SERIES 1 - TRAVEL
JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 28
“BUNGIE-WECK,’ THE HOUSE CAR, TAKES A MAIDEN TRIP (IN NEBRASKA),” 1931
1931. "Bungie Week," the House - Can Tahan, a Maiden trip.

To the "Farm" again dinner and found Edward's glasses just where they had fallen out of his pocket. A pleasant snow time. There is none better of me lady.

Oct. 19. Again the day of a million steps occurred, the day when we packed up to start in the morning. And I have lifted all day. It is eleven o'clock now, and I must still pack the "cats" in the ice-box and bath. It will be midnight then. Since last year Sarah and John came over to bid us good-bye. Neighbors have been drooping in all day to see the House - Can. We should charge admission! Well, the House - Can is a reality. Nearly three years building and at last "Bungie - Week" is complete, all packed up, and ready to start on a first trip to another.
In the early morning, the day was dawning. We left our home in the
distance. It was a big day - free from the
usual routines. We left home about
seven o'clock on our way to the
little "house on wheels." This
day was like a new adventure,
with the familiar sights of the
world to notice. The golden light
streamed through the fields of
roses, the blossoming trees, and the
warm sunshine. Everyone had
their eyes on the road and their
hand on the wheel. Our "Bunty Week"
was beginning well. Perhaps we
had been a bit too eager in our
earlier enthusiasm. For many miles to our
early efforts had been a
regular"Bunty Week" at several
occasions. Our battle in the
garden, and a late dinner -
one final meal in the
sun - were high points in the
days' activities. The
morn had brought much
research. When the
ride was done, it seemed so
far and beyond half truth which
failed to arrive. Then there was
a real joy when the ice box
refrigerator in the kitchen, and when
all the food was at hand and the
first cup of "Bunty" was
emptied. The "Bunty" was a
great help out of the
cabin. A day in the
middle of the room, with the
radio - while we could
be playing it and
sitting in a very
agreeable
manner - but there were many
incidents to a bird's day travel.
Some stories, others, a tale of
love eliminated our worries. The
day seemed to have been well
and have early left their own
place, enjoying the day as only
dogs can in the company of their
true love. The faithful creature!
Perhaps not until evening have
we both begun to feel the intimate
emotions of the little house. The
radio lights the warm, the
radio music with its lovely songs,
our dogs rest calmly at the door;
"Bunty Week" became "home."
A little home is more. A
way and care to rest at night.
We began the second day of travel with a more secure and enduring faith in the gods. This day we passed thru O'Neill soon after an noon day stop and put off for Altamont. Bennett, Evans & Arms washed. It seems very fitting that the plane now should take this road on a maiden trip.

the road thru Rocky and Brown countries, this in IM possible trail we followed in 1916 with our first Bennett and Camp out it on our first moton - camp trip. So many changed since that long ago day!

about four o'clock we ran into our first rain, a shower no doubt in consideration of "a prophet is not without honor" for Brumie", not at all man would perform such a trip with all his east and in a desert land. Ever since Nature has, a clean blow out from the skies in the name of the "God of the Out - doors", so the Wagon went christened.

"Brumie - Weekes"


This is a beautiful site quite the mountain. A little canyon line with clear water and pine trees, yellow color and the red mountains coloring the hills about. Just a good slide down will be a "good start out" in the morning.

Oct 23, Silkola River.

The cause of compensation gives us this lovely canyon site while a late noon after a mooring a little distance from our tent. The swift waters of the Silkola River please by our door, the color pig tails are all about. Foot hills are might almost circle them with a quick growth of bright green and we missed our dinner, may after being tied up at Ainsworth until the o'clock with some cow limited and came to this river - side camp for the end of the after noon at even.
Oct 23. On route thru some 30 miles of sand and detour to Maple Lake, Glidden County. We made it on account quail and snow, but we made it. Some short

References: [References]

Oct 24. Maple Lake

The first day of horse-back riding
in the horse-car, all unprepared,

getting our first real dinner.

