

In about the year 1896, Father owned the steam yacht PICKET. This boat was about 90 to 100 feet long, with a graceful, overhanging bowsprit and fan-tailed stern. This boat had two masts and evidently could have been sailed had the canvas been available. The forward mast came at the break in the forward deck, which was relatively low and after which was a raised section extending to within about 20 feet of the stern. The after deck was open. On the raised deck portion came the pilot house, which was large enough for the steering wheel and contained a bunk for the captain. Partially under this house and also aft of it was the engine room, consisting of a triple-expansion steam engine with suitable boilers. Immediately after this and under the deck were two staterooms which opened out onto a larger cabin that had seats along the side which could be used as berths and which also contained the dining table. This cabin led up to the after deck. The galley was under the forward deck and was reached by a vertical ladder. Our cook, Aaron, had to rise out of the hole with the meals and traverse the deck back to the saloon. This at times was quite an adventure.

This boat ran about ten miles an hour, was a pretty good sea boat, and was used by Father for day trips down the lake and also for his annual excursion down the North Shore to Isle Royale. This boat was manned by various crews, but I only remember Captain McLaughlin, who later became the postmaster of Beaver Bay, and Captain John Clow, who was the brother of the Clow of Clow & Nicholson and who sailed on the Lakes for many years before he retired to live at Beaver Bay.

My recollections naturally are a little sketchy, as I was of an age where my nuisance value was high but otherwise of no importance. Every year about the first of July, Father would assemble a party, usually the Robert Rays and I think at one time Mrs. J. D. Ray, and take off for two or three weeks' vacation on the lake. At least this was what he planned to do.

We got away the first year in reasonably good shape and reached a point about ten miles outside Grand Marais in the late evening when the high-pressure boiler^{engine} blew out. The result of this was to fill the boat with steam, including the after cabin, and there was a frantic rush by all hands to get into the lifeboat. I was snatched up from my bed by my devoted mother and carried over the side, where we stood in a foot of cold water which had accumulated in the boat until the steam had died down, when I was returned to my bed. At least this is what they told me happened, but as far as I know I never woke at all. They finally got the steam under control and decided to try to pull the boat with the rowboat into Grand Marais. This, of course, didn't work very well, and finally the engine was rigged up to run on the low-pressure boiler^{engine}, and we reached port. We were there several days making repairs and celebrated the Fourth on the beach. We had quite a few fireworks, including Roman candles, and the Indians, of whom there were a great number around, were much interested. We gave them some of the Roman candles, and they immediately proceeded to shoot at each other with them, which was considered great sport at that time. Whatever became of the rest of the trip I can't remember, but it was a sample of the misfortunes which seemed to dog my father on his voyages.

The next year we took off again on the day before the Fourth and had gotten about ten miles when the engineer, who had been doing a little premature celebrating, put his thumb into the machinery and got it chopped off. So back we came to get him to a doctor and search out another engineer-- not an easy thing to do on the Fourth of July. However, we finally got away, and I have no recollection of anything further until we reached McCargo's Cove. Here Captain Clow cut the corner of the westerly reef too close, and we were hard aground. The weather looked rather bad, so it was decided to move ashore, which we all did, camping out under the boat's awnings. In the early evening we had a very strong squall from the northwest which pretty well wrecked our

camp and didn't help the boat on the reef. The next day we got the Steamer Dixon over from the Amygaloid Channel, and she pulled the PICKET off. However, Father was afraid that some damage had been done to the boat, and we were all shipped to Duluth on the Dixon, which ended that trip. I think the next year Father sold this boat to the government for use in the Spanish-American War.

While making trips around the island, Father was impressed by Washington Harbor and, in particular, Johns Island. This island formerly was occupied by a good many fishermen, including Benson, Captain Francis, Walter Chalmers, and the Sivertsons. Captain Johns, who had been a mining captain at the mines at McCargoe's Cove and Windago, finally obtained title to this island and about 1895 or 1896 ordered the other people off. The Sivertsons moved across the bay and have been there ever since. In about 1896 Captain Johns maintained some sort of accommodations for tourists and in about 1901 built a fairly large log structure for a hotel. This place was built by Captain Johns and his son Willie, who obtained the logs from Johnson's Island and hauled them on the ice in the winter by dog team. On the northern edge of the island were two log houses, one of which was used as a dining room and the other as a home by the Johns. The dock at the corner of the island contained several structures, and there was also a log barn in which the Captain kept sheep and cows.

