

REGION TEN
WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS
RECORD OF PADDLE AWARDS

NAME	Zumberge, Roy
ADDRESS	3242 Aldrich Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
COUNCIL	Minneapolis
DATE OF TRIP	August 10 - 17, 1936
GUIDE	Red Jones

PADDLE AWARDS : DATE	
BRONZE	August 17th, 1936
GOLD	
SILVER	

REGION TEN CANOE TRIP

August 10 to 17
1936

by

Roy Zumberge
Eagle Scout
Troop 49

REGION TEN CANOE TRIP
August 10 to 17

Sunday evening about eight o'clock:

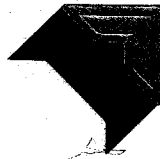
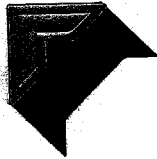
Mr. Chase talked over the trip with us and answered our questions. Everyone turned in early.

Monday Morning:

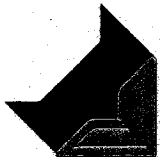
We left camp at eight thirty A. M., paddled four miles up Moose Lake, then four miles through Newfound Lake, then two miles through Sucker, a short portage into Birch Lake, then three miles through Birch, another short portage into Carp Lake. We ate Lunch at Carp portage had a slab of meat and a piece of hard tack, with nector for refreshment.

Monday Afternoon:

A three quarter mile portage from Carp into Knife river, then we fought up Knife river through two rapids.



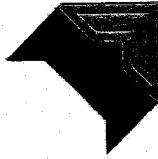
Rod gave Geo. and I a thrill by letting us paddle into the rapids. A one half mile portage called Big Knife portage and then we paddled eight miles up Knife to our base camp.



We arrived there at four P. M., that would mean that we covered between twenty five and thirty miles in the eight hours that we were on the water. We made camp, swam, ate supper composed of Baloney and bread.

Tuesday:

We went up Big Knife into little Knife, a step over or a small portage into Cypress.

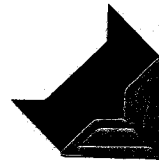
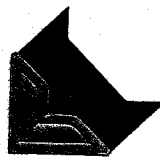


We then went up Cypress to swamp lake portage.. We had lunch consisting of more lunch meat and hardtack. On the way back Rod George and I stoped at a big rock on Cypress and went swimming. Geo. is sitting on the rock shelf right near the water.



Wednesday:

Rod, Kenney Martin and I crossed the bay on Knife and looked for a portage into the lower arm. We followed Deer trails and river beds and other open places but we didn't find any portage. Everyone was scratched but it was all in the game. We saw lots of wild life but you can't catch it.



Thursday:

We portaged into South Knife up South Knife for four miles, portage into Plum Lake, across Plum, a short portage into Spoon Lake, across Spoon, Portage into Pickle, across Pickle into KcKequabic, ate lunch at the island of green sand.

This sand is the result of a volcanic ash. Rod Geo. and I looked for a portage and found it but did not take it home. Three of the others took it home and said it was almost impassable.

Friday:

We paddled the eight miles to Big Knife Portage and ate Lunch. Then back through the rapids down Knife River into Birch a three mile paddle, a short portage into Newfound Lake, where we planned to spend the night on Skull point, but it was taken so we made a new place.

That evening Rod discovered that his Knife was gone and we thought that we left it at Big Knife Portage, so the next morning Rod, Art Geo. and I took the New Old Town canoe and went back after the Knife, we got the Knife and got back to camp just in time for the bean soup. We left camp right after dinner and after a portage into Moose there was but four miles left

and it was the longest four miles since we started.
We arrived in camp about three thirty, checked in our
packs and packed up and left Hibbards lodge.

Written by Roy Zumberge
Eagle Scout of Troop 49
Minneapolis
Minnesota

The Trees and Plants that I learned to indentfy are listed below.

