

EXPLORERS--VOYAGEURS

THE LOGBOOK OF OUR TRIP
TO THE QUETICO-SUPERIOR WILDERNESS REGION
1950

WE MEET -

WE ASSEMBLED AT COVERED BRIDGE RESERVATION ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1950 FOR A FINAL CHECKING OF EQUIPMENT AND TO ORGANIZE INTO THREE CREWS. A COMPLETE ROSTER IS INCLUDED AT THE END OF THIS LOG BOOK. OUR CREW WAS MADE UP BY HARRY ESKRIDGE, JUDDY GIBBS, BOBBIE BIER, JOHNNY BREWER, JERRY STEIGER, FRITZ RUSSELL, BOYCE MARTIN, JERE JUSELL AND HIS DAD - JUDSON G. JUSELL.

AFTER PRACTICING PUTTING UP THE TRAIL TENTS WHICH HAD BEEN USED AT THE JAMBOREE AND WHICH WE WOULD USE FOR THE TRIP UP TO THE CANOE BASE, SOME OF THE GANG WENT FOR A SWIM IN THE POOL AND THEN TO GET ALONG TO BED BECAUSE WE HAD TO BE UP AT 5:00 A.M. SUNDAY MORNING TO GET AN EARLY START.

CHURCH -

BREAKFAST AWAY AND THE CATHOLIC BOYS ALONG INTO ST. MATTHEWS FOR MASS AND THE REST OF US GATHERED THERE ON THE PORCH OF EHLIG HALL TO OBSERVE THE TWELFTH PART OF THE SCOUT LAW AND TO ASK FOR GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION DURING THE NEXT TWO WEEKS AHEAD. THEN ON TO LOADING THE TRUCK WHICH BOB GRAE - CREW LEADER OF CREW #2 WAS DRIVING AND FINALLY DON FISHBACK, CREW #1 LEADER AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE TRIP, GAVE THE HIGH SIGN AND WE WERE ON OUR WAY.

ENROUTE -

WE CROSSED THE GEORGE ROGERS CLARK MEMORIAL BRIDGE AND THEN STOPPED ON THE OTHER SIDE FOR GAS (AND OF COURSE TO GET A FEW CANDY BARS - EVEN THOUGH WE HAD JUST HAD OUR BREAKFAST). WE ROLLED ALONG THROUGH INDIANAPOLIS AND STOPPED AT A ROADSIDE PARK ABOUT THIRTY MILES NORTH FOR OUR LUNCH. GOOD OLD PEANUT BUTTER AND CHEESE AND JELLY SANDWICHES, ALONG WITH BUB JUICE TO DRINK. ON AGAIN AND ABOUT 4:30 WE LANDED IN KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS AND THE CITY PARK IN WHICH WE CAMPED THAT FIRST NIGHT.

GOODNIGHT IRENE -

ANOTHER EARLY BREAKFAST AND WE'RE ON OUR WAY TOWARDS WISCONSIN DELLS. WE MADE A SLIGHT CHANGE IN PLANS AND MORE THAN ENJOYED A SWIM IN DEVILS LAKE. HAD OUR LUNCH THERE TOO AND THEN ON TO THE DELLS AND OUR CAMPSITE IN THE TALL PINES. SOLON SPRINGS THE NEXT NIGHT AND BOY HOW IT RAINED. A NUMBER OF THE GANG HAD LEFT THEIR GEAR OUTSIDE OF THEIR TENTS WHILE WE WERE IN TOWN EATING SUPPER (HAD SOME HAIL TOO) SO WE SLEPT IN THE TOWN HALL. THE OLD JUKE BOXES SURELY HAVE BEEN GETTING A WORKOUT.....GOODNIGHT IRENE, GOODNIGHT IRENE, I'LL SEE YOU IN MAH DREAMS! GOOD-NIGHT.

ELY -

WE STOPPED LONG ENOUGH IN ELY, MINNESOTA TO PICK UP SOME FISHING "LINE" AND SOME ADDITIONAL BAITS. DAREDEVILS AND K.B.'s. SOME GOOD MAPS ALSO SO THAT WE CAN MARK THE TRIPS WE WILL BE TAKING. AND SOME MOVIES OF THE GIRLS THERE ON THE BEACH WHERE WE STOPPED FOR LUNCH. THEN ON TO THE CHARLES L. SOMMER'S WILDERNESS CANOE BASE, OPERATED BY REGION TEN OF THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA. IT'S ABOUT 28 MILES FROM ELY, NEARLY A 1000 MILES FROM HOME AND REALLY THE END OF THE ROAD.

