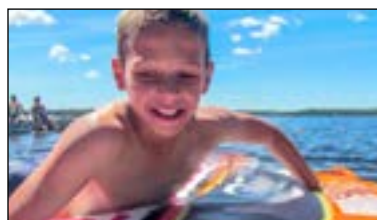


**Fun In Camp...** *pages 2 & 3**Jump in, the water's fine!***CV Olympics...** *page 2**More fun than competition.***Entertainment...** *pages 2 & 3**Who done it?***The Trail** *pages 4 and beyond**Trip stories and fish tales.***Renovations Abound in 2018***By Will Kunz*

The contorted "Wreck Hall" has stored camp boats for 60 winters on a foundation of heaving boulders. Renovation of camp's largest building was long overdue when John Erdmann and I arrived in mid-May.

John smiled as we walked the scorched earth where trees last year hid the Rec Hall and tennis court. Last August a contractor cleared trees from Farm Lake to the footpath. Then in December a camp crew burnt brush around the tennis court and fire circle.

In May a house mover from Babbitt spent three weeks leveling and prying boulders from beneath the the Rec Hall. The middle floor joists were exposed and jacked. Two weeks later landscaping screen and gravel were shoveled under piers to prevent the 55-foot building from sinking or sliding more inland. Jeff Kemmer winched in the walls and spliced drooping collar ties. Eventually we hung flaps over two sides to protect contents from the weather. By summer's end, the building was resided

*While en route to Grand Portage Mikey Meves's crew lent a hand to strangers. This letter to camp tells their story.*

*By Ralph Pribble*

My friend Thom and I have canoed the BWCA together for 40 years. We missed a portage on the Granite River and were wrestling the canoe down a ravine when Thom fell hard on a knobby rock. He was sure he'd broken a rib.

After a sleepless night, I tore down camp as we headed back up stream, the way we'd come. We struggled over a makeshift portage, then Mikey and his Camp Voyageur crew came up behind us on their way to

*The Rec Hall, Office Cabin, Babe's, volleyball and paddleball courts were renovated in 2018.*

and stained.

Over the winter the 1940s director's cabin was gutted of insulation. White pine interior walls replaced buffalo board in camp's new office and media center. Babe's (Behnke's/wardrobe) cabin was cleaned and caulked to house Charlie Erdmann's family of five.

The tennis court, which Bill Burgman inaugurated in 1972, was pocked and

cracked. Fortunately pickleball is now all the rage and three courts fit on camp's court. The resurfaced court is, "A whole new ball game," according to Bill, who brought the green court back to life. He'll line it in June.

In October the paddleball court walls were hauled off and the corner of the volleyball court replaced. More improvements begin next May during work camp.

**CV Crew Rescues Canoeists***Congratulations to Mikey Meves and his crew for helping other canoeists.*

Lake Superior.

We asked if they could help us get out safely. They instantly agreed, offering Thom

a duffer spot as Christian jumped into my bow. Over the next five portages these guys grabbed our gear, double and triple packing.

While paddling the boys told us about Camp Voyageur. They saw us safely to Gunflint Lodge, staying until our ride came. I got a little misty saying goodbye. On the way home, we stopped at the Duluth hospital to confirm that Thom had broken four ribs.

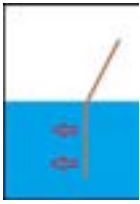
It seemed obvious, watching and listening to the guys, that Camp Voyageur really helps boys become great young men. Thom and I definitely were in a jam, and when we most needed help, they rendered it cheerfully. So until our trails cross again — thanks a million!



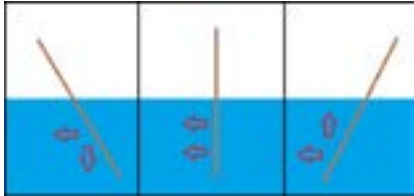
## The Bent-Shaft Advantage

By Ned Yonkers

We canoe at camp to relax while enjoying our natural surroundings. But for many paddle enthusiasts, speed and efficiency are more important. Pushing a bent-shaft paddle blade at a 90-degree angle against the water is the most efficient stroke (*diagram above*). In contrast, the diagram to the right shows side-views of a straight-paddle stroke pushing against the water. Any time a paddle isn't pulled at a 90-degree angle against the water, some of the effort pushes the boat up or down, instead of propelling it forward. A straight-shaft



paddle stroke, first pushes water down, then back and finishes by lifting water up out of the lake. The bent-shaft directs paddle power back, as seen in the diagram to the left. When used properly a bent-shaft paddle, is more efficient because the power pushes the canoe forward, rather than up or down.