Trees

White Pine - *Lumber*
Norway Pine - *Lumber*
Jack Pine - *scrub*
Cedar - *Lumber*
Spruce white - *some lumber*
Blue Spruce - *some lumber*
Balsum - *some lumber*
Willow - *Nothing used*
Tammerack -
Elm -
Birch -
Popular -
Red Maple - *Lumber*
Sumac - *scrub*
Mountain Maple - *Lumber*
Pin Cherry - *scrub*
Choke Cherry - *scrub*
June Berry - *scrub*
Dog Tooth Popular -
Juniper - *scrub*
Mountain Ash
~~Ash~~
Tag Elder - *scrub*
Red Oak - *Lumber*
Bass Wood - *Lumber*
Green Ash - *Lumber*

Plants

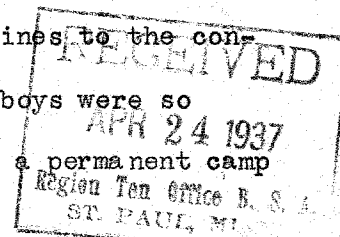
Club Moss or Ground Pine - *Food*
Flowering Aster - *Flower*
Blue Flag - *a mint*
Horse Mint - *can be used for flavoring*
Bracken Fern - *?*
Everlasting Plant - *Flowers for home*
Horse tail - *No value*
Kakececk - *Food*
Cat tails - *No value*
water lilies - *? might be Fish Food*
Pond lilies - *?*
Likien - *Food*
Arrow root - *Food*
Laborador tea - *Food*
Swamp grass - *No value*
Rose bush - *Beauty Flowers*
Rasberry - *Food*
Barberry - *Food*
Blueberry - *Food*

Radio Address Delivered Saturday Morning, March 6, 1937
By Richard Thorson

How many boys have had the opportunity to go on a journey of exciting adventure such as the Boy Scout Canoe Trips that lead into the wilderness of Northern Minnesota and the Canadian Border? In the heart of every boy there is a yearning, a certain desire which can only be satisfied by adventure. These canoe trips satisfy that yearning. To paddle through rushing waters - to trek along the Indian Trails with a pack on your back - to feel your rod bend with an eight pound lake trout on the end of a swishing line - all this is adventure! And the call for that adventure finds a welcome response in the heart of every scout - big or little. The new scouts look forward to that adventure with all the enthusiasm they experience while earning their eagle badges. It is to you younger fellows I am going to try to picture just what takes place on one of these thrilling canoe trips although I know that words cannot express the beauty of nature that goes with it.

Our party left Hibbard's Lodge, 22 miles north of Ely, Minnesota, on August tenth of last year. We were to lose contact with civilization for two solid weeks. Just as we were leaving the dock an officer called back telling us that all of Hunter's Island was on fire and that half of Ontario was ablaze. So we changed our course and headed into a new part of the wilderness - a wilderness that in many places had been used so little the portages had been grown over with underbrush. More than once we lost our trail. That was adventure! It was in times like these that we found out what fellows could "take it" and what fellows were always pushing off the work onto somebody else.

Our Trail led into the deep blue waters of Lake Cypress. To me it seemed the beauties of that lake were superior to the beauties of all the other lakes combined. From the deep blue water to the light blue sky - from the fragrant pines to the contrasting cliffs - this lake would be an artist's paradise. All the boys were so completely captured by its beauty that they begged the guide to make a permanent camp there until it was time to go back - and that was ten days off!



The guide agreed - until the next morning - and then everybody consented to his plan that we should go on - because the mosquitoes were fierce. It seemed that those "skeeters" thought all of us were pin-cushions and nobody slept a wink. Nevertheless we became so attached to this lake we stuck it out for two nights of torture and misery.

Pushing on we went through Lake Gabimishigami where we stopped for three days and then on to Big Saganaga - and that lake IS big! By the time we found a camping site most of the canoes were on the point of sinking and more than one brave scout fed the fishes. We camped on the shores of this great lake for three days.

