

# KEEWAYDIN

## SECTION E

### Kawaweogama



3 -- 32 -- 36 -- 77 -- 82 -- 95

Skip Ashton

Paul Crockard

Jeff Dorman

Sterling Edwards

Terry Erwin, Assistant

Dave Gilgenast

Cale Graham

Hans Jonassen

David Oelsner

Arthur Smith

Steve Bissell, Guide

Heb Evans, Staff

Wendy -- Tinker

June 24 - August 11, 1979

## ADVANCE PARTY

Sunday, June 24 -- Nipigon  
Monday, June 25 -- Savant Lake  
Tuesday, June 26 -- Savant Lake  
Wednesday, June 27 -- Kawaweogama  
Thursday, June 28 -- Kawaweogama  
Friday, June 29 -- Kawaweogama  
Saturday, June 30 -- Kawaweogama  
Sunday, July 1 -- Kawaweogama

Sunday, June 24 -- The staff, Marshal, and four Springer Spaniels picked Dave Gilgenast up at the main dock about 10:30 -- after getting Dave down from Ojibway where he had been drafted by his father to help put together a cabin whose roof had collapsed from snow in April. The trailer had been loaded in the rain the previous day and so only the car needed packing and Marshal's boat had to be put on its trailer. With stops only for fuel for car and riders a halt was made at Nipigon for the night.

Monday, June 25 -- A reasonably late start was made to do some final shopping in Thunder Bay and take a brief tour of Old Fort William followed by a view of Kaministiquia Falls. Rain started just before Ignace where a stop was made just before closing time at the Natural Resources office to get maps for our first circuit and inquire from Sam Muir about our land possibilities -- it seemed favorable. The rain let up on the way to Savant Lake -- the road south of town still has not been repaired! A stop at the hotel brought us dinner -- more than Marshal wanted, and a trip to the rail station let us discover the way-freight went out for Allan Water early Tuesday morning. Bob Durham assured us the canoes were all safe. Finally the propane tanks got picked up from the local dealer. A call to Carmody at Allan Water Bridge gave the impression he was not very happy to hear we were coming. And so to bed.

Tuesday, June 26 -- The canoes, tent, fly, propane tanks, and gas burners went to the station platform, and the bill got paid before breakfast. The freight came through shortly afterwards and the canoes et al got tossed roughly on board. Out to the air base to make arrangements there and unload all but personal gear. The trailer got dropped in town, followed by some shopping and another trip to the air base to drop off personal gear. Back to town to wait for Section A at which point it started to rain; so back to the air base to get rain gear for Dave and the staff. No sooner were thoughts of lunch voiced than Section A arrived. The staff made two trips to Minchin to drop Section A, Marshal, and two dogs off while Dave tried to get trains to squash pennies. The rain came and went all afternoon. Shortly after five, the advance party arrived at the air base only to be told the wind was too gusty to fly -- back to the hotel with little to do but water and feed Wendy and Tinker and then go to bed.

Wednesday, June 27 -- The pilot had said he'd fly us in at 6:00 (their time). We were there, but it took Wendy and Tinker to bark to get anyone up. But the loading went smoothly, and we were landed at the foot of the esker in Kawaweogama maybe

around 8:00. Breakfast in a stand of jackpine came first and then the gear got covered and David and the staff started touring for the site. A first landing on a rock point maybe a half mile away gave a possibility and a second landing shortly afterwards located the eventual site. But we kept touring, snapping our only shear pin behind Star Island -- repaired with a section of one of the rods on the staff reflector. As we made the turn north for Allan Water Bridge one cylinder went out, so the rest of the run was made on reduced power. On a paddle we ran the rapid before the bridge and eventually found the lodge. Section A had reported our canoes were right-side up when they went through, but someone had turned them over by the time we got there, but not covered the rest of the baggage. We talked with both Carmodys and threw the baggage in the canoe and headed back, lining back up the rapid to have lunch on a small island and head back to the site of our second landing. In two trips all the gear got pulled off the esker and deposited on the shore. The fly went up followed by the tent and by then it was dinner time. It took maybe 45 minutes of searching to refind the tent site that had been located on the first trip in, but that was done before dark --with several swims and baths inbetween. After sundown it was possible to occupy the tent -- 80° in the staff pack when unrolled -- 64° when we went to sleep.

Thursday, June 28 -- Under a humid sky work started on the tent. A swim break after dropping trees across the site. The corner posts and base logs were ready by lunch time and afterwards the tent got squared and all the corners and side posts went up with a row of logs. The rain hit in earnest so 45 minutes was pent under the fly down by the water before going back to put up the rear ridge suport and a couple logs to hold it steady. Dinner featured Dave's chili -- the second round of hamburger bought in Savant Lake went to the dogs -- we couldn't take it again. The flies weren't as bad as last night, but after dinner the day got hotter than before only cooling just before the sun went down. The tent had to be cleaned since the moss dog had elected to stay away from the chain saw. Wendy supervised the work, however, only having one tree land on her.

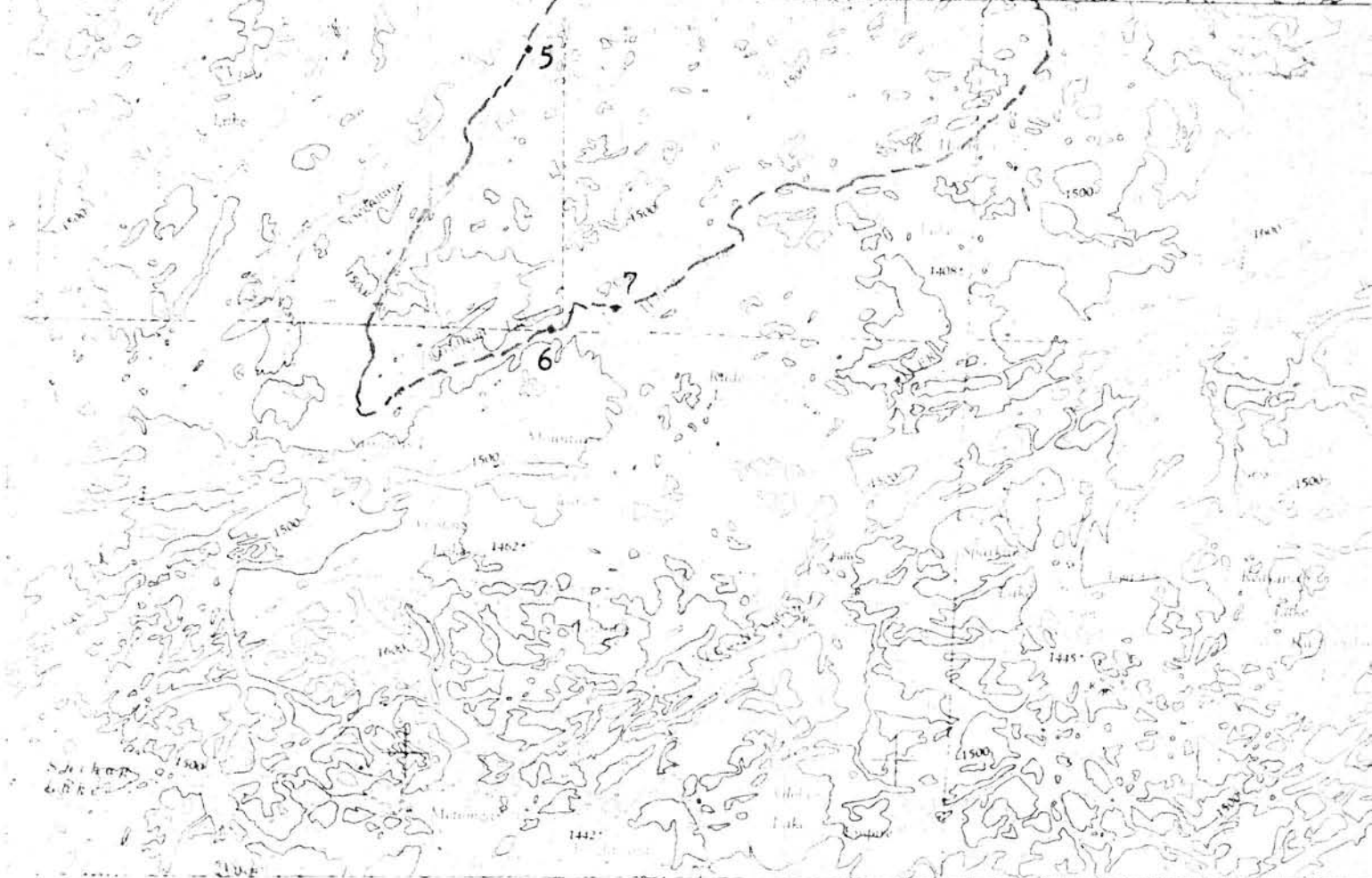
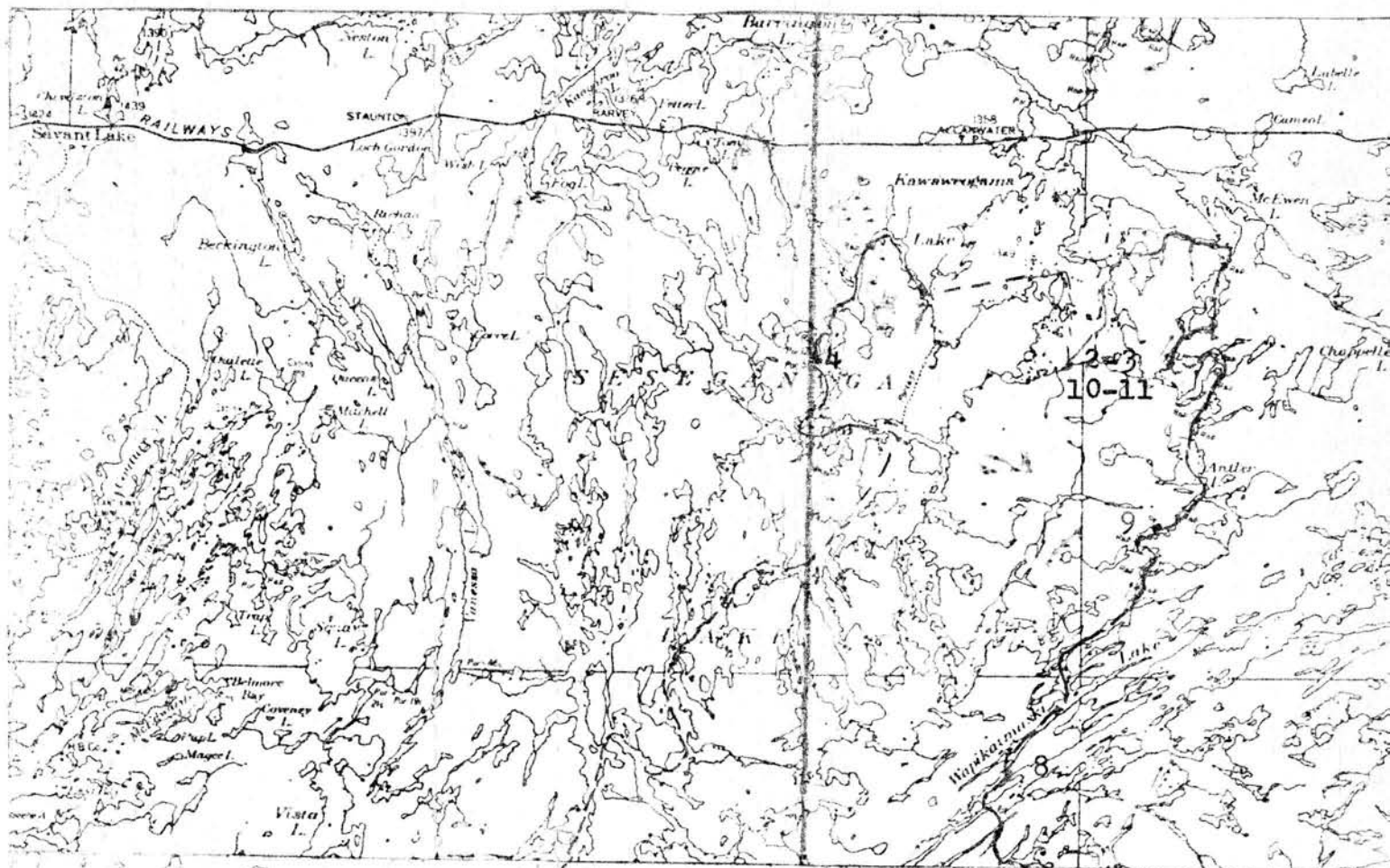
Friday, June 29 -- A good sleeping night so the staff did not roll out until 7:00 our time (6:00 out here) with the sun well up put hidden by trees. After a breakfast of French toast the front wall went up which necessitated felling three more trees. The side walls got built to three logs and the search for spruce poles began. A swim break was necessary in the middle. By lunch the ridge and all but one cross piece had been found and peeled. After lunch the saw cut a couple feet and quit dead. The staff pattered -- not knowing what he was doing. Finally David went and found a ridge for the fly. Still no saw. A swim break followed when David finally made the staff try one of the outboard plugs -- and low and behold it worked! Just barely so far as getting it into place. The side posts were leveled by eye and the sills went on one side nicely, but in getting the other one up the side wall fell over and had to be repositioned. One cross brace got put in when we stopped from exhaustion -- at least the staff did. David went and cooked dinner (after also cooking lunch). The afternoon had been hot and humid and a couple rolls of thunder were heard in the distance. As dinner was eaten

thunderheads passed to the north and a lesser storm to the south. The wind picked up, but at 10:30 we were still waiting for rain. 70° in the tent -- cleaner for the moment after the moss dog's mess was brushed out.

