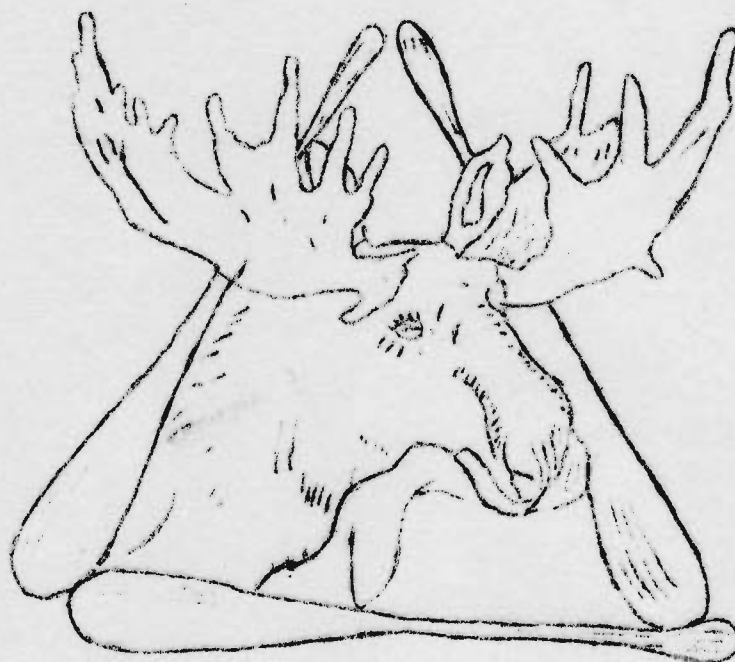


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KEEWAYDIN CAMP

Temagami, Ontario

LOG of SECTION "A"

THUNDER BAY

July 4, 1960 - August 23, 1960

Nishe Belanger, Guide

Heb Evans, Staff

Phil Cole

Danny Fisher

Rick Lobban

Lou Norris

Brad Dewey

Tuck Jordan

Mike Mullins

Mickey Snoke

July 4 - Monday - 9:00 AM departure from KKK amid the cannon's roar and cheers from the assembled multitude - glad to see us go. The west wind tried his worst to impede progress, but Nishe led us skillfully through the islands to reach a lunch spot on Temagami Island at 12:00. 12:45 found us paddling up the Arm with a good tail wind. A few rain squalls kept us well washed. An attempt at sailing had to be abandoned as the wind blew and the waves rose. With a rough sea at our backs we reached the Marrows and the Wabun A campsite at 3:20. A rainy campsite was established outside T Station, and after dinner all members visited town by canoe - return for some was by land as some voyageurs devided on an early retreat. Nishe assumed that it might be more pleasant to spend the night at the Minawassi with his wife.

July 5 - Tuesday - Breakfast was almost quite late, but fortunately Nishe arrived early enough to get the fire going, rout people out of the sack and get things moving. The portage to the train was accomplished with ease, Heb's station wagon making several trips to get everything onto the platform. A private baggage car transported our equipment and that of the Wabun Section, but the personnel was forced to ride in the regular coaches. Louie made several attempts to gain access to the baggage - with success despite the trainman's displeasure. The ride proved to be long and uneventful. Nobody yet knows who refused to play the proper card in the Fan Tan game. It made little difference anyway since Nishe was making up his own rules. Lunch and dinner came from the stock of sandwich material - maybe a good business could be started here in the future. Hearst was reached at 10:00 - only an hour late. The Palace Hotel provided rooms for both parties - maybe the other guests would have rather they had not done so. Some got a good night's rest after a hot shower - others missed out on one or the other of these luxuries.

July 6 - Wednesday - The train to Nakina pulled out only an hour late. It consisted of 78 freight cars, our baggage car, a half passenger-half baggage car, and the caboose. Trainmen allowed us the run of the last three cars until they finally tired of the company of several of the more energetic souls and banished every one to our baggage car and the passenger half of the other car. Lunch was again sandwiches. Phil discussed "personal problems" with air men returning to a lonely U.S. Air Force radar station at Pagwa River. Mickey found it hard to believe that cigarettes went for 11 cents a pack at the PX. The greatest blow, however, fell when he discovered that he would not be able to take advantage of the local situation. At the Hudson's Bay Post at Pagwa Nishe hopped off - purchases a black Husky puppy from a little girl standing on the platform, and hopped back on with "Mittens" in his arms (she sports white paws). Almost on time the train ground to a halt at the Twin Lakes bridge. Th KKK group tossed out canoes, wannigans and packs, waved good-bye to the Wabun group proceeding on to Savant Lake, rushed equipment to the water's edge and started off on lower Twin Lake. About $\frac{1}{2}$ mile on we found an old Wabun campsite and decided we could do better ourselves and so cut out a much better location on an island about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile further on. This necessitated some looking while "Mittsie" either rode quietly in a canoe or practiced taking a bath - wetting every one with whom she came in contact. Looking, clearing the campsite, bathing, cooking, eating, washing up, and listening to an Evans speech took up most of the evening, but a few fishermen tried their luck, and Brad and Louie returned with the first two walleye of the season.

July 7 - Thursday - Guide and staff decided to change to daylight time, but were slow getting up, so we did not get off the campsite until 9:30. A small rain storm forced us to pull in part way down Lower Twin for a brief rest while the skies cleared and the day turned out to be mostly sunny and warm. We entered the Drowning River soon and quickly came to our first of many buggy portages. A well cut trail led us around an impassable rapid, and we were on our way again as quickly as possible. After Nishe and the lead canoes sighted two moose in rapid succession, excitement ran high. Two short level rapids were run with no trouble, and a great deal of river was paddled. A second short portage took us around a steep rapid, and we started to look for a lunch spot in earnest, but all likely spots had too many bugs. Finally a third portage and a good deal of paddling led us to an island in Wiggle Lake for a 2:45 lunch for which every one - including "Mittsie" - was ready. Mittsie slept most of the time with Rick and Phil; awakening for each portage to jump around and get under foot. Two more moose were sighted in the water at the end of the lake. The section gave chase, but the distance was too great, and they made shore long before we could catch them. Two more portages left us in Tooth Lake where we searched for, found, and quickly rejected the proposed campsite. We cut our own among fewer bugs - but not many fewer. Two more moose were sighted in the campsite search. After dinner the fishermen returned with a pike and 4 walleye. Rain fell while pitching camp, let up after dinner, and then started shortly after dark again.