AT THE BASE CAMP-

AFTER GETTING SOME OF OUR SUPPLIES TOGETHER WE WERE ALL LISTENING ANXIOUSLY FOR THE GONG TO RING WHICH WOULD SIGNAL FOR THE WAITERS TO COME ALONG DOWN TO THE LODGE AND SET UP THE TABLES FOR SUPPER. WE ALL VISITED THE TRADING POST LOCATED IN THE BAY POST BUILDING AFTER SUPPER AND SEVERAL OF THE GANG BOUGHT ADDITIONAL EQUIPMENT FOR THE TRAIL. A CAMPFIRE PROGRAM WITH SEVERAL OF THE GUIDES PASSING ALONG SOME VERY GOOD ADVICE. MR. PARLEY TUTTLE, THE CHIEF GUIDE, AND MR. FOREST WHITCRAFT, THE DIRECTOR OF THE BASE, EACH TOOK A PART IN THE PROGRAM AND THEN ON TO BED. TOMORROW WE WILL ACTUALLY BE ON OUR WAY.

OUR GUIDE-

JERRY KNUDSEN SERVED AS OUR GUIDE. HE IS A JUNIOR AT ST. OLAF'S COLLEGE AND A SCOUTER OF THE ST. PAUL COUNCIL. HE PROVED HIMSELF A GOOD CAMPER, REAL CANOE MAN AND A SWELL GUY IN ADDITION. WE LOADED UP OUR CANOES AND PADDLED UP MOOSE LAKE TO PRAIRIE PORTAGE FOR OUR FIRST STOP. SOME OF THE CREW WENT FISHING AFTER SUPPER AND SEVERAL OTHERS PADDLED ALONG OVER TO LEO'S TRADING POST FOR CANDY BARS AND TO MAIL SOME POSTCARDS. TEN CENTS A PIECE FOR CANDY BARS BUT NO MORE FOR THE NEXT WEEK UNTIL WE STOPPED AT CAMPBELL'S TRADING POST OVER ON OTTAWA ISLAND.

THE MEADOWS-

WE STOPPED AT THE RANGERS CABIN THERE ON BAYLEY BAY TO SIGN UP FOR OUR CANADIAN FISHING LICENSES AND TO HAVE A GOOD REST. THEN ON THROUGH SUNDAY LAKE AND TO THE MEADOWS PORTAGE. THIS WAS THE FIRST LONG PORTAGE AND IT REALLY WAS A "DOG". A MILE AND A HALF MORE OR LESS AND ALTHOUGH THE TRAIL UNDERFOOT WASN'T AS BAD AS MANY PORTAGES THAT WE MADE LATER, IT WAS THE LONGEST AND EARLY ON THE TRIP, WHILE THE FOOD PACKS WERE LOADED AND THE CANOES HADN'T FOUND JUST THE RIGHT BALANCE ON OUR SHOULDERS WHICH THEY DID LATER. WE'LL NEVER FORGET THAT PORTAGE.

SPLASH-

LOUISA FALLS AND A WONDERFUL SWIM IN THE "BATH TUB" AND TO TAKE SOME PICTURES. THEN ONTO OUR CAMP-SITE FOR THE DAY UP ON LAKE AGNES. MOST OF THE CREW WERE REALLY TIRED OUT TODAY AND IT CERTAINLY WASN'T VERY LONG AFTER SUPPER THAT WE ALL TURNED IN FOR ANOTHER GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP. IT WAS A GRAND SUNSHINY DAY, AND THE STARS ARE OUT BRIGHT TONIGHT.

