

REGION TEN
WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS
RECORD OF PADDLE AWARDS

NAME	PERKINS, LELAND Q.
ADDRESS	Morris, Minnesota.
COUNCIL	Red River Valley
DATE OF TRIP	August, 1943.
GUIDE	Al Schumann

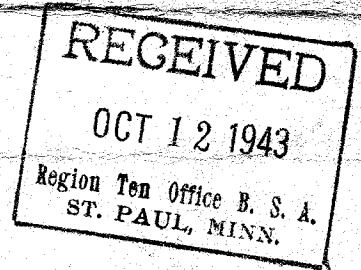
PADDLE AWARDS : DATE	
BRONZE	7/28/42
GOLD	11/18/43 - Through Regional Office.
SILVER	

Hold

Date 8/21/43

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

Please Print



I hereby apply for the

Gold Paddle Award

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

My height is 5' 8 in.

~~Scout~~ or Scouter

Leland Q. Perkins

Address

Morris Mann

Approved by Guide

A. J. Schumann

AI
Schumann

Approved by Director

Bob Ludlow

Approved by Scout Executive

Ernest Boardman

COUECIL

Red River Valley

Bronze 7/28/42
Gold OK

A Boy Scout Wilderness Canoe Trip.

From the time that our first canoe trip was over in June 1942 we kept talking about a second trip, and we made definite plans to go unless prevented by difficulties brought on by the war. The truth is that it took all of our ingenuity to surmount the many problems that did come up.

August 15th found us arriving at the Forest Hotel in Ely, Minn. and being met by none other than Hod Ludlow, the Director of the Canoe Base. All ten of us were hungry since we had been on the bus since seven-thirty and it was now one o'clock in the afternoon. After eating it wasn't long until we were on our way to the Base.

A hike to Flash Lake took the kinks out of our legs after so much riding. The kayak proved very popular and only the supper call gave it a rest. At the campfire plans were made for the start of the trip the next day, and then we rolled in to dream of the adventures of the next week.

Here we are on the water and trying first this and then another stroke to make the canoe go straight. In a little while our four canoes are keeping fairly close together and moving along rapidly as the fellows are all fresh and eager for the first portage. Our Guide is one of our own Scouts who was on the trip last year and is now a guide after having been a "Swamper" for several trips. Here we are at the portage and the fun of getting the packs on and the canoe on our shoulders proves interesting to the Scouts making their first trip. This is Prairie Portage and so in a short time we are across. We started rather late this morning and as it is almost noon we stop here for lunch on this nice sand beach. Soon we are on our way but as we reach Bayley Bay we find that it is too rough and we must lay up for two hours

or more waiting for the wind to lessen. Our Guide advises us to rest since it is a long way to Louisa Falls where we want to camp tonight. Finally we decide to make a try at crossing altho there are some strong waves now and then. This is a real test but all canoes reach the Ranger Station without mishap altho some of them have had to bale water. It takes only a few minutes to check in, and we are on our way over the portage. This is a much traveled trail and is wide and clear. Soon we are paddling again in Birch lake and then across Sunday lake. The real test is on the portage into Meadows lake, and it is almost dark when we reach the camp at Louisa Falls. Supper is welcome but not more so than our beds for all of us are tired and it doesn't take long for the camp to get quiet tonight.

This morning we climb to the top of the falls and several of us take a swim in the "Bath tub" and have our pictures taken for future reference. Then we set out on our trip thru Lake Agnes and on to Rose Island where we camp for our second night. Some of the boys go fishing while others help prepare supper. Eating is always popular with the fellows on these trips. We did not have many portages today, but we have come quite a distance and all are ready to crawl in early. This is a nice night and many of the Scouts sleep outside.

This morning we can look out over the lake and see the mists rising as we watch. As it lifts over the trees it looks a lot like smoke and we wonder if there might be a fire. As the sun comes up the mists disappear and the Guide is soon moving about and calling to us to roll out and make our packs up. We have had a good rest and the fellows are eager to be paddling again. The day is beautiful and our spirits are high as we seek new adventure. We reach the north point of our trip

this morning and make the turn which will take us back toward the Base. We are hoping to make camp tonight on an island in Kahshahpiwi and so we must keep moving along. Looking at the map we see that this is a long way and there are many portages ahead of us. Late in the afternoon as we paddle thru Keefer Lake we find that fishing is good and so stop for a short time to try our luck. It takes only a half hour until we have a nice string of fish which we plan to have for breakfast in the morning. Our camp on the island is high above the water and this gives us a good view. As we have now completed the greater part of the distance, we plan to sleep late and then go on to Isabella Lake, which we have been told is very beautiful.

As we leave our camp on this island we have several miles of paddling before we must portage. But this is a long one and soon is followed by another. It is warm today and a lot of honest sweat is dropped as we carry our loads. We arrive in Isabella Lake quite early and find an ideal camping place. After unloading the packs some of the Scouts go fishing and make some fine catches. One of the fellows decides to make some pies as a special treat for tonight. They must be raisin as the wild fruit is almost entirely gone this late in the summer. This is August 19th. It really is surprising to find that all eleven of us like raisin pie. In fact it seems to be the favorite of all. The gang isn't so tired tonight and most of us sit around the campfire late talking and just enjoying the beauty of this place. We do not need to hurry and so take plenty of time about getting up and having breakfast.