July 8 - Friday - This was supposed to be a half day!!! Therefore a late start was in order. A heavy breakfast was consumed fortunately. The journey from Tooth Lake through a wide part of the river to Relief Lake was uneventful as we passed several spots that might have been better campsites than the one on which we stayed last night. We picked up the river again coming out of the lake and soon encountered two 3' pitches. The first posed no problem, but as Nishe edged out into the second for a closer look and stopped by a rock to find the proper path, his slippery-fingered bowboy, Mickey, dropped his paddle into the rapid. Quickly he leapt into the water to retrieve the lost article leaving Mittsie and Nishe alone in the canoe adrift in the rapid. All was fine with Nishe in full control until he took a mighty stroke and snapped his paddle in two. Nishe abandoned ship, and he and Mickey watched Mittsie and the canoe traverse the rapid broadside and come to rest gently in the shallows at the foot where the rapid ran out. The other four canoes made the run without mishap - although Nishe had to stand in the water at the foot and catch each canoe as it came down to keep it from piling up in the shallows. No damage except one broken paddle now far in the bush. A 3' drop was also run followed by numerous less steep rapids. At 1:30 the Jackpine Portage was reached and lunch was shared with the bugs - although they were less dense here than at many other places. After getting lost on the Portage a few times, we shoved off at 3:30 when the last canoe to load looked back in response to the squeals of one lost dog who had missed her last boat. As Brad and Louie turned back to get her, she disappeared into the bush and had to be retrieved from the lunch site at the other end of the portage before we could start on down the river. Down river we went at last past 19 rapids and 22 ripples (as counted by Phil and Rick). one cow moose was sighted during the journey. At 5:30 we pulled into a portage and decided to camp even though we were not sure

where we were. We had planned to make Tin Can Portage, but there were supposed to have been two portages before then, and we had run everything along the way - of course a few were rough. Nishe had managed to break another paddle taking too strong a stroke, and the staff canoe had lost a little sheeting and was taking a little water. Anyway it was time to stop. The bugs were thick and Louie the only fisherman who scored with a pound-and-a-half speckled.

July 9 - Saturday - Another half day - only this one really was. More rapids in the morning, and no portages, since we had really gotten as far as we had planned the previous day. Bald Rock Portage provided our best campsite so far with a nice little falls, a cleared campsite, and relatively few bugs. The sun was warm, the swimming and clothes washing fine. Brad brought in the only trout, although a few others were hooked but lost in landing. A quick thunder shower delayed dinner for a half hour, but the weather soon cleared, and the sun shone again.

July 10 - Sunday - A late start again at 9:40. We pulled into the campsite at the forks of the Drowning and Wababimiga Rivers about 12:30. A bull and a cow moose were found in the river on the way. Several small rapids were jumped with no trouble. One good one was found - Nishe scouted it as usual and returned to report the proper route. Brad and Louie almost got an early start while he was talking, but fortunately Brad grabbed a rock just in time. We all got through safely, although a few rocks were greener for having let us go by. Two $\frac{1}{4}$ mile portages followed before camp was made. Rain greeted us as we landed, and the bugs under the kitchen fly were really bad!! A few fishermen tried, but met with no luck. The afternoon was relatively relaxing - watching Nishe fell a tree exactly where he predicted, exploring, and cutting a few poles to use going up the Wababimiga on the morrow. It looked like a pretty small stream from the campsite. Early to bed to escape the bugs.

July 11 - Monday - The Wababimiga proved to be as tough as expected. We all tried poling up the rapids and shallows, but before we had gone any great distance at all the poles were cast aside, and all were in the water pushing and pulling the canoes upstream. After three hours of this, to which the bugs added little of any value, we reached a portage around a 36' falls. Above the falls the going was easier although several beaver dams were encountered and Nishe was kept busy chopping through wind-falls and log jams. The bugs were so bad on the way up that Phil and Rick tried playing submarine - maybe it worked so well the first time that they tried it again. Nobody was any better off, for all were wet at least to the waist most of the day. Finally Moose Pond was reached, and camp started at 3:30. After a 4:00 lunch we all watched moose bathing themselves. Rick went out and drove one up from the shore. Nishe took a group hunting afterwards and found two bull moose and then trapped a spike-horn bull out in the lake. Louie and Brad succeeded in riding him. Rick tried and missed getting on. There were too many moose here to count, but it must have come to a dozen in all which appeared on the shores in the afternoon and evening. The bugs drove us to the tents after a late dinner.

July 12 - Tuesday - Rest day on Moose Pond. A late breakfast followed by more moose riding. Phil tried one and decided it was just like the Colorado horses. Tuck managed to get hold of the rear end of the same one while ducking his cigarettes. The moose were not so

plentiful in the afternoon. Maybe they were tired of being ridden. Nishe spent the day carving and the rest just rested. Bugs were not too bad until the afternoon rain brought them back.

July 13 - Wednesday - A bull moose stood by to watch us as we pulled out of Moose Pond back into the Wababimiga River. Going was good for a while until we started to run into more beaver dams and shallow rapids. After every one had at least wet feet, we portaged a few yards around a rapid and started to look for the longer one to the next lake. After one false start we found an easy $1\frac{1}{4}$ miler to Wababimiga Lake. This was by far the biggest lake we have seen so far and reminded us all of Temagami with its many islands. The portage had been such good walking we almost went back to enjoy the stroll a second time - but no - we pushed on and made camp about 3 miles down the lake at the site of a moose hunter's camp ground. A few fishermen tried their luck before dinner and returned with 2 pike to add to the menu. Nishe advised us on the science of moose calling, dinner was eaten, and the fishermen went back out - returning with 7 pike for breakfast - the largest was $6\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Many others were also caught and released. A cool evening promised good sleeping.

July 14 - Thursday - Another planned half day that turned out to be longer than expected. We met our first head wind on the trip starting out from the campsite. A short search located a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile portage to a small pond, followed by a 2 miler - walking through muskeg and over wind-falls. Two more moose were sighted on our way through the ensuing creeks and ponds to our campsite on Cammack Lake. After a very late lunch the wind held us to the island and promised to continue through the night.

July 15 - Friday - The wind died down during the night and a few drops of rain fell, but everything cleared up by breakfast time. A paddle down Cammack and about 2 hours and 3 portages later we were in Cordingly Lake. The thought of civilization sped up down the lake as we made camp outside Nakina about 2:00. After lunch and a few quick washes, we all started out for Nakina 3 miles away via dusty road. Traffic was light so we walked the distance to find a few stores and houses by the side of the railroad. Not much activity in town, but after a light dinner - a few hardy souls made the return trip. Mail was waiting for us at the Post Office, and we will pick up the supplies tomorrow morning. Austin Airways has a base just across the bay from us and planes take off and land right in front of us fairly frequently. A short trip to town this evening discovered little, while Danny added a pike to our fish supply.

