

Bill Jepson's Outward Bound Diary

canoeing in the Boundary Waters of Minnesota 1971



Pond Brigade

John Biddle - Conn., 16, cocky, cool,
smart ass, boarding school, "Dynamite"
alot like Eric A.

Frank Henderson - St. Louis, college, freaky,
guitar player, relaxed, music oriented (lyrics)
alot like Pete A.

Bill "Sparky" Young - Hankyran, Wis, 16, big
mouth, comedian, religious, friendly, smart

John Dye - Chicago, 18, quite, gutsy,
very kind and helpful, fisherman, small

Spunk Milkin - Vermont, 20, strong, gutsy,
cheerful, sometimes quiet, cook, strong personality

Ed Lucas - N. Carolina, 21, sophisticated,
ated, smart, all american leader

Ron Christenson - Minn. Farmer, at St. Thomas Coll, 17,
intellectual, early to listen to future priest, big mouth,
alot like Eric A.

Rick Rosen - Iowa, 16, nice guy, friendly,
open minded, intelligent

Tom Murphy - Southern Minn., 16, quiet,
trapper, friendly, kind, hungry

Tom McDonnell - Southern Minn., 16,
tall, big, always hungry, good personality,
honest

June 8, Tues.

I took a Greyhound to Duluth. I talked with Brad Taylor on the way up. He reassured each others' nervousness by talking about how rough it would be. He spent the spare time in Duluth at a magazine store and a cafeteria. He must have smoked 100 cigarettes.

The buses finally left from Duluth and landed at the U of Minn. ^(Duluth camp) where we filled out personality and attitude blanks. Then the 2 hour drive to the camp, talking to an intellectual farmer ^(Ron Christenson) who loves airplanes and goes to college in the

cities, when we got there at about 11:30 the moon was full, and we were tired, so we had cookies and kool-aid and met Will and Larry our counselors. Then we spent a cold night in the tent. There are 6 bunk beds with a frame and a tent over the top, just like a cabin actually.

June 9, ~~Thurs~~ Wed.

Up with the birds we went to the crossroads to assemble for the Wild Walk, Brrrrr. First we ran thru the woods until we got to the mucky marsh which we walked thru with all our clothes ^{throwing mud and sinking and laughing} on, then across rapids hand in hand. Then a strenuous run back to cold showers and breakfast.

Next canoeing and swamping all morning. Then ^{the} conditioning course of various musclebuilders. Then after lunch was

playaking all afternoon,
First near shore, tipping
and jumping back up, later
we went down the rapids,
good wet, fun. Before supper
~~then~~ I went fishing with
John from Chicago. He
caught a baby Northern ^(St. goldaway) and
then lost his lure in the
rapids. Then free time after
supper and ~~an~~ a talk by
the camp director on the Out
ward Bound Course.

June 10, ~~Wed~~, Thurs

We had a good nights
sleep and in the morning got
up to run our 22 miles.
It wasn't too cold until
we took a dip in the lake
afterwards. Refreshing....

After breakfast was
white-water canoeing. We
portaged past 3 rapids
and went down over and
over again. There was a
river traverse there but it ~~did~~
wasn't open.

One of the 2 girls did a
simulated first aid very re-
alistically which we had
to act upon, she was bleed-
ing and screaming all over.

After lunch we went
on the circus ~~off~~ ropes course.

where we went in a big circle on various rope obstacles without touching the ground. Then we tried a brigade 12 ft wall climb and did it pretty fast and efficient. Next on the floor the log obstacle Mike did a simulated first aid for an unconscious broken arm which ~~we~~ then talked about over koolaid, it had started to rain also we got in some ecology and survival training. After dinner we did the initiative tests for each brigade's skill and co-operation. I led the brigade with the blindfold kept set up and managed to be the only dry one on the canoe fill up. Then we took a relaxing sauna.

June 11, ~~Mon~~ Fri.

