

IK E E W A Y D I N

1963

Log of
SECTION A

June 30 - August 19, 1963

JAMES BAY
via
ALBANY RIVER



27

John Weeks
Nishe Belanger, Guide

54

Roger Archibald
Charlie Neill

74

Tom Goldsmith
Bill Welles

58

Dave Corcoran
Kevin Rafferty

77

Bill Rich
Heb Evans, Staff

Sunday, June 30 - Slightly retarded by the late Sunday breakfast we nevertheless hit the water about 9:30. With the usual KKK's ringing in our ears along with the roar of the cannon we pulled furiously to the first red bouy where Dan Carpenter caught up with us in a kicker to give Charlie Neill his plaid jacket he left on the dock. With the extra warm sun on our backs and a very slight breeze in our faces it was no time until Rabbit Nose and Wabun and Temagami Island passed by. The lunch site just up the arm was reached a few minutes before the Aubrey passed. Lunch was cooked relatively quickly, and the water was just right for swimming despite the close proximity of an inhabited island. As Bill Welles got re-initiated into life as a camper on the dishes, Nishe cut poles preparatory to rigging the kitchen fly as a sail. Leaving the lunch site at 2:30 or so, after a few false starts the bow boys finally got the hang of hoisting the sail, and off we went. Not a stroke except to steer was taken all the way to T Station. Broom Lodge fell behind in good style. Dave's concertina made its appearance, but he could not be enticed into playing though others tried. John spent the trip down trying to figure out how to operate his camera. The rest soaked up more sun than was really good. Toward T Station the cowboys in their motor boats helped not at all. Several visitors arrived to tell us how well we looked from the front - no mention of our appearance from the rear. We passed the Wabun Rupert River Section on the bald rock campsite still under full sail. We survived the wash of the Niade in good style and just got the sail down before plowing into the barge in its slip. The baggage car was all ready on the siding, and the canoes were portaged up while the other loads rode in Bill's and the staff's station wagons. The job was soon done, and the section went off to town to eat. Guide and staff superintended the movement of the 2nd month supplies from the Aubrey to the car. Kevin started entertaining (?) the passers by with help from John. The station wagons then helped Wabun get their gear to their car - perhaps the help was more needed for their poor stern's men who seemed to find canoe carrying a novel experience. Some how they made it. Meanwhile we started to assemble at train side - at least some of us did. Tom and John made it thanks to a kind conductor and the necessity of picking up a sleeping car on a siding after the train was ostensibly loaded. Off we went to North Bay. Pulling in about eleven o'clock, we found that there was going to be no need for transshipping the baggage to a new car, so off to see the sights went a good part of the gang - after Kevin discovered the time of day from a group of sailors who, if they had not been more interested in calling up for dates, might have tried to inflict bodily harm. Various blind men appeared in town, but all got safely back to board the train shortly after midnight.

Monday, July 1 - Somehow the night passed. During the hours of darkness the conductors gradually moved the section back to less comfortable quarters in the second coach, but all survived - although "Louigie" began to have difficulties even with the rental of his pillows. During the night we lay on a siding in Capreol for a couple hours - and never made up the time thus lost. As dawn broke we gradually woke from the discomforts of the night and headed for the dining car only to discover a tremendous line waiting since only one of 3 eating cars was operating. Nishe went to wash up, and as the train lurched his glass eye disappeared down the sink drain to the railroad track below to be lost forever, unfortunately. Anyway the train rolled slowly on toward Savant Lake. Eventually Nakina came in view, and Austin Airways took our second leg supplies to be flown in

to Fort Hope. Bill Rich renewed his acquaintance with the waitress in the station restaurant. Two more hours brought us close to Chivelston Lake. In the process a bull moose was observed from the train for the first game of the summer. The baggage car was stopped beside the lake; we bid a fond farewell to "Louigie" and tossed the equipment down the bank. Paddling out on the lake at 6:00 the usual search for a campsite began, and after several tries we located one at the head of the portage - the only trouble being that the portage led off to town instead of toward Harris Lake where we were supposed to go. Roger mulled over the map and made the initial discovery which was proven to the rest of the section after dinner. A trip that started off for the local grave yard wound up in town as Dave, both Bills, Roger, Tom, and Charlie made the walk finding a general store to be the main point of interest. Meanwhile John and Kevin boated the first three pike of the season. The bugs arrived as dusk came, as did an indian, his squaw, and their papoose. Throwing his canoe on the shore, he headed off to town, but darkness soon fell and off to bed we went to the tune of Bill's radio.

Tuesday, July 2 - The day after Dominion Day. Rain fell during the night so at 6:30 we went back to sleep. Dave was first up at 7:30, and breakfast was cooked slowly. By 8:30 most of the section was up, the wind started to shift, and the sky began to clear. By 10 small patches of blue could be seen. Nishe, Roger, and Dave headed off for town to buy cigarette papers for Nishe as the rest washed the dishes and slowly tumped the packs and wannigans and rolled the tents. Off at 11:20 after Nishe got back with his purchases to set some kind of a record for time of departure. Making the right turn this time we got to the head of Chivelston and embarked on the first portage of the summer - 42 chains or a little over half a mile over a height of land. An indian community was located at the head of the lake, but we did not stop in. The portage passed in fine style although Tom's tump broke after a short time, and he made the rest of the carry on borrowed equipment. No real problems, although Bill Rich was the only one responsible for a baby who made it all the way across with his full load. Rog broke into his first KKK carry with more ease than some of the old hands. Down around the bend was Harris Lake - of course Charlie left his axe at the end of the carry, so the number of these was reduced by one since it was not realized until the carry out of Harris. The head wind on the lake was fairly strong, and a light mist fell during the paddle, but the drizzle stopped by the time the carry was started. Nishe looked at the stream we were carrying, but it was obviously impassable so we walked a hundred yards or so on another good trail to a pond. The guide spotted a level sparsely wooded lunch site a short way up the pond, so we pulled in for a relatively late lunch. Back on the water at 3:00, we followed the small stream out to an unnamed lake; a short pond was traversed, and we ran our first little swift into the main part of the lake which still has no name on any of our maps. The staff canoe drew first damage of the season by side-swiping a rock, necessitating a patch - above the water line. A prominent rocky point lured the guide who declared it an excellent campsite - which it was - so we pulled in at 4:00 for a mighty short day, but just as well after experiencing our first portages. By now the sun was out although the wind was still blowing full blast. While bent on another mission Tom discovered a moose skeleton in the bush and brought in the head and rack to adorn his tent. Most enjoyed a

needed bath, and a few clothes got washed. Kevin took top honors in the fishing contest with a pike that weighed in at ten pounds even, and this provided dinner for the entire section. Bill and Nishe fried potatoes and fish, and dinner appeared about 7:30. The fishing continued after dinner, but no more trophies were located though the fish were fairly frequent with John, Kevin, Roger, and the staff scoring though most were thrown back. A few walleye joined a majority of pike. The sun goes down about 10:30 so the fishing goes on for quite a while. Bill rigged his radio for a little campsite music after dusk. Still light enough to write by at 11:15.

Wednesday, July 3 - We have only about six hours of darkness for some reason, so the sun was up about six o'clock. However, we slept in until eight when the sun was high in the sky and the campsite warmer after a cool night. Not a cloud in the sky as we ate breakfast, and the lake was calm as glass as we shoved off at 9:30 or so. However, a slight breeze soon rose to stay with us the rest of the day. Some trouble getting off the campsite since Charlie's gear was everywhere but in his pack. A short portage around some log choked rapids was soon done, and we paddled down a creek with a couple little narrow ripples. The staff picked up a second rip in his canoe in two days, but #58 also scored. With water rising in both canoes Neston Lake was paddled. Like the other lakes previously paddled, the water continues to be copper colored, and the shore lines are punctuated with frequent rocky outcroppings. A 30 chain portage to Devizes Lake allowed the leaking canoes to get out of the water and be patched - although the crews were almost all wet at the end of the carry since a stream bed had to be crossed enroute. Tom started off carrying his moose skull and rack for a while, but at the start of this carry Bill Rich took permanent possession. Rog got lost in the water at the stream crossing but eventually staggered in much the wetter for his experiences. Devizes and the creek to Heathcote were paddled before lunch and the meal - a little later than normal - was cooked on a rocky island where swimming was in order. Under the warm afternoon sun we searched our way successfully through the myriad of bays and islands with never a serious wrong turn. Two men and a woman in their kicker were met fishing as we moved up the lake. From Indiana, they owned a cabin back on Heathcote near the railroad. Some people were worried about the brief attire of some of the section - but those who might have been upset seemed unconcerned. A campsite was located at the top of Heathcote and occupied after much debate about moving on vs staying. We stayed - by majority vote. Every one seemed a little bushed as tents went up slowly. The heat of the day had taken its toll. The fishermen were relatively inactive, and the only one kept was a lone walleye brought in by the staff just to prove he had caught one. The bugs arrived about 11, and by this time things had quieted down pretty well for the evening. The major after dinner project was to replace two seat bolts that Archie broke in the morning plus the one Kevin took care of shortly thereafter. We are now out of long bolts. How many more will go? (Ed. note: 7)

Thursday, July 4 - The guide roused us at the early hour of seven o'clock - the earliest we have been up yet, but be aware that we have not really gone to bed before 11:30 yet - it has been so light in the evening. There is much agitation to set our watches

back, but the staff resisted. Kevin wants to travel only early in the morning to keep the hot sun off him - again vetoed. We got off none too early since few heard the staff's calls to get up. Anyway on the water by about 9:15 nevertheless. Down to the rapids at the foot of the lake we went. The staff had previously looked over the two possible exits from the lake and decided we could run neither, so we carried over the rocks on the right hand rapid - only about ten yards, and the stern's men did not bother to flip their canoes, but enlisted the services of the bowmen to man handle them over. Bill Welles figured he should have stayed in bed as he slipped unloading his canoe and then broke the tump on his wannigan. Down the stream to the second carry of the series we ran a couple rapids in the process of which the guide declared that Kevin and Dave could not trade off bow and stern in the rapids - where upon Dave declared that he quit. The last little drop could not be run, so the canoes were lifted the five or six yards over the flat rock in the middle by as many people as could grab a section of gunwale. With two carries out of the way a 30 chain job was listed on the map citting off a large section of river, but the first rapid of the stream looked easy, so we ran down it. The second looked rougher, but guide and staff looked over the run and decided to chance it after stationing pickets along the way. 27 made the trip easily, as did 74. However, 54 slid broadside into a large rock on the left shore, and over went the canoe. Packs, wannigans, crew, and canoe went tumbling down the rest of the run. Packs, baby, tent, and one wannigan were pulled out by Bill at the foot, while Nishe and John got the canoe after it rode through the next little hore race. On turning it right side up they found the other wannigan under the canoe. When losses from the upset were counted it was found that Charlie had lost his glasses and his jacket. There was great concern over the probability that Charlie had also lost his wallet and money, but he found out after camp was made at the end of the day that both had been rolled in his pack. Some food was lost, but not a great deal. The left gunwale of the canoe was broken, but otherwise things were in as good shape as could be hoped after such an adventure. After spending a while looking for lost equipment, we pulled on down the next horse race. Traversing a pond, a more formidable rapid was encountered, and there were two rough places that guide and staff concluded could not be run. There was little chance of letting down successfully either, so there was little alternative but to cut a portage. While Nishe bolted together the broken gunwale in #54, Bill Welles and the staff cut the 150 yard portage, and eventually all were over. Lunch time was long since gone, so we pulled to shore as soon as possible to eat. Charlie and Archie unrolled to see what the internal pack damage was - fortunately relatively little, and we lunched on wet spaghetti to try to save it. The warm sun did some work in drying some of the various wet objects. Back on the water finally about 3:15, it took a while to find the carry into the first part of Flint Lake, but it was where the map said it was, and we made the 10 chain walk with relatively little trouble after the canoes were pulled over the small stones to shore at the start of the carry. From the pond another interesting rapid was run with no casualties, and the foot just had fast current to the main part of Flint Lake. Paddling up against a slight head wind, we soon swung into the deep bay for the portage to Gault. John got his 5:00 spurt of energy on time, so the pull to the carry was done quickly. Figuring there was still plenty of daylight, we took the carry. The staff went ahead, and when he figured the portage was much too long for the 30 chains shown on the map, he held up the rest

and went to look to see if he could find another better, newer carry elsewhere. No luck; meanwhile Nishe and Bill Welles followed the rest of the trail we were on and came to the lake shore as they were supposed to do. More than 30 chains, but we were in the right lake. A pretty tired crew pulled for any campsite - tired also because a good number had walked extra distance along false trails part of the time. Anyway as island camp was made about 8:30. By the time the tents were up, dinner cooked, and gear and personnel washed it was too late to do much but go to bed, so we called it a day.

