

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL  
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

**BOX 1 FOLDER 19**

**“TO MINNESOTA LAKE  
REGION AND SULLY  
HILL NATIONAL PARK  
AND WISCONSIN”**

**1924**

1924. To Minnesota Lake Region +

251

Sully Hill National Park +

July 27. Sunday. <sup>was consist</sup> And again the way  
of days. We were awakened at three-  
o'clock this morning by distant thunder  
and the curtains sailing out into the  
room! Showers delayed our start until  
nearly noon. But at last we were  
off. And somehow I felt less enthus-  
iasm than usual - - - We had  
our way side luncheon near Ashland,  
where a new park has been opened up  
at the Sand pits. Made Anoka by  
three o'clock, where it seemed dreadfully  
hot. Over the Missouri River we bid  
Nebraska good-bye. From Council Bluffs  
to Woodbine we followed hot and dusty  
roads, the highway shut off by clay  
bluffs. We made camp early - near  
the water tank on the brow of the  
hill, and last camp of our trip East  
in 1922, became first camp of this  
trail.

July 28. En route. Saw's rolling fields  
of corn and grain under summer  
skies. We made an early start and  
a good breeze made the morning ride  
not quite so warm. We reached  
Stann Lake - the first lake of this  
trail of lakes - some after eleven o'clock.  
Here we had luncheon and lounged  
about its cool shores until two. The  
lake covers 6,000 acres and has a  
sparsely wooded shore line.

July 29. Lake Okoboji:

This is an ideal camp - a grove of oaks on a high point over looking the irregular shore line of Okoboji. We found it by merest chance while trying to avoid the congested quarters of the resort. A mangy old fellow with a profane vocabulary, owning not a foot of it, gave us full permission to set camp. And Okoboji was lovely last night in a breathless heat, and it is lovely to-day with cool breezes and <sup>tiny</sup> white caps. The man is fishing with a fellow camper - men are so easily congenial - while I have visited with the wife, and have discovered that she is domestic, reads the "Ladies Home Journal", and is deeply moral. Women are not so easily congenial. But the loveliness of Okoboji makes all else unimportant.

July 30. En route from Okoboji to Gannon Lake, Minnesota.

We leave our pretty Okoboji camp leisurely this morning for a twenty-five mile <sup>ride</sup> circling about the shore line of these various lakes: West and East Okoboji, glimpses of Winneshla and Appleton, and finally skirting the broader waters of Spirit Lake. We had our noon day lunch on a pretty stretch of shore line of Spirit. So we motored away from the

Snow Great Lakes, beautiful lakes with the corn and grain fields stretching from their wooded shores. And at once we were in Minnesota. - - - - - Splendid roads, more or less rolling country, along shores of sparsely wooded lakes, and everywhere wonderful fields of grain and growing corn. Never have we enjoyed the harvest season more; panoramic pictures along perfect highways! We motored 130 miles to Gannon Lake where we made camp No 3. We had our catch of fish for breakfast before we went to bed.

July 31. Gannon Lake, Minn.

This is a flat, shallow lake. We have a pleasant camp, and will not be motoring on until nearly noon.

En route into St. Paul.

Fifty-five miles of concrete roads into St. Paul. The day bright and cool.

On a green recess off the road on the Cannon River we had our noon-day lunch: I picked up papers and rags defacing its park-like appearance and we made coffee with the rubbish, thus putting them to useful service and performing our civic duty. (How great is the offense to deface a bit of land scape!) Going into St. Paul to make other visits to the Swiss Cities, particularly our first little visit in 1905. How

wonderful it all was then! A little trip of a few days to a city that then seemed so far away - the loveliness of little Winnipeg - the happiness of our holiday hearts! - - - We arrived in St. Paul at four o'clock and bought five postal cards, and were off for Winnipeg and bought five more. These big humming cities with traffic cops to whistle you thru - how good they always seem to villagers like us! - - - We were a long time in finding Winnipeg Park, where we set up Camp No. 4. This evening we sat about a smudge fire and listened to the gossip of fellow campers, the rattle of tin dishes, founding staves, and the crying of youngsters weary of the trail.

