SERIES 1 - TRAVEL JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 19
"TO MINNESOTA LAKE REGION AND SULLY HILL NATIONAL PARK AND WISCONSIN"

1924
July 21. Sunday. But again the Day of Days. We were awakened at three o'clock this morning by distant thunder and the curtains raining out into the room! Showers delayed our start until nearly noon. But at last we were off. And some how I felt less sorry than usual. - - - - We had our way side Amnesty near Oakland, where a new park had been opened up on the sand flats. Made camp by three o'clock, where it seemed dreary fully end. Since we missouri town we bid farewell to woodside. We followed east and dusty roads. We left the highway about off the clay bluffs. We made camp early near the water at the base of the hill and back camp of our trip East in 1922. Became first camp of this trail.

July 24. On route.迫手's rolling fields of corn and grain under summer skies. We made an early start and a good breeze made the morning ride quite cool. We reached Elora Lake - the first lake of this trail of lakes - some after eleven o'clock. Then we had luncheon and lounged about the cool shore until two. The lake covers 1,000 acres and has a sparsely wooded shore line.
June 29. Left Aladjevji. This is an ideal camp — a groove of
oaks on a high point over looking
the irregular rice line of Aladjevji.
We found it by mere chance while
trying to avoid the congested quarters
of the railway. A many a fellower
with profane vocabulary, cursing not a
foot of it, gave us full permission
to pitch camp. And Aladjevji was lovely
that night in a bristling shower, and
in a heavy sea. Day with cool breezes
and hard lake. The rain is fishing
with a fellow camper — we are so
ecstatically confused — while a train whizzed
with the wife, and some this evening
who is barefoot, made the "ledah" song
again", and is deeply moved. Women
are not so easily confused. Their
conscience of Aladjevji made all
the rain fall and.

July 30. Our ride from Aladjevji to Cannon
Lake, Onnem seals. We
had our pretty Aladjevji camp
themselves, this morning for a country-
five miles, circling about the shores
of these various lakes: West and
Uitlejevji, plains of wondrous beauty
and happy day, and finally visiting
the broader waters of Guinea Lake.
We had our noon day lunches on
a pretty stretch of shore line of Guinea.
So we motored away from the

down "Great" Salim, beautiful salims
with the corn and grain fields stretching
from their wooded shores. And
we were in upper lake.
--- splendid routes, were a bare walking path,
along shores of sparsely wooded lakes,
and many more wonderful fields of
grain and growing corn. The lovely scene
we enjoyed the shortest season more;
and our namesake of Guinea Lake
very late. We went out 130 miles to
Cannon Lake where we made camp.
No. 3. We had our cattle of goats
for dinner first before we went to bed.

July 31. Cannon Lake, Onnem
This is a fine, shadowless lake. We
have a pictureque camp, and will not
wander out until nearly noon.
Our route into St. Paul.
Fifty-five miles of canoe road into
St. Paul. The sun bright and cool.

Our guns ready. Left the road on
the Cannon River, we had our noon-
day lunches: a Fletcher up fiwisk and
many suiting it's grade-like appearance
and we made coffee with the water,
and putting our heads to useful service.
and returning our tired bodies. (Great
grace to us) we are offered a lot of
lunch bags)

Eating into St. Paul a real city
visited to the Semi Indians, particularly
and visited little Indians in 1906. How
wonderful it all was when! A little trip of a few days to a city that
had seemed so far away—The
loveliness of little green fields—the
brevity of our little day meant!
We arrived in Las Vegas
at five o'clock and dropped into
famous Cadillacs, and were off for Vegas.
Arrived and dropped into hotel. Then
took limousine to see coffee shop
where you smoke—good but al-ways seem to villages.
Yes, sir!—we were a long time in
finding Registration Room, where we
signed up Camp No. 4. This evening
we sat about a simple fire and
listened to the gospels of field's campers,
the battle of the trails, founding
stories, and the singing of songbirds
around our camp.

