

REGION TEN
WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS
RECORD OF PADDLE AWARDS

NAME	Scouter - JOHNSON, M. L.
ADDRESS	2416 Everett, Kansas City, Kansas.
COUNCIL	Kaw Council
DATE OF TRIP	1943
GUIDE	Byron Cacharelis

PADDLE AWARDS : DATE
BRONZE
GOLD - Awarded through Regional Office - 11/18/43
SILVER

BOATS OF AMERICA
TEN OFFICE
Minnesota Building
MINNESOTA

CHARLES L. SOMMERS
WILDERNESS
CANOE BASE



Base Office

HOD LUDLOW, Director

% FORREST HOTEL

ELY • MINNESOTA

Aug 20, 43

BRONZE PADDLE AWARD

I have completed all requirements
for this award

Height — 5' 9"

Scouter — Mr. M. L. Johnson

Address — 2416 Everett, Kansas City, Kan

Guide — Byron Cacharelis

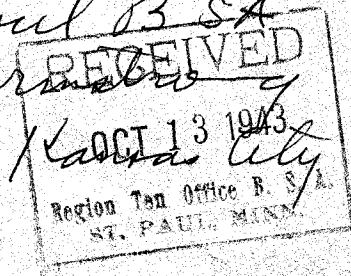
Director — Hod Ludlow

~~not present~~

Scout Executive — ~~W. H. H. H.~~

Council — Kaw Council BSA

730 armo



OK for gold

Three Feasts



ONE For the EYE



ONE For the SOUL



ONE For the STOMACH

SUNDAY -- Aug. 8, 1943

MOOSE LAKE: To a Kansas Tenderfoot who has spent the previous two nights on a chair car (Pullman Reservations are for soldiers), the tent on the hill looks great. The idea of three full packs over long portages does not sound so good. But why worry? Let's eat and sleep.--Two highly important things in any man's life. Last thought --- I brought too darn much stuff that's sure. Gee! What a snore my buddy has. It'll take artificial respiration to wake him -- us up.

MONDAY --Aug. 9, 1943

WE'RE OFF! Our guide emphasized over and over that all of our belongings must be in the pack and that each of us must carefully check our pack numbers to see that we have not forgotten anything. One mile away -- all is well. Three miles away -- the guide remembers that he forgot his personal pack. He goes back. Meanwhile we discover that a canoe has personality and temperment. A person would think that canoes would love the water and go straight down the lake, instead it strives to reach either bank, in fact both banks, one after the other. There were those who felt it could be our paddling.

We camp on North Bay. Wet to the skin from a hard rain. The mosquitoes black our tent. I know, because every time I came up for air, I flashed a light to see if they had carried away the tent yet.

TUESDAY --Aug. 10, 1943

We discovered the meaning of the word Portage. In fact, portages were our chief topic and each in his own characteristic way hunted appropriate adjectives to properly express just the right definition. Some proclaim their powerlessness, some alibi - the others get the job done. Our trail

took us thru Lake Sarah to Lake McIntyre where we camped. We learned how to fish and to better handle the canoe. We planned our route to take our party thru Brent Lake and home thru Basswood.

WEDNESDAY --Aug. 11, 1943

A red letter day in any language. Fifteen big walleye Pike -- We ate them all and slept on Balsam boughs. Some say that it rained. If you're happy, you won't miss the sun.

THURSDAY -- Aug. 12, 1943

Camp is routine by now, but our ambition is on fire. We dig out big rocks, cut down weeds, brush and small trees, carry in sand and dirt, just to create one 7 x 9 new tent site on Brent, Sweat, aching sides, and stopped up sinuses was the reward for the moment, but the real reward was the satisfaction of serving those who follow our trail. Fish Boullan for supper.

FRIDAY --Aug. 13, 1943

Our longest day trip. We visited two abandoned logging camps -- saw the ancient Indian Rock paintings and found our largest blue berry beds. We challenge a rapids -- the rapids almost wins -- would have if our canoe-men had been lacking in courage, strength or resourcefulness. When the rapids had been conquered and we were all safely gliding over smooth water again, as if by signal, we all started laughing. That was peculiar because no one seemed to know what was funny. We camped at Basswood Falls. It rained. No one seemed to care -- that is until the good gave out.

