

# "Jutzgangers"

SEPTEMBER, 1968

## THE BEARDED IMAGE

"The blue boxcar" (Jack's bus, dubbed by Skip) and the other car (Zietlow's wagon) started out Friday evening, July 26. That night's campsite was a lover's lane near Two Harbors. The police checked us every hour and Java kept the other lovers away, so we were well protected but not so well rested.

Skip met us at the landing on West Bearskin Lake. "It's part of the image," he said to explain his handsome, bushy beard. He took us by motorboat to his Camp Menogyn on the peninsula. After a tour of the canoe base camp, we had a nice visit and some cake and coffee.

Skip graciously declined our offer to leave Peter and Billy with him; he likes to maintain a quiet camp.

We met the black "monster" of the lake on both our boat trips. The "monster" is the campers' transportation to and from Menogyn. It's a very huge platformed rubber life raft pulled by a pontoon boat propelled by a very tiny motor; the monster has carried up to 70 campers at a time.

Flour Lake Campground was our next stop. We set up camp and cooked supper between wind and rain showers. Sunday on the way home we hiked up the Cascade River and had lunch on the sandy lake shore at the river's mouth.

Skipper is back in the civilized cities now, but what happened to his hairy growth? He's no longer an image.

Sue Zietlow

## THE FEEBLYS IN JAPAN

We saw so much in Japan it is hard to even sort out the best things. So we will just give you random things that hit us. There are 300,000 taxis in Tokyo and you could go out and watch the traffic and never miss TV. We told Jack he will be arrested the first time he drives back here. The people in Tokyo live so close together that buses roar around the corners within a couple of feet of little children playing and it takes five hours of waiting in traffic to get back to Tokyo on a Sunday after a drive in the country.

The buildings in Japan are fantastic, especially when you realize that they were already old when we were thinking of leaving Europe to settle here. They have a Buddha so large you could sit in his hand and huge carp that are so pure gold and silver in color they are national treasures. Great customs - no shoes in the house. You would be amazed at how clean a house can be when there are no grubby sneakers paddling around in it.  
(continued page 6)

## COMING EVENTS

- Elections NOV. Ballot on page 7
- Halloween Party. Get your costume ready. More details to be announced soon.
- Biking weekend in early October. At St. Croix State Park near Hinckley.
- Christmas ski trip. Area has not been chosen.

## MEMORIAL DAY SPRING CONDITIONER

Off the Gunflint Trail from Bower Lake we tripped after seeing Phil skip round (not flat) rocks twenty, one, two, three .....times. (What a show off!) The first day we went on interval training with nine portages; actually, this was an endurance test for a constant comment and, some of the comments are not printable. Our trainer Phil Zietlow started us off with a pop joke, something about "kaplush", after that we made him paddle his own canoe, poor Susie. Betty Fredrickson, a Mora, Minnesota resident, and Darcey Scott let Ralph Erickson ride with them because his jokes were short. We had to break him of the habit of backing up everytime Sudheimers stopped. Mayne Humphrey Bogart Sudheimer, "Booy" for short, trained his wife and Jan Christianson.

Our packs were many to provide the training condition to test the "overload principle." We stopped on Brule Lake to eat an athletic diet of steak and baked potatoes. The next day in the northeast corner of the lake, we had a little trouble with a Buxom Brule Beauty trying to lead the fellows on; however, it turned out she was a cold stone Indian statue erected on a small rock island. Our trainer and coach, Phil Zietlow, reminded us of the vices of women, drinking, and smoking, and got us back on the trail.

Diane "Sud", our dietician, had ham, washed potatoes, and Johnny-cake on the menu for our Winchell Lake stay. Home Economics assistant Jan Christianson had a little trouble keeping the oven at 350° F., but all turned out fine. That Phil couldn't finish for supper he had for breakfast. When it started to rain we adjourned to Betty's tent to play spooers and use-your-head poker.

The next day we had planned to camp and hike up Misquah Mt.; as it was, we ended up making the trip with canoes and packs on our backs - that is the first time I have ever shooshed a portage. For the next meal we had tuna a la rice, Phil's slept out under the stars until it rained. Jan and Darcey would just like

to thank Betty for letting them use her tent. In order to get back to civilization we had to hunt for the Trout lake portage.

