

REGION TEN
WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS
RECORD OF PADDLE AWARDS

NAME	S COUT DICK MINER
ADDRESS	DEVILS LAKE, NORTH DAKOTA .
COUNCIL	
DATE OF TRIP	AUGUST, 1943.
GUIDE	AL SCHUMANN

PADDLE AWARDS : DATE	
BRONZE	AWARDED THROUGH REGIONAL OFFICE 11/11/43
GOLD	
SILVER	

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA
REGION TEN OFFICE
1112 Minnesota Building
SAINT PAUL MINNESOTA

CHARLES L. SOMMERS
WILDERNESS
CANOE BASE



Base Office
HOD LUDLOW, Director
% FORREST HOTEL
ELY MINNESOTA

Date Aug. 21, 1943

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

OK Paddle
Send letter

I hereby apply for The Bronze Paddle Award

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

My height is 5-6 1/2

Scout or Scouter DICK Miner

Address Devils Lake N. Dak

Approved by Guide Al Schumann

Approved by Director Hod Ludlow

Approved by Scout Executive J. A. Genser
F.S.E.

Council Agassiz

The first time I attended Scout Camp at Cass Lake, Minnesota I heard some of the older Scouts talking about the wonderful canoe trips they had been on, and in talking to them I learned about this canoe base that the Minnesota scouts own. It is located on Moose Lake which is about 20 miles north east of Ely, Minnesota. I also discovered that any Scout or Scouter could make one of these trips; but in order to do so he had to have a certain amount of scouting and would have to go with a party, or group. As I said before this camp is owned and maintained by the Scouts, and when one registers for a trip, he only has to take with him his bedding and what toilet articles and personal items he wants such as cameras, and fishing tackle. Everything else is furnished, which includes guides, canoes and food.

Well, after wanting to go on one of these trips for two or three years I was quite thrilled when one day in July of this year I received a letter from Lee Perkins, who used to live here and was the founder of the Cub Scouts in Devils Lake, and who now lives at Morris Minnesota, asking me to go with him and a party of Scouts from Morris, on one of these canoe trips. After the usual amount of coaxing and salesmanship I secured Dad and Mother's consent and immediately sat down and wrote to my friend, Mr. Perkins, accepting the invitation. Then followed a period of two or three weeks of making plans and getting the stuff together that I wanted to take with me, I finally decided to go to Morris and leave from there with

the group and as Mr. Perkins wanted me to come early so we could have a few days together before we started on the canoe trip. I left Devils Lake on Sunday a week ahead of the scheduled trip, I left by train from New Rockford on Sunday noon and arrived at Morris about six o'clock, and was it raining when I got there, they were having a regular cloudburst and the streets were full of water and stalled cars.

I spent that first week in Morris and Mr. Perkins, who is called Lee by everybody, and I, sure had a lot of fun. We went camping, swimming, hiking and picnicing, and then on Friday we started getting our things lined up for the big day, which was to be Saturday. Lee borrowed a sleeping bag for me so I didn't have to bether with the blankets that I had brought along from home.

The big day finally arrived, and Lee and I and eight Scouts from Morris left there in cars and drove to Brainard where we took a bus for Duluth. At Duluth we stayed all night at the YMCA. The next morning we again went by bus from Duluth to Ely where we were met by Hod Ludlow, who is the Canoe Base Director. Hod took us from Ely to the Canoe Base, stopping on the way at Winton to check us in at the US Immigration Office. This had to be done as our trip was to take us up into Canada, and that way that we went we were a long way from any US custom house.

We got to the Base about 4 o'clock, and I'll admit we were all rather excited about it. I guess Hod thought we needed to be calmed down a little so he suggested that we

take a little hike through the brush before supper, which we did and when we returned he introduced us to the boy who was to be our guide for the trip. I say boy because he was only 16 years old, however, he was pretty husky as he is about 5 ft. 7 in. tall and weighs 160 lbs. He is a boy scout and had made the trip several times as he had been at the camp every year for several years. That night for supper we had chile, bread and butter and nectar. After supper the Camp Director gave us a little talk about the history of the country we were going to travel through as well as a few instructions about our trip. We then rolled in for the night. When we woke up Monday morning the first thing that we noticed was the smell of pancakes coming from the kitchen, so you can imagine the mad scramble that was on to see who could get dressed and washed first. After breakfast we had to wait for another party to come in from a trip before we could start as we had to use their canoes, and packs. The party arrived about ten o'clock; and were those boys tired. As soon as they got unloaded and unpacked we were then each issued what is called a Duluth pack, in which we could put our bed roll, clothes, toilet articles and personal belongings. They also passed out 4 ponchos-or rain capes, and I was lucky enough to get one of them. They then gave three of us maps for emergencies, in case somebody got lost, or the party got split up some way, and again I was lucky enough to get one of these, these were in addition to the guides map which was a special one and a little more detailed than the ones that we scouts got.