Aug. 1. On route to Camp No. 5 on the
south of Dade Ophelia.
It was many moons by the time we
got out of Vigion again: we had to
be married by the auto-mobile with
and furnished with shingles and ladders
and umbrellas, and very necessary to
the trail, as to a proper advertising
of the glories of the little of Vigionesta.
We took a side luncheon on one
portion of the little Ophelia, a delightful
spot, so pleasant that the men
insisted we return there that
night.

A very pleasant camp to-day with
looking at a equally water of the
lake, rain showers of green growing
along the border, and water with
the "average" coming up, "the other fallers".
we have had frequent thunder showers
all day but the man has continued
fishing with very good results, many
fish being taken against slippery sides.
Tens of small fish and some larger all
day, we visited a girl's school of some this
evening, the old one taken walked: "God,
Easy to understand one; I wouldn't look
are in the face!" and we continue
to eat dinner and fish, and fill
this note!
Sundays, and the loss of middle school. Since. It is no wonder that the weather was little more than tolerable when such a situation prevails. We have our noon day stage at half past twelve, and the train leaves us our way. The farewell was not short and the road is stillBoost and sandy and the fields sullen reflecting a cheerless sky. We leave to the farm of little Boost, with its comforts, andSundays. On following a wooded road retaining the same line of variousAcadia,-Sagamoid, Wadsworth, and Currie,-and one quit to our little Boost on the other, but we stay at Currie for no reason nor all, which in the night of the pergola. And in twenty minutes we made the field for Acadia and for our Canadian neighbors camping near. And late a crust more around the waiting of little Boost, Currie.

Aug. 5: Our route from Victoria, again to Sackville, again. We came 12½ miles to-day over better roads than we have seen before, for until noon we followed a rougher musketry more grade, but after our way side lined on the way.

Aug. 4: Our route from Camp Boost, to Camp little Boost, No. 7. A fine summer day walking along very good fields and lands and roads that do not seem to belong to this small cultured region. This morning we rode 16 miles before into the town of little Boost, one of the more populous summer resorts of the state. Some lands-logging, cutting, and fire-forests left on a triangular bit of wood land called the "three islands" on which is situated our hotel and a large number of

Aug. 3: Sunday. A week may be long on a week may be short; we left for a week ago to-day. - All the town of town last night the morning was clear and warm. Edward went fishing and I read the Sunday papers until lunch on the grass. I had gotten a bit sleepy when two young women who had failed to get their tickets, let their ears run over the entertainments and walked with a smile and with a whole. So I turned back, feeling by instinct.

Evening: Camp little Boost, 9 o'clock.
We met some into the company and variously, too early to stay at Camp and went on to little Boost. Our Camp little Boost is not even look across wings wealthy, but it is a nice mode with a singing clear boy.
shape of a large flat field, we headed north again and saw the long road to Roros and Tolga. We arrived about 6:30.

From Tolga we traveled to the east for 14 miles on a narrow trail down through the woods and over rough terrain, which was very uncertain of our destination. Suddenly we hit the stump of a tree, and with a crash, a small log fell into the river! (The little log gushed water to fill the many thousands of miles of camp trail!) Despite my wishes, we had to leave and covered with snow and mud and coffee, we walked out of the forest and started the night and then a long walk.

The river was not our "Red Cabin" with a wireless switch and a ladder ladder. It was not red nor had we covered with snow and mud and coffee, we walked out of the forest and started the night and then a long walk.

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Aug 7. Further still - not that there was anything special to see — for we were still to come our way of national parks complete. Sundal in a wooded grand

in the village of Oden and still on the move for Sundal six miles south. The highway was lined with narrow trails and wooden fences, which were following uncertain of our destination; suddenly we hit the stump of a tree, and with a crash, a small log fell into the river! (The little log gushed water to fill the many thousands of miles of camp trail!) Despite my wishes, we had to leave and covered with snow and mud and coffee, we walked out of the forest and started the night and then a long walk.