ESOX AND HOW-

MACKENZIE BAY AND WE LANDED ABOUT NOON. BOY WHAT A WONDERFUL AFTERNOON OF FISHING. WHILE WE WERE EATING LUNCH -- SOMEONE SAW A COUPLE OF GOOD SIZED FISH SWIM PAST. WE WERE UP ON A BANK ABOVE THE WATER ABOUT TWENTY FEET. EVERYONE DROPPED THEIR SANDWICHES AND MADE A MAD DIVE FOR THEIR FISHING GEAR. JERRY STEIGER MADE THE FIRST CATCH OF THE TRIP. HARRY ESKRIDGE AND JERE JUSELL BROUGHT IN A SWELL STRING OF SIXTEEN FISH, MOST OF THEM WALLEYES, AND A FEW NORTHERNS. WE CAUGHT ALL THAT WE COULD EAT ON SATURDAY, SO ALL DAY SUNDAY WE JUST CAUGHT THOSE GREAT BIG WALLEYES AND NORTHERNS AND THEN THREW THEM BACK INTO THE LAKE. WE HAD A LOT OF FUN BAKING THINGS THERE TOO. PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES, BLUEBERRY CAKE. WE HAD CHURCH SERVICES THAT EVENING ON A POINT OVERLOOKING THE LAKE.

SAILING-

MONDAY MORNING AND THE RAIN WAS GENTLY FALLING AS THE COOKS ROLLED OUT AND THE FIREBUILDERS HAD A TIME IN GETTING THE BREAKFAST FIRE STARTED. SOON THOUGH THE HOT OATMEAL WAS READY AND ALONG WITH A LARGE KETTLE OF COCOA (ONLY ONE CAWFFEE DRINKER IN OUR CREW) WE WERE ALL FILLED UP ONCE AGAIN. AS WE STARTED OFF THERE WAS A SHARP WIND BLOWING OUT OF THE NORTHEAST.

HOIST THE SAILS!!! THE CANOES THAT HAD AN EXTRA PADDLE TO USE IN RIGGING A SAIL TOOK OFF FIRST AND THE REST OF THE CREW CLOSE BEHIND THEM AS PONCHO'S AND GROUND CLOTHS WERE HELD UP TO CATCH THE WIND. FOR MOST OF THE MORNING WE HAD A GRAND TIME SAILING NORTH AND WEST ON LAKE KAWNIP]. WE FINALLY HAD TO ROUND A POINT THOUGH TO GET ALONG OVER TO KAWNIP] FORKS AND THE PADDLES WERE SWINGING, DIPPING AND PUSHING WATER ONCE AGAIN.

THE RAPEEDS -

WE MADE CAMP EARLY RIGHT THERE ON THE PORTAGE AT KAWNIP; FORKS AND THE CREW MORE THAN ENJOYED SHOOTING THE FAST WATER. WE HAD THE FUN OF HELPING ANOTHER PARTY OVER THE PORTAGE. TWO CANOES— BOTH ALUMINUM JOBS. THE FOLKS WERE FROM CHICAGO AND IN ADDITION TO A SMALL BOY OF ABOUT 7 YEARS OF AGE, THEY HAD THEIR DOG ALONG WITH THEM. THEY WERE GOING TO CELEBRATE THE DOG'S BIRTHDAY ON THE NEXT DAY WITH A SPECIAL CAN OF DOG FOOD WHICH THEY HAD PACKED ALONG FROM HOME WITH THEM. SOME FUN.

WE HELPED THEM CARRY THEIR PACKS OVER THE PORTAGE AND THEY REALLY SEEMED MUCH LIGHTER THAN OURS. GUESS THEY AREN'T EATING AS HEAVY OR AS WELL AS WE ARE. TWO OF OUR CREW, JERRY STEIGER AND JUDDY GIBBS, DECIDED TO PADDLE UP INTO THE FAST WATER FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE FORK AND YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED. OVER THEY WENT. JERRY KNUDSEN AND JUD JUBELL HOPPED IN ANOTHER CANOE AND WENT OUT TO EMPTY THEIR CANOE AND TO HELP THEM GET BACK IN.

THE LEDGE AND PARTRIDGE -

WE TRULY PADDLED, PORTAGED, PADDLED AND PORTAGED AGAIN COMING ALONG DOWN THROUGH CAIRN, SARK, KEEFER LAKES AND ASSORTED POT HOLES IN BETWEEN AND FINALLY MADE CAMP ON THE WEST SIDE OF LAKE KANSHAMPIWI. HAD A WONDERFUL SPOT CALLED THE LEDGE CAMPSITE. EVEN A LARGE "WELCOME" SIGN CARVED IN THE LANDING STEP. DURING THE DAY OUR GUIDE, JERRY KNUDSEN, HAD SEEN A PARTRIDGE SITTING JUST OFF THE TRAIL ABOUT TWENTY YARDS AHEAD AND HAD PICKED UP A STONE AND WINGED HIM WITH IT. A SMOOTH JOB OF "WINGING" WE SAID. YES SUH!! WE ALL HAD A SAMPLE OF SOUTHERN FRIED "PATRIDGE". WONDERFUL FINE GRAINED DARK MEAT. SAVED SOME OF THE FEATHERS TO STICK INTO MY LOG BOOK OF THE TRIP.

