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OUTERS' BOOK RECREATION



W. Standish

Newsstand Edition

The Sting of the Desert's Fang

By CLAUDE T. BARNES

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Outers' Book—Recreation

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Commencing the day's lap of a northern Wisconsin canoe trip

The Queen of the Manitowish Chain

Fishing Grounds of Island Lake

By E. C. POTTER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

Editor's Note—This is the last, for the present, of a series of descriptions of the fishing grounds in the Manitowish Chain, a short distance east of Manitowish, Wis. We had hoped to continue them indefinitely, but the war has upset our plans in this matter as in many others. We shall resume the publication of these articles at the earliest possible moment. Previous chapters were: In April issue, Rest Lake; in May, Dam, Sturgeon and Benson Lakes; in June, Spider Lake, and in July, Stone, Mud and Clear Lakes. Illustrated with map and photographs by the author.

IN every assemblage there is a favorite, and in the Manitowish Chain chief in fishing excellence and primal beauty is Island Lake, situated just east from Spider Lake, which might well be termed the Queen of the Manitowish. The one thing in which fish of all kinds seem to take especial delight is in going up stream, though why they're not all in the highest bay is something else again. Island Lake is usually considered the head of the Manitowish Chain, although the waters of several other lakes flow into it through the Manitowish River and Rice Creek. From a standpoint of excellent success in pursuit of the musky, as well as bass and pike,

in a particularly picturesque region, Island Lake is easily the leader. It is about three miles long by two miles wide, on a sand and gravel bed, with clean shores, very little swamp, clear, cool water and in which are numerous weed beds and sandy points, ideal spawning and feeding grounds. In it are several islands, on one of which is the Island Lake Resort, under the proprietorship of Abe La Fave, who probably knows more about catching muskies than all the rest of us put together—and says less.

The best way to Island Lake, as to the entire Manitowish Chain, is to go in from the town of Manitowish, by auto to the Spider Lake Resort, where the Island Lake Resort people will meet you with the launch. The entire trip from the town of Manitowish will take but about an hour. If you make your headquarters at Spider Lake the way to Island Lake is merely through a very short channel on the east shore, but in going through it, be particular to keep close to the left (north) shore, as there are a number of large rocks in the center and along the south shore. In times of low water these show above the surface, but during normal water conditions they are just sufficiently submerged to be hidden, and to strike them is pretty dangerous for the motor.

Let us commence our shore line description at this channel leading to Spider Lake from the northwest shore. Proceeding south along the west shore you will find weed beds and vegetable growth on a bed of sand, gravel and rocks, rather shallow water in some parts—a good place to troll for pike or muskies if your tackle is reasonably weedless. Shortly you come to a bay, the large southwest one, which has established an enviable reputation as the favorite haunts of big muskies. This is one of the spots it pays to work pretty well. Muskies, and more especially the big ones, are lazy and somewhat temperamental. It is a well-known fact among old guides that you can troll past them at times and they won't pay any attention, yet if you keep it up a little while you'll get a strike. It seems to be a little on the principle of teasing the cat. Maybe she won't notice you at first, then gets annoyed and hisses at you and finally scratches you. The natural impulse of the muskellonge seems to be to fight everything that comes along. They have often been known to strike a canoe paddle or an oar, especially if they are the copper tipped kind. One should troll around this bay three or four times. And if you catch one try criss-crossing around over the ground for the other—usually where you find one you'll



One of the many cozy camping spots in the Manitowish chain



Preparing the picnic lunch on the sandy shore of a Manitowish lake

find another, there's generally a pair together.

Leaving this bay you will find a lot of weeds on the first point, with the lake bed depressing rapidly, making an excellent place to cast. This spot usually yields pike of about three to four pounds, but at times the bass will have it. The weeds continue around the point and into the next bay. Along the west shore of the bay is much fallen timber and weeds. At times you will make good catches of bass here and at others it will be muskies. From here on for quite a way are some excellent grounds for small-mouth bass and pike, especially in the early morning or late evening. There are many good sized boulders in the water along the shore and the deep water comes close in, making a location unexcelled for bass. About two-thirds of the way across the lake you will come to a small point with a cottage on it, and which is called Priest Point. Just across from this point is a small island known as Camp Island, for the reason that you will invariably find campers here. Passing the point you will come to a small bay in which is an excellent spring. A little further on is another bay, and here you will find some lily pads, something rather infrequent in the Manitowish Chain. This is an excellent place in which to cast for bass, particularly in the early summer or late fall.

