SERIES 1 - TRAVEL JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 20
“A SECOND TRIP TO MINNESOTA LAKE REGION . LAKE VERMILLION”
1925
May 28. It is nearly mid-night!

"Red Peter" is packed for the trail. We have hiked lively all day. Quiet we are ready for any daily start. We are off for a ten days in two weeks journey thru Minnesota, deer trails, far rocks. Steers to rear, and a healthy time!

May 30. "The way of days!"

On route. It was a long day from 4:30 A.M. when we set out on the trail in the early dawn to 7:00 P.M. when we made camp No. 1. at Eight Mile, Minnesota. We
day we had run 800 miles with a head wind, making 100 miles on our return, about 5 miles an hour. Our last night was spent in the town, where we had a good time. The Fisherman was out on a fishing trip and we were compelled to spend the summer at a small hotel. It was sunny and much cooler. We could not ask for a better camp.

June 1. Our camp

Moving along all day! A cool grey morning after the rain last night, making our way through the valley of the

Ocean we entered the region of

wood and rolling land.

Along the side shore lay

down the summer cottages and

of wood, Smoothly farms with

all along. The rain came out-

and we met an elephant on

the high way and took this picture.

From Santa Fe the little Folk

we followed a more in less winding road - pretty wooded farms - and along the way evidence of a new

settlers, our turn should

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were not acquainted with

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Highway, and 16 miles of iron mines. We arrived at Virginia with a good dinner. 9:30. Then we left the road for Vermilion: a winding road from the given town, passing a little wooded and winding road we named the horse. The road was 20 miles off the rail road. And the road was narrow we also were almost done! Our Vermilion and almost helped one car which we drove several a log cabin over looking the woods and 8 our horse helping with 8 furs.

June 3. A cabin on the shore of Vermilion Lake.

This cabin over looks a pretty lot of the lake, a pretty reflection from our door to the shore.

And it is a nice cabin with "Swine Islo" in green fields south in the "White Hills" with scattered trees, a stoneFord house quietly, and mosquitoes, only a view, a lonely
June 5. D fished a little, and a little, made a little line in our big cabin. And Chilled got a "blue fish" where he was last looking for it. We have caught a big fish in our line box.

June 6. Washed my lines this morning and set out on a rock to dry it, playing Narrative!

On the South Sea Islands all day—reading.

Edward fished and fished and admired the big fish of the sight: to catch a big fish to waste them is indeed: too much is too much!

It rains and is hot and sultry and we make a fire—a rummage—in the cook room and leave the lid off to smoke out the cabin.

A big round moon reflected in the waters of Vermillion to-night.

June 7. Sunday: We are kind of this cabin on these Vermillion, and are anxious to see going! It is always so ——— any where.
On the 16th we returned to the main highway after a long day's riding. The weather was very pleasant, and we had a good meal at a small village near the Canadian line. We continued north in the evening, passing through a number of small towns and villages.

On the 17th we rode through a heavy rain storm, but the weather improved later in the day. We arrived at our campsite in the evening, where we had a good meal and settled down for the night.
June 9

Cloudy, chilly afternoon, writing towards evening. Arrived at 3:30 P.M., went straight to my house and Mr. Moreau. We started the morning at 8 A.M., wrote a letter to my friend in New York - and processing little quiet in these little hours. Returned having a boat ride calling - machine offloaded me the week before. Then dinner and we were off. - - -

We have had very rainy and
fruitful sunshine all the afternoon,
with the promise of another chilly
evening to-night.

June 10

Saw Mr. Dobbs in gala dress, flags flying for a birthday, Centennial and a recent presidential visit. Exquisite and full of dolce, and God bless us always! We had
another and made camping on a private estate, a higher location point, above the river, the edge of city below. This is chilly for a camping.

In June, 80.6°. We are
having a variety of weather, in
the change of the day, "cloudless or not."
June 12. I had my hair shampooed and powdered. We went to a movie and then raced. The day was cool and sunny. We spent the evening visiting friends. She is recovering from an operation; having had his tonsils removed. Poor fellow! We.looked over their gifts and the “singing fair” and had a merry time in spite of all our battles against us.

June 13. Caroline and Lloyd are going on a motor trip. I spent the afternoon baking. They start in the morning.

We went over to see Grace late. She looks better.