REGION TEN
WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS
RECORD OF PADDLE AWARDS

NAME	Nadler, Herbert
ADDRESS	1219 Ross Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
COUNCIL	St. Paul
DATE OF TRIP	Aug. 9 - 15, 1942
GUIDE	Al Viste

PADDLE AWARDS :	DATE
BRONZE	8/15/42 - Through Hesser
GOLD	
SILVER	

REGION X

WILDERNESS CANOE TRIP

WEEK OF AUGUST 9 TO THE 15.

THE CANOE TRIP

On the morning of August 8, 1942, Although it was raining, Adolph Timm, "Ady", and I, left St Paul by bus for Ely, to go on a canoe trip. We were twenty minutes late in starting, so by the time we got to Ely we were one hour late. Due to the fact that we were late in getting started we had only one stop. This stop was at Hinckley.

The first thing we did when we got into Ely was to look for a hotel room. It was impossible to get one, as the hotels were filled with delegates of a C. I. O. convention that was being held in town. We didn't know what to do, so we asked a policeman, the chief, if he knew where we could get a room for the evening. He invited us to sleep in the jail, which turned out to be quite the thing, as we each had a seperate cell, a cot, mattress, and hot and cold running water. The cells were as clean as ones own bedroom.

After we had our sleeping quarters arranged we went out and had supper. After which we explored the night life of Ely and then to bed which was around 10:30.

We were awakened at 6:00 in the morning. We thanked the jailer in charge, and went to the local beanery for milk and rolls. After breakfast we looked over the mine, neighboring tourist cabins, and the railroad yard. Here we saw a sixteen drive wheel locomotive. From there we went to one of the many churches in Ely for sunday morning worship.

From church we went downtown and had dinner. After dinner we started to think of different ways to get out to the base camp. The people of Ely are very helpful, but as it was sunday no one was in town that lived out that way. About 4 o'clock a group drove in from North Dakota. I asked about Charlie Kendall, an old friend of mine, and one of the boys said he was in the other car. I had a little chat with Charlie and found out that he would give us a ride out, but we would have to ride in the trailer. This was O.K. with us so we climbed in and were off.

The next stop was Winton, where we registered. Winton is 270 miles from St. Paul, and 12 miles from the Canadian Border.

Coming out of Ely, Charlie lost track of the other car, so he unhitched the trailer and went back to look for it, but had no success. When he returned Ady

helped hitch the trailer up. Ady hitched it up wrong, and when we were on a down grade the bolt fell out. Quick thinking on Charlie's part saved us a major catastrophy. He realized what had happened and slowed the auto down to practically a standstill, and then the tongue fell down and we came to a quick stop. After the trailer was hitched up again we proceeded to the base camp without further mishap.

Our first meal consisted of "Golash" which was our supper. We then put up our tent, paid the rest of our fee, and checked in our valuables. No one seeming to know what the score was, not even the leaders in charge, I decided to take a nap. Slept till about 10:00 when a meeting was held to decide if you wanted a short fishing trip, or a long trip. Ady, and five boys from Milaca, our pals for the trip, were in the group that chose a long trip. A couple of talks were given on first aid, packing a pack sack, how to handle a canoe, and history of the country we were about to explore. Two of the boys had been given Mohican hair cuts, that evening. A picture is enclosed of one of them. Our guides were Al Vista, and Jerry Patterson, a couple of swampers.

I was the first one awake the next morning so

I awoke everyone else. Packed my belongings and then went to a breakfast of cooked raisins, and oatmeal. We got a food pack and a sipteen foot canoe. We put our personals in the canoe, and were off. Food had been packed for ten, but fourteen were in the party. It was a nice day with very little wind. We paddled up Moose, Newfound, and then the first portage into Sucker Lake. At the portages I carried the packs and Ady carried the canoe. On Sucker Lake we saw seven golden eagles. This is the most that has been seen by anyone for quite some time. From Sucker we went into Basswood, and then to the Ranger station where we had to register. While at the station we saw a government sea-plane land. This was the first time I had ever seen a sea-plane land, and I thought it was quite a sight. From the station we made our next portage into Burke Lake. On the other side of the portage we saw the first group partaking of their noonday meal. Boy! I was hungry, but we paddled on till we got to the portage at Sunday Lake. We stopped forty-five minutes for a lunch of bread, canned meat, and butter. The next portage was a tough one, or as the boys called it, "a bloody portage." This portage was a half-mile long and brought us into Meadow

Lake. Paddled a short distance, and had another "bloody portage," but this was only the first day, and the worst was still to come. This portage led us into Lake Agnes, and after a short time we came to Louisa Falls. There is a camp site at Louisa Falls, and here is where we spent our first night, so you see everyone was sure glad to see the falls. We got to the camp-site around 3:30.