After a run, dip, and breakfast, we learned mountain climbing on a small cliffy rock (Humpy rock). We belayed with ropes and also repelled back down again. The black flies were the worst I've seen them yet, just swarms of them. Later we did conditioning. In the afternoon we did the sickening "drown proofing", where you learn how to tread water with minimum energy loss. We did it for 30 min in cold water which seemed like 6 hours.

Then after supper we went on an overnight. We paddle a little ways up to a point and pitched

of black flies, deer flies and mosquitos. The black flies especially where as thick as peanut butter for about a yard about your head, on your clothes they were swarming all over, in our clothes too. Fortunately we had ~~had~~ mosquito nets for our heads but the bugs still got in. My neck, face, top of head, waist and ankles were covered with bites. So much so that the next morning I swelled up. This is why they have you only think about 2 hours at a time into the future with everything up here.

We got there right on cows (I was leading) and had dinner. I found a moose antler, but lost it later on. As soon as I got there I went skinny dipping in the lake. REFRESHING.

Mon., June 14

We spent a long time on breakfast, and then headed out ~~on~~ 25 miles by canoe. We had about 5 portages and a lot of rapids to shoot. The rapids were fun but I had a fever today from the bug bites. I was swollen all over so I was yelling at everyone in the canoe and they were yelling at me. It was pretty long and horrible day. When we got to the bridge where we were waiting for the bus everyone was talking, wrestling, eating. I just fell on the ground and cooled off. Every one was laughing (and pitying) the "soul patrol" (they were ~~with~~ speakers plus Brad Taylor, the kid on the bus) who hadn't come back from the 5 mile trek and were spending their 2nd night out. They were picked up the next

morning. We busse^d for 2 hours
to a trailer-tent camp and
set up camp there. Everyone
was sleeping on the bus so when
we got there we all passed out.

Tues. June 15

Today after 2 days of Hell we
were bussed to the nicest
day we've had yet on Beaver
Creek. Dad, Doug and I went partly
up it last summer when we went
to the Gunflint trail.

It is all fast rapids where
we went in under the bridge of
Lake Superior drive. We walked
up about 1 mile or less and
found a pool where we lazily
skinny dipped and ate lunch. I
talked with Will a little and
got to know each other. I
also found out Larry grew up
in Golden Valley and taught 2
years ~~at~~ of Math and Science
at Bryant High School.

After a while we went
back a little ways where the
other brigade had set up a
traverse (?) with a rope across
the rapids and a diaper swing

our tents ~~was~~ in the
dark. Then we had some hot
cocoa and candy bars and
talked over a nice campfire.
Mike from California left
this day for reasons unknown.

June 12, ~~Fri~~ Sat.

We paddled back to camp
in the morning, just in time
to miss the run and dip
but not in time to miss
cleanup duty in the bathhouse.
Then after breakfast we
split in 2 and walked thru
the woods to Crockett Lake
about 3 miles inland. We went
with Will who showed us
a lot of edible plants. We
had to use map and compass
to get there and when we
got there we turned around
and came back, almost
missing lunch.

After lunch was the mile
swim so we wouldn't have
to ~~wear~~ wear life preservers.
The water was cold but
I kept my spirits up by
singing rock-n-roll songs.

In my head, (which also kept up moving on the hike) after that I took a shower. Getting out of the water after the swim I was so dizzy I could hardly walk.

After the ~~swim~~ refreshing shower we packed up for the 4 day trip ahead.

Then after dinner we had an orientation talk for the 8 mile trek the next day.

Sun., June 13

after breakfast

In the morning we took a bus with our gear to a spot on the road. There, we were let out, 5 of us, the other 6 let off at another spot. Then you learn a skill in Outward Bound, a situation is provided soon afterward where you rely on it. In this case it was an 8 mile trek thru thick, buggy woods to Bald Eagle Lake where we would stay for the night. We started at 8:30 in the morning and got there at 8:00 at night.

