

REGION TEN
WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS
RECORD OF PADDLE AWARDS

NAME	REMOLE, ROBERT
ADDRESS	4626 18th Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minnesota.
COUNCIL	Minneapolis Area
DATE OF TRIP	1943
GUIDE	Lloyd Rabel

PADDLE AWARDS : DATE	
BRONZE	Through Regional Office - 1/29/44.
GOLD	
SILVER	

REQUIREMENT NO. 2 FOR BRONZE PADDLE

Slides in color and black and white have been submitted directly to Mr. Bentz.

Please have him verify.

R.R.

Date

Sept 1, 1943

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

Please Print

I hereby apply for the

Bronze Paddle Award

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

My height is

6 ft 1

Scout or Scouter

Scout Robert Remole

Address

4626 Eighteenth Avenue S. S. Minneapolis

Approved by Guide

Way of the Scout

Approved by Director

Had Linder

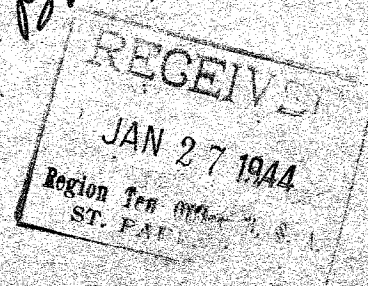
Approved by Scout Executive

COUNCIL

Approved by Region Ten Executive

OK W. G. Bentz
Send Bronze Paddle

Robert Remole
4626 - - 18 Av. S.
Minneapolis, Minn.



CANADA HERE I AM

We arrived at Ely and were met by a guide, Chuck Kendell, attired in a beautiful fringed buckskin shirt, corncob pipe, and about a weeks growth of beard. He looked like the reincarnation of the woodsman of bygone days.

Eleven Iowa and eight Minnesota scouts were supposed to get in a nine passenger station wagon with the guide and to everyone's surprise actually did it. There were two on the front fenders, two on the top in back, myself and another boy on the running boards, and the remainder inside piled three deep.

After a few miles ride we stopped to register at the Canadian consulate's. He was at home eating dinner but stopped to help us out. It's amazing the lack of red tape necessary to go into Canada. No birth certificates etc. needed and only a few questions such as: name, place of birth, date of birth, residence, and length of stay in country were asked. Then

The tires on the station wagon have got so hot with the overload caused by the twenty one passengers and luggage that Chuck has decided that he will take half of us to camp right away leaving the others to start walking the twenty miles with only the hope that he would pick them up to sustain them.

The hike, I with my usual luck being one of those who walked, was really fun at first. An almost full moon lent a soft all encompassing glow to a scene beautiful beyond description. We sang songs and bickered over the respective merits of the relative merits of the Twin Cities with some scouts who were unfortunate enough to have been born in the city? of St. Paul. Gradually four of the Minneapolis scouts myself among them, pulled away from the rest of the gang and we really went to town on this walking business. It was really more of a Marathon race but it was fun. After about seven miles of steady walking during which time the moon had progressed from a young vigorous youth through maturity and into old age and finally the obscurity of death we were picked up.

By this time it was quite late but it would have been far to simple to go straight to town instead first of all we had to find the rest of the scouts. They were huddled around the beginnings of a fire about three miles farther back. This fire had been beginning for the last half hour but the combined skill of six boy scouts couldn't get it passed that stage.

By now it was still later but still no rest for the weary. We still had to go into town and then all the way out to the base before we could even begin to make our beds. It had turned bitterly cold and the first frost of the season seemed to give a frightening prediction of what was to come. Much to my surprise for I had given up hope we finally arrived at the camp and succeeded to get to sleep about two in the morning.

