



THEN



NOW



The Evolution of Cache Lake Camp



by J. N. Bach

**W. D. BOYCE COUNCIL
PEORIA, ILLINOIS**

In Memory of
RUSSELL O. SHIRK
The Evolution of
Cache Lake Camp

By J. N. Bach

1918 - 1930

and Special Thanks

Mrs. Russell Shirk

W. D. Boyce Council
Peoria, Illinois

For their generous support and making the
"old" and "new" Cache Lake Camp
possible.

In Memory of

RUSSELL O. SHIRK

Benefactor



1918 – 1999

and special thanks
to

Mrs. Russell Shirk,
the Shirk Foundation,
and Beer Nuts Inc.

For their generous support that made the
"old" and "new" Cache Lake Camps
possible.

In Memory of
RUSSELL O. SHIRK

Bloomington



1918 - 1999

and special thanks
to

Mrs. Russell Shirk,
the Shirk Foundation,
and Forest Nuts Inc.

For their generous support that made the
"old" and "new" Cache Lake Camps
possible.

PREFACE

The Cache Lake Camp is an Explorer and Boy Scout camp owned by the W. D. Boyce council, on leased ground located in Ontario, Canada. The name was taken from a book entitled *Cache Lake Country*. The description of the country wilderness area in the book paralleled the beauty of the location of our camp so much that it seemed appropriate to use this name. The camp is located 670 miles north of Bloomington, Illinois, approximately eight miles via water, northeast of Crane Lake, Minnesota. This camp was started in 1988 and completed in 1999. All of the work was done by dedicated volunteers without any charge to the council. They not only contributed all of the labor, but also gave a considerable amount of money toward the purchase of materials and to defray other expenses that occurred, such as taxes, duty, transportation, etc.

CACHE LAKE CAMP

WHERE GOD HAS CACHED YOUR WILDERNESS EXPERIENCES

SEEK, FIND, ENJOY, APPRECIATE AND CONSERVE

PREFACE

The Cache Lake Camp is an Explorer and Boy Scout camp owned by the W. D. Boyce Council, an Illinois Council located in Illinois, Canada. The name was taken from a book entitled Cache Lake Country. The description of the country wilderness area in the book paralleled the beauty of the location of our camp so much that it seemed appropriate to use the name. The camp is located 870 miles north of Bloomington, Illinois, approximately eight miles via water, northeast of Crane Lake, Minnesota. This camp was started in 1988 and completed in 1992. All of the work was done by dedicated volunteers without any charge to the council. They not only contributed all of the labor, but also gave a considerable amount of money toward the purchase of materials and to delay other expenses that occurred such as taxes, duty, transportation, etc.

CACHE LAKE CAMP

WHICH CAMP HAS CACHED YOUR WILDERNESS EXPERIENCES

KEEP THEM KNOWN, APPROPRIATE AND CONSERVED

THE EVOLUTION OF CACHE LAKE CAMP

The why, what, who, when and where? Seems like a strange way to start a story concerning a bit of historical narrative that has made an impression on many people of the area surrounding Bloomington, Illinois, an area that extends from Lincoln to Ottawa, from Roberts to approximately 25 miles west of Peoria. What better place is there to start than at the beginning to answer some of the questions that have been heard so often?

Why? This was a question pondered over for some time by the executive board of the Corn Belt Council, Boy Scouts of America, whose office was in Bloomington. Why were our scouts leaving the program at such a young age when there were so many things yet to be learned that would benefit them so much in their later years? This was being discussed in the middle 'fifties. One of the reasons that came up most frequently was that Camp Heffernan, the local, long range camp, was no longer sufficient to interest the boys after attending a couple of years, and, in some cases, even became "old stuff" after one year. The desire for something more was needed in order to keep them interested and excited — something to anticipate and really look forward to enjoying. Even a new camp in an unfamiliar place with the same or similar program would give the boys a chance for exploring, nature study, etc., using skills that would be limited only to their own imagination under the direction of their program director and their unit leader.

What, then, would be required to bring something like this to fruition? First of all, a location would have to be selected that would be distant enough to make travel itself a pleasure and provide an experience of fellowship impossible for those traveling to Camp Heffernan in separate vehicles.

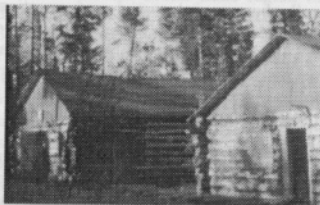
Who then would be responsible to investigate whether such a camp could be found and acquired? Of course, a committee from the executive board was appointed.

When should this committee go to work? The sooner the better!

Where? Wherever a suitable location could be found that would lend itself to the accomplishment of good instruction in sound scouting practices. A place within a reasonable distance and at a cost that would not be prohibitive for any scout to participate.

With these instructions, the committee members began their search. An old loggers' camp was located on Lake Of The Woods at Nestor Falls, Ontario, Canada. This camp was about seventy miles north of International Falls, Minnesota, and Fort Frances, Canada. The lease of the camp was made and each participant would pay \$3 per day for use of the camp. Each unit would be responsible for its own transportation, food, insurance, and necessary supplies. Each would also be expected to comply with all Canadian laws regarding customs, duty, licenses, taxes, etc. The distance of over 770 miles from Bloomington was somewhat greater than desired but, since this camp was primarily for explorer scouts or first class scouts age 13 and over, it was decided to give it a try. The camp proved to be quite successful and did have an effect of keeping the boys in the program for a longer time.

