

KEEWAYDIN

1962



KEEWAYDIN CAMP

Temagami, Ontario

LOG of SECTION "A"

RUPERT RIVER

July 3, 1962 - August 23, 1962

27

Rick Barnes

Nishe Belanger, Guide

54

Andy Coburn

Jim Parker

57

Bill Hauser

Tom Lathrop

74

Glenn Harter

John Dewey

77

Charlie Dunning

Heb Evans, Staff

Tuesday, July 3 - Well, we're off. The day has come for us to be on our way. The Four Winds last night and the introduction of Section A even before the rest of the camp had much of a chance to know us, or be bothered by us. Another day though and no assistant would be left who would wait on us. Breakfast was late and long because we had to wait for Bill Hauser to start his trials and tribulations as papoose - all the rest of the section already being members of Gigitwin. Still we missed our announced 9:30 departure by only a few minutes. On a calm lake in the hot sun Nishe pushed us all the way to LaFay's Point before the first smoke break. He claimed he was beating the wind which puffed occasionally from the south, but it looked more like a plot to make sure the staff's supply of cigarettes would make the run. By now we had changed ourselves over to fast time and so it was 1:30 by the time we pulled a short way up the Arm for lunch. The day was warm and pleasant, so many enjoyed a swim while lunch was being readied. A swim during lunch too - as Nishe made sure the peaches would be cool by putting them in deep water. Up the Arm again at 2:30. The wind swung to the north of course, but not strong enough to bother us really. A stop at Broom Lodge revealed that they had no coke on ice - and verified Nishe's statement that we had nine miles to go to T Station. We hit the campsite at 5:00 after being cheered by Temagami campers coming in on the Aubrey. Half took off to town for dinner after pitching tents, while the staff cooked for the rest who went in after the meal. Mrs. Belanger met Nishe in town and took him in hand for the evening. The rest looked around town for a while but returned to the campsite at darkness. To and Glenn discovered that they were going to suffer a leaky tent at least to Beattyville since some one took one of the old discarded tents from the back of the lodge as we were loading instead of the brand new one we had set aside for the section. They claimed that they had seen the new one, but had been sure that it was the staff tent, and so had not dared to take it. But the staff and guide know that new tents are likely to leak at first! Well, half a netting is probably better than none.

Wednesday, July 4 - Passing boats and various whistles from Temagami woke us in the morning. A little slow starting, but we were off the campsite by 9:00. Nishe met us on the road just before the barge landing. Gear was loaded into staff's car, and three trips had all over but the canoes, which the sternmen had to carry. Last minute business was transacted, money changed at the bank - getting only $7\frac{1}{2}\%$ - but the Store of Little Things was sick of making the trade after last night, Mrs. Belanger, Nishe, and staff had to have a last coke, so we did not pull out onto Snake Lake until 11:30. Every one was full of junk from T. Station so we pushed on past the bend in Rabbit Lake for lunch, getting back on the water at 2:45. An hour brought us to the dam on the Matabitchuan. We took many loads since the packs were not tumped. Just over the carry several bulldozers were working pushing logs into the river. We got to Rabbit Chute without any trouble though, only having to cross one boom - but it may be a different story tomorrow in the rapids. The day was so warm we looked like an African safari with bandannas all over heads and necks to keep the sun off tender areas already sore from yesterday's burn. Chain saws and bulldozers could be heard near at hand as we pitched camp at the chute, and several trucks passed along the road right next to the tents sending clouds of dust over the area. The water felt great as we all took a swim before dinner. Soon thereafter - even though it was still quite light outside - the bugs drove us to the tents for the night.

Thursday, July 5 - The loggers started to work at about 7:00 and wakened the section even before the staff called. We started off in

pretty good shape at 8:15. The first rapids proved to be passable although we had to push some logs out of the way to get into the run. The second, also, was wide open, although they were pushing logs into the head of it. A kind logger held up a couple of them so the last part of the section could get through. The third, however, was choked with a couple cross-ways in the middle of the run in addition, so we pushed our way through part of the boom to a smooth rock on the right side of the river and portaged the rapid. The fourth pitch was open, so we got to Four Bass Lake in good time for an early lunch. One load went down the Devil's before we ate - some daring people came back up the log chute, but most carried the road with only a few slips. Down the beautiful Matabitchuan to Lake Timiskaming and across to the famous field on the other side. Nishe and Rick headed off to get the tractor to take us across to Laniel. While they were gone a few souls went swimming in the nice muddy water of Timiskaming while a few others slept or rested. Tom found a spring, but the rest just killed bugs. After two hours Rick appeared and told us to load up and head down the lake two bays to some cabins where Nishe would meet us with a truck. Another wait. Bill entertained with his uke. Charlie beat every one at horse shoes - using one shoe, and Andy sat on a rock on the point to escape the bugs. Nishe finally appeared with a Frenchman and a small truck. With everything stacked to the roof and people hanging all over the truck we took off for Laniel at 7:00. Over a road that was unbelievably bad we made it covered with dust and dirt. The trucker came out best of all with twenty-two dollars for the journey which was too much by far. At Laniel we found the forest closed so we moved into the ranger camp at Laniel to sit and wait for the ban to be lifted so we could travel. Dinner was cooked on the stove in the cabin and bed rolls undone all over the floor. Nishe promised rain tonight, but Jim's radio did not lead us to believe it was coming.

Friday, July 6 - This could be called a rest day if you stretched a point. The ban on travel continued all day despite the fact that a thunder shower hit in the late afternoon raising our hopes of departure, but the shower was short and confined to the Laniel area, so the boss kept the ban on, and we were stuck. On top of all this it was impossible to sleep in the morning since the bulldozer started moving logs at our front door at 7 am and the rangers arrived shortly afterwards for the day. Meals were cooked on the cabin stove without trouble, a little wash was done, but otherwise the day was long and dull. A few card games, a little reading, trips to the stores, and songs to the accompaniment of Bill's uke in the evening served to pass the time. This is probably the first time a KKK section prayed for rain on a trip. On top of this the evening looked clear and cloudless. A ranger plane landed toward dark and informed us that three fires had broken out around Laniel and ordered us to vacate the cabin first thing in the morning. The younger ranger went off to fight the first of the fires without a great deal of enthusiasm - nor any matches to light his cigarettes - maybe he planned on getting pretty close to the blaze. Glenn read us to sleep with several chapters from "Catcher in the Rye".

Saturday, July 7 - No rain. The ranger gave us till noon to be off since he said they were bringing in a gang of men at that time who had been fighting the fires. No men appeared then, or ever, but we moved across the bay to a rented cabin which was better in that it had electricity, a refrigerator, and running water - as well as a larger stove. Another lazy afternoon - a trip to town to stock up the refrigerator and some swimming, but otherwise nothing to do. Dinner was late and then almost every one went next door to the main

house for singing and refreshments. To bed about 1 am.

Sunday, July 8 - A warm cloudless sky in the morning. Every one slept until 11 or so and then had lunch, skipping any meal called breakfast. Another boring afternoon with a trip to town for local news of fires and discouraging news of the chances of leaving. A thunder shower in the afternoon cooled things off a little, but did not give enough rain to help much. As evening came on it looked as though rain clouds might be off to the south, but we need close to a 24 hour rain to get us out of here! Jim, Glenn, Tom, and Bill finally accepted the local challenge to jump off the railroad bridge and so uphold our honor. Card games and reading were about the only other amusements available. After dinner another session of singing next door with every one happier since it was raining fairly hard - but as luck would have it the shower stopped about 10:30, and all we saw were dark clouds until bed time.

Monday, July 9 - After a few more drops of rain during the night the wind shifted to the north and the day dawned cloudy and windy. A trip to the ranger cabin resulted in finding out that the ban was still on even after the rain. Breakfast was cooked eventually on the slow heating wood stove. A call was put in to the boat line at Temagami to inform Chief of our troubles. About three o'clock the ranger spread the word that the ban was off on Kipawa Lake at least and we could head out, but by the time we got travel permits and lunch cooked and eaten it was at least 4:00. It would have been 5:00 by the time we got off - besides the guide was not too keen on leaving, so we put off our departure until morning. Jim, Glenn, Rick, John, and Bill went for a last jump off the bridge with their daring Canadian friend. Popcorn and marshmallows featured the last evening in Laniel. Andy emerged as the Crazy-8 champion - which was appropriate. Eventually the lights went out and a few winks were caught before the guide arrived to talk with "Bubbles", "Ingamar", and others specially named for the occasion.

Tuesday, July 10 - For some reason the staff had a little trouble getting the section up this morning. The air was clear and cold with a gentle west wind blowing as breakfast was cooked and eaten. Dishes washed, packs rolled, cabin cleaned, and guide aroused - we finally got off at 9:15 bound for as far away from Laniel as we could get in a day. Number 27 seemed a little slow, but the rest moved right along, and we lunched in the warm sunshine half way down McKenzie Island where many went swimming. After pulling past Corbeau Rock the fly was broken out and we sailed a few miles in about twice as long as it would have taken to paddle the same distance - but the sternmen relaxed as the bowmen expertly handled the sail. As we neared the Turtle a gust of wind pushed us the wrong way, so the sail was lowered and the paddles took over again. We missed what we thought was a sure tow but turned out only to be fishermen wanting the correct time. A short stop at Turtle Camps produced a few cokes, and up the Turtle rapid we paddled. The Ranger's cabin was unoccupied so we were spared the chore of showing out travel permits. A campsite was reached about a mile further up shortly before six o'clock. Many wanted to push on to Hunter's Point, only about 8 miles further on, but guide and staff vetoed the idea. Soon tents were pitched - although we were sadly out of practice - our eighth night out and only the third under canvas! During dinner a fisherman stopped to ask directions to the Turtle Dam, a mile away. The south wind - by now a south wind - continued to blow as the campsite quieted down for the night.

Wednesday, July 11 - A few drops of rain fell during the night - but only a few. A late start was made on purpose since we had only a few miles to go. Guide and staff slept till almost eight, but we were on the water by 9:30 and into Hunter's Point before noon. Pictures of the church were taken as we passed. Each store on the way was visited, and we pulled up to the campsite in a farmer's field past the point where Nishe had camped for years. A few clothes got washed and a trip or two to the store was made. Mostly though the afternoon was spent resting and sleeping despite the heat. Lessons were given on cigarette rolling - even to those who did not smoke. After dinner the yearly ball game was played which was unfortunately lost, in the late innings, as darkness and bugs made the game hard to play. The natural obstacles such as holes, long grass, an ice house, and a fort were expected, but still added nothing of value to the field of play. Glenn pitched valiantly, but some of his support at the plate seemed a little weak - maybe we were not accustomed to batting with a sawed off peevy pole. Bill tried to take movies of the beautiful indian maidens, but most were too bashful to allow him frontal views. A square dance was partially arranged, but wild lightning and thunder drove us quickly to the campsite to secure our belongings.

Thursday, July 12 - After last night's storm the tents were soaked so - even though every one inside was dry - we took a long time getting up and off to let them dry out a little for our first real day of portages thus far - so off about 9:30. The carries to Little Birch and Big Birch came early and caused no trouble with easy trails over the old tracks, even though none of the trucks was working. Lunch was cooked on an island in Big Birch at an early hour. The weather was warm again and the wind light so most of the section swam before lunch, while the rest swatted mosquitoes. Soon the carries to Lake Clear and Saseginaga appeared. We plodded up the hills with loads pulling on the tump lines. Two rangers passed going the other way to investigate fire reports as a result of the lightning storm of last night. We arrived at the campsite around the bend from the old lumber depot at the end of the Saseginaga portage and found good tent sites in a limited area and a good swimming hole. Staff tried fishing with no success, but John and Bill brought in the first two walleye of the season in time for them to be filleted for dinner. After the meal three canoes went out for breakfast food. Jim, Andy, and Glenn came in with four; John and Bill had five after throwing one back, while the staff and guide team produced only one after throwing back two. Strong winds started up as darkness fell, and unfortunately if they continue tomorrow the going will be tough on Ogascanan.

Friday, July 13 - The sun shone brightly as we rose and breakfasted on last night's catch of fish. Light was good for picture taking also as the guide filleted the catch. Off at 8:45 just as the wind started to rise, and some one pointed out that it was Friday the thirteenth. We took a short cut through Lake Short Cut which involved two carries instead of one from Saseginaga to Ogascanan. It would probably have been a good idea had not the second carry been a good 1000 yards instead of the 400 shown on the map. As we left Saseginaga the weather looked stormy - or maybe the clouds were smoke from forest fires, but anyway it cleared up as we made the first carry. Lunch was cooked at the Ranger's cabin on Ogascanan which was occupied by a couple slightly inebriated sports and their guides. Maybe their trip was a fishing one, but there were a good number of beer bottles to go with the fish. For some reason the section seemed a little bushed as we pushed on to Aska against a head wind. The half mile portage into Aska brought out the largest crop of bugs seen to date. Glenn, Rick, Bill, and John got their second loads across on the car

for the first time it has been possible to use one of the sets of tracks present at most portages. We arrived at the campsite on Aska at 6:00 and dinner was served at the fashionable hour of 7:00. The journey through Short Cut Lake seemed to have tired every one out, and soon the tents were fully occupied although the staff managed to bring in 4 walleye for breakfast before darkness fell and the mosquitoes ended the guide's project of cutting enough wood for ten sections that might happen to pass through.