The melodious sounds of someone beating on the bottom of a tin pot woke us up at six, and after many sleepy grumbles we all got up to a delicious breakfast of dried cereal nothing else. We were introduced to our guide and much to my horror he was sixteen years old and the camper even younger, then me by about two months. They seem like nice guys however and it looks like a swell trip. There are seven of us in the party and three canoes. The guide, Lloyd (Fryer) Rabel, and his dutiful assistant, Arthur (Art) Dahlberg will be followed to the death by Earl (Bud) Maynard, William (Bill) McGrath, Kenith (Kenny) Anderson, Jerome (Jerry) Swalene, and yours truly Robert (Bob) Remole.

The first thing the guide did after he introduced himself produced a very bad impression on every one and should be discontinued. He made each of us add to a pack already so jammed full of stuff that it looked like a fat sausage, four cans of food. This immediately lowered the morale of all present.

We're off and for the first time I feel the excruciating pleasure of water squishing soggly in my boats but not for the last time. First thing two of the canoes, lucky Bobs among them, went wrong and we had to paddle like mad for half an hour to catch up.

Robert Remole

First portage and I carried the canoe. The canoe yoke is the most ingenious torture instrument invented by man. It digs into sore shoulders like a knife and hits the back of the neck like an axe. Also its not balanced right and the bow keeps riseing and makes the whole carrying operation a mess. Of course I have to take the wrong trail and end up between two fallen trees not able to move an inch or even get the heck out of there. After much straining, groaning, and dropping of the canoe I finally did get out however and finished the portage dead tired. Insedentally this portage is about the easiest we we have and I almost cracked on it. My gosh what will a really bad one do to me?

The Guide and Swamper have gone back to the canoe base to get another canoe. The one we were using having developed a slight gunall crack during the morning. Ken and I took one of the canoes near to a small waterfall by the noon campsite and tried to see how far up the falls we could go. Afterwords we went fishing and he caught a small bass which Jerry immediately cleaned and ate in spite of just having finished lunch.

End of the first day and I am so tired that I don't know how I even have the energy to write. My feet are so wrinkled from being in the water all day that I can't believe that they're mine. I changed shoes, socks, and pants and that made me feel like life is worth living again. Allmost but not quite. I've decided that I am going to do most of my note writing at night so I shall try to tell what happened after the Guide and Swamper got back.

At four O'clock we came to the border station and registered for our entry. A seaplane landed at this remote seeming base as we approached and another as we left. We bought our fishing licenses which cost only adollar. We had to buy one for every pole n the outfit. It seemed very lonely at this boarder station which seems so far from everthing but is really only a few miles from Ely. We saw a radio just like you see in the movies in pictures of the North and there was the curre t issue of "Life" so it couldn't have been a genuine outpost of civilization. There are six bunks but only two of them are occupied and the cabin is very neat looking.

Well its time to go to bed and never have I done anything with more alacerty. The mosquitoes are becoming bad but are not as numerous as I expected. Many times during the heat of the day I cursed at the clumsy air mattress and sleeping bag that I brought with but now lieing here in complete comfort I am feeling quite genial towards life and general and the air mattress in particular. The only unpleasant thought that plauges my mind is the horrible idea that may have a leak in the air mattress. If it should prove useless and at the same time force me to carry it all over Canada words fail me to express the feeling I may have to air mattress manufacturers.

We are camped on the longest portage to date, about a mile and a half of rocks. Bright Bob had to try and help take the canoe over wearing my moccasins with the soft sole. Boy! Do my feet hurt.

Day the Second

Well much to my surprise I feel pretty good now except for my neck which still hurts where the canoe rested on it. We just finished the mile and a half portage and remined me to never be a guide as it takes a strong back and a weak mind and I have only the latter qualification. The guide took this portage like it wasn't even here while the rest of us huffed and puffed our way over it like it was a hundred miles long. We have to get in our canoe for a second now, and by the time we've sat down were to another portage of twenty chains. By gosh with all these chains around no wonder I'm so tired of walking.