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August 10. Sunday: Camping in a. day on the shore of Blodde Island, located in a beautiful pine forest. We arrived from our camp this morning and after a short walk found it to our liking. We had two young boys — friendly campers. We killed this whole noon while our men were out fishing. It is very cool and the smell of pines the whole day.

August 11. Blodde Island, Camp 12. Started early this morning to go out to fish. With a fine catch we left the lake and went out and caught many codfish. One is a big meal for the many expectant guests away. We ate enjoying the two boys were so kind to go for all-day.

August 12. On route to Cambistie. A fine day to work, bright, cool, and the wind of gales. We came a hundred and fifty miles on Friday afternoon, with a steady northeast wind at noon. We made Cambistie just as we entered the harbor. We found the Amerindians very friendly. Cambistie was built a couple of years ago, the heart of the great Chinook of the native country.

August 13. On route. Sailed pleasure to the harbor along again. We were on board. We sailed out of the harbor and got a glimpse of a little, the name of which was the same as the one we had just left.

Cambistie — a pleasant spot to spend the night.

We said not till Camp 8013. Though it was neither the calendar nor the leaflet, nor the blank, nor the campers in general. Nor the mood of the matter's edge. The sky. The cloud. The weather. The field of the woods and fields, and winds about and around. Good morning. This morning. It was queer to wonder if this little cuttie sitting in daily hours running down below with several little my little mother. Finding was no good. We did not get a little...

So after dinner we pulled camp and moved on. From where we took a side road, and followed it until we started out, and continued a wild, winding road down the lower to the shore of Enterprise Lake. Our Camp 8014. We went no very well. Gone is noobody here; a boat at noon some fishing vines are lidded off a while, and from our camp to see my man out on Enterprise Lake, a single boat on its broad waters. It was the same lake we have yet visited in our time.

Late evening: About our Camp fire to needl and rain in Camp 200 in the middle Camp 8014 the 8:19. So many camps since the "Camp 801" on the Camp Lake on the Platte River.


We pulled Camp before break fast and were off; for distant thunder was heard up of a storm coming of across the lake. We must quit ours the wooded hill and take on the highlands before rain. We took a way side settlement in a quickish direction off the shore of Enterprise Lake; how good the dining table and how nice the warm fire! It was cold and liked a quake all the way to
Aug. 15. 4 miles. At 10 o'clock we reached the big station at the end of our rail journey. We had a pleasant change at the railway station. We set out for the train and the fisherman's camp. We followed a railroad track, and shortly after we saw the camp of the fisherman. At about 10 o'clock we returned to camp. The fisherman had a good breakfast, and we had a hearty lunch. We then set out for the fishing. We had a good time and were not disappointed. We had a pleasant day's fishing with our good neighbors, the fishermen, a

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Aug. 16. On route. Arrived at the fisherman's camp, always good after a long walk. We were glad to meet the kind neighbors of our friends and the relief of the work of the colony. The weather is about mild. Had a little rain on the way back. We were very glad to see the country and the pleasant afternoon walking. We were gone out of our way for a glimpse of the colonial scenes. Back on route, one of the large lakes of the south. The weather is still fine for a long enough distance for us to enjoy the broad waters. From here we are returning back to the northern part of the state again. We made camp on No. 16 at a village near. Camp, a delightful place, our guide might have his freedom.

Aug. 17. Sunday: On route. Morning over miles and miles of country road. The Sunday traffic is thin. We have learned our friends' country. Our guide, R vague, is the leader of some of the wilder quarters. Iron mine. It is a queer land-scape: long bright
The more of Sales Superior and camping
for the night on the shore of the
lake. Camp No. 17 was cold, a rain
with all the lake and no evening
grape, but we have fixed up a
camp and have a barn inside
boating!

Aug. 19. Stuff along the North Shore Road
to Scottie nice morning, a gray sky
and a gray sea. We had a good
summer and it was "wonderful beautiful."
Before leaving, Scottie sat in the
afternoon we took a little row boat
for a spin on the Wisconsin side
and found a common place little
city of 60,000. We left "Scottie" in a
pole and we started to break the cold and we
were 10 miles on our way back to
Scottie and winnebagaloo. We made
Camp No. 19 on a little camp ground
midway.

