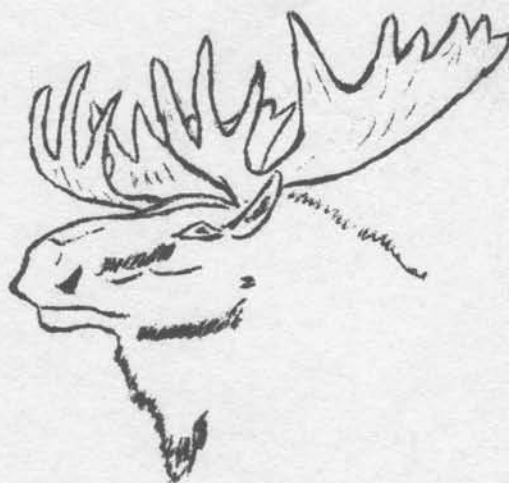


KEEWAYDIN

LOG of SECTION A 1964

JAMES BAY
via
RUPERT RIVER



27

Bob Dickgiesser
Nishe Belanger, Guide

54

Steve Blanchard
John Celantano

74

Fife Symington
George Revington

58

Ken Singmaster
Ray Banghart

77

John Hanna
Heb Evans, Staff

Misty and Pepper

June 30 - August 19, 1964

Oskelaneo - Mistassini - Marten River - Nemiscau - Rupert's House

Tuesday, June 30 -- The kitchen served Section A fried eggs as a farewell meal -- maybe happy to be rid of us. We were up and started rolling at 5:30 to be sure we were ready. It was easy to get off at nine o'clock. In fact we had to hold up departure while the Chief rang the gong to summon the well wishers. Ray entertained the sparse gathering of spectators earlier by taking an unplanned swim with a wannigan and # 58. No real damage, however, as the rice dried on the way down the lake. Heading into a gentle south wind, progress was excellent, and the lunch site up the arm was reached well before the Aubrey came down. Warm, sunny weather and paddling pleasant all morning, though muscles unaccustomed to the work complained quite a bit. John Hanna probably suffered most as blisters made their appearance; # 54 brought up the rear most of the day as a result. After a quick lunch of beans, scouts went back in the bush to fell the poles for a sail. Rigged on shore, the mast was eventually stepped in the bow of # 58. Maybe with practice -- if the wind will be so kind again, we can do a faster job. By now some of us were turning beet red due to the unexpected exposure to the sun. Fife suffered in silence. The sail worked perfectly. Broom Lodge passed by in flying style -- though the canoes had to be held apart to keep the water from coming over the gunwales. However, dark clouds began to appear. Thunder rolled as Ray had predicted it would, and flashes of lightning indicated the passing of one storm off to the north of us. We thought we might make T Station before getting caught, but the wind started to shift. We tried to tack the craft with poor success. The sail backed often, and our square rigged ship was driven off course. Trying to get it back up wind proved unsuccessful, and the whole rig crashed down -- pushing a hole in the bow sheeting of # 58 in the process, though sparing the canvas. Bouncing on the waves we dismantled the rig faster than it took to raise it. The guide headed for the shelter of an island just before the narrows. Ken and Ray dumped # 58, which had taken water in the process of sailing, and in spite of the rain we had thoughts of moving on toward town until a more violent storm drove us under the vacant boat shed on the dock. Four canoes made it into the space leaving # 58 tied out in the storm while its crew joined the rest of us in the shelter. The storm swung around and drove right up the arm onto us. Under the sideless roof came the hail -- and for a few minutes we covered up as it pelted down. Fortunately the roof held. Then the hail turned to rain as we continued to huddle under the roof. Shivering with cold, John Celentano sang manfully through the storm to entertain us. A half hour later the storm slackened, and after bailing out the craft, we braved the water and headed for town -- pushed on by the waves built up by the storm. Dinner was cooked on the sloping rock campsite outside town, and the canoes dried out a little at least. A few changed clothes for something a little dryer. By eight o'clock we were portaging up to the baggage car waiting on the siding for us. Staff's car did a little of the work, but so eager was every one that better than half the loads were portaged up. The car was supposed to pull out for Englehart at 9:00, but the train was late, and so we had the run of the car until eleven or so. Clothes were changed, and the car took on the appearance of a Chinese laundry with various articles hanging all over the place. Eventually we sealed the car and vacated for the next 24 hours. We tried every restaurant in town, but eventually they all shut up shop and threw us out. A few hardy souls slept on the station benches. Bob was probably most successful at this, but others tried also. The rest drove off the local thugs and watched the police cruiser make its constant rounds of the town. Then the train

was to be 20 minutes late -- then an hour and twenty minutes late. Finally at 4:15 it arrived, and we piled on to start our ride.

Wednesday, July 1 -- Dominion Day. Really it started long ago, but since we did not board the train until 4:15 to start to sleep, our night began then. At 6:30 we were roused to change trains in Englehart and traded in our comfortable seats for less comfortable ones. The train was almost deserted to Swastika, so even if the seats were hard, we could stretch out, even if the only passenger accommodations were in a half baggage-passenger car. With an influx of passengers things got crowded, but we still managed to sleep through to Noranda, reached about 9:30. We made the mistake of passing by the Rouyn station and going on to Noranda. As a result we had to walk back almost a mile to the CNR station in Rouyn. The ONR Rouyn station was really only a quarter mile further back. After checking train times we headed off to find a breakfast spot. Ken found a pizza palace where the proprietor regaled the section with stories of the moose he had shot at Oskelaneo, and a prospector just returned from the area warned us of the black flies. Gradually we reassembled at the station well before train time. Steve shocked the prim ladies arriving to buy tickets by sleeping on the floor. We finally boarded the train and discovered we had a passenger car all to ourselves as the conductor moved every one else back to other coaches. A few more hours of sleep and we reached Senneterre. Nishe pointed with pride to the dirty Harricanaw over which we passed at Val d'Or. At Senneterre he and the staff could both spot their old campsite of two years ago. Staff went to remove the seal on the baggage car for the station master at Senneterre only to find the seal removed and the car open already. The train got longer by the addition of another section from the west, and we pulled out on the last leg. Sandwiches were constructed out of supplies picked up in Rouyn and were supplemented with other materials purchased individually. The train crew had announced that they were taking the car on through at Oskelaneo and would not shunt it off on a siding, so about 10:15 we went forward to pack up our loose gear. In doing so Bob discovered his boots were missing. Fife had lost his jacket, and Ken was missing about \$5 worth of cigarettes. John was missing a couple packs. One wannigan box was open, but what if anything was taken was hard to say. The conductor took his list of missing items to report back -- and the agent at Oskelaneo took his list of what was there. And off we piled. Staff went off with the station master to find a campsite, but Nishe did a better job and got the loan of a cabin for the night from a local outfitter. Bedded down on the floor, we were soon asleep.

Thursday, July 2 -- Ray was first up and in conversation with the station agent when the staff got up at 9:40 to make breakfast. The outfitter loaned us a coleman stove for breakfast, so no fire was needed. By eleven every one was up and the meal eaten. The loads were portaged down to the water behind the Bay Post which closed a couple years ago. We tried to replace our missing items at the store, but all we could get was cigarettes -- no boots or jackets. It felt good to be in canoes again, even if we only went as far as the ranger station two hundred yards away for travel permits. They obligingly filled them out for the whole trip. John inquired about how to get summer jobs in the ranger service, and we got advice on how to travel after the Bureau Lakes. Nishe took a canoe load of literature they offered to use in place of birch bark. A few maps were gathered -- twenty miles to the inch -- what a perfect traveling

map! Off we went. A couple indian canoes were passed. Low country, well cut over. Water a little dark in color from the muskeg bottom. Silently we paddled on. The guide called a smoke break, and pretty soon John had the choir singing to pass the time away. We broke from the river to open water. Nishe spotted a low rock for a fireplace, and we made lunch. Sandwich materials were finished off, and we cooked a regular meal too. We were not yet ready for large Section A meals, and some needed to be bushed. That will not happen many more times. When all was done, staff looked at his watch -- 3:15! Back on the water, the sunny sky was gradually replaced by high clouds. The ranger's barometer had been falling slowly. We expected showers. More river was encountered. A fair current helped. The water was high; maybe that was the reason. The trip reports said we had two portages to go to our campsite just onto the Bay of the South. The first one approached. A chute to one side that could not be run by any one. A lock in the dam that would not work. So we carried over the platform beside it -- all of about 15 yards. Most sterns men did not even bother to throw their canoes at all but teamed with the bowmen and carried the craft over. Off again. A large boat with four men aboard passed headed up to the lock. We could hear their motor shut off as they reached the carry. Then silence as they must have pulled the boat over. Then the motor started again. Much quicker than we expected. They must have been experts at poulling the boat over the wooden platform. On we paddled. More turns in the river than the map showed; but that's usual. Another large pointer was met with an outboard-inboard motor. One man aboard. He was resting above the next lock, but a sluice way was present, and we ran it -- though we bounced off the retaining wall in the process. Our boe's men need practice pulling. We ran down to the Bay of the South. A nice white cabin on our right and a campsite on the left. We pulled in and pitched. The bugs were bad until the tents were up and the fire started. The sun was now completely hidden. Those who threatened to go swimming never made it. French fries for supper. Bob did the honors after he and Fife did the work of peeling the potatoes. A few drops of rain fell. So the fly was pitched. The wannigans were moved under a half hour later when a shower started. Dinner was eaten in a drizzle, but it stopped so the fishermen could get out to work. Ray brought in five walleye. Fife and George one, while Bob and the staff threw back all of their's. John, Steve, and Ken kept the guide entertained with song. At 10:15 crawled into the tents as a gentle rain fell to lull us to sleep.

Friday, July 3 -- Little rain, if any, fell during the night, but the day dawned overcast, but the clouds were high, and we decided to chance it. On the water at 8:45 -- after a breakfast featuring Fife's and Ray's fish. A slow start really, but we'll do better. Rounding the point at the end of our little bay, the Baie du Sud stretched out ahead of us. The wind blew very lightly from the south as we headed north. The rains finally came four or five miles further down. Rain gear was broken out, and we paddled on. Usually the rain was a fine drizzle and not really uncomfortable. A few songs livened up the paddle. Fife landed a small walleye at a smoke break. The game of find-the-lunch-site followed, and we eventually settled on an island the size of a postage stamp. Ken braved the waters for a swim, and Fife found a pike hole, and Ray and George tried their luck also. The rain had stopped, and every one was pretty well dried out. On to the end of the bay. We played games with the swamps as the wind started to

come up from the north east. Eventually a channel was found and we broke into open water. Fife hit for two pike on three casts at a smoke break. The rain really started in earnest. This time a cold hard thunder shower. Guide and staff consulted maps, and on we went. Our path was blocked, and we found we were confronted with a five yard lift over. We picked up the canoes bodily and moved them over a sand spit. By now we knew we had taken the wrong bay out of Baie du Sud, but we certainly were not going to retrace our steps to avoid a five yard lift over. Besides we were exactly where we wanted to be, so we lost nothing but a little energy lifting the canoes. The rain continued. We rejected a dirty looking indian site just after the lift over and started looking for a campsite. Nothing. Up the Baie du Nord we paddled and into the arm leading out. Fife landed another pike and had to bring him along since he swallowed the hook. Finally a mile or so up the arm we landed on a rocky island at an old indian site. It was drowned, and the rest looked too rocky until the staff stumbled onto another indian site on the same island and declared it home for the night. A little crowded, but we got all the tents into the space and cooked dinner. The indians had removed almost every scrap of dry wood, so it was with effort that dinner was made. The rain stopped soon after we made camp, so all was pretty comfortable. Fife, George, Ray, and Steve went fishing -- landed a few they threw back, and raced back to the site just before another thunder storm hit and drove every one to bed. The map measurers decided we had done twenty-four miles today, though the guide had his bowman and a few others believing we had made only eleven.