Saturday, June 30 -- The wind shifted to the north bringing in overcast skies for a late start on the tent. The rest of the beams went up to steady the top. A coffee break at 11:30 was highlighted by the visit of an Indian who said he was checking his minnow traps, but was really checking us. The walls went up high enough by lunch for safe climbing. No swims today at this time. The rafters got peeled as some blue appeared overhead and the ridge and rafters went up followed by the tent -- the best fit in three years -- with David doing most of the work up above. Finally the walls got completed and the fly thrown over for the night -- and two tired workers quit. It took a long while to get up courage for a bath, but the tent got occupied as the sun went down -- with Tinker and Wendy barking at something back in the little bay to the southwest. We assume Steve now has the Section well in hand back on Temagami.

Sunday, July 1 -- The night was cooler than before, and so was the morning though the sun was up nicely -- particularly since the staff took an extra 40 winks. The fly went up nicely during the morning and after lunch the stove table got built as did our cache out on a small island to the west. By lunch the weather was good for swimming -- much needed after the cache building. An additional tentsite got located and poles cut. David tidied up the tent -- and dinner got cooked. The evening was lovely with loons after sunset, but the house flies drove us behind the netting. The Section ought to be out of Capreol by now. 64° in the tent.





# BRIGHTSAND CIRCUIT

4 MILES TO 1 INCH

Numbers Indiate Campsites Occupied

## BRIGHTSAND CIRCUIT

Monday, July 2 -- Kawaweogama  
Tuesday, July 3 -- Kawaweogama  
Wednesday, July 4 -- Allan Water River  
Thursday, July 5 -- Seseganaga Lake  
Friday, July 6 -- Pond off Gridiron Lake  
Saturday, July 7 -- Hilltop Lake  
Sunday, July 8 -- Wapikaimaski Lake  
Monday, July 9 -- Brightsand River  
Tuesday, July 10 -- Kawaweogama  
Wednesday, July 11 -- Kawaweogama

Monday, July 2 -- David got tired of being licked by the dogs and beat the lazy staffman to getting dressed. Breakfast over, the red canoe headed to Allan Water Bridge for a morning of canoe patching. The dogs disliked being tied immensely, and Tinker objected to the small children -- the Indians seemingly having little to do but wait for the train. The train was late, so all the canoes got patched five tubes of Ambroid later. David tried getting a penny squashed by a high-speed freight -- one lost penny. The train crew refused to take the canoes aboard to take us to Allan Water Station, so everything came off and got carried down an Indian trail to the top of the rapids while the staff ran the square stern back to the rapid and with David pulled back up. The canoes got loaded and paddled up the little swift to the lake. A quick swim break was called shortly afterwards on the previous exploratory lunchsite. The day was warm and the wind light for the paddle in -- with one break on the way. Tents went up and dinner got cooked with David G doing the chili and the guide the rest. After a brief meeting the fishermen started with Cale and Sterling bringing in a 6 pound walleye and a two-pounder. The warm sun dried the canoes so a few more patches got added to cover leaks found on the way in -- 3 got its new bangplate and they all got painted by guide, staff, Terry, and David G. Numerous swims, and then Terry, Skip, and Jeff brought in one small walleye -- but by now it was quite dark.

Tuesday, July 3 -- The staff slept in but was still first up with David G right behind to make the pancake batter. Gradually others appeared and Terry supervised the fish cleaning and the rest of the morning got spent cooking the fish. The staff made boards and David G constructed first a cooking table and then one for the center of the tent. The guide managed a fort and a can pit. Lunch got cooked late in the day and the canoes got tumped and fixed for tomorrow. Some swimming and fishing to follow. Jeff managed a swim from a tipped canoe. The cache got loaded -- one of the support posts looking a little suspect with all the weight. Various fishermen went off as the staff packed for tomorrow and Paul and Arthur put up the meatballs. The goods to be left behind went into the rafters and Terry tried to repair his fishing rod as the Coleman was lite for the first time.

Wednesday, July 4 -- The staff was up at 6:45 (still using Eastern Time). The propane fire warmed the coffee quickly. Jeff polished off the last of the fish. The tent was buttoned up at 9:00 and the canoes loaded quickly and we set off on a very calm sea with a warm sun with shirts off immediately. A break

at the top of the peninsula and the guide realized he did not have the irons and so went back. The rest poked over to the west shore and 77 went looking at land as David G and Arthur fished a point and Terry and Paul found a walleye hole. The staff got out ahead and called for the others -- getting 95 and 36 but had to head back for the others, paddling all the way back up to get # 3 as the guide and Sterling got back ages before. The wind picked up in the process, but fell back as the section was together. The Allan Water had current from the start, but nothing major until a lining job was necessary while still going north. Hans managed to fall in at the start and Skip did not care, attired in shorts and sneakers. A change of pace for those used to walking up rapids. Lunch was late at the northern tip of the river on a rock point. One more line to Sunray with Dave O falling in this time. After a short paddle a final swift was climbed to a rapid that had to be portaged -- two together. The trail was excellent and everyone managed well with Hans getting his canoe across successfully. But just ahead was another. This time with a preliminary rapid that could not be lined easily so we finally found an ill-used trail that paralleled the river and took it to the main trail. Arthur took Hans' canoe through this time and camp was made at the top. The land around was good, but the tents all got pitched near the fire with Arthur and Paul curled up around a rock. Wood was drawn and everyone pitched in to cook with swims inbetween and our American dinner of hamburgers and French fries got eaten in good time as the staff and guide baked. A few lures got thrown in, but no luck as wild tales of last year's trips and adventures at home got spun. Finally Skip and Cale got their tent up, but not before Jeff's toss sent Skip's frisbee on a ride down the rapids.

Thursday, July 5 -- The staff was a little later this morning, but the sun was just peeking through the trees as the fire was laid. The day started warm, and the Section was rolled before the cereal was done. The guide poached a dozen eggs to add to the meal -- no fish. A little swift had to be climbed and finally an ancient dam had to be lined with the staff getting four up the center and the other two going up the shore. Twisting through the islands we encountered a boat with a couple sports -- with either radio or tapes playing. Breaking into the open we saw what we thought was an old logging camp that turned out to be some kind of outfitter's place with maybe a half dozen cabins. Turning south the sky started to cloud over and halfway down a large island a plane went over to land at the camp we had just passed. We kept treading our way through rocks and islands without losing our way as hunger pains threatened. We finally located an excellent lunchsite which would have made a fine campsite on an island in a narrows. Some swims now that the sun was out. Dave O complained furiously about being put in the stern, but managed anyway. Just as we pulled off from lunch a couple sports appeared claiming they were just checking the scenery. Red and a few yellow markers began to show up to mark the route. The wind picked up a little as we moved on taking numerous breaks. Finally an outpost camp was used and then another on a sand beach that to all intents and purposes looked like a trapper's cabin. By



now we were looking for campsites, the staff willing to take a sand beach to bake beans, but the likely island was not suitable. Sterling dropped his book overboard and rescued it. Paul barely saved the can from going over. We went on to a point on the east shore which was not the greatest, but worked for a night. David G made the traveler and Terry did the Curried Chicken -- with left-overs -- while Dave O did the carrots. Various people cut and split wood. About seven o'clock sports came out of the south as we ate, reporting they had a good catch. No one tried. Skip and Cale finally got their tent up miles inland -- with a trail to it. Some more swims as the sun went down in a red ball. A rumor of the sighting of a hawk early in the afternoon, but now the loons hooted out on the lake after dark.

Friday, July 6 -- The morning was slightly cool, but the clouds soon blew off and by 9:00 when we started down the last of Seseganaga the day was warm. A light wind came up just before we turned into the bay off the lake with David G guiding and Jeff up with him. Immediately a six-foot cascade had to be carried and we started up the Allan Water again -- this time with high rock walls on both sides most of the way. Yesterday's sun had taken its toll and not so many clothes were off though the day was now quite warm and humid. We reached what looked on the map to be a 300-yard portage prior to lunchtime and started over only to discover it was longer than anticipated. The heat was oppressive as lunch was cooked on the sloping rock across from the portage -- luckily with a swimming rock available. Luckily the pond and creek above could be paddled -- the creek not completely paddled as it was necessary in places to get out and hand the canoes through. A little breeze on Sassafras helped. The portage out to Gridiron was marked by yellow portage signs and marred by a little hill, but it was short. Afterwards a swim break would have been most welcome, but Gridiron had no rock areas, so we paddled on to look for the portage out. Right where it should have been there was a surveyed line and a bench mark, but no trail. We toured the bay with no success and then thried the creek. Then looked for a portage to the pond above the creek. No luck. Now we needed a campsite and so pulled into a jackpine area at the mouth of the creek. Terrible tentsites and no swimming -- in fact no possibility of drawing water except by canoe. The guide had dinner well in hand so the dogs and the staff tried the creek and retraced our path and the bay looking for the portage until the sun went down. No luck. The last tents went up by moonlight.

Saturday, July 7 -- The problem of how to leave Gridiron still was unresolved. There was only one way out we had not checked, but first we went to look for portages around the creek again. No more luck. We paddled back 2½ miles to check the other possible exit -- against the wind -- no luck -- with the two Daves guiding this time. Back to the campsite of last night a couple hours after we left it, we elected to walk up the creek in skivies and shorts -- riding a little bit. After a lift-over at the top, we reached the pond and an aluminum canoe lay on shore with yellow ribbon marking a trail -- not as well used as any we had seen so far. The guide cooked lunch while the staff toured the pond to see if there were any



other way out. The crew carried some loads part way down the trail and came back for lunch with Skip going all the way over. Gradually everything got across in the heat. David G took Dave O's canoe. Terry and Arthur took their own while with help Hans got his across. The trail was helped not at all by muskeg, trees too close together, and loads of windfalls at the end. But Hilltop looked welcome. We paddled out of the bay to find an outpost camp on a small island and headed up the west shore looking for a campsite. The gang voted for a sand beach with flat jackpine behind -- and a plywood table. The water was so shallow it seemed like halfway across the lake to take a bath -- but Wendy liked it well enough. Tent poles got drawn slowly. Jeff and Arthur sawed most of the wood. The guide got a pineapple-upside-down cake started. More swims. Jeff and Terry did the French fries which Jeff cooked. The meal got served followed by some more swims -- Jeff discovered the fry pan skidded nicely on the water now that the frisbee was gone. Paul and Sterling went fishing as loud conversation was carried on at the site. Jeff managed to slice his hand with an axe that required some butterflies to close. Sterling hooked a pike that Paul brought in on a hand line when the drag failed. Finally Skip and Cale got their tent up. The moon was almost full, the loons called, and the sports in the outpost camp made noise to retaliate for our earlier yells.

Sunday, July 8 -- The staff got up a few minutes later than normal, but breakfast took the normal time. Jeff's cut had to be bandaged, but he felt OK. We made it onto the water about 9:15 and headed northeast under a warm sky -- the rain expected last night had not come. A couple miles up 77 landed and Arthur and the staff walked the less than 200-yard portage trail to Two Lake over a perfect trail beside an outpost camp that was not the newest, but was quite neat inside. Plus an ice house that had been filled last winter. A little sailing got attempted and a catamaran operated for awhile. Just before the start of the creek Arthur looked up to spot a bald eagle flying away as though pursued by a gull less than a fourth as big. The gull circled back later, but the eagle did not appear again. The narrows into the creek were nothing, and the creek could be paddled easily. Someone had driven posts as a trap around a beaver lodge. Then Arthur spotted a moose that stood in the creek and looked at us for a period of time. But the wind was exactly wrong, and she walked off into the bush before we could close in. But we ran out of luck and had to portage a falls-cascade at a narrows. The rest was an easy paddle. As we reached Harmon the sun disappeared and we had a long lunch on a high rock area with a tumbled-down, small trapper's cabin just to the south. Two boats of sports went by going back to their camp southeast of us. We paddled for awhile and then the sternsmen went it alone as we blew up the lake. The sky started to blacken to the west, but we got only some wind. We started campsite looking with no success -- rejecting a stinky Natural Resources island in the process. A boat of sports appeared behind us maybe from the outpost camp passed on the way. A few drops fell -- enough to make David G stop to get his rain gear. At the rapids there was nothing to do but portage; the campsites were too small for us. As we shoved off an aluminum canoe with two fishermen appeared claiming little luck. A

mile or so below we passed their camp -- looking well-set up. We played games with possible campsites eventually pulling in at the Natural Resources one that was too well-used, but we took it anyway. Dinner was late with Hans doing the corned beef. After dinner David G finally got on a date cake for the traveler -- even though Sterling used some of the stewed dates as a bannock topping. Paul tried fishing from shore. Jeff's cut got attended to again. A loud card game echoed through the night, but finally after the red sun went down and a pink moon appeared, all was quiet. 74° in the tent.

