensed milk and a lot of oat meal with raisins in it. He had slapped his tail into the sopa-de-a-ros also & we had to throw most of that away. Got home nicely & I rode Rowdy to town. Hills yellow with Spanish Needles.

Sunday Sept. 4

Sept. is a fall month and yet it seems as tho Summer must have made an unaccountable mistake and omitted a month or more! There was a bright gold and rose colored mass of sunset last evening and I saw it from Grandma's as I went to mail a letter, stayed for supper and rode home with Papa in the buggy. He came after a box of peaches there. I sent in a contribution to "St. Nicholas". This is it:

Long Ago,

*There comes to us down memories fading path
A vision of lovely cabin home
Unsheltered from the Winter's biting wrath
Unheeded by wild animals that roam.
Upon a snowy earth gray dusk descends
And deepening, hides the cabin from our view
Save for a flickering glow the firelight sends
And smoke from it's rude chimney, thin and blue.
Within, a mother fondly watches o'er
Three young and happy children sleeping there
All warm and cozy on the cabin floor
And sailing off to Dreamland without care.
A man is seated close beside the fire
Dangling a tiny stocking from his knee
Who, bronzed of face and garbed in rough attire
Fills it with precious sweets so carefully.
'Tis Christmas Eve. The towering mountains frown
The howl of wolves comes on the wind that blows
The Coyotes hunt; the heavy clouds hang down
But in the cabin Christmas spirit glows.
The dying embers give a ruddy Light
A Fox bounds from the roof and disappears
The snow flakes fall - deep silence reigns the night
And fearless, sleep the Western Pioneers.*

[3 lines that fill a v drawn here]

But to come back to the present. I wonder if real poets have to work sometimes to make things rhyme right or if it just comes to them that way. It is the rhythm mostly that sets the verses tingling. I got a new "St. Nicholas" last night and am going to try for the "medals" again, I've already done this much:

“When Fields are White”

*When fields are white
In the still of the night
And silvery moon hangs down
There's a carnival gay
Where the wee elves play
In a sparkling Fairy town.
[small vine drawing]*

This is to be in Jan. number. At present it is 4: 40 o'clock PM. This is the time of day I love best - from now 'till dark. I don't see how I can ever bear to buckle down to school drudgery again to have to stay indoors so much of this precious autumn weather! When winter comes I want to be able to picture this spot to myself to cheer the snowy days. I am sitting in a tiny spot that is a veritable Fairyland. Here is the Murmuring Brooklet always joyous even in its sleepest gurglings. Why should it not be? In it are all the lovely little pebbles and rocks - glossy and smooth; the reflections waver in its tiny ripples of the blue blue sky, the tall stately pines, the graceful white trunked Quaking Aspens, shrubs, ferns, goldenrod, asters, bright red berries and nine-bark. In the mornings and evenings little feathered folk come to bathe in its clear pools and twitter to it. The breeze loves to run races with it and they often sing duets together the breeze carrying the air while the brook ripples a running accompaniment. Indeed there is not a one of the little woodland creatures that does not love the brook. All about me are beautiful lavender fall Asters - some darker and pinker than others and some only little fringed buds taking their first peek at the world. Asters are very happy persons too. It is a little late for Goldenrod but there are several very pretty sprays nodding by me. There are some very tall Timothy and Wild Oat stalks and lots of Nine-bark and a regular jungle of leaves and pretty grass in an undergrowth. The saucy little Chickadees have been visiting me already! They are very sociable lovable little tribe with their pert actions, their little black caps and yolks, gray coats and white vests. One came within a yard of me. There is lots of moss and I am sitting on a moss and lichen covered rock this minute. I hear Papa driving in the cows now. There is something peaceful sounding about cowbells. I don't know just what. They are loading sheep today and we can hear them plainly up here. There is hardly a cloud in the sky and a baby zephyr softly laughs