The use of this camp only continued for about two years because of a problem with the owners.



By this time the so-called "committee" had grown to twenty-five or more vitally interested scouts that were willing to make an investment in what had been proven to be a desirable means of reaching our objective. A meeting of these people was called at Orval Yordy's in Flanagan. At this meeting at least \$2500 was identified that could be made available to purchase the camp at the price that was then offered. However, after the owners learned that their price had been reached so easily, they increased the cost to \$4500. Since we had been disappointed by these owners before, the group decided to forget about this location and search for another — one that we could buy, lease or rent; build a new camp, or do whatever was necessary to continue a program that had proved so successful.

Although not forgotten, the whole idea did lie dormant for nearly a year, from late 1959 to August 1960. At this point Providence intervened. One of our group, returning home from a vacation in northern Minnesota, stopped to spend the night at the Ski-View motel in Virginia, Minnesota. While registering, he noticed the Woodbadge certificate hanging on the

wall behind the desk. Knowing that one of our scouters was registered to take that course in 1961, he naturally became interested and questioned the motel owner, Mr. Jack Bertalos, about his experience. During the conversation the problem of our Canadian camp was discussed and, since many of our group were familiar with northern Minnesota, it had already been decided that Minnesota would be a great location to build a new camp if at all possible. One of the reasons for this preference was that the pristine wilderness of this area was comparable to the region that had been abandoned. This area also had all of the opportunities for the Boy Scouts to have the same type of experiences that they had come to desire, want, and accept. Mr. Bertalos, as it was learned, was known as "Mr. Scouter of Minnesota." He had also been a state representative and still carried some political clout. After hearing our complete story, he thought that he might be in a position to help us out and would contact us later. Mr. Metz told me all of this upon his return and advised that I could expect a card or letter from Mr. Bertalos in the near future. After several months of silence, we were afraid that he had been unable to do anything for us and it was time to start all over. It was a bitter cold night and snowing when our phone rang on that Sunday night in January of 1961. The following conversation followed:

"Hello. This is Jack Bertalos from Virginia, Minnesota."

"Well, what do you know? I thought you had completely forgotten about us."

"No," he said, "I have never been very good at writing letters, and, besides, I didn't have anything to tell you until now. I have been in contact with the

conservation department and they advise that they do have some land in the Crane Lake region that could be made available to you for a Scout Camp. I suggest that you write to Mr. Gerber at Orr, Minnesota, who is the ranger at Crane Lake, and make arrangements to meet him this spring as soon as the ice thaws out. He knows of your interest and has selected three sites that would suit your purpose."

"Thanks very much, Mr. Bertalos; we will stop in to see you this spring." We did as we promised and, on an added note, several of our units and work groups used Mr. Bertalos' motel dormitory on many of our future trips.

Mr. Gerber was contacted, and five of us met him at Crane Lake on May 13, 1961. The men making this trip were Vic King, Milton Kinane, William R. Metz, J. N. Bach, all from Forrest, and Orval Yordy from Flanagan. The three sites were looked over and one was selected. After making our choice and meeting with Ranger Gerber for lunch, he greeted us with words we didn't want to hear.

"Boys, I gave you a bum steer. The site you have selected doesn't belong to the State but is Scott Paper Company property." He knew that we were really disappointed, but countered with, "I have another site in the same neighborhood which I think you will like better." He was right, and again Providence entered the picture. This site was indeed better from every standpoint.

After completing the necessary paper work, submitting the building plans, and staking out the plot plan, a year-to-year lease was signed that would become effective on the first of January 1962. The rent would be \$50 per year.

Arrangements were made with a local lumber mill near Crane Lake for the building material needed. Mr. Knox of Crane Lake supplied the barge and made three trips delivering the material to the camp site, a distance of eight miles. Some material that had been donated was brought up by the gang of scouts that were to do the building. This material included doors, windows, nails, etc., plus our personal needs, tools, generator, gas refrigerator, tents, and what was thought to be enough food to feed a hungry group of men. The work week was planned for the last week of May, 1962. There were seventeen men in this group, which included two of the Corn Belt Council executives.

Everything went well from beginning to end without any major problems. There are a few incidents that come to mind that might be worth mentioning. Since we had several vehicles making the trip to Minnesota, it had been previously agreed that we would re-group at the toll gate near Rockford, from which meeting place we would continue on to Crane Lake. While waiting there we must have been a rather curious sight, what with windows sticking well above the sides of Yordy's pick-up truck, construction material sticking out the rear, and tents and canvas piled on top of everything. People stared at us as they passed, and one stranger even stopped to inquire what was going on. Yordy explained that we were scouts going on a camping outing in Minnesota. The stranger asked us, "What's with having such a big window on a camping trip?" Yordy explained that we had our scout executive with us and he was a fresh-air freak that couldn't go to sleep, even when he was camping in a tent, unless he had a window that he could open. I think the guy actually believed it.

