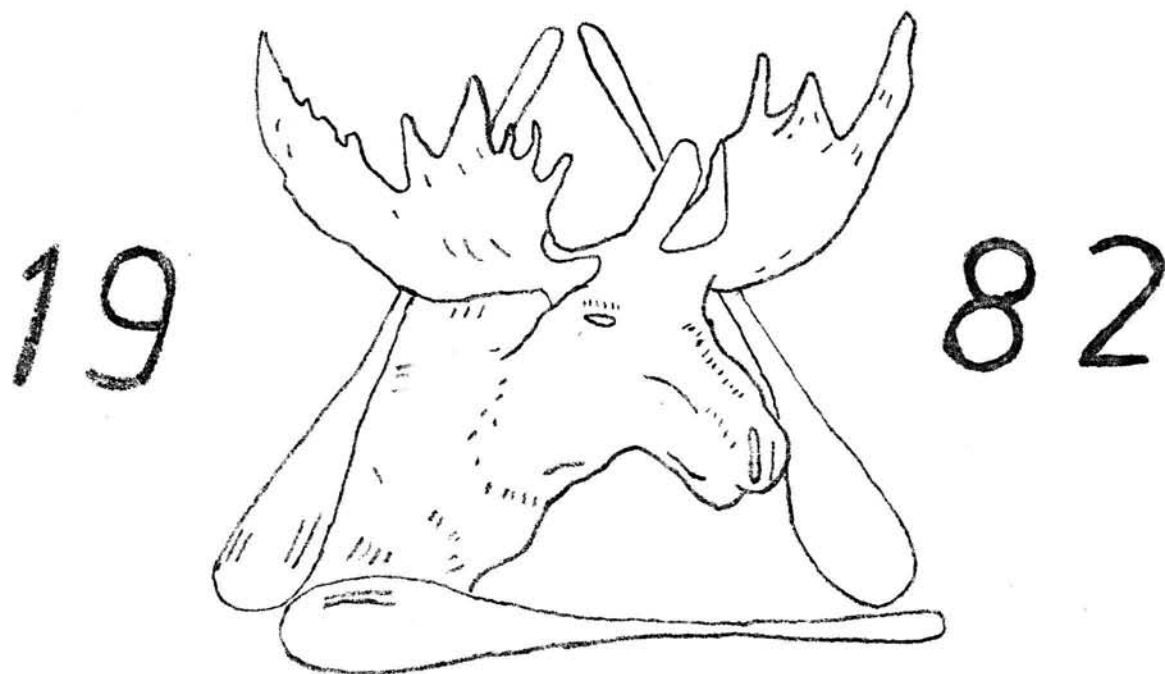


KAWAWEOGAMA SECTION E



KEEWA YDIN

June 30 - August 8, 1982

Sam Anderson

Tuck Barnes

Dave Chapin, CIT

Richard Evans, CIT

Ben Fitzhugh

John Glover

Jay McKeown

Thad McLaurin

Julian Ottley

Chuck Pratt

Heb Evans, Staff

Henry Huntington, Guide

Wendy -- Tinker -- Cheemaun

Flindt - Ogoki - Whitewater - Palisade

Vanessa - Seseganaga

Allanwater - Smye - Savant - Heathcote

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

ADVANCE PARTY

Thursday, June 17 -- Saturday, June 26 -- Carp escorted Richard, the staff, and dogs to Boat Line and stayed around for trailer loading. Lots of stops in town -- plus fixing the trailer lights and finally on the road well after two. The ride was smooth until about 8 pm when the front right tire went -- as expected really. We waited out a rain squall before changing, but less than a half hour later the transmission went. A friendly OPP offered to help on his way back from somewhere, but by the time he returned the tow truck was on the way, sent down by a friendly passing motorist. A night in Smooth Rock Falls and most of the next day so we only made Long Lac for Friday night. But it was dinner in Savant Lake -- and Saturday night as well, though what was left of the daylight was spent touring the back roads -- the roads to Seseganaga were blocked. No luck getting the frig on the way freight as the staff missed the baggage man. A rain shower at the air base, but it all got on the Beaver, and the load was deposited at the base -- just as we had left it last August. A hop to Allanwater Bridge to get the boat, and then Barney ran us up the rapids. The cabin was open and usable for Sunday night. The porch got started with the log work somewhat done and floor painting started. The staff went to meet the freight Tuesday morning leaving Richard to wait for the plane with groceries -- and waterproof tents. 82 was ready to go on the return flight -- but no plane. A beautiful flying day on Wednesday, but still no plane, so off to the phone to try to find out why -- Winnipeg reported the groceries had been delivered, but no answer from the air base on the phone. So off to rig the catamaran to take back the lumber -- the stove going in the boat. The staff had brought all the freeze-dry and other small items the day before. Thursday turned dirty, so all inside work setting up the kitchen and installing the stove and sink -- although the drain line has yet to go in. The porch was decked Friday morning and then off to the phone again -- this time getting through only to find out the Beaver was already making the delivery without us there -- so 82 did not get taken off -- promised to pick it up later. The groceries were there plus a note from Marshal -- a few items short or missing, but 122 pounds of bacon instead of 80! The stairs were installed and the porch and stairs painted. Saturday turned blowing -- and plagued with flies. Richard got up for breakfast and disappeared till dinner while the staff got the underpinning done for the fort. Then time to head for Allanwater to meet Section A heading west.

Sunday, June 27 -- Tuesday, June 29 -- Richard and the staff lay down in the pre-pitched tent to wait as the rain started -- on and off -- hard for a few minutes and then it lightened up. During the hard intervals the staff prayed the train wouldn't show up -- it didn't. When it finally did -- well over three hours late -- the waiters were not quick enough with the lights to get her stopped at the landing, and Phil and Dave got dumped off 150 - 200 yards west of the landing. By the time the staff hustled down to the tail of the train all was off and the train moving on and a couple feeble

flashlights indicated the location of the pile of baggage. The fly got tossed on top and the four headed for the boat, casting off for the island as the morning sky was lightening -- fortunately no rain by now, however. After a little sleep, Phil and the staff took the dogs down the rapids to phone Temagami for the supplies Caithness had left out of his order -- some was merely as a result of metric measure -- leaving Dave and Richard to portage what they could to the landing. By now the wind was rising so that it was not sensible to do any freighting for the rest of the day -- most of what remained was spent getting the frame for the fort up. Monday Phil and Richard freighted while the staff started siding the fort and Dave got stuck with household chores. Once the freighting was over, the fort was roofed, awaiting stronger plywood for the floor and seat. Phil and Dave finished it off with stain. The finishing touches awaited the way freight of Tuesday noon and after Phil and Richard freighted back the supplies -- only the staff was up early enough to do much -- mainly organizing and splitting the food. A screen door got started but left unfinished as the freight returned and the staff finished the propane installation while the others installed the inner workings of the fort -- including the Tiger decorated seat with 'Fort George' on the top and a large 'K' on the under side. The plumbing got installed for the drain and the others filled the hole with rock while the staff installed the rest of the kitchen counters. The cabin was swept and the tools, etc stored on the shelves by time to depart for the train. Dave and Richard threw up tents as Phil and the staff took 82 and the tarp to the landing. Then leaving the dogs with the islanders, Phil and the staff went back to pick their way through hot-dog Indians to wait the train.

ARRIVAL

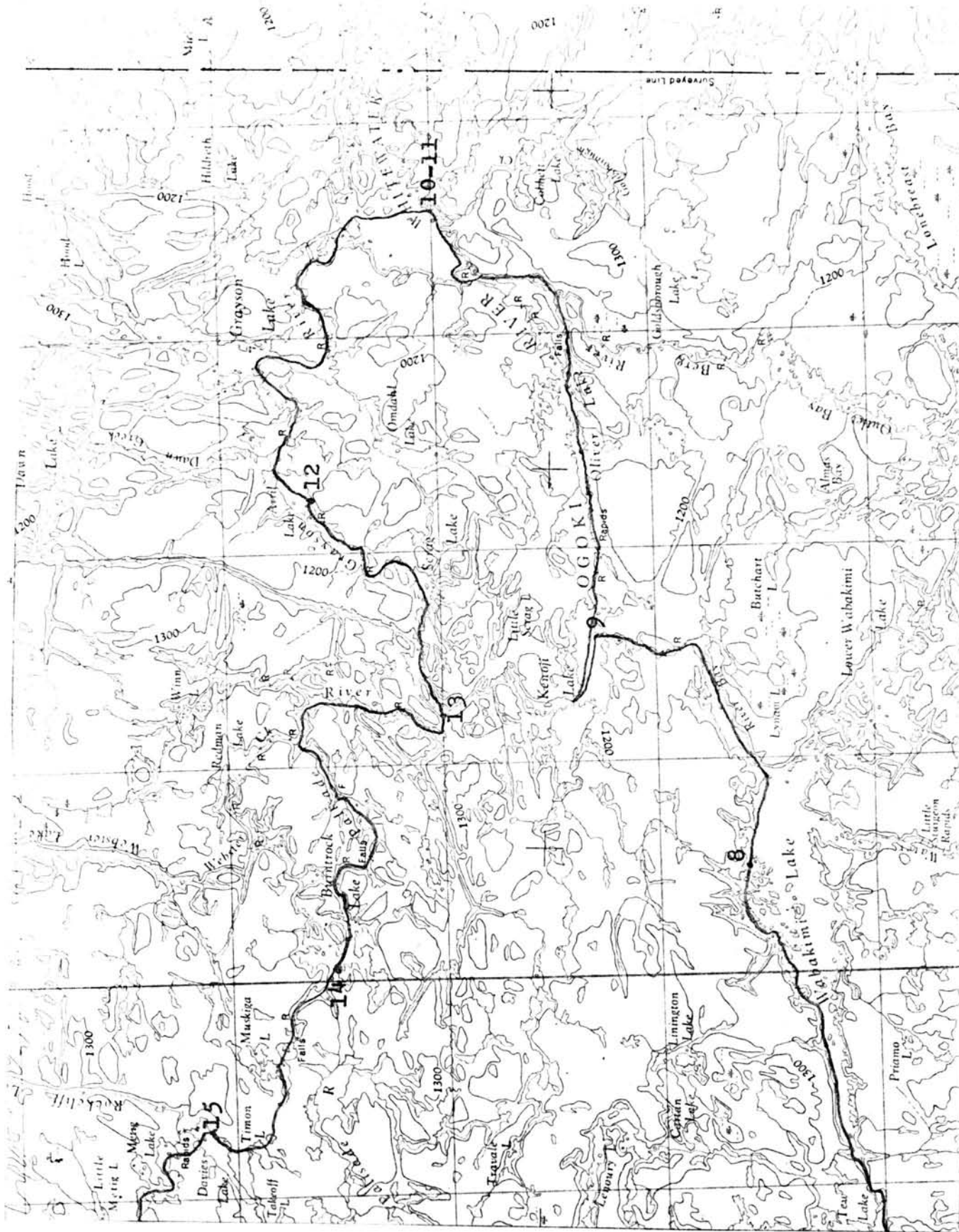
Wednesday, June 30 -- The train was only a little earlier this time, and again missed the landing, but backed up for us this time. The gear came off quickly, and Phil hopped aboard with his gear and 82. As the train pulled out the staff realized he had eight campers and no guide. Four went over on the first load for Richard and Dave to bed down -- at least this time Tinker did not escape to swim out to meet the boat. The remaining four moved the baggage down to the landing and were ready for the second trip. At least it was still dark for their arrival, although the northern lights had been brighter earlier. It was close to 4:30 when everyone got to bed. The staff was up before 8:00. The wind was coming up and the boat was not so well protected. He rolled and headed over for the baggage after calling for the rest to roll. On return one tent still had not moved, so we were slow getting off. The wind dropped a little for the paddle to the base as the staff took it easy on the motor and pulled ahead at the end in the hope of unloading before the canoes arrived -- close. The staff started breakfast while Richard and Dave gave a guided tour of the premiss before breakfast was ready somewhat after eleven. Tents went up, some swimming, some reading, and some fishing -- at least two walleye and two pike for lunch. Richard and Ben managed to turn over 65 not once but twice trying to go fishing. The staff put together the screen door for the back door and installed it with Dave's help as Dave started lunch. Just as it was ready and the fish were frying the guide appeared in the 180 to report the others were off on Vanessa for their trip in. More relaxing during the afternoon, but by dinner all but Thad seemed a little rested for a late dinner and a relatively short game of hearts.

Thursday, July 1 -- Even the staff was tired and slept in even if the dogs didn't. Richard got to put the water to the pancake batter as first up while the staff had already started outfitting. For awhile there was at least mild interest in outfitting, but after most of the bagging was done the troops disappeared to the water while the guide and staff finished -- all into 3 babies and 8 wannigans somehow. Lunch of Spanish rice, and supposedly the canoes got tumped and ready to travel. Some practice flipping and some fishing and swimming while the guide and staff got out maps and logs for the trip. A late dinner and the place was more or less cleaned up ready for tomorrow's departure. A noisy card game on the front porch and finally to bed. The calmest day in a long while, but we took little advantage of it.

