

REGION TEN  
WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS  
RECORD OF PADDLE AWARDS

NAME **Olson, Barney**

ADDRESS **Box 272, Minot, North Dakota**

COUNCIL **Great Plains**

DATE OF TRIP

GUIDE **Jack Steops**

PADDLE AWARDS : DATE

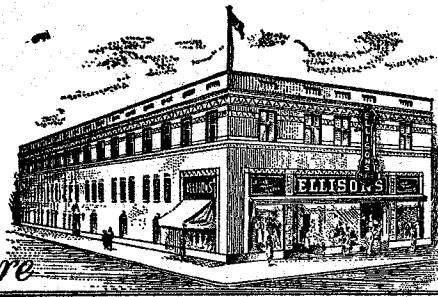
BRONZE **- Through Kendall**

GOLD

SILVER

# ELLISONS

*Fair Department Store*



ESTABLISHED  
1902

NEW YORK OFFICE  
130 WEST 31ST STREET

MINOT, N. DAK.

September 18, 1942

Mr. K. G. Bentz  
Region Ten Office  
1112 Minn. Bldg.  
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Mr. Bentz:

I am enclosing herewith my application for Bronze Paddle together with my story of the cruise, and a few pictures. Somehow or other I lost the one that Ludlow had signed for me, and thought it possible that he may be around the office at this time, so that you could have him sign this application.

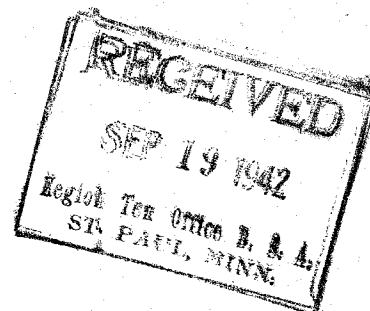
The picture of the Ludlow, S. Dak., I would like to have you give to Hod when you see him.

With kind personal regards, I am

Very truly yours,

*C. L. Olson*  
C. L. Olson

clo;lp  
enc.



## Cruise of the S. S. S. FAR WEST

by  
Barney Olson

The Officers and Crew of the S.S.S. FAR WEST started plans for the Canoe trip during the winter. With the coming of Spring plans were made and a satisfactory date was discussed, but none could be decided on. With all the talk of gas rationing it was hard to plan on cars, and because of the shortage of farm help, we tried to decide on a date, so we could be back before harvest, but in working out both transportation and labor, we finally decided on August 9th.

One car started out Friday morning August 7th with nine passengers. This was Chuck Kendall's station wagon, and because of poor tires wanted plenty of time. I started out Saturday night after work, and we drove until about four O'clock A. M. and caught up with the rest of the gang at Bemidji. After taking a few hours rest we started for Ely and the Charles L. Sommers Canoe Base. We arrived there in time for supper, and an evening of instruction and fellowship. Big plans were made for the next day, and everybody in high spirits when bed time came, except for the thought that we had to break up our party, and go in two different groups.

Jack Stoops was to be guide for the group taking the longer cruise and Hod Ludlow was taking our group. We were certainly lucky in having these men guide our two groups, and Monday morning we started out on what was to be one of the high lights in our life.

After taking some pictures and getting every body started out, our group left and headed up Moose Lake. We had lunch at our first portage, and by the way our easiest one. This was from Sucker Lake to Basswood. After checking in at the Canadian Customs we portaged from Basswood to Burke and then to Sunday. We set up Camp in Sunday and Chuck, Penne and I went fishing. With someone to bait my hook, and take the fish off when I brought them in I was the best fisherman in the group. I didn't only catch the biggest, but the most. When we went to bed that night I expected to be awakened by Bear, but was disappointed in that, but was glad to wake up for the breakfast that Hod fixed for us. Chuck cleaned my fish, so we had stewed peaches and fish for breakfast. I never knew how good fish could taste. Of course I had to pose some pictures with them before they were cleaned, but the operator of my camera, wasn't satisfied with having me out of focus, but moved the camera too.

We portaged over to Agnes and tried our luck at fishing, but they were too smart for us, and would grab the frogs legs and ride up to the canoe and swim out into the Lake again, and wait for another ride. They wore Bob Gray to a frazzle, but a few of them miscalculated on my line and I hooked them. We ate lunch at Meadows and then portaged over to Agnes and camped at Louisa Falls. This was the spot, so we decided to stay there another night, and spend Wednesday on Lake Louisa and try our hand at fishing for Lake Trout. We came home with only one trout and I didn't catch it.

The mosquitos certainly went for us North Dakota boys in a big way. Evidently they had heard we are the healthiest State in the U. S. Just as soon as we went to bed they started drilling, and finally drove us all into a tent, with the exception of Chuck, and they really picked on him. I imagine those mosquitos are still singing our praises.

On Thursday we had a little confab after breakfast of some of Hods blueberry pancakes, without the blueberries and tried to decide on a course home. We anted to take in more territory, but Hod was affraid of a wind and suggested going back the way we came, so we took Hods advice, and went back to Basswood, but didnt portage into Burke. We spent the afternoon on a little Island because of strong head winds, and after supper started up Basswood for Campbells Trading Post. It was about Midnight when we arrived and raining nice and soft. We went to bed with the rain pattering in our face. Had breakfast and then went shopping at Campbells. I had a hard time to keep from buying a Hudsons Bay blanket, but wound up with a shirt and a pair of socks.

Had lunch on a little Island in Wind Lake, and after a lunch of corn beef sandwiches we cleaned up a dirty campsite, and I mean dirty. After that we found a raspberry patch and picked raspberries, but not enough for a short cake.

Barney Olson

#2

Our next portage from Wind into Moose, made us realize it was about over, and we'd soon see the rest of the gang, and be able to check experiences, and see who had the best time. I was certainly anxious to see them and see if they had as grand a time as our gang, and when they pulled in Saturday morning, you could tell by looking at them that they had had an experience they would cherish and remember the rest of their lives.

We started for Ely before dinner and after checking out of the U. S. Customs we drove into town and ate dinner, bought a shave, and changed into our Sea Scout Uniforms and headed for Duluth.

I'll never forget Sunday morning (my birthday by the way) when the sun was just coming up over Lake Superior and shining on those sixteen sleeping bags all in a row. After our toilet completed we drove into Duluth and viewed the city. The Station Wagon headed for Minot via Grand Forks, and we took in Superior before leaving for Staples and Wyndmere. We drove out to my brothers farm, and slept in the hay mow, and in the morning devoured their sugar ration. We were hungry and most of the fellows broke, so a free breakfast would go a long way in helping tide us over until we got home.

Stopped in at Bismarck to report our wonderful time to Mr. Hines, the Scout Executive there, and on home, tired, broke, but agreeing that our ship had a cruise that would be long remembered.