Saturday, July 4 -- Yesterday's rain seemed to want to stick around. At rising time a light rain was falling, the wind had already risen -- from the north, and the sky was gray -- black in spots. The staff went back to bed. Several other investigations during the early morning showed no change. At 9:30 the section was pretty well awake, so breakfast was cooked leisurely. Pancakes made their appearance for the first time. The fly was raised. The weather looked as though it might clear later, but by the time dishes were done, there was still no real incentive to move. Brief showers fell often, and the wind came in pretty strong from the north. An indian-filled freighter passed as did the inboard-outboard job we had met two days earlier. Ray and Fife went fishing and returned with one walleye. George braved the cold for a bath. Lunch took a few minutes to prepare. A card game, or two, a little sleeping, a little fishing, and some singing served to occupy the afternoon. Dinner brought no real weather change -- unless it was of note that the temperature dropped a few degrees. Bob started the birch bending sport -- John and Ken had a little trouble making the necessary climb and Steve complained that all his birches broke. Goldwater came in for his share of the political discussion that soon turned to less academic topics. And so the 4th of July was celebrated -- not nearly so exciting as Dominion Day.

Sunday, July 5 -- The wind blew through the night and a fair amount of rain must have fallen, but in the morning the clouds looked high enough to chance starting off though the temperature was relatively low. We were on the water at 8:05 in surprisingly good time. The north wind was not a great asset, but with numerous smoke breaks in the lee of convenient points and islands we made the Obiduan Post about 11:30 after a rough pull across about four miles of open water punctuated by white caps and short shoppy waves caused by the shallow lake. The Post manager reluctantly opened the store -- Sunday being his day off. A couple dozen Cree kids met us

on the shore and accompanied us to the store -- but said nothing we could understand and would not really come close. Bob and Fife added a couple hatchets to our cutting tools -- now there are only three people in the section unable to cut poles right off the bat at each campsite. Ken acquired a beautiful green beret that fit him perfectly! Steve did a little better. A good number of packages of cigarettes were purchased, and we shoved off. One false start was made as guide and staff stayed to discuss the Post with the manager while the rest sat on the steps. So every one trooped back in to do more business. Most of the Indians were off cutting pulp for the Canadian International Paper Company, and few were left on the reserve so it was pretty quiet at the Bay Post for the summer. We pulled out in the wind again, rounded the corner, and soon decided it was time for lunch -- so we picked a minute lunch site on a side hill with inferior landings for the canoes to boot. But the meal got cooked, and no one fell in the pots, and the irons did not slip off their precariously piled rocks -- by some stroke of luck. Reports of a fabulous campsite on the far side of the island were investigated by a few gullible souls. The wind seemed to have died a little, so we tried again, and by hopping from island to island we made another ten miles against the head wind that was at times pretty rough. As twists and turns were made we sometimes had a side wind and sometimes a head wind, and a little water got shipped occasionally. #54 brought up the rear most of the afternoon. Fife cast at every break and landed a pike at almost every stop. He now boasts of being seven fish ahead of Ray in the fish race. After a particularly rough pull across a wide open stretch of water every one was ready to camp, so the daily game of find-the-campsite ensued. Guide investigated one location and found it too dirty. Tried another and was driven out by the black flies. Staff tried two islands, but like neither. The waiting canoes forced the guide to paddle to a rocky point which he declared satisfactory. The rest pulled in to be greeted by a swarm of black flies, but eventually tent sites were cleared and the fire was built as close to the shore as possible. Nishe baked Bob's cinnamon bannock for dinner, and the meal was over by seven. The Birch Bending Club reconvened, but lost a member as Ray took a tree that broke. Then every one tried the cold water for a needed bath. The fishermen cast off the point a few times. The wind was still a little rough for peaceful trolling. Steve took a couple small pike, but no one else had much success. Then the flies drove every one to bed as the farmer started gathering his sheep up above. The Post Manager had told us they had had rain every second day. It looked like the record would not be broken. Steve and John had a little session of bug net sewing before they crawled in as a result of last night's attempt to cram a tent with the whole section.

Monday, July 6 -- A beautiful day for anything. Just a breath of air and no bugs. Warm sunshine was welcome after a chilly night. A heavy dew had fallen indicating a good day. We got on the lake at 8:10 and threaded our way through the islands and points to reach Baie Verreau 16 miles away for a late lunch -- late because we could not find a convenient place to stop. The warm sun was a welcome change after our cold cloudy days. The head wind was negligible, though we feared it would rise if we delayed our paddle very much. Fife tried his luck with the fish at every smoke break, but nothing responded -- though he did catch Canada and lose a lure at one point. The canoes traveled close together all morning. John Hanna and Steve having traded bow seats in the canoes in the

morning. Steve succeeded in dropping his Zippo overboard at the lunch site. Ray started to volunteer to dive for it, but the depth of the water and its temperature discouraged him, and no one else volunteered, though Fife and George braved the water briefly after getting up their courage. Lunch was cooked on another rock of postage stamp size, but no one fell in -- though moving around was tough. The afternoon was well started as we got back on the water. The entrance to the stream to Lake Dubois -- or Clearwater Lake -- depending on whose map was used -- was about a mile ahead. What the ascent would be like was very hard to predict. Some maps showed some portages -- others different ones. Warren Chivers' report seemed incomplete and Andy Smyth said nothing but that he pulled up Warren's long carry. An attractive looking indian campsite sat on the point of land just before the creek. Nishe made the turn and ran into a log jam immediately. Since it looked ancient, there probably was a portage. So staff landed at an obvious trail and followed it back into a very messy indian hunting camp. The trail kept going, and so did he. It forked once and he tried the left, got discouraged since he seemed to be getting further from the creek in the process, and then tried the right. Nishe and Bob trailed along. After 3/4 of a mile every one gave up. Warren's report said the first carry was 200 yards. Andy did not disagree, and the map we thought most accurate said 2 1/2 chains. Back to the landing we came, having wasted half to three-quarters of an hour. Back in the canoes to try the stream. Staff had another idea and paddled back into the nearby swampy bay, and there was a much more attractive stream. Eventually every one else came also. The stream was nice and deep. At various places logs had been cut away by humans, so we were pretty well convinced we were now on the right track. As with all small streams, it wound quite a bit, but the sun was warm, the bugs few, and it was a pleasant change after so much straight lake paddling. Then the first portage arrived around a cascade -- small size, but obviously impassable. The trail on the left ran only for a maximum of 50 yards, so the bowmen were back almost before the sternsmen had flipped their canoes. John entertained by flipping his canoe up one way, over his head and down on the ground on the other side. No damage to canoe or John. The stream widened into narrow lake proportions and on we went. There were a couple swifts to be paddled. At the first good one, Nishe went up with no effort. #74 and #58 followed with success, but more effort. #54 tried -- John and Steve both poling on the left -- and out of the canoe they both pitched. The canoe filled about 1/3 of the way, but nothing was damaged, though they were both soaking wet. Through a narrows and then an old dam had to be portaged. Again 50 yards at most. More lake like stream. A cabin appeared on the left shore with what looked to be a relatively clear area near it. By now it was 4:30 or so. A vote was taken to stop or go on. As every one looked around, hands went up -- some reluctantly -- to go on. It was decided to see if the stream could be paddled, and if so to try it. After one false start we found the entrance, and there seemed to be enough water to float the canoes, so we tackled it. Soon the water shallowed though, and every one was out walking the canoes up but the guide who rode along, poling to help Bob's pulling. A little cascade proved too much of an obstacle even for people already soaking wet, so we carried up a steep rocky incline. Now the staff copied John's eariler flip and did the same to get into the act also. Ray tried flipping while standing waist deep in water -- it worked. About a 30 yard carry, and we were back on the water. Then another cascade,

not so violent. The camper canoes pulled up while the guide and staff canoes carried. Another steep rapid with a beaver dam at the top which George and Ray chopped out. Staff chickened out and carried, arriving at the wide stretch on top at the same time as the others. It was getting late, and every one was tired, wet, and hungry, but there was no place to stop. So on we had to go. Another long rapid. Staff carried the 300 yards while the others pulled up. The guide -- still dry -- walked up to the top and waited while the canoes were lifted -- or pulled -- over rocks and logs. The Pulp Company was in the process of building a bridge over the creek, but the project was not yet finished. A very short distance on was another series -- this one too tough to pull up so every one carried. John -- upset because the staff had copied his flipping act -- performed again -- this time producing an audible cracking of sheeting. There was supposed to be a campsite at Dubois, but it looked poor, so after some moments of indecision we decided to pitch back in a campsite on the trail about 100 yards short of the lake. The black flies were unbelievably bad. Even the guide's quick fire did nothing to drive them away. Tents went up with differing amounts of speed, depending on who could find a site and how much energy the occupants had. Fife and George went swimming, but after getting dressed again, Fife took an extra dip. Dinner was cooked in jig time -- and eaten in spite of the flies. Fortunately no one had wanted bannock for lunch, so that one was left over for supper, and it was unnecessary to bake. Neither guide nor staff had guts enough to bake another for lunch at that late hour. Pots were walloped and dishes washed in very little light, and every one rolled in. Even if no one was tired, the sand flies had taken over where the black flies left off. Quiet rained over the campsite as guide and staff debated whether to follow Warren's route or Andy's on the morrow. Having voted in favor of Andy's, they snuffed out the candle and started to doze off only to be rudely awakened by Ray's yells of "Help, Help". No one ever knew what he was dreaming of.

