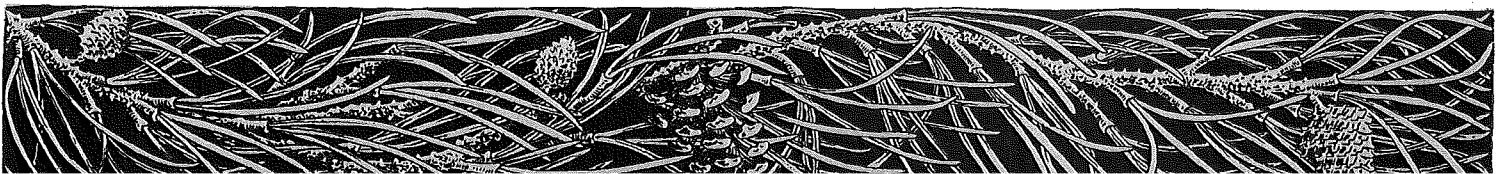


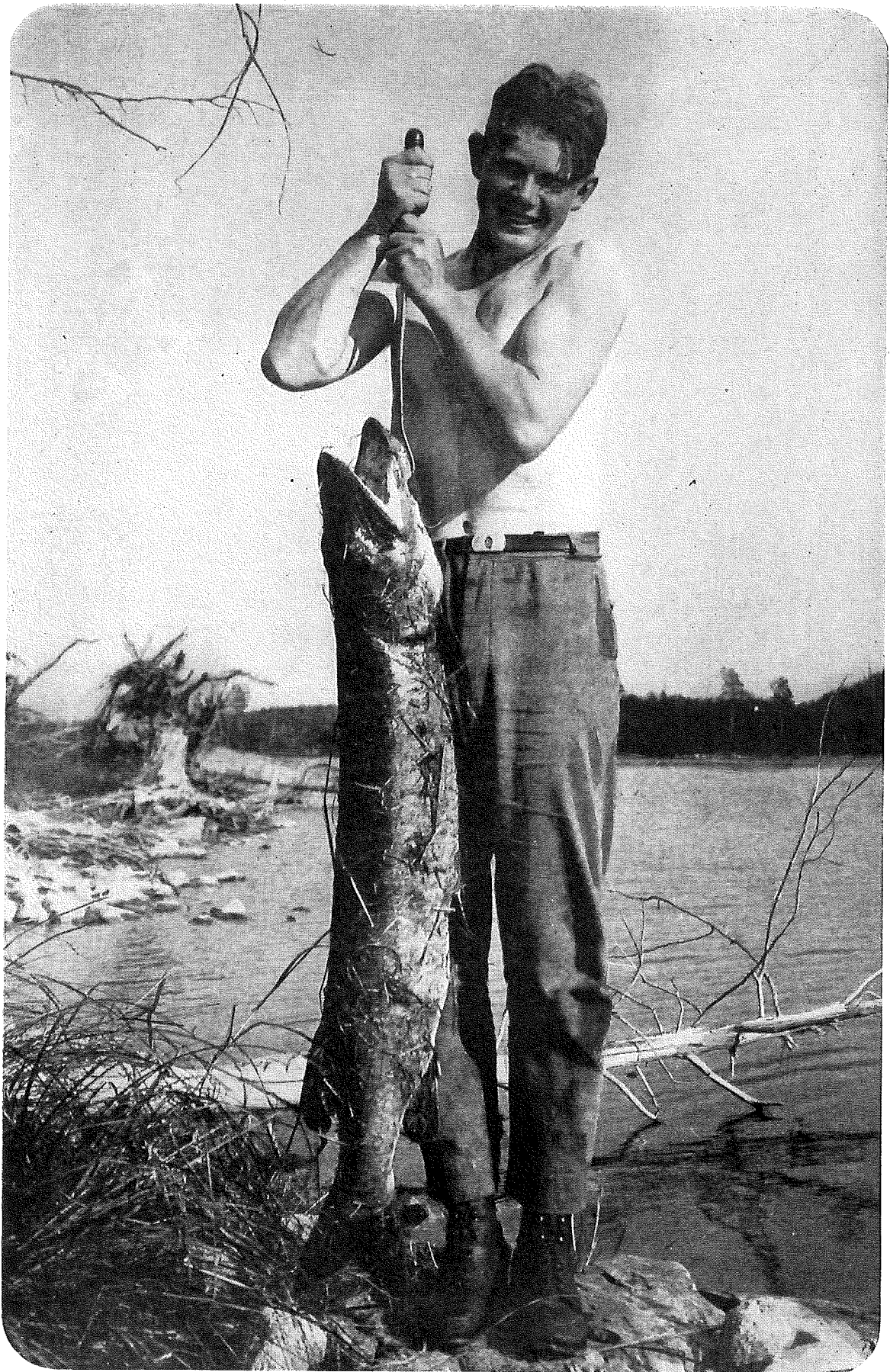
# THE LAKES OF VERENDRYE

A UNIVERSITY OF THE WILDERNESS

## *A Practical Peace Proposal*

To Perpetuate by Treaty, Under a Balanced Program of Conservation, the Forested Lakeland of the Ontario-Minnesota Border -- An Historic Portion of the Continent -- As It Originally Was with Its Forest, Its Game, Its Lakes, and Its Richly Romantic Past.





*"The Big Fellow"*

Photograph by Ernest C. Oberholtzer



*Sunrise on the Namakan River, where Nature is the living thing the Indians conceived it to be—full of sound, movement and exuberance*

## A Lakeland Archipelago

*A Glimpse into the Colorful Past of the Ontario-Minnesota Border Lakes*

By ERNEST C. OBERHOLTZER

*Photographs by the Author*



*"V'la l'bon vent,  
V'la l'joli vent,  
V'la l'bon vent, ma mi' m'appelle;  
V'la l'bon vent,  
V'la l'bon vent,  
V'la l'bon vent, ma mi' m'attend."*

WHAT the white man calls civilization came to a large part of North America, singing the folk songs of France. Up the St. Lawrence, down the Mississippi, over the height of land beyond Lake Superior, even to the uttermost parts of Canada, the first echoes of Europe were the chansons of the voyageurs. They measured the stroke of the paddle; they lightened packs on the portage; they made the camp fire merry at night in the limitless solitude. Man was made for broad scenes and tall shadows. He craves a noble background. Cramp him, and he revolves in an ever narrowing circle, until finally he doubts his own destiny. The song goes out of his heart. There is no other explanation for the spirit that animated the early explorers. It was not fame or duty or necessity but rather the urge for Homeric adventures in the setting of a new continent. With most of them a deliberate choice was made.

Some even substituted the arduous wilderness for the artifice and luxury of the French court.

Imagine Verendrye at forty-six, the same who at the age of twenty-four had been left for dead on the battlefield of Malplaquet, starting to explore a continent with three boys of seventeen, sixteen and fifteen and a nephew scarcely older! Having traveled to the edge of the known world on Lake Superior, he gazed spellbound toward the unknown wilderness to the west. Strange tales reached him of dwarfs and far-off civilized peoples and a sea that ebbed and flowed. Ochagach and Tacchigis, two Indian chiefs, had drawn him charcoal maps on birch bark, outlining a chain of lakes that lay beyond the Lake Superior height of land and flowed westward toward the Western Sea!

Verendrye, in pursuit of his dream, established a base on Lake Superior at Grand Portage near Pigeon River nearly

*The movement to preserve the charm and atmosphere of the Superior-Quetico country of northern Minnesota and southern Ontario—an unspoiled gem of the old American wilderness conquered by the French voyageurs two hundred years ago—is one of the finest conservation efforts being waged in North America today. It merits the intelligent and fighting support of outdoor people in both Canada and the United States. That the project may be better understood and the widest possible support for it enlisted, AMERICAN FORESTS AND FOREST LIFE presented in its September, October and November issues this series of articles which describe the region, the dangers threatening it, and the program for its preservation. The author, Ernest C. Oberholtzer, spent twenty years in this lakeland region, living with the Indians, traveling its forests, lakes and streams.—*  
EDITOR.



*There was Archaean granite, just as the glacier left it back in the ice age, still bearing marks of the glacier's retreat*

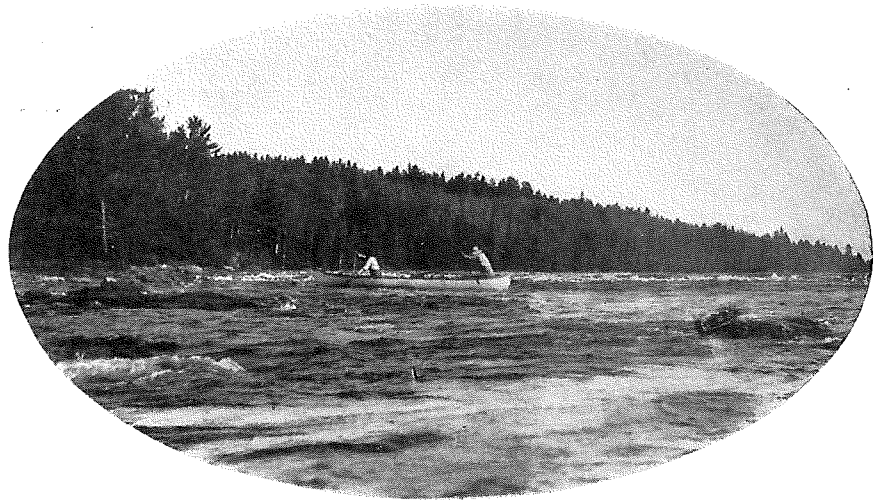
found where a party of raiding Sioux had surprised them, on an island in Lake of the Woods—their heads cut off and wrapped in the very beaver skins that Verendrye had dispatched east to pay expenses!

