

REGION TEN WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS RECORD OF PADDLE AWARDS

NAME	KEHR, LEW
ADDRESS	100 First Ave. Bldg., Rochester, Minnesota.
COUNCIL	Gamehaven Area Council
DATE OF TRIP	August 10, 1943.
GUIDE	Lloyd Rappel

PADDLE AWARDS :	DATE
BRONZE	10/11/43 - through Regional Office.
GOLD	
SILVER	

Unit 1011143
5

Date Aug 16 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

Scout or Scouter LEW KEHR

Address

Approved by Guide

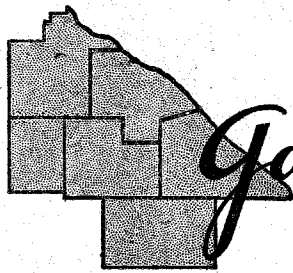
Approved by Director

Approved by Scout Executive

COUNCIL

John ROBERTSON
DARREI POFFENBERGER (KASSON, MINN.)
DALE POFFENBERGER
THOMAS Tyseling
MAVICE Vincent
PAUL Wilson
GLENN Boyer
IVAN JOHNSON
LEW KEHR

OK
Award
Approved



Gamehaven Area Council

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA



100 FIRST AVENUE BUILDING, ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA

October 7, 1943

Mr. K.G. Bentz
Region 10 Office
1112 Minnesota Bldg.
St. Paul, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Bentz;

We are enclosing the Canoe Trip Log Book, by Lew Kehr, Field Executive, Gamehaven Area Council, and application for Bronze Paddle.

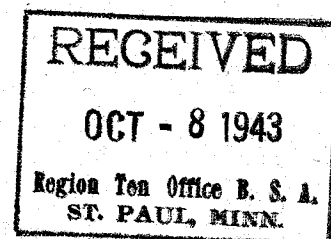
You will note that there are a number of other names listed on this application. These boys were to have sent their Canoe Trip Log in to this office and all the applications were to have been sent in together, but Mr. Kehr is the only one that sent his Log in and since it has been such a long time since the Canoe Trip, evidently the rest of the boys either did not make up a Log or else they sent it in to you direct.

Very sincerely yours,

GAMEHAVEN AREA COUNCIL

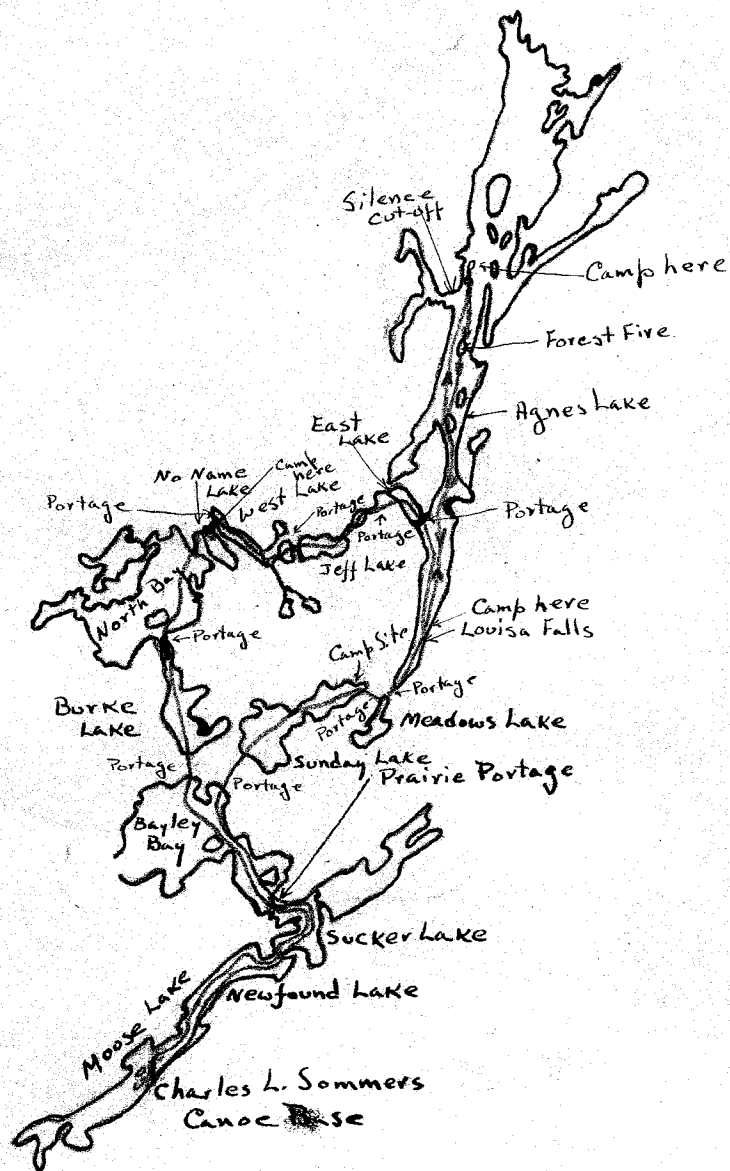
D. R. Smith
Secy.