July 16 - Saturday - The second leg supplies arrived this morning and filled up the campsite. A beautiful warm sunny day filled with trips to town and sorting food. The gang went off to the movie and returned to shoot the bull with Nishe over a cup of coffee till the wee small hours.

July 17 - Sunday - A little rain made it necessary to raise the fly. Final packing into 9 wannigans and 7 babies plus a lunch wannigan. Final trips to town and frantic calls and wires home for money completed the day. Extra supplies cached with the Cotés, Mittsie reluctantly was boarded with a local Indian worker, and so to bed to wait for a rough day tomorrow.

July 18 - Monday - At 3:00 AM we were quietly visited by two female natives of Nakina who returned about 7:00 to wake Tuck - who got Rick up to start breakfast. Guide and staff rolled over, looked at the sky, and predicted rain for the day - therefore either a late start or none at all. Brad and Rick cooked breakfast; the girls tried to rouse Mickey, but for some reason decided they were afraid of him. Nishe nursed a bad ear with sleep, but others were up for breakfast and to see the girls off for home about 9:00. Many followed to listen to records although Louie outlasted them all. Rain on and off all day; so another rest day in Nakina was prescribed. Despite an absence of money most went to town to the show in the evening after an afternoon of reading and carving.

July 19 - Tuesday - The skies looked gray after a night of wind and rain, but we had been in Nakina long enough, and it was time to move on come what might. Finally at 11:00 everything was packed and tumped and we were off against a head wind which was trouble only because we were so loaded down that any swell would come over the gunwales. Any easy 25 yard portage up a hill put us on a pond. A 300 yard trail led us to Haskett Lake and lunch about a mile down the lake. Then the fun began!!! Half mile of muskeg and fallen trees put us in Giraffe Lake by 4:00. The next portage was lost for a while, but unfortunately appeared in the form of a mile and a quarter of torture in ankle deep muskeg which took four hours to traverse with the loads. Louie held the record for most time on the carry. Every one was ready for supper and camp on Alph Lake even though the site could have been considerably more attractive. Weather turned fair for most of the day.

July 20 - Wednesday - The mist was rising off Alph Lake as we rose this morning, and the weather promised to be clear and warm as we started off shortly before 10:00. A paddle down the lake and a narrows to a pond took us to a 50 yard carry into another pond. From here the fun started again as a reportedly easy three-fourths of a mile carry to Esnagami Lake turned into another nightmare like the last two of yesterday. Somehow we waded through the water to firm ground at the beginning and then tried to avoid muskeg on the rest of the trail. It was time for lunch by the time all had reached the other end. Mickey won the prize for last man over although Rick and Brad made an extra trip for a forgotten pack. Miraculously we lost no one on the carry although many needed help to keep from sinking from sight at the first part. Phil, Louie, Tuck, and Mike all experienced the feeling of quickly sinking in to the water under heavy loads. Esnagami was calm as a sheet of glass for most of our trip down the lake. The sky was clear, the scenery good, and the paddle long. Mickey entertained us with song as usual until he got tired. Brad exhorted his bow boy to take longer strokes - to no avail - and Phil fell asleep every time we stopped for a break. Tuck knew we would have trouble finding the campsite and prudently fell behind so he would not have to do any extra work when we made a short trip into the wrong bay. The campsite was a welcome sight at 7:00. A good dinner and swim put every one in better spirits. Mike guided for Guide and Staff on a fishing excursion anfter dinner that produced 6 walleye.

July 21 - Thursday - Rest day really devoted to rest. Brunch was served about 12:00 only because Nishe decided it looked like rain, and any one who wanted to eat had better do so before then. Last night's fish had a warm reception. Later in the afternoon 3 more

were devoured as a snack. In order to get his mid-afternoon bite to eat Tuck was forced to clean and cook a fish for the first, and last, time in his Keewaydin career. Tuck topped off the day with another first as he washed a few clothes. Danny and Louie returned with six walleye and a pike. Nishe and Mike investigated the next portage and returned with all sorts of frightful tales of muskeg, windfalls, and long trails which many believed for a long time. Rick abandoned the chain that he had been carving and started on a cage, with or without a ball. More fishing after dinner, and six more walleye were brought in although many others were thrown back. Danny raced a violent thunder shower in from his fishing hole and barely won the race as the rain really poured for a few minutes.

July 22 - Friday - A fine day, and we were up early, but it took so long to fry and eat the fish caught last night and then to decide who was hiding the missing tump line that we did not get away from the campsite until 10:15. The long two mile portage was only a mile away so we were all started over about 10:45. Walking was pretty good with the result that most of our loads were over by 1:00 for lunch at the other end. Mickey finally arrived with his last load about 2:15, but there was still a little lunch left even then. We started down the creek at 3:00 and finally camped soon after entering O'Sullivan Lake at 8:00. Beavers had built about a dozen dams that had to be broken by Nishe and Mickey so that we could get through. One was so high canoes were unloaded and lifted over. The creek was so narrow and choked with alders that it was difficult to see the canoe ahead of you most of the way. Nishe's axe went swimming while one of the many windfalls was being chopped through. Louie started to strip down to swim for it, but Nishe's lasso made from his stearn line did the trick, and Phil did not have to take away his cowboy license - of course Phil was playing at being a Vermont farmer at the moment. An eagle's nest was sighted on the way down, and Louie climbed to the top to search for a mascot. Despite the attacks of Ma and Pa, he dislodged part of the nest and one of the young who suffered a broken wing and internal injuries from the fall. He was soon put out of his misery and his claws taken as souvenirs. An easy $\frac{1}{4}$ mile portage around some rapids finished off our paddle down the creek muc to every one's delight. A late dinner left little time for anything but a quick bath and bed.

July 23 - Saturday - A bright sunny windless day. A leisurely exploratory nature trip down the lake was in order. First a snake rode in the green zoo for a while - despite Rick's objections. Then we investigated an abandoned cabin on a nice sandy-beached island. Rick and Phil plan to buy it in a few years. Then an island inhabited by gulls demanded our attention. A baby gull replaced the snake in the zoo. The fishing lines were broken out, and Lou, Danny, and Mick caught 9 walleye on the rest of the way down the lake while their stern men did what little paddling was necessary. A motor powered canoe of sports met us an hour from the abandoned gold mine, and Nishe conversed again with the two sports he had previously met in Nakina - net result: two valve caps for the guide's air mattress. Three canoes visited the abandoned mine while guide and staff searched for a campsite - finally it was necessary to cut one out on an island across from the mine. Lunch of fish and then a lazy afternoon of bathing, being attacked by mamma gull trying to get back her young, fishing, and mine visiting. One of the sports contributed half a dozen eggs that

went into a vanilla raisin cake with chocolate icing that Mike produced. Phil completed a cage for the bird, and the bugs drove us to the tents relatively early.