NORTHERN LIGHTS

WE WERE JUST FINISHING SUPPER WHEN SEVERAL OF THE CREW DECIDED TO PADDLE BACK UP THE LAKE ABOUT A MILE AND VISIT WITH CREW ONE. THEY HAD THE SAME IDEA SO THERE WERE TWO VISITING PARTIES, EACH WITH SOME STUFF TO SWAP. CAWFFEE, SUGAR, BOLOGNA SURE, TRADE SOME BACON — NAWTHIN' DOING. WE ALL THRILLED TO THE WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF NORTHERN LIGHTS ON THE RETURN TRIPS.

EAGER BEAVERS -

WILL I EVER FORGET THAT SMELL OF SWEETGRASS AS WE CAME THROUGH ISABELLA AND ON TO A SMALL BAY JUST OFF OF NORTH BAY PROPER. WE HAD A NUMBER OF LIFT OVERS TODAY, WHERE THOSE EAGER BEAVERS HAD PILED STUFF UP IN DAMMING THE INLETS. THEY SURELY ARE NATIVE BORN ENGINEERS AND IT REMAINED A MYSTERY TO US JUST HOW THEY KNEW WHERE TO LET A LITTLE BIT OF WATER THROUGH SO THAT THE BALANCE OF THEIR DAM COULD AND WOULD WITHSTAND THE PRESSURES OF THE WATER COMING DOWN. IT WOULD BE SOMETHING TO COME THROUGH THIS COUNTRY IN THE WINTER TIME — COULDN'T BE ANY MORE BEAUTIFUL, BUT WOULD BE DIFFERENT.

MORNING STARS -

WE DECIDED THAT WE WOULD GET AN EARLY START THE NEXT MORNING, AS WE WANTED TO BEAT SOME OF THE WIND THAT USUALLY BLOWS SO STRONGLY ACROSS NORTH BAY AND BASSWOOD LAKE. IT WAS STILL DARK AND THE MORNING STARS WERE SHINING BRIGHTLY — JUST LIKE ON CHRISTMAS — WHEN WE ROLLED OUT. JUDDY GIBBS' ALARM WATCH WAS SET FOR 3:30, A.M. THAT WAS, BUT IT FAILED TO GO OFF OR IF IT DID HE DIDN'T HEAR IT. MR. JUBELL WOKE UP ON TIME ANYWAY AND ALONG WITH THE FIRE BUILDERS AND COOKS SOON HAD YET ANOTHER GOOD BREAKFAST READY. WE SAW A NICE BUCK DEER JUST AS WE WERE LEAVING OUR CAMP SITE.

WINDY -

MAN-OH-MAN HOW THAT WIND BLEW LATER IN THE MORNING. WAVES ROLLING AND IF YOU STOPPED PADDLING EVEN FOR A SINGLE STROKE, YOU LOST HEADWAY. YOU COULDN'T HELP SHIPPING SOME WATER AND WE WERE ALL READY FOR A REST AS WE PULLED UP INTO THE LEE, OR SOUTH SIDE, OF ONE OF THE ISLANDS. WHILE THERE WE TALKED WITH ANOTHER GROUP OF SCOUTS FROM THE SAMOSET COUNCIL IN WISCONSIN, WHO WERE PADDLING "UP" THE LAKE. A NUMBER OF THEIR GROUP HAD ALSO BEEN TO THE VALLEY FORGE JAMBOREE AND WE ENJOYED SHOOTING THE BREEZE WITH THEM.

