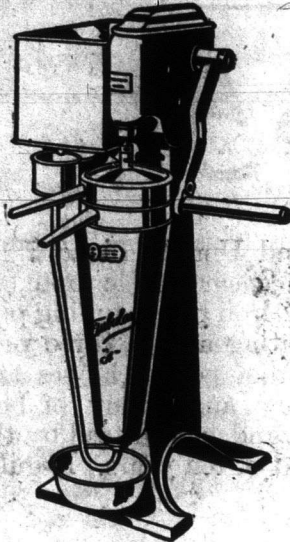


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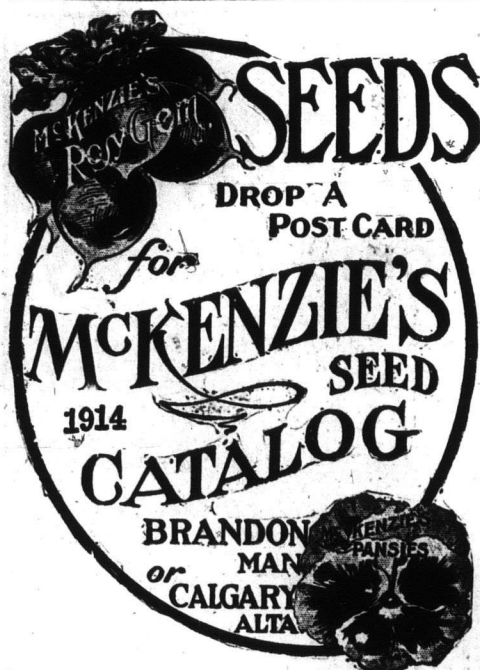
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Photographing, Camping and Motorboating in 1913

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale. Photographs by the Author.

If you want comfort, a fair rate of speed, a low-priced boat, a small consumption of gasoline, oil and grease, get an eighteen-foot launch similar to the one in the illustration.



A good launch and wharf

She has about two horse power, averages five miles an hour, does six many a day. She is not wet in a sea, anchors in shallow water, is readily hauled out on rude ways. With cushions, canvas cover, anchor, side steering gear, ropes, fenders, side lights, you can buy her for less than three hundred dollars and run her for less than a third of that, including winter storage and engine repairs.

Look at our little Mowich, anchored with stern anchor and two steadying bow lines at the little rude wharf on the shore of the island—said wharf is simply a pier 4x4, stone filled, with two six-inch fir stringers fastening it to the mounted raft, heavy stone thrown between pier and raft break the swell and in winter half a ton piled on the raft keeps it in place in ice and high water. Two canoe slides complete the landing place—cost just the nails.

The storm of November struck us about ten o'clock at night and the Mowich promptly dragged her anchor and tried her best to climb over that pier. In the black darkness and pelting rain we strove to draw her up on the canoe slides but the haul was too hard and we had to push her back. Fritz leaped on the little stern deck and with a stout pole fendered her off shore while I tracked her along the shore with a drag line, dodging waves that chased me up the rocks. Finally, with a sigh of relief, we passed her around the north point of the Beaver into shelter.

"I will run back to the wharf and bring the canoe around and land you," I cried. "All right," I heard Fritz answer from the dark.

Up the path I sped, down the other one to the wharf. I turned the canoe over and pushed her out in the partial shelter of the little wharf. All I remember seeing was one large, curling crest. My canoe rode up onto it and dashed bow-on parallel to the shore. I paddled for all I was worth, trying my best to paddle over that wave so that the next might hurl me on my course, but that wave was not to be denied. It upset me and tossed me and the canoe ashore as if we were but two wind-blown leaves, and we had to carry that canoe up the steep



A 16-foot cedar canoe

bank and over the island, thankful that the upset was so close to shore, as you will remember hundreds of poor sailors were drowned by that sixty mile gale.

As regards a canoe, I always strongly advise the double board cedar canoe; one of these in the 16-foot length, costing about \$45, will last fifty years with any fair kind of care at all. I use air tanks in mine (so that even if you do upset you have another chance coming), a black cherry paddle, a medium sized lateen sail, and clean straw filled bags for cushions. See the canoe with Fritz in it as he returns from a November hunt with a duck, a mudhen and a black squirrel.