The fish caught last evening are cooked #### in deep fat and that's the way we like them best. We make the steep climb to the summit and look out over North Bay and many other lakes in the distance. This really is a magnificent view for many miles.

A picture is enclosed which we took here. We do not like to leave this camp, but it is necessary that we cross North Bay today so we get going and have a most interesting experience as we leave Isabella and follow the river over several beaver dams which we are able to lift over so that there is very little portaging. We pass thru some of the most beautiful lily fields that I have ever seen. Our Guide tells us that they are protected and not to pick any of them. Some fine pictures are taken, one of which is enclosed. We arrive in North Bay about noon and have our dinner on an island from which we can look out over this large lake. The wind is strong and we can see that we are going to have some hard paddling against the waves. As we move along we pass a house boat near an island. We also see a speed boat which makes us feel that we are moving very slowly, but we wouldn't change places with him. We decide to cross Bayley Bay again this afternoon so that we will be close to the Base for our camp tonight. In that way we can take our time about getting up on our last morning out. Late this afternoon a hard rain strikes us, and as we are on the water we find our canoes must be baled out in order to keep the packs from getting wet on the bottom. This is a new experience for us, but none of the fellows seem to mind it much even tho the camp is wet as well as the fire wood and quite a lot of clothing. We are getting back where there are more people camping and so we have a lot to do to clean this camp site up. We take pride in the fact that we have learned not to throw tin cans and paper and scraps away to leave an unsightly campsite. We choose to go up into the less used lakes where we find clean camp grounds. The sun shines this evening after the rain and all is well.

Here we are, our last morning and none of the fellows is anxious to get back to the Base. Our schedule calls for us to

take a bus from Ely this afternoon and so we must be on our way. Upon reaching the Base Camp pictures are taken in order to have a record. Then comes checking the equipment in and getting our things together for the trip home.

For some of us this is a second trip, and we have found that we have enjoyed it even more than our first trip of last year. There is something that calls one back to this land of adventure and practical Scouting. Already our Troop is talking about a Canoe Trip for 1944, and it begins to look like an annual for Scouts from Morris, Minnesota.

"The Voyageur's Highway"

by Grace Lee Nute

Any Scout who reads "The Voyageur's Highway" written by Grace Lee Nute, will not be satisfied until he has made a trip by canoe into this waterway of adventure. The author so vividly brings to life the, centuries old, adventures of the trappers that any Scout who takes a canoe voyage over these old water routes should first read this historical background in order to more fully enjoy this land.

This is a land that civilization has not changed very much. Perhaps this is largely because of the fact that it is not practical to build roads in it. Thus the automobile is barred. The Scouts of today are, therefore, able to physically get into the atmosphere of the pioneers who helped make the early history of this country and particularly of the State of Minnesota. Only by reading books such as this can one appreciate the important part that this lake country and the trappers who traveled it have had in establishing our present boundary between Canada and Minnesota. It was this waterway of lakes and rivers that made it possible for the early trappers to market their furs, and it was because of this that the United States Government was able to claim the region south of the waterway. Had England known of the great deposits of iron ore here we wonder whether boundary negotiations would not still be pending.

The author does not leave us only with the importance that the waterways have had in the history of our country, but she aptly describes the adventure of this land for the voyagers of two hundred years ago and for the Scout of today, who may actually travel the same trails used then. In this setting one almost expects to come upon a canoe party of fur traders on its way to Grand Portage.

This region is living and real as described by the author when she write," She wears about her throat a necklace of pearls-----." "Her flowing garments are forever green,-----!" "The North Country seems so young--and is so old!" There are no better words to adequately give a picture of this region. It is impossible to comprehend how old this land is, and the great amount of history that is there. How many canoes have skimmed across these lakes and how many moccasined feet have trod the portages. This was no place for the tenderfoot. Only men who knew how to live from nature could venture into this land with any certainty that they would return. The same kinds of wild plants and animals that meant life to these men of yesterday may be seen by the Scout of today if he will but observe them.

The author has made us realize how ruthless man is thru his personal greed for wealth. Man destroys in a moment what nature has taken centuries to form and build. And then we are introduced to men like Frank Brookes Hubachek who loves things as nature makes them and knows that others love them that way too. Scouts of today are indeed fortunate that there are men of vision and action who would preserve this wilderness for them.

There are no better words to describe what this region does to her visitors than to quote the author where she writes, "Those who have ever seen her in her beauty or listened to her vibrant melodies can never quite forget her nor lose the urge to return to her!"

Taken from the summit of our
camp on Lake Isabelle



a White Water Lily



a double exposure gives
a strange picture of this
Water Lily.



Lake Isabelle

Leland S. Perkins
Marion, Minn.