July 24 - Sunday - Off from O'Sullivan at 9:20 for one of our earliest starts. The weather was warm and calm again as we paddled around the "boot" of the mine peninsula rather than taking the portage across the neck. Then north to Superb Lake investigating a well built trapper's cabin on the way. The portage came soon afterwards. Most of us took a load over while Nishe cooked lunch. Walking was excellent to start with, but became worse as we went on. The moose pond at the other end was nothing to get excited about. A short 20 yard portage over a wet trail put us on the creek to Hauenstein Lake. A long search for a campsite made us take the one Tuck had wanted right from the start. A snake was forced to do battle with the gull who was still alive, but the two would have nothing to do with each other. Tuck was sure that the gulls on Obabika were not so chicken. Fishing parties in the evening found many pike which were thrown back after being played up to the canoe.

July 25 - Monday - A strong south wind blew as we rose, and rain fell slightly as we cooked breakfast, and the prospect looked none too good, but we decided to try to get as far as possible anyway. The half mile portage at the end of Hauenstein into Terrier Lake proved to be pretty well cut and dryer than most. A quick sign of civilization was encountered as we crossed the newly made road leading to the Briarcliffe iron mine. A tail wind sped us north on Terrier, until we had to turn into a bay and beat back against the wind to the next portage. A short search revealed it at a convenient beaver dam. A 1/3 mile carry to a moose pond on another pretty good trail gave us a chance for a leisurely lunch as we waited for the wind to die down a little. Another 300 yard carry and we were headed south on bigger water. Three moose were sighted during the remainder of the afternoon. A dredging crew had to open a channel at one point to let us go through a shallow rocky narrows. The wind on Abamasagi was pretty stiff so we pulled in behind a sand point and cooked dinner to give it time to abate. After dinner we tried again, but after three miles we had taken too much water to proceed further and pulled into a grove of poplar to cut out a site for the night.

July 26 - Tuesday - The wind did not come up as soon as expected so we waited till 7:30 to arise. As a result of the vote of the previous evening we shoved off without breakfast - to be prepared when we reached our permanent campsite. Against a head wind less strong than yesterday's we made our way to the west end of the lake. A momentary scare was created when we spied a group of tents and boats on the place where we thought our campsite ought to be. Closer views, however, revealed that our point was vacant and that we had close neighbors to the north. A large late breakfast was consumed. Visits to the neighbors resulted in the discovery that they were out fishing for the day. A moose was sighted near the campsite. Rick finished his ball in a cage successfully. The gull was tethered to her own part of the campground. Clothes washing and sun bathing were in order. Brad and Lou reconnoitered the next portage and returned to verify our fears abouted the quantity of muskeg that would be encountered. Nishe baked beans in the sand. Mike baked bread, and the first midseason banquet was consumed. The neighbors turned out to be a group from Illinois who

were here for a two week stay.

July 27 - Wednesday - Our earliest start of the season - 9:05 - The muskeg portage was just about as bad as predicted, but we were all over, even Mickey, by 11:30. A short paddle down Meta Lake in a dead calm put us at a poor excuse for a trapper's camp for lunch. The wind started up slightly after lunch as we went through a marshy channel to Ara Lake. A stop to inspect a fishing camp just as we came into Ara allowed the wind to come up stronger, and we had to fight our way against it down four miles of lake. A long search did not reveal any worthwhile campsite so we paddled down to a rock bluff opposite the portage and cut out a place on top of the high rock. During the search for a campsite we roused a family of mink and chased them around for a while but were unable to make a capture.

July 28 - Thursday - The weather looked none too promising as we arose, but one night on this rock pile had been enough so we pushed on. Nishe found the portage after a short search. Every one was warned about a fork in the trail about the middle of the carry and guide and staff both promptly took the wrong trail when the split came up. Rain started to fall long before we got through so that every one got thoroughly wet in the process. Two hours and a mile and a quarter later all were waiting in the rain at the far side. Mickey was not the last one over this time! Four miles down Stone and two showers later we made camp next to a messy trapper's cabin which held a beaver's skeleton among the rest of the junk. A sand beach invited swimming. The rain held off until lunch was almost through and then hit in earnest, although only briefly. With camp pitched inactivity set in although two walleye and a 6 pound pike were added to the evening meal. Mike baked rolls with some success. Eight more walleye were caught and kept in the evening. As dusk fell as the new moon rose wolves howled to the south. Numerous answers were given from the campsite and answers received, but no visitors. For just about the first time the bugs allowed us to enjoy an evening firs and the northern lights put on a show for those still up.

July 29 - Friday - A surprise rest day which was not announced until breakfast was about to be prepared. Last night's fish made for a large meal. Nishe started to bake beans and bread, both of which were excellent at supper time. The day was spent relaxing as the weather was overcast with showers toward evening. Four more walleye added to the evening meal. Mike entertained with card tricks until Tuck got incensed because the secret would not be shown to him. Phil went fishing as though the sand beach were the ocean and he were a surf fisherman - three fish and no damage to the fisherman! Another walleye and a pike were brought in for breakfast. Danny took walleye honors for the day with one just less than three pounds.