Some of the boys went swimming and others went fishing. The guides told us, that half-way up the falls there was a natural bath-tub, so Ady and I went over to look the situation over. On landing at the falls, I didn't realize that the water, being very clear, was as deep as it was, so I stepped out, and down I went, and boy I really went down. It was a good thing that I didn't have any clothes on, or I would of had to run around in wet-clothes. The tub in itself is quite large, about 8' by 20' made with smooth surface stones. You had your choice a bath with or without a shower.

When we returned to the campsite we found some more inefficiency. The evening food pack was missing. This was caused by the fact, that one of the canoes started off in the morning without a food pack, and they were supposed to get it from the guides at the

first portage. The guides dropped it off, but failed to tell the other fellows about it. We decided that we had left it at the Burke Lake portage, where we had seen the other group eating lunch. We had made a check when we got on the lake, but everything seemed to be o.k. then. The two guides left the camp in charge of Ady and Leslie Weston, while they, with another kid from Fairmont, went back for it. Therefore for supper we had rice and raisins for supper. After supper the tents went up, the dishes were washed, and the campsite was cleaned in quick order. I then took a couple pictures of the falls which turned out pretty good. There was a little moaning about being hungry, but the guys just wanted something to cry about. I guess this just wasn't our day, because to top everything off Ady broke one of the lenses in his glasses.

When the guides got back about 9:30. they told us that the pack had been picked up by Hod's group, and Hod didn't even know it until our boys got there and questioned them about it.

We slept quite late the next morning. I didn't get much sleep that night as, after I had just gotten to bed Al came in our tent, and I slept on a grade the rest of the night. We got up at

10:30 to a breakfast of stewed apples, and pancakes. We started paddling at 11:00. The first portage was up a hill, and around the falls. We paddled up a stream, and then portaged into Louisa Lake. Going out of Louisa we had a quarter-mile portage which found us in a mudhole, after paddling a few strokes a quick portage, and another mudhole. Then came the bloodiest of bloody portages. Trees across the path, mud, weeds, rocks, cliff scaling and at last Dauquier Lake. Couple of the boys, fell asleep at the throttle so to speak, and as a result their canoe tipped over with them in it. They and their packs became a little damp. We stopped for lunch at about 3:0'clock. We had bread, cheese, pineapple jam, and "Zowiee" commonly called nectar. After lunch we paddled the rest of Dauquier Lake, and then the worst of all the portages of the whole trip. To start the portage off you had to get on your knees and crawl under a large wind-fallen tree. Then you walked a few steps and crossed a stream, a few more steps and we crossed the stream twice more, from sharp embankments. One of the boys Ted Nordquist, of Milica, stepped off the path to let someone else by and stepped into a crack in a large leave covered rock up to his hip. He was so surprised, that he didnt know what was going on the first couple of

minutes. We pulled him out, but our first piece of luck, he didn't have a scratch on him. From here we went into Rod Lake, Edge Lake, and then into an unchasted lake. I thought we were surely lost, but the guides said we weren't lost, we were just "misplaced", oh. Yeah! We finally got out of these and into Turn Lake. The last portage brought us into Glacier Lake. We camped here for the night. We landed about 7:30. Ady and I had K.P. so we got to work. Some of the fellows found some clams, but it got too dark before we could clean them and cook them. Ted Nordquist, Gene Johnson, Don Peterson, Ady, and I made up the one tent. We first cleared off the ground, and then put up the tent. The mosquitoes had open season, or something, We kept Killing'em off, but they just kept coming, and coming. Our supper which was around 9 that night consisted of "BURNT" hunter's stew, rice, and raisins, and coffee. One thing I found out on this canoe trip is that, if one doesn't like the burnt taste you put plenty of pepper on the burnt food, and this takes most of the burnt taste away. Pat put some dope in our tent to kill the mosquitoes, it didn't bother me, but it sure bothered some of the other kids, I guess they couldn't sleep for about an hour afterwards.