Saturday, July 14 - As it turned out the wood supply was not even enough for us. As we started to doze off last night a powerful wind struck from the north, but the tents held fast and none of the canoes took off. Rain followed, and as we woke in the morning it was still falling lightly and sporadically. At 8:30 the wind swung to the south and it seemed to be clearing up, so the staff got up and cooked breakfast. but as the section arrived at the bread line at 9:30, the wind swung back, and the rain started again - so back to the tents. Up to noon we hoped to be able to move up to Trout Lake as previously planned, but the shies only partially cleared by 12:30 - enough so that John and Bill went fishing equipped with all their rain gear - while guide and staff put the coffee pot back on the fire and started lunch. Bill brought in a walleye as lunch was served. Then the rain blew back on us again for about the fourth time during the day. Bill and Glenn fished through it and on into the afternoon as the weather finally cleared. Net return was a 6 pound pike and three more walleye. Staff contributed another as Nishe cooked supper and baked for the next day's lunch. Bill filleted his fish, and the rest offered advice and ate the rewards. The Professor offered to fillet the pike so there would be no bones but the offer never reached its climax, and the pike took the bush since the walleye proved to be enough fish for every one. The air turned cold as Nishe entertained in Andy and Jim's tent - the radio played - the staff fished, but returned his catch to the lake - and we hoped for a clear day tomorrow.

Sunday, July 15 - Despite gray shies we shoved off this morning, getting going in record time as we were off the campsite at 8:20 although the staff slept late and did not call the section until well after 7:00. The day was cool and overcast all the way up the creek to Ross, and it was not until we got well down the lake that the sky showed any signs of blue. The creek out of Ross was low and after pulling over three beaver dams, we portaged a 100 yards or so around a shallow beaver swamp and back into the creek which was even lower than before. By poling, pushing, and pulling we painted a good number of logs green but got to the next portage which proved to be an uphill battle for about a third of a mile. Across a pond and on to the last of the day at 500 yards or so to Trout Lake. The old men had a little trouble keeping up with the faster members of the group who kept passing them on the portage. We paddled up the bay for a while - looked over a lunch site and rejected it because of the brush and lack of dry wood. As a result we pulled up the lake past the empty ranger's cabin to a rocky island for a 1:15 lunch. The head wind was pretty strong so we were all ready to stop and have our "potato stew" - 7½ lbs of carrots, gravy, and potatoes plus an ounce or two of meat to the lucky recipient. Off at 2:20 we made it to a campsite at the head of the lake before 4:00. Since a rain storm threatened, we unloaded and pitched tents as the shower hit rather than going on to Winawash as we had hoped to do. Using two points for tenting, soon everything was in order. The rain never really fell very hard so it caused only minor inconveniences

at most. Nishe cooked golden brown trapper's bread for dinner. Some Romans with their leader Tom and standard hacked their way through the bush from their ranch houses on the south point for the meal and then returned to stage indian dances and echo what has become our Section A cheer - which won't be printed - over the lake. We looked over the maps to see where we had been - and where we were going, and with a full moon to keep things bright retreated to our tents to get away from the bugs. The neighbors on the south point could be heard far into the night as the north point residents tried to sleep.

Monday, July 16 - The sun shone brightly into the tents early in the morning, but by 8:15 when we pulled off the campsite, the skies were again gray and the weather cool. It stayed that way most of the day with a few drops of rain while we were paddling, but not enough to make us pull out the rain suits. A few rays of sunshine hit the campsite after we landed in the afternoon, but again they were few. We portaged to Winawlash, and Rick tried to guide us for a few strokes, but fortunately Nishe got us back on the route - the map Rick was using did not even show the lake we were on! Down Winawlash we went against our usual head wind - as has been the case since Kipawa. We portaged to Old Man and lunched a half mile below the portage. A slow afternoon followed as we poked along to a campsite on a small island just at the head of the stream to Five Portage Lake. No swimming since the water was too shallow - but anyway no one really felt like braving the cold water. The indian tribe of last night seemed to have followed us along, and war chants could be heard at times during the coming dusk. We settled down in a still cool night.

Tuesday, July 17 - It looked like rain this morning, but we moved on anyway. A few drops fell as we went down the creek to Five Portage Lake but by lunch time the sun was breaking through, and the afternoon was hot and sunny for the first time since we arrived at Aska Lake. The water in the stream was terribly low as Nishe informed us unnecessarily since you could see that the level was down at least a foot from the normal just by looking at the banks. We had to let down or walk the first rapid with every one in the water a few times at least. The second was better and was sort of a semi run, but since it was very narrow, a good number of rocks could not be avoided. Rick pulled out a good chunk of a large beaver dam before the third which gave us enough water to run most of it. Glenn lent a hand clearing the path when he arrived on the scene, but Rick had done most of the work already - under Nishe's able direction from the canoe. We carried the canoes over an old dam at the head of the fourth without unloading them and ran most of the rest of the rapid. The fifth was let down and after two more beaver dams were cut out, we got to the lake. We started to sneak up on a moose, but it proved to be a large brown rock. No one was home at the ranger's camp so after we admired the numerous pin-ups on the wall and tried in vain to call him up on his telephone, we moved up the lake a short distance to a rocky point for lunch. Here a good number of the canoes were unloaded and dumped to get rid of the water taken in the process of coming down the creek. And so on to Moosehorn. Nishe tested how well we had looked at the map at lunch time by trying to lead us the wrong way intentionally, but he was unsuccessful. A moose calf - our first of the trip - was spotted in a bay off Moosehorn - appropriately - and chased close enough for a few pictures. A motor boat arriving at just that moment did nothing to aid our stealth. Shirts began to come off as the sun worshipers had their first chance in several days to strip down - even Tom picked up a little sun. We arrived at Lower Cawasachouane, and the guide was now all on his own since this was as far as the staff had

previously traveled. Going into Lake Triple Bays we ran the chute Nishe had been promising since Trout Lake. It proved to be a "swift" that sped us on our way. The water was so low it was not much of a run. The water had been noticeable low all afternoon as canoe after canoe ran up on unseen rocks much to the glee of those who happened to miss that particular one - there turn was yet to come, or had come - even the guide was parked on a rock as his bow boy was looking at the scenery. We expected to pull into a campsite at the foot of Lambert Lake - which is really part of Grand Lake - just before 5 o'clock, but four fishermen from Buffalo occupied the spot. The recommended sand point was quickly rejected, and we cut our own site on a nearby point with a good swimming hole at hand. Guide paddled off for fire wood while staff cooked and the rest pitched tents and bathed. Naturally the staff burned the bannock, but the meal was finally served and the dishes washed. Nishe patched a few canoes, John repaired his harmonica, Bill went fishing - and got a perch and a walleye, both of which he put back - Jim's radio played as usual, Andy talked - also as usual - but gradually every one quieted down.

Wednesday, July 18 - Again as we started off at 8:15 the weather looked pretty grim as rain threatened for several hours of the morning. A few sprinkles fell - just enough so that a few rain jackets were pulled out, but never really used. We pulled against a west wind most of the morning, and three canoes got to Sand Point at noon while Jim and Andy were busy taking pictures of the scenery because the sun had just come out. Far in the distance the end of the wide part of the lake could be seen, Clubbers had littered Nishe's nice campsite, but soon lunch was cooked, and guide and staff finally admitted we were not moving any further today. Gradually tents rose after a few monkeys were called out of the trees to do the work. After lunch the more industrious washed clothes, Nishe started baking beans and bread, while the bottles of sun tan lotion appeared and most of the section could be found sprawled on the warm sand reading and relaxing. Pretty soon an expedition went wading out on the sand point to see how far they could walk before the water got too deep - pretty far. Then the days of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn were relived as rafts were fashioned of the pulp logs on the beach lashed together with bow lines. Charlie and Rick headed for Jackson's Landing, but Bill and John soon gave chase and caught up. Glenn and Andy seemed to have trouble getting off the ground. Nishe's beans and bread were served and enjoyed, as usual. The night got cooler, and the north wind continued to blow as time came to turn in.

Thursday, July 19 - For the first morning in a very long time the sun shone brightly as we rose and continued to do so throughout the day. although Keewaydin was blowing and kept the temperature down. Nishe complained of stomach cramps all day, so the guide was not quite up to his usual self until some pills he got at Jackson's Landing seemed to fix him up. Against the head wind we paddled the rest of Grand Lake, getting to Jackson's Landing just as the noon whistle on the saw mill went off. Fortunately we had gotten off as usual at 8:15 and so got through the widest part of the lake before the wind raised any white caps, but it was still no picnic in the narrows either. We had not tumped packs in the morning since we were to decide what to do about going on after talking with Jackson. The staff had not checked the campsite in the morning, and as a result both Charlie and Rick had succeeded in leaving their tumps neatly laid out on the ground ready to put the packs together. Fortunately we had two spares so the loss was not as serious as it otherwise

would have been. Hopefully the clubbers who next use Sand Point will know what they are used for. At the landing guide and staff headed off to see Jackson to get information about the route coming up. He was about to have lunch, so we went back to the canoes and cooked ours also. Besides the store was not open either. The last of Nishe's bread was polished off, the store opened, and Jackson finished his meal. It turned out he had been all through the Rupert country - fifteen years ago. As it turned out the only piece of worthwhile advice that he had to offer was don't go down the Nottaway - which we didn't plan to do anyway. He also gave us a short route from the Bell to the Rupert, but it looked like trouble on the map, with pretty small rivers to travel for long distances. He then offered to show us the portage we were to take to the next pond - and at the same time he volunteered to take all the gear but the canoes over for us. We promptly loaded everything into the back of his panel truck. As soon as all was loaded, he volunteered to take us 17 miles down the road to the Louvicourt River - which is really the Bell - and thus save us 5 portages and a day's travel - for \$10. Since we were planning to truck from Senneterre to Beattyville to make up for the days lost in Laniel the staff refused to take the offer at camp's expense, but when it was pointed out that this meant only a dollar each the section accepted. We loaded three canoes on his trailer, and Jackson took Nishe and Jim down with the first load. The rest waiter, investigated all the buildings at the landing, looked over the local indian population, played basketball on the half court, climbed the tower, and pretty soon the truck reappeared. The other two canoes were loaded on, and so was the rest of the gang, and at 4:00 we were loaded up and paddling down the Louvicourt having crossed the height of land pretty effortlessly. The river was wide and deep with low bushy banks which offered no possible campsite after we left the bridge where we put in. We paddle past the creek from Simon Lake which we were supposed to have been on and on down Lake Sleepy - which was the map's name for this quiet piece of river. Pressure was put on the guide to find a campsite, but none appeared, and we paddled on to the rapids that led to Lake Tiblemont. While we debated taking the portage or trying to run the rapids, the staff spotted a small island campsite and pulled in. The guide looked it over also, and we moved into pretty cramped quarters at 6:00. The swimming was non-existent, but soon tents were up, dinner cooked, and the island looked like home. Andy, Glenn, Rick, and John took a short trip after dinner to look over the rapids and returned without having seen them all but reported that what they had seen could be run. In the morning the guide could give his authoritative verdict.

Friday, July 20 - A mist hung over the river and the air was pretty nippy at 6:30, but the sun soon shone through and warmed us up by the time we were ready to leave at our usual 8:15. Nishe elected to run the rapids rather than take the portage around them. With the sun shining brightly on the water we ran the first two pitches with no strain. The third proved a little tougher and Tom and Bill had a little difficulty with a rock, causing the staff to leave his bow man swimming for shore when he piled into them and their stone. The fourth was too rough to run so we let down the first part and portaged about 30 yards over rocks on the second part. We reached the foot of the whole mess at 9:40 - about twice the time it would have taken to arrive at the same spot had we taken the portage at the top - but it was too late to reconsider our decision. For the first time since Kipawa Lake we had a tail wind so hoping to make the head of the lake for lunch, and incidentally before the rain storm Nishe predicted hit us, we paddled on riding the waves as much as possible. While # 57 made a stop on shore 54 and 74 rigged up a sail for a while which the cruel guide and staff made them take down in the interests of making

time. At 11:30 a cry was heard for lunch so the guide headed for a sand beach on a large island about 3 miles from the head of the lake. Rick kept telling us the rain was going to miss us, but unfortunately he was wrong, and it started just as lunch was ready - although not hard enough to keep any one out of the bread line. A few of the less able to endure the elements sought shelter under an improvised poncho leanto, only to have to take it down in short order and man the canoes. Rain fell in earnest as we paddled on. Nishe pulled to shore to ask a young damsel about the condition of the river - no information, but the section enjoyed the break. Luck was with us, and the rain let up as we reached the first rapid a few minutes later. We ran the first three without mishap, although the third proved to be a test of Nishe's powers at finding a path through the rocks. We portaged the fourth over a short distance, and then ran all the rest, except for the last one which found us making another short carry. All went well, although Nishe had trouble on one where the crew of number 27 had some disagreement about which side of the craft was right and which was left, but no real damage was done. The rapids ended about two miles from Senneterre. Cameras appeared to take pictures of what we assumed was a radar installation to the east of town. We expected at least one brass band, but for some reason no one seemed interested in our arrival. We stopped in to see the ranger, get new travel permits, and ask advice about campsites. The ranger's son-in-law is one of the factors at the Bay Post on Bear Island, so he had some knowledge of Temagami. At his suggestion we dropped down the river a couple hundred yards and got permission from the local pulp mill to camp in a field across from them. Not much of a spot, but pretty close to town at least - even if it was on the wrong side of the river. After tents were up and dinner three-fourths cooked, the rain came back in earnest. During a brief lull we ate and washed dishes, and an expedition, which included every one but Charlie, who was not feeling well, set out for town. Shortly after they left the rain settled in for what looked to be an all night affair.