SATURDAY --Aug. 14, 1943

Cache, our guide, off for the base to provision our second trip. We pitched a camp on Sunday Lake to wait for him. Our nature lovers teach us the trees, the flowers, shrubs, berries and the stars. Tents up perfectly. Beaver wood gathered and a real wilderness meal prepared for all in no time flat. Hungry boys are never lazy.

Date Aug 20, 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

5'9"

Scout or Scouter

Mr. M. L. Johnson

Address

2416 Everett, Kansas City, Kan.

Approved by Guide

Byron A. Schaefer

Approved by Director

Ed Ludlow ~~not present~~

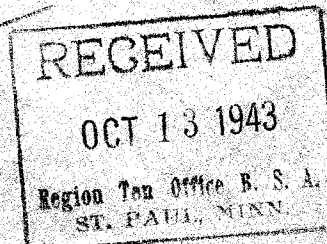
Approved by Scout Executive

[Signature]

COUNCIL

Kan Council - BSA

730 Armstrong Kansas City Ks



There are those who would
remember the high winds and the waves;
some who fear, they are lost; some who
tremble at strange sounds; but for me

There is the memory of



Peace
(evening time)



Protection
(Forest Rangers)



Friendships
(The noisy little birds
& beasts who steal what
we would so gladly share)

OUR SECOND TRIP

SUNDAY --Aug. 15, 1943

A beautiful day with the breeze just right. "Just right" means a tail wind for our guide who is this hour returning from Moose Lake, with new supplies. He couldn't be too near for a doe and a little fawn drink by yonder portage. My son is busily preparing copper line tackle for a trout trip on Lake Louisa.

"Cache" arrives! Boy do we love him (or maybe it's the added food supplies) At least we're living right because the stern wind is getting strong. We're off with poncho rigged sails. Why wasn't Sunday lake five miles long? Randall falls in! Violation of Rule No. 42, page 77, on "How not to get out of a Canoe".

We pitch camp on Lake Agnes by Louise Falls. Now for a swim in the "bathtub". Cameras are forbidden at the bathtub. Sometimes?

MONDAY --Aug. 16, 1943

We catch salmon trout on Louisa -- 4 to 8 lb. size! -- Which do you prefer -- "reeling in" a speckled beauty or the taste of a reddish yellow trout steak baked over red hot poplar coals? Doesn't really matter, we did both -- often! Disgusting, ain't it?

We also had raisin pie - chocolate pudding - macaroni and cheese and hot tea. We eat everything in sight, stretch, whiff the air a few times and swear by all that's holy, we're starving to death! Heavens! Our guide is a traitor -- he just produced a gingerbread cake he had been hiding all this time.

TUESDAY --Aug. 17, 1943

Off to the Far North! Well, three or four miles anyway -- there was a strong head wind -- yes, come to think of it we did go FAR to the North, to Camp on Lake Silence. The Loons don't pay any attention to names, they're looney as ever and twice as noisy. It's wash day for the gang -- the emphasis is on the rub. The rocks are natural wash boards -- so they tell me. sh-h-h! I just dunked mine. We organize our group now to do the guiding and the cooking. It's a great day for our guide "cache". He lolls - he sleeps - he asks a lot of silly questions (the kind tenderfoot from Kansas ask) he acts awfully dumb when we're lost. There were some who felt he wasn't acting, just being his natural self for once.

WEDNESDAY --Aug. 18, 1943

"Just thinking as I paddle".

The sun may be in one piece up there but on the lakes it breaks up into a million diamonds that really sparkle. Where's my dark glasses.

How beautiful the forests! How much more beautiful they must have been before the fires and the loggers.

It's good to know you're physically fit. If you weren't, those portages would put you under the sod.

No one laughs at a lazy man up here. First they have contempt for him, and then it's a sort of pity for a thing that calls himself a man but won't do his share of a man's job.

The six inch deep moss doesn't make bad beds, that is if the ground is fairly smooth to begin with.

I'd even admit that the "Golden Gophers" could "Pass" if Cache would pass out the lemon drops.

WEDNESDAY --Aug. 18, 1943

Beavers! Real live ones -- dozens of them. They slap the water and dive all around us. We chase one out of the bank but he charges back. We examine their handiwork or maybe I should say their teeth-i-work. We could enjoy this if the mosquitoes would behave. Why do mosquitoes and beavers go together? Don't answer because big Northern's go with them too. Ask us, we caught plenty for dinner.