A little further on you come to a bay and a channel. This is the entrance of the Manitowish River to Island Lake and

is called Boulder Bay, being the entrance to the Boulder Lake chain. This is known as the North Branch of the Manitowish, there being another similar branch entering at Spider Lake, through Big Rice, Alder and Manitowish lakes. Now, you might think the fish would all go up to Boulder Lake and adjacent lakes above, but there's a dam at the old lumber camp near Oxley which stops them.

THIS Boulder Bay is an unexcelled fishing ground for pike and muskies, although there is such a heavy vegetable growth on the bottom that toward fall it bothers your tackle quite a little. In the center of the bay are several large snags and around these we have always made excellent catches. Owing to the vegetable growth the ordinary baits become most annoying, but here is a good way to eliminate weed trouble. Take a good, free-turning spinner with a blade about the size of a dime. To this attach a long shank pike hook, I use the No. 16 hand-tempered hook, then take a good, husky mud minnow or a small, black sucker from four to six inches long, slip the hook in the minnow's mouth and out through the gills, then stick it under the skin about middle way of the minnow's back. This won't kill the minnow and with care you can cast it as well as an artificial bait. After making the cast give the bait time to settle, then when reeling in raise and lower your rod. This

will keep the hook from snagging weeds; will give the bait the appearance of a struggling minnow, and with the added attraction of the spinner is one of the most successful you can use. This is also an excellent way to bait for muskies.

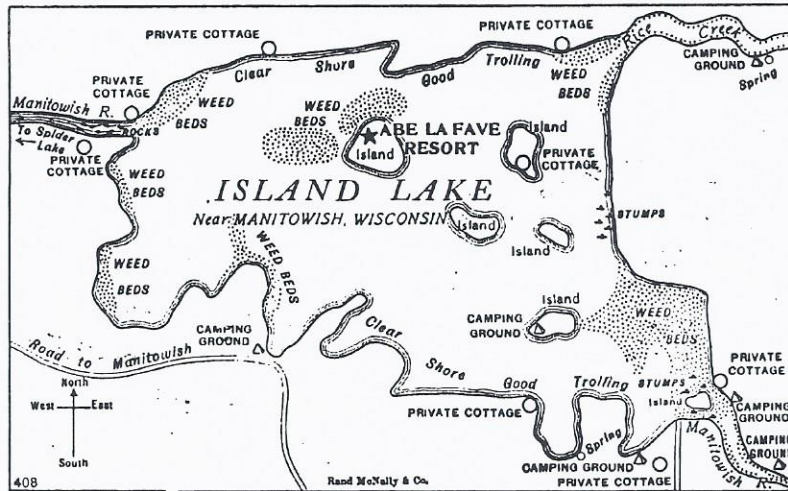
This weed bed follows the east shore for quite a way, spreading out to the island and over quite a large area. Its edges are very irregular, making them quite difficult to locate and follow when the water is rough, but there is no bay in the chain that I know of that will equal this one for pike and muskies. The current of the Manitowish washes feed into this weed bed, and there is a gentle current here, making it especially attractive to the fish. It probably has no equal in the lake. The good grounds continue on up the Manitowish River, however, which is navigable for power boat for about three miles. If you want to make a nice little excursion of investigation go on up to Boulder Lake—if you are in the canoe it can be easily done—but one portage is necessary. We have made the trip and at times have found it excellent bass grounds, but have never found the muskies in this shallow water. They seem to prefer the deep holes in the hooked bends of the lower portion of the river.

