

REGION TEN
WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS
RECORD OF PADDLE AWARDS

NAME	GRIGSBY, BILL
ADDRESS	1319 So. Sec. Ave., Sioux Falls, So. Dakota.
COUNCIL	Sioux
DATE OF TRIP	August 11-17, 1943.
GUIDE	Chas. T. Kendall

PADDLE AWARDS : DATE	
BRONZE	
GOLD	Awarded through Regional Office 11/29/43.
SILVER	

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

Date

8/17/43

Please Print

I hereby apply for the

GOLD PADDLE

Award

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

My height is

6 ft.

Scout or Scouter

Bill R. Knight

Address

1319 So. 2nd Ave, Sioux Falls

Approved by Guide

Chuck Kendall

Approved by Director

Had. [unclear]

Approved by Scout Executive

Garnett [unclear]

COUNCIL

Sioux

GOOD
Hold
for
Paddle

THE VOYAGEUR'S HIGHWAY

Grace Nute

The oldest and still most beautiful section of the North American Continent is the so called North Country along the Minnesota-Canadian border. Composed of the oldest rock formation on earth and explored as early as 1640, it has remained practically unchanged for 300 years. Thousands visit and re-
~~visit~~ each summer the land of the voyageurs.

The first invaders of this Wilderness were the French fur traders. They were gradually driven out by the British, the last post being abandoned in 1760. While governments abroad quarreled the rivalry in this country was between the Hudson Bay Company, Northwest Company, and American Fur Company. When America and Britain finally settled the boundary dispute over this country in 1842, the Hudson Bay Company was the main concern. When the theory of natural water flow was applied in settling the dispute the United States was fortunately cheated for Canada has preserved her forests much better than we.

Famous men of the border included La Verendrye who, with his sons, hunted for a Northwest Passage; Alexander Henry, the elder; Alexander Mackenzie, first to cross the Northern part of North America; David Thompson who knew the country best; Alexander Henry the Younger; Dr. Bigsby.

The hardy, fur trapping voyageurs forever singing their folk songs were the most colorful figures in the country. They were

better campers and canoers than the Indians. They performed unheard of feats of strength and endurance.

The Indians were another group of interesting people of the North. The Sioux and the Algonquin tribes who forced the Sioux out were the chief groups. The Chippewa of the Algonquin stock seldom killed white men, were very pleasant. They lived on fish, game, wild rice, berries, and maple sugar. Their most common home was the wigwam.

Ely greenstone, oldest known formation in the world is common in the border country as are iron mines, mining now being the North's greatest industry.

Logging once a boom industry has been cut down by the government to preserve the forests. The kill had begun with earnest by 1880 and in a few years the colorful lumberjacks had practically ruined our forests. The real monarchs, the Norways, were replaced by birch. The lumberjacks were as singular as the voyageurs. They sang through their simple and dangerous life as had the fur trappers.

In 1909 Congress passed an act creating the Superior National Forest and simultaneously Canada created Quetico Provincial Park. Thus the despoiling period reached an end. Federal forest officers, rangers, and triple C boys protect and administer 3,000,000 acres for the benefit of present and future generations.

The book was interesting and enlightening.

Scout Bill Grigsby
1319 South Second Avenue
Sioux Falls
South Dakota

Account of My Canoe Trip August 11 - 17, 1943

We began our trip Wednesday August 11 about 3 PM with a party of twelve. Chuck Kendall was guide and I was swamper. (in name only) After an uneventful journey up to Prairie Portage, through Bayley Bay and Burke Lake, we finally camped on North Bay for the evening. There was only one tent. It rained that night and early the next morning so some of the kids got wet.

We broke camp at 7:30 the next morning and canoed through a drizzle that lasted until ten. By this time we were on Isabella. On the first pothole out of Isabella the leading canoe took the wrong route although we attempted to flag them back. Hereafter until they caught up with us on McIntyre, I guided with the help of a map. We camped on McIntyre that night. While the guide was cooking dinner a sea gull flew down beside us and had its fill of bacon. We had seen only one canoe party this day and saw only one more all week. Five fish were caught which we considered fairly good judging the time we fished. Anglers had more luck later on, however, when, for instance, a nine pound northern was caught. That night we slept in canoes and saw the northern lights.

Friday morning we bucked a head wind all the way down McIntyre and Brent. Bill Miller from Iowa and I were guiding for our gold paddle. Near the east end of Brent is a large peninsula which you must go around in order to reach the portage into Darky. Bill and I decided to portage across the neck of the peninsula instead of paddling around it against the wind. We portaged across and found ourselves in a pothole which was shown as a narrows of Brent on the map.

We portaged out of this into the other part of Brent. Neither the portage into or out of this pothole appeared to have been used for many years, so, as the Voyageur's of old did, we named the pothole Grigsmiller Lake and the portage, Iotoka portage. The portage into Darky was a killer, especially for those who found out too late that they could not shoot the rapids and had to wade their canoes through. Bill and I cooked the meal that night on Darky and it wasn't bad, good in fact.

Saturday morning we saw the Indian paintings on Darky, then portaged into Argo where we swam, fished, and ate lunch. That afternoon while paddling down to Crooked we saw a ranger plane, the only one we saw all week. Campers, too, were scarcer. I tried a new method of bow paddling, that of facing your stern partner so you can see who your talking to, (to whom you are talking). It works swell in open expanses of lake and when speed isn't essential.

On Crooked Lake we picked blueberries and had pie that night beside Curtain Falls. Near Curtain Falls is an interesting abandoned lumbering camp.

Sunday morning we went up to Rebecca Falls and back down Crooked Lake to Moose Bay. This paddle was uneventful except that we didn't know where we were part of the time.

The next day we paddled the rest of Crooked, saw the painted rocks and the falls. We continued down Basswood into Wind Bay and over into Wind Lake where we stayed for the night. Tuesday morning we paddled into the base.

The food on this trip was excellent. The trip itself was just as fun as the previous two I have gone on. Trips in this country don't grow old with succession. There is always something new to learn and something different to see.

Have fun wading through this account.



Bunk House of abandoned
Lumber Camp on Coakered
Lake near Curtain Falls.

Bill Grysky
Curtain Falls.



Curtain Falls on Crooked Lake.



Picture rocks on Lake Larky

*Bill Greysby
Leaves Falls.*