Friday, July 5 - During the night the wind shifted to the south and was just rising slightly at 7:30 when activity started. On the water at 9:20 or so, it was only a very short jump to the stream out of the north end of Gault. Obviously impassable, we took the 12 chain portage to a rather poor looking bay off Stump Lake. The lake itself, however, was just as rocky and attractive as the others. Not a big expanse of water, however, and while it took a little time to find the hidden stream exit, the lake was soon paddled. An unscheduled portage was needed - though the trail was there - to bypass a rocky trickle. A very short one, however, and we started out on a narrow part of the Allan Water. A small rapid was run into a slightly wider pond, and then another one posed a problem. Supposed to be portage, we ran instead. The guide bumped his way to the foot on the left side. Bill followed part way and then ran to the center. The staff bumped down the right, and the other two ran the middle as we all should have done. Lunch at a civilized hour at the first part of Brennan, and back on the paddle at 2:15. Rain fell lightly during lunch, but after a few people donned rain gear, it let up. With practically no wind we started up Brennan. Again a rocky, island studded lake with innumerable possible spots for campsites. The guide skillfully calculated how to win his bet with the staff on the time of arrival at the falls at the foot of the lake - 6 o'clock vs 5:30 - by locating two butter ball ducks, and while the guide drifted around, the other canoes went in futile chase. Kevin tried to finish one of them by heaving the paddle, but had no luck. Then a cabin had to be investigated, but nothing was found though the building was in good shape. The rain started up again and fell pretty steadily - though softly - to the campsite just before the falls. Arriving at almost exactly 6:00, we found a table or two already built and a reasonable group of tent sites. The rain let up while dinner was cooked, and a few fishermen set off to look at the falls, which were really two rapids. Kevin took fishing honors as usual with a couple on the way down Brennan and another pike for dinner. The water in front of the campsite was loaded with walleye though the rapids failed to produce anything. Only one walleye was kept safely in the retaining pool at the campsite - and he was dead when put there anyway. Nishe hooked and lost the largest one of the evening. Thunder started to roll, and a mad dive for the tents followed as a few fishermen braved the bugs and the rain, but the wiser ones headed for bed.

Saturday, July 6 - More rain fell during the night, but no one suffered. A rest day was scheduled for today anyway, so no one cared. At 9:30 breakfast started - to last pretty much to noon. Kevin caught his breakfast in the form of another pike, and the rest cooked pancakes with varying degrees of success. The wind blew

strongly and coolly from the north as Kevin fished and a few others washed clothes and bathed. Nishe baked bread - as usual. Between fishing, reading, exploring, and sleeping, the afternoon passed quickly, and dinner time rolled around. Dave packed off to the woods to practice the concertina secretly. After dinner the guide and Bill Welles contracted to catch breakfast, and Bill seemed to do most of the work.

Sunday, July 7 - Awakening to brilliant sunshine, a north wind promised another fair traveling day. For some reason it took a while to get back into the swing of moving after the rest day, so although we were up just after seven, we did not get on the water until well after nine. Having scouted the first rapid pretty thoroughly, we quickly ran the top part of the right hand channel and carried the last fifty yards or so along the rocks at the foot, since the cellar there was of such size that no one could have made the run. Not much further on the stream narrowed down to a chute 10 yards wide, which obviously had to be carried even though the map said nothing about it. While looking over the chute, we startled a flock of butter balls and watched them struggle up the current. Only one failed to make it, and he was swept down the chute to what appeared to be a sure finish, but somehow while we paddled around in the pool at the foot taking pictures, he was seen swimming around - somewhat exhausted to be sure, but apparently unharmed. Certainly none of us would have survived a similar trip. Granite Lake was paddled quickly and pleasantly, although a north wind was blowing in our teeth. The map indicated a cabin at the north end, but it was never found, but we really did not look. The rapid at the head of Granite Falls took some looking over before we decided to run the left side down to the start of the carry on the lip of the falls. The guide shot the middle channel, but the rest of us took the calmer one to the left. All went through easily though #74 shipped a good bit of water by catching an eddy too quickly. After picture taking at the foot of the falls we slipped down stream a short way to have lunch on a rocky point. While the spaghetti cooked Archie was lectured on the antiquity of Andover by people who had only slightly more idea of what they were talking about than he. Only an hour and a half stop for lunch this time and down the river we moved again. The current was not too obvious except at the rapids. Maps don't seem to do a good job of locating the rapids and portages. This one had the rapids pretty well but missed the portages for the most part. We carried the first rapid, ran the next three, and carried the last of the five. All went well. The second run resulted in more water being shipped than the others. Most canoes got into at least one of several possible power swells. #58 had to be dumped at the foot of the second, and #74 got the same at the foot of the third, and the rest did some bailing some time or other. Archie's sponge proved most useful despite the comments made about it. During lunch a blue plane had flown over us. At the foot of the last carry there was the plane and its three occupants - 2 male and one female - sitting in a bright yellow life raft equipped with kicker and fishing poles. No fish though. All the way from California - Archie discovered - and camped below Savant Lake; up fishing for the day. They thought we were indians coming down the stream; too bad they were disappointed. The plane took off later in the evening; maybe some fish by then. We pulled into an old fishing camp ground at the foot of the bay just into Wabakimi Lake. No poles needed to be cut because there were loads already there - plus the nicely peeled ridges Bill and Goldie brought

in with them from a small island a few hundred yards away. Slowly dinner got cooked, and we ate pretty close to eight after making camp just after six. The sun fell behind the trees early since we were on the west side of the bay. Kevin got a lure into the water briefly after he and John came out even in the gin game, and no one won or lost any turns on dish crew.

Monday, July 8 - Goldie claimed it was cold this morning, but no one really agreed with him. John had been afraid of a heavy wind on Wabakimi, but the lake was almost mirror like as we pulled out at 9:10 - just two hours after we got up - things are really beginning to move in the morning! The north wind did rise a little as we paddled on toward the first rapid of the morning, but the warm sun made it pleasant. Nishe looked up and announced that "the farmer was gathering his sheep for the barn" and prophesied that it would rain in two days. The first rapid was a long one but too rocky to be run so the portage had to be taken - 45 chains, but a reasonably good walker after Bill chopped out the shoulder high tree right at the end of the trail. The map indicated that all the coming rapids would have to be carried, but we did not believe what we read and ran the next two before lunch. The power swells on the second of these threw in a little water. Lunch on an island at the foot of it, and we made a record stop and were back on the water in an hour and a few minutes. The next two were also run, and we were out on Kenoji. If we had been going that way, the Ogoki starts here heading east, but we pulled off to the northwest toward the Palisade River. Bill and Goldie raided a tern's nest for two young birds and carried them along. The short stretch of the river we did was no problem with more trouble from the north wind than from the current. We camped right at the foot of the first little rapid we ran into so the staff could look for trout - only a walleye and a pike, however - neither big enough to keep. The first diving rock was found for the swimmers. Sam and Janet Evening - as the birds were named - were force fed some "bird seed" and were still going strong at bed time as they were fed and watered and allowed to stand in front of the fire before being carried off to Goldie's tent for the night. Archie baked the bannock for the morrow at Nishe's direction. Kevin and John retreated to the tent for a gin game with meals on the dish crew as stakes.

Tuesday, July 9 - The weather looked none too promising this morning, but we decided to chance it anyway. To every one's - or almost every one's - surprise both Sam and Janet survived the night and ate their oatmeal along with the rest of us. We made the water before nine for the first time this morning. The rapid at the campsite was pulled up with no strain. The granite cliffs advertised in the trip log we were traveling by appeared on schedule though few were of the 150 foot height. The second rapid was pulled also, but the bow men at least got wet so doing. On the third one while trying to pull the canoe around a sheer rock cliff, John took an unscheduled swim and Charlie followed - but with more preparation before hand. At last we portaged one for about 10 chains at the most and paddled on in calm water - only every bay we entered led nowhere. Retracing our steps many times, by blind luck we finally hit on the right channel, just in time for lunch. While Dave and John read, Kevin reeled in walleye after walleye - all of which he threw back. The guide even borrowed the rod for one cast and a fish. The rest of the section fed Sam and Janet any odd insect that could be found - tadpoles, horse flies, etc. After a leisurely lunch - intentionally - a large indian

campsite was investigated, but the only item of any interest was a toy gun - made from parts of a real one. We entered an area of burn of recent vintage. A side trip up a creek less wide than a canoe failed to reveal a scheduled portage. The next rapids looked impossible to pull up so once again we looked for the portage. This time Archie, guide, and staff followed imaginary trails and old blazes to no avail. Finally giving up, by luck the guide and staff both stumbled on the trail at the same time - right where the map said it should have been. While some were searching for the trail Bill went to climb out of the canoe, fell, and looked down to find that Janet had a broken neck - now only one bird. Over the short carry, the sky looked ominous - although the rest of the day had been warm and sunny for the most part. First we decided to pull ashore and camp, and then decided to chance it. We lost the gamble, and the rain caught us before the 14' falls. The carry was made in the rain since we had passed up many campsites and gotten ourselves into low land. A site was finally found on the next pond - but the rain had stopped by now. Enough more drops fell to necessitate pitching the fly, but it was ok for dinner. After dinner Bill fed Sam more bird seed, Kevin fished, and the rest sat around doing nothing much at all.

Wednesday, July 10 - Sam did not make it. A few plaintive chirps were all he could manage this morning. He never got up on his feet through breakfast and just lay on his side making a few feeble kicks at odd times. As we took off just before nine, Goldie set Sam adrift on a log, and Bill did him in with the axe. The sun was already warm as we left and paddled up to the 7' falls which were carried quickly. Then a rapid was paddled, and a second one poled or waded depending on which canoe was talked of. Then an impass. The map said we had a 12 chain portage, but none was to be found on either side of the stream. Guide and staff searched the area and were just about ready to cut one through when #74 decided we had fooled around long enough and started to pull up - or rather walk up - and the rest followed. The water was pleasant for the sun was now quite hot. John even posed for a "White Rock" ad on a rock in the pool at the head of the rapid. The sun was really beating down and only a light breath of air was stirring, so we paddled lazily toward a lunch site on the carry to the exit from Burntrock Lake. Lunch over we hopped back into the canoes and took off for the stream. Deep into the bay we paddled - no exit, so we circumnavigated the bay - no exit. So we looked at the map - wrong bay - oh, well, a pleasant side trip if the weather had not been so warm. On the way up to the right exit when we stopped for a smoke break, some smoked and others swam. Finally we paddled up to the first portage. 27 and 74 were all unloaded when Archie discovered that the narrow rapid could be pulled up, so back in the water went the canoes. Then up and over a 60 yard carry and across a shallow pond and over a last portage around a falls we neither saw nor heard. Archie invented a new trail much to the consternation of those bow men who followed him. Finally out on Muskiga Lake, it lived up to its name as little of it was deep enough to swim in. Paddling up to an island we looked it over for a campsite, decided not to stay, took a swim, and moved on. Half an hour and a mile later we decided that really that island had the best camp site on it, so back we went. Only half the crew still had enough energy to pitch tents before dinner - the heat had played out the rest. Much swimming, however, even Goldie went in! After supper it was still so warm swims were in order. No one knew what the temperature was today, but it was way up there - and really not

much ground was covered.