We switched off 135 pound packs between 5 guys, Murphy, Sparky, Hank, John, and me. We had a small lunch at our longest rest of 20 min. It was muggy, but the worst part of it was the thorns.

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to sit in. ~~It~~ It was really
exciting. While sitting around I
carved a little curved rifle with
my Boy Scout knife.

Finally we went back to the
bus and to our campsite where
we managed (with a little pulling
of strings) to get a big meal off
chow mein, spaghetti, koolais,
garlic bread and banana pud-
ding.

Wed. June 16

Today we broke camp and
were bussed over to the cliffs
of Lake Superior 200 feet straight
down they were. There were about
5 climbing cliffs and a big rappel.
From the easiest they were Neighbor
which I did, Chimney I did also (which was a big wedge in the rock).
Then there was Harry, and
Superior (impossible) which I didn't get
to do because I was too late to
get down by the big rappel (walking
down the side of the cliff).

After lunch we rested
and then did the stretcher carry
down the edge with 2 stretcher
carriers and a patient completely
tied in. There are 4 ropes with
2 people belaying each. I was
a stretcher carrier with Ed and
Murphy in the stretcher, it was
really scary going over the edge.

of that cliff and looking straight down.

That night we hustled for 2 hours to humpy where we rushed up to the chicken dinner and dug in barbarian style. ~~It~~ Just for the hell of it everyone was being as unmannerly as possible (besides ~~eating~~ everything when asked). ~~passing~~ We were all laughing and it was fun. Afterwards I played the piano til about 10:30.

Thurs., June 17

We had a nice humpy breakfast. And a restful morning. I did all day was sleep and write a letter. Also I helped fix the canoes for the trip ahead.

Before dinner we did some Sufi yoga, (breathing exercises) I played the piano quite a bit and taught one guy a little how to play. I also met a guy (who was playin' piano) who was a good friend of Gordie's and John Erdahl. His name was Bryan and went up to Gordie's cabin a couple times. He told me how they got drunk and Erdahl picked up this chick and a long story about how Erdahl threw her ~~into~~ ^{thru} the screen door twice that night and how with shotguns they scared the 2

rescuer friends of the girl away
by blattling the trees next to
them.

^{the next day}
Bryan was sent home from
Outward Bound for pulling a
knife on a guy who wouldn't
carry a pack on the trip.

Also Brad Taylor left today
before the 2 week trip because
he was sick of the place.

Fri., June 18

The last day at Hemps.
We had duty today so instead
of running in the morning we
went to Hemps early and set
up breakfast for everyone,
and afterwards we ~~the~~ clean-
ed up the dishes for 2 hours.
Although I mostly played the
piano for everyone. We
went to conditioning and
then set up lunch and did
the dishes. Then we just relax-
ed and sat around the rest
of the day.

When we had set up din-
ner I was on my way via
the trip house. When I walk-
ed in and out (I had to go to
the bathroom) someone said
"Scott!" which was strange
because no one knows me
as Scott up here, so I looked

around and there's mom
and dad standing. It was ~~my~~
a surprise I didn't really
say anything and left. They
said I looked tired. I was.

We had pork chop dinner
and 2 movies on ~~the~~ Outward
Bound (beautiful photographs)
and the Voyageurs.

Then my last night at
~~Moose~~ Komplare for a week.

We met one of the 2 big fat
hardened cooks when we were
on duty. She gets up at 3:00
in the morning to cook about
40 loaves of delicious bread
every morning then cooks
breakfast for 150 people. In
the winter she and her husband
are lumberjacks.

Sat, June 19

The first day of the canoe
trip, after our last lumpy break-
fast we loaded the canoes
and gear and took a bus to
Moose Bay past Ely. There
all the brigades took their
prairie portage and Canada
customs. It started to rain
and I couldn't find my rain
coat until later that night.

There were lots of port-
ages and eventually we were
alone from the other brigades.
We found a beautiful camp-
site on an island in Sarah
Lake and had a wet ~~break~~
dinner.

