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December, 1926

CLUB NEWS ~ *A Journal of*

WATER SPORTS

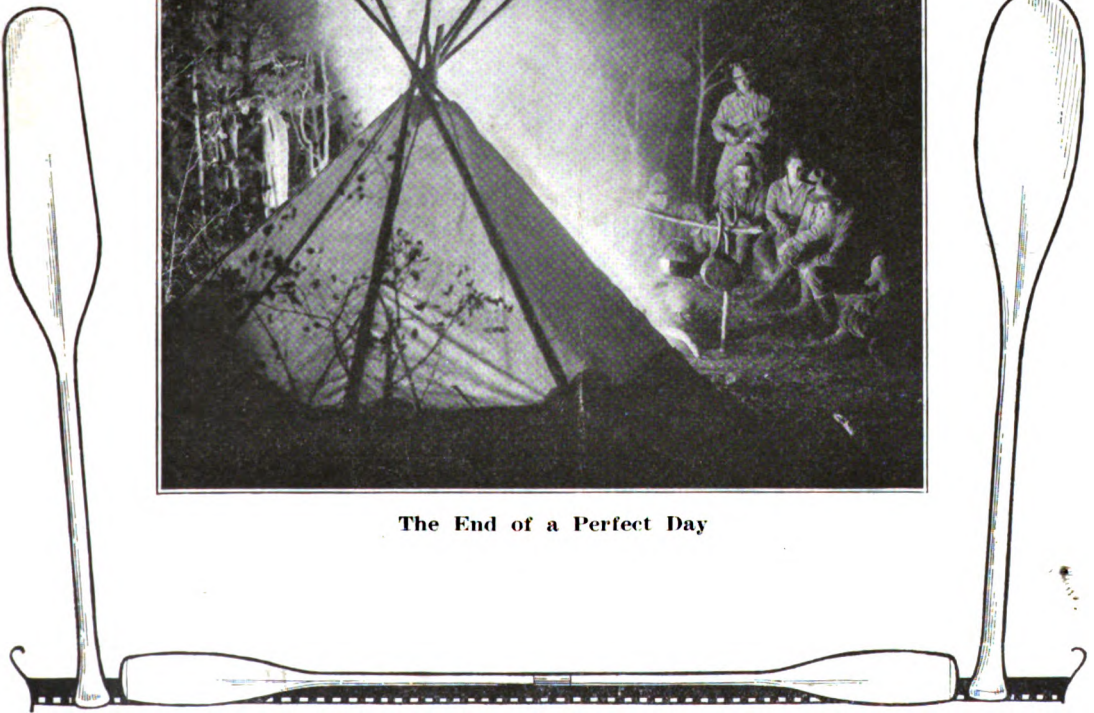
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The End of a Perfect Day



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WATER SPORTS

THE CLUB NEWS

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Vol. 16

DECEMBER, 1926

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THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES OF GRIEF OR CRUISING THE FLAMBEAU AT LOW TIDE.

By James J. Gore.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Flambeau River during the fall of 1925 was very much lower than usual as there had been practically no rain for sometime. To those who have never traveled this river it might be well to state that there are many dams (To put it in Jim's own language, it was just one damn dam after another) operated by pulp mills and as the company holds water for their own use to a large extent at times there is very little flow. However, there are several large reservoirs under construction that will be used to hold back the spring overflow and this will be released as needed through the summer in flows of from four to six feet at a time and will be a big factor in making this river a real canoe stream again. This trip was made by Wilbur, Gore and Plummer and this article is written from log furnished by J. J. Gore.*

WE DROVE from Ferndale, stopping at Crawling Stone Lake in the Lac Du Flambeau Reservation for lunch and arrived at High Lake 3:30 P. M. Wednesday, Sept. 2, 1925. High Lake forms the head waters of the Manitowish River which together with the Turtle forms the head waters of the north branch of the Flambeau River.

Thursday, Sept. 3rd: Left High Lake 8 A. M., no fishing and low water, came to Boulder Lake and had head wind as usual. Found wonderful Y. M. C. A. Camp that was formerly a resort, pushed through, had to wade and then portage over hell of dam. Hit good camp and had fine nights rest.

Friday, Sept. 4th: Was on the river about 7:15 A. M., found we had camped about half way through the rapids and had to do some more wading. Came into Island Lake and picked fine spot for lunch, sandy beach, so had a good swim and wonderful lunch. Pulled through Spider, Stone Lakes and down the river to Rest Lake, found Joe Ilg was out but would be back about 6 A. M. to-morrow morning, had a good camp and supper. It is raining, so will quit.

Saturday, Sept. 5th: Rained all night, up to 5:30 and dark grey sky but quit raining, all slept good. Broke camp at Joe Ilg's 8 A. M., worked around bend in Lake and came to dam at Dam Lake. Made portage and fished a little in Dam Lake, then on down river, came to double widening in river and raised a musky in both, then down river to Manitowish, very small town.

Camped about eight miles below, Mosquitos plentiful, uot a bad camp, no sun all day, looks like rain to-night.