Aug. 1. En route to Camp No. 5 on the shore of Lake Osakis. It was nearly noon by the time we got out of Winnipeg: we had to be routed by the Automobile Club and furnished with stickers and badges and credentials not so necessary to the trail, as to a proper advertising of the glories of the state of Minnesota. We had a late luncheon on the shores of the Elk River, a delightful spot, so pleasant that the man inquired the fare taken that he

would gladly pay \$2.00 for such a camp - and then accidentally left without paying the quarter charged for parking. - - - We arrived at St. Cloud about three o'clock, called the "Granite City" because of numerous granite ledges near, a little city of 20,000. - - - We stopped long enough to buy a starter fish line for the tragedy of losing a big one - seems larger as we near the lake region! Late in the afternoon we ran into a shower and arrived at Lake Osakis to make camp on wet grass.

Aug. 2. Camp Lake Osakis.

A very pleasant camp to-day our looking the squally waters of the lake. This stretch of green parking along the lake seems rather too clean for the average camper, - the "average camper" meaning the "other fellow." We have had frequent thunder showers all day but the man has continued fishing with very good luck, raising back to shore against stormy waters. Staining seine fish and over-eaten all day, we tried to get rid of some this evening: the old caretaker smiled: "God, Lady, I wouldn't eat one; I wouldn't look at the face!" must we continue to eat less and pickier, and fatter at this rate?

Aug. 3 Sunday: A week may be long or a week may be short: we left home a week ago to-day. - - - - -  
 After a down pour of rain last night the morning was clear and warmer. Edward went fishing and I read the Sunday paper stretched on the grass. I had gotten a bit sleepy when two young women who had failed to set their traps, let their car run over the embankment and crash into a tree! I awakened along with others. No one hurt but plenty excitement.  
 Evening: Camp Glenwood No. 6.  
 We motored into Alexandria this afternoon, too early to set camp and motored on to Glenwood. Our camp site does not even look like Lake Winnemucca, but is a nice rock with a spring close by.

Aug. 4. En route from Camp Glenwood to Camp Lake Currie. No. 7.  
 A fair summer day motoring along variegated-colored fields and lakes and lakes that do not seem to belong to this agricultural region. This morning we rode 16 miles back into the town of Alexandria - one of the more popular summer resorts of the state. Three lakes - Wading, Charles, and St. Thomas Wier - enclose a triangular bit of woodland called the "Three Staves" on which is situated the hotel and a large number of

summer homes belonging to prominent residents of middle state cities. It is a pretty wooded spot but not more attractive than other of these lakes less noted. - - - We had our noon day stop at Lake Wiltona, no great ways from Alexandria, and were there on our way. The afternoon was rather warm and the roads a bit loose and sandy and the lakes blue reflecting a clear sky. We came to the town of Deloit about five, got supplies, and motored on following a woody road skirting the shore line of various lakes - fair maidens: Sallie, Melissa, Maud, and Currie - and one quite as attractive as the other, but we set camp at Currie for no reason at all, which is the right of the gypsy. And in twenty minutes the man had fish for supper and for an Canadian neighbor camping near. And later a new moon shone over the waters of little Lake Currie.

Aug. 5. En route from Deloit, Minn. to Grand Forks, No. Dakota.  
 We came 125 miles to-day over better roads than we were promised, for until noon we had followed a rather muddy new grade, but after our wayside lunch on the

edge of a blue flax field, we had fine sand roads all the way to Grand Forks. We arrived about 5:30. Grand Forks with a population of 14,000 is an important city in these parts. From an old Indian trading post to-day it is the site of the State University of North Dakota. And as I was writing these very lines sitting by our camp fire, an elderly gentleman called in passing our camp. And he tells us that forty years ago he made his long drives to see his sick patients, driving on the frozen river and that the big cottonwood that we sit near to-night was to him a land mark of his whereabouts. These and other pleasant reminiscences of pioneer days the old doctor tells us.