Thursday, July 11 - The early morning promised to be a continuation of yesterday's terribly hot weather. Not a breeze was stirring at breakfast, but as we pulled off at 8:45 a south wind was rising, and some clouds started to appear. By the time we found the first portage - 53 chains the map said - the weather was a little more bearable. John and some others had not been too excited about the work ahead of them today. Although 53 chains is only about $\frac{5}{8}$ ths of a mile, the low land and muskeg on this one did nothing to reduce the fears. Out on a moose pond a second carry was only a few strokes away, and 13 chains of muskeg took us into Timon Lake. Shallow and not too attractive, it was the poorest looking of the lakes we had hit thus far. 43 chains took us to Davies Lake, but the going improved a little after the first hundred yards of quaking bog. Nishe declared that his bow boy had had it for the morning, and we could not take another before lunch. The south wind was whipping up the lake, and the rest of us drifted along to stay away from the bugs waiting for Kevin and Dave to catch up since they had had to go back to get their shoulder pads left at the end of the previous portage. Few rock points were in evidence, so we pulled up on a tiny island just big enough to hold all of us and a fire. A few brave souls took a swim. After a relatively quick lunch, we headed off to the next carry of 46 chains. Beautifully cut, the trail was easily the best of the day - easy to find also since an indian had hung up a snow shoe and a tea kettle on a tree limb at the start. His sled was leaning against a tree with a message written on it in Cree or Ojibway - we assumed it meant to leave the sled there. Bill Rich added to the collection a home made indian paddle he had picked up at the end of the last portage. With a tiny blade - compared to ours - and a short shaft somehow the indians make amazing speed. At the end of the carry while loading the canoe Bill Rich stepped off into the shallow mud up to his waist much to the amusement of the onlookers though he was not pleased with the muskeg he collected as a result. Metig was a nightmare to paddle through. The wind helped a little, but in most spots the lake was not more than a foot deep. Eventually we got to the first scheduled rapid. Nishe had been promising Archie a 60 chain portage, but we pulled up to avoid the carry - though most canoe crews were soaking wet at the end of the pull. At the top the staff turned left and after paddling a quarter mile or so he realized we were wrong and went back to pull up another little rapid. Across another shallow bay the last rapid appeared. We were supposed to take a 20 chain portage but decided to pull up instead. Certainly the canoes did not profit, and there is room to doubt whether we did either since there was a tram car on the portage trail which Archie and Dave discovered after we reached the top of the rapid. A few people rode it for a couple yards, but the bugs were so bad we got away as soon as possible. The first bay of Greenbush was just as shallow as Metig had been, but out of the bay a few rocks appeared, and the guide headed in for one. It proved to be a well cleared indian camp site. It was now 6:00, and although the water was not deep enough for swimming we stayed anyway. Rain threatened during dinner, but none fell. A few drops had fallen during lunch, but otherwise we had been dry - so far as the overhead moisture was concerned during the day. John and Kevin got back into their gin game contest after dinner and with several onlookers to help out, John lost more turns on dishes to Kevin.

Friday, July 12 - Rain during the night. Thunder and lightning at the

same time. Still raining - though lightly - at 7:00, so up at 9:30 and off the campsite at 11:30 for some kind of a new record again. We discovered John now owed Kevin six meals on dishes as a result of last night's card game. No point in staying where we were. This was no spot for a rest day. So we shoved off. After trying to lose ourselves in the islands we blundered into the channel out to the main lake and finally got into water deep enough to make the canoes run. Rain struck in brief spurts, and a strong head wind made the going tough. Breaking out from behind some islands the full force hit us, and we had to pull to make a lunch site. Trying an island first, there was no place to cook; several other spots had no shelter for the canoes. The wind rose even more as we ate, and the waves were pounding in on the rocks spraying those who were trying to eat in peace even after we located a point where the canoes could rest in the lee. The wind hit us broadside as we took off, but fortunately we were through the main part of the lake and in a partially sheltered narrows. It took three or four smoke breaks to make the portage only a couple miles from lunch. The west wind was blowing two days before we were ready for it. The portage was equipped with another tram car, and it worked! The canoes were carried, of course, but most of the other loads went across on two trips of the car. Dave engineered the project after John went across to get the car the first time. Rails on which this car rode, like the one before, were wooden logs carefully fitted together. The wind on Pashkokogan Lake was just as strong and we hunted for a campsite as soon as possible, eventually finding one on a sand beach after rejecting a nearby dirty indian site. A deserted cabin was found close at hand and was investigated while the guide baked beans in the sand for the next day's lunch.

Saturday, July 13 - The wind blew all night, though not as strongly as yesterday, and the waves were not rolling as high as we hit the water at 8:45. In fact the wind was a help today since it had shifted a little more to the south and gave us a tail wind almost all day. We bombed down the rest of Pashkokogan Lake and encountered two indians in their kicker fishing in a narrows just before the river. The river had a noticeable current as we entered it, and soon we ran a couple, two, three horse races. Warned by the Wabun report of an uncharted tricky rapid we were on the lookout for it and ran it down into the lake-like expanse of river with no trouble. 54 managed to come down parts of it sideways, but no damage resulted. Helped by our tail wind, we paddled the open water relatively quickly, speculating a little on where the Wabun camp site in the area had been. According to their report they had had to cut a 200 yard portage around a rapid, but we found the regular carry quite easily back in a bay just where it should have been. Two more short carries followed in rapid succession around things the map underestimates and calls rapids. Lunch was late, but the carries were over. Nishe's beans were warmed up for lunch and greatly enjoyed. We lunched across the river from an indian grave yard for "Janie Skunk", and while the cooking was being done about half the section went over to see the grave. Black clouds started bearing down on us as lunch was finished, and so only a couple miles further on we started making a quick search for a campsite. We did not quite make it in time, and the first shower caught us just as Nishe pulled in to one of the best sites we have had all trip. Tents were up before the second shower hit and quiet fell over the camp site as a good many were lulled to sleep by the rain. Letting up about 5:00, dinner was cooked and everything cleaned up before the next rain hit forcing another retreat to the tents - for

the night this time. Nishe entertained for a while on Dave's harmonica while the bannock for tomorrow was baking, but otherwise little activity could be carried on.

Sunday, July 14 - Nishe had been saying all along that Sunday was a day of rest, and unintentional as it was, so it turned out to be. Rain fell almost all night, and the prospects for the day looked awfully grim in the morning. Guide and staff for once unanimously agreed that we could go nowhere in this kind of weather, so it was 10:30 before any one stirred - although some of the section claimed that they had been lying awake for hours waiting for a signal to roll. The usual rush on the frying pan for pancakes ensued. Rain fell lightly at times so most people stayed in the tents or under the fly. Lunch passed quickly. John tried his luck with Kevin for money this time in gin, but he should have learned his lesson by now - loser again to the tune of \$4.19. Dinner came and went, and the weather remained cold and rainy even as we turned in.

Monday, July 15 - John has better luck at cutting cards he announced at his first appearance at the fire for breakfast. Now he owes Kevin no more turns on the dish crews! He even won a game of gin last night - the small speck of candle light could be seen late into the night. The dawn was cold and cloudy, but gave promise of clearing before the day was out - but it was still dog gone cold in the morning as we got on the water at 9:00. Without bothering too much with the map we followed the current through the islands at the mouth of the river. This was fortunate for otherwise one turn we started to take would have started us up a side river. One good rapid lay enroute to Atikokiwan Lake which was finally reached in about an hour and a half. Paddling to the north of a long island we had to lift over a small sand bar although the map would have us believe that there was water here. Oh well, it was better than paddling the extra couple miles that would be needed to pass on the south side of the island. With a couple small ripples along the way we lunched at what was supposed to be a 34' falls, but we saw little of it since the portage took off between two bays. The mosquitoes of Canada were holding a convention on the far side, but fortunately we lunched on the near one. Down the river once more a couple more little rapids entertained us to the first of three carries around Kagami Falls. Since Atikokiwan Lake the banks have been rocky for the most part, but a relatively recent burn mars the otherwise beautiful country. The first portage was supposed to be 100 yards, but if you took the right trail it was more like 25. Some did and some didn't necessitating some shuffling back and forth to get the loads in their proper canoes. A very short while on a short 750 yard portage around Kagami Falls proper was made on a trail wide enough to roll a baby carriage. The falls were worth looking at and reminded one a little of the Golden Stairs. We were planning to camp at the far end of the carry, but the site was inhabited by ants, so we moved on to the head of the next carry, just a short way down, to pitch the tents. Swimming was good in the pool below the first chute, and dinner was soon cooked, for the guide and staff wanted to get back to the falls to try for trout. Taking Archie and John with them, back they went to provide bait for the mosquitoes, but catch no trout. The guide hooked and lost a pike and caught a walleye. John claimed he had a trout on the line but failed to land him. Meanwhile Bill had a good time felling trees, and Kevin made cocoa for the rest. John returned to cut cards with Charlie for more dish crews -

losing as usual, and the bugs drove the rest to bed.

Tuesday, July 16 - By nine o'clock we were all over the 500 yard carry around the last part of Kagami Falls and off in a cloud of mosquitoes. The weather was cool and overcast, and the river was not very exciting. Achapi Lake was not very thrilling either and a slight head wind was bucked until the turn was made to the northeast, when it became a tail wind. As the turn was made a dog or wolf - we were not sure which - was sighted on shore, but it took off into the bush when we tried to paddle closer. Leaving the lake we stopped at an indian camp ground where Bill picked up a second set of moose antlers and pairs of baby shoes were added to the bows of 74 and 77. The river was practically currentless as we paddled on under gray skies though the tail wind helped a little. We stopped to fish for a half hour or so when the guide spotted rising trout, but no luck. Lunch was early, for us, but every one seemed especially hungry for some reason. No excitement at all after lunch - just a straight paddle. Dave instigated various word games to pass the time away. One interesting rapid was run before Speckled Trout Rapids, but no problems ensued. The second scheduled rapid proved to be only a steady drop of the river. We passed up the mile and a half portage we could have taken and ran the first of the three Speckled Trout Rapids. The second was partially run though a little 5 yard lift over was necessary over a chute. The third and last was carried. The rise out of the river was a dilly. The two Bills carefully carried up the hill and then back down again when our trail hit the one slightly further down where we should have taken out in the first place. 58 and 77 luckily found the right trail before trying the steep climb and ran down to the easier trail. Drifting down the river pleasantly through the horse races we paddled cheerfully past the proposed campsite and had to pull back up a half mile to the camp site in the grove of jack pines at the end of the mile and a half carry we had not taken. In at 7:00 it had been a long dull day, but with a rest day promised for tomorrow, no one seemed to mind very much. The bugs were not the best, so off to the tents we went after loud arguments around the camp fire on whether the trip thus far was hard or easy - the consensus of opinion was that it was pretty easy - seemingly some people had forgotten a few carries that bothered them earlier and some tough winds they had bucked.

Wednesday, July 17 - Even if a rest day had not been planned, it would not have been a very good traveling day. Rain fell pretty steadily, though not hard, until nine o'clock or so. During pancakes a few more drops fell, but not seriously enough to cause trouble. The staff went fishing while the guide baked beans and cleaned up. Archie was the only one brave enough to wash clothes - which every one had been planning to do had the day been good. Charlie finally reminded the guide that no lunch had been cooked, so we ate about 3:30. John gained a moral victory and only lost 70 cents to Kevin. The guide's baked beans were served for supper at 8:00. Rain again just before and after dinner with a colorful rainbow to punctuate the dessert shower. And so to bed. No trout.

Thursday, July 18 - John only lost a few pennies last night. Some rain fell during the night so the tents were pretty wet even when we rolled them last of all. Trying to load off the steep sandy bank Charlie got a little anxious to get his canoe into the water and so rather than wait for Archie, who was carrying down the loads, he

tried to put it in alone and in the process tipped a wannigan Dave had placed on the shore into the water. Brown sugar and a meal of spaghetti were the only items in it that could be hurt by water and both survived. A dark morning, by now the sun was squarely in our eyes as we picked our course through the fairly fast water after the camp site. Finally the river swung north after a couple miles, but we ran out of fast water and the sun disappeared anyway. Replaced by dark rain clouds the shower hit before we had gone another mile. On came the rain jackets, but most were caught unprepared, so all were at least a little damp. Goldie solved the problem by paddling along shirtless until Nishe pulled to shore for a smoke break to wait out the rain - then getting cold from inactivity he was forced to sacrifice his shirt to the elements. The rain let up shortly and soon was replaced by blue sky. The river was relatively uninteresting, though there was at least some current the rest of the morning. Dave got every one interested in a game of "Who Am I?" which lasted for several hours. Bill Welles probably had every one stumped the longest with "Tom Dooley" - not counting Bill Rich's attempt to be a character in "To Kill A Mocking Bird", which no one playing at the time had read. At 11:15 the guide's stomach began to growl so he started looking for a place to make lunch. Appraised of the early hour, he continued on to a two-foot rapid and could stand it no longer and pulled to shore on an island. Here Section A sat pulling apart the wet spaghetti while the guide made the fire and boiled the water. The two jobs were completed almost simultaneously, and little was lost though the spaghetti was not the usual long variety you have to twirl onto your fork. Back in the canoes we paddled on - usually with a tail wind plus the current to help to a 5' rapid which proved to be nothing but a gravel shoot, though the Wabun report told us it would be a good rapid. There were about four possible routes at the foot around various islands, and we took one of the middle ones, but on getting down, we saw that the far right one would have been deeper and more exciting, but no one really felt like going back up to do the other one. At the next smoke break we investigated a dock in the water of relatively recent vintage and wondered why such an elaborate structure was there - we never really found out. The only other interesting feature of the camp site was a rig for a bed made up of saplings with boughs laid on top. Upper Eskakwa Falls were reached about 4:30 and following the Wabun report we camped at the top of the portage. The trail over was a real highway, and we found the campsite at the far end was probably the better one though it would not have been very easy to take a bath in the shallow rapids at the foot. While the staff tried fishing and the guide cooked supper and Archie cleaned out some windfalls on the "highway", the rest rested. After dinner the staff went back after trout and more bathed, but the mosquitoes drove the group to bed early. The staff finally dragged in one lonely trout for the first (Ed. Note: and only) of the trip.