Monday, July 9 -- As per plan the staff slept in an extra half hour. The sky was gray all over and the light wind smelled wet, but breakfast was started anyway -- slowly to be sure. Hans and Dave O were up and rolled well before anything was done --and others followed. We got on the water about 9:40 and paddled up to the first rapid -- a powerful pitch left of an island. After looking it over the staff ran it easily and then the others followed with no problems but the water Cale and Terry collected. Another couple miles to a little swift. By now the gray had burned off and was replaced by blue and a hot, humid day. On the way up it seemed that a large pike got a baby loon. Just below a cascade we could not touch, but a run had to be made across the top to get in. Paul and Dave O managed to get their canoes across -- while Cale thought it easier to walk through the water at the start. Just below another swift and we started around the left side of a large island -- as instructed by the trip report. But a portage started it off, but this time windfalls had to be cleared. David G and Terry muscled canoes through this time. Another swift and one the report said to line down on the left. We ran instead needing to stay close to the left shore to stay out of the sweepers on the right. Hans got the bow around easily, but Dave O failed to swing the stern and they slid in broadside and had to get out. Cale and Terry just barely cleared their stern. Across the way we found a campsite -- much better than last night's because only a few parties had used it. Only trouble was the lack of diving rocks for swimming. As promised we quit for a half-day. Guide and staff cooked and tents started up for some strange reason. Followed by lots of clothes washing. Blackjack became the game while the guide and Terry went fishing. Dave O manufactured a cherry pie while Hans did the Curried Chicken. Across the way the guide and Terry started back. Cale lay in a hammock and declared he "needed motivation" to get his tent up as a tremendous crack of lightning-thunder sounded just to the east. Tinker jumped for the staff, and some tents got occupied. The guide and Terry returned with nine walleye. The storm played off to the west as dinner was served. Several fishing intentions were expressed, but the thunder and lightning precluded leaving the site. The pie was a hit, but then the wind rose and the storm started toward us. Hans and Dave O insisted that a dead tree near their tent be cleared out. Jeff finally got his traveler on after his mixings got dumped on the ground and the difficult bannock pan got cleaned in less than a minute by the staff. The guide cleaned the fish for tomorrow. As Dave O went to cleaning the reflector after the baking, Cale predicted

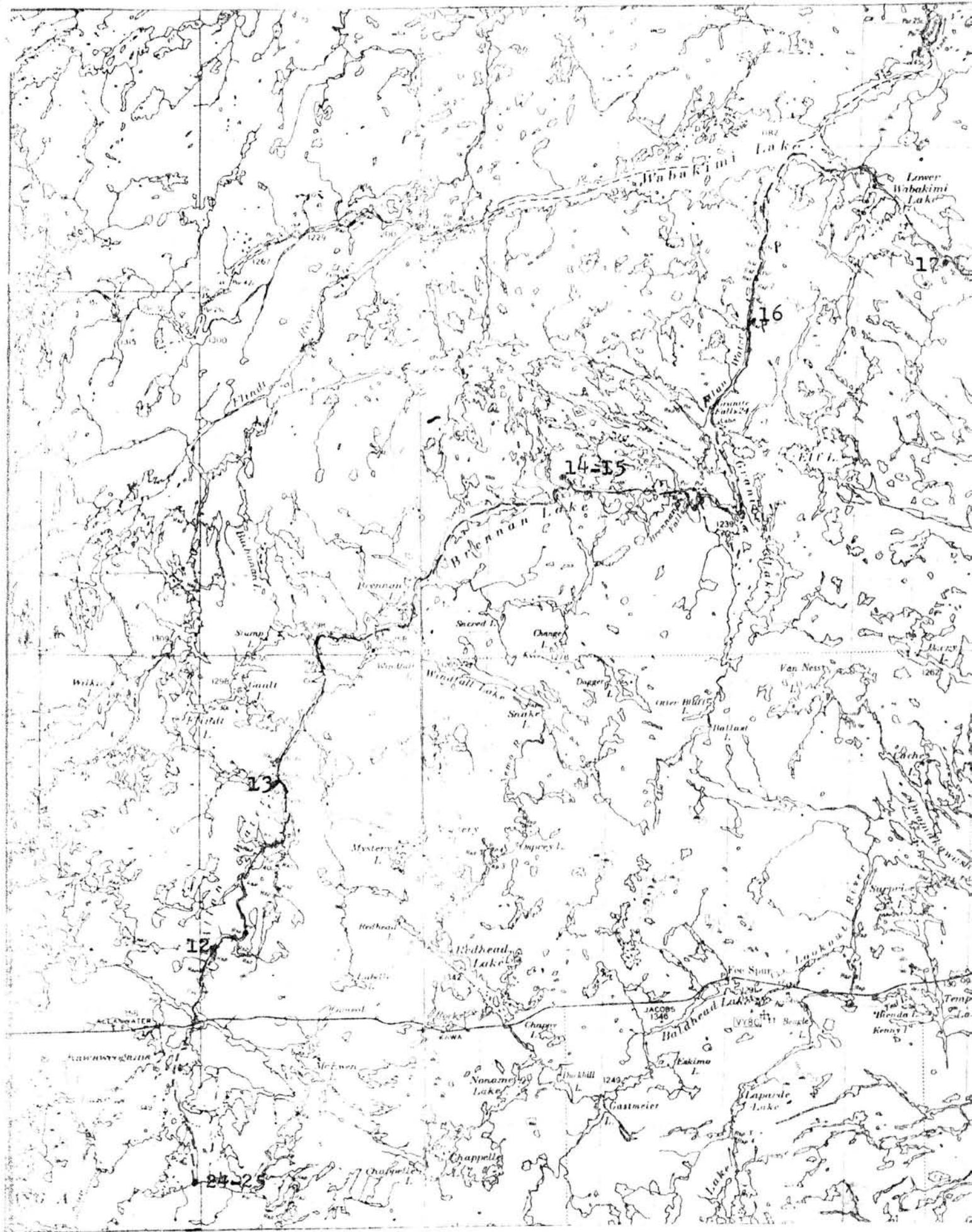
a lightning bolt as he put the reflector in the water -- and so it did. A few more drops of rain and the storm passed -- Jeff and Sterling had tied their ridge poorly. The blackjack game resumed in one tent while the guide engineered a euchre game in another. A light rain as the sun went down.

Tuesday, July 10 -- The rain passed over and the morning was just like all of the ones of this trip. The guide did the fish quickly and easily and all got consumed. We started out at 9:10 as a result and soon lined by a short, shallow rapid where the trip report said "we could drag the canoes across the rocks." But then a portage on a rapid where a spruce blocked the landing -- Arthur and Terry having the only trouble getting in. Another followed soon afterwards -- again with a poor landing area at the head of the rapid. A few swifts put us in Antler, but at the head there was no way down a rapid that split around an island -- again a poor landing area to cope with. This one was short enough so some canoes did not get flipped. Another short one below where somehow word got around it was a lunch stop -- false. After a wide area we ran our only rapid of the day -- a straight, easy run, but the path got lost because the canoe behind the staff waited "to see if he hit anything." Just below two pitches we could not take in our water and so a longer carry to a lunchsite and swimming hole at the foot of the rapid. 82 and 36 got patches as a result of yesterday's damages -- plus 82 had a broken bang plate from yesterday. Right below another short carry -- logs across the path -- and then we got to ride awhile -- too long in fact as we tried to take the west side of a large island only to run out of water. The sky began to cloud over and the dogs suffered from an incredible number of houseflies. We had to take a final portage into McEwen. The decision to go on to the base camp was made, and we pulled to the final portage. The 8th of the day -- there were to be no more -- the staff canoe had gone up the maximum for one day. Hans took 36 across this time -- Terry had carried it on at least half the others. Against a west and/or northwest wind we pulled into the base camp. Jeff made the bannock quickly and Arthur got the ham going -- it was after 8:00 when we got in. Dave O, Jeff, Terry, and the staff pulled off our cache -- safely. The local pool - bathing room opened after dark and the big tent filled for more euchre.

Wednesday, July 11 -- The staff made it to the tent first -- at 8:30 and had breakfast well in hand by the time anyone else appeared. Pancakes went on and on with a second pan of batter getting made by Sterling. Meanwhile the staff puttered with reoutfitting. Dishes and pans got done and the action, if any, turned to swimming, clothes washing, letter writing, and Dungeons and Dragons. No one appeared to do anything about lunch, so none got made. A large quantity of stores had to be packed for the cache --- and we needed another wannigan to get it all in. 82 got a new bang plate and some patching went on through the heat of the afternoon. The flies were terrible again -- and for some reason we still have not had our promised storms. David G and Arthur manufactured a white cake with butterscotch frosting for dinner while Paul

made the traveler. Jeff slept through dinner and got a special meal of his own. After dinner Dave G, Arthur, Skip, and the staff reloaded the cache. A final swim before Dungeons and Dragons resumed in the tent while a few evening fishermen tried -- nothing but pike today -- not including the one Cale saw swimming off the canoe landing rock. Thunder rolled to the northwest as the fishermen returned.

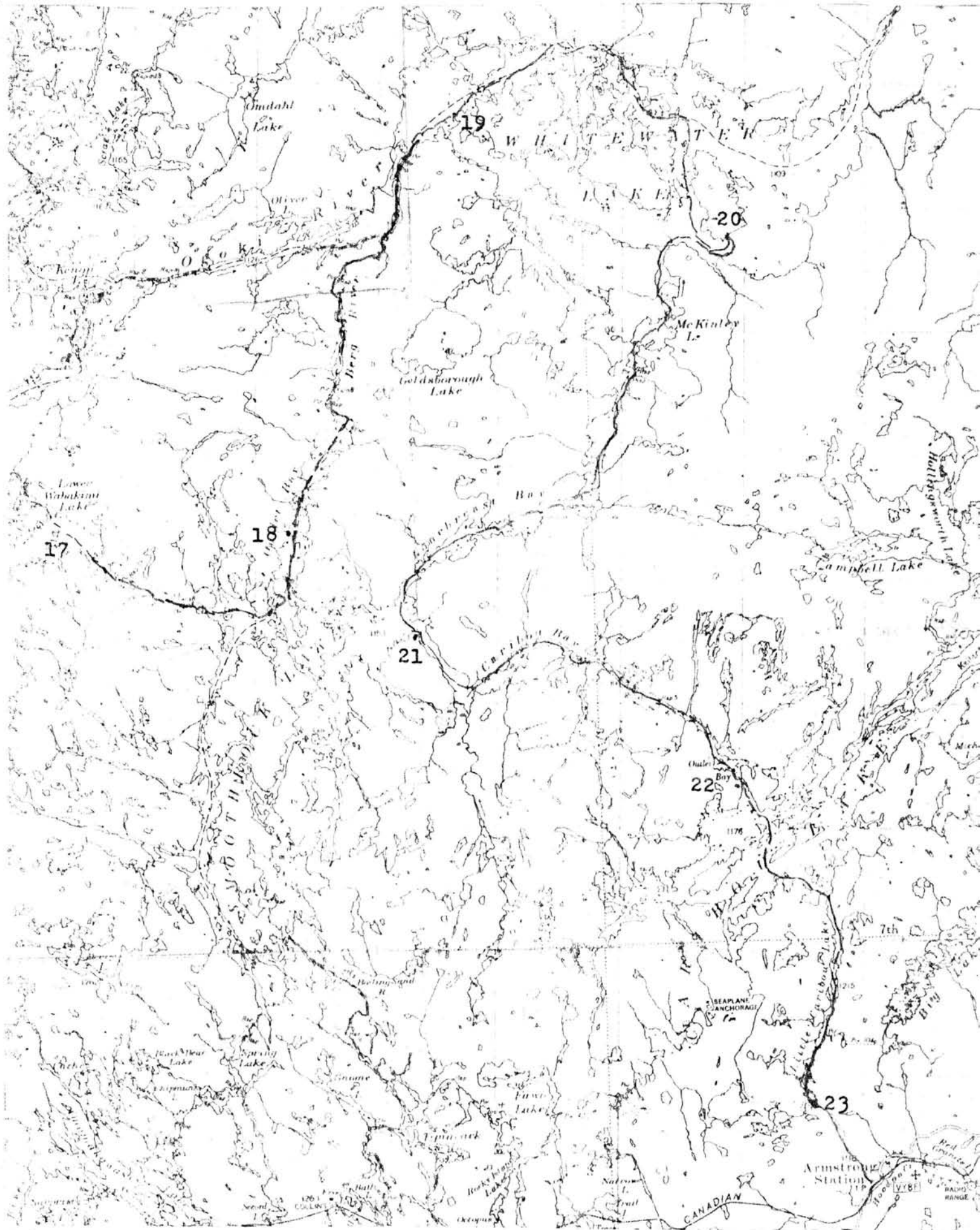




ALLAN WATER to ARMSTRONG CIRCUIT

4 MILES TO 1 inch

Numbers Indicate Campsites Occupied



ALLAN WATER to ARMSTRONG CIRCUIT

4 MILES to 1 INCH

Numbers Indicate Campsites Occupied

## ALLAN WATER to ARMSTRONG CIRCUIT

Thursday, July 12 -- Allan Water River  
Friday, July 13 -- Pond before Lac Mondale  
Saturday, July 14 -- Brennan Lake  
Sunday, July 15 -- Brennan Lake  
Monday, July 16 -- Below Black Beaver  
Tuesday, July 17 -- Lower Wabakimi Lake  
Wednesday, July 18 -- Outlet Bay, Smoothrock Lake  
Thursday, July 19 -- Whitewater Lake  
Friday, July 20 -- Best Island  
Saturday, July 21 -- Caribou Bay, Smoothrock Lake  
Sunday, July 22 -- Outlet Bay, Caribou Lake  
Monday, July 23 -- Little Caribou Lake  
Tuesday, July 24 -- Kawaweogama  
Wednesday, July 25 -- Kawaweogama

Thursday, July 12 -- It rained on and off through the night, but at 7:00 the sky to the west and north was clear, though thunder rolled to west and east of us. The staff stayed in bed until 7:45 really to let the canvas dry. The base was buttoned up and we pulled out at 9:50. A south wind helped carry us up the lake in a hot, humid day. Several boats of sports passed going fishing. We ran the right side of the rapid before the bridge with no problem. A motor boat then sped by and climbed the rapid just where we had come down. Then under the foot bridge and the railroad bridge and we pulled up at the Carmody's. Candy and soda and fresh plums and bananas. Hans and Cale called home while we were there and our mail got sent out. Back on the water we headed into the burned area and soon came to an island rapid which we ran successfully though only 77 finished as we were supposed to, but all got down. Then ahead another with a rock and a cellar and the run was much better. A third sort of along the right shore and we finally found a flat rock for lunch -- made later than should have been the case, but the purchases at the Carmody's seemed to hold people over. Back on the water we ran a tiny pitch and the river split and we took the advertised left side only to come up on an obvious portage -- through the burn, but the trail was well-walked. Then a short violent one with a trail on the left. Followed by a minor V and then a cascade-like, short drop with a tricky landing -- where Hans and Paul almost decided to run instead. The guide found a site just below with a good swimming hole. Some offers were made to cook, but basically the guide and staff did most of it as the urge to swim and throw in a lure took over. Sterling made up the wood for dinner. Then just before breadline the wind shifted to the north suddenly and thunder rolled. A scurry to put up tents, but we got through the meal without trouble. Cale made the traveler. The guide and staff got to bathe after the heat of the day had passed. Sterling tried fishing without much success. The rain held off until about eleven and fell softly for awhile and then quit before midnight. 72° in the tent.