The morning came, and with that, cream of wheat and apricots for breakfast. This was the first meal where

we had food left over. Started about 9:00 and then got another surprise. The guides broke down, and told us that this was the first time they had ever been up in these parts, so from now on anything could happen. We had a few small portages and then into a weedy, twisty, and shallow stream which finally opened into Mc Ewen Lake. The wind was with us for a change, and so made good time on this lake. We had lunch of hard-tack, summer sausage, and pineapple jam. We were given our afternoon ration of lemon-drops, then down a small stream and into a small lake, where we had a out of the canoe into the canoe portage, and into another puddle. On the next portage Don Peterson's yoke broke, and nearly his neck also, but he was able to repair the yoke with a piece of rope. We were now on Wet Lake, the best scenery of the whole trip surrounded us. Three of the canoes had a water-fight, and by the time they got done, there were more things besides the Lake that were wet. We came to three very pretty falls, portaged around them, and found a "Y" bunch having their lunch on this portage. We were now in Saganagon Lake, and after a little paddling made a portage that saved us 4 miles. The wind was now in our face and by the time we got to the end of the lake everyone was ready to quit. Our quiting spell was soon over when the guides gave us

some chocolate, instead of the usual lemon drops, but they must of known where we were going, because we had two bloody portages right after that. On the last portage I noticed one of the prettiest falls of the entire trip. We paddled up an inlet to Cache Bay and then as there were white caps on Cache itself we decided to stay on a 20 by 5-0' island, or I should of said rock. We had a fair place to camp considering there were six other parties on Cache that night, and our rock was just full of blueberries, which didn't last long after we landed.

The most fun of the day was when Ady missed the boat so to speak. He fell in, but he managed to keep his pack fairly dry.

We really put in a good night. Gene slept between a rock and a tree, with the tent partly over him, and Ady slept in a bed roll hastily constructed in a crowded tent. The boys had an excellent meal this evening. Burnt macaroni, rice and raisins, and drinkable cocoa. The wind practically blew the tent from off our head. We couldn't sleep so we talked till about twelve o'clock that night. The Mosquitoes started to bother us so we opened the back and the front, and the wind took care of the pests.

Breakfast consisted of oatmeal and apples. As we pushed off this morning we saw our first women on

this trip. No portages this morning, and reached American Point by 11 o'clock. From Cache Bay we went into Saganaga Lake, Gold Lake, and Red Rock Lake before we had a portage. Lunch today was hard-tack, summer sausage, pineapple jam, and lemon drops. Our first portage was into Alpine Lake. Then into Jasper Lake, and boy we really got ourself, "MISPLACED". We went from one end of the lake to the other end. We had to battle the waves and then we found out that the portage was at the other end of the lake. While looking for the portage we saw a mother duck and her four ducklings. We also saw a Ranger Station. When we finally found it we also went through a few more portages before we got to Ogishkemuncie Lake. This lake was really a tough one as we had to battle high waves all the way. By the time we got to the end of the lake I could of used some Sloans Liniment or something, but all we got was a piece of summer sausage, and told that we had quite a way to go yet. Then we had small portages and puddles for quite some time, and then around 8 o'clock in the evening we paddled in to Kekabic. We stopped at a Ranger Station for a few minutes and then it started to rain, so we left as we had a quarter of a mile further to go. Everyone was tired, and

disgusted, and were ready to drowned the guides, or any thing that got in their way. It stopped raining when we beached our canoe so we were able to get our tent up while the ground was still fairly dry. The menu tonight after a hard days of paddling read half-cooked beans (navy), raisins and rice, and cocoa. Wes and Ady rationed the food tonight so every one was sure of getting a square deal. Supper was finished at 10:15, and then everyone went to bed, and to sleep; no bull session tonight. It started to rain during the middle of the night so we had another kid in our tent that night. Tom was sleeping out in the open, and we didn't want him to get wet. We all slept fairly well, even Ted Nordquist, who was talking in his sleep all night. He said, "Do I have to paddle all night too." Every time he took a stroke he would pull the covers off of me. Then I would have to pull them back. I woke him up a couple of times, and then he stopped pulling my covers off, but he still kept on talking. Some fun!!