All in all the trip was an experience - you just haven't lived if you've missed the Misquah Portage Trail. We would like to report to the Constant Comment people that 2 tea bags equal 12 cups of tea and that marshmallows in your tea may be a possibility.

Darcey Scott

## VOYAGEURS REVISITED

Tom & Vicki Engel, John & Gretchen Ganzer and Jim & JoAnn Talek comprised a group for a three-day canoe trip August 16-18. The group met at the Sawbill Lake campground around midnight Thursday, John leading with no muffler on his car (color John popular).

Friday morning early (before noon) we were on the water. Paddling up Sawbill Lake we portaged into Smoke Lake, Burnt Lake, Holly Lake and north up the Temperance River. After more portaging into Jack Lake, Weird Lake and more Temperance River we set up camp on South Temperance Lake. Seven portages on a warm sunny day made for a pleasant late afternoon swim. Somewhat cloudy weather and a slight sprinkle failed to dampen our evening campfire.

The next morning we paddled North Temperance Lake and Sitka Lake, then set up an early camp on Cherokee Lake. After lunch and less packs we set out to make a short loop trip to Frost Lake and back. The first portage was there, the second barely, the third and fourth we made from scratch and the fifth licked us. We concluded why early voyageurs forged on - they know how miserable the trail behind was, that ahead couldn't be worse. Naturally, not being voyageurs, we turned back (color us chicken). This trip was highlighted by Tom missing the canoe and falling into a swamp (color Tom odorful). The evening was crisp and clear with a beautiful display of northern lights and the starlit sky.

Continued

## Voyageurs (Continued)

The following day took us south down Ada Creek, Ada Lake and the full length of Sawbill Lake against a strong southerly wind. We arrived back at the Sawbill Lake landing tired and looking back.

Jim Malek

## ANNUAL LABOR DAY CANOE TRIP

Eight hearty souls ventured into the north woods for the annual Labor Day canoe trip. The persevering group included Darcey Scott, Jan Christianson, Ralph Erickson, Paul Lindfors, Bob and Eva Boyd, and Hayne and Diane Sudheimer. Without a doubt the true highlight of the trip was the one...two... almost three times the sun shone.

After spending the first night in luxury at Biernheim, two cabins at the seemingly end of nowhere, we were off up the Gunflint Trail to Round Lake. As we set foot in the canoes the rain began to fall and continued to do so throughout the trip. However, with Ralph as our leader (and keeper of the green garbage bag, number 21661), we were competently guided onward.

Although at times portaging seemed to be our main activity, we did canoe through many little lakes; spending one night on an island in Gillis Lake and the other night camping on the shore of Tuscarora Lake. When the rainy weather prevailed we retired to hiking or climbing rocks and were entertained by such amusements as watching an inch worm pace off the spaces on a dead branch - taking exactly  $9\frac{1}{2}$  paces to reach the end of his line, after which he was gently cast into the waters of Tuscarora Lake.

Of course, a major highlight of the trip was the superb meals. Strawberry jam was definitely the specialty of the trip! Food for every meal was flavored by it, as was the food pack itself. But really, the food was great - steaks, French bread, and popcorn included.

Hiking across two long portages the last day found us back at Round Lake by noon. Greeted by sunshine shortly thereafter, we later stopped both at Temperance River and Baptism Falls for some good hiking, which proved to be the final note of brightness to the trip.

Jan Christianson

## ... TRAIL TIDBITS

### HENDERSON'S BAY STEW

4 potatoes, peeled and diced  
1 onion  
1 bouillon cube  
1 can corn  
½ lb. cheese, diced  
1 can corned beef  
1 can tomato paste, if desired

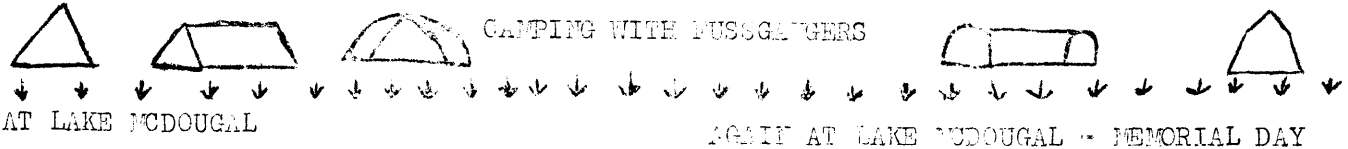
Cook potatoes and onions until almost done. Drain. Add remaining ingredients. Continue cooking until heated through. Serves 4-6.