WE TRADE -

OUR NEXT STOP WAS AT THE TRADING POST AND RANGERS CABIN THERE ON OTTAWA ISLAND, WHICH IS JUST EAST OF WASHINGTON ISLAND AND STILL WITHIN CANADIAN WATERS ALONG THE OLD VOYAGEURS HIGHWAY. THEIR SUPPLY OF CANDY BARS WAS LIMITED AND WE KNEW THAT CREW ONE WOULD BE COMING ALONG LATER THAT MORNING SO MUCH AS WE WOULD LIKED TO HAVE BOUGHT THEM OUT, WE DIDN'T. WE FOUND OUT LATER HOWEVER, THAT ANOTHER PARTY PASSING THROUGH THE TRADING POST AFTER WE WERE THERE DID JUST THAT. THE POST ALSO HAD SOME SWELL WOOLEN JACKETS AND BLANKETS. ON WE WENT THROUGH WIND BAY - A STOP FOR A TRAIL LUNCH THEN THROUGH WIND LAKE AND OVER INTO MOOSE LAKE FOR OUR FINAL NIGHT OUT.

ISLAND CAMP -

WE CAMPED ON AN ISLAND AND BAKED SOME MORE "DARNED GOODS". IT WAS WONDERFUL TO STRETCH OUT ON THE FLAT ROCKS THERE IN THE SUN AFTER A SWIM IN THE LAKE. IT WAS HARD TO BELIEVE THAT OUR TRIP WAS ALMOST OVER. WE DRIED EVERYTHING OUT WELL AND ORGANIZED OUR STUFF FOR CHECKING IN BACK AT THE BASE CAMP.

VOYAGEURS VIGNETTES -

- THE RHYTHMIC SWING AND SWISH OF A PADDLE CUTTING THROUGH THE WATER,
- THE WRINGING OF WATER OUT OF YOUR SOCKS AND EMPTYING IT OUT OF YOUR BOOTS,
- THE FEEL OF SWEAT POURING DOWN OVER YOUR FOREHEAD, DETOURING AS IT HITS YOUR EYEBROWS, AS YOU CLIMB FOOT BY FOOT UP AND OVER A ROUGH PORTAGE,
- THE FEEL ON YOUR LINE WHEN A MUSKY WALLEYE, NORTHERN OR LAKE TROUT TAKES THE BAIT,
- THE EMBARRASSED FEELING WHEN YOU FLIP AN ALUMINUM CANOE CLEAR ON OVER YOUR HEAD WHILE HELPING SOME FAIR TRAVELERS ACROSS A PORTAGE,
- THE CHAGRIN OF BURNING A HOLE IN YOUR FAVORITE CAP WHILE HANGING IT NEAR THE FIRE TO DRY OUT, —OR WORSE YET WHAT HAPPENED TO ANOTHER MEMBER OF ONE OF THE OTHER CREWS—OF HAVING YOUR ONLY CAP DESECRATED WHILE FANNING THE MOSQUITOS FROM HIS POSTERIOR REGION,
- HOW WET CAN YOU GET SAYS YET ANOTHER VOYAGEUR WHO STOOD UP IN THE STERN OF HIS CANOE, SEEKING RELIEF AFTER A LONG TRIP DOWN THE LAKE, ONLY TO HAVE A WAVE COME ALONG AND ROLL HE AND HIS BOWMAN INTO NORTH BAY,
- THE SIGHT OF A SINGLE LOON SAILING QUIETLY FOR A CHANGE OVER YOUR CAMPSITE, OR A GROUP OF THEM CHATTERING TOGETHER AND THEN DIVING UNDER WATER AND COMING UP SO FAR DOWN THE LAKE,
- THE FRESH BLOOD AND BLUE JAY FEATHERS THERE ON ONE OF THE PORTAGES, TELLING ITS OWN STORY OF SURVIVAL,
- SLICING BACON JUST THE RIGHT THICKNESS FOR BREAKFAST THE NEXT MORNING, WITH A WELL SHARPENED SHEATH KNIFE AND THEN WIPING THE EXTRA GREASE OFF YOUR HANDS ONTO YOUR BOOTS INSTEAD OF THE SEAT OF YOUR PANTS,
- A SPOT OF SILVER WAY UP THE LAKE AS THE SUN CATCHES AND REFLECTS THE WATER FROM A SWINGING PADDLE, LONG BEFORE YOU CAN SEE THE CANOE OR WHO IS IN IT,
- THOSE GOLDEN BROWN APPLE FRITTERS, THOSE SWEET BLUEBERRIES, THAT RICH CRUST ON A FILLET FROM A 7 POUND WALLEYE THAT YOU CAUGHT THAT AFTERNOON,
- THE STRAGGLING WHISKERS THAT COVER YOUNG FACES AFTER TEN DAYS ON THE TRAIL—THE DARK SUN TAN AND THE HARDENED MUSCLES DEVELOPED AFTER HOURS OF PADDLING AND CHAIN AFTER CHAIN OF PORTAGING,
- THE QUIET OF THE WILDERNESS—HOW AFTER A DAY OR TWO EVEN THE NOISEST OF THE CREW SPOKE SOFTLY —MATCHING THE WILDERNESS WITH A DEEP FEELING OF APPRECIATION.