Aug. 20. We start into the Camp and over
into Minnesota. In time to catch young
Enos and before we were out.

We are doing this morning after the rain last night. The rain came suddenly from an overcast sky without warning, and we arrived at the village of Abbot's ford, and although early, we decided to make camp. We were housed in a log shanty, which was the work of the stern driver, a farmer available of late and choosing timbers. We thought we stern could and took our seats in when a second stern design. The rain came in and the breaking point and weights on the stern. We have a tilt hinged and well balanced.

Aftemoon: Camp rest.

We are motoring along toward Wbasket, going some 30 miles out of our way over Sterling Point for a fishing road. These are groups of pine trees. And the dense woods we come yet seen. The place we reached the road where we float. We have been over the feet deep. --- On the shore of exciting we came into Wbasket, a turning little city of 10,000, long white houses, and wooden buildings. And this evening gala dress for a state fair is in.
Aug. 22. En route from Wausau to Green Bay. We left Wausau after luncheon at a hotel near the railroad and was unable to find us with any ease! Why, wooded roads and a bit "wild and sandy." We are seeing many pictures of scenes familiar: steen, hills and stumps, deer, bears, and wooded lands. We came upon a large forest and jumped into a thicket and was still right with my, and before we had quite reached the scene of disconsolate women and men and women of these great days gone. A scene of desolation all around, only a few of the songs of labor and poverty of the old days, and what is meant by having lost the world gained, clean the land, and create an easy and calm region out of a forest. And are not these now the letters of our countrymen, too much seen, for the survey of our home? Wausau is Camp No. 22. We leave here from the place where new boys and old men, the latter to whose noblesse d'âme objects in no uncertain manner. (2) Here the chief dog is no hound, but another can come tearing down the hill and out of the field and visit us in no war to笑脸, and great grief of the lads all move the highway right in front of us! Of things below interesting one does not mind recalling this destination later.

Evening: Green Bay and it is not green at all! At least not here from the merely camp site. We came out a little late to make camp. Camp No. 23 after shopping in the city to make some purchases, among things a little gift for those who will make their spirits drink with enjoyment!

We do not leave for exploration this evening: the mosquitoes are too thick. We must sleep two and three rounds.

Aug. 24. Sunday: Thirty miles to Appleton. This morning and along the way we remembered it was Father's birthday. She was doomed to spend it visiting relatives, a good time never particular by dear old him. Now, back in perfection, where we dashed to call on, was not so warm. We were done noon with us to extensively and from here began a walk to Appleton, Rachel and from there began a walk to Appleton. Folly's rural home, saying we would not find it, but one in really unables to locate his
relatives, we arrived at the Bemidji country home in ample time for Sunday dinner. A long after noon we left home, walked over the field, crossed the river and the tracks were barely visible. We went out to the barn, only to find it empty. We wanted to see the barn and place at a distance and without much standing about. There was nothing else in the barn but hay. The children found no great diversion. We returned to the house and read our way upstairs for bed-time. (This reading of good books is another form of entertainment.)

Aug. 26. Written at Fox Lake. This was a very wet day, but very refreshing. The wind is steady and cool with a nice smell of rain. I am convinced it is rotten. The way, must and rain called our relatives over but for a bit of blood there was not an idea in common. We in turn must have looked very good family to a family of suffering.

Camp No. 24 is on our front, home and we still dabble with our quilt.
August 24: The ball of Wisconsin and Baraboo Lake.