The grub packs consisted of a bread pack, dry pack, kettle pack and tent pack, these four packs all weighed over 80 pounds and our personal packs weighed from 40 to 70 lbs. We only had four canoes and as there were 11 of us in the party, counting the guide, three of the canoes carried three people and the other one two. Each canoe had to carry its own packs plus one of the grub packs.

In my canoe there was Lee and myself and the youngest boy on the trip whose name was Homer, he was only 13 years old but was a lot of fun, and sure did a lot toward keeping up our moral during the long paddles and portages. The canoes were 16 and 17 feet long and weighed about 140# when you started a portage and about a ton when you finished it.

As we left the base that morning I looked back and all I could see was the flag flying above the trees and it was a really beautiful sight. We were all issued paddles so everyone helped paddle. I was in the bow of our boat and Lee in the stern. We traveled about 4 miles before we had to make our first portage, it was not a very long one nor was the footing very bad, but being the first one that we had made we thought it was terrible, however, before the trip was over we came to learn that it really was soft. We ate our lunch at the end of this portage which consisted of summer sausage and bread and butter, the butter was canned and none of us liked it very well at first but soon got used to it. After lunch the guide told us about the bad spot just ahead of us, it was the largest body of water that we would be on, and sure enough when we got to it, and it is called Bayley

Bay, the waves were from 4 to 8 feet high, and as none of us were experienced enough for that kind of water. We pulled into shore and waited for an hour or so for it to calm down a little, and when we did try it, it seemed awfully rough to me, but aside from the fact that all of the canoes shipped a lot of water no trouble was had. At the end of this lake we checked in at the Canadian custom house and bought our fishing licenses. We then made another short and easy portage and began paddling again, and after about an hour of this we had to portage a rapids which really was alot of fun. About five o'clock we came to two portages that were very close together, and they were long and the ground was rough. There was only about 100 yds. of water between the two, and the guide said that the fishing was very good in there so Lee and I decided to do a little fishing, but no luck. We then made the last portage alone and in the dark, and if you don't think that is fun, just try it some time. We make it OK, then paddled to camp which was located that night by a water falls, and as it was pretty dark we had to find the camp by the light from their campfire. For supper we had macarone and cheese and coffee.

Every night when we decided to make camp we always took our canoes out of the water and turned them upside down, then pitched our tents, we had two of them each holding five boys. That night, however, it was so nice out that Lee and I decided to sleep outside, with the guide, who always slept outside. We all slept very good that night and would have had we been

sleeping on a rock pile because we were plenty tired, after paddling 16 miles and making four portages.

The next day was about the same, we started out with a good breakfast, of oatmeal, prunes and bread and butter. The day consisted of three portages and a lot of paddling. That night we camped on a large island, which made a perfect camp as it had lots of shelter. Before supper another boy and myself went fishing, I caught a medium sized walleye and a four pound northern, which broke my pole in two. The other boy caught a small northern, we hung them up in a tree that night and cleaned them the next morning and the guide salted them down and kept them until we caught enough to make a meal. That night for supper we had stew, which was very good made from canned meats and vegetables. Lee and I again slept outside out on a point of the island. Each morning before breaking camp if there was anything interesting around we would usually spend a little time in looking around, or maybe take a little hike.

Wednesday, being a tough day, we got an early start, so we could take a little more time and not have to paddle so fast. I might add that the scenery was very beautiful, and very much the same during the whole trip, mostly trees, rocks lake and streams. We passed through one area in which there had been a bad fire a few years ago and as far as you could see it was just black stumps above the underbrush. In the middle of the afternoon of this day we came to another rapids and decided that rather than portage it we would get out and wade and pull our canoes through, it worked pretty well,

except that a couple of the boys fell down and got pretty wet, which produced a good laugh for the rest of us. About 5:30 we came to a lake that was supposed to be very good fishing, so we fellows in my boat asked the guide if we could stop and fish, he said that we could but that we had better start for camp not later than 7 o'clock. We knew that the camp would be on the next lake but failed to ask him just where it would be, as our map showed that all the camps were on the right hand shore of the lakes. We fished until about seven o'clock and caught some real nice ones too, then started for camp, the lake that the camp was on happened to be about five miles long and as it was beginning to get dark and we could see no sign of the camp we began to get a little worried and after paddling the full length of the lake and not finding the camp, and by this time it was pitch dark, we were really worried. We finally decided to go back to the place where we had been fishing and wait until morning, so we started backtracking and after about a mile or so I happened to see a fire across the lake from where we were, which turned out to be our camp. It was 11:30 when we finally got there and besides being rather tired from all the paddling I might add that we were also hungry. The guide had a big kettle of stew and rice for us so after filling up on that and feeling good about the five nice big walleyes that we caught we felt that we had had a pretty good day after all. We rolled into bed and slept until 11 o'clock the next day. When we did get up the guide had the best breakfast ready that I believe I have ever

