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Lake Superior country.

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Lake Superior *Country*

and Minnesota
vacation trip '66

The agate was first found on the shores of a river in Sicily and named by the Greeks. In the Bible (Exodus) this semi-precious stone was seen on the priest's breastplate.

A rock is made of minerals constantly on the move and changing from heat, cold and pressure.

The journey of the rock is never ended. In every tiny part of any living thing are materials that once were rock that turned to soil. These minerals are drawn out of the soil by plant roots and the plant used them to build leaves, stems, flowers and fruits. Plants are eaten by animals. In our blood is iron from plants that draw it out of the soil. Your teeth and bones were once coral. The water you drink has been in clouds over the mountains of Asia and in waterfalls of Africa. The air you breathe has swirled thru places of the earth that no one has ever seen. Every bit of you is a bit of the earth and has been on many strange and wonderful journies over countless millions of years.

So - here we go. Maybe as rocks and I pass each other I could say how-do-you-do to an agate. What I didn't foresee was that the highway doesn't always run right next the lake (Superior ~~and before that~~, Michigan) and that you can travel almost entirely around Superior (we didn't do the south shore i.e. Copper Harbor) without finding more than a couple of accessible beaches. Where you can with some difficulty walk over that terraine to the shore you suddenly find you're on a high bluff and how are you going to get way down to the water. And you're whizzing along the highway with a glimpse of beach but there's traffic behind and you simply continue to whiz. Or the shore when you do get down ~~to it~~ is sand, not pebbles.

First stop - Green Bay. Statue here of gray granite: "The Spirit of the Northwest", sculptured by Lorado Taft's pupil, Bedore. It represents three figures who had most to do with Green Bay - Nicolas Perrot, commandant of the region known as La Baye as early as 1684; Father Claude Allouez who established a mission here in 1671; and the third figure, a member of the Outagami tribe.

We remember others who came there more than three centuries ago in long canoes (the big French canoes were 35 feet long),

rowed or paddled, sometimes sailed, by Indians or French voyageurs singing as they rowed or as they rested during a pause which occurred, if possible every half mile but usually much less often than that. ^{And} for two centuries fur, principally beaver, was the accepted currency. Nicolet, ~~for instance~~, came in 1634, exploring the country for furs for Champlain who founded Quebec. A century earlier still (1535) Jacques Cartier had discovered the St. Lawrence River. The Indians at Green Bay gave a feast in Nicolet's honor - 120 beavers were the main course. In May, 1670 Perrot and Saudry returned to Montreal with furs. Nine hundred natives in the flotilla. A plethora of furs, so great an amount that prices were lowered, however. An Indian could buy a gun from the English for two beaver skins; the French demanded more skins.

By 1700 Perrot gave up his diplomatic policy for a military one since the Fox wars had begun. But Green Bay developed. (See item I in Notes at the back.) De Langlade built a fur trading post about 1745. By 1815 de Langlade and sons and sons-in-law all were working for John Jacob Astor for the American Fur Company.

The average canoe carried more than 5 tons of furs and supplies and was manned by 8 voyageurs. The boats used in interior lakes and rivers carried 1 or 2 tons and were manned by 6.

More about furs - in 1773 Peter Pond entered the St. Peter's (Minnesota) River. He trapped the following winter and went to Prairie du Chien with furs. He counted there 130 canoes, some from Mackinac and some from as far away as New Orleans. His description of the canoes themselves: "hundred wate appease all made of Birch Bark and white Seder for the Ribs". For the season ending spring 1775 Pond recorded a profit of \$20,000. (II, Notes)

We didn't take time in Green Bay to stop for the Roi-Portier-Tank cottage with its slim French windows and pottery that Tank's wife brought with her from Holland and the linen and glass. I don't know for a fact if the cottage is still ^{there}.

Now into Michigan following the lake. Escanaba, Indian name for Land of the Red Buck, city of the April smelt jamboree and wood industries. The city supplied 100,000 square feet of birds' eye maple for the S.S. Queen Mary.

