

REGION TEN
WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS
RECORD OF PADDLE AWARDS

NAME	FRIEST, BOB
ADDRESS	Morris, Minnesota.
COUNCIL	Red River Valley
DATE OF TRIP	1943
GUIDE	Al Schumann

PADDLE AWARDS : DATE	
BRONZE	Awarded through Regional Office 12/1/43.
GOLD	
SILVER	

Boy Scouts of America
Region Ten,
1112 Minnesota Building,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Date

4/21

Please Print

RECEIVED

DEC 1 - 1943

Region Ten Office B. S. A.
ST. PAUL, MINN.

I hereby apply for the

Bronze Paddle

Award

I have completed all requirements for this award (see evidence
attached).

My height is 5'10

Scout or Scouter

Bob Friesch

Address

Morris Morris

Approved by Guide

Chas. Johnson

Approved by Director

Ed. Rude

Approved by Scout Executive

Ernest Boardman

COUNCIL

Red River Valley

Approved by Region Ten Executive

Key Barty

Sent
12/11/43

OK
Send 5 1/2 ft
bronze Paddle
& letter

BOY SCOUT CANOE TRIP

(Editor's Note—Bob Friest, one of the Morris Boy Scouts who went on a canoe trip through a part of the northern Minnesota wilderness last summer, has written the following account of the trip.)

One of the big events in a Scout's program is a canoe trip in the wilderness. So this summer when Mr. Perkins announced a trip for local Scouts was scheduled we all got busy with our planning to make the trip possible for us.

Nine-thirty Saturday morning ten of us left Morris. At three o'clock we were in Brainerd and eight o'clock found us at the "Y" in Duluth. There they opened the pool for us so after a swim and a good supper ten excited and weary scouts "hit the hay."

Sunday morning we left for Ely and were there by noon, after dinner we struck out for the canoe base at the edge of the wilderness. The base is a large log cabin and a storage building. The guides live here all summer. The base is constructed in a way that makes it practically invisible from the lake—a government specification. Scouts from all over the country come here to go on trips conducted by these experienced guides during June, July and August. After our arrival at the base our guide took us on a hike into the woods as an initiation to our week in the wilderness. Supper over we held our consultation to decide on the type of trip we wanted. We all agreed on the toughest one possible for our period of time.

Monday morning we got our equipment and organized for the trip, so began our trek into the wilderness. It was a windy day with huge waves on Bailey Bay. Our guide had us wait a couple of hours before setting our canoes out into it. The portages were new experiences; we found we

had many things to learn and several muscles to harden. We were a tired bunch of boys that night when we finally got to the site for setting up our camp. It was already nine-thirty and dark. We chopped wood by flashlight and set up tents by light of camp fires where the guide was preparing our supper. Macaroni and cheese was a swell feed that night!

The second day out we began with a swim in "The Bath Tub," a huge rock worn out in the shape of a tub by the water. We broke camp and got into our canoes. Portages seemed easier and the water was calm but we were facing the wind. The camp site was a messy one we found when we reached it about eight o'clock so our first job was to clean it up. Then we pitched our tents, ate mulligan stew and no one had to tell us it was bed time.

About ten-thirty on our third day we rounded the bend, our half way point, and started on our way thru Cairn Lake. Mr. Perkins and his two companions decided to stop and fish in a lake before Keefer. They were to come to our camp on an island when they got their limit. We went on, reached the island, set up camp, ate supper then waited for the three fishermen. Finally we went to bed. Ten-thirty we heard the canoes and Dick went out with the flashlight to pilot them in to safety. They had missed us and had gone way down Kahshahpiwi, then, not finding us they turned around and as they were passing happily saw our camp fire. Boy, were they hungry. After they had eaten Mr. Perkins was too tired to even go to the tent, just crawled into his bag and was asleep. We will never forget that day and neither will they.

The next day we had our experience with rapids. We put our

packs on our backs, got out in the water, one took the bow and the other the stern and we steered the canoes through. The real excitement was caused by missing the stepping stones and plunging down waist deep into the cold water. Our camp site that night was the most popular of the trip. We had a beautiful view of the lake and took many pictures from our hill top.

We decided to get up early Friday morning and go on a hike. The guide showed us how to identify trees. There were white pine, Norway pine, jack pine, spruce, fir, white and red cedar, birch and tag alder. He also pointed out their uses to a camper. Then he found wintergreen, blueberry, raspberry, strawberry, pinberry and deer moss which are edible and would supply nourishment if one was lost. These were all things we were anxious to learn. After our hike we broke camp and got into our canoes. Mr. Perkins guided the party and everything went fine. Paddling was easier and portages more fun. We could enjoy the scenery which was truly beautiful. Frost had already turned the leaves in places. We found Bailey Bay rough again but Mr. Perkins guided us safely through. We camped on Sucker Lake that night.

Saturday, our last day, came; only a couple of hours paddling to base so we slept late. A gorgeous day and we hated to leave but the base was reached. We checked in and soon were on the bus and going home with pleasant memories of our first wilderness canoe trip.

Bob Friest.

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MORRIS, MINNESOTA.



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