From left to right, a straight-paddle initially pushes water down, then back and eventually up at the end of a stroke.

## Going for Olympic Gold

The Second Session Olympic games pitted Dietrich Dixon's Unstoppable Force against his cousin Kyle Montgomery's Immovable Objects. After two days of fierce team and individual competition, the score was virtually tied at 601 to 600, the closest race since Rome's-inspired first CV Olympics back in 1960. The captains



managed to boil his #10 can of water first, winning the Olympic gold by only three points. Generously Kyle turned and jumped in to help his cousin Deitrich stoke his fire, which boiled over as well a few seconds later. The team Immovable Object proved the most stable after all.



First session captain Isaac puts a match to his fire in the final Olympic event.

## Woodsmen Surpass Themselves

To measure the impact of daily camp activity on overall physical fitness, Alex Kvanli signed Camp up again for the Minnesota Camp Woodsmen competition. The Woodsmen pits campers against a less fit version of themselves from one month earlier in the summer, by evaluating push ups, sit ups, sitting reach, pull ups, the forty-yard dash and half-mile run as friends cheer one other along.

Voyageur provides plenty of daily opportunities for campers to work on speed, strength, endurance and stretching, Alex explained. The staff coach boys on ways to exercise and



take control of their own life through perseverance and determination. "It's important that kids understand they are just competing against themselves in the Woodsman Competition, not other campers," stresses Alex.

## Clueless and Cornfused Characters Abound

This particular day things seemed a little strange. To start with a group of what smelled like hippies were unceremoniously ushered off the breakfast stage while shouting something about our esteemed camp director. Then, during lunch again a soldier burst into the mess hall screaming that, "The narrows had fallen to rebels," which made John noticably uneasy. Suspiciously, thereafter he disappeared for the remainder of the day.

That evening an Army recruiter showed up to enlist campers to help find our missing director. His suggested John's "Directorship" could improve regional stability with camp's backdoor access to our closest ally, Canada."



A plethora of suspicious characters were stationed around the peninsula to help campers decipher clues to missing El Director.

## The Wonderful Wacky Worm Rules

worms work, but watermelon blue turned out to be the Worm of the Year. While these hard working artificial worms were responsible for Walker's northern pike plaquer, they are ideal for pursuing the feisty smallmouth bass as well.

Just cast it out, let it sink to the bottom, then jig and reel the worm in slowly. Bam! Fish frequently hit within the first few seconds. The worm's action resembles a magician's wobbly pencil trick, bending like rubber. It makes you want to say, "doing, doing, doing."

Fisherman Jackson from Indiana explains, "On a trip we found what looked like a good fishing spot, but couldn't scare up a fish. Then we switched to Wacky Worms and



By Alex Kvanli

Suppose you could take just one lure into the BWCAW. John would opt for a leech on a jig, Ned a worm on a hook. Campers might prefer a Rapala or a beetle spin. Well, Ned Yonkers comes closest to my recommendation.

After vigorous testing, this summer's best lure goes to the wierdest of worms, the Wacky Worm. A variety of colored



Pine knot aficionados Alex and Jackson promote pine knots and Wacky Worm magic.

## Cabin Flags Revived

This year counselor Mikey Meves facilitated the rebirth of cabin flags. The last time cabins flew flags was in 1961, when our director helped paint Cabin Five's *End of the Rainbow* banner, which still hangs in the mess hall with the *Lucky Ones* and Cabin 4's *Hound's Den*.

During the second session cabin members brainstormed, drafted and painted pieces of old flaps in the craft shop. Cabin artists included Huck and Jack, William, Patrick, both Logans, Bryce, Flo and Christian. Finished just in time to kick off the

Olympics, the finished flags were hoisted in a Parade of Cabins and flown next to the Mess Hall kiosk for all to view.

"Each flag represents the spirit of the boys who bunk together on the shared summer adventure called Camp Voyageur," announced counselor Meves at the dedication over the crowd. "May these flags serve as symbols of cabin spirit and friendships for years to come." Bryce of Cabin 7 won the Best of Show banner, painted with outstanding design and detail.