The imperishable story of Verendrye and his four sons—for instead of abandoning his plans, he himself went east and brought back with him his fourth and last son—ran the gamut of vicissitude. Yet who can doubt the depth of satisfaction afforded its heroes by the glamour, hardihood, and rare companionship of their adventure? Few impulses of the race are so deep-seated and insistent as that of the explorer.

These westward flowing lakes, first

two hundred years ago in the summer of 1731. His eldest son, Jean Baptiste, and the boy's cousin, Jemmeraye, went ahead across the divide and built themselves a fort on Rainy Lake. There they wintered alone near the present town of Fort Frances among strange but friendly Indians.

Only five years later, years of hardship and brilliant achievement, Verendrye suffered the double blow of losing within a few days of each other both Jemmeraye and Jean Baptiste—the one by natural death, the other by ghastly murder. Jean Baptiste had grown beloved of the Ojibways, had been adopted by them and made chieftain, but had reckoned without their enemies—the Sioux. He and Father Alneau and nineteen companions were



*Wherever we went, there was forest. It came right down to the water's edge except where cliffs were sheer*

pointed out to Verendrye by the Indians who had used them for centuries as a link between east and west, have today become the scene of one of the most dramatic struggles between public and private purposes ever known on the continent. One of the rarest regions in North America is at stake—a veritable kingdom lying in two countries and as large as the Province of New Brunswick or more than half as large as the state of New York. The western half of this so-called Lake of the Woods watershed is already completely under industrial domination. The more precious eastern portion, known as the upper or Rainy Lake watershed, in which both Ontario and the United States have forest preserves, now faces the same pros-



*Moose were abundant and comparatively unafraid. We met them feeding, at play, and, when the frost came, at love-making*

pect—a threat of ultimate ugliness and exhaustion.

Mighty forces, contending for the fate of the Rainy Lake watershed, are drawn up in opposing camps: on the one hand, an outraged public of huge proportions; on the other political, financial, and industrial powers, who number their timber lands, in Ontario and Minnesota, in tens of thousands of square miles, who have never failed to pocket any resource that they coveted, and who have built up a well-merited legend for invincibility. The outcome will largely determine, in the opinion of conservationists, whether remaining natural resources in regions of unique endowment shall continue to be laid waste by the first comer or made to yield to all the people perpetual returns



*We met many Indians, still as pagan, someone said, as the day God made them, singing their old songs and telling their old stories*



*We saw the coming of the first moose calves of the season, fluffy, buff-colored, and still blinking with the novelty of life*

in wealth and happiness. The lakes of Verendrye form the whole boundary between Ontario and Minnesota. Except for Pigeon River, which tumbles its short course into Lake Superior, all the rest of the border waters, beginning at North Lake forty miles west of Superior and including among others Saganaga, Knife, Basswood, Crooked, La Croix, Loon, and Namakan, flow west to Rainy Lake and thence down Rainy River to Lake of the Woods. They gather into themselves as they go thousands of tributaries from both countries. The whole lakeland is tilted toward the northwest and discharges its clear waters out of the north end of Lake of the Woods to Winnipeg River, Winnipeg Lake, Nelson River, and Hudson Bay. Northern

Minnesota is one of the few parts of the United States draining to the arctic.

Whatever agricultural land there is, lies west of Rainy Lake in the Rainy River valley and south of Lake of the Woods. The Rainy Lake watershed itself has neither farms nor cities. It spreads its web of wooded lakes among the granite ridges like a huge open fan, 14,500 square miles in extent, one third in Minnesota, two thirds in Ontario. In its isolation it has become a natural repository for the past. To its rich history of explorers, fur-traders and Indian warriors is added all that was once America—the forest, the game, and the Indians themselves.

The moment you launch your canoe in



*The forest varied from mixed timber—birch, poplar, balsam, spruce and hardwoods—to solid Norway and white pine*

any of these lakes, you are conscious that you are living in the past. The very air you breathe seems not to belong to the modern world; it is too full of the fragrance of forest and lake. Wherever you get out on shore, you find rock, not limestone or sandstone but the oldest Archæan granite, just as the glacier left it back in the ice age and still bearing the marks of the glacier's retreat. How clean it is and how quickly it dries after a rain and what a place for building a fire! Nor do the trees seem less ancient. They grow directly out of the rocks, their roots clutching a ledge or embedded deep in the crevices. Even the Indians you meet greet you with a phrase they have learned so long ago that few of them know it is not their own. "Bow-jou, bow-jou" carries you back to the days of the first French songs.

As you paddle down long vistas of wooded ridges, through narrow defiles, or out into broad expanses of lake, you pass occasional overhanging cliffs, where far in the past some deft hand has left strange drawings in an indelible red paint. Ask your Indian and he will tell you they were all painted by a legendary medicine man named Amo, who lived "t'ousand, mebee ten t'ousand year ago." Perhaps one of the figures is the head of a moose. Sooner or later you will meet one of the original animals—that ludicrous patchwork of snout, hump, bell and flapping ears, which the scientists say is one of the oldest of present animal forms and which more than looks it. He not only completes the illusion of the past; he makes the Pleistocene a reality.

Twenty years ago when I first spent a whole summer among these northern lakes, two railroads had just been completed from the south, one from Duluth, the other from Minneapolis, both converging upon Rainy River near the outlet of Rainy Lake. The river was being dammed to develop power; on the American shore opposite the Canadian town of Fort Frances a huge paper mill was under construction; and the bustling new inhabitants, discarding the native name of Koochiching, had dubbed the town of their hopes, International Falls. American enterprise thus made its bow to the wilderness.

It was May. The ice had just gone out of the lakes. Equipping myself with a canoe, I speedily left behind me the sounds of industry and lost myself for the summer in the unspoiled wilderness to the eastward. Poplars and birches were budding into leaf. Suckers were crowding up the shallow streams that connected some of the smaller lakes, their fins flashing on the surface of the water. On the larger streams old Indians had built stands out over the rapids and were spearing sturgeon during the spring migration.

I saw the coming of the first moose calves of the season, fluffy, buff-colored, and still blinking with the novelty of life. I listened all night in June to the chatter of loons and their young. Summer came and blueberries. We met many Indians, still as pagan, someone said, as the day God made them and singing all their old songs, telling all their old stories, and playing all their old games of chance. I watched them dance. One night on the edge of an Indian village in the inky darkness I came upon a Cheesakid—an Indian juggler in his tall white lodge. Though he was alone inside, the voices of the juggler, a dying old man, and the devil could all be plainly heard conversing in Ojibway, while the lodge swayed and tossed as if pitched by a violent wind!

Moose were abundant and comparatively unafraid. We saw them everywhere throughout six months of travel. They were just as curious about us as we about them. We met them feeding; at play; and finally, after the frost came, at love-making. We often overtook them in the water, paddled round and round them, clambered after them when they went ashore panic-stricken, and tried in vain to follow them into the swamps, marveling at the stealth of these clumsy beasts in the dense thickets.

Autumn came and the long nights. The Indians went rice-harvesting. The antlers of the bull moose were bloody, where he had scraped off the last dry shreds of

velvet; the Indians said it was a sign of rain. Ducks quacked all night. Beaver flapped; and the branches they pushed ahead of them could be heard rippling in the water. The poplars and birches turned a brilliant yellow, the reflections of the leaves twirling in the water like minted gold. The aromatic sedges lost their fragrance. The water plants faded like the rest and turned yellow. Ice began to form in the bays; snow fell; and soon winter descended upon us.

I lived the whole succession of seasons for the first time in my life. All summer we knew no home but the canoe and the tent. I had first a Frenchman with me, Paul Girard; then a half-breed, Pat Cyr; and finally, best and truest of all, a pure-bred Ojibway, named Taytahpahswaywitong. The last, more proud of the Irish name the store keepers gave him, was popularly known as Billy Magee.

Paul was somewhat of a scoffer, unfeeling toward animals, and wanted to carry a gun and take a pop at pretty much everything in sight but he was a good man with canoe and dog team. Pat, though near seventy, was the most powerful man I have ever known. He had been raised on the Pembina near Fort Gary, boasted that as a young man he had caught a wild horse on the plains by running it down on foot, had been pursued by a real Windigo—a cannibal from the north—



Photograph by Henry Priester

*All summer we knew no home but the canoe and tent*

and half believed in thunder-birds, though he belonged to the Catholic Church and prayed for deliverance in a storm. He advocated firearms for protection.

Billy, the Indian, said nothing and saw everything. When he did talk, he weighed his words well and spoke only wisdom or high humor; that was usually at night round the camp fire. He was very modest as to his achievements and willing to go anywhere and "try find portage," no matter how hard. He had a hankering for strong drink and boasted that as a result he had spent a night in the King's Hotel (the Canadian jail at Fort Frances); but he could look upon the wild creatures of the forest without the slightest desire to kill. No gun was ever needed with Billy.