This is a detailed black and white map of a region in Antarctica, showing various geographical features, lakes, and rivers. The map includes labels for several lakes such as Fitch L., Nevermore Lake, Poisson L., Virginian L., Silver L., Wilkie L., Gault L., Fidd L., Heathcote L., Barrington L., Future L., Kawnwoganna Lake, and others. It also shows the Finlay River and the Amundsen River. The map is divided into sections labeled POISSON, SYM Y E, and STANTON. A grid of latitude and longitude lines is overlaid on the map.

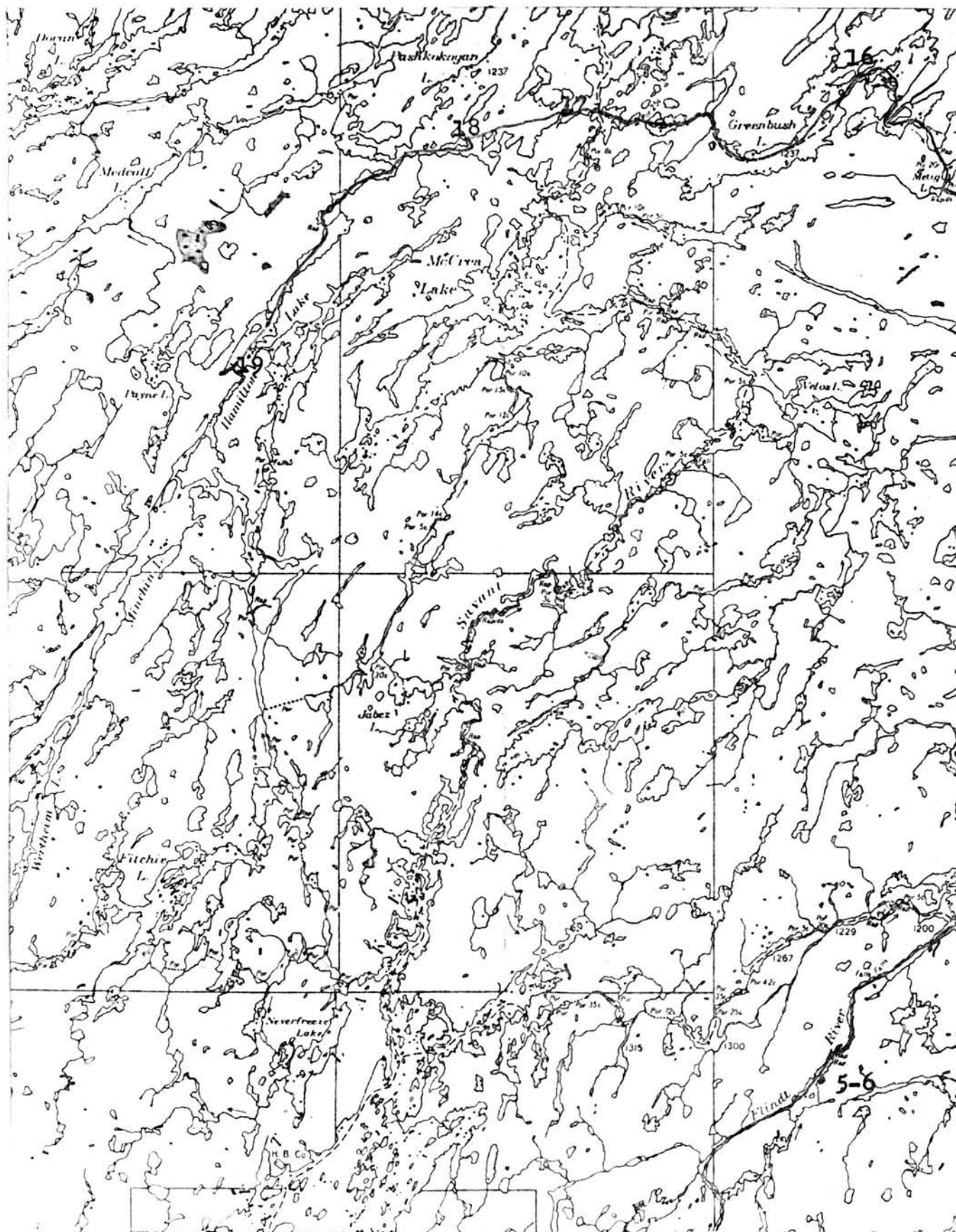
Map 1

TEW LAKE to METIG LAKE



Scale: 1" to 4 miles

METIG LAKE to HAMILTON LAKE



Scale: 1" to 4 miles

Map 3

FLINDT RIVER - WHITEWATER - PALISADE - HAMILTON

Friday, July 2	-- Foam Lake
Saturday, July 3	-- Before Flet Lake
Sunday, July 4	-- Rapid after Sassenach Lake
Monday, July 5	-- Flindt River
Tuesday, July 6	-- Rest
Wednesday, July 7	-- Tew Lake
Thursday, July 8	-- Wabakimi Lake
Friday, July 9	-- Kenoji Lake
Saturday, July 10	-- Whitewater Lake
Sunday, July 11	-- Rest
Monday, July 12	-- Arril Lake
Tuesday, July 13	-- Palisade River
Wednesday, July 14	-- Burntrock Lake
Thursday, July 15	-- Davies Lake
Friday, July 16	-- Greenbush Lake
Saturday, July 17	-- Portage to Pashkokogan
Sunday, July 18	-- Pashkokogan
Monday, July 19	-- Hamilton Lake

Friday, July 2 -- The weather did not look all that good with a gray sky and slight wind out of the northeast or east. The staff got up later than planned, but still we made it out of the base shortly after nine and paddled off for the Bridge with most of the canoes going in relatively straight lines with Thad and Dave often in the rear, but otherwise we made good time. The staff made his calls while the Jelinskis must have sold out of candy bars. We went on to the rock lunchsite before the streams and ponds started and fairly quickly got the beans going -- although Thad preferred slicing his finger with a knife to our menu. Bud's nut bread went for bannock since we'd used up all the bread in a rush last night and hadn't baked. Then up the streams without real problem -- trying to learn how to tell others of rocks missed or hit. One pause to get the dogs back when they abandoned ship. The approach to the carry was rocky -- and a few preferred wading -- Chuck in particular. Eventually all got over though not always with the canoe carried by its sternsman. Chuck went for a swim off the canoes. Once on the way a pair of fishermen trolled across our front, and we went up to break the beaver dam and on to the campsite. Wood came easily this time with Dave doing the splitting after the canoes were parked above the little shallows. Last year's fireplace was almost perfect and most of the tent poles remained. It was reasonably early, but dinner was started -- fried potatoes, carrots which Jay put up, and creamed chicken -- by the guide. Richard made the first bannock of the summer with Ben doing the traveler. Chuck was first to brave the water and many of the others followed. We hadn't really gone far, but the sky was still gray -- our fishermen had passed going to Barrington with a couple walleye -- but after a somewhat noisy game of spades the campsite was quiet by nine certainly -- and maybe earlier -- and by ten the only sounds were snores and the odd loons out in front.

Saturday, July 3 -- The eastern sky was blood red before sunrise. The sun poked over the trees at 6:30, but a band of clouds was just over it and the wind blew from the southeast, really smelling wet while the sky in that direction looked quite suspect. The staff looked every half hour till eight and then since nothing terrible had happened, decided he had been chicken long enough and got up to cook breakfast. We managed to get on the water at 9:45, but 77 paddled solo to the portage before everyone came up. The carry took longer than should have been the case, with terrible black flies at the end. We went down the left side channel with Tuck's axe in 95 catching on the cedar almost causing trouble. The next portage also took longer than should have been the case so we pulled up at the 8' falls for our first starch lunch which took longer than necessary to boil as the fire was allowed to die down. The staff went ahead to scout the next rapid with all but Chuck and Sam negotiating successfully -- as Chuck failed to draw the stern left as told. We carried the canoes still loaded over the rocks at the 2' drop -- as in '79 (water was too high in '81). The long portage got crossed in reasonable style -- with some canoe trading needed. We looked at a possible site just afterwards but decided it would be no better than the '81 site -- it now being too late to go on to Flet. The '81 site was no better -- or worse -- than before and worked -- we even found a tent rope left last year. Dave again chopped most of the wood, but Ben at least found a good piece of dry wood. Richard made the chili after turning over the cabbage dicing job to Ben. Chuck and Tuck collaborated on the two bannocks -- although the first one did not rise very much. Anyway dinner came about 6:45. Then baths for most while John paddled Julian off fishing -- three walleye, but only one kept. Ben worked on his pipe -- the stem now being the problem. But again the tents filled early helped by the fact that the black flies were still in evidence -- though not as bad as earlier in the day. While it wasn't really warm, the sun did try more or less after we made camp.

Sunday, July 4 -- The trees hid the sun so the staff made it out at 6:50. Julian's walleye added a little to breakfast, but we could have moved faster and got off at 8:45. The landing at the portage was terrible -- and a one-canoe process, and the loading was not much better, so we lost considerable time getting over. The rapid into Flet was much as expected and after scouting we all came through easily. At the narrows into Flindt we passed several skiffs of outpost fishermen -- the woman being guided by an Indian (she was from Minnesota). We pulled up at an island to cut four spruce poles for the noble experiment -- canoe kiting. It had to be declared somewhat unsuccessful though we did make it to the shelter of the first islands for lunch, although the kites refused to stay up. The guide's trio with Richard's kite probably got the greatest loft of the run. After starch we tried again with even less success with islands in the way and decreasing wind. Finally we gave up and paddled to the short pitch to the portage and got across -- John taking 95 all the way. Chuck managed a swim off 95 before heading up the lake -- on paddles this time. The wind had shifted at least somewhat -- more out of

the west and the sky grew gray. The water was barely high enough to make the run through the rapid -- with the staff running first and then the guide bringing down the rest, but everyone bumped in the final pitch. We found a campsite just below -- a little later than we hope is normal -- but still just after five. The site worked, but the ants had to be watched and the swimming left a great deal to be desired. The fireplace was reconstructed and wood drawn with Ben making it up this time. The guide did a lamb meatloaf while Julian peeled and diced the rutabagas. The Chuck and Tuck bakers went to work again with the cornbread for dinner working -- although the second one left a great deal to be desired! Sam got stung on the wrist by something -- Richard had run into a bee earlier. Then Thad complained of a sore ear -- same one that had supposedly been ruptured before camp. Dave managed to untangle the rest of the staff's kite string that Chuck had worked on before. Swimming by slipping down the rocks into the water. A very little fishing with no results. The sky cleared somewhat, but the sun went behind clouds and the western trees early -- and the tents filled quickly again. No one paid much attention to the fact that it was the 4th.

Monday, July 5 -- Another night spent battling mosquitoes in the staff tent at least. At 6:15 or 6:30 it was pretty gray, but by 7:00 there was no point trying to go back to sleep with the bugs, so off we went. But the cereal sat for a long time before any takers appeared -- an earlier call in the future? After the staff scouted the rapid the others came down together and all ran to the landing -- still only one canoe at a time. 65 had cut through a patch yesterday and was taking water rapidly, so it got patched at the end of the carry out of the pond -- the landing for which was no better than in '81. We selected the left branch. The staff took a side trip to look at Painter Creek which proved paddable for 200 or more yards before a little cascade. Lining the first rapid took awhile as the top was terrible in our water, but the rest was better. The second could still be run in a couple little chutes. A slightly late lunch at the '81 site -- which had nothing to advertise it as before -- even the ants added nothing. The approach to the third could still be paddled, and it went quickly thanks to the cutting done in '81. The same final shove of the canoes through the last chute -- with 77 the only one with a line long enough to retain. So there were Richard and Thad paddling their canoe sideways -- drawing furiously -- upstream! -- to get the castaway canoes. But then it became a race with the weather as dark clouds were coming on from the south. We made it to about a mile and a half from the campsite before the thunder and lightning started playing every so often. A couple closer than we would have liked although we were close to shore. The rain started just as we landed. The wannigan line was set and most packs under the fly before anything major came. Tents went up -- not all too fast -- followed by the fly. We decided to wait it out before starting dinner and did not have long to wait, although the potatoes were peeled and Sam cut them up into frying size while the rain still came down. The search for dry wood wasn't very successful, but the staff found a newly downed tree right in

front of the fireplace that was perfectly dry -- and worked. Our '81 wood had been used and that left by others, while it burned, wasn't very good. The guide made a bannock that worked! Ben did a reasonable traveler while the staff cooked the rest -- not getting much volunteer assistance from those who wanted to sit on the wannigans -- even though the rain had stopped. We hadn't been delayed too much by the rain and dinner was done with by 6:50. The guide, Richard, and Dave took canoes across and most went for a bath in the whirlpool tubs below. But around 10 as the staff closed up for the night another thunder storm rolled in without much moisture, but an awful lot of rumbling up above.