Breakfasted on corn-meal, and fruit stew. The corn-meal didn't taste so go as we had used up all of our milk and sugar the night before. We had company for breakfast. A couple of porcupines. This

is the first time I had ever seen a porcupine. I was kind of glad to see them as we didn't see much of any kind of wild life while on the trip. We started paddling about 9 o'clock this morning, and on the portage from Kekabic to Pickle Lake we saw seven partridges which were as tame as the pigeons you find around the bus depot here in St. Paul. After Pickle we came to two small lakes Spoon and Portage; from these we went into Knife, which is a fairly large lake. Again we battled large waves. It seemed that all we seemed to do was paddle against waves all the time. We had a "bloody" portage out of Knife, and then a light lunch of Hard-tack, and peanut butter. After lunch we had many small portages around Beaver Dams, and rapids, and then into Carp Lake, and the last "bloody" PORTAGE which brought us into Birch Lake. The wind and waves got stronger, and stronger as we went from Birch to Sucker into Newfound, and then into Moose Lake. We were the last canoe in and we were all pettered out. When we landed I just flopped on the shore. Our packs were the only ones that were dry, as we had stopped at an island and had put lengths of wood under our packs. Ever wave splashed over our gunwales, and as I was the bow man I got a little damp. We arrived at our destination about 5:30 that night. We spent our last night about

a block from the base camp. The guides went back to the base camp for some more food, and they got some candy bars for us. The base camp really made money on us boys. We bought 5 5¢ candy bars. There were 14 of us. We weighed the tent down with plenty of rocks because the wind was getting stronger and stronger.

As before, this supper was also burnt. Macaroni and bacon tonight. About 8:15 we were hungry so we fried some canned hash, and ate that together with some carrots and potatoes. After supper we went to bed right away as it started to rain. Tom slept with us again tonight. We sang songs and had a bull session and then went to sleep as the boys from Milica wanted to get up early and start home as soon as possible.

The next morning Ady, Tom, and I stayed in bed a little too long, so we had to do good old K.P.

The last breakfast, and what do you think we had? Yep, pancakes, raisins, and rice. Boy I don't want to see or eat raisins or rice for a long, long time. Every one started in good health, and everyone returned in good health except one kid from Fairmont. He was quite sick, but then he had eaten ten candy bars. After breakfast we took down our tent and shoved off to the base camp. At the base camp we turned in our equipment and got our valuables. We were given a

blue badge and a map of the north country so we could show our friends where we had gone on our trip. The badge and map are very nice, and I liked them very well. Al Vista, one of our guides, signed the paper for the Bronze Paddle award. Charlie Kendall said if we got ready in ten minutes he would give us a ride into Ely. Ady and I shaved off a weeks beard and changed our clothes and were ready in 8 minutes flat. A couple of fast men that's us. When we got into Ely we had our first non-burnt meal of the week, and boy, it surely was good.

Both of us were eager to get home, and were very impatient until the bus finally came at 4:15. I had got myself a good cold, and Ady had picked himself up a good case of poison-ivy. We arrived in St. Paul about 12:30. Sunday morning, and got home about 1:00. My family didn't expect me until Sunday afternoon, so I had to wake them up to get in the house, and boy did my bed feel nice; no rocks or tree roots to bother me.

The cold I had, passed over by Monday so I was O.K. when I went back to work, but Ady's poison-ivy had a good start, so he had to hike around at work with his pants up around his knees. He sure was a funny looking sight. He also had to take plenty of heat because he got poison-ivy and I

didn't.

The story of this trip was written up from notes made each day at different times along the way. I think that I can say without a doubt that the base camp is a very nice place situated on a very beautiful site. I had a lot of fun, but the leadership wasn't very good. In fact they don't seem to know what the score is up there. This accounts for the trip being improperly planned as you know doubt have come to such a conclusion after reading this story.

Herbert Nadler
1219 Ross Ave.
St. Paul, Minn.

Troop 62
St. Paul Area Council

PICTURES OF THE CANOE TRIP!!

WHEN

"NATURE CALLS"

"LUNCH - TIME"

(JAM PAIL, CENTER OF ATTRACTION)

BEGINNING OF A

"PORTAGE"

A SCOUT WITH

A "MOHICAN HAIRCUT"