



## The Lure of the Yellow Dog Territory

By Harry Bottrell, '17, Marquette Normal

IT is hard to explain why more people do not brave the inconveniences of the wilds to visit the beauty spots of our Upper Peninsula. It was the Yellow Dog, which finds a curious home among the Huron Mountains, that lured us on this occasion into a series of experiences which only serve to enhance the associations of a charming district. This river of falls, rapids, and deep pools commences away back in the woods thirty-five miles to the north-west of Ishpeming where possibilities of future wealth lurk deep in the unexplored crannies of a country less visited than its proximity would lead one to expect.

There are three means of access to the Yellow Dog territory. One who would train his feet for the strenuous life of army service, may find it worth his while to set out from Ishpeming on foot. It is twenty-four miles to the remains of a once very large lumbering camp, known as Camp No. 35, and one mile beyond this the ruins of Pinnacle Dam overlook a beautiful fall which tumbles the river into the valley some forty or fifty feet below. The man who desires more comfort may ride to the mouth of the river on the Marquette and Southeastern R. R. This route brings one to the town of Big Bay and the large camp on the lake, known as Sosowagaming. He who prefers horse and buggy may drive north from Ishpeming and find the way obstructed only by an occasional ford and the usual uncertainties of such means of travel.

It was Friday night of the twenty-third of June when my Pal and I set out on this trip. On two occasions the trip had been made on foot, and the prospects of a repetition of the experience with the luxuries of easy conveyance left little need for coaxing when my Pal said, "Well, 'Bot', let's set out for the Yellow Dog with horse and buggy."

After digging worms, getting tackle and duffle ready, we left town at nine in the evening. Our horse, which was from the livery, was not well adapted to a night trip, for she was not used to the woods and shied at all of the light and dark spots indistinctly seen in the dark. We covered the road slowly and with twelve miles behind us stopped at Camp Boise about two in the morning. We staked our horse in the dark and turned in for two or three hours sleep. A breakfast of cold pasties and hot coffee put us on our way again.

We had some forebodings as to the possibility of crossing the fords with our horse, and the stretches of corduroy road made rather strenuous demands on a more sure footed animal. These apprehensions were cleared away, when, with much care and encouragement, our horse was finally urged safely over both. We reached Camp No. 35 at eleven o'clock and after tying our horse to graze began to prepare sleeping quarters for the night.

The old camp is in ruin, but the little shack of a winter trapper, built of the lumber strewn about the place, afforded us a shelter. The planked and sodded sides and low slanting roof were adequate, but the porcupines had played such havoc with the interior that the two rooms were scenes of utter desolation. The stove was beyond use, so we prepared to cook out of doors, and when all was ready for the night we set out soon after noon for the river, equipped with bait and tackle.

We struck the river at the rapids close below the falls, and after a few trials began pulling in the finny

creatures which gave hunger even to our full stomachs. At the foot of the falls there is a large deep pool where an unlimited host of trout must live, for I never failed to make a catch in that basin. Nevertheless it is always well to fish on down the stream as it winds its way in and out among the pine covered hills which thrust their uneven heads against the sky at a sharp angle of sixty degrees above your head. When our catch numbered fifty or more, and we felt satisfied with the results of the day, we returned to the camp with thoughts of supper and rest.

As we approached the camp, we could see it from some distance, but to our dismay there was no horse in sight. No hope that she had lain down out of sight was realized, but a broken halter rope told the true story. The horse had gone. It was now six o'clock. Between us and the ford lay a sand hill. This might reveal traces of the horse's passing, or the ford might stop the horse as the water was some three feet or more in depth. We hurried to learn what we might, but there were no tracks, and evidently the ford had not been crossed. A serious situation grew still more serious, for night was near. We went back for food and the lantern and started out once more in hope that the horse might have been found and tied somewhere along the road. The broken halter would tell anyone that it was a stray horse and someone would be looking for it. The ford still showed no signs of having been crossed. We went on for some three miles until an instinctive impulse seemed to urge that we return three miles rather than proceed the ten or twelve which would be necessary to reach the nearest camps.

It was gloomy and mid-night when we reached the camp again. Much of the road had been hard so the distinction of hoof marks was difficult. It had long been dark and the anxiety was trying. The horse may have

crossed the river elsewhere, or may have strayed off into the woods where we should never be able to find her. One camper had told us by way of consolation, that some years previously a horse had strayed away under similar circumstances only to be found during the deer season of the following winter frozen to death in the snow.

