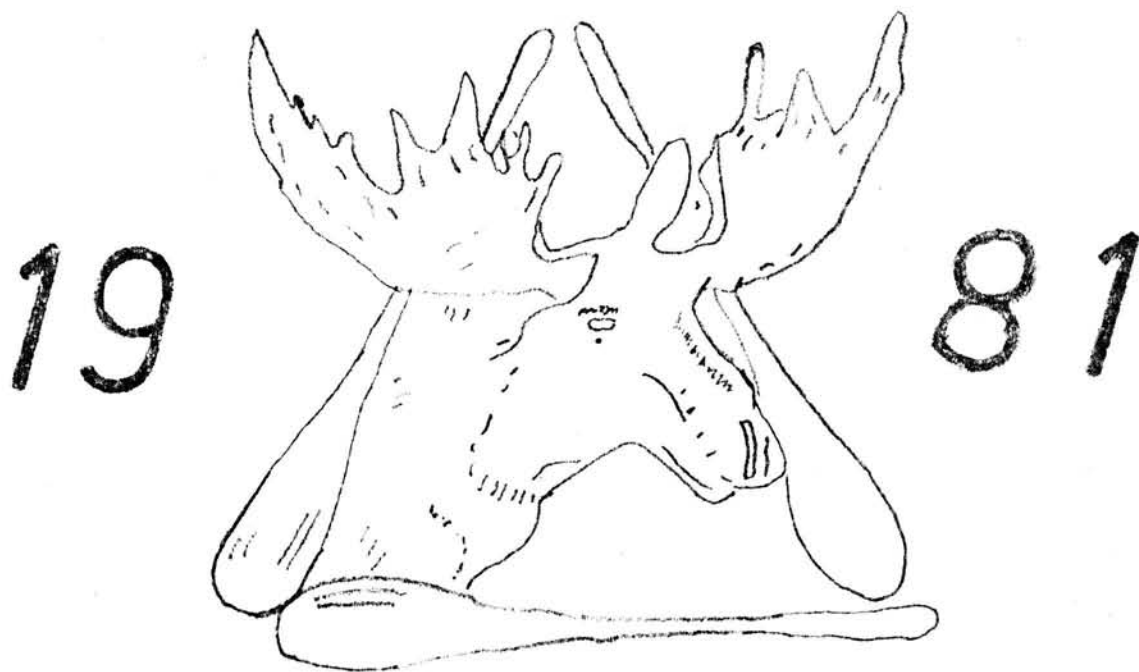


# KEEWA Y DIN

## SECTION E



## KAWA WEOGAMA BASE

22 -- 36 -- 65 -- 77 -- 95 -- 119

Dave Chapin

Bill Davis

Rob Douglas

Lee Edwards

Richard Evans

Chuck Gregg

John Lower

Hal Pratt

Bill Seeley

Brett Smith

Heb Evans, Staff

Pete Nichol, Guide

Wendy -- Tinker -- Cheemaun

July 1 -- August 12, 1981

Flindt River

Allanwater - Palisade Rivers  
Flindt Lake to Base

## ADVANCE PARTY

Thursday, June 18 -- Twenty-four hours behind schedule the advance party finally left Devil's Island with Marshal piloting the Gilgenast boat. Marshal and the guide headed for Temagami to get the staff car from the garage while the rest loaded the trailer and then cooled their heels at Boat Line Bay waiting. Finally Joe released the car and we pulled out of Boat Line about 3:30 to make a late lunch stop in town while the trailer lights got fixed and some hardware got picked up. Soon after leaving the rain started, and then one of the new shocks gave out. A stop in a drizzle in New Liskeard to shop for groceries and Henry's boots. Just before Cochrane the oil light went on, but a mechanic assured us it was a faulty switch, and we went on to spend the night in Hearst without trying out their heated pool at the motel -- about 120 miles behind schedule.

Friday, June 19 -- The crew got dropped off at the Husky restaurant for breakfast while the staff went looking for a garage to repair the shocks and oil switch, and we finally headed for Long Lac and lunch -- now about 5 hours behind. At Nipigon we checked on the possibility of getting a land permit on Tamarack Lake -- the possibility was still open. A stop in Thunder Bay for more groceries and then a brief stop at Kakabeka Falls and dinner down the road. Soon afterwards the transmission ran out of fluid, but as fate would have it a very friendly Canadian mechanic stopped and took the staff down the road 10 or 15 miles to get fluid and came back and put it in -- and everything worked fine so that we got to Ignace before midnight.

Saturday, June 20 -- Rain at night, and showers through the morning. After breakfast we discovered the Ministry was not open, made the necessary phone calls and got maps for Dave and Henry at Ignace Airways and headed up the road for Savant Lake running into heavy showers at times which slowed us down. In the process we went right by Bob Dunham's new place and into the air base where they said they could fly us out later -- between showers. We got a run around in town about how to put the canoes on the way freight, but finally at 3:00 it was resolved by getting an Indian named Albert to do so after a trip back down the road to get the keys to Bob Dunham's shed. The canoes got down to the station between showers and 77 got loaded on the trailer which then went to the airlines. They couldn't take us until after six -- their time. Back to town for our fresh groceries and final phone calls -- no success getting through to Allanwater Bridge. We went back to the airlines, pulled the trailer out on the dock, and unloaded. Not too much later the Beaver came in and we loaded up 77, Dave, the dogs, and staff and took one load in. The tents were going up when the Cessna appeared with the red canoe and more gear. But we couldn't get dinner started until it returned with Henry and Richard and the last of the gear so the propane could be hooked up. The meal got served by lantern light and we turned in.

Sunday, June 21 -- The staff finally got out of bed about 8:20 -- our time -- and put the coffee on. Richard appeared to start cooking bacon and the staff started finding where we could put the cabin as the others cooked bacon and

eggs and Henry did a form of Cream of Wheat. The old tent frame was down, so we went to work putting it back up, actually needing only three or four new spruce to do so. A lunch break after one and the staff headed for Allanwater Bridge to find the Indian. The rest went back to work on the tent frame after lunch. The staff ran into James Wynn before getting all the way to the lodge and sat discussing the cabin out on the water. Finally the staff headed back stopping to see the logs that had actually been cut this far. They were really there! Back at the site the tents were almost done when the Indian appeared and agreed to the location of the cabin on the lake. Dave finished off the tent frame as the Indians left and a bath and a little clothes washing was in order as the day turned quite fine after a small shower at breakfast time. The staff tried to sharpen his chain saw with very little success as Dave cooked a macaroni dinner. The gang washed dishes while the staff got about 2/3 of the necessary patches on 77.

Monday, June 22 -- The morning turned cool, and the staff watch stepped during the night so Dave was the first up to cook French toast for breakfast. The cabin site got cleared with a fire in the middle burning out the junk. It was pretty well done by lunch time. 77 got painted after the final patches were added. A little more clearing after lunch plus making a trail to the front door -- or what will be the front door of the cabin. By 3:30 or so it was time for a swim or a nap, but a few drops of rain came as the wind started to rise. About 6:00 our time -- James Wynn arrived with John and about 45 logs to be tied to the shore. We squared the building with his tape and he headed back to town. Henry did a chili without chili powder -- Tabasco sauce instead -- for dinner as the temperature dropped. We doused the fire with water and called it an evening after disturbing a nest of no-see-ums near the fire.

Tuesday, June 23 -- The staff was at least first up this morning. We got off at 9:30 -- our time -- and were waiting for the freight well before 10:30; of course it did not arrive until about 12:30 or 1:00. By that time we were into the sandwiches brought for lunch and of course the train arrived just as the staff finished making his. Cheemaun showed great interest in the lunch supplies. We unloaded the car pretty rapidly, took the canoes to the water, and after the train departed started hauling everything to the dock some 35 - 40 yards away. Two of the canoes made a catamaran and after close to a ton of lumber and shingles were loaded, we hauled her down the lake at less than full speed because of the lack of freeboard in the canoes. We pulled in about 4:00 as James was finishing up the day having pulled up a good number of his logs to the site. We were going to leave one person to unload, but it was all done by the time the gas tank was refilled, so we all went back. Everything got down from the tracks and half of what was left was loaded up. 25 - 30 minutes up to Allanwater and an hour plus back down so we pulled in about 8:00. Dave and Henry cooked dinner after we all had a swim and bath. Richard contributed freeze dry ice cream for dessert -- the real thing is better! The sun threatened to set beautifully, but disappointed us. Even though still light, it was well down as we crawled into the tents shortly before eleven.

Wednesday, June 24 -- The day did not look good from the start so we stayed put and did a lot more cleaning up with a large fire going almost all day getting rid of the junk wood and clearing out the area between the cabin and the water. The lumber got moved to an area in front of the cabin and covered as the rain started about 11:00 and fell softly until about seven. James along with John and Mike Jelinski came down and pulled the rest of the logs up on piles by the site. They left before lunch and the major rain. The fire continued after lunch while Henry baked a white cake topped with what was supposed to be a frosting from Bud's recipe, but it turned into more of a soupy chocolate topping. The skies remained overcast after dinner although the rain had pretty well stopped as the fire was soaked down for the night. Not much to do but crawl into the tents.

Thursday, June 25 -- An awful late start as the staff cooked up the bacon, but made the mistake of leaving the pan on the cold burner after mixing pancake batter and going to crush cans. When Henry and Dave arrived there were only 3-4 pieces of bacon left -- some dog had a good breakfast. After pancakes we towed a couple canoes back up, parked them at what will be our train campsite and went into Allanwater Bridge to see Barney and Jane. They weren't really much help so the staff tried some phone calls eventually sending a note back to the air base to try to get in propane and gas. Barney's gas at \$4 a gallon seemed a little steep, and he wasn't much help in how to get in a tank of propane. We went back and loaded up the last of the lumber and towed it down and stacked it away. Then the two canoes that were dry got patched and partially painted before it was past time for a swim and dinner. As a result we didn't make it to bed until 11:30 -- our time.

Friday, June 26 -- It all started beautifully. The staff did his coffee and went to clearing out the canoe landing and continued burning off the junk from there and up the trail to the big tent. Henry and Dave did some laundry in preparation for their departure and the sun finally got up high enough so the rest of the canoes got patched and painted in time for lunch. The fire got fed a little more -- James didn't show up to start building as he'd advertised. But then the weather started to turn gradually and just about dinner time a light rain shower hit. Henry did a form of au gratin potatoes which could have sold better. The staff watch had stopped again in the morning so we were operating on guess again. After three tries Richard got rolled -- Henry and Dave had their tent down before dinner. We finally loaded up as Henry slipped into the water to lake himself -- Richard had gone in willingly in the morning. The rain had quit, and the trip up the lake was fine. We parked the canoes and the belongings of the Bay trippers at the landing and went back to set up the tent -- getting driven into it by the bugs for awhile. Then back to the tracks to wait for an 11:20 -- 12:20 our time -- train. The bugs were in full force. An east-bound freight went by as we reached the landing, but from then on it was just wait. The staff watch stopped again at 12:17. Finally the Northern Lights appeared and eventually the train. Carp told us it was 1:50 -- Eastern time as he tossed



off the cargo for us. Henry and Dave said goodbye and off they went. Richard, the dogs, and the staff loaded up and headed back to the campsite -- guided by the lantern. Finally to bed at 2:45.