Now this afternoon I am writing here
at our little deck, which overlooks
water at the lake. Our little

house is going to be pleasant
to live in. Perfect. It has been

a very good day for outside of

Oct 25. Sunday: On route back
to our camp on the Big Horn
River, some sixty-five miles we

travelled. We got thru

the sand and detours however,

had a late dinner at the

camping camp, and arrived mid-

afternoon at the river side. We

picked out a pleasant rest of the

road and away from the

slogging of the river, under an

old pine tree by the side of

a quiet little shaded white lark.

The pine is are all about and

the yellow gophers. To the

car, the high clay-colored bank of

the river. The sun set in

a growth of bronze autumn

hues. A good camp for a whole

day. I get the little house in

order and we are ready to
eat ourselves.
March 23. On route this came to middle of sand and dew. We
make it on sand and dew, but we made it. Some short
ship climbers, "Bungi" almost refused to make, but we arrived
mid-afternoon. --- ---

March 24. March Lake.
The first day at house. Kept in the stone cove; ate unprepared
and everything in a raw. Enjoyed getting our first real dinner. Now
this morning I am writing here at our little desk, while poised
watches at the cove. Our little house is going to be pleasant
to live in. Perfect. It has been a very good day for battle of
us. --- ---

March Lake is flat and muddy.
The clay, brown looking, sticks above
away on all sides with low
clay-colored little boat.

March 25. Sunday. The route leads
to our camp on the Nicola
River, some sixty-five miles we
travelled. We got over the sand and dew, however,
and had a late dinner at the
Ainsworth Camp, and arrived mid-
afternoon at the river's edge. We
picked out a pleasant side of
the road and away from the
roaring of the river, under an
old pine tree by the side of
a quiet little lake, walkie lake.
The leaves are all about and
the yellow leafy shank. To the
south the high clay-colored bank
of the river. The sun sets in
a growth of bronze autumn
trees. A good camp for a couple
of days. I set the little Roan
in order and we are ready to
enjoy ourselves.
at last, the anniversary.

"as a place of abode it is perfect as a means of travel it can be
in great, as for appearances,

ah, well, tell me! all said
and gone towards dream of a
house it has been realized.

Fifty miles from home! since this time last year, I can't help but make these
flying miles, home from England.

I am to wait, where? What --
now, home!


Event: A duel - scene came up
unbelieving late in the agile moon,
and at midnight a perfect path seeded
the dark. I look out at the
swimming levels and the stream that
is blacked in the moonlight.

I am like the Kiwi's in my soul:
appearing thoughts.

I remember an evening, the only
day: the dying self bends:
how tired I was!

we have come to know that Burgin Week
Nov 1. Sunday: Day off with out
Edward worked all day placing
cement bricks in the back yard.
I got a good dinner. We plan
to read all evening, if no
company comes.

Nov 2. To-day I tried to plan
my work ahead a little. I need
to keep busy, but so many
things I want to do in value
some spending, and I must not
spend. --- -- Money matters
and insurance can do very deep
Edward worried and myself.

Nov 3. This seemed to be "visiting
day" for I had a chat with
Mother, a visit with Dr. Good,
a tile phone visit with Grace,
and wrote a long letter to Ella.
Perhapsavali + family will run
over this evening.
The weather is lovely, the
autumn days perfect.
Nov 1. Sunday:gray day with all
Edward worked all day, planting
cement blocks in the back yard.
I got a good dinner. We plan
to read all evening, if no
company comes.

Nov 2. So-day I tried to plan
my work ahead a little. I need
to keep busy, but so many
things I want to do in value
some spending, and I must not
spend. ——— Money matters
and human can trouble. Keep
Edward worried and neglected.

Nov 3. This seemed to be "visiting
day" for I had a chat with
Halsey, a visit with Ed. Good,
a tele phone visit with Grace,
and write a long letter to Ella.
Perhaps Saule & James will run
over this evening.
The weather is lovely, the
autumn days perfect.