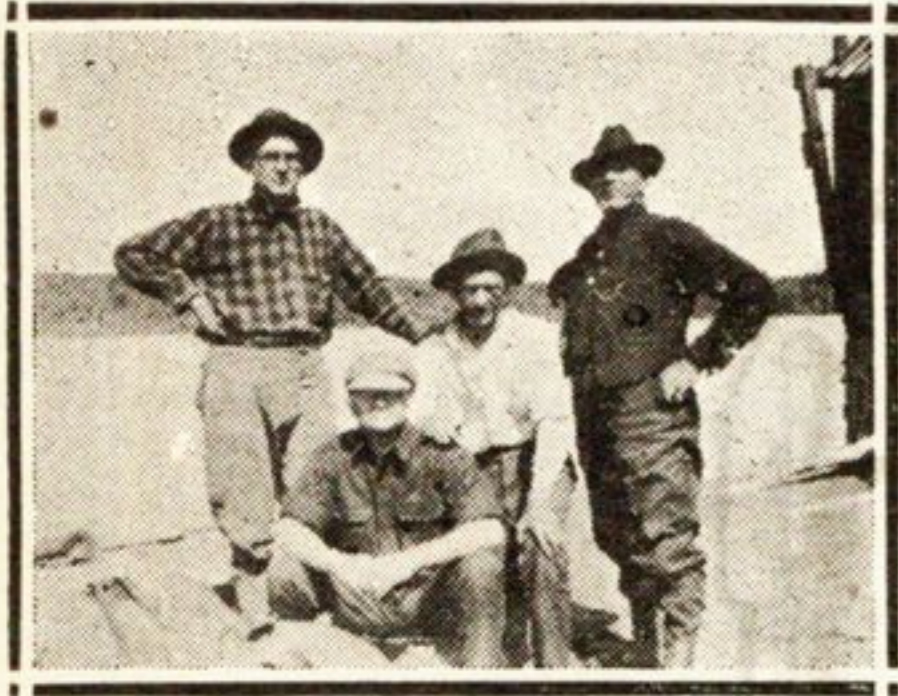


Camping Days Are Gone, But, Here's Prize Tale of All

Being a True Story Concerning the Superior National Forests

By HOYT KING
(Wilmette)

On a motor bus we left thriving, throbbing, smoking Duluth, with its great iron ore docks, and ship-yards and steel mills and factories, and passed through a beautiful residence district lying along Lake Superior like our own north shore of Chicago. And bing!—we were beyond the civilized world—except that we were on a fine, level, well-kept gravel state road. Rock, hazel brush, poplar, birch, jack pine—and then, disappointment—a potato patch, a meadow, then a school house, and soon a group of homes—a town. And, bing again!—sixty miles an hour—town gone. More second growth timber, rocky streams, bridges, uphill and down—dip—hold your breath,—like dropping in an elevator. On across the Cloquette, through Bwakia, Embarrass, Tower, with its iron mines and its McKinley park, past Burntside Lodge for civilized tourists, and we draw up at the Wilderness Outfitters in Ely. Great town!



The Scouts and Explorers

Streets a mile wide and all clean and level gravel. School house looks like New Trier High school, only bigger. Six hundred students in the township and capacity for 3,000—Trustees looked ahead. These Swedes and Norwegians are a prolific race.

Ely is a mining town, rich with tax money from the mining interests. Have more electric lights around the square than Michigan avenue from the Boulevard bridge to Rogers Park on Sheridan road. The columns of cast iron are Ionic in design and each carries five globes.