Sunday, Sept. 6th: Had good camp, but it rained most of the night, quit before breakfast and stayed cloudy and drizzle all day, caught small bass and musky and had first fish dinner so far, in fact first "stink" in boat. Found good camp halfway between Baraboo and Turtle Dam, water so low could not get into Baraboo. No deer or porky but plenty signs of beaver and deer, mosquitos bad for a little before dark.

Monday, Sept. 7th: Broke camp at 7:45, river looking better, still cloudy and drizzling, rained during the night, but so far have no cause to complain, all our bedding dry. Came to Turtle Dam about 9 o'clock, it is being built for a reservoir for Park Falls Dam. We portaged in about one hour and fifteen minutes, came into fast water and we all had to wade on and off for the three miles. Caught small musky and had dandy fish dinner at 2:00 P. M. Left lunch site, sun trying hard to shine, the only time in three days it did shine was while we were portaging over Turtle Dam. Pushed on down river and came to camp about 6:30, wild hay plateau, good camp.

Tuesday, Sept. 8th: Sun shining through the mist, could not see River thirty feet away, ready to go at 8:00, had lunch fifteen miles below Turtle about 1:00. Rough sledding all day, one damn rip after another. Had to get out and slip canoe over ledge with rope. Arrived above Park

Falls about 4:00 P. M., found camp site. Hiked to town and made arrangements for rig to portage to Six Mile.

Wednesday, Sept. 9th: Rough camp, but managed to survive. Rig arrived at 9:00 and we loaded and made for Park Falls. Stopped long enough to get some beer—good beer but fresh. Picked up some provisions we bought the night before and hit Six Mile about 10:30. River so low it stunk, worked downstream and had to wade most of the way. Had dandy lunch and we all ate too much. Waded most of the way to Barnaby Rapids and camp, arrived about 5:45, found camp in good shape and have tent up and in dry clothes now, 6:15 and feeling good but tired. Fished at every available opportunity and never had a strike.

Thursday, Sept. 10th: Up at 6:00, sun shining, the first clear day so far. Ben's birthday, so we will try and make a cake for him. Caught small musky for lunch and then had follow of good fish from under tree over river, made Plummer go over spot again and hooked 18-

pound musky, took it to Hansen's Bridge and sent it to Adventurers' Club.

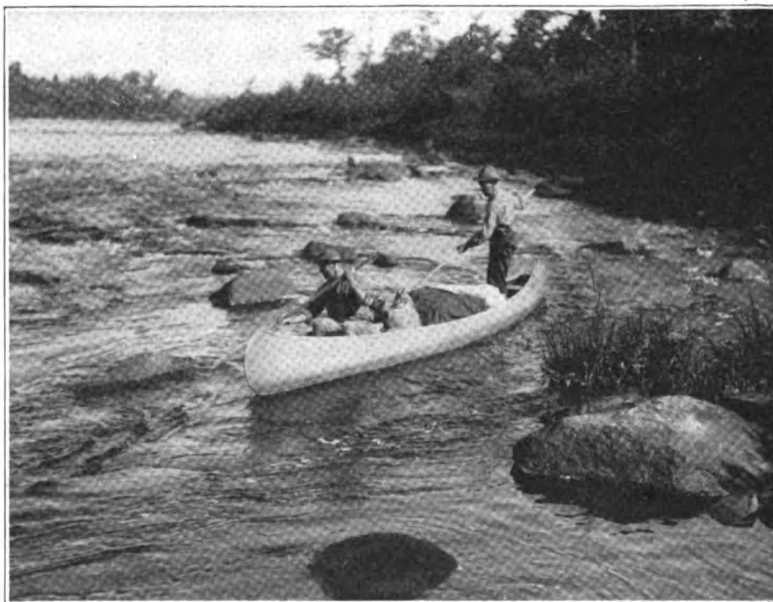
Had terrible mishap while breaking camp this morning. Packed my bedding and left my rod and pillow in tent. Ben took pillow out but did not see rod, consequently we tried to fold rod in tent and the damned thing broke, swore like h— but got over it and caught 18-pounder on new rod. Long hard trip from Hansen's Bridge to high bank above Bab's Island but made it at 6:15, built fire and got tent up at 7:05, going some besides carrying load up cliff.

Friday, Sept. 11th: Fish day, broke camp at 8:30 A. M. We have had one of the hardest days yet, the river it still very low and lots of logs and never hit the South Fork until 6:30, wet above the knees and dog tired. Found camp had

been occupied before, but we put up tent and started fire and were soon in dry clothes. Raised a good musky and went back but he would not hit the second time. We had bass for lunch on rocky shore. Wilbur walked the bank most of the day as load was too heavy, while Plummer and I waded river. Saw deer and fawn at head of Bab's Island, only deer seen so far on trip. Have only seen about four porky on whole trip.