All along this lower portion of the river, from Boulder Bay up to the end of navigation by power boat, the shores are a mass of fallen timber, and the channel is full of hairpin bends and deep pools



in a setting of wild rice. This is an excellent place to practice casting and handling fish and a few days' fishing here should make one past master of the art. To fish these grounds with the best success requires accuracy of casting and expert handling of your rod and reel after the strike, for there is abundance of logs, roots, drifts, weeds and tops of fallen trees everywhere. Usually this lower portion of the river is literally alive with small muskies averaging from five to ten pounds and larger. One shouldn't use anything but a single hook here; you'll ordinarily catch so many that you won't want to keep any but the very largest, say from ten to twelve pounds and up, and they fight so viciously they tear themselves up very badly on baits with gang hooks on. One should use artificial bait here so you will be sure to hook them in the mouth only. You will get so many strikes it will be lots of fun and they will be much easier to unhook and it will not hurt the small ones you will wish to put back.

BUT to return to our shore description of Island Lake. Leaving Boulder Bay and going north along the east shore you will find it mostly clear except for a few occasional clumps of stumps. At the northeast corner of the lake you will find another channel. This is the entrance of Rice Creek, which is the outlet from Big Lake to Island Lake. All around the mouth of the creek is a good place to cast for bass, pike and muskies, and your chances are good for nice catches all along Rice Creek. It is not as deep a channel as the Manitowish up from Boulder Bay, but good grounds with a thin line of lily pads all along on either side and a vegetable growth on the bottom. Rice Creek is navigable for about two miles for a power boat—about a mile beyond the big bridge—and here you will find a spring and a good camping location. To get a boat on from here you



will have to wade and pull it as the water is too shallow and swift to get through any other way. There is a good trail through from here to Big Lake. Now if you are in the canoe, the thing to do is to cut a couple of saplings about eight or ten feet long. Just after you pass the trail you will come to the dividing of the channel. To the right is a slough, and at the left is the beginning of fast waters that lead you to Big Lake. Turning into this fast current on the left you can lay down the paddles, take up the poles and get some real practice in putting a canoe through heavy current. The trail is well worn, however, and if you would rather portage it is a comparatively easy one.

The north shore of Island Lake is practically all clear and a good one for trolling. There are two weed beds around the northeast side of the island on which the resort is located which offer convenient little opportunities to step in the canoe and fish around a little for pike when you have but an hour or so between times or don't care to start

out for some particular grounds until later, etc. The last time we were there we caught a fourteen pounder in one of these beds that way. Around all the islands is good pike grounds. It is a good plan every time you are near one of the islands to troll around it for pike.

ISLAND LAKE offers the fisherman some advantages not found so frequently in any other lake in the chain. It is unexcelled grounds in which to troll for muskies and excellent spots in both the North Branch of the Manitowish River and Rice Creek to cast on windy days, this in addition to the many excellent locations described, but in which the wind may bother at times. I have fished Island Lake during almost every month of the season and have always found it excellent. Even in its off times, which every lake has, particularly in the light of the moon when the fish do more of their feeding at night, and are consequently much less apt to strike in the daytime.

(Continued on page 132.)



Trolling for muskies, but not worrying whether they get them or not

The Lure and the Liars

(Continued from page 93.)

"Why that ain't a bait, that's machine oil."

"Then he turned to his boatman and the fellow held up the prettiest string of bass I ever saw."

"What do you think of those?" he asks.

"Fine," said I.

"Got four of them in the last half hour out of that little bay, and all on the same bait," and held up a pork-rind bait with feathers and a spinner.

"Who makes that bait?" my friend here asks.

"I do," says the stranger.

"Well," answers my friend, "I guess you made four of those bass, too. We watched you work every inch of that bay, and you never got a strike. What do you think we are, a lot of hicks?"

"He never answered. He turned his back and said something to the boatman and the last we saw of him he was beating it for Deep Lake."

That Ben repeated this news to the balance of the Crow's Nesters was natural enough. The "Pork-rinder," as Pete called him, was getting more popular than ever with the Crow's Nesters.

"Never mind," said Unk, after a frank utterance of opinions by the younger members of the party, "he's in wrong, and we may have a chance at him yet. I can stand for a liar on a fishin' trip, but, by gad, it's no place for a darned fool."

"What are you doing to do, Unk?" asked Joe.

"Nothin', maybe," said Unk. "But he'd better not carry that string o' bass around too freely, that's all."

