

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL  
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

**BOX 1 FOLDER 22**

**“A THIRD MOTOR TRIP  
TO  
MINNESOTA LAKE  
REGION”  
1926**

1926. A Third Motor Trip to Minnesota 181  
Lake Region.

June 13 Sunday: So thankful for  
this rainy, cloudy day which made  
it cool to pack "Red Peter". It  
is late afternoon and we are ready  
to leave early in the morning.  
Well, it is just as it has always  
been: I would be so happy to go  
if only - - - - I had to go  
and I had to return - - - - I  
try to be free only to feel my  
bandage is so - - - - but  
to narrow! Any way! Minnesota!!!

June 14. En route. Even "the Way  
of Ways" may come and seem  
commonplace. We left home at  
four o'clock - half dawn - and  
I felt no thrill, only haste to  
be gone. The day seemed long -  
we came 266 miles, travelling  
in four states like last year.  
To break fast at Fremont, dinner  
at Sioux City - after miles of  
mud roads - then signed high-  
way north and South Wakarusa  
to Sioux Falls, and just over the  
Minnesota state line to make

Camp No. 1. near the village of Suvere. It has been cool and cloudy all day, and the highway a repetition of last year's trail. We camp at a school house, and we have just fed a nearby farmer's half-starved dog, one of those skinny, slim-faced collies, with gentle, friendly eyes. And I'll wager the farmer goes to church on Sunday and stuffs himself afterwards!

June 15. En route.

Long miles of sanded highway all day, travelling north, the day cool and cloudy. Pleasant Yinnesala farm lands; green villages, little bridges with black and white railings, gray lakes to-day reflecting a gray sky. Great Yinnesala, following black and yellow stars set mark its fine highways. ----- about six o'clock we came to Starbuck, and skirted Yinnesala's shore line down to Starbuck, and followed a winding road across to the

eastern shore of the lake to make Camp No. 2. I think we are trespassing on private grounds here and I feel uncomfortable.

June 16. Lake Yinnesaska.

A rainy day in camp! They are always a part of the trail. It rained much of the day while I read my new book on heredity and cared not whether I was in Yinnesala or Halifax or even Council Bluffs! Late in the afternoon we took a little boat ride with the river. It slips along pretty fast!

Late: We sit about a camp fire to-night and listen to the lap, lap of waves on the shore. The moon is spilling sparks on the water. -----

I think we could follow a very long trail together - north and north of trail - we do not seem to need any help else.

June 17. En route. Glenwood,  
Alexandria, Fergus Falls, and  
Detroit.

The waves were running high  
on Yonge water this morning,  
whipped into white caps by the  
gale. We were late in breaking  
camp, and it was eleven o'clock  
by the time we left Glenwood.  
We had dinner at Alexandria,  
and set out for Fergus Falls in  
a mist of rain and a cold gale  
that made travel disagreeable.  
Side curtains and a rain splattered  
wind shield detracted from the land-  
scape: a more or less winding road,  
wooded, half circling numerous  
lakes - a pretty cool country for  
a summer day! From Fergus  
Falls to Detroit we ceased to  
look at the land scape and could  
only think of hot food and a  
warm sheltered camp! But our  
camp on Cotton Lake "faced the  
wrong way" and Bride had a  
dog fight that ruined our supper!  
Camp No. 3.

June 18. From a Camp on Cotton  
Lake to a Pine Core Cabin.  
Park Rapids region.

This is a pleasant little cabin  
facing a blue stretch of water.  
We arrived here at "Pine Core  
Camp" at noon to-day, after break-  
ing camp at Cotton Lake without  
breakfast - too cold to eat in  
camp - and driving 40 miles to  
Park Rapids where "cakes and coffee"  
tasted unusually good! Then  
ten miles on to Worcel - the  
finest of fishing regions - and  
a few miles of winding wooded  
road to this camp. The little  
lake on cabin faces is Big  
Sand, one of a chain of  
dozens and dozens of lakes here  
in the pines. We have clear  
skies to-day but it is cold  
enough to make a little horse  
and a stove nice. I'm reading.  
Evening: on a walk this evening  
I've discovered this was "Big Sandy  
Camp" of two years ago! We will  
move on! Psychological note that way.