vl
encl.

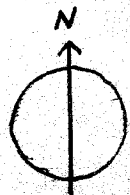
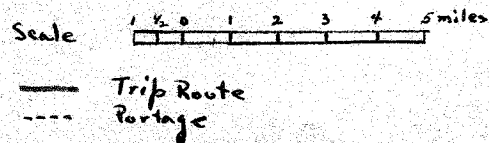


CANOE TRIP LOG BOOK

By Lew Kehr
Field Executive
Gamehaven Area Council

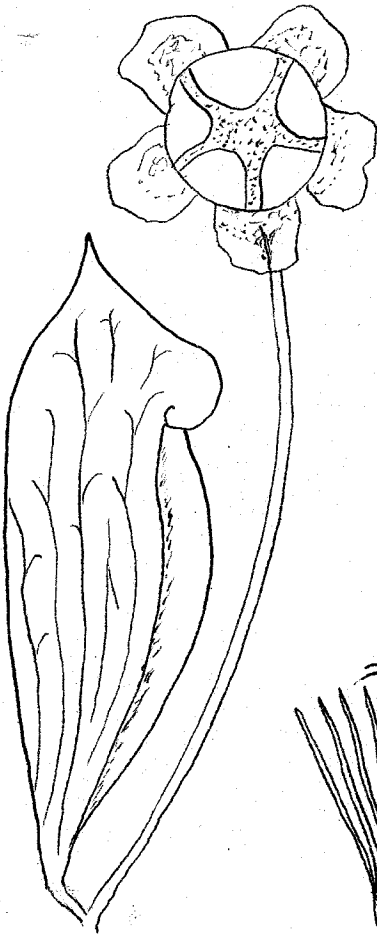


Map of Trip Route

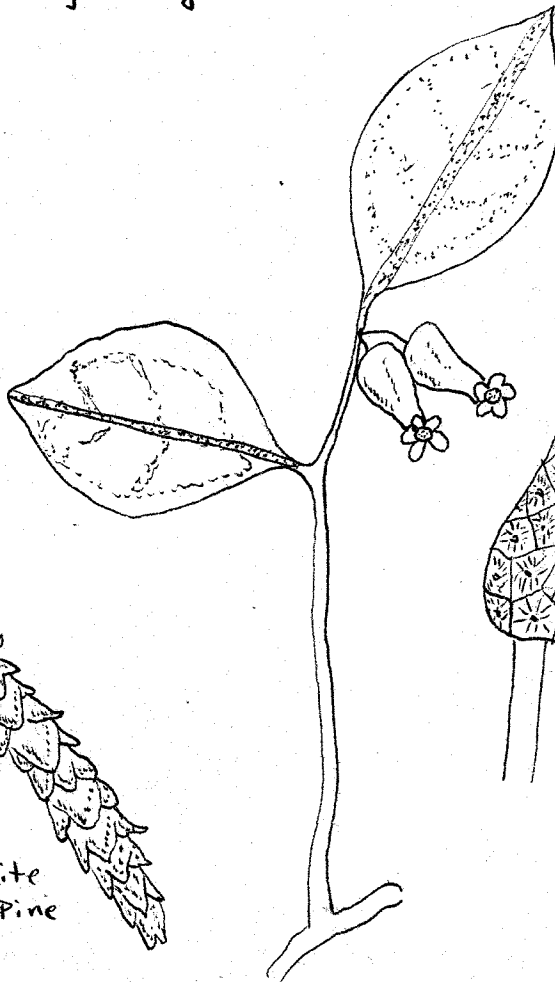


Flowers Seen on the Trip.