Between Gladstone on Little Bay de Noc and Manistique we stopped at a gravel pit where I picked up a couple of light gray pieces of rock with sky-blue bands. Shale? A kind of slate? Here in this hot gravel pit a white daisy was not only hanging on but doing very well, one plant in the gravel road way. The same common white daisy we were to see - with purple patches of wild sweet peas (something, at least, in the vetch family) all over the North even tho this year all the land was exceptionally parched from terrific heat and lack of rain. These flowers were the most beautiful beside sandy roads on the edge of birch and pine woods. ~~And~~ ^{from now on} mostly forests, endless evergreens.

Manistique, Indian name for vermillion (the colored earth the Indians used - or worm, actually? - to paint their faces). We stayed overnight here. Mfg. city and resort.

Al: The natives pronounce it MAN^{ist}isty.

I: So be it. The North is one vast, massive, glorious corruption of rock and language - ~~by this time~~ granite is underlaid with limestone or sandstone, gneiss is made-over granite, shale, or sandstone and so forth and so on and Thompsonite (or Thomsonite) is often mistaken for agate and agate is shipped in from Mexico and Uruguay and can even be artificially dyed in the bargain. And look what's been done to language! - People of all nationalities and color have changed the language like weather and pressure have changed the rocks.

Out of Manistique it grew dark when it should have been getting light - we are early risers on trips, by 6:00 we're out on the road, sometimes 5:30 - almost too dark to see the beautiful up-and-down-pathways in the park at Cut River Bridge. It began to rain hard, the first for these people in a month or so.

Still raining at St. Ignace in the Mackinac country - and fog. We saw NOTHING here because of this weather except faintly a sign pointing toward a wall of dark mist: Big Mac Bridge. Al tells me this bridge, three miles long, over the Straits of Mackinac, is the longest bridge in the world. As for rocks, Wisconsin's Doty had described, a hundred or more years ago, the rock of Mackinac Island off there in the fog as a composite of broken limestone "whiter than any I ever saw, organic remains found in it". Couldn't prove it by us, no see 'em. We had read that St. Ignace is mostly of French descent. The second oldest settlement in Michigan. Freight docks. Nicolet came earlier than Father Marquette but it was the latter who established a missionary chapel here ~~around~~ ⁱⁿ 1671.

In 1679 La Salle's boat ^{Griffon} with sail put in at St. Ignace on its way to Green Bay for furs and on the return journey disappeared without a trace. (III, Notes) Marquette's grave is here, his second grave.

Michilimackinac, Chippewa name for big turtle, was how the whole upper Lakes region was designated in that early day. Whenever anyone said Mackinac, he said Mackinac of Michilimackinac. Kenneth Roberts' novel, Northwest Passage, has the governor saying: "It's the bottleneck of the Great Lakes. There isn't a mosquito anywhere near ... Every pelt that comes from the northwest and every package of goods that goes there, has to pass through Michilimackinac." At the end of the American Revolution Mackinac was ceded to America by the terms of the Treaty of Paris, 1783, but the English refused to evacuate the post - didn't till the Jay Treaty, 1796. It seems that Dousman had a distillery here (Hercules Dousman of Villa Louis at Prairie du Chien or a relative?). Dr. Beaumont did some of his experimenting on gastric juices at Fort Mackinac. Before that colorful history was ended, Forts had been built successively in

two or three different places in that area, each one known as Fort Mackinac.

*in the upper
Pen:*
In an exhibit in one of the Wayside Parks in Michigan we found that ~~Petoskey~~ is the state stone. To me, a new one. The big story, of course, is, or was, iron and copper ~~and~~ three-fourths of the iron ore in the US is found ~~here~~ in the Lake Superior region.