Now I suppose some of you fellows are thinking - "What did you do when you weren't paddling," Well, fellows, I haven't yet seen a boy on a conee trip who couldn't find something to do. Every morning, at five o'clock, a few of us would get up, while the rest were snoring away like a bunch of Hill Billies. What did we do? Why, we went fishing. And did we catch fish? I'll say we did! Big ones - small ones - tall ones - short ones - well, short ones anyhow!! By seven o'clock most of the boys were usually up and after taking a dip to revive and awaken their senses, everyone was prepared for breakfast - WHILE THE KP'S PREPARED THE BREAKFAST! Then, after everybody had recovered from the oatmeal that some varmint had poured salt into - instead of sugar - we rushed to the canoes. If the wind was up some of us would rig a sail out of a poncho and have a grand time sailing along with the wind. That is we had a grand time until we found out that we had to paddle back all the way against the wind.

Some of the fellows had brought their cameras along with them and every day they would go off in a group and explore the surrounding country. They always found many interesting things and got some dandy pictures. We usually turned in at 10 o'clock sometimes a little later, depending on whether we had a council fire or not. On our return trip we passed through Lake O'Gishgimunski. On the shores of this lake there was an abandoned lumber camp - a camp of the old died-in-the-wool lumber-jacks. Some of us spent many hours there hunting among the wreckage for old hand-forged ax heads and log pickers - and we found them too! We also found an old piece of iron about three feet

long and two feet wide. One of the fellows who was with me declared it weighed a ton - at least he thought so after he had dropped it on his foot. We took this piece of iron back to camp in our canoe, which almost shipped water from carrying such a load, and after cleaning it up we mixed some batter and fried some of the best pan-cakes - well, we won't go into details about the matter but it is well to remember that, among other things, a Scout is always hungry!

Now it happened that in this lake, so our guide told us, a man had drowned many years ago and our guide and another guide had dragged the lake for two weeks with out success. And he further stated that they had never been able to touch bottom although they had let out about 2,000 feet of line.

It seems that the stories of the North Woods grown year by year - not unlike the undisputed tales of Paul Bunyan's doings. And in this lake there is claimed to be a fish - or some such critter - which is unlike any other fish every seen or heard of. His body is encased in a fur coat - a fur that is not unlike mink in appearance. Now you may not believe this but nevertheless it's true. To catch these monsters of the deep - and this lake is deep remember - you have to fish about half a mile down and when you land one of the critters and get it to the surface it bursts like a balloon pricked by a pin. If you wish further information about this fish just write to Mr. Kirkpatrick at Hibbing, Minnesota.

Throughout our return trip we passed through many small lakes, but the country was flatter and more barren than that through which we had passed during the earlier part of our trip.

The day before we arrived back at our starting point we paddled forty miles and had thirteen portages four of which were over two miles long. Now that may sound a bit difficult but after you get used to it you welcome a portage as a rest after many weary hours of paddling. But no matter how many hours you have paddled or how many portages you have made you can bet your life you are ready and willing to do it all over again at the drop of a hat. All the time you are on one of these canoe trips you are learning and doing and enjoying yourself at the same time. It's hard to say that of most things we do, isn't it? Here's

January 31st
1 9 3 9

Mr. Robert Weil
2435 Bancroft Way
Berkeley, California

Dear Bob:-

On advice from John Leach and your statement that all of the requirements were completed for the Bronze Paddle Award, we are enclosing the Bronze Paddle together with a new emblem herewith. We are sorry that there was any confusion. The application has never reached our office and presumably was lost in the melee at Hibbard's Lodge.

I hope you can come back with us next summer.

Cordially yours,
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

Kenneth G. Bents
Regional Executive

2435 Bancroft Way
Berkeley, California
January 28, 1939

Mr. C. S. Chase
c/o Boy Scouts of America
St. Paul, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Chase:

I recently wrote to Mr. Bentz concerning the Bronze Paddle Award for which I made application last August and which application was subsequently lost. I want this award very much and I would appreciate it if you would see Mr. Bentz concerning the matter and make some arrangements whereby I may receive this coveted honor.

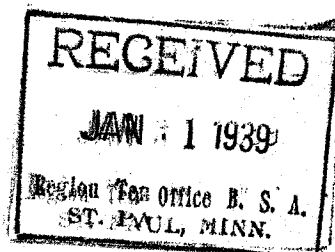
John Leach, in Italy at the present time, is ready and willing at any time to vouch for me and has made some efforts himself to get me the award.