- **** THE SOFTNESS OF FOUR INCHES OF PINE DUFF UNDER YOUR SLEEPING BAG,
- **** HOW REFRESHING THE CLEAR COLD WATER FEELS AS YOU STAND IN THE BATHTUB THERE AT LOUISA FALLS OR TAKE A QUICK DIP AND SWIM IN ANYONE OF A SCORE OF LAKES,
- **** THE SMELL OF SWEETGRASS AND PINE — THE CLEAR TASTE OF WATER DIPPED FROM ANY LAKE THAT YOU HAPPEN TO BE TRAVELING THROUGH,
- **** THE SIGHT OF A YOUNG MAN SITTING BY HIMSELF ON A ROCKY POINT WATCHING THE EVER CHANGING COLORS OF THE SUNSET AND SOFTLY SINGING A SONG,
- **** OR THE MELODY OF A SONG COMING OVER THE LAKE FROM ONE OF THE CREW IN ANOTHER CANOE — WORDS MAKING LITTLE DIFFERENCE — BUT THE TONE AND TENOR TELLING WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY IT IS.

AROUND THE CAMPFIRE -

ANY OLD PADDLE AND ANY OLD CANOE AND ANY OLD PACK WILL DO,
 AS LONG AS THE OPEN LAKES IN FRONT AND THE SKIES ABOVE ARE BLUE,
 ANY OLD FRIEND CAN COME ALONG WITH ME,
 AND ANY TRUE HEART I SAY,
 I WILL SING MY RHYME, I WILL LIVE MY TIME,
 ON THE OLD VOYAGEURS HIGHWAY, - - - ON THE OLD VOYAGEURS HIGHWAY!!

. . . .

WE ARE SITTING AROUND THE FIREPLACE IN THE LODGE BACK AT THE BASE CAMP. YOU CAN FEEL THE SPIRIT OF GOOD SCOUTING THERE IN THE ROOM.

WE HAVE ALL JOINED IN THE SINGING OF VIVA LA COMPAIGNE, THE FAR NORTHLAND, ALLOUTTE, AND ON THE OLD VOYAGEURS HIGHWAY. THIS AFTERNOON THE CREWS CAME IN OFF THE TRAIL AFTER NINE WONDERFUL DAYS OF CAMPING, FISHING, COOKING, CANOEING, YES, EVEN THOSE PORTAGES -- AND MOST OF THEM WERE SURELY ROUGH. AFTER ARRIVING BACK HERE AT THE BASE, CHECKING IN ALL OF OUR EQUIPMENT, TOUCHING UP THE FEW SPOTS THAT NEEDED PAINT ON OUR CANOES, OILING THE STRAPS OF THE PACKS, WE HAD ANOTHER NEW EXPERIENCE—A "SAUNA" WHICH COMES FROM OUR BROTHER SCOUTS IN FINLAND OR IN OTHER WORDS A STEAM BATH AND THEN TO SOAP UP FROM HEAD TO FOOT AND MAKE A QUICK TRIP DOWN TO THE LAKE TO WASH OFF AND FOR A FINAL SWIM.

OUR CAMPFIRE PROGRAM TONIGHT INCLUDES EXPLORERS FROM TOPEKA, KANSAS, BLOOMFIELD, IOWA AND OUR GANG FROM LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY. MR. PARLEY TUTTLE, THE CHIEF GUIDE, ASKS FOR SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW THE PROGRAM OR EQUIPMENT MIGHT BE IMPROVED. HOW THE FOOD SUPPLIES WORKED OUT AND HOW ABOUT THE MENUS. THE GUIDES NOT ONLY GAVE US SOME VERY SOUND ADVICE BEFORE WE WENT OUT ON THE TRAIL, BUT THEN WORKED RIGHT ALONG WITH EACH CREW HELPING TO MAKE A SUCCESSFUL TRIP.