Tuesday, July 7 -- Staff had promised a little extra sleep. Bob wanted a rest day, but no one else seemed very interested in this buggy hole. So he did not get up until after seven and did not wake the section formally until eight -- though the sound of the axe had roused a few individuals. With a lunch bannock baked, the campsite was gradually vacated, and we were on the water at 9:15. The sun was hot, and the bugs few as we pulled out. A few white fleecy clouds dotted the sky, and a jet trail added to the picture above. The lake was clearer than any we had seen -- maybe therefore the name -- but certainly not of Temagami proportions. The wind blew slightly in our faces as we paddled the lake. A few islands dotted the water, and a fire ranger's tower was perched like an acorn on top of a long pole on the hill just off the lake. We passed up the bay where Warren's route took out and paddled on in silence to the first smoke break at the shallow narrows in the lake. Then the song birds started up as we approached the first portage. Out at a good landing provided with a floating log dock, we started off on what the map advertised as 40 chains. The old logs laid in the muskeg were sometimes a help, but often a hindrance. A logging road cut across the trail, and the guide had to search a little to find where the trail started again on the other side. The second half had more muskeg, very inadequately covered with logs, but we got across somehow. The distance was more than advertised. We looked for a lunch site on the pond in which we landed -- it now

being twelve o'clock, but nothing seemed inviting, so we took out on the second of the two carries. Advertised as 60 chains, it proved to be an excellent walker, even though longer than expected. It followed the top of a ridge fortunately because low swampy land lay on either side. A good lunch site was provided at the far side, but as we brought across the second loads, thunder rolled in the distance, and it was decided to stay right there -- it now being about 2:00. A few drops fell during lunch, but the fly was up and so were a couple tents. The rain held off in any volume until 5:15 when it really let go for a couple hours. Radio Canada entertained meanwhile from John and Ken while the rest sharpened their cutlery and the guide repaired one of the two tumps that had broken thus far. Then the rain clouds gathered, and when the promised storm hit, we crawled into the tents and hid for almost two hours when it became safe to venture out and cook supper. The temperature had dropped and the air was clear and cool. Fog started to settle over the water as darkness came, and back to the tents we went for the night.

Wednesday, July 8 -- Fog rising off the lake or pond in front of the campsite obscured the sun at rising time. As the fog lifted, the clouds moved in to take its place. By the time every one was up for breakfast a few drops of rain were falling, but we broke camp anyway. Rain suits went on before we were very far from the site. Departure was a little later than usual since some one apparently thought that it was necessary to untie the wannigan tumps to open the boxes. One beaver dam had to be run over after the guide's bowboy opened up a little hole. By the time we entered the second part of Lake Normandin the rain suits came off, and the sun started to break through. A jet flew over adding its noise to that of the chain saws we could hear back toward the logging road we carried over yesterday. But soon the sound died out. We bypassed the indicated carry around the stream down into Petit Lake Buade and tackled the river. A little horse race at the top posed no problem. The guide looked over the next rapid -- jumped it himself, and waved us on. Down we went -- bumping a few rocks in the process, but we made our first rapid successfully. The second was just ahead. The guide and staff had to cut out a couple trees. Then we let down a couple yards around the first corner and ran the rest. Petit Buade was not too bad, though the first part was drowned. We lifted over the logging dam at the top of the river. The water looked as though it might hold trout, so Fife and Ray rigged their fly rods, but had no luck down the river. The first rapid was a pretty easy run. Then a level stretch and the second caused a few anxious moments at the foot where the guide was posted to keep us off a big stone. Lunch was suggested, so we pulled ashore at the foot of an unused portage and cooked right next to the water. The staff ran down to look at the next one right around the bend while the dishes were being washed up. The guide joined him and together they reasoned that the necessary turns to make the run were just too much; so we carried 150 yards around it. One muskeg hole had to be filled in so our feet would stay dry. Almost immediately afterwards we reached the abandoned power dam at Foam Falls. We investigated the dam and the abandoned camp and made the carry -- easy but complicated by the steep bank at the end and the necessity of parking the canoes on the shore above the loading spot since there was room for only one at a time. Buade proved to be the most attractive lake thus far, but its initial beauty was spoiled by the start of a thunder shower which never really materialized, though out came the rain suits. Soon the threat

passed, and the sun came out again as warm as before. We passed up a campsite just past the dam and started down the lake right into the wind. The going was not particularly hard, but by now it was getting late and every one was tired. About 5:00 we started to seriously look for a camp ground. There was supposed to be one on Poutrincourt, but that seemed a long way away. We pulled up at one spot where Nishe deposited Bob to see what it looked like. From the other side of the point came a cry of delight at finding a rock. Nishe thought he must have discovered gold and paddled around to see. It was just a Temagami-like rock, but unusual for this country. We figured the campsite must be fabulous as a result of his great joy, but the guide looked more carefully at the possible tent sites, and we went on. Reaching the head of the lake having found nothing, we started down a nice looking narrows or river trying still to find a site. It looked as though we were going on whether we wanted to or not. Rounding a small point there in the water was a two year old bull moose getting away from the flies. He took one look at us, got up and headed into the bush. He should have heard us ages before we arrived because the usual echoes had been trying their lungs a few times just before. One indian site was passed -- one tent where the indian had parked next to a beaver dam -- but he could keep it! Then Nishe spotted a likely looking rock and landed. A white man's site -- pretty rough, but it looked like a section site the way the stones were placed for the irons. Maybe last year's Wabun site -- they left wood nicely cut even if their tent sites were poor and their irons set too high. Fortunately no one had eaten the corn bread baked for the noon meal, so it did not take long for dinner to be cooked. Fish were rising around the site so those with rods tried their luck. Ken tried fly casting as did Fife, from a canoe. The staff was not as sporting and used his spinning outfit. First he landed a couple white fish and then a pike or muskie hit. After playing him for a while, he was landed on the rocks -- 33 inches -- 9 pounds. The fishermen got more excited. Ray and Fife took a canoe off to a rapid just ahead. The staff continued fishing from the campsite getting small walleye from then on. Now Fife only leads the fish parade 15 to the staff's 12. Ray caught a minnow on his fly rod -- but did not count him in his total. John and Ken braved the water for a noisy swim. The bugs had a feast on those remaining out and finally with rain threatening we turned in. Before every one had fallen asleep a few drops of rain fell for the third time today!

Thursday, July 9 -- The promised rain never really fell -- a few drops and that was it. On top of that the night was warm as the staff could attest when he rose at 4 am to fight fire that had spread from the fireplace into the stump behind. All out, he went back to bed until the usual 6:30. The section was pretty sluggish rising and getting off -- except for Bob who was up and rolled before the staff called the rest. The muskie was sacrificed since no one wanted to clean him. We hit the water at about 8:30 for one of our latest departures when we got up on time. Ray and Fife had scouted the rapid just ahead the night before, so we took only a short time looking at it before going down. Perhaps the islands below the rapid would have made better campsites than that we used, but it was no use trying to figure out what might have been. We passed the site on Poutrincourt that we had been headed for about half an hour later -- it looked like it would have been ok. The day was excessively warm paddling down the lake. Bob took over reading the guide's map since his glasses had been broken early in the morning. The first couple rapids were run with no trouble at all, but then we found one

that needed careful looking over. We made the mistake of picking the side on which the portage was not located, so it took a while. Eventually it was decided that there were two big swells that could not be avoided, so we carried -- on the correct trail. All this after we had planned not to have any portages. Besides we were looking for moose at the time -- no luck. The fishing rods were out, but again no luck. A wind fall lay across the landing, but the canoes were lifted over slowly to say the least until the staff finally cut the whole thing out because he did not feature lifting over -- or as the guide observed, he was clearing the trail for his brother next year. The river widened, and we paddled on for a half hour, found a good looking rock, and cooked lunch. The section went swimming to a man -- washed a few clothes -- and argued over whether to make trail pack or not. After a leisurely meal we had gone no more than a couple miles when #54 ran up on a rock that was just below the surface, ripped off an old patch, and had to make for shore before it sank. Nishe went over to repair the damage while the rest drifted. Down the lake slowly glided an aluminum canoe. Its progress was obvious by the violent red life jacket worn by the bows man. After #54 was repaired, the craft drew close and turned out to contain an elderly couple from Bridgeport Connecticut who were on their two week vacation. They had pulled their canoe up a rapid down the river and were wondering how they were getting back down. The woman had suffered badly from the flies, and both wore head nets. The woman announced that she knew Bob's father before she was married and also knew the Dickgiesser's next door neighbors. Its a small world as Nishe observed. Now we better stop commenting when he meets some one he knows. The river looked moose-like, but we saw none. The rapid the couple had mentioned was run with ease. The guide suggested fishing the fast water at the foot, but only the fishermen got bitten. Through a flooded bay we reached Nikabau, which seemed to stretch an interminable distance north. A logging camp sat across the lake, but we did not bother investigating. The north wind blew at us again as we paddled on for a couple miles until the guide spotted a stand of poplar, landed, found a cut campsite, and called it a day at 4:30. After tents were up a good percentage went swimming off the sandy beach. Dinner cooked slowly since there seemed to be no real reason to hurry. The mosquitoes were bad, but the fire helped some. Fife made cocoa under Bob's directions and then baked a bannock with the staff advising. Occasionally clouds of dust could be seen rising from the road across the lake as trucks or cars went by -- though none could be heard. The lake grew quite calm, and an outboard could be seen and heard going up and down the far shore. Then our daily storm began to take shape. A card game started to keep out of the bugs, The guide repaired glasses, broken tumps, and canoes, and no one else really did anything constructive. Rain began to fall and the wind rose again as dusk came on. A hard day was planned for tomorrow -- if it clears up a little. Beards are beginning to itch -- except for Fife's -- since he has solved the problem with Johnson's Baby Powder.

Friday, July 10 -- No one really knows what time we got off this morning. The staff's watch stopped at 7:30 last evening so he set it by guess and by God. No real point in telling the rest of the section anyway. Time's all relative anyway. By the new staff time we were on the water at 7:50 for a new record. The rest of Nikabau was paddled in an almost dead calm -- a little different from yesterday's wind, and we seemed to travel a little faster. A few trucks or cars could be heard to the right on the road in the

distance. The shore line was not really fascinating with a good number of dead birches on the shore line. The lumbering through the area seems to have taken most everything worth cutting. A gull flew ahead of us landing and taking off frequently to display his aero-dynamics. The islands were really no more attractive than the mainland. We made the turn out of the lake and started up stream. Pretty soon a small rapid appeared which was paddled with a little extra effort. The stream was boomed in many places and rows of piles had been driven at intervals by the now defunct lumbering operations in the area. Another rapid appeared before Lake Jourdain and an abandoned lumber camp was passed just before the last rapid. This one required a pull up and a few wet feet. The lake was paddled quickly and then more pull ups appeared. Guide and staff stayed dry, but no one else succeeded completely. Most of the rapids needed some pulling at least, and the others strong paddling. If we had been on the way down, they would have been nothing but little riffles, but they were real problems on the way up. Watching the map closely we found the half mile portage to Malo right on the button. Staff investigated two places before finding the right one. On the second John stunned a white fish with his paddle when he was caught in the shallows, and the staff finished him off with his paddle. Can such a fish count in the race for the most fish? The carry proved to be a pretty good walker in spite of the length, and every one was over in good time for lunch. The bugs were rough, however, so we pulled out of the landing -- where there was room for a good fireplace -- to find a more exposed place. The day was quite warm, and now a north wind had started up. Up the lake we went looking for Bob's rock. We almost cut out a spot several times in the moss on islands, but fear of fire drove us on, and finally on the last island we found another small lunch site of postage stamp size. If any one moved, he either had to go into the bush or back into the water. By now every one was starved. Fife's lemon bannock hit the spot while the macaroni cooked. Back on the water at 3:15, we crossed over another Height of Land. The portage out of the creek at the head of Malo was supposed to go for 1 1/4 miles, but we figured it was only 3/4 of a mile. Across a little lake, and a half miler was negotiated, and we pulled into the campsite at the eighty-yarder just below shortly after six. Having seen a huge fish jump just before we arrived, Ray went to try his luck in the hope of locating a trout, but since he landed only a pike, enthusiasm dwindled, and no one else tried. Tents were soon up and supper eaten. The bugs were awful at first, but quieted down enough so it was possible to sit by the fire in relative comfort until after dark. The usual afternoon shower we get every day never really materialized today -- though we got a half dozen drops of rain at one point. We drifted off to sleep with the bull frogs down the way providing the bass for Radio Canada harmonizing in the next tent, Ken and John ended up composing verses of songs about the trip this far and the personnel of the section -- including one that made reference to the axe John had left at the campsite on Nikabau this morning.