Another Scout and I are planning to participate in a one- or two-week trip from Hibbard's with Region Ten leaders in July, and I would like to have you send the booklet (or rather two of them) describing the 1939 trips when it is published, along with a couple medical history blanks.

Very truly yours,

Robert Weil

Robert Weil
Univ. of California
(Troop 31, Ft. Wayne)

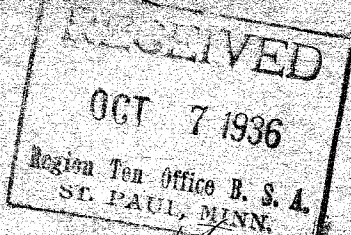


Chisholm Oct 7 1936

Samuel H. Benty Esq.

Region Ten

St. Paul Minn.



My dear Mr. Benty, I wanted to give
questionnaire on Canoe Trail Bronze
paddle. All of the boys passed before
my assistant & myself vs plants and
trees combined also in detail all
points of interest and route. I have
held this on my trips as required
for the canoe trip emblem. Many
interesting pictures were taken and
I am sure most of the boys would
be eligible for the bronze paddle.
All of the adult members certainly
were of the highest type, excellent campers
and leaders. I have marked your list
with an X whom I consider a adult.
I have marked all according to my
classification, Excellent, Fair-Poor.

Scoutingly

Chas. Rustrom

Period 11 - August 12, 13

My Classification

- | | | | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|-----------|--------------------|---|
| X 1. | L. L. Hotchkiss | Excellent | Fort Wayne, Ind. | |
| 2. | Robert Weil | " | Fort Wayne | |
| 3. | Keith Howey | Fair | Fort Wayne | (Note: Smokes too much for boy of 17) |
| 4. | Richard Shum (Shinn) | Excellent | Fort Wayne | Good willing boy never the less |
| X 5. | E. C. Dodez | " | Fort Wayne | |
| X 6. | Warrell Davies (Tharrel) | " | Fort Wayne | Very good cook, willing + great help. |
| 7. | Carl Zoehner | " | Fort Wayne | |
| 8. | Tom Clouse | Poor | Fort Wayne | always complaining, discourteous, bully type. |
| 9. | Kenney Warren | Excellent | Fort Wayne | |
| 10. | Allan Mueller | Fair | Fort Wayne | Too frail for such a trip, very courteous + willing |
| 11. | Roger Bone | Excellent | Bryant, Ind. | Peer among the younger boys. |
| 12. | Byron McCammon Lowell | " | Lowell, Ind. | |
| X 13. | Jack Kamansky | " | Brooklyn, Pa. | |
| X 14. | Morton Parera | " | St. Louis, Mo. | 3rd Year Med. - proved very good. (1 stick lead cut) (1 fish hook incision) |
| Buddies
USS California { | X 15. E. H. Antush | " | Long Beach, Calif. | |
| | X 16. E. F. Gothomen | " | San Pedro, Calif. | Camp Jester, he ought to receive a medal |
| | Chas. Rudstrom (Guide) | " | Chisholm, Minn. | |
| | John Toren, (Ast Guide) | " | Grand Rapids Minn. | I believe he could handle a small party. |

Mr. Hotchkiss deserves credit for bringing such a fine group to our canoe trails. He has also written me a very nice letter since his return. Hope this will be satisfactory.

Scoutingly Chas. C. Rudstrom



COME ON IN, THE
WATER'S FINE
AT CAMP —



HEADWATERS AREA COUNCIL

CAMP WICHINGEN

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

ISLAND LAKE—HIBBING, MINNESOTA

Nashwauk, Minnesota
September 30, 1936

Mr. Kenneth G. Bentz,
Regional Executive,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Dear Mr. Bentz:

I acknowledge receipt of check for \$50 for which I thank you; also the rules of the Paddle Awards, and list of boys on Trip 8.

There were but 4 boys who made special effort to meet the requirements for the Bronze Paddle: Robert Krohn and Ralph Wilson of Bemidji, and Jack and Bob Layton of Cresco, Iowa. These boys studied and identified the required number of trees and plants, made a raft of native material up on Sagagana, and each lashed paddles to a canoe and made a portage with this carry. Other parts of the Merit Badge requirements for Canoeing and Camping, and possibly others, were being performed quite continuously in routine duties.