through the Aspen leaves. I have sometimes wondered if the Quaking Aspen trees are in any way related to the old society of "Quakers." What makes my wonder is because their trunks are so white and pure, trimmed with black "eyes" sometimes, but always with silvery green leaves. I always think of Quakers as wearing gray all the time, trimmed with white. There are a few red and yellow leaves on the hills already but hardly enough to see. Well, the little fairy folk and wee elves are peeking around at me from all the purple asters and wishing I would go away so they could come and have a sunset frolic. There are tiny white, pearly mushrooms here and everything to furnish a good time for the wee folk so I won't keep them any longer. Tomorrow is the last day before school begins - Oh! All of us went on a walk up to the Acton house this afternoon and had a lovely time. Bill scared up a big wild gray cat and I gathered some flowers for Botany specimens. We all sat on a big log in the pines and rested a while including Bill & Buster. Yesterday a big grouse came right to our front yard almost on the porch and walked around among the chickens. Day before yesterday the folks and Gertrude Breman came up and spent the day. MEP & I played some for them, we went on a walk to Acton House, Grandpa carried home some wood in the wagon and all had a good time. This A.M. It was pretty cold and we could see the first snow on the mts. around Aunt Mary's and in the Bear Country. It rained a lot down here last night, and frosted hard too but didn't hurt our garden to amount to anything.

Mon. Sept. 5

Well this has been an exciting day of it all right! To begin with I slept pretty late because it was the last day before school begins. We cleaned up, Mama made cauliflower pickles and we fixed beans and peas out to dry. Uncle Os went to town after groceries then he and Papa raked and shocked in the little field. About 10:15 A.M. we started up to the pines above the field to eat our lunch. When we arrived at the fence around the Wild Rose enclosure we were undecided whether to go by the spring and get a drink or go straight to the field. Just at that crucial moment I glanced towards the house and behold! smoke was rising from its chimney. Then had we wild thoughts! Perhaps a gang of murderers or convicts were there or some dangerous outlaws! We thought perhaps it would be best to come back and tell Papa but then decided to go ahead ourselves. When we walked up the little path there was a man sitting in our

nice rocking-chair with his back to us calmly reading a magazine of ours.

"Good morning!" said Mother.

"What are you doing here?" We must have surprised him a good deal for he arose in a startled manner!

"Just taking a little outing" said he. He had a nice little 22 standing against the house also.

"You've been killing grouse too, I see," accused Mother severely.

"Oh no! I just shoot at Blue Jays." Which anybody would know was a down right lie. Shooting at Blue Jays - the idea! We didn't believe him of course!

He wasn't so very bad looking - about 25 or so I should judge and he spoke with a foreign accent - German he said later. We didn't lose much time in telling him he was on private property and trespassing in the highest degree. He said he came in by the gate and didn't see any sign up! Its probably still there. Finally Mother told him to go down by the field and see Papa then we decided we had better escort him so we ran nearly all the way to catch up with him and I doubt whether he would have gone by or not if we hadn't. They let him go. Said his name was Roam, was a section hand on the R.R. & lived in S.S. without a family. We were pretty tired too but went back to eat lunch. We looked around and found he had pulled the screen off the window, raised it, climbed in and unscrewed the lock so he could open the door. He had taken some of our knives and unscrewed the lock to the chest and probably helped himself to the bedding altho we haven't missed any of that yet. He had been using our dishes freely and had eaten all but a spoonful of a jar of jam. He had the stove full of coal and in the oven was a can with a Grouse cooking in it! He had slept in my bed for there was a box with a candle on it right there etc! The canvas was gone off of it too and we suppose he had put his grouse in it and either hidden it out or taken it home. In the flour chest he had a 10 lb. bucket of graham biscuits and a cake that he had most surely baked in our pan. Used our flour, sugar salt & everything no doubt! He had been there on a scouting expedition because he had brought a glass of lard and a little baking powder. Had probably been there Sat. Sun., & Mon.! We hunted for the canvas but didn't find it. He told us that when he got there this morning at 6 A.M. the stove was warm & somebody had been there before him. We didn't & don't believe it! Either somebody has

picked what few Sarvice Berries and Choke-Cherries were there or the birds have eaten them. If it is the birds I don't mind but if it is people it is intolerable!!! We walked down through the bush below the field and came out between the 2 lower fields. We got some pretty bright leaves, rose apples asters and Spanish-needles.