We cruised the whole boundary from Pigeon River to Rainy River. We traveled the Big and the Little Canoe routes, the Otukamamoan, the Big and the Little Turtle, the Eye River, and the whole 120-mile length of Seine River. We went around Hunter's Island and through it, portaging waterfalls and rapids of infinite variety and fascinated by such ancient Indian names as Kahnipiminanikok, Kashawpiwigamak, and Windigoostigwan. For weeks at a time we saw not a living soul. The woods were peopled instead with the characters out of Billy's childhood memories.

Whenever we went, there was forest. Though there had been many ancient and some more recent fires, especially on the American side, the burnings were in various stages of recovery. The forest varied from mixed timber—birch, poplar, balsam, jack-pine, spruce and hardwoods—to solid pine, white and Norway. There were magnificent untouched stands of the latter on the Canadian side—miles and miles

of it north of the Seine. Never elsewhere have I seen such specimens of white pine, either for size or density, as were to be found between Quetico and Jean Lakes.

The Province of Ontario had just set aside in this region the Quetico Forest Reserve of one million acres. It seemed as if there might be forest here for all time. Likewise President Roosevelt had proclaimed a similar area on the Minnesota side called the Superior National Forest.

The main lakeland had not appreciably deteriorated. It kept its wilderness quality. It was still a place of rare delight—a region apart from the modern world, where man could enjoy the profusion of nature as completely as in the days of Columbus. There was nothing wilder in the jungles of Brazil or the heart of Africa. It was not a sombre forest but a forest threaded with sparkling waterways, flooded with sunshine and peopled with all its ancient creatures. There were so many islands that it seemed an inland archipelago. No wonder the Indians sang, shyly it's true, but with a song for every occasion and an unforgettable song at that! In how many respects they are akin to the early Frenchmen!

Here was a land we dream of but seldom find. That its appeal for Verendrye and all the early explorers was unescapable is not to be wondered at. They endured hardship and risk but not without rich reward, not if we consider the Rainy Lake watershed as I recall it twenty years ago. Nor is it any wonder that the region has become so dear to Americans of today. If we are to have any song in our hearts, surely our Verendryes of today need such a refuge as this from the din and stress of the modern city.

## The Tonic of the Wilderness

*An editorial published in the September, 1929, issue of AMERICAN FORESTS AND FOREST LIFE*

President Hoover, late in July, conferred with representatives of the Quetico-Superior Council, an international organization formed to effect the preservation of the Rainy Lake watershed of Minnesota and Ontario—the last great wilderness area east of the Rocky Mountain region.

The plan discussed with the President proposes a treaty with the United States and Canada whereby a uniform policy of protection and use will be followed by the two countries. The region in question embraces the Superior National Forest and other government land in northern Minnesota and the Quetico Park country of Ontario. The whole region includes more than three thousand lakes and a land area of over fourteen thousand square miles. Under the plan proposed these two great areas, separated only by the international boundary, would be made an International Park and Forest in which the natural features of the lakes and streams would be maintained and the wilderness character of the region preserved for the recreational needs of the two countries. The maximum production of fish and fur-bearing animals would be sought, and the growing of timber crops on certain areas would be provided for.

The President's reaction to the program is not known, but it is safe to conclude that to an angler and outdoorsman like

Herbert Hoover it must have the strongest appeal, for the Superior-Quetico country is a paradise for explorers, sportsmen, and outdoor people of every type. It is a land of forests and lakes with connecting waterways where with canoe and paddle one may lose himself for days and weeks. Here the tonic of the old American wilderness—the wilderness of the red men, the French voyageurs, the Hudson Bay trappers—is still strong and vibrant.

It has been said that as a Nation we have plenty of money but too little wilderness. And now the Quetico-Superior wilderness is slipping away. A cataclysm threatens it—an application for power development which would raise the water levels of its lakes, thus destroying its natural beauty. The wreck of a wilderness would be written across its lake dotted map. Prompt action only will save it.

Ernest C. Oberholtzer, President of the Quetico-Superior Council, spent twenty years in this lakeland wilderness. Told by his doctors that his condition was precarious, he entered it in search of health. Living with the Indians, he traveled its forests, lakes, and streams. He regained his health and gave back the lie to his doctors. The tonic of the wilderness is a precious thing in the building of men, no less than in the building of Nations.



*The rugged beauty of the Namakan River*

# The Ancient Game of Grab

*How the Resources of the Ontario-Minnesota  
Border Lakes are Vanishing into Thin Air*

By ERNEST C. OBERHOLTZER

IF PRESENT changes in the order of American life as lived twenty years ago had been foreseen, they could hardly have been regarded with less apprehension than a Soviet revolution. Whatever was, had to give place to the untried and unknown. All industrial and social life was to orient itself anew. Whole structures of commerce were to be scrapped and new ones erected. Who would have guessed, for example, that modern business, in its eagerness to direct the wants of the people toward a dazzling array of inventions, would have adopted the despised methods and psychology of the patent-medicine vendor? Advertising was but one of the many Aladdin's

*In the preceding article, Mr. Oberholtzer pictured the Lakes of Verendrye, in the Superior-Quetico country of northern Minnesota and southern Ontario, as he found them twenty years ago. In this article, the second of a series of three, is described the great change that industry has wrought in this lakeland wilderness and of its vanishing resources. In the third and concluding article, which follows, we will learn of the struggle to preserve the border lakeland region as a forest and park wilderness.—EDITOR.*

lamps of the new age. Not economic life alone but cultural as well was to be turned topsyturvy. In those twenty years modes of life and thought were to undergo greater changes than in the previous century and a half.

In the business field many consequences of this silent revolution are well recognized; the business man either kept step or was eliminated. In other fields, where the changes are less personal and immediate, there is still a fatal inclination to think in terms of the past rather than of the future. We are so dazed by our progress that we forget to count the cost. We know, it's true, that we are converting untold natural wealth at an un-



Photograph by Frederick S. Winston

*Industry proposes, says Mr. Oberholtzer, to dam the natural outlets of Saganaga Lake and Lac la Croix, drowning these beautiful islands and diverting the waters*





Photograph by Ernest C. Oberholtzer

*In the wake of "development." Imagine camping on this lake shore, once heavily wooded, now clean cut, its beauty wiped away*

heard-of rate into man-made commodities; but whether this is all gain or merely swapping imperishables for perishables is another question. How about the void in our original store of natural wealth and what of the ugliness following our haste to divert the common store to individual possession?

Once we were a pioneer race, dominated by the creativeness of nature. Now we hold nature in subjugation; what she does or produces is by our leave. Having through the ages evolved forests, birds, fish, beasts, and man himself, nature now is in a fair way on the whole continent to serve merely as a frame for the monuments of man. Her days as an originator are numbered and she becomes instead a spectator to the creations of man.

The emblem of the new age is the motor-car. By reducing time and space, it has in effect moved the cities to the edge of the remaining wilderness and has at the same time aroused all sorts of new desires and curiosities. Its interest for us here is that it brings into sharp relief two opposite tendencies of demand and supply, which cannot be ignored in any consideration of the future of the race.

The first of these tendencies is the rapidly mounting demand for what is variously known as life in the open, return to nature, escape from urban conditions—all those satisfactions that come under the head of outdoor recreation. Our population of one hundred and twenty million has increased in the last twenty years by a greater addition than the total 1909 population of all the states west of the Mississippi, plus the state of Illinois; and the ratio is not being notably reduced. The even faster growth in wealth and leisure is the subject of frequent comment; no other people ever had so many worldly goods or so much freedom of movement. It is all the more significant therefore that man-made things are not satisfying this restless and swarming population. They find about them only the skeletons of lost beauty—shrunken streams without fish, scraggly woods with no sign of wild life, shores bristling with rail yards, shanties, and rubbish. Ugliness assails them at every turn and reminds them hourly of the haste and waste, whereby they earn their livelihood. No

wonder they are showing a growing appreciation for unspoiled nature, for the America of the past that we are so speedily losing. Open spaces, wilderness, solitude, the romance of our pioneer history, are becoming daily more precious. The demand for these things, almost pathetic in its wistfulness, arises from no artificial stimulus but is one of the instinctive wants of body and spirit. It is nation-wide, insistent, and increasing by geometric progression.

Examine on the other hand the means for gratifying this want, and we discover a tendency similar in progression but in exactly the opposite direction. Only those who live on the frontier can realize how rapid is the process of attrition. Even the last great reaches of the Canadian sub-arctic are succumbing to the airplane and prospector. Soon

there will be nothing left but a few square miles of park and forest and the private estates of a privileged minority. The supply of original America is dwindling to the vanishing point.

These two tendencies—the expanding demand and the dwindling supply—are meeting tragically in the border lakes region of Ontario and Minnesota, made famous two centuries ago by the exploits of Verendrye. The emergency existing there stands out as a challenge to our clearest thinking and our most inspired planning. Either we shall be forced to recognize the revolution in our relations with nature or lose one of the last and best opportunities to play square with future generations. The beautiful forms that nature has conceived through the dim past will be forever obliterated.

