

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

BOX 1 FOLDER 31

**“THE HOUSE-CAR
GOES TO MINNESOTA,”
1936**

1936. The House-Car goes to Minnesota.

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Sept. 13. Sunday: At four o'clock Edward drove "Bungie-Week" out of the back yard and on to the drive: the trip was really begun! - - - Another hot, sticky day, no disagreeable to work. Ward took Fritzie home with him. The little sisters have gone to the "Shellie". So - night - I am so tired.

Sept. 14. The heat of nearly a hundred makes preparation for the trip so difficult. We are just dripping all of the time. Edward has so much to do, too. I've walked at good speed all day, too. Laddie went to the Shellie. If it would only cool off!

Sept. 15. The day before we start on the trip to Minnesota in the House-Car. I write a last line here in my library. Ward tried after a strenuous day. It has turned very cool and drizzled rain. Ward came to say good-bye and wish us luck. There's our prayer: to go and to return safely. And a good time we must have. 11:00 P.M.

Sept. 16. En route. Towards Minnesota.
 The "day of days" again. At six o'clock
 this morning in the early light our
 big house-car slide down the drive
 and went shambling down the street.
 We were off for Minnesota! We
 were both too conscious of locomotion
 the first few hours of travel to
 take interest in anything else, but
 we gradually got used to strange
 squeaks and rattles, bumps and
 lurches. We had breakfast at
Fremont. Good time brought us to
St. Paul about one o'clock. We
 stopped for dinner a short ways
 out, a good dinner eaten in home
 style. And off for Pipestone. (We
 remember camping at Pipestone -
 when was it?) We arrived at
 6:30. Made 265 miles to-day.

Sept. 17. Making good time to-day
 since we left Pipestone, Minnesota.
 At seven o'clock. At Blue wood,
 with Sale Minnesota waka's wide
 waters, we had arrived at "the
 lake region" galloping on three

Alexandra, and off towards Park
Rapids, the Seesh Lake region
 seemed near at hand. It is
 beautiful country: lakes under
 a gray sky, wooded slopes, and
 winding roads. We made a way-
 side stop for the night, a little
 ways off the road, a clump
 of brush serving as a wind break;
 a fine drizzle of rain falling.
 We came 244 miles to-day.

Sept. 18. En route: Clear, cool, and
 bright sun shine. An early run
 of a few miles brought us into
Park Rapids, where we bought our
 groceries, made some messages
 home, purchased a fishing license,
 and set off to find a location
 to camp!

Evening: I sat by the side of
 the house-car, and look out over
 the gray and choppy water of
Fish Lake. Edward is coming
 in from fishing, landing his boat,
 gathering up his paraphernalia, - - - -
 has many times I've watched!

Sept-19 Fish Hook Lake, Alberta Bay,
 out from Bark Rapids.
 A rainy day in camp. A nice,
 cozy, happy day here in our
 little house-car, while gusts of
 wind whipped the waters of the
 lake into white-caps - rainy -
 gray, wind in the trees. There
 have been other rainy days in
 camp - I remember some of them.

Sept. 20. Sunday: A clear, bright-
 day here on the shore of Fish
Hook Lake. Aside from a little
 stroll we have kept in-doors
 most of the day. Edward has been
 deep in "Old Jules" all day. He
 has read choice passages to me with
 delighted chuckles. But it is not
 my kind of a book. I finished
 the poetry of Robert Frost, not
 liking what I read of him. I
 am 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 - else where!

Sept. 21. On the shore of Leech
Lake. A lovely drive of 50 miles
 this morning brought us here to
Leech Lake. This camp site that
 was assigned us, with its fine
 view of the lake, seemed rather
 too good to be true! I spent the
 afternoon setting "the little house"
 in order, while Edw. was on the
 lake fishing. When he came in
 late, and without fish, I had to
 add to his disappointment by telling
 him we must move in the morning.

Sept. 22. Moved to our new site this
 morning. We are nearer the hotel,
 in a little grassy 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
 night time, the day was long for
 me, - in spite of the poetry of
 Carl Sandburg I enjoyed - much
too long, when Edward did not
 get back with his catch of fish
 until after seven o'clock. I had

watched boat - after boat - come in, and still no Edward. He had had a rough time, caught in squalls, and was wet and dead tired.

Sept. 23. The squalls of yesterday became a gale to-day; the lake, as far as the eye can see, a churning, surging sea of racing white caps. No fishes were out to-day! We had a pleasant day in-doors: a big fish dinner. Edward reading me bits of "Old Jules", some poetry, some "Galen Vignier", a little walk late in the afternoon. We followed an old road thru the woods, still green with only patches of red and yellow, in the tree-tops over head the surge of the wind. We visited our old camp-site with its wide view of the lake, to-day turbulent and gray and rushing against the shore. And on to the old Indian graves visited once before. A walk thru the woods on a gray, September afternoon; a little three-legged, city

dog running on ahead, happy but uncertain in unfamiliar freedom: So the common place may be glorified - some times.

Sept. 24. A quiet lake to-day. Some sun shine but very cool. I kept house, fried the usual big pan of fish, and read more of the long hood and yattle of Galen Vignier. Edward has been out-doors most of the day, rambling about, fishing a little along the shore.