Tuesday, July 6 -- Thunder storms and more rain on and off through the night -- with Tinker hiding on the guide's head most of the night. Not actually raining at 6:30, but it obviously was going to soon and everything was soaked -- no way to move over the wet rocks. Back to bed and the rain came before too long in varying quantities. Finally the staff and dogs rolled out at 10 to find John and Jay already up. John drew water and made up milk while the staff worked -- and Jay managed to get out the brown sugar! Cereal took awhile to boil and found few takers as pancakes of varying quality got made. Some more dry wood was found and made up and the lunch soup got started. The staff discovered we definitely were not going anywhere since Julian had left 77 upright when he put his fishing rod away last night and she had four inches of water sitting in her. By about 2 the sky showed patches of blue and equipment started appearing to dry out. The sun came out and the bath tub was occupied and some found more water out toward the middle of the river as the staff walked the rapid to try again to find an alternative to the portage -- no real luck. The guide served up the soup before the staff got back to finish it off. Then a mass movement to the swimming hole for sun bathing, reading, rock hopping, wading, swimming, and washing. Amazingly Tuck's shorts needed washing every time he went in -- no one else's needed such care. The staff made a pineapple upside-down cake -- there had been earlier noises about a pie, but nothing came of it, and Richard offered to try doughnuts after the cake was underway. The staff did a beef stroganoff while the guide did the rest -- and the staff baked the traveler. Somehow dishes and pots got done quickly -- more swimming. By now house flies had replaced mosquitoes around the campsite so even though as uneventful rest day, the tents were all full even before the sun went down -- in spite of the heat in the tent!

Wednesday, July 7 -- More rain at night -- enough to leave 3/4" of water in the dog bowls in the morning. No rain at 6:30, but everything was soaking wet. The staff went back to sleep -- knowing we were moving sometime. At 8:00 he got up to start breakfast, finding John up and out already. The cereal stood by the fire for awhile before anyone appeared, but we got off -- still pretty wet underfoot. Ben got his canoe across ok, but 65 was too much for Jay and John. No one said anything until the other five were all on the water, at which point the staff went back and got her -- they had her half way across

carrying bow and stern. Dark clouds blew over, but nothing happened as we ran the swift down to the next rapid and carry. Richard and Jay switched places, and Richard promptly yurned his ankle at the end of the carry and carried on for the rest of the day with a cane. Julian took over the stern of 65 for the rest of the day, and on the remaining carries Dave triple carried his canoe and a couple loads while Richard hobbled across trails. Other people were supposed to trade off helping, but Chuck ended up taking Dave's other load on each of the others in addition to his two loads in 77's bow. The tump on 17 broke at the start of the third one -- an '81 invention -- fairly clear, but at the end a rain shower blew up the stream, so rain suits came out. The volume decreased as the 4th one came up so the carry could be made in some comfort. Lunch at the start of the 5th with everyone supposed to have fixed their loads so the canoes could be turned over them -- fortunately the move was never required. An on-and-off Scotch mist blew in at lunch and the temperature dropped, but we made it through the meal, though a ridge pole was cut and ready. The mist let up as lunch was over and the sun made enough of a feeble appearance to cast shadows while the carry was made. We got out of the shallows for a windy approach to the 6th, and the final one was eventually done and the swift to Tew run. The fire had not made it back to our campsite, so we were spared the problem of finding another. Actually not bad time for the run. We were at the foot of the 1st at 10 am, had lunch at 1:30 and reached the campsite on Tew between 4:30 and 5. The guide found the dry wood. Tuck and Thad made up Texas steak with lamb. Sam made a cornbread, and John did the traveler. For once the pots were cleaned. A few moments spent around the fire while the traveler baked and the staff patched canoes and fixed the tump for 17, but about 8:15 a mass movement to the tents started. John made it in for a swim over on the western point where he and Ben pitched, but no one else braved the chilly air. The wind dropped, but the sun made only brief appearances, and the thermometer -- first time out -- read 63° in the staff tent at 10 pm.

Thursday, July 8 -- A good sleeping night, but the wind started to blow during the night and was at it in the morning. As seems to be the case we took awhile to roll. 77 was off before nine -- the staff having rolled out at seven -- earlier was too chilly. Richard's ankle seemed to be working, but he and Chuck switched bow and stern. By the time Tuck-Ben and John-Jay caught up it was close to 9:30. And what had been a pleasant, drifting tail wind picked up so we sat in a bay before the portage waiting unsuccessfully for it to go down. Finally 77 headed in for the portage, telling the others to wait, but no sooner was 77 unloaded than the others pulled in in a bunch. The carry and beaver pond had not been touched by last year's burn. John took 65 most of the way, and the staff finished the final few yards after John got off the trail. The carry to the river was also unburned, though at the foot the far side of the river was. But the carry at the chute was unaffected even if the north side was burned. We got in

successfully and had lunch at the foot -- though Tuck-Ben and John-Jay didn't believe we were stopping and drifted on ahead only to have to paddle back. A few spits of rain during lunch. The wind kept up, but the narrows were fine. Out on the main lake we chose the north shore and made reasonable progress -- nice to have a tail wind, but this was too much. We held up fairly often in what shelter showed up, but kept moving east. The wind seemed to drop and the going got easier as we neared the islands. We debated heading for a rocky island to the east, but wisely chose the back channel near shore. We soon encountered an outpost camp, not previously accurately located, and then started getting cross winds and waves out of bays -- even paddling into a head wind for awhile. The gang tired quickly and 119 and 77 stayed out ahead most of the time. At 5:00 the staff started campsite looking and took a site on a V-shaped island even though the kitchen was exposed since the wind seemed to be letting up. No such luck -- it got stronger as soon as the die was cast. The staff got a little dry wood as the fireplace was moved to our new location. The guide added a bigger and better stick. Richard did a ginger bread -- using baking powder instead of soda -- but it was definitely gingerbread. The staff did the rest, and those who had gone off to pitch tents were disappointed to discover the cooks had used all the hot water for beverages. The wind picked up even more as Chuck did the traveler -- as usual it didn't rise or bake! After dinner the staff tent went up, only to be blown down -- John and Richard ran for cameras, but too late. It eventually got moved to a completely different location! Not much to do but retreat to the tents to stay out of the wind. By 10:30 it was coming more in gusts with some relatively short quiet periods, but it had by no means died. 68° in the staff tent.

Friday, July 9 -- For once the sun rose as it should -- the wind was down -- and the staff didn't quite make it as soon as he should -- but 6:50 was too early for the rest! We took an inordinate time to get off for some reason -- the staff sat on shore with a partially loaded canoe for 15 minutes and then got off at 8:40. At 9:10 we were all together! Sports from the outpost at the mouth of the Allanwater were already out in their boats to the south of us, and now the wind rose slightly from the south making a bothersome chop. We took a break opposite the outpost at the river entrance -- and then another as Tuck and Thad dropped way behind -- to be repeated on the way into the portage several more times. The portage was still a good walker -- if you like walking 1000 yards. The guide took 36 most of the way after Tuck got it started down the trail. The next one took longer, and the staff went ahead to start the lunch fire on the little island to the right -- decorated with a somewhat moth-eaten moose skull in the fireplace which was so much a mess we made a new one. Only squaw wood available, but it worked. We pulled on down to the let-down, but low-and-behold the water was so high we ran it easily. Below the staff handed the canoes into the landing, sending Dave to scout the trail to see if we went left or right -- he missed the turn which made the going even tougher

for the first ones across. The trail still needs a chain saw! Thad managed to turn his ankle about 3/4 of the way over -- which the staff bandaged up -- and Richard brought 36 over and took over the stern in it for the rapids below, which were managed without problem. Now 4:20, the staff elected to stop -- trying the right island first and declaring he liked the left one better -- so we went over. Everyone pitched in to move the fireplace and get things going -- but then we realized there were no tent poles, so Dave and Chuck led the cutting expedition over to the other site for 30 poles (the staff eventually got 4 off our island -- so it was only 26!). Jay, Sam, and John went along. Thad put up a bean pot of meat balls for dinner while Richard and Julian sawed -- and Tuck sat -- and the guide, Ben, and the staff split. The wood crew finished long before the tent pole gang as Wendy swam back and forth -- she seems to like the water at this spot for some reason. Tuck made the bannock under the staff's instructions -- with Julian doing the pan greasing unfortunately. John did the traveler. And in the heat of day, dinner was served. But Thad collapsed on the way to breadline from heat prostration and eventually came around to rest in his tent -- feeling better as evening came on. Julian, John, and Tuck took a canoe after baths for everyone and went fishing, bringing back one good walleye for breakfast -- throwing the others back.

Saturday, July 10 -- The staff made it up just after the sun. We made a much quicker job or rolling helped maybe by the sun shining right in on the site. Thad was up and moving and at first thought he'd try to tough it out for the rest of the trip, but then thought better of it. So the staff and Dave started off for the outpost camp to see if anyone were there or if they had a radio. On the way up a bald eagle slept peacefully in a dead poplar -- the section must have gotten off in record time, for they were not far behind, but making more noise and the guide opening his ammo box to try for pictures was too much, and he took off. No luck at the outpost, so back we went east on Kenoji. The staff adopted a show-me attitude toward Bob McCoubrie's notes on the rapids and checked the right side of the first, but we ran the left, just as the notes said we should. The staff even found the rock we were supposed to go right of! After that we checked, but the notes were perfect. We didn't get as wet as predicted on the 2nd! The third appeared as a surprise since it wasn't marked on the map, and gave the longest run. The portage on the fourth was exactly as noted -- including the rock jetty that had to be rounded first. Starch at the foot. Dave began his 3-load routine for the day and others traded off -- Ben having taken the stern from Tuck earlier and kept up more than perfectly with Thad in the bow. Lunch was done in an hour -- for a record. The fifth was much shorter and done blind. Oliver was paddled on a windless, humid afternoon -- livened only by Jay's rush for shore! The falls proved to be a cascade really, and the trail wasn't long. Then John and Sam remembered the axe they'd left; a brief wait while they went back. Just above the Berg River, another rapid, and the staff was finished exploring. A big river rapid to follow -- with lots of stones.

Finally the last two portages to Whitewater -- a boatload of fishermen sat in the run-off of the final rapid. A sign advertised the Lodge around the corner including 'Communications'. And there were. The radio raised a flying plane within 15 minutes and Huron Air said they'd come in. We pulled up the shore a few hundred yards to cook dinner. Ben made the bannock -- the best of the run so far. But before anything was done, in came the plane. The staff had hurriedly emptied two wannigans to go back just in time. Dave and the staff -- and the dogs -- paddled over with Henry and Thad to put them on the plane. Henry to get Thad off on the morning train to Capreol and then rejoin us -- it had been planned the night before, only they were going to Armstrong rather than Savant Lake. The dinner had been served when Dave and the staff returned, 65 having gone out on the aircraft -- a brief moment to warm dish water since the fire had gone out -- and we packed up and headed up the lake to a campsite. Everything was done to make camp before the sun sank -- Sam, Tuck, and Jay offered to triple in a tent to solve that problem. Julian and Tuck went fishing -- reporting eight small walleye, and finally the site settled down.

Sunday, July 11 -- The neighbors could not enjoy their chance to sleep late, so for self-preservation the staff got up to cook breakfast at 7:30. John joined to fry the bacon and have pancakes before anyone appeared. But no sign of the aircraft the Lodge said was coming in at 9. Breakfast finally over, Ben dropped a large jackpine, and we managed to make up a bit of it. A few baths, and still no aircraft. Lunch started slowly, and a plane came into the Lodge, paying no attention to us, so we went ahead and had Spanish rice and cleaned up. A little clothes washing followed and the staff had just gone for a swim when Henry's plane showed up, circling many times, and finally landing into what by now was a relatively strong north wind. Dave and Chuck went out with 119 to pick the guide off. It was now 4:00 so there was not much point in setting out now. The guide took a bath and went to bed. Thad had gone off on the morning train; the canoe was shipped off to Allanwater Bridge -- excess baggage. The delay had been caused by heavy rain in Temagami and delay in getting through to the Major. Dinner got started about 7 with John doing the dinner bannock and Ben the traveler while the staff did the rest -- all too frequent an occasion. Spades on shore -- had been the afternoon rage along with reading also. John, Tuck, and Julian went fishing and brought in a couple pike -- plus the usual stories of the ones that got away. The sun sank in a ball of red, but the hoped-for sunset never materialized.

Monday, July 12 -- The staff was up when he was supposed to be since there was no point lying in the tent fighting mosquitoes. The fire took rapidly even if the staff had to do the bacon. Then -- it was bound to happen -- the staff served up oatmeal and applesauce to his first customer -- who as usual was Richard -- and went and rolled, beating Jay back to the fire with his pack. Julian did up the pike of last night

and John fried it -- could have been cooked longer. 77 was on the water at 8:00 or 8:15 depending on which watch was used and was just about out of sight before anyone else got off. The lake was crossed and we were ready to start into the river entrance before the mojo canoe came up almost an hour after the staff departure. Then we started exploring, finding the route fairly easily. The morning's five portages were all short 125 - 125 - 50 - 40 - 250 -- and good walkers except for the last one. John tried 22, but his mojo, Ben, ended up with it after Tuck up in the bow tried once. We found a small lunchsite on Grayson -- the only good part being a chance for a swim in the by-now hot-humid day. But we dragged in the afternoon -- helped by a missed turn by the staff. Julian went duck chasing -- mother did not seem to be around. A few widely scattered rain drops. One final carry to Arril after paddling what looked like a man-made channel. We checked a couple possible sites on Arril, but went on to a McCoubrie site that was ok, but nothing terrific. A late arrival -- maybe 5:45. After wood and fireplace -- with some disappearing as usual to see about tentsites -- Tuck and Dave managed a Texas steak -- with lamb again while the guide did the bannock. With an obvious thunder shower in the offing, dinner was finished and everything washed up while Julian's traveler baked. 119 and 77 got patched and 22 got 2/3 of the ones needed before the storm hit -- though thunder rolled for quite awhile before. It blew for awhile and passed over fairly soon leaving a dark sky and the threat of more rain. A few braved the water before bed, but mostly the tents stayed filled after the storm started.