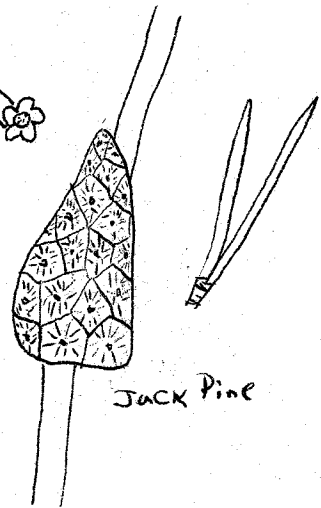
Plus a few Evergreen Trees



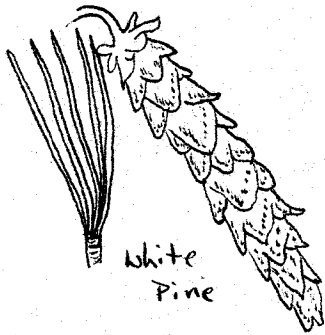
Pitcher Plant
(Insectivorous Plant)



Wintergreen
(Herb can be brewed for Tea)



Jack Pine



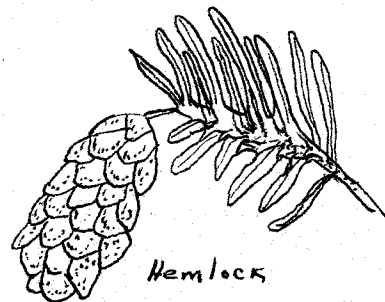
White Pine



Norway Pine



Indian Pipe
(Saprophytic Flowering Plant)



Hemlock

INTRODUCTION

A group of Gamehaven Scouts and Scouters left Rochester on the morning of August 10, 1943, bound for the Charles L. Sommers Wilderness Canoe Base, by Chartered Bus.

The party was composed of twenty-five Scouts and Scouters from all over the Area. Included in the party were: James Peterson, Albert Redding and Bert Tabor of Lake City, Bob Jackson of Red Wing, Dan Prinzing and James Smaby of Rushford, Chuck Binger, Don Nagel, Jack Young, Rex Nelson and Max Ahrens of Rochester, John Robertson, Allen Maxwell, Thomas Johns and John Fishbaugher of Winona, Glen Boyum, Maurice Vincent, Dale Poffenberger and Darrel Poffenberger and Paul Wilson of Kasson, and Tom Tysseling of Stewartville. Four Scouters were included in the party; Lee Nelson, District Commissioner of the Zumbro Valley District, Carl Jackson District Chairman of the Wabahue District and Ivan Johnson District Commissioner of Wabahue District in addition to the writer.

Our route of travel was over US 52, 61, STH 33, US 53, STH 169 and 1 to Ely and thence to Winton and Moose Lake over the County highway. Stops on the way were made at Forest Lake, Cotton, Virginia and Winton. At Winton the party checked in at the Ranger Station preparatory to heading for the Base.

We arrived at the base at about five o'clock on Monday evening and immediately checked in. Tents and ponchos were issued immediately and we set up camp at the base for one night. After a hearty supper the Party met with the Guides and Hod to plan their Trip. It was decided to split the party into two one group planning to fish while the other group planned to travel principally. The writer decided to go with the Travel party to see as much of the country as possible.

The two groups were made up as follows: Travel, Albert Redding, Ivan Johnson, Dan Prinzing, James Smaby, John Robertson, Allen Maxwell, Thomas Johns, John Fishbaugher, Glen Boyum, Maurice Vincent, Dale Poffenberger, Darrel Poffenberger, Paul Wilson and Tom Tysseling.

Fishing, Carl Jackson, Bob Jackson, Charles Binger, Don Nagle, Jack Young, Lee Nelson, Rex Nelson, Max Ahrens, Jim Peterson and Bert Tabor.

The balance of this Log relates the experiences of the Travel Party, which as it turned out caught the most fish.

FIRST DAY

Our Party arose early on the morning of the 11th and after breakfast, set about to load the Canoes for the trip. Paddles were issued by our Guide, "Friar" Rabel and we set out at exactly 8:15 AM. Several of us decided to troll behind the Canoes on the trip out and Ivan Johnson had hardly let out his line when the shout went up that he had one, it turned out to be a dandy Walleye.

We paddled on through Moose Lake, near the upper end of the Lake we saw some large birds sitting in a dead tree, upon approaching we found them to be Turkey Buzzards, there must have been ten or fifteen in the tree and surrounding ones.