Saturday, June 27 -- At nine the staff crawled out of bed. We loaded the red canoe and headed home against a south wind, unable to travel at full speed. Once in, Richard had breakfast from the new supply of bacon and eggs while the staff coffee got made. The big tent which Carp had brought went up easily as did the fly. Then building materials, tools, and food belonging to the section went up under storage. The old kitchen fly got pitched to cover the generator near the cabin site and the staff sawed up some dead wood ready for the fire and then tried to locate another fort -- a little deeper this time, but still not good enough to be legal. But then the rain started, so nothing to do but lie in the tent. Finally about 8:00 the staff couldn't stand it and cooked dinner with showers on and off, but as the sun started down, the rain stopped, and the western sky looked better as the loons called.

Sunday, June 28 -- More rain during the night and a very overcast morning which made for a late start -- plus the watch stopped as usual during the night. The fire was started up again -- slowly with all the wet. Then the cabin markers got moved a few feet. Followed by a scouting expedition to try to find three feet of earth -- two was the best going -- two more can dumps. Then more fire feeding. Lunch intervened and then a heavy shower with hail -- a couple boatloads of fishermen stayed out on the lake during it. The staff readied the cooking tables in the tent for the section and by then it was past dinner time. A very light shower as the fire got put out and a very calm lake as the sun went down, having made a very brief couple appearances during the day.

Monday, June 29 -- The sun came up, but soon disappeared, and we got up to an overcast day. The staff finally got the fire started after cooking his breakfast and then left Richard to feed it as he went to test the ground behind the tent. He had just come down to get a tape measure when the rain started along with increasing north winds and thunder and lightning. A pot of soup and Richard retreated to the tent just before a large spruce where James had been pulling up his logs went. The staff and Tinker went to the big tent eventually to sort maps as the rain continued. Almost 2 inches in the dog bowls as the staff heated a pot of beans and then everyone lay down in the tent. Along about 5:30 or 6:00 the rain quit. The ground behind the tent proved to be three feet deep, but every hole dug so far filled up with water! The downed spruce got trimmed and the fire got started again to burn off the junk. Dinner was made as the fire burned on and then it was doused as the sun set.

Tuesday, June 30 -- A much better day! The sun came up like its supposed to and the bush even dried out although the water level in all the various holes remained up. The little brook in the cove to the south gurgled away making its presence known for the first time. After breakfast the generator was fired up and the saw put to work and four saw horses got made.

Then the cache work started. The one of two years ago was still in the same shape as before so it was left alone. A second one was then built on the neighboring island. A little larger and stronger this time. In the middle a trip back had to be made for a swim and to gas the saw. It got finished on the next run, and back for a swim and enough chili for dinner also using baked beans instead of kidney -- better than the last chili. Then the fire got started again and more brush burned. We had pretty well quit when a large Indian and his daughter stopped by to inspect -- on their way fishing -- and the staff got to reset his watch -- a half hour fast this guess. It seems James took off for Sioux Lookout on Thursday or Friday and hasn't been seen since -- not that a great deal of building would have been done in this weather anyway. The sky became overcast as the staff peeled our spruce of yesterday's storm. Then baths -- and some clothes washing by Richard -- and dinner. The fire out, we quit as the sun went down with a promise of a nice sunset that didn't materialize.

Wednesday, July 1 -- In anticipation of the arrival of the section, a pretty lazy morning under a bright sun. After lunch at a sensible hour everything but the big propane tank got moved to the big tent and a stand made for the stoves. The fly had come down and been patched in the morning. The occupants of the staff tent cleared out and it came down and got rolled. The rest of the afternoon was spent swimming and sunning on the rocks until a reasonably timed dinner and the canoe was loaded and 77, 95, and 82 taken in tow and we headed up to the campsite at Allanwater with a fair tail wind. The cargo from the towed canoes was unloaded and they went to the landing. Back to the site to cut poles for all the tents after the staff tent went up. Wood brought up from the base was split for breakfast and we settled down to wait -- of course the staff watch stopped so we weren't really sure of the time. At what we thought was 11:40 we headed over -- leaving the lantern burning. We were in place by about 12:00. The wind blew and the temperature dropped. The lights for east trains were red, and finally we thought we had a train going east -- a hand car! Eventually the lights changed and about 2:30 or 3:00 a west-bound work train went by. By this time emergency methods were needed, so we fired up some creosoted logs for a warming fire. By 4:30 the birds were waking and it was hopeless. We scattered the fire and headed back to crawl in bed just after 5 am.

Thursday, July 2 -- No one heard any train at all. The staff got up to look at 10:30 and went back to bed. The wind still blew out of the south. Back to bed until 1:00. Still blowing, but a good hot sun. Finally we headed home for lunch. The gas supplies got replenished between meals -- and more swimming and sunning. Cheemaun limped around on three legs with a sore left hind paw from last night. Back up the lake after dinner in less wind but under a not very attractive sky and we were back on station about 9:30. Back to the shack about 12:00 -- at least it wasn't blowing and cold this time, but nothing happened -- the red lights stayed on for trains from the east and so we called it quits about 1:45 and motored back to bed.

Friday, July 3 -- A few drizzles toward daybreak kept up until around 9:30. We motored into Allanwater Bridge to discover the problem was a 14-car derailment between us and Savant Lake. Apparently the work train we'd seen heading west on Wednesday was going to help. Where our section is no one seems to know. The staff tried Lakeland and Wabun -- Wabun reported the section had left Boat Line as planned. As a guess they are probably in either Armstrong or Long Lac or maybe on a siding somewhere. Back to the railroad landing to change the notes left last night for Pete. Leaving the tents up we went back home to have lunch and then spend the afternoon making the doors for the cabin. As the sun went down there was no sound of activity up at the railhead -- the greatest noise was the distant roll of thunder, having been sprinkled on a few times during the afternoon, but the major thunder storms missed us. Cheemaun's paw a little better, but she's still not a Springer.

Saturday, July 4 -- Along about 8:30 or 9:00 trains were moving. The night in the big tent had been a little buggy, but it worked. A quick breakfast and we headed north to the by-now familiar campsite to strike the tents and load the canoe with the other gear left there. Then nothing seemed to be happening, so we sat on the rocks to wait for trains.





FLINT RIVER TO ARMSTRONG

Scale: 1" to 4 Miles



## FLINT RIVER to ARMSTRONG

Saturday, July 4	-- Kawaweogama Base
Sunday, July 5	-- Kawaweogama Base
Monday, July 6	-- Foam Lake
Tuesday, July 7	-- Before Flet Lake
Wednesday, July 8	-- East of Sassenach Lake
Thursday, July 9	-- Flindt River
Friday, July 10	-- Tew Lake
Saturday, July 11	-- Wabakimi Lake
Sunday, July 12	-- Smoothrock Lake
Monday, July 13	-- Smoothrock Lake
Tuesday, July 14	-- Caribou River
Wednesday, July 15	-- Allanwater Island
Thursday, July 16	-- Kawaweogama Base

Saturday, July 4 -- Then a shout from the dock and we realized the section was already in! The first casualty of the trip -- Bill Seeley had cut his foot jumping in off the end of the dock. The guide bandaged it up while the staff engineered the flotilla to the base necessitated by the fact that the paddles had been left at Boat Line. With three canoes in tow we headed south with all the personal gear. The departure from Boat Line had been made on schedule -- except for the paddles that Pete had started following him as soon as he got to Capreol. But at Hornpayne the train stopped because of the derailment and was rerouted to Thunder Bay and Winnipeg where the section was put up at the Fort Garry Hotel and fed in the station restaurant before being sent back from west to east -- being about the first train through the scene of the derailment -- cars all over the place. The guide cooked up lunch while the staff went back with Chuck, John, and Lee to bring down the rest of the baggage plus the remaining four canoes. The tents went up in assorted locations and we laid our first plans after the freighters got a lunch also. Then one crew set up the cache for the 2nd trip and a second group set up that for the 3rd while the guide got dinner together. Some swimming and relaxing and then a game of spades in the tent which had apparently been the pastime for the last three days. As the sun sank the staff, Richard, and the dogs went back up to the tracks for the paddles. But again no train and back to the tent at 2:20 or so.

Sunday, July 5 -- Over to Allanwater Bridge to discover another derailment down near Ghost River -- supposedly bigger than the one before and nothing supposed to be moving on the line for five days. Barney volunteered a set of paddles. A couple calls reported the paddles left Capreol on last night's train, but it had been diverted at Hornepayne and the paddles were on their way to Winnipeg! No way to be sure, but a call was made to Winnipeg to have them dropped at Allanwater Bridge when the line reopens again. But of even greater news -- James Wynn had quit as our cabin builder and Danny Peters had taken over. Barney took us over to see him. He'd want to move down to do the building. Finally back to the site with breakfast done including Chuck's pike. The guide had the canoes being worked on as the paddle investigators returned. The canoes got finished and then lunch -- cooked around a card game. The guide and staff did up the wannigans getting it all into six wannigans and two babies. The burning fire was set off to get rid of our garbage. Just as

dinner got started Danny Peters and wife arrived to look over the job and the logs -- he allowed as how there weren't quite enough and he needed a few bigger ones for the sills. He seemed satisfied as he left. Lee had his walleye for dinner instead of the guide's hash. More swimming after dinner and a bunch of fishermen went out -- getting pike. The fire went out after the sun set -- not giving us the show it might have promised.

Monday, July 6 -- The staff was up at 6:00 -- our time -- with the sun well-up. The water might have boiled faster on the propane, but breakfast went easily and quickly for a first day. But we actually did not leave until 9:00. A few canoes played hanksey -- back and forth across the lake. Two breaks and we ran the rapid to the railroad bridge and then to the lodge. A surprisingly large number of purchases had to be made! The guide telephoned Winnipeg to find the paddles had been sent on to Sioux Lookout. Danny Peters came in as we were getting ready to go to get some chain oil from Barney and we shoved off to paddle a few miles up the northwest arm for lunch. The day had been hot and humid from the normal after a very warm night -- but the air was heavy and humid. We got up through the creeks and shallows to the portage with less trouble than two years ago and took the carry -- the upper trail would be fine except that it dies before the end -- and the lower trail we cleared in '79 is still better. Led by Chuck several of the canoes got loaded by walking out in the bog waist deep. The beaver dam had to be broken again in the next creek and then on to the '79 site to camp. Still reasonable although dry wood was hard to find. Dinner took quite awhile to get going as the staff baked to start with and Hal did the traveler while the guide did a lamb stroganoff. Chuck and Bill Davis did the potato peeling work. Bathing before dinner, but the staff had lost the sun to the west after dinner. Chuck tried fishing while Lee berated the guide for bringing too much junk. Then the train started running again -- and kept at it for quite awhile. The spade game over we gathered everyone back at the fire as bed time approached.