#### Aug. 6. En route to Devil's Lake.

The day began with gayety and ended with sadness, such is the uncertainty of the tourist's days. --- We set out for Devil's Lake from a late camp; one hundred miles of good high way over a treeless North Dakota country, for North Dakota is West and Minnesota is East. We could not even find a tree under which to eat our lunch. Still it was pleasant to motor for a day in a wide open country. We came

to the village of Wells Lake late in the afternoon and set out at once for Sully Hill 14 miles south. The highway dwindled to a narrow trail thru dwarf wood and underbrush, which we were following uncertain of our destination, when suddenly we hit the stump of a tree, and with a crash our little grub-box flew into splinters! (The little box grown dear to us thru so many thousands of miles of camp-trail!) Picking up my dishes all bent and covered with flour and syrup and coffee, I wept tears out of all proportion to our loss; for there was our "Red Belt" car with a wicked gorge and a bent fender! The man's new golf car! --- A few miles on we came to Ft. Totten where we decided to set camp at once, so that with borrowed tools and a few scrap boards Ben could build a new provision box. How wonderful is a husband with "fixing ability". Before we went to bed at Camp No. 9. we had a new box --- but there was "Red Belt".

#### Aug. 7. Sully Hill National Park.

How anxious I was not to miss Sully Hill - not that there was anything special to see - for it will be fine to have our tour of national parks complete. Sully is a wooded game



preserve covering 600 acres, pleasant picnic grounds on the edge of little Sweetwater Lake, a new government road along the shore of Devil's Lake under construction, but there is really nothing to see at Sully's Hill. We got back to the village of Devil's Lake in time for an early lunch before starting out to back-trail a hundred miles to Grand Forks.

Aug. 6. Camp No. 10. Tourist Camp. We have spent a quiet day here in camp at our old camp-site under the cotton-wood, waiting for roads to dry after a heavy rain last night. I have written a bit while Edward visited with fellow campers.

Aug. 9. En route to Bemidji. A fine day is now, bright, cool, and the smell of pines. We came a hundred and fifty miles mostly thru a heavily settled wooded section, the timber heavier and the road more winding as we neared Bemidji. We made Camp No. 11 on the shore of Lake Bemidji at a crowded tourist center and found the atmosphere too cosmopolitan. Bemidji was but a comparatively short time ago, the heart of the great pine forest of northern Minnesota.

Aug. 10. Sunday: Camping to-day on the shore of Black Duck Lake in a thick pine forest. We emerged from a wet camp this morning and drove 30 miles farther north to a more out-of-the-way spot. With us came two young fellows - friendly campers. I will this afternoon while the men are out fishing. It is very cool and the smell of pines good.

Aug. 11. Black Duck Lake. Camp 12. But one brought in camp to-day: fishing. With a fine catch yesterday we were at it all day. I was out all morning and caught four beauties. One is a big meal so we must constantly give fish away. We are enjoying the two boys camping near. It is warm enough to be comfortable to-day.

Aug. 12. En route: How pleasant to be motoring along again! more or less winding, wooded high ways all day. We went back to Bemidji first, then 19 miles down to Cass Lake to have our luncheon on its beach and get a glimpse of a lake, the name of which has become familiar to us at home. We made a little camp fire and smudged up our faces - a shame not to enjoy fine birch wood



going to work! Then back to Bemidji for another start. For some thirty miles we followed the same wooded highway to Staska Lake Park. Staska is beautiful with its tall pines and splendid highway skirting the shore of Staska Lake. The Park contains 30,000 acres embracing the head waters of the Mississippi, and within its boundaries are numerous lakes, large stands of truly primeval forests, and nearly every species of wild animal, tree and plant life found in the northern part of the continent. It was a pleasant two hours. Then on to Rainy Lake where we left the main highway to follow a sandy hilly trail to Big Sandy Lake, where we set up Camp No. 13. We were, with the two varied interests of the day.

Aug. 13. En route to Leech Lake.

We did not like Camp No. 13, though it suited the calendar number, at least not after some other camps invaded our private nook at the water's edge. Then Big Sandy Lake was swampy and full of moss and reeds, and winds about endlessly. But while boating this morning it was fun to watch little turtles sitting on lily pads sunning themselves with their little heads sticking up. Fishing was no good: we didn't get a nibble.

So after lunch we pulled camp and moved on. From Walker we took a side road and followed it until it petered out, and continued a rutted, winding road thru the forest to the shore of Leech Lake. And Camp No. 14. Conditions are very well. There is no body here; a late afternoon sun fills the air. The trees are 5 miles, and from our camp to all my gaze out on Leech Lake, a single boat on its broad waters. It is the largest lake we have yet visited in Minnesota. Late evening: About our camp fire I recall that this is Camp 200 in the Whale Camp Trail over the A.S.Q. So many camps since the "Camp No. 1" on the Sand bar on the Platte River!