How does Sault Sainte Marie - for instance Sault become Soo? Indian-French-English. Well, at any rate, here we are at the Soo. We took an excursion trip thru the locks, were raised way up - 20 feet - because Lake Superior is that much higher than Lake Huron. The temperature that day was over 90° and a distracting up and down sojourn between decks was that of the people with their children ~~with~~ ice cream cups and candy bars (after the loud speaker had just asked everyone to keep his seat and not crowd to the rails, etc.). In Brady Park beside the locks you watch the big ore-carrying ships passing thru and listen to the whistles of the big boats, answered by the place on shore that keeps a watch on the happenings. Some of the long ~~sea~~ ^{lake}-going boats have taken on the red color of the iron ore, except for the gleaming white superstructure fore and aft. In the middle is that long, long barge-like body. These freighters bring the iron ore ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ of ~~the~~ Lake Superior and the smelting plants in the East together. It was announced on our excursion that 23,000 tons of iron ore was carried by one of the boats just back of us.

A museum in the park which somehow we didn't see - we were looking for it on East Portage near Schoolcraft House. Not easy here to find points of interest. Are the Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, people conscious of their history? They are quite unaware as persons of tourists. Perhaps they're tired of these crowds. In Brady Park I noticed the modern-looking rest room building, at first glance something like a Spanish mission house. It had flowered paths before it. Out at the locks on the edge of the water are ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ arrowed rest room signs - you see them as you look at the big boats. I wonder what an old voyageur would have thought of them. The arrows of our day and the momentary, unsinging pause.

Of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, Henry Clay said: "the remotest settlement in the US if not in the moon". Oldest permanent settlement in Michigan and third oldest surviving community in the US. Was French till 1762 when the English took possession. The American army built Fort Brady in 1823 and with that English and French reign ended in the Soo.

Schoolcraft House was built by Henry Rowe Schoolcraft in the 1820's. They tell us its colonial characteristics have long been obliterated and the doors now are boarded up. Schoolcraft was Indian Agent of the Territory, a geologist and something of a poet, a politician and an explorer. He married the Europe-educated daughter of an Indian woman. He took a great interest in the Indians, resenting their being called savage, and order-

ed that no liquor be given them - he himself ~~XXXXXXXX~~ was a temperance man. In his later years he was commissioned by the government to write six volumes on the history and manners of the Indian tribes at \$30,000 a volume. He had written several books that were to serve as the basis for Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha". At the request of Governor Cass, Schoolcraft made at least two trips to that part of the Northwest we now call Minnesota. ~~He~~ ^{and} one of these trips at least, he was accompanied by Cass and several notables like Pike, Beltrami, Thompson, each a specialist in his field ~~and~~ explored on this long journey the beginnings of the Mississippi River, the general topography as they went along, possibilities of mining and even negotiated treaties with the Indians. A geologist, a traveler into Minnesota, the land of all those lakes, a man who wrote and sketched what he learned and saw - ah, a long shot ~~but~~ could we swerve off our course a bit and ~~plan from the Soo to Lake Tassal~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ go west from Grand Marais or Duluth instead of south toward home? directly home?

^{over trip 2} We talked of going west ~~near northwest to Ely from Grand Marais~~ ^{How about} all that wilderness in which a twenty-year old account told me you saw ospreys catching fish and eagles swooping down to take the fish from the ospreys. And Jasper Park lay near Ely and Soudan. (Jasper, an opaque quartz, red, yellow or brown or a kind of blend of these colors) Schoolcraft might have gone this way on one of his trips, on his way to Rainy Lake or Red Lake. But I wanted Two Harbors, the agate capital of the Lake Superior region, and more of a look at North Shore. ^{next to Ely,}

I had a lovely whitefish supper at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, followed by a grasshopper - in a cool hotel.

We were now ready to start circling "the shining big sea-water". The largest and purest of the ~~XXXXXX~~ Great Lakes. Rock bluffs and the highway cut thru rock. Bring on your purities and your impurities for it's the mixture of minerals ^{lava from} and rock ~~make~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ that create their colors. ~~to take~~ ^{their} colors.

We had to wait in Sault Ste. Marie, Canada, however, till 10:00 A.M. when the banks open. In changing our money into Canadian - \$100 - we made a profit of \$9.75. Turned out we didn't spend anywhere near this amount. ^{100.}

The Canadian Sault Ste. Marie is larger and cleaner-looking than the Michigan city, tho at the waterfront the washings were strung high from roof-top to roof-top. Up where the stores are we heard French spoken like a brook over pebbles, and British-English. My basket-pocketbook gave out from weight of notebooks and stones so I bought another - made in Hungary. Failing to bring along enough shirts for Al we bought a Calcutta fabric (not at all expensive) made in Hong Kong. The word for the entire trip is International. From agate on. The journeying, the mixing and changing.

