SERIES 1 - TRAVEL JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 29
“TO COLORADO...again. WE STAY AT ROSE-DEN” 1934
June 14. Spent most of the day down town looking for a dress to wear motoring. At last got a many blue eye let which required a long fitting. Came home slept tired.

Spent the evening getting camp dishes and supplies together, while Edward worked away trying to rig up a car radio.

I have remem bered that to day is a hard anniversary day for the Parke family.

June 15. Another busy day. Got a big washing all. A big order of groceries. Gone down for fitting we have fully decided need to ride Sunday motoring. Will write and leave here Monday June 16.

June 16. Spent the morning cooking. Served this afternoon and packed our suit cases. Edward has had a million things to do and think of to day. When have to enrollment gone away on a trip cleaning a dirty house? This time I do.
June 17. Sunday. Sticks and sticks and more we are all ready to start in the morning. Dr. is sick.
10:00 A.M. Quinn and I go up to the hill. The dog family are at the "shack," all but little "Pride." She had a little old red coil unwound and fixed! She is a little uncleaner of the house to be dealt with. Would want some lard with light out from the ice box. The Belle will watch our house. So we are ready for the little family.
A "itty!" The things I want to say are not easy to write.

June 18. En route Colorado.
"The Way of Days." Home is a little camp near the Colorado River. Live all in a day! Nearly 400 miles, a long day's motion from 8.30 a.m. this morning until noon this evening when we stopped for our first camp on a clear stretch of ground. Of the highway near a small road bridge. A cool evening followed a hot afternoon. The old families Equator

A cool, cloudy morning. Sugar trees and irrigation ditch. Estes, Ft. Morgan, Greeley - both so much rain, pavement had changed, the appearance of the country. We see the mountains! We soon gel to some land.
Evening: "Rose Dew." Bette Carl.

So we have arrived and met my favorite Keeping love in "Rose Dew." Pauline Reslaughe met me with his usual welcome and before you could say "queek Robinan" we were lugging things up the steep steps into the little cabin we have loved so many years. By turning we were quite settled and at home. The old familiar mountains side with its colors, the many gullies beyond, the Walsh valley. All the same, only so-- different.

June 19. A quiet day here in the Rose Dew, a "kept house" and looked out at the future. May window pleased. Enough movement over to the sea. Boats and ferry all day, filling out measuring, planning, and dreaming. Many are idealists, my women few with clear eyes realities that make our dreams so difficult.--- some time. --- And at five o'clock we went on a picnic with the Reslaughe. They took us to a lonely spot over looking a green shadown landcape with the snow range beyond. We had hot coffee made over a camp fire and a nice hot dinner, and that of all a sense of companionship with fine people.

June 20. After lunch we set off for a fifty mile mountain drive. We took the Trail Ridge Road, (the new Fall River Road) climbing to an elevation of 11,737 ft., at Fall River Pass. It is one of the highest automobile roads in America's ski climate, at the head of the range and follow the ridge, the green valley. The thousands of feet below, three ar quickly pasted. Tastefully at worst, and the eternal play of light and shadow. It was a wonderful drive.

I have this evening we spent a very pleasant hour or so talking with Mr. and Mrs. Reslaughe of et...

"Mountain Belle."
Page 22. Another mountain drive this afternoon. We took the Devil's Tickle Road. It follows a long steep slide down with many peaks on all sides, not a single flat: a gully, and still not exactly a fitting habitation for the Devil, still I saw several roughly cigarette parks, so I know the road at least gave that way. -- -- We came out at the Thompson Canyon Road, followed in a ways back to quickly, then back to the village of Etois, and out north west on the Fall River Road, while we had our supper at the "Devil's Tickle Camp." And this little camp supper with its open fire, a quiet spot off the highway among the willow trees, the mountains about - was the turning bow of the day.

Page 23. We got an early start for Bear Lake this morning. We had intended to stay all day but came home earlier. It is last twelve mile to Bear Lake over a perfect highway, quiet. We like the road we traversed with Sarah and John, walking the last mile carrying the famous "gum tube" and blanketing a beautiful meadowized road with a fine grade, a fame name of mountains on every side. Bear Lake, as a remembrance the end of our trails, is not especially pretentious, for it lies in a circle of barren mountain sides, but fishing is good. We had lunch on the shore last cooked at a camp fire in the open sun shine, so hot, so warm that. We left early and coming down steeped at 'Sprague's Hotel' learned it would please Annie late. Back to little "Roo's Bear" we met up for an hour, then drove to the village of Etois, where we leaned up and called on the Bards', relatives of Winnie. I came home with a bag of candy and a disturbed spirit! What have really things to do with me here with circumstances are above??
June 24. Sunday at Race-View. The
sunlight dawn is blue. I look out
at dark shadows on the mountain
gums; at last it rains and makes
the landscape greener. Within the
fire enclosures in the old fire place.
It has been a pleasant Sunday.

My Roadbrooks and I had a long
talk this morning. The girls came
in late in the afternoon to see
us, with their dog, "Bruno." is
smilling. Towards evening we have
gotten our things together for quick
packing in the morning. We stay late
in Race View again on the end. Will
we come back again? I wonder.

On the fire place: "Main Banks,
main trouble." Well not forget
Race View!


A camp under big cotton woods,
in a grotto. We have made 135
miles in a day to make camp 32 miles
out of Race View, near the entrance
of Thompson Canyon out of Loveland.
This is wetting to the country.

Stone was hard. Too little one pays attention to landscape or the
native trip! We only appreciate our
fact: We have been sliding down
from the high altitude of the 
ivalley of the plains, all day.
An uneventful day of motoring —
even it gets hotter. A good noon
stop a little out of Stirling. About
seven we crossed the Colorado-Nebraska
state line. Hottest and hotter! At 6:30
North Platte, and the thermometer in
our car hovered around 100 degrees.
And when we finally made camp
at a school house, a hot wind was
blowing a gale.

June 27. On route.

Twelve o'clock: Noon. Reward.

Temperature: 104 degrees.

Well, a heat wave coming! The
heating, burning fields, and no
rain since we left. This lasting
wind has lasted us for many
miles. We got out of camp at 6:00,
so we had been a long trail,
and we are nearly done a long trail now.