Saturday, July 11 -- The night was chilly as was the morning. A chipmunk or squirrel tried to raid the wannigans in the early morning but apparently was not well rewarded. The sun did not make its appearance, but the air felt cool and fresh. There was a great question about who Ray had been calling an "Idiot" in his sleep during the night. Just a short way down the stream we took out for a 3/4 miler. The air was fresh; the bugs had not yet

gotten up; the muskeg was not too deep; and Nishe had convinced Bob that his hatchet should be used for clearing trails. He and Fife went ahead working on the wind falls. Actually it was not too hard. Back on the stream, the staff felt that Andy must have gotten his portages mixed up in his report, and maybe this was the one which was supposed to be split by a very short paddle on the stream -- it wasn't, but we looked hard for a portage. A beaver dam lay in the way, so we looked for the portage for a while before trying to break the dam. The staff canoe broke through and ended with John in the stern. At the next dam the guide took the lead again after Bob pulled it apart. Eventually the half-miler came along. It took a little finding since it was at the junction of our creek and another one. This one was pretty wet and harder to carry -- though shorter. The guide had a bout with the muskeg, but survived. A few rocks were painted green in the next stretch. The 350 yarder was passed without incident though George was observed crawling back on all fours at one point after leaving his canoe. We paddled under the modern bridge to the mine to the south and were brought up short by the ancient bridge for our last carry. Getting the canoes out of the water was tough, and the race to cross the portage first was stacked against those in the rear. Ray tried to make his own trail down the old road but eventually joined the rest of us. It was only a short paddle to the lake, and great cries of joy were heard as we rounded the last bend and saw rocky islands ahead. Closer to Temagami than anything we have seen for ten days! Bob found a rock for a lunch site -- not the greatest, but it was a rock, and it was possible to move around without tripping over the fire. Ken crashed through his bow seat just before lunch, and Ray paddled him in mojo. The seat was bolted up again before we left. After lunch ~~John knew where the head was and that's why he slipped on the shore~~ paddling to ~~make~~ a few miles before camping, we poked along against the head wind enjoying the sun that had now come out. Watching the map closely, we made the narrows in good shape. A beautiful rocky island lay right in our path, but clubbers had pitched their huge green tent, so we paddled on past their spot. The land looked like it was getting lower as we approached the narrows, so we settled on a well cut campsite on a poplar point in the narrows -- there was a little rock on the very tip for swimming at least. After great agitation over who was pitching where, the accumulated poles were distributed, and everything got up. John and Ken could not bear the thought of being removed from the rest of us, and by the time guide and staff had collected enough wood for a rest day, even their tent was up. The bugs joined us as usual, but once the fire was going they left. Bob and John collected a myriad of sand flies in their bug netting and did away with them. Fife and Bob succeeded in cooking chocolate pudding correctly for the greatest of culinary feats. Any one who has the patience to stir that stuff for 20 minutes waiting for it to thicken deserves a medal! After dinner we looked over the map and reports of the rest of our route. The evening was cool, and the bugs were less numerous than usual, so it was possible to sit out around the fire until dark for one of the few times thus far. With a rest day coming up, no one was really ready for bed as darkness fell.

Sunday, July 12 -- No one gets up early on a rest day obviously, but about 9:15 the sun began to make the tents too warm for comfortable sleeping and a motor boat -- containing the clubbers down the lake we saw yesterday, we figured -- came by, slowed down, and the occupants were heard to exclaim -- "Look, a whole tribe of

them" -- before they moved on. Eventually the pancakes were burned as usual on a rest day -- most of them turned out better than they did the last rest day though. Then guide and staff played with omelets while the washing operations started -- which took most of the rest of the morning -- punctuated with a little swimming, reading, card playing, and letter writing. The day could not have been more perfect for a rest day -- or for anything else for that matter. Guide baked bread and staff made beans. As lunch was started, the clubbers reappeared -- 3 of them -- and pulled in. Vacationing from Ohio, they were fishing and exploring the lake. Nishe demonstrated how to call a moose on the small birch bark horn they carried. Encouraged by their success in catching walleye, a few fishing rods appeared in the afternoon, but interest declined as the staff landed two pike. Guide repaired canoes and various other pieces of equipment. The sun started down after dinner -- topped by Fife's second batch of pudding in two days -- the Section A Glee Club entertained for a while. The non-singers played cards, and Fife and Steve went fishing. No luck on the fishing. Then Steve and Fife fought mosquitoes in their tent while the rest went to sleep.

Monday, July 13 -- For some reason the staff slept a few minutes longer than usual, so in spite of good speed for the day after a rest day, it was 8:15 before we were all loaded and on our way. The time was relatively correct since the staff had checked with our clubber friends the day before -- his watch was only 5 minutes slow! The day was excessively warm, and we were on our way before any really bothersome wind came up. The trail down Obatogamau was a little rough to follow. It would have been a little easier if our fishermen friends had given us a tow, but they and their friends slowed down, told us they were heading for the rapids to fish, and then gunned their motors and roared away. So we paddled on our own way. We only made one false start -- more by luck than good management -- and reached the head of the lake in good time. Set off in an isolated bay, we passed a pen which we figured was a spawning bed for white fish for the Indians in the fall -- obviously not being used at the moment. We looked for moose to no avail on the creek as we started up. Paddling was easy, and the water deep for quite a while. We passed several blazed trees but could see no reason to portage and finally figured out that they were marks of mining claims. We reached a grassy landing with an obvious campsite and portage trail, but since the stream still looked perfectly good, we decided to try going on. The guide took the lead from the staff and soon called back for us to turn around. The rapids ahead could not even be pulled up. So back to the landing we went. The trail could not have been better. It was packed clay -- which would have been slippery if wet -- but under present conditions, it was perfect. Advertised as $3/4$ of a mile, it was actually slightly shorter. It was the easiest long carry possible. At the other end was a recently built prospector's tent frame and a nice supply of already cut wood. So we cooked lunch -- a little early, perhaps, but we could not afford to pass up the site. Arguments ensued as to what to do with the remaining supply of trail pack, but a pot was eventually made. There were suggestions made about swimming, but no one did anything but sit in the shade. Nishe replaced an old patch on #74 to stop some of the morning's leaks, and we shoved off. Ray immediately discovered he had left his hat -- actually Ken's beret -- back on the trail and went back for it only to find it right where he had been resting before lunch. Nishe thought he spotted a moose, and the staff rigged his cameras and went to

to investigate, finding only an old stump. All the while chain saws could be heard working away to the east. The stream got narrower and more rock filled. The staff led looking for moose and pulled over a beaver dam and up a short rapid so narrow the bowman could get out on one side and the sternsman on the other and push the canoe up. We were sure we were going up correctly for the rocks were already marked green -- probably from the prospector's craft. Then an impass and we were forced to portage. The logging operations had slashed up the trail, but we finally found it and got across. Nishe had to put a patch on his own canoe to keep from sinking as a result of an encounter with a stone on the way up. Ray tried bridging the shore and canoe and ended up in six inches of water and much more muskeg -- while Ken laughed. More stream, and we tossed the canoes for the third time today for a 50 yard carry to the last pond in the string we were climbing. Up and over the highway to waters that flowed to Chibougamau. Bob went to find the trail, but returned without success when the guide called him back. The section was about to look elsewhere for the trail when it was decided to make a second attempt. This time it was successful. Passing cars were a menace -- not only because of their speed, but also because of the clouds of dust they raised. But we made the carry despite road, dust, muskeg, and bugs -- especially the bugs. The ensuing creek was as bad or worse than the carry. We held a smoke break on the little lake into which we paddled to let the wind get rid of a few of them. Then through a railroad culvert -- which made a good echo chamber, and we were on the down hill run. We passed slowly through the interveining lakes or ponds -- and streams. Every one seemed pooped. Staff's bowman lay prone on the packs at every smoke break, while the guide's bowman slumped forward, head between knees. Maybe it would be wise to pull ashore at the first campsite available and call it a day. We thought there might even be one more portage yet to go. But thoughts of a half day in Chibougamau stirred us on to Devlin Point where we were supposed to be tonight. At 6:30 we made it to the best campsite of the trip part way up the point -- sheltered tent sites, wood already cut, and best of all a Temagami-like rock for cooking and swimming. Exhausted though we were, dinner was cooked quickly, and almost every one went for a swim. John had visions of sitting out on the point looking at the stars, but the cloudy sky promised rain, so that all that could be seen was a blue light down the lake. Ray and Fife baked the bannock for tomorrow into the wee small hours, and the rain held off long enough for us to roll into bed at last.

Tuesday, July 14 -- The rain held off through the night, and the staff woke with the sun streaming through the tent door partially obscured by George sitting on the shore contemplating the weather -- which did not look particularly good. The sunshine rapidly disappeared, and the south wind of yesterday began to pick up. A few sprinkles of rain fell. The guide looked over the situation carefully after he rose. The polar bear club had their first meeting in a week or so. Breakfast was cooked, and the guide finally decided to chance the weather, so the tents came down. We pulled out with the wind and waves quartering our sterns and rode the canoes toward town. A long way out the mines became visible, but there was a good deal of confusion as to where we should head. Finally the staff prevailed. The waves grew higher as we neared shore. We passed up a good looking island campsite because of the weather. A nearby mine looked inactive until we pulled nearer, but we figured no gold mine wanted us nearby, so north we went looking for a site. The waves grew higher as we searched and finally

located a rather inadequate site just off the road. The trucks roared by and three of the tents were pitched on gravel, but most thoughts were on town. Lunch was cooked and trail pack was made with ice-cold spring water bubbling out of a drilled hole in the ground. Off to town went the tribe. Some walked more and others less before getting a ride. Fife and John doing five miles before getting a lift. The town was booming from mine work of no more than 15 years. Five restaurants -- all seeming to be Chinese -- a Hudson Bay department store -- etc. John found his orange juice -- much to the consternation of the restaurant where the gang gathered to have dinner. Meanwhile the guide patched canoes, and he and the staff slept most of the afternoon. They were just cooking their dinner when two taxis pulled up with the group. Fife had visited a doctor's office to have a boil on his hand treated, and Ray had telephoned home -- collect. The sky began to clear toward dusk, and the wind started to shift, but the usual bug population drove every one to the tents pretty early.