If ever there was a region calculated to satisfy the modern hunger for escape from a workaday world, it's the Rainy Lake watershed. The rough and rocky character of the area protects it from ordinary settlement. It is cool, clean, tonic and has few reminders of man's regrets. At its best it has unsurpassed quiet beauty in endless variety of woods, rock and water. Unlike the sight-seeing wonders of the west, it invites the visitor to share its life freely in the self-reliant fashion of all its primitive creatures. It is more central than any other recreational area in North America and large enough



Photograph by Ernest C. Oberholtzer

*With the forests going, and great dams changing the course of rivers and lakes, floods invade both islands and mainland*

to permit tens of thousands of modern adventurers to lose themselves from modern life for weeks at a time. Its thousands of connected lakes thread the forests with perfect canoe-ways and afford opportunity for every form of camping and cruising. It has everything that the great noisy, dusty, overheated middle west has not. For scientist, historian, educator, health-seeker, poet, and artist, its "rocks and rills," its Indians and all its wilderness folk are the living pages of a forgotten story-book. No other lakeland of America, however lovely, has such riches both in associations and natural endowment.

If anyone demands dollars and cents proof of the affection in which the region is held, the figures are not far to seek. It was only in the spring of 1909 that Quetico Provincial Park and the Superior National Forest were set aside. Yet perfect roadways lead from the south to every entrance of the lakeland. The State of Minnesota estimates its annual tourist traffic at \$90,000,000, no small part of which is attracted by Minnesota's "farthest north"—the border lakes. Shore lots on lakes like Rainy, Vermilion and Burntside, which are in contact with roads and where land went begging twenty years ago for a dollar an acre, now command \$10.00 a front foot and upward. The investment in cottages, summer camps, and hotels runs into millions. As significant of the number of those who venture into the interior of the wilderness, the business of one outfitter for canoe cruises at the town of Ely, Minnesota, has grown in five years from 400 customers to 4,000. A single game warden for the Ontario government stationed on Basswood



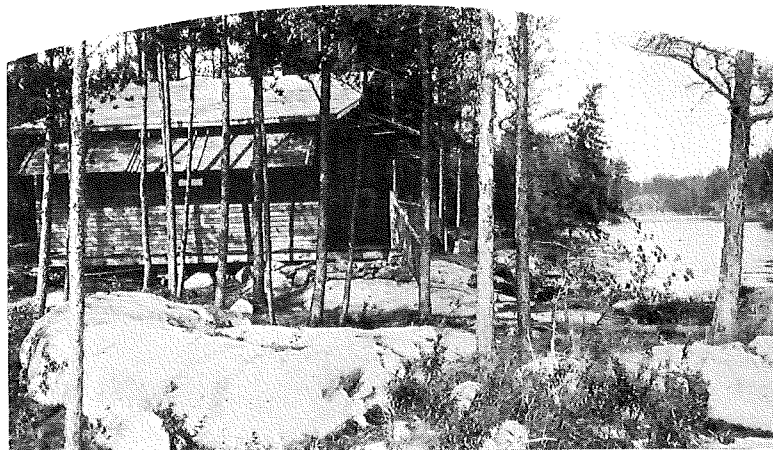
Photograph by Ernest C. Oberholtzer

*Getting ready for the portage in the Rainy Lake country*



Photograph by Ernest C. Oberholtzer

*King of the Verendrye Lakes wilderness waters — large-mouth black bass*



Photograph by Miss Frances Densmore

*Getting back to nature in the Rainy Lake country—one of the hundreds of summer cabins in that region*

Lake at one of the canoe entrances to Quetico Park is reported to have sold 2,500 five-dollar fishing licenses in a single season to canoeists. Yet the discovery of the region for recreation has been almost wholly a development since the World War. What it has meant in health and broadened outlook to the summer visitors and especially to the boys and girls, who come from every

part of the United States to enjoy the numerous wilderness camps, no figures can measure.

It would seem that a monopoly resource of such rare and growing value would be guarded as a sacred trust. Timber, minerals, waterpower, are all relatively common on a continent bulging with wealth. As a forest alone the appeal of the region would have been negligible but as a lakeland framed in the forest and containing all that was best of the past, both flora and fauna, it makes no less a claim upon us than our homes and country. Our vanishing inheritance and its influence upon the race are fast becoming a memory. These border lakes, though lying in two countries, are physically one and inseparable and, in view of rapidly changing conditions, can only be regarded as one of the most precious cultural assets left to the present generation.

Let us see what has happened to the Lakes of Verendrye since first I spent a whole summer among them twenty years ago. It's true that in 1909 by a miracle of unofficial cooperation Ontario and the United States set aside more than two million acres of the wonderland as timber and game reserve. But big business, ever bolder and more far-seeing than mere governments, at the same time set its

net for the whole watershed. The mill that was building at International Falls early in 1909 has had few rivals in the United States for yield of lumber, paper, and wallboard. Though it drew its pulp supplies chiefly from the rich valley of Rainy River, lying to the west, its power came from the waters of Rainy Lake. Every drop of water from the watershed before pursuing the sparkling course to Hudson Bay paid tribute, to the tune of 20,000 h. p., at the new international dam in Rainy River.

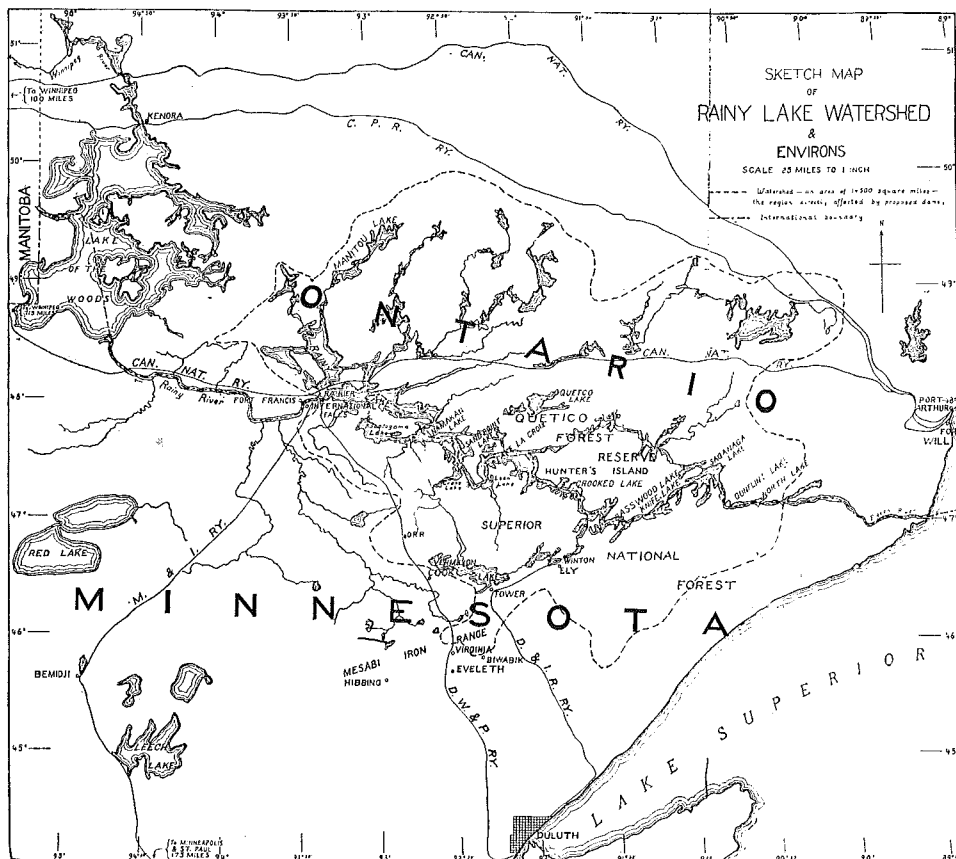
The dam more than demonstrated its worth to the mill and to the ten thousand inhabitants in the mill communities on both sides of the river. At the same time it introduced a number of novelties into the life-history of nature and man in this border region. Blocked by the

dam, sturgeon ceased their age-old migrations to Rainy and the upper lakes. The wild-rice beds of Rainy, which from legendary times had supported ducks and Indians, became submerged under five feet of water and subject to a whole new range of fluctuations. Homesteaders round the western shores of the lake found themselves without warning dispossessed of their lands, their houses and barns invaded by water and they themselves out in the open, whistling in vain for redress. Below the dam in Rainy River, where boats had plied for generations between Fort Frances on the river and Kenora on Lake of the Woods, the service ceased to operate for lack of water following Sunday-closing of the dam. These were but some of the minor inconveniences inseparable from progress and referred to with admirable resignation by mill officials as "acts of God."