Off With the Packs

Peterson has our packs already filled with a week's rations from the Miller store. Two eighteen-foot canoes, and two guides, one an Indian trapper 22 years old, and one a South Dakota boy, for our party of four. Two men and a guide and 160 pounds of tents, cooking utensils, food and blankets for each canoe, all loaded with us on a truck and we are off for the wilds. Landed at Winton. Dang! Another town—motor boat to carry us with canoes in tow. When do we get that wilderness stuff? Rain, rain, rain,—last week, but glorious sun and invigorating atmosphere today. Smell of jack pine in the air. And here we met Doris with hair so brown, and her brother Bill, on way to Pipestone Falls where their folks have a cabin. And she sailed with us down or up Fall Lake, and with our three canoes in tow. Looks like a power plant on the right—way out in the woods. By gum! It is North Minnesota Power company with 50 feet of head and power line to Mesaba iron mining towns. Well, that's gone, and we land again. And look who is here on this desert island!—A motor truck! All aboard bags and baggage and canoes and Doris, and down an old log railroad right-of-way, brush whipping our vehicle as we plunge along a four-mile portage to Basswood Lake. Wind up at an old log lift, some of the rotten dock still there, an Indian cabin up the hill.

Well, its getting good. Hills, rocks, trees, brush, water—water everywhere, and every drop a good pure drink. Seems like a great inland sea with rocky ridges and mountain tops sticking out. Nothing now of civilization except the chug of the motor boat and the exhaust. Smells just like LaSalle street!

Canada's Johnny Cake

Well, what do you think of that? A cabin way off there ahead on shore with a group of Norway pines lending picturesqueness to the scene. Jeff Seeley's Canadian ranger. So this is Canada. Always know Canada by the fine growth of timber. It is high noon. Good air, freedom from all care, sunshine and water and trees. Jehosephat! What an appetite! We land and Doris lands, at a pine log anchored out shore. Land cooking utensils, can of beans, good old bacon, bread and butter and coffee. Jeff's a good old scout. We use his stove, and what's he stirring out there? By George, its better, and it turns into Johnny Cake (Canadian). (Corn pone, North Carolina) and syrup. We sit down to a real table and on dandy benches and eat. (You know what that means.) Eat—it has a meaning all its own up here.

After dinner (not lunch) we smoke

and Jeff talks. Met a man and a woman on the Kawishiwi river. Were going to Snowbank by river. Sure they could; fellow told them so. Jeff said, no. Have a mile and three-quarter portage. Lady says, "That's a fish story." Kept saying, "That's a fish story" to everything Jeff told them. Sure, Jeff got sore. Let them go on. Jeff met them again at Snowbank. Says, "How about the fish story?" Lady too tired to respond. Ha, ha, ha! Jeff laughs and laughs again and then again.

All aboard—Good bye, Doris. Parting is such sweet sorrow, as Epictetus says in his "Idiot and Oddity." Good bye, good old Jeff. Be good to the next adventurers and may you store up enough pleasant memories to last you through the cold, cold winter snowed up in that little old log cabin of yours with your husky pup dog a-loving you and a-growing into a big husky to keep you company. Hope I see that dog next time I visit you. Sure I'm coming again.

Goodbye Humans!

An hour after we land at Prairie Portage on the Canadian boundary. Now kiss good-bye to humans. Here are no huts, no people. Nothing but rocks, trees, water, and us. We must make Knife Lake by night. And we do. Tents pitched, camp fire going,

good old bacon again sizzling, and fish—sure we got fish. And such fish! It's a tug of war between the fish and the canoe. Usually fish wins, unless he is going your way. And then you arrive quicker. On a copper line, with a guide who knows fish language, a fish up there can sure make time with a light canoe and only 600 or 700 pounds of man and freight. We tried "Gee" and "Haw" on them, but no good. A guide makes a little click-click with his tongue and teeth, and there you go on a straight away. We don't eat the trained fish. Turn them loose for the next outfit. Just eat the smaller ones.