Tuesday, July 7 -- The staff slept in a little -- 6:20 -- but the sun was just up anyway. Some morning dips after people rolled as the day was already warm. We were across the carry to Barrington shortly after 9:00. The guide found a way to stay in the canoes at the next little swift instead of handing the canoes down. An owl entertained briefly on the way in. We looked at the next one, but portaged anyway, the looking proving to be a waste of time. Heafur gave us a few anxious moments with a cross wind during the initial section. Then the lift over the rocks at the top around the falls took an inordinately long time. The rapid below was advertised as a swift in low water of '79, but while the top was fine the foot was a little tricky. The guide would do more back paddling and ferrying to slow us down. John and Bill Davis ran 65 up of a rock cutting the corner too sharply. Bill hopped out right away and the canoe floated free -- probably a few more ribs and pieces of sheeting went, but 65's already pretty pliable. We had to unload to lift around the 4' drop below -- the rocks carried across in '79 were under water -- but it was lunch time anyway so the guide got the starch going while the canoes got across and reloaded to be tied adjacent to what turned out to be an excellent swimming hole which saw much use both before and after lunch. Below we looked at the top string

of rapids and elected to take the 600 yard portage again. A poplar tree at the start was eventually cut out. The southwest wind all day had made the heat bearable, but there was no relief on the trail. Lee -- as all day -- doing far more than his share of work. After it was over Hal went swimming off his canoe. The staff found a campsite if we needed it -- we weren't going to take the next portage. We went on discovering that the next portage trail was really on the left which we suspected from the condition of the one we used on the right in '79 -- almost having 77 go down the rapid in the process as the landing was missed. Then to the top of the stretch to discover a portage would be needed to the water before Wilkie and finally back to a site just west of the river exit. After yelling back and forth we took the western area the guide scouted instead of the staff's eastern one -- the issue being decided when Wendy ran around the shore to join the guide while Tinker swam over -- leaving Cheemaun to make the change in 77. The wood crew at least found dead wood this time, but of small diameter making the chopping hard. The guide elected gravy and meat balls to go with the carrots Brett sliced up. The staff again made the first bannock -- discovering Hal must have used a half-can of baking powder in the traveler last night -- while John did the traveler this time. Dinner a little quicker than last night -- with swimming after the tents got up -- and more after dinner. The dishes took awhile to do for some reason -- with the pot a little low on water as a result of that which had boiled off. Too windy to fish -- a couple short trials had been made at lunch. But the unreasonable temperature stayed up. 80° at 11:00, but down 5° in the last half hour.

Wednesday, July 8 -- Terrible sleeping weather though toward morning it was possible to use the sleeping bag -- 68° in the tent at rolling time. John was already up and dressed when the staff arrived at 6:10. Morning dips again after rolling. We made it off the site about 5 to eight and took the safe landing at the portage. The journey across took longer than it should because of a terrible loading area -- plus the fact that after Cheemaun ran back and forth across the portage she got mixed up and decided to stay at the top. A short paddle to the rapid down to Flet. 77 got caught on a rock on the way in, but 119 with Richard and the guide got caught also and partially swamped -- enough so they were out in the water and the canoe had to be dumped. The staff scouting took too long because of the drowned land beside the river, but we ran without difficulty. The final little fast water put us into Flet with lots of beaver work to entertain us to Flindt. The wind still blew, but not as strongly as yesterday and not enough of a tail wind to sail. Apparently the outpost camp on the '65 site point had burned down. Across the way was a lean-to frame with a sign "Resorts Ltd". Then up to the north of the '79 site was a new outpost camp tucked up in the end of the bay. Gulls screamed overhead as we caught up to a lone young gull out in the water, but by the time cameras were out it had paddled itself south of us. The paddling pace slowed and the staff was going to stop for lunch before the portage, but misguaged the terrain and ran out of stopping places. The water level was so different he failed to recognize the left side run at the next shallows and 77 and two others bumped down



the rocks before he remembered and called back to the others to take the good channel to the left. The start of the portage had not improved at all, but we got the guide and the kitchen across first to have lunch on the far side in the heat. Swimming off the canoes as we pulled out and a leisurely paddle up the lake with the wind now coming more out of the west. The staff had been convinced all day we were going to get a storm and so made camp opposite the entrance to Sassenach Lake -- would have been better had the site been on the western side. Wood was all drawn and some split before the weather made tent pitching wise. The storm hit with a high wind that threatened to lift 77 off the site, but the rain did not last long and by the time it was over the fly was up. The humidity stayed up so everyone got in for a bath. Rob decided to do laundry, and the rain came back briefly. Hal diced the turnips and John made the bannock while Rob helped the guide do up a chili. The turnips as usual took ages, but we weren't going anywhere. The second rain dropped the humidity so that it was comfortable for dinner -- which was a whole lot later than should have been the case -- but the evening seemed to have little in the way of entertainment as the sun came back out before setting though the wind did not really start to drop until after sunset.

Thursday, July 9 -- A much better sleeping night! And a slight nip to the air as the staff got out at 6:15. Chuck appeared to take a morning dip. The staff was off at 8:10 -- only 12 minutes later the others were off. The wind was lighter than yesterday as we paddled up to the rapid out. The guide had to cut a log hanging out across the foot, but we all ran successfully with jackets -- good skills -- and dumped the canoe afterwards. The swift before the portage was run easily. The 600-yarder turned into 500, but the loading area was so poor everything slowed down. Then the unloading area at the short one ahead took only one canoe at a time and the loading was even worse. Dave took Richard's canoe over this time. 119 eventually caught up just before the rest drifted to the junction. We took the left side this year and found an excellent fireplace on a point, but no other sign of travel. The wind helped not at all as a side wind up to the start of the narrows. On the sort of island point after the fireplace John spotted a moose. The staff got a glimpse of its back, but no one else believed the sighting. The wind made the first rapid tough to look over and then made the necessary lining difficult. Richard and Dave drifted into the rapid on the approach and had to abandon ship and walk to shore in 65 -- or out of 65. Then 65 escaped at the foot to drift free as either Richard or the staff failed to hold the line on the final part of the lining. The next one was an easily run pair of chutes. By now it was half past lunch so the staff pulled up at a sandy area and tried to burn the bush down with the starch fire. The next one started with some easily run narrows, but the foot had to be lined after the guide and staff cut out cedar branches. The top was tricky, the middle easy, and then the staff had to shove the canoes into the final chute and let them go free where John had trouble picking them up. The wind wasn't quite a tail wind in the wide stretch, but we sort of rode the waves at the end. A mushroom cloud appeared to the east -- some assumed a forest fire. The campsite had some new windfalls to go with those already there, but the fireplace was

almost as left in '79. It was supposed to be a half day, but it was now 5:30. The wood got made up slowly with Lee doing his part with an axe instead of the saw. Rob and Hal peeled and sliced the last of our potatoes for French fries while John did a gingerbread that rose quickly and baked even more quickly, while the guide made creamed chicken -- too thick. Lee made the traveler while Brett and others found a sort of bathing hole. 95 got a couple patches which she might not have needed. The sun disappeared behind the trees shortly after 9:00 as things got bedded down for the night. Some of the canoes went over the trail -- we'll have to use it all again even to walking out on the boulders again.

Friday, July 10 -- The sun was slow coming up because of the eastern trees, so the staff didn't make it out of bed until 6:25. A slightly cooler morning, but not much, and no one appeared for a dip. Hal and Brett already had their canoes over from last night, but the rest had to do the whole thing. The next one needed some recutting since we could no longer walk the rock ledges the '79 trip used. Lee got carried away with his axe work and tackled the foot-thick sit-down windfall. At the island we did what '79 should have done and cut a portage across a peninsula of about 50 yards to avoid carrying the rocks on the island. But then we hit a trail that needed no work! At the 5th one we also did what '79 probably should have done and cut a trail across the peninsula which may or may not really be shorter than the old trail. Meanwhile the guide made a lunch stew and after Lee, Bill Seeley, Dave, and the staff got back from cutting and blazing most everyone took a load across. Then most everyone collapsed for and during lunch. Finally across the staff took awhile to get us into the next landing and then the guide and staff trailed over the final 40-yarder. As soon as we got over it, the forest fire could be seen easily. We drifted after the last swift taking pictures of the clouds of smoke and some flames shooting up straight ahead of us -- presumably on Wabakimi Lake. It looked as though the fire was on both the north and south shores. What appeared to be water bombers seemed to be in action. We drifted down to the '79 campsite and occupied the eastern point with everyone this time -- John and Lee got most of the dry wood. Dave did a cornbread for dinner to go with the carrots Brett chopped up while Rob did up the ham. Hal did the traveler as our cocoa supply took a drastic drop. It was all done at a decent hour tonight. The flies bothered the bathers, but were endured -- with complaint. The guide sharpened axes -- too late for our portage work. Lee landed a pike off the campsite early, and then Richard took a walleye which the guide filleted -- our bacon grease supply really needs to be put to some use! The planes did not return after what must have been dinner time to work on the fire, but it at least smoldered on as the sun set.

Saturday, July 11 -- There was no way to go forward without having some idea of what had happened with the fire, and that could not be discovered until some visibility was obtained. The sun had to come up obviously, so the staff intentionally slept in until 7, but there was a mist down over the lake and the farthest that could be seen was barely to the island in Tew. For the first time really smoke could be smelled. Back to bed, but

Chuck and Richard were up to fish and the dogs wouldn't behave. The staff tuffed it until 8 and in desperation got up to cook breakfast. The visibility was worse. What there was of Richard's walleye got cooked and then the fillets from Chuck's two provided more meat. Around 10 it was possible to see that no great plumes of smoke were ahead and by 11:00 we were on the water. Very little wind compared to other days, but by noon the humidity was up. We got across the first two portages and took awhile getting into the landing at the 3rd -- fortunately the fire had not touched any of this, but once through the narrows the fire smoldered to left and right of us. 77 landed on one area with small blazes in three or four places around. There was nothing we could do to put out what was smoldering. The best move was to get out of the area. We paddled a ways with an occasional cloud of smoke erupting from one side or another and then caught a small island that had so far escaped. A little odd to be making a fire from unburned wood while 25 yards away on another island the fire still smoldered. We shoved off about 2:00 and paddled lazily east with a little wind to help. Entertainment for awhile with a riddle and then some songs sung in rounds. The helicopter that had visited the fire for awhile in the morning returned -- and stayed in the area for a couple hours. The sky looked threatening -- and some rolls of thunder were heard earlier, but nothing happened. The flies were terrible -- especially on the dogs and Tinker in particular. About 5:30 we started campsite hunting and found a reasonable one on the eastern side of the Allanwater River entrance. John and Lee did most of the wood work as is becoming usual. Some talk coming in of cherry pie, so Bill Davis made it for dessert. Brett made a Texas steak out of the lamb that worked well even without the rice that was supposed to go into it. Tents went up slowly even though a lot of work seemed to go into them. The weather cleared with a hot-humid dinner as the helicopter finally flew home. The swimming worked but was a little more shallow than desired. The sun tried to provide a sunset without success.

