“THE HOUSE-CAR GOES TO MINNESOTA,”
1936
Sept. 13. Sunday: At 9 a.m. Edward drove "Bunnie Week" out of the house yard and on to the drive. The trip was reallyingenious! Another hot sticky day, so disagreeable to work. David took Ernest home with him. The little sisters have gone to the "shellies." So night I am so tired.

Sept. 14. The last of nearly a hundred washes beginning for the trip so difficult. We are just drudging all of the time. Edward has so much to do, so he's unable to good speed all day, so. Lottie went to the shellies if it would only cool off!

Sept. 15. The day before we start or the trip to Minneapolis in the house - End with a last line base in my library. Read much after a strenuous day. It was indeed very cool and drugged rain. David came in say good-bye and while we packed I gave our patrol a word and to return safely. And a good drive we must have. 11:00 P.M.

The day of last again at 6:30 a.m. after 6 months of travel we were gratefully greeted by the sight of a gray sky, amiable slopes, and winding roads. We made a side road for the night, a little way off the road, a clump of bushes serving as a wind break, a fine bivouac of rain falling.

Alexandria east of towards Red Rocks, the Green Lake region seemed near at hand. It is beautiful country: lakes under a gray sky, wooded slopes, and winding roads. We made a side road for the night, a little way off the road, a clump of bushes serving as a wind break, a fine bivouac of rain falling.

We came 24.4 miles to-day.

Sept 17. On route: clear, cool, and bright and shine. An early start of a few miles brought us into Dari, Dari, where we bought our provisions, wrote some messages home, purchased a fishing license, and set off to find a location to camp.

Evening: 8:15 by the side of the house we set up our tent and enjoyed the view and the happenings of the town.

Sept 18. Making good time to-day since we left Dari, Dari, we have made 26.5 miles to-day.

Sept 19. Making good time to-day since we left Dari, Dari, we have made 26.5 miles to-day.

Sept 20. Making good time to-day since we left Dari, Dari, we have made 26.5 miles to-day.

A rainy day in camp. A nice, cozy, happy day here in our little house—our white quiet of which we hear the waters of the lake into white—raps—rainygray, which we love. Three other rainy days in camp—several more some of them.

Sept 20. Sunday. A clear, bright day here on the shore of Field's Fork Lake. Aide from a little while we have been in the woods most of the day. Edward has been kept in "Old Queen" all day. He has not chosen company as we do with delight, elsewhere. But it is well I think of a book I finished the reading of Robert Frost, something about death; of mine, and not settled to reading yet. We plan to go on in the morning. Fishing is not good here. So here is to better luck—fishing—elsewhere!

Sept 21. On the shore of Field's Fork Lake. A lovely drive of 20 miles this morning brought me here to Field's Fork Lake. This camp site was assigned me with its fine view of the lake, seeming rather too good to be true! I spent the afternoon setting "the little house" in order, while Edward was on the lake fishing—where he came in late, and without fish. I had to add to his disappointment by telling him we would move in the morning.

Sept 22. Moves to our new site this morning. We are nearer the hotel, in a little quary hollow with trees about, a good view of the lake. Edward was away to fish about ten. And after I got "the little house" set in order for the next time, the day was long for me—instead of the reading of Carl Sandburg. I engaged myself—mostly to read, when Edward did not go back with his catch of fish until after seven o'clock. I had
Sept 23. The squalls of yesterday became a gale to-day; the lake, as far as the eye can see, is a churning, surging sea of raising white caps. No lighthouse or other safe to-day. We had a pleasant day in doors; a big fish dinner.

Sept 24. A quiet lake to-day. Some rain last night. Very cool. In the house, read the narwhal book of Zebu, and read more of the book about gold and silver mines. To-day had been out doors most of the day, reading about gold mining a little along the shore.

Sept 25. We had planned to go fishing all day, but when we got out, the lake was too rough and choppy. This morning we got in at 7, not going out until after lunch. We had a pleasant boat ride but not even a bite. We came back early. The last ten minutes on the lake, the white caps begin to crest. The water was still almost calm. A north wind. The little house seemed good. We got a warm supper and rest all of the evening.
Sept. 26, Walker Lake.

Still on the shore of Lake. We had the morning closed gray.

With a cold north wind off the lake, we suddenly decided to move

on for good reason, but still

on we went up, each one were

looking at the lake, looking, talk,

and we writing and starting out.

Some engine trouble at first, made

the little boat of twenty miles or

so true steam longer. We had

dinner at a cafe, found the post

office closed, got groceries, and by

five o'clock had packed our things

here in the city cafe — still on

the shore of Lake. Evening finds.

me settled and safe in our good

location.

Sept. 27, Sunday: Our regular Sunday.

In camp we all Sunday dinner

in state. Fried some chicken,

cheese, potatoes, seemed onions. Came

over on the lake at while,

worked on the cars. I went a few

cars home and rode. I am deep
Aug. 17. Our ideal camp site is a celebration in preparation, we are in a little peninsula, the waters of the lake curving about our wooded land as two sides there are. We live under the trees, the hills, the lake of the water. The gentle quiet of night, the camp fire, the rain, the rain, soothing of the storms and camps of other days, we are remote and quite alone.

Aug. 20. A gray day with a chilly wind. We slept a quiet day, I woke too suddenly. Finished my morning's work. Stood bands about the woods, gathering stuff to eat home. We kept the camp fire going but it was too chilly to sit by it long, while all our noon meal two hunters came along and seemed to enjoy a wet glimpse of the inside of our home. - 1 1/2 mile of running in coming. The gray waters of the lake beautiful. - these woods.
Oct. 3. En route.
Towards home! A bright, sunny afternoon. The moon rising along over
the vanishing miles of highway.
We left Lake George this morning.
We ate our first meal out in the state
road. We got into Carl's Quick
about eleven, and were shopping and
dinner did not leave until nearly
one. Then off to Oly and to where
we had the same dinner! And lovely
Alpenwood, where "we began to look
for a place to stay," as they say.
We all came early on a bright, flat,
level paved federal highway.
And this was good-bye to the lake
region.

Well! We did not expect this!!!
We had a long day of varied
emotions: half at lake and lake and
into Sperry City for blue fish some
of the night. From Sperry City to
Council Bluffs more in toiling.
Rain most of the time. (The rain
caused me to change routes.) Between
Council Bluffs and Amaha, stopped
the car, parked the shades, and
shook for the city! But Amaha
went to the dome hotel for a
high class dinner! Cook in the
city做了, and came out here to
Alpenwood! Back to camp near the
Beaver Island grounds. All in a
day! One to remember—home!

Oct. 5. En route. From Amaha—
to 1444 Poolts. Or a sunny
rain washed morning! A little
blue home. The car made like
a horse going home to eat! We
are nearly home. We roll before
the home. Can we to the old place.
We like it. We miss Olden. and
Oct. 6. After a very busy day all
day yesterday, I felt up to day.
Had my hair done and went down
to the "Shelbye" to show off my
beaded head. The dog family
came home, but Frizzle stays with
Amanda's room.

Oct. 7. Cool autumn days. I went
down town and paid bills and bills.
Stove two days, and "the fig" pokes
into the past! But I do have more
eye and life.

Oct. 8. Stunging feel all day. I am
very co-ygn. House cleaning starts
off. washing off and a big order of
groceries.

Oct. 9. Friday's work was a half day,
for when I got to the basement
there was so much extra. I did
many and our summer quarters. For
many months to come it will be
data to have a reminder of
the dead summer months. But I
am wild.