

WOODS AND WATERS

Here and There Outdoors.

A day with a guide while fishing is always an interesting experience whether the fish are bitin' or not. The other day we were taking a crack at several of the lakes in the Manitowish string near Manitowish, Wis., and old Bill Averill was our pilot. He's quite a character, and if you ever fish this fine stretch of lakes you want to get Bill to take you out.

When we met him we thought he was about 50 years old. Brown as an Indian, active, handy with motor or cars, he doesn't look older than that. When he admitted that he was 77 we could hardly believe it. And Bill guides more from the sheer love of the outdoors and fishing than from necessity. That he has a real heart for the outdoors was shown after lunch. We had on hand several slices of bread and a couple of doughnuts.

"These are for the birds," said Bill, and he got up to spread out the feast for them. Cutting off the tops of a couple of saplings, he slipped the doughnuts over some twigs and then proceeded to arrange the bread in a similar manner. Some "boid" or chipmunk is goin' to be mighty surprised to find that kind of grub growing on trees, but that thought didn't bother Bill. He says he always feeds the birds when he's out on trips.

The muskies haven't been hittin' much in the Manitowish waters during the hot weather recently. While fishing Clear lake we could see the big fellows in the clear water, cruising around like battleships. Toss any kind of bait or lure in front of them and

they merely nose it or look it over. However, a 30-pounder was landed a few days ago by using Indian tactics. A two-pound sucker was used as bait, and after being attached to the end of a heavy line it was turned loose. This old 30-pounder grabbed it, and after a fight it was curtains for the muskie.

Reports from the lakes and streams just across the line in Canada indicate that fishing has been good in spots and off in others, just as you would expect in July. This region sees an increasing number of American fishermen every year, as there is some wonderful fishing up there. Well' here's hopin' the big ones don't their fightin' togs by the time we reach the Lake of the Woods this month.

This is a wilderness region for you, with miles and miles of water and acres and acres of virgin forest. With a guide a fellow could browse around in the many bays and pockets of that big lake and fish to his heart's content day after day without seeing a single soul. It would be a trip for both scenery and fishing, such as you find in the Superior National forest of Minnesota, but without the portages included in a trip through the latter.

There is a C. P. bungalow camp just out of Kenora on the shore of the lake where a fellow can outfit for a jaunt through the Lake of the Woods. And the best of it is this: If a fellow likes that region he can buy a little five-acre island from the Canadian government and settle down up there. The crown guarantees the title and will sell you a five-acre island for a ridiculously small sum.