Saturday, July 21 - The rain of last night let up for a few hours during the middle of the night, but at day break it was falling just as hard as before. It was not until close to 11:00 that any one dared venture out of the tents without fear of being completely soaked. It was just as well because the majority of the section had not crawled into the sack until close to midnight after a wild evening on the town. Breakfast was cooked slowly, and every one departed for town either by canoe or road. Showers fell at intervals while we shopped around and sampled the cooking of Senneterre chefs. Guide and staff searched for a truck and ran into two obstacles - (1) there is a Quebec law against trucks being on the highways on Sunday, tomorrow, and (2) prices were much too steep. Eventually a reasonable man was found, but he would not go on Sunday unless special permission was obtained from the Provincials. Permission could not be obtained, so we contracted to truck out at 5:00. Due to a misunderstanding as to the loading place, we sat at one airplane base waiting for the truck, while he sat at the other waiting for us. Finally Nishe located his house and got him down to where we were waiting just before 6:00. The ride was cold and rough, but eventually we reached Beattyville. In fact we went well past Beattyville before the staff could convince the driver, who spoke French with an English word thrown in here and there, that we really did not want to go on to Cedar Rapids. Across from the station was a large lumber mill, and we turned in here to get down to the water. A couple of Frenchmen met us and tried to tell us that this was not

the real Beattyville and that the rail station was across the river and seven miles into the bush. Finally the staff went back to the station, looked in the windows, and ascertained that our stuff was stacked in a dingy dark corner. So we loaded up the canoes and went looking for a campsite as the sun began to go down behind the trees. After looking at a couple places we settled on an island which had been used by Indians previously - despite the clay beach landing area. No poles were available so an expedition was dispatched to the main land to do the cutting for the whole section while the guide picked up wood on this woodless island and the staff worked on dinner. The pot and dish crews worked in darkness, but every one was in bed shortly after 11:00.

Sunday, July 22 - Keewaydin blew all night making it pretty chilly for the first really cold night we had had. We hoped to be able to re-outfit today and be off on the river on Monday, but last night's Frenchmen proved to be right, and the CNR agent for Beattyville would not be around until Monday morning, and so short of breaking into the station, there was no way of getting the supplies. The breaking and entering would have been easy, but we were not particularly interested in having the RCMPs follow us down the river, and so there was nothing to do but wait. Staff discovered the sad truth when he traveled back to the mill at 10:30 after getting breakfast started for the section. The rest day was just as good, however, since several of the group seemed to have caught Nishe's and Charlie's bug and come down with a 24-hour flu. John and Bill had enough energy to walk down the road to the town of Beattyville - two stores (one closed) - one man - and a great dane dog. The old Frenchman, who seemed to be about the only resident, entertained them with stories of his old trips - all in French - and they came back to help bake a cherry pie and set some bread for dinner. Most every one had crawled out of the sack by lunch time, but Jim took one look at the bill of fare and went back to bed. The afternoon passed as the morning - Bill entertained on the uke, John repaired his harmonica for the hundredth time, and staff and guide found small chores to occupy their time. Every one appeared for the evening meal, and then back to the tents to read, play chess, listen to the radio, and escape from the mosquitoes and cold of the evening.

Monday, July 23 - During the night the weather turned slightly warmer so no one froze. John fell victim to the plague, but the rest felt better this morning. After a relatively late breakfast we took off to the station, found the agent guarding our supplies, got the loan of a tractor and trailer from the lumber mill, and pulled our supplies down to the canoes and then over to the campsite. While Glenn, Jim, guide, and staff loaded the canoes, the rest took a tour of the lumber mill. Then began the job of unpacking Roy's surprises and locating the mail. Soon every one disappeared into tents to read mail and answer letters while guide and staff assisted by Bill repacked the wannigans. With a short pause for lunch it was all done by about 3:00 and only a few odds and ends lay around the campsite waiting for a place to be found for them. A box was done up containing unwanted clothes to be sent back to camp, one baby was packaged up to be returned to Dave and Don, Tom and Glenn were comfortably at home in their new bug proof, rain proof tent, and Andy and the staff paddled off to the mill to mail letters for the section and ship back the extra goods - including Rick's fishing rod and landing net which had not been used at all so far. The guide peeled fresh potatoes, and we burned extra boxes while preparing the rest of the mid-season turkey-chicken dinner. Another very cold night!

Tuesday, July 24 - The morning was cold and mist was just coming off the river as breakfast was served at the usual hour. Although the wannigans had been tumped the previous evening, it took a few minutes longer than usual to get on the water, and it was 8:20 by the time the last canoe slid into the water from the clay loading spot. We paddled north, startling numerous birds as we passed by. Gradually the sounds of the saw mill deminished and were gone just as we pulled in sight of the railroad bridge. This proved to be Kiosk Chute and required a half mile portage which took a while to locate. Fortunately the trail was excellent for the loads were heavy, and there were a few who almost fell beneath the half-ton babies. An hour later we arrived at Cedar Rapids after passing our first view of an indian cabin just north of Kiosk. We ran two short pitches - the first to the south of Cedar Rapids required some looking over, while the second under the bridge proved to be a black V of water. We lunched just past the town, and naturally fresh milk, cake, Pepsi, and ice cream were added to the simple meal of baked beans and diced Kam. On the first island out of town we discovered a large indian family encamped relatively permanently with nets stretched across the river for sturgeon. We got close enough to disturb the dogs and take a few pictures. As the river twisted and turned we sometimes had a tail wind and sometimes a head wind during the afternoon. The right hand side of the river had been pretty well logged over, but the left was nice and green. Few rocky points were to be seen and not much could be said for the speed of the current. After an eternity the rapids of Little Kiosk finally appeared. After some scouting we eased down the left shore to the eddy at the head of the cascade at the foot of the run, and at 5:00 carried 50 yards or so into our campsite for the evening. Indians had obviously used it as sturgeon heads were to be found on poles near the shore. On the way down from Cedar Rapids we had seen many places where they had cleared out sites for hunting or fishing camps, but this was the first and only rocky one. Tents were pitched quickly since the bugs were particularly thick and savage. A hasty retreat to safety was made right after dinner to get away from them, and by dark we were settled in for what promised to be a warmer night than were the most recent ones, and the roar of the cascade lulled us to sleep in short order.

Wednesday, July 25 - An overcast breakfast found Tom under the weather, even though a majority of the section was pretty well on the way to recovery by now. A few large drops of rain fell during the meal, but gave no promise of continuing for any time, so down came the tents and we shoved off. Number 57 kept up for a while but was having difficulty, so a shift of personnel was made, and the rest of the day went well enough. We poked along expecting Granite Narrows around every bend, and it seemed like ages before it finally did appear. On the way we had the thrill of shooting a rapid so marked on the map, but it proved to be only a "swift" at best. One indian cabin was passed early in the morning and several others were seen during the rest of the day. None were occupied. By the middle of the morning we had progressed only a few miles. Possibly every one was tired after yesterday's travel and the long lay-off from work from Senneterre to Beattyville - or maybe we were just trying not to get too far ahead of Tom - or maybe we still hoped for a six-mile-an-hour current to speed us on. Then the rain hit, and by lunch it was pouring with a strong south wind driving the rain, and us. We passed the mouth of the Wedding River about 2 miles before lunch, and now we were really on our own on an exploring trip of sorts with an area from here to the Rupert

River that no KKK section had traveled before. The rain kept up after lunch, as did the wind. We paddled past the entrance to the west channel of the Bell and stuck to the east, and larger channel. Andy entertained with songs and jokes, Bill tried to keep the singing on a higher plane when Andy, Jim, and Glenn could be drowned out, and Tom started to come to life again. Nishe threatened to pull ashore and camp immediately, and then in a second breath threatened to keep going until 8 or 9 o'clock. No one was quite sure when he was serious. The rain let up about 2:00, but the sky continued to look threatening. At 3:30 we were approaching our objective for the day - an island which looked on the map to be about half way between Little Kiosk, where we had been last night, and Taibi Lake. A cabin on the right shore looked inviting, but Nishe passed it up and pulled into a point on the left which had a rocky shore and a good stand of poplar. As he stepped ashore he stated firmly that he knew it would be no good as a campsite - he could tell from the river - so the rest of us stayed clear of the landing and drifted along waiting for him to get back into his canoe, but no - it was just what he was looking for. Camp was up in short order and every one retreated to his tent, although the rains held off until dinner was about half way prepared. All appeared briefly when the bread line was called, but rain drops sent the section back under canvas and kept every one there for most of the evening. Jim and Glenn washed dishes and entertained Bill and Nishe by the fire while a few items of clothing successfully dried on Nishe's drying rack behind the fire.

Thursday, July 26 - At 6:30 this morning the sky looked gray to say the least. About every five minutes a gust of wind from the south would rustle the leaves of the poplars over head and bring rain from the trees down on the tents even though none was actually coming from the dark skies above. The guide, at 7:00, advised waiting another hour. Finally the staff could stand it no longer, and got up at 7:40 to cook breakfast. The sky looked no brighter, but the wind had pretty well stopped by then. At 8:20 we decided to take the chance and move on. We hit the water at the early hour of 9:45! Soon after leaving the campsite the fine misty drizzle which was to last most of the day started. For a while we paddled on without bothering to put on rain gear, but gradually jackets began to appear - to stay on for the rest of the day. The rain let up frequently but returned again just as frequently, and the day continued gray with never a real glimpse of the sun. At 12:40 we pulled ashore for lunch and were back on the water at 1:40. Lunch featured a beach fire for warming purposes while the cooking was done on the campsite above. Tom was feeling a little better than on the previous day - although he had spent a rather poor night. The rain held off pretty well most of the afternoon, although a fairly stiff west wind blew in our faces as we approached Taibi Lake. The last two miles on the lake necessitated quite a pull into the wind, but by 4:30 four out of the five canoes were in the lee of the west shore. Number 74 seemed to like it way to the rear of the rest - either John or Glenn - or maybe both - was laughing too hard to pull very hard on a paddle. Then the game of find the campsite began. Finally at 6:00 we pulled into an island a mile down river from the lake and cut one out. The landing was on a flat rock for a change, but it was so slick with mud that the guide had to cut a trail up to the fireplace. At 7:15 dinner was served in the rain which had now settled in in earnest since the time we had started to unload. By dark it was still coming down and showed no promised of letting up for the night. An

extra fire was built in the tenting area, but was soon deserted as it was not long before every one had crawled into the sack.

Friday, July 27 - At 5:30 the guide nudged the staff and woke him up to tell him it was still raining - great news! The rain kept up in spasmodic bursts until 11:00 when the guide finally gave up the battle and got up to cook some meal. The rain had stopped, the wind had shifted to the north west, and there were patches of blue sky showing. There was some discussion about moving on after breakfast, but it came to naught. Bill and John appeared for breakfast; Charlie and Rick rose soon after; Andy, Glenn, and Jim made it just before the cereal was gone; Tom made it in time for brown sugar. By now the wind was blowing quite strongly and the sun was beginning to make its presence felt. All the damp, wet pieces of clothing as a result of yesterday came out to dry. While Andy baked a pie the majority of the section embarked on a project of making a section fort - when it was finished it was christened A-1, with the promise of others to come. Any one with acrophobia better beware of using it. Lunch followed about 3:30. Most retreated to the tents to read. A few braved the water for the first bath in days. A few clothes were washed. John and Glenn carved Kon-Tiki figures, and the rest waited for dinner. Just before 8:00 it was served and by the time the sun was going down the dish and pot crews were finishing up. The wind had died down, and for the first time in many days the skies were clear.

Saturday, July 28 - Another over cast day at breakfast time! However, we got off in record time and were on the water at 8:10 - the first time we had made it before 8:15. A mile or so down the river the sun broke through, and the dark glasses appeared from places where they had been hidden for many a long, long day. The river looked a little different this morning - with many more rocky places along the shore line. A good number of rocky islands lay right below the campsite we had been using, and it looked as though we had picked the worst campsite of many possible places, if we had only gone a little further down river two days before. Seven or eight miles down we got ready to see Island Rapids ahead of us. Instead a large camp appeared behind the island that was supposed to hide the rapid, and a large steel tower was the most prominent land mark. Eventually we drew near and could see the concrete piers which had already been poured for a future bridge. Anyway we found the carry and got by the rapids. We had gone three whole days without seeing any one - one was a rest day, of course. This spoiled our adventure into the wilderness, since there was a young worker fishing in the chute. As soon as the carry was finished our daily rain started, and we paddled on to the next carry at Mignon Rapids. The rain kept up as we went over this one, and if anything fell harder. About a mile or so after the carry, with the rain still falling, some one cried out that he was hungry, so ashore we went, and the guide soon had a fire going. The warming fire took a little longer to start, but eventually that was blazing also. The rain let up a little as we started off again and quite entirely by the time we arrived at the carry around Gold Spring Rapids. Thunder could be heard to the north as we paddled a back channel behind Bancroft Island. As we came out of the narrow channel the rain was still holding off, and the staff had the poor judgement to insist that we pass two likely looking campsites and go on to the chute at Channel Rapids. Here we searched for the portage for a while and eventually made the lift over by 3 different routes. Nishe started out to look for a campsite, and finding none at the foot of the chute, headed down river. At the chute a town was

in the process of being built, which we later found out was going to be the town of Matagamí for the reported numerous mining operations in the area. The rain really caught us as we moved down river as a wild thunder storm hit forcing us ashore on a very shallow clay beach where it was necessary to jump out into the water and pull the canoes ashore through the last 10 yards of water. We huddled in a bunch while the rain soaked us through in a matter of minutes. Rain gear had been taken off earlier in the afternoon, and the shower had caught most of us pretty well unprepared. As it started to let up, Nishe pulled out to find a campsite, and soon spotted a camp belonging to a Mines and Technical Surveys group. We all eventually joined him for coffee and all that was left of their pies and cakes. After all the goodies were gone, we shoved off after expressing our thanks for the food and warmth and at 7:30 found a site of our own which would serve as a camping place without demanding too much cutting. Some clothes got dried either near the cooking fire or near the second blaze down closer to the water, but most remained pretty wet. Well - it can't rain for ever - we hoped.