There was a really strange
glowing sunset that night.
In the morning when
John Dyle was the only one

up; fishing. He said he saw
a moose swim up to the
island and then when it
saw him it turned and
swam back.

Jan., June 20

The 2nd day of the canoe
trip. Wet from last night we
headed out thru McIntyre, Brant,
and Coonsee lake with portages
we arrived at the ~~Kilmer~~ Poobah
portages, 3 in at about a mile
each and 1 out. We later
found these were real horror
story portages for many
seasons, bugs - swarms, mostly hor-
flies, distance, crumbly trail, we got
lost alot, and most of all swamps.
One after another the swamps
came, thick and wet and
2-3 feet deep. There were a few
logs to step on but if you
lost your balance (with a
50 lb canoe or 40 lb backpack
on your shoulders) you sunk
and could not get out except
with all the force and energy
in your muscles to thrust

to the trail he was at a point where he couldn't go forward and couldn't go backwards, so with the canoe on his shoulders he slowly sank to his waist. He later laughed about that.

There were a few more portages to Sturgeon Lake where we camp on the first island. It was only 2:30 so we had a restful day. Will, Ed, and John caught 4 big Northerns (13-4 lbs) and 2 walleyes. I tried fishing off the rocks but had no such luck. Hank and Spunk were getting "around the world" fans. While I helped Biddle make an apple pie, I also watched a butterfly walk all over me for awhile. For dinner we had chili with hard uncooked beans (eech) and fresh fish (mmm) and the delicious apple pie. Sparky talked with me about AFS.

Tues, June 22

Today was to be our longest paddle. We left early from Sturgeon because we had skipped a half a day yesterday. We went all the way across windy Sturgeon and then stopped for breakfast. Fish and bogart. We then took off from Sturgeon narrows and a series of lakes and portages all day until we got to the ~~the~~ bottom of Pickeral Lake. There we ate dinner. Bill Will found he had lost his camera at the last portage and went back to get it with Larry. While we packed up and headed out a ways on Pickeral, we went slow so they could catch up to us and then singing songs to keep awake we paddled on to the other end of Pickeral Lake. The sunset was

beautiful and it was kind of fun paddling at night. At about 12:00 we finally found a place to camp among some redwood. We had looked at about 5 other places but with 1 flash light out, we failed. There is road access to Dickeral Lake so there were lots of motor boats and our campsite was all prettied up. We all got a piece of candy and went straight to bed. We had paddled since 8:30 that morning.

Wed, June 23

It rained last night. We got up and had granola (a mixture of oats, wheat germ, nuts, raisins, brown sugar etc).

Larry and Mill ~~left~~ left early and said they'd meet us at Cache Lake. We left about an hour later and headed down the river to French Lake where we went to far and ended up in another river on the other side by the highway. It could have been prevented but we had split up too much. So we backtracked and paddled down the windy French River until we got to the Baptism Creek portage. There we ran into Larry, Mill, and another Senior Brigade who were trying to find the portage since that morning. By the time we finished lunch they had found it. I took the canoe

yelled out "Sky Bullwinkle!"
Then it turned and ran into
the woods.

We finally got to the Falls at
the end of the river and every-
one hauled ass to the island.
Will and Harry said they'd be on.
We were really tired and cold and
wet.

We had a good dinner and Ed
caught 2 Walleyes, Will and Harry
and 3 or 4 others tried their luck
too but failed. We laughed and
talked a lot together, happy to
have the next 4 days off.

Fri., June 25

Today is the solo, finally. In
the morning we had our last
meal (bogat fish, and Tang) for
4 days. We were issued our
solo kits (solo tin, solo tarp, 4
matches, bag of salt, 30 ft. line
and 4 hooks, and head bag net).

I also could bring 1 life
preserver, bug dope, harmonica,
jack knife, log book and clothes.
I got the only spot on the
big part of the lake on a big
slanted rock with a high
cliff behind that I climbed
and watched the land.