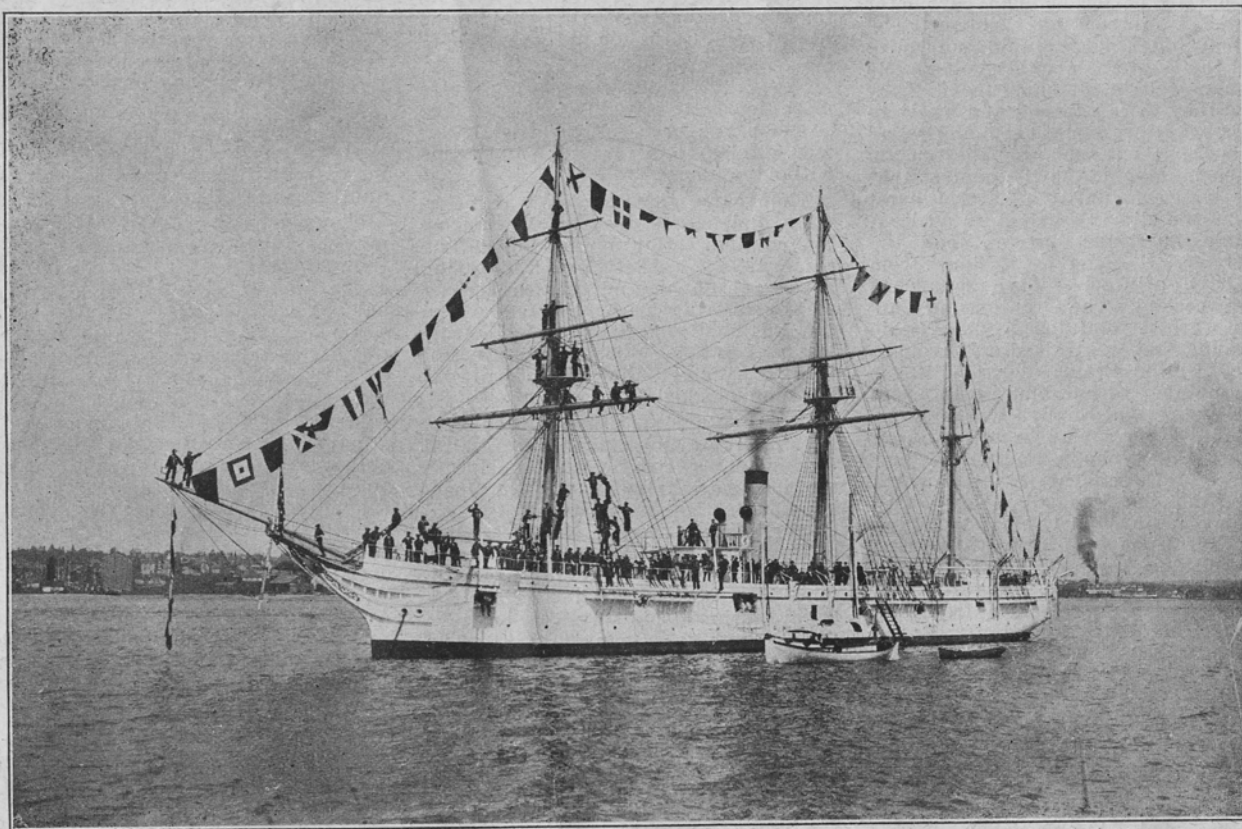
It was eight o'clock when we awakened the next morning. Our problem was still unsolved, and we must prepare to walk all of the way home if need be in our effort to locate the horse. We packed everything away well out of the reach of the porcupines, and with the necessary provisions for the trip, set out. We forded the river, and went some two miles beyond when to our delight and relief there appeared on the road a horse's tracks, but they were paralleled by the tracks of some man. Perhaps the horse was stolen; perhaps it was rescued. The tracks remained clear as far as the Silver Lake road where a heavy broadtired wagon had passed by on its way to the lake. The horse went on toward town, and the man with her. We trudged on to the bridge over Dead River; we inquired for news of the stray beast; but no one had seen anything of her. Dinner time came, and with that over we set out on the final twelve miles which still separated us from Ishpeming and home. As soon as we came to town we went directly to Harry's house to leave our packs and then to the livery to face the crisis of our experience. The horse was in town or in the woods? We approached the barn with grave doubts, with hope and fear. The owner was out. We waited for some time for him to return, while various visitors came and went. Among them we recognized a farmer who lived some three or four miles from town on the Yellow Dog road. He too asked for the proprietor, but when he was told that he was not in he started away.

I knew the man and for some reason felt prompted to ask him whether he had seen a horse of the description of ours. His son had picked up such a horse, he said, and had tied it on the road in front of their farm for the owner to find. No one had taken it when evening came on, so he had taken it in to feed about six o'clock. This was just the time when we were passing the farm and we went innocently past not knowing that our horse was safely stabled for the night.

We were able to return the horse to the livery just in time to be delivered to a new owner who was to have possession that evening. The following Monday morning we set out with a new outfit to recover our possessions abandoned in the woods. At the first ford we left the buckboard, and slinging the packs over the horse's back went on foot. We arrived at Camp No. 35 at three in the afternoon, and found everything in the best of shape. At six the next morning, refreshed by twelve hours of sleep, and satisfied with a breakfast of fried potatoes, onions, potted meat, and toast, we packed up and drove back to the buckboard. With this as a trailer we covered the road once more, proud that we had lost nothing, and expectant of another trip when the huckleberry season should come around, and our reimbursed finances should be ready for new emergencies.

The shipping of ore in Michigan is not so heavy as last year at this time. It is claimed that the cause of the loss in ore shipping is the congestion of cars at Lake Erie ports, caused to some extent by the movements of coal and slowness with which cars are unloaded.

The board of education of Escanaba will establish a course in telegraphy in the city schools this year. The government will furnish the instruments.



Michigan Naval Militia Boat Yantic at Hancock. Two of her officers, Commander Grant Stephenson and Lieut. Curry S. Prescott, are now officers in the U. S. Navy, serving abroad.



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