Sunday, July 29 - A late start this morning as a result of yesterday's rain. Breakfast was at 8:00, and we sort of dried out until 10:00 when we finally got going. Things seemed to drag a little as we tried to pack up and get on the water since the weather looked none too promising. Therefore a couple canoes were pretty slow in getting tents down and loaded up. A good bit of the delay might have been attributed to the fact that neither Jim nor Tom, in particular, was feeling very well as yet. We paddled the mile to Inlet Rapids and played white man and ran the left side - the Indians are supposed to run the right. Nishe looked them over, of course, but while he was still deciding, a freighter canoe came by and ran the rapid just before we were ready to make the run on its motor. After the run the sun started to show itself occasionally. By the time we got out to the main part of the lake it was out more than it was in. As the day progressed it got warmer and warmer, for the first real warm sunny weather we have had in over a week. At a pre-lunch smoke break Jim and Andy investigated a net strung between an island and the shore and pulled in a sturgeon which must have weighed 20 or so pounds. Alternately called Herman and Serge (the latter name stuck) the sturgeon rode in # 54 to the lunch site three miles further on when he, or she, was exercised on the end of a bow line. Charlie and Bill braved the water for a swim at lunch - the first time that this has been possible since we left the Height of Land. The water of the lake was much cleaner than that of the Bell, and one could almost see the tip of his paddle when he took a stroke. The wind was light all day and had trouble deciding from which direction it would blow. A majority of the time it was a very light east wind - which meant a head wind, but it caused no real trouble. At 4:30 we arrived at an island campsite which had previously been used by small parties. The tents were closer together than tenement houses in a slum district - except for the staff tent which was off in the "high rent district" in the bush well out of sight. The campsite proved to be two faced with a rocky pebble landing on the south side and a sand beach on the north. All but Tom, who went to bed, went for a swim and bath off the rocks on the edge of the sand beach side before dinner, and as a result the meal was slow in getting prepared. Andy seemed to have taken over the job of mixing the dehydrated potatoes for at lunch he had successfully sneaked bacon grease into the mashed potatoes at lunch - which few people knew about until evening - and now he talked the guide into making home fried potatoes out of the potato chips at this meal. Afterwards the staff caught two small pike

which were the first fish legitimately brought to shore - neither was of keeper size - since Lambert Lake. Serge had stayed with us until a few miles past the lunch site when the crew of # 54 had tired of his company and the guide had told them to put him back in the water if he was still alive - which he was for some strange reason. The south wind was blowing at bed time, so there was the distinct fear that rain might return to bother us on the morrow.

Monday, July 30 - The wind blew from the south most of the night and was still blowing in the morning at breakfast time. Off at 8:15 in a side-tail wind toward a point indistinct in the haze, though it was only a scant two miles away. We pulled against a head wind after we rounded it, but the wind was minor compared to the difficulty met in paddling up the rapids and swift current of the Waswanipi. Close to 11:00 we reached the portage around Red Chute, which we carried, the reason becoming quite obvious when we had the chance to look at the drop and volume of water going over. While the shutter bugs were busy, and those without cameras spectated at the falls, the guide started lunch. The site was fine except when the wind picked up the scent of a sturgeon some one had carefully bushed a few yards away from the foot of the portage. Jim and Bill braved the water for a swim on a rocky point across the small bay. Tom joined us for a meal for the first time in several days. For a few hundred yards after lunch we were in the lee of a point, and the going was fine, but the wide part of Olga Lake soon exposed us to the full force of the wind coming in our our right sides. We made the three miles before the turn to the north thanks to the extra depth of the bay canoes. John and Glenn seemed to prefer their own route for the crossing but made it in about the same time as the rest of us. A tail wind now helped us the three miles to the re-entry into the Waswanipi. We got into the river after paddling across a shallows which reminded one of Gray Mud Lake. The guide in anger stood up and poled across while the rest paddled. With the threat of rain coming up in our rear speeding us on we started looking for a camp-site and just before 5:00 found one that would serve for the night, at least. Bill was the only one brave enough to bath in the shallow muddy water. Andy and Jim on their way to the campsite stopped at a trapper's site, inspected aged skins, skeleton of animals, and such miscellaneous junk, and picked up their tent poles and an arm load of fire wood. Tom and Glenn made the trip soon afterwards and returned with more poles and wood. Shortly after dinner the sky clouded over, some rain fell - enough to drive every one to his tent and thunder rolled to the south - well we had had two clear travelin' days at least.

Tuesday, July 31 - About midnight the expected rain arrived in pretty large quantities. In the morning it was still drizzling, and the clouds were quite low. Finally at 8:45 the staff got up during a lull in the showers and started breakfast - determined somehow to get moving up the rest of the river. For some reason the rest of the section got up also. After the dishes were walloped the rain started lightly again, so we waited before rolling. At 11:00 the guide spotted some blue sky showing on the south and gave the signal to move. We got off the site at noon - for one of the latest starts in KKK history. Almost immediately the first rapid was encountered, which we pulled up without mishap. The second was pulled up, and then the last part was carried over broken rock. The third, fourth, and fifth all ran together and were pulled up, paddled up, and lifted over eventually so that we arrived at Goeland about 3:00. Jim and Andy had their own exploring route for the last mile or so but arrived at the lake about the same time as the rest of the section.

Lunch was eaten at 3:15 on a rocky point just past the river. Goeland proved to be another very nice looking lake - about the same as Matagami and Olga. Because of its size it was very fortunate we were only doing a little corner of it. Four miles down, just as the narrows started, on a sand point was camped a party of "explorers" or prospectors. We pulled in for a chat with the three of them - one did most of the talking - and their two small pups. After being told that the next possible campsites were some ways down the narrows, we pulled around the corner and camped on not one but two old indian sites. The beach was boulders, and the sites were buggy, but the ground for the tent sites was fine. Appropriately the two tents full of "indians" who had been with us for so long set up their own camp miles away from the rest of us. They came over to mooch supper but went back to their own fire and encampment right afterwards. The day had been nice and warm and sunny up to evening - after the miserable morning.

Wednesday, August 1 - Typical Section A morning - overcast sky with the definite threat of rain. It has been days since the sun was shining while we were eating breakfast - of course it may be better this way since the last time we saw sun shine at breakfast it rained during the day. Tents were wet since it had rained a little during the night. Anyway we got off about 8:15 as usual and immediately realized that the wind had shifted to our disadvantage. A side wind from the north west bothered us all the way through Max Narrows. The first three miles of Maicasagi were in the shelter of a long point, but then the full force of the wind hit, and we had to fight our way to an island for an early lunch at noon. We waited for a while as new patches were put on 57 in a futile attempt to stop the leaks that he canoe had had for ages. The wind let up a little after lunch, and we were probably bothered more by the shallowness of the water plus the hidden stones than we were by the wind as we traversed the narrows to Chensagi Lake. About half way up was a small swift up which we paddled and poled. Number 54 made it on the second try. Bill and Nishe argued over our location on the map with Bill winning. Maicasagi had been another pleasant looking lake despite the shallow spots. Chensagi was the same but the shallow spots were more frequent and larger. We passed up a good looking rocky island campsite at the head of the lake because the staff insisted that we push on. We looked across the bay at the 2½ mile carry to Lady Beatrix and made the turn toward the Chensagi River. An attempt at sailing took a half hour and moved us a couple hundred yards down the lake. A few miles from the head of the lake we started the time honored game of "find the campsite". Most attempts at looking over possible places were foiled by the inability of the canoes to reach shore. Finally we found an old indian site infested with bees that could just be reached, but it was rejected for the shallowness of the water. Just at the head of the lake was another, much larger, indian site. We pulled ashore to look it over, finding bones of various animals, pieces of fur, old cans, frames for tents, old snow shoes, and various other items lying around. After looking it over for a half hour while the guide went in search of a cleaner and better place, we eventually settled on it - dirty as it was - for the night. There was just about time left in the day to cook supper and get cleaned up before the sun set. Gray or black clouds showed in the west, and Nishe warned us to beware of "the farmer leading the sheep to the barn", but secretly he prophesied that the morrow would be fair, but cool.

Thursday, August 2 - Nishe was half way right in that today was cool,

but it could not really be called fair. The night brought light rain as usual, and at 6:30 the sky was just streaked with enough blue to give us some encouragement. Staff had no trouble getting Andy and Jim up because the early bird perched in the tree over their tent and called them early enough. Just after we got under way a light mist started to fall, but there was no turning back - up the Chensagi River we went. We paddled to the first small swift and had no trouble navigating it on the paddle. However, at the first rapid marked on the map Nishe found it necessary to pull up, even though his bow boy might get a little wet. He had difficulty getting up to the start of the pulling territory, but made it. Number 54 got cross ways on a stone trying to follow behind him, and the portage trail looked like it would be easier. So while the guide pulled and paddled up the rest of the rapid, the other four canoes portaged. Number 27 easily beat the rest of the section to the calm water at the top, so at the next rapid numbers 57 and 74 elected to follow the guide, while 54 and 77 portaged. The pullers just beat the portagers. At the third rapid the same arrangement held, and the portagers think they came out ahead. The area through here had all been burned over some time ago, but this type of country did not last for long. No game was seen all the way up the river, though most of the country looked as though it would be good moose territory. Probably the Indians had trapped and hunted it all under cover. The fourth rapid looked so easy and short every one pulled up. The guide started to feel hungry so we stopped in at a small Indian site, but decided that it was not really safe to light a fire in the bush and so moved on. The 5th rapid had no portage immediately visible, so we had to pull up, and those who still had dry feet kept them no longer - except for Charlie, whose high boots saved him. As the section was strung out after the last pull up, we took an extra side trip up the river to the next rapid, going past the left hand turn to the portage. Not finding the upper part of the river much different from the lower part, we turned around and came back to the carry in time for a 2:15 lunch on a nice rocky site at the far side of the portage into either Height of Land Lake or Barnes Lake - depending upon who read the map. After a brief stop we set out against a head wind, as usual, to the short carry to Lady Beatrix Lake. This portage - though short - had all possible portage features - good walking, wind falls, roots, clay, muskeg - in short the perfect portage to use to acquaint a new KKK camper with everything he could meet on a carry. This was supposed to have really been a hard day, but it was nothing more than a Trout Streams day - except for the extra hour and a half side trip. All along there had been signs that there was some one ahead of us - foot prints on the portages, old camp sites, used Utica Club cans, red paint, etc. As yet we had not caught them. At the end of the portage there was a movement to camp since it was now 4:45, but staff and guide pulled out to play their silly games of looking for a campsite, and the rest of the canoes somewhat reluctantly followed. There were some mutterings that the staff enjoyed paddling in the rain - the rain soon came, but his joy was not exactly unbounded. Except for the mist of the morning the sky up to now had only threatened dirty weather, but as we searched for a site it carried out the threat and we got our daily soaking. The guide eventually found a sand beach with some mossey tent sites, and we pulled in. White cutting tent poles the rain let up, and we managed to cook supper, which took a while owing to a somewhat elaborate menu, but we were washed up before the rain set in for the night.

Friday, August 3 - Rain was still coming down in the morning. The wind

had shifted to the north west bringing the rain back over us. At 9:00 it let up, and since Bill was up out of bed, the staff and guide made it up to keep him company and cook breakfast. Small showers fell at intervals from then until about 1:30 giving us encouragement at times and sending us back to bed at others. A pot of boiled clothes was stewed up by a few "indians". Nishe started baking beans and bread despite the rain. During the afternoon the rain set in continuously, and Nishe and Rick formed the bread into loaves while huddled under a poncho. Conditions could not be described as ideal by any stretch of the imagination. The rain used up our rest day planned for the day we hit the Rupert and gave us very few days with which to play if we were to finish the trip on time. After dinner the sky cleared a little, and the sun could be seen faintly at least. A glow or red showed as it set, and to the north the clouds began to lift. A noisy card game was popular while a few hearty souls stayed around the extinct fire until it got too cool.

