

REGION TEN
WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS
RECORD OF PADDLE AWARDS

NAME	FITZ, COLEMAN D.
ADDRESS	214 Tilden St., Fairmont, Minnesota.
COUNCIL	Cedar Valley
DATE OF TRIP	1939
GUIDE	Boyd Layton

PADDLE AWARDS :	DATE
BRONZE	10/3/39 - Through Chase
GOLD	x
SILVER	

TREES AND SHRUBS

White Spruce
Black Spruce
Balsam Fir
Tamarack
Red Maple
Mountain Maple
White Birch
Quaking Aspen
Tag Alder
Speckled Alder
Hazel Brush
Silver Willow
Indian Berry
Raspberry
Gooseberry
Choke Cherry
Pin Cherry
Flowering Dogwood
Red Osage
Purple Osage
Black Ash
Mountain Ash
Jack Pine
White Pine
Norway Pine
White Cedar

Plants

Pigeon Wheat
Deer Moss
Arborvitae Mass
Bunch Berry
Wild Rose
Sasparilla
Sponge Moss
Ground Pine
Pearly Everlasting
Bracken
Early Goldenrod
Lanceleaf Goldenrod
Solomon Seal
Day Lily
Broad Leaf Aster
Purple Aster
Clover
Wild Honeysuckle
Canadian Violet
Jo Pie Weed
Cranberry
Blueberry

DIARY

Saturday August 12, 1939

By 11 o'clock this morning we had packed, eaten dinner, and shifted gears. Pete's car had left at nine with Pete, Cal, Emmet, Fat, and Bill Kearns. Dad, George, Bill Small, Ed and myself were left. W

We barrelled down the road waving at all the cars and carrying on a sign conversation with a truck which carried gravel in the back and a driver and two girls in the front.

Going through St. Paul we stopped long enough for me to rent a room for school next year.

As soon as possible we shoved off again and jumped up to Taylor's Falls where we found the other car, had supper, and bunked just outside of a big \$20,000 stone and log building.

Sunday August 13, 1939

Nearly everybody woke up stiff and wet. After drying blankets we piled into the cars again and hit the road.

At Pine City we stopped so that Fat and Kearns could go to church and the rest of us could get some breakfast.

We also stopped at Jay Cook State Park. The water level is up and a lot of water is going over the waterfalls. All cameras swung into action and all possible angles went into print. The next sport was to see if any of the other tourists would become seasick by standing on the suspension bridge while a few scientific experimenters and testers swayed it.

We ate dinner at Virginia and pushed up to Hibbard's Lodge. The afternoon was spent monkeying around and getting acquainted with the Hibbard's end of Hibbard's trail.

Mr. Conger, Jack and Bob Layton gave their instructions, after which the rest piled into bed. Mr. Conger then took us Swamper guides out in back and gave us the dope on our jobs.

Monday August 14, 1939

Bob Layton is the Fairmont Party's guide. We shoved off about 9:30 and paddled and paddled and paddled.

Bill Small and Bill Mac Somebody are in my canoe.

After steaming up Moose, Newfound, Sucker, and Birch Lake, we made lunch and took a swim at Carp Portage.

In the afternoon we paddled up Carp and a string of potholes into Knife. The most fun came when pushing up the rapids and getting wet up to the hips.

We camped on Norway Point on Knife Lake and after eating supper and two snakes (Northern Pike) we hit the hay.

Tuesday August 15, 1939

This morning after Mad had hauled in half of the dead Norways on the point, breakfast, and breaking camp, we headed on down the south arm of Knife Lake, portaged into Fork, crossed that and portaged into Spoon, to Pickle, and into Kekekabic.

We stopped on Kekekabic at the old lumber camp. Bill Kearns found an axhead there and general mining operations commenced. The archeologists wouldn't stop ~~even~~ for lunch, but continued to dig until five axheads, a couple of log chains, horseshoes, harness buckles, and a sled runner were turned up.

Camp was made, the archeologists turned fishermen and a party started out to hunt for Indians, blueberries, and ice cream. The hunting party was soon reinforced by the rest, and after picking several pails of blueberries, the Olympic High Diving Meet was held. Emmet won the fancy dive championship with his trick cannon ball off the cliff.