Apparently much more nefarious activity has transpired at Camp than reported. It turns out that John made enemies in a hippy commune back in the 60s. On this particular evening freedom fighters dedicated to overthrow him teamed up with candy contraband smugglers, disgruntled tax collectors, bankers and other bizarre characters scattered about the peninsula to cover up his disappearance. Sounds confusing, but campers were recruited to help find *El Director* and put all this craziness to sleep. Campers scattered through the woods to interview disparate groups to solve the mystery of the disappearing director.

couldn't keep the fish off our hooks! We came back with a stringer full of smallmouth and walleye."

Once the plastic phenom was discovered, Wacky Worms leapt off the camp store shelf and into campers' tackle boxes. With so many fish biting the irresistible invertebrate, porch inventory struggled to keep pace with demand.

Then we discovered the "o-ring thing," little rubber bands that allow fishermen to loop the hook without stabbing the worm, which can weaken worms, causing them to break.

Armed with Wacky Worms, a little patience and some well placed casts, you too could find your name printed on a mess hall plaque for posterity.





## Rain Alters Route



When we arrived by van at the Wood Lake portage it immediately started to rain. At the end of the portage we were forced to wait a couple more hours for lightening to stop before we hit the water. That night we made camp at the end of Wood Lake, a major setback since our plan was to paddle to Washington Island on Basswood Lake that first night. We had hoped to duff a couple of nights before a lazy paddle back to Camp. I knew we would have to paddle hard on the remaining days.

## Cardboard Boat Regatta



That ain't fair! Cabin 9 chugs out of the camp bay aboard their cardboard motorboat.



Day two it rained again, so we only made it to Good Lake, nowhere near Washington Island again. The third day we paddled all the way to Pipestone Bay on Basswood Lake. Then the last day we went through Newton, Fall and Garden Lakes, clear back to camp.

The highlight of this trip for me was when Sam Jackman caught crayfish with leeches. He hooked a two-inch fish with a crayfish and then an eight-inch bass with that little fish, which he tried to feed to a “snappy” turtle. A fisherman passing by described this as the “exchange program.”

I wish I could exchange my wet socks for dry ones.



The boys attempted to start a fire with wet wood several times on this trip.

## Berries Ripe for the Picking



Wild raspberries, serviceberries and blueberries await the observant camper along the trail.

By Evan Riske

The experienced tripper realizes Ma Nature will provide trail treats come late July. We'd just completed a 150-rod portage when our eyes discovered a sea of wild blueberries and raspberries on the ground. Strawberries, blueberries, raspberries, serviceberries and choke cherries are ripe for the picking this time of year. It's kind of like the fruit section in your neighborhood grocery store, with no check out register.

It was lunch time as we paddled the Granite River beyond Clove Lake. After an 80-rod portage we saw that our targeted campsite was taken, so we paddled over



Come late July serviceberries, blueberries and raspberries are ubiquitous in the north woods.

to investigate a rocky patch next to a hill just beyond a little bay. We grabbed our lunch bag out of the canoe, stepped ashore and discovered an enormous patch of blueberries. Beyond it was another patch, followed by another. The entire hill was covered in blueberries, some the size of marbles or grapes, thousands for the taking on this tiny hill.

The kids eyes lit up like stars. This meant dessert with lunch and an afternoon snack or a sweet treat at our campsite after dinner. For the next hour a hush fell over the hill as we picked and gobbled our way through, eating all we could and filling Nalgene bottles and hats. In the end we didn't even put a dent in the patch, but the campers left that lunch satisfied and smiling from ear to ear.



Once their bellies were filled, a bucket hat or Nalgene bottle held the precious fruit until dinner.

## Canoe-Raft Conquers Windy Snowbank Lake

Snowbank Lake is notorious for strong winds and high waves. Challenged with a Snowbank to Snowbank loop, our crew of Graham, Ray, Ben, Gus and Huck set out for a relaxing five-day trip.

The first few days were fine, but on the final morning we faced a strong headwind. We crossed the southern shore of Ensign towards the portage into Boot Lake paddling at a pace of less than



Ned and his crew tied three canoes together to plow through a windy Snowbank Lake.

one mile per hour, but at least we could paddle. Once we reached the shore of Snowbank, on the other hand, she was angry. Whitecaps crashed on shore and the wind howled in our faces.

Usually in these situations the only course of action is to wait out the wind, but that could take all day and we had to reach the landing for a shuttle before that afternoon. How could we traverse this notoriously windy lake without tipping over? Then Gus Courter came up with an idea, “Let's lash our three boats together with long, sturdy logs,” Gus suggested.