I also want you to know that the men doing the work on this camp were a really dedicated bunch of guys. If something needed to be done, they did it. We needed some sand to mix with the cement that we had brought from home so that we would have concrete mix to pour for the foundation piers for the building. Dean Augsburger and George Slagel, from Flanagan, volunteered to go to the beach at the south end of Brown's Bay to get a load. They had to keep shoving the boat farther into the lake as the load became heavier in order to keep it afloat. After they crawled in for the return trip, they had about two inches of freeboard left to keep them from sinking. The slightest movement or wave would surely have put them under. They had no life jackets and someone said that they couldn't swim, but the crew waiting for them on the shore had only one thought: if they sink before they get here we are going to lose that whole load of sand!

Returning to the work, trees were cut, branches were trimmed, piers poured, and the building was started. These seventeen men built the combination kitchen, dining section, and sleeping quarters in one week. This building also included an eight foot porch across the front. The entire building measured thirty-two feet by forty feet, and was closed in with windows, doors, and pattern type log siding boards. The roofing was done and, for all practical purposes, the construction was done, so the building was locked and secured before the group left.

One day while we were at the midpoint in our construction work when everyone's help was needed, our supervisor suddenly felt the urge to make a quick trip to the woods as we hadn't yet taken the time to build a latrine. Sad to say, the log he had selected

was a little farther away than he realized and the result was disastrous. Some of the guys thought it would be easier to get a new boss man than it would be to clean this one up! However, Brown's Bay was full of plenty of soft water and it was bath time anyway.

Also, while at the half-way point in the construction, our cook voluntarily apologized for the skimpy meals he was serving all the time. He said he had had no idea of the quality or quantity of food necessary to sustain the energy of a hard working man. It may not have been excusable, but it was understandable. After all, he was a dentist — how much real energy does it take to pull a tooth?

Memorial Day in 1962 came on a Wednesday, May 30th. It was observed on the traditional day, not on a Monday as it is now. On Tuesday it was becoming more and more obvious that the workers were dissatisfied with the constant diet of split pea soup and crackers with just a little of something else. Volunteers do not go on strike, but mutiny, it seems, was an acceptable alternative and one was imminent. Leaving a half-completed building couldn't be tolerated so something had to be done to alleviate the situation. Food seemed to be the solution to the problem, so Vic King and I went to the Kettle Falls Resort on Tuesday afternoon and made arrangements with the owner, Lil Williams, to feed the entire gang on Wednesday afternoon. After all, it was a holiday, and a little R. and R. might relieve the stress and give the men the strength to finish the job. There were fifteen of us still at camp and fourteen did keep our dinner engagement. One guy got his dander up and wouldn't go. Why? No one knows; he just became stubborn and decided he would rather be miserable than satisfied. Our choice of entrée was chicken, steak

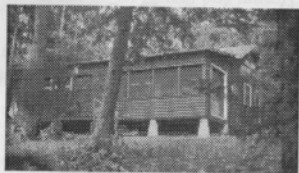
or fish, and the side dishes were served country style in unlimited quantities. The cost was \$3 each plus tip, and proved to be the best fifty bucks I ever spent. There were several hours of daylight left for our trip home, so when we reached the dam at Bear River and portaged our boats, we decided to do some fishing for awhile. Luckily, we had one of the best fishing times that we have ever had. From then on almost everyone was content, the work progressed beautifully, and the fish complemented the split pea soup significantly.

The porch had not been closed in, but was framed with studs 24" on center around the perimeter. A twelve by sixteen foot tool shed had also been started but only the floor was framed and the flooring laid. This shed was completed in August, except for applying the roofing paper, when Larry Strotheidt and his scout troop from Flanagan returned. The roof was completed about two weeks later by my son Rick and me. We also sanded the floor of the main building, cut out every other stud on the porch, and put in sills and headers to make the framing to receive screens that would be made later. The first explorer scouts to use the camp came shortly thereafter and put plywood on the porch ceiling. They also built the first latrine, which was identified as "Outpost #102." Their leader was Jim Stewart, a Wood Badge leader and a member of the council executive board. In the spring of 1963 the work group built another latrine, and installed gas lights and three gas refrigerators. They screened in the porch and built bunk beds, mattresses were added, and some cots were donated. A "home-type" gas stove was installed, and utensils, dishes, knives, forks and spoons were supplied. Two 3' x 8' plywood tables were made along with four wooden benches. A work counter was built and a few cupboards were installed. The

stove was later replaced with a ten-burner, two-oven gas stove that was salvaged from a church camp.

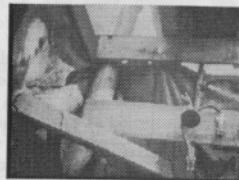
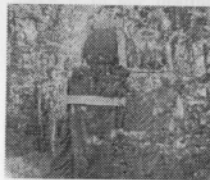
Although the furnishing and development were far from being completed, it was decided that the information concerning the camp and its availability should be made known throughout the council. A set of rules and regulations was drafted and it was agreed that a charge of \$1 per day per person be charged. It was never the intent that the camp show a profit but it was hoped that the charge would be sufficient to maintain, and develop the site, as well as purchasing other items that might be wanted. The first class thirteen-year-old or explorer scout status would still be required of all campers.

Over a period of time there were many desirables added as time, money, and materials became available. Piers were built, windows were added to weatherproof the porch. Boats and canoes were purchased and many tools were donated that were to remain in the tool house as camp property.