So completely successful had these man-made operations proved that by September, 1925, the author of all the local prosperity, who meantime had expanded his operations to include Lake of the Woods, appeared at a hearing before the International Joint Commission, a dignified fact-finding

and advisory body which acts on boundary matters of common concern to Canada and the United States, and unfolded a project for the final development of the entire watershed. Initially, his plans contemplated the construction, not at private but at government expense, of a series of dams controlling all the remaining border lakes and converting them

into four main storage basins. In these would be impounded at new heights varying from five to eighty-two feet above the natural levels the unusual precipitation, which comes on the average once in a decade and which is now largely wasted. To aid the development and assure a fair share of the power to the United States, the Ontario outlets of some of the main lakes like Sagana and Lac la Croix were to be blocked and



The Rainy Lake Watershed, where the water-storage projects of industry threaten the wilderness along the international boundary, particularly in Quetico Park in Ontario, and the Superior National Forest in Minnesota

their waters diverted from north of Hunter's Island and from the Namakan River to the International boundary. There they could be stored in years of plenty and drawn upon in the intervening lean years. Assurance was likewise given that in due time the same perfect control would be extended to all the tributaries both in Ontario and Minnesota.

It may seem strange that the mood of the two hundred other citizens at the hearing varied from suspicion to despair and anger. The trouble was that most of them had experienced the physical effects of previous dams, not only the power dam in Rainy River but another in the Winnipeg River at the outlet of Lake of the Woods, and a storage dam east of Rainy Lake on Namakan Lake—all, by the way, owned by the same corporation. The promise of more power and more industry was not altogether convincing, even if the private industry itself had been an unmixed blessing. The engineering figures submitted, though they indicated a considerable increase in the already large potential power of the Winnipeg River far away in Canada, showed only a 700 h. p. addition on the boundary at International Falls and Fort

Frances. Students of the project began to wonder whether power after all was the chief consideration or whether the explanation lay in a monopoly control of the remaining timber supplies or in the suggestion, lightly stressed, that the two governments institute international condemnation proceedings to clear up the legal muddle in which the company finds itself as the result long ago of appropriating shore rights never paid for. These last expenses, to be included in the costs to the governments, are estimated at many millions of dollars.

Whatever the purpose and the industrial benefits of these modest proposals, it is certain that they will strike a death blow at the distinctive appeal of the region. To say nothing of the inevitable extreme fluctuations, the new maximum levels alone would spell the ruin of all the visible features of the lakes and streams controlled by dams. The amount of land flooded, whatever the number of acres, is relatively unimportant. All these lakes are dotted with islands and have shore lines as intricate as any jig-saw puzzle. The tragedy is that on all these shores, in the margin between the old water level and the new, the vegetation will be killed; and all the natural features will be obliterated.

The recommendations are still being studied by the International Joint Commission, charged by the two governments with the duty of reporting in due time as to the desirability of altering the natural water levels of the watershed. The original project has already been pretty thoroughly repudiated even by its sponsor but is likely to appear in a modified form less openly alarming but equally dangerous.

The project before the Joint Commission, though by far the most daring and comprehensive, is by no means the only menace to the region. In the last three years the same company has secured complete control of the 120-mile course of the Seine River, the largest and most beautiful Ontario tributary, and has erected dams from the head-waters on Lac des Mille Lacs to the outlet into Rainy Lake. Along the Canadian National Railway an attempt was made to minimize the damage by clearing the shores in advance, leaving visible at all stages of water only the stumps; but beyond for miles the forest is submerged and rapids and waterfalls have disappeared.

Of the same character, though of much less extent, is a project begun by a public utility company of Duluth in the heart of Superior National Forest. It affects Gabbro and Bald Eagle Lakes, the first of a chain of lakes in a designated wilderness area. There the water was raised an average of five feet without consulting the State of Minnesota, whose lands are flooded, and before filing any application with the Federal Power Commission. Authority is now being sought for the present dams and for a further raise of thirteen feet.

The three dominant logging interests of the region are all of American origin; and, while they differ greatly in the character of their personnel, in their interest in better forestry, and in their amenability to control, it has been difficult heretofore to detect any striking difference in their actual logging operations. Throughout the region vicious logging has proceeded without interruption for many years—the kind that leaves nothing for reproduction and is swept by periodical fires. This has been possible on the Minnesota side, because

much of the land including all the best pine is privately owned and because the state on its own lands until recent years has made no attempt to practice scientific forestry.

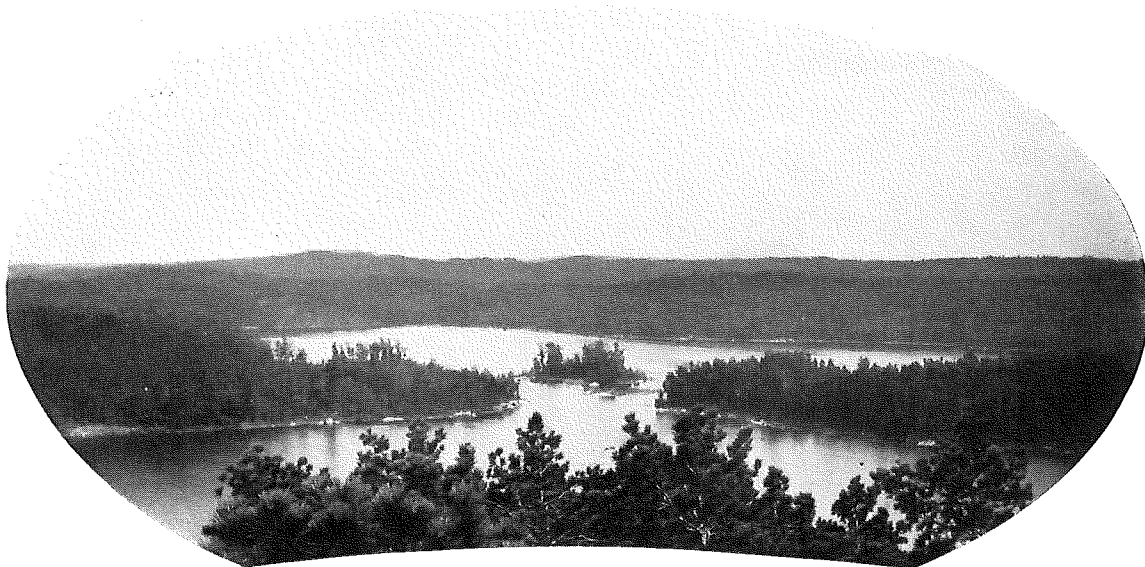
In Ontario, where the greater and more beautiful part of the lakeland lies and where fortunately title to forest lands remains in the government, it is equally difficult until now to discover any better policy. The timber has been sold with little protection. All unknown to the citizens of the Province, the large pine resources, white and Norway, of this section have slipped away until now they seem practically exhausted.

What has been true of damming and logging applies equally to the utilization of all other resources. There has been no cooperation, for instance, between Ontario and Minnesota in the management of the important commercial fishing resources of Rainy Lake. Where once thousands of tons of sturgeon, whitefish, and pike were annually shipped to the great markets of the country, the supply has petered to only a small fraction of the old abundance. Just so with moose and with the vast and valuable fur industry. Fires and slaughter made fearful inroads upon the reserves of stock.

Why, it may be asked, have not the two forest reserves better protected all these resources? In the first place, they comprise only one-fifth of the area. Secondly, by their very limitations in status they are powerless to prevent some of the encroachments. Public policies have not been clearly enough defined. For example, the United States Forest Service is not in position to prevent power development on its lands. Thirdly, Superior National Forest is composed largely of burned and cutover land in various stages of recovery and interspersed with that plague of American parks and forests—private holdings.

The truth is that, while some attempt has been made to guard and restore a small part of the *material* resources of the region, scarcely anything has been done until lately even to recognize—much less protect—those far more unique and precious factors involved in the *spiritual resources*. Over the region as a whole a policy of disastrous and needless waste has been pursued, resulting in exhaustion of one form of natural wealth after another and in complete blindness to the higher social and cultural uses. Each exploiter in turn has had an eye single to the one resource he coveted and to his own immediate advantage. He never sees the country himself but sends instead his agents, thus running no risk that he will be converted to the public point of view. His “practical” mind views the so-called “wild-lifers” with ill-disguised scorn. By comparison the public interest, which must always look to the future even more than to the present, has been ignorant of its inheritance and infantile in its will to live.

Either there must be some prompt and adequate declaration of public policy on the part of both countries or this rare region is doomed. Private enterprise has run riot like a bull in a botanical garden. It would look as if we could appreciate our blessings only after we stamp them out. To berate or bewail is useless. The responsibility rests ultimately upon the public and upon the public alone. How they meet it may mean more for unborn generations in the two nations than many an issue of war or peace.



The Minnesota Arrowhead Association

*The Rainy Lake Country—a thousand lakes in a forest of pine*

# A University of the Wilderness

## *The Proposal to Perpetuate by Treaty the Ontario-Minnesota Border Lakes*

By ERNEST C. OBERHOLTZER

WHEN Roosevelt proclaimed Superior National Forest in 1909, he established a date in American history.

Even he could hardly have foreseen all that was involved. The region that now seems destined to play so large a part in the life of our people was then little known and little used. The sentiment, which Roosevelt typified, was a negligible minority; now it is a popular enthusiasm, waxing brighter each year in public consciousness. He encamped, so to speak, a sentinel of the people in the last mid-continent wilderness and in so doing pointed the way toward proper guardianship of priceless possessions.