EACH OF THE CREW LEADERS HAVE TAKEN A FEW MINUTES TO TELL SOME OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF THE TRIP MADE BY THEIR CREW. HOW THE FISHING WAS OVER IN KEKAKABIC, AND UP ON MACKENZIE BAY. THE TASTY BAKED GOODS THAT SEVERAL OF THE CREW MEMBERS COULD TURN OUT, THE DAY OF SAILING THAT ONE CREW ENJOYED AS THEY WENT NORTH AND WEST THROUGH LAKE KAWNIPi. THE TWO DAYS THAT IT RAINED AND THE ONE DAY THE WIND BLEW SO STRONGLY ACROSS NORTH BAY AND BASS WOOD. THE JANKING OF MOVIES OF A PAIR OF EAGLES, THE CALL OF A MOOSE, A DEER STANDING NEAR THE LAKE AT SUNRISE, THE BEAVER DAMS, "WE SAW THE LOON AND HEARD HIS PLAINTIVE CALL". BUT BEST OF ALL, HOW WE WORKED TOGETHER CARRYING THE DULUTH PACKS WITH THE FOOD AND PERSONAL GEAR, THE PORTAGING, THE COOKING, AND SETTING UP OF CAMP AND THE GETTING TO KNOW EACH OTHERS STRONG POINTS AND THEIR WEAKNESSES TOO.

PERHAPS NOT TOO MANY TIMES SINCE THE BASE WAS STARTED BACK IN 1942 (ALTHOUGH THROUGH CARL CHASES' AND HARRY NAGELS' LEADERSHIP AND MANY OTHERS -- OLDER SCOUTS AND YOUNG MEN HAVE BEEN TRAVELING THESE TRAILS FOR SOME TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS) THERE WAS A FATHER AND SON COMBINATION IN OUR CREW. I HAD THE GRAND EXPERIENCE OF HAVING MY OLDEST SON JERE ALONG WITH ME AS MY BOWMAN. I RECALLED FOR THE GROUP AROUND THE FIREPLACE HOW WE HAD ENJOYED THE BRIGHT STARS AND THE DISPLAY OF NORTHERN LIGHTS WHILE DRIFTING UP THE LAKE ONE NIGHT AND OF THE THINGS THAT WE HAD TALKED ABOUT.

REMEMBRANCE -

EARLIER IN THE EVENING THE CREWS HAD BEEN BUSY OVER IN THE MAP ROOM THERE IN THE LODGE. EACH ONE MARKING UP HIS MAP OF EXACTLY THE TRIP THAT THEY HAD MADE. A MAP THAT WILL SERVE DURING THE YEARS AHEAD TO RECALL SO MANY RICH EXPERIENCES ON THE TRAIL.

AND NOW WE HAVE ARRIVED AT THE POINT IN THE PROGRAM WHERE AN ATTRACTIVE EMBROIDERED BADGE IS PRESENTED TO EACH EXPLORER PRESENT. THE FIRE HAS BURNED LOW AND YOU CAN JUST BARELY SEE THE OUTLINE OF THE TWO BIRCH BARK CANOES ON THE RAFTERS THERE IN THE LODGE. THE SONG LEADER STANDS QUIETLY AND LEADS THE YOUNG MEN PRESENT IN "NOW IS THE HOUR - WHEN WE MUST SAY GOODBYE" - ONE OF THE OTHER CREW LEADERS READS A SHORT POEM ABOUT THE KIND OF AN EXPLORER THAT CAN MEASURE UP AND MATCH THE SPIRIT OF THE VOYAGEURS AND THEN WE CLOSE WITH THE REPEATING OF THE SCOUT OATH.

I FELT SURE AT THAT MOMENT THAT THE FELLOWSHIP DEVELOPED DURING THE TIME ON THE TRAIL - ENHANCED BY THE BRIGHT SUNSHINE, COOL WINDS, SOFT RAIN, THE SMELL OF PINE AND SWEETGRASS, THE CLEAR NIGHT SKIES, WOULD BE LOCKED IN THEIR HEARTS THROUGHOUT THEIR LIFETIME. WOULD THAT EVERY EXPLORER IN THE COUNTRY MIGHT HAVE AT LEAST ONE SUCH TOP SCOUTING ADVENTURE.