At last we were ready to start toward Wawa, known to us already (circulars) as the town with the large statue of a Canadian goose with its wings half spread. Not far from the Soo we

passed masses of rock thru which the road had been cut - whitish with splotches and flows of pink-red. I shouted "Oh" and could only think of marble. My manual tells me marble began as soft limestone and then heated by magma changed into many colors depending on the color of the sediment out of which it originally formed. Later I was told by someone who knows that what I'd seen must be granite. ^{places as he went on} Sometimes in certain light the rocks ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ that we saw looked greenish.

For hundreds of thousands of years, geologists tell us, immense flows of lava - magma - covered the site of Lake Superior. Granite cooled ~~XXXXXX~~ more quickly than other kinds of rocks, giving it a finer grain. ~~than that of sedimentary kinds.~~

Road signs are small in Canada.

Al: What did the sign say?

I: What sign?

I didn't miss the Agate Shop sign. Woman there knew rocks, whole store of all kinds of samples, labelled. Sold them cheaply too, i.e. agates mounted on adjustable rings cost \$1.75. I bought one of these, not the most beautiful but a Lake Superior one, I was told. Also bought a blue stone, sodilite, unmounted, an Ontario product, and a brilliant carnelian from Uruguay. There were corundum samples - also from Canada, the stone that is next to diamonds in hardness. (Deep red rubies, which are corundum minerals, are valued more than diamonds.) (IV, Notes)

Picked up stones before Wawa, reddish and one green. Often on the trip the stones that had a shine turned out to be bottle-caps.

Toward White River a sign: MOOSE CROSSING. If only we could see a moose - might be as big as a horse - without colliding with it as one can with deer back home. But no, the only animals we saw on the entire trip were dead porcupines on the road, and as at home, dead skunks.

Traffic not too heavy in Canada. Gasoline - 5 quarts to a gallon and about 50¢ a gallon.

Up early at the White River motel, I heard the same birdsong, a wavy couple of notes, that I hear at home from across the river. Something the whippoorwill says, or nighthawk or what - I've never been nearer that sound than across a river, as I think I was even here in Canada.

Marathon on Heron Bay, next door to Terrace Bay, a pulp manufacturing plant, a pretty scene in early morning - dark streams out of the smokestacks, the only movement. A boat was tied at shore, as big as a fishing boat at Milwaukee, and a boom had been laid out to keep the sticks within a certain area. At Lake Nipigon we saw Cameron Falls with a sluiceway for sticks to ride down into the lake to be picked up farther on by a boat. We probably should have driven all the way around Nipigon, a matter of about 70 miles.

Quimet (we-met) Canyon - a tiny sign pointing in to a gravel side road. I remembered: Jasper! Away we gaily went. Soon a sign saying 6 miles and we began to have doubts about the road - so narrow I couldn't see how we could pass a car or turn around if we wanted to and I began to think I did. Al said the road wasn't as narrow as all that. On we went, the muscles in the back of my neck tensing with as they say: some unknown fear. A strain, it turned out, but mainly on the family tie - at first Al didn't want to go, I did, now I didn't and he did. It must have been much, much longer than 6 miles. Al says those little Canadian signs point and then after you get going there'll be a sign saying 70 miles! But beautiful if one could relax. Canada woods can be very quiet. Birch and purple and white flowers and ferns. It probably was a little more than 6 miles when we got to a wider spot ^{where we} saw a school bus ^{standing} and young people. We were so done in we did not even get out and investigate, simply turned around and drove back out. This trip queered all side roads for us for the entire trip.

We mailed postcards ^{from} at Nipigon which arrived back home almost a week later. By dog-team?