### APPLE CUDDLER \*

1 can apple pie filling  
1 small white cake mix  
½ cup water

Spread pie filling in greased cook kit fry pan. Sprinkle with dry cake mix. Pour water over all and bake in reflector oven until brown. (Variations: try blueberry, strawberry, or cherry pie filling.) Serves 4-6.

\*Reflector oven cobbler



AT LAKE MCDUGAL

AGAIN AT LAKE MCDUGAL - MEMORIAL DAY

On Saturday, May 4th, Phil, Sue, and Billy Zietlow, Ruth and Hille Loydig, Dave and Martha Arnold, Bill and Liz Dew, Tom and Vicki Engel, and Ladd and Lydia Loss met at noon at the Dick Pederson home in Duluth. After hot coffee to warm us up Dick, Helen, June and Neal Pederson joined us and we continued on to Whyte, the former site of a lumbering camp, now a ghost town, where some of the guys found sheer delight in rummaging around. Hosing around and finding old relics was enjoyed by all.

Rather than taking four days for camping six couples camped at McDougal Lake in Superior National Forest on Saturday and Sunday. Ganzers and Maleks left Friday afternoon so we could make camp Friday evening. As we neared Duluth the rain drops got thicker and faster, so we intruded on Pederson's "motel" for the night. We proceeded to camp early Sat. and got our tents set up while we waited for the others to arrive. Rain threatened all day but we had only a few brief showers.

Later in the day we set up camp at McDougal Lake campground, a beautiful spot near the Stoney River. There were four tents and two station wagons. The night turned out to be quite cold; it registered only 20 degrees above at the ranger station nearby.

After lunch Dick took the fellows on a tour of some of the lake property available in the area. The women and children drove to Isabella and a resort and took a nice hike in the beautiful forest only to be turned back by rain.

Sunday a couple of the guys got up early to fish, without much luck.

The evening activity for the fellows was to follow Phil Zietlow deep into the woods and across swamps to bring out an old abandoned lumbering wagon. Phil settled for one wheel which turned out to be a formidable task. The girls enjoyed the evening around the campfire.

We left, mid-morning, and headed toward Whyte, the old lumber camp. We rummaged around through what remains and got an idea of the machinery that was used. It was nearing lunch time so we left Whyte and stopped at the first picnic area. We had a very nice lunch and everybody got filled up so we could start the journey home.

Those on the trip were Maleks, Maloneys, Pedersons, Arnolds, Loydys, and Ganzers.

Gusochon Ganzer

AT BRULE RIVER STATE FOREST

Friday, August 30, twelve Fussgangers plus five offspring headed to Brule River State Forest Campground near Brule Wisconsin. Included in the escapade were: Humeranskys, Maleks, Stegmeirs, Arnolds, Zietlows, and Engels. Finally, by 11 p.m. everyone had arrived and all were bedded down for the night.

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The next morning after breakfast we broke camp, recovered Phil's wheel which he cached, and drove to the Stoney Lookout Tower. All the fellows plus Ruth, Hille, and Martha played hide-and-seek and climbed the tower. Then on toward the Job Corps camp for lunch, but because of lack of good communication the Loss' rig with the lunch in it headed south while the rest of the group headed north. Then the north-headed group in the form of Tom Engel found the south-headed group and a good lunch was enjoyed by all. After lunch the group separated and headed home by routes of their choice. Ruth and Hille slept the entire way home in Loss's rig, and they (the Losses) can vouch to any prospective bridegrooms that they (Ruth and Hille) do not snore.

Lydia Loss



ADVENTURE

Feelys conf.

The food was interesting and very good. Typical Japanese breakfast is miso, a piece of sausage, a pickle and some stuff made from a petrified fish? (They eat the whole fish so it's hard as a rock. When they shave it into the soup and it looks like a little cloud staring up at you). Tempura was about the best thing I have ever eaten. It is all kinds of meat, fish and vegetables that are battered and fried in deep fat.

People were so well dressed we looked like Job Corp dropouts. Hats & suits, and it was interesting to notice the way they could change from their native dress to a western dress and then back depending on the occasion. We found quite a few of the men smoke but they don't shake, as it is really rough on the subway. Everybody blowing smoke all over the place.