Sunday, July 12 -- No one knows what the real time was when we got up. The staff watch had stopped, but at what he thought should be the rising hour, it was difficult to see the trees in front of the tent either from mist or fog or smoke. At 7:00 according to the reset watch (which eventually proved to be off 10 minutes) planes going overhead forced the staff to get up to see blue sky above, but hardly anything at ground level. As the water started to boil, the water bombers started circling overhead -- two of them at least and soon a helicopter joined in for good measure. We shoved off with minimal visibility, but managed to hit the narrows into Little Wabakimi right on the nose. The smell of smoke was in the morning air and all the way up to and through the narrows it was still at least faintly detectable. Once through the narrows the visibility improved. We paddled down under a warm sun to the first rapid, decided not to shoot as '79 had done, and not to line the north branch as the Nipigon report said could be done -- but we did use their carry since it was a lot shorter and easier than the one on the south branch. Since the next little chute had a nice lunchsite -- and terrible canoe loading -- we pulled up for an early lunch -- and swim. The guide managed to put a stick through his canoe which was patched at the next landing. Then on to the next. Finally a couple swifts could be run and then



we ran the little chute north of the island with only 95 with Bill Davis and Richard missing the right turn at the foot and ramming into the rock pile ahead -- making them take the left route. We carried the final one where Hal and Bill Seeley managed to drop a wannigan into the water while loading and then paddled lazily out -- foolishly rejecting all the club sites on the narrows leading out -- looking for the ideal campsite. She did not show up, and a couple miles south we settled on our worst site of the trip. Just ahead a plume of smoke shot up, but seemed to be put out quickly as a helicopter circled over and over and over -- eventually there were two right up until the sun went down. Bill Seeley did the bannock -- with Rob doing the traveler later. Brett did the creamed chicken with Hal getting into the act also. Meanwhile John and Lee as usual did most of the wood with help on the saw from others. Bathing as the helicopters continued to circle until they quit around 10.

Monday, July 13 -- A beautiful day. The sun was up to a relatively cloudless sky after a very short thunder shower after dark last night, but at least enough water on the fly to leave it wet. We did not get off until 8:30, however, and paddled south in the nice warm sun with an increasing tail wind. About two hours down the lake we began to spot areas of burn and fairly soon thereafter indications of fire still smoldering on islands, the south and west shores, and a few isolated smoky places on the east or northeast shore. The helicopters continued their flights over until finally one buzzed us and flew on. Shortly ahead we saw three outboards and finally one came up to see us and advise us to catch an island and wait up to see what we should -- or would be allowed to do. We were hunting for an island to stop on when he came back and said his boss had refused to let us go through -- the fire was supposed to be worse ahead and was supposedly covering the mouth of the Boiling Sand River. We couldn't see all that much evidence of fire blazing out of control, but he claimed it was. We weren't even allowed to make the turn right in front of us and paddle back up the other arm of Smoothrock, but were told we had to go back -- now of course against a stiff headwind. He claimed helicopters could spot anything so that's how they knew where we were, but later said they had just seen us -- hard to believe since they'd been back and forth over us almost ever since we got onto the lake -- which made even more humorous the scene of Bill Davis standing out on the bathing rock with his towel wrapped around him for ten minutes last night to hide from the helicopter pilot overhead. So we turned back and battled the wind until we finally found a bit of a sheltered point behind which we could hide for lunch. The staff replaced two seat bolts in 36 -- one of which had been broken several days ago. 22 reported bow leaks that would have to wait until later. Lunch took longer than necessary with a slow dish crew and we didn't get off until after 3:00. Shortly after five we were nearing last night's site, but stopped to check on an alternative -- no luck. But we did find a little bay just 50 feet south of last night's point much better and so set up in a new area -- but could walk next door and get the firewood and tent poles for the new location. John did our pineapple upside-down cake for



this run. Brett diced up the turnips in lieu of a starch, and Richard did the corned beef. John and Lee didn't have as much work on the wood this time because of last night's work. Then Lee did the traveler. Richard and Brett and others tried fishing, but the catch was mainly relatively small pike. The helicopters entertained with an occasional Beaver, but again quit about 10:00. Roughly 18 miles traveled with net progress -50 feet. One of these days maybe someone will get to Tamarack, but it looks like we're headed for Armstrong now!

Tuesday, July 14 -- The staff watched stopped again and he was late getting up waiting for the sun -- it was well up only shielded from the tent by the trees. 77 was off shortly after 8 -- really 8:15 as adjusted later -- but the staff had to change maps when the others caught up. We hit the channel through the islands on the nose somehow and paddled leisurely through entertained by another couple of Greg's riddles. When we broke out into the open a couple groups of canoeing clubbers were camped on the northern islands. We could see south to the headquarters lodge, but there was no point going down there. The wind picked up a little from the east and northeast as somehow by good luck rather than good management we hit Caribou Bay on the nose. We pulled up for lunch on the campsite on the peninsula at the turn north and were off again in record time of an hour and a quarter. Meanwhile two green clubber canoes passed us -- each with a mojo. We couldn't be sure which of the two groups we'd seen earlier these were. But a mile up they sat drifting and we paddled back ahead of them. A torpedo squadron seemed to have been formed for the paddle up. We paddled through Fungus Lake shortly after three and so went ahead and took the portages -- with an awful traffic jam on the first two, but it thinned out on the last two since the unloading spots were poor. We finished the last about 4:30 or 5:00 and went on a mile to a clubber's site on the tip of an island and elected to stay though the tent sites weren't all that great -- four tents got pitched in the space for 2 -- but at least it had a fort and a plywood seat. Lee made the bannock on which the staff put a too-watery icing. Brett did the ham, which the staff later burned. Richard did the scalloped potatoes. Hal split most of the early wood with some few sawers helping, but John and Lee had to finish enough for breakfast. Chuck won the burned bean pot as a pot walloper. Three walleye from the fishermen -- Brett and Hal particularly. For some reason the staff keeps picking sites where the sun goes off the bathing area early! At least no helicopters flying over now! The last tuft of smoke we'd seen had been at lunch. And our other canoeists did not catch up again.

Wednesday, July 15 -- Not quite as good looking a day as the earlier ones of the trip, but no reason not to travel. The three fish of last night were cleaned -- Brett's taking a good while to fillet. 77 was off and up the river or bay for awhile in spite of having fish to fry. We were off something like 8:15 or so. The paddle for the rest of the bay was easy and uneventful. We hadn't tumped packs so the intent was to go down Caribou itself which was reviewed at the last island before jumping to Saturday Island with an east or northeast wind gradually picking up. From Saturday to the next island

ot hit us hardest, but the crossing wasn't bad. A couple motor boats passed to the north as we caught the lee. Then down through the narrows to meet a Whitewater (Lake?) canoe group setting out from the large campsite in the narrows -- they needed it what with their mojos and high piles of baggage -- not to mention at least one overweight sternsman -- getting off at the reasonable hour of 10:30. We rested before making the last jump down Caribou, wanting to go beyond the obvious peninsula so as to have no wind problems, but then there were no lunchsites either. We finally cooked our stew on a miserable piece of land on the island opposite the airbase. After lunch we paddled in and phoned Ray Laird -- he was out getting minnows and would call back in an hour. We set everything out ready to go and most people changed clothes and a few bathed off the shallow dock. Chuck came up with an inflamed scrape on his knee that required a little bandaging. Ray dutifully called back and delayed his start for Thunder Bay long enough to come get us. The back of the truck was declared dusty and rough at the end as the staff, guide, and dogs enjoyed the cab. We arrived just after both stores had closed so the only recourse was the local restaurant. Chuck, Brett, and Bill Seeley visited the Ministry and the staff had to go up as a result and explain our next trip -- fortunately no word on a fire ban. Apparently the Wabakimi fire had burned back into the islands in Tew Lake and the Smoothrock one had gone up the Boiling Sand over the rapids at the north end. The explorers found a restaurant farther out of town. But there was really nothing to do but wait. The station master finally opened up the waiting room so we could escape the bugs, and we waited past the advertised arrival time. Finally the train pulled in, the baggage got loaded, and we settled down for an hour of slumber before getting off to a full moon and an easy jump out to the island to set up camp. The tents all went up in a little cluster -- and the only problem was the hour -- the staff crawled in at 3:20.

Thursday, July 16 -- The staff woke to the dogs objecting to passing fishermen and went to start breakfast about 9:15. Rob was sitting on the rocks gazing out over the lake and John arrived soon. Pancakes went slowly with Lee winning the title of last up. For some reason the day was perfectly clear and fine! 77 started down the lake after 11:00 with Richard trolling all the way to the next island. Hal's announcement that he'd left his daypack at the landing was a false alarm. The south wind increased as we went down the lake -- stopping once as some fishermen were looking for their buddies. As we neared the base something was obviously different -- Danny had about 7 logs up on the cabin, almost 4 feet up from the floor! But as had been offered he and his family were living in the big tent. It made cooking and living a little complicated, but we managed. Tents went up as Danny's wife finished the laundry and got lunch for them and turned the tent over to us for our meal. Chuck was too much in need of sleep to make it. Meanwhile Danny added a log or two to the building. Clothes washed -- with lines strung across the only paths to the swimming areas. Dinner was cooked after the Peters finished and Danny added a couple more logs as we cooked -- and served Lee's bannock for dessert. We turned the tent over to the Peters and headed for our own. Danny's brother came and left quickly after dark, and we settled down to a warm night of no-see-ums.