Fri. Sept. 14

We had vacation today and yesterday and of course will have Sat. & Sun. on account of the Fair at Hayden. Gertie has been up here for several days but went home last night. MEP & Grandma went to the Fair and found we had received \$6.50 in prizes for our jelly, pickles, bread and the Tulip Plaque, for which we will get an aluminum kettle. Last Sunday we noticed the first spot of yellow on Storm Mt. and today there is about as much yellow and orange as there is green. Papa is making a stack in front of the horse barn and it is high now. I am sitting on a hay shock in the shade of a little Quaking Asp tree. Our hill is beautiful and so is all of the country. I'm not going to describe it because it takes so long to write it all out.

*Far off lies enchanted mountain
Dreamy gold and dusky blue
Faint the hints of green upon it
Gray the sagebrush billow's hue.*

*Deepening shadows in the valley
Yellow grain fields nestled there
Cottonwoods beside the river
Murmuring on without a care.*

*Sunlight tipping all the mountains
Pine trees dark and far away
Orange and red the oaks and cherries
Quaking Aspen in gold array.*

*All the hills are bathed in glory
Changed to gold at Autumn's touch
Reveling in the wealth of Fall time
Thinking not of snow and such.*

Sun. Sept. 25

It is very pleasant up here in the door to the hay loft; I have run away from the house and tiresome conversations that don't interest

me a bit. I have fled to my haven of refuge - the stair steps on the horse barn. I have come to think out problems of life and to console my spirits as best as I can. Mr. and Mrs. Krueger and her father are here looking over the place thinking to lease it this winter while Papa goes to N.Y. to hunt work and goodness knows what will become of us all. It makes my heart ache to think that in a short time perhaps strangers - in feeling unsympathetic and uncaring may treat this as theirs when it really isn't and never will be in my heart and soul. What can they know of our sweet wanderings thru the pines to gather orchids, hunt Pipsissewah or pull pine gum! They couldn't love it all as we do - they couldn't. They might not even notice the sunset pictures or the purple hills and valleys and they wouldn't love the Wild Rose Ranch as we would. How can there be so much heartache and unhappiness in the world to confront people! But avast false fears! Away faint heart! Begone! Show not yourselves before one who would now Be once again in Paradise this hour!

Lots of quaking asp leaves have fallen since last Sunday. Now up in the Bear country it is mostly brown and black with still a good deal of yellow and some green. I never saw so many beautiful colors and shades together before. I believe each bush is different with an especially designed costume. What do you suppose they are dressing up for? Surely not for Winter. Perhaps they hold a carnival to show that while winter is not far off they are happy because it is warm and lovely now and they are soon going to sleep 'neath a big white fluffy blanket and will have golden and red dreams of Autumn glory and then some day they will wake up again when the Spring maiden is here and rejoice anew.

Here is a Sarvice berry bush who's leaves are all dark red - there is one whose leaves look like little gold dollars hanging there and indeed they are far more precious than any amount of golden dollars. This one is bright orange and those quaking aspens are still bright green in the background.

Now it is about 5:30 o'clock. I am sitting on a bent Quaking Asp on the hill where I can see Papa carrying the milk up to the house and Loyal Stamp and the little Calves in the coral. The sun is behind a cloud and almost set anyway. Rowdy is contentedly munching grass in the little pasture and the milk cows and other horses are in the little field grazing. It is pleasant out - everything seems so peaceful. The Blue Jays, Chickadees and Magpies are beginning to

come around more now and Robins and other summer birds are flocking together to fly south. I wonder how I can welcome them next year. At my feet is a lonely little Spanish Needle and in a few places are still Fall Asters. They are the last scattering remnants of summer's array of blossoms –

*“The last flowers of summer left blooming alone
All their lovely companions are faded and gone.”*