Friday, July 13 -- The staff intentionally stayed in an extra half hour for drying purposes, but actually not all that much rain had fallen. We rose slowly and Jeff and Sterling claimed not to hear the yell. But the staff canoe was off at 9:25 to drift all the way to the first run before the rest arrived. t soon afterwards came one that could not be run.



A round-about trail, but easy through jackpine. The unloading took awhile -- and at the loading #6 took a brief bath. Then Terry's cup took the deep six with Cale diving for it to no avail. At the one ahead the scouting took awhile and since the top was easy the guide ran it to find a portage on the opposite side of the river, but not without running his canoe high and dry on a rock at the foot where Terry had to get out on the rock to get them off. We ran the rest one at a time to the trail. Then up a wide area, stopping at a well-built, new hunter's cabin on a large island. Then on to a rapid that also had to be carried for lunch and an unbelievable mess at the end as no one loaded their canoes until after lunch. By now Arthur was complaining of a sore shoulder and Cale had a stomach ache -- and the rest should have complained of the heat. Off from lunch we ran a rock dodger -- the Section in two parts because Jeff hopped out to try to catch ducklings -- called "chicklings," and then the mother duck who was off on her normal broken wing act. But ahead another rapid with an unrunable top. Dave O and Sterling took the right fork back to the river while the others took the left to the foot. The short one may have been the wise selection for we might well have run the foot. But we carried it all. We looked over the next one carefully, but while the top was possible, the foot wasn't and we had to carry to a terrible loading area. By now the equipment was getting rough use. Terry even went into the water on his back with the jewelry on top. So the staff called it quits just beyond at an excellent site with a good rock kitchen, fine swimming and good tentsites -- not much for dry wood, but who wants everything? Jeff made a cornbread for dinner. Dave O made the chili -- insisting he did not like chili anyway. Paul did the rice and Arthur selected 'butter beans.' David G did the traveler that could have profited from greater attention. By now it started to cloud over and the flies attacked in droves. Cale still suffered, but was better with no dinner. Nothing after dinner -- a game of euchre -- a couple evening swims. Paul coaxed some pike to hit off the site -- and Sterling read as usual. Then about 10:30 the rain started in with lightning. Maybe to cool things down a little? But still 78° in the tent.

Saturday, July 14 -- The rain came on and off through the night, but had let up by morning though some dark clouds still blew in from the west. The staff gave everything an extra 45 minutes to dry out -- not the least of which were the rocks from the fireplace to the water. Breakfast was intentionally cooked a little slowly as a few drops of rain fell, but the sky cleared and we got off under blue skies. Just ahead a portage across an island with a scenic cascade to the north and a spectacular falls to the south -- good for pictures at least. \$ suffered a hole being loaded into the canoe, and Terry left his hat behind! The paddle up the level stretch of the Allan Water -- called Lac Mondale by some one -- was speedy with a good tail wind to help and excellent scenery. The cascade at the top had to be portaged also. The swells off the rapids made loading slow. Just below we watched a red-tailed hawk soaring high and then low. The sky started to cloud over at the next rapid which we ran in spite of the low water and the need to dodge rocks. But the one below was too shallow to avoid the cellar the foot and we carried --



by now a high wind causing some problems -- plus terrible, shallow unloading and loading areas. The guide found a lunch rock just beyond and we took ages to get the starch done -- with Arthur doing the sauce (the time lag was not his) -- and then get cleaned up, making it 4:00 by the time we started paddling. Now with a strong tail wind. We paddled northeast through the beginning of Brennan sighting something on the west shore with a loud noise behind it -- helicopter? We had seen three large float planes pass over at lunch. Then a huge camp appeared on the right -- a large outfitter? (We later learned it was a plush resort to which Vice President Mondale had been invited a year ago; explaining the lake that had been named for him.) The farther we got on Brennan the higher the wind. We rolled by an outpost camp on an island at about the limit the canoes could take from a tail wind with dark clouds rolling over at intervals. A brief rest while we paddled the channel at the large island and then we rolled along looking for a campsite, soon finding a bay on the north shore with a well-protected rock kitchen and tent sites inland. Only problem, no swimming, but Jeff and Arthur were the only ones to go in. Skip peeled the potatoes and then fried them, David G did the fresh carrots. Arthur did the ham and cut up the French fries. Cale did a coffee cake for dinner while Paul did the traveler (while the guide and Terry drew the wood) -- and the staff drank coffee. Tents went up spurred by the threat of rain that materialized as the dishes were being done, but not in any heavy amount. A rainbow appeared -- double for awhile. Euchre again and Dungeons and Dragons. Too disagreeable for much else. The wind continued to blow at 12:00 and occasionally a brief rain shower.

Sunday, July 15 -- If Sunday's supposed to be a day of rest this was it. The staff woke as usual, decided to let everything dry for a half hour or so, but the weather looked slightly worse with each look out of the tent. Rain had fallen through the night at intervals with a final good shower just before dawn. Now the wind gusted as yesterday, and as the day grew older the gusts came more frequently and stronger. Finally David G came over at 11:00 or so to ask if he could start breakfast and the guide and staff were forced to get up. The wind blew and the temperature was far lower than any time so far this summer. After pancakes, euchre and Dungeons and Dragons for entertainment. The staff started rest day soup and then the rain started in little drizzles. The guide and Terry went off to play Gibbons-like survival and find berries. The fly went up now that the wind had calmed. Terry and David G turned their tent around -- the sides and back had blown out. Lunch about the middle of the afternoon -- more games and sleeping. About 6:00 the rain let up and dinner was started. Arthur did a beautiful pineapple upside-down cake which did not turn out as well as hoped with the introduction of brown paper. Jeff made Creamed chicken -- and drew more wood. Terry made a high-rise traveler. Back to the games as Paul and David G went fishing. The sun broke through for a brief moment, but soon disappeared and the wind shifted more to the north. 56° in the tent at 10:00. Paul caught and released a four-pound walleye. People getting up through the night reported seeing the Northern Lights.

Monday, July 16 -- The day dawned clear, blue, and chilly with mist over the lake -- or bay -- which burned off rapidly as breakfast was cooked. The staff overslept by accident by 15 minutes and we started off at 9:20. The lake was calm and the paddle easy as the sun quickly warmed up the air. Jeff and David G played guide at the start and through most of the day. After a couple breaks we made the rapid out of Brennan and were buffaloeed for awhile by a fiord that blocked our view of the portage at the chute, but the staff ran down and found it. The portage on the rocks was short. Then through low, rocky shores to turn north to the falls, but a rapid blocked our way and we first thought to run it on the right and then thought better and lifted over two ledges on the left. The landing at the falls was a one canoe affair, but the carry was short and the photographers' efforts were rewarded. Lunch just after a small rapid with good swimming while Terry tried fishing. A record stop -- an hour and five minutes after the fire was started and we were back on the water. Up Granite Paul and Skip screamed most of the way to the disgust or amazement of a group camped in the bay at the top of the lake. On to the portage which took awhile to figure out the best way. An up-and-down trail with a real down at the end, but not too long. Pictures from the far side of the river, and on down river to Black Beaver. Again a shallow landing, but at least the trail was better. Now time to camp, so we pulled up at a rock point just below. Terry gathered snails and waterlilly roots. The guide baked both bannocks while Paul did the burgers and Arthur did the scoloped potatoes. Jeff did what was necessary to the tomatoes -- which no one seemed to believe we were supposed to eat -- in fact the staff got most of the juice. Arthur and Jeff drew the wood which Sterling and David G split. The snails were supposed to be a success, but the root failed. Paul and Sterling took a canoe to fish and Paul brought back a 16½ pound pike, 39" long, 16" girth. He resided in a nearby pool after pictures. They went back for more, but brought in no more spectacular prizes. A group settled down by the fire to await the Northern Lights -- guide, Skip, Cale, and Jeff. 60° in the tent. The wait was a success with at least some colors to watch.

Tuesday, July 17 -- A chilly morning, but no mist on the river and temperatures maybe in the 50's. But it quickly warmed. Skip and Cale did not hear the call to rise, but one side of the pike had to be cleaned and eaten anyway. Still with the delay we were off by 9:05. The first rapid ahead took time to scout and plot the run which involved watching out for rocks -- successfully. The next took even longer as the staff walked around the bay and looked at the foot which we could not run, found the trail, discovered it was going to bypass the lower rapid also and ended up cutting from the trail to the river below the first rapid. The trail was not a complete success since several people made ones of their own instead of following the cut one -- but we all got there. The last one scouted quickly, though it was a good, steep run. But it was deep and straight. Sturgeon Rapids had to be carried as expected on a good trail though David G and Cale managed to cut the bow of 3 at the landing and it had to be patched before we moved on. Terry tossed up his loads as Hans' bowman leaving him with 36 still in the

water at the unloading spot, and Hans had to be rescued -- Steve had pulled him out from under 36 once during the day. An old trapper's cabin demanded a short look where Paul managed to drop his camera into the water, and then we pulled to the head of the river for lunch, just to make sure the trip report was wrong and there was not one more rapid yet to go. Starch had just gotten started when three skiffs of noisey sports pulled up fishing. We made nasty comments about their noise -- how about us yesterday on Granite? We set no time records -- an hour and a half after the fire was laid. The sports must have gone back to their camp at the head of the bay for lunch -- their boats were beached as we paddled by in a side wind that turned to a tail wind as we headed for the northern narrows to Lower Wabakimi. The narrows were just that, but a very attractive rock area. The guide dropped his Swiss Army knife overboard and diving for it produced no results. After the narrows another side wind hit, but we pulled up before the river out at a rock campsite that would do for the night. Sterling made the bannock while Jeff did a gingerbread for the traveler -- with the usual result using molasses -- plus getting molasses over the flour baby and Tinker. Jeff also did the corned beef while Terry, David G, Sterling, and Jeff did the wood -- there gets to be a sameness of individuals. Hans did the corn and got the pot to the fire this time and then refused to help with the tent saying he was cooking -- which consisted of lying on his pack. The fishermen went out but returned with nothing. Arthur chased a grouse through the bush until turned back by bear tracks, and Cale practiced flipping a canoe. Then thunder rolled and the tents filled. Terry and the guide were still out fishing as a brief shower hit. They returned after dark to report a portage at the rapid out of the lake --with two walleye.

Wednesday, July 18 -- The rain held off through the night. One roll of thunder at 7:00 forced the staff to stay in bed until 7:30, but there were no more excuses for not getting up and moving. The fire refused to cooperate so the breakfast was slow -- and the Gumperts did not boil down too well -- soup for cereal. Under sort of cloudy skies we started out, checking the north side of the island for a better rapid than the guide had seen last night, but there was no water. After much looking we shot the south side with no problems, other than a little intake of water and one canoe that went over the first ledge wrong. But ahead we had to portage a sort of falls. Trails on both sides, so we split forces and joined below. Another carry at the foot of the straight stretch -- with such a terrible unloading spot that Terry had Skip out over the boots and up to his knees. A little pond, and another carry --and it started to rain. Skip and Terry caught up as the rest were all unloaded and mostly across to turn the canoes over and toss the loads under. Rain suits on, the fly went up for an early lunch and the possibility of staying if the rain kept up. But as the Spanish rice cooked up, the rain lifted and by the time dishes were done the weather had improved. We ran the two swifts below and then got a little paddle before being blocked by a chute that did not look all that much fun. After rejecting all the alternatives we ran one of the chutes -- Cale and David G did not believe there was a rock in the foot



and almost made friends with it. One final carry at a steep, narrow falls which involved finding the lower landing and taking one canoe in at a time. Cale did not believe the rocks were slippery, but found out anyway -- the canoe survived. The staff came down last to be greeted by two sports on a campsite -- who seemed relieved 77 was the last of the group. Another pair were tented just below. Smoothrock gave us a tail wind, and everywhere we turned there was rock for campsites. 3 with Skip and Terry lagged behind as we twisted through the islands. Then going up Outlet Bay, thunder and lightning to the north, but far from us. Still we pulled up a little early at an excellent campsite in a narrows -- the staff had found another excellent staff tentsite. Arthur did a cornbread. Hans did the shilli (except for the kidney beans that fell in the jewelry tray). Paul did the potatoes. David G and Jeff and the guide found dry wood in a well-worked over forest. Terry started a date cake and then the rain started to come at us. The fly went up in a very high pitch and breadline was held under it as the water poured down for awhile. But it let up as the meal was finished. Jeff was coaxed into getting lilly pad roots and boiling them. Baths in what everyone declared was cold water. Paul failed to raise a fish and a somewhat early bed hour as loons called out front.