July 30 - Saturday - Up relatively early and off just after nine o'clock bound for Tennant Lake. First the very shallow Stone River, then a 100 yard portage, more shallows, and finally Stewart Lake, and we paddled out on to the Kapikotongwa River about 11 o'clock. About 5 miles down the river our first rapid was encountered with no mishap. Lunch followed at the foot. Then a 37' drop loomed ahead. The plan was to let down the first part. Nishe got down about half of it successfully when suddenly the

stearn line slipped from Mickey's hand, and # 62 was off on another solo journey. This one was not quite as successful as the previous one. Well on its way to a rock-free passage, the free line caught on a rock, turned the canoe broadside and started it to swamp. The load was rescued; although a little wet, and the canoe pushed off the rocks through the efforts of four people - none the worse for wear. The dishpan and Nishe's carrying pads were the only things to float away. The others got through without mishap, although the staff canoe had to be unloaded before it went down completely. A 200 yard carry went around the second part of the drop and then the canoes had to be walked through the third part where the rapid ran out. The day was far from over. The staff canoe partially swamped again lower down the stream. Then # 11 ran broadside on a rock, pitched Louie and Brad into the water, and succeeded in squashing the bottom of the canoe right up to meet the carrying bar. When it came free, both gunwales were broken as well as a few ribs and pieces of sheeting. The skin was in good enough condition to make the rest of the run without immediate repair. All this was done while two prospectors from Briarcliffe stood by to watch the Section A experts jump rapids. Tuck was left to swim at one rapid while Mike piloted the canoe alone. In another Mike started to run the rapid standing up, decided to sit down, and ended up pitching the canoe and cargo into the water. #21 escaped with only a few broken pieces of sheeting for the day - and with dry loads. Camp was made on Tennant Lake about 7:30, and the evening was spent in drying out Louie's and Brad's sleeping bags as well as various people's clothes. It had been a long hard day. One moose was sighted as we entered the lake. Every one was quite ready for bed.

July 31 - Sunday - Breakfast was a little late since every one was tired after yesterday and had been up late last night drying out sleeping bags. Nishe started work on # 11 and lashed cedar poles to support the broken gunwales. By noon he had it in condition to travel, but only about half the ribs on the other canoes had been repaired; besides the wind was very stiff and the weather threatening, so we decided to make this a rest day instead of a half day. Mike baked ginger bread, and every one relaxed since there was no where to go in the weather. A thunder shower finally fell during dinner and things began to look better. No fish this evening despite some effort. Tuck entertained those who remained on the campsite.

August 1 - Monday - Tuck's dream day - Briarcliffe was reached, and he succeeded in getting his cigarettes! Day clear and cold as we rose. Mist was still rising from the lake as we started out just after nine. Brad realized soon that his axe had been left at the campsite and a quick return failed to find it. The remainder of Tennant was paddled, a short stretch of river which contained only small riffles, 5 miles of Kapikotongwa Lake a short stretch of river to Melchett where we stopped about noon for lunch on an island. The day was calm and warm with a cloudless sky. After lunch we found the river out of Melchett after only one false start, made a 300 yard portage and arrived at our campsite on Briarcliffe about 3:00. Tuck and a few stalwarts immediately took off for the mine. Despite various warnings from people working along the way the band continued up the road in the hope that they could gain entrance to the mine store. Finally stopped by the sargent in charge of the Pinkerton guards at the mine all looked lost until

Tuck revealed that the group was from Keewaydin and that Nishe was our guide. The sargent turned out to be a cousin of Nishe and helped to get the needed cigarettes. He then provided transportation back to the campsite to visit his long lost relative, returning again after dinner to get Nishe to spend the evening with him. The after dinner fishermen caught a few pike and walleye, but returned them all to the lake. As darkness decended various singers (?) congregated to try out their voices- fortunately no one else was living close to the lake shore.

August 2 - Tuesday - Off before nine for the first time! But Louie forgot his hatchet and had to return for it - with success this time. A strong west wind was blowing behind us giving assistance in addition to the current. Briarcliffe, Nass, and Durer were all passed through in rapid order. Two rapids proved to be exciting as we all went through the first one shipping a little water in the power swells. The second was right on top of us. Nishe started down the wrong channel, stopped, and let the others go through while he watched as others had their troubles - Mike and Tuck got a little wet again, or as usual. Mike claimed he had never gotten out of a canoe so rapidly - he had little choice in the matter. The others all had a good bit of water and either bailed or dumped the canoes. Nishe came through last and made it successfully, although he had a few choice words for his bow boy about the things he had failed to learn at Wigwasati. Lunch was cooked on a sand beach at the far side of Saga, and after lunch Nishe and all decided it was too windy to go on so we stayed the rest of the day, despite the poor selection of tent sites. Mike baked a cherry pie, in spite of, not because of, the verbal help of the rest of the section. Tuck baked a corn bread for tomorrow!! The evening fishermen brought in 13 walleye and a pike. Many others were returned to the lake Alphonse had his (or her) first big meal in several days.

August 3 - Wednesday - The wind had swung around to the west again this morning and the skies were dark so guide and staff went back to bed until nine o'clock. Things still looked bad, and a few showers fell so we decided to stay put for a while - in fact it stretched into a rest day. After breakfast part of the section went out to collect fish for lunch - they returned with enough for two meals plus - in fact 36 walleye and a 6 pound pike which Danny boated were lying in the bottom of the canoes. A leisurely afternoon was spent on this cool day. Nishe prepared a fish chowder for dinner, and most of the section discussed their favorite foods and then spent the evening lying around. Staff spotted one moose while paddling in the evening.

August 4 - Thursday - A traveling day no matter what the weather. The sky was cloudy again, but not as dark as yesterday. Off from the campsite of Saga about 9:30. A few little rapids followed by a 200 yard portage around some steep shoots. A majority of the section took the planned route, but Brad, Louie, Tuck, and Danny thought they would like to see how far back in the bush a blazed mining claim line would go. After some searching the four were located and agreed to join the rest of us. Another 200 yard portage without incident and then a few shallow rapids before Jungfrau Lake. Phil and Rick managed to put a rip in #21 a little more than a foot long and had to paddle quickly to the lunch site before sinking. Nishe repaired the damage while every one enjoyed

dehydrated baked beans. Off from lunch at 2:00. Tuck wagered we would not reach Percy until 8:30 - he lost his bet, but refused to pay up. The first rapid after lunch caused great trouble as Brad and Louie nudged a large rock with slight damage, Phil and Rick hit slightly harder and sustained another cut, and the staff canoe faired far worse with three long rips to show for its encounter with the same rock. Immediate repairs delayed us a while. A few good rapids followed, a short portage, another good rapid and several miles of shallow horse races, and we were camped on a sand point on Percy Lake at 6:15. Staff failed to return from inspection of the Little Current with any trout - only reports of having sighted a black bear. Nishe convinced Louie that he might visit us tonight.

August 5 - Friday - Rest day as previously planned. No one was up too early, and every one pretty much waited for Nishe's yell that breakfast was ready. Oatmeal pancakes. Tuck could not quite eat all of his three black ones he had cooked. An expedition set out to try to get trout out of the Little Current - nothing but walleye. Brad, Louie, and Rick tried the foot of the first rapids while Danny, Mike and staff went up further. Results were the same for both groups although staff was almost run down by a moose calf who wanted to cross the river almost where he was trying to fish. The rest had already eaten lunch when the last group returned, but Nishe had held food. A large delegation visited a campsite on a neighboring island and returned with a newspaper only a week old. Nishe's raisin bread and beans for supper. A little work on the canoes in the evening and an impromptu fungo hitting contest from the sand beach with stick bats and rocks for balls. The weather had been warm and sunny most of the day for a change. Afterwards a casting contest was held off the sand point - best results were two fish in five casts. Alphonse was rewarded with one in return for the rough treatment she had had in her flying lessons earlier in the day.