After the sale of the PICKET, Father took us to Johns Island for a trip, we arriving via the Steamer Dixon. The hotel had several small rooms, and the partitions were so constructed that if anyone moved or said anything in one part, everyone else in the building could hear him. One summer of this was all Father cared for, and he requested Willie Johns to build him a separate cabin. When we arrived the next year, this cabin was ready for our occupancy. It still stands just south of the Ed Andrews house. It was snug and cozy, but after we were all in it, there was hardly room to turn around.

At this point Father negotiated with Captain Johns for the purchase of the island and made this purchase possibly in 1903 or 1904. He then got Ole Daniels, a carpenter and boat builder, to come down and construct a cottage at the end of the island, and into this we moved the following year.

This really began our long stay at Washington Harbor. During the next few years cottages were built by Messrs. A. C. and E. W. Andrews, R. C. Ray, and Dunwoody. A community dining room was built on the site of the old dining room, which had been torn down. The dock was rebuilt and a warehouse erected which contained a stall for the motor boat which was acquired at about that time. Willie Johns' fish house stood about where the Andrews' boat house is now built, and he continued to carry on his fishing operations, making use of a sail boat and later a gasoline launch, fondly known as "the yacht." This was an open boat, rather narrow and deep, and contained a White gas engine. Later a house was built around the engine, and this boat was a forerunner of all the subsequent gas boats which have appeared in the harbor.

Our next boat was the SUNBEAM, built by Pearson on Park Point. This was an open launch with a wooden canopy over the top and was powered with a two-cylinder White of about 10 H.P. This engine had a big flywheel, and the pistons were about 5 x 8. It turned up about 250 and was a very reliable piece of machinery. The SUNBEAM was run down to Isle Royale by René Hugo and old John Morrison, the Indian from Grand Marais. It was considered quite an adventure at the time. The boat house which was built to accommodate this boat was on the west side of the warehouse. To raise the boat, we used common house jacks. It developed later, when the water went down a little, that we had trouble getting the boat into the house on account of the sand beach. Father then had the present boat house built, Willie Johns building the cribs in the fall, and someone (I think Walter Chalmers) cutting the cedar out of Bunker's Bay and delivering it in the spring. I remember that any excuse looked like

a good one that would take me to Isle Royale, and Father wanted these cedars sawed in half the long way. So I volunteered to do the job, and Jim Manley and I took off with high hopes and a crosscut saw. I think we possibly sawed three or four of them and gave it up for a bad job, so that Father eventually sent Ole and another man. They cut them up and erected the present boat house.

The SUNBEAM served us for many years and met all our requirements. I can't remember just when it was that Mr. E. W. Andrews, who had bought from Mr. Spencer the old PRINCESS and taken it to Chicago, wired us asking if we wanted the boat. After some debate we decided we would buy it, and we were then astonished to have Mr. Andrews ship it up to us without cost. He was a very generous man. This boat was about 38 to 40 feet long and had a four-cylinder, 32 H.P. Standard. It was a regular fan-tailed boat with a forward deck and then an open cockpit followed by an enclosed cabin which ran back to the engine room, which was also open but covered. Father and I set out in June to make the trip to Isle Royale. We got as far as Split Rock and lay there for a day on account of a northeaster, and it finally got bad enough so that we had to get out, going to Beaver Bay, where we stayed another day. We finally reached the island and subsequently made a trip to Siskiwit and possibly around the island, although I can't recall definitely. We had this boat about two or three years, but it wasn't entirely satisfactory, and we finally sold it to Mr. Knudsen of Rock Harbor. I think it is still in operation down there. This was also a Pearson-built boat and of first-class construction.

By now we had to have a boat of this kind, and being interested in one owned by Mr. Willard, which is now owned by John Bruen, we ordered a similar boat from Defoe Boat Works. The contract price of this 40-foot cruiser was \$1,711 plus the motor, a four-cylinder Standard which cost about \$1,000. This boat was finally delivered to us at Isle Royale in August 1915 and until 1939 served us faithfully on our many trips to the island and around the island.