Thursday, July 19 -- The sun was just making an appearance as the staff lit the fire and mist hung over the lake. It soon burned off and we were on the water before 9:00 for our earliest start. The paddle north was not cool, but not hot and humid as many days have been -- no wind to speak of. The portage was found easily and proved to be considerably shorter than expected, although approached with some fear as to length. The next rapid proved easy to run, but we had to carry a short one below which featured some strange looking rock statues out in the middle. Meanders followed with one more rapid in the process and then we pulled up at a rocky one with an excellent trail and a good lunchsite for an early starch. The last rapid on the Berg was run followed by a paddle to the Ogoki -- with the conversation getting more and more morbid. Out on the Ogoki a rapid lay just upstream of our entrance, but we went north only to run into a rain squall that caught some without rain gear -- Terry under the bow seat with the packs on top of him to stay dry. Without warning a rapid appeared which was run down the center with no problem -- though it was powerful and looked tough. We came into the last one slowly on advice, but found the landing easily. But there was a better one lower down, so we slipped down to it and carried the couple hundred yards. The staff thought that was it, but one more lay in the way to the lake, so we took a final 60-yard walk. Just around the bend was a large camp with float plane and girl on the dock, but we did not stop and went up to see what a McCoubrie campsite looked like -- his report was accurate, so we took it. Terry made the curried chicken while Cale made the bannock -- slowly in both cases. The guide ended up splitting most of the dry wood that David G drew -- with guide help. The day got warmer as dinner was served. Swimming could have been better since no diving area existed. The guide and Sterling brought in three walleye. Paul released the pike he caught. Terry repaired his reel



broken by a falling wannigan! Some waited for the sunset, but it wasn't worth a picture.

Friday, July 20 -- The staff announced we were not portaging today and took the risk of lost tumps by not tumping the packs. Sterling was up to clean the walleye with the guide's help. Terry tried to leave his fishing rod and towel -- the guide brought on the towel. We got off at 9:15 even after the staff had stayed in bed an extra half hour. The day warmed quickly and the paddle went on over the northern end of the lake with only one hitch when the staff took a short-cut and parked 77 high and dry on a rock. The wind started to pick up and we got struck with a reasonable cross wind part way down the run to the south. We passed Wendell the Hermit on Best without stopping -- looking as though he was going to do some laundry from our distance. Then as we elected to pull for the campsite rather than stop for lunch, the wind picked up. The canoes got widely separated as we rounded the south end of Best. The guide trusted the report and went around the long, thin sand point while the staff landed to look. The beach stretched on for ages with nice level land in sparce, aged jackpine behind. An unbelievable setting. The kitchen was set up out of the sand on moss and the canoes came up out of the sand. Lunch cooked slowly on high irons, but eventually we had starch. Some tents went up -- some speedily (the guide and staff), most slowly. The swimming was investigated. Cale, Skip, and David G explored the long beach up around the point. More swimming. Arthur and Paul repeated the explorers' trip. A few clothes got washed -- the laundry people lamenting the lack of rocks. The staff scooped out a hole for beans. Across the way outboards ran in and out of the outpost camp to detract from our wilderness experience. Dinner got started late with Jeff doing the bannock which the staff iced. David G fried the ham and Skip made the traveler. (The wood got made up slowly after Dave G drew the first chicot.) An Indian got blown our way in an aluminum canoe since he sat in the stern and he came to watch dinner. Wendy had spent the afternoon in the water -- out with the explorers and swimming off the tip of the point with everyone else. Some Indian children came over to the south end to chase a bird. And during dinner a yellow Beaver came in twice to the outpost. The bean hole went for a bonfire since the beans were nowhere to be found in the wannigans -- salt pork, but no beans. So that project was abandoned. The sun went behind low sky instead of setting and the wind kept up as the euchre game went on, and the bonfire was fed.

Saturday, July 21 -- There wasn't much sleep for some, entertained by the Indians and treated to Pepsi, moose meat, and goodies -- bedtime was late. The staff got dressed as usual, but went right back to bed as rain started -- there had been a shower through the night too. At 8:10 the guide shamed the staff into getting up and breakfast got cooked. A lot of conversation around the fire and not much action. Fortunately the Better Camping Bureau was not on hand to admire our examples of how not to pitch tents! But we still got off about 10:00 in a slight drizzle with 77 paddling solo

almost to the narrows out of the lake before all were together. Not knowing any better we tried the stream for the portage and handed the canoes up a little swift only to have to run back down it when no trail could be found. We then went back into the obvious bay and found the trail easily. Only 400 yards, but the weather was humid by now. The second lay just ahead with trails on both sides and those on the east carry were a little shaken by the loud screams Terry let out as his canoe misbehaved. The third came at lunchtime and we planned to cook on the far side -- and did so after the guide rescued Hans from under the jewelry and took it the rest of the way leaving his canoe in the middle of the trail to the amazement of those following. Hans then managed to step in his plate of macaroni to top matters off. A light drizzle started as we left for the next one only a short distance away. And the fifth was taken soon also. We held up for a few moments as thunder rolled, but it moved south of us and we went on to find the narrows out into Lonebreast Bay navigable -- though the water poured into the bay for some reason. There wouldn't be any difference traveling this river up or down. Nothing at all to run on the way down. We were going to make a little distance, but the weather said camp, but the land said no, so to make a long paddle short we went all the way to the end of the bay, finding nothing, and waiting several times for Terry to catch up (with Sterling in the bow). We decided to try for a campsite toward Caribou, and lucked into an excellent one just at the start of the bay. The staff baked our last cornbread. Arthur did the freeze-dry beef, Hans put on the peas, and Dave O did the scoloped potatoes as the guide got the wood and did a lot of the splitting. The staff went tentsite hunting and fortunately discovered a blazing rotten log, put out quickly by tossing the log into the water -- not a very smart way to exterminate a colony of ants! Tents went up as dinner was cooked -- with soup. Skip did the traveler perfectly. A light drizzle continued and the wind kept up as the tents filled. 66° in the tent at 12:00. We had pulled in at 8:15 for one of our latest halts..

Sunday, July 22 -- The wind still blew as the staff slept in an extra hour on purpose. 60° in the tent. The morning was chilly and overcast with a strong wind from the northeast of all places. But no rain till 77 was off before 10:00, but the others were considerably slower, and a mile later we were together. We paddled along with a deminishing wind first from the northeast and then from the east. Arthur caused innumerable stops along the way. Gradually the day warmed and by the time we reached the narrows into Fungur Lake the sky was blue and the paddling pleasant. The first portage was a short highway. We elected for lunch at the top of the second -- with the fire slow over poor wood drawn by the staff. A little pull-up followed and then two short portages around cascades -- again we were traveling a river just as easy to go up as come down -- nothing to run coming down. The portages were short and the only problem was caused by crowding at the landings. We paddled by an occupied point noticed only by Wendy and the staff. Then as we started down Outlet Bay the wind had swung to the south to be a full-fledged head wind. We looked for the McCoubrie

site where it was marked on his map, but had to back-track to find it. Great, but no tentsites for us. So we ended up at a spot noticed on the way down -- his emergency site. Again not really enough tentsites, but it was time to stop -- we had been early until the pace slowed coming down Outlet Bay and then we played games with the site. It took awhile to draw wood -- too many people want to bring in down wood. Jeff did the bannock while Terry fixed curried chicken with the guide supervising. Dave O made a date cake for the traveler -- and the flour supply will just make the run! For some reason the majority were in a silly mood to say the least. After dinner poor 95 was subjected to flipping practice. The guide and Sterling went fishing, catching a walleye immediately right off the site. The south wind kept up as the sun disappeared behind the trees early -- no swimming. 65° in the tent. No keepers in the fishing canoe but they reported catching a small bass. Sterling also lost his 'walleye killer.'

Monday, July 23 -- Without actually raining the weather could not have looked worse at 7:00. The sky was gray to black, the south wind blew -- though diminished -- and the air smelled as wet as it could. The staff went back to bed and was rewarded with thunder and rain a half hour later. The storm continued for an hour, although the rain was never really hard. At 9:00 it showed signs of breaking and breakfast was started. Cale, Skip, and David G appeared to take a morning swim and most of the section was up before the call to roll went out. 77 was on the water at 10:45. The wind dropped after the rain, but by now it was rising again from the south -- where we had to go. We did a little island hopping, but abandoned the best route from the point of view of weather for the shortest one and had no trouble. The portage went right up a hill -- Little Caribou is 30 feet higher than Caribou. But it wasn't all that long. We pulled south on the lake, rejecting a possible lunchsite or two and finally pulling up at a large, bald rock clubber site -- which was fine. Two skiffs came up to fish -- one with a lone man and the other with a couple -- boy-girl that is. We pulled out shortly after they went south and then passed them on the way through the first narrows -- they beat us to the "resort" however. Before we knew it the few shacks were in front of us. We paddled by and set up on "The Rock." Skip, Tinker, and the staff went to see about calling our proposed trucker in Armstrong, but there was no telephone. However, the woman who ran the place -- who never spoke lower than a shout -- offered to convey our message to Ray Laird -- whom the guide and Terry had lined up on the way through -- when she made her trip to town. 77 then checked the bridge loading area to find a group from Canadian Outward Bound loading up on a school bus and trailer. They must have been right ahead of us, but we did not stop to check where they had been. Back at the Rock, Terry and David G made a pineapple upside-down cake, which David baked. Dave O fixed the burgers -- since everyone voted for hamburgers instead of ham. Arthur made our chocolate pudding -- and put through failure to read the instructions and stir while bringing to a boil. Our lady friend returned to yell from the bridge that Ray was coming at 8:00. The canoes supposedly had everything tied into them securely for tomorrow by the sternsmen. Most everyone got in for a

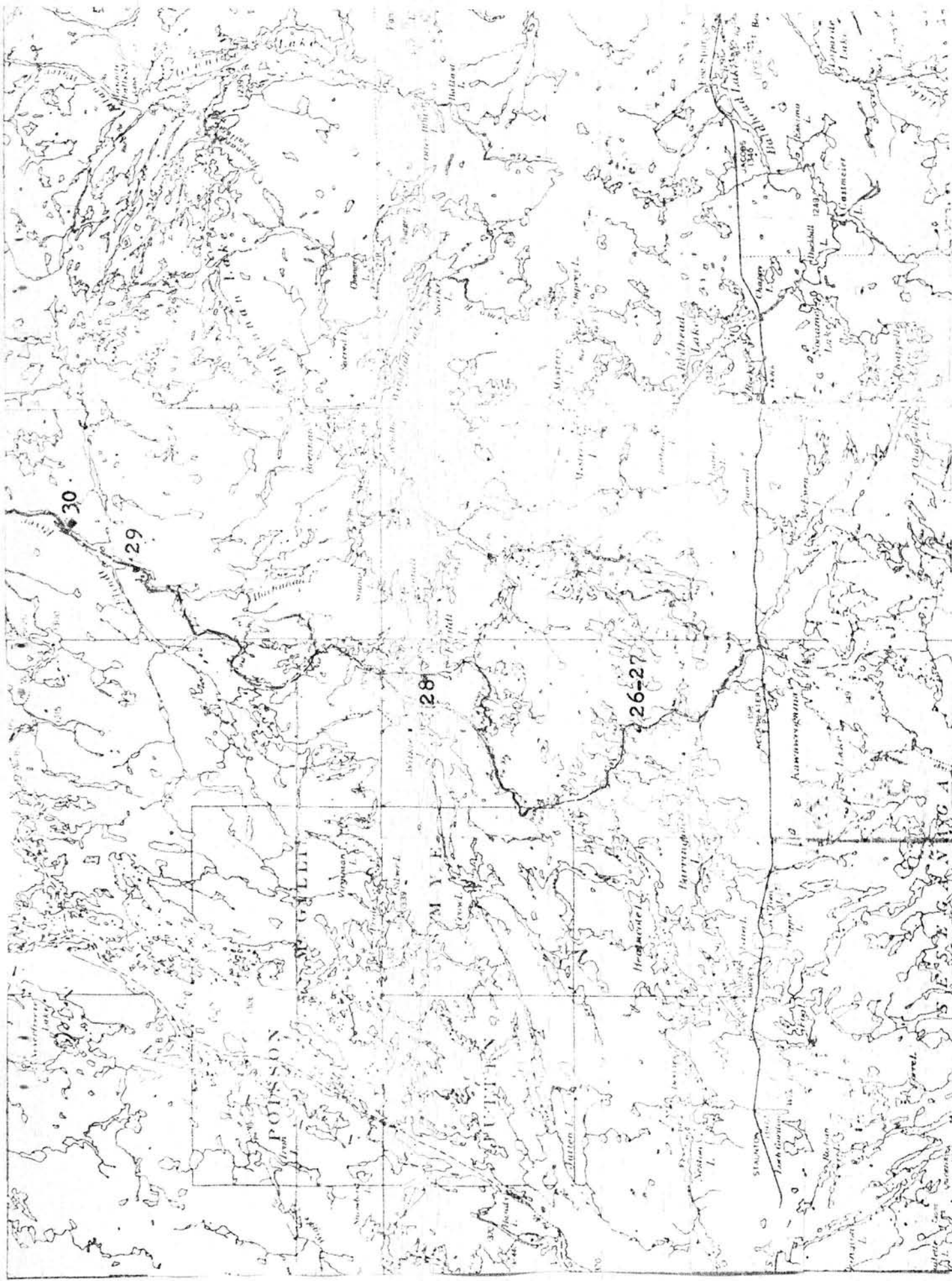


bath before or after dinner. The wind had died and the humidity was way up. 80° in the tent when as the guide predicted a shower hit -- dropping the temperature to 76° and the humidity a little. An 8:00 truck tomorrow sounds terribly early -- but the staff watch was discovered to be 45 minutes fast as of this time.