After cutting and lashing logs together, our canoe-raft was ready to hit the high seas. I shouted, “Those on the left will paddle on the left side, those on the right paddle on the right. The middle bowmen set the pace, while the middle sternmen steer the awkward craft.” We proceeded slowly, waves crashing against our make-shift raft. We took on some water, but at least the crew was safe. Before sun set we arrived at the Snowbank landing and were soon on our way back to camp for a late hot dinner.

## Vicki's Banquet Bouquets

At each final banquet, dining room tables sport bouquets of freshly picked wildflowers and pine needles arranged by Vicki Burgman. Occasionally Vicki shares these duties she has performed for decades with others who are not tied down to the kitchen the busiest day of the summer. Although spectacular wild flowers are ubiquitous in the north woods, some of the most prevelant flowers are invasive species, like daisys, lupine and hawkweed. Vicki and friends spend the day gathering flowers and branches from the woods, and pull Mim's glass vases from beneath the dish cabinet. Then each bouquet is carefully crafted and placed on a diningroom table to add color, aroma and class to camp's most festive and well attended meal twice each summer.



Blackeyed susans, bunch berries and golden rod decorate tables for dinner with camp families.

## Finding Peace Along the Trail



Will Kunz blends into the landscape while napping in the crevice of a boulder.

By Will Kunz

To some the trail symbolizes strength, traversing tough terrain, carrying yet heavier loads. To others it's simply the land and the water themselves. Every tree and rock offers a world of discovery to the observant Boundary Waters traveler. Revealing trail events are different for everybody... sighting wildlife, the drama of a storm, a long thoughtless paddle or a quiet, uneventful moment like enjoying a rainy day.

I love awaking early at a campsite, downing granola, loading the canoes and paddling for hours. Portages break the monotony, lunch splits the day, dinner defines the evening, ending with a hard night's sleep. Worldly concerns melt away on the trail. In my ninth summer at Voyageur, I missed that state of *nirvana*. Maybe the heat had something to do with it this summer. Surely I'd snap out of it on the next trip or with a dip in the lake, like

after a sauna.

Something seemed different. Neither a nature boy nor a portage beast, the trail was always my way to recharge. Yet even after a few trips this summer, I found myself looking forward more to the in-camp routine. After a two-year haitis I longed to get back into that groove, yet the funk persisted.

Then, on the last trip of the summer, after pushing for days on Cherokee Lake, I finally felt at ease. We were in a corner of the Boundary Waters I'd never paddled before. A new sense of discovery and adventure awoke within. Rather than reliving another familiar route, I was here and now, in the moment. Refreshed, I realized the wisdom of searching out new places to explore again. As those much wiser than I concluded, “It's about the journey, not the destination.” Grab memories, share the journey with others.

## Bill Builds Benches



Bill Burgman has intended to build new benches for the Mess Hall for decades, so between trips this summer he siezed the opportunity. He set up a wood shop in the Rec Hall to saw and

screw benches together. He fashioned his new wooden benches after existing Mess Hall furniture. After painting them green, he stensiled the name on each bench of nearby water systems like Gabbro, Kawishiwi and Basswood.

The benches bring a new sense of place to the Mess Hall, though they are no softer than the original seats that have held up for nearly 70 summers.







## Christian Gains Wisdom on the Trail

On the first day of our SHT hike from Cascade to Kimball Creek, counselor Dylan Jackson explained what he likes about the trail. A few summers back while portaging a canoe in the Quetico, he stepped in a puddle that swallowed him chest-deep in mud. For half a second he was furious, then he realized nobody does this kind of crazy stuff and it's what makes camp Camp. He struggled, eventually escaping the mud by himself.

Many times I too have wished for a similar moment of clarity. Then, on the third day of our SHT hike I found mine. We'd struggled through three days of steady rain, day two raining really, really hard, yet we somehow hiked a 16-miles day. As a result, however, the inside of my thighs chafed badly.

Hiking conditions were cold and wet. We were



*Wilderness trips test your limits just might show you the light.*

sore, worn out and hungry which, mixed with ankle-deep mud, made me super mad. Then, without recalling Dylan's story, I had my own epiphany. Where else, besides at Voyageur, do you get to do something as crazy as this? In the City? Nope. Home? Nah. Camp? Yup.

