

REGION TEN
WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS
RECORD OF PADDLE AWARDS

NAME Prigge, Allen

ADDRESS Lewiston, Minnesota

COUNCIL Gamehaven

DATE OF TRIP July 5 - 11, 1942

GUIDE Jack Stoops

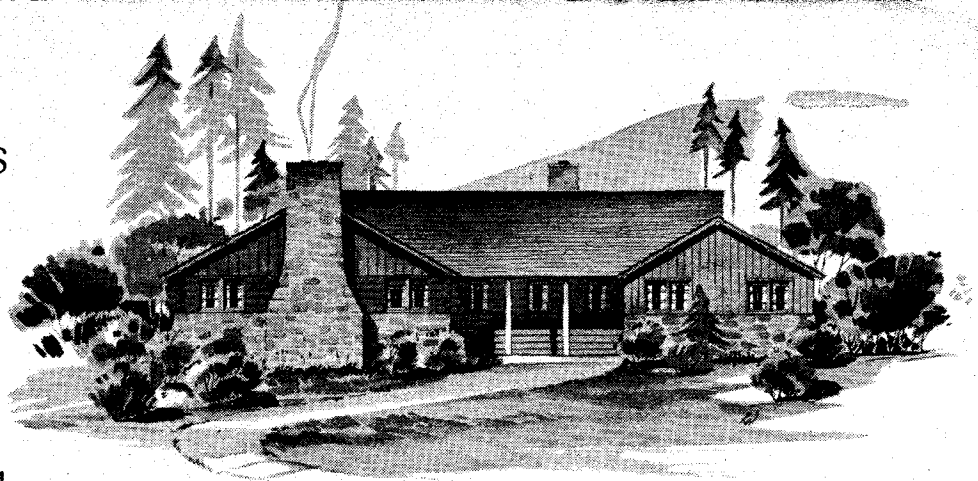
PADDLE AWARDS : DATE

BRONZE 7/11/42 - Through Netland

GOLD

SILVER

THE NEW
CHARLES L. SOMMERS
WILDERNESS
CANOE
BASE



Wilderness Canoe Trip Log

July 5-11

IN the border lakes country of Northern Minnesota and Southern-Ontario, lies the most remarkable canoe country in America. Here along the rocky, pine-bordered lakes and rivers are the ancient routes of the Fur Brigade and the Voyageurs. Here Lies Adventure.

THIS year a long dreamed of Canoe Base of our own will be ready for use. It is located on Moose Lake 22 miles N. E. of Winton, Minn.

OVER the past 20 years some 1,500 scouts and scouters have had the camping trip of a lifetime on these Region Ten Trails. For Senior Scouts and their leaders, these wilderness expeditions offer a camping experience second to none!

PARTIES of eight to twelve on either a one or two-week trip work out best. If you are the leader of a senior group, we suggest that you make up a party of your own members, set your dates, and get your reservations in NOW -- The next best plan is to develop a council party, or several parties of the size indicated.

FOR further information regarding details, write

Region Ten Office
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA
1112 Minnesota Bldg.
Saint Paul, Minnesota

July 5-We pulled into the new Canoe Base after the trip from Rochester through Culuth and the north shore area.

After checking in at the office and being issued our pack sack, poncho and ground cloth, we put up a tent in back of the lodge and prepared our bedrolls for the first night out in the open. There were quite a few rocks and stumps in the tent and it took quite a while to get them cleaned out and our blankets arranged.

We had an early supper and a meeting with our guides to decide what sort of a trip we should take. We finally decided to split our party from Rochester into two groups-a fishing trip and a trip which would take in a large area of the Quetico Provincial Park in Canada. I decided to go on the Canadian Trip because I had already been on the trip which the fishing group was taking.

Everything being settled all the scouts assembled in the dining hall and had a good time singing and listening to the guides and swampers tell about courtesies on the trail and safety precautions about camp and in the canoes.

Everybody to bed early for an early start in the morning.

July 6-Everybody up early and packing their personal packs before breakfast.