Friday, July 19 - The staff tossed his canoe at 9:00 as the last one off the site with the last load, and we were on the water shortly afterwards. The river ran pretty rapidly to Eskakwa Falls, and some of the stone dodging was made difficult by the sun shining directly in our eyes, but no one had any real trouble. Eskakwa Falls were carried shortly afterwards, and the view brought out all three of the cameras possessed by the section. Two more miles of fast water, and Snake Falls had to be carried. We had hoped to run the chute, and the Wabun report had lead us to believe it could be done,

but one look at the volume of water going through this year quickly convinced us that it was impossible. The rest of the morning was pretty dull as the current slowed down right away, and the country was all pretty low and uninteresting. Some tried to get a game of "Who Am I?" going again, but the steam of yesterday had run out. The guide's stomach began to growl early again today, so we pulled up at a sand beach on Howells Lake since the map led us to believe that we were running into swamp for the next couple miles at least. While lunch was cooking there was Section A playing football with Goldie's hat as the ball in knee deep water in front of the sand beach. One team won, but no one really cared. The day was uncommonly warm so it was a good chance for swimming and sunning. With a light west wind blowing pressure was exhorted to rig a sail as on Temagami. After a series of difficulties the sail was finally raised and drawing. Then Kevin dropped his paddle overboard and Charlie dove in to retrieve it as the ship came about partially and luffed up into the wind while he swam back. Off again Dave was skippering the craft and discovered that the wind was quartering just slightly so that the sail was drawing poorly and we were side slipping badly. Trying in vain to use the nautical terminology he had just picked up from reading "Two Years Before The Mast" his crew responded poorly. Finally the guide took a hand in the matter and rigged the sail as a square rigged sail so it could be adjusted to suit the skipper. Raising the mast took a while since the first one used snapped under the pressure. Finally up and working we drifted on helped at times by the wind. Trail Pack and dates were rationed out to the crew. Several sailors jumped ship to swim along with the boat. The staff rigged his fishing line since we were moving at good trolling speed. Relinquishing his rod to do his laundry, the guide took up as the fisherman and promptly landed a walleye. This interested Kevin who got out his outfit also. The guide then landed a second walleye and threw it into Bill's canoe to land on his back - all recorded on film. Meanwhile Goldie slept curled up in the bow. After going six miles in 4 hours the crew began to mutiny, and finally when Charlie refused to steer us clear of an approaching point, the sail had to be taken down. Every one cut out quickly leaving Bill and Goldie to collapse the sail. Fortunately the mast fell straight back - otherwise the canoe might not have stayed right side up. We had to paddle the remaining three miles to a camp site on an island just in front of the portage we were supposed to take tomorrow. Rain clouds looked like they were approaching soon, so there was no delay in erecting the tents. Fortunately, however, they blew over quickly leaving us only a drop or two. As dinner was cooking an indian and his young brother appeared in his freighter from the indian settlement on the island just to the north of us. John talked him into taking a group up to the lodge some three miles up the lake. He returned twenty minutes later with another canoe in tow, and six adventurers st off with him. Returning with a few candy bars and other goodies a few hours later after a pleasant trip. Meanwhile the stay-at-homes cleaned up and worked on improving the camp site. The indian promised to bring us over some baking powder tomorrow since we had just discovered we had almost none left and three more days to go to Fort Hope. Maybe with some more kowtows we can get a better west wind tomorrow!

Saturday, July 20 - If we kept time the Chinese way this would be the Day of the Eclipse. Ready as usual to get off the camp site just before nine, our indian had not showed up with the promised baking

powder, so the staff started off to the indian cabins a mile away on the island to the north of us. The indian taxi driver lived further down the lake, but after some exploring of vacant cabins Bill and the staff found another lone indian with his four or five dogs, but could get nothing from him. Meanwhile the guide started to investigate the river ahead, trying to avoid a 40 chain portage. The first rapid was easy, so he had Bill run his canoe down and carry him mojo to the head of the falls. Meanwhile Kevin caught 14 walleye in the fast water of the first horse race. The staff returned and ran down to join the explorers, and we decided to take the river. The guide was ferried back to his canoe, and we ran down and carried 40 yards - rather than 40 chains - and ran the rest of the rapids - really only horse races to Petawanga Lake. Bill and Goldie collected three abandoned snow shoes at the portage. On the way down the rapids an indian family in their freighter passed us going up stream on their motor. Once out into the lake the west wind was blowing ever so lightly, but cutting poles we rigged a sail similar to the square rigged job of yesterday and set off down the lake - at a rather slow pace. The swimmers could keep up with us easily most times. Finally hunger overtook us before the narrows, and we hid the ship in the lee of a rocky island, furled the sail, and cooked lunch. While the spaghetti cooked Nishe set a batch of bread, and when we took off he carried it along in his wannigan to be punched down enroute. With slightly better wind we started through the narrows. Charlie contributed his Confederate flag to be flown from one of the sheets - to show our colors to another indian freighter that passed close by towing another canoe and headed up toward Miminiska. Archie provided each with a piece of film so we could watch for the scheduled eclipse, and long about 4:20 Bill Rich spotted the first shadow on the sun. From then on we watched as the sun was almost totally eclipsed. The wind died down, and the day got darker, and a sort of eerie silence fell over the lake. With the warmth of the sun returning gradually we hauled in the sail, Nishe punched down his bread for the second time, and we paddled the three miles to the head of the lake. 74 and 58 had a running war on the way, which culminated in a fake peace and a water bomb. Trapper's bread for supper, and the dinner was cooked in jig time. John displayed the proper technique for sliding into the water while rinsing one's plate. The guide baked his bread, the staff took off for the rapids in search of trout, and the other fishermen cast from the camp site. The staff caught loads of walleye but cast them back in disgust while Archie caught the only "keeper" walleye back at the camp site.

Sunday, July 21 - For some reason we set a speed record this morning and getting up at 7:00 we were on the water at 8:20. The rapids to Kawitos Lake lay just ahead, and the Wabun report said some were difficult. The staff had looked over a little of the first one while fishing the night before and on his information Nishe headed down the island, rounded the bend, ran the right side as told, and looked ahead to see what was next - a large stone. He pulled to the right of it and went down with only a slight bump. Bill and Goldie following right behind in #74 were not so fortunate; trying to pull to the left to avoid the stone, they could not make it, and with obvious disaster looming ahead Goldie abandoned ship, but to no avail, she swamped anyway. Still right side up canoe and crew floated down the rapid as the other canoes ran by safely. Kevin rescued the packs. Wannigan number 8 floated free. Bill tried to grab the tump, but it pulled free on one side, so he let her go rather than risk pulling

both sides off. Meanwhile Nishe shouted to save the canoe and forget the loads since another pitch was ahead. Dave ran the shore trying to catch the wannigan, but she never caught an eddy and disappeared into the next rapid. 74 and crew were out undamaged, but wet. A check of gear showed one snow shoe, the baby, and the wannigan missing, but nothing else. The next rapid was run, and we paused to try to find the missing equipment. Re-walking the rapid, no trace could be found, so we spread out and searched below. An hour later and a mile or more down the river, Bill Rich spotted the wannigan top, and it was retrieved. Nishe picked up a cloth bag of soup. We had given up hope and were running the last horse race into Kawitos Lake as the guide spotted a green box bobbing ahead down the rapid ahead of him. out in the lake number 8 was picked up, empty, and well cleaned. Total loses - one snow shoe, one tump, a baby, our remaining cereal, and whatever food was in the wannigan - which was not much. The excitement over Kawitos Lake was paddled - the longest continuous pull we have made in two days. The staff resisted cries of lunch stops, and we paddled on to the foot of the lake and ran the top rapids into the next lake. The last part posed a problem in that the guide tried desperately to find a path through the multitude of rocks so we could run, but finally he gave up trying to figure it out, and we carried the 150 yards or so to the foot of the rapid and pitched camp at lunch time - there was supposed to be trout fishing in the rapids. Lunch plans were changed when it was discovered that the last meal of macaroni was in 74's other wannigan, so it was cooked up before it all turned to paste. With half the bread Nishe baked the previous night, lunch was quickly over. The staff went off looking for trout; Rich, Kevin, and Charlie tried shooting the rapids below the camp site without benefit of canoe, and John joined them for the last part. Dave took himself off in solitude to practice the concertina, and the guide took a nap. The little men upstairs started bowling, and about 4:30 a thunder shower hit - though not too heavily. By 6:30 it was over enough so that dinner could be cooked. The bread was finished off. For a while it was possible to sit around the fire drinking soup, cocoa - which Kevin brewed - and coffee, but a small shower started as night was falling and off to the tents we went.

Monday, July 22 - Some confusion this morning about the time at which we got up. The staff thought he was right on schedule and up at ten of seven, but no one else's watch agreed with his - they were closer to being right, but since he was the one to start breakfast anyway, it was purely an academic question. Anyway we really did not set any record getting off the site. The day was warm and a light east wind blew in our faces down Triangular Lake. A canoe of fishermen fled at our approach enroute. Several indian encampments were passed on the way, but little life was seen. Two indians pulling nets on the Eabamet River would not even tell us how the fishing was - it did not look very good since they were getting nothing as far as we could see. We paddled up a small rapid and onto Eabamet Lake - a large body of water. Down the shore a short way we pulled up for lunch and were soon back on the water. Speculating several times on where Fort Hope was exactly, most of the buildings selected turned out to be parts of the indian settlement. Goldie spotted the Bay Post flag long before any one else. We deviated from course when we thought a plane taking off came from an Austin Airways base, but we decided we were wrong on closer inspection. We paddled down to the Post - which was exactly where the map said it would be - and at the

landing our supplies were found all neatly piled up on the shore. The store was closed up when we arrived, but after some pounding around a little, the factor appeared and opened up for us. His supplies were low, but his prices were better than we expected so he did a pretty good business in small items. Neither the guide nor the staff were willing to camp in the low land near the post, so we loaded everything into the canoes and went back from whence we had come for about a mile and a half to a rocky point where we could pitch more readily. The meager supply of mail had already been distributed back at the Post, but Roy's box of goodies remained for the camp site. The day was uncommonly warm and most went for a swim before dinner. Goldie gleefully showed off his clean clothes that had arrived in the shipment, and the rest dug into their cigarette supplies sent up. After dinner half the group set off back to the Post to listen to the Liston-Patterson fight on the factor's radio while the stay-at-homes listened to the two minutes and ten seconds of the affair on Bill's radio. Nishe won his bet on the first round knockout to every one's surprise - and Dave's disgust! The crew from the Post returned much later after getting fairly poor reception. Archie came back alone in pretty good time, but the four man mojo team remaining did not make it until 1:30 partially because they were viewing the northern lights, but mainly because they had difficulty finding the campsite and would easily have paddled well down the lake had Archie not taken pity on them and called them in. John's voice could clearly be heard instructing his crew members to keep on going - the camp site was further down.