I slept a lot today and
explored a little. I made
a lean to with the tarp
and ^{then} got some firewood.
I watched an otter and
some loons ~~and~~ played my
in the lake and

mouth harp. I made some drumsticks and played with them. I'm not too hungry yet but the mosquitos are so bad I can hardly write this.

I tried to sleep but could not with the loud hum of swarms of mosquitos. Finally there was a little wind that picked up and blew them away for a while. The fish are jumping every 2 minutes or so around here at sunset. I also watched a beaver swim back to the other side of the lake. My beard was really itchy.

I can feel myself getting weak but not really a hungry feeling. It finally got too cold so I started a fire around 5:00 and I stayed up and

watched the sunrise. Then I fell asleep again and woke up when I was cold.

Sat, June 26 - I'm very weak this morning but not hungry for food really. I had to get wood for the fire which took all my strength. When I was getting the wood the wind had switched and ^{the fire} burned some dried moss and spread to my neckerchief. It also melted some of my tarp. The bugs aren't so bad this morning. It's cool, cloudy and breezy.

Only 9 days and I'll be home! By late morning it has gotten windier. And as I'm right on the lakes I've made marks my lean to into the forest. I slept

alot this morning because
I'm very weak.

I'm constantly watching
nature and have been trying
to figure out mind and
means roll in it.

Usually I'm thinking of
home, the lake, our basement,
Hevins den and kitchen, my
bedroom, really give me a
homesickness thats hard
to bear. I'm always think-
ing about the last day
and how great it will be,

I've been sleeping all day
and am very weak. Different
songs keep running thru my head
constantly.

I just got up to get some wood
and rocks to ring the fireplace
because its in the woods. I
finally had to rest because
I almost had a heart attack
after 5 minutes work.

I've had lots of thoughts go
thru my head of sex, music, home,
football, all the letters and mag-
azines and maybe records I'll
get when I get home, my licence,
maybe hitchhiking to Chicago
this summer or next spring.

Mostly I'm getting illusions of
food now that I'm getting very
hungry.

It was very windy this
morning but now it is
beautiful out, about 75° with
a cool breeze.

Tonight I am prepared with
a fire ready to light when I
get cold and a mosquito net
mosquito proof raincoat,
socks on my hands.

I've been trying to figure
out what I've learned up here.
More than anything it has
taught me to cancel my
temper when frustration mounts.

by giving me the most
frustrating experiences poss-
ible. I admit I've blown
up a lot but I have learned
to be patient. Especially on
this solo.

I've also learned deter-
mination, cheerfulness and
hope.

Sun, June 27 - I'm really
weak, standing up and walk-
ing around is real hard work.
Last night the fire went out
so I froze until sunrise
which was so cloudy I
still froze. By midmorning
it warmed up. It also
sprinkled a little. The clouds
are thick and completely
cover the sky.
I dreamed a lot of strange

dreams last night, but I
can't really remember them.

I'm wondering how I'll be
able to get enough wood to
burn all night. Plus to mor-
row night's supply which
I'll be even weaker to get.
I've been getting the wood very
slowly a little at a time and
then a rest.

I just got a drink of water
which tastes really bad here
for some reason. Now I'm try-
ing to cool off in the breeze
and get a little tan. But I
haven't gotten much tan
yet, except on my hands.

I'm still thinking about food
today by noon I've missed 7 meals.
The days are so long and the
nights are short and cold.

My beard's comin' along okay.
It's so hot now (about 1:00)
that I just took a dip.

① I'm making a ~~big~~ ^{small} attempt at an around the world
trip now that it's windy enough
to do so (no bugs). The dip
was really refreshing. I swam
with the life preserver because I'm
weak and it's funnier because it's
easier. These ants are crawling
all over me.

8 days and I'll be home. When
I'm done with these next 2 nights
of solo the rest will be easy
except for the marathon. But
at least that will be at home
place.