Wednesday, July 15 -- Rain fell during the night in some profusion. The staff was apprehensive as he started out of the tent, but the sky looked promising on close inspection. Fife got up early to soak his hand, and actually more than half the section was up and rolled before the staff could get the cold spring water to boil. John and Fife enjoyed their quart of fresh milk. Eventually we hit the water at 8:15. The heat was oppressive, and we were pretty lethargic. It took a couple smoke breaks to make it to the first mine just around the corner. Several canoes wondered if we could get permission to inspect the mine, and we paddled in. Bob eventually found some one in authority who said sure we could look around the surface. If we had gone to the main mine and gotten permission yesterday, we could probably have gone under ground. Attired in hard hats which fit beautifully we were guided around. The mine went down under the lake -- and seemed pretty wet from all reports. We ended up in the office looking at maps of the tunnels. Thanking the administration, we pulled lazily toward the first portage which was reached a little before twelve. John and Steve played guide for a while until the staff took away their guide's license. Several high mountains overshadowed McKenzie Bay where the portage was located behind a strange looking bald island. Straight up hill -- almost -- it was rough on the old men. Fife experimented carrying the guide's canoe -- and pronounced it "cool" -- to the way of thinking of every one else the portage was far from cool! In fact it was down right hot. On top of that every bug in Canada rode across the portage in every canoe. Guide and staff had more or less planned to cook lunch at the far side, but they were the last two across, and all the canoes were loaded, and the three not waiting on them were already out in the lake -- so we pushed on. The start of the next carry was all swampy, so we had to cross that too before lunch. Macaroni again! Wait until the section gets a steady diet of it after we reoutfit! No trail pack left, so there was a run on coffee and cocoa -- in fact the cocoa ran out. The bugs at the lunch site were not as bad as on the portage, but they were certainly there. Nishe's beaver wood with which he built the fire had the water boiling in no time. Steve had stepped on a nail on one of the rotten board walks on the first carry, so he doctored the wound -- which was not very deep. We paddled a couple miles to the next carry through winding stream with a few boulders to be dodged. The next walk went across the road to Waconichi, and we dodged cars going by. There was a gate just before our crossing keeping people off the

fishing reserve through which we were passing. A little moose pond gave just enough opening for the breeze to blow off a few bugs before the crop on the far side took over. Battling them every inch of the way, we got across the last carry of the day. A few very scattered drops of rain fell to keep us a little interested in the weather, but every one was so soaked with sweat by now that we did not really care. The beaver had been really busy. Two huge dams had to be lifted over in quick succession. Each was of such height that the water in the lake must have been 10-12 feet higher than it should have been. As a result the lake shore was all drowned. No campsites seemed available, though there was an ancient trapper's cabin just after the second dam. So we pulled over to the start of the portage to Waconichi and made a night's stand in a spot that had previously had one tent at most on it. Ray and John ended pitching on top of the hill -- a good view of the drowned lake at least. John and Fife tried the trail -- and no one was too happy about the prospect of what would happen if it rained during the night. Oh, well, we hope its only one night. John tried to get interest going in making up a song, but a discussion of skiing took over. The black flies returned in force after dark, so off to bed we went to be lulled to sleep -- maybe -- by the sound of cars going up and down the road to Waconichi -- not too far away.

Thursday, July 16 -- The rains finally came in the middle of the night. Reports on when it started and how hard it fell varied with how wide awake various people were when it started. At 6:30 it looked pretty gray still, though the major rain had stopped. So we rolled over for another hour's sleep. God forbid that we have to spend a rest day here, so the staff got up at 7:40 and discovered the clouds breaking and the sun starting to peak through. By the time breakfast was cooked in the cramped quarters the day was starting to warm up, and the tents were fairly dry when it came time to strike them. We started across the carry at 9:15 or so, 1200 yards pretty much a gentle down hill walk on good trail, so it was not too hard even after the rain. The clay was slippery in spots, though. George made an extra trip for the axe he forgot. Now on Waconichi, we were on waters that flow to Rupert's House at last. Opinions differed as to what kind of wind we would have -- and in fact the wind took a long time to decide itself, but those who were first on the water decided it was a tail wind -- optimists! Down to the outfitter's cabins we paddled. Quite a good sized establishment really. A saw mill was in operation at the terminus of the road on the mainland -- which might explain the great traffic we saw on the road yesterday. The boss grudgingly let us pass by after reading our letter from Quebec carefully -- admonishing us not to fish his lake -- nor to camp on it. We left before he could tell us any more things not to do. The side wind blew on as we paddled through the narrows and over to the north shore to seek protection. A couple smoke breaks later, the guide decided it was time for lunch, so we found a pretty well used spot on an island. Despite the sun, the air was chilly, especially on an exposed point like this. Lunch was large and quick with some of that beef stew the cow passed near by. Leaving pretty soon, the guide managed to drown the fire irons which Bob rescued just short of having to swim for them. Boats from the lodge were fishing in front of our lunch site -- we guess for lake trout by the way they acted. For a short while the wind quartered behind us as we pulled for a point on the south shore, but it soon decided not to help at all and started to quarter off the left bow. It was a pretty long pull into

the point as a result. Starting down the arm in the lee of a large area of land was easier. John started a routine of cadence paddling, practicing to impress the home folks on our return. Ray never got the hang of it on purpose, while #74 worked up their own routine. We avoided the ranger cabin at the foot of the mountain on which his fire tower was located. The guide thought he spotted fire coming from an area just vacated by a skiff, but nothing came of it. The wind quieted for a while, and then turned into a direct head wind for the last three miles. The first little riffle was run, and by definition we were now off the lake and could camp -- it now being 5:00 -- a good day's work. What looked like a large stone at first glance turned into a prospector in a small rubber life raft. He was looking for a lost chum and was not too pleased with his boat -- he paddled back up while we went down stream. A falls stood in our way, and the guide walked over the portage to see on which end we should camp. He selected the near end. The canoes went across, however. Ray and Fife started fishing much to the consternation of their tent mates. John Celantano succeeded in getting Fife's tent up alone, but John Hanna waited for Ray's help. When dinner was served they each reported having landed a walleye -- but no trout. After dinner they went back. Fife got driven off by the bugs. The staff got discouraged when he caught a pike, and Ray landed, but lost two speckled -- the first of the trip. A half dozen brave souls dared the bugs, waded to the raft off the campsite, and took a swim. Ray took one unintentionally while fishing. Then the sand flies drove every one to bed.

Friday, July 17 -- We were all set to head for Mistassini on an early start today, but the weather refused to cooperate. Rain started during the night and continued to fall in the morning. At 9:00 in desperation the staff got up and cooked breakfast -- the usual fare because he refused to give in to the rain and make a rest day meal of pancakes. It was just as well because the mist kept coming down during the meal. Various individuals had to dry out their rain gear which they had left out during the night before it could be worn with any purpose. Neither Ken nor Steve made it to breakfast, which was just as well because there was not much left in the pots for them after the others got through anyway. Nishe figured out an ingenious pitch for the fly by standing up the two frames left at the landing for some unknown purpose, and he and George balanced precariously on the wedge shaped house to put on the fly. The project succeeded even if there was not really room for the wannigans under it. More rain fell as the dishes were washed. Ray and John still felt hungry and so spent the rest of the morning cooking omelets. About noon lunch was started, and after much debate, it was finally decided to chance the weather and move on. Once rolled and the tents down, the die was cast, and we were off. A fine mist fell as we loaded the canoes at 12:15, but we went on. The river alternately widened and narrowed for a couple miles. The rocks were hard to dodge because the rain had stirred up the water pretty well. To our right could be heard the sounds of heavy equipment making a road, drawing pulp, or drilling -- we could not tell which from where we were. At the foot of the river the last two carries were made -- both short and around impossible rapids. Log skids for bigger boats had been constructed at each. Several canoes experimented with making a trip and a half on each carry -- which meant two trips for the bowmen and one for the sterns man. There was so little in the wannigans that it was almost like carrying empty boxes. The Baie du Poste stretched out ahead. We

rounded the long point of land marked on the map because the staff was chicken to be guided by the large scale map that said there were several breaks in the point -- we never saw the breaks so maybe it was just as well. A couple indian canoes were busy fishing on the north side, and we began to spot bouys for fish nets. Several fish rose near the canoes as we paddled on. The mist or fog started to settle down -- particularly behind us, and it looked like we were in for it, but only fog descended. It got a little hard to navigate because the visability was reduced a great deal, but we hit the right channel anyway. A good tail wind helped considerably during the journey. Shortly after six the vague outline of the Post could be seen ahead, and we paddled in before seven. A crowd of indians attired in cowboy hats and such garb quickly gathered, and one of the assistants from the Post came down to meet us. He knew nothing of our supplies, but offered to radio Chibougamau for us. However, no contact could be made, so we would have to wait until tomorrow for mail and supplies -- which made no real difference so far as the supplies went, for our outfitting from KKK was supposed to take us through tomorrow's breakfast anyway. Fife and George cheered on learning that Goldwater had the Republican nomination, and we paddled off from the dock to a campsite right across from the Post -- used by the Chibougamau indians when they came to visit. Dinner was cooked in jig time, mainly due to George's efforts -- while Bob made the cocoa -- complete with a double assignment of Eagle Brand at Fife's insistence. Ray tried fishing for whatever was jumping in front of the campsite, but caught Canada instead. John and Fife pitched the perfect tent, and we sat around the purchase of a dog or two. Several flashes of lightning indicated that our storms were not over, though it had looked as though the ceiling was lifting, and the moon could be seen faintly. Then the storm hit with a vengeance and belted us with wind and rain for 5 or 10 minutes. As it let up a little various people were heard to announce that they were soaked -- while John and Fife laughed in their perfectly pitched tent. Rain continued to fall as the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed though the wind decreased after that first terrific blast. Well, anyway, here we were -- wet or dry -- at Mistassini on schedule. The people at the Post told us the water was up three feet from normal -- maybe that's good and maybe bad.