Endless miles of ^{evergreen} forests with tamarack near the road. Openings for small, perfect, picture-postcard lakes, evergreens solid to the water's edge. And these lakes are perfectly still, no boat, no person, no fish jumping, ~~no birds~~. But the clearest, bluest water. No birds seen anywhere on the trip except gulls in plenty at the Soo and a few crows in Ontario.

At one place, almost hidden in the trees a sign: Post Office, and it pointed into the forest! There was one side trip we could afford to ~~pass up~~ ^{miss}.

Apparently beside the highway every so often they have headquarters - fine looking buildings - for Mounties. ~~We~~ ^{we} saw no mounties on horseback. We passed at one place a rather new building called First Aid Station.

No beer in Canada. Only Liquor Stores ^{~~but~~} ^{~~they~~} had no bars and tourists as a rule carry no ice. ^{~~Soo~~} ^{~~Canada~~} had hotels that didn't open till almost noon and then the men's and women's bars were separate. Women may not enter the men's barroom. ^{~~We knew from experience -~~}

Port Arthur - stayed overnight here. TV from England - "The Commonwealth Festival of the Arts" - without commercials! Port Arthur still uses trolley buses.

Fort William - they've planted, the city, presumably, birch trees on the street terraces as maples or elms are planted in Milwaukee. Al, as we drove ^(P) thru this city: "I wonder where the ~~place~~ ^{place} is that ^{was} my Aunt Mary's ^{storehouse}". We looked toward the harbor here and did so at Ft. Wm. and knew that the ships were big and much went on there. ^{Rose}

Looked like Taconite on the shoulder of the hard surface road out of Fort William - grayish with a slight reddish cast. (V, Notes)

^{the} At International Boundary we were asked "Are you naturalized citizens of the United States?" And "Did you buy anything?" We handed back the slip that had been filled out at the Michigan-Canada boundary. ~~Nothing we had was examined.~~ It seems you can buy \$100 worth without paying customs fees.

Now we're at Pigeon River, so deeply associated in the mid-1600's with Radisson and his brother-in-law Groseilliers (Gro-saya). As Walter Havighurst in our day says, "No Englishman could be expected to pronounce Groseilliers", therefore much of that region, river, falls and now a state park carries the name the people gave it - Gooseberry. ^{from} At any rate, scouting and fur-trading for Champlain, ~~in the words of Radisson,~~ "We were Cesars, nobody to contradict us." On one occasion when they turned back to the St. Lawrence, they traveled at the head of 360 canoes laden with peltry. Radisson spoke of the Great Lakes ~~new~~ world as ~~XXXXXX~~ "a labor-inth of pleasure. ~~the~~ the country so pleasant, so beautiful and fruitful it grieves me to see ye world could not discover such inticing countryes to live in. This I saw because the Europeans fight for a rock in the sea against each other." In the 1650's he described ~~XXX~~ Sault de Ste. Marie and its fisheries, the Pictured Rocks and Chequamegon Bay where he and Grosseilliers built the first known dwelling of white men on the lake. The winter of 1659-60 they spent up a little inland lake, probably Lac Court Oreilles in Sawyer County, Wis., to which a trail led long after these men were dead and gone. Radisson had no fingernails - pulled off by the Mohawks when they bound him to a stake for slow killing. ~~(Farther on~~ these Frenchmen at Knife Lake - VI Notes)

A tiny restaurant at Cross River in Schroeder served butter in a dish always standing on the table from one person or family to another, also the jelly glass with spoon in it. We were hungry enough to use the butter but could not bring ourselves to touch the jelly. Coming out ~~XX~~, we saw the Cross River Falls on the other side of the road.

^{Cascade Falls at Grand Marais} At Grand Marais there is a tempting side road to Thompsonite Beach where I suppose one might with good luck ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ and a lot of patience still be able to find a Thompsonite (Thomsonite) stone - a semiprecious gem, dark green with a pinkish spot - of course it wouldn't look like that in the raw. But no to side roads.