The two Bemidji boys are now A #1 campers and canoemen, and good, clean, young men, with no self-advertising. The Layton brothers lack experience as campers, but are resourceful, and were to me the most refreshing young canoeists I had had for a long time because of their never failing cheer and humor.

Christnagel of Little Falls is an "old timer" and has met all of the requirements in the past. "Chris" is a gadget-maker and kamp kinker par excellence, and is good for the morale of any group. I have used Harvey Coleman quite steadily for a variety of camp and travel duties on several trips. He is specially helpful to young and inexperienced canoeists and campers, — husky enough to do his share, and then a "ggod turn" for the other fellow.

Most of the other members of the party were content to take things as they were or were made for them. I believe some of them in time will make good canoeists, and possibly, good campers. The Chicago boys will be all right after they have been lost about two days, have made twenty extra miles, allowed a couple canoes to drift off at night, and lost a grub-pack, — all of which they probably will do the next time they come up, as they intend to make the same trip next year on their own, they say. But they have spirt, — and

OCT 1 1936
Region Ten Office B. S. A.
ST. PAUL, MINN.



HEADWATERS AREA COUNCIL

CAMP WICHINGEN

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

ISLAND LAKE—HIBBING, MINNESOTA



COME ON IN, THE
WATER'S FINE
AT CAMP —

also some exciting fishing memories,- that will carry them along.

Bill McNelly of Hutchinson meets my approval in requirement #8 without reservation, and if he meets other requirements I would recommend him. I had occasion to commend him one day for his Scout sense. He crossed Gabemichigami with the wind, found it rough going on the far side, so pulled up on shore, and stayed there in sight of camp from 10 A.M. until 4:30 P.M., when the wind let up. He came back in good rough water style, hungry, and with a deeper respect for the vagrancies of the North country wind. I think he expected a lecture, but instead I gave him something to eat and some forewarnings about winds and traveling alone on exploring expeditions!

One of the brightest spots of the two weeks was the efficient help of Edward Shannon of Grand Rapids, even if Ed did persist in splitting wood with his foot on the stick! Ed is dependable and steady, an experienced camper, and a fine young man.

We had a pleasant trip. We were sorry of course that we could not get up into Canada and around Hunter's Island on account of the fires. But 24 is too large a party for such a trip anyway, unless it is assured that each one has had canoeing and camping experience. The experience of but one Wilderness canoe trip would be more to ones advantage and security than just the ability to pay for the trip. I know that with the party we had we would have been in sore straits to make the trip on time and with reasonable pleasure. One can travel as fast as the slowest and no faster, and on sustained marches because of weather and adverse winds the Hunter's Island trip usually demands plenty.



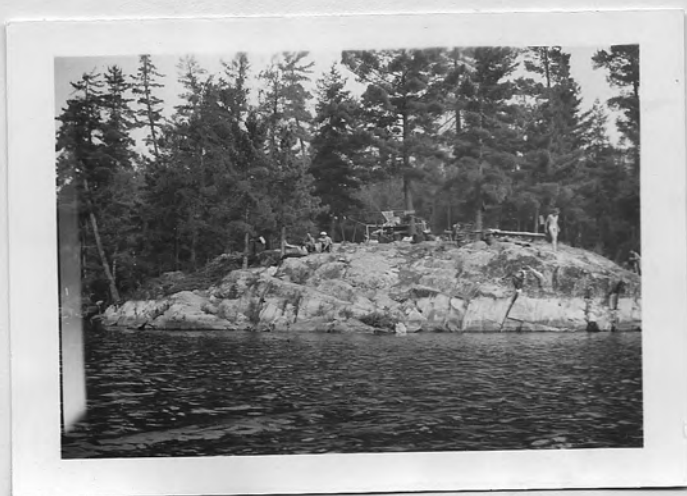
I hope I can get over to the Regional office some time when I am down.

With best wishes to you, Mr. Prescott, and Mr. Bakken, I am,

Very truly yours,

R. C. Kirkpatrick





ROY ZUMBERGE