Saturday, July 18 -- As dawn came so came the clouds, but we were cooking breakfast fairly early since we still had to find our supplies. The staff and John paddled over to the Post shortly after nine while the rest were still fighting over pans for pancakes. The radio could raise no one, so there was nothing to do but sit and wait. Eventually other canoes arrived also to see what there was to offer. The Bay Company was expecting a plane in with their perishables, so we waited until that plane came in around noon and sent word back with the pilot to bring our outfit up. While waiting showers fell at various intervals forcing the section to take refuge in the store. John spent the time composing a letter. The staff tried to find out something about the virtues of the Marten vs. the Rupert, but since the indians around who knew either river spoke only Cree and everything was lost in translation, nothing worthwhile was discovered. If we took the Rupert, it appeared that there was one rough section of the river to be negotiated and the indians bypassed that section by a series of eleven portages through a string of lakes. Fine idea, but that section of our map is completely blank! After the Bay Company's plane came in the store closed for lunch hour, so most of the

section paddled back to the campsite to report results to Nishe. Staff, Ray, George, and Fife paddled over to see what could be discovered from the Fur Inspector -- who ran the government tourist camp also. While there, another terrific thunder storm hit, and they were marooned on his porch for better than an hour as a result. He had been at the post for 10 years and still knew nothing about either river, so most of his information was incidental news. When the weather finally broke, Ray, George, and Fife paddled back to the Post to start looking for a dog for the section while the staff went back for lunch. The guide had been busy trying to bake a bannock for lunch through the storm while trying to keep his sleeping bag dry at the same time -- unsuccessfully. But lunch was produced despite all the difficulties. Our plane arrived shortly thereafter with 1400 pounds of supplies according to the pilot -- who wore a NY Yankees cap -- purchased at the Mistassini Post, he said, for 79 cents -- made in Japan. He said he'd flown over the river, and our trip was not for him! We unloaded right onto the campsite by using a chain line -- some of which was knee deep in water. Then came the game of opening Roy's surprise packages and finding the mail -- of which there was not a great deal unfortunately, and there were a few who did not score at all. Bob and George vied for most letters with George winning. Then the job of repacking all the food. When all was said and done it just would not fit into nine wannigans and five babies. The staff paddled over to try to trade 15 extra pounds of shortning and 8 extra pounds of dry beans for another baby, but the boss had left for the day, and the clerk was afraid to make a deal, so he ended up buying an inferior duffle bag that would have to do. Otherwise the Post had already closed for the day, so the others who had come across got nothing unless they had the exact change for their purchases. The guide had announced that dinner would be ready at seven, so there was an hour left to the staff to take pictures and the rest to search for a dog or two. The pictures were easy to come by -- the dog harder. The gang wandered around looking for attractive puppies. For a while all those found were pets of some kid, and Ray was too kind hearted to press for the purchase of such a dog. One cute little white one in particular was passed by. Eventually Ray was presented with a tan beast -- for free -- and John found a little black one for a dollar. As usual the guide had nothing complementary to say about them as they were brought to the campsite -- but also as usual he warmed up to them after a while. The wind continued to blow after dinner -- even harder than before -- as the staff packed items to be sent back to camp and quiet settled over the campsite -- except for the noises made by the little black dog -- Ray's was quite content it seemed. A tough day planned for tomorrow.

Sunday, July 19 -- The best laid plans of mice and men often come to naught. The wind kept up through the night, and from six to eight rain fell. At quarter to nine the staff finally got up to start breakfast with little thought of trying to move. The wind was strong out of the north, and the sky looked much like more rain. We could ill afford to move in the rain what with all the cardboard boxes we would be carrying in the canoes. So another rest day came about through no will of our own. Pancakes again, though the wind made it tough to keep a good fire going. The dogs played around and the black one tried to get into everything and complained strenuously if tied up. The indian agent roared over in his boat and offered to take Fife and Ray back with him to make phone calls -- which they accepted. He brought them back an hour or so later, not having been

able to get any answer to their calls. Gradually the sky cleared, and by one or two o'clock little could be seen but blue sky laced with white fleecy clouds. The wind swung around more to the north, and while it remained cool, still the sun was out in full force. Pepper -- as the black pup was named -- and Misty -- after Mistassini -- played together. Lunch was eventually cooked while the guide patched canoes and the staff gave them a coat of orange shellac. Fife, Ray, John, and the guide went across to see if they could get through on the radio-telephone, while the guide went to see the nurse to see about a pain in his side and his recent dizziness. The gang returned from the agent's place without having gotten the calls through, and the guide reported that the nurse wanted him to go out to Chibougamau to see a doctor. Fife fried the potatoes, and dinner was eaten between seven and eight. Some qualms were raised about keeping both dogs, but no decision was reached. Back to the agent's house went the same three with the staff this time. Again no calls were made successfully, but the conversation was pleasant as the agent got his hair cut by a local indian. Back to the campsite, under an almost full moon, a clear sky, a calm lake, and flashing northern lights.

Monday, July 20 -- The night was terribly cold as was foretold by the northern lights, but the sky was absolutely clear at 6:30. The sun was up and warming the campsite. The lake was very calm as the staff paddled over to the Post to see about a plane to send the guide out to Chibougamau to see a doctor. Arrangements made, he paddled back to the campsite to find breakfast finished. Resigned to another day -- or part thereof at Mistassini every one but John Hanna paddled over to the Post as the plane came in. The wait for it to go out was interminable since the boss of Fecteau had come in with the plane to try to drum up business from the Post and from the Indian Agent. Finally at 11:00 or so it took off with Ken, Nishe, the Swiss visitor from the agent's house, the Anglican priest, and an indian with a bandaged hand -- quite a load for a Beaver. John and Ray went up to put through a phone call to John's home, while the rest of us returned to the campsite to cook lunch. The other two came back soon having gotten the call through successfully. After lunch the sky began to cloud a little. Dog washing time came as we sat waiting developments. About 2:30 Fife and the staff paddled over to wait for the plane. Ray, Steve, and Bob followed, but after buying and consuming a cake, headed back for the camp ground. The waiting pair alternately stood around in the store and outside it -- depending on how long they could stand the by now cold south breeze. Finally about 4:00 the manager called the airline on the radio to see what was happening. The report was that the plane was taking off almost immediately and our two lost souls were aboard. The staff composed a letter to Chief while discussing various trips with the factor. Finally she arrived -- as did a sprinkle of rain. The plane landed first at the government dock to let off other passengers and then taxied over to deliver Nishe and Ken. Ken's boil had been opened and drained, though his knee was still sore. Nishe reported his ailment was a pulled muscle though his blood test showed that his blood was weak -- and he had a bottle of vile tasting medicine to take. Back to the campsite they paddled to the joy of the waiting group. Dinner was cooked as the rain began to come harder, and by the time the meal was ready, it was necessary to rig a shelter over the pan in which Bob was frying the last of our fresh potatoes. Fife and George collaborated on a bannock that rose enough to push up the back of the reflector --

for tomorrow. As the rain came harder, we retreated to the tents. Every second day it seems to sprinkle or storm on us. Well, maybe we can get off this place tomorrow! We're already two days behind schedule.

Tuesday, July 21 -- The staff, at least, was determined to leave Mistassini Post this morning, almost at any cost, but though it rained a few drops around five o'clock, by six-twenty it was perfectly good weather. The wind had come up a little from the west by the time all was loaded up between 8:15 and 8:30. As usual after re-outfitting it took a while to get the now quite heavy wannigans into the canoes. We started off up the lake -- we thought. Ray then remembered the spaghetti box back at the campsite, and he and Ken turned around to go back and get it. The rest of us poked along and had a beautiful side trip into a blind bay -- we were sure much to the amusement of any one on shore who happened to be watching. We converged with #58 in front of the Government Camp and got on course -- past the sawmill and newly built indian houses, and on through the narrows. On the left at the end of the narrows was a collection of skulls and antlers tacked to trees and posts to make us wonder what they were for. The Millers who had flown in from Chibougamau with Nishe and Ken waved as they headed up the bay in their freighter. Two indians in a skiff towing a barge used to haul sand for cement for the houses being built slowly overtook us and passed by. The side wind from the west started to cause trouble as the bay widened, and it was necessary to pass indentations on the west shore. An indian family passed by -- one freighter with a motor towing two other canoes -- the last heavily weighed down with a large squaw in the stern. One smoke break later the guide pulled up at a small flat rock lunch site. The rest had to moor the canoes miles away out of the wind and beat through the bush to join him. There was soon debate about taking a swim, but nothing came of it. The dogs caused some trouble. Pepper took to canoe travel fairly well, but Misty tried swimming twice and then sat of a wannigan and whined all day -- on the wannigan only because Ray tied him there. At lunch Pepper decided to get into everything and refused to learn very quickly. After lunch we tried sailing for about a mile, but eventually had to cast everything adrift because the side wind refused to let us travel in the proper direction. Battling the side wind all the way, we eventually reached the point. A few drops of rain fell, and the sky looked very discouraging. We passed the government camps and the indians who had gone by earlier in the day who had established camp on the point, and paddled a few yards in heavy rollers before finding a poorly cut campsite. Not too clean either, but all we could find what with the rain threatening and the waves too high to go anywhere else. Fortunately the rain never really materialized, and dinner was cooked and the tents pitched without great outside interference. The bolt Ken broke in the seat of his canoe was replaced, and the staff played doctor with the boil on John's neck, and every one started to turn in prepared for a very early start tomorrow -- if it is possible to get across the lake at first light. Then the Millers came to visit with their Cree guide -- John -- and stayed to chat a while. Mrs. Miller made friends with Pepper during their stay, and then they pulled out to let us catch a few winks of sleep.

Wednesday, July 22 -- The plan was to rise early and jump across before breakfast. The staff rose at 4:50 and went to look at the weather. Then he roused the guide, who went to look also -- at the same time the staff made the mistake of waking the dogs. The

guide decided the weather looked too chancy, and back to bed we went -- except for the dogs. John asked the dogs politely not to run around tearing out the bug netting, so it was a long time before any one else went back to sleep. At 7:45 the staff got tired of laying around and got up and started breakfast. Ray joined him almost immediately, and the section rose to eat before deciding what to do. About ten minutes worth of rain had fallen since five, and a fine mist fell around eight. The clouds were not moving at all, and the lake was perfectly calm. The guide decided to pack and head for the island two miles away -- maybe to stay -- maybe to keep on. At 9:50 we shoved off. At 10:30 by the island we decided to make a run for it and headed across. The far shore could be seen faintly in the distance. A couple fog banks were in evidence in the distance -- the sky to the north was dark, while to the south where the weather seemed to be coming, it looked brighter. The sun made a very few feeble attempts to break through, but did not succeed. Shortly after we reached the point of no return, a gentle -- cold -- mist settled in. George and Fife began to wonder about our heading, and so each pulled out his compass. Finally when the fog obscured the far shore, the staff did likewise. The fog then blocked off the islands from which we had come, and we were alone. Despite the fears of some, the far shore reappeared 15-20 minutes later -- only to fade again for a few more minutes -- and then the tree tops appeared, and the shore was right on us. A few minutes later an indian campsite appeared, and we pulled in to cook lunch and see what the weather was going to do -- 12:00 -- an hour and a half on the crossing. As the spaghetti water was just starting to boil, the north wind began to clear the fog, and blue sky appeared. By 1:30 -- lunch over -- the lake was clear, and the water got a little choppy as the north wind continued to blow. We were in doubt about our location on the shore and speculated, because we had passed a small island on the way in, that we were further south than was the case. Once on the water it became obvious that we had crossed pretty much due west -- by the map -- from our island starting point and were in good position. The pull up the west shore was long and relatively uneventful. A new water sport of splash the neighboring canoe by bouncing on the waves developed, and several damp paddlers lost. The dogs behaved fairly well, though Misty did fall out of the canoe once. At 5:00 we reached the first channel into the mouth of the Rupert, decided to take the first good campsite, made the turn, and found a campsite on the tip of the last point immediately. A pretty good location for tent sites, though the water was shallow. After dinner Fife and George went fishing, but returned empty handed. John and Bob had guts enough to wade out and take a bath. The water of Mistassini from the Post up is by far the coldest we have hit. It ought to be great for trout! Ken operated on his boil while John soaked his infected finger. A sickly section! Fog set in again after dark, and the guide predicted a cold night as we turned in.