Tuesday, July 13 -- Another storm threatened, but never materialized as darkness came. But in the morning the sky was overcast and nothing had dried out so the staff sacked out till 7:20 or so. Still pretty wet as breakfast cooked. We made it off about nine with most everyone together. Jay beat the staff getting rolled this morning! A couple miles of the Grayson River reminded one of Graymud Lake -- only a little deeper. The cruisers had less trouble with drag than 77. At the end, a short portage and then one up a steep rock face that proved to be the longest of the day. At the moment a hot and humid morning. Then one more along the stream, followed by what turned into a walk-up-the-stream way to get ahead. 77 was last having stopped to replace a seat bolt and found a drier route -- although Cheemaun didn't like much of it and disappeared to chase birds and it took a good 5 minutes to get her to join us. A few hundred yards down Scrag and John remembered he'd taken the irons off the jewelry and 119 went back -- with John walking the river -- to the portage for them while the rest went around the corner to find a lunchsite -- although the staff's projected wind screen did not work and the starch pot took a long time to boil. By now the sun had disappeared and the humidity was down quite a bit. We portaged up and over the steep rock ridge to a pond off Scrag that put us into Palisade water, but what was supposed to be a beaver dam turned into a portage on dry grass -- someone had been there ahead of us -- for awhile and then onto quaking bog that held everyone up but Richard who managed to get one leg straight down into the mess -- asking

wannigan off before it went down too. We expected to paddle into Slim Creek water but could not get through a rock cut and had to unload and lift over. A little early, but we started campsite looking in the wide area to follow, finding a site that would work, but was not great and enough wanted to move on -- so we did. The guide stopped to photograph the high rock cliffs, but no one else seemed interested -- except as diving cliffs. Just at the junction with the Palisade was a new fisherman's tent frame with table and benches, so we quit here. The tentsites were crowded -- the triple having to be told to quiet down later. The kitchen was not the greatest, but it worked. We started trying to burn wet wood with little success while the staff made the bannock and iced it. A committee elected to try the first meat loaf recipe -- Jay in the lead until it came time to do, whereupon he disappeared and Sam and Chuck carried on with Chuck being the only one to persevere to the finished product. Sam made the traveler -- getting most of the egg substitute into W in the process. A rush to eat at the table, of course. The fishermen went out after dinner -- some returned quickly -- but Tuck and Julian persisted bringing in pike -- one of four pounds for pictures. Ben found some nails to try boring his pipe stem, and the act caught on as Jay and Sam tried also. Richard washed the muskeg out of his pants and went back to his book and so missed the card game on a real table. The sun tried to peek through, but never made it as the staff was the only one to benefit from a bath.

Wednesday, July 14 -- A calm, peaceful morning as the sun started to warm the kitchen. Sun a little late coming over the trees, so we did not get off until about 8:30. The first swift proved too much and had to be lined. But then travel went according to plan. We made it up to the portage just before the turn north to Redman about 11:00 -- where we should have been leaving in the morning four days ago. Instead we turned south and immediately hit shallow water to say the least -- which stayed with us in varying degrees all the way to Burntrock -- though rarely as bad as this first pond. Just as we were coming to the 14' falls, the guide spotted a 2-year old cow moose on shore and she stood looking at us for a long time before wandering slowly off in the bush -- a few pictures were snapped, but not many. Tinker thought she looked like an awful large dog, but made no sound -- it didn't appear that Cheemaun and Wendy spotted her at all. We were going to have lunch at the falls, but no way, and so continued and line the swift above to have lunch on a tiny rock outcropping just above -- quite crowded and unsatisfactory, but it worked somehow. A little late so the afternoon was well underway. On to the 7' falls where the '79 poles still stood though the fireplace had been altered. And finally the portage to Burntrock about 5:00 -- which was fine until the very end. Jay tried Richard's trick of disappearing into the wet, but didn't get quite as far in. Not many dry feet as a result. The water level on Burntrock seemed up or normal -- whatever that is. We paddled to the west shore and found a campsite -- complete with rock bench out on the point, although we had to move the kitchen in for a little shelter. Only problems were the numerous ant hills well distributed around. The guide baked the first bannock

and then dragged Richard off to swim leaving the staff to assist Julian assisted by Tuck -- who read the recipe -- make Chicken-a-la-King -- while the staff did the rice and turnips. Ben sharpened an axe and then made the traveler. Dave split most of the wood -- as is somewhat normal -- while the usual ones to disappear did so until breadline. The cliffs were determined to have deep enough water below for jumping and there was a renewal of energy as a result. But still pretty quiet even before sundown. The day had been a good traveler -- not too hot, but with nice sunshine until a cloud cover as we hit Burntrock -- but still the best looking piece of water since we turned south on the Palisade.

Thursday, July 15 -- A nice, clear sunrise. 77 was off at 8:10 with the rest not too far behind -- at least they caught up before the Palisade was entered. Good, shirtless morning, but a terribly mackerel sky overhead. We went up to the first obstacle that obviously needed a short portage -- no chance on the left of anyone with common sense using that side (though the staff later told Tuck upstream portages were only on the right). A discarded boat seat was on the obvious landing, but no sign of any human having tried to portage through here. The trail dogs did their best -- Tinker working like a "dog", but even they came up with nothing (Cheemaun still no help). So we decided to call it off and go the old, traditional, terrible way. Up to Muskiga still in a nice warm paddling day and over the two portages needed. We paddled through a rock cut which had always been lined before -- and even carried in '79. Jay took his canoe on the first. We were in Muskiga well before lunch and so took the long portage to cook at the end on the pond. Not much of a lunchsite, but we made do. Sam and John helped get water and wood having only one load to do. Richard as mojo managed to make one load into two, but between Julian, Chuck, and Richard they got W and the red rig through for the exhausted staffman. We ate and crossed the pond to the wet one to Timon and then drifted up to the one to Davies on a west wind that now carried storm clouds. Not as bad as the previous long one -- but not good either -- a half mile walk with a load can't be described as good. John went back to help those double loaded, and brought a tent across; Ben managed the double packs that went with it, which he was going to take as a second load anyway. The weather continued to threaten on Davies -- we planned to camp anyway -- we took a look and headed for the only likely looking rock point which turned out to be quite acceptable, on an island actually. Tentsites up high behind the rock with the large fireplace built by someone else close to the water, but protected from our west wind. Some not usually seen using the saw got pressed into service and Chuck split with Dave finishing up -- after he had already double tripped everything as the guide's bowman. Richard made the bannock while the guide did up the ham, scallops, and peas, and the staff stood around after lighting the fire. Dave manufactured the traveler. Dinner was served as a very few drops of rain fell but amounted to nothing. A few baths -- the getting in was fine, but the getting out was terrible. Sam and Jay worked at drilling out pipe stems -- Ben had found expendable reeds. Pretty quiet quite early and not much was

heard from tents as of 9:15 -- still no real storm. No sun either.

Friday, July 16 -- A very funny day from the weather's point of view. The morning was absolutely still with very low-lying, wet-looking clouds. The staff took a look at what should have been sunrise and didn't like it and went back to bed for 45 minutes. No change, so up to cook breakfast. Still no change, so off yo the portage at 9:10. A little searching for the start followed by a good trail -- but far too long! Metig was as usual -- no water -- as 77 brought up the rear by a good bit even with Chuck in the bow and numerous breaks. No real change in the sky, but no rain and hot and humid. The middle of Metig was a little better -- as usual -- but the last part was shallow until we hit the souht lead to the rapids. While searching for the lead, the staff spotted a moose climbing out of the water on the south shore, but no one else saw it. The first rapids were climbed easily -- with dogs hopping in and out of 77. Then the carry to Little Metig for lunch. By now the sun had broken through to add to the heat of the day. Lunch was a little heavy since Dave hadn't used baking powder to make the traveler. 77 with staff and Chuck were first off the site with Sam and Tuck in 36 right behind. Just around the point -- still very much in sound of those washing up at lunch was a 3-4 year old bull moose out in the marshy water with really just his head up. 77 managed to block him from shore, but through the slime he moved as fast as the canoes and so the two canoes chased him across the deep water lead to the "wretch" toward the small island just in front of it. By now he was obviously tiring so the staff wouldn't chase any farther and he shot pictures as the moose made the island, took awhile to get ashore, and disappeared -- before the others could come up. The "Wretch" was as usual -- maybe not as wet as some times. We did not try the car -- it was at the top, maybe where '81 had left it? Even the top of the stream failed to cooperate as the canoes had to be waded through shallows to the bay at the top to paddle. The going got better in places -- but rarely were the canoes really running. The sun was well out, and so were the horse and deer flies! Very little breeze to cool things down. In the narrows Ben opted for a swim and Jay paddled off. With Ben aboard, Jay went in and had a tough time getting back until 77 came over to steady the canoe. We had to take a wide circuit of the islands above and came down from the north on the campsite -- the guide had suggested we had a tail wind until this run was made. The staff took the northern of the two campsites because it had swimming and was clean. Sam made a pineapple upside-down cake, and Ben did the traveler. Dave made a meatloaf -- and we broke out the butter beans. Jay allowed his cake to be raffled off -- with the guide running the raffle and winning. Everyone but Tuck took a bath -- with Julian proposing some kind of long-distance swimming contest. A lot of reading -- John managed half a book as mojo -- an easy two days for him with single loads on all the portages! The sky clouded over before sunset, some wind from the south, and two very brief, very light spatters of rain. The tents really too warm for any kind of sleeping.

Saturday, July 17 -- Flashes of lightning far off to the north after the candle was blown out -- no thunder. But just before what should have been sunrise thunder started rolling off to the south -- scaring Tinker off to the guide's head of course. Gradually it got closer -- no lightning seen, but the staff tent faced north. Finally the rain came and continued until about nine, at which point the staff got up to a wet campsite -- the tree-man tent was obviously awake! The fire was slow -- no air moving as breakfast cooked, but by 10:30 when we got off it had started in from the south, so the annual Greenbush headwind had to be paddled. So as not to repeat the mistake of trying to eat lunch at the far side of the portage, we pulled up at a perfectly satisfactory rock campsite in the shallow bay. But by now it was about 3 pm. No problem on the portage -- though still muskeg -- until Tuck tried stepping into his canoe with a wannigan at the end and he and wannigan took a swim -- Tuck to his neck in muck -- the wannigan none the worse for the adventure. But the wind had picked up considerably. We sat in a small bay at the end of the narrows for an hour watching the trees bend and sway, the white-caps roll on East Pashkokogan, and listening to the wind. Finally about 5:30 dark clouds rolled over and the wind dropped enough for us to head out. In front a motorized canoe headed for the McCrea portage. We checked a couple possible sites -- no go -- one loaded with ants. By now the crew was a little restless to say the least. We pulled into the portage in rising wind and after 77 went across, elected to take the whole outfit across and cook dinner on the far side -- after having to explain to Tuck what a windfall was. The waves rolled on Pashkokogan -- we could not have even loaded the canoes. We started dinner about 7 and the staff was going to wait till 8:30 to see if the wind would drop enough to let us cross. Chuck did the bannock with Sam's help -- and a lot of free advice. Jay helped put up the corned beef until he cut his finger -- Richard finished. Dave dutifully split dry wood -- though most came from a resin-soaked stump. By 8 it was obvious the wind was not going to let up tonight and by breadline we had decided to stay. A rush to put up tents -- some one pole, some none (except the staff traditional 5-pole) as a few drops came down. Dishes got done before more rain threatened -- the reflector got left for tomorrow even though the staff's traveler got done before the rain. But the rain was minimal at best and the wind continued howling as the sun went down and no relief in sight. The dogs took to their beds after protecting us from those terrible bears back on the trail.

Sunday, July 18 -- The wind continued, granted a little down at 6 am, but still no way for us to tackle it -- besides it was by far the coldest morning yet. Back to bed! At 8 the picture was no better, back to bed. To make a long sleep short the staff finally crawled out close to noon to make pancakes. Tuck had decided not to unroll and spent the night with Chuck and Julian -- maybe why the neighbors were so quiet in the morning. Cooking was a problem with so many bodies next to the fire, plus the fact that the wind blew the fire out from under the pots. We cleaned up, but still no chance to move. The wind swung to the north for awhile making

our bay fairly calm, but the lake ahead was rolling. More work on pipes and stems -- with Ben knocking up some more wood. The staff put on a pot of soup and that with four cans of fruit went for lunch. At last we knocked it down and moved! On the water about 5 pm still with wind and waves, but they could be managed -- barely. By 6:30 we were on the island we were supposed to have occupied 24 hours ago. Poles from last year left and all still quite clean. Dave baked the cherry pie with verbal help from Tuck. We planned scallops -- but had to settle for mashed as the staff fried the ham after Julian got it opened. But then tents filled immediately even though no one -- except maybe Tuck -- could complain of a lack of sleep. The lake calmed with only a faint west wind and the sun came out nicely for its last hour or so.