After we stopped for lunch at another portage it started to rain. I was carrying the canoe and the first I noticed of it was the soft patter of rain on the leaves and canoe. I tried to keep dry but as soon as I got out from under the canoe I got sopping wet. Incidentally while trying to get the canoe in the water I fell in to muck up to my waist but it's all in a days work.

After getting into Lake Agness a long devil of about, well it's awfully long, Kenny in our canoe suggested putting up a sail as the wind was directly astern and the lake very straight. As usual genuis was laughed at but he kept on and made us one anyway.

Does this sail work swell. All previous estimations of Kenny have been revised He's really a swell fellow and a smart boy. I am paddling bow or should be. Instead I'm tending the sail while the other two paddle. I've made myself

a swell bed among the packs and am actually lying down. I could almost fall asleep but a slight crosswind has come up that makes the sail want to luff and if it did we'd inspect Mother Neptune first hand. Also I should watch so we don't hit anything but I'm too lazy. The other guys have stopped paddling and Bill is just steering. The other two canoes have rigged up sails too but although ours is the best the added weight has made us fall back to second place.

We are camped tonight on the middle of Agness on the prettiest little island I have ever seen. It is about 300 feet by 150 feet wide and is separated from the mainland by about 100 feet of water. A swell breeze is blowing driving away all mosquitoes and I'm perfectly at peace with the world. This island like all of the others is rock with a few Norway Pines on it. There is no underbrush and just enough moss to make it soft. Outside of the fact that the day is too cloudy to take pictures and that we didn't get any fish while casting from shore I'd say that we were in Heaven.

We saw Alan Martini from Minneapolis. He looked familiar and after questions were asked and answered we finally found out that we both went to Roosevelt High School and were in the camera club.

There is a pick and shovel along with us but so far its been a joke as we have yet to find enough ground to dig in.

Incidentally I have lost my hat. What a loss it was a shapeless wreck, and so battered that I never knew whether it was backwards or sideways on my head but I was forming an affection for it, and I shall feel its loss greatly. Well maybe for another hour anyway.

Agness is full of islands some very large and others so small that two stunted Pine trees have trouble getting enough space to exist on.

Day the Third

We went up the rest of Agness with the sails set but the wind wasn't as strong as yesterday and we had to paddle too. Our first portage of the day was a rather short one. After carrying the canoe over and setting it in the water, I sat down to rest. Suddenly I noticed that it was drifting away. With a whoop I was after it and succeeded in recueing it after going into the water head first.

After another short lake we got to another portage full of rocks all the way from pebbles to boulders weighing many tons. The portage was a complete louse and I certainly was glad I wasn't carrying the canoe for I would have busted it sure. The guides canoe and our own started out while Jerry and Art picked some raspberries. They didn't get their canoe wedged in safely so it floated away and the guide had to save them.

Had my first swim up here awhile ago the water was a little cold but it sure was fun.

We got so far behind on the next few portages that the guide stopped and they had all eaten lunch before we even came up to get ours.

Finished another portage as bad as the one where the canoe floated away. On second thought it wasn't as bad as nothing could be.

Funny before I came up here I thought that portaging would be fun and exciting instead of the back breaking labor that it is. Oh well live and learn.

We are passing through an area that has been burned over by fire. It was quite a while ago but it certainly is a let down from what we've been seeing. There are a few small trees on the wound made by the fire and somehow they remind me of the scab that's on one of our wounds while it's healing.

We are camped on Rose Island we believe. No ready made campsite this time we had to make our own. Bud wondered if the lake was cold and casually put his foot in shoes socks and all. We thought it rather natural, but I happened to think that if we did that at home we'd probably have to have our head examined, but up here it's perfectly all right.

Wonderful what a change of clothes will do for you. A while back when we were bucking the waves on Kinnippee with 5 inches of freeboard in foot and a half waves I didn't care what happened now I feel fine. The reason our canoe is so heavily laden is that since we have three paddlers we have to carry more packs to help out the others on the portages. This has gone too far though and we'll probably give some of our packs to the others just for the paddling. We have two inches of water in the canoe and have emptied it many times.