August 6 - Saturday - Nishe was up and moving early this morning, and we got off the campsite at a surprising 8:50. The day was clear, warm, and calm for the paddle down Percy Lake. The Little Current was begun. The current helped to speed us along as we went about six miles down the calm, but swift, river before an early lunch stop. After lunch the current pushed us along while various people tried fishing with no success. Nishe spotted the ear of a sleeping moose calf on the bank, but she woke before any one could land to drive her into the water. Then a long series of horse races after which we made camp at 2:30. No luck fishing before or after dinner. Mike baked an apple pie for dinner. The bugs drove us to the tents early this evening. Interesting wild life at this site - Nishe convinced Louie that there was a bear track under a root and he only just escaped the anger of the awakened bees.

August 7 - Sunday - The sky was overcast and the weather cool as we got off at 8:50 again. Shortly after 10 we hit the carry around Betty Falls. Most of the previous time had been spent in shallow horse races. The unloading spot at the falls was perilously close to the lip of the falls, but no problems arose. After carrying here there was a short lift over right afterwards, followed by a carry around the first part of Canyon Falls, a very short paddle, and a second carry around the last part of the falls. We made camp at the end of the carry at noon. The campsite was on a

high rock overlooking the river. Swimming conditions were fine except for the temperature. After lunch Nishe started the speckled trout craze by going out and catching three right away. Success deminished after that, but Brad got two more before dinner. Other people tried other spots, but only got one pike. After dinner the fishing continued. Louie came in with the largest trout of the day at two pounds. Rick got a 4 pound walleye - the largest of the trip to date. Tuck broke tradition and went fishing for the second time in four years. All he caught was Canada - which is more than the staff caught with his fly outfit! Mike baked coffee cake for dinner, and the sun made a brief appearance in its honor. (One moose had been sighted during the morning paddle.)

August 8 - Monday - A beautiful cool morning. It was too hard to get out of bed to make an early start. After a breakfast featuring trout for every one, we got on the water. The morning was filled with shallow horse races which were run without much trouble. A short carry over a nasty looking shoot, another around some falls, an investigation of a trapper's cabin, and a carry around the 8' Falls, and we were encamped before 2:00 in time for a late lunch. The weather was perfect in all respects, and the only sad note of the morning was the passing of Alphonse, who died quietly in her sleep aboard the green zoo. She and her cage were laid to rest in the bush at the site of one of many cigarette breaks. After lunch the afternoon was perfect for swimming in the fast water at the foot of the falls. Then most retired to rest before dinner. Louie mixed a coffee cake, put it on to bake, and went out and caught a speckled. The fishermen tried again after dinner but got only walleye. The in-camp group manufactured a giant see-saw and then Phil talked Nishe into cutting a water ski out of poplar. By taking most of the bow and stearn lines and anchoring them to the island at the head of the falls he let a tow line down to the foot of the run and hoped that the swift current would be enough to get him up on his ski. Several tries proved unproductive, and the project was abandoned until tomorrow, Nishe cut the see-saw in two and made a seat out of half and built a fire. Mickey entertained with songs while a few others tried to find the tune. One of the few evenings when it had been possible to sit out after dark and not be chewed too badly by the bugs.

August 9 - Thursday - Breakfast was started at 9:30 and final servings were made at 11:30. Nishe ran a four ring circus as he boiled dirty dish towels and bags, instructed Mike in baking bread, instructed the staff in making beans baked in imported sand, and blocked out the second water ski for Phil. Still no luck in getting up on two skis! So some support had to be made across the water. A tall poplar was cut, floated down the stream, and with Nishe's advise finally bridged across the current. All was almost in place when the poplar broke and the bridge washed away. Thus ended the Section A shiing Contest. Dinner was served about 5:30 with beans and bread and 3 walleye (2 by Mickey, and 1 by Louie) - Louie had already cooked and eaten the lone speckled for breakfast. After dinner the fishermen went back to work with almost every one - Tuck included - casting off the campsite after Louie caught a 5 pound walleye - largest so far. The weather had been great again although the morning looked quite gloomy to start with. The sun had shown in all of its splendor most of the rest of the time although a few dark clouds passed over from time

to time.

August 10 - Wednesday - Off at 9:30 in another spectacular early start. An easy, good walking, portage around Louella Falls was first on the schedule for the day. The early morning had been quite cold, but the sun soon warmed everything up and by the time the carry was over the day was very warm and the sun bright and clear for another good day. The falls were one of the best we had seen. Shallow horse races followed and then a 7' shoot, which we were supposed to have carried was run with no problem. Then more shallows to the campsite at the Forks got us in in time for lunch. A few waded and walked to the forks and a short way up the Squaw searching for a trapper's cabin. Phil returned with a 4" pike which he boneless filleted and fried! The pig - he ate it all himself! Every one rested while Nishe patched canoes and Louie baked cinnamum rolls. The sky was a little dark as we sat around discussing the coming difficult day.

August 11 - Thursday - The rain fell during the night, but lightly. It was still coming down slightly until 8:00 when there was a break and breakfast was cooked and eaten before it started up again. We shoved off about 9:30 bound for what was supposed to be a hard day - it was. The mosquitoes were starving and have now been well fed after we went by. A lot fell under our slaps, but many lived to feast on our blood. No one needed a transfusion, but it was a close affair. It was a day of paddling furiously and seeing the shore line stand still and of hopping out of the canoes and pulling them up shallows where it was not possible to paddle. Lunch at 12:30 on a sand spit revived us for a while, but by 5:00 every one had been looking for the Little Squaw for hours. It finally appeared at 5:02 (Nishe's prediction was 2 minutes off) and a cheer went up from the exhausted group. The campsite was nothing to get excited about, but all were ready to stop. Phil had collected a moose horn on the way up, but the rest of us had only wet feet and legs and bug bites to show for our work. Rain fell on and off until about 8:30 when the skies cleared slightly. It took an extra fire to get people partially dry - and to allow the guide and staff room to cook dinner. Every one was ready to hit the sack early with another day of rapids, shallows and bugs coming up.