Tuesday, July 24 -- But then a real thunder storm hit with lightning, thunder, wind, and heavy rain. The staff tent on top of the hill weathered nicely, but those down below complained of floods through their tents. Skip had to abandon his, leaving Cale alone to take the only dry spot. Terry and David G took in the castaway. Morning was dry, but overcast. The staff was up by 7:00 according to his watch -- before dawn anyway. Most of the section was up and rolled on their own either from wet or anticipation, and half the tents were down before the cereal was cooked. We made the bridge before 8:45 on the staff watch (8:00 in Armstrong) and Ray Laird appeared with his truck almost immediately. The canoes got tossed aboard quickly and easily while the gear went in the pick up truck he also brought. He dropped us at the station before the stores opened up, but the staff got tickets and the baggage tags without a great deal of hassle. The grocery store opened first and was well patronized. The telephone at the local restaurant had a waiting line -- Terry informed us Carter's cabinet had all resigned while Cale announced he was going to Lawrenceville next year. The staff finally got his necessary call through to Savant Lake, and Hans perched on top of the baggage truck reading the comic book he purchased. The train was almost on time -- the schedule had changed and she was due at 11:00 instead of 12:15, but it was 45 minutes late. The baggage man gave us no problem and we quickly loaded. There were even seats available in the first passenger car. Another canoe accompanied us -- a man and girl doing portage clearing with a neat, little chain saw pack -- and an aluminum canoe. They detrained just ahead of us at Redhead Lake -- Bingham Trail. A quick stop at Allan Water Bridge and we were let off right beside the lake just short of what seems to be Allan Water Station. A passing freight held us up so the baggage went off one side and the canoes waited while the freight passed. In no time we were headed south with a tail wind to help -- and clearing skies. The paddle to base was surprisingly short and easy. Supplies were pulled off from the cache so we had things like brown sugar, white sugar, coffee, and flour -- though the wannigans, while they seemed empty, had supplies enough for a day -- almost; we had had Cream of Oats for breakfast. Some fishing, a little tent raising, and the guide and staff puttered. No one seemed interested in dinner, so the guide had to bake biscuits to keep himself occupied. Paul fixed up the ham while people came and went. After dinner Terry, Jeff, and David G went fishing returning with a few small walleye that were cleaned for a late snack. The guide and Sterling returned the ones they caught. The tent was busy with Euchre and the fish.

Wednesday, July 25 -- As normal on a rest day the staff cooked -- or at least prepared -- most of the breakfast in solitude. For some the night had been late with another Northern Lights viewing. Slowly the pancake cooks arrived, though the

aircraft appeared before the last were out of the sack. By then the staff had already started patching canoes. The plane's cargo was carted to the tent after we sent the pilot off with excess gear we did not need and did not want to trust to the railroad. The first box opened contained most of the mail with Hans winning the contest for the most by far. Included was Steve's pack and extras from Buds --dinner plates and a bread for later on a long, tough day. Then the reoutfitting started helped not at all by the fact that fish had to be cooked. Eventually the breakfast dishes and pots got out of the road and the packing was just getting organized when Paul had more fish to fry, so the staff made him cook lunch for everyone -- Kam (in large slices by Hans) and fish depending on taste -- or some of both which seemed to be the general rule. By mid-afternoon it was packed as well as possible though 14 days food instead of 12 stuffed the wannigans past capacity. Canoe patching was then in order, but the weather refused to cooperate and rain started in after a beautiful, calm, cool, almost cloudless morning. Some more fishing --and sleeping. David G did the dinner bannock and Dave O did the meat balls and other parts while Arthur baked a perfect traveler -- his raised doughnuts promised yesterday never materialized unfortunately. Jeff did up a couple more walleye to top it off. The rain had let up by now, though the sky remained overcast and threatening. The tent became the scene for the Euchre game as seems to be the nightly custom now.

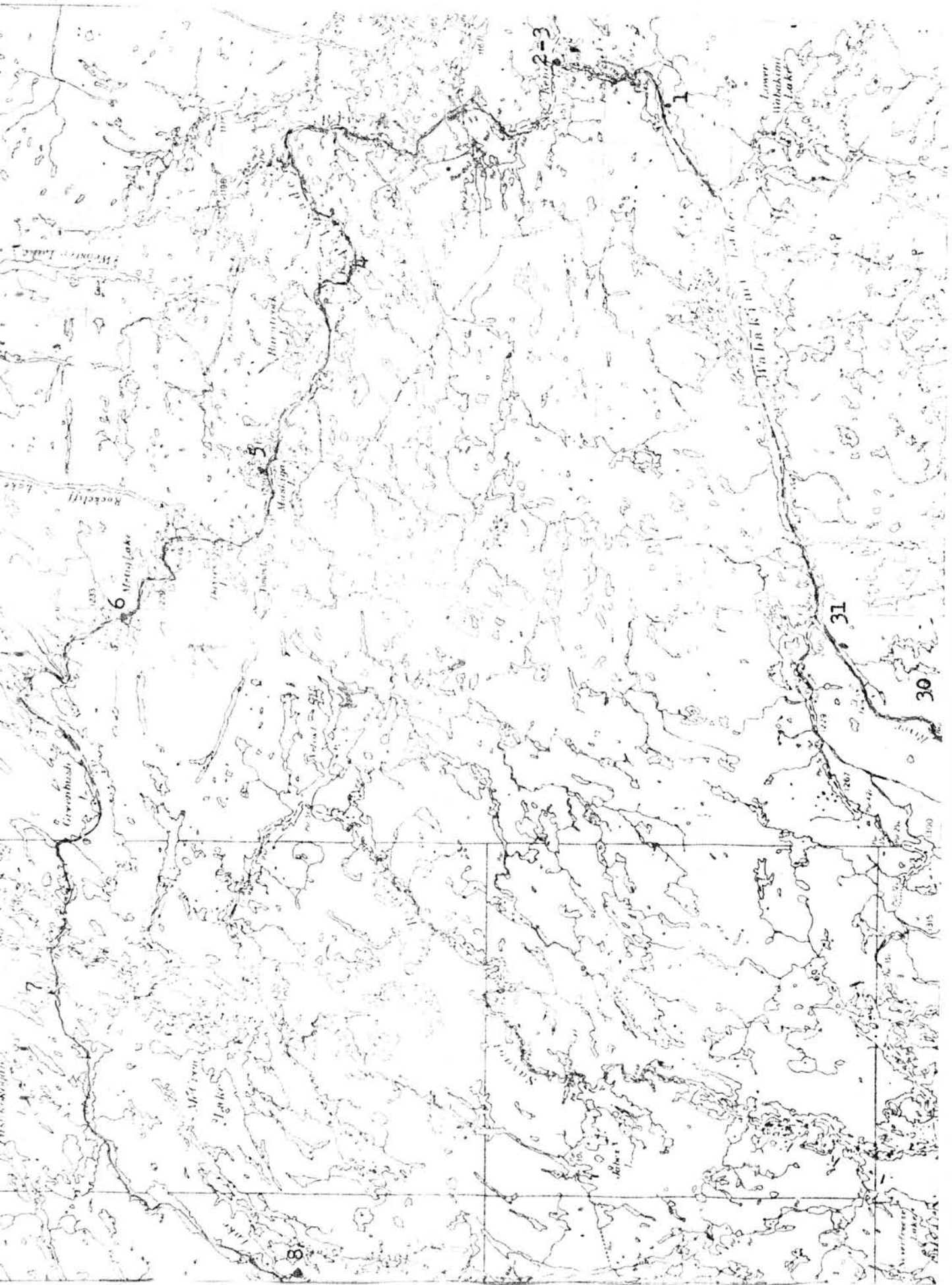


FLINT RIVER - PALISADE RIVER CIRCUIT

Numbers Indicate Dates Campsites Occupied

4 Miles to 1 Inch





FLINT RIVER - PALISADE RIVER CIRCUIT

Numbers Indicate Dates Campsites Occupied

4 Miles to 1 Inch

# FLINDT RIVER --- PALISADE RIVER CIRCUIT

Thursday, July 26 -- Foam Lake  
 Friday, July 27 -- Foam Lake  
 Saturday, July 28 -- Flindt Lake  
 Sunday, July 29 -- Flindt River  
 Monday, July 30 -- Flindt River  
 Tuesday, July 31 -- Tew Lake  
 Wednesday, August 1 -- River Bay, Wabakimi Lake  
 Thursday, August 2 -- Kenoji Lake  
 Friday, August 3 -- Kenoji Lake  
 Saturday, August 4 -- 7' Falls, Palisade River  
 Sunday, August 5 -- Muskigia Lake  
 Monday, August 6 -- Little Metig Lake  
 Tuesday, August 7 -- Pashkokogan Lake  
 Wednesday, August 8 -- Hamilton Lake  
 Thursday, August 9 -- Train  
 Friday, August 10 -- Temagami  
 Saturday, August 11 -- KKK

Thursday, July 26 -- The staff was up with the sun and the propane made breakfast fast. But then things slowed down. Skip filled the fort and can dump. Somehow the clothes scattered around the tent got claimed -- many getting put into the last box to be sent back by freight. The tent got cleared and the loads portaged down to the water and then the fly and tent came down. The staff made the mistake of sending back all the tools that should have been retained to take off the propane regulators, but Paul reluctantly came to the rescue and unrolled to provide his needle-nosed pliers which got one set of fittings undone. The tent and fly -- in reverse order -- came off and got folded with minor belongings getting cached for another year. The five paddling canoes took off and the red canoe took 77 in tow for the run to Allan Water Bridge. David G and the staff would have been well on the road to putting everything up except that they got engaged in conversation over canoe routes. Mrs. Carmody commented we had people ODing on chocolate as the boxes, motor, etc got set to be shipped off. Finally we paddled east through burned land for lunch on the last possible rock before a creek and pond. Loads of blueberries in the burn -- with a half small pot collected for night. Then we started rock dodging -- Skip found the channel after the staff ran aground innumerable times. The next creek was barely paddleable through grass and then the staff took us on a side trip and was rescued by the guide's map reading. A little of the last creek could be paddled to a rock garden after breaking a small beaver dam, and a portage through the burn which was fine until just after the trail split and then the windfalls appeared. The staff cleared the lower trail and eventually everything got through although Jeff had a terrible time with 17. The next narrows was supposed to be a portage, but we lifted the canoes through -- after a large beaver dam was breached. Camp was declared since Jeff and Cale discovered they had left an axe behind on the portage. Camp was up when they returned sana axe and plowed 36 into the rock at the site. A little fishing with no success and a poor sunset, and it was supposed to be the end of the day.

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# FLINDT RIVER --- PALISADE RIVER CIRCUIT

Thursday, July 26 -- Foam Lake  
 Friday, July 27 -- Foam Lake  
 Saturday, July 28 -- Flindt Lake  
 Sunday, July 29 -- Flindt River  
 Monday, July 30 -- Flindt River  
 Tuesday, July 31 -- Tew Lake  
 Wednesday, August 1 -- River Bay, Wabakimi Lake  
 Thursday, August 2 -- Kenoji Lake  
 Friday, August 3 -- Kenoji Lake  
 Saturday, August 4 -- 7' Falls, Palisade River  
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enough the guide and David G went for Allan Water and the phone. The rest of the Section cooked breakfast and tried to keep Jeff awake. The Beaver arrived around noon, and the staff and Jeff headed for Sioux Lookout. Meanwhile Arthur and Skip carried through their threat to make yeast doughnuts. The staff got back about 7:00 leaving the patient to sleep it off in the hospital. Cale and Sterling carried the dogs in 82 out to meet the arrival and were promptly tipped over as Dave G and Arthur picked up the staff. Having left 3 in Allan Water, the canoeing pairs were adjusted for a mojo. At 10:00 dinner was started with everyone pitching in. Apparently carrots won out over butter beans.

