

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL  
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

**BOX 1 FOLDER 35**

**“TO ESTES PARK --  
MARGARET WEBER  
AND I IN ‘ROSE-DEN’,”  
1948**

1946. To Estis Park - Margaret Weber & I  
in Rose-dew.

97<sup>35</sup>

June 29. It was an odd feeling to walk out  
of the Parliament 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 way of days - - - the day  
we start on a trip! Always I used to  
say that. It's "the two Margarets", now. It  
must be a trip of the present hour. There  
must be no backward glance. - - - - -

I had eleven hours sleep last night. Got  
up late and have gone on swift feet all  
day. It is eight o'clock now. The Cliffons  
come for us about eleven o'clock. We can  
get on the train some before twelve. It  
is the "Exposition Flyer". We will travel  
in the Vista-Dome car. The house is  
ready to close. I have but to put "Rosie"  
to bed. Then bath and dress and close  
my grips. And the trip to Estis Park  
begins.

Later: En route: Exposition Flyer with  
no Vista-dome! This is not as we had  
planned. There are no pillows. We sit  
bolt up right, thinking it will be a long  
time until tomorrow morning. - - - But  
dead are the cool peaks, and mystery,  
and wonder.

July 1. "Rose Wren." Evening. What can be more beautiful than complete Beauty? This is Rose Wren, alto gether perfect. - - - We arrived on time. The Rosborough's took us to dinner. Then the 50 mile drive into Estis Park. We came the north St. Vrain high way rather than the Thompson Canyon. I felt no sense of the deeply personal. The green slopes with the rain mist were but beautiful pictures - - - not the trail into Estis with the Thompson river chattering along a narrow high way with those breathless sharp curves. But it brought us to Estis, to "Brown Cabin" and to a new little Rose Wren. Then the old familiar came upon me! Here was the old Paradise and here was the new. But we were tired, too tired with all this breathless ness. So bed to sleep between cool sheets.

July 2. We are very domestic - that two Margarets. We had breakfast before the fire place. Then we swept and dusted. It is good for us - for we are getting calm and a little sane.

July 3. We are filled with good food. That is not good. We need free spirits and we are cumbered by too much earthiness. To see all this Margaret and I took a fine mile walk to the Village of Estis and back.

We found tourists every where buying things and things! But the walk was good. This evening we saw a great storm raging on Long's Peak and when we beheld this majesty we felt equal to the contemplation of Divinity. Perhaps the walk cleared our vision.

July 4. Sunday: The "Fourth of July" is a place like this! Beautiful Rose Wren: soft carpets, lovely lamps, deep chairs, a modern kitchen, a dainty soft pink bath-room, a wide fire place, comfortable wood <sup>carriage</sup> in all odd places, a great picture <sup>window</sup> looking to Long's peak - snow capped and majestic - a round window high in the living-room that views the rocks and waving pines - - - all this on the Fourth of July!!! - - - we idled about, talked of great philosophies, watched traffic down on the high way a while this afternoon, wrote a few cards to friends using language they would not understand. For the Fourth of July this is not bad!

July 5. The day a little helle. It began beautifully when J. M. R. brought the opera company folks up to see Rose Wren. So we had distinguished guests for the moment. Then Mr. Rosborough returned and almost at once we were in the "Big Argument" on the Third War. It was not unlike

the famous argument of long ago when we founded the atmosphere until the dew had fell to the floor! We have not changed a bit: we are both stubborn and would rather die than give in. - - - - I was a little sick all the afternoon. I know he was, too. We talked for a little while on the porch down at Brown Cabin this evening and cleared the air.

July 6. It was a big day - big in every way: emotional intensity that elevated and exhausted. We drove to Central City to the Opera. We left fairly early - Mrs. R., Mary, Pat, Margaret and I. Beautiful drive over mountain roads - wooded peaks, winding ledges, and moving shadows over the deep green valleys. We arrived some after twelve and went at once to the famous old Teller House for dinner. There was tradition at its best, the old house with its beautiful furnishings of long ago, the old bar with its Fall on the Bar-room floor; then the old Opera House of 1878. And at 2:30 the Opera: Mozart's "Così fan tutte", "they all do it." It is the story of the fickleness of women kind, the music, light, breezy, enchanting by lovely. Over at five and we were on our way home over the winding roads. A brief stop for a way side supper and we were soon home. How welcome the lights of Esté

and the family at Brown Cabin waiting for us a wee bit anxiously. I think I was never more tired.