Aug. 14. En route.

We pulled camp before breakfast and were off; for distant thunder warned us of a storm coming up across the lake: we must get out on the wooded trail and back on the highway before rain. We had a way side breakfast in a pretty sheltered spot on the shore of Portage Lake: how good the bacon tasted and how nice the warm fire! It was cold and blew a gale all the way to

Boained. We went forty miles for our mail, got a postal card from home, and after a way side luncheon, backtrailed to Belican Lake. We had little difficulty in finding the Sincalu Colony, our neighbors the Shores, and set up Camp No. 15 on the Judge Clement's lot.

Aug. 15. Belican Lake.

So this is Belican Lake and all these cottages in the slim, tall woods about are occupied by Sincalu people - the Stalls, Stallies, Stiffs, Exiles - all here together - so "honey" and "falsy" - dear me! wouldn't it make any one with a bit of snap want to go somewhere else? A nice neighbor hood spirit with interchange of bits of gossip: it would spoil any lake for us, yea even Belican.

Evening: A pleasant sight it is to see a Fisherman coming into camp carrying a big fish, all smiles from ear to ear, - especially if he happens to be your Fisherman. At seven o'clock the man returned to camp: he carried a nice found great northern pike; he had a bloody hand and wet legs, but was proud and smiling. (How good is little boy happiness in grown men!) - - - - So it has been a pleasant day: luncheon with our good neighbors, the Shores, a

swapping of fishing stories about an old-fashioned coals-store in their cabin, this evening, and so we like this Belican Lake with its snug "Sincalu Colony". - yea, even Belican.

Aug. 16. On route.

Away to follow roads, always good after a day's rest. We were off with the best wishes of our friends and to the relief of the rest of the colony - probably - about noon. Had a late luncheon at a school house and a pleasant afternoon motoring. We never came out of our way for a glimpse of Wille Lake Lake en route, one of the larger bodies of water in the state. The highway circles its shore line for a long enough distance for us to enjoy its broad waters. From Wille Lake we are motoring back to the northern part of the state again. We made Camp No. 16 at a village tourist-camp, a deserted place, that Bride might have his freedom.

Aug. 17. Sunday: On route.

Motoring all day over miles and miles of concrete road, the Sunday traffic clearing by. We have traversed unfamiliar country - the mesaba Range district where are located some of the world's greatest iron mines. It is a queer landscape: long high

ridges of red waste deposit against a green brush country - a far less depressing mining country than some we have passed thru: Ely, Nevada for instance, where the world's richest copper mine is located, I recall. From Virginia, our farthest northern town, we left the Iron range, and passed thru an immense lumber-own timber district, motoring south towards White. - - - - - So we arrived at White coming upon it from a high elevation, the city lay a wide panorama before us: its site is the slope of a hill which rises gradually from the shore of Lake Superior to the height of about 500 feet above the lake. Our view from Camp No. 17 (a rather rocky cor. pasture gained by permission after turning down a crowded tourist path) was marvellous: myriad lights down long avenues of city streets twinkled in the darkness and far out on the lake big boats came slowly into port.

Aug. 16. White, with a population of a hundred thousand, straggles out a long main street running parallel to the lake front. We spent the morning seeing a bit of its commercial center and shopping and after luncheon at a cafe, drove 25 miles along

the shore of Lake Superior and camped for the night at Two Harbor, a wooded park on the shore of the lake. Camp No. 18 is cold, a raw wind off the lake and the evening gray, but we have fixed up a cozy camp and have a ham back boiling!

Aug. 19. Back along the North Shore Road to White this morning, a gray sky and a gray sea. We had a good luncheon and I was "wonder beautiful." Before leaving White late in the afternoon we took a little run over to Superior on the Wisconsin side and found it a common place little city of 50,000. We left White in a fine rain but at 6:30 the sun was trying to break thru the clouds and we were 70 miles on our way back to St. Paul and Minneapolis. We made Camp No. 19 at a village camp grounds midway.

