SERIES 1 - TRAVEL JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 35
“TO ESTES PARK --
MARGARET WEBER
AND I IN ‘ROSE-DEN’,”
1948
June 29. It was an odd feeling to walk out of the 138 parlour at five o'clock this afternoon knowing I would not be back for two weeks. I left with lots of well wishes. Vacation!!! The first real time off in three and a half years. Vacation begins.

June 30. The day of days — the day we ended our trip! Always I used to say that. To "The two Margarita" now. In must be a trip of the present now. That must be no backward glance. ————-I had eleven hours sleep last night! Going early and came on swift feet all day. We slept about eleven o'clock. The cliffs were some few miles above. We can get in the train some before twelve. It is the "Exposition Flyer." We will visit the "Vista Dome" car. The house is ready to close. I have left to get "Roy" to bed. Then bath and dress and close my gates. And the trip to Central Park begins.

Late: 7:00 p.m.: Exposition Flyer with no Vista Dome. This is not as we had planned. There are no pillows. We are all butt of night. Thinking it will be a long time until tomorrow morning. But the cool breeze, and mystery, and winding...
July 1. "Rose Beu." Evening. What can be
more beautiful than complete Beauty?
On the way to Rose Beu. a sight of the "Great
Fire". We arrived on time. The Rose Beu family took
us to dinner. Then the 80 mile drive into
Holyoke. We came the north St. Maria
Highway rather than the Thompson Canyon.
We felt no sense of the "Great Fire".
The queen along with the rose mile
were lost. Beautiful fields -- the
highway and fields with the Thompson river.
Standing along a narrow highway with these
beauties nearly covered. This brought us
in Boston, to "Brown Cabin", and to a new little
Rose Beu. The old buildings came near
me! Here was the old Paradise of the
new. But we were there, the
vine with all this Methodist men. To keep
us clean, a green cool sheet.

July 2. We are very domestic -- the 80
miles gone. We had breakfast before the
time. Our unit fair and well. In
the good 80 mile. Our meals were getting calm
and a little sane.

July 3. We are filled with good, clean. That
is not good. We need here to be
and in our mind. By too much restfulness to
see all this "magic" and to "look at the
sights in the "village of America and back.

July 4. Sunday. The "Fourth of July" is a
place like this! Beautiful Rose Beu: soft
music, lovely songs, lovely chairs, a music
room, a lovely soft wind, a little room, a
wide blue space, some like windsborne in
the rose green, a quiet village, looking to
long, green, river, soft and majestic --
and with window lights in the living room
that were the rose and warm.

--- on the Fourth of July!!!
--- we did "about", talk of
Quite, soft, quiet, soft, watching, sitting down
on the highway this afternoon, with,
"rare quotes" and "friends using language".
That would not make sense. For the Fourth
of July, this is not bad.

July 6. The day a little less. To began
summer time when we R. bought the corps
company, cattle. And in to See Rose Beu. Then
we had distinguished guests for the week.
Then the Rosebury retired, almost
at once we went in the "Rey Margut" on
the third deck. It was not unlike
The longest argument of long ago when we
remember the struggle until the other had
fallen in the snow, we have not changed.
We are both three years old, and with
nothing at home quite in— and was
a little bit of the afternoon. I knew
the way to. We talked for a little while
on the banks down at Brown Cabin that
evening and cleaned the kite.

That day it was a long day—long in these ways
smiles and witticisms that he said and grinned.
We drove to Central City to the Times.
We left fairly early—my, my—very cold and
wet. We bought him some mountain shoes,
wooded treads, winding bridges, and muddy
tracks over the deep river valley. We
arrived some of the roses and went out on to
the famous old Teller House for dinner.
Then we started at six o'clock, the old
horse with its beautiful harnessing of long
ago, the old horse with the face on the
front room door; then the old Oak House
of 1912. And at 2:30 the drive was with
"Come on Little, Boys, lets do it." It is the
story of the little two of women being
the music, light, shoes, in something like body.
How it was and we were on our way
home over the winding roads. A brief
stop for a way the fuel and we were back home.
We were the light of 2240.
July 9. We shall long remember the good times we had at Hampton Hall that evening, which was the scene of my. motion. Afterward we sat in the garden under the yew. We thought of the many pleasant hours we spent there. After dinner, we played in the woods and then went down to the river to see the fishing. It was a beautiful day, and we enjoyed it very much.

July 10. We spent the afternoon at Rosewell, enjoying the company of friends and family. We went for a walk along the river, and then returned to the house for tea. After tea, we all went for a walk in the woods, enjoying the fresh air and the beauty of nature. It was a lovely day, and we all felt refreshed.

July 11. We went for a walk on the beach while the sun was up. The air was fresh, and we enjoyed it very much. We returned to the house and had a lovely meal. It was a perfect day, and we all had a wonderful time.

July 12. We had a lovely evening at Rosewell. The days have been too short, but we shall long remember them. They will always be a favorite memory. We spent the evening by the fire, enjoying each other's company. It was a perfect end to the day.

July 13. 5:00 P.M.

For today, a lovely day. We went for a walk in the woods and enjoyed the beauty of nature. It was a perfect day, and we all felt refreshed.

July 14. Sunday. We spent a very quiet day, enjoying the peace and quiet of the house. We read books and spent the day in the quiet of the room.
But glad! -- -- -- This long silver train makes swift passage. We is ploughing across the field. Colorado country as we ride. The sun alone. (Why should I be so near to this?) The whole trip to Colorado like a dream now. The whole thing drops from my shoulders now like a jeweled coat, and I lay it aside feeling the warm winds in all.

Stone 8:30 Adams Street.

The silver Zephyr slid into Lincoln shortly before midnight. There was gasoline to drive me out home. It was cool. The lights were on in the little stone, the fans going, the clocks striking the refrigerators, and there was Rosie.

July 14. Setting a lot of things done. I felt so much get routine established. Things are packed, every thing put away, the house in order. I accomplished the job, too!

July 15. Back to work! The first look into the laboratory! Heavens!!! Every thing out. Those large big tables piled in the order. Things met! every unpacked. The roads covered near the reception point. Every thing just hanging for the eye. Still! -- I worked eight hours straightening and cleaning up.