There are girls at the camp
~~now~~ now but they'll
be on ~~the~~ their 4 day trip
when we get back.
Most of ~~all~~ all up here, es-
pecially on solo, I realized
how little I've appreciated
and ~~the~~ respected food a

warm home, and the family and
friends I love. Also, the
bug free, care-free life I
lead. I've learned the rewards
of pride, and how good you
feel after a long, hard days
work.

I've also learned to live for
the moment. I didn't work on
it that much on my own. But
the experiences like walking
thru swamps and the 9 mile trek
kept me so busy I didn't
worry about the future but
just lived in terms of what
was going on at that moment.
We had a goal and all we
could do about it was keep
moving. And we always got
there and could look back on
it with pride and astonishment
at your own accomplishment.
I found out that I can take
a hell of a lot more than I

thought I could. When the going got rough I always had something to look forward which kept me cheerful, and kept me moving.

ALL THINGS MUST PASS

That was always in my mind. Songs were constantly running thru my mind also when the tension mounted.

I've also learned independence. They give you a lot of that up here. The counselors rarely told anyone what to do, just how to do it, and what to expect. They always had us figure it out ourselves. They never told us when to get up or leave, they didn't sleep with us either.

I spent quite a while on an around the world tour. I don't know if I got anywhere though. Then I went for another dip. While I was resting a fish jumped about 4 feet

from shore. At sunset the last 2 nights there were fish jumping all over. And I'm really feeling hungry now (I've missed 2 meals) so I of course decided to fish. Using a dead horse fly for bait I tried to untangle the 30 ft. string, but it got tangled again about 4 times. I was amazed at the patience I have developed, I didn't even get mad.

Off in the distance I can hear thunder. Just as I was about to throw the line out a sunshower started. It was short though. I put my rain coat and pants over the woodpile. It's really humid today. I guess I'm getting used to the constant mosquito hum, and horse and donkey bugs and ants crawling all over me and in my clothes.

It was getting so muggy and

buggy (more mosquitoes
than I've ever seen before)
that I had to take a dip.
There wasn't any wind to
dry me this time so the bugs
started right in on me.

I ate some blueberries (~~not~~
ripe yet, taste like unripe apples)
and prepared some young "lumber-
jack toilet paper" (large leaf Astor) for
boiling.

The wind shifted around and
gave me quite a scare because
that means a storm and my
lean to is faced the ~~wrong~~
way. But it switched back again.

This has been the longest day
I think I've ever spent. It's a
downer looking into the future
(though that's all I do) because if
it's bad, you worry about it and
if it's good, you're frustrated about
having to wait for it.

I boiled the Astor leaves, but
just drank the tea. The leaves
were full of ashes and tasted
like shit. My fishing line got
tangled again so I gave up and
used it to tie the tarp because
it's really getting windy and
shifting all the time.

Mon., June 28.

My last solo day! I've never
seen a day last so long. I'm
so weak, all I can do is sit
and rest. And the bugs are worse
than ever even though there is
a heavy wind.

It was too windy to keep
the fire going last night, so I
spent the freezing windy
night without it. It passed

quickly though and in the morning the wind was terrible. So I stayed in the tarp and thought, I thought so much (mostly about home) that I got unbearably homesick and frustrated. I almost felt like crying. But I soon got over that little spell and about noon the sun came out. I kept trying not to look at it because it moves so goddamn slow when your not doing anything.

I almost feel like I'm in a cell. They say you can do anything you want. I can't eat, I can't walk around, I can't swim, I can hardly sleep with all these bugs. I keep having illusions of Emburgers, Kentucky Fried

Chicken, Juicy Steaks, etc.

This boredom and frustration plus mosquitoes constantly humming is like a kind of torture on the mind. I haven't seen or heard anyone else in 2 days. (consents the first 2 solo days)

Will and Harry just paddled by. Probably going to the falls.