JUST before sunset, the Crow's Nesters started to work the best shore. There was a thick bank of clouds in the north-west and within an hour the distant mutter of thunder could be heard. It might be well to explain right here that there was some reason for Lost Lake carrying its name. The most southern of a group of half a dozen lakes all connected by wide channels, Lost Lake could only be reached by water through a narrow and tortuous channel from Deep Lake. This channel was plainly marked for about two hundred feet; after that, it was a twisting snake-like waterway, in some spots scarce a rod across. Just at the opening was the club house of a fishing club with a long, open shed for sheltering autos and rigs at one side. It was toward this shed that the Crow's Nesters bent their oars just as the first heavy rain drops began to fall. By the time they reached the shed, the rain was falling in sheets.

"Nice night," said Unk, shaking the water from his coat and loading his pipe. The drumming of the rain on the roof made conversation impossible for the first half hour. After that, the rain gradually decreased until it almost ceased. Voices, the sounds of footsteps, and the slamming

of the club's screen door gave evidence of other fishermen—whose efforts had been delayed by the sudden shower—going back to the fishing. It was at this juncture that a figure entered the far end of the shed. A flash from the pocket-torch in Ben's hand disclosed the newcomer; it was the pork-rinder. When the light struck him, he stopped and said "hello" in a half startled voice. But he regained his confidence immediately and held up a string of bass.

"How does that look?" he asked in a sort of challenge.

"What did you get 'em on?" asked Joe.

"Pork-rind," said the stranger, and started for the opposite end of the shed.

What followed after can be best told, perhaps, in Unk's own words.

"I KNEW he hadn't just come off the lake because his clothes were bone dry. So I just followed him to the end o' the shed, and what do you think I saw? Why, another fellow met 'im and took the string of fish from him. Without exchangin' a word, this pork-rinder went towards the club house, and the newcomer went towards the lake just outside the shed. It wasn't a minute till this second fellow comes up through the shed just like the pork-rinder had done. Joe flashed the torch on him an' said: 'Hello, here's another lucky fisherman! Got that string with a pork-rind, I suppose.' 'You're a good guesser,' said the newcomer. 'Must be a good bait,' said Joe. 'It's all you say for it,' said the newcomer, and he starts for the clubhouse. Without a word, we all followed. There was a gang in the Club, among 'em the Fox Lake fisherman that had seen the pork-rinder work at the Deep Lake inlet."

"Charlie," said Joe to the club steward, "there's a gentleman here with a new bass bait and he says he got that string of bass with it. Now, I don't like to dispute his word but Unk here saw him take the fish from this stranger—indicating the pork-rinder—and duck through the woods outside the auto-shed. About thirty seconds later, he comes through the shed with the fish. You know it rained right hard this evening, an' I want to call your attention to the condition of these gentleman's clothes." He swept his hand towards the two pork-rinders. "A man don't come in off the water after a heavy rain, dry as a bone, an' it ain't the custom herabouts to swap fish in the woods because there's a law against selling or giving away bass. If these gentlemen have anything to say, we're listening."

"Say, you could have heard a pin drop. The pork-rinder said something about havin' left his rain-coat in the boat. 'Yah, like you caught those four bass over in the bay this morning, eh?' said the Fox Lake fellow."

"This is an outrage!" said the expert pork-rinder.

"I'll tell you something else," said Joe. "Next time you work in a casting-contest, better pick out a hook with a barb on it."

"The pork-rinder and his pal looked at each other, picked up their duffle an'

stalked out without a word. The gang came out on the club veranda an' watched 'em get in their boat. Then somebody—I think it was the Tenderfoot—hollers: 'Good-night boys! It pays to advertise!'"

Unk was absolutely correct in the story he repeated except that parting shot about advertising. He was the one who really said it. How do I know? Well, you see I was the Tenderfoot.

The Queen of the Manitowish Chain

(Continued from page 97.)

Island Lake seems to head the list for good catches, and there is no weather in which you can be out that you can't find a good, protected location in which to cast. The east and north shores are fine for bathing; they are shallow and the sand is fine and smooth. The Island Lake Resort charges for this year are quoted at \$3 per day, \$18 per week; boats 50c per day, \$3 per week. They have detachable motors for rowboats which you can rent with boat for about \$2.50 per day; guide charges average about \$3 per day. If going to this resort it is best to advise them what morning you will reach Manitowish, so they can be over at the Spider Lake dock when the livery gets you there.

