

ODE TO PORTAGING

Dedicated to Rogene and Carol....The Pearls of Portage Perfection.....

by Deborah Billings

We shall canoe with great delight, the Boundary Waters deep,  
But soon we find to our surprise, these lakes don't even meet!

One needs a "path" to get between, of these there is no shortage,  
So Outward Bound begins to train, and we learn how to portage.

It's not so bad...these packs, I mean..we thought it not too odd,  
For one can carry Mondo bags while walking 15 rods.

But! canoes go too! Oh glory be! Our blood becomes much colder,  
Those metal tubs that weigh a ton should sit upon each shoulder?

They swing and sway, we grunt and groan, we're aging fast we know,  
Then Ro and Carol pass the Word...two-hundred rods to go!

Through smelly swamp and rushing brook we portage till we drop,  
Forget the lakes and lovely loons, these portages won't stop!

Until at last we reach our goal, our rowing's straight and true.  
The campsite's great, the food divine, and then we get the news...

Our time is gone, break up that camp...we all begin to moan,  
Pack up that tent we must begin...twelve portages to home!

So ends our great Adventure North, next month I'll pay that mortgage,  
We barely learned to climb and tie...but by God, we can portage!

"Portaging" was The Challenge

for

O.B. Banquet

Portaging in the  
Boundary Waters  
Canoe