Thursday, July 23 -- The dogs woke and wanted to play or something about 5:15. Finally at 6:00 the staff could stand it no longer and got up to make breakfast. The sun was well up and shining brightly on the campsite. Offat 8:00 as a result -- it takes a while to load the canoes now what with all the weight that is put in them. Ignoring advice from the old trip report, we started in behind the islands of the first opening to the river. By good luck rather than good management we hit the portage to the river right on the nose. There were many moments of doubt as we took the last part of the way in, but all turned out well. The carry

proved to be easier than really anticipated, and the babies even got across the portage on top of the packs or wannigans as all the canoes made it across in two loads -- even after all the discussion during the morning about needing lots of extra tumps to make the trip. We put in at a narrow bay that lead to the river, and the current began to take charge, and we had our first experience with the current of the big river. Mistassini had been a most attractive cold lake. The Rupert -- at the start at least -- was much the same though a good bit of the shore line was devoid of excessive forestation. For some reason a good amount of the shore -- at first -- was rocky and covered with low trees -- if any at all. We followed the current into the lake, passing a freighter in the process with a couple fishermen. The staff made the mistake of suggesting that we were traveling too far north as we paddled down the lake looking for a lunch site. The shore line looked so nice that there must be a good rocky lunch site somewhere; so we went looking for it. It got later and later, and the guide talked more and more of all the good things that might be available for a meal at a restaurant -- which just made every one hungrier, if possible. Finally in desperation we pulled in on a tiny mossy point and cooked precariously balanced on a knoll covered with dead wood. There was little room for us -- and the dogs did nothing to aid the cause. Finally the meal got cooked. Pepper must have liked the spot, for she carefully buried part of the bannock Nishe gave her -- maybe she'll return! Fife cast out while waiting for the others to wash up and get loaded and landed a good sized walleye which he hoped at first was a trout. The water we were on got more moose like and narrower -- besides it was going in the wrong direction, so we turned around and headed back the same way. An hour later we were right back where we had lunch. Having no idea where we were, we found some water leading north and followed. Luck was with us and we picked up a current again -- about four o'clock. Spirits were not too high, and every one seemed to drag after our educational side trip. After hitting a difficult portage right on the nose -- now to miss a river this obvious! Some water joined from the north east -- probably the other channel of the river. We looked for a possible portage which should be coming up soon, but before it arrived, a well-used campsite appeared at the top of some fast water, and we pulled in in spite of the staff's complaint that his map said there were no trout. His map was wrong again. Before the canoes were unloaded Ray had landed one right off the loading spot. Tents up, Ray went across the river and took another. Fife waded out and tried fishing his streamers on his fly rod, getting one which he threw back much to the guide's disgust. Anyway there were two trout for dinner at least. A few braved the water for a bath, but it was just as cold as Mistassini. After dinner the fishermen went back to work. Nishe and Ray went off around the island and brought back seven. Ken and George took three, while Fife and the Staff gathered four. Fife's two-pounder took the top honors for size. Some even hit on wet flies, though most were taken on spinning tackle. Fife and Ray cooked a couple for a mid-night snack by the light of the full moon as quiet descended over the campsite.

Friday, July 24 -- The wind from the south and east blew almost all night -- as well as any one could tell -- never very strong, but still there. The morning dawned with hardly a cloud in the sky. With trout to cook, the guide was up early, and as Ray cleaned fish, Nishe cooked. More than enough to go around. Pepper

even breakfasted on a tail, while Misty jealously guarded the scraps thrown his way. Loading was a little slow, so we got off well after eight. Almost immediately we portaged a few yards around a rapid too steep to run. And then shortly thereafter were forced to take a 900 yard stroll through muskeg. A very deceptive portage, since the start and finish were fine -- it was the middle that caused the trouble. Several canoes went to two and a half trips because of the weight of the babies. At the head of the trail an indian canoe was stored on a rack about 6 feet off the ground. The canoe also covered two weights sewn into canvas sacks -- possibly each a 50 lb bag of flour. Somehow the carry on the cascade was finished, and we started to get our first real taste of relatively fast water. Between rapids we rode with the current and wind. In fact it was the current that kept us on the right track time and time again as the river frequently twisted and turned and grew wider and smaller. Each lake-like expanse was punctuated with islands so there were many routes to choose from, but the guide made not an error. Just before lunch the river split around an island. We tried to see about the right side, but had to back track after one glance and paddle back up stream and portage across the island. Right afterwards we learned a little about the drawing power of white water as the canoes trailing the guide failed to stay out of the swells -- as he had done. 74 needed some bailing. 54 took enough to wet the ribs, and 58 had to be emptied and dumped at the lunch site just below. The guide selected his location because the eddy might hold trout, but the few who tried had no success. The 300 yard portage around another rapid could be seen ahead from the site. The report told of a steep rocky loading spot, but we were not really prepared for the kind of conditions that had to be met while putting in -- but we made it without accident nevertheless -- though at most two canoes could load at a time. The trail became hard to follow thereafter and only the current saved us from going wrong a couple times. One fair rapid let us down in a pretty large body of water. The guide did some fancy turning on the run, and his route was followed with varying success -- though no one ran into any serious danger. Then the game of find-the-campsite began -- and so did the game of find the river. The problem of finding the river came first, and in the process we took our side trip for the day into a large bay, but fortunately we realized our difficulty quickly and only went wrong for a mile before turning around. Back on the route, the next problem was the campsite -- further complicated slightly by the side wind, but eventually an old indian campsite -- level as a billiard table -- almost -- appeared and we grabbed it. By now it was six o'clock, and it was really time to stop. In fact the sun was sinking behind the spruce as dinner was served. No trout fishing tonight. Fife went to work repairing his spinning rod broken during the late morning. John completed work on repairing his pipe. Misty babied his cut foot. Ken and George splashed each other for a while, but Ken took a swim to wind it up. Now George waits for retaliation. Staff operated on his bow man's finger. And every one turned in as the south wind continued to blow.

Saturday, July 25 -- The south wind was still blowing strong in the morning. The air had a wet feeling to it despite the sunny sky. Last night's moon had had a misty ring around it so both guide and staff were pleasantly surprised at the fair weather. Even the dogs were hard to arouse in the early morning. Misty was suffering from his cut paw, but Pepper was unusually quiet. The campers were a good bit slower than usual, so breakfast was well done before any one was rolled and ready. Still we were off a few

seconds after eight. We took it slowly leaving the campsite waiting for 54, which was last to load by a good margin. Soon a rapid was encountered that needed close scrutiny, but the guide found a run near shore, and in no time we were down. But the rapid continued soon after the first eddy, and here the fun started as we slipped down infinitesimally small side streams. After much bumping and scraping -- plus wet feet when it was necessary to get out in places -- we reached the bottom. Water gathered in the canoes during the next short stretch of lake-like water, so when the guide pulled up at a convenient rocky island to put a patch on his canoe, all the others were unloaded and inspected. Several old patches were replaced, and we started out again. Trying to follow the map closely was practically impossible. Warren Chivers' report was easier, but through this section his wording was quite vague. Probably the rocky lunch site to which he referred was right near where we patched the canoes. The map told us to expect to swing north through a lake-like stretch, so we followed its advice and made the swing. The current was slight, but present, but the south wind was the real asset. Turning west at the top of the lakes, though, made it a side wind as we pulled across a bay. The most cleared campsite we had seen thus far -- since our first night on the river -- was on the far side of the bay. We dodged behind an island and soon had a good rapid to run. The guide ran the top while every one else watched. As a result all canoes made the run successfully and stayed out of the swells in the middle. Then a short level stretch with fast water and a more powerful rapid. The guide found a little V on the right, and although a couple canoes bounced a little, all got through to a smooth rock lunch site. Before the fire was well under way, Ray had a trout. The site looked good, the sky looked like rain and there were trout, so before the spaghetti was cooked, a half day was called, and tents were on their way up. The rain held off long enough for Ray to catch another trout, and Fife to land two others during the afternoon. George and the staff had much less luck. The rain started lightly in the middle of the afternoon, but it was pouring by dinner time as Fife, Ray, and guide and staff stayed out in the wet and cooked. The meal was consumed under the fly. Back to bed, to read, or to play cards went the non-fishermen, while the fishermen braved the rain and bugs again. Fife landed three more -- all smaller than those of the afternoon that had already been cooked for dinner. Ray waded and almost swam, but he had no more luck. Fife seems to be winning the fish contest. Rain fell on and off so the tents were quickly occupied.

Sunday, July 26 --- Yesterday's storm was not completely over at the normal rising hour, so the staff rolled over for another hour's sleep. At 7:45, though, he felt that there was a good chance that the day would turn fairer and so got up to start breakfast. Ray, and then Fife, appeared, but the decision to roll or not was held up for a while. They went down to the river to see if maybe there was a trout or two more waiting, but nothing more struck. By this time the clouds were moving, and a couple little tiny spots of blue appeared, and the sun even showed briefly -- so the staff decided to gamble and called to roll. By the time every one else was up, the picture looked fairly encouraging. The tents dried out pretty quickly by the time they were struck. Last night between 10:30 and 11:00 staff and guide had thought they had heard a fairly large airplane coming over pretty low sounding as though it was in distress. Their impression was verified by a few others who had been awake at the time, but since no one heard it go down, we

