

**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-Car takes

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~~the~~ ~~maiden~~ ~~trip~~ ~~is~~ ~~over~~ ~~and~~ ~~done~~
~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~House-Car~~ ~~is~~ ~~ready~~ ~~to~~ ~~start~~ ~~on~~ ~~its~~ ~~first~~ ~~trip~~
~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~"Farm"~~ ~~after~~ ~~dinner~~ ~~and~~
found Edward's glasses just
where they had fallen out of his
pocket. A pleasant hour there.
Then home bath of us blue.

Oct. 19. Again the day of a million
steps comes, the day when we
pack up to start in the morning!
And I have stepped all day.
It is eleven o'clock now, and
I must still put the "lats" in
the ice-box and bath. It will
be mid-night then. Like last
year Sarah + John came over to
bid us good-bye. Neighbors have
been dropping in all day to see
the House-Car. We should charge
admission! Well, the House-
Car 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-morrow.

Oct 20. En route.

We begin our trip in the House-Car. A big day - this first day out. We left home about seven and were on our way in the little "house on wheels." All day we have been too concerned with the unfamiliar mode of travel to notice the actual landscape: the fields of dry corn, the yellowing trees, and the warm sunshine. Equard has kept his eyes on the road and his hands on the wheel. And "Bungie-Week" has behaved well. Perhaps we have been a bit too self-conscious, for measured in equations the 170 miles to our evening stop has been a long day. A little breakfast at Seward renewed our faith in the gods, and a late dinner - the first meal in the car - was high points in the day's interests. There were low points, too: when the tire went down it seemed to foretell endless bad luck which failed to arrive; then there was

a bad hour when the ice-box refused to stay closed, and when all the books threatened to jump off of "the library"; when the six-shooter did leap out of a cabinet and lay in the middle of the floor; when the radio-table took to hopping up and down in a very audible manner, - but there were merely incidents to a first day's travel. Some screens, hitches, a roll of tape eliminated our worries. The dog family has behaved well, and have each kept their own place, enjoying the day as only dogs can in the company of those they love. The faithful creatures! Perhaps not until evening have we both appreciated the intimate coziness of the little house: the wee lights, the warmth, the radio singing its favorite songs, the dogs scratching at the door; "Bungie-Week" became "home." A little home to move along the way and come to rest at night.

Oct 21. Even route.

We began the second day of travel with a new sense and enduring faith in the gods. Skies have been overcast most of the day. We passed thru O'Neill soon after our noon day stop, and set off for Alkinson, Bassett, towards Ainsworth. It seems very fitting that the Horse-Car should take this road on a maiden trip, the road thru Rock and Brown countries, the impossible trail we followed in 1916 with our first Buck and camp outfit on our first motor-camp trip. So many changes since that long ago day! About four o'clock we ran into our first rain, a shower no doubt intended as "a baptismal service" for "Bungie", not as man would perform such rites with all his cant and insincerity but as Nature does, a clear blessing from the skies in the name of the "God-of-the-Out-doors," so the Wagon was christened:

"Bungie-Week."

Evening: Long Pine, Neb.

This is a beautiful spot quite like mountains. A little canyon here with clear water and pine trees, yellow oaks and the red shunaxs coloring the hills about. But a good slide down will be a good climb out in the morning!

Oct 22. Niohara River.

The laws of compensation gives us this lovely camp site this afternoon after a more or less trouble some day. The swift waters of the Niohara River flows by our door, the color ful hills are all about. Foot hills one might almost call them with a fine growth of pines everywhere. We missed our high way after being tied up at Ainsworth until two o'clock with some car trouble, and came to this river-side camp for the rest of the afternoon and evening.

ing by decree of the gods. And who should doubt the wisdom of gods?

Oct. 23. En route thru some 30 miles of sand and detour to Marsh Lake, Cherry family. We made it on second gear and last, but we made it. Some sharp steep climbs that "Burgie" almost refused to make, but we arrived mid-afternoon. - - - - - (~~-----~~
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Oct. 24. Marsh Lake. The first day of horse-keeping in the horse-car: all unpacked and everything in order. Enjoyed getting an first real dinner. Now this afternoon I am writing here at a little desk, while Edward works at the car. Our little horse is going to be pleasant to live in. Perfect. It has been a very good day for both of us. - - - - -

Marsh Lake is flat and sandy, the dry, brown prairie stretches away on all sides with low clay-colored hills about.

Oct. 25. Sunday: En route back to our camp on the Niagara River, some sixty-five miles we rather dreaded. We got thru the sand and detour, however, had a late dinner at the Ainsworth camp, and arrived mid-afternoon at the river side. We picked out a pleasant side of the road and away from the rushing of the river, under an old pine tree by the side of a quiet little back water lake. The pines are all about and the yellow poplars. To the south the high clay-colored bank of the river. The sun sets in a growth of large autumn trees. A good camp for a couple of days. I set the little horse in order and we are ready to enjoy ourselves.

Nov. 1. Sunday: Gray day with out-
Edward worked all day placing
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 humane controversy keep
Edward worried and upset.

Nov 3. This seemed to be "visiting
day" for I had a chat with
Nurse, a visit with Wv. Good,
a telephone visit with Grace,
and wrote a long letter to Ella.
Perhaps Sarah + John will run
over this evening.

The weather is lovely, the
autumn days perfect. ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~
~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~

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Edward worried and upset.

Nov 3. This seemed to be "visiting
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Nurse, a visit with Mr. Wood,
a telephone visit with Grace,
and wrote a long letter to Ella.
Perhaps Sarah + John will run
over this evening.

The weather is lovely, the
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