Tuesday, July 23 - The sun was so warm this morning that those living in exposed tents were forced to get up earlier than would otherwise have been the case on a rest day. After the usual pancakes we fell to on cleaning up the wannigans and numerous bags. Charlie and Goldie, living in the only tent sheltered from the sun, arrived late but did their share. Most of the rest of the morning was spent washing clothes and people - or just getting into the water as often as possible to cool off. The amount of clothing worn around the camp site was as meager as possible in the realm of decency. Nishe baked up cinnamon buns for lunch and bread for dinner. After lunch we headed for the Post for a few more personal supplies - most for internal consumption. The factor took part of the group across to "John's" store on the indian reservation. It was quite a sight. The indians were gathered around buying nothing. His stock was considerably less than that of the Bay Company - and the confusion infinitely greater. John did succeed in getting a shirt off him for \$1.75 - it looks like a bargain so far - certainly better than the colorful job he contemplated buying. Kevin even looked at a pair of pants, but did not buy. Paddling back past some of the indian encampments we headed across to the camp site to cook dinner. John, the independent trader, had told us we might find some moose hide work over on the next point, but we did not get that far in our travels. Many of the indians have now dispersed to their fishing camps having all been in about three weeks ago for the "Treaty". The Department of Indian Affairs gives each of them four dollars a year. Not too much. Some of the men also are off fighting fire just south of Miminiska Lake. A pretty strong wind was all that kept the heat of the day bearable. The factor, Bryan Stone, told us his thermometer read 94°. There is a feeling in the air, however, of rain, so after dinner we reoutfitted since the bags were all dry. Finishing well before dark and the bugs, all was put up for our

departure in another day. A game of football went over pretty well this noon, but trouble was had this evening in getting enough players for two teams. But after much coaxing the game was held. Some others wrote letters which we expect will be mailed tomorrow. The boxes left over were burned on the point, but the smoke failed to stop the mosquitoes and at dark we dove for the tents.

Wednesday, July 24 - The rain which threatened last night held off, but the dark clouds fortunately remained overhead until 9:30, after which it was again pretty much impossible to stay in the tents. Those who bought eggs at the Post yesterday had them for breakfast while those of us more frugal had pancakes again. A football game on a small scale followed so that the players could enjoy the water. Nishe put a few more patches on the canoes to try to keep the rush of water from coming into some of them. 58 had 13 patches put on it yesterday, and still leaked like a sieve. Lunch rolled around quickly, after which one group headed for the indian town across the way. The staff got taken on an expensive piece of moose hide, but later on an indian woman brought over to the camp site a moose hide jacket which Bill Rich bought for a pretty good price. Another group headed for the Post and **invited** the two Bryans for a game of football. They arrived just before supper, and the game was played while the dinner waited. They stayed to eat with us and lingered through the rain storm that hit right after the meal. Later they towed a canoe down to the Post while another paddled down later with a couple boxes of stuff to send back to camp. Meanwhile Nishe and Dave practiced their harmonica-concertina duet while Kevin read.

Thursday, July 25 - Finally back on the road again after two days of inactivity we were a little slower than usual even in getting rolled and off the camp site. Archie took an hour and five minutes to get all his gear together and rolled. Goldie and Charlie took a while before they heard the waking calls off in their private camp site, and then we spent hours finding Charlie's clothes and equipment spread from one end of the camp site to the other - sneakers on one side, soap dish on the other, one towel among the wannigans, another hanging on the staff tent, a shirt laid out on the rocks, etc. Anyway the day was already warm as we got off just before nine o'clock - better than two hours to get rolling. However, we made up for it once we were on the water. Just off the camp site an indian freighter approached with another in tow; each populated with an indian and his squaw. Passing just in front of us, the powered freighter cut its motor and swung around so one of the squaws could take our pictures with her box camera, and then off they went. We passed by the tent establishment of the woman who sold Bill his moose hide jacket - she had another hanging out on the line still minus the bead work. Back down "Reversible Rapid" we rounded the point on Triangular Lake and were back on the Albany and into new territory. Several indian camp sites were passed and traffic on the river was fairly heavy. One indian with his two small sons motored over to us as we were paddling along and showed us the sturgeon he had just caught in his nets. He made overtures as though to sell them to us, but we did not express any interest in buying - just looking. We lunched almost at the end of Triangular Lake and then paddled on to Frenchman's Rapids for a short day of it. A south wind was no great help, but on the other hand it was not strong enough to cause much trouble. The sun gave us another very warm day. Once at Frenchman's, after the tents were pitched, the guide accompanied by

several others looked over the rapid to find a possible run, if one existed. It was planned for Kevin and the staff to provide a fish dinner, but they failed, and the guide gave up hope and got dinner alone from the usual store of delicacies. The rapid yielded pike and small walleye, but not of size enough to make a proper fillet. After dinner some of the fishermen went back to work with no more success, though many fish were caught. Others went and looked over the possibility for running the rapid, but by 10:30 the tents were pretty well occupied for the night.

Friday, July 26 - After breakfast Nishe announced that after thinking it over all night, he had decided that it was not worth the risk to run Frenchman's, and we would carry, so under overcast skies we hoisted up our loads and trotted across the portage. A good rapid still lay ahead, and we bounced through these swells - some like 54 and 58 more than others. Archie was soaking wet at the end of the run while some other bow's men were completely dry. The rest of the rapids were certainly anticlimactic - and in fact quite dull. The only reason to suppose that they were rapids at all was because the map said so. Along about 11:00 as we entered Abazotikichuan Lake we noticed an unusually large amount of smoke coming from an island. We looked around to see the camp site of the Indians we assumed were smoking fish - but no one could be seen. We paddled over and discovered a forest fire smoldering away. Forming a bucket brigade with the pots from the jewelry we put out as much as we could while Nishe and Charlie took axes to the smoldering underbrush. Enthusiasm for the job rapidly disappeared as Dave tried to work up a mutiny. After an hour or more of tramping through the burned area we figured we had done what we could and packed up and continued on our way. The sky grew darker, and the guide pulled into an island lunch spot after looking to see if it could be made into a campsite if needed. The spaghetti was no sooner on than the thunder shower that had been threatening hit. Canoes were unloaded and turned over their cargoes while the fly was pitched back in the bush to shelter the lunch and the personnel. The storm let up a little by the time the meal was ready. By the time the dishes were washed it was clearing, so we pulled out and continued on. One good run after lunch and then little dinky rapids like those of the morning. A couple miles above Makokibatan we sighted our first moose of the trip, but we could not get close enough for more than just a distant look - the bull seen from the train not being counted. We played a round the island game with half running one side of a large island and half the other. Out on Makokibatan we started looking for a campsite a mile or so down the main part of the lake, but we had to paddle on for four or five miles before we pulled up at a gravel beach. Gasoline cans left by a survey party were on the beach and a trapper's shack was back in the bush - housing winter equipment. By now we were far enough down the lake so that we could at least see land down at the far end - which was more than could be done when we first entered the lake. A pair of half-breeds motored over just after we landed to see what was going on. Apparently they had seen 58 and 74 trying to sail and thought it was a moose! Dinner over a football game was proposed but was cancelled because of lack of players. Just as Goldie finished the dishes rain started to fall lightly and drove every one to his tent. Bill Welles tried trolling through the rain but caught nothing but water. Dave was already wet having tried walking on water on a raft found down the shore - but his faith was not strong enough.

Saturday, July 27 - Better than half of Makokibatan Lake was still left to be done this morning. The night was not as wet as we had expected and the west wind still blew though more lightly than yesterday evening. However, the sky looked pretty dark as we rose. Deciding to chance it, however, we set off. A couple poles were cut and carried along in hopes of sailing, but they were jettisoned after about four miles when it became obvious that we were going to have to paddle. We made the river for lunch with ease after paddling past a pair of indian encampments - probably both camps of members of the Baxter clan - on an island and the shore behind. The weather looked as though it might clear and the morning was very humid. The afternoon was darker and more threatening, but it never really rained seriously. We looked over a rapid shortly after lunch and decided it could be run rather than portaged as the map would have us do. Nishe went ahead to look over the foot of the run and signalled for the rest of us to come over after him. 54 went over next, giving the others still on shore quite a view as they picked a run right over a two-foot drop off. No damage, however, and though we picked up some water in the process the rapid passed swiftly. The rest of the river was run also with pretty fair current in most places. Nishe chortled for a while over the sight of Archie looking back at where he had come while still in the middle of one of the rapids. We pulled up at a point just onto Washi Lake and made camp in a stand of poplar. It was not much of a place, but we did not feel like going on any further with the threat of rain plus the head wind we were going to have to face. The guide was beginning to get some of the cool weather he wanted. Getting in at 4:00 or so we were in no rush to get dinner and as a result it was fairly late before we ate. After dinner there was Section A having a pannican flipping contest. Goldie won a close battle over Kevin and Charlie.

Sunday, July 28 - Rest day not by choice but by necessity. The staff had announced last night that we "would not take a rest day in this hole on a bet". Too bad no one took him up. It rained all night with wind from the northeast at gale force. At eleven the guide discovered water pouring through the tent onto him and got up to protect what dryness was left in his sleeping bag. John soon joined him in helping to get a fire going and between the two of them - plus part of a tube of ambroid and some lighter fluid they made it. Others had had wetter experiences than had the guide so there was soon a crowd for breakfast. Dave toughed out the rain in a dry sleeping bag and was the only one not up. During the day the fire continued to burn, the rain fell, the wind blew, and the level of the lake rose. By bed time the canoes had to be moved up further to keep them out of the water. Even if it had not been raining we would have been wind bound for sure. With the fly pitched over the wannigans meals were produced somewhere near on schedule - starting with the almost noon hour breakfast, but little else went on other than reading, sleeping, and vain attempts to stay warm.

Monday, July 29 - The storm kept up through the night though it decreased in intensity as time went on. While the rain diminished, the wind did not abate. As a result no one got any wetter than he already was. However, at the normal rising hour the weather was not such as to inspire confidence or to make any one hopeful of being able to move for another day. Around ten the guide got up and started puttering around with breakfast pots. In the process of getting the bacon can out of the wannigan he took a chunk off of the

tip of his finger which made it tough to chop wood. Gradually the rest got up. By noon the rain had stopped, and blue sky started to appear. The campsite took on the appearance of a Chinese laundry on Monday morning as every one tried to dry out. Lunch was cooked, and at three o'clock we were rolled and on the water for a tough half day of traveling. The north wind made it tough to get off the site, and the level of the lake had risen a good six inches over what it had been when we landed. We crossed the lake to get on the lee shore and surveyed a prosperous looking indian camp complete with a multitude of dogs and children - more Baxters we assumed - and then entered the river. A couple of rapids later we ran into one we could not figure out and so portaged a hundred yards over a good trail - or what was a good trail until the recent rains had turned it into a stream. The mosquitoes were out in full force to greet us so we got across as soon as possible. The sun made a lasting appearance, and the day grew warmer as we paddled on with a pretty good current to help. The river widened after the other branch from Makokibatan Lake joined on and islands began to crop up fairly often. About six o'clock we pulled up at a campsite on the left side of a rapid that had four different channels between islands. With dinner cooked and eaten well before dark, the newly awakened mosquitoes arrived in droves to send us off to the tents after a few hearty souls had found the water more chilly than before for bathing.

Tuesday, July 30 - The night was singularly cold, and mist was rising off the river when we were eating breakfast. We could see our breath easily, but the sun soon warmed up the countryside. A short search was made for a portage around the rapid on which we were camped since there was obviously none on the shore where we were located. Actually we found it easily on the far side of the next island, but it could have been quite a chore since there were three islands in the center of the river. This was an indication of what was to come, for all the other rapids of the morning had islands dotted through them. We swung near shore to look at a couple tents equipped with normal house doors - but no one was home. The next rapid went among a myriad of islands. Nishe picked the left shore and had to lift over a rock ledge to start off. The rest followed - except for the staff who went looking for an easier route - which he found one island over. Meanwhile the guide carried on. At the next pitch John did a diving swan leap for the bank to keep the canoe from going over the drop - catching the bank with his hands and the canoe with his toes. Then more sanely they let down the drop. 74 and 54 then portaged the drop on the guide's instructions while the staff went off again, leading 58 this time and ran another spot to avoid carrying. Just below another island studded impass loomed, but after wasting time looking over the left shore, we switched to the right and got through a narrow channel that probably would not have existed had not the water level been raised by the recent rain. Our trials were not over, however, for the next island maze needed a short carry, but by luck rather than good management, we hit the portage on the first try. After carrying a minor falls which the map labels Kagiami Falls, we pulled in at one which is labelled 22.5' falls, but which for no good reason except that it is the larger of the two by far and therefore deserves a name rather than its predecessor, we called Kagiami Falls at noon for an easy day. John took one look at the map and the short distance traveled and muttered about going on,

the staff and guide refused to listen, and during and after lunch camp was pitched. Bill finally got hold of Time Magazine given us by Bryan Stone at Fort Hope, and the started on his moose hide moccasins. John carved a beautiful spiral candle holder and dickered with the guide for a set of carved paddles. Nishe set a batch of bread, and the staff went fishing. No trout, but enough walleye for dinner and a nine pound pike for the record books. With trapper's bread and fish, the evening meal was a success. The canoes all crossed the portage, and a few hearty souls bathed in the cold water. The scenery on this part of the river has been some of the best of the trip, and the warm sun cooperated in making a fine day. The mosquitoes were on hand on the campsite, but oddly enough allowed a brave band to sit by the fire until darkness fell.