We have tried for many a year to devise a perfect camp—we use shanties in most of our trips. Here is the result in the illustration. A 7 x 7 x 7 1/2 heavy duck tent with wall waxed. A 10 x 8 cover of heavy sheeting, waxed with a pound of Parrawax (10 cents) to each quart of gasoline. Heat a pot of water to boiling point, set the tin of gasoline in it after you have removed it from the stove. Be sure you do this as gasoline is a very dangerous tool. Shave the Parrawax and stir it in and paint your cotton or duck, using a common clean paint brush, and it will withstand all rainstorms. The extra three feet of cover makes a good porch; set your tin camp stove face into it, brace your pipe with three green poles and you are fixed dry and secure. Now, if you are not going too far and contemplate a permanent camp, get three 10-foot scantling and a hundred



The ideal tent with waterproof covers and walls

feet of boards, planed on one side, and put your floor down before you erect your canvas. Let the front of the floor be flush with the front of the tent and you have a nice seat at the back of your porch and I hope you will not strike rats, as we did, and they promptly established their nests under the floor. I would not so strongly have objected to this had they not fought and quarrelled for position, this was too much so I set traps and many a cold night I might have been seen brilliantly arrayed in red sleeping garments killing a poor rat in the light of the electric torch. Finally our unkind reception began to tell, evidently they decided they were unwelcome or we were peculiar, anyhow they ceased their nocturnal visitations.

We had just purchased this Island. It is in the midst of a wild rice bed and it is ideal for our natural history notes and photography. We have already named it Migration Point on account of the immense number of birds that settle on the big basswood tree at the South Point. Look at it now, there are so many Brewer's blackbirds, Redwings and Cedar birds that one would think there were leaves on it. Take a strong glass, not one that holds strong things, and you will see they are all birds.

It might be well, as this is such a chatty article, to tell my readers in The Western Home Monthly how we get some of our most difficult pictures, such as birds in full flights, fish swimming and animals running. If ever you start to do this work seriously buy a first class

reflex camera with a focal plane shutter and a big 1 1/2 Geertz Celor lens. This is fast enough to take the wings of the humming bird in action. By looking in the mirror on the top you can see the full image of your bird as it flies and you can take it when you want to and know just where you placed it on the film. Of course they are dainty things to handle and will give you many a failure but you will obtain so many wonderful results that the price, between two and three hundred dollars, will never be regretted. If you do not want to take the flight, just the birds and animals when they are quiet or moving slowly, I advise the old style box Bullet 4 x 5, same size as the Reflex or Graflex. This big, clumsy looking box is the best for outdoor work, as you can place it in a steady position where all the pocket cameras would be useless.

I strongly advise films, they take almost as good a picture as plates, so near that none save professionals can tell the difference and the storage and carrying of them is so simple a matter. I have used them all my life and as a result I have just a few pounds of negatives that fit into a foot square box and weigh but a few pounds, while they number between 1700 and 2000.

You will find that there are but a small percentage of really good pictures obtained—throw away your bad ones and try again. Use a battery to discharge, or a rubber tube and bulb or cord. These are placed in position of value but I like the tube, if you can only get a bulb strong enough to discharge at one hundred feet.

Now as to results. We have been in camp for eight months, April to November. We secured less than one hundred fair pictures, but if you take what fell to the rod and gun we did better—some three hundred bass and a dozen maskalounge and almost two hundred wild ducks. So you see sport and work go hand in hand. I strongly believe that if more people slept regularly in a tent for the better part of the year they would not have the common ailment called a cold, such things are unknown in the outdoor life originally designed for man. One word of advice I want to sound: If you are going to use a canoe be sure and learn to swim. Never dare to take a girl friend out in so fragile a craft unless you can not only save yourself but help to save her too.

In the use of firearms, if you want to hit your duck swing the gun along at the same speed it is flying, on the same line, pull trigger while you are swinging the gun ahead, aim at the bill or a bit further ahead and you will soon learn to drop your bird. Pull the trigger more with the tip of the first finger than with the joint. If you must "swat 'em on the water," shoot just where the water and bird meet and if you hear anything rustling in the bushes, never, never shoot at it until it comes clearly into view. Never put your gun loaded below the edge of your craft and the more you shoot alone the less chance of accident will you have.

It is so sad when an accident occurs. In my long life afield I have seen friend after friend perish, and I must say that in nearly every case the accident could have been easily avoided if one would use the same good common sense in the every-day walks of life. As I have scrambled out of some pretty tight corners myself, I must say, as did the dear, old Irish priest near our hunting grounds, "Don't do as I do, do as I say."



The Migration Tree, Kaworth Lake