The children are beautiful and I guess you notice them so much because they are a common denominator of the likeness of peoples. They smile and are very glad to have you notice them. A lot of the women carry babies on their backs and Louise said it would be interesting to see what the mothers looked like after a day of baby munching on crackers, candy, etc.

In the country we came across women doing what I would call hard labor. Louise reports that an oaksan (wife) birthday present is a shovel... You would see a couple of guys standing around some of flattening some tar and rock while you know who was trudging up the road with another wheelbarrow of rock, or sand, or asphalt, or sticks, or fertilizer, or anything else that happened to be heavy.

We saw a few caucasian hippies at some of the shrines and they sure looked wild out of their element. But the Japanese take it all with a matter-of-factness, that is very interesting. Japan surprises you every time you think you have things figured out. We liked it!

Sandy Feely

Our Races

In August, the Zisselows (including Bill and Dave), Mike's, and little Peter, Ed, and Charlie and Charlie Mungenford spent a relaxing weekend at Malden's cabin (in the prince's palace north of Braintree)

Bill, Dave, and Charlie spent Saturday working at the new Downeybrook Race Track just across the lake - guess they really had a thrill being "the corner #6 workers". The best moment of the day: when the only female driver took a spin in corner #6. Fortunately, the incident required Bill and Charlie's gallant action to get her out of the car. Apparently Bill and Charlie couldn't resist working another day so they went back to work again on Sunday - umm I wonder why?

The rest of us went to the races via Mike's canoe and Malden's 2 hp. motor boat. However, we missed the events but for a short time and through the wire fences.

The majority of the weekend we all enjoyed swimming, sailing, canoeing, hiking, and examining the bottom of North Long Lake with Mike's Self-Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus.

To top all this fun and exercise was... lots of good food including home made peppermint ice cream and barbecued chicken.

Martha Arnold

THIS IS YOUR NEWSLETTER !!

We have Fussgangers the world over... And they all want to hear about YOU... Don't you please send us your news for the next newsletter? So lets hear from you... and lets hear from the Twin City Fussgangers who can pass on letters from out-of-towners.

CURRENT NEWS

## Bits 'N Pieces

The "Baby Boom" is still on..... Congratulations are in order for the parents of the following: Erick Zeiss born in June, Lara Fetsch, who also arrived in June, Deborah Larson who arrived in Salt Lake City on August 4. Congratulations also to Joe and Kay Usvik upon the birth of Ellen. Expectant parents include the Rosenburgs of Eugene, Ore.

Wedding bells rang for Roger Novak and Linda Zuel on September 7th.

On August 22nd a small group of Fussgangers dined at the Hopkins House and afterward enjoyed a play entitled "The Possible Years" at the Old Log Theatre.

August also marks history as the day of the first "Banana Sauna". Using tubs of over-ripe bananas, the participants squished and squished-- and squished! Needless to say, there was a messy beach and a massive run to the lake for scrubbing. Was it fun? Ask those who went - at least it wasn't dull!

Nothing Drive: Children's clothing and shoes are being collected as a good will project for children at an orphanage in Vietnam. Todd Fetsch, who is stationed there, has told us these orphans, from infancy to 15 yr is very much needed. Also soap, etc.. If you have anything to offer, bring them to one of the next three meetings or give them to Sue Stegmeir. We would like to mail them to Todd by Nov. 1. (in time for Christmas).

Summer brought many visitors to the Twin Cities. Among those were Dan and Josie Bodien, who came in July for visits with their folks. Also visiting in July were Bob and Jan Marx. Arb Hauke stopped for a sauna en route to Syracuse, New York. In August, Mary Jo Fetsch and daughter Vera visited, and Mary Jo came to our meeting at Engels. Jack and Carole,

& Karen Rosenberger shared a sauna with us and also a hike with the Ganzers and Stegmeirs when visiting in Sept.

Several Fussgangers have moved or are enjoying new experiences this fall. Ruth and Hille Leyding are now home in Germany after a camping trip through the west. Darcey Scott is teaching in River Falls and has bought a house trailer to live in. Bill and Claudia Hustrulid are in Golden, Colorado where Bill is teaching at the Colorado School of mines (right next to the Coors Brewery). Louise and Stu Cameron have tentative plans to travel around the world before arriving in St. Paul in April, 1969. Ian Richards is spending a year on sabbatical leave in Munich, Germany. Ladd and Lydia Loss will spend 3 weeks in October visiting their daughters Rosie and Emily and Families in Oregon and Washington, returning by Canada home. Dave and Martha Arnold have a new addition to their household - a 1928 Chevie - that really works! Zietlows, not to be forgotten, have bought a 1935 Olds. Thus Zietlows and Arnolds are the charter members of the Fussgangers Antique Car Club.

