

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

BOX 1 FOLDER 29

**“TO
COLORADO...again.
WE STAY AT
ROSE-DEN”**

1934

1934. To Colorado . . . again.

17

We stay in "Rose-wm."

June 14. Spent most of the day down town looking for a dress to wear maturing. At last got a navy blue eye let which required a long fitting. Came home dead tired. Spent the evening getting camp dishes and supplies together, while Edward worked away trying to rig up a car radio.

I have remembered that to-day is a hard anniversary day for the Palk family.

June 15. Another busy day. Got a big washing off. A big order of groceries. Worn town for fitting. We have fully decided not to risk Sunday maturing. Will wait and leave here Monday, June 16.

June 16. Spent the morning cooking. Dressed this afternoon and packed our suit-cases. Edward has had a million things to do and think of to-day. When have I ever gone away on a trip leaving a dirty house? This time I do.

June 17. Sunday: Steps and steps and steps and now we are all ready to start in the morning! It is just 10:00 P.M. Edward has gone up to bed. The dog family are at the "Shellie", all but little "Dish". She has had a bath and her coat washed and fixed! She is asleep unconscious of the honor to be here to-morrow. Ward went home laden with left-overs from the ice-box. The Bells will watch our house. So we are ready for the little jaunt. A trip! The things I want to say I'll not say to-night.

June 16. En route - to Colorado.
 "The Way of Days." Stone to a little camp over the Colorado state line all in a day! Nearly 400 miles, a long day's motoring from five o'clock this morning until seven this evening when we stopped for our first camp on a clean stretch of gravel at the highway near a railroad track. A cool evening followed a hot afternoon, the old familiar Colorado

coolness. We came over good highway all day, and some what unfamiliar for the miles and miles a new pavement and shiny new bridges, but the old towns: Seward, York, Grand Island; Kearney, North Platte. And now an old camp! Only "Pride" is not here. Little "Dish" a bit uncertain as to what it is all about. Tired out we went to bed early and I fell asleep wondering if I'd experience the old thrill over the mountains now that I am full grown: will eyes that are wide open still see Nature with all their old-time naive wonder - - - and joy?

June 19. En route. Colorado.
 A cool cloudy morning. Sugar beets and irrigation ditches. Sterling, Ft. Morgan, Greeley - - - but so much new pavement had changed the appearance of the country. We see the mountains! Will soon get to Love land.

Evening: "Rose-dew." Estes Park.
 So we have arrived and set up
 house-keeping here in "Rose-dew."
 John Rosborough met us with
 his usual welcome and before you
 could say "Jack Robinson" we were
 lugging things up the steep steps
 into the little cabin we have
 loved so many years. By evening
 we were quite settled and at
 home. The old familiar mountain
 side with its cabins, the snowy
 peaks beyond, the rush of water.
 All the same, only I am - - -
different.

June 20. A quiet day here in little
 Rose-dew. I "kept house" and looked
 out at the pictures every window
 frame. Edward wandered over to his
 lab, back and forth all day, staking
 out, measuring, planning, and dream-
ing. You are idealists, and women
 see with clear eyes realities that
 make our dreams so difficult - - -
 some times. - - - - - And at five-
 o'clock we went on a picnic

with the Rosboroughs. They took us
 to a lovely spot over looking a green
 shadowy landscape with the Snowy
 Range beyond. We had hot coffee
 made over a camp fire and a nice
 hot dinner, and best of all a
 sense of companionship with five
people.

June 21. 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 11,797 ft., at
 Fall River Pass. It is one of
 the highest automobile roads in
 America: it climbs to the crest
 of the range and follows the ridge,
 the green valleys lie thousands of
 feet below, there are thickly forested
 slopes, patches of snow, and the
 eternal play of light and shadow.
 It was a wonderful drive.
 Then this evening we spent a
 very pleasant hour or so visiting
 with Mr. & Mrs. Rosborough up at
 "Mountain Hall."

June 22. Another mountain drive this afternoon. We took the Devil's Gulch Road. It follows a long steep slide down with stony peaks on all sides, not a gorge but a gulch, and still not exactly a fitting habitation for the Devil, still I saw several empty cigarette packs, so I knew he had at least gone that way. - - - - We came out at the Thompson Canyon Road, followed it a ways back for pictures, then back to the village of Estis, and out north west on the Fall River Road, where we had our supper at the "Aspen Glen Camping Ground." And this little camp supper with its open fire, a quiet spot off the highway among the tall straight trees, the mountains about - - - - was the treasure haul of the day.

June 23. We got an early start for Bear Lake this morning. We had intended to stay all day but came home earlier. It is but twelve miles to Bear Lake over a perfect

highway, quite unlike the road we traversed with Sarah + John, walking the last mile carrying the famous "fury tents" and blankets; a beautiful macadamized road with a fine grade, a panorama of mountains on every side. Bear Lake, as I remembered. The end of our trail, is not especially picturesque, for it lies in a circle of burnt-out mountain sides, but fishing is good. We had trail for dinner but cooked at a campfire in the open sunshine, too hot for comfort. We left early and coming down stopped at "Sprague's Hotel" knowing it would please Janice Lee. Back to little "Rose Wren" we rested for an hour, then drove to the village of Estis, where we traced up and called on the Bairds', relatives of Winifred. I came home with a box of candy and a disturbed spirit! What have we things to do with me here with loneliness all about?

June 24. Sunday at Rose-Wen. The twilight hour is here: I look out to dark clouds on the mountain sides; at last it rains and makes the landscape greener. Within the fire crackles in the old fire place. It has been a pleasant Sunday. My Rastborough and I had a long talk this morning. The girls came in late in the afternoon. To see them, with their big dog, "Bruno" is charming. Towards evening we have gotten our things together for quick packing in the morning. Our stay here in Rose-Wen comes to an end. Will we come back again? I wonder. Over the fire place: "Mein Haus, mein Glück." Will not forget Rose-Wen!

June 25. En route. Evening.

A camp under big cotton woods, in a pasture. We have made 135 miles to-day to make camp 32 miles out of Estes Park, near the entrance of Thompson Canyon out of Loveland. That is making to see camp!

We were up early this morning - before the rising bell rang down at "Brown Cabin", and by 7:30 we were bidding the Rastborough's a hilarious good-bye! We took the Long's Peak - Lyons, drive to Longmont. A fine highway thru lovely mountain scenery. A stiff climb to Baldy Peak Summit, and a little beyond wonderful views of Long's Peak. Then miles of green wooded slopes. At Raymond the highway changes and for miles one follows the dashing waters of St. Vrain Creek thru a rocky canyon to Lyons. To me the drive is quite as beautiful as the Thompson Canyon drive. We stopped for our camp dinner at Longmont. Then back to Loveland for a night's camp, but it was mid afternoon by the time we found this good pasture camp. We have big trees, green grass, water, toilets, we are off the highway, we have no neighbors, the wind is not blowing, it is cool - - - - is not that an ideal camp?

June 26. En route.

Stone ward bound. Has little one pays attention to landscape on the return trip! We only appreciate one fact: We have been sliding down from the high altitude of the mts. to the heat of the plains, all day. An inevitable day of motoring - only it gets hotter. A good noon stop a little out of Sterling. About there we crossed the Colorado-Nebr. state line. Hotter and hotter! At 5:30 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. En route.

Twelve o'clock. Noon. Seward.

Temperature: 104 degrees.

Well, a hot home coming! The blazing, burning fields, and no rain since we left. This beating wind has lashed us for many miles. We got out of camp at 6:00, so it has been a long ^{trail} ~~for~~ ~~now~~, ~~but~~ but we are nearly home at 2444 Park ave.