Saturday, August 4 - At least we got off the campsite this morning without being rained on. It looked as though it might clear up and be a nice day for a change. The sky was just about the same as last night with the clouds moving very slowly from north to south making for a slight head wind most of the day - depending upon the direction we happened to be moving. A lot of this log is devoted to weather, but after all this is one of the main problems with any trip. Anyway we made excellent time in the morning, getting up to a point just just into Opatawaga Lake for a relatively early lunch at noon. We passed a fire tower on Lady Beatrix unexpectedly since the ranger way back at Senneterre had told us that there would be no more Lands and Forests people past Matagami. Maybe the pair of freighters that had passed by yesterday's campsite going back toward the portages to Chensagi had been visiting the ranger - if there was one. Bill braved the cold water at lunch as usual, and we found a spring or two near the rocky-sandy lunch site. The sun still had really not appeared for any length of time, and the morning had been cool, but dry, for once. About 2:30 we arrived at the rapids at the head of Opatawaga Lake. We had chosen the east side of Isle du Pain de Sucre since it looked shorter than going over to the west side, and our maps showed portages cut on both sides - assuming that the rapids could not be run. Nishe looked over the first pitch and yelled back for us to look for the portage which we did. Finally, after having no success with this search, Nishe cut a trail for about 100 yards around the first drop. We carried this short one and then paddled and ran a few yards to a spot where we could run no more, and here Nishe cut, or rather blazed, a slightly longer carry. In several places the stern men had a ball trying to get a canoe three feet wide between trees 30 inches apart. but eventually every one got over. Just before this carry the staff canoe had tried to demolish # 57 by ramming into it, but the attempt was a failure despite heroic attempts on the part of # 77's crew. Of course now it was time for our afternoon shower, so the rain started lightly. We ran one small ripple and found the rapids and falls from the other side of Sugarloaf Island on our left - of course we should have taken the other side of the island. If we had done so we would have been completely over the portage and all by 3:00, and as it was this way, it was now 5:30. We ran three more of what the map called rapids and started playing the campsite game. We pulled about further down the river before making camp in a grove of birch and poplar which offered a site about the

size of a postage stamp. After some argument over tent sites which left Tom and Glenn pitched practically on top of the fire irons, all the tents got up. Tom baked a honey bannock to perfection, and even the cabbage was polished off quickly. There was some doubt as to whether the guide would be allowed to eat so eager were the group for seconds. The "stomach" had few pots to scrape for once. Little time was now left for anything other than cleaning up and turning in. Bill managed a few songs on the uke before it got too dark, but he was running out of tunes anyway since he had been playing all day at smoke breaks and lunch stop. A few stars shone faintly through as we turned in after what was supposed to have been a pretty easy and short day.

Sunday, August 5 - Nishe awoke at some ungodly hour and had the fire blazing and the coffee boiled by 6:00. The staff arose at 6:30 to find breakfast pretty well cooked and Jim up trying to make a cup of cocoa after one of our coldest nights of the summer. The lake or river we were on was completely covered with mist, but every one bounced out of bed as soon as called and huddled around the fire trying to get warm. We made it onto the water in record time at 8:07 and set out to paddle as much of Kenonisca Lake as possible before camping time. The guide put it to us during the morning and according to statistician Barnes we had done 11 miles by the second smoke break - another trick on the part of the guide to conserve the staff man's cigarettes. The mist rose just before nine but gave the photographers some fun before then. The sky was completely cloudless and the lake as calm as glass up to about 10:30 when the second smoke break occurred. At that time a very slight south wind began to ripple the water ever so little. We spotted a fire tower on Dome Mountain and enjoyed the view of the hills and mountains all around the lake. Lunch was cooked on a rock ledge in warm sunshine where a majority of the section had a chance to get in a swim while the macaroni was cooking. We poked along a little more slowly during the afternoon and stopped to look over two old indian campsites, but found nothing of value except an old pair of blue jeans which we tried to give to Rastus, but he carelessly let them drop overboard. It looked as though we would make the chute on the Broadback at the head of the lake between 4:30 and 5:00 when with only two miles left to go the guide spotted what looked like a red canoe drifting along down the lake down the lake with no one in it. We set out to investigate but found it to be a home made flat bottomed boat complete with 5½ horse motor, a puppy, a .45, a .22, and two Frenchmen. Nishe started to question them about the water that lay ahead, and they seemed to be most helpful when they told us we were off course and headed down a blind bay. We were very appreciative until we realized that they had sent us the long way around a big island, and therefore instead of being two miles from the chute we were six. We trusted their advice when they told us they were commercial sturgeon fishermen who had been in the area for 21 days having flown in from Matagami to Lake Evans, built their boat, and pulled up the rapids of the Broadback to Kenonisca. But as usual we had trouble with Frenchmen! To complicate matters they told us to keep left as we took their route. Nishe and #s 54 and 57 followed their advice and ended up in a blind bay from which they had to retrace their steps. Meanwhile the staff canoe plus # 74, thinking they were merely on the other side of a small island from the others, went merrily along expecting to rejoin the others any moment. It turned out to be a long moment. At about 6:30, the staff arrived at the chute with John and Glenn - and Charlie, of course - to find no one there. John looked closely at the map and spotted the bay the rest must

have gotten into, so we expected the rest to make it in maybe 15 minutes more. After about that interval, # 57 showed up alone, having been told to make its own way at one point. So, leaving # 57 to pilot the others in to the campsite, #s 74 and 77 went down the small rapids or swifts to cut out a campsite at the head of the portage, which we suspected would be necessary since the two Frenchmen had told us they had the only campsite in the area, which we passed on the way in to the chute. Starting to locate tent sites carefully the landing party eventually went back the trail a few yards and found an old indian site large enough to put three section in comfortably. As poles were being collected for the late arrivals, the other canoes pulled in, #s 27 and 54 having almost made a complete circuit of the large island before turning back to the chute. Statistician Barnes calculated that we had travelled 36 miles during the day! After dinner the staff started to explain the alternate routes available to us tomorrow - through Storm Lake or through Lake Evans - when the guide spotted a bear on the far shore fishing for his supper. After watching him for a while the staff finished, but left the final decision on what we would do until the next day after we got a look at the Storm Lake portages. This had been a remarkable day in that we had had no rain at all, even though it had clouded over a little during the latter part of the afternoon. At one point all but the guide were paddling shirtless - until those afraid of getting sun burned put clothes back on. It would be nice were the rest of the month to be like the day just past.

Monday, August 6 - Weather was still our most important event of each day. The sun was showing through faintly at breakfast time, but it did not really last very long that way. Dark clouds threatened from the south and carried out their threat midway through the morning as "Section A weather" hit again. At night statistician Barnes informed us that we had had rain on four out of the last five days. Jim beat every one up this morning and had the fire going before any one else arrived to help him cook. We carried our short portage around the falls and were on the water at 8:25. Four miles ahead we easily found the portage to Storm Lake. Nishe walked it a little way and reported that it was there all right, but that it was pretty bushy and unused for some time - seemingly used only in spring and fall. The vote on the route was taken, and it was almost unanimous to run the Broadback and take the route through Lake Evans to Nemiscau, so down the river we turned. The current was helpful most of the time, and rapids occurred with great frequency to keep the day interesting and adventurous. We ran everything successfully, although we did make a 10 yard portage on one chute while the canoes were let down around the corner without their loads. The staff canoe was the only casualty of the morning, and it was necessary for it to pull ashore at one rapid and quickly add a large patch before the canoe sank. Occasionally canoes had to be bailed or dumped as sometimes crews allowed their craft to get too far into the power swells of a rapid. The day was cloudy and too rainy for photography, but there were several runs where good pictures might otherwise have been produced. One rapid, where canoes were bobbing in power swells like corks on a rough ocean, will be remembered for a while. Fortunately no bow men got sea sick, as well they might have. We lunched in the rain as usual on a rock-clay shore where one poplar umbrella kept off some of the drops. More river and rapids after lunch. We passed a large encampment of surveyors or prospectors right after lunch, but no one came down to

the shore to greet us, so we paddled on. Just below an empty tent was spied on the shore again, but again no one was to be seen. The staff was sure there would be a campsite at Crow Portage so we kept on going through the rain. High hills could be seen far ahead of us through the mist and rain, and the pictures probably would have been good had the weather been clearer. Naturally there was no campsite at the portage, which proved to be all muskeg and roots, so we knew that after making the carry we would have to move ahead. The portage at least caused the canoes to be bailed out and dried momentarily. Then the old game of find the campsite began. We had passed up an indian cemetery up the river a piece - not that we planned to camp there - but not even that much of a clearing was in evidence. After scouting and rejecting about 10 places, we picked a rock knoll with a spruce stand behind which was satisfactory for tent sites although tough on the cooking area. After the fly and fireplace were constructed with an eye toward protection from the south wind that was blowing - it shifted and brought in a cold shower from the north. Eventually this passed and every one gathered around the fire to get in the road and make an intricate mixture which now serves as cocoa since all the small packages of hot chocolate have been consumed and no one seems inclined to make a large pot of cocoa and risk having his efforts criticized by the rest of the section. By now every one was warm and dry even if rain gear, shoes, and a good deal of clothing were still wet. The northern sky looked as though it might clear on the morrow as we finally turned in for the evening.

Tuesday, August 7 - We were a little slow getting off this morning as a result of 15 minutes extra sleep plus still being a little wet from yesterday. As we got off at 8:45 a north wind was blowing cold weather at us, and it was even cooler because the sun was hidden by high clouds. Off to the north it looked fair and blue, but overhead and to the west things were pretty dark - not with the threat of rain so much as a threat of an overcast day. The guide even paused, opened the kitchen wannigan, and supplied himself and his bow boy with gloves. Crow Bay was travelled with ease, but the crossing to Long Point was rough with a wicked cross wind out of the north. Often the bow men found themselves far out of the water. Again our thanks went out for the extra depth of the bay canoes. We hid behind the southern tip of a long narrow island about half way across for a smoke break and then pulled for a sand beach out of the wind for lunch. Tom entertained with excerpts from "The Mouse That Roared" while the spaghetti took a long time to cook on what Nishe informed us after no one could guess was dry tamarack - anyway it took a long time to heat water. We started off again at 1:30 paddling and slowly walking down the beach looking for the start of the carry across the point. The staff went ahead to find it quickly if he could. #77 pulled in to the spot where the carry should have been, and he went right and Charlie went left but neither looked straight ahead. As a result it was a good half hour before the portage was found as we searched both sides of where the portage was. Finally #77 made up for its mistake and went back to the spot where the search had started and found the trail right where it should have been. It was obvious that the carry had not been used for a long time, and some wind falls had to be cut out of the way at the very start. Tom, Nishe, and the staff took their wannigan loads so they could carry axes and easily chop any more windfalls if necessary. All went well until about 500 yards had been covered when we hit the bog and immediately lost the trail. Finally it was found, and we

carried on for a while, but finally the guide, staff, and Andy dropped their loads, took axes, and went ahead while the rest relayed their loads to this "half-way" point in the middle of the swamp. After much cutting and searching the guide and staff finally cut a trail of their own to the lake, hitting the water 50 yards from an old indian camp right on the sand beach. Fortunately while finishing the carrying part of the day's work Glenn and John took pity on the aged staff and guide and helped them with their canoes. Meanwhile "Bubbles" led the search for a campsite and spotted a grove of poplars about a mile down the shore. It was on a sand beach, but beggars can't be choosers, and no one was the least bit critical. Besides there was a rocky canoe park right next door. Tent sites were close together, but adequate. When #s 27 and 77 pulled in just after 8:00, the fire was well on its way, wood was gathered and chopped, and there was little to do but put on a few pots for dinner. Tonight was obviously our night for the beefsteak dinner we had been saving since Beattyville, and as a result we enjoyed the best meal of the year with steak, potatoes, peas, cinnamon bannock, pea soup, and coffee. The final pot and dish were each washed in the dark, and it would be a great understatement merely to say that every one was tired. The Northern Lights put on a show which could be watched in comfort since the black flies that had bothered us so much on the portage had disappeared at sunset. The north wind continued to blow, the stars and moon joined the lights, and all together forecast a pretty cool clear night ahead.

Wednesday, August 8 - As we went to bed last night some one had cried for a little extra sleep this morning, so the staff was happy to stay in bed for a few extra minutes, and we did not get on the water until 9:00. A north wind blew on and off all night, and the cold night previously predicted came through. However, the morning was just as clear as could be, and the sun stayed out all day although a few fleecy clouds appeared toward afternoon. We pulled up the lake against the head wind and started into the channel at the head of Kirk Island - only it was a blind bay - so we turned around and tried the next one to our left. It proved to be another side trip, so a second time we paddled back. We were getting tired of seeing the same islands over and over again. Finally by luck we hit the right one, although the issue was in doubt for a while since we had to hop out and lift the canoes over a rock ledge where there was only a very small trickle of water passing over. After that we could follow the map pretty well. The north wind was no help at all so we made only a few more miles before lunch. After lunch on a small island where we could hear the sound of a rapid ahead, we pulled up at a chute which could not be run. We found an ancient portage on the left shore and re-cut a good part of it so we could get through to the foot of the roughest part of the rapid. From here the rest could be run - part of which was a nice straight chute between two islands. Soon after another roar of fast water was heard, so we spotted a portage trail on the left, pulled in, and carried up a hill and down the other side around a water fall about 25 feet high which gave the photographers a chance to use up some of their film. A little swift horserace ran us into the wide part of the river before Gifford Lake. Now it was 4:00; so, determined to stop a little before dark for a change, we found an old indian campsite a few yards on and pitched camp. For the first time in many days the sleeping bags got a good airing. It looked something like Monday morning down on the farm with all the laundry and bedding for the hands spread on the line. Having

stopped so early we even had a chance to sit around for a few minutes before dark. Again it looked like the evening was going to be a cool one. We were still a long way from Nemiscau, but we still figured that if we did not get there for Christmas, we would make it by Easter.