We pulled out about 9:00A.M. and paddled up Moose Lake and through the narrows into Newfoundland Lake. From Newfoundland we went through Sucker Lake and across Prairie Portage into Inlet Bay of Basswood Lake. Paddling across Bayley Bay we ran into some big waves which slowed our progress considerably. Everybody was tired after the long Portage into Sunday Lake. Paddling up Sunday toward AgnesL

toward Agnes Lake we saw smoke and upon investigating we found that an island in Burke Lake had been set afire. Later we found out that a trio of careless young boys had set it afire through their disregard of their campfire. We hit the hardest Portage of the entire trip between Sunday Lake and Agnes Lake. Everyone had to rest several times on the long and arduous walk. We found a good camping spot near Louisa Falls and had our tents set up in good time. All of us ate heartily for supper and went to bed early.

July 7-All slept as long as they wanted because we didn't have to pull out until after dinner. Some of the boys enjoyed the free time fishing and most of them went in swimming and to take a bath at the tub in Louisa Falls. We ate a big dinner and packed up our canoes and paddled up Agnes Lake to a small island near the portage into Silence Lake. Most of the boys had good luck fishing that evening. All we caught was Northern Pike, but they were more than enough to go around for breakfast the next morning.

July 8-The journey was continued over the short portage into Silence Lake. Everyone readily understood why the Lake was given this name for it was the quietest body of water we paddled on during the entire trip. We made several short portages through Summer, Noon, Shade and other small lakes and potholes till we found a good campsite on Shade Lake and put up there for the night. That evening I caught my only fish of the trip-a Northern Pike which was comparatively small. I had the experience of seeing a Northern swim away with a Bassareno in his mouth which he took of my line. This taught me never to fish without a leader on the plug.

July 9-It was a miserable day and two of the boys were sick. Both happened to be in my Canoe, but they bore up bravely under the weather and their aching stomachs. We paddled through some of the most likely looking Moose country I had ever seen in the morning and by noon we were paddling down North Bay of Basswood Lake. I am almost glad it was raining because the waters of the bay were calm. We pitched our camp on an island in the bay and had blueberry pie for supper that nite. Fishing was generally poor that nite, but one ardent angler from Duluth named Don Buttery caught a nice Walleye.

July 10-This turned out to be one of the toughest days of the week for some of the men and boys and it also turned the other way with the wind in the afternoon.

We started down one of the main bodies of Basswood in the morning and were tossed about by the waves until we were separated on different sides of the lake. Two canoes full of boys kept on going down the lake to the Ranger Station and Trading Post while one canoe pulled up on the left shore of the lake and another pulled up on an island directly across from them. Each waited for the other to come over to the place. Finally "Jock" Stoops our guide and another boy paddled over to where we were and we started across the lake. We ate a quick dinner and started up the lake again. The water had calmed quite a bit and we stuck to the leeward side of the lake so we made good progress. The boys from down the lake were coming back to see what was the matter when we finally neared the Ranger Station. All the boys bought a bit of candy or a souvenir at the trading post and we were off again on what was the most thrilling part of the trip for me and two other canoes and just the opposite for another canoe. The wind was in our favor and we rigged up our ponchos and made sails which sent us skimming over some five foot waves in Merriam Bay. One of the canoes which did not have the luck with their sail that we did almost swamped and there were two thoroughly scared paddlers in this canoe. We did not take in hardly

any water while the one straggling canoe was almost swamped. The favorable wind kept us sailing all the way in to Prairie Portage and across part of Sucker Lake. We pulled up on a little island in Newfound Lake and stayed there over nite. One of the other parties that left the Canoe Base was camped up the lake a little way from us. I almost had to sleep on a rock that nite but I managed to squeeze the other boys in the tent over far enough so I kept off of it.

July 11-Everyone was up about 8:00A.M. and readying themselves for the trip back into the Canoe Base. Newfound and Moose Lakes were almost as smooth as glass and we leisurely paddled our canoes back over the same waters which we had started out on. A very tired but happy group of boys checked their equipment in at the base and left hoping they could come back for more next year.

The End

By Allen Prigge



PRIGGE, ALLEN