Aug. 20. We got into St. Paul and over into Minneapolis in time to catch Miss Delia Pearson before she went out to dinner. Our brief reunion consisted in having luncheon together, but it was a happy occasion and thus our fifteenth year and our third reunion was celebrated. We regret that Miss Lindblad is in California but it was

with me drive back to the Twin Cities just to see Miss Pearson and keep up our traditional "five-year-meeting." Later: We are 60 miles over the state line and our first Wisconsin camp (No. 20) is in a hay field.

Aug. 21. En route.

Wisconsin landscapes on a gray day. A wooded, rolling country, more rugged than mine so far. A rainy morning and my cold ~~was~~ not conducive to an early start, but we got into Eau Claire about noon.

There I saw bought a pair of bronze dogs - dachshunds - out of respect for Wisconsin's German-American population. We got our lunch at the city camp and were en route again, - more gray sky, woods everywhere, herds of grazing cattle and the biggest red barns I think I ever saw. --- We are motoring towards Wausau where the Schulze clan pioneered, but I fear to visit the ancestral spot without making his identity known. His misadventure from robbery in general plus a whole some desire to see a place divested of defunct family associations. It is a case of working an ancestral spot to cherish but dissolving the idea of taking on any more ancestors.

Aug. 22. Camp No. 21. at Abbotsford, Wis.

We are drying this morning after the rain last night. It came suddenly from an overcast sky without warning, just as we arrived at the village of Abbotsford, and although early, had decided to make camp. We were housed in a log shelter-cabin when the worst of the storm broke, a perfect avalanche of water and crashing thunder. We thought the storm over and had our tent up when a second storm broke. Boy that time I was at the breaking point and kept as I clutched the tent pole as floods beat upon us! We had a late supper and went to bed.

Afternoon: En route.

We are motoring along towards Wausau, going some 60 miles out of our way over Stevens Point for better roads. There are groves of pine here. And the densest woods we have yet seen. One place we crossed the road where the flood-waters were over two feet deep. --- In the dusk of evening we came into Wausau, a thriving little city of 16,000, long shady avenues of comfortable homes, street-cars and traffic cops, and this evening gala dress for a state fair is in



progress. And Wausau, the old logging town, gone! And the rugged men and women of those pioneer days gone. Acres of blackened stump land, great piles of stone in the fields, only hint of the story of labor and poverty of the old days, and what it meant to lay low the vast pines, clear the land, and create an agricultural region out of a forest. And are not these men the fathers of our country quite as much as those who choose the easier task of war here?

Wausau is Camp No. 22. We have music from the fair grounds nearby and fire works, the latter to which Nebraska Bride objects in no uncertain manner. (I believe the dear dog is a pacifist!)

Aug. 23. En route from Wausau to Green Bay.

We left for Green Bay after luncheon at a cheap Sney house that was unable to furnish us with any sleep! Hilly, wooded roads and a bit "warbooshy". We are taking many pictures of local features: stone piles and stump fences, big barns, and wood lands. We came upon a car that had jumped into a ditch and was still right side up, and before we had quite reached the scene of disaster

another car came tearing down the hill and tore off the left rear wheel of a poor little Ford that was in no way to blame, and great piles of tin flew all over the highway right in front of us! If things keep interesting one does not mind reaching his destination late.

Evening: Green Bay and it is not green at all! At least not here from our marshy camp site. We came out a little late to make Camp No. 23 after stopping in the city to make some purchases, among things a little gift for Sarah which will make her pretty eyes shine with happiness! We do not lack for occupation this evening: the mosquitoes are dread ful. We must keep two and three smudge fires going.

Aug. 24. Sunday: thirty miles to Appleton this morning and along the way we remembered it was Stevie's birthday. He was doomed to spend it visiting relatives, a fact time never particularly dear to him. We, last in Appleton, whom we hoped to call on, was not at home. So we drove seven miles on to Neenah and from there began a search for Cousin Arthur - Felix's rural home, hoping we would not find it, but one is rarely unable to locate this

relatives. We arrived at the Zeimert country home in ample time for Sunday dinner. A long afternoon on the farm was away: at three o'clock the weather and the crops were thread bare subjects. We went out to the barn and gazed at a black and white bull stamping his feet. There was nothing else in the barn but hay. The chicken-house offered no great diversion. We returned to the house and took up the weary wait for bed-time. (This making sport of one's good, plain, and honest relatives is rather low order of fun, I am constrained to confess, but why, Oh way, must one ever call on relatives that but for a tie of blood have not an idea in common? We in turn must have loved the good family to a point of suffering.)  
Camp No. 24 is on the front lawn and we still battle with mosquitoes.