Robert Steele

Kenny caught a small mouth bass and after skinning him through the skin in the lake. A little later I caught a ~~harthern~~ northern in the same place and after cutting him open we found the bass's skin in his belly.

The boys said that there were thunder heads in the sky. I innocently inquired what a thunder head was. I found out. After we got to bed it started to rain. It came down in sheets. The wind was so strong that it blew the frocks from off the tent sides and left the tent flapping in the breeze with myself vainly trying to hold on to the end. After this finally quieted down and put us back on our beds trying to go to sleep the mosquitoes came. They came in clouds, and we didn't have the fly spray. What a night.

Day the Fourth

We are going to spend the day in camp. No one got really wet last night except Ken, but we are going to stay over anyway. Jerry hadn't caught his first fish yet but he and I went out this morning and he got a good sized wall eye.

There was fish for breakfast but it wasn't too good. First meal that wasn't up to snuff. Well I've tasted both coffee and tea up here and I guess I'll stay a milk sop for life.

The flies are awful there seems to be fifteen or twenty overhead all the time and can they bite. Saw my first bloodsucker a long guy of about 6 inches right where I was going to go swimming. Didn't go swimming.

Day the Fifth

What a fleeting thing contentment is. Yesterday I got awfully board of not paddling and now today the first really hard day of paddling I'd give anything to be resting. We've been going over some more burnt over land and it isn't much fun, but now the fire must have ended for we are going through the most beautiful woods that I have ever seen. Tall pines and no underbrush except a little moss. Boy it's pretty.

We hunted for an hour and a half for a campsite and finally had to make our own. We've got a rather pretty one and there is some wonderful moss three inches thick to sleep on.

I casted a dozen times from shore and got a three pound Northern. It's almost too easy to catch fish. When I'm home I yell because it's too hard to catch fish here I yell because it's too easy.

It rained tonight for the third time in a row and the wind blew but hard. It came up very fast blowing the tents out like inflated balloons. Then just as suddenly it stopped collapsing the balloon tents like some one had stuck a pin in them.

Day the Sixth

We paddled all day with Art doing the guiding for his Gold Paddle. He would pick the worst lake to do it in. It took us all morning to get out of Russell.

About one o'clock we came to a deserted logging camp which naturally enough ended the forest of pines through which we had been passing. Another burned over area.

We stopped to explore the logging camp and found that one of the buildings had been made over into a ranger way station. Flowers of all descriptions and small trees grew in the cleared area. It was a rather big camp holding maybe a hundred and fifty men and had been abandoned for about four years.

After the camp we came to a thirteen chain portage that took us an hour and a half to get across it was so bad. After eating lunch on the other side by a kind of dam we paddled across a stinking mud hole into which I naturally fell. We have been doing some exploring but there is not other portage so we are going to take an orthodox trip around the rest of hunters island.

We paddled on and on and finally broke out the scout ration bars which taste just as bad as I remember them. Near a ranger way station Rabel found a 1942 American dime which rather surprised us all. We're paddling awfully late tonight and Rabel said that he had often gotten in so late that he had to cook supper by flashlight. I replied that I wondered if a flashlight would give enough heat and that I would prefer a fire any day. This joke corny though it was gave us all an excuse to stop paddling for a few minutes.

~~Sixth~~ night rain. This is getting awfully tiresome. It is the fourth night in a row.

Day the Seventh

It is still raining. When I asked what was for breakfast, Rabel said, "hard-tack and pruns." Oh for the life of a canoeist. There must be a guardian angel for canoeists. When we started out I yelled rocks to the right and Bill yelled rocks to the left. Half a foot to either side and the whole bottom would be out of the canoe. It's been raining all day and I am having trouble paddling with my poncho on. We didn't stop for lunch.