Thursday, August 9 - It was dog gone cold this morning since the sun could not get through the trees to our tents so early in the day. As a result as soon as the first crackle of the fire was heard many heads popped out of the tents, and soon a large gathering was huddled around the fire trying to get warm. Jim even cooked the bacon this morning to stay near the warmth of the fire. However, when we got on the water at 8:15 or so, the sun had begun to do its job and warm up the gang. It was not too long before shirts began to come off, and the sun worshipers were even looking for Coppertone the lake was smooth as glass most of the day, and the paddling was easy as we poked along up Gifford Lake among the many islands making only one extra side trip as we did so - and that because a channel behind an island shown on the map did not exist. Soon we arrived at the portage shown on the maps which was supposed to take us around four chutes or rapids - we never really found out which since the carry took us well back from the river, but the last one did not look like one we wanted to try to jump, and certainly the first had not invited any fooling around with it. The carry was well cut out, compared to many of the others we had seen recently, but was almost twice as long as the half mile shown on the map. An old indian campground was at the head of it - from which Charlie salvaged a tag reading "Rupert's House #8C" and Glenn brought off a small axe. We could have had several wash tubs, a portable stove, and a gasoline can as well had we been so inclined. While the staff cooked lunch at the far side, the rest made their second trip. Since it takes him at least an hour to boil water, it was just as well - for the timing of lunch at least - that the carry was so long. In addition to the old indian site at the head of the carry there was also a small cemetery, carefully fenced in. The stern men arriving at the portage last also found a way to shorten the carry by a couple hundred yards by using a small passage in the shallows. While all the carrying was going on the poor staff was left alone at the other end at the mercy of the wild beasts of the forests. Across the river he could hear an animal howling like a wolf. The sound got closer. Occasionally among the howls there was a bark, so he assumed it was not really a wolf but an indian with his dogs over on the other side. The rest of the section arrived for lunch. The first over heard a few howls also, but then silence followed. As we stood or sat around eating our macaroni, which eventually got cooked, out of the bush appeared a small tan dog - wet, shivering, hundry, and scared. She warmed up to us a little as soon as she got a little to eat from those who would spare a scrap or two. She had obviously been left behind by some one, so either we adopted her or she us - but anyway - after many attempts to name her - Janie joined the crew of number 54 after lunch. We pushed off and a couple of miles ahead found the three-miler to a little lake off Nemiscau. By now it was close to 3:00 so it was obvious that there was not enough time left in the day to make the complete crossing, so the canoes and unneeded wannigans made the trip over while the tents, packs, and food needed for dinner and breakfast stayed at an old indian site on the Broadback side. The portage proved to be well used, and the patches of muskeg were occasionally punctuated with stretches of good walking. It was a long trip across, and the best

time was about an hour and twenty-five minutes. There were few completely dry feet at the end of the return trip, and the water had penetrated many of the best of boots despite recent applications of dubbing and bacon grease. A few people made it back around six o'clock, but the majority got in much later after dinner was almost all cooked. Anyway two-thirds of the carry was out of the way. Some one else had been across recently as evidenced by some work having been done in the way of putting logs across some - but by no means all of the muskeg - plus the fact that relatively fresh boot tracks could be followed across. No one was particularly peppy after the trip, except for Janie who had gone all the way across and back following first one and then another of the section - trying to trip as many as possible in the process. However, the only reported casualty was the guide who had the misfortune to trip on a root and awaken a hive of bees to the tune of four stings. It was not long before every one had crawled in to escape what looked to be another chilly night.

Friday, August 10 - This morning was the coldest yet with a film of ice floating on top of the left-over coffee when the staff started breakfast slightly later than usual since this was supposed to be a very easy day - if you consider one trip left to go across the ghastly portage of yesterday to be easy. Some got off by 9:00 - others slightly later. Of course breakfast was delayed since Charlie was busy putting vasoline on his feet and getting his three pairs of socks carefully arranged on his feet for the coming hike, and while he was thus engaged the rest of the section ate up all the oatmeal. The kindly guide let him make some more, which held up the dish and pot crews for a considerable time. At various rest stops along the way groups gathered for smoke breaks so that the majority of the section did not arrive at the swampy landing at the far end until 10:45, which put us all out on Lake Wettigo about 11:00. The water here was clear and cold, and the shore line was punctuated with rock points a la Temagami, so that we were very encouraged with what we could see of the Rupert side of the height of land. Besides it was only 3 miles down the lake - with a tail wind at that - a mile of stream, and two miles on Nemiscau to the post we hoped was there. The first part of the schedule was perfectly true, but the stream proved to be a problem. We started down it by pulling over a couple of very shallow spots and unloading the canoes once to portage a few yards around an exceptionally shallow spot. The guide unloaded his canoe dramatically by heaving the jewelry and several other items from the canoe into the bush in a fit of peak. He then pulled out the canoe and turned it over to repair a two inch rip incurred on the shallow rocks. #54 got a little patching at the same time. The other canoes proceeded down the creek in the lead only to be stopped by an earthen dam trough which only a trickle of water was running. After searching a few minutes for the portage that must exist, we decided we never should have come down the creek in the first place and went back up the same way we had come in, and quickly found the trail. A half mile later we were on a rock ledge on the shore of Nemiscau cooking lunch. We then headed for the post, getting in just before 3:00. As we rounded the point a whole crowd of indians appeared in front of the store which stood on top of a relatively high sand cliff to watch us pull in and either sat silently and watched or jabbered to themselves in their native Cree and watched. We had previously been sure the post was there since during lunch we had watched a plane land, disappear in the direction in which the post was supposed to have been and then take off again. Taking out sturgeon we later learned, although the fishing was reported to have been poor of

late. An aged indian explained that evening that it was not so much due to the lack of fish but more the result of the rottenness of the inferior nets supplied to the indians. Nishe struck up a conversation with an American from New York named Tom Dodds who had been in this area on and off for the last six years or so studying the Cree language. The full length of his beard certainly put ours to shame. He apparently travels over this country alone in his 14 foot canoe pulling in at Nemiscau to study his indian before returning in the fall to a teaching position in New York. Later in the evening he went over our map with us and carefully explained where each portage we were going to meet on the way down the river was located. We took few notes, however, since the report of the '48 trip fitted almost exactly with his detailed notes. Our reception at the store was warm, and soon every one was filling up on what pop and candy was there. The stock of the post was quite low since they air freight a majority of their supplies in for a year at a time, and they were still working on last year's goods. The air freight operation for the coming winter was scheduled to start the next week with as many flights daily from Rupert House as might be needed to get all the supplies which had been shipped in there by boat transferred from the store houses down at the Rupert post. They claimed that this was the only Bay Post completely dependent on plane, canoe, and dog sled. Prices were out of this world because of the freight charges - 10 cents for a candy bar, 30 cents for a can of ~~7~~ Up or ginger ale, and the like. The whole village consisted of the Bay Post, a school, a church, a few other buildings and a good number of tents and similar rigs. There were supposed to be 162 resident indians, although some were away fishing on Lake Evans at this time. (We also discovered that no one portages over Long Point, which we suspected, and that all paddle around rather than try to carry.) The main occupation of those at the post seemed to be sitting around doing nothing. Their money, if any, seems to be made by fishing or by cutting logs for permanent cabins that were beginning to go up - at a dollar a log. One indian went by our campsite later in the afternoon towing his log or two with his freighter. We paddled down the lake a half mile or so to a sand beach and made camp. Soon we were invaded by a large number of indian lads who came to watch Nishe make a bannock and generally sit around and stare. The factor was a young fellow who had only arrived relatively recently, but he was quite helpful and certainly most pleasant. He took time out later in the day to open the store especially for us again so we could get a few more items and mail a few letters and such. He also offered to inform Rupert's House of our impending arrival. It was claimed that it was possible to make the mouth of the river in 3-4 days from here on a paddle, but we did not meet an indian who would admit to having made the trip at all, let alone in this short time. Janie seemed perfectly content to stay with us although she had all the chance in the world to join the other dogs in the village. A few baths were taken in the sandy shallows of the campsite, and a little laundry was done for a change, and the sleeping bags had a chance to air for a while. Tom, Andy, and Glenn went to the post again just before dinner. The guide, staff, Bill, John, Rick, and Tom went over afterwards to see the other Tom and look around. The trip up the main drag of town - which was a sand road with deep drainage ditches on each side - proved very enlightening. One could not say the village looked prosperous by any stretch of the imagination. Bill was invited to play a tune or two of a guitar, which he did, but we could not really get his indian counterpart

to reciprocate. One old indian who bummed cigarette papers off Nishe complained of hard times - the store had no papers - because there was no chief in the village and the Indian Agent had not been around for some time. It's hard to see how these people can really enjoy living the way they do. Anyway we planned to be off in the morning, if the weather did not play nasty tricks on us, but the prospect looked only fair since the wind shifted, there were dark clouds in the west, the report from the Bay Post manager was not encouraging, and the temperature was up considerably - oh well three good days in a row amounted to a record!

Saturday, August 11 - Last night's outlook for evil weather for some reason failed to materialize. At 6:30 the prospects looked a little dubious, but there was a better than even chance of a clear day. The odds paid off although a west wind caused some hard work and trouble later on. However, when we pulled out at 8:15 a semi-tail wind was an asset. One lone indian was there to see us off and tell us via a few words and a lot of gestures that he could paddle to Rupert's House in four days. All we could remember leaving for him on the campsite was an old can of "Off" which would not be much use to him anyway since the indians appeared to have lived with the bugs so long that they are not bothered by such common place creatures as black flies and mosquitoes. Nemiscau proved to be nice and clear and enjoyable as we went off to find the Rupert. First we found a bit of fast water at a narrows in the lake where no one would have expected it. All went well until we got to the actual entrance - or exit - of the river where a slight miscalculation caused us to go one bay too deep, and we had to retrace our paddle maybe a quarter mile. As we started into the river a freighter was spotted heading full speed for us, so we held up to see what they wanted. There proved to be three Frenchmen aboard, so we were determined not to take any of their advice, if offered - but fortunately their visit was purely social and they offered no directions that would foul us up. They were just interested in who we were and where we were going. They were surveying for the government and had been in the area for two months already. They had seen no game either - only a single moose a few days previous. The first rapid proved to be too rocky to run - as both the KKK trip report and our friend Tom Dodds had told us would be the case, so we portaged 300 yards or so to avoid it. Almost immediately we took another walk of 600 yards around a falls or something like that, anyway it was across a point, so we never really saw what it was we were avoiding. At the end, however, we saw that the foot was much too shallow to have been able to have done anything with. Lunch was cooked on the far side of the carry. It was planned to be a quick job even though the meal was spaghetti, but Tom held up the wheels of progress a little by sitting and gabbing at the start of the portage before bringing the lunch wannigan across. He made it up later by passing around cookies that he had bought yesterday. Rick and Glenn were feeling the effects of too much town and each had a rough day. After lunch Janie played hard to get, so we pulled out without her. Soon she came out of the bush and trotted along the bank until # 54 went to shore and took her aboard. The river twisted and turned for an hour before we met the first pile of rocks that was supposed to be a rapid. This pile looked like some one had tried to build a rock dam but had not quite finished, so we were just able to get over at one spot. The water proved to be quite low since the '48 report claimed that the next rapid was good, and we had to drag the canoes through most of it, occasionally getting in to try to run a shallows or two. Rick added to his troubles of the day by dropping

his paddle at the head of the last run. #77 finally picked it up, but when the paddle was returned, Rick accidentally dropped his watch overboard in better than six feet of water. We cruised over the area for a little while but could not spot it in the water and so gave up eventually and paddled on into the main part of the river. On the far shore was the camp of the Frenchmen, but we made no move to stop - if for no other reason than the fact that it was about a half mile across the river at this point. We started down the river laughing at the old KKK report that said there would be a 15 mile an hour current to whisk us along, and here we were fighting a head wind for every inch. Then we looked at the shore line passing by and realized we were not paddling hard enough to be travelling as fast as we were going. Then the rocks began to pass by in rapid fashion, and we had our first experience with the big river. At the foot of the run, or whatever you want to call it, it was not really a rapid, but certainly swift current, we struck large waves caused by the wind working against the current. We had to plow through waves large enough so that we took in water over the bows of the canoes - really the first time that this had happened during the trip. At the first chance after the "swift" we pulled ashore and bailed out most of the water. It was about time to look for a campsite, so we tried to find the '48 site on a "smooth rock shore in a spruce stand about 4 miles below the junction of the two branches of the river". We tried one point, but the trees were birch and poplar, and since it was not good enough we moved on. Since the trip report did not tell us which side of the river to look on, and since we were only looking on the south side, we passed it by. We later found by reading another part of the material from that trip that the site was on the north side of the river. We probably spotted the right place across the river, but since we were entering another swift as we passed it, we did not bother to investigate. We tried another point, and Janie took to shore and would not come back when we decided to move on since the site was not for us, so we shoved off without her. Maybe she found the ride in #54 too rough through the swifts. Anyway soon she was running along the shore making better time than we were. At a smoke break she was picked again. No campsite appeared so the guide crossed over to the north side of the river and found an ancient indian site on a bank about 8 feet up from the river at a shallow clay beach, so we pulled in since nothing better seemed to be around at the time. It proved to be ok, though far from spectacular. Around dinner time the house flies arrived to bother us, followed by black flies, and finally by mosquitoes. So to the tents we went with great haste. The guide braved them as long as any one to patch canoes and sew on his boots again with more of Andy's copper line. Dark clouds started to appear as the sun got lower and the wind died. We could see the current in the river now without the wind to disturb it. However, by the time every one was ready to turn in the moon was shining brightly. Tom entertained for a long time by reading from his diary of the early part of the trip. Janie had been tied up when we arrived but had chewed through her rope and disappeared, but she came back again to join us for the night.