Mon. Sept. 26

I think I have passed another milestone in my life. I don't believe I can be the same person I was this time last week. I have come to the woods to reason things out. I have come to seek help from the oaks and aspens from Mother Earth and the Breeze. They have been my playmates, my companions, they understand how staggering is the lightening stroke of disappointment, they know the sorrows of parting from friends - for do they not mourn for the departing bird friends even while they seem joyous in their bright gowns? I have been wandering over the hill talking to the Sarvice Berry bushes and now I am curled up underneath a little cluster of oak trees. It seems almost as if God has given the power of speech to the oaks or is Himself telling me what to do. They are so sympathetic and understanding. This is what they tell me I must do - this is the path I must follow: Grow straight and strong as the oak, ever striving for what is noblest and purest; making life happy for others even as the golden oak leaves give pleasure to us - So the oak leaves whisper:

*We know, little playmate, we know
There are hard storms in life, winds that blow
But we've breasted the wild tempest's blast
And now we're rewarded at last
For our leaves are of gold and our joy untold
And we're proud of our share in the past.*

*And too there's a place in your heart
Where loved friends and true never part
So we'll whisper to you and our rustle
Will reach to the ends of the earth
And you'll hear and come back to the hillside
To join once again in our mirth.*

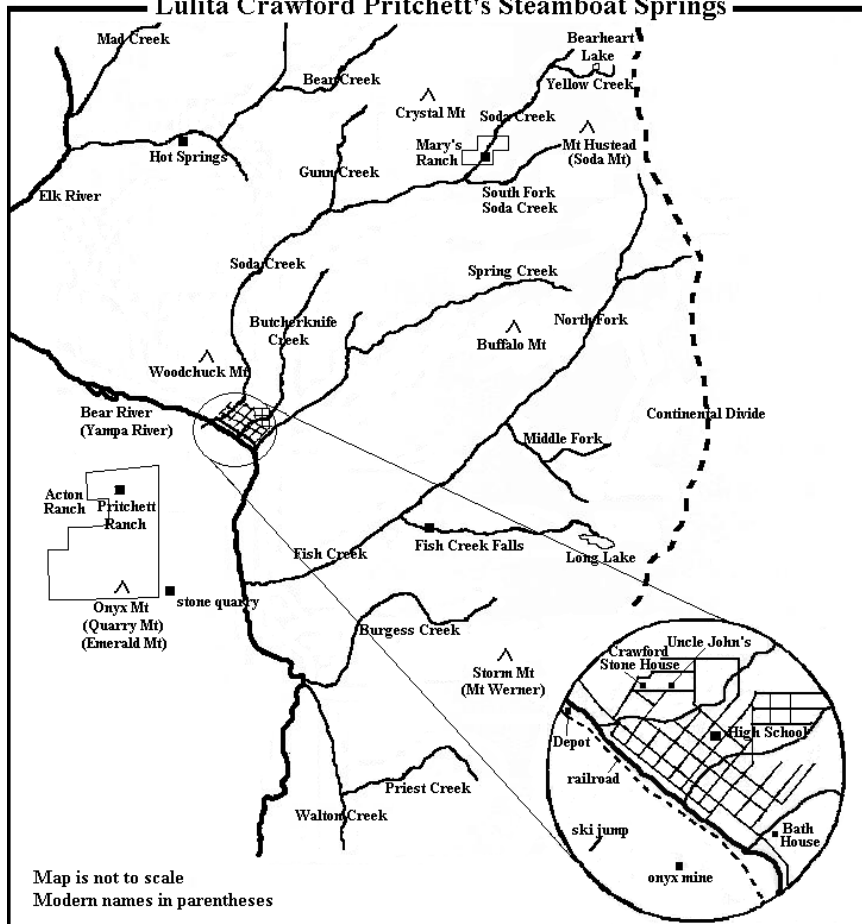
*Be noble, brave, upright and true
Do always the best you can do
And then when your life work is done*

*Back to the hills you will run
All your leaves will be gold in the end
And will welcome you home as a friend.*



**Upper meadows of Pritchett Ranch:
Mama, Margaret, Grandma, Grandpa, Lulita, and Aunt Mary**

Lulita Crawford Pritchett's Steamboat Springs





The Pritchett Ranch with Steamboat Springs in background