You have often heard the old tradition that fish won't bite when it thunders. Well, don't take it too seriously. I know better. Of course, right after a heavy storm when there has been lots of wind, etc., the lake is stirred up and it's an inopportune time to fish, but last year while fishing in Boulder Bay a heavy rain came up with much thunder. We had our slicker suits with us and paid no attention to it—just kept right on fishing with success equal to any other time.

A GREAT many musky fishermen like to troll and from this standpoint I do not know of any chain of lakes in the North Woods that offers better trolling facilities than the Manitowish Chain. Practically the entire chain is navigable for the rowboat with outboard motor and while when it is windy there are some shores that will carry a pretty heavy sea for a small boat, that's not the time to fish shores anyway. There is much difference of opinion as to the best season for muskies, whether June or September, but all agree that either of these are much better than July or August for during these latter months is the period in which this big game fish sheds its teeth. The latter part of September and the first of October is quite cool in the North Woods. In the mornings and evenings a leather lined vest or sweater coat will be a comfortable companion, yes, a necessity, and the water will nip your fingers in reeling in your cast but it is a delightful time of year and an excellent one to fare forth for battle with the wolf of the waters. The devotee of bass fishing can well vary his recreation by going after muskies then, when it is getting pretty late for bass. This is the time ideal for trolling and then owing to the many good trolling shores the Manitowish

Chain is supreme. You may go up or down the river from one lake to another, camp on a sandy shore and eat your lunch and enjoy an outing unexcelled with many a fight with a husky musky in between.

The Manitowish, beting more cut-over than some of the North Woods region farther east, does not possess all the majestic fall grandeur of the Cisco Chain nor so much of its riot of gorgeous color against dark, massed, green backgrounds of tall, proud pines, hemlocks, cedar, balsam and spruce, but its charming, dreamy Indian summer is equally delightful. While the ideal day for musky fishing is when the sky is overcast and there is just enough wind to put a good ripple on the water, those wondrous, sparkling clear days are the most delightful to the outer and here in the Manitowish they are just as marvelous to the nature lover as in the regions of the deeper forest, the same soft, lilac veil floats hazily between sapphire sky and sepia-tinted verdure, and if you are one of those with a tinge of sadness in your soul, who feel more deeply the sorrow of passing than the joy of arrival, the infinite primal beauty of this strange, wild, picturesque region will appeal with a magic that is irresistible. Truly, "It is not all of fishing to fish."

The Cruise of the Palace of Dreams

(Continued from page 101.)

the North and make traveling very dangerous. Arriving at this post on July 27th, they were within seventy-four miles of Fort McPherson. Until the Hudson's Bay post at Herschel Island was established, Fort McPherson was the most northerly of all their posts. It is situated on the Peel River which flows into the Delta of the McKenzie about sixty miles north of Fort McPherson. This brought the honeymooners into the Delta about July 30th. From that time their movements are unknown.

If they required any addition to their outfit, they would probably make Fort McPherson across country afoot, leaving their scow safely harbored in the Delta. From the junction of the Peel and McKenzie Rivers, the Arctic Ocean is only one hundred and ten miles. This requires about two and one-half days, but there would be a very strong temptation to visit the settlements of the Delta and Coast Eskimos. If no unusual delay occurred, the "Palace of Dreams" should have been on the Arctic end of the Delta about the first of August of 1917. It is not at all likely that her crew of two made an attempt to reach Anderson River last year, as the ice blockade kept Stefansson's vessel from returning when they were expected.

The adventurers no doubt wintered with the Delta Eskimos or banked their scow on Richard Island which lies to the east of the Delta. If so, they probably cached their provisions and went by dog sled to the mouth of the Anderson River to seek a safe harbor for the "Palace of

Dreams" for this summer. In all probability they are safe.

The adventure is one unparalleled in the history of travel romance.