Scale: 1" to 4 Miles

ALLANWATER RIVER - PALISADE - HAMILTON LAKE

Map 1

29

30

27

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31

Scale: 1" to 4 Miles

ALLANWATER RIVER - PALISADE - HAMILTON LAKE

Map 2

Lower  
Wilkes  
Lake



# ALLANWATER RIVER -- PALISADE -- HAMILTON LAKE

Friday, July 17	-- Kawaweeogama Base
Saturday, July 18	-- Allanwater River
Sunday, July 19	-- Mondale Lake
Monday, July 20	-- Rest
Tuesday, July 21	-- Brennan Lake Exit
Wednesday, July 22	-- Below Black Beaver
Thursday, July 23	-- River Bay, Wabakimi Lake
Friday, July 24	-- Kenoji Lake, Start of Palisade
Saturday, July 25	-- Palisade River
Sunday, July 26	-- Webster Creek
Monday, July 27	-- Colehouse Lake
Tuesday, July 28	-- Metig Lake
Wednesday, July 29	-- Greenbush Lake
Thursday, July 30	-- Pashkokogan Lake
Friday, July 31	-- Hamilton Lake

Friday, July 17 -- It started to rain lightly before dawn and kept up faintly until maybe 8:00. The staff was up getting the boards ready to cut for Danny for door frames as Danny appeared to announce they were going to Allanwater for the day. So we had the tent back to ourselves. The staff had breakfast in hand when Richard appeared to make the first run of pancake batter -- of several. Then the two of them cut the 2 by 10's to 2 by 7's. Pete eventually got enough people away from the fry pans to pull off the cache for the next leg. Finally the last appeared and Lee made a final bowl of something which got cooked as the boxes came up; while Lee insisted on burning up the bacon rind in the fry pan. Gradually it got unpacked and bagged as necessary with the guide and staff doing most with help from Richard and a few on-and-off helpers -- mainly Rob and Lee. We discovered that one box was missing with most of the dry fruit so another run to the 3rd leg cache had to be made to find it. The guide cooked lunch as the staff got the wannigans packed -- needing only one more wannigan and a baby in addition to our previous load. It was all done up somewhere around 3 or 4. Jane Jelinski and son Tom and wife dropped in to give Danny some fish which we allowed as how we could use -- but after they left we thought better of it and packed it in moss to leave for Danny assuming that he was coming back tomorrow -- it was still pretty well-frozen at bedtime. The guide did dinner while the staff gave 119 a new bang plate. Our smelly bacon bags got washed and finally the ties for the spare paddles got into the canoes -- we hope. Brett made the dinner bannock and Lee sat alone by the fire that Dave had fed faithfully waiting for the traveler to bake. Luckily he had a long book. Some final swims and the restless natives gravitated to the big tent.

Saturday, July 18 -- The staff turned out at 6:20 to get breakfast going and 77 was on the water at 8:15 although it wasn't until twenty-five minutes later that all were together. We took our only break at Jack Sheehan's cabin and he and his dog came down to chat. On to the Bridge where we picked up our paddles in exchange for the Jelinski ones -- Jane had told us yesterday they hadn't arrived (which merely meant she hadn't seen them). The phone was out so the staff couldn't order the necessary nails, but Barney offered to do so when he could. We paddled over to Danny's house and 77 with Hal and the dogs then

went across the way to where he was staying at a relative's house. The visit didn't accomplish much. He'll probably go back to work when the beer runs out. Finally on to the first rapid which we ran -- supposedly just as in '79, but only 3 canoes made the run as planned. Helped not at all by a boat load of sports guided by an Indian who climbed the rapid in his outboard as we were coming down. The second one went a little better, though several canoes had to dump. The third followed -- again with some need to dump -- to the lunchsite used in '79. Brett demanded a Malox tablet, but the rest had beans for lunch. There were no afternoon surprises as three portages followed with only a couple swifts to run otherwise. The first produced the portage race, but the other two went more in normal fashion, helped by the fact that the last one was only a one-canoe landing where Hal took loads across for almost everyone while the staff landed the canoes. The '79 site was at the foot of the rapid and we eventually camped though it took awhile for the staff to admit the place was the same -- if for no other reason others had destroyed the tent poles and evidence of occupation. Lee got the wood which was sawed and split. John made the dinner cornbread while Brett put up the chili. Dave swam and walked back up to the foot of the portage to get his dark glasses. Dinner was served at the reasonable hour of 6:15, but already the sun was behind the trees to shade the swimming area. Lee made the traveler which John then baked. The guide played the recorder for a few moments in the seclusion of the tent. The staff patched the rip in 22 taken during the first rapid and only Brett and Chuck had the energy to fish -- Chuck getting a large pike -- while everyone else collapsed so the tents were occupied and quiet by 8:30. We'd picked up a little drizzle at the start of the last portage and thunder storms threatened slightly while we were setting up camp, but nothing really happened.

Sunday, July 19 -- The swimming hole had been in shadow early last night and now the trees on the east side blocked the sun so the staff did not get out until 6:45. Chuck's pike of last night had to be filleted and cooked long after the bacon was done, but 77 was still on the water at 8:25. An insignificant swift to run and then a paddle through a marshy area -- no moose though, only a duck with two young ones. We then started portaging, but before the second we ran our only rapid of the day to a short portage. A brief stop at a trapper's cabin that had been new in '79 and another portage. After some successfully dodged some rocks we started to see if we couldn't run part of the next one, but before the staff could really decide the jewelry and lunch wannigan had found their way to an excellent lunchsite at the far end of the full carry. Some swimming and wading in the foot of the rapid while the starch cooked. Then on to another where the loading took awhile. The section was dragging as we got to the wide area above. We passed up the '79 site and portaged the island to very quickly take a picture or two of the west side of the falls. By now Chuck carried a plastic bag of mint. Then over to see the more spectacular other, or eastern side. The photographers took only a moment before heading for the campsite to grab tentsites -- of which there were only a few. It was only 4. Some wood was drawn and split. The tents went up and John mixed his coffee cake dry. Everyone got in for a bath and then

we did up the last of the fresh potatoes with Lee wanting the skin left on his. Bill Davis did up the ham. Brett made a thin raisin traveler and some more wood was made up for the morning before the channel swim to the rocks on the far side -- Rob following the others to occupy the big rock alone. Chuck tried fishing, but only off the campsite and local area. Mostly reading for the majority of the evening -- and afternoon for that matter. It looked as though the weather might have something to say, but nothing happened as of 10:00.

Monday, July 20 -- The weather turned. The wind swung to the north and a few drops of rain fell before 6. At which time the wind was driving a mist down the lake and the temperature had dropped drastically. The staff and guide were up a couple of times to see after improvements, but there were none really. Our tents and the fire were sheltered and the sleeping bags were nice and warm. A few relatively brief rain showers fell, but nothing major. Finally John shamed the staff into getting up and doing breakfast with pancakes. By noon it was obviously going to clear, but the staff decided the wind was going to be too much trouble and elected to stay put. By the time the pea soup for lunch was started the sun was out and the site was nice and warm even if it was chilly out in the wind. John set a batch of bread using mostly whole wheat. By now swimming was in order and another excursion across the river was started. A lot of sun bathing and reading, the bread came in for attention, but little else was done other than playing at cooking. The natives got restless and started dueling with sticks. Dinner was about done as a couple aluminum canoes came across the portage -- five men -- one of whom recognized the Keewaydin canoes from "his Temagami days." They went down about a mile and camped after indicating that there were two more parties behind. Three canoes with six people appeared about seven -- a two-man carry used on the canoes. They at least went to look at the eastern falls before going up the lake -- or maybe it's down. John's bread turned out very well with a second baking being saved for lunch tomorrow. Probably a wasted traveling day; we could easily have moved all afternoon.

Tuesday, July 21 -- The sun failed to come up, but the staff was up about 6:40 to an overcast sky where it was difficult to tell in which direction the weather was moving. There was a nice, thin patch of blue to the south. We were off at 8:10 with everyone together by the time we got to the campsite of our aluminum canoe people -- it turned out the leader had worked at Camp Temagami maybe 20 years ago. We went by as they were packing up and getting the canoes down to the water as though they had been used for shelters. We portaged the little chute at the top of Mondale, and they came in right behind us. We were looking the first rapid over as they started in to run her blind -- and did so, but we followed our originally planned route since we could not see the chute at the foot they had run. They proceeded to look over the next one from the right while we headed for the portage trail to look it over. The staff had decided to portage as they came over to portage their loads through us and run their canoes -- which they accomplished while we played with shallows for both unloading and loading. A boat



load of sports were reeling in walleye at the foot of the rapid and several more boats passed as we paddled up and past Jeno's Village. Our aluminum canoe friends pointed out a couple of moose Indian rock paintings for us on the large island just above the Village, and we both went for lunchsites with dark clouds threatening, but nothing happened as we cooked our spaghetti and got off just after they did, Lee needing a side trip back to the paintings that he had rushed by the first time. A slight north wind and for awhile shirts came off as we paddled the length of Brennan. As we neared the end, there were the aluminum canoes just ahead, so we pulled up at the '63 - '65 Section A site -- which was still a good one. The aluminum canoes were just ahead, but went around the bend as we unloaded. We had to remake the fireplace, but otherwise the site was fine -- even the swimming hole was where the staff remembered it to be and the fish holding pool was still there -- though high and dry. Rob quickly made the gravy packages from the mashed potato packages up. John did another excellent ginger bread -- Lee wanting to know where we'd gotten the ginger bread mix. The staff made a meat loaf out of freeze dry beef and Brett gathered blueberries for the traveler which Bill Davis mixed for him. Some fishing after bathing, but only two small walleye were kept for the pot -- not many more were caught. The rest sat on the rocks and read as the wind dropped to nothing and basically it was a still, quiet evening.

Wednesday, July 22 -- The staff was up at 6:20 to a sunless sky with a cloud bank to east and no air really moving. Lee was up early to clean his walleye and Brett got his done after the bacon and Lee's fish were all done. Off at 8:10 with the normal rapid and portage to make at the chute below. Our gree-red-and-yellow canoes were camped on the portage -- having French toast for breakfast cooked on a stove. We shoved off and just around the corner the two aluminum canoes pulled away from the small island where they had camped. We went to look for the run at the next rapid while they let down the ledges on the left. We crossed to follow, but our canoes could not ride over loaded -- there's hadn't either -- so we unloaded and let the canoes down hand over hand. They had cleared Brennan Falls by the time we got there and took pictures -- though some preferred to read. Just below two skiffs passed heading for the falls to fish. We ran our rapid for that stretch and slowly paddled up Granite for an early lunch. The three canoe group was coming up behind as we headed for the falls and they caught us on the portage where they managed to get through the islands and cut the carry in half. We left them hopping around the base of the falls as we came out from the carry -- Rob and Bill Davis having to make two tries at it. Again we lagged on the paddle to Black Beaver, which we couldn't touch and so carried as '79 had done. We pulled up just below at the '79 site to the surprise of some who had drifted far past. We let Lee start early and he finished a molasses bannock before dinner was ready. Rob had a terrible time with the can opener as Bill Davis slowly did up the corned beef while Richard turned the potatoes and Chuck did the traveler. Bathing and reading as Brett and John went fishing and Brett returned with a 7½ pound pike. That started fishing activity as several canoes went up and over to the hot-spot. Several helicopters had gone over earlier and now one



buzzed the campsite and went on. Chuck came back with an 8 lb. pike -- and three walleye for the group. The pike was returned to the water after biting Hal's finger as he tried to get the lure out. The walleye went on the stringer and the fishermen went back. What a little success does for enthusiasm!