July 7. So tired for exalted living. Just common place eating and sleeping to-day. We took a three mile walk, returning from the Village with Mrs. R. A long friendly talk with Pat this evening and off to bed.

July 8. What did we do to-day but eat before the fire place and look off to Long's Peak - snow capped, remote and majestic! Until evening. Then a picnic with the Rosboroughs on the east porch at Brown Cabin - mine of me. With a threatening <sup>storm</sup> we had given up an outdoor picnic. Small Turk (2 year old) was quite able to furnish the entertainment. Afterwards Mrs. Rosborough took me for a twilight ride up to the Y.M.C.A. Camp and back. So these sun light days in the mountains slip into the past - - - - While at home - - - the sickening heat of a Nebraska summer has arrived. Letters tell us this. But Fannie writes of "Rosie" - blessings on her little dog head! - and Mother's wishes report that "Tiger" is O.K. I am that pet's still <sup>our</sup> affection! Well, we do not apologize - - - love goes a long way, there is enough!

July 9. We shall long remember the porch supper over at Mountain Hall this evening when we were the guests of Mrs. Hansen. Afterward we sat in the gathering darkness as Mrs. Rosborough played Bach, Mrs. Wolcott and these lovely things. Twinkling lights came as one by one in the wooded slopes of Sheep Mountain and all along the rushing Thompson River towards the village. It was one of those evening one long remembers.

July 10. Guests at Rose Wren! Margaret's friends Mrs. Barnard and family of Wenden arrived about noon. They were pleasant people but the two children and the dog kept us at high tension. Looking out for all the lovely things in a home not your own was something of a trial. We had dinner out on the porch under the big parasol. In the afternoon a pleasant fire in the fire place for it had grown cool. Well, I confess I was a bit glad to see them depart. How children - the best of them - destroy the quiet peace and calmness of our days!

July 11. Sunday: We spent a very quiet day today mostly watching the drive up to Brown Cabin for guests that did not arrive. Margaret expelled Ruth Hansen and her family. - - - Late in the afternoon

we took a walk. Then all our supper out <sup>on</sup> of the porch under the parasol, the evening as perfect as any we have had. Mr. R. came up to tell us good-bye (he will go into Wenden tomorrow to see the doctor about his eye) and said only the things that Mr. R. can say. Is it possible our stay in Rose Wren is so soon over?

July 12. The last evening in Rose Wren. The days have gone swiftly but we shall long remember them. My forgettable: the round picture <sup>- window a bit of</sup> looking to sky and waving pine boughs, the glowing fire place, the coo-coo clock that is not always littleful, the varying panorama of clouds and shadows on wooded slopes, and always Long's Peak for special. The days have gone with much food, much laughter, but we go home, too, renewed in spirit to battle the commonplace of the every day.

July 13. 5:00 P.M.

En route. The Zephyr.

Here I am this mid-July afternoon going home. And glad to be going home. Surely I care little about home and never leave. Back to Nebraska to the half full heat of summer, to work day after day, to monotonous most would say.

But glad! - - - - This long silver train  
 makes swift passage. It is streaking across  
 the flat Colorado country as I sit here  
 alone. (Why should I be so near to tears?)  
 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 I've never worn it  
 at all. - - - -

Stone 5218 Adams Street.

The Silver Zephyr slid into Lincoln  
 shortly before mid-night. There was  
 Jennie to drive me out home. It was  
 cool. The lights were on in the little  
 house, the law going, the clock started,  
 the refrigerator on, and there was Rosie.  
 To bed.

July 14. Getting a lot of things done. I felt  
 I must get routine established. Things  
 unpacked, everything put away, the house  
 in order. I accomplished the job, too!

July 15. Back to work! The first look into  
 the laboratory! Heavens!!! Everything out.  
 Those four big tables piled in disorder.  
 Things not even unpacked. The rock cultures  
 near the sterilization joint. Every thing just  
 hanging by the eye-lids! - - - - I worked  
 eight hours straightening and clearing up.  
 But glad to be back to work July 15.