Saturday, Sept. 12th: Up at 6:00, had good camp, it was warm when we went to bed so we lay outside of covers, so cold from midst when we got up almost frozen stiff. Going to make cake and dry out tent before going down river. About 3:30 and here I am perched on a log jam, while Ben is looking things over trying to find an opening, it looks like we would have to carry

everything for about half mile and no trail, had tough time getting through first pitch of cedar but made it okeh and had lunch at foot. I can hardly see Wilbur and Ben, they are so far ahead, all I can see is logs piled up on one another, will try and take picture, of



DOWN THE FLAMBEAU.

all the Blank Blank River trips I ever took, this is the worst. After taking a picture Ben came back and said we could not get through, so we had to portage. About this time a fellow came along, who had been in the woods about five days hunting geng seng, and he gave us a lift with the canoe, we kept him with us for supper, and then he went to his camp. He will be back in the morning to help portage over two more log jams. Ben says the fellows name is Frank Park.

Sunday, Sept. 13th: Up at 6:30, had good camp. Frank came along, two portages ahead and then clear sailing. Put us back one day but (what the h—). Two portages not so bad, left Frank in middle of river on log jam and we pushed on down river. Caught small musky in back water of Big Falls dam and had him for lunch. Wilbur

walked around Beaver Dam and Ben and I rode her, only touched bottom one and that was very slight. Portaged Big Falls and I got an eight pounder a short way below and then went into good camp at head of rapids.

Monday, Sept. 14th: Had good night, up at 6:00. River two inches lower than when we went to bed. They shut down power over Sunday, so we hope for more water during the day. The river never came up after all and we had one tough time getting to Ladysmith. Ben and I, with the load, rode Little Falls, thereby saving time and arrived at Ladysmith about six and had supper about seven in the dark. Camped in tourist camp, but head of beds sloped down hill.

Tuesday, Sept. 15: Wagon came at 8:00 and we went into Ladysmith. Put on down to river and portaged Port Arthur Dam with the help of six men, then to Thornapple Dam and had lift there. No water running over either dam so fishing was no good. River very low before Thornapple and we had to wade in two places. Camped at Pine Island at 6:30.

Wednesday, Sept. 16th: Up at 6:00 and will try to make Chippewa by eleven to meet Stotesbury who will take us to Island Lake. We had a good steak dinner yesterday and Ben is frying what was left for breakfast with a few potatoes. Wilbur is raising hell trying to toast some bread. I apologize to Wilbur, it is good toast.

Started down river at 8:00, river up some but still low, full of grass and no fishing. Arrived at Chippewa River about 10:30, waited for truck until eleven, fell in river getting out of canoe, damn slippery rock "Curses". Put in at Island Lake about twelve, paddled against wind to camping spot and had lunch, then started for Ferndale. Met Barney and Humes in McGann Lake and left Plummer, good guide, at his home and Wilbur and I completed journey, thus making trip from High Lake to the Chippewa and then paddled into camp at Ferndale about three hundred and fifty miles.

THE THRILL SUPREME.

By R. J. Young.

Night, my canoe and I.

Darkness, so deep that I steer my course by some gap or peak in the hills outlined against the sky.

Silence, broken only by the voices of the night, the ripple of bowbroken water and the swish of paddle-slung drops.

Then I am at once King and Pigmy: King because I feel the Bigness of the Freedom that is at my Command—Pigmy because I am such an infinitesimal Thing in the Bigness.

Queen Marie's Visit Reminds Us.

EDITOR:—*In connection with the visit of Queen Marie to Washington, D. C., the following occurs to me as interesting copy for WATER SPORTS.*

By J. V. Hazzard.

Sometime during the late part of 1922, or early in '23, "Larry" Frick, a member of Colonial Canoe Club, Washington, D. C., was appointed to the Consular Service, State Department, and detailed to the Capitol of Roumania. Frick, whose full name is C. Clarence Frick, attended a number of functions at which the queen was present and through his social and official affiliations was presented.

At about this time an American Company was establishing a bathing and recreation beach near the Capitol which was attracting a good deal of attention, especially in view of the fact that a dozen American canoes had been ordered shipped from the United States. Being an ardent canoeist, Frick was much excited at the prospect of getting in some paddling and talked so enthusiastically and to such good purpose that he gained the reputation of an authority even before the canoes arrived.

Queen Marie expressed her desire to try the new sport and Frick, being the acknowledged expert, was nominated. So well did he perform the duties of royal canoe chauffeur and so taken was Her Majesty with the sport, that he was honored by her company on several occasions, prior to his promotion to the position of Vice-Consul at Swansea, Wales, which is his present station.

Frick recently visited Washington on his vacation and only left for his post a few weeks ago, else he might have been presenting his card and offering the services of his paddle at the Legation as I write this.

Though his letter to the Commodore of the Club, detailing his experiences as the Queen's canoeman, is not available to me at this writing I distinctly remember one paragraph which I quote below:

"I'm not an expert with the paddle, according to Washington standards, and Colonial may not be the best Canoe Club in the whole United States (though I still think so), but you may rest assured so far as Queen Marie is concerned those are facts beyond dispute."

Truly "Larry" Frick might be dubbed a "Knight of the Paddle".