Thursday, July 23 -- The staff slept in until 6:50 and then got Brett up to start cleaning fish. Hal joined him followed by Chuck and three large plates of fillets got consumed. In fact the grease ran out before all was done. As a result we did not get off until just before nine. The staff was disillusioned into believing the first swift was a rapid that had caused trouble in '79, but it wasn't. We ran her down the shallow right side again, bumping a couple times with 119 getting stopped momentarily for awhile. 65 claimed to have sprung some leaks, but when patched at lunch the damage had been long standing. At Little Sturgeon we ran down to the portage, decided we still could not go around the corner, but instead of taking the '79 trail carried a dry creek bed across the point and ran the last part of the first rapid, stopping at the foot of the '79 trail -- which Rob described as a terrible place for a trail -- and then scouted and ran the second part after a slight delay to coax Cheemaun back into the canoe. A few ducks entertained to Sturgeon that had to be carried as always. And then on to the old trapper's cabin for a brief look. Nothing but paddling left for the day and clothes came off, but a few dressed quickly as we neared the outpost camp. We stopped for lunch in the Wabakimi site we had used on the previous circuit since we hoped we'd left some dry wood. 65 got patched and John set a batch of bread to carry in the canoe -- where Cheemaun kept it company. We started with a nice tail wind, but it turned to an eastern side wind once out in the big lake. Only a few helicopters today, but Dave spotted a plume of smoke off toward Tew Lake as we crossed. We paddled by an outpost that was new to the staff and waved to a couple sports coming the other way. A lazy paddle down to the '79 site which proved to be smaller than the staff remembered it, but it got used anyway. And the swimming was more shallow than remembered. The bread got punched down on the way in and then left to rise again as tents went up and Leo drew the wood and split most of it. John got another chunk later on. Richard did up Texas steak with lamb as the bread baked and we were ready for breadline as the red-yellow-green canoes came by. A lot of reading and not much else as evening came on and the site was quiet early.

Friday, July 24 -- The mosquitoes drove the staff out at 6:20 before the sun came up over the trees -- which it did while the cereal started to boil. A strange looking sky as we started off. A helicopter was up early off to the east but did not come near us. The sun made rock reading difficult until we turned north to the portage -- having gotten off at 8:00 for our earliest start. Our 3-canoe party was camped at the head of the portage having breakfast as expected. The trail was as long as expected, but the walking wasn't all that bad. The run-off was shallow and on to the next one which we debated running, but the staff chickened out and we took the '79 portage which was in pretty good repair. Then a little paddle to the

top of the next one after Cheemaun fell overboard and had to be hauled into the canoe. We let down the little chute at the top, but then elected to take the carry rather than running. Some trail clearing got done with Lee cutting out the major windfall. As we got the first loads across the Mad River canoes ran the right side of the rapid quite nicely. They were out of sight by the time we finished and after scouting ran the last two with 119 getting hung for a moment in the first. We pulled for the '79 site on the small island for lunch while the 3-canoe group was apparently stopping for the day on the neighboring large island. We complained of no wood, so Wendy swam over to their island, they threw her a piece out in the water, and she swam back with it -- but it wasn't in good shape to burn, and she wouldn't give it to us anyway. She thought she needed a reward and promptly stole Lee's bread off his pack at the end of lunch. The wind shifted from east or south where it had been all morning to the west or southwest, so we pulled a tough couple miles until we turned north past the outpost camp and the wind turned to a tail wind. We picked up a tiny spit of rain on the way in and the wind picked up. The site was pretty well-sheltered, however. It was only 4:10 so tents went up right away. About 5:00 John started his pineapple upside-down cake while Richard fried ham and the staff tried his other scallop recipe, and Brett began a date cake traveler. A little thunder had rolled, but missed us. Dinner was only a few minutes away as a black cloud started toward us and the staff called for help getting poles for the fly, but only Lee and the staff responded. The rain was on us before it could be rigged. The windbreak had to be undone first and most of the idle onlookers disappeared at first drops. But the fly went up quickly and dinner was finished and served; John's cake was perfectly done. Those from the tents appeared as soon as the fly was up. Traffic was heavy as usual, but the rain was not really hard. A couple swims later on to keep people's record in tact as a group supposedly made Chuck's tea. They quit and the guide and staff closed up the wannigans as a lone canoe with man and wife shot down through the pull-up and headed for Kenoji. About 10:30 the rain returned, harder than before without the thunder to go with it this time and no wind to speak of.

Saturday, July 25 -- Awful gray and cold at 6:45 -- so back to bed. After several more looks the staff finally got up at 9:00 and started breakfast just as the sky to the north started to break. A poor field mouse had liked the looks of our pot of water on the fire, but hadn't taken swimming lessons. When breakfast was ready some blue was showing -- even if there was still a nip in the air. We got off close to eleven after a side trip to see if there were a portage to Little Scrag -- no luck. We paddled up what has always been the first pull-up and paddled the next one too -- followed by the normal lining at the 3rd. After paddling along the cliffs we turned east into new territory before the first portage was reached and started hitting varying wind conditions. An attractive lake was followed by Slim Creek -- or River -- and we reached Bob McCoubrie's "Wolf Howl Point" for a late lunch -- after a late breakfast of course. Some turned down Brett's date cake. The site had been well-used even if there wasn't much to recommend it. 65 got another patch and we turned west to take a short portage -- and

meet some wind. Then a little lining job and another short carry to a superior looking lake and finally what McCoubrie called the "Quaking Bog" portage -- which wasn't really wet as we came through -- and back to the Palisade. Our first little sprinkle of the day arrived, and as we set up the kitchen, the fly went up right away. But not much really happened except that the wind blew. Lee found the dry wood as usual. John made an oatmeal-molasses bannock while Richard used the staff's Chicken-a-la-King recipe. Those trying to keep their daily swim record going braved the water for the second tough day in a row. Rob made the traveler, but somehow more batter got in one corner than anywhere else. We enjoyed a rainbow for pictures -- it was double for awhile. We had gotten in about 6:00 -- it would have been another 4:00 day if we had started on time. Lee did a lot of work with the file on one of the axes, John's paddle got stapled, and 65 got another patch! The wind dropped as the sun disappeared, but the night promises to be another chilly one.

Sunday, July 26 -- The staff argued that things needed to dry from rain and dew, but really it was so nice and warm in the bag! Anyway he was up at 6:45 to a cool morning that warmed a little as the sun came over the trees. Everything went well until Wendy stole the bacon that was supposed to go for all three. Off at 8:40 for a real late start. The wind was already up as we went to the first portage that was still part of the Palisade. Hal picked up a moose rack better than Bill Seeley's in the process. Then we started up to Redman with a pull-up in which somehow Lee got 65 turned around backwards! Then four carries in a row. Hal managed to lose a sneaker on the second one and the local bears covered their ears. The sky looked rather unsettled as we finished the third one, but we went on to have an early lunch on the fourth one which needed the fly to keep off the rain -- but not a great deal fell actually. The clouds rolled by and we moved on to Redman through excellent campsite country. Richard tried to leave his rain suit, but the guide brought it on -- it wasn't the first time! The wind hit us on Redman, but the paddle wasn't that long. We pulled up at a rock cliff portage just as a little sprinkle came down, but it didn't last long and the sun was out as we paddled a shallow pond to what should have been the shortest portage of the day, but a beaver had erected an enormous dam ahead and dried up the creek. Some put in and paddled part of it, but the staff took W to the top of the dam -- without intending to have anyone follow and most walked the rocks all the way round. On the lake above John was casting from a small island with a lovely campsite, but it was too exposed for our weather. However, we couldn't afford to move on into less inviting territory, and so found a campsite on the south shore. Not the best we've had, but it worked and we had shelter. It was only 4:00 so Bill Davis did his second cherry pie while Lee drew the wood and the tents went up. Richard put the corned beef up, and Brett and John collaborated on the traveler with some kind of cinnamon - brown sugar filling. Brett pulled a hatchet out of the stream at the last portage -- there was also a saw and a grate in the water with it, and after Chuck worked on one of our axes for awhile, Brett started on his. As night approached



the wind dropped and it even got to 66° in the tent.

Monday, July 27 -- The staff was up to a reasonably chilly morning again at 6:40 with the sun already up but not doing much as yet to warm up the site or the kitchen area. The fire was mighty slow and Cheemaun got Lee and John up before the call to roll. We made it off at 8:35 and by that time the temperature was up a little -- it had been 50° in the tent as the staff rolled. We missed what should have been a portage and paddled through a narrows thanks to our beaver of yesterday. But as we turned north we had to unload on one and lift over and break through another and pull the canoes over. It took awhile to reach the first portage which was followed by a short lining job made easier by the rock moving done by the guide. We ran out of campsite country at Webster Lake and the shallows started with a very shallow, rocky exit from Webster and then a frustratingly slow paddle through 4-5 inches of water that would just float the canoe. Finally the small lake appeared and the going was better until the creek at the exit. After plowing through we then had to portage a little -- reasonable trail though again. Hal scared all the bears off when something went wrong on the carry. We elected to lunch in the middle of the portage on a moss-covered rock with the canoes loaded at the beaver dam at the top of the carry. Hal and Bill failed to tie 95 so it decided to drift to the opposite shore on its own. But soon the water shallowed again and we had to walk the canoes through a rocky area of shallows -- and then we went left when we should have gone right and had to throw sticks out of the way to get through. Rob told the staff we could get one out of the way if we only had the saw out -- the staff axe served as a substitute. But even the shallows had an end at the little lake -- at least enough water to make the canoe move a little better. But the reeds at the end didn't have much water under them. Hal tried to take us up the creek to the north, but the guide and staff headed for one to the west and the guide got up a ways to find the necessary portage trail -- the one Richard found went the wrong way! It proved to be well-walked and clear except for one leaner. Even a couple cans of lantern gasoline (empty to be sure) left. Colehouse Lake was somewhat flooded and the paddling easier into a mild west wind, but we had run out of rock campsite areas apparently. But one showed up 3/4 of a mile from the end. We decided to try a second -- preferred the first and elected not to try any others and went back to the original -- Wendy crying all the way. On landing Lee grabbed an axe to get wood as usual and Hal grabbed one for tent poles. John made our last gingerbread of the run as Richard did the chili. Lee finished splitting and made the traveler. Swimming wasn't really that, but it was possible to slide down the rocks and get wet. After dinner the staff took Cheemaun and Tinker to check the portage -- Wendy refusing to go which made Tinker the chief trail dog -- Cheemaun has a lot to learn! Chuck had carried a bag of mussels along that needed something done with them! Otherwise a lot of pages got read.