We are on the Milne River and it is just my luck to be center today so that I don't get the fun of paddling through the rapids. I'm crouched low on the bottom of the canoe to get the center of gravity down and as we narrowly missed a rock Bill said that as long as I wasn't doing anything I could pray. We ran aground right in the middle of the river on a rock and stepped out thirty feet from shore on both sides to get us off.

We camped on a little point the worst campsite to date. During the day we had passed two more lumber camps but didn't stop to investigate. Had to make our beds in the dark and my flashlight went completely out.

Day the Eighth

Jerry decided that he wanted to get up early so he woke us all up at six. Grrrr. It's getting rather cold and I put on my wool shirt for the first time. We are getting so that we take the portages in one trip. Must be getting broken in or else the packs are a lot lighter. We couldn't find the passageway out of the Milne at first and when we finally did it was time to eat.

We ate our fill of luncheon meat for the first time. We have all we can eat for all of the meals except lunch and now I found out why. We are so loggy we can hardly paddle. Bud saw a porcupine and chased it getting near enough to hit it with a canoe paddle before it got up a tree.

We are at a very swell camp site. It must belong to one of the swell camps up here as there are whiskey bottles and bear cans all over together with the other signs of civilization. We had a council fire and sat up and talked to the unheard of hour of nine thirty.

Day the Ninth.

No rain. No rain. No rain. I can't understand it we dried out our stuff by the council fire last night and they are still dry. Why I can even take some pictures Heaven can wait. I got some pictures of deer tracks in the sand and tried to get a shot of some baby ducks after we started to paddle but was too slow. It's starting to cloud up again. I knew it couldn't last. After we had taken a side trip to Rebecca falls we met some people who had come five minutes after we left. They saw a bear. There was a one mile portage built by the C. C. C. It was so swell that we all made it in one trip except Kenny and nicknamed it the C. C. C. Highway.

It's started to rain for a change and as there's a resort nearby we went in ponchos to see it. We bought a few candy bars and noticed that it was up to date with slot machines, electric lights and the usual bored girl pumping nickels into the change grabber. There is a stake about 60 feet from where we are sleeping that marks the international boundary. Curtain falls is right by us and should lull us to sleep. I notice that Minnesota has bright red forest fire fighting cans on some of the portages. It is quite a shock to see them staring out at you from the heavy woods. You can tell your in Minnesota the mosquitoes are the most vicious yet.

Day the Tenth

No rain. Boy this is a regular epidemic of sunshine. The lake is in bloom damn it the water looks awful when you have to drink it. Saw another deer away in the distance. Saw some Indian paintings on some enormous rocks that are supposed to be five thousand years old. Didn't portage all day and did my seat get sore.

We're camped by a little falls again. By it's fun to hear the water at night.

Day the Eleventh

We're at a mile and a half portage but have decided to try to shove the canoes up the stream through the rapids in water up to our waist. We had to take a couple of small portages but it was a lot better than carrying the canoe for a mile and a half.

After lunch the wind got real tough dead against us. A big launch gave us

Robert F. Fendley

a tow after a couple of hours of work that saved us a heck of a job. The men were on a vacation and the boat was piled high with boxes of scotch and beer. They gave us each a bottle of mix, and showed us a eight and a half pound wall eye head. One of them was a camera fiend who had five cameras with him. He took about ten pictures of us.

Rabel and Bud went ahead of the rest of us in a narrow stream. Some how they caught a live porcupine. The guide and swamper have gone back to the camp to get more supplies and dump the porcupine. They got back about 12 and had a supper with Art playing his horn to the accompaning munch of pickles. I staid in bed and slept

Day the Twelfth

We slept very late and had a breakfast in my cas, consisting of pancakes bacon, and 31 pruns. Went after porcupines but didn't see any and just generally loafed all day

Day the Thirteenth

The pots had to all be clean before we could go to the base and we worked all morning at it. Then we paddled a little ways, took a $\frac{3}{4}$ mile portage, paddled a little more and we were at the base and from there home.