Wednesday August 16, 1939

After breaking camp this morning, we headed south. ^{Upon} Crossing Kekekabic we portaged into Strup, to Wisini, down a string of potholes, to Frazer, Thomas, and down to Ima where we made camp.

Marty Koss also has a camp on the island.

Last week Doc West lost his rod and reel over the bank. Bob pointed out to us the location and Fitz Submarine Salvage Co. went into action. I finally found it in about eighteen feet of water.

Diving, swimming, and fishing was next on the program.

Meanwhile Cal while examining Pete's silver cigarette lighter, dropped it over the bank. The Salvage Co. was again called upon, the the treasure could not be found.

Stunt Night this evening.

Thursday August 17, 1939

We laid over all day today.

In the morning we cleared the ~~west~~ campsite from all windfalls, stumps, brush, etc. to give the younger trees a chance to grow and to improve the campsite.

In the afternoon we fished, swam, and worked on the Bronze Paddle Award. That evening while swimming a game of King of the Golden Glass Rock was started. It was during this game that the Marty Koss boots, camera, and films dunking episode occurred.

Friday August 18, 1939

We shoved off early this morning, crossed Ima, a string of ponds, Bass, Ensign, and pulled into Newfound about noon. There we made camp and ate lunch.

The afternoon was spent fishing, photographing a chipmunk eating from Bob's hand, and working on various other things.

Marty Koss's gang camped with us again.

Saturday August 19, 1939

We broke camp early and headed down Newfound and Moose to Hibbard's Lodge.

It didn't take long to check in equipment and pack. The other guys were soon ready, piled into the cars and headed down towards Duluth leaving me at the Lodge.

All afternoon we packed grub for next week. It's a real job.

In the evening everyone went into town except Bob, Jack, and I who stayed to ~~fin~~ pack grub and eat a big steak dinner at Hibbards.

Sunday August 20, 1939

Finished packing gurb.

Washed clothes and shaved.

Some of the scouts went into Ely to church.

Worked on odd jobs in the afternoon until the next bunch blew in. Fixed them up, fed them, and after supper, Mr. Conger, Bob, and Jack gave the weekly instructions. Ray Dye told quite a bit about the history of the lumbering camps up here.

Monday August 21, 1939

I'm with Jack Layton, Ray Dye, and a gang from Kansas City this week. I'm known as the JEEP. The Kansas City gang are rotten paddlers, but after plenty of coaching and about twenty miles of paddling, we finally made it to Skull point on Newfound for lunch, and on down to Carp Portage for the night.

In the evening a few of us went over to Canadian Carp for a little while. Coming back I wasn't exactly bewildered but the darkness changed things a little so that it was late when we again hit camp.

Tuesday August 22, 1939

Broke camp early and paddled in a light rain up to Knife and Down Fork, Spoon, and Pickle to Kekekabic. We made camp at the Geologist's camp.

Yesterday I had a scout named Al in my bow. This morning however we shifted around a bit, and I took a lighter kid named Paul Campbell Jr. and put Al in the stern of his canoe.

It's a tough job cooking in the rain.

Wednesday August 23, 1939

We split up the gang this morning into three parties. Ray took the Lake Trout fishermen down Kekekabic away. I took the Bass fishermen down to Wisin. Jack took the rest exploring.

Everything went alright with my party until Paul Campbell Sr. climbed into his canoe after the Strup-Wisini Lift Over and promptly fell in. I sent the others on out fishing while I built a fire and dried out Mr. Campbell. Midway between soaking wet and partially dry, while his clothes were still hung over the fire, a bear walked up the trail. Chief hit for the nearest spruce, but the bear was out of sight before he was hardly started.

We fished all afternoon but had very poor luck. About 4:30 we headed back in the rain. It was raining and the portages were slippery.

Ray had fair luck with the Lake Trout fishing, and Jack's gang had done some more excavating at the lumber camp and had found some more axheads.

Thursday August 24, 1939

Broke camp and headed east. Ray took Bob Miller and Paul Sr. up to Eddy Lake for some Bass fishing. The rest of us climbed the Kekekabic Ranger Tower. It was raining and the visibility was zero, but at least it was fun climbing it.

We then paddled and portaged up to Eddy where we met Ray's canoe. Our lunch was eaten there beside Eddy Falls. We then went on down the South Arm of Knife to Norway Point.