Only at Camp Voyageur does one push hard enough to learn your limits. Only at Camp would you hike soaking wet, freezing and with a rash. These difficult circumstances are when we make strides. I had a clear vision. We come to Camp to grow in ways we can't at home. This is where we figure out who we are and what we are made of. My struggle on this hiking trip taught me how to push on, no matter what might hold me back.

## Tucker and Friends Paddle to Crooked Lake

Although I have been to multiple national parks and forests, I was unsure of exactly what to expect on my first canoe trip at Voyageur. I arrived on a Sunday and by Thursday headed out to fish with Alex and Evan from Mudro, through Crooked, and down the border back to camp. I knew this trip would not be easy, but nonetheless I was excited. The real dividend turned out to be the friendships formed over the next six days.

Once we hit the water at Mudro Lake, I knew we were in for an amazing journey. I have never paddled up rivers and lakes like we encountered. We actually mapped out our route without using a GPS or cell phone, planning each camp site.

These pristine lakes and woods are not cluttered with houses or private property. Simply being exposed to the magnificent Boundary Waters was the highlight of my first canoe trip, gliding over clear lakes



*Even an experienced fisherman like Tucker hooked plenty of fish with his Wacky Worm.*

and fishing uncharted rocky islands. I learned to keep my dry clothes dry, while staying as clean as possible (which isn't so clean). I got to know those in my group a whole lot better after six days on the trail. This first wilderness canoe trip is an experience I will never forget. Oh yeah, and we caught a bunch of fish along the way.

## The Camp Store

Besides Wacky Worms and tackle, the porch store features CV t-shirts, hats, bandanas and camping gear.



## Faking, No-Bake Cheesecake



*The Clean Bowl Club devoured all the fake cheesecake Mikey could make, but not swallow.*

*By Mikey Meves*

One nice thing about camp is that you can be yourself, without concern for being judged by others. This is especially true on the trail, where you may be a fisherman, a survivor, cook, pork eater or veteran.

On a portage towards the end of our trip, it started to rain so we huddled in a circle

under a rain fly to eat PB&J. We recalled the time Peyton caught his 16-inch large mouth bass and when I caught my 27 -inch northern.

If you pack in too much food on a trip, you may just have to eat all. For instance, I packed oodles of hummus, so we mixed it up and passed it around the kitchen, pretending the hummus was no-bake cheesecake instead, which worked fine until it was my turn. Have you ever eaten something that you expected was going to taste good, but it tasted really bad? Well, that's what happened when I tasted this plain hummus, thinking it was cheesecake. I took one quick bite of the Middle Eastern delight and immediately had to spit it out of my mouth. No fear of failure here. Fortunately, Ethan recorded my hummus up chuck on the camera. Yuck.

## Mr. Duff's Table Tale

*By Eric the Duffer*

I asked our counselor Will Kunz if we were scheduled to paddle about ten miles a day on our upcoming trip. He scoffed, "More like 20!" Surely he was joking, because the last time I was on the trail we paddled twenty miles for the whole trip. The four-hour van ride to Seagull Lake signaled a long paddle back to Voyageur.

After breakfast I slept until we reached the end of the Gunflint Trail. We paddled eight miles the first day before camping. That's when I discovered that I had forgotten my dry shoes. So did my cabinmate Aiden.



*Will's crew struggled with the make-shift tabel they found on a campsite for a couple of portages, before disassembling it and scattering the remains in the woods.*

We had to walk around the campsite barefooted... not good.

The next day we put back on our cold, wet shoes to paddle about four miles, before thunder rumbled close by. We pulled ashore while lightning struck and thunder shook the ground beneath our feet. Rain pelted us like bullets as we took cover on an island for a few hours. Eventually, after the last thunder we waited a half-hour to set out again beneath pouring rain. We spent that night on a lousy campsite, because it was the only one we could find open.

The next day we paddled over ten miles to camp on Birch Lake, where someone had ignored the Leave No Trace ethic by fashioning a table out of logs and twine. We decided to haul the table out, which seemed like a good idea at the time. The next morning we carefully balanced the table on top of a canoe.

Hauling the contraption over the first portage was a hassle, but we managed. Our strategy was to portage our gear first, then come back for the table. Unfortunately, the second portage was 90-rods long and not maintained. By the third portage Will

## Kayaking the Magestic Apostle Islands



On a Sunday Ethan, Triple D, Kyle, counselor Ned Yonkers and I put in at the Red Cliff Indian Casino. We were headed for a 10-day tour of the Apostle Islands in Lake Superior.



