

REGION TEN
WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS
RECORD OF PADDLE AWARDS

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COUNCIL	Minneapolis
DATE OF TRIP	July 12-14, 1942
GUIDE	P. B. Tuttle

PADDLE AWARDS : DATE
BRONZE 7/18/42 - Through Cornell
GOLD
SILVER

LOG OF REGION TEN B. S. A.
WILDERNESS CANOE TRIP # 4

July 12-14
1942

By Robert W. Asher

On Saturday July 11, Mr. Sullivan, Harold Hunter, Don Renville, another boy named Virgil, & myself left Mpls. on start of motor trip to Charles F. Sommers Canoe Base.

We travelled on Highway 61 to Two Harbors where we had our supper (smoked ciscoes, milk, bread, butter, & honey) and also pitched our tents for the night.

We went to church in Two Harbors & then proceeded up the North Shore. Gitchee Gumee was very quiet & beautiful. It's shores sprayed by the lakes quiet breeze & rolling waves.

At Illgen City we turn West, away from the lake & had to detour. We proceeded to Ely & then to Winton & on to the base.

We registered and packed up immediately as we wanted to leave right away to camp out on an island on Moose Lake. We were taught how to lift a canoe onto our backs for portaging & were given a few helpful instructions.

We left the base & canoed to a little island out on Moose Lake where we camped for the night. Rain kept us busy during setting up camp & supper.

Monday

The next morning we quickly packed up & started North on our way to explore the most beautiful canoe country in the world.

From Moose Lake we went around a narrow channel and into Newfoun Lake and then into Sucker Lake where our first battle against strong winds started. After a very hard struggle we managed to reach Prairie Portage and into Canada.

The rush of water from Sucker Lake into Bayley Bay caused a very beautiful & majestic note of nature. A most beautiful setting for a short rest.

The part of the bay we were in was fairly quiet, so we paddled to an arm not far away to stop and have lunch.

The lake ahead of us was big & very high wind & waves prevailed. Our guide questioned about crossing, but after a couple of the fellows tried it we decided it was possible so out into the heavy lake we went. Tossing & rolling waves gave us a fierce battle against procedure & swamping. Although missing being swamped by inches we finally reached the opposite shore. Here the ranger cabin at which we registered was situated.

We then portaged into the lower part of Burke Lake for a short uneventful paddle to our next portage. This portage a very short one led us into Sunday Lake for a moderate stretch of blue, beautiful canadian water. We crossed a portage into a part of Meadows Lake & then on to another portage, the last of portages for the day into lower Lake Louisa.

Near the Louisa Falls we set up our camp. I was on K. P. so helped prepare supper. A few big Northern Pike & a Walleyed were caught and served as a very delicious part of our supper.

We were very tired and weary after our first day in which rain, high wind and rough water, long & short portages, and bright sunshine gave us a good idea of what to look forward to.

The next morning we got started out early & proceeded Northeast, deeper into Canada.

Through Lake Louisa we paddled before reaching a chain of three portages which brought us into Fauquier Lake where we made camp & at which time Don Renville & I passed our cooking Merit Badge by cooking a complete & (good) supper.

This camping spot provided a very good place for swimming & diving.

Wed.

After a good nights rest we broke camp early the next morning & once more moved farther on our way of adventure & fun.

In succession we passed through Red Lake, Edge Lake, and Turn Lake, then to Glacier Lake with short portages between.

Glacier Lake led us to a long narrow river where a most scenic & wonderful trip ensued. Lake McEwen loomed up ahead of us as we rounded a bend & then on to Web Lake which brought us to Little Falls where on Wednesday we made camp.

Blueberries were plentiful as were wild strawberries. It was here that I passed most of my Forestry Merit Badge.

Little Falls were very beautiful & made us realize even better what good taste mother nature really has.

Taps now were welcome to our weary & tired bodies.

Thurs.

Morning found us fighting against very swift water and small falls, then finally into Saganagons Lake a very long & broken stretch of water.

Just before entering Slate Lake we saw a bear swim toward shore & then dash off into the woods.

Fran Lake, Bell Lake, & Bit Lake ensued with very marshy & low level portages. From Bit Lake a series of three small portages led us into Otherman Lake on which an

island formed a very beautiful camping spot, so here we stayed for the night.

Another boy & I before supper passed our Requirements for Canoeing Merit Badge, & also finished our Forestry Merit Badge requirements.

We broke camp early & then proceeded on down Otherman Lake a short distance to a portage which led us into Thisman's Lake which was very long & narrow.

On an island which was just touching the surface of the water a boy got out of the canoe & stood there while pictures were being taken of him. It looked as though he were standing on top of the water.

After a long & tiring paddle we made a double portage into Thatman Lake. Here we stopped & a very hungry & tired bunch of canoers rested & ate up the remains of all the bread & crackers. the necter also suffered heavily.

With added energy & a little rest we got started again with our goal, a camping spot on the U. S. side of the border.

A lengthy portage brought us into Sheridan Lake 1387 feet above sea level & on into Carp Lake dropping to an elevation of 1357 ft.

Now gliding along North of the border we neared Birch Lake where our next to the last portage carried us over

the border & once again into America.

Now on familiar water we paddled through Sucker Lake and on into Newfound Lake where we set up camp on a long protruding point.

Here we had a lot of fun swimming & cooling off after a day-long paddle in the hot sun.

Sat.

Early the next morning another boy and I paddled to a high bluff across the lake a short distance away & took photographs of the outlying country.

After breakfast we paddled back to the base camp where we had corned beef & peanut butter sandwiches and nectar for lunch.

We packed up for the auto trip back home and after bidding fond farewells to our new made friends, we started off for home.

In Virginia we stopped & had some Ice cream at Costellos & eased our longing for some of that almost forgotten frozen delight.

We camped out Saturday night just outside of Proctor Minn. and then on Sunday after church went over through Superior & down through Wisc. on our last lap of a never-to-be-forgotten week of adventure and wholesome fun.

No story or log ever written could truly express

the real adventure in such a canoe trail as every year the Senior Scouts of Region Ten have the privilege of taking part in.

I wish to express my best wishes to the success of canoe trails of the future though war conditions may make transportation hard, but somehow somehow, ways will be found to get to and from the base in years to come.