Wednesday, July 31 - Getting off in pretty good time this morning we set out for another rough Section A day - all the way to Martin's Falls. We were over the carry at Kagiama shortly after nine and drifting down the river. The first rapid gave no warning as to its power, and the guide just spotted the drop in time to get to shore to look it over. It made little difference, however, because we ran it as we had been heading anyway. While the cameras ground away the section appropriately bounced on the swells and then headed back to the rocky island in the center of the river to dump out the accumulated water. A short way on we had to carry twenty-five yards or so over an island in the middle of what the map labeled an 8' rapid. Without much warning the river then narrowed down to a 4' drop, according to the map, and rushed through the narrow opening. Swollen by our rain of a couple days ago, the river probably had more power than usual, but both guide and staff pulled to shore to dump as soon as convenient. Tom Flett Falls proved not to be a falls at all, but an especially white rapid. To run was out of the question, so we took the 250 yard carry. Martin's Falls was just around the bend, and we pulled in at noon to end our traveling for the day. The fishing proved to be poor. Dave practiced the concertina on the neighboring rocky island. Archie walked the length of an ancient, long, and unused portage. Bill worked on his moccasins. The guide baked. A few clothes got washed, and the afternoon passed by. Rain began to threaten through the afternoon, but after a relatively early dinner, we were all ready to close up for the night when it hit. Just as the first light drops started to fall, the guide looked out through the trees and spotted a freighter bearing down on us. Taking its time, it gradually drew closer and eventually landed next to our canoes. Containing two sports from Fort William, an indian guide and a young indian lad, they obviously wanted this site, but the indian ran the freighter down to the small island just down the rapid, and the two sports walked. We left them looking for a tent site as the storm hit, and we took shelter under our canvas refuges fortunately pitched long ago.

Thursday, August 1 - Intermittently the rain kept up all night though usually not too strong. As dawn broke it was still falling lightly, and it was not until 7:40 that the staff looked out and decided the storm was breaking, and it was safe to get up and cook breakfast and get ready to move. Waking the section, he also woke the two sports and their guides who had pitched right next to Bill and Kevin. The indian guide turned out to be one of the Baxters we had passed on their island back on Makokibatan some days ago, and he claimed to know the river like the back of his hand. We turned over

our fire and small supply of dry wood to him and pulled out. Nishe and John gave the photographers on the shore a treat as they promptly demonstrated where not to run the top of Martin's Falls. The rest followed - in the proper channel - to the top of the small rocky island just down from the head of the rapid, and here we made the last carry of the trip - on the river at least. Supposedly this rapid should be run, but not all the way with the river in flood as the Albany was - anyway the carry needed was only a few yards long. One more good rapid lay ahead, and then the river settled down to a steady rapid pace for the rest of the day. The indian had promised us good current, and he was quite right. Most of the rest of the rapids were drowned out so high was the water. Their existance was noticeable only because the current quickened slightly and an occasional rock poked its head above water. We lunched on the only rocky site on the river - just below Nottik Island. A few drops of rain fell after we finished eating but failed to keep up for any length of time, fortunately. A 6' rapid was quite disappointing, but the current was not. In no time at all the Wabassi River was coming in on our left hand, and Bill Welles had a look at the river he had proposed to run from Fort Hope. We followed the Wabun report and ran the left of the first large island and to the right of the second, but with the water as high as it was there did not really seem to be any reason for it. Strong rapids were supposed to follow, but except for a few swells they proved to be little of any excitement. To prove how swollen the river was Bill and Goldie even paddled under the ridge of a drowned out indian tent site later in the afternoon. The excitement of trying to find a campsite before getting soaked by a thunder head coming up behind us began. We lost all the way round - except that the major part of the storm missed us. After playing the campsite game for an hour or so and getting soaked in the process, we gave up and decided to run for Ogoki unless we found something along the way. A few miles on the guide spotted a cleared spot on the high bank of an island about 8 - 10 miles above Ogoki, and we pulled in and pitched for the night. The mosquitoes gave us a hearty welcome, but otherwise the site was fine, and after dinner, the sun even reappeared.

Friday, August 2 - We were on the water at 8:30 this morning for something of a record - and here we were with only a few miles left to go. By ten we were paddling down into the Ogoki metropolis. Stopping at the Bay Post, we found Fraser MacIntosh in a flurry of activity since it was mail day. Some of us got our mail out on the plane, but most were too late. On advice from a local indian we headed for a small island just down river to make camp. The river was so high the Post dock was flooded out, and Fraser indicated that it was up almost four feet from what it had been the week before. Paddling back up to the Post after lunch was a chore and going further up river was even more effort. Goldie and Archie picked up moose skin moccasins at the Post. Bill Welles, Archie, and the staff spent the afternoon looking over the indian side of the river and talking with the Brother and Father who were in charge of the local Catholic Mission and were in the process of building a new Mission house and Church. The mission had established a saw mill for the indians, and the Brother, who was a French Canadian and spoke somewhat broken English, had cut most of the lumber for both buildings with help from another Brother, who was now up at Lake St. Joseph, and the local indians. The house was almost finished and services were being held now on the

top floor while the church was still under construction. The church, when finished, will be a magnificent structure by most standards and especially so up here. It will be plenty large enough to hold double the indian population of Ogoki - 154 - at the moment let alone the Catholic population of 110 - the other 44 are Anglicans, though the Anglican Mission occupies only a small church near the Post and services are held only when a Minister flies in. The cellar of the new church will be fitted out for movies and ping pong. Some kind of generator will supply power over and above what is available now. A wind mill right now charges batteries for a 12-volt system in the Mission house, but it won't do the job for the church yet. The Brother indicated that he had done most of the work himself. At the moment he had only a single indian helping him. The church's saw mill had provided lumber not only for the Mission but also for the entire indian population and most of the indians lived in houses of one kind or another. The guide had had a terrific laugh a couple days ago when Archie asked him about log drives on the Albany. He allowed as how there was no stand of timber up here worth cutting and driving, but here the Mission had cut timber above the settlement and driven it to the mill - not quite the kind of drive Archie and the guide had in mind, but still a drive, none-the-less. Dave and John got a tow across the river to the Mission later and apparently had an interesting visit with the Priest - though John had trouble understanding what was going on. After dinner pressure was put on Charlie to buy a dog from the indians opposite the island, and one crew went over and returned minus the dog when the price was five dollars. John went back with the group and talked the indian and the local girls down to four dollars, and they returned with "Bugs", who did not seem too happy with his new masters, but Charlie and John had each invested only a couple dollars.

Saturday, August 3 - Luckily we planned a rest day because it would have been one anyway. The rain started lightly during the night and continued through the morning - never very heavy, but pretty steadily none-the-less. Finally toward eleven hunger pains got the best of us, and we got up, pitched the fly, and cooked breakfast. Bugsie was getting more used to us gradually and was happier when he was released from his rope to wander around the campsite. He stuck around all day though refusing to eat his Cream of Wheat out of his dish. Old spaghetti was more to his liking until he lost his lunch going over to the Post in Bill's canoe. After a damp lunch the rain turned to an intermittent drizzle, and we made our last trips to the Post for final supplies of candy and other goodies. After a dinner topped off with Dave's bannock that must have risen a good three inches out of the pan, a contingent took off for the Indian Treaty House to view the announcement of the new chief elected during the day. We arrived after the chief had been announced - he was the old one re-elected - but in time to hear of the results in the election for the council. One of those elected tried to refuse his office, but the man from the Indian Affairs Department would not allow it, and so he and his partner were duely put into office. All speeches were rendered in both English and Ojibway through the services of an interpreter - the same one who had towed Charlie and John across to the Mission yesterday. After each newly elected officer had a chance to speak the Indian Agent got canoe races

going. He announced to the group that we were present and got Dave and Charlie teamed with a pair of indians in one canoe and Archie and Bill Rich paired with two others in a second canoe - all indian freighters, of course. Two other male indian crews entered plus one female indian crew. The Chief started the race with a blast from his ancient rifle and off they went on an endurance race about a third of a mile upsteam across the river, down about another third, and then back across and slightly upstream to the Treaty House for the finish of the triangular course - only one leg of which was paddled with the current, which was quite swift. John and the staff watched from shore as one of the indian crews won, Archie and Bill finished in the second canoe, while Dave and Charlie were in the third. The other male indian crew was fourth - while the girls failed to finish the course. Next came a series of battles of tug-of-war with varying ages, numbers, and sexes on a side. Our gang entered in. Meanwhile in the Treaty House tea supplied by the Agent - you had to bring your own cup - was served, and a violin and two guitars struck up for a square dance. It took a while for the dances to get going, and there was room in the House for only one square at a time - no caller, but the indians seemed to know what to do. The older and younger ones started to take off for home, and the dance was pretty well turned over to the middle aged group. Though invited to join we paid our respects to the Chief, the interpreter, and the Agent and headed for the campsite down the mushy clay trail awakening all the indian dogs as we past. Pulling in after dark with a full moon and clearing skies we found the guide had spent the evening carving a paddle and straightening up the site in preparation for our departure from Ogoki tomorrow - if the weather is not too bad.

Sunday, August 4 - The mist was heavy on the river this morning, and it was impossible to see the shore line let alone the Post or the indian houses until after breakfast. We were paddling down the river at nine o'clock. We passed the Wabun lunch site at 10:30 so strong was our current with the high water. Bugs did not take kindly to canoe travel, and especially rapids, and 54 was behind most of the morning with Charlie cleaning up the mess. We had an early lunch just past the mouth of the Gander River and paddled and loafed during the afternoon down to the Muswabik River where the staff claimed his map told him there was a campground - not much of a spot to be sure, but we used it anyway. Getting tent poles was difficult for the alders lined the site, and dry wood was a problem - in fact getting a dry tent site was a problem since the water table was so high there were standing pools over much of the area plus the fact that any reasonable amount of traffic over an area made it soggy. The sun had been warm all day, and while dinner was cooking most of the section swam or washed clothes or both. None of the rapids during the day had been really exciting, but there were a couple places where it was possible to bounce the canoe enough to make water come over the bow. However, the speedy current made the day quite pleasant, easy, and interesting. High clay-sand cliffs were prominent particularly during the afternoon, and so rapidly did we drift and paddle from one section of the river to another that the scenery was forever changing. In many places relatively recent land slides had occurred, and streams flowing out of and down the sand cliffs were numerous. As a result the water was full of tiny particles of sand, and as you drifted down stream the noise from the sand blasting that the bottoms of

the canoes were getting was plainly audible. The noise was even more striking when a paddle was put into the water and the grip was held to your ear. After dinner the evening was topped off with a "morningstar" baseball game of batting rocks out into the river with sticks of firewood for fungo bats - Section A at play again. We figured from the map we were just over half way from Ogoki to the Forks and had covered about 45 miles during the day - which amounted to a six hour day in the canoe - in other words $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour - with a lot of long smoke breaks spent drifting down.

Monday, August 5 - As we had figured yesterday we made the Forks today with ease. If we could have found a campsite, we would have been putting up tents at 2:30, but as it was, it took longer to find the site than it did to paddle down - well almost. The day was not really very eventful. The novelty of the fast current had pretty well worn off, and though no one had to work very hard to make the 35-40 miles of the day, we were not as excited about our rapid progress. Starting at 8:30 in the morning we stopped at 11:30 for lunch because rain threatened, and a brief shower actually fell, and we proposed to get lunch over with and then paddle on even if it rained. The speed was unnecessary, however, for only a few more drops fell the rest of the day - and these after we were camped. If distances and times are right this means that for 12 hours in a canoe the past two days we have done 85 miles - still going at about seven and a half miles an hour. The current seemed weaker in places today, but maybe it was only our imagination. Bugs still did not take kindly to canoe travel. As we approached the Forks of the Albany and the Kenogami Rivers a plane was seen taking off. As we started to search for a campsite among the islands we spotted an indian family camped on a beach. Kevin and Dave paddled over and engaged them in conversation and watched them pull in a few pounds of sturgeon. The plane returned later - we guess to pick up the fish. After dinner a discussion followed casting the personnel of our section as characters in "Lord of the Flies", which is the current reading rage. Later an indian pulled in on his way to set his sturgeon line. We invited him up for a cup of coffee - but we had to heat up the water, so he took off for a half hour to set his line with Dave to keep him company. He set a night line with about twenty-five hooks baited with pickerel. On their return he sat down and had a cup of coffee and then took Dave and Charlie up river to his camp to see his wife and sick child. On their return after dark Dave played the harmonica for him while he spoke a little of his summer fishing and winter trapping - and had three more pannikins of coffee.