Though practical, Roosevelt was moved by other considerations than pocket-book. Future timber requirements of the country, he knew, more than justified the Superior reservation. But that he acted on cold calculation, who that considers his deep sentiment for the pioneer sources of American life can imagine? Superior Forest was also to be made a game preserve by the State of Minnesota and in it was to be protected among other creatures an animal found there

at that time in abundance—that largest deer, the moose. Profoundly moved as Roosevelt was by sympathy for the vanishing wilderness and its creatures, who can doubt what made to him the greater appeal? He saw forests, not as the exploiter sees them, as timber alone, but in their larger and multiple benefactions to mankind. And his statesmanlike conception is the foundation of the United States Forest Service.

*An outdoor university with a campus of 14,500 square miles, is the way Mr. Oberholtzer describes the Superior-Quetico country of northern Minnesota and southern Ontario, which has been proposed as an International Forest and Park Wilderness, to save it from commercial exploitation. In this article, the third, and concluding article of a series, he tells of the proposal to perpetuate by treaty the great border lakes—the Lakes of Verendrye. This region, says Mr. Oberholtzer, is a museum of original America, containing that part of wisdom impossible to teach indoors.—Editor.*

Fortunate for America that in 1909 such men as Roosevelt and Pinchot were in Washington and Carlos Avery and W. T. Cox in St. Paul! Fortunate, too, that there were like-minded Canadians! One of these, Arthur Hawkes of Toronto, then publicity agent for the Canadian National Railway, was the quiet unofficial ambassador, who

started the ball rolling. He came to St. Paul in 1908, urging that, if Minnesota and the United States would cooperate in creating a game and forest preserve in northeastern Minnesota, Ontario would match it across the border. Thus came into being both Superior National Forest and Quetico Provincial Park, a proud entail of two and a half million

acres. Without it, in a region less spectacular than Yellowstone but just as rich and rare in blessings and far better adapted to the higher forms of recreation, Americans today would not even have "squatters' rights." The two adjacent reserves were a starting point in government control and international cooperation. These are essential requirements, if the opportunity in the Rainy Lake watershed is to be met in a fashion commensurate with the needs of the nation. In face of threats to abandon the whole watershed to private exploitation, the reserves are too limited in extent and authority. Though within their confines they protect the forests and game against certain obvious kinds of attack, they have no provision for recognition of the lakeland, of which they are a part and which is the glory of the forest. Yet they foreshadow in their restricted way the solution that has now become inevitable.

Nature, the original conservationist, knew no political divisions or sign-posts when she created the Rainy Lake watershed and enveloped its thousands of lakes and streams in a forest of pine. It lies in two countries but its unity from every other point of view is striking. All its rock-bound lakes are intimately connected. Those forming the international boundary depend upon tributaries from both sides, all the waters finally converging upon Rainy Lake. Likewise all the lands are similar in their rocky, glacial, non-arable character. The same flowers, fish, birds, mammals and, above all, the same dominant forest, upon which depends every use, are found all over the region. It even celebrates the same history. Whether looked at economically or from the higher social point of view the problem transcends political boundaries and calls for a comprehensive program applied to the whole watershed.

The immediate emergency is the project now before the

International Joint Commission for converting the whole 120 miles of boundary lakes between Rainy and Saganaga into storage basins. It carries with it the logical admission that eventually the whole watershed will become a private

pulp and power concession. There is to be a wholesale re-making of the map and untold violence to the age-old scheme of nature. Tens of thousands of miles of wooded shore line and the principal other natural features of the lakeland are ultimately at stake, to say nothing of the effects upon the wild creatures who find refuge in lake and forest. More industry, more employment are promised; it is like pouring water down the throat of a drowning man. This particular industry is limited, not by lack of power, but by its own destruction of timber. As a result of depleted idle lands, the region is becoming daily poorer in resources and saddled with a mounting tax problem. It is not without significance that Koochiching County, Minnesota, where this largest single industry of the state is located, has also the highest tax rate, approaching close to 200 mills. Any acceleration of consumption in this particular industry as conducted now can only hasten the day of complete impoverishment, not only for logging, but for every other use. When the plucking process is done, there will remain only the junk-heap of a liquidated logging outfit.

The one and only sufficient answer to this proposed cataclysm is international action. The project is diametrically opposed to the public policies of the two forest reserves. If those policies are sound and conform to the best public needs, then in the interest of the unique endowment of this region they

should be strengthened in order to provide adequate remedy against the ugliness, exhaustion, and uselessness that follow the encroachments of unregulated private enterprise. It is in that direction that friends of the region have been working



*Virgin pine in the "silent places" of the North, where man may find the larger half of wisdom—the part that cannot be taught indoors*

ever since the power project reached the light of day in 1925. They have sought to find a permanent international solution that would apply against every threat of waste.

The plan for storage dams has brought the lakes and streams themselves into sharp relief before public attention. It is realized now as never before that the forest problem here, by reason of the lakeland within the forest, is much more than a forest problem. Without its lakes and rivers the forest would have little interest for visitors.

They are its sole means of travel and enjoyment, the main-traveled highways through the wilderness. If they are to be sacrificed, the appeal of the region will be gone. On the other hand, if their natural features as viewed from the water can be kept inviolate for the health and enjoyment of future generations, a precious section of original America will endure for all time and the groundwork will be laid on a large scale for the most valuable recreation area on the continent. Nor does it seem necessary, in order to accomplish this great public purpose, to reverse the present policies of the Forest Service by locking up the whole timber resources, on which the region largely depends for a living. Europe has not found it impossible to reconcile a reasonable use of ma-

t u r e timber with the higher social uses.

If logging under proper supervision were confined to the unvisited hinterlands out of sight of the traveled waterways and if the whole area were placed on a sustained yield basis, insuring perpetual forest growth and an unbroken forest cover, the main economic objection to a vast reservation on the scale demanded by modern

conditions would be removed. The present temporary wood industries would be made permanent. Such an adjustment is possible, it may be noted, largely because popular enjoyment of the area is confined to the lakes and streams and their wooded margins.

So much for analysis. The program grew by careful study of all aspects of the situation and by negotiation with officials and organizations of both countries. It carried the contributions of many minds. In the autumn of 1927

Arthur Hawkes of Toronto renewed his service to the region by a striking news article, in which he pointed out the incalculable advantages to be gained by final official action between the United States and Canada. He suggested a treaty, laying down a uniform policy for the use and perpetuation of all the resources, economic, recreational, scientific, and historical, in the Rainy Lake watershed.

The time was ripe. The international forestry conference had already been called under the auspices of the Minnesota Conservation Council and with the support of the Izaak Walton League of America. It was held at Duluth late in November, 1927. A complete and carefully prepared program was then adopted, with the agreement that a tempo-

r a r y new organization should be set up for the sole purpose of fostering a treaty and of mustering the support of all friends in both countries. The result was the Quetico - Superior Council. What the Council proposes is that with the consent of the Province of Ontario a treaty be adopted between the United States and the Dominion of



The Minnesota Arrowhead Association

*Should the watersheds of the Ontario-Minnesota border lakes be converted into storage basins, says Mr. Oberholtzer, the main-traveled highways through the wilderness would be closed forever, and the forests would have little to interest the outdoorsman. There would be no muscle-building portages or cheery camps among the great pines along the hundreds of miles of lake shore*

Canada, promulgating the following four principles to apply to the Rainy Lake watershed and adjoining timber lands of like nature:

1. That park-like conditions, free from logging, flooding, draining, and all other forms of exploitation, be established and maintained on all visible shores of lakes, rivers, and islands under public control.

2. That all the hinterlands, not visible from the waterways, be administered under modern forest practices for the continuous production of a maximum timber supply.

3. That all game, fish, fur-bearers and other wild life be managed for maximum natural production.

4. That these ends be pursued under the guidance and direction of an international board, representing forest, park, and biological authorities from both countries.

It will be evident at once that the resulting reservation would partake of the nature of both a park and a forest, as the terms are distinguished in the United States. So far as the lakes and streams are concerned, it would establish what would be virtually a vast international park, four times as large as Yellowstone and excluding all economic exploitation. So far as the untraveled interior, back from the waterways, is concerned, it would establish an international forest, pro-



*This lakeland country is the natural home of the moose, greatest of all the deer family*

tecting water sources, sheltering game, and yielding timber for permanent industry. But it would transcend both park and forest. Its principal function would be to preserve over the greater part of the area a wilderness sanctuary for man and beast.

The wilderness quality of the region is undoubtedly its most precious asset—a monopoly value that is bound to attain huge importance in the future of our people. To maintain this

attraction, a vast zoning system is contemplated. The lakes on the outer circumference of the preserve, those in contact with roads and railways and more or less under private ownership, would be left open to the private development of summer homes, camps, hotels, and other facilities consistent with the purposes of the treaty. Certain other nearby lakes, easily reached by trail or water-route, would constitute a narrow inner zone, where leaseholds might be granted, as at present by the United States Forest Service, for the erection of small individual summer camps. The greater part of the area, the innermost zone, would be kept undeveloped and free of all evidences of man. There certain tracts of exceptional timber, even though lying back from the waterways, would remain intact, it is hoped, not only for enjoyment but for the vital purpose of forest research.