Monday, July 19 -- Sometime during the night heavy waves pounded in on shore, but all was calm as the sun rose and so did the staff. The oatmeal got cleaned up for once and we were on the water -- more or less together at 8:00. No wind problem; the air a little cool so few went shirtless up to the portage -- with some canoes making to move faster than normal leaving 77 in the rear. Once over the portage the pace slowed going down Hamilton as Julian and Chuck kept up an ongoing battle in their canoes. We pulled into the campsite about 12:00 or 12:30 and while lunch was started the staff changed to his city clothes and paddled off leaving Richard with three upset dogs. (Rumor has it Tucker demonstrated the proper technique for spilling one's full plate of starch on the ground.) Back after dinner with car and trailer after having scouted the back roads. John then made the traveler with flour brought from the stash in the back of the car.

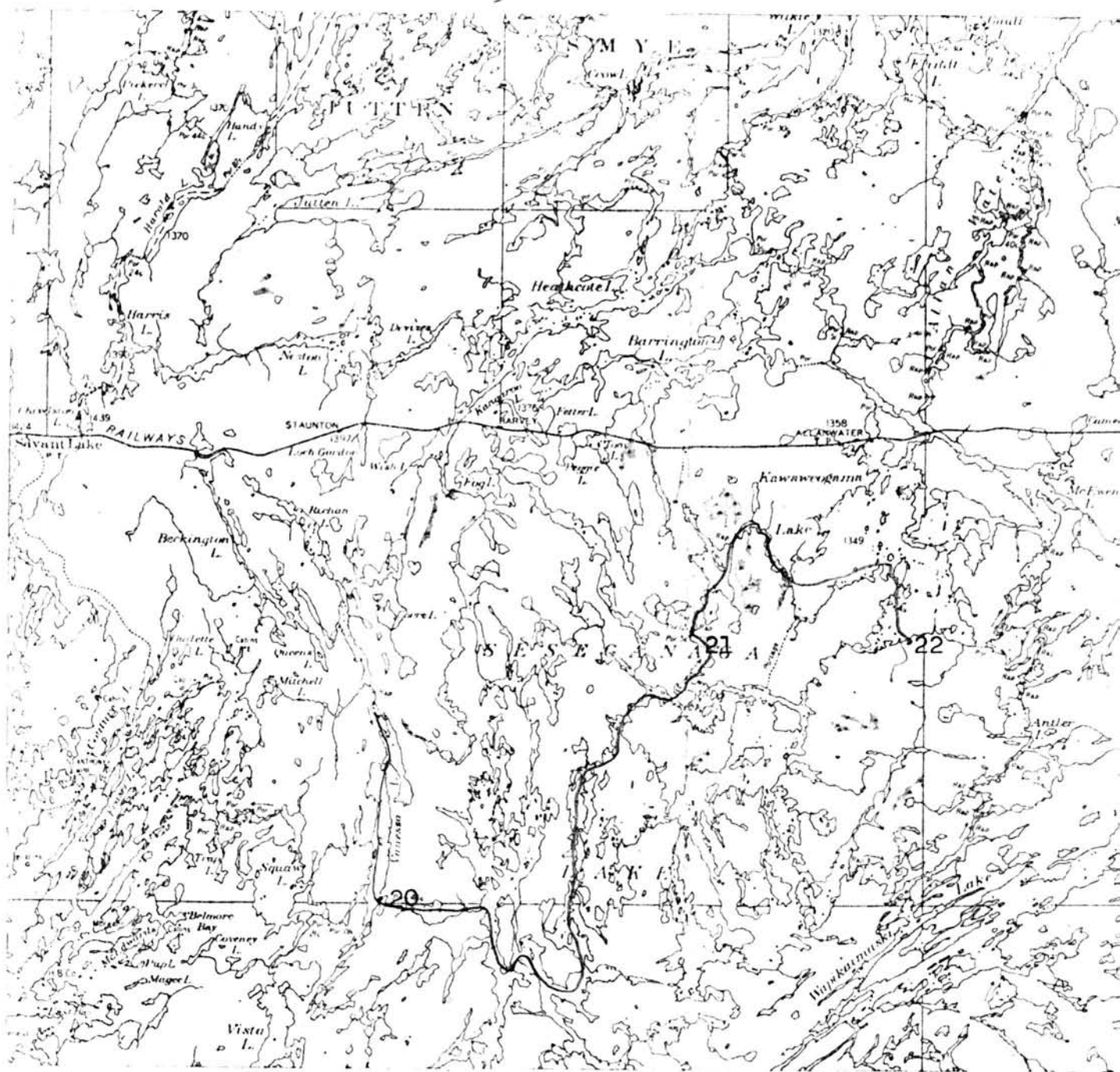
VANESSA - SESEGANAGA
MID-SEASON

Tuesday, July 20	-- Vanessa Lake
Wednesday, July 21	-- Rapid out of Seseganaga Lake
Thursday, July 22	-- Base with Section F
Friday, July 23	-- Base
Saturday, July 24	-- Base

Tuesday, July 20 -- A beautiful morning for travel, but unfortunately we were going by car. The first load was left in Savant Lake with the trailer about 10:00 and the second load about noon. The Vanessa group was ready to load up at about 1:30, but first the second order of supplies had to be packed into our wannigans. It was sitting in the airbase waiting a call from the other section, but none had come so we undertook to pack it in. The case of mashed potatoes was fine, but there was also 40 lbs of bacon -- some of which the flies had reached, 88 lbs of flour, about 50 pounds of sugar, and 15 of cheese -- so we won't run over the portages as expected. We burned the cardboard after our driver from Yeskee took the car back and Dave, the guide, and staff put up the remaining cargo. The staff figured everyone would be stuffed from town and didn't expect anyone to want lunch and so we shoved off instead of cooking at the landing -- which would have been much smarter -- but no, most wanted to stop for bannock and beans, so we pulled in on a poor rock area. The wind had come up somewhat out of the south and west, but wasn't much of a problem except going through the stretch after the narrows. The west shore gave our only shelter and wasn't very interesting since it was all burned. We pulled across into the bay where the portage was supposed to be located and went looking where the old map said it should be, ignoring a relatively fresh blaze which the staff was sure was for the surveyor's 6th base line. Wrong -- it was the portage, found after much wasted time. But then the only campsite possibility was a rock point at the entrance to the bay, and poor as it was, it had to do. The irons even had to be put up on blocks instead of rocks. A somewhat reluctant saw crew worked and Dave and Richard split. Ben made the bannock -- which came from the pan in parts while John did the traveler after putting on the ham. We also got rid of the canned carrots to lighten the load -- the mashies didn't really count, but rice was the only alternative. Once served the staff headed off with all the trail dogs to clear the portage which the first look indicated had windfalls -- it did, plus a lot of other nice features! The trail dogs didn't think much of it either. Maybe some of the windfalls were terribly recent (we later discovered they were), but if our other section took this as their first portage with no clearing, they had quite an introduction to traveling this area. Wendy was even sick after her trail work. The sun had disappeared when the trail crew came back -- a few rolls of thunder in the distance. The air was heavy and humid to say the least. By midnight a few drops were falling on and off, but the heat had not dropped.

Wednesday, July 21 -- The storm took its own sweet time arriving. Heat lightning starting about midnight,

VANESSA - SESEGANAGA - BASE



1" to 4 miles

but nothing really happened until about six am when thunder rolled in -- and Tinker started acting up wanting to sleep on the guide's head. Finally the rain started in and fell pretty steadily for a couple hours. It quit shortly after eight for the staff to get up to a wet campsite to start breakfast about 8:45. We got going at 10:30 and managed to get over and through the portage by noon or so. At which point the sky had cleared and the day turned into a good traveling day. Unfortunately the water on Seseganaga did not go the way we wanted to go so a lot of time was spent working south when we wanted to go north. Once more or less on the main lake we ran into three skiffs of sports from some outpost and then ran into two outposts. But then we had the lake to ourselves. The wind posed little or no problem and gradually the air warmed and clothes came off. Lunch was a little late -- but so had been our departure. Tuck kept wanting us to stop at rocks where there was no shelter even from our light wind. But we found one of our better sites. Wendy started the swimming with everyone but Tuck joining in. Julian's goggles came out for underwater searching. Starch finally with the proper sauce after running out ages ago. Back on the water after 3 we paddled in short bursts up to the first portage out of the lake -- after running a couple little rapids. Sam did a cornbread and Jay made the chili -- only forgetting to put it on the fire to cook. Dave made the traveler -- remembering the baking powder this time. A flurry of fishing ending with Julian swimming for lures as the evening promises to being a seasonal sleeping night -- not like the humidity of last night.

Thursday, July 22 -- A perfect traveling morning -- heavy dew, and we were off in good time even though loading off the dock took awhile. John took his canoe on the next -- and last one -- Jay had carried his over our campsite one last evening. The rest of the river went easily with all the minor rapids negotiated successfully. As the end neared boat traffic picked up and we passed three boats of sports from the lodge before meeting an Indian with a couple young lads fishing at the mouth of the river -- and were informed there was a lot of mail waiting for us at Allanwater Bridge. One more sport pulled up as we headed up to round the peninsula to try to discover if we were the same group he'd seen last year from Indiana. But as we neared the base John was probably the first to spot the fact that there were green canoes on the landing -- and the other section was already in -- even later than we were. They had just finished breakfast, so we had the kitchen for lunch. They had also picked up the mail and 65 and our wannigans and tent, so we did not need a trip to Allanwater. But they hadn't outfitted yet, so after lunch they took over to do their organizing and packing -- it made for quite a production as Phil got his wannigans put together. The guide manufactured a new molly to replace our's left on Vanessa. Jay managed to collect some of his Jackson friends to throw Tuck in the lake. We cooked dinner as they were finishing up their packing and then they took over -- although Julian and John snuck in to cook a walleye. The bacon got divided, but we lost a couple slabs to the flies. But it was a mighty late night by the time everything was finally put to bed and they were ready to leave in the morning.

Friday, July 23 -- Phil and John had their gang up and rolling at 6:30. We weren't supposed to have to get up of course, and while they didn't make all that much noise, no one got much extra sleep. Their departure took awhile so we had to wait quite a bit before Richard could make the pancake batter. When Dave arrived there was none left of course, so another half pan had to be made. There was considerable cleaning up to do before we could start outfitting, but eventually the task started. We managed to get the cans smashed and the fire started -- which Ben and Dave tended. Then a swim to the island while the guide and staff packed. Lunch finally at three. Sam pretty much spent the day in his tent under the weather with a stomach ache. Our upcoming trip still has considerable mystery to it, but we ruined the second half of the projected route by our alteration in plans on the last one. The guide had already started the rumor that we might stay for another day which seemed to be acceptable -- besides Sam still isn't in top shape. So the wannigans weren't really packed -- the loads just sort of stored out of the way -- there's going to be a considerable amount of food to stock-pile -- but most of it will store. The sky clouded over, but then cleared as the staff went to cut trees on the promise of some work by the gang if we stay. Five spruce down, ready to peel, and he brought the saw back to cut stumps and do a little around-the-cabin clean-up. The guide, Dave, Richard, and John pitched in to get a good fire going. The guide's bread was ready well before dinner -- a half loaf per person. Dave did beef Stroganoff while the staff did up the last of the fresh potatoes -- that really needed eating now. The fire really got built up after dinner as the sky again clouded over and with some distant thunder rolling has the makings of another strange storm.