Ballot for 1968-1969 Officers

Mail to Phil Zietlow by October 4.  
Check one for each office.

President and vice-president:

Dave Arnold  
Tom Engel  
John Ganzer  
Paul Lindfors

Secretary:

Vicki Engel  
Linda Novak  
Diane Sudheimer

Treasurer:

Mary Grundeen  
Lydia Loss  
Sue Stegmeir

Isle Royale - July 4, 1968

With a hot four-day weekend ahead, Isle Royale seemed just the place to cool off. We were right: as soon as the boat left Grand Portage on Friday morning the 40° Lake Superior air and the sun feel good. After 2½ hours on a glassy smooth lake (the ride back wasn't!), we took the suggestion of some experienced Isle Royale hikers - leave your gear with the wife and RUN for the shelters in the campground!

At Windigo, the south end of the island, there are ten Adirondack shelters (3-sided with the 4th side screened, and roofed). Since the water is not safe to drink on the island (the moose have some diseases), it's a good idea to stick to the established campgrounds.

With 700 moose in the park, they are always to be seen in trout streams, and license required, no limit on the catch and the trails. Nature lectures each night at the ranger station discuss wildlife, geology, ecology, etc. Even short hikes will take you to abandoned copper mines, fishing villages, and scenic lookouts. The best part of Isle Royale is that it is out of the way for the "mossey" campers leaving only those who appreciate nature on a beautiful island.

Cordy and Mary Grunden

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Letter from Ruth and Hille.....

Hello everybody,  
by now you probably think that we got lost somewhere along our way through the states. We didn't, but even made it all right from New York to Europe and are gradually getting used to home now.

Our seven-week trip was simply wonderful. We were lucky: all-around weather was perfect, car didn't give us any troubles, and our route turned out to be a good one. Also there were always some Busgangors we could visit along the way. In Salt Lake City we went to see Joan and Noel. They were just leaving for their cabin in the Wasatch Nat-

ional Forest and we decided to come along. We spent two wonderful days there, having our first try at horseback riding. In San Francisco we got a letter from Mary Jo inviting us to stay with her in Santa Rosa, about an hour's drive from San Francisco. So we committed back and forth for three days and really saw a lot. San Francisco is so different from most American cities and really worthwhile seeing. In Vancouver our hosts were Jim Bryce and his fiancée, and we had a good time there, too. We had planned to visit the Indians on our way north along the Pacific coast but they had just left for the Twin Cities so we missed them. A big "thank you" to everybody we stayed at. If anyone of the group should happen to find him or herself in this remote and rainy area of northern Germany, be sure to come and see us.

From Vancouver we went east and south again, getting more and more anxious to come home. Seven weeks of gipsying around was enough for anybody who isn't a gipsy. It is really hard to say what we liked best, it is a great big country with such a big variety of landscapes of which each one has its special beauty. I think, though, we enjoyed Bryce Canyon, San Francisco, Yosemite and Sequoia National Parks and the Canadian Rockies with Banff and Jasper National Parks best. By now we have all our cities already developed and are quite satisfied with the results - most of them turned out to be very nice.

Back in the Cities the motto was packing, repacking, storing and getting rid of things. Fortunately we could stay with some friends there, since we had given up our apartment. We were lucky that we could sell our car right away - even for the same price we had bought it for.

In New York we had 4 days before our ship left but didn't do much sightseeing - I guess we had done too much of it on our trip. The voyage home was very nice and relaxing, no obligations at all, except eating - for nine full days! The ocean was nice and quiet, so none of us got seasick. In Antwerp our parents were there to pick us up and it was quite a reunion. Now Ruth is working on finding a job in France, and I am working in a publishing

company until the winter semester starts at the university here. Somehow it feels good to be home again, even though Minnesota has somewhat become home, too, and every now and then we are a little homesick for it.

We hope that all big and little Fussgang-ers are doing well, and we are looking forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,  
Hille and Ruth Leyding

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