We rejoin on North Bay the Engwall group of our Kansas party. We all talk fast, laugh and even sing. The sun goes down and we suddenly realize no one was listening, just talking so we start over again, slower this time.

THURSDAY --Aug. 19, 1943

Rain and wind! Wind & Rain! Who cares, it won't last. Let's go visit the Ranger Station by Campbell's Trading Post. We did! The Ranger had flowers, even nasturtium in bloom. We saluted the Canadian Flag -- ask more tenderfoot questions, and left before we got too much in his hair. Nice people these Canadians.

FRIDAY --Aug. 20, 1943

We camp in Wind Lake. The graveyard of a mighty forest and some man's dream. Logs by the hundreds left to float and rot because of some one's bad guess. Nature is surely patient. We burn, we waste, we needlessly destroy, but without pause nature goes back to work to recreate, to replace, to offer to future generations her gifts that we considered so worthless.

SATURDAY --Aug. 21, 1943

It's good to be back at the base. Civilized clothing feels stuffy-- what possible good is a tie to a man anyway? Why should my billfold have dozens of required identifications, etc.? The lakes ask me for no name -- only that I be a man. ✓

"THE VOYAGEUR'S HIGHWAY"

By: Grace Lee Nute

If you're one who privately shudders at the thought of life in the open, or who takes bromo quinine if you get your feet wet, don't read the little book "The Voyageur's Highway", by Grace Lee Nute. For here, in imagination, you'll wade in cold lakes, sleep on chilly ground, carry back breaking pack's over long portages and develop an appetite that will make your present eating habits seem like pure starvation. With the speed of the radio or movie drama, you'll sweep thru thousands of years in the northwoods. You'll shake hands with the famous men of the Border Lakes, live as an Indian Captive, yell "timber" with husky loggers, shovel iron ore with old country deep shaft miners and yet live to struggle for the preservation of the beautiful northwoods and it's denizens. A national forest reserve is man's only method of protecting himself against his own greed.

Naturally, the book's special appeal is to those who have recently added a chapter. That is, made their own canoe trail thru the wilderness and thru personal experience know the sound of wind and waves, the call of the loon or the honk of wild geese. With that background the reader rubs campfire smoke from his eyes, tastes baked walleyes and blueberry pies and feels the chill of a nor'western wind. Just as the echo from distant tree and rock canyons comes back to you with surprising reality, so the words of this little book echo those thrills of the wilderness canoe trail.

The half hundred pictures sprinkled thru the text can serve to guide the new "Swamper" or to catalog common experiences for the oldest "voyageurs". Years of patient collecting must have been required to bring together these authentic maps, wild game shots and the scenes of by-gone experiences. Certainly no modern camera study could duplicate the interest aroused by an old authentic print.

The historical sketch is told by one well able to relate it since the author is the Curator of Manuscripts of the Minnesota Historical Society. She actually made long canoe trips to get first hand information of life in the wilderness. She has supplemented this experience by studying many early manuscripts, maps and documents. The memory of "old timers" has also been used as a source. The ring of the words make you feel that this is the real northwoods and not armchair fiction.

The text furnishes a ready reference for the famous Fur Trading Companies and their history making adventures. The reader gets brief glimpses of the Boundary disputes between Canada and U.S., and how it was eventually settled. You see the part that the immigration of the Finnish and Slavic peoples played in the life drama of the Northwoods. There's even a few old superstitions of these early settlers to amaze you. Maybe you'd like to finger a ditty called Gerry's Rocks on your own piano or read aloud the ballad of the shanty boys. Let each reader choose the morsel to suit his fancy. There's variety for all tastes.

Sit by a cozy fireside if you must, but let Grace Lee Nute's "Voyageurs Highway" carry your spirit over Wilderness Canoe Trails.

M.L. Johnson

SUNDAY --Aug. 22, 1943

We are on the train. Our underfed newsbutch just had an accident. He dared to say: "Candy bars - coca-cola- mmm....". I rescue him from the hungry mob of 20 eagle scouts, and guarantee him his bill -- he seems grateful. How can Uncle Sam feed a million like these ex-northwoodmen, who swear they can eat a bushel of anything -- except rice. "Cache" would agree".