Leaving Moose lake we entered Newfound lake, paddled through it to Sucker Lake where one of the boys picked up another Walleye. At the upper end of Sucker Lake we came to our first Portage, our guide told us that this was Prairie Portage, one of the earliest Portages and most interesting portages, from an historical standpoint, we were to cross on the entire trip. This portage lead us into historic Basswood Lake. At the end of the Portage our guide steaked the two Walleyes we caught and salted them down to be fried for supper. While this was going on, the writer proceeded to fish and had a number of strikes, with Northerns following the bait right up to the beach, however none of them were hooked.

Basswood Lake was a large expanse of water, dotted with many Islands, we learned from the Guide that this was called Bayley Bay and that at the far side we would check in at the Canadian Ranger Station and buy our Fishing licenses. Bayley Bay lies partially in the United States and partly in Canada.

The Fishing Party which had left the Base just previous to us, was at the Ranger Station when we pulled in and we learned that they had caught no fish up to this point. After checking in at the Ranger Cabin we proceeded to carry across the Portage which was longer than Prairie by quite a bit. Here we entered Burke Lake and followed through it in a Northward direction. Burke was a fairly large Lake indented by many small bays. At the upper end of Burke we came to a portage around a small waterfall and followed on into North Bay of Basswood Lake. This was a rather large expanse of water and we proceeded in a northeasterly direction to a 20 chain portage into No Name Lake. We had some difficulty in finding this portage and finally followed a small stream which also lead into No Name, we found this stream navigable, although we had to unload the canoes several times to negotiate several Beaver Dams. The stream ran through a swampy sector with many Waterlillies, rushes and "Squaw" wood.

After entering No Name it was nearly supper time so we decided to make Camp for the night. The Campsite selected was on a point with a bay on either side. Our guide set about to make supper while several of us went out to catch a meal of fish.

Previous to this the writer had taken two large Northerns just after entering North Bay and within a few minutes after starting to cast in No Name had taken two more. Casting towards small patches of Lilly Pads along the shores produced four more in quick succession, so we had a fine meal of fish for supper.

After supper we fished some more and took three more Northerns which we smoked for the next days lunch. During the night we had a slight shower and for a time it looked as if the next morning might bring more rain. However it cleared up shortly before breakfast so we set out again as soon as the breakfast dishes were cleaned up.

The second days journey started with a short portage from No Name into **West** after a very short paddle. A stream with a waterfall joined the two lakes so we had to portage up a short incline. West was a long narrow lake and our Canoe picked up a Walleye and a Northern before we were out very long. Passing into the far end of West Lake we decided to try to get into Jeff by means of a stream shown on the Map. The Stream lead through swampy country, with Grasses, Rushes, Pitcher Plants and Sphagnum Mosses on all sides. Many Beaver Dams and houses were encountered and the going was slow, near the end of the stream we found an old Portage and found that it lead into a small pot hole which lead into Jeff by another portage. This Pot Hole turned out to be the best fishing water we found on the entire trip. Some hundred Small Mouth Bass were taken in this Pot Hole, all but nine which were badly hooked were returned to the water. These fish struck with gusto and the water seemed not to have been fished for some time as they struck at everything and anything presented. A short portage at the end of this Pot Hole lead to Jeff Lake.

Paddling in a northeasterly direction on Jeff brought us to another portage, leading to East Lake. This was a fairly difficult portage and took some time so we decided to have lunch before going further. Proceeding up Jeff we changed directions and followed the lake southeast to a difficult portage leading to Agnes. At the end of this portage we held a pow-wow and decided to go down Agnes to Louisa Falls and spend the night there. Agnes is a very long Lake, but not very wide. The trip down the Lake was about four miles long. Two of the three Campsites near the Falls were taken so we pulled in at the third, nearest the Falls. A group of Girl Scouts from Indiana were swimming in the bathtub at the Falls so our boys had to wait until they had gone before they could swim. We fished some that evening but with no success, the lake being so large that it was difficult to locate where the fish were. Several of us discussed the possibility of going up into Louisa and trying for Lakers but decided against it after seeing the Portage. Instead we decided that we would head up Agnes again up as far as Silence Cut-off the next day. After dark we went for a moonlight paddle and saw a deer swimming in the Lake. Also heard a number of loud "plunks" which we thought were fish but later learned were Beaver.