One day after a group of the adults had caught a large number of fish, they were found cleaning the stinking things on the kitchen or dining table about nine or ten o'clock that night. Remember that this building was a combination dining room, bed room

and lounge, and had no partitions. The very next morning an 8' x 12' addition was being built on the end of the tool shed. This was to be used as a fish cleaning house and there was never another fish cleaned on the dining room table. Some time later, a sink was installed in the kitchen counter and also in the fish cleaning house. A water tower was built and water was piped to both locations. The space under the water tower was open except for the four corner posts supporting the tank. Since this space was not being used, a smart scout who had read the handbook found that a good scout should be resourceful and able to make something from nothing. Some old army canvas was found and stretched around the poles to enclose the area. A new — but old-time model — dome top wood burning hot water heater was donated. One of the plumbers of our group hooked up a Rube Goldberg system of pipes from the tower to the heater and supply tank and then back to and including a shower head at a height that was suitable for most dirty people. Heating the water required us to build a wood fire, but once we got the water hot it did supply enough for several showers. Its use probably contributed as much to the better atmosphere in the bunk house as getting rid of the stinking fish-cleaning job.



There were some who felt that we now had gone entirely too far, having a shower and kitchen sink. It was true that we had now reached the point where we could certainly camp in a comfortable way. All of the so-called "unnecessary additions" weren't the developers' ideas. Present government regulations concerning fires, health, safety, as well as individual liability, dictated why some of these were necessary. (Further discussion of some of these things will appear later.)

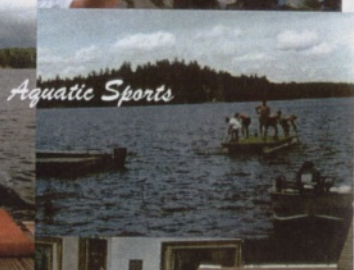
During most of the time that these additions and improvements were being made, the camp was available for scout units and reservations were being made. Use of the camp was somewhat limited because of the age requirement. Use of the camp was gradually showing more and more attendance and interest. To keep harmony within the units using the camp, it was decided that younger boys could attend if they were accompanied by a guardian. The rule that required at least one adult for each five boys was still necessary. The camp, not yet completed, operated in its then condition until 1975. No major change was anticipated. At this time the Corn Belt Council merged with two other councils and the W. D. Boyce Council was formed. It took about three years before a real interest developed in Cache Lake Camp by the expanded council.

During the year of 1975, the entire area surrounding our camp was taken in by the Federal Government and they made this into what is now known as "Voyageurs National Park." This included our camp and there was a period of time when we were concerned as to what our future status would be. After some corresponding, we were granted a lease permit for a period of ten years. No major construction

plans were anticipated at this time, so we completed the plans that were already in the works and the camp was considered finished.

There have been many men that contributed much in making it possible for our scouts to enjoy these great wilderness experiences and they were never properly thanked for all they had done. They never wanted it or expected it because they were satisfied knowing their job was one that was truly well done. Being busy only a part of two weeks each year left them some quality time for fishing, skiing, sailing, and other recreational activity; they were content with the status quo. However, now that there was no longer any urgent need for their services, they had more time to travel greater distances by water searching for new fishing places, camping on the shores of distant lakes, exploring deeper into the woods, and searching for hidden lakes that were seldom frequented. It was on one of these escapades that we had an opportunity to use our scouting knowledge — or our lack of it. With some time on our hands one day, several of us decided it would be a good use of the time to go to Lake Lucille. This lake, according to the map, was only about two miles as the crow flies, but perhaps four miles on foot. Starting out around noon, we thought that we should be able to make it to our destination and back without any problems, and even be able to fish there for awhile. It was getting late in the afternoon when we finally realized that someone had moved the lake and we must have skirted past it on our way to Johnson Lake, way beyond where we wanted to go. This was a failed trip and the time had come to admit our goof and get started for home. On the return trip we came to a beaver pond that had been built since we passed

there earlier. In order to use the daylight that was left, the younger guys in the group waded and swam across a narrow spot in the pond. Carl Frautschi and I were a little old for such foolishness and decided we preferred to back-track and go around. We soon discovered these "extra eager beavers" had built the pond in a horseshoe shape and we were in the middle. The time it took us to get around was the difference between daylight and night, and the night was the darkest I have ever seen — no, the darkest night I couldn't see! Carl wanted to bed down on a clear rock area and wait for daylight. He wasn't the least bit concerned about our predicament and showed no anxiety at all. My main concern was that I knew the fellows back at camp would be frantic and, no doubt, out looking for us. With the help of my radium dial compass and the little bit of light from my cigarette lighter, I would reach out and feel my way from tree to tree. I didn't worry about ever going too fast because Carl had his hand in my belt as we inched along. We got within about two city blocks of the shore of Brown's Bay when we heard the would-be rescuers tearing back and forth with their outboard motors running wide open. We could hear Beckley shouting to the others, "see anything, hear anything?" If they would have shut their motors off they could have heard us. When we were within a hundred yards of shore, they did quiet down enough to hear my whistle. Then we saw the light from a flashlight coming toward us and we were saved. Carl and I, of course, took a lot of razzing and some cussing out but we knew they still loved us when we heard their friendly words of advice, "don't you ever do anything like that again!" I can hardly wait.