Sunday, August 12 - The morning weather looked dubious, but we shoved off anyway since the sun was making sincere attempts to break through. For some reason every one bounded out of bed - most before called. Charlie and Rick even appeared before the cereal was cooked - all rolled and ready to go. The guide even got Rick to go back and tump his pack before breakfast was ready. On the

river we paddled along at a fair pace helped by a reasonable current. A couple mild horseraces helped to spice up the travel, and there were two rapids that demanded that they be looked over before they were run. We even had the rare pleasure of seeing a few geese - such as those found of the Harricanaw by the thousands according to the guide, but none came anywhere near enough to be caught. Lunch was cooked on the western point of the last long island to be passed before the Oatmeal Portage, and from there it was only a short jump to the carry which proved to be well cut and easy to walk. The view from the foot of the water tumbling down the cascade was worth the trip. We paddled down the fast water after the carry without Janie who had taken one of her excursions into the bush just as we were about to leave, but when we reached the calm water below, the guide prevailed on the crew of #54 to go back and get her, which they did. At the foot of the falls, across the river, could be seen the evidences of a relatively recent burn. Since it was too early really to stop at the campsite at Oatmeal - besides it was pretty small and buggy - we paddled on a couple miles to a double carry of 30 yards and then 300 around another smaller cascade. The '48 trip report told us that the next rapid could be run but would be hard to look over because of the brush on the side of the river bank. With low water the way it was, the rapid could not be run without getting way out in the center, and therefore the power swells, so the guide reported that we would slip down the shore and then hop out and let down the rest. However, it was close to 5:00 now, so we eventually settled on camping at the head of the rapids, cutting out the wind falls on the existing portage - part of which went through some burned area, and making the carry in the morning to keep our feet dry for the rest of the carries coming up on the morrow. Janie had deserted us again at the end of the previous portages, but as we sat debating whether to carry or let down - to stay or go - she appeared having run down the shore to a spot below the rapid and swam across the river to us. After dinner the guide led a party of axemen across to get the wind falls out of the road. As darkness approached, so did black skies and some rain drops. We had been lucky and gotten only a couple drops around noon while traveling. With a good deal of luck - of which we had not had much so far as the weather was concerned - there was the chance that it would clear up by morning, but prospects looked poor.

Monday, August 13 - The days of the week must have gotten mixed this month. With the date being what it was, today should certainly have been Friday. At the usual time the staff tried to get us to shove off, but the guide proved to be far wiser and refused to move. A few drops of rain had fallen during the night or early morning, and the prospect of more to come looked good - although again it might clear. However, about 8:00 it started in and proved to be an all day affair for the most part. Even as we turned in relatively early more than twelve hours later it was still raining lightly. After the guide announced that we would not try to move, Glenn had to re-pitch his tent that he had taken down so efficiently before breakfast, and the rest of us had to unroll, for during the day we moved not an inch, although during the morning we had had the idea of moving on at noon or so if it cleared up then. The guide pitched the fly, and wood was cut and split for the day. The section lay around in the tents sleeping, listening to the Kirkland Lake radio station, reading, and playing cards, emerging only for the various meals.

Janie spent the day on the end of a rope and so failed to stray from our protection. Otherwise those who dared the out-of-doors did so in rain gear and tread carefully to avoid healthy spills in the slippery clay. Maybe the next day would be better!

Tuesday, August 14 - The weather cooperated with us on this day to the limit. Except for the fact that we had a head wind while paddling in the morning it was a perfect day for every other reason. After breakfasting in the soggy clay caused by yesterday's rain, we got off at 8:30. Janie was still securely tied - as she was to be for the rest of the day. We took our usual side trip right at the start into a bay at the foot of the rapids we had just carried, and then battled a head wind to the first and only rapid of the day which we reached and ran about 10:00. Soon a flock of geese were sighted on the shore and an attempt was made to sneak up on them with no success. Shortly after 11:00 we reached the top of our first carry of the day - 1200 yards mostly through the recent burn around a magnificent cascade which was the first of the Fours. Actually more time was spent photographing and looking at the water than in getting the loads across. By now all canoes were working on a trip and a half, so the walking was considerably reduced. Of course the sternmen's union had some complaint about the half way on this one. The falls and cascades were spectacular to say the least. When we pulled in to the start of the carry, the guide went ahead to look over the water since the drop was around a curve in the river. He took a while to watch the cascade, and while he was gone the staff had scouted ahead a little and seen the drop and told the section to unload. When the guide returned he jokingly berated the section for unloading without his order and then told of the cellar he had been watching which was big enough to hold the entire section at one time. Lunch was a huge pot of macaroni to celebrate the last of this staple lunch meal. While the cleaning up was going on Rick and Andy went back to look at the falls, so the other canoes got off first to look for the next portage just across the river. Again a carry around an equally spectacular cascade - the second of the Fours - although not quite as high as the first one. 700 yards later we were loading to go down to the last carry for the day. The swells at the foot of the portage were no help, but eventually all the canoes got loaded and away from shore. We were supposed to slip down the right shore to the next carry, but the guide got his signals crossed and led us across the power swells to the left shore. We landed at a sand beach, did some bailing, and paddled back across the river to the head of the last of the Fours, which necessitated a climb up a steep side hill and then a nice stroll through the bush for a mile and a third. Several times the sternsmen had to set down their canoes and hack out wind falls so they could get through. The bowsmen had no axes, but they seemed to get over, under, or around the obstacles. Fortunately Jim had had enough of trying to lead Janie across a portage while carrying a canoe, or he would not have made this one at all. The last one had been bad enough. Since we were camping at the foot of the portage, she was freed to find her own way, which she did, returning to the campsite just as the last of the dinner dishes was washed. Except for the top pitch on this one, these falls, although longer, were not up to the two previous ones so far as breath taking views were concerned. By the time the carry was made it was getting pretty late and fewer people stopped on the carry to watch the cascading waters than had been true on the others. It was 8:00 by the time dinner was over. It really was not that long a traveling day since a good

deal of the time had been spent looking at water pouring over rocks and not in making forward progress. The cold of the evening soon sent the black flies and other bugs for cover and left the campsite to us. It promised to be a cold night.

Wednesday, August 15 - Last night was really cold and so made for good sleeping provided you did not freeze as some people did. The dawn was clear and so promised a good traveling day. As it turned out we were lucky, for rain threatened several times during the day, but never really bothered us as we put good milage behind us. A little 150 yard portage pepped us up right at the start, followed by a relatively short paddle against a head wind. On the way we passed an old surveyors camp, and Bill spotted a bear heading back into the bush, but he was gone before any one else got a look. A short hunt for geese followed, but no luck. Then another carry of about 350 yards around a steep rapid. We sat on the shore for a while before loading up for the water ahead was a little rough, and the Chigascatagami portage was due to take out in about a quarter of a mile. After finding the start of it, we slipped down the right shore one canoe at a time catching eddies as we went since the unloading spot could accommodate only a couple canoes at a time. The Carry was heralded as being pretty rough. It was nat all it was billed to be, but there was a fair amount of cutting of wind falls to do before we could get through, but otherwise it was not as rough as expected. The rapids, falls, and cascades around which we were carrying were rough enough, but not the spectacular variety of yesterday. We lunched at 12:30 or so at the foot of the carry and shoved off some time later because the staff got lost taking pictures of the falls. We headed off against a head wind stronger than the one of the morning for the head of the next portage where we expected to make camp. We pulled in shortly after 5:00 having made the distance. About half way through the afternoon Janie decided to go for a swim and deserted #54 for a short while, but she was headed off before she could make shore and convinced, rather roughly, that she should stay aboard. The campsite proved to be satisfactory so far as the tent sites were concerned, and soon dinner was a thing of the past. The sternsmen took their canoes over the 450 yards after dinner, and all settled down for the night. The weather had been playing a game of indecisions all day. After a promising start, she clouded over, and a few scattered drops of rain fell at lunch time. Shortly afterwards, as we were paddling along, the sun came out warmly and shirts were shed. Then after dinner clouds again appeared and rain started lightly. Maybe it would either blow over or get it over with during the night, and we might be traveling the next day since we did not want to be held up if we could help it. We figured we could make Rupert's House from where we were in two days, but it might be better to take three to complete the run.

Thursday, August 16 - At 6:30 a heavy wind was blowing in gusts and occasionally drops of rain would filter down through the heavy cover of trees and get through to the tents. As a result the staff and guide stayed in their nice warm beds until about 8:15. By that time the winds had deminished somewhat, and various people were up wandering around sort of expectantly looking around for breakfast. We ate before rolling since the weather definitely looked uncertain. Pancakes this morning for the first time since Senneterre. The batter was, as Nishe labeled it, lumber jack's mixture since it was made without egg substitute - of which we now had no more - milk - of which we now had relatively little - or sugar - of which we had

only a pound or two left. Anyway not too many got burned. After breakfast we decided to take a calculated risk and chance the weather. At the far side of the portage we discovered that the wind was still blowing from the west in pretty strong gusts, and a fine cold mist was falling. Anyway we were all packed up, so we started out. The risk proved to be a poor one, although we did get 9-10 miles covered during the day. The mist continued to fall throughout the morning, letting up occasionally and getting harder at others. The wind bothered us all the way down to the cut off behind the island at the head of Plum Pudding, but by about 2:30 we had pulled into a wet, but welcome, campsite at the top of the 300 yard portage. Fortunately our directions on how to find the portage were quite good, or we would have spent a long time looking for the back channel and the campsite. Soon Nishe had the fire going and lunch started during a lull in the rain. A pot of hot soup and one of tea warmed us up a little, but it took a while before some fingers would straighten out from having been frozen around a paddle all morning. After lunch tents got pitched while the rain started up again. The campsite was pretty crowded with five tents and a fly and a fire in a mightly small area, but it was cozy at least. Gradually the rain slackened and stopped, and after dinner a few patches of blue sky could be seen and the sun even made a brief appearance before sinking behind the trees for the night. With this hungry hoard an extra bannock was baked for an after dinner snack. The one for dinner had been a joint project with many cooks getting their fingers into the act, but after dinner Glenn and Jim took over as bakers. The evening promised to be another cold one as the dishes and pots finally got cleaned up just before darkness set in.

Friday, August 17 - Maybe this is the rain belt as Nishe had suggested long ago, maybe 1962 is a rain year, perhaps we don't live right, or maybe Mother Nature dislikes us with a passion. Anyway we were stuck here at the head of the 300 yard portage all day in the wet, cold rain. The plan as a result was to try to reach Rupert House in one day's travel from here. The previous night was pretty clear and hopeful, and many people who had occasion to get up during the night commented on the brightness of the moon and the number of stars that could be seen. At 6:30 there was a vestige of blue sky showing, but by the time we were rolled and breakfast partially eaten it was obvious that yesterday's mist was blowing back on us again. The wind seemed to have shifted to the south and east a little, and the rain started lightly at first, and there was nothing to do but sit and wait and hope we could get off some time during the day. The hope was never realized, and after dinner it was if anything even dirtier than it had been 24 hours earlier. When it became obvious we were stuck for the day Nishe located another dry spruce, but in the meantime a second blaze had been started by the local indian tribe - led by Jim and Glenn - and the heat from this fire channelled into their tents. An axe throwing contest followed - some proficiency was gained and all the bark was taken off a balsam for some height, otherwise no visible damage even to the axes this time. Nothing much else went on. The food supply was getting low enough so that no special dishes could be concocted which left the staff with nothing to do but split Nishe's wood to keep warm. John had taken his canoe across the portage the previous night, so he, Bill, and Nishe donned rain gear, walked across the trail, and paddled down to look at the Plum Pudding rapid below. They returned about an hour later to report that the first pitch could be run, so we would be saved at least part of

our expected carrying. The second drop was so far down the river that they did not try to walk down to see it. At least we expected to be able to cut down the length of the portage by running the top. What happened after that we would have to wait to see.

Saturday, August 18 - Still stuck at the same foolish spot on the river. Most of the day was just like yesterday with intermittent rain and a cold wind to make life uncomfortable. After the rest here it meant that we would definitely have to make Rupert House on the next day - or probably be late into camp. Breakfast was cooked about 8:30 and lunch and dinner at the normal hours - these being the greatest events of the day. If nothing else the wannigans were getting alarmingly light, but it would be a help on the carries to come. A few card games were played during the day, and both fires burned all day. We made a dent in the number of dry spruce in the nearby burned area. About 2:00 Tom sighted the sun trying to shine through. A little more rain followed, but about 4:00 a patch of blue sky appeared and slowly the clouds began to break up. By the end of dinner they were not completely gone by any means, but at least no rain had fallen for three hours, which was at least a day-time record for the past three days. Well, no matter what the weather might be on the morrow, we had to make a run for it!

