

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

BOX 1 FOLDER 20

**“A SECOND TRIP TO
MINNESOTA LAKE
REGION . LAKE
VERMILLION”**

1925

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Lake Vermilion.

falls arrived on the campus. We had dinner at Rudgis. Spent the afternoon shopping. The falls couldn't stay over, but we were very glad they could come anyway. Pauline and Lloyd spent the evening with us - until twelve as usual - talking over plans for their first water trip. So the day went to company.

May 29. It is nearly mid night; "Red Peter" is packed for the trail. We have stepped lively all day. But we are ready for any early start. We are off for a ten days to two weeks jaunt thru Minnesota, perhaps far north. There's to new trails, big fish, and a happy time!

May 30. "The way of days"!
En 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 Pipe Stone, Minnesota. We

had raced 300 miles with a hot wind, skirting along the state line of Iowa states: breakfast at Fremont, Sioux City, Iowa, by ten o'clock, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, about four, and soon over the Yine waka boundary. Little to enjoy in a gale like this. Even our noon day lunch was gauding with dust! The afternoon still hotter. And now to keep Camp No. 1. from blowing away altogether is not so easy. And we are tired. - - - - Still - - - we are on the trail again - - - 'manga said!

May 31. Sunday - (at home!) (NO TRAIL!)
Camp No. 2. Lake yine waka.
We blew 200 miles to-day, including a hot wind. A pleasant noon hour at Big Stone Lake, a long river-like lake, with a stony shore-line. We motored eastward all the afternoon, arriving here at Starbuck about five, where we had the first glimpse of yine waka we determined to turn in. A sudden

shower greeted our arrival at this pleasant camp, and now as I write the Fisherman is out on squally waters and I recall days last summer at Lake Osakis. It is rainy and much cooler. One could not ask for a nicer camp.

June 1. Our route.

motoring along all day: A cool gray morning after the rain last night, skirting the shore of yine waka down to Glenwood - typical yine waka lake region, green, wooded, rolling, and along the lake shore dozens of summer cottages. Out of Glenwood, Swedish farms with lakes all along. The sun came out and we met an elephant on the high way - and took his picture! From Sank Centre to Little Falls we followed a more or less winding road - pretty wooded farms - and along the way evidence of a recent tornado, our turned buildings and twisted trees. At Little Falls we crossed the Mississippi and

were off for Brainard and a late dinner! But the long stretch of concrete gave out and returned us to sand roads. - - - - - It was two o'clock when we arrived at Brainard - Tourist center for all joints - where we had a good dinner at a good-looking cafe and spent two hours getting our supplies which include a fishing license! - - - - - Then from Brainard over Oil to Still City: a thickly wooded section, the first smell of the pines - cool and inviting! - - - And at Still City our old camp on a sloping hill overlooking a lake. A long day of varied interests. Camp No. 3.

June 2. On route to Vermilion Lake to-day!
Beautiful from Still City to Grand Rapids, a winding, wooded drive - we had forgotten. Then the Mesaba Iron Range region the hillside to Virginia with its long stretch of 64 miles of concrete

highway, and its miles of iron mines. We stopped at Virginia for dinner - a good dinner, too. Here we left the level path for Vermilion: a winding road thru the pines, growing a bit more wooded and winding as we neared the lake. The last lap is 30 miles off the rail road. And as the road gets narrower we know we are almost there! Then Vermilion and almost before we can wink we have reached a log cabin overlooking its waters and I am housekeeping while Steve fishes!

June 3. A cabin on the shore of Vermilion Lake.
Our cabin overlooks a pretty bit of the lake, a grassy slope from our door to the shore. And it is a nice cabin like "Swill Wo" in Spearfish Canyon in the "Black Hills" with cracked cups, a stove that burns quickly, and mosquitoes, and a view, a lovely

view! We had pipe for breakfast.
The man fishes to-day. I shall
write.

Later: I read that Lake Vermilion
is the largest and most scenic of
Minnesota's ten thousand lakes. It
is 36 miles long, its very irregular
shape giving it a thousand miles of
shore line and 365 islands.

Still later: we came in off the lake
at sun set and the water was so
beautiful, mirror-like, reflecting pink-
gray clouds. - - - - I had caught
two nice fish, too.

June 4. Gray, squally day. We were
on the lake this morning but the
waves were running too high for
good fishing. - - - I am going to
read and write this afternoon.

Later: Finished my last volume of
My Swain this evening by the
light of an old fashioned lamp.