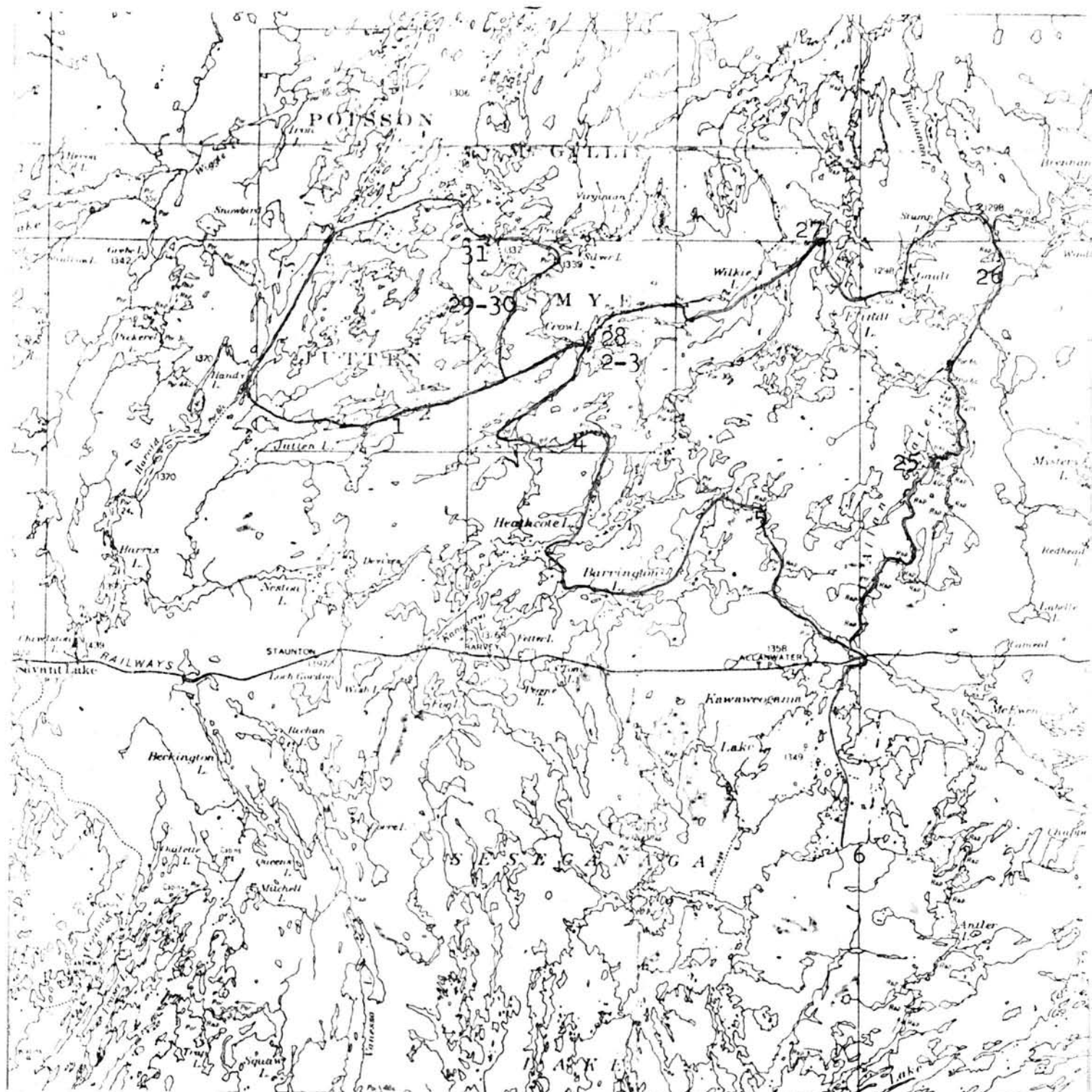
Saturday, July 24 -- And just as on Greenbush and Vanessa the rain did not start till morning -- between 7:30 and 8:00 really -- and kept at it till past noon. It didn't make much difference to many. The staff was up for coffee at 9:30. John arrived to make pancake batter which he enjoyed alone for quite awhile. Sam didn't feel much better at the time, so another good reason for staying. The staff jaxxed the doors and built a screen door before making lunch at 3 o'clock -- at which time the rain was over and the sun was trying. So we exacted the labor toll for staying -- Dave presided over the trash fire which he had already started on his own. Sam (who claimed to have recovered) and Jay offered to paint doors and windows. Richard and the staff took John, Julian, and Ben off to peel the spruce cut yesterday -- pretty hot and buggy! When the 4th log went in the water Richard went to get the boat and brought Chuck to help finish peeling the 6th -- Ben and the staff had already gotten the 5th to the water. Work pretty well quit when the loggers returned for a swim. The guide had baked cherry pie -- which he doesn't like. While swims went on the staff finished the painter's job while the guide made meatloaf and scallops in the oven. The logs came up to the cabin after dinner -- as did the motor. Then the 1st Annual Allanwater golf game up at the fire -- the guide nosing Richard out by two strokes. Meanwhile the staff rescued Richard's traveler from the oven.

ALLANWATER - GAULT - WILKIE - SMYE - CASINO
SAVANT - JUTTEN - SMYE - HEATHCOTE

Sunday, July 25	-- Fourth Carry on Allanwater
Monday, July 26	-- Mondale Lake
Tuesday, July 27	-- Flindt Lake
Wednesday, July 28	-- Smye Lake
Thursday, July 29	-- Casino Lake
Friday, July 30	-- Rest
Saturday, July 31	-- Savant Lake
Sunday, August 1	-- East of Jutten Lake
Monday, August 2	-- Smye Lake
Tuesday, August 3	-- Rest
Wednesday, August 4	-- Burn Portage to Heathcote
Thursday, August 5	-- Foam Lake
Friday, August 6	-- Base

Sunday, July 25 -- A nice morning to start off -- fruit for the first time -- other than applesauce courtesy of the other section -- even if only apples this morning. Julian covered the old can dump. Jay and Tuck got rid of our new load of cans -- we locked up and shoved off. But as we went farther north the wind picked up out of the west and northwest enough to make paddling bothersome. We ran the rapids to Allanwater -- with everyone chattering and making joyful noises. We pulled into the Lodge and everyone trooped over to the post office to mail letters or look for them -- nothing. Jane opened up the store although she was due in church with Barney in fifteen minutes -- the business should have been worth it. The staff stopped by to see Danny's new cabin -- and see if we might get him to do some chinking while we were away -- the odds are about 5 to one nothing gets done! Lots of oohs and ahhs at the first rapid which would have been run successfully if the staff had not snapped his paddle in two 2/3 of the way down and not ended where he wanted -- but missing all the rocks. Jay almost took 36 into the big rock broadside, but we made it. The next two were a little more successful. Baked beans on the normal rock -- but by now a good number of candy bars had been devoured. The portages started with only the odd run to make, basically through swifts. Both Tuck and Jay gave the staff a scare getting into the landing in the 3rd. Then the staff fell in helping Dave and Ben unload -- but the wannigan was dry. We went on to a campsite past the 4th -- or rather on the other side of the river. Excellent and much better than the '79 - '81 site back at the end of the 3rd. A nice swimming area -- even though the staff was the only one intentionally to take a bath -- John fell in (claiming a big fish). The guide baked -- no birthday cake, even with loads of "Happy Birthday" choruses for Chuck during the day. Julian and Dave made Texas lamb -- eventually finding all the ingredients. Breadline was over and everything cleaned up by 7:00 -- 36 even had some new patches. All was quiet at the fire as though all were ready for bed. So the staff decided to fish, but Julian beat him to it. Staff was skunked, but Julian and Sam put three nice walleye on the stringer for breakfast. Sam had about a three-pound pike on until Dave offered to land it for him. Usual black fly problem at fast water. On and off during the afternoon dark clouds

ALLANWATER - GAULT - WILKIE - SMYE - CASINO
 SAVANT - JUTTEN - SMYE - HEATHCOTE



Scale: 1" to 4 miles

had appeared and blown over -- cloud cover at what should have been sunset, but at least it doesn't feel like one of our freak storms.

Monday, July 26 -- Somehow nothing happened with the weather during the night, and we were up as usual with a very balky fire which delayed breakfast. The staff cleaned the walleye -- only two of them actually -- but they then got fried in just a bare hint of bacon grease -- no wonder we keep serving raw fish at breakfast!! We got off late as a result, but the morning went quickly. The sky clouded over for the short run to the first little portage. The trapper's cabin was visited -- much cleaned up from '81 -- someone had used it in September of last year. As we finished the rock-dodger and headed for the last two portages Richard spotted a cow moose up ahead. The wind was blowing off her -- about a 4-5 year old cow with a bright red tag on her leg -- and we got the canoes up within only a few yards of her for lots of pictures before she took to the bush. We had hopes of running part of the rapid to follow -- she had been only 50 - 75 yards off the landing -- but the staff chickened out, and we carried with the vote being to take the portage to follow before lunch. We pulled up at the '79 campsite to find the other section had used it as their campsite. Wendy found the bacon rind right away and Phil's shelf-paper stored under the iron's rock -- their irons are three inches shorter than our's -- saved lighter fluid. But the wind blew -- not hard -- but enough to blow the fire out from under the starch pot and it took ages to boil. Just as we left a pair of canoes with two couples pulled up following us. They acted as though they would take our lunch fire -- which was out of course -- but no, followed us on to the portage and across it -- staying with us to view the cascade. Only a few walked up to see the falls on the east side. Now only 2:30; given the option of the immediate campsite, the one last year's sports used, or the sand beach -- we opted for the rock of the sports, but it proved to have no tentsites, and we moved on. The same at another possible rock, and then nothing. The staff missed the sand beach looking for rock sites on the east, but Ben looked back and saw it. 77went to look and declared it only an emergency spot. The guide claimed to get a picture of an eagle -- the rest saw hawks and osprey -- near the portage. We voted to head back to the sand beach and unloaded, but before we could establish a terrible wannigan line, Ben found a better area a few yards away, and we portaged over to a small rock kitchen and very crowded tentsites -- but better than the beach area. Richard made Chuck's birthday cake which the staff iced -- and Chuck chose ham, fried scallops, and corn. Ben dug and almost alone tended a fire on the beach for sand-baked beans which the staff did up after dinner -- a pretty poor piece of salt pork, however. A fair number of swims -- Tuck and Richard couldn't make it. Julian did the traveler -- we still have no imagination to go with our bannock baking. The wind quit almost completely as evening came on, and the tents were full shortly after nine with nothing more exciting going on.

Tuesday, July 27 -- A clear morning. The beans came out of the sand, a little darker than might have been wished -- but definitely not burned. The staff hadn't really gotten up all that early -- close to seven and we made it on the water about 8:45 -- but 77 wasn't first as usual. The cascade, or whatever, was portaged with everyone all in a bunch making loading even harder. Then we moved off into water the staff hadn't traveled for 17-18 years. But the portage to Stump was still there, but not nearly as well-used as the ones we've seen recently. Again so short everyone piled up at the loading area -- that wasn't much in the first place. John and Julian provided loading excitement. Then some shallows to negotiate and out onto a rocky, rugged looking lake. But the trip down did not take long as the weather threatened -- its been doing that for three days now. Not much wind but dark clouds coming over at intervals. The portage to Gault was about as well-used and a few drops of rain fell as we started over, but nothing of a serious nature, and it quit as we headed down the lake with a light tailwind and slightly better looking skies. The staff was looking for an island he'd camped on in '63 for lunch, but instead spotted a cow moose swimming out from east to west. The wind was wrong so there was no way to really sneak up on her -- only possibility was to cut her off from shore -- so 77 started to move. Finally the others became alert to her presence. Dave reacted first in the mojo canoe, and she hesitated, deciding which way to go, just enough so that we got her cut off. The guide paddled Sam right up next to her for him to leap on and ride for awhile for pictures. When he got off, Jay hopped on from the stern of his canoe. After a short ride, he got off as she was definitely tired and scared. She made it to shore and off into the bush a lot more tired than she had expected to be! A first for most everyone. Unexpectedly rock showed up in the portage bay, so we paddled in for lunch -- and to dry out the swimmers. The beans went for lunch, and the pot even got cleaned up. We were about to wash up when Julian discovered a trail leading back from the rock -- portage trail it was -- the old staff notes read wet at both ends, so he'd expected to find it deeper in the bay. There was also a boat parked just back off our rock that we hadn't noticed. The trail proved to be quite clear and an easy walker -- except maybe for two wet spots -- one near either end but well-inland from both start and finish. On occasion the trail dogs were helpful on the bare rock -- Cheemaun does not qualify at all! But it was still a half mile! We passed a polar bear on Flindt (a boat of fishermen off in the distance) and headed north on the same water we had previously tried kite sailing -- the wind in the opposite direction this time, however. Past the narrows where we had lunch before and also the second narrows -- which put us in trouble since the staff did not want to take the portage to Wilkie. But we found a rock area that was a little rough and rugged, but it worked. Problems locating a kitchen, but it worked. A 3:30 stop as a result and no one seemed to know what to do about it! Wood and fireplace done, tents went up, things got aired and dried -- John's pack needed some since he'd managed to throw his and Julian's in trying to unload -- and then thrown his in again to test its waterproofness --

fair, but not perfect, was the verdict. Swims and baths -- even Tuck. Golf practice was started by the guide while Julian, John, Tuck, and Sam went fishing. Ben started a coffee cake about six and Chuck did creamed chicken -- and Jay woke up and got talked into making the traveler! Now everyone has made at least one bannock. The fishermen went back out -- two walleye brought in. The staff checked the portage -- a highway. Golf practice continued, but no one reached the far shore -- not really so far either. A 3/4 moon up to the southwest as Tuck hoped for rain.