August 12 - Friday - The weather was much improved today, and as a result so were the bugs. Going was more pleasant although there were still many places where we had to walk. Off at 8:50 this morning, we stopped about 12:45 for lunch on the river bank. Although Louie tried to spill everything that he touched, the rest of us got fed eventually, and we were off again after a leisurely meal just after 2:00. Feagle Falls finally came in sight after a long rapid that had to be walked up about 3:15. The falls did not look worth having a name, the campsite was not great, and it was early in the afternoon, so we pushed on to try to make a campsite at the next falls just up the river. This falls looked great, but campsite possibilities were grim, and we pushed on up the river. Going was better after the two falls, and we paddled on until 5:00 when Nishe picked out a suitable spot on the shore, and we pulled in to cut out a site. Not much cutting was necessary, and we were quickly entrenched and fed. A game of hearts entertained some in a tent away from the bugs while the rest just relaxed.

August 13 - Sunday - Rain fell during the night far harder than at any time in recent history. It was still coming down until about 8:00 when we were up and started cooking. The sky stayed dark, but we finally decided to shove off about 11:30 for what we knew was going to be a rough day. Two and a half hours later we stopped walking up rapids and pulled off on a sand bar for lunch. All looked at the map many times, but no one got much information from it. A second fire helped to warm people up a little, but it was still pretty cold. It took two more hours and a lot of walking before we hit the first falls. The portage over burned over forest was rough and not very attractive, but we made it. By now it was getting late and the map still showed many miles to go. Great was our joy to find that the map was wrong, and we were much closer to our expected campsite than expected. The current to the second falls was a little less swift, and we did slightly less walking. Another portage over burned forest, and we were back on the river. A short lift over around a log jam followed, and we were at Joyce Falls at 8:00. The campsite and falls are in an area completely burned over, and while the falls are worth looking at, the forest all around is not. Although the pool at the foot of the falls is supposed to contain trout, it was dark by the time dinner was cooked and eaten and the dishes washed and no one could try. Soon all were in bed resting from what had been one of our roughest days.

August 14 - Sunday - The night was clear and by far the coldest so far, but no cases of frost bite as yet. Departure was delayed until the canoes could be patched after their battering of yesterday. We got off shortly after 10 and carried around Joyce Falls. Then a pull-up got us wet again - or as usual. Most of the rest of the time was spent in paddling, although there were enough shallows to keep us in pulling practice. By 11:30 we were all off on what was supposed to be a two mile carry which went around rapids in the river. To our joy and surprise the walk proved to be a mile and a half at most, and so we judged it to be a pretty easy portage. However, in truth the trail was pretty wet in spots. Every one except Mickey was over by 1:30 - he had gotten lost several times as usual. The rest of the section pushed off for Vanderlip while Nishe waited for his bow boy to show up. Half an hour later we were encamped at the head of the carry around Vanderlip Falls. Brad and Rick co-baked a bannock for a late lunch. Trout fishing was in order while Nishe prepared supper, and Tuck brought in one, Brad two, and the staff saved his fly rod from the bush by finding three trout so stupid as to take his flies. Mike baked an apple pie for dinner, but it was held over for a bed time snack since it took a while to bake - but it was good nevertheless.

August 15 - Monday - Rest day after our work of coming up the Squaw thus far - also to give the staff a chance to fish. Last night's fish plus one more caught on the fly rod before breakfast was done were served up. Mike and Nishe started baking bread and beans. Nishe did all the work of the day as the staff was down by the falls all the time, fly rod in hand, and with Louie jumping around scaring the fish. Nishe made trapper's bread off of the bread dough for lunch. Every one relaxed, washed clothes, and fished for most of the day. Phil went into the raspberry jam business with resulting quality despite the lack of quantity. By dinner the beans and bread were done and the fly rod had produced six more trout. After dinner the fishermen went back to try again, but only got one

small one for the guide's breakfast tomorrow. The weather had been grand all day, and we should be well rested for the final push tomorrow and Nishe promised an early start.

August 16 - Tuesday - Another cool morning so we stayed in bed until it warmed up a little. We were off on the river about 9:15. The current proved to be a little less swift than it had been, so we appeared to be making better time than down lower. The map does not show it, but we thought we were going fairly rapidly. In addition to the repative ease of paddling, the rest of the time was spent in loading and unloading the canoe to get around small obstacles in the river - a log jam, a log too thick to chop, a beaver dam, a series of log jams where we portaged across a point of land back to the river, a small shallow rapid, followed by its upstream neighbor. Lunch was cooked soon afterwards. Then a 400 yard portage took us around some more rapids. The trail proved hard to find, but we made it eventually. In the next stretch Phil spotted a family of ducks and dove out of the canoe after another pet. Ducks swim faster and better than Phil, but at least he is easier to see. Another 400 yard portage around rapids put us in the campsite before 4:00. Louie searched in vain for a level spot to pitch his tent, but fortunately Brad came back from picking raspberries in time to resque him. The jam making business suffered a momentary reversal when Brad mistook the salt for sugar. Louie baked a cake for dinner which fortunately was rescued from disaster when Danny noticed that it did not seem to be rising a great deal, and the baking powder was added. After dinner Louie cast a lure into the pool at the head of the rapids, pulled out a speckled, and the rush for fishing gear was on. When it was all over Danny brought in two and Louie four (although one misteriously escaped) and guide and staff could tell of the ones that got away. The day was warm and sunny most of the time with a strong south wind. Going would have been rough had we been on a lake. Possibilities of a storm during the afternoon or early evening were not realized, and the wind continued to howl as we went to bed. Wolves were heard in the early morning, but the bad weather that they promised had not shown up as we went to bed.

August 17 - Wednesday - No rush today for our last day on the river. Danny was out fishing and Rick was up long before guide and staff were up at 7:30. Last night's speckled made for a large breakfast. The strong south wind was still blowing and the skies were clear, much to our surprise. The day was spent pulling up, walking up, and paddling up short rapids - Rick counted 15 in all. We expected Squaw Rapids and the lake at each turn in the river, but both were long in appearing. About 1:00 we finally made it; had a break for a few dates to keep us going, and pushed down the lake about three miles to an old Wabun campsite. On the way we inspected a clubber's cabin which was pretty well fallen down. A late lunch was consumed after we made camp. The afternoon was spent carving such things as sling shots and useful tooth picks. Nishe amazed the multitude with a fan on the end of a paddle as his carving exhibit. A few canoes received patches which were much needed. The wind continued as we went to bed relatively early. The sun has been disappearing much earlier these days.