We had lots of fun hanging out at beach campsites, but my favorite part of the trip was the lighthouse on Raspberry Island. We paddled up to Raspberry that morning from Oak Island to see the lighthouse and stop for lunch. Fortunately, next to the building was a croquet field. We also ran into the park ranger we met earlier on Stockton Island. We said hello and played a couple of games of croquet with him.

told us to disassemble the table and scatter the poles in the woods, leaving no trace. Fortunately the days after that were really nice and sunny.

My big take away from this trip was how much I appreciate dry clothes. Back at Voyageur I had all the clothes in the world to wear, even if they were dirty, but who cares. I sent my clothes out to the laundry upon our return to camp and roasted a bit in the sauna.

Ned asked him if we could camp on York Island, so he changed our permit and we upgraded to a better campsite.

The only thing I wish we could have done on this Carribean vacation was to paddle



*The Apostle Islands offer sea kayaking at its best, right here in the Midwest.*

out to Devil's Island. Those sea caves are supposed to be really cool, but we didn't schedule the trip out there. Well, it's good to have a reason to return to the Apostles.



*Eric, second from left, and friends moved effectively through the woods despite frequent rain.*



## Memories of a Wet Trip

Our trip went from Gabbro to the Kawishiwi River. Those on Joe’s trip included Connor, Aiden, Danny and me. Although it rained most of the first day, we managed to set up camp and find some dry firewood. I certainly wasn’t expecting all rainbows and sunshine, but raining for four hours straight was a little too much.

We enjoyed fishing, swimming and canoeing. Surprisingly, we only caught one eight-inch northern, but we had more bites. Swimming was great at our campsite, since we were between two islands, one was our campsite and the other was a pile of rocks. Since we canoed every day on our trip, we really got used to canoeing.

It’s tough finding dry firewood at a wet campsite. The trail taught me to work hard and never give up at what your doing, especially on portages. Finally, I enjoyed the sun rising and beautiful sunsets.



*A pita pizza can cure any damp day.*

## Giuseppe Paddles to Rose

We were out for eight days sightseeing along the border from Snowbank to Rose Lake. Fortunately we sailed up Knife and much of Gunfilnt Lake, where bowmen Liam and Atlas had to maintain the masts and sail.

Since this was a sightseeing trip, we saw plenty of beautiful spots, including one memorable stop that was not planned. Nearing the end of our trip we paddled to Bridal Falls on Gunflint Lake, where we were chased by a storm and forced

to land. A gruesome path of rocks, mud, and woods followed the long rapids. We thought that these rapids were the falls, but then the rushing water opened into a beautiful falls. It started on a cliff covered by trees. Water flowed out of the rocks like a water falls from above.

Rose Lake was spectacular and we snagged a great campsite right next to the portage. I grew a lot on this trip, learning new skills that I didn’t know.

## Voyageurs Wreck the Kek



*Fresh and clean, the Kek crew enthusiastically take to the woods at the start of the trail.*

*By Joe Baumann*

Legend has it that back in the 60s the Kawishiwi Lodge owner often repeated to Voyageurs, “Don’t take the Kek trail.” Looking back, that would have been good advice.

Nonetheless Ethan, Harrison and Danny joined Justice Chaffee and me to “Wreck the Kek” in the summer of 2018. Camp hasn’t attempted hiking the Kek Trail for a few years because of blowdowns. From the start at Snowbank Lake, the illusive Kekekabic Hiking Trail proved nearly impossible to follow... again.

The US Forest Service reported that trail crews had worked potions of the Kek twice

within the last year., so we were optimistic we could traverse the 45-mile path that crossed through the Boundary Waters plus the 30-mile Border Trail Route to end near Lake Superior in nine days. We quickly realized, however, that what the USFS called “cleared” didn’t mean the trail was clear and easy to follow.

We struggled from the first day, hauling backpacks ladened with nine days of food over, under, and through downed trees about every 100 feet. Exhausted that evening, we set up camp on the trail itself because our targeted lake campsite was blocked by another inpenetratable



blowdown.

Once we finally hiked out of the cluttered blowdown areas trail conditions improved little. Because the Kekakabic Trail is so seldom used, we next encountered thick brush and grass. Only the occasional orange tape suggested we might be on the right track.