Sunday, August 19 - It was do or die this morning as we got up 15 minutes early in the cold gray morning to make the last run to Rupert House. As usual the weather was the most important item to discuss, and it looked promising, but overcast and cool. The last of the oatmeal went into the pot for breakfast, and we set an all time record and got off the campsite just before 8:00. The night before all the canoes had gone across the portage - Andy even had the pleasure of taking # 27 across, so every one had a single load. The first part of Plum Pudding, which had been looked over days before, was run with no trouble, the dead water between the two drops followed, and Nishe caught an eddy before the last plunge, looked her over, and came back to report that we would make the run. So down we went. The guide caused the spectators a few anxious moments as his canoe just made the run over the first large stone, but make her she did, and the rest pulled out to follow. The run was made, but it was successful by only a narrow margin. Every one had to pull ashore and dump immediately - some in more haste than others since the amount of water in the canoes varied from a couple inches to a good six. No damage resulted, however, except that a few feet got wet in the process, but in the long run this made no difference since all the rest would be wet too before the day was done. After bailing out, two miles further on we started to look for the Smoky Hill Portages. After several minutes of looking we found the trail and started across our last pair of long carries. Our opinion was that the first carry was longer than necessary, but it was not worth our while to spend the time cutting through to try to save a few steps and maybe lose some time in the process. So we carried the full distance. Our trip report of '48 reported a "quaking bog" at the moose pond in the center of the carry, but fortunately, despite the last three days of rain, the landing was pretty dry. A short paddle on the pond and we started off on the second of the pair. It proved to be just about the same as the first. At the foot the trail to the water was elusive for a while, but we made it through the old indian campsite to the proper end of the carry. An indian tent was pitched by the side of the river and a large canoe was pulled up on the shore, but no one was around. The guide was tempted to pocket a couple pounds of sugar to sweeten his coffee, but resisted. As the staff made his

last trip across the carry, the indians appeared out of the bush, said little, and headed to their tent for lunch - or something. So we went our way and cooked lunch a couple yards down the river from the end of the carry. It was a quick meal since every one knew we still had a good way to go to the end of the run, and we were off very quickly, hitting the water by 1:00. 45 minutes and a couple of big river horse races later we had covered 5 miles according to the map. We could hardly believe our good luck! It kept up, and we arrived at the last - bowman's - portage in good time, before 4:00. It took a while to find it among the boulders, and some wading had to be done to get the canoes to shore. Three canoes took the real portage while #s 54 and 74 walked their own routes through the boulders down the shore line. Anyway every one got to the foot one way or another, although some bowmen missed the joy of carrying the canoes. Half way down the next very shallow run to our left we could see the post a couple miles away - just as we were supposed to be able to see it. A group of indians was fishing just below the rapid, and as we paddled toward the post against the slight pressure of the wind and incoming tide, the sky cleared, and most of the view was blue for the first real time this day - or for a long time. A freighter detached itself from the shore where the indians were fishing, passed us, and beat us to the post. As a result there were a large number of indians on hand to greet us and stand and stare and talk about us in Cree. The factor came down to see us in, and he and his assistant opened up the store for us so we could enjoy a few of the benefits of civilization. He radioed to Moosonee for us about plane connections, and when all was said and done we planned to fly out in the morning. While waiting word from Moosonee as to whether it would be this evening or the next day, we cooked supper on the shore in front of the post with all the indians standing around to watch. After word came we pulled back up the river a quarter mile or so and pitched camp for the night. Our own indians pitched closer to the village than the rest since they did not seem to think very much of our grassy site. Soon a large delegation of indians arrived to chat, sit, srm wrestle, and wrestle in the alders with each other. A missionary whom Nishe had met in Moosonee last year came down to have a cup of coffee and talk also. He gave us some information about the local situation and population. When we told him of meeting Tom Dodds at Nemiscau, he gave us his interpretation of Dodds' method of travel on the river alone in his 14 foot canoe. One trip on a portage because he makes a cold camp and it is therefore easier to portage than spend the time looking over a possible run. All meals come out of the same bag of supplies which contains a mixture of crumbled shreaded wheat, powdered milk, and sugar, so that all that has to be added is water. This along with some form of Kool-aid comprises his rations. We did not feel we wanted to try tripping his way. The missionary was probably a little lonely since his wife had been in Moose Factory for better than a month giving birth to their first born. Earlier we had been forced to part company with Janie. After carrying her all the way from the Broadback, the local indian chief was waiting for us with a note from her owner saying we had "stolen her when she run away" and asking for her return since she was good at running moose. We reluctantly turned her over to the chief - partly since we did not like to lose her, and partly because we did not like the wording of the note - to be shipped back to her owner who had not seemed very interested in her at any earlier time. The Rupert House station we found consisted of the Post, which is larger than the one at Nemiscau, three missions, two schools, a nursing station,

and a "Watt's Memorial Hall". There were 500 or so indians around - about half in houses and half in tents. Those in tents apparently going to trap lines in the winter. Here they still will reside in tents, taking the precaution to pack branches around the tent before the snow comes and then keeping a fire going in the tent after the snow has packed them in. There are several gardens around the village and an over all greater prosperity than at Nemiscau. Finally after the indians and missionary were gone, we settled in for the night comfortable in the knowledge that we had made it to the Bay!

Monday, August 20 - We expected to be awakened at an early hour by a flock of indians, but even getting up as late as a quarter of eight only one older man appeared before any reasonable breakfast time had gone by. Breakfast lingered long because of special diets purchased from the post, but the factor called Moosonee on the radio at nine, and the word was that a plane was going to take off almost immediately to get us out. So we packed up and paddled up to the Bay Post dock ready to load. The sun was out for a change, and it looked like a beautiful day for the crossing. Lots were drawn to see in what order people would go over with the staff going on the first flight and the guide going on the last. While waiting for the plane to arrive we wandered around going into the local canoe factory which takes two buildings and employs maybe a dozen men. They were putting the finishing touches on a large freighter as we watched. It seems they supply most of the canoes and freighters used locally and in Moosonee - at appreciably lower prices than does the Chestnut Company - about \$400 for a 22-24 foot freighter. In the second shed, where there was only a little activity, John discovered a canoe marked in a strangely familiar manner. The staff went to inspect and found #58 with a tag on it saying it belonged to Jerry Remick, who is the head surveyor for the government surveying crews in the area and the one whom Nishe had met several times before on the Harricanaw - also the one who flew Tom Gouge out last year in the helicopter. Apparently he had agreed to fly out the canoe that had to be left when he could, and since he did not get it out last year, when he realized that we were coming down the Rupert this year, he got it brought in here in several short jumps. He had discovered where we were since he had stopped in at his camp on Matagami Lake a few days after we had passed through and been told by the men there where we were going. There was some argument later about owing an indian something for paddling it down part way, but this was never resolved since the staff had already flown out by the time the guide got the story from the factor. For some reason the factor had forgotten to tell us it was there when we arrived. The plane soon arrived with a load of passengers including the wife of the missionary who had visited us the previous evening - and his new son. Just before the first load got aboard the local chief gave us a nice note explaining why he had had to take Janie back and saying he was sorry. The note was necessary since he speaks no English and his interpreter had to write it for him. #27 was loaded on the floats, and the staff, Bill, Rick, and Charlie climbed aboard, and amid the whirl of cameras the plane took off. The flight was smooth and uneventful, as were the others that followed. We flew over Hannah Bay and the mud flats and got our views of the mouths of the Broadback, Nottaway, and Harracanaw as well as the Rupert and the view to the north. 55 minutes to an hour later we sat down at Moosonee after flying low over Moose Factory

on the approach. The Austin people trucked us to the station, and the Beaver took off for a second trip almost immediately. #77 and John, Glenn, Andy, and Jim were over two hours later, with the guide, Tom and #74 coming in about 5:30 on the last flight for the day. Our baggage car was waiting as was the mail, so we moved in and read, after looking over what there was of Moosonee. At dinner time the guide tried to get the stove in the car going but gave up for the moment in favor of accepting the engineer's offer to cook in his shack nearby. Dinner was pretty simple anyway since by now all sorts of food was appearing. After dinner the guide got the fire going to heat up the car for the night. Andy and company went off in search of mukluks and such souvenirs, and after having relatively poor success at the Bay Post ran into a fellow working for the Department of Lands and Forests who led them across the creek into the Indian village to a woman named Mary who made up articles from moose hide on order. A jolly, fat, old squaw with only a tooth or two, she took their order. Later while sitting in the restaurant with the same fellow, we discussed our plaque. Tom offered his snow shoe he had been carrying since Chensagi, but that did not seem fair so back to see Mary we went after one false try to get a piece of smoked moose hide from her. Afterwards over another pepsi the ranger described the Cree language a little, but it sounded too complicated to those of us who have enough trouble with English. And so back to the baggage car to bed. The guide fired up the stove, entertained for quite a while with tales and jokes, and finally we got to sleep on the hard floor.

Tuesday, August 21 - Up at 6:30 as a result of the cold, the guide's coughing, and Charlie's snoring. Plus the fact that the guide was up making fire to the tune of much crashing and banging. Some preferred restaurant cooking, so for the first time in many a day cereal was bushed. The train was scheduled for 9:30 our time, and at 9:20 the plane could be seen coming in with our other two canoes. In a rush #s 54 and 58, replacing # 57 which was left at Rupert House to come out later, pulled up to the baggage car at 9:35, were heaved aboard, and we were on our way to T Station. Riding in the caboose, which was at the head of the train, in the baggage car, and in the coach, we made the trip to Cochrane. Lunch came out of the wannigans in the baggage car as we moved along. The middle of the afternoon saw us in Cochrane for a two hour lay over, and as we boarded the new train the guide and staff were sporting new haircuts, although no one else followed their example. A half hour later we were off again at Porquis Junction for another half hour lay over. When we finally got moving again on the last leg of the ride, sandwiches were manufactured from materials out of the wannigan as the local section of the coach was turned into a lunch counter for a while. Bill kept the conductor busy telling him at what time we were due in Temagami. We arrived almost on schedule at about quarter of one our time. We all paid a brief visit to town for a bedtime snack, but Tom, Jim, and Glenn could stand the hard floor of the baggage car no longer and deserted us for the comfort of a hotel bed. The rest of us settled down to another night in the car.

Wednesday, August 22 - As the song goes - "But when we hit Temagami, the sun was shining bright". We did not rise too early, and many of the section ate breakfast in town, but we cooked up the bacon and heated a little water for coffee. Charlie was the only one who wanted cereal, so the guide and staff told him to go ahead and make it - until they realized he was about to use luke warm water, so the guide took over. We had to vacate the baggage car by

ten o'clock, and we made the portage to the lake with time to spare although the loads were not too well packed. We picked up a box of supplies for the next 24 hours that had been shipped to us from KKK, ran a few last minute errands, and got off on the water between eleven and twelve. John was feeling poorly, but the rest were in good shape as we paddled down the arm. The sun was out and the wind no problem. Since every one was pretty full from all the food consumed, we went all the way down to the same site on the arm we had used for lunch on the way out before stopping. Before cooking, we had to wash all the pots, pans, and dishes which were pretty dusty, if not actually dirty, from the train ride. The meal did get cooked eventually, and pretty soon we pulled in to a campsite just short of Clemenshaw Point. We could go no further since Section C was on Long Island and a Wabano section was at Clemenshaw's. After the tents were erected for the last time a few clothes got washed as did the members of the section. It felt good to get off at least the first layer of dirt. After our final dinner some of the pots got polished up ready to be packed away. Bob Stone paddled to see us and tell of his Dumoine trip. He left as it began to get dark. Andy and company started their project of dying KKK shirts. The first few came out red as planned, but the last ones into the pot developed only a mild shade of pink. A railroad flare appeared out of nowhere, and its bright light attracted John Howe and Bert Phillips who stopped in for a while. Soon after they left, however, we settled down for our last night on the ground.

Thursday, August 23 - The staff planned to sleep for a while, but the guide had other plans and was up fairly early on a nice warm sunny day. Soon the rest of the section joined him and breakfast was polished off pretty rapidly. The remainder of the pots and dishes were washed and packed for the last time. Cleaner clothes appeared, and some combs were even run through mops of unruly hair. We watched the two nearby sections head for Devil's Island, and we took to the canoes. The staff had to take movies of the members of the section, so this held us up a while, but we arrived at Seal Rock in plenty of time. The crossing was uneventful. As we heard the dock the familiar cheer from the crowd greeted us, and the cannon, which fortunately had been repaired, rang out. We answered with our own cheer - the standard one since our private cheer had been given much earlier when we were far enough from shore that no one could hear it - and Jim answered the cannon with his cherry bomb which he had carried all summer for this one moment. All our old friends were on hand to meet us, and for some reason we were glad to be back. It had been a rough, rainy trip, but one we will all remember for a long time. We had started out with the idea that we would get to the Bay somehow, and now we had made it!

THE END