We spoke of starting west into Minnesota as soon as we could (my wish was being granted) - to Ely, maybe, ~~all that wilderness.~~ There ~~was~~ mention in a 20-year old account of ospreys catching fish and eagles swooping down to take the fish from the ospreys. And Jasper Park lay near Ely and Sudan. But all the same I wanted Two Harbors, the agate capital of the ~~XXXXXX~~ Lake Superior region. ^{anyhow} By now the capital may have shifted - agates were probably coming in from South America and Mexico. ^{Even to} of course,

And so it proved - altho after we found a public beach I ~~XXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ I was happy for a time. This was after the ~~XX~~ Gift Shop there which had some polished stones, i.e. Apache Tears, Labradorite, something black with lacey figures in it

Conceded to the fact that wilderness is commercially dead

in it, amethyst and agate-ized wood. But the beach - the sign said LOOSE SAND into which the car got stuck. I ran to the shore while a young man helped Al get out. Later Al told me the man was a ~~XXXX~~ D.P. and that he carried a pick and hammer and had a pail of stones! Dear heaven, I could have been learning from him - undoubtedly a college student! *of West*

now we were going
O well - ~~we were entering Minnesota~~ right on thru Duluth, the city of the hilly streets, ~~on~~ beside or near the St. Louis River, called in Schoolcraft's time, the Fond du Lac, the ~~stream~~ *very* he came in on, mentioning in his notes that here ~~XXXXXXX~~ they found a man who had cows and it was a great treat in the wilderness to get this milk.

Minnesota, meaning "land of sky-tinted waters".

Iron, the most important geologic fact in Minnesota altho limestone plays a big part in the state's story. A great arm, we're told, reached over here from the Atlantic and sediments formed sandstone, limestone and shale. To the glaciers Minnesota owes its fertile, pulverized limestone that has made wheat-raising lucrative. Reddish soil was pushed up from Illinois and pinkish from Labrador. From north of Lake Superior came gray-lavender drift which picked up rust from iron. In the northwest part of the state the retreating ice left a large body of water, larger than all the Great Lakes together, discovered by Agassiz in 1840 - dried up in more recent geologic times. (VII, Notes)

Al has always headed the list of flowers peculiar to Minnesota with wild roses, - "Not anywhere so big and healthy and rose-like as ⁱⁿ northern Minnesota." Schoolcraft speaks of the numerous wild roses. All the books speak of them and blackberries, New Jersey Tea, bunchberries, pink and white lady slipper, Labrador Tea, thimbleberries, prairie phlox....

But back to Schoolcraft and his party including Governor Cass, and Pike, Beltrami, Thompson, specialists in their fields, and Doty, ~~the main recorder of this~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ 1820 trip. They left the Mackinac country with three canoes complete with masts, sails, a US pennant on each one, chanting canoe-men and accompanied by a 12-oar barge and 22 soldiers. At St. Mary's River at the Soo between the two separate villages "our flags flying, our little squadron being spread out in order and the Canadian boatmen singing one of their enlivening songs". Those on shore fired a salute, and stood ready to greet us with their customary Bosho." Here's your language! - bosho for bon jour!

We have their comments, for this trip Doty's largely, reflecting the glorious but strenuous journey in and out of Lake Superior's southern shore. (IX, Notes)

St. Louis R. X m
A lake in or near the ~~stream~~ turned out to be remarkable for its fine carnelians and agates and they named it Carnelian Lake. Over in the scrub oak prairies they spent a day and a half hunting buffalo - "The buffalo meat is rather inferior to that of the bear." On one of the gravelly banks as they

then called
went on into the Minnesota River Valley (St. Peter's ~~XXXXXX~~)
Schoolcraft found a piece of agate-ised wood. It was noted
that white sandstone overlaid with secondary limestone appears
at St. Anthony's Falls - the first time since Lake Superior.

The discovery of the source of the Mississippi had to wait till
Schoolcraft's 1832 trip. By this time the big canoes were a *couple*
of ~~few~~ inches shorter than the oldtime French type but no heavier
for he speaks of portages where each man carried a canoe with
its apparatus. He speaks his admiration for the working crew,
how "they could set up a tent with its furniture in no time at
all - he who would travel fast over an intricate interior
route and be well served on the way, should not fail to prepare
himself with a canoe allège and a crew of voyageurs. They
will not only go ~~XXXXXX~~ when they are bid to go but they will
go uncomplainingly. And after submitting to severe labor,
both of the night and day, on land and water, they are not
only ready for further efforts, but will make them, under the
enlivening influence of a song."