Tuesday, August 6 - Last night the guide had said that the moon looked wet, but the bright blue sky above as we shoved off at 8:45 did not look like he was right. With the Kenogami now tacked on to the Albany the river is twice as wide - wide enough so that you don't want to go from side to side except for some real good reason. The current has slackened some what - though it is still there helping you along - and the banks are lower for the most part with a wooded shore line taking the place of the high cliffs of the earlier part of the river. Our indian of last night told us to expect two families camped ten miles down river, but we had gone almost twenty before we passed a freighter coming back up river loaded with indian, squaw, and all his gear - he seemed to be moving. Just around the corner was an indian fire and a couple canoes, but we

did not go close enough to see what was going on - no tents were in evidence, so maybe they were back in the bush or maybe they were about to move also. A little further on we pulled in for lunch a little earlier than usual, but the wind was coming up, and Kevin was pressuring the guide to sail. So after lunch sail we did. Kevin cut poles long enough for twice as many canoes and eventually the mast was raised - after the guide chopped four feet off of it so it was possible to raise it. This was our best sailing wind thus far - even better than at the start of the trip on Temagami - in addition the current helped a good bit. We were clipping along occasionally carried about the water that would splash up between canoes when Charlie shifted his position and knocked his pants he was using as a pillow overboard. He dove in after them while we luffed up into the wind. Still he could not catch up, so the stern's men turned around to paddle the barge back for him. Meanwhile the mast was not braced for the present pressures put on it, and it came crashing down with the yard arm hitting John on the head - he was paying no attention to what was going on anyway - so engrossed in his book was he. It sounded as though the bow of 58 had been punctured in the process, but it turned out that no damage was done, and the mast was re-stepped and Charlie climbed aboard. Thunder heads appeared to the south-west. John assured us that the storm would not hit, or we would sail through it. Fortunately we did not listen to his advice, and the sail was lowered just as we came abreast of Hat Island. Not a moment too soon. We pulled for the island since it looked like there might be a campsite there, but we could not have gone any other way as it was, for the wind quickly shifted and drove us to the island anyway. To our left a water spout lifted from the river so strong was the wind. On shore we unloaded and turned the canoes over the loads for there was no campsite to be had. The rain hit, and we waited out the worst of it; some in the bush and some under the canoes - before loading up and starting on a search for a site. Paddling down the right shore stopping to look over numerous clay and rock beaches, we found nothing, so in desperation we decided to try the left side of the river. Meanwhile the rain fell lightly. On the first shot the staff found a trapper's camp back in the bush, and we made it home for the night. Not the greatest place in the world for it was pretty far back from the river, but it is probably the only KKK campsite approached through a tunnel of trees. Anyway tents were soon up and dinner on the way. The rain quit, except for the drops falling from the trees, and the only problems by dinner time were the ever present bugs and the wet ground. It was possible to sit around after the smoke of the fire did its job until almost dark before the bugs returned with reinforcements. Meanwhile a furious game of "Fish" was started.

Wednesday, August 7 - Another rough Section A day, completely by sail. Not a novelty, but this was the first day when we have been able to sail all day. Kevin pressured for a sail during breakfast, and he and Bill Rich collected the poles. The sail was rigged before we took off from the shore, and we lashed the canoes together as soon as they were floating. The wind was just about as strong as yesterday, but the waves did not come over the gunwales as they did yesterday. Dave rigged the sail masterfully again, and she drew perfectly all morning - the guide even slept for an hour or so while we sailed peacefully along. Bill Welles and Goldie bathed and washed up. Most of the rest - equipped with books to read - read, and the rest just relaxed. Ghost River was our luncheon destination,

and we beached the craft just to the south of the Post. Only a winter Post, it was closed up as we expected so far as official parties were concerned, but there was an old man, Herbie Cedarcrust, and his nephew, Bryan MacIntosh, occupying the manager's house. They were travelling down to Albany from Fort Hope on a month or more trip. Bryan, age 20, was paddling his almost blind great-uncle, age 62 plus, down the river stopping everywhere to fish. They had done well on walleye and taken some trout. The old man bent Nishe's ear while we cooked lunch on the shore after looking over the vacant buildings of the Post - not a very extensive establishment, but then it is only open in the winter - a few indian buildings nearby and not much else. Bryan had gotten the wind mill generator going and was charging the batteries in the manager's house so he could have a little electricity tonight. A few climbed the rickety tower for the view, but it was pretty unstable, and the view was not that exciting. Bryan was pretty happy to have some one else to talk with after listening to the uncle for so long. They are planning to leave tomorrow and pull into Albany in three days so we will probably see them again. After lunch Bryan took movies as we tacked off the lee shore using Archie as a whisker pole to keep the sail from back winding. We just made it round the first point, and then with the wind picking up we sailed down the rest of Chipie Island and the stretch up to Norran Island. We made a little better than half the distance up Norran before it was just impossible to keep going on the sail - the wind was blowing pretty much from the west while we were now trying to go almost north. So down the sail came, but by now it was three thirty and time to start the campsite search. Drifting down the shore opposite Norran we started investigating all sorts of places - few worth looking at actually. Norran Island had been burned over fairly recently so it did not look very inviting - though there were green patches occasionally, and the shore we were travelling was also burned over though not so completely. Eventually the guide chose a spot on a grassy bank of the river. The weather held nicely through a leisurely dinner. As a game of "Fish" was again in progress, and the rest of the gang was doing nothing in particular, the staff glanced down the river and spotted a moose making the swim from Norran over to our shore. The section took off in hot pursuit - some by land and some by water; some properly clad, but most poorly outfitted for such a journey. The canoe managed to get to within 50 yards or so of the bull moose while beaters were dispatched into the bush to try to drive the animal out from the knee deep water in which he stood serenely unaware of the group trying to sneak upon him. However, Bugs arrived and clamored to get into the canoe and spoiled the operation, and the gang returned to the campsite just as the sun disappeared. Bill rigged his radio antenna for the first time in several days, and we were lulled to sleep with lovely music from Buffalo and such places.

Thursday, August 8 - Not a cloud in the sky as we pulled out, but the wind was blowing from the west so it was wrong for sailing. We were not very used to this strange exercise of paddling, but we had to make a go of it anyway. The night had been pretty cold, and we were sheltered from the sun for quite a while so it was cooler than it should have been. While four canoes took the left shore to stay out of the wind, Dave and Kevin played guide and stayed to the right, and it looked for a while as if they were going to take the other side of Blackbear Island. It probably would not have made any difference for we did not cook lunch until we reached the far tip of

the island. About half way down Blackbear the current began to pick up again, and we could notice we were beginning to get more help. The cry went up to sail again, so we rigged the mast and all the other junk. The only trouble was the wind - it was blowing the wrong way. Driven to shore we finally gave up and took the mess down. Fortunately the shore against which we were driven was grassy and not the normal rocky bank. In disgust we paddled only a short way and then drifted for a while until about four o'clock when we camped on another grassy shore just like yesterday's site. The staff found a moose horn from a real large animal, but only one, not both. Before dinner "Fish" was played to pass the time, and just as the bread line was called a terrific uproar announced to John that it was illegal to ask for Goldie's Jacks unless you had one in your hand already. Dinner over, round the corner came the aluminum canoe with our two friends from Ghost River. Bryan cooked on our irons while the old man talked. Fortunately he and Archie discussed Pennsylvania geography, and the rest of us were spared. The sky began to cloud over, and it looked like we might get some rain one of these days. In fact a rainbow appeared off down the river toward Albany - without any rain having fallen! The gang took pity on Bryan and the old man, and Kevin and Bill took Bryan in with them while Herbie kept Dave and Archie awake through the night recalling names and places in Pennsylvania. They had been travelling all summer without benefit of either tent or mosquito netting except for an emergency job Bryan had rigged with his postage stamp sized fly.

Friday, August 9 - The threatened rain never materialized, but the night was cool, as was the morning and the rest of the day. Camped on the west side of the river, the sun should have warmed up the site by seven o'clock, but it did not quite have the strength to do the job in opposition to the north wind. Bryan was up and cooking on our fire almost as soon as we, but we washed our dishes first and so got off the campsite before they did. The old man had trouble getting washed up, so maybe that slowed them down. The wind made progress pretty slow though the current was faster than the last couple days. We paddled steadily along until close to eleven when 58 and 74 went on a duck hunting spree. The other three canoes drifted ahead for about a mile, when the guide spotted a she bear and her three cubs wandering along the shore. Fortunately all the cameras in the section were in these canoes, so every one who wanted got at least one picture. Archie and Charlie got closest and were almost on shore when the guide yelled and startled mama who took off with her brood. Kevin and a few others did not quite believe us when they rejoined us a few moments later. We pulled up for lunch soon afterwards, and Bryan and Herbie came putting along and passed us by - fortunately. After lunch we pattered on - we were warned by the Wabun report of a tremendous rapid just ahead. We approached carefully, but the ripples gave absolutely no trouble. We found it hard to imagine six or even four foot hay stacks as reported. Certainly no canoe could have turned over or swamped here. John and Archie had quite an argument about the story - with John on the unknowing side as has sometimes been the case before. After this disappointment some went to chasing more ducks, but the guide and staff were getting tired of fighting the head wind, and so we pulled aside and camped a few miles later on. Charlie really wanted to get to Albany as soon as possible, but no hurrying the two old men now.

We'll get there all in due time. A duck hunting party went out for the benefit of a few unknowing people, and Kevin dramatically dove in and came up with a duck - the one Dave got earlier in the day and had carried stuffed in the bow of 58 since before lunch. Charlie really lost the bet, but a little underhanded dealing went on so it was called off. Dr. Goldsmith operated and Chef Welles cooked and the few small bits of meat were declared excellent by the assembled gourmands. During the cooling evening the guide prepared a pot of beans for their evening or rather night of baking. Just as we were about to turn in an indian came putting down in his freighter headed toward Albany.

Saturday, August 10 - About 4 am according to the guide's nightly trip out of the tent it started to rain steadily, but lightly. It had stopped as the staff poked his head out at seven, but the sky looked pretty grim, so he covered up again until eight. Then he and the guide got up and cooked breakfast, but the rain returned, so we decided to hold up for a while anyway. At twelve we ate Nishe's beans and decided the weather still looked dangerous, so we never moved at all. The rain held up all afternoon and evening, but it was not until after dinner that we saw any blue sky. About five o'clock an indian family passed going up river and camped on the shore a mile or so above us. Then as dinner was about ready a lone lad in a kayak came down river and pulled in to see us. We are going to hold up a boarding house sign pretty soon if this keeps up. He came to dinner, but at least pitched his own tent. Ronny came equipped that well at least - though he had little food left. The trouble with poking along o the river like this is that every one and his brother passes us. Ronny was from Toronto and coming down from Hearst alone and had hit the Albany at the Forks. He planned to paddle to Moosonee from Albany, but we'll wait and see what he does. Because of our visitor Bill cut the bannock into 12 pieces - not being able to figure out how to get eleven equal segments. This caused a raffle for the extra piece. Bugs was included, threw one tail, and won the bannock! Maybe the weather will clear tomorrow and we will be back on the road.

