

Dear Christine:

I want to express my appreciation for an article you had written in the NY Times. I am a 28 year old veteran of the "Northwoods" of Wisconsin. Living in Indianapolis w/my wife and 15 month old son, it isn't often I get to go back UP NORTH. You have summed up every feeling and description

necessary to describe the adventure of going UP NORTH. Only those who have been there seem to truly understand. You mention looking across Rest Lake and seeing a landscaped lawn. I'm sure your experience was more like ours. Imagine the "Daddy Longlegs" spiders just "hanging out" on the side wall of your cabin. You mention the screen door. It probably had a tight spring that slammed the door shut immediately after you had left the cabin. What about old sheets, old curtains, and just about more sand any sane person could tolerate. Somehow, we both knew that the landscaped lawn was not what these trips were about. We have a cabin on Lake Manitowish. Our landmark which let us know we had made it was Harry's Supermarket on HWY 51, just before Deer Park Lodge and Grier's Pier. Those of us who read your article felt the same emotions, much as you had, when you passed by Hanson's, LaPorte's IGA, and the Pea Patch. We too were from Chicago. Packing the stationwagon full of cheap pop, and more food than we would ever eat seemed a part of the ritual. The drive seemed long, but well worth it. I wonder if you have seen The Skiing Skeeters water ski show. It seems the Long Family were always a big part of the show.

We are all sorry that your place on Rest Lake no longer physically exists. Speaking on behalf of the 20 or so family members who visit there at the same time each summer, you are more than welcome to visit us anytime. As for this e-mail, my wife Jennifer has the address, my name is Dan Bosold. Please write us back, we would love to hear some more stories.

Daniel J. Bosold

PS. Everyone in my family has read your article. We have all grown up and gone different ways, but we still manage to go UP NORTH if not in whole, in part. Thanks for touching our hearts!

10/9/96

America Online: Rfb62

Page 1