Respect for the flag transcends borders



Rough sea



Sunsets



Camp animal life



Seek and you shall find



One group of Honegger's slaves



Merit Badge



Sailing



Homeward Bound

Did someone say a scout volunteer's work is never done? If they didn't, they should have. With the passing of time, an expanded council, a growing interest in the camp, and changes in scouting programs made the unanticipated development of additional living space necessary. Although the explorer program had become more specialized, there was still a great interest in camping. Girls were added to the explorers and women were serving on unit committees. They, too, became interested in the Cache Lake Camp and wanted to participate in these experiences that the male scouts seemed to enjoy so much. This necessitated the building of an addition to the multi-use building to accommodate them.

A 16' x 24' wing was added to the rear of the building and a double door opening was cut in for access to the rest of the building. Doors were hung that could be closed and locked for privacy. An exterior door was also installed so the women could go in and out without disturbing the men's privacy at an inopportune time. A large fireplace was built into this room to furnish heat during chilly weather. Cots and mattresses were added and the camp development was once again declared complete. I forgot to mention that the side-arm, wood-burning water heater was replaced with an automatic gas heater donated by Denny Weber of Fairbury.

Sailboats were donated, more boats were purchased, floating boat docks were built, a generator was donated. This device was used intermittently to operate a five cubic foot freezer that we purchased. This was a necessary item to keep the ever growing food supply needed for the larger groups using the camp. The three gas refrigerators were no longer adequate to preserve all the food.

Through all of these years, the camp committee, with the wise use of some donations and the income from those using the camp, were able to operate, maintain, and improve the camp without ever asking the council for any monetary assistance. The camp has always been self-sustaining and with everything going so well at this particular time, perhaps we should have recognized that sometimes there is a "calm before the storm."

In 1984, when an extension for our lease permit was requested, we were advised by the then temporary Park Superintendent that there would be no problem; just make the request when the present lease permit expired and a new ten-year permit would be issued.

Before 1985 a new Park Superintendent was appointed. He apparently had an inspection of the camp made by some fire department and the Minnesota health and safety people. This was done without our knowledge and the park authorities found it convenient to not notify us of their findings, or what would be required to bring the camp up to their criteria. Then in 1987 we were notified of what would be required and told that even if we met their standards, only an extension of five years would be granted. We would then have to move everything, clean up the site, and discontinue the operation of the camp. They apologized for not having notified us sooner, but it seems the notification had been "conveniently" lost in the office for a couple of years. It was going to cost us at least \$12,000 to do what they wanted, and some of the requirements were so ridiculous that we knew there would be trouble trying to operate and we probably could expect constant harassment. We knew they wanted us, along with

many others, out of the park. With two years of our five-year extension already past, it was decided to forget about any further work, throw in the towel, and make preparations for abandoning the camp. All of the reservations were cancelled, but a few continued to use the abandoned camp, including the work group, even though the site had been "red-carded."

To make this situation seem even worse was that Lyle Honegger had just become the new camp chairman on the first of January, 1986. It wasn't that anyone wanted to dump these problems on him, because at that time we didn't know that a problem existed.



Out with "THE OLD" In with "THE NEW"

Lyle took over the reins and went to work. He scheduled twelve units with reservations confirmed for the entire summer. Having been with the group that had opened and closed the camp for several years, there was no question that Lyle had the ability to be the leader needed to care for a growing and successful camp. In 1964 the attendance at the camp included thirty scouts. In 1979 there were 176, and in 1983 we had 206. These were the only figures readily available. There's no way of knowing how many were able to use the camp in 1986, but with

twelve units it is reasonable to assume that it was well over the 206 of 1983.

The Cache Lake Camp had proved itself to be a great place for scouts and scouters to enjoy a week of good, pleasurable and educational experience, all at a cost that was reasonable and well within reach by any scout. Losing this camp was really hard to accept by those that had put in so much time building up what had become a valuable asset for the W. D. Boyce Council and purpose it serves. It just seemed unfair that so many scouts coming into the program were going to be denied the chance to enjoy the wilderness experiences that previous campers had. Also, Lyle wasn't to be given the opportunity to further prove his supervisory talent that he had already demonstrated.

It seemed ironic to us that the authorities of a United States Park would force the Boy Scouts of America out of their park into Canada but that was our next consideration. Upon inquiring, we found that we could meet Canada's code concerning fire, health and safety, etc. Although their regulations were strict, they were certainly well within reason. Would there be some land available? Could a lease or purchase be possible? Where? The vicinity of the present camp would be best because so many were acquainted with the area and the same services would be available.

Several of the work group scouted the area across the border about four or five miles east of the old camp. A bay off of Clearwater Bay was explored and considered to be ideal: easily accessible, isolated, and beautiful — with good camp sites everywhere. Five sites were selected, but at this time we had no idea whether any of them belonged to the Province of Ontario or to private owners. Mr. Van Rooyen, the

Ontario Minister of Lands and Forests, was contacted by letter and told of our problem and that arrangements for a new scout camp would provide its solution. The above area was described and we wondered if the Province owned any of this land around the bay. Once again, by the grace of God, a favorable response was received, which informed us that they did indeed own this land. Also, the possibility of our leasing a portion of this land for our purpose looked very favorable. At Mr. Van Rooyen's suggestion, a meeting was arranged to meet Lyle and others at Sandpoint Lodge in early June of 1988. At the appointed time, Honegger, Mr. Swing (health man from Fort Frances), Mr. Van Rooyen and I traveled to the proposed location. The authorities had already sent their geologist to the place and he had completed his soil tests, made his necessary inspection, and found everything to be okay for a youth camp. Actually, he selected the site for us because those we had selected wouldn't meet his requirements. He had marked the trees at the shore line with colored paint so there would be no question as to where the camp should be located. As we approached this spot by boat and saw how wild and dense the vegetation was, we questioned whether we could ever clean it up. No kidding, it was really difficult for us to walk to the place where the geologist tested the soil, and this was only about 75 yards from shore.