Sept. 25. We had planned to go fishing all day, but when the lake was so rough and choppy this morning we put it off, not going out until after lunch. We had a pleasant boat ride but not even a bite. We came home early, the last ten minutes on the lake, the white caps beginning to crest the waves. It had turned cold, a north wind. The little house seemed good! We got a warm supper and read all of the evening.

Sept 26. Walker, Minn.

Still on the shore of Leech Lake. When the morning dawned gray, with a cold north wind off the lake, we suddenly decided to move on, for no very good reason, but still on. We packed up, took one more look at the lake, chopped, cold, an uninviting, and started out. Some engine trouble at first made the little run of twenty miles or so here seem longer. We had dinner at a cafe, found the Post-Office closed, got groceries, and by two o'clock had parked ourselves here in the city park — still on the shore of Leech. Evening finds us settled and deep in our good books.

Sept 27. Sunday: Our second Sunday in camp. We ate Sunday dinner in state: fringed lunch cloth, chops, potatoes, creamed onions. Edw. was out on the lake a while, worked on the car. I wrote a few cards home and read. I am deep

in Quinn's "A Thousand-Mile Walk to the Gulf." And Edward is reading his "Travels in Alaska" and thinks he has read it before. The bright day grows gray — late afternoon.

Sept 28. Mantrap Lake.

We arrived with difficulty. This morning after replenishing our larder at Walker, and getting our mail — Mr. Starnes the graphs the birth of "Bill" and Mrs. Bell reports an old home on Park Ave. looks all right — we set out for Mantrap Lake. At Stevie's we left the state highway and after twelve miles or so of winding, wash-board road, we entered the usual narrow trail thru the woods that leads to the lake. Two miles in we turned off at a noble camp site, and sank one wheel of the car in sand, which we might very easily have gone around! When the clutch began slipping our difficulties increased. We had our noon meal at six o'clock!

Sept. 29. Our ideal camp-site is compensation for difficulties. We are on a little peninsula, the waters of the lake curving about our wooded knoll on two sides. There are thick pine needles under the trees, the splash, splash of the water, the perfect quiet at night, the camp-fire - all this reminds us of the camps and camps of other days. We are remote and quite alone.

Sept. 30. A gray day with a chilly wind. We spent a quiet day here in camp. I read too much. Finished my quiver book. Edward tramped about the woods, gathering stuff to eat home. We kept the camp-fire going but it was too breezy to sit by it long. While at an noon meal two hunters came along and seemed to enjoy a well glimpsed of the inside of our home - saw! - - - - Evening is coming. The gray waters of the lake beautiful - three views.

Oct. 1. My golden month begins here on the shore of this pretty wooded lake. It was 31° in our little house when we got up, but the day proved sunny and warmer. After the morning work was done, we took a walk following the road along the shore of your trap to "Birch Stigh-lands". The lake is beautiful with its irregular shore line and thick woods. Back to camp I read "The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Ephesians". (I'll be glad to be done with all this Pauline philosophy!) Dinner. Then I read "The Greatest Thing in the World", by Henry Wadsworth. - - - - All day Edward has been happily building a camp table. It is a good out-door man! He builds. His table is solid and should endure: build of green birch poles and salvaged boards. May it bring joy to some one! So it has been a good day here on the shore of your trap.

Oct. 2 En route.

Towards home! A bright, sun-shiny, after noon rolling along over the vanishing miles of high way. We left Lake Marys this morning, thankful to get out to the state road. We got into Park Rapids about eleven, and with shopping and dinner did not leave until nearly one. Then off to Alexandria where we did the dime stores! And lovely Elmwood, where "we began to look for a place to light," as Edward says. We set camp early on a broad, flat, level space fronting Myine waka. And this was good-bye to the lake region.

Oct. 3. A long tiresome day. We made over 200 miles most of it with difficulty. After a filling of poor gas engine trouble developed, and continued to spoil the day's travel. This was our first bad day out. But as long as old "Bungie Wink" keeps going we are thankful. We set camp late along the high way.

Oct. 4. Sunday: Camp Omaha. Well! We did not expect this!!! We had a long day of varied emotions. Got up at five o'clock and into Sorix City for breakfast. Some after eight. From Sorix City to Council Bluffs drove in pouring rain most of the time. (The rain caused us to change routes) Between Council Bluffs and Omaha, stopped the car, pulled the shades, and dreamed for the city! Into Omaha went to the Rome Hotel for a high class dinner! Soak in the city sights, and came out here to Elmwood Park to camp near the Ak-sar-ten grounds. All in a day! And to-morrow - home!

Oct. 5. En route. From Omaha - to 2444 Park Ave. A sunny rain-washed morning! It feels like home. The car runs like a horse going home to oats! We are nearly home. We will back the house. Car in to its old place. The trip to Myine sala over.

Oct. 6. After a very busy day all day yesterday, I did up today. Had my hair done and went down to the "Shellie" to show off my bobbed head. The dog family comes home, but Frilzie stays with Auntie Wanda.

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

Oct. 8. Stomping feet all day. I am tired to night. Stove-keeping starts off: washing off and a big order of groceries.

Oct. 9. Friday's work was a hard day, for when I got to the basement there was so much extra. I dismantled an summer quarters. For many months to come it will be nice not to have a reminder of the dread summer months. But I am tired.