Tuesday, July 28 -- The staff didn't make it up until 7:00 when the sun poked its head over the trees. The night had been a little long. A beaver kept making noise off the campsite and Cheemaun in particular kept woofing at it with



trips outside to check. Then Lee got up to look for Northern lights and the dogs objected some more -- finally the moon showed bright red where the sun would eventually come up. Not as chilly as the last couple, but the fire was slow and lots of customers for breakfast before the Red River really had time to set. We got off at 8:35, however, and started across the long one without much trouble except for those who had trouble finding the right turn that traveled the rock -- and the staff's need to repair his canoe tump. The second one took longer to locate and a couple landings before it was found -- the start was wet after the unloading and the walking poor to a steep drop to Rockcliff. The trail was hard to locate at our end, but would be impossible at the other. A few crossed over to swim as the first canoes came across. We were going to paddle a couple miles and then have lunch, but we made at most one before having to pull in at a hunter's camp just before the grass started. Freshie for a change in the heat. Then we played games with channels through grass eventually getting to the first portage; followed by a second; followed by a longer third; in the process getting a little disorganized because of poor scouting. We should have camped at the top of the third -- a better area than anything on Metig. But the camper canoes went ahead to a little dam at the top of the creek and then spotted a cow and calf moose and gave chase -- without canoes! Trying to get closer by wading and all sorts of tactics! When the staff and 77 came up no one informed him the moose had taken refuge on an island in front of us. Brett walked 119 up the rapid and John followed with his as 22 and 65 got there somehow. The staff was left to close the gate of the dam after Rob pulled 36 up. At which point Wendy was missing and was finally located swimming over to the island through the grass crying as the staff finally got to her and pulled her out. The moose hunters landed to drive the moose off the island with no success, and we finally got started again. More grass, but at least no problem paddling through open areas. We passed up a possible campsite in favor of the one the staff had spotted in '79. A brief stop to look at a trapper's cabin -- now in a filthy mess -- and pose for pictures with the rifles left there. On to the site -- which turned out to be a worse mess, but we had no choice and had to take it -- not even possible to draw water except for the guide and his boots. Lee made a whole wheat cornbread, Rob did the ham, and Hal took care of the fried potatoes. Lee and John on the wood as usual with help from Brett. Chuck made the traveler and then boiled up some more fresh water clams. 77 and 95 got patched and the staff tump got rivited as the sun went down with perhaps a bit of weather in the offing.

Wednesday, July 29 -- Somehow the staff watch is getting faster or the sun is coming up later. Anyway the staff did not roll out until 7:00 after waiting for the sun. The fire was really slow so cooking took awhile but 77 was off for the creek in reasonable time. We followed the west lead of open water, but ran out and had to cross through the grass to the east to get to the creek. Luck was with us this time and probably someone helped by clearing a channel or two for us, but we went up the creek without getting out of the canoes, but quit at a rocky cascade with an obvious portage on the right which we took. It cut the carrying at least in half. After

plowing through the grass of Little Metig we pulled up at McCoubrie's "Wretch", but there was the tram car with the rails in good repair -- back to '65! We stent lots longer, but two canoes and their loads went across on each of three trips. Carrying would have been bad as always, but the trail was not as wet as usual. We got up the creek when the guide realized he'd left the irons at the start of the tram ride and went back -- putting a 4" rip in the bow of 119 in the process on a submerged stick. The rest floated through the mud in the bay above having little to paddle on. We'd now taken so long that we stopped for lunch on the first rock point available with enough water to get some for lunch. It was 2:30 before we pulled out to be met with more shallows and a strong south wind -- both of which made the initial going slow, but then we turned and played through the islands until the last pull to the campsite. Unintentionally the staff hit the second of the two which turned out to be a well-used hunter's site which was reasonably clean -- except for a large can dump with loads of beer bottles! But the swimming was pretty bad though people went in and clothes got washed. Lee went to work on his 60-minute sweet dough and the hunters provided wood for us. Brett put up the scallops while the staff made meat balls -- a success, but too much work for the end result -- the meat loafs will have to do from now on. John had to do the traveler to keep his hand in. The wind continued to blow, though dying down a little as the sun disappeared early behind the western trees.

Thursday, July 30 -- The sun came up in a ball of red and the staff was out at 6:45 to try to beat the wind, but it still blew from the douth though with deminished force. We were off at 8:25 -- earlier than recently -- with the wind rising as we paddled south with little protection. It seemed to swing to the west a little as we neared the turn at the south end, but a very light rain shower hit and the wind slackened just long enough for us to get up the western part of the turn before it picked up again as we drifted with our only tail wind to the narrows. Our shallow water reappeared making the going slow into the portage. Lunch on the far side where water had to be drawn in the canoe and at the end the pots could not be walloped until offshore. It took ages to get off for the trip across the little bit of East Pashkokogan. The staff missed the portage landing on the first try -- not well-used and in need of clearing that it did not get. A little bit of wind followed and the staff had the campsite mismarked on his map, but we found the right area without trouble, though the first area tried was a real pig sty and we had to look for an alternative -- that was quite good. John started the bannock right away for the staff to ice. Rob made up the chocolate pudding and the guide did up the curried chicken while Hal made the traveler. Real swimming for the first time in days! Then a game of throw rocks at rocks while the guide entertained on his recorder.

Friday, July 31 -- It was about time, but the thunder storm finally materialized during the night and started wetting things down. At 7:00 it was sort of dripping and everything was gray. Richard arrived to ask if we were moving at 8:00 while the staff was still peacefully in bed. But at

8:30 his conscience got the best of him and he rolled out to find blue sky to the south and gray mist still north. The fire was slow, so breakfast was done slowly with lots of people up and moving before much was done. But the rest of the movement was slow. Still 77 was headed toward the west by 10:30 -- not the first off as has been usual. Of course the wind started to pick up, not really knowing from what direction except directly at us. As a result the first break came a good ways up the river. A few shallows slowed us down, but we got to the portage in the sort of expected two hours. The carry was fine, but not the wind out on Hamilton which came right up the lake. We went down the west side as the lesser of two evils and fought it all the way to the campsite. The little old lady running the motor for her husband was not much help as she seemed to think the dogs should be paddling. The staff changed clothes and Bill Seeley and Dave paddled him to the landing to start his hitch-hike to town. The bakers took over with Hal doing bread, John a cornbread, and Lee made his surprise in a pizza -- probably winning first prize in the contest. The staff got back in just as it started to turn dark -- most of the mission accomplished. The mail strike was still on so we didn't get any news, mail, or supplies from camp.



FLINT RIVER TO KAWAEOGAMA BASE

Scale: 1" to 4 Miles



# FLINDT RIVER to KAWAWEOGAMA

Saturday, August 1	-- Flindt Lake
Sunday, August 2	-- Heathcote Lake
Monday, August 3	-- Heathcote Lake
Tuesday, August 4	-- Rest
Wednesday, August 5	-- Foam Lake
Thursday, August 6	-- Rest
Friday, August 7	-- Kawaweogama Base
Saturday, August 8	-- Allanwater Island
Sunday, August 9	-- Boat Line Bay

Saturday, August 1 -- The staff was up as usual to a reasonable sunrise with the wind starting up again. For some reason we took ages getting rolled and waked up and so we weren't rolling south until about 10 -- of course it took awhile to load the trailer. The first group was dropped in town with the trailer and the second group ferried down. At which point the trailer got hitched back on and the pioneers dumped on the Flindt River -- at what the locals call Flindt Lake. On the drive in the guide spotted a black bear on the roadside, but no one else saw it. The staff had already scouted and a portage through a little bit of the burn had to be cut. The staff dumped the second load off after leaving Brett in town to come out on the aircraft with him. All our town timing had been such that there was no way to check whether there was a package for us at the station so the camp supplies got purchased from local sources and Brett, the dogs, and the staff cooled their heels at the airbase waiting for the Cessna to return. Meanwhile camp was made on a rock shore without much in the way of tent sites to offer and a large lunch got cooked. At the base Danny had the sides of the cabin all the way up and the ridges in place and all the rafters cut -- the place was taking on an appearance of a building! The back door and windows had been cut through and only a few more logs were needed in the front and back. The supplies were drawn off the cache and a few things hastily taken from the big tent as a few items were dropped off to be stored pending our return. The pilot gave us a mighty bouncy landing on Flindt -- showing off -- we unloaded and he buzzed back over for pictures. By now it was 7:30. Rob started a chili with much help needed to make it work. Finally the rice got put on to go with it! Meanwhile the repacking got underway with help from Lee, Richard, and Brett with Bill Davis assisting a little after dinner and Chuck's biscuits -- as John took over on the traveler. And after dark the boxes and trash got burned.

Sunday, August 2 -- The staff delayed until almost 7:30 because of a heavy mist on the lake but was shamed into getting up by the dogs! Again the fire was slow and breakfast customers had arrived before anything but the coffee was done. We got off about 9:30. The river proved deep enough with some current to a short rapid that had to be let down -- with no difficulty. Another followed maybe half way down, and at the foot a short lift over was needed. Too early for lunch at the foot so we were going to paddle north of the railroad bridge and stop for lunch -- only no bridge and we had to portage through Flindt Landing Camp after letting a couple trains go by -- the second the local train from Armstrong. The manager of the resort offered us copies of the local map and the use of his lunch island half-way down the lake -- only trouble, we needed a

lunchsite now. But the area up from the camp was burned -- lots of rock, but no place to land. Finally the staff got desperate and we pulled up at a small rock which barely held all of us. Hal couldn't believe how quickly we got the beans heated! We got off after two and paddled lazily to the turn into the bay to the north when the weather started looking depressing so we pulled up at a reasonable -- though not great by any means -- campsite area. The fly went up first as a few scattered drops of rain fell. Then the tents -- drawing poles a problem in the semi-burned area. As swims started Bill Davis began the cherry pie with blueberries added by the guide and Rob. As they worked Richard and Chuck got the corned beef going and Brett started to fry the scallop but turned the job over to John who complained he hadn't baked anything all day as Brett started a date cake for tomorrow. After arguments over cocon rations -- or no ration -- Bill Davis served up the pie. At the end rain started again slowly as though setting in. Some canoe flipping practice in the drizzle which stopped 30 - 45 minutes after it began. 77 and 22 got patched just before the rain came.

Monday, August 3 -- The dogs wanted to get up before the sun showed itself, so the staff was shamed into getting up as soon as it did. The day started warm as we shoved off to explore the route through Smye Creek, but to make a long story short after walking all the likely looking shoreline looking for some ancient sign of a trail and finding nothing, the staff gave up on the project and we pulled out. The trail dogs had come up with nothing and starting off on our own just did not seem worth it. We went back down a little ways and pulled in for lunch -- where Dave had to dive for the irons. Back on the water we paddled back past last night's site that the section was opposed to reoccupying and went on to find a point just south of picnic island. The diving rocks drew first attention -- though Lee dropped and cut up one of two dry trees on the site -- the staff took down the other later on. John did our last pineapple upside-down cake (which could have baked longer). Brett did up chicken-a-la-king with lots of advice and dinner finally got served. Earlier a couple boats from Flindt Landing came by. Brett brought back a walleye -- plus catching a couple pike. Lee disappeared to his tent to mysteriously come up with a pizza on a bannock base -- a mystery only to one or two who hadn't been paying attention. We elected a rest day tomorrow to pass away some of our extra time now that the exploring was out. John and Rob went over next door for another stick of dry wood to get us through the morning. Everything got put up shortly before the promised rains arrived about 8:30 as the fishermen scurried for cover and most of the clothes got under cover.

