

The Giddings News

July 20, 1923

<p>Boulder, Colo. June 27, 1923.</p>	<p>chatter it certainly does. A little boy was drowned in the brook a few days ago and another was lost in the mountains, but he was found calmly walking around on the summit about ten o'clock that night, and was restored to his mother who was almost frantic.</p>
<p>Dear Friends: We arrived at Boulder and secured a cozy apartment, with cold water coming directly from the melted snow in the mountains. After resting from our trip, we were lonely and homesick, people are on all sides, but there is no familiar face of friends, homes everywhere but none to which you have the right of welcome and entrance. But after attending Sunday School and church where they were so cordial and made us feel so at home, the feeling of loneliness began to wear away and we felt that we were among friends. Of all the things I enjoy the most is the privilege of attending this beautiful church (The First Presbyterian) and taking part in its exercises. The pastor and his wife called on us and gave us a cordial invitation to attend the services and kindly invited us to make ourselves at home in the manse. I enjoy the music there and, by the way, the congregation does most of the singing. Dorothy was invited to come with her violin and join the S. S. orchestra.</p>	<p>We went on a hike to this mountain last Saturday. There are miles of hills. After crossing the sunbathed fields, we came to the foot of the mountain and turned into the shady mountain road. Above me, a mile or more, towered the summit of Flag Staff Mountain. I shook my head and called to the girls: "I can never make it in a thousand years." After scaling a cliff or two and getting my second wind, I reached the top, only a few seconds behind them and I sank wearily on a rugged boulder and sighed for relief. We all agreed that the trip had been worth while. Fields stretched ahead for miles and miles until the far side of the valley where there were still other mountains hiding their peaks in the clouds. We ate our lunch up there and stretched ourselves out on the barren rocks and basked in the warmth of the sun.</p>
<p>Boulder is a beautiful little city, containing many students and tourists who are always there. It nestles at the foot of the mountains in a fertile valley. Boulder Creek winds through the heart of the city and it is swift, wide and deep. On going into the city we cross it and I never can resist the temptation to stop, lean over and listen and repeat the words from Hawthorne's "Brook," "I chatter, chatter as I go" for</p>	<p>Annie Ruth is in school every morning. Lallah Rookh attends the Dally Vacation Bible School where they study the Bible, sing, exercise and learn many useful things, such as sewing basketry, etc. She made the best scrap book and her teacher had her make one for exhibition. These schools are maintained in all the churches, different churches taking different ages. We are all taking a musical course. Laura W. Johnson.</p>