Saturday, July 28 -- The staff crawled out as the sun came up -- his watch said 7:30 (but it was really 5:30 Central Time). The fire was quick and breakfast too with Terry finally getting out of bed. On the way to the portage the staff invented an intricate way to get the loads across the portages -- which involved tumping two tents. The canoes with their loads seemed to ride OK -- much to the staff's surprise. The first portage was a highway with an aluminum boat cached at the Foam end. Then we had to let the canoes down by hand in a little run just too shallow to clear with us in. The next section of creek had to be carried on another 200-yarder. As we paddled off from it the first cloud of the day appeared in the sky. A short rock area had to be carried without flipping the canoes, then a mild rapid, and the 4' drop was carried by taking the canoes over loaded. But then the 600-yarder for the day with lunch at the end -- and a few false steps particularly on the rock areas. By now the wind had risen from the west and did not help much on the stretches north, but was fine when we moved east. The 200-yarder at the rapids to Flet was terrible, but the guide did some helpful trail clearing -- more lost people particularly at the start. Tinker yelped loudly at the start -- no one knew why, but she certainly was not hurt. Wendy got upset at the slowness of 77 and swam out into the lake where Skip kept her on a rock until 77 got up with the rest. Then a narrow stretch of fast water with a steeper pitch at the foot and 77 picked the wrong channel at the foot and went up on the rocks while the rest ran past. No damage except to pride. We drifted with the wind for awhile as Terry fell asleep in the bow of 77. At a narrows we met a couple staying at the outpost camp on Flindt who asked only if we were lost. Their cabin was right on the '63 site -- which the staff used before Arthur was born. Arthur's map may not be an asset. He informed us we had traveled only five miles as the crow flies! We were tired enough to camp -- although a little early. There were good sites near the outpost, but we moved up for privacy. A reasonable point showed up, so we took it. Arthur and Paul camped on the high rocks to the south, but the others went west. The tall trees cut off the sun, but it was still warm. David G split most of the wood -- which was hard to come-by. Skip did our cherry pie while Paul made creamed chicken. The pie took awhile so dinner was later than should have been the case. The staff tent went down near the fire where the guide staked his claim with his red bandana. Terry caught a few more winks on the packs while other preparations went on -- and he got excused from dishes and pots now with an odd number. Arthur and Paul

found a bat over in their private area and then Arthur slid into his bath trying to tell Wendy to stay out of the water. Cale made a gingerbread that took ages to bake, but finally came out of the pan with the guide's help. Sterling and Paul promised walleye, but came up empty-handed -- and the tents filled as darkness came.

Sunday, July 29 -- The clouds that had been to the north of us were still there in the warm morning for breakfast. We got off before 9:30 (staff time -- 7:30 by the local clocks). The paddle up Flindt was uneventful. We stopped to check the portage out of Wilkie -- a good one. Arthur was supposed to navigate as the mojo, but he was asleep more often than not. At the top of the lake it took awhile for the staff and Paul to find the portage -- a well-walked trail with two aluminum boats at the far end. Paul started what was to be a day of stepping in the water. Meanwhile the waiters led by Cale caught crayfish. Over the portage the weather cleared and was hot and sunny -- with a west or northwest wind. Hans played guide most of the day as we paddled north. When a little riff had to be portaged, we stayed for lunch and a swim in the rapids. The crayfish got boiled -- and eaten in addition to the starch and Cale's gingerbread. Finding the portage below took awhile, but once located the trail was fine. A small let-down had to be done right before. All but Hans got on the right trail at the start. Instead of 200 yards to do just this rapid or 600 to do it all, this one did 400 to a half-way pond. A few swam after the carry it was so humid. Then a short one to finish it off. We paddled and drifted north. At the split we opted for the right branch and immediately ran out of campsite country. A small trapper's cabin demanded a moment or two of inspection. It was camping time as we pulled up at the rapids and guide and staff scouted for a trail, finding only a poor one around one little chute. So we camped at the head of it -- an excellent kitchen, but tentsites on bare rock. David G made the bannock and Dave O fried the ham -- Skip's choice for dinner. Terry drew the wood -- a good supply. Tents went up with lots of calls back and forth for help -- mainly Hans, Dave O, and Sterling. Rain threatened and the fly ridge went up, but we got dinner served and eaten -- the dish molly had been left in the morning making that job harder -- Cale eventually contributed his washcloth -- Mike -- to fill the void. The staff went down and cut or really recut a short portage around the last rapid assisted by Tinker, and then found a moose horn that was badly eaten by rodents. We must have selected the wrong branch; we had lost the Indian. Skip, Cale, and David G went bathing in the rapids. But the tents filled fast. Thunder and lightning played around, but as of 12:00 we had gotten no real rain -- and a quarter-moon was seen for awhile. 74° in the tent.

Monday, July 30 -- The rain came during the night in the form of thunder showers in the early part. No one seemed to remember what happened later. There was noway to move at 7:30 with the rocks still soaked from the rain. So the staff stayed in bed. At 9:30 he was shamed into getting up -- the site was still wet so we cooked breakfast slowly. But David G, Cale, and Skip got up to take a swim and pretty soon everyone was up. The sky started moving from the north and we judged

the rocks dry enough to walk and knocked the camp down. One canoe loading, but we got across the rocks without mishap and started up the wide stretch just as a Scotch mist began. The staff pulled into the lee of a point to get out rain gear just as a helicopter buzzed us, landed 100 yards away, and took off again and headed up the river. We paddled on with visibility getting worse and the staff looking for a place to stop. We found it at the head of the rapids, and thinking we had the Indian again, unloaded, and set up a kitchen and the fly. The mist kept on and the staff went to walk the portage discovering trees cut as no Indian would have cleared a trail. A survey trail or something similar unfortunately. Lunch was started along with a pot of soup, and we called it a day and pitched tents. At least the site was a good one. The staff and Sterling went paddling off to look for the Indian with no success while the bathers tried the water. Terry and David G went fishing, but it turned into a snail hunt. The staff kept searching for the Indian with no luck. Arthur baked a perfect coffee cake for dinner while Dave O did the scollops. At various times people cut and split wood a good bit of which Terry found. Paul did the traveling as the temperature dropped for dinner. Afterwards a trail crew finished the extension the staff had plotted so we would not have to walk so many rocks. A quick euchre game made Arthur homeless for awhile, but it ended early in favor of bed. 64° in the tent.

Tuesday, July 31 -- The weather come 7:30 looked no better than yesterday. The river was covered with a wet, heavy mist and so was the campsite. No way to move. Finally just before 9:30 it began to lift and the staff got up to cook breakfast. The sun burned through and things dried a little. For some reason tents came down before people ate breakfast, but we got off on the portage in good time. Hans almost getting his canoe through before dropping it. But the others made it OK. The sun was well-up when we reached the next one which started on another rock shelf. All six axes appeared and some trail clearing and re-routing was done to avoid some of the rock garden through which the survey trail went. Too much cutting actually for no one would lay down the axes and so the canoes all bunched up at the end. Terry reported finding a fresh grapefruit that had not rotted yet -- indicating someone had been along recently. It turned out to be a yellow toadstool! Then an unexpected rocky rapid which was carried over boulders on a dried up creek bed. But the next trail got better -- only a few trees to cut to get the canoes through and lunch at the end in a not-so-hot area. We should have waited until the next one which had a good jackpine stand at the start. We followed a false trail for awhile before finding one that more-or-less followed the river. Tinker flushed a weasel at the end and then had something trapped under a rock along the trail. The dogs found the trail on the next one, but the staff didn't believe them because it started wet, but they were right. It should have been over, but 77 had to go up a seventh time to get by the closest thing to a falls the river has had -- but at least it was short. At the end the first people with all their loads over spotted a bald eagle. We paddled half way up the bay of Tew, thinking possibly of using a sand beach, but two rock points appeared which looked better. The staff looked at one



and the guide at the other and we put the kitchen on the guide's rock though two tents eventually went on the other site -- after some discussion of not putting up tents at all -- Dave G - Terry and Skip - Cale. Arthur made the cornbread while Dave O did the chili and then did the traveler with blueberries which Sterling picked. The guide drew most of the wood -- and split a good bit of it with an assist from Hans who had finished the day by letting 36 drift off to the east while unloading. While dinner was cooking Paul went for a swim and spotted the bald eagle again -- or another one. Then the swimmers became clam diggers. 292 of them! Some got boiled and eaten with melted butter and a ketchup - Tabasco dip which Arthur made. Sterling and the guide tried fishing, but only found an outpost camp around the bend -- but no activity. The tents on the neighboring rock eventually got put up as quiet descended. 56° in the tent this morning, but 65° now.

Wednesday, August 1 -- Being on the east side of the bay made it difficult to realize the sun was up, but the day turned warm and clear. The second sleeping area across the way woke with no trouble -- though Terry took a long time to appear. 77 started off before 9:30 but paddled a good way before being joined by the others. The eastern sun made finding the first portage difficult --but not impossible. Not so well-walked as the last ones of yesterday even! Another bald eagle flew low over us as we came up on the carry. To a beaver pond where the guide found the way out. Then a final chute over rocks where the unloading was a one-canoe affair. Once onto Wabakimi the west wind looked right for a sail so we pulled in and cut poles. The sail pulled nicely although Cale had to relieve Hans holding the mast. A couple interesting near-misses with rocks, but we pulled into a harbor at a small rock island for starch and a swim -- and shortened the masts. From there to a large island in the middle the waves got rough, but once in the island's lee the sea grew calmer. We went on with fewer problems, except for lost articles. Dave G's socks went overboard followed by the staff drinking can which Terry used for bailing. Then late in the day Hans dropped Paul's cup overboard. 95 had a few water problems in the rough sea, but trading Terry with Dave O partially cured the weight problem. The wind started to shift as we neared River Bay and we made it by the island at the mouth with little to spare. Next thing we knew Cale was doing head stands on the bow seat of 82. The sail up the bay was calmer, but we were blocked by some rocky shallows and let it all down to opt for a rock campsite before the end of the bay. The poles got carried ashore with 82 and 77 left with them. Hans put together the curried chicken while David G made a blueberry bannock with the ones Sterling gathered at lunch which the staff iced in honor of Skip's birthday. Butter beans also to give the staff a new drinking can. Dry wood was hard to come by so for the first time the guide tossed his canoe in the water and went off with Terry to find a chicot. A few swims -- no one wanted to play euchre. A few damp bags from the water in the canoes, and Sterling had let his roll into the lake! The sun had taken its toll and bed came early.

Thursday, August 2 -- It had looked decent when we went to bed, but we got several rain showers during the night,

and the sky didn't look all that great in the morning so the staff slept in until 8:15. By then the sky started to move looking alternately better and worse. A majority were up and rolled before the cereal was made -- with Terry bringing up the rear. 77 was off for the portage at 9:50, and after running a little swift the canoes came down one at a time. It looked like the trail started up a hill, but that path led to a campsite. The actual trail was wet mostly from the rain of last night and while approached with fear and trepidation, it really wasn't all that bad. Even the landing was better than the staff expected from his old notes. Out on the river we did some rock dodging below and ran a little swift to the head of the next major drop. An island in the middle, but we could figure no run in our low water on either side. The portage, if one, should have been on the right, but we found nothing. Finally the guide discovered a good trail on the left that started above the swift we had run and paralleled the whole section -- with several obvious places where people like us had cut into it. We cleared one of them and carried to the foot. At which point we had the option of lunch on a rock point on the island or going on. No one spoke up for lunch, so we kept on, being forced to line the next pitch -- a short one, but followed almost immediately by another pitch we could not take. The search was quick this time and the portage was right ahead, though we had to line a few yards into it. The guide went ahead to start lunch at the far end. The site was terrible, but he made do. The trail was worse with huge windfalls too high to step over and too low to walk under. Someone had done some clearing, but not of the big stuff, and we didn't help much. But now a thunder storm threatened. One had threatened earlier at the end of the long one, but blew by. This one seemed serious enough to get the fly ridge ready and cover the loads with the canoes. But only a few drops fell. We ran out the final little swift and rapid and got to paddle a little dead water to the last one. Finally we got to run -- not an easy one, but everyone came through well even with Arthur and Dave G laughing all the way through distracting the staff up ahead. A final flat one had to be looked over and taken and at last we were on Kenoji. But the western sky looked terrible and the shore did not look too campsite-like to the west while a likely looking rock island beckoned just to the east. It was too early to camp, but we took it. Lots of tentsites and well-used, but someone had left us a supply of poplar -- otherwise a wood outing was in order. Mostly alder for tent poles, though some good birch got cut. Skip paddled over to the large island to the east for some anyway. The island was covered with blueberries, so Dave G enlisted pickers and undertook to bake a blueberry pie. As some rain started the fly went up, but it never came down hard nor in great quantity. The staff ended up cooking the rest of the dinner along with a pot of coffee that did not last long. Skip figured out how to make a gingerbread work -- as he said by doing all the things he had been told not to do. There promised to be a good sunset, but gradually the wind swung from the west to the north and even darker clouds came in along with higher winds and some rolls of thunder, though as of 12:20, nothing serious had happened. 66° in the tent though.

Friday, August 3 -- The weather did not come close to cooperating. The wind swung to the northeast or east with light, but very definite rain during the night. The wind was strong enough to pull 36 and 77 over on their sides from pressure on the fly corner tied to them. The staff went back to bed immediately at rising hour after righting the canoes. Finally Cale and Skip could stay in bed no longer and forced the staff and guide to get up. The fire was less than willing with a lot of lighter fluid to get it going. Dave O mixed up the pancake batter while the guide and Hans went across to the larger island for dry wood. The mist blew in under the fly as breakfast was cooked and two pots of coffee went quickly. When the meal was over we bundled the kitchen up and moved it across the island to a much more sheltered spot to the point where occasional trips had to be made back out in the open to realize how bad it still was in the outside world. The guide and Terry drew another stick of dry wood. The staff put on pea soup which went for lunch along with Skip's gingerbread at a late hour. By now the weather was sufficiently clear for fishing. Sterling and Paul brought back a couple walleye and the guide and Terry brought in four. Meanwhile Cale tried to teach Skip to flip a canoe. An aircraft made three trips overhead going to the Kenoji outpost in all probability. Blueberries had gone into most of the morning pancakes, but the urge wore off in the afternoon except for the blueberry eating dogs. Cale and Skip were brave enough for a swim in the afternoon. As dinner cooked -- the staff made a final pineapple upside-down cake while Skip did the dried beef. (The managed to get too much beef base or something into it.) Dave O made a date cake traveler and the guide fried up the walleye to add to the meal. A good number were stuffed! Then Cale and Terry got into a canoe flipping contest. Some report that Cale went out at 27, but the contest continued -- flipping first the good side and then the bad side. -- The temperature was down below 60° in the morning and not much higher at bed time. The contest was declared a draw at 35.