June 19. A camp on Seech Lake.  
 Stelle, old camp site! A remote spot  
 here in the woods with a fine view  
 of the waters of Seech. We arrived  
 about noon after some miles of winding  
 forest road. Then I remembered from  
 two years ago. It is an ideal camp:  
 woods, remote, a cold spring, and an  
 ideal view of the lake. Several fishes,  
 I saw, Birds sleep or chase bugs.

June 20. Sunday: Seech Lake  
 Another rainy day in camp. It  
 is just too bad! I have my  
 reading — have just finished my  
 interesting book on engineering — but  
 I don't want to fish. We are quite  
 full of fish now but he has not  
 caught "a big one" yet. He is  
 out on the lake in all this rain.  
 Birds sleep curled up. The camp  
 fire sputters in the rain. Gusts  
 of wind turn the trees send a  
 shower on the tent roof. The lake  
 is gray — — — and it is all better  
 than being at home! It is fine  
anyway!

June 21. Seech Camp No. 4.  
 A long day in camp waiting for  
 weather. A perfect gale has blown  
 all day, rain and fitful sunshine  
 this morning, cleared and less wind  
 this afternoon. The absorbing interest  
 of the day has been looking at  
cabin locations here at "Forest view."  
 I really don't know whether we would  
 like it here or not! We have  
 spent much of the day trailing  
 the wet grass and under brush  
 signing up "lets" and "the view."

June 22. On Woman's Lake. At  
Seri-On-Sed. Cabin "Bungie"  
So this is Woman's Lake — the lake  
 we looked up last winter and read  
 about in folders around the fire-  
 place! We got here about noon  
 after stopping for our mail and  
 supplies at Stacksack. After  
 dinner we rented the cabin with  
 the cute name and spent the  
 afternoon fishing on either "man"  
 or "Little Boy" or "Baby" — I do not  
 know which — at least one of

the Lake Family here in the vicinity. The wind made fishing hard work, but boat riding with the wind was fine! I write at a little window here in "Bungie" cabin and look out at Woman's Lake, night shadows coming. The thing we plan and work and finally get is nice always — doubly nice! Nice for the working and the dreaming — about the fire place.

June 23. We have had a nice time here at "Seri-Ou-Sed" to-day. Out on the lake until noon, but no special luck fishing. After dinner took the car and went for a little drive thru the woods. Then on the lake until dinner time, a nice long ride along the shore — Woman's Lake is said to have fifty miles of shore line. Then dinner at the Lodge — little green onions and music! In-door here all evening at "Bungie Week" and glad we have a cabin: it has rained and hailed in a damn few. Do we go on to-morrow?

June 24. En route.

We did. A cool rain-washed morning to be sitting out for hours. A piney hint of the mountains in the air. We said good-bye to "Seri-Ou-Sed" on Woman's Lake, took a fare well look at old "Bungie" Camp, and were on the road by nine o'clock. A letter from Sarah at Stackenack brought the usual smile: she hopes we won't fall thru a hole in the ice! We were in Brainard by twelve where we had dinner. Flying miles all the afternoon: Little Falls, St. Cloud, Baynesville, New London, — a glimpse of lovely Green Lake — Willmar, Olivia, — these unimportant little villages that one must try to get a thrill out of! But at the close of a long day of motoring, when one has come more than two hundred miles, they are only villages with wide green fields between. We went to make camp at Redwood Falls — No. 6: — at Ramsay State Park.

June 25. En route.

A long day maturing along. A cold wind this morning beating at the side curtains as we matured straight east to the Iowa state line. We had an early dinner at Spirit Lake and were leaving pretty Okoboji at exactly twelve o'clock. Iowa fields all the afternoon, familiar high way thru Wernier and on toward Anada. As the afternoon wore on we began to take our coats off! By six o'clock we were in Council Bluffs, supper in Anada, and then only a little ways home, the moon big and round. Stone!

June 26. So nice to have cool weather to put away all the camp stuff. We stopped all day. Everything seems to have gone O.K.

June 27. Sunday: Cool and pleasant. Making life easy here at home. Music, reading, and writing - we have enjoyed the quiet day.