eaten. He had cinamen pancakes and fried fish, and the way he fried that fish I thought that we never would get filled up. After breakfast we started on our way again and that day we had five portages and they were the worst ones of the trip. One of them was about a mile and a quarter long and through a swamp, and up and over big rocks, in some places we even had to make our own trail. We camped that night at a small lake that I think was the most beautiful spot on our whole trip, it was down in a deep ravine and had great tall trees towering up all around it. For supper we had macaroni and tomatoes and as a little specialty, fresh raisin pie. The pies were made by a boy who was working on his cooking merit badge, and were they good. He used the bottom of a canoe for his breadboard to roll out the crust, cut a piece of a tree limb for a rolling pin and baked them in a reflector oven beside the campfire. The next morning before breaking camp everybody went for a swim, as we had such a perfect place for it, one could stand up on a huge rock about twenty feet above the water and dive just as deep as he wished without any fear of ever touching the bottom. After the swim we had breakfast and then the guide took us on a hike to test us on nature study. We had to know the edible fruits, plants and roots, also the different trees and what they were used for. It was very interesting and we all learned a lot. While on this hike we climbed one big rock from which we could see seven different lakes. After the hike we started out on our last full day's journey. During our paddling and portaging

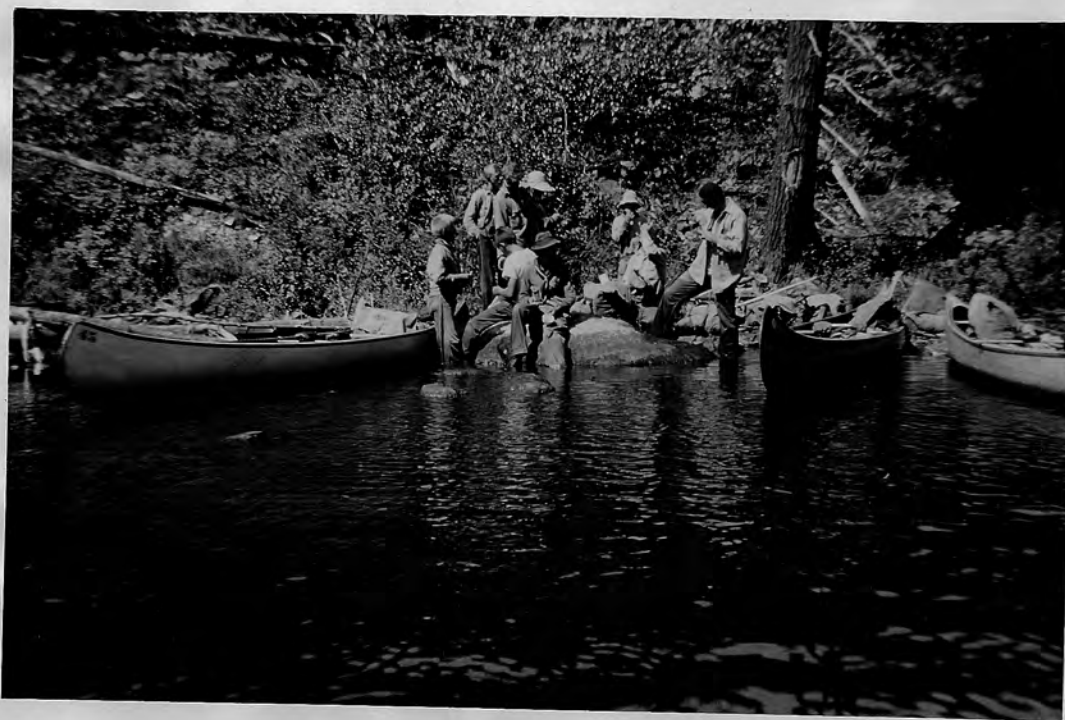
we came to a swamp that we were supposed to portage but as it was about three quarters of a mile portage we decided to paddle through it instead, which would have been fine, but we had to go over five beaver dams, which made it a lot harder and dirtier than it would have been to make the portage. We finally made it, however, and then had lunch and started out on another big and rough lake and again shipped a lot of water, and about five o'clock it started to rain and hail and we thought that we might be in for something, but it only lasted about fifteen minutes, which was all the rain that we had on the whole trip. That night I did some more fishing, but my luck was mostly bad.

Saturday morning we broke camp and pulled into the base camp at about 11 o'clock, a tired but mighty happy bunch. We had our dinner, got cleaned up and were then ready for the long trip back home. Hod Ludlow took us back to Ely where we caught the bus for Duluth. Here I said goodbye to the rest of the gang, who were going back to Morris and I stayed over in Duluth with some friends a couple of days and then took the bus to Grand Forks, and hitch hiked from there to Devils Lake.

All in all on our trip we paddled about 100 miles and made 36 portages. The food was very good, consisting of a large breakfast, sandwiches for lunch and a big meal again at night. The trip was a lot of work but also a lot of fun as well as being very educational.



CANOES ALL PACKED AND READY TO GO.



A NOON LUNCH AFTER A HARD PORTAGE.

SCOUT DICK MINER,
DEVILS LAKE, NORTH DAKOTA.



BREAKFAST ON AN ISLAND.

SCOUT DICK MINER,
DEVILS LAKE, NORTH DAKOTA.
LAKE AGASSIZ COUNCIL.