Wednesday, July 28 -- This time the jackpine went off quickly and the coffee boiled immediately. One of the walleye had escaped, but the staff cleaned the remaining one. On the water shortly after eight with everyone bunched at the short portage to Wilkie. Our anticipated longest paddle for awhile followed and low and behold there were two aluminum motor canoes out on the lake, but they did not pass close enough for a better look. No portage trail where the old map said it should be, so we paddled down the southwest bay to where Smye Creek actually enters. Our sports must have come in this way. Trail blazed and no-name beer cans left. The staff did the minimal cutting needed and so got behind and the guide led up over the lift-over at about a 2' falls -- just that everything had to be hoisted up over a five-foot rock. Then a tough lining job up a narrow, rough chute -- that went better with the last two canoes after the on-lookers were pressed into service. Narrow, but passable, we paddled into our first east-west pond. The scenery was fine, but not much for camping with high rock walls most of the way. At the west end, a little lining job after passing under overhanging dead cedar. An obvious portage at the west end, so 77 went to investigate, sending the rest back to cook lunch on a tiny island -- the only place low rock could be found. The staff couldn't find anything to cut and so let Ben cut out the windfall blocking the landing -- he found a bee's nest of course. But then the axe he was using got left behind on the lunchsite. Which won't help with the portages yet to be cut! Across the pond another slightly longer, but the trail was there. Clearing was needed, but we had no chain saw. But then out on Smye. The map certainly did not have all the islands marked, and we were lost for a bit. Then a clubber's tent showed up ahead and we located ourselves as they ran their boat around. John was worried that maybe we had caught them 'skinny-dipping'! At which point the staff proposed we either all go looking for portages or camp, and he'd go with a couple volunteers. Guess which choice was made? A couple false tries at finding a campsite, but one was finally located. 77 was unloaded and set off with Ben, Dave, the dogs, and staff to scout the southwest exit. The rest were left to set up camp and cook dinner. The exit portage was there, but needed some cutting which was left for later. The western portage was not really there, but a poorly blazed trail was eventually located and reblazed. It was now dinner-time, so back to the campsite -- passing under the angry gulls again -- but no, all that was on was hot water, as Ben asked, "You all through dinner I see." The staff threw up a raisin bannock while Richard did a meatloaf, and we eventually ate. Afterwards

Dave, Richard, the dogs, and staff departed to search for the northwest portage -- with no luck. A huge beaver dam to get over and then the road to contend with, but no trail. Coming back after sundown the high-pitched giggles from the campsite could be heard before reaching the clubber's site. Stoning the pike was going on. A small fire to try to dry the seat of Richard's pants -- made wet by sitting in water brought in by wet, tired dogs -- at least they slept on the paddle back.

Thursday, July 29 -- Off about 8:30 -- the staff didn't roll out till seven. We paddled quietly by the clubbers who were still in bad as far as we could tell. The portage blazed yesterday was taken -- not all that easy walking -- and Henry managed to find a nest of yellow jackets at the end. A couple-mile paddle on the ensuing piece of east-west water -- still high rock sides as with the wothers. At the end the guide soon found old blazes for the trail, but it all had to be reworked -- first time we've used all the axes -- only four of them now with Dave and Ben taking the non-guide-staff ones. We leap-frogged the loads -- usual with portage cutting! The road was crossed with relative ease -- the trail carrying on at the same angle it entered. Except for the strange up-down paths on the rock and the fact that the path on the rock was often side-hill, it was better than expected, but still 500 - 600 yards isn't a picnic. We drifted once over and then the staff hopped out to work back of shore and after a short time found old blazes -- but they gave out. So rather than trying other areas he'd blaze across on the compass while the section cooked and ate lunch. Wendy didn't want any part of this idea and refused to get out of the canoe until after the staff and other dogs had headed into the bush -- at which point she swam down to the lunchsite -- to go to sleep. Meanwhile the staff discovered a new set of blazes that took off the other trail -- and these carried through to Casino -- although having some strange meanders, some terrible rock steps to make -- up and down. An hour and a half -- or more -- later he paddled back to lunch -- Cheemaun had replaced Julian as bowman -- having done what cutting was necessary to get us through. Some light rain had fallen during lunch and the fly had gone up. Off to the carry -- the staff made the mojo canoe volunteer to take W and his red box to make each of them double loaded. All got across -- Dave having trouble with 36 in the process and getting over last. Jay insisted on going for a swim -- wanted to know if he had time -- sure, but it was assumed he was going to do it today. The mojo canoe parked him on his swimming rock -- like Aphrodite rising from the sea. We paddled off for the '78 lunchsite, but neither guide nor staff think we found it, but the jackpine area we discovered worked. A thunder storm coming on to provide some reason for a little haste. In campsite-looking the staff found part of a moose antler -- three tines and no board, which Julian got as his bowman (also the wrapper from a pack of Pall Malls). Tuck and Richard went ot pick blueberries for Ben's bannock -- aided by Jay. The guide did chili with Richard's help in finding things. The rain fell lightly through most of the set-up time for camp, but quit about breadline. Same made the traveler and it

was decided to take a rest day here tomorrow in preference to moving on to Savant and taking it the next day. After dishes and pots the fishermen went out -- returning with five walleye about 10:30. The sky stayed overcast, but nothing happened as of nightfall.

Friday, July 30 -- For some reason John and Ben were up at 8:30 insisting that it was time to start pancakes. John mixed the batter -- enough for a half-dozen people. Ben provided the blueberries picked last night. Tuck insisted none be put in the batter -- he didn't like them -- and promptly put exactly five in his pancake. Finally enough fire was sacrificed to boil the syrup water -- and coffee. The five walleye got cleaned -- with some instruction -- and cooked -- with more instruction. The fly got flipped off its ridge to avoid breaking backs working under it. Jay made the batter for the late arrivals. As things got cleaned up the fishermen went out again and the pea soup got started on trash wood for fire. Soon afterwards Sam came back with our largest fish so far -- an 8½ or maybe 9 pound pike -- 34 inches long -- and a round of pictures followed. Cheemaun wanted to get in the act and spent the morning trying to fish for minnows -- neither mouth nor paw approach worked. With these out of the way, the staff without the boss trail dog who was busy barking for sticks -- went off to the portages and the fishermen returned to cook more fish. Doughnuts finally got started with Dave and Tuck leading the cooks with Richard and Sam joining as late-comers. The portage expedition returned and Chuck already had the traveler under way and the guide talked Julian into making dinner. The original suggestion was fried Kam -- but we don't have any -- and besides the can specifically says 'luncheon meat'. One canoe of fishermen with Julian, Dave, and Tuck after a few swims and baths -- while Julian looked for a lure Ben had lost. Jay needed a couple bandaids to cover the nick in his leg made while testing the sharpness of the staff axe by trying to shave the hair (?) on his leg. No keepers brought back as the sun disappeared red behind the clouds.

Saturday, July 31 -- It didn't look all that good at 6:45, but the staff got up to cook breakfast anyway, but thunder started to roll off to the west and north before the cereal was done so the call went out to come eat, but not to roll. We made the eating part before the rain came, but not the wallowing. The staff had carefully taken apart the fly poles the night before, but the rig had to go back up to get the dishes done.. Then back to the tents as the slowest moving thunder storm imaginable gradually moved down on us. A roll of thunder and then quiet for ever so long. Meanwhile an aircraft was doing something down on Savant -- sounded like practicing taking off and landing. Finally the rain came and gradually the thunder moved off to the south and the rain stopped. The sun tried to shine through, but it was only a bright ball in the sky behind the low clouds. At 10:30 we rolled and broke camp -- the staff was determined to move; we had made such a mess of the water in front of the site -- even the last walleye had been bushed. We took the now re-cleared trail in fine style until Chuck ran into a nest of white-faced hornets at the very end and had to drop his canoe to escape with two

stings -- his axe got retrieved later after the canoe got dragged to safety. It was 12:30 so the guide pulled up at the '78 campsite to cook lunch while 77 with Richard and the staff went to clear out our next portage which was another '78 cutting job. Not much work needed. Back for lunch -- Jay feeling poorly even if the mojo for the day. Julian and Tuck went ahead and apparently got lost, but in reality found a much shorter and better trail that put them in a bay off Silver with half the walking and much less effort for the rest had a second carry at another beaver dam - small stream. '78 had missed the other trail completely and so had the staff on his clearing expedition. Silver was nothing to get excited about. We carried to Pride, and it wasn't much more. On to Savant and bigger water. We poked along looking for a campsite, turned down several, and finally went back to one we'd earlier rejected because the tentsites were mostly on a hill -- of course John claimed one that wasn't right away. Julian made the pineapple upside-down cake, Richard put up the curried chicken, Ben split until the guide finished, We resisted, but the fly had to go up to protect against light sprinkles out of the west. The curried chicken was fine, but not too well received. Julian's cake was fine, but not all the pineapple came out perfectly -- so Tuck and others offered loads of comments on what he'd done wrong. John got to make the traveler. Cheemaun continued to fish minnows as her new-found obsession. We were all done but the traveler as black storm clouds built to the north -- a pretty picture. But then it turned on us with high winds -- blowing over the staff tent several times and finally ripping the red fly off the top. A local spruce rocked back and forth, threatening to go down pulling its roots up. Meanwhile Dave's barber shop opened up with Sam, Jay, and Tuck for customers. Finally the wind began to drop a little -- rain at various times of course and by 10:00 waves were still rolling in, but the worst seemed to have gone by and the wind had dropped to an acceptable level. The fly had been taken down intentionally to keep it from blowing itself to death.

Sunday, August 1 -- At 11 pm someone had to get a candle! Waking dogs and staff, but fortunately recovering the wannigans. At 6:30 -- no way the staff was getting out of bed on what had by that time become a three-dog night or morning. Finally the sun cleared the trees and tried to do some work -- feeble as it was. So at 7:45 the staff crawled out to a very cool morning. The wind had swung to the east or northeast and deminished. 50° in the tent when the staff rolled -- and the tent was still warmer than the outside. The oatmeal disappeared! We got on the water something like 9:30 and went to check for a portage into the water parallel to Casino -- only beaver trails. And then with everyone bundled up in jackets had a windy pull to round the peninsula at the end of Southeast Bay, but then the wind turned to a tail wind -- or almost tail wind for the rest of the morning. Several fine views of the mirage of the never-ending lake to the north through the islands as we paddled south. The plane that has been flying around for a couple days passed over a couple times. A couple boats of sports in South Bay -- and we failed

to find an appropriate way to Handy. By now everyone was crying for lunch -- it was all of 12:45 or so and we'd gotten up an hour late. Lunch at the start of the portage to Jutten in a poor, but workable place. First load across an easy trail before the macaroni was done. Now about 3 pm out on Jutten a little bit of a head wind, but nothing serious. Somehow a boat-load of sports followed us into the bay off Jutten -- or maybe they were hiding there already! No campsite in the bay, and we had to do a lift-over to get to the portage out -- 5 to 4 we go on. Julian entertained the whole way with a great story supposedly told to Dave as mojo. The portage out needed windfalls cleared at the start, but was clear and well-walked the rest of the way. John was sure we'd camp on the east side of the large island. We had to settle on a spot not too far away. Pretty bad, to make a long story short. Someone else had used it recently leaving cardboard and other evidence around. Ben made the cornbread while Richard did up a Texas steak and the staff fried scallops -- except for the ones that got spilled trying to arrange the fire. Sam did the traveler as great arguments were heard about how to divide up the pots -- the staff and the trail dogs shoved off to see about the next portage -- less than 100 yards, but it took ages to locate and blaze through. We had lost our friends going either way and the old trail wasn't that obvious. On return the sun was down and only the guide standing lonely guard over the kitchen. Still not a warm August night!

Monday, August 2 -- The sun came out ok, but somehow the weather did not look all that great. But we still got off at 8:15. No problem with bees on the portage cleared last night -- maybe still sleeping. We got about 1/3 to 1/2 way up the next east-west section of water, the staff looking for a possible portage to the water that parallels Casino and Sam driving his canoe ahead as though in a hurry to try to put out a fire, when a moose was spotted swimming from the south to the north shore -- a 2 to 3-year old bull -- maybe a spike-horn bull. John yelled to everyone that there was a moose ahead and the four canoes ahead took off to try to head him off. The staff was a little farther back and knowing he couldn't help keep him in the water just kept paddling. Awhile later when it became obvious he was going to make shore, Jay in the bow of 77 looked up from counting the ribs and saw the moose too. The road portage should have been better cut, but we got across in reverse this time. The staff making the final trip as rain started in. All but Tuck paddled to the yellow-jacket portage in rain gear, but the rain stopped, though the rocks and ground were damp. We hoped to get the clubber's site on Smye, but while the previous group had moved off, the two square-ended canoes that had been on Wilkie had it, so we went back to our island site to cook starch on the wood we'd left before. Tents went up -- the staff suggested that someone other than Ben, Dave, the guide, and staff ought to go find a piece of dry wood -- a little training on what was a jackpine and what was a spruce was in order. Julian took the challenge and after chopping for what seemed an eternity sent Ben in with a nice stick of spruce. The weather seemed

as though there would be little change so the staff enlisted Ben and Julian as volunteers to go recut our portage out which was done with the two young dogs -- Cheemaun coming reluctantly because her minnow fishing was interrupted -- the old one stayed home. Most of the rest retreated to the tents. Our neighbors dropped by as the trail cutters were out -- and admitted to being those we'd seen down on Wilkie. Dave started in on the pie with Tuck assisting about five o'clock and the guide fried ham and did the rest. As we were serving up the pie thunder started rolling far off to the south -- there had been noise from that quarter of motors of some unidentified kind since we had pulled in. John made the traveler and got it on and off while everything got cleaned up long before the storm arrived. First rain about 8:30. This was just another in a succession of very slow moving thunder storms with no lightning that anyone saw. Gradually it moved north as the rain continued without wind -- not like the one on Savant Lake!