At this time it was turned over to Lewis MacLeod who made alterations and got some pleasure from its use. The present HALCYON was built by the Inland Waterways on Park Point from Bay City knock-down frames, and while it never aroused the enthusiasm that the first HALCYON did, it is also true that age makes enthusiasm a little harder to generate.

Our first trips were made on the Steamer Hiram R. Dixon, captained by John F. Hector. For a good deal of the time Indian Ed Smith was the mate. This was an efficient crew, and they made the run from Duluth to Port Arthur and around Isle Royale on schedule in spite of fog and rough weather. There was no road on the North Shore, and the boat stopped at every little fishing camp. But in spite of this, they covered the ground from Duluth to Port Arthur from 10 A.M. to about three o'clock in the morning. Following the Dixon, I think the next boat was the Argo operated by Booth. The Argo only ran a few years, and the America was then purchased for the run. I have forgotten when the America started, but Captain Hector was on her early in her career. Later Captain Smith took over and was with her when she was laid up in Washington Harbor.

The America had many experiences and survived some bad storms and much foggy weather. On her last trip she came to Washington Harbor from Grand Portage to let off Father and then went up to the Club with some people. Coming out of the harbor about 4 A.M., she rounded the corner into the lower gap too close and struck a reef. They soon found that she was unmanageable, and the captain got her nose ashore at the lower gap, where she sank about six o'clock. No one was lost, but this was the end of good boat service to the island. After having taken Father off the boat about two o'clock in the morning, we had gone to bed, and I was aroused by Ed with the news that the America was sinking. Unbelievable as this seemed, we leaped into the SCOUT and started for the gap. We were about 500 yards from the boat when she

finally went down, leaving only the bow above water. We ran alongside and took off Captain Smith, who stepped off the forward gangway. At just about this time Captain John Clow came in the gap with a tug and scow. I always thought that if he had been a little sooner and willing to let his scow go, he could have pushed the America into a more suitable place on the sand bottom where she might have been saved, but I am inclined to think that no one connected with the management of this boat was at all sorry when she disappeared. I remember, too, that Captain Clow, in the excitement of the moment, managed to bump his tug on the reef while going through between Laura Island and the point and that he left the harbor with some mattresses, etc. plugged in the hole he made in the tug's bow.

Sometime in the early 1900's, Captain Singer, who ran a tug line in Duluth, started to develop a hotel on Washington Harbor. He built a hotel structure and quite a few cottages and at the same time put a boat of his own on the run. The first boat he ran was the Bon Ami, then the Mable Bradshaw and the Easton. At one time all of these boats were running, as well as the Booth boat, and as a result, we had boat service into Washington Harbor nearly every day. He finally bought the Steamer Iroquois, which was a beautiful, trim boat capable of doing about twenty miles an hour and which he ran from Duluth to Houghton to Washington Harbor to Port Arthur and back again. I think this boat ran about two or three years, but it was too big for the trade in a short season, and he eventually had to get rid of it. We made one trip on the Iroquois, expecting to go from Duluth to Port Arthur and then to Washington Harbor, but in coming through Victoria Island early in the morning, the boat went on Victoria Reef. We spent about two days here until the Bradshaw and a big tug from Port Arthur finally pulled her off. We then went to the island on the Bradshaw. Father at this time was in Houghton, waiting for the Iroquois

to come over there and bring him to the island. When she didn't show up, he chartered a tug and came over, looking for her. From Washington Harbor he could see her on the reef, so he went no further. I do remember that in piloting the tug around the harbor, he got her on the reef at the end of our island, and his reputation as a pilot took a sharp decline.

During the time the Iroquois was running, Singer also had the Easton in operation. This was a boat something like the America and captained by Ed Smith, who later had the hotel at Tobin's Harbor. Captain Smith was a cautious navigator, and he had a great deal of trouble in the fog. Captain Singer died shortly after this time, and his enterprises folded up. The boats were sold and the hotel turned over to his brother, who operated it in a greatly restricted manner. The automobiles had come, and the people were not going to Isle Royale. After the America disappeared, nothing was left but the Winyah, and the passenger travel dropped to practically nothing.