Lyle was satisfied that his crew was ambitious enough, or stupid enough, and were capable of meeting any challenge. Although it's been more than eleven years since then, I can still hear Honegger ask Mr. Van Rooyen, "The site is fine; how much will it cost us?" He was told that the cost would be reasonable, perhaps about \$140 for the first year (because we would have to pay for the geologist) and somewhat less after the first year. Lyle, not wanting to show his true satisfaction, stated matter-of-factly, "Well, the price is right. How long will it take for the paper work to be done so that we can get started?" The response was "You can start this afternoon if you want to."

That afternoon the crew left the old camp with spades, sickles, scythe, brush hooks, chain saws, rakes, and a few things that weren't even needed. The next morning a 32-foot section of permanent pier was built to accommodate the boats, material, etc. Everyone was already busy cleaning up the site. I can't tell you how long this took, but even though our week away from home was nearly over, before we left we took the time to place four stakes with white flags in the ground to mark the corners of the dining hall and kitchen building. The flags were necessary because the stakes could have been easily lost in the underbrush that still remained.

Plans for the building were prepared and a material list was made. Some of the material was used and donated to the camp. Some came from Fairbury and a lumber yard in Orr, Minnesota. Everything was delivered to Crane Lake and a barge was rented to deliver it to the site. This was in the fall of 1968 and a crew of eighteen men made up the work group. This was the second time that a building of

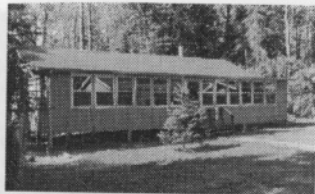
this type for scout use was built in one week. The building was 24' x 36' and an enclosed porch 8' x 16' was built on the end with an 8' x 8' open porch taking up the space to fill out the 24' width of the building. For all practical purposes the building was enclosed, weather tight, and secured for the winter.

In the spring of 1989, materials and cupboards that had been built over the winter were transported and delivered to Crane Lake and on to the camp. Besides the usual work crew that had already done so much, several men from various scout units delivered salvageable materials, out-houses, stove, tanks, etc., that still remained at the old camp. Floating docks and salvaged rafters were also brought to the new camp. During this week, cabinets, sinks, stove and refrigerators were installed. Drywall was applied to the one unfinished partition and ceilings. A plastic coated plywood was used on the walls and ceiling in the kitchen section. A material that could be easily cleaned was required. A tool shed was built and a water tower with two tanks on top. Water hoses and a pump were installed to supply water to the tanks. This just about covers the list of tasks that were done in the spring of 1989.



Cleaning up the lot was always being done when anyone needed additional exercise, in spite of the seven-inch rain that we had in one hour during one day. When the tile floor had been laid, the dining hall-kitchen combination was declared complete and ready for full service.

The development of the camp continued its progress in the fall of 1989. The several men in the construction crew built the bunk house, which measured 32' x 48' with an 8' wide porch across the front. Only the platform for the porch was built by this group, but another smaller bunch of men came a week or two later and completely framed it in and put the roof on. The main part of the bunk house is divided into three rooms, each 16' x 24'. The two end rooms have twelve bunk beds installed in each. The center room was originally intended to be the "grand lounge" and is lined with real wood paneling and covered with a drywall ceiling. A stone fireplace is located on the south wall of the room and has some wood storage space and shelving behind it. The north wall has the main entrance door and a large triple sash window unit. Additional sleeping accommodations were soon needed, so four cots were moved in and this is now somewhat of a bedroom, with some space in front of the fireplace reserved for a gathering of a few story tellers. The 8' front porch is now also used as a sleeping room and has both bunks and cots. At the present time, as many as forty sleepers can be accommodated in these spaces, provided that they wear ear plugs! Each end section of the building has an exterior door for additional protection. The west section has a double door enclosure in the partition and can be closed when this is being used as a women's dormitory.



In the spring of 1990 five men from Dwight were the first work group. They laid almost all of the floor tile in the bunk house, and ran the gas line and installed the gas lights. The next group consisted of ten men. They completed enclosing the porch of the bunk house with aluminum storm windows, hooked up the water heater, and taped the drywall in the dining room. Another group followed the other two. There were ten in this team and they finished the tile floor and built the entry steps and platforms. They also roughed in the fireplace and installed the flue. It was at this time that the previously-mentioned bunks were installed. The bunk house was declared complete.

Once again with the work completed, we had extra time on our hands that could be used as desired. Bob McCutchen, our council camp chairman, thought it would be nice to make a trip down Bear River to Kettle Falls Resort on Rainy Lake, a trip of about eleven miles via portage route. We pulled the canoe behind the boat to Bear portage but because of the rocks near the shore line it was difficult to get the boat bow all the way to shore. Bob insisted that I keep maneuvering about until I could get close enough that he could get out without getting his feet wet — he hated to get his feet wet. He finally made it

okay, then we portaged the canoe and went down the river. Everything went well on the trip until we came to the rapids on the way back. Going down was no problem but going against the rapids was a different story and the canoe turned over. It was not too serious, but one of my most memorable sights will always be seeing McCutchen bobbing up and down in that swift water with his feet sticking above it high and dry. Remember — he did have a thing about wet feet.