*The Indians still attend the original school that forms the character of our pioneer race. They are an interesting and picturesque feature of the Superior-Quetico country, and add a wilderness atmosphere of great worth*

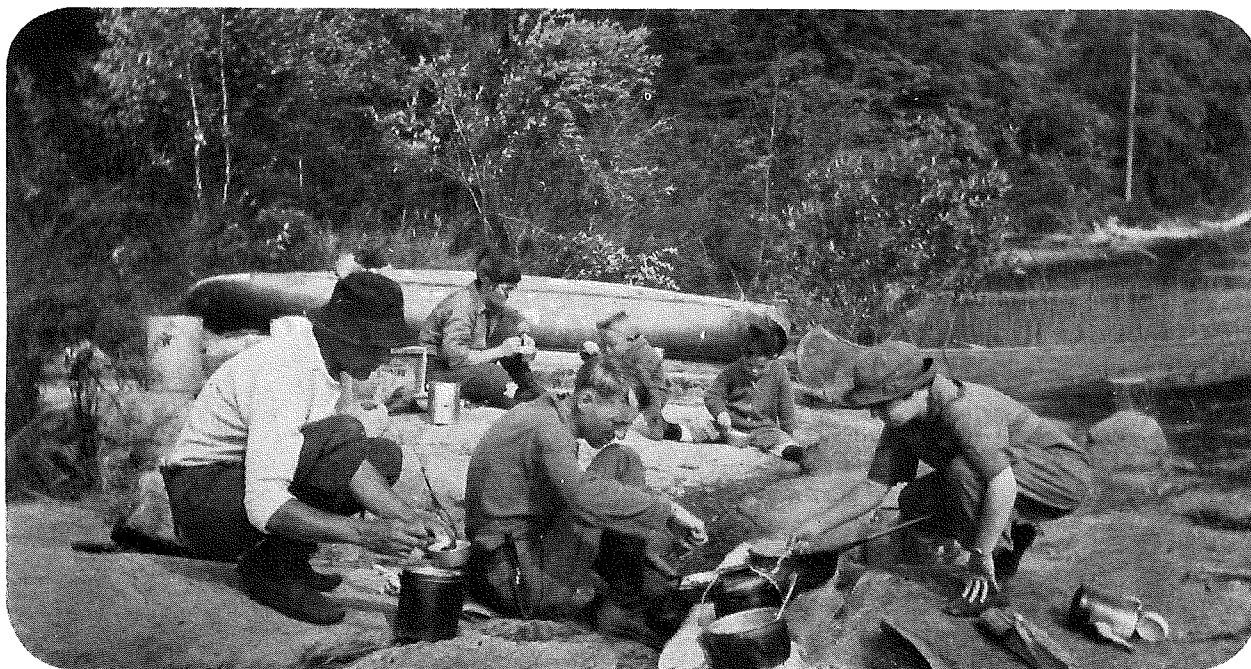


The program clearly recognizes that the problem is primarily one of forestry but in the broadest and highest sense. Many of its provisions are taken directly from the far-seeing practices of the Forest Service. It involves fire protection and reforestation on a large scale, as well as all the scientific problems with which modern forestry is properly concerned. It makes much of the related functions of the forest, what in any business would be called "by-products"—such as stream protection, wild life propagation, and recreation, which bid fair easily to outrun in time the value of the timber. At the same time it realizes that the problem lies partly in other provinces and accordingly provides for an advisory board including park and biological authorities.

The plan applies to public lands only; but it is expected that Superior National Forest will rapidly consolidate its

ing of the entire timber resources of the province on a sustained yield basis.

It is the hope of the sponsors of the project that the Quetico-Superior area will include the northeastern tip of Minnesota from the present eastern border of Superior National Forest to Pigeon Point. This section lies in the Lake Superior watershed but is of similar character and beauty and contains the historic village of Grand Portage. The latter has earned the name of the Plymouth Rock of the Northwest, for it was over this portage that Verendrye and all the early explorers passed and it was here that the fur-trade celebrated its greatest triumphs. Moreover, Grand Portage, though entirely in American territory, is the subject of a special guarantee in a remarkable passage of the Webster-Ashburton treaty of 1842, which says "*that all the*



Photograph by Dr. L. F. Smith.

*Everybody intent on his part in getting supper ready. Three dentists and their wives, and twin boys with the whooping cough! Without previous experience they took a two-weeks canoe cruise in the tributaries of Rainy Lake, involving some twenty portages. Maps and a compass were their only guide.*

present holdings and push out its boundaries on the north, east, and west to include all available private lands that are suited solely for forest purposes and are not interspersed with industrial or farm lands. There are many such holdings, largely idle and tax-delinquent. One forest authority has aptly referred to them as a potential "new public domain."

Ontario, with her wiser land laws, has no such problem. Except for small holdings on Rainy Lake and along the line of the Canadian National Railway, which skirts Quetico Park on the north, there are few private lands. Ontario, still sovereign in her own forests, is free to make any disposition of her woods and lakes that she likes. The trend of opinion may be judged by acts passed last spring by the Ontario parliament at the instance of the Minister of Lands and Forests. These acts have for eventual purpose the plac-

*water communications and all the usual portages along the line from Lake Superior to the Lake of the Woods, and also Grand Portage, from the shores of Lake Superior to the Pigeon River, as now actually used, shall be free and open to the use of the citizens and subjects of both countries."* Surely a fitting precedent, if ever there was one, for this present-day re-dedication!

If the hopes of the sponsors are realized, some ten million acres will be set aside in the two countries under the objectives of the treaty. No boundaries can yet be fixed; but there is reason to believe that, when the plan is fully understood, the area will be larger rather than smaller. The principles of the treaty are applicable, without disruption of neighboring industry, to a wide territory, especially in Canada. It is unthinkable that Ontario will fail to appreciate the good

judgment of protecting her incomparable wooded shores. Already airplanes are landing on all these lakes, bringing them within a few hours of the crowded cities. Ontario has an immense recreational resource with an unlimited market in the United States. It is more than likely therefore that the lakeland corridor joining the north end of Rainy Lake to the northern part of the Lake of the Woods at Kenora will be included within the Quetico-Superior area or will at least have applied to it the same principles. Likewise Manitoba has plans for a similar park in the eastern portion of the province adjacent to the Ontario border. If these plans materialize, we may see the greater part of the 400 mile belt of forested lakeland between Port Arthur and Winnipeg administered under much the same policies of conservation.

In Minnesota the possibilities are far more limited. The wilderness and its connected lakes are much more restricted and reckless industry has gone too far. To the west of Superior National Forest, where the counties tried a disastrous experiment of draining lands unfit for agriculture, the State has just had to assume the burden and is now taking over a great tract of unproductive swamp as a game preserve. This tract of 1,500,000 acres, while lacking the charm and resources of the lakeland to the east and north, will doubtless contribute toward the purposes of the international forest by further arresting the onslaught of civilization. More and more the citizens of this entire region are realizing the primary fitness and true economy of devoting strictly forest lands to forest purposes. And the better part of their wisdom lies in the recognition of the higher uses of the forest, wherever the intangible social values are present.

Any such plan as contemplated is attended by many perplexities. This is especially true in Minnesota, where agriculture and industry are close upon the heels of the forest and in many places penetrate it. The Forest Service, which is giving its best thought and sincerity, has a difficult task and a huge responsibility. Let us at least not cramp them by a niggardly policy of appropriations. Much larger funds are needed for research, planting, fire protection, and land purchase. Much patience and negotiation will be required locally. Yet, if the public interest is kept foremost and the main objectives are firmly pursued, there is no question but that conflicting interests can be reconciled with fairness and advantage to all. In this, as never before, the Service will have the support of a growing and enthusiastic public. The recreational uses are reinforcing the economic. The cold facts, which the Service has long preached, are becoming living truths to all who experience the peace and charm of the northern lakeland.

To what extent private timber holders within the area, in the use of their own forests, will conform to the principles of the proposed treaty, cannot be predicted. Much can be done to appeal to their pride and self-interest. They cannot be coerced. Colonel Greeley, former chief of the Forest Service, enunciated a valuable principle, when he said: "The time has come to go a step further in our conception of the rights of the individual as compared with the interests of the people as a whole. Lands which contain important natural resources can no longer be viewed as merely the

property of their owners, with no obligation to the welfare of the country at large. Rather should they be regarded in a sense as public utilities." Forward-looking and prophetic!

In preparation for the time when treaty arrangements may be possible with Canada, steps have already been taken to protect Superior National Forest. The so-called Shipstead-Newton-Nolan bill, which seeks to apply some of the principles of the proposed treaty to the Minnesota area, will come up for final action in Congress this winter. In furtherance of its objects 26,000 acres of remaining unappropriated federal lands within the area have already been withdrawn from public entry by temporary Executive order. It recognizes the paramount importance of the beauty of the natural features and shore lines of the lakeland, including rapids, waterfalls, islands, and beaches, and forbids further alteration of natural water levels without the consent of Congress.

The economic advantages of the Quetico-Superior program, great as they are believed to be especially for Ontario and Minnesota, cannot be discussed here. The plan, while it subordinates economic values to the higher social uses wherever there is a real conflict, does not ignore or lock them up. Instead, it seeks to make them permanent.