At last the ~~XXXXXX~~ joyous discovery - Lake Le Biche *(Elk Lake)*
renamed by Schoolcraft, Itasca. He took the letters of this ~~word~~

word from the latin veritas caput, meaning true source. On
July 13, 1832 he raised the American flag on an island in the
lake now known as Schoolcraft Island. Now the whole area with
a road 15 miles long forms a beautiful state park, a vast
evergreen and birch woods. Nicolett came along a few years *ago*
after ~~later~~, determining the latitude and longitude of the place.

(IX, Notes)

I took a snapshot of the sweet little swampy place where the
great river rises, a pond with water rushing into it from a
culvert and over rocks. Nearby on a post: "Here 1475 feet
above the ocean the mighty Mississippi begins to flow on its
winding way 2552 miles to the Gulf of Mexico." A museum on
the grounds ~~XXXXXX~~ contains exhibits of the formation of the
Earth as it pertains to Itasca and of the kinds of wildlife
found here. "Glaciers went over this area 4 times in the
last million years", one of the exhibits said. The white-
throat, we find, nests here, also the ruffed grouse and the
scarlet tanager.

I: I don't see where the sun was all that time
the glacier was going over.

Al: It came down from the Polar cap. The sun was
where it is now. When ice melts it moves ~~it moves~~ forward
or down.

At one point in his accounts, Schoolcraft mentions Itasca
as the primary source and names the secondary sources as
Ossowa, ~~The~~ Long Water, source of a primary tributary of
the Mississippi, Corbeau or Crow-Wing; and Shiba Lake
and river, the source of Leech Lake.

The pebble has traveled. Long ago it *might have been* a drop of magma, mol-
ten rock that poured out from deep inside the earth. Perhaps
when the magma cooled it formed part of a mountain that was

later worn down and carried away by a rushing stream. Or the pebble may have been carried thousands of miles by a slowly moving glacier that finally melted and left it ~~there~~ ^{for to be washed up} ~~for to be washed up~~ ^{someone to pick up}. It has traveled to many places and has been part of many things.

The sea went over and left me dry, parched for knowledge! ~~For~~ the feeling of being a part of all this. How? - the body, the unconscious. Let us sing, as they say in church.

Meanwhile, knock about some more, touch the rough stones and some of the polished ones.

Jewelry? I seldom wear it.

Schoolcraft explored Cass Lake, Leech Lake and several others. (XI, Notes) He was thinking of Governor Cass ~~XXXX~~ of Michigan Territory when he named the former Cassina. Later it was called simply Cass. I was sorry to miss his Carnelian Lake and Sandy Lake altho Al says we were at Sandy three years ago, he remembers watching a gopher there.

I suppose Schoolcraft must have seen Winnibigoshish, a huge lake, 10 miles broad, which the Mississippi hits, near its source, as it runs north - can't make up its mind ~~before~~ ^{whether to turn} ~~it turned~~ south. We saw at Winnibigoshish the reservoir-dam that controls water in the Mississippi. I picked up a couple of small greenish stones and flat black.

Lake Bemidji - here the word is Paul Bunyan, a statue of him 18 feet tall and the blue ox. ~~In~~ the little park on the lake the trash barrels have painted on them the words: Paul Bunyan. All is big up in this country! Lumberjacks acknowledge Bunyan the ruler of the woods from the Winter of the Blue Snow to the Spring the Rain Came Up from China.

Leech Lake * after eating at Walker - named by the Indians for a huge leech that according to legend they once beheld swimming in the water. Leech is the third largest lake in Minnesota - 40 miles across. Norway and white pine all thru here, now as when Schoolcraft ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ saw it. Picked up greenish stones and brownish washed up along the edge of the water. I may have what the manuals call a rippled pattern in the brown stone. Presumably waves washed shores and rain showered down millions of years ago - causing rippled pattern - just as today. Yet for all I know it could be not rock at all but a kind of shell or even a piece of present-day commercial detritus. Some dead white fish lay along the shore.