Aug. 25. On road — all day.

A day spent seeing Lake Winnebago's shore line cities: Appleton, AshKesh, Fond Du Lac — small cities whose half the size of the home town. Appleton with its lovely old shaded streets about Lawrence University, AshKesh with its view of Lake

Winnebago, and Fond Du Lac, where we had a late dinner and after a drive along the east shore of Lake Winnebago made an early camp, close up against the wall about the lake front. But it was pleasant to sit up Camp No. 25 early for we were weary of seeing. We took a dip in the lake, had fried chicken for supper, watched sunset pink-lavender waters fade to gray, went to a band concert in the park nearby and ended a day packed full — too full.

Aug. 26. Written at Fox Lake, Wis. Our noon day stop. The day is being spent seeing the villages of Mamma's girlhood. They lie so close now she could scarcely appreciate that half an hour on concrete roads takes you from Waufox to Fox Lake. And it is only 16 miles from Fond Du Lac to Waufox. Waufox has a population of 4500. I walked down its main street and we drove about the Benitentiary, its walls covered with fire-fingers, its front land scape visible thru great doors of iron grating. And only 11 miles from Waufox to Fox Lake, a tiny village with a population of less than 1,000. And at once we were



most fortunate in locating a good old timer - one Wona Van - who directed us to the old "W. Woodruff" home. We walked about the old lawn, took a drink from the pump, and stood in his old office room. It was a unexpected treat. Then we came out to Fox Lake and here on its shore we will get our lunch.

Later: We left the shimmering water of little Fox Lake at two o'clock and incidentally swarms of mosquitoes which are the very bane of our existence these days, and in another 12 miles we came to Beaver Dam, but not able to recall very many associations, we motored on, leaving along the shore of Beaver Lake.

By the time we got to Cottage it was so hot, we were not surprised to see that a steel thermometer registered 91°. After the frozen corn fields of Waukegan! We were too uncomfortable to enjoy the 20 miles more to Baraboo, an increasingly rugged land scape, the bluffs along the Wisconsin River not unlike lovely green foot hills. We made Camp No. 26, at Baraboo and began the fight with mosquitoes. So it has been a "red letter day."

Aug. 27. The Wells of Wisconsin and Devil's Lake.

And Wisconsin, too, may boast of real scenery. We began the day at six o'clock thanks to noisy neighbors and were in Kilbourn in time for the first boat. It proved a very pleasant four hour boat trip on a good steamer, soft Hawaiian music, down the Wells of the Wisconsin. The morning was ideal, the river lovely, winding for miles down a water-worn gorge, now wide, now confined to a narrow channel, its shores an ever-changing panorama of rocky shapes with fanciful names that mattered not. The boat made four stops that we might take short rambles down mossy ravines, cool and woody - "Artist's Glen", "Witch's Glen" - one is never sure that these fantastic names enhance the beauty of such spots. Returning we were content to sit quietly, listening to the music, clear down to "Aloha ea" as the gang plank was put down. It was pleasant to find "Bride" waiting for us, a welcome in his good dog eyes. We got our lunch and were so hungry we had to fry bacon! Then a pleasant hour in the curio shops of Kilbourn and we were off back to Baraboo and four miles south - Devil's Lake.

We arrived at five and were so glad to find a good camping place in spite of hundreds of tourists already camping along the slopes of the hills about the lake. The lake is small, a limpid sheet of water filling a basin, more or less perpendicular yet broken rocky bluffs rise 500-600 ft about its waters. It was on the whole less rugged than I had imagined. We hurried to set camp - No. 27 - that we might get into our bathing suits, for even though one may not be a good swimmer, one may be an enthusiastic wader! - - - - - An unsuspecting fellow-camper furnished all the comedy necessary for the evening's amusement: he arrived in an "auto-house" and all evening held "open house" lecturing on his wagon to tourists. A big fat boy happy with a new toy, he was so human, as Sarah would say, he "ached with humaness." He glowed and puffed and expanded under the admiring eyes of the crowd, and not a bit of harm was done, - the nice, simple Idiot! And Romain Rolland says: "I am amazed at the things that satisfy most people." And to-morrow we will say good-bye to the Wells and Wells Lake.