In the fall of 1990 there were seventeen workers in two groups that cleaned up and burned all of the unused material from the old camp site.

In the spring of 1991 sixteen men made up the work crew. They built a 12' x 32' building for additional storage space and an 8' x 12' room partitioned off the one end for a fish cleaning house and additional space for a five cubic foot, chest type freezer. Another eight men came later and strengthened the kitchen floor that was sagging due to the weight of the refrigerators and large stove. They also made rustic log benches that completely circled the camp fire pit.



It should be mentioned that there were many units now using the camp during the summer months, and they made their contribution by cutting trees, splitting firewood, digging out stumps and other clean-up work, including some painting. The Order of the Arrow attended the camp during this summer and laid some rocks in the pathway, built a chapel area with some rustic benches and a pulpit.

In the fall of 1991 there were twelve men in the group that would close the camp for the winter. Many poplar and aspen trees were cut that could have done great damage to the buildings if they had fallen in the wrong direction. Some of these trees measured over 100 feet in length. Five more men came to camp later, but stayed only a short time because of inclement weather. They did some additional work on the building piers and some floor straightening.

Spring of 1992 had 24 workers in two different groups. The main work accomplished that year was the cutting up of the trees that were felled in the fall of 1991, and splitting them into firewood. The permanent boat dock was also lengthened and a new crib was made. Plans for the septic tank installation were discussed at length. The requirements for this installation and the leach field were made known, and

plans were decided for getting the materials to the camp. Rock for the leach field would be delivered to Borderland Lodge and each unit using the camp during the summer would assume the responsibility of putting the rock in burlap bags and transporting them to the camp. The building to be used as a toilet room, and the installation of two flush toilets — a requirement — were also planned at this time. A collection was taken and \$3500 raised, one-half of the estimated cost of this project.

Fifteen men made the fall 1992 trip. With the aid of the contractor, his ditch digger, and these able-bodied men, the septic tank, leach field, and piping were all installed in three days. The rock was put into the trench and covered with dirt, the ground was evened out, and grass seed was sown. The system was inspected by the health authorities and was given their stamp of approval. Four shelf units were installed in the bunk house to hold the gear and personal effects of the campers.

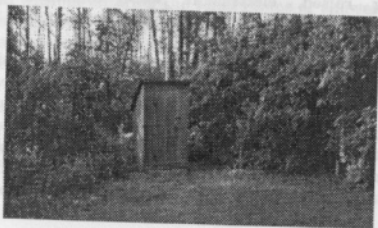
Spring 1993 had sixteen volunteers. They built a room surrounding the water tower. This room was divided by a four-foot breezeway in the center and a recessed lavatory installed on one side that could be used without entering the toilet rooms or shower. The west side of this division had a partition, making two small rooms where a toilet could be placed in each. The east side was used as a shower room. A conventional shower pan was used and sliding glass doors made the shower enclosure. Hot and cold water were piped in, drains were connected, and the two toilets were hooked up.



The fall of 1993, the spring and fall of 1994, and the spring of 1995 were planning years. During these years maintenance continued, painting was done, boats were stripped, repaired, and repainted. The units attending camp were increasing their numbers and there were many things that appeared inevitable for future development. Gas refrigerators were becoming a constant problem because of the lack of experience of those using these unusual types of cooling devices. When trouble did occur, their attempts to make repairs just compounded the problem. The possibility of bringing electricity to the camp was seriously considered. Actually, money was being raised, electricians were consulted and recruited, and they started to accumulate the necessary materials.

In 1994 while doing some of this planning, someone recalled how, during the years that we were wandering around various places to fish, we seemed to think it was desirable to designate the different locations by name. Hence, we had *Diemer's Hole*, *Hardware Alley*, *Schneider's Spot*, *Honegger's Bay*, *Mouth of David*, *Redhorse*, *Old Camp*, and many

more. Out of this discussion, and since I seldom got far from camp, someone suggested that it would be nice if the body of water in front of the camp could be named *Bach Bay* in my honor. Through the efforts of these scouts and some assistance from the nearby alien residents, the Ontario Names Board and Minister of National Resources did officially name this body of water *Bach Bay*. This board had a rule that normally an honor of this type could not be given anyone until after they were dead. It was fortunate that they decided to make an exception to the rule and allow this. I feel fortunate that they did this because the rumor was that plans were being made to draw straws and determine who would be selected to do what was necessary to meet Ontario's requirement in this regard. Although I was totally surprised, pleased, and complimented, my first thought was, "Is this just a subtle way of telling me that I was all wet?" I probably would have been less surprised if this bunch of guys had named one of the out-houses for me. That would not have been very subtle, but probably would have been easier for them, because all they would have had to do was to change one letter in *Back House* to make *Bach House*!