On the third day out we encountered a fairly stiff wind, which, fortunately for us, was at our backs so some of us rigged up sails and went up the lake. About five miles up we came to a high point of land with a fine sand beach so we beached our Canoes and climbed the rocks to look out over the Lake. The Lake seemed to stretch on as far as we could see. On the way down we flushed a number of Grouse which proved to be very tame and allowed us to come quite close to them. The protective coloration of these Grouse was so good that several of the boys almost stepped on them before they flushed. Another three miles paddle brought us to a Campsite on a small Island and we decided to have lunch here. This Island was about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile above the Cut-off and since the wind was rather strong we decided to stay at this point until after the wind died down and to move on towards evening. These plans were due to be changed as later developments unfold.

About the middle of the afternoon smoke was observed to be rising from a point of land jutting out into the Lake. At first we thought this to be the fire of another group of Campers but as the smoke became more dense, two of the boys went over to investigate. Soon one of the boys came back and reported that a forest fire had started on the island. Those of us who were in camp took all the kettles from the Kettle Pack as well as the Axe and Shovel and proceeded to fight the fire. About an hour later the writer and Ivan Johnson who had been fishing observed the fire and paddled to it at double time. We found the rest already there. By hard work they had managed to confine the fire to a small area on the tip of the island. However, since there was a high wind and there seemed danger of the fire getting into the timber immediately adjacent it was decided to send three of the party, including the guide back to the Bayley Bay Ranger Station for help. They set out at about 4:30 facing a heavy head wind and high waves. The sky was cloudy with every prospect of a bad storm.

Meanwhile the rest of us proceeded to keep the fire under control. The job was a difficult one, but by forming a bucket brigade and systematically soaking up the ground we managed to keep the fire under control and finally began to make headway. About eight o'clock two of the boys went to our campsite and brought back the grub which was prepared on the spot and the boys were fed by shifts, one group watching the fire while the others ate supper. For a time it rained and this helped us get the fire under control and by eleven o'clock all flames were checked and all glowing spots were thoroughly soaked down. At this point we felt that we could go back to camp without danger of the fire breaking out anew. We got back into camp after midnight and got a good night of sleep.

In the morning we dispatched two boys to look over the fire and they reported having a number of small fires which had broken out again. About noon the Ranger Plane set down on the Lake but did not approach the island, apparently they thought the fire was out. Later in the day it broke out again, but by this time Rangers had arrived by Canoe with Indian Pumps and our boys helped them put out the rest of the fire. The Rangers were well pleased with the work done by the Scouts in keeping the fire under control.

Our Guide and the two who went with him to inform the Rangers of the fire returned at about 9:30 PM and after a short Pow-wow we decided to pack up and paddle down the Lake to the Falls Camp site; sleep there and set out from that point early the next morning. (While fishing in a secluded bay during the afternoon three of us saw a pair of Otter and stalked them for some time but could not get close enough for a photograph.) The Moonlight paddle down the Lake was beautiful, but uneventful and we pitched Camp at 2:00 Am.

On the morning of the next day, Sunday, we had an early breakfast, three of us setting out ahead of the rest of the party to do some Bass fishing in Meadows Lake. We portaged from Agnes into Meadows and started to fish in a stiff wind, by sticking to secluded bays we were able to keep out of the wind and succeeded in taking a large number of Smallmouth Bass, none of which were very large, expecting to get more fishing that day we kept only two which were badly hooked. After covering most of the shoreline we headed toward the portage into Sunday Lake. Here we met up with one Canoe of our party, made the portage and fished the near Bay of Sunday until the rest of the party came up with us.

By this time the wind had become even stronger and we decided to camp at the Portage leading into Sunday, we remained here all day and worked on Bronze Paddle Awards.

On Monday morning we set out for the base with a strong, squally wind at our backs. The wind was suitable for sailing so we all rigged up sails and sailed out on Sunday Lake. At the lower end of the Lake, the bay on which the portage is located looked inviting so we stopped to fish. Two large Northerns were taken in quick order, but diligent casting failed to produce more.

By this time the rest of the party had gone on so we made the portage alone. Having finished making the Portage a party consisting of a man and woman pulled up with a small outboard on their canoe. We helped them across the portage and set out on Bayley Bay, the wind being strong we again rigged sail and managed to cut across the bay at a fast clip, in fact at times were able to keep up with the motor rigged canoe. At Prairie Portage we again caught up with the Couple with the motor and helped them across the portage again. Another party was eating lunch here and told us that the rest of the party was far ahead.

From Bayley we sailed through Sucker and Newfound, oftentimes tacking against the wind, having to use our paddles a number of times in the lee of islands and in the narrows. We finally worked our way into Moose Lake and sailed on down with a cross wind cutting across the lake and sailing into the Base with full sail and at a beautiful clip.

END