Tuesday, August 4 -- The dogs, flies, and sun forced the staff to start breakfast at 7:30 with Richard arriving to make the pancake batter. About half appeared soon to have seconds on pancakes before the others got out. Swims and a few clothes got washed before pea soup and Chuck's trapper's bread. Then an involved series of bets involving flipping a canoe, doing deep knee bends, and unflipping between Chuck and Dave -- the argument was never resolved. Richard made oatmeal cookies

and the staff took over for dinner as Lee did a cornbread and the traveler too. The guide had the recorder going a good part of the day. John and Richard made a wood trip for breakfast wood -- discovering some leaks in 65. Lee split the wood and everything got put away as a thunder storm threatened but never materialized. Then high diving for awhile after dinner. Brett won the award for going down the cliff and back up -- then had slapping games and Mercy followed by a wait for a sunset and a threat of rain.

Wednesday, August 5 -- Again the dogs couldn't even let the sun come up before they wanted out. The staff did manage to delay until 6:45, however. We were off about 8:30 headed for the portage as some clouds came over. The trail was in need of clearing, but the blueberry crop was out of this world and several large collections were made. Then a swampy narrows and the start up Barrington after spotting a sport fishing out in the main lake. Only at the second break did it become known that Richard had left an axe back at the portage -- it now being too far to reasonably go back to get it. One more pull and we wanted a lunchsite at the top of the lake -- just what we wanted was occupied by some sports, so we went on to cook at the far side of the portage -- not much room, but it worked. 77 went over to check a site on an island just off the end of the trail, but the water all around was only a couple feet deep and we passed it up. A short pull put us at the site we'd used the first night out which people began to recognize once we started to land. By now thunder showers were starting to play around us, so tents went up right away. The staff refused to pitch the fly, but an hour later it had to go up. Rob got everything ready to put up the ham for dinner. A Freshie line was held and about 4:45 John started to bake the cake to be iced. Dinner plans were getting under way as the rain hit delaying Hal from starting to fry the potatoes -- some of which got roasted in the fire when he burned a hole in the plastic bag. Rob eventually showed up to fix the ham. Breadline came after the rain, but eating under the fly was still the thing to do. Hal made the traveler -- we'll have to wait to see if he used as much baking powder as he did in an earlier bannock made on the same site. By 8:00 a retreat to the tents was made though no more rain fell -- even if the sky remained gray.

Thursday, August 6 -- The weather refused to cooperate. The wind blew at times through the night -- rattling the pannikin Hal left on one of the poles (and didn't use for breakfast) -- not to mention Lee's late candle raid waking the guide, staff, and dogs. The rain never came in great volume, but it provided a consistent mist all morning. The staff started breakfast at 9:00 with Brett making the pancake batter as he, John, and the guide got first crack at blueberry pancakes with berries John had collected. Then the main pancake fight lasted until noon. It was still misting at a 2:00 lunch as John made blueberry tarts for everyone with Hal's heavy hand on the salt for the second mixing of dough. Those who needed a daily swim made it in as the mist gradually quit in the afternoon. The guide drew a portrait of Cheemaun and then a Keewaydin emblem on Richard's ammo box -- after Richard had banged his knee on a rock during the tent raids. John did a cornbread for dinner while Lee did the traveler and the staff did dinner for



entertainment. Carving took over with various canoe projects being the major undertakings. The sky cleared slowly as evening approached.

Friday, August 7 -- Mist down over the lake as the staff rolled out at 6:45 to start our last traveling breakfast. We got off at 8:25, but then 77 got to the beaver dam before Bill Davis needed to take a stroke -- a canoe (miniature that is) got left behind. The portage had lots of blueberries and then the shallows came through the next narrows and the final one -- some paint got left behind in the process to go with the red left by the last person to go through. A north or west wind helped to the lodge where we watched a canoe party unload from the train and head off for the river -- maybe they got there! We lined the rapid without trouble and went on to a rock island for lunch and a few swims. Then the final pull down the lake after the guide got his axe back from the pranksters. The staff made the mistake of taking a break part way down and we failed to beat the thunder shower to the base, but not much got all that wet. Danny and family were packing up to head back for Allanwater and of course held off because of the storm. We saw them off and then Lee made biscuits while the guide did the rest of the dinner with Rob making his run of pudding -- biscuit recipe # 3 is definitely the best. Then the big drawing for the super wallop and most of the pots got done during the evening. The wallopers were in the process of washing up as Danny and his wife returned for another load of their belongings. Bill Seeley got his maps marked with campsites at least and then Chuck copied by lantern light in the tent.

Saturday, August 8 -- The routine was hard to break and no sooner had the staff started to heat the water than customers began to appear. The pancake fight started on a friendly basis and then the staff pulled out to go cut poles for ladders. Meanwhile three bannocks were baked for breakfast tomorrow and as 77 paddled back -- the small cache island had been slightly burned -- not consumed as prior reports seemed to indicate -- Lee was putting on a final gingerbread which went for lunch. Thunder storms meanwhile began to play around the area with the major rain coming at lunch. Lee donned rain suit to sit on the rocks and do the reflector pan in particular. The boat builders continued and the guide had to draw a moose for the plaque which Bill Davis otherwise lettered and manufactured. Danny appeared with more chinking strips as dinner got under way with Chuck doing an even better trapper's bread this time. The weather could have been better but section pictures got taken with the cabin in the background. We left Danny chinking the cabin and headed north with a couple mojo canoes by choice as Chuck and Dave rode in the middle slots. One tent was left behind intentionally and then Bill Seeley and Dave elected to sleep under canoes as the north wind promised a cool night.

Sunday, August 9 -- The night was short and not as cold as anticipated, but the north wind kept blowing -- though not hard. The guide's alarm went off at 5:15, but it



was too dark to start rolling. As soon as the staff made that decision rain started falling lightly. The call to roll was delayed as long as possible, but it had to go at 5:50, but luck was with us and the rain stopped. Tents came down, those who wanted to keep their swim records in tact went in and we started for the landing -- with the red canoe picking up the tent left behind. Fortunately the red canoe ran out ahead and had barely gotten Richard ashore when along came the train. He sprinted up to show them someone wanted them to stop and fortunately the engineer ran the baggage car too far forward so that they spent time backing so the gang could land, grab their luggage, and toss it aboard. Appropriately or not the staff figured that the passenger cars were not the right place for a bannock breakfast and held that wannigan. And about 5:40 the gang was on its way.

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At which point the rear guard lost contact. Somehow it all worked, but the section pulled into Boat Line Bay to discover canoes but no breakfast drop -- plus the fact that they would in reality have a day on the lake, so the guide had some additional surprises to add to his Tales of Exploration.

## REAR GUARD

Sunday, August 9 -- The rear guard started for home immediately with a couple canoes in tow. The wind picked up all the way down and waves were crashing on the rocks as the landing was made. Rain showers on and off all day, but about 3/4 of the north roof got put on and a few boards on the south. Danny and daughter appeared about the middle of the afternoon having hit a rock on the way down and lost the whole lower half of his (actually Barney's) motor and had to paddle in maybe three miles. He cut and framed the front door while daughter did some more chinking. Richard and the staff took time out for dinner and then went back to work since they were still at it. Danny borrowed the motor again and they headed home at sun down as the rear guard retreated to the tent.

Monday, August 10 -- No sun rise, but no rain. The rest of the roofing lumber got used with the north side finished and the south side up 2/3 of the way. The rear door was hung and preparations made for the front pair. Danny's kids appeared shortly after dinner with the motor and headed home powered by a 2 hp. The bannock didn't go to waste, but there was an order of excellence with the oatmeal in first place followed by the raisin.

Tuesday, August 11 -- At least the sun showed itself in the morning. Nothing really got done pending a 9:30 departure for the Bridge to telephone and leave a key for Danny. Then the long train wait -- spent putting slots in the screws for the doors with the hack saw (if the staff had really looked deeper into the hardware supplies he'd have discovered that the bolts he'd ordered had in fact been delivered) -- about 20 done when the train finally came with roofing boards and shingles but no floor boards. It was close to 4:00 by the time we got back with a southwest wind making the trip slow in spots. Richard spent the remaining hours till dark -- and dinner -- continuing the south side's roofing boards while the staff put shingles on the north side in spite of the less than auspicious look to the weather -- a blood red sun behind the overcast from about seven to nine.

Wednesday, August 12 -- The section was probably boarding boats, but we lucked out on the weather although the early morning looked undecided. Richard finished boarding in the south side before lunch and took over roofing the north. The south boards got trimmed off just before lunch and the staff began roofing the south. At dark most of the north side was finished except for the cap, but the south had a long way to go. A fair amount of the contents of the big tent got moved down during the day.

Thursday, August 13 -- Back to the roof as soon as the dew had dried, but first the tents got hung out to air and dry from the train morning. Richard polished off the north side and as soon as the south was far enough along the staff started capping. The hot sun of noon gradually disappeared -- the shingles didn't bend as easily. After lunch the stoves came down to the cabin so dinner was cooked there -- at a late hour. Almost, but not quite, on the roof.

Friday, August 14 -- Somehow the weather held off. The staff finished the roof just about the time Richard got his pancake batter mixed. While he took down Danny's scaffolding the staff got the front doors in place and working! The windows went in and except for the huge leap to get into the front door the cabin was done -- of course there's a three-foot gap in the floor covered with spare 2 by 4's and other lumber. The big tent came down and three canoes got stuffed in to see what room they'd take. The trip tents got put up as the staff sorted what was going and what was staying. The wind blew in at a pretty good clip from the northwest at dark.

Saturday, August 15 -- Monday, August 17 -- The wind increased and the temperature dropped. Everything was ready for a 10:00 plane, but as usual after the hurry-up, it was wait, but the Beaver finally came in, although holding it off the rocks while loading wasn't easy. But by mid-afternoon, Wendy, Tinker, Cheemaun, Richard, and the staff were rolling south to Ignace. A brief delay needed there to repair a flat tire and tighten the trailer hitch. A 2 am stopping hour found them east of Nipigon. A ten pm arrival in North Bay. Richard caught the early morning plane -- commenting that he'd probably enjoy Grandmother's cooking more than his own. Cheemaun made a visit to a North Bay vet, and shortly after noon the Major and Ralph encountered the staff in Temagami and boated everything back to Devil's Island.

It's been five years in the making, but the outpost cabin is now a reality!