We saw Swan River again, Al's old home, nothing left on the spot where he spent his childhood and youth except the grove. Over near the depot is a root cellar, built more above ground, it seemed, than most, its upright door open. I thought it worthy of a snapshot. Maybe somebody would use it now as a tornado cellar. Never I hope as a future bomb shelter.

Swan Lake is nearby. In 1851 Indians and whites came from all over the mid-west to a treaty meeting at the mouth of the Minnesota, Traverse des Sioux. Chief Sleepy Eyes came from his beloved Swan Lake. (XIII, Notes)

Bar-String Lakes spoken of by Schollett

I came into a meeting
 to register a protest.

pers watching a gopher there. Lake Altha Al says we were at Sandy three years ago, he remem- simply Cass. I was sorry to miss his Carnelian Lake and Sandy Territory when he named the former Cassina. Later it was call (XI, Notes) He was thinking of Governor Cass ~~WANA~~ of Michigan Schoolcraft explored Cass Lake, Leech Lake and several others. Jewelry? I seldom wear it.

a couple of small greenish stones and flat black. I picked up dam that controls water in the Mississippi. I picked up it turned south. We saw at Winnidigoshish the reservoir-source, as it runs north - can't make up its mind - before lake, 10 miles broad, which the Mississippi hits, near its I suppose Scholcraft must have seen Winnidigoshish, a large

We started home. Brainard on the Mississippi ^{XVII} (~~XIV~~, Notes) ^{use the} ^{and this is from} ^{passes} ^{the} ^{lake}
Lake St. Croix - ~~one last reminder of Schoolcraft~~. He said ~~the~~ ^{the} moon came out before they encamped. "If 'Loch Katrine' (Scotland) presents a more attractive outline of sylvan coast, it must be beautiful indeed. We went up it, turning point after point, with the pleasure that novelty imparts ... Nothing could present a greater contrast to the noisy scene of horses and horsemen, war and bloodshed, which we werethen unconscious was about being enacted, so near to us." He referred to the capture of Black Hawk's band at the Bad Axe.

St. Croix Falls - ~~one last reminder of Schoolcraft~~ - ~~XXXX~~ "The river tears its way through a vast bed of greenstone, whose black and square masses stand on either side, and in the bed of the stream - common quartz, imperfectly crystallized is seen in the mass, and is the sole mineral apparent..."

The Snake River - yes it does wind. One last reminder of Schoolcraft, his story of an old man's. ^{XVII} Notes. Pine City - the Snake R. runs thru the town. Along the river from its lake source in the St. Croix are basaltic lava flows. Copper prospectors used to live here.

A short distance above St. Anthony's Falls, the Rum River empties into the Corbeau or Crow-Wing. An early explorer ~~from~~ thru here, Carver, found this river whose name contained the word desprits, French for spirits, good feelings, gods. Carver apparently did not understand the true meaning since he named the river Rum. The English and the French just did not get along! entertaining stories of

Other persons and places in old Minnesota. ^{XIV} (~~XVI~~, Notes)

We stayed the last night at Little Falls, Minnesota, Lindbergh's old home town. Here Al bought some salomi. Restaurant living was beginning to pall.

I: Good. It even shines a little.

Al: That's from the horses' hooves - horsemeat maybe?

The next day Home. The air grew hotter. The gravel along the highways lost its sparkle. We ~~grew~~ ^{got} so tired - Al from the strain of driving, that stream of cars. We thought at one time as a sign appeared that we were coming to the town of DO NOT PASS. At Tomah we entered the expressway and got the ride of our lives. Not so much traffic on this superhighway but fast-moving. We passed cars at 80 miles an hour and they passed us at close to 90.

When we reached Fort Al could hardly raise a glass to his mouth, his arm shook so much.

Almelund
(Swedish)
for also
valley.
gold is gold
still being washed
from the
terrace here
- about one
dollar's worth
for the ton?
since the
last we knew
of this was
20 yrs. ago
we didn't stop.