Ray took a little grub and then paddled on down to Hibbard's alone this evening. He has a job guiding a private party in the morning.

Jack and I made Darn-Goods this evening.

Friday August 25, 1939

Pushed on down to Newfound this morning and set up camp. Fishing and Shooting the Bull were the main sports of the day.

Marty's bunch and George's gang pulled by later in the afternoon.

About 8 o'clock, just as we were going to bed, Bob's gang came round the bend by lantern and moon light. They had just caught 25 bass up past Ensign and were set for a big fish fry. We gave them some Crisco and took a look at their fish. There were three that must have weighed between 6 and 7 pounds.

Saturday August 26, 1939

We didn't reach Hibbard's until noon. After lunch the Kansas City gang hit the trail while we started cleaning up and packing everything.

Everybody went into Ely for supper and some ice cream this evening.

We left George Monteith in Ely and Marty out at the Power Dam. The rest of us--Mr. Conger, Bob, Jack, Greazy, and I--went back to Hibbard's.

Sunday August 27, 1939

This morning Mr. Conger gave me permission to use a scout canoe so that I could learn a little more about guiding. I bought enough grub for a week, in case I needed it, and pulled out in the afternoon with a canoe, a combination personal pack, grub pack, and kettle pack, and a big rock in my bow. I also had a compass, a Quetico map, and a feeling that I was going to have some fun. I did.

After paddling down Moose Lake to Wind Bay I hit the Wind Lake Portage. Some people were having a little trouble there, so I helped them out a little before I threw up my pack and canoe and headed over to Wind Lake. I found Wind Lake all right after about a half mile portage and a dead feeling in my shoulders. On Wind Lake the fun started. I had never been over this trail before and was relying on my map. Well, I paddled dead west into a heavy wind up the arm from which the portage was supposed to cross. The portage wasn't there and it took several hours to find it. I finally found it on the other arm and portaged the mile into Basswood. I camped on the Canadian side of Basswood.

Monday August 28, 1939

Paddled around Basswood. Bought an Indian Jacket, some moccasins, and some socks from a Hudson Bay Trading Post. Camped on the Canadian side again. Got out wondering after supper just when school started and figured that I had better head home.

Tuesday August 29, 1939

Crossed the border at 6:30, hit the Wind Lake Portage at 7, hit Wind Lake at 7:45, hit the Moose Lake Portage at 8:30, hit Moose Lake at 9:00, and hit Hibbard's Lodge at 9:45. Cleaned out the canoe, took a swim, packed and caught a ride into Winton with Mr. Hibbard. Declared my Canadian stuff at the customs office there and hiked back to the main road. Caught a ride into Ely. Bought a dime's worth of fruit and looked the town over. Caught a ride to Virginia with a Mr. McRae. From there I caught a ride to Eveleth. About a mile the other side of Eveleth I made camp.

HISTORICAL USES OF THE NORTHERN LAKES

For untold centuries the birds, the animals, and the fish have used our northern lakes as their feeding and nesting ground. The Indians also have lived along these lakes for many years. To them the lakes were not merely a method for transportation, but also a source of food. Wild rice grew in the marshes, wild ducks nested there, fish swam in the water, animals came down to drink, and some animals like the beaver and weasel lived on or near the water.

In comparatively late years fur traders and trappers came up the lakes looking for fur bearing animals. They found the fur and took it back down to the Hudson Bay and Lake Superior. It was in these days that the French Voyageurs plied their trade.

Explorers came and examined the country. Timber cruisers came up the lakes. Immense amounts of the valuable white pine was found. Lumbering started and most of the country was lumbered and burned. The waterways were again used, but this time to float the logs down to the mills. After the greater amount of logs had been floated down, lumbering operations ceased and the streams were left clogged with the logs and the dams which had been deserted.

With the timber cruisers came the prospectors. Iron ore in large quantities was found. A railroad was built into the country and mining operations started.

With the stop of lumbering and the coming of the railroad, the lakes faded in importance and were used less. Lately, however, canoers, fishermen, and other sportsmen have discovered their recreational value. This country is now becoming or is the best vacation land in the United States.

While camped on Lake Ima we cleared the west side of the island upon which we camped, of windfalls, stumps, and brush which was hindering the young pines. It also improved the campsite.



COLEMAN D. FITZ,