Sunday, August 11 - A very cool night led to a clear, but cool day, but we made it to Albany somehow. Our visitor stayed for breakfast, and then we had to give him two cans of meat to make him rest easy that he would reach Albany with food to spare in case he was held up. He shoved off before we did since we had the dishes to wash, and we did not see him again until just before the first of the many islands above Albany. We lunched about four miles into the group, but somehow after lunch we missed the center channel completely and ended up coming down a stream to the south of Sinclair Island in which there was little if any water at all. We passed a tent at one point, and if we had had any sense we would have stopped to ask directions, but we blundered along. Dave walked most of the way leaving Kevin to bring down the canoe alone, but the rest of us waded and pulled over the rocks to get down. Having no idea where we were, the guide was much closer to being right than was to staffman for sure, we finally spied the road leading up to the Catholic Mission, and then the Bay Post came in sight around the bend and we were there. In retrospect, we could not possibly trace our path on any map, but if we had not turned right on two occasions at the insistence of the staff we certainly would have been better

off. While shoving the canoes under the bridge over to the mission, a jeep came tearing down from the Post, and the manager hopped out to greet us - and arrange for a baseball game for the evening. We followed Wabun's advice for a good campsite across from the boat landing and paddled over to it only to find that an archaeological team from the University of Toronto was in the process of digging out the ancient ruins of the old Fort Albany, and they were not at all interested in having us camp anywhere nearby. So we explored the creek a little and finally settled on a dirty old indian camp where it was difficult to find a place to pitch a tent, but we pulled in anyway. Having lost so much time looking for a place we were not ready when the truck came by to pick up the ball team, but the gang went off anyway even without pitching tents or having dinner. The staff, guide, and Dave, who was feeling poorly, were left to do the cooking. Bugs went along too, but even his support was to no avail as we lost 12-0 - not being able to figure out the pitching. Kevin collected two hits for our only real claim to fame, although Goldie claimed something of a moral victory for having hit a small indian with a line drive foul. Bryan and Herbie got in ahead of us by a day and were housed at Bill Anderson's house on the point while Ronnie got in about an hour and a half ahead of us. Ronnie and Bryan plan to ship the old man out on the plane and paddle to Moosonee in Bryan's canoe themselves. We'll see in the morning. With every one successfully pitched - Dave and Archie have a second story apartment on top of the indian's best and largest shack - the bugs made staying out pretty impossible.

Monday, August 12 - As a result of the telephone, personal, and radio conversations of the morning from the Post we are scheduled to send the canoes, or at least some of them, out tomorrow on the regular mail plane, and then we and the rest of the canoes and baggage are scheduled to get out on Thursday. The Bay Factor, Mike Pasco, and his local indian moccasin maker did a thriving business this morning, and she promises to have moccasins made for about four different people by Thursday. Breakfast was leisurely as befits a rest day, so some were returning to camp from town as others were taking off to the Post after eating. It's about a two mile hike to the Post past the micro-wave station, but there does not seem much point in going to the effort to move the campsite now that we are established - poor as it is. The indian who owns the site on which we are camped dropped in to see what damage we were doing, and let us stay on. During the afternoon the staff, Dave, and Archie investigated the old Albany Post on Albany Island with its tremendous hand wrought timbers while Bill found and bought a dog - more husky than anything else. Dave bought more moccasins than any one else on the visit to the Post. A ball game was arranged again for the evening, and this time by borrowing a pitcher, Bill Sharp who was one of the bosses of the micro-wave site, we did a little better and lost only 10-7 with miscues caused by the boulders on the field doing more damage than anything else. After the game the micro-wave group allowed us to come watch the movie of the evening at their quarters which are really quite plush for the wilderness. Hot and cold running water and showers! and other facilities. Dave and the guide did all the work of cleaning up the dishes and pots while the game was in progress, and then Dave entertained on the concertina.

Tuesday, August 13 - Yesterday was a beautiful clear day, so today

was supposed to be a rainy one according to the guide's schedule of rain every second day. It was. A light cold drizzle fell almost all day. The guide cooked breakfast fairly early before the rain really set in. The staff went to the Post to try to see what the score would be on shipping out the canoes today. The plane could not make up its mind if it was coming or going, so he gave up and came back for lunch. By this time the dish crew had just about started on the breakfast dishes. After lunch every one but Kevin, who was suffering from a sprained knee as a result of last night's baseball game, and John, who preferred to read, took off to the Post and the Mission. The visit to the Post was brief and we crossed the river to the Mission side. After looking around the outside of the buildings by ourselves we eventually got hold of one of the Fathers at the Rectory, and he cheerfully volunteered to guide us through the establishment. Basically a school for some hundred and twenty-five indian children from all over the Bay area the operation is almost entirely directed toward their education up to Grade 8. The largest building of three stories contains the school house and most of its necessities. Our first stop was lengthy because the nun in charge wanted to play songs on her tape recorder composed and sung by another nun with whom she had entered the convent. After we escaped her the Father took us through the Chapel, classrooms, boy's and girl's dormitories, the Home Ec. room, the wood shop, and recreation rooms. The kitchen and dining room followed, and we stopped off for a cup of coffee and several plates of cookies which disappeared pretty rapidly, as did a pitcher of milk. The cellar was packed with more wood than we had even seen in one place for the furnaces and cook stove upstairs. The shower rooms were also down here. All this hot water, and no one asked us to use it. The children come in from all over by plane at agency expense and attend school from September to June going home for Christmas sometimes if their families can afford it. After Grade 8 they go further out to Kirkland Lake or North Bay if they continue. Education is in English with church services in Cree, although the Catholic personnel seems to speak French more easily. About 10 Brothers, 2 Fathers, 2 teachers and an unannounced number of nuns operate the place doing most of the teaching and maintenance on the place - which would seem to be considerable. After the main building we toured the garage and hospital - equipped in pretty fine style. Then a wood working shop and a metal working basement. Then the barn equipped with new born calves - one less than a day old - plus the expected cows in the process of being milked. All around are fields of hay and vegetables. Off to the south is a lake - out of sight - from whence comes their water and provides camps for the boys, girls, and nuns. In all a most extensive project planned and operated and financed by the Catholic Church with some government and agency help. There was a new Rectory in the process of being built - probably not to be ready for this year. Returning to the Bay Post we had an unsatisfactory radio conversation with Moosonee about taking out the canoes, and it was decided not to do anything today although the large flying boat came in and went out again. After supper, sitting around telling ghost stories, four of the local belles came by and invited themselves in to the campfire. They sat around for the final stories, cold cocoa, and stayed to play "fish".

Wednesday, August 14 - Maybe the entertaining last night was a little too late for no one was up when the staff took off for town at ten to check on the possibility of there being a plane today to

take out any canoes. On his return with no definite word breakfast was just being finished, and the section was busy arguing over who ate the extra bacon. Shortly thereafter the rain set in for what looked like the day, getting harder as lunch time approached. A couple of wandering squaws peddling mittens and gloves sold their wares to the guide and Dave. The staff visited Bill Anderson out on the point to use his phone to get no more news than before. Charlie, Bill, and Goldie took off to town to pick up the moccasins they had ordered. Bill Anderson's place was infested with the archaeological team headed by Santa Claus as we know him. He had visited Temagami to look at the indian rock paintings on Diamond and Lady Evelyn and was planning to close his present dig next week. Anderson was an old trader of the north, now in business for himself running a goose camp out on the Bay in the fall, buying fur, and running his store and post office in town. He had worked for the Bay Company for years and for Revelon Freres - in fact at one time he was Factor at Albany. Retired or resigned he now operates his own place in friendly competition. After the in-town group returned the combination lunch-dinner was served. The weather looked like it might clear for a few minutes at dinner time, but the rain returned. In the cold of the evening there was little to do but go to bed although Nishe and Archie kept the fire going for a while.

Thursday, August 15 - We tried our best to get to Moosonee today, but the weather and Austin Airways would not cooperate. From the morning radio report the staff brought back word that the plane was on its way over. So we packed up and bid fond farewell to the grubby campsite in which we had been camped for four nights already. Up to Anderson's dock; we sat there for an hour waiting. The truck from the site arrived with their freight to go out, but it was followed shortly by a couple more men who announced that the plane had turned back only five minutes away because of the drizzle, fog, and low visibility. So we went in to Anderson's house on his invitation and sat comfortably in his living room. At lunch time he invited us in for biscuits and moose meat - which we found very much like roast beef and very good. The afternoon was spent listening to the Austin radio messages on Anderson's short wave until finally we had the Bay Company call on the radio and were told that Austin had given up for the day. It must have been the same around Rupert for a plane turned back from there also and had trouble finding a landing spot into which he could get. So back to the old site we went. Charlie and Goldie moved their tent, but the others went up just where they were before, and we were home again. Tomorrow; or we are in trouble.

Friday, August 16 - At six o'clock the ceiling looked fine, but at 7:30 the fog had really rolled in. The guide was willing to bet any one that we would get out today, and although no one took him up on the bet, he came very close to losing. We broke camp and paddled up to Anderson's again and sat on the dock debating as to whether we could see one foot more or one foot less than we had been able to see before. Gradually the sand spit in front of Anderson's point came into view, and then Albany Island could be seen. However, in the meantime Mike had reported on the radio at nine and again at ten that the weather was poor. Told not to bother again until one, he gave up, and we did too. Half the gang made the long trip to the Post. A cold lunch was served on the dock - still waiting. Then word came that the Norseman charter was

coming in for the site, and we would send out two canoes on the return trip. True to the report, in he came, and Nishe departed with numbers 27 and 74. The large flying boat was supposed to arrive at 4:15 on its way to Attawapiskat and would pick the rest of us up at 5:30 on the return. We paddled over to the old post on Albany Island and waited. When we were finished waiting, we waited some more. Finally in desperation we cooked dinner, and of course as soon as the cans were opened the plane came in. It was followed almost immediately by the Norseman which took out 54, 58, Bill Welles and Dave. The rest waited some more, and finally the big plane returned. We got the gang loaded and eventually made Moosonee just at dark. Well, we made it, but not with much to spare. Even John got into Moosonee eventually after being disappointed for three days running. Wabun just arrived from Rupert's House in the afternoon also, and the two sections piled into the same baggage car to spend the night. The restaurant did a good business, but there was nothing else open. The mail was waiting for us at the station, and all enjoyed their news from home, though John had to wait for a while until the guide would dig out his bundle of letters.

Saturday, August 17 - The baggage car was not the most restful spot this evening what with 5 Wabun dogs, 2 of our own, and twenty people - one of whom was Nishe. Archie and one Wabun camper had the good sense to move to the adjacent car where they were joined by a couple guys trying to get to Kirkland Lake. The train pulled out shortly after seven with little warning leaving Bill Welles stranded in the boiler room doing the pots, but he sprinted and just made it by the skin of his teeth. Bill, Nishe, and Dave preferred the baggage car to the coach most of the morning, but the rest went forward and got some of the sleep they missed the night before. George Baptiste latched on to a couple bottles of wine in Cochrane, so he had a grand old time on the way down. Getting into Temagami at nine, we just missed Chief headed for North Bay. The Wabun section got off for Fasken's Point - if George finds the way. Section A went to the laundrimat, so we ought to be in pretty good shape for Monday's arrival in camp. Another night in the baggage car, but at least we were alone.

Sunday, August 18 - The baggage car was much more peaceful last night because the guide was tired after the train ride. We rose at eight to discover that the fire was pretty well out in the stove, so the project of cooking cereal was abandoned. Gradually the car was emptied, and Bill's station wagon transferred the wannigans and duffles to the lake shore. Breakfast was left to one's own ingenuity, but a few cents were scraped together for something at one of the restaurants. Bill kept Palisie on a rope, but Bugs was allowed to run at will, and he had his first experience with cars on the main street as he got hit by a passing car - strange these obstacles were never present at Ogoki. In fear he ran and hid under the baggage car where Charlie roughted him out. No damage seemed to have been done - other than mental anguish. Off about eleven we dodged the usual crowd of motor boats and reached our old lunch site at one - held back slightly by the reluctance on the part of some member (or members) of the crew of 54 to paddle. But after all it was our first long paddle in better than a week and the first head wind in even longer. The waters of Temagami were much clearer than any we had seen since June 30. Lunch was welcome, and the supplies sent down from camp were consumed with relish. Don's note

was read and discussed. We pulled into the campsite on Bear Island across from Wabun Lodge about four well before the Aubrey went by. Soon Roy appeared with the church boat and recognized the canoes and pulled in for a short visit. Nishe departed for the lodge and a visit with his wife. We washed canoes, wannigans, and campers before dinner, and received visits from the younger Belangers. The first such unannounced visit surprised John, but he recovered when given his towel. Just before dinner a second visit brought a good serving of ice cream for every one, and the third came just before dark while various canoesmen were practicing for the Gunn Canoe Trophy Contest tomorrow. And so to bed for our last night.

Monday, August 19 - The guide paddled in in the calm of the morning just as the staff lit the match to the fire at 6:30. Breakfast was soon over and the chore of giving the jewelry its final cleaning begun. It was packed for the last time with gleaming pots and well washed and dried equipment. Tents came down for the 1st time, the section put on its clean clothes, the staff took a few pictures, and we hit the water about nine fifteen. Moving slowly up the lake, we paused several times to let imaginary sections get in ahead of us - little did we suspect that there were two way behind us still. Behind Seal Rock we made our final clean up, and then with a tail wind at our backs - just as it has been most of the summer - we headed for the dock. At eleven, right on schedule, we hit the shore, and punctuated by the roar of the cannon, the trip was over.

* THE END *