It is pleasant to read a new con-
fession and feel him a personal
friend for life.

June 5. I fished a little, read a
little, made a little here in our
log cabin. And Bride got a "flee
bath" when he was least looking
for it! We have eight or ten
big fish in our live-box.

June 6. Washed my hair this morning
and sat out on a rock to dry it,
playing Lauralie!

On the South Sea Islands all day -
reading.

Edward fishes and fishes and admits
he is tired of the spot: to catch
these big fish to waste them is wicked.
So much is too much!

It rains and is hot and sultry
and we make a fire - a smudge - in
the cook stove and leave the lid
off to smoke out the cabin.

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

June 7. Sunday: we are tired of
this cabin on Lake Vermilion,
and are anxious to be going! It
is always so - - - - anywhere.

With Edward tired of fishing it was a long day, - a long day of sultry showers one after another and hot in between. We turned a big catch of fish back to the water; seeing their sail away was so much nicer than catching them - some how! I read my South Sea Tale and late in the afternoon we packed up for an early start tomorrow morning. We start tomorrow.

June 6. On route

In 75 miles of making back to the main highway this morning, the winding, wooded roads we circled about Vermilion Lake and at the village of Tower came to its water again. The chill of the morning came when a deer suddenly appeared in the middle of the road, looked at our car with proud dignified head, whisked its white-tipped tail, and disappeared in the brush! - - - - - All the way to Ely - wooded roads, winding, small farms in the

open spaces, post office villages; a hundred ^{miles} of skirting along Superior National Forest that stretched away to the Canadian line - a cool, cloudy June morning. Ely! Our northern objective! On the map it is the end of the highway. We got our dinner in a tourist cabin, glad to escape the chill wind and get warmed up at a cosmopolitan cook store. - - - - - I set off for Duluth; a hundred miles of winding, narrow, filthy trail thru the national forest, red woods now; a fine misty rain on pines, birch, spruce, and aspens, long avenues running out to gray sky ahead! We were a mile off trail, for in 65 miles we met but two cars and passed thru no villages. - - - - - we set camp at Two Harbors, haunted by memories of a wind that chilled us to the bone in last year's camp; the same gray-green sea, the same wind but camp No. 4. is snug.

June 9. En route: Wulsh to St. Paul

A cloudy, chilly afternoon, waiting toward Yineafalis and St. Paul. We spent the morning at Wulsh, window-shopping - always fun in a new city - and purchasing little gifts for those at home. Perhaps buying a portable sewing-machine offered us the most pleasure. Then dinner and we were off. - - - - -

We have had spitty rain and fitful sunshine all the afternoon, with the promise of another chilly camp to night.

Later: St. Paul in gala dress, flags flying for a North American Centennial and a recent presidential visit. Crowded and full of bustle, and good to us, always! We had supper and made camp at a tourist camp, a high breezy point, above the river, the lighted city below. And it is chilly for a camp in June. No. 6. We are having a variety of weather, in the space of 24 hours, "whether or not."

June 10. En route.

A long day's waiting since we left St. Paul, not so early this morning either, but we have made flying miles and our interest has been chiefly to get home, and so no reason at all why that hurry that we felt on the last day. Spattering rains at intervals all day, urged us on, too. (There is always a fear of these good dirt roads near home!) It is nearly six o'clock. We are crossing the state line, leaving Yineafalis, or 3 miles. (No. 6.)

June 11. Stop! And the wind blowing hard as the day advanced. Long before we reached Omaha, we were racing against a hot, dusty gale. We had dinner at two at Omaha and we off for home: Will it ever be a joy to go home? Will I ever go home without Jeff and Deed? Will home ever be home to us - Edward and I?

Later: there was on yard, the trees
 not hurt by recent storms; there
 was fat little Lady Peg; and there
 was mamma supposedly sick with
 a trained nurse in attendance.

June 12. I had my hair shingled
 and shouldered my pack. - - - -
 The day was cool and showery.
 We spent the evening visiting John.
 He is recovering from an operation,
 having had his torsils removed.
 Poor John! We took away their
 gifts and the "Singing Man" and had
 a merry time in spite of all that
 battles against us.

June 13. Pauline and Lloyd are going
 on a motor trip. I spent the
 afternoon helping. They start in
 the morning.
 We went over to see John later.
 He looks better.

June 14. Sunday: Staid at home.
 Chicken dinner. Mamma and I
 planned the "New Quarters" a bit.