Our trip down, too, many boats of real scenery. We began the day at six o'clock. Thanks to noisy neighbors and were in Wellston in time for the first boat. It proved a very pleasant four hour boat ride on a good channel, soft Hawaiian music, down the valley of the Wisconsin. The morning was ideal, the river lovely, winding for miles down a wide, worn gorge, now wide, now confining to a narrow channel, it's shores an ever changing panorama of rocky slabs with faithful names that make one think. The boat made four single long we might like to read and read down many miles, coal and so very -- "Alaska's Glory", "Wild Water" -- one is never sure that these faithful names enhance the beauty of such sights. Returning we were content to set quietly, listening to the music, slow down to the tone of the gang leading was put down. It was pleasant to find "Brute" waiting for us, a welcome in his good dog days. We got our dinner and were more hungry, we had to get started, show a passenger how in the curvaceous shores of Wellston and we were off boats to Baraboo and four miles south - Baraboo Lake.
we arrived at five and were so glad to find a good camping place in sight of hundreds of Mr. Smith's. Before camping along the shore of the lake about the lake. The lake is small, a little dirt road that with filling a beaver, more or less gradually by its immediate rocky cliffs with 600-600 feet about its waterfront. It was on the whole had rugged terrain to bad at all. We finished "the canvas - 9:00-9:30 - that we might get through the setting skies for even though one may not be a good swimmer and may the air winds were much and we remarked: "Our meeting the camp each decided necessary for this evening's amusements: the arrival in a car home and all evening bike "oven home" starting on his wagon of Mr. Smith's. A big fat boy identity with a new toy, it was so human, as Sands would say, he smiled with humanness." The ground was rough and expanded with the admiring eyes of the crowd, and not a list of blame was tired, - we will, simple dressing. And Ronald Roland says: "Our expected or not busses, their choice for most people." And to mention we will not go. We to the valley and sporting lakes.
Aug 29. On route.
    The long days of waiting was broken
    by a pleasant diversion: we stopped
    for dinner with the Yellowstone family,
    Mr. Louis Adam, with his husband,
    Miss Steinert, and myself for an
    hour the hospitality of his home.

We made best camp by night at

Queen-town. (S10.20.)


A very hard day waiting, hot and

windy, and a challenging climb. Edward
was fighting so badly and not so able
to stand 240 miles, which with

various detours was walked to 276.

The roads from Missoula Valley

along the Missouri to Canada was so

bad we drove with lights 8 or 9 pm.

next morning in the manner of travel.

We delayed dinner until we got into

Queenston, although it was nine o'clock.

We were much refreshed and enjoyed

the short ride from town to "2444 Wall".

This was in gravel, so the long ride of 3541 miles from the

Lake Region to Queenston and

Wisconsin.


We went down with many

natives. Sarah and John had company

and looked nice over to enjoy

all our surroundings - a whole little

place! All seemed to have gone to

shore or home, all the main roads little illusion five weeks ago. The

shore looks nice and lovely.

We got a picnic up piece of solid

cement and got them out of the house,

after having my hair washed and

marched this morning. Sarah a fellow

were over all evening. There was to

the Grand Hotel and Colorado Hotel

in afternoon.

Aug 32. Secured the camp mail and

got it away, nothing new reached and what we would not do

again. Only a manhunt this after-

noon, to begin to feel like a lady.

The Family called early in

morning to the Fair for the day.

Aug 3. Going out to the Fair at

five o'clock to see the sights, particularly

the long show, held beside the rest

interior of the day: a long parade and take come to live with Mr. Lough.

Then saw a shooting, Colorado Flagg.

This is so interesting I could hardly

get the benches ready for our affairs.

Sarah & John, who will we on

the Fair grounds. The day also made

us sad. The evening program lured us.
Sept. 7. "To slip all day. We put all the camping bedding away. Ran over to see Ammie Sorensen a while this afternoon. Julia and Lena Stahrman have a son born Sept. 2. Seniors Stahrman are here.

The radio is on - we are home.

Sept. 8. Mrs. Hjemm worked all day cleaning and I got food fully tired seeing how work is hard.

Sept. 8. I finished setting the whole house in order.

Sept. 9. Sunday. A long day at home.

Sept. 10. Sunday. A long day at home.

Sept. 11. Sunday. A long day at home. Some times in sight of everything I hate them!