Aug. 26. Madison, Wis.

Forty miles into Madison this morning, the four-lake city and the capital of the state, located on an isthmus between lakes Monona and Mendota. And with only 40,000 population, the city seems important. We arrived thru the State University grounds winding along the shore of Lake Mendota. The commercial center is built about the capital, and did not strike me as particularly prepossessing, perhaps it was because I did not like a silk umbrella purchased for a gift, for it is true that a bad dinner may ruin a city! But our dinner was very good and the rest of the buying satisfactory. And now we must leave Madison and turn our faces homeward.

Our route. Afternoon.

We have started home. We are fifty miles along the way. And already I feel that our trip is over. These Wisconsin fields are no longer unfamiliar, they are Nebraska fields. We will soon be on the boulevard, and turn at 24<sup>th</sup> & Barle and there will be 2444 overgrown in shrubbery. And there begins the trail of the Every Way. The fair the Barle on - - - - - (We made camp No. 28 at Waukegan, Iowa.)

Aug. 29. En route.

The long day's motoring was broken by a pleasant diversion: we stopped for dinner with the yellow stone lady, Mrs. Louis Adams, met her husband, Miss Steinmetz, and enjoyed for an hour the hospitality of her home. We made last camp to-night at Ames, Iowa. (No. 29.)

Aug. 30. En route.

A very hard day motoring, hot and windy, and a choking dust. Edward was fighting a cold and not so able to drive 250 miles, which with various detours was swelled to 275. The roads from Missouri Valley along the bluffs to Omaha were so bad we drove with lights to prevent accident in the clouds of dust. We delayed dinner until we got into Omaha, although it was three o'clock. We were much refreshed and enjoyed the last lap home to "2444 Park" hidden in greenery. So ended the long trail of 3541 miles thru the Lake Region of Minnesota and Wisconsin.

Aug. 31. Sunday: Stone.

We unloaded and unpacked and talked. The day went with many steps. Sarah and John had company and could not come over to enjoy

all our souvenirs - a whole little full! All seems to have gone O.K. here at home, all but Mamma's little illness two weeks ago. The house looks nice and homey.

Sept. 1. I picked up piles of soiled clothes and got them out of the house, after having my hair washed and massaged this morning. Sarah & John were over all evening. Their trip to the Black Hills and Colorado proved too strenuous.

Sept. 2. I scoured the camp-bait and put it away wondering as usual when and where we would use it again. And a manicure this afternoon, I begin to feel like a lady. The family called early in the night to the Fair for the day.

Sept. 3. Going out to State Fair at five o'clock to see the sights, particularly the Dog Show, faded beside the real interest of the day: a lost female air-dale came to live with us. Edw. found her on a dam town street, she bears a Juliusberg, Colorado tag. She is so interesting I could hardly get the dinner ready for our supper with Sarah & John, who met us on the Fair grounds. The dog show made me sad. The evening program bored me.

Sept. 4. I slip all day. We put all the camp bedding away. Ran over to see Annis Sorensen a while this afternoon. Julius and Lena Starbham have a son born Sept. 2. Senior Starbham is here. The radio is on - we are home.

Sept. 5. Mrs. Brehm worked all day cleaning and I got dreadfully tired seeing her work so hard.

Sept. 6. I finished setting the whale house in order.

Sept. 7. Sunday: A long day at home, the beginning of many long days at home. Sometimes in spite of everything I hate them!

Sept. 8. Bronnie having bitten one more boy was the thrill of the morning, but I did not let the thrill keep me from ironing and polishing the silver. I worked at my Journal all the afternoon. Little "Janise Lee" started to school.

Sept. 9. A beautiful fall-like day. I got my Journal up to date. Edward plans to build houses. Well, we are up with things and off on the Long Home Trail.