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ONE OF THIRTY-ONE VOYAGEURS OF 1950
FROM THE LOUISVILLE AREA COUNCIL, B.S.A.

JUDSON G. JUSELL

IT'S THE FAR NORTHLAND THAT'S A-CALLING ME AWAY,
AS TAKE I WITH MY PACKSACK TO THE ROAD,
IT'S THE CALL ON ME OF THE FOREST IN THE NORTH,
AS STEP I WITH THE SUNLIGHT FOR MY LOAD.

IT'S THE FLASH OF PADDLE BLADES A-GLEAMING IN THE SUN,
A CANOE SOFTLY SKIMMING BY THE SHORE,
IT'S THE TANG OF PINE AND BRACKEN COMING O'ER THE BREEZE,
THAT CALLS ME TO THE WATERWAYS ONCE MORE.

BY LAKE DUNCAN AND CLEARWATER,
TO THE BEARSKIN I WILL GO,
WHERE YOU SEE THE LOON AND HEAR ITS PLAINTIVE WAIL,
IF YOU'RE THINKING IN YOUR INNER HEART,
THERE'S SWAGGER IN MY STEP,
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN ALONG THE BORDER TRAIL.

R O S T E R

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS</u>	<u>CITY & STATE</u>
JOHN FOSTER BREWER	OLD HARRODS CREEK ROAD	ANCHORAGE, KY
W. P. JOHNSON JR.	1402 5TH AVENUE	FORT KNOX, KY
HARRIS JAKE BERMAN	2721 VIRGINIA AVENUE	LOUISVILLE, KY
JEROME J. JUSELL	2167 LOWELL AVENUE	LOUISVILLE, KY
JAMES CARL MUNT	1118 LILLIAN AVENUE	LOUISVILLE, KY
GORDON H. FLEISCHAKER JR.	1867 PRINCETON DRIVE	LOUISVILLE, KY
FREDERICK W. RUSSELL II	R.R.#6 BOX 39	LOUISVILLE, KY
BARRETT L. SHORT	2115 MARYLAND AVENUE	LOUISVILLE, KY
RONALD BURDICK	1819 OVERLOOK TERRACE	LOUISVILLE, KY
JAMES WILLIAMS	2318 CAROLINA AVENUE	LOUISVILLE, KY
DAVID D. CHADWICK	2038 TYLER LANE	LOUISVILLE, KY
BOYCE MARTIN JR.	GLENBROOK ROAD	LOUISVILLE, KY
JERRY STEIGER	2423 WALLACE AVENUE	LOUISVILLE, KY
JOSEPH W. SIMON	1744 FERNWOOD AVENUE	LOUISVILLE, KY
JOHN SABEL III	1058 BARDSTOWN ROAD	LOUISVILLE, KY
WALTER J. GIBBS	2418 BROADMEADE ROAD	LOUISVILLE, KY
MAX ROBERT BIER	GLENBROOK ROAD	ANCHORAGE, KY
GLENN DRUMMOND	RT. #2	ANCHORAGE, KY
ROBERT M. PUTNAM	2145 LOWELL AVENUE	LOUISVILLE, KY
JERRY R. SMITH	1515 EDGEWOOD PLACE	LOUISVILLE, KY
JOHN G. JAMESON JR.	1832 EASTERN PARKWAY	LOUISVILLE, KY
EARL H. TUCKER	3333 W. KENTUCKY ST.	LOUISVILLE, KY
WILLIS RAY SNYDER	2705 GRINSTEAD DRIVE	LOUISVILLE, KY
JAMES R. GRACE	916 TEXAS AVENUE	LOUISVILLE, KY
JUDSON G. JUSELL	2167 LOWELL AVENUE	LOUISVILLE, KY
ROBERT H. STEILBERG	555 SUNSET ROAD	LOUISVILLE, KY
JOHN G. PERRY	3141 BROWNSBORO ROAD	LOUISVILLE, KY
L. J. KLEIN	906 S. 1ST STREET	LOUISVILLE, KY
WILLIAM W. WEBER	105 N. BAYLY AVENUE	LOUISVILLE, KY
DON FISHBACK	431 W. LIBERTY ST.	LOUISVILLE, KY
HARRY ESKRIDGE	1945 DUKER AVENUE	LOUISVILLE, KY
CARL P. BEE	GENERAL DELIVERY	FORT KNOX, KY