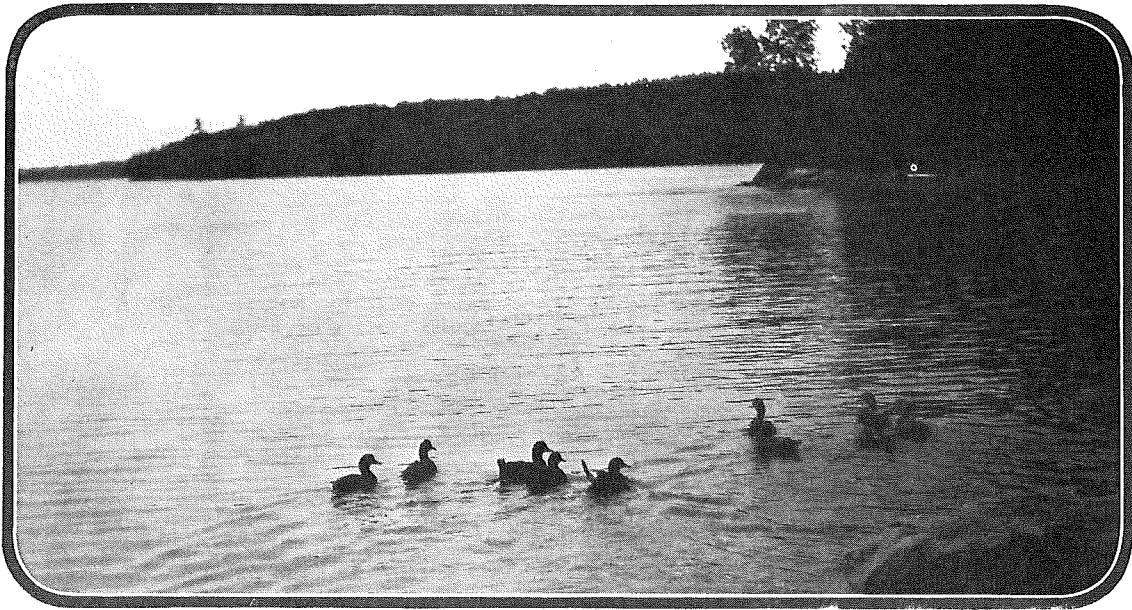
The original suggestion of international action, made by Ontario citizens, has brought an enthusiastic response from the United States. It has secured the considered endorsement of practically every national conservation organization as well as of men and women from coast to coast of every shade of opinion and every attainment. A board of advisers has been formed, made up of scientists, writers, artists, humanitarians, and men of affairs, interested in one aspect or another of this many-sided and far-reaching project, which Arthur Hawkes has significantly called "an outdoor university with a campus of 14,500 square miles."

Well may it be called a university—a university of the wilderness! There is little else left of the original school that formed the character of our pioneer race. It is a museum of original America. It contains the larger half of wisdom—the part that cannot be taught within-doors.

That these two nations should now wish to dedicate a part of their peaceful boundary to the enjoyment of both peoples is itself a work of peace. If it can be achieved, has not something worthy been gained in the comity of nations? What wonder then that the American Legion of Minnesota at its recent annual convention proposed that the area be dedicated as a peace memorial to the ex-service men of both countries, who fought as comrades in the recent world war!

The lakes of Verendrye! The same that brought the early explorers, singing the songs of France! They lie sparkling in their mid-continent seclusion, linking us with the primeval past of America and promising sanctuary for all time to unborn multitudes.

Kermit Roosevelt says that, when things were black, his father would often quote Jasper Petulengro in *Borrow's Lavengro*: "Life is sweet, brother . . . There's day and night, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, all sweet things; . . . and likewise there's a wind on the heath." The vision of a Roosevelt not only yearns for the things of the spirit but derives from them.



Photograph by Minnesota Arrowhead Association

*Wild Rice Feeders of the North*

## Resolution Adopted by The American Legion

In annual national convention at Louisville, Kentucky, September, 1929

WHEREAS, in northern Minnesota the Superior National Forest includes within its borders a unique network of inter-connecting lakes, and

WHEREAS, this wooded lakeland stretches far across the unguarded border into the Province of Ontario where the Quetico Provincial Park forms a counterpart to the Superior National Forest, and

WHEREAS, there has been formulated for the preservation of this region a plan which has been endorsed by this country's highest authorities on forest and wild life and which has also received the approval of the government departments in whose hands these matters lie, and

WHEREAS, such plan contemplates, if possible, joint action with the Dominion of Canada and the Province of Ontario to the end that as much as is feasible of the Rainy Lake watershed be set aside to be used first for the purposes of reforestation, and secondly to provide for our peoples and our people's children a vast area of rare beauty which by international agreement shall remain for all time unspoiled, and

WHEREAS, we believe that such a common enterprise would form a fitting tribute to the century of peace that has existed between ourselves and our great neighbor to the north,

Now, therefore, be it resolved, that the American Legion, in convention assembled at Louisville, Kentucky, September 30th to October 3rd, 1929,



Photograph by Ernest C. Oberholtzer

*All Nature's Creatures Close at Hand*

endorses whole-heartedly this program;

Be it further resolved, that it is the sentiment of the American Legion that this great undertaking, being conceived in the spirit of international friendliness and good will, should accordingly be done in the name of peace and dedicated as a memorial to the service men of both countries who served as comrades in the Great War.

Similar action was taken by the Canadian Legion in annual national convention at Regina, Saskatchewan, November, 1929



Ernest C. Oberholtzer

*Sunrise at Grand Portage—A Sky Like Minted Gold*

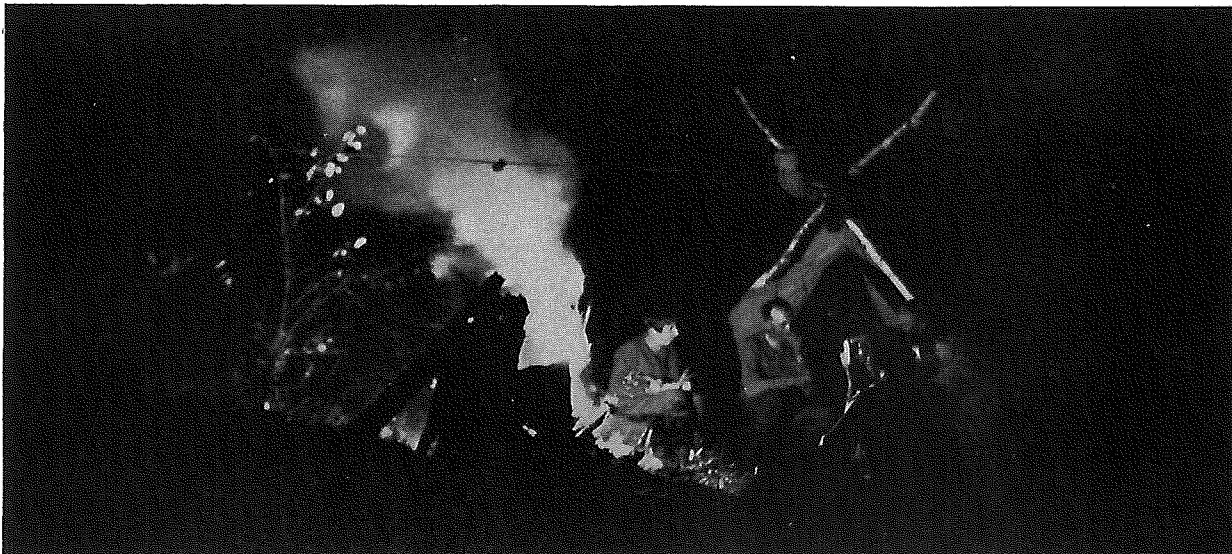
## “THE LAST STAND OF THE WILDERNESS”

“Has it ever occurred to us that we may unknowingly be just as shortsighted as our forefathers in assuming certain things to be inexhaustible, and becoming conscious of our error only after they have practically disappeared? . . . Our tendency is not to call things resources until the supply runs short. When the end of the supply is in sight, we ‘discover’ that the thing is valuable . . . The next resource, the exhaustion of which is due for ‘discovery,’ is the wilderness.

“Wilderness is the one kind of playground which mankind cannot build to order. . . . The really wild places within reach of the centers of population are going or gone. As a nation, however, we are so accustomed to a plentiful supply that we are *unconscious* of what the disappearance of wild places would mean, just as we are unconscious of what the disappearance of winds or sunsets would mean. In all the category of outdoor vocations and outdoor sports there is not one, save only the tilling of the soil, that bends and molds the human character like wilderness travel. *Shall this fundamental instrument for building citizens be allowed to disappear from America, simply because we lack the vision to see its value?*

“Acceptance of the idea of wilderness areas entails, I admit, a growth in the original conception of National Forests. The original purposes were timber production and watershed protection. . . . But the whole subsequent history of these Forests has been a history of the appearance and growth of new uses, which, when skillfully adjusted to the primary uses and to each other, were one by one provided for and the net public benefit correspondingly increased. Public recreation was one of these. . . . It has been proved that skillful administration can provide for both in the same system of Forests without material sacrifice of either.”

*Excerpts from an article by Aldo Leopold, in the October, 1925, number of AMERICAN FORESTS AND FOREST LIFE*



The Minnesota Arrowhead Association

*The Camp-fire in the Wilderness—At the End of the Day*