August 18 - Thursday - Guide and staff argued violently again this morning. Neither wanted to take the responsibility for forcing us to move on into what looked like it was going to be a poor day weatherwise. In the end we stayed put for another rest day. Little

appeared to entertain us as the day went on, and the greatest occasions were the meal times. The wind continued, and the rain held off until dinner when a hard but brief shower fell. Staff went paddling and brought back a moose horn, Louie pulled out a couple pike, Phil rigged a sailing canoe which worked until the shower forced a return to port. The rest slept, read, carved, played cards, and ate. The sun put in a brief appearance after supper, but the south wind started up again - less strong, but still there. On tomorrow no matter what the weather; the potential of this campsite has been exhausted. The guide has boiled all his bags, and we need our cache of food on Cammack Lake in the near future.

August 19 - Friday - The weather was pretty miserable looking this morning. Rain started lightly about 7:00 and fell for about an hour and a half. Breakfast was served nevertheless, and we rolled and packed up and shoved off about 9:30 despite the low ceiling and cloudy sky. A quick pull down the rest of Squaw Lake, pull ups along the river to John Bill Lake followed by a portage to Cammack, and we were back on a familiar campsite for lunch about 12:45. Bowman's day had been going well as Louie carried # 11 all day on the portages. On this first one he stopped, looked at a bee's nest straight ahead, and plowed on. Strange to say the bees were irritated. Lou was not as lucky as he had been while looking for the bear track under the root on the Little Current and was stung three times on this occasion. After picking up our cache, which was in fine shape, and eating lunch, we pushed on for Nakina. The sky stayed foggy and the temperature and humidity rose as we went up the Squaw again. The water was lower, but we made it in good style. Danny got over his bowman's portage successfully. A short stop as we reached Cordingley to patch #21 before it swamped, to bush a few clothes, and we poked along to Nakina as the sun started to shine through for the first time. We reached the familie campsite at 6:10. It was sort of like coming home. Every one was glad to have the chance to get cleaned up. After dinner we retrieved our cache from the Cotes' and got Mittsie back from her Indian family. She had grown a lot and looked in good shape. Maybe she was even glad to be back with us, although she did not take to her first canoe ride too kindly. A few adventurers went to town for a while, and others turned in early. Louie found himself a by now familiar door step at which to stop.

August 20 - Saturday - The weather still warm and humid with the sun shining all day through the slightly hazy sky. Most took advantage of the chance to sleep late. Only half the section was up as Mike and the staff started the trip to town for the mail and supplies for tomorrow. Numerous letters were on hand and were received with great joy when returned to the campsite. Phil won the quantity prize with 15 tender letters. Many parental notes seemed to echo the sentiment "why haven't you written?" The campsite looked like a Chinese laundry on Monday morning as a few penniless launderers took in work from others more wealthy. Canoes and wannigans got their baths after lunch. A local motor boat operator offered water skiing opportunities, but the boat and motor proved too weak to offer much sport. Nishe baked bread during the day, and half a loaf per person plus all the other food made for a huge evening meal; even Brad and Tuck had to admit that they were full at the end. As darkness started to fall some took off to the movies in town.

August 21 - Sunday - The day for the Nakina Special! Late rising was in order - sort of as usual - but by 9:30 we were sitting on the beach waiting patiently for the truck to take us to Nakina. All excess clothes had been bushed at the campsite, which was by now overloaded with our leavings. Finally after over an hour wait the local delivery truck arrived. The owner bragged that here was his '42 model with its original motor. It looked it! Two trips got everything to the station finally. Here we piled everything by track side to wait for the Pagwa train to be formed. Traffic in the station was held up by a special train of tourists, mostly from Buffalo, who were going to Vancouver on a 16-day sight-seeing trip at fantastic expense. All tourist camera fiends soon appeared to take pictures of our hearty band. Our fee for pictures was not high, a few packs of American cigarettes, for which Tuck was glad to dive headlong out onto the station platform, and a dollar, which allowed every one to fortify himself with a coke. Finally their train pulled out, an express came through, and the station crew started making up our train. At 2:45 we loaded up the baggage car. We found the same conductor who had brought us down to be back and he inquired if we still had the "same bunch of monkeys" - we did. Canoes, packs, and wannigans went into a freight car which was finally closed after Louie showed the conductor how to work the lock. Then we started our return - we got all the way to the yard, and after much backing and filling were back in the Nakina station at 5:15. By this time Nishe had struck up a rewarding friendship with several air force men from Pagwa, returning after a trip to the big city. Finally we pulled out with the superintendent's plush car tagged on at the rear of the train so it could be dropped off at a siding to allow him to fish for a few days. Pagwa was reached and passed eventually. Mittsie got a look at her brothers and sisters briefly. About midnight we pulled in to Hearst and after getting a small snack at the only local restaurant, we all hit the sack for a few hours rest at the Palace Hotel.

August 22 - Monday - 6:00 AM came all too soon and after breakfast we reloaded the canoes and baggage which we had removed from the box car the night before into a baggage car and were on the road on schedule at 7:20. A two and a half hour lay over in Cochrane saw a few heads of hair cut. Then a change at Porquis Junction and finally we pulled in to Temagami at 9:10 on schedule. Of course Nishe ran into a neighbor from Mattawa who was a trainman with us. After our final meal taken from a wannigan on a train we were relieved to see T Station through the rain that greeted us. Canoes and wannigans spent the night on the dock; we visited the local Anglican minister for a cup or two of coffee, and settled down to an uncomfortable night on the station benches.

August 23 - Tuesday - 4:15 came early after a pretty much sleepless night. The gang was ready to go in short order if only the guide could be located. Discovered comfortably resting in a hotel bed at the Minawassi, the night man reported being unable to rouse him. Finally we got him up and at 5:15 we paddled out onto a cold windy lake while the night was still pitch black. A quartering wind helped us down the arm as day broke. Mittsie protested at the now novel roll of a canoe, but otherwise all went well. Faskin's Point failed to appear for a long time despite Nishe's repeated directions that it was the next one. Clubbers occupied our proposed breakfast site, so we pulled in on a rocky projection on Temagami Island and cooked despite the wind and cold. At 9:00 we were back on the water on the last leg. The pull to LeFay's Point was pretty easy,

but the swells increased on the pull to Long Island. Canoes were dumped here, and Squirrel Point was finally reached after a long battle against wind and wave. At 12:30 the roar of the cannon greeted 10 weary travelers and one canine freeloader. Even though no one threw cigarettes or money, we were honored as the photographers had the chance to see whether their cameras could withstand the shock of recording the appearance of our motley crew.