This slow-go required adjusting our ambitious plan to reach The Big Lake, as we abandoned the Border Route idea. Justin hiked out to communicate with camp that we’d exit near Round Lake instead. Despite miserable hiking conditions, our boys pushed through 41 miles to finally reach the Gunflint Trail. Even though the trail was much tougher than anticipated, the crew remained in high spirits and enjoyed the challenge. On the last day Ethan said, “I wish camp could send us more food, so we could keep hiking through to Lake Superior.” Maybe next time, Mate.



*Deep in the woods the crew discovered a waterfall flowing out of the woods along a cliff.*

## Girls Hike Isle Royale

*By Zack Huebner*

Reknown for a struggling population of wolves and their moose prey, Isle



*The girls caught an early morning ferry to Windigo aboard the Sea Hunter III..*

Royale is accessible only by ferry. We drove up the North Shore to camp at the Grand Portage casino, about a mile from the ferry dock. The ferry left at 7 in the morning, so we were up early. The lake ride was beautiful, the captain really nice and it was reffreshing to feel the cold Lake Superior air. Our trek began once we landed at Windigo harbor on the island.

Our plan was to hike north to Hugin-nin Cove the first night and return through Windigo to get on the 30-mile Feldtmann loop. Because of campsite locations, we only hiked five miles the first day, mere child’s play compared to the second day 15-mile hike to Feldt-mann Lake. By the time that day was over I threw my pack on the ground and took a nap right next to it. That evening

we walked a mile to Rainbow Cove to watch the sunset. Rainbow Cove is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen.

On the third day we hiked ten miles to Sisquit Bay, but we were still exhaust-ed from the previous day. For lunch we stopped to climb an abandoned fire tower for a spectacular view above the island. What started as a 15-minute rest stop ended up an hour long nap.

The remainder of our hike got easier. We went from Sisquit Bay up to explore Isle Mine railroad artifacts. On our last day we slept in a wooden lean-to back down at Windigo.

We arose early the last morning to scout for moose. We saw a bull jump-ing through the water and a cow and her calf. By the end of the trip we were

exhausted, in the best possible way. We had seen many cool sights and finished the hike hoping that one day we could return to Isle Royale in the near future.



*The veteran girls watched the sun set on the rocky beach at Rainbow Cove.*

## Meet the 2018 Staff



at camp. Dylan is at home in his Grumman, which he can now rig to sail.

**Alex Kvanli** is a veteran counselor with degrees in exercise physiology, health & physical education. His passion for adventure has led him to bike across America and lobby in Washington D.C. He shall continue pursuing a master’s in Experiential Education at Minnesota State at Mankato.

**Will Kunz** is a 9-year CV veteran who spent one semester in Denmark. Will

graduated this spring from the Indiana University Kelly School of Business in Economic Consulting. This summer he focused on generating content and graphic posts for camp’s social media and improving our internet infrastructure.

**Mikey Meves’s** favorite aspect of Camp Voyageur is getting into character for an epic skit. “The aura of a WELK Radio show is incredible,” he says. He attends the University of Wisconsin-Stout, chasing aspirations to teach middle school shop.

Mike loves the challenge of canoe trips, but still can’t resist getting lost in a classic fantasy book when he has down time.

**Evan Riske** is another Stout addition to the Voyageur team. With Boy Scout camping experience, he integrated easily into the camp scene. Evan strives to make the camp experience memorable through his humor, wit, and personality.

**Ned Yonkers** has been a camper and counselor for 14 summers. Originally from New Hampshire, Ned will finish his graduate degree in China next year. He leads many activities at camp, but particularly enjoys canoeing and angling for those elusive Boundary Waters fish.

**Paula Hill** has overseen the Camp Voyageur healthcare for several years. She trains counselors in their role as health providers in the camper community. Paula screens everybody in and out for trips, stocks first-aid kits, administers healthcare and medicines throughout the summer.

Camp Cooks- **Evelyn Kuzma** commutes to work from across Farm Lake. A talented cook and promoter of healthy diet and lifestyle, she moved permanently to Farm Lake from the Twin Cities after remodeling her grandfather’s cabin for year-round living. **Jan Rue** is an extraordinary baker, famous around Ely for her breads, scones and pizza. Chef **Joe Switojewski** cooks full time in Babbitt, but brought special flavor to his recipes a few days each week.



## First Session



Cabin 1



Cabin 2



Cabin 3



Cabin 8



Cabin 9



## Camp Voyageur Session II 2018

## Second Session



Cabin 1



Cabin 2



Cabin 3



Cabin 4



Cabin 7



Cabin 8



Cabin 9