Saturday, August 4 -- A blazing, red sunrise, but then it disappeared for the rest of the day. By now the staff watch reads 7:50 at sunrise. Even at this rate 77 was off down Kenoji at 9:20 -- an hour and a half after the staff got up! The morning was chilly as Sterling read peacefully as the mojo and complained of cold. After we turned north we ran into three outboards from the outpost camp and watched one land a reasonable walleye. The staff led us on the wrong side of a large island -- no water -- and we had to backtrack to find the first pull-up and the old Section A site. One narrows later a second short lining job followed by our most spectacular section of cliffs for the day, but unfortunately no sun to make the pictures good. A couple paddling swifts followed with Hans trying to ram his canoe up through Paul's on one. Then our first short portage -- Terry carrying Hans' canoe today. We then tried to find the trail at the next rapid, but backtracked to a bay for lunch at the start of the carry. Above the sun warmed things up for awhile -- it never really came out, however. 77 managed to go high and dry on a rock -- a trick Skip claimed to have learned a year ago. We passed the '65 site and went on to the next rapid where 32 found a



a trail other than the one selected by the dogs. But everyone got to the same place. A turn south produced a paddle through an area like Graymud Lake, but apparently few had taken that route to Makobe. The carry at the 14 foot falls had a large birch windfall in spite of what looked to be relatively recent clearing work with a saw and the staff got it out for the benefit of the last carriers. As a result we piled together at the next swift that should have been a pull-up, but the water was too shallow at the top. So we portaged through the cedar on a faint trail. Just above a beaver dam with 77 needing several attempts before riding over. Then the rain started lightly, but we pulled ashore and Skip put on rain gear and that pretty well stoped it. We paddled by the '63 site and slowly on to the 7' falls where Skip decided there were loads of tentsites so we should stay. By now the rain had definitely quit. The canoes went through for the night and the kitchen got set in the trail. Arthur selected the menu and Dave O fried his ham -- butter beans and mashed potatoes. Skip made the birthday bannock which the staff iced, and then Skip turned to make butterscotch pudding, and Cale did the traveler. A little fishing -- Terry caught a pike and Paul a walleye. A couple daring leaps to the far side of the cascade to try there. Sterling stopped reading long enough to split the wood. The guide produced Arthur's birthday present of an Allanwater Bridge T shirt -- Arthur claimed it would be just the thing for gym class, but Skip seemed just as pleased with the guide's old shirt he had gotten on his birthday. Cale and Arthur tried bathing and a few other hearty souls joined later. The pudding failed to pud and got boiled again but was declared a failure. The dishes got done after the sun went down, but while still light. And last, but not least, maybe the elusive leak in 36 has been found.

Sunday, August 5 -- The staff rolled out to a clear sky and a little mist rising off the water. We got off at 9:45 -- an hour and 3/4 after dawn. Not a cloud in the sky as we soon had to pull up a little swift hampered by overhanging cedar. A short walk followed to get us to Burntrock with several canoes rushing to get across. Then the wind started in from the northwest or west as we paddled Burntrock taking little note of the "burnt rock." The pull up to the first little cut was not very exciting. Paul tried fishing for our rumored trout, but the water was very low and all he got was one small pike. The canoes had to be manhandled up and over the rock since the loading area was down off a very steep rock drop. Ahead another carry of a hundred yards and again Paul tried to rouse something with no success --practically no water coming down the creek. Finally we lunched at the beginning of the portage around a falls that was never seen on the way to Muskigia. The blueberries were irresistible on the trail coming back. The temperature remained low and the wind still blew as we eventually found the '63 site on an island in the middle of the lake. The rocks for the irons were still in place -- our's are about 4" longer. Also an old Domestic can could be identified easily. Maybe an old tent pole or two, but none useable. The tents went up in the early afternoon and dry wood came easily with David G and Terry sawing it while Dave O split most of it. Skip boiled

his socks and a little washing got done and about half the section got bathed. The guide did a cornbread and Dave O did the scolloped. Pudding was threatened, but no one volunteered. 640 in the tent as the sun went down after the wind dropped.

Monday, August 6 -- 50° in the tent at dawn, but it actually did not feel that cold. The sun now comes up at 7:50 - 8:00 on the staff watch! We got off with 77 hitting the water at 9:10 after realizing that we had lost the long-handled cereal spoon yesterday -- along with the soap can -- probably at lunch (the soap can for sure). But the sky soon turned mackerel and started to cloud over even before we hit the first portage. It took out in a swamp -- loads carried to an inland rock first. The walking proved poor most of the way -- our longest since the Hilltop one -- without the windfalls this time, but the muskeg was worse. Arthur made it through with 82 sounding as if each step would be his last. Terry and Cale rested and as the rest were out on the moose pond, Terry could be heard pounding on the bottom of 36, shouting, "I hate you; I hate you." The pond to Timon was no drier, but at least shorter. The walking improved going from Timon to Davies. Then the wind started up as we headed for the Davies - Metig one that proved to be the best walker of the day. '63 had camped about 75 yards in from the start of it and the fire rocks were still there though not ready to receive the irons this time. We lunched at the upper end right at the landing in a tiny area with the irons in grave danger -- but the starch got cooked -- all four pounds of it. Hans had suffered most as the mojo in the Cale - Skip water fight and now at the end had a near disaster trying to get his pack into 95 over a dead cedar. Some people complained of being stuffed as we pulled out. The wind continued in gusts, but we were reasonably sheltered. At the north turn in Metig we pulled ashore to inspect an Indian cabin and after pawing through the junk David G came off with a moose rack, Skip had a toy sea plane, and Cale and Hans each had a broken snowshoe. Then an adventure in grass as the guide finally found the channel to the portage. A final one for the day -- Arthur got all the way over on this one too -- but again as though each step would be his last. The flipping contestants had both flunked on the true test -- needing help to get their canoes up after the first one. We camped on Little Metig in a very dirty site -- it had been fine in '65. Dave G and the staff got some poplar. Arthur made our last cornbread and Skip did our last curried chicken as dinner got under way slowly. Sterling and Terry disappeared for naps before dinner. Hans appeared to make his first bannock of the season -- almond (but also salt) -- for the traveler. The dishes barely got done before the rain started -- Skip tried his best by putting on his rain suit. Not hard, nor continuous, rain came and went as did thunder claps in the distance. Buds' date, raisin, nut cake or bread went as a treat with several pack rats storing it for tomorrow. And the euchre game got going as the tents filled during the rainy season.

Tuesday, August 7 -- The staff made the mistake of assuming we needed time to dry out and stayed in bed a few extra minutes. Not only was everything as dry as it was going to get, but the wind was gusting already. Two tents were down

before the Cream of Wheat even got to the pot, but the staff watch still said 9:50 when 77 got on the water -- mostly due to a slow fire on damp poplar. The portage to Greenbush far exceeded any previous billing. McCoubrie had called it "Wretch." The title was mild. It hasn't improved since '65 one iota. Most of the rails and ties are out, but the muskeg hasn't gotten any drier and at halfway the trail got lost because of windfalls. Somehow everyone got across. Then current in the river, no water in Greenbush, and the wind! We played games with it hiding behind points and islands and made slow progress to a large island for an early lunch with four pounds of spaghetti. While we cleaned up the wind seemed to drop, and some dark clouds came over, but only maybe a drop of rain. Skip claimed to have solved that with his rain suit. We no sooner pulled out than the wind started gusting again. We made the first necessary crossing in a lull, but the second was poorly timed, though we made it. The harder the wind blew, the more everyone wanted to look at the map as see where we were and where we were going -- for one of the few times anywhere near that interest has been generated. At lunch the staff even went through the time schedule all the way to camp -- but a lot of people did not listen judging from the questions the rest of the day. We made reasonable time around the smooth curve at the south of Greenbush and even thought the wind was dropping and so made a windy crossing to an island just before the north-south narrows. We found the portage with the western sun right in our eyes and carried over to stop 70 yards from the end for dinner -- the bannock to be saved for when we made camp. Some Indians in outboards came up to the landing and Sterling interpreted that they wanted to portage through and so caused a rush to clear the landing and trail for them. The staff did the bannock while Arthur opened the ham and Sterling finally found the canned tomatoes. We started off again in a lessened wind, but it was still there. The sun sank lower as we hit the portage -- and immediately hit a bee's nest -- Hans got a couple stings and Skip took one. So a different landing was used. The staff had decided to camp on it, but had the trail confused with another, and there was no way. We put the canoes in on windblown rocks and 77 went looking for McCoubrie's campsite, and we eventually ended up on a rock area with a small tent area behind which would have to do. Thanks to a full moon there was some light for setting up tents. The bannock and the peaches we had been carrying in the lunch wannigan all summer went. David G insisted on a date cake for a traveler and got it all made -- to be baked in the morning -- with the help of Cale's flashlight. The staff watch said 1:15 while the wind still was in evidence and the thermometer read 70°.

Wednesday, August 8 -- The staff was up ten minutes before the sun with the wind already making sounds of rising again. Red Cream of Vita for breakfast, but no one seemed to notice. There was a chill in the air as we pulled off -- not as early as might have been hoped with the fact that we were up early. The baking of the date cake had delayed nothing. The wind was there, but caused only ripples -- the foam was left from yesterday! The paddle went smoothly and



by the time the sun was up much at all we had covered about the distance of yesterday. Herons seemed to inhabit most of the Pashkokogan River and entertained before and after the portage. The real picture was Arthur paddling along shirtless with Hans in the stern in a down vest. We paddled down to the public campsite which turned out to be too public with poor tentsites and swimming, and so the staff changed clothes and collared the dogs -- as Dave O cautioned, "You've got the canoe tump in the collar too!" The staff took off to hitch hike to town while the section paddled back to set up on a point previously looked at on the way in. Some clothes got washed (but not many people) while the afternoon wore on. Terry got to fry the burgers in the staff's absence and Skip made pudding that worked this time -- as a bannock topping. Just right between Arthur's burned effort and Skip's prior soup. The staff got back just as dinner was being eaten and Skip and Cale paddled over to pick up the assorted boxes brought back in the car -- plus the mail. Arthur may have taken the mail title, but Hans was in the running for sure. A letter from Major indicated Jeff was home and OK. The jackets got packed, the tumps came off the canoes, and the wannigans got adjusted for train vs trailer travel. A few last baths -- a wannigan loaded with wood -- and a euchre game over an otherwise quiet campsite.

Thursday, August 9 -- The rain started in about 45 minutes before we should have gotten up. The staff kept reciting, "rain before seven, clear before eleven," but the guide knew better and shamed the staff into getting up only an hour late by volunteering to cut fly poles -- only a ridge was needed. Our final cereal mixture went for breakfast and almost our last bacon. 77 pulled off in a light drizzle to start the loading process and Skip and Dave O followed soon afterwards. Then a long wait as Sterling and Paul did not know where to go -- and did not bother asking -- and started for the public campground. Terry arrived with the mojo canoe and 32 pulled up with three poles for the fly for those to be left behind. The trailer baggage and canoes got loaded and the first crew pulled out leaving Terry, Sterling, Hans, Dave O, and Paul to try to make some shelter out of the mess they had for a fly pitched in a depression. The trip to town was punctuated with rain. The baggage got thrown in the station and the trailer dropped at Durham's shed. The car went back for the second load and the guide got our propane refund, packed the canoes away, and moved the trailer to the station and had the red canoe and 3 loaded when the second gang arrived. The staff got the last of the gear from the airbase and the trailer load got tied down and the car group set off. The guide produced a picnic lunch to eat in the station -- though the hotel got good business! The train pulled out close to schedule. Meanwhile the car stopped at Natural Resources in Ignace, but got nothing accomplished and headed for Long Lac for the night.

Friday, August 10 -- The train rolled on. The car crew was up at 7:00 (real time; not staff), and headed east under slightly better skies. The train pulled into Capreol early, the bus was waiting, and after coming through rain around

North Bay got to Boat line about 3:30 and off to set up camp at LaFay's Point. Cale apparently suffered from too much coffee as Arthur definitely did in the car. The car group pulled in about 6:00 and was just about loaded when Section A arrived having been held up at Winisk by Austin Airways. The cars and other trailer had brought them in from Timmins. The train group had set up camp and cooked dinner --the second bannock was already done and Sterling had one in progress while Dave O's was in the mixing bowl (to be baked by star light at best). But the tents filled early -- Hans had already caught 40 or more winks. The pots got drawn for tomorrow and the canoe pairs got set up -- the three we had to bring in were Guides Specials and in good shape! A few drops of rain fell, but the clouds passed over as the wind continued to rise at midnight (staff time) -- only an hour and twenty minutes fast with respect to Temagami time!

Saturday, August 11 -- The staff was up with the sun as usual, slightly concerned about the wind. Some of the two bannocks designated for breakfast were consumed, but Skip carted off a well-filled plastic bag of munchies. It took awhile to pack the red canoe --Dan Carpenter was supposed to have taken some of our outpost equipment up to Devil's Island last evening, but somehow had misunderstood the arrangement and dumped it all at the campsite. The wind cooperated and the paddlers angled north of Long Island to arrive behind Seal Rock just after Arthur and the staff had moored the red canoe to its normal cedar. We waited for a section to go by, but could not wait-out Section C and headed her in for the final paddle. The jewelry and campfire remained -- and thanks to Buds for producing birthday cakes for Skip and Arthur -- just a bit fancier than the ones they had on the trail. It all went by so quickly!

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