

REGION TEN
WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS
RECORD OF PADDLE AWARDS

NAME	DEAN, KENNETH
ADDRESS	INTERLACHEN PARK, HOPKINS, MINNESOTA.
COUNCIL	MINNEAPOLIS AREA COUNCIL
DATE OF TRIP	1943.
GUIDE	

PADDLE AWARDS : DATE
BRONZE THROUGH REGIONAL OFFICE 5/10/44
GOLD
SILVER

BU
on reply

Date Sept. 4 1943

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

Please Print

Hold
for
Paddle

I hereby apply for the

Bronze Award

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

My height is 5'6 1/2"

Scout or Scouter Scout Kenneth Dean

Address Antlerbach Park, Hopkins

Approved by Guide John Crosby

Approved by Director Bob Sullivan

Approved by Scout Executive _____

COUNCIL _____

APPROVED
APR 26 1944
F. O. Lawrence



April 23

BU

reply from

Chapman

Dear Sir,

Several weeks ago I sent my application in for the Bronze paddle award. You informed me that ~~you~~ had no record of a log of the trip. I can not recall what I did with it, and can find no record of it. Inclosed is a story, which I believe is an alternative for that requirement.

The rest of the requirements and other information should be on file in your office.
+ thank you for the help you have given me.

Kenneth Dean
Interlachen Park
Hopkins, Minn.

RECEIVED

APR 25 1944

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

PORTAGE

We swung into the last bay of Brent Lake. In the party were three canoes and nine fellows. We saw a blaze and paddled up to it, only to find it was for a camp site. Thus commenced a portage "hunt" that I will never forget.

It was a beautiful late summer day, and we had plenty of time to appreciate it as we paddled up and down the shore looking for a portage. After doing this for better than half an hour it was obvious we were not getting anywhere.

As in most groups, there were those among us who had complete faith in the maps. It shouldn't take long for them to discover that the men who made these trails probably hated humanity. If there is an alternative of making a trail over a hill or a much shorter trail at the base of it, the former is always chosen.

Our next step was to go into the woods, try to find the other lake, and then try to figure out some way to get the canoes across. Three of us left the group, and started on our way. Our first obstacle a big hill that bordered the lake. It had a nice gradual incline, like a cliff. It was high, so naturally we expected to see the other lake from the top. Ah, what a beautiful valley. No man had probably ever set foot there before us. If they had, we would have found his skeleton.

We tramped to one end of the valley, and there was a beautiful little lake, but not the right one. To our surprise it was shown on the map and we got our bearings. The beavers had been hard at work, and giant poplars had been fallen all around it. Maybe the beaver likes it up there not knowing where he is, but it can be quite confusing for a human. As we set out on our new course, we discovered the most unique obstacle course. Every device known to Ma Nature to break a neck was there. Windfall, under brush, holes, streams, and loose rocks all thrown together in the most treacherous fashion.

Up and over a hill that would make the Swiss Alps look like child's play, we found the right lake. We started to look for a blaze that might take us back to Brent. We covered one entire side of the lake, that is all but a

short distance towards one end. After beating our way along the shore for what seemed like hours, we found a blaze. At last we were to be rewarded for our labors. It wasn't a bad trail, the hills weren't more than 95 degrees and there were only several hundred trees fallen over it. After beating our brains out we arrived at the end, but alas, our hard work had been in vain. The thing took us back to the beaver lake.

This would definitely not do. We could no more get a canoe over that mess than fly, which seemed like our only solution. Back we staggered to where the canoes had left us. This time we added to our list of traveling tactics swinging in the trees. To our dismay, but not our surprise all three canoes had disappeared. We gave a few yells, and with no response we sat down to recuperate and to wait for the return of the others. What a country. I sure would like to meet up with the guy who took it away from the Indians.

Soon one of the canoes came nonchalantly up to us. We piled in and were informed that there had been a trail found at the very end of the lake, we had not gone all the way to the end at first because it didn't seem likely to have a portage there. Several fellows had walked over it in about one tenth of the time it had taken us. It entered the other lake at the very end, in that short distance where we hadn't looked.

The landing was swamp land, but we were too hungry to wait for better land, so we ate our lunch there. What a meal, rye crisps, chocolate, and knee deep in mush. The portage was half a mile long, and every square foot had its own special contrivance to eliminate the human race. Through knee deep mush, over trees, hills, loose stones, what a place to give the marines their basic training. We finally finished it just before it finished us.

Perhaps it's the wonderful experiences like this that bring so many scouts up here every year to accept the challenge of the north.

7th Feb 4

Dear Son,

I am very sorry this application is so delayed. It was mislaid, and was necessary to get other signatures on this present copy.

I believe all requirements are completed with the exception of the pictures which are inclosed.

Kenneth Dean (Capt. R. S.)
Interlachen Falls
Horseshoe Falls

FEBRUARY 8, 1944

SCOUT KENNETH DEAN
INTERLACHEN PARK
HOPKINS, MINNESOTA

DEAR KEN:-

WE ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR PICTURES FOR YOUR
BRONZE PADDLE AWARD APPLICATION.

WE CANNOT NOW LOCATE THE LOG OF YOUR
TRIP, AND I WONDER IF YOU SENT IT HERE OR
TO THE MINNEAPOLIS SCOUT OFFICE.

CORDIALLY,
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

KENNETH G. BENTZ
REGIONAL EXECUTIVE



Kind Lake



Homevaad Lake



Kind Lake

KENNETH DEAN,
INTERLACHEN PARK, HOPKINS, MINN.