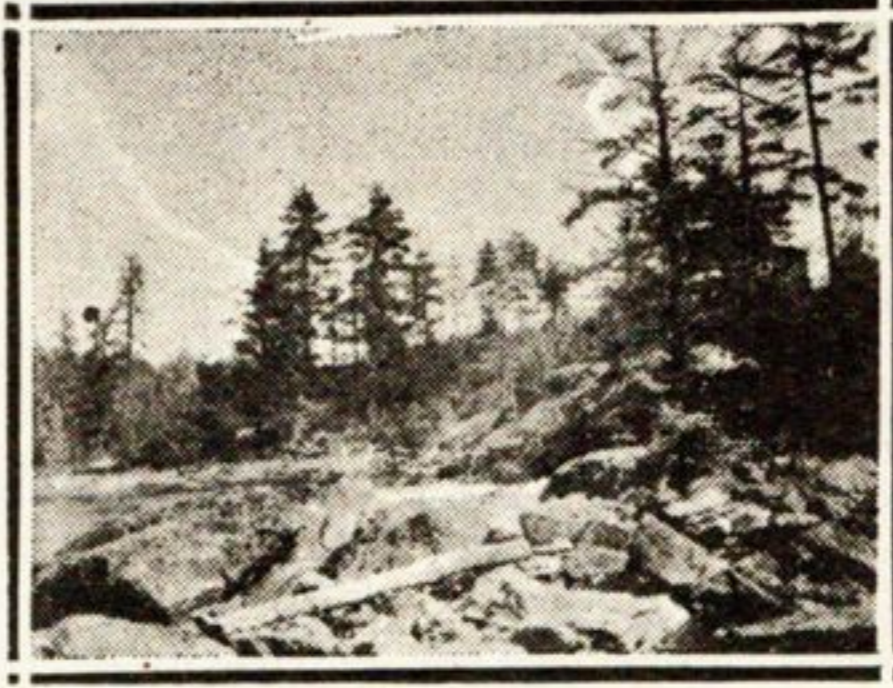
After dinner we smoked, listened to the beaver slap their tails and dive; told some lies for practice, posted the guard, wet down the fire, turned into our blankets. The guard is always the tenderfoot in the crowd. Like Freshman at the rail fence in the dark woods with a sack to catch the snipe, we were to drive to him. Only we went home to bed, while he waited for the snipe. The guard in a camp is to keep the bears off. He isn't really necessary. If bears come snooping round, you say "Woof—woof!" and if that doesn't scare them, you go out in your shirt tail and slap them in the face. It always makes them cry like a baby. I don't like such severe treatment. It makes me homesick to hear them cry. Really after the first night I slept like a baby, and the noises of bears and moose and other ferocious animals scared me not at all.

Out Prospectin'

Next morning 6:30. Guides up and fire going. Smell of coffee and bacon

beats an alarm clock getting me up. Beautiful sunshine, fine pine laden air, a nice rock to sit on and another for a table. Then we leave camp with only noon dinner and utensils to make a circuit of Knife Lake and inspect some lands we are interested in. Saved \$100,000 this morning. Found granite, jasper and Ely greenstone, all iron bearing indications. Costs \$100,000 to prove there is no iron. We took it for granted.

Swing the paddle for about three



Basswood Falls

hours, guide in bow steering, and then eat some more. Funny how hungry you get on British territory. Want a leg of mutton and mug of ale like Dickens feeds Pickwick. But didn't meet any rum runners. Didn't meet anybody but mink and eagles and a couple of deer and a bear. Wouldn't have seen him but for the guide. What's a dot on the water a mile off to a tenderfoot? To the guide it was a bear making for an island. We

headed for the other end, and sure enough, when we got there, he had crossed and was continuing his journey by water. We paddled after him and it made him nervous. Nosed at us once or twice, and then, puff, puff, splung, splung, he kept his straight line. They do say bears want to go straight and best not to head them off. They may want to go straight on over the canoe. So we just shot him, three times—with the camera—and he was so pleased he crawled up on land and sat six seconds for a final picture. Then where he had sat, was just atmosphere.

Study the Martians

We made camp by night and after the usual preliminaries, smoked and, being Saturday night and Mars so close, we watched the Martians. Funny people; they played a game something like our baseball, only they pull off a leg and bat their own heads off. Then the finale is for every player to find his own head and the bleachers roar when they pipe a misfit. That puts the fellow out. After the Martians went to bed, we turned to Venus and Jupiter, but there was nothing doing, and when traffic closed down on the Milky Way, we went to bed. No guard tonight. We are hardened.

Dish washing over in the morning and camp struck, we set off for Birch, Newfoundland and Moose Lakes. Nary a soul, nary a cabin; all ours. Pitch camp in grassy cove where moose had bedded the night before. Two of us set out, without a guide to visit Wind Lake. I steered. But our canoe had

(Continued on page 19)

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