Wisconsin Resorts and Cottages

(Continued from page 108.)

chain, about ten of which are within a few miles of the Eagle River railway station. The principal resorts lie from three to five miles to the east of railway station. The fish are bass, pike and muskellonge, some pickerel, of course, while the Deerskin River, famous for its rainbow trout, is easily reached from any of these hostleries. The charges at these resorts as quoted for the 1918 season average from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day, \$16.00 to \$22.00 per week. Practically all are run on the main lodge and cottages' plan, guests being assigned to cottages and taking their meals at the main dining room, a large cottage of several rooms for parties of men and smaller cottages of two rooms and up with screened porches for families. Owing to the increasing demand for cottages furnished for housekeeping some of the resort proprietors are this year offering to rent part of their cottages at from \$20.00 per month up, without the restriction that guests must eat at the main dining room. Of course, one cannot expect as much for \$20.00 per month as for \$50.00. The road from Eagle River except in a few spots close to the resorts has no particularly picturesque beauty, the first two or three miles having merely the ordinary appearance of a cut-over and partially cleared timber country. In the past via launch was the way to practically all the resorts, but within the last two or three years the small auto has proven much more practical. The launches are still used to some extent by the resort owners in meeting their guests, however, but the launch livery, with headquarters in Eagle River, has become an auto livery. All resort proprietors meet their guests at the railway station on request, or you can take the auto livery at a slightly higher charge. The row boat with detachable motor is available for guests to use themselves at from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day. Most of these resorts reported business excellent last season, which is additional proof that they satisfied their guests. One which has accommodations for about sixty guests is picturesquely set on a knoll, quite a little way up from the lake shore, against a background of hemlocks, and comprises some charmingly located cottages. A little further around the shore is another, one of the largest in the North Woods, comprising numerous cottages in a forest of birch and pine on the shore of the lake and having accommodations for about 150 at one time. Here you will find everything electric lighted, more of the metropolitan air. Some of the porches are vine-covered and very attractive. Further on you will find

another of some half a dozen cottages and bungalows, quiet and secluded, preferred by those to whose tastes the others do not appeal, while across on the other shore you find another similar in size high up on the bank of a bluff overlooking the lake, and so on. At some of these resorts you will find running water in the rooms, tennis courts, dancing, billiards and bowling—at others not. There is the complaint regarding most of them that they don't give you enough to eat, but that is universal, the same as women complain men don't have enough money. After one has been in the pure, pine-laden air of the Great North Woods for half a day their appetite advances from 300 to 3,000 per cent, and sometimes it's a good thing they can't eat everything they feel they want, for physicians are scarce. But while I've often quit with an appetite not entirely satisfied, there's not much real cause for complaint in this region on that score.

NOW, it didn't take me but a few moments to decide which one of these others I preferred, but there is no assurance that my choice would be yours. Where I shall go this year depends on what I go for, exclusively a fishing trip or principally an outing trip; also on the tastes of those with whom I go. Should we decide on Eagle River I will know just where to go for what we want. The trip I made was a particularly interesting one, enjoyable, a few days well spent and the investigation plan worked so well that I am going to try it on some other localities this year.

The keynote is: learn what you can about a locality before you go, of course, but do not let the strangeness of it deter you, the fact that you may not know all about it hold you back; go with the investigative spirit—go to see what is there and take it as it comes—this spirit alone will add much to your pleasure. It's not policy for the lover of the primitive to wait till a locality presents itself for inspection. By that time it will have acquired the civilization of the city park and its charm for him is gone.

One of the enjoyable afternoon excursions we made in the auto was some fifteen miles to the east of the Eagle Chain to Butternut Lake, through some of the genuinely wild country. A large portion of it has been cut over and parts have been burnt. Here the second growth is birch, small and very dense. There is much excellent cover for deer. In one section the original pine timber still stands, however, and here the auto road, an old log hauling trail, winds among trees that remind one of California's Redwoods, so gigantic they seem compared with the second growth timber that covers so much of the region. In much of this virgin timber section the sun never reaches the ground through the thick foliage high above. In other portions the trees, while not so large in circumference, have grown to a great height. In the concluding chapter I will describe another class of accommodation, the primitive fishing camp, not a place for men only, but rather one the ladies will enjoy equally well.