Tuesday, August 3 -- That thunder storm eventually passed through, but about 2 am another hit -- this one a true thunder storm -- with lightning and rain -- but not much wind. But eventually that one went by also. But come morning a fine mist was falling, the clouds were down, and worse, everything was soaking wet -- of which the bush on the portages was going to be the worst. The staff could stand it no longer and got up at 9:30 with the guide to light the fire and start breakfast, but doing up only the coffee and fruit before getting customers -- without advertising. Finally some came to see what was up and the cereal and bacon went on. At that moment the idea was to eat, wash up, and then move. But as the last clean-up was getting done the mist returned -- not a real rain, but soaking anyway. Breakfast had been cooked and eaten without benefit of moisture coming down -- or the fly, since there was no good way to get it up without moving the kitchen first. Back to the tents -- and a very noisy card game. Eventually that moisture quit coming down and we emerged to cook lunch -- which got devoured. Again plans to move, but when everything was cleaned up it was close to 3 pm and the sky was still heavy. So we gave up to stay the day. Tuck and Sam went for dry wood this time. Since the gambling casino opened in Richard and Dave's tent the cards were quieter in what substituted for afternoon. John had offered to do a gingerbread for dinner, but backed out and Richard did it -- with soda this time -- but black underneath and raw on top. Meanwhile Ben and Julian did the chili, rice, and peas as the guide went back to his book and the staff finished hollowing out his jackpine burl. Dinner was served to a gang that had too much pent up energy -- most of which was released vocally. Chuck did the traveler, but she refused to come out of the pan until in the process of trying to beat it or bounce it out Chuck burned himself on the hot pan and dropped the whole mess. It got scraped up -- we haven't enough flour to make a substitute. The casino went back in operation after dinner. But there wasn't much else to do. No rain and the sky has risen a little, but the sun made only one hesitant try to get through during the day and didn't even come close. Little if any wind all day, and

what there was didn't know where it was coming from so the weather has just been sitting on us -- but we have to go tomorrow.

Wednesday, August 4 -- We have no days to play on, so we had to move. The sky was a little higher and the sun tried to rise without success, but it didn't look like we were going to be poured on either. 77 was off at 8:10 and a fair distance in toward the portage before all were together. Fortunately the trail had been done two days before, so no cutting was needed and we went right over -- 77 in particular having trouble with the shallows above the loading spot. The north shore of our thin, narrow stretch had been lumbered, and at one point we had a view of the road. Part way down we stopped to watch the antics of a flock -- or whatever you call them -- of baby otter. Mother appeared briefly. The youngsters entertained by diving and looking at us, and some tried to converse. The trail at the end used the lumbered area, and for lumbered areas was not too much of a problem. We had stopped to check the other creek which led directly to the lake we wanted but had seen no sign of a trail and didn't like the walking much. On to the second trail we would need to reach our lake -- the staff hopped ashore in the wrong corner of the bay and was all set to start cutting a trail to the wrong lake until the guide questioned why we were going this way. Over to the other -- left -- corner, the guide found some old blazes, but the staff had already started plotting and blazing a route. Ben and Dave took the camper axes and we leap-frogged the loads ending up with a pretty decent trail. Our lake was an attractive one, but we didn't stop long to admire the scenery and went right to the end for the next portage. But now luck ran out. This one went through an old burn. It was also lunchtime, so the guide took the rest back to an area where it would be possible to cook while Richard, Dave, and the staff stayed with 77 and 95 -- Jay had to mojo back with the others. Plotting the route took awhile because of the burn and its windfalls, but the shore of the pond was also quite wet and the route had to go up the shore to find a reasonably dry way to get to the water. So the cutting took a lot longer than should have been the case, and the trail was also longer -- not a bad cutting job, however. Wendy didn't think much of it, however, and swam back to the lunchsite on her own. The spaghetti was cold and John was hopping up and down first on one foot and then the other waiting for seconds which the guide wouldn't let him have until the cutters returned. By the time we got over it was going on to four o'clock. We paddled to the end and found a reasonable spot to take out which also fortunately had solid, level land for a possibility that we might have to camp at the start of the trail -- which would at least start in a burn. The staff led off with the compass followed by the guide and Sam and Chuck cutting. Unfortunately the start of the trail ended up meandering trying to find better walking through the windfalls of the burn. The staff eventually reached Heathcote in the bay he had been aiming for, but a little left of the spot he wanted. Wendy hadn't thought much of the idea and only Tinker came as a

trail dog, but Wendy decided it had taken too long and came to see what the end looked like. The guide arrived ahead of his axemen -- Ben and Dave now having taken over. It was now seven o'clock, so the guide went back to tell the others to pitch camp and get dinner started. The staff cut back up to the top of the high ground above the landing to meet Ben and Dave at the top of the rise. Some trail improvement while walking back, but the start was definitely not a good walker -- the situation was better about half way over once high ground was followed. Tuck was coming out to inform them dinner was ready -- Sam had done the cornbread -- and the butter beans had been found! Jay put up the traveler -- which got done finally just about dark. Meanwhile Richard, Julian, and the guide took canoes through -- Julian getting back at dark. The sun had come out for awhile around noon, but the wind still held from the east and dark clouds started building --hiding what should have been a sunset -- and tents were up and filled as rain started in on us at 10 o'clock -- for a 45-minute shower, for that part of it at least.

Thursday, August 5 -- A very brief, light shower later in the pre-mid-night area, but the two together left a surprising amount of water on the fly come morning. The sun made an attempt at first, but didn't really come out full force. For some reason the triple tent was up before the call to roll as were Ben and John -- waiting for cereal that had not yet gone into the pot. Must be eager to get across the portage. Everyone else was floating out in the bay by the time the staff got his second load through at 10:00 -- 900 yards of pretty rough going. We paddled down Heathcote with the sun trying harder and the day warming up so that it was clearly a shirtless paddle. Wendy cried as we passed the '81 Heathcote site as though she knew she had been there before. The Barrington portage still had its blueberries, but nothing else to recommend it. The staff had to toss down 77 to cut through a chest-high windfall after having been given a come-on by the fact that someone had taken a chain saw to some logs during the first 50 yards. But we didn't do much else to improve it. Richard didn't find his axe left a year ago, so all we came off with was a pair of sun glasses dropped by someone on the trail. Everyone wanted to pick and/or eat blueberries, so we cooked lunch at the Barrington end -- Jay having blueberries and bannock for lunch and then declaring he did not want to see another blueberry for the rest of his life (he reneged when pie was served at night). We finally got back on the water at 2:00 with loads of blueberries stored away for community and/or private consumption. The sun made greater effort so the paddle up Barrington was pleasant with a very slight head wind -- except maybe while Julian and Chuck were counting strokes to the next island. We portaged over into Foam -- some remembering the carry before hand, some after getting there -- and some not at all. Then Julian and Chuck put on a display of changing paddles in mid-air while heading for the campsite. Ben started to make up the blueberry pie -- best crust of the series we've had, but plenty of juice. Chuck put up the ham, and then we waited on the fire using our previously

cut wood, but the air didn't circulate very well. After dinner and pie Julian and Tuck made our chocolate pudding -- which worked this time. Chuck did the traveler -- which also worked this time. A second dish washing to clean up after pudding while most went for a swim -- bath -- some like the staff for the first time in days (though others hadn't spent the evenings out on portages). There was supposed to be a card game, but the natives sounded awfully restless as the sun sank -- and a low-flying aircraft went over about 10:15.

Friday, August 6 -- A multi-colored sky early on, but as the sun came up a small cloud bank screened it. The fire started mighty slowly -- we should have drawn new dry wood. Ben and John were hovering around the fire long before the cereal even went on. For the first time all summer the staff was last to load. And Dave and Ben had to break the hole in the beaver dam while 77 looked on. The final portage out here came and went -- Ben trying the upper trail -- reporting it was no good for canoes. The creeks were a whole lot better than in '81 and we had to dodge rocks but at least stayed in the canoes while doing so. We pulled up at the Bridge about 11:00 and the guide picked up the mail for both sections while another run on candy bars followed. The staff telephoned to get the train to stop and called to check on lumber needed to finish the floor and porch -- no luck. We lined the rapid -- slowly -- and went on to the rocky island across from Sheehan's for lunch -- spending most of the time watching a plane come in to his place as the staff cooked lunch -- managing to spill the hot water into the fire which was using only trash wood anyway. On to the Base getting in sometime in mid-afternoon. Tents and so forth went up followed by clothes washing -- hopefully to make us presentable for the train. Then everyone wanted to get the super-wallop out of the way -- fine because we would no longer be using black pots on the stove. That got started about four-thirty and was over in a couple hours with wannigans all cleaned out also. The staff fixed the second front screen door so it could be used and manufactured a table -- though the top was odd bits of 2" lumber that were available. Since guide and staff hadn't done much, they made dinner while the rest cleaned up after getting covered with pot black. The dinner dishes and pots finally got done -- although the light had to be lit to see if the pots were clean. The guide and Richard opened the golf course -- the guide winning it was reported. As 10:30 came a card game on the point and writing in the cabin.

KAWAWEOGAMA DEPARTURE

Saturday, August 7 -- Allanwater
Sunday, August 8 -- Temagami

Saturday, August 7 -- The staff managed to sleep in till 7:30 even though the dogs wanted to get going. The syrup was made and the burning fire lit before the troops arrived for pancakes -- which went on for ages while the staff redid the front stairs. A very brief shower had gotten people up to rescue drying clothes down on the shore. Then swim-time and some more clean-up to burn up more junk wood. Lunch and packing started while the staff split the three pair of rafters needed for the porch roof. By 4:30 everything was pretty well ready to move. Section pictures on the front steps followed by dinner. Julian made the final bannock after Ben had done a pair for the train ride to Capreol. Tucker was at it -- counting hours -- it was getting close to time to do minutes. Wendy thought John's dinner was pretty good after he spilled his plate-full in front of the steps -- pulling a Tucker they said. The guide hustled everyone off to the canoes as our fair weather turned terrible off to the west. The three canoes were loaded --as Chuck started by slipping into the water, but he had his rainpants on -- and pulled out with Richard, staff, dogs, and luggage following in the boat. The storm swung around just after the canoes reached the wide part of the lake -- the skiff was out ahead by now. Richard and the staff landed before the major rain hit and waited it out before finding tentpoles for the three tents coming up -- the staff tent had already gone up. The staff and dogs went back looking for the canoes, leaving Richard to move the poles to the tentsites -- he wasn't too excited about sighting a bear crossing the tracks too close for comfort. The staff turned back without success as the storm swung back from the south -- brilliant flashes of lightning -- some dancing in the sky, and a double rainbow as the sun set. The canoes had gone the east side of the final large island and the staff hadn't been back more than 15 minutes when they came in sight -- one stop to dump. The tents went up, and we settled in for a short night.

Sunday, August 8 -- The staff thought he was waking everyone in plenty of time -- trying to cut it as close as possible. More rain had fallen during the night, but at 5 am nothing was coming from above -- including light. With dogs he went down the track to wake the three tents just as a huge freight train came rumbling slowly west on the main track, stopped by the red light at the west end. Ducking under the freight, the headlight of our train could be seen coming up the siding. The guide still had to be wakened and then with flashlight the staff flagged down our train -- apparently they had gotten no order to stop! The tents did not make it aboard, but the passengers did -- the train holding up for us. Richard and the staff were left in the wet, gray morning to see what was left -- Dave's pillow, John's gaff, and the guide's boots, dirty clothes, and towel, but that was all -- other than the tents.

REAR GUARD

Sunday, August 8 -- Saturday, August 14 -- Just beating the next rain storm the rear guard towed the canoes and gear back to the base -- we'd lost one more spruce to last night's storm. Neither the rest of Sunday nor most of Monday could have been used as advertisements for Kawaweogama weather. Indoor work was much preferred -- inventorying and packing away surplus trip foods and maps using up most of the remaining wannigans. Another table frame -- tops to come next year. Finally in jacket weather the chain saw went to work cleaning up the additional storm damage and the log frame for the porch roof started up. Tuesday turned out to be much more agreeable -- even possible to take a bath! But the water temperature seemed to have dropped somewhat! The porch frame got finished, but awaits roofing boards. A final run to the Lodge and post office on Wednesday -- a reasonable amount of Section mail that had to come back to Temagami to eventually be forwarded. A visit with Danny Peters left the staff more encouraged about the possibility of his finishing up the cabin chinking this fall -- maybe 50-50 this time. Canoes and boat got stuffed in the cabin leaving the kitchen still usable. Naturally the plane supposed to come in at 8 on Thursday was two hours late -- not being able to find us on its first attempt. The trailer was considerably lighter for the return -- only one Section A canoe to start with. The side-trip to Armstrong for Section F's canoes required lots more driving and time than could be afforded -- plus having to get Ray Laird from his home so we had gas to get back to the highway. The mosquitoes at Little Caribou were something as the five canoes got tied on in minimal daylight. It was after 3 am when dinner was eaten back on the highway at Nipigon and four hours sleep was caught in the final possible motel. But we were three hours short of Long Lac and so didn't make it to Temagami until after sundown. Finally up Temagami in nice, bright sunshine on Saturday.