I took a refreshing dip and have now been resting the rest of the day. It's almost sundown, if I make it thru tonight the rest of this week will be easy. At least I'll have food and a warm, bugless tent and sleeping bag. Plus some people to talk to. I'm getting very lonely.

I kept the fire going all night pretty much. It's so calm that

it's the worst night on my record for bugs. I clap my hands together and can kill 10 mosquitoes in one swat. The hum can drive you crazy. Just before dawn I made the mistake of putting on a larger, very dry log which burst into flame and started the forest floor on fire. I jumped up half asleep and really burned myself trying to brush the ~~down~~ burning leaves and needles back into the fire with a long stick. I was so weak I almost had a heart attack, and collapsed on the ground. Soon after though, the sunlight began filtering thru the trees. So I went down by the lake and sat and watched it come up thru the clouds. It rained a little and there is a heavy, cold overcast. It was quite a patience test wait

ing for the canoe from sunset for 3-4 hours. Finally I heard some singing in the distance and I looked over and there was Larry dragging 2 canoes towards me. I yelled out a yahoo and wrapped everything in my tarp and ran to the shore. Larry gave me a hug and a flapjack and we took off. That flapjack tasted so good and it was so hard to paddle. Around the bend we ran into Hank with the biggest smile on his face.

Tues. June 29 - Starts

Hank and I got into one of the canoes while Larry went off for the others. We were the first guys back. First we had some left over rolled wheat, then 2 fishburgers, some tea, coffee, and ~~and~~ a jam sandwich and a delicious spice cake with lemon frosting which was a birthday cake for the

2 Johns and soooo good. Then with a full stomach I read a little "Alice thru the Looking Glass." Then I took a dip with the other guys, washed with soap and then talked and laughed. You can dive off a 10 ft cliff into the water.

John, Rick, and I got some recipes and talked with Will for a while. I took a picture of myself, my cheek bones are sticking out.

We sat around all day. Feels good to be full of food.

For supper we got a big helping of spaghetti and lots of fish. Plus another raisin and apple (John Biddle) pie. mmm. Will and Larry left for Natchapiwic after supper.

Everyone sat around and talked for quite awhile about drugs and music and chicks. I haven't seen one in 6 days! We've got a real good brigade, like to talk together.

Wed. June 28

We got up early and it was a miserable day. But everyone was happy after 5 days left, and on the way back. It was raining so we had a hard time starting a fire and breaking camp.

We had cream of wheat, Granola and raisins for breakfast. We also wasted some fish by boiling it when no body really wanted any.

We headed out in the rain at about 8:30 and it felt pretty good to be on the road again.

The rain was kind of a drizzle, real quite and peaceful and the lake (Hawmijai) was beautiful with high cliffs and spruce and cedar trees. We had a long, straight, non portage, downwind path which went along pretty quickly.

We got to the end of

Gashapiwi pond setup camp
for 2 days (climbing tomorrow).

Our dinner of rice and
peas looked real small at
first but we managed to
expand it into a big fill-
ing meal with corn bread,
chicken granules, bread, etc.
seasonings etc. We were really
full.

I played some cards, then
read Alice and talked a bit.
we went to bed early
about 8:30.

Thurs. July 1

We got a good night's sleep
~~last night~~ last night. Everyone got
up about 8:00, had rolled
wheat with koolaid instead
of sugar, and took off at
9:00 for the cliffs. The trail
started at the end of the
lake (Gashapiwi) that were on
winds thru some beautiful
white pines (big and old) to the
cliffs about 200 feet high, as
high as ^{the} Superior cliffs. We
climbed up the easy way and
at the top is the most beau-
tiful view you can imag-
ine. I took a lot of pictures.
I sat up there and ~~had~~ read
"Alice" for awhile (it was a
beautiful day out), and then
did the big repel. Which is
actually in 2 parts. Then I
climbed ~~up~~ the 2 part "Bat".

climb. These cliffs were much funnier and versatile than Superior. We left early (2:30) after a lunch of one flapjack ~~and~~ thinking we might start back early but decided otherwise and just play cards.

