

**ANITA: A STORY OF
THE ROCKY
MOUNTAINS**

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Anita: A Story of the Rocky Mountains by Bertha B. Cobb & Ernest Cobb

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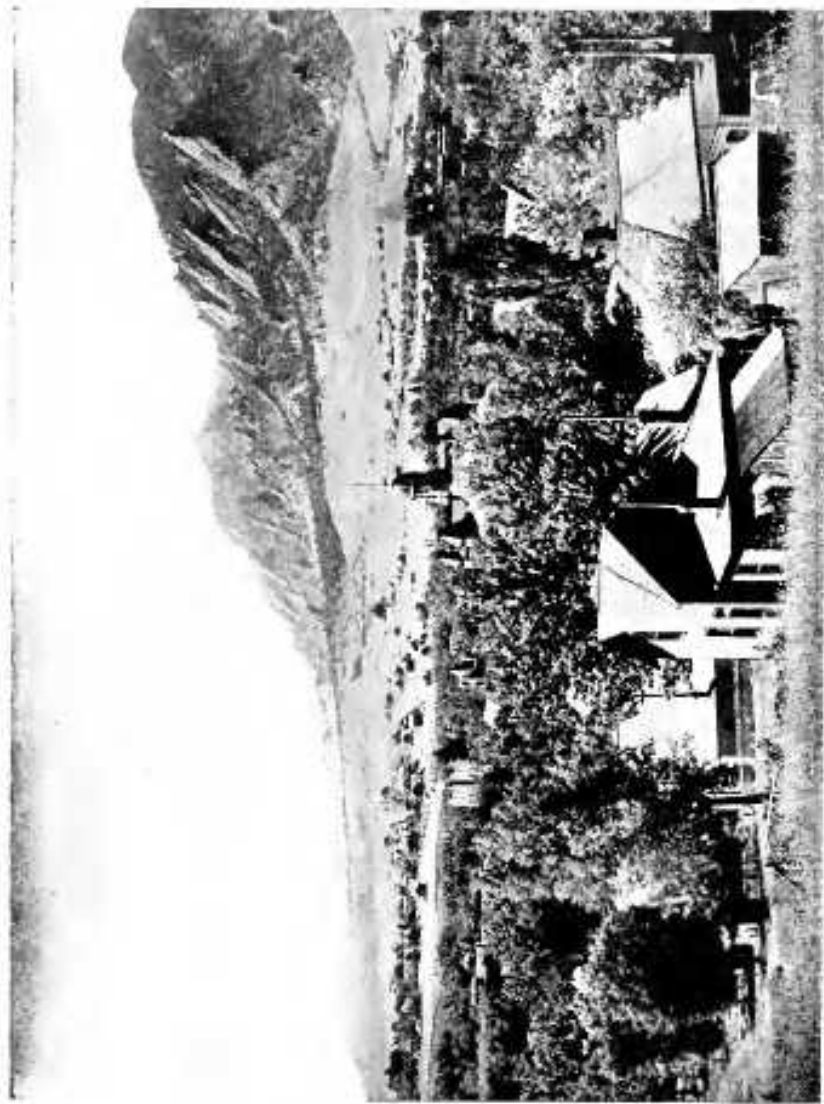
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BERTHA B. COBB & ERNEST COBB

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BOULDER, COLORADO

The vast plains, once the bottom of an inland sea, end at the foot of the rugged hills. "Turnip Top" appears at the center, and the "Flatirons" at the right of the picture.

MANY kind friends helped to make ANITA a useful and interesting book. To these we are grateful. Special thanks are due to Miss Gladys Shackelford of Denver, Colorado, for her careful review of the manuscript, and to Professor Alfred C. Lane, of Tufts College, who brought to these pages the knowledge of a lifetime spent in the study of geology and natural geography.

When we first began to work out the ARLO PLAN of teaching English without formal grammar and without formal rhetoric, there was one who joined heartily in the endeavor, who sat up with us long hours to discuss and decide the problems involved, who protected the growing plant from the winds and storms of criticism till it had taken deep root, and proved by its fruits that it was destined to live and be welcome among those who teach or learn.

So we inscribe this book to

FREDERICK W. PLUMMER

Who has shown himself so truly our friend.

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ANITA

CHAPTER I

COLORADO

WHEN I was born I had everything anybody could wish except a name. My parents had chosen a very good name for me. It was second-hand, to be sure, as it had been worn by members of the family before me, but it was a good name for all that. A little cousin, born just before I appeared, had taken the very name picked out for me, and I was left a nameless child.

My grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins, and the neighbors, were so sorry about this that they wanted, each and all, to help my parents pick out a name

so good that I should like it better than the first one.

Then the fun began. One decided on this, another made up her mind on that. Names from every source were offered for our choice. I was such a remarkable child that only the finest would do.

Before long Father and Mother began to wonder where the discussion would end. It was clear that no matter what name they chose they would hurt the feelings of some beloved relative.

"If Solomon were here," said Mother, "he might help us. Surely I don't know what to do about it. I don't want to wound any one, or see trouble in the family."

Father thought for some time. Then he slapped his knee.

"I have it," he said. "Let us postpone the whole thing till she can choose for herself. No one can find fault with that."

So it was agreed. The others did find fault, after all, for each expected us to

choose the name he had picked out. But they admitted that I had some rights that should be respected.

Under these conditions all had an opportunity to call me what they chose. Lady Love was the name my family liked the best, but I was accustomed to a variety of names.

As I grew old enough to understand, they explained the situation to me, and I took quite an interest in the names other little girls carried around with them. Meanwhile we had moved many miles from Kansas, where I was born, to Denver, Colorado, and were far away from most of the interested relatives.

I was six, and was playing one day with a little friend when her mother came to the door.

"Come in to dinner, Louise Anita," she called.

"What did she call you?" I asked.

"Louise Anita."

"Is that your name?"

"Yes."

Louise Anita went in to dinner, and I ran home just as fast as I could go, taking the new name with me. On the spot I declared that I had found my own name at last, and I should be called Louise Anita.

My mother kept her word, and from then onward I became Louise Anita in the family Bible. I had been called Lady Love and other pet names so long that they stuck to me for a long time, of course, but Louise Anita was my real name, and when my parents moved once more, soon after, to Boulder, Colorado, I was careful to take my new name along also.

Father was interested in silver mines and wanted to get hold of a mine that would pay well, so he bought a snug little house in Boulder where we could all live in comfort while he kept a lookout over the mining district, which lay in the mountains just west of Boulder.

If you will look at your map I will show you where I lived and tell you something about this wonderful country.

Colorado is about half-way from the Mississippi to the western coast and half-way from the Canadian border to Mexico. It stands right in the path of the Rocky Mountain range, and the western part of the State is filled with the great peaks that rise so high they are nearly always covered with snow. To get through this region into Utah the train has to curve around through valleys, and wind about on the mountain slopes, often taking many hours to gain a short distance, till it finally escapes into the more level land of Utah and flies on to Nevada and California.

But as you enter the State from the east, as I did, after a vacation trip to Nebraska, you would never dream that there were any hills or mountains there. All is flat and dry, with sagebrush and thin dry grass.

Here all people depend on irrigation with water from the mountains for their ranches and gardens, because it almost never rains.