In the fall of 1995 there were 18 men who made the trip. We were fortunate to have two electricians in the group and some others very knowledgeable in the subject to give them assistance. With the aid of these men, a barge, and the electrical company's supervisor, approximately 8,000 feet of cable was laid from the Custom House to the camp site. More than 75% of the cable was laid in the water of Portage Bay. The remainder was dug in and buried, except where the rock surface would not permit it; this was later covered with dirt. Nature smiled on us and we had good weather for all of this work which, along with the wiring of the buildings, was completed in four days. The system was then tested with a generator and found to be ready to go. The transformer and meter had not arrived, so this part of the work was delayed until the spring of 1996. Plans were now being made to build a ranger's cabin near the location of the transformer, and a room in the end at one corner, reserved and enclosed to house a new and larger generator that would be purchased as a stand-by power supply. The camp was closed up for the winter, and the next several months were spent dreaming of the spring when everything would be actively electrified.

In spring of 1996 the 12' x 24' ranger cabin was built. The work crews were split up with some arriving early, and they built the platform. They also remained and helped the next bunch finish the entire building and assist in installing the cupboards and kitchen sink. The closet and generator room was partitioned and the interior ceiling and walls were lined with plywood. Electrical wiring was installed and the power source was hooked up. The camp was now supplied

with electric power and turned on for the first time. Needless to say, there was great rejoicing in the camp. Dock logs were selected and cut to be used for a new permanent pier that would be built in the spring of 1997.



The construction during 1997 was the building of a permanent pier 30 feet long at a new location. Attached to the end of this was a new floating dock 38' long. The addition of these landings nearly doubled our capacity for boat docking which was needed to accommodate the increased number of boats now in use at one time. An open deck was built on the lake side of the ranger's cabin, which provided a very comfortable place for lounging after a hard day of fishing.

The development of the camp was now approaching completion, and, in 1998, it only seemed wise that some small project should be done to "taper off" for health reasons. Since the men were becoming antsy for something to do, a 12' x 14' deck was built on the kitchen end of the dining hall. Covered with a roof, this deck is especially valuable for barbecuing in bad weather.

The spring of 1999, as far as is presently known, completed the camp construction with very little being done. A small 4' x 8' building was pre-fabbed at home and later set up near the shore between the boat docks. This hut is being used by the campers to temporarily store their boat cushions, life jackets, and fishing gear.

This ends the dissertation of the Evolution of the Cache Lake Camp. Anything more is history not yet made. If we find any Y2K bugs next year, we'll use them for fish bait.

More history of the camp will be found in Lyle Honegger's history that lists many of the names of those that have made this Canadian camp possible.

Compiled in October, 1999

by J. N. Bach

The following is a list of the names of those that made a contribution to the building of the present Cache Lake Camp that is located in Ontario, Canada. Many made several trips during the eleven years while construction was in progress. What they have done for the camp cannot be measured. Others listed made fewer trips but also made a very substantial contribution to the effort. There were several scout unit people that did a great deal of work in making this camp but there was no record kept, so, regretfully, these names have been omitted, but no less appreciated.

Mike Addis	Ralph Hoffman
Fran Anderson *	Dan Honegger
Henry Anderson	Doug Honegger
Ed Allen	Harley Honegger
Leroy Audi	Lyle Honegger
J. N. Bach	<i>Camp Chairman</i>
Warren Beckley *	Jesse Huber
Dale Beiswanger	Chris Huette *
? Berlin	? Jones
Wes Bertram	Bill Keefe
Butch Burris	Tim Keefe
Royce Carter	Walter King
Tom Corbit *	Vic King *
Bill Cory	Carl Kinzer
Walt Dewispelaere	Jim Kirby
Bob Diemer	Louie Knapp
Jim Diemer	? Knapp
Al Emery	Ralph Koehl *
Wayne German	Frank Lang
? German	Wayne Lehman
Gary Gundy	Dana Linstrom
Bob Hammer	Andy Linstrom
Mike Harrington	Don Locke

Dan Max
 Bob McCutchen
 ? McDonald
 Duane Morris
 Dean Moser
 Dick Mowery
 Ross Mowery
 Ron Redineus
 Mervin Rennich
 P. Rennich
 Don Ringler
 Ed Ruscolleli

Rich Sanders
 Charles Schearer
 Dave Serber
 Don Serber
 H. Slotty
 Dick Steenrod
 Dan Smith
 Bump Steidinger
 Bob Stubblefield
 Bill Todd
 Dick Tipler
 Dave Vaughn

The following is a list of the names of the men that built the Cache Lake Camp in Brown's Bay, Minnesota, May 1962:

Dean Augsburger	<i>Flanagan</i>
J. N. Bach	<i>Forrest</i>
Jim Chrisman *	<i>Bloomington</i>
Gene Cruse	<i>Bloomington</i>
Hap DeFries	<i>Fairbury</i>
Bob Kammerman	<i>Washington</i>
Vic King *	<i>Forrest</i>
William R. Metz *	<i>Forrest</i>
Merle Murray	<i>Bloomington</i>
Al Rutherford	<i>Bloomington</i>
Ron Shafer	<i>Chatsworth</i>
Ed Slagel	<i>Flanagan</i>
George Slagel *	<i>Flanagan</i>
Gene Smith	<i>Pontiac</i>
Larry Strotheidt *	<i>Flanagan</i>
Orval Yordy	<i>Flanagan</i>
Casey Zehr	<i>Flanagan</i>

* Deceased