We had a fantastic dinner of spanish with all kinds of odds and ends and ~~pieces~~ and then some apple pie. We all talked alot and went to bed about 8:30.

Fri., July 2

We got up real early and had corn meal mush with koolaid on it for sugar. We got an early start and got over the ~~the~~ first 8 ~~miles~~ portages ^{that were} right next to each other.

We knew that after that there would be fewer more portages which meant easier going without many stops.

We headed across long Basswood lake and after 2 hours of paddling in the same position we stopped for lunch; 2 handfuls of flapjack crumbs and 2 pieces of chocolate. It was weird getting out of the canoe because my legs were completely numb and I could hardly make

rip off anyone. But we managed to ~~make~~ burn \$3.50 off ~~the~~ people and also the kind manager of Bridges-mans. gave us a free meal for 45 minutes work moving chairs and tables and mopping in the basement for a class of '62' reunion party.

It was ecstasy eating a cheeseburger, strawberry malt, potatoe chips, and onion rings after 2 weeks of slop in the woods. He also looked in the mirror for the 1st time and were really grubby.

Then we spent the buck each we had on the Dairy Queen. I had also an AW root beer, banana split, DQ. cup, potatoe chips, and a chocolate shake ^{vanilla} ^{bars} ^{minim}. Then at about 11:00 we got a quick ride back to the bridge. What a night!

We also saw our counselors ^{there}

Sat. July 3

Spunk and I got up early and fixed breakfast on an ~~the~~ island close by while the others broke camp. We had thick corn-meal pancakes with syrup and sugar, plus chocolate pudding. It took all morning because we had to cook one pancake at a time.

time.
at about 10:30 Hank,
Sparky, and I (we paddled
together most of the trip) and
the brigade left for
Humpy. We had a bad
wind against us but
the ~~to~~ no big lakes to cross
at first so we went down
the North Kawishiwi ~~and~~ did a
couple of small portages in
and out of Clear Lake
which we had done before

on the 4 day trip. Then at the top of the South Kawisishewi River we cooked hamburgers (given to Spunk and Ed inely), flapjacks, carrots, and Koolaid. Our last trail meal (and good ride dance). Our canoe was the last canoe to head down the river after everyone had a little nap. There wasn't far to go, so there was no reason to push it. But then we rounded the head of the river to head down a mile long Beaver Lake and the wind pushed our hair straight back, the waves were 4 feet high and we were hardly moving at all sometimes though were paddling as fast and hard as we could. It was really

a final test and we took it as a challenge and finally made it across nonstop in about 2 hours. The rest was easy downstream, over rapids to Humpy at about 4:00. YAHOO. ~~Me~~ I ran up to Humpy where they had snacks out for everyone and I sat down and played the piano until the Probst beef dinner.

Sun, July 4.

The last day. We got up, had breakfast and then put on our cutoffs and bug repellent for the Marathon. 6 miles of paddling, 4 miles of portaging and 3 1/2 miles of running, full speed, in the rain. Hank, Spunky, and I did it together. It was a demand.

start where we ran to the
canoes, got in and paddled to
3 miles ~~to~~ the bridge, around an
island back to the bridge, portaged
2 1/2 miles back to the Humpy rap-
ids; then paddled and portaged
up the 3 rapids to Beaver Lake
where we portaged 1 1/2 miles in-
land and ran 3 1/2 miles back to
Humpy. Everyone did it well in
about 2 hours. I really pushed
at the end. I later went body
surfing in the rapids and ~~swimming~~
took a few saunas and a hot
shower. We checked out equip-
ment all afternoon and ate
till we were sick. That night
we filled out character, attitude,
and opinion questionnaires. Then
my last night at Humpy.

Mon. July 5

We got up early, had break-
fast which was extra good
and then said goodbye and
took pictures. Finally the bus
left camp about 8:45 after
28 days of a reality experience. Bye.