won't know if any one had trouble until we reach some news -- but we heard no search planes during the day, so maybe we just imagined it all. The remainder of the rapid on which we were camped was run easily -- as was another short one before the 20 foot chute was reached. Split into two sections by an island, the carry was on the left and less spectacular side, so we got only a very vague view of the more powerful side from which spray was rising. Still the drop was imposing enough. The staff held up every one by taking pictures for by now the sun was beginning to warm up the river. For two days the wind had been blowing, rustling the trees, but now the river was absolutely still except for the sounds of bubbly water as rapids were approached -- the small noises of wild life -- of which there seemed to be little -- and of course the noises we made -- which was not really a great deal either. About two miles further on a formidable looking rapid was approached, but after looking it over, the guide found a safe run as long as we stayed out of the swells; which was done successfully by all. The next obstacle was a 10 foot chute nestled in the most attractive section of the river we had seen thus far. With a rocky bay leading in and several small rocky islands at the head, the carry was short and put into a circular basin at the foot. The view of the falls from the top of the rocky pinnacle at the end of the portage showed off the river to full advantage. 74 went up next to the drop so Fife could throw out a fly or two while the staff again held up the show by taking pictures. No fish, but lots of pictures. And on we went. Since our start had been so late, lunch time was approaching. The plan was to find some fast water and allow the fishermen to try their luck while the meal was cooking. The fast water appeared in the form of a 5' falls -- as one report said -- but the guide easily found a run for us on the right of it. The staff ran down first so he could take pictures and got some fine shots of a couple canoes discovering the power of eddies as the section swung out of the swells to stay away from the next 4' drop to which our report referred. This one needed a 10 foot lift over on the smooth rock near the drop, but by shooting the first one we missed the second scheduled portage in two days. Here was a lunch site to fit the plan, so while the beans were heating, Fife cast his streamer out into the fast water and quickly latched on to a fish -- but it turned out to be a walleye when he wanted trout, and though it was a fine fish, no one else was too interested in trying if there were to be no trout. We tried to find where the leaks in 58 were located without much success and pushed on down the river. 27 and 74 loaded first and took off. Those behind paid little attention to where they ran. 74 had an interesting run in missing a rock that the guide clipped; Fife broke his paddle squarely in two so powerful was his pull. By that time the canoe was headed correctly, so George finished the run and then undid his spare. The broken blade was retrieved to be carried along as a souvenir. 54 tried running blind and got directions confused and wound up on a rock pile where John had to hop out to straighten out the canoe. He was particularly upset to discover that the staff had been taking movies all along. The last two fared a little better. After another calm stretch, a final powerful rapid appeared. The guide tried to find a run on the left, but gave up and paddled over to see what the right held in store. There was a little used portage trail beside the river, so it was easy to look her over. The guide decided to chance it, and back we went to the canoes. Before starting out, he carefully removed his boots, told his bow boy to move her out, and led down the run. While the staff photographed, every one made it perfectly. Then the staff followed

in the wrong path, bounced a good bit, took water, but made it to the foot successfully nevertheless. The excitement over, a little bailing was done, and we ran the last little rapid into a lake-like area. A great debate followed concerning where we were. First we decided to go on -- we had one more lake-like expanse to cover. So we paddled into a blind bay going in on one side of an island and out on the other. A large indian site was passed, and a quarter mile further on we saw the conspicuous land mark of a mountain at the lake's edge and realized this was our turn; so back to the indian site we went. Deciding it was not too dirty, we pulled in for the night. Wabun must have used the site, for the blocks were all laid ready for the fire irons -- notched and all. The site had plenty of bones and several bundles of feathers tied to the trees -- also an occasional skull, but basically it was pretty clean. Beaver stretchers were found and a pair of sled runners blocked out of spruce by hand. The dogs found some babish to chew on, and Pepper in particular had a wild time playing and digging. A few braved the water for a bath before dinner. Fife and George for the second time today since they had been in at lunch. The water was not warm by any means, but it was certainly much better than that of Mistassini or the early part of the river. Fife and George collaborated on a ginger bread for tomorrow and then went fishing with no success. As a blood red sunset appeared behind our mountain land mark, the wind started to come up a little. Despite the bugs there was a chance to sing a little round the fire while pannikins of cocoa were consumed. Almost every one was now cleaner by a swim even though the same could not be said for our clothes.

Monday, July 27 -- This morning's start was a little slow because the staff felt chilly in the morning and rolled over to have another 40 winks. The trees shielded the tents from the sun. Last evening's sky had foretold rain, but only a very few drops fell so far as any one could remember. We finally got on the water about 8:20. A half mile from the campsite the staff pulled over to confer with the guide, and the upshot of the conversation was that we were going to gamble on following the Rupert for another day rather than taking the normal turn to the Marten. So all our worry and searching of yesterday to be sure that this was really the turn went for naught. Instead of leaving the bald mountain land mark on our right as would have been the case had we taken the turn and bucked the head wind down the lake, we swung to the right, entered the river again, and left the mountain on our left. Almost immediately a rapid -- not particularly big -- sealed our gamble, for we were not about to paddle back up it, and there was obviously no portage already cut for it. The wind worked against the current raising more waves than necessary in spots. After a brief lake-like paddle, a formidable rapid appeared. Almost every one followed the guide down to look it over, but the swells were much too large for there to be any run. The staff even went so far as to climb a high rock hill for better vantage to try to find a run, but he had to give up too. The portage trail was nothing to advertise. Maybe there was a better one on the other side, but it would have been longer. Perhaps with lower water it could be run, and maybe even now with a freighter and a motor -- though it would be rough. So through the bush we carried. Neither landing was great -- in fact they were both awful. But somehow every one and everything got across with no damage. Now we were really committed to our gamble. A branch of the river entered on

on our right and then another heavy rapid that could not be run either. Maybe they would all be like this, and maybe this was why people went into the Marten by the other route despite the longer paddle and a mile of portaging. We looked in vain for a carry on the right shore and had to get into the canoes again and paddle across to find the trail. 75 yards of better used trail, but still not great, and another terrible loading spot at the foot where the waves off the rapid bounced the canoes against the rocks. Another rapid before lunch, but this one could be run carefully on the left side. Big swells again, and every one took at least a little water -- enough so that most of the craft got dumped at lunch just a little further on. The bald mountain which had been our land mark was still plainly visable -- now behind us a little, but its very presence reminded us that we had not traveled very far as yet. Lunch took an extra long time because the west wind blew the fire out from under the pots and made it hard to boil the spaghetti water. The rocky lunch site was fine, but a little crowded while the wait was on. Down the river again almost immediately we encountered another rapid too large to handle. Whether by luck or good management, the guide led us in on an island in the middle of the rapid and figured out how by letting down a few feet we could lift over the tip of the island and then run to the foot. Maybe this is the usual way to take this rapid -- but we never found a real portage trail. Again loading was hard because the swells off the rapid threw the canoes into the rocks and during the entire loading procedure some one had to be delegated to hold the canoe off the rocks. A quick rapid, and we pulled up at a little stream on our left which we figured came down from Lake Canotaicane -- this was one way to get back on the normal route, but there was a rapid just up a little way that would have to be portaged, so we decided to gamble again. There was some talk of camping; the spot looked so good for trout, but the staff insisted we go on, so back into the canoes we went. One more rapid and four miles later we started looking for the portage to Lake de l'Hirondelle -- if there was one already cut. We planned to camp nearby if one could not be found and cut one ourselves if necessary. Hidden well back on a little stream-like bit of water that just succeeded in making a large bit of land into an island, was the carry, little used, quite bushy, but nevertheless there. The staff -- wrong as usual -- insisted we camp and then tackle the carry in the morning. An hour and twenty minutes later every possible point and island had been inspected and rejected, so there was nothing to do but tackle the carry and try the other side. All the local area had been burned some time ago, and the land was all covered with bush about 3 feet tall, and no level spots could be found at all. The portage was not bad, but by now it was seven o'clock or so and every one was bushed and in no mood to carry or go on. "Section Harmony" was on the brink of being lost. Guide and staff were last canoes across the carry, so 74 went scouting for a campsite as instructed. But when they disappeared down the lake far ahead of the others, the staff caught up to the rest and found a terrible knoll on which to camp. Tent sites were bad, the cooking area worse, and the unloading impossible, but somehow we made a go of it. It was nine o'clock when dinner was served -- there was little left for the dogs to clean up. The dish washers and pot wallopers battled the night and the bugs to clean up, and every one disappeared into the tents to rest and get away from the mosquitoes and black flies. No one planned for the day to be this long, and in fact we had not covered many miles at all, but the gamble had paid off. We missed

a good half mile of carrying by taking this route -- plus exchanging 12 or more miles of lake paddling for the enjoyment of running a couple rapids. If campsites were easier to come by, it would have been a great day.

Tuesday, July 28 -- The staff intended to sleep in an extra half hour, but Pepper came and dug a hole outside the tent and some tentmates were holding an audible conversation, so he got up after only a fifteen minute grace period. The weather did not look terribly encouraging, but there was not too much point in holding up to enjoy the beauties of the present campsite. So in spite of the few drops of rain that fell while he was cooking breakfast, he gave the call to roll. Action was a little slow as a reaction of yesterday's long day, so it was almost nine by the time the last canoe was loaded. A couple rain drops fell during breakfast, but the clouds seemed to be moving, and the sky to the north, where the weather was coming from, looked promising. As usual John entertained us with a recount of his dream of last night during the meal. The loading was terribly slow since only one canoe at a time could get close to shore, and this was only possible because Fife and Ken dredged out some more rock, over and above that that was removed last night. We had only gone a mile or so when it began to rain lightly again. The shore line was satisfactory, but nothing spectacular to say the least. The sky line was drab -- we were leaving the hills of the Rupert behind. The water was much warmer than that of the Rupert -- perfectly clear, but it was hard to see any stones because of the overcast sky. Nothing very eventful happened on the trip down de l'Hirondelle. We passed by the campsite George and Fife had finally located last night -- too late to stop us from occupying the staff's knoll. Our gamble had paid off, and that was about it. The turn to Cocomenhani was so small it was hard to find at first. Besides the point was shallow, and four out of five canoes ran aground all at once. The staff canoe was spared this time -- only to find its own stone later in the day when the others went freely by. Just as the turn was made ahead on Cocomenhani and on the hills behind could be seen the stark evidence of a very recent burn. There were a few patches of green on the shore, but mostly the area was black -- except where rocks had been exposed -- and the spruce branches still left showed up red. Pictorially it would have been a vivid scene had the sun been out. From the Chivers' report we expected rapids out of the little lake which was part of Lake de la Passe. There were two runs, both fairly easy in spite of the narrowness of the stream. We began to wonder what was up. They were much easier than we had been led to believe. Maybe our water level had made the runs much easier. At the foot of the second we burst out onto the lake. A sand beach was just on the left, so the guide pulled up for lunch. There was a beautiful pool at the foot of the rapid, so Ray and Fife went fly fishing. They saw several fish down below, and Fife hooked one -- which got off -- so we never found out what they were. Rain could be seen coming over the hills, so the guide quickly pitched the fly. Our weather since just after we left the campsite had been coming from the south. During the last 12 hours the weather had swung almost a complete circle around us. The Kam was hard to fry as the rain fell into the pan mixing very unsatisfactorily with the bacon fat. Lunch was eaten under the fly as a couple hard showers hit. But it cleared a little as the dishes were washed. A couple canoes were unloaded and dumped to get rid of the rain water. The others bailed and cut poles to stick under the packs. Down the

lake we continued. On the stream it looked as though we were out of the burn, but now we picked it up again all the way to Montmort. A violent argument broke out on whether any one could win a war. George sided with Fife. Steve took John's cause less vigorously. 58 played neutral, and guide and staff stayed out of it. Only the rapids at the foot of the lake stopped the continuation of the debate. The first rapid was run easily. These rapids are just little trickles compared to those of the Rupert. George appreciated the challenge of dodging rocks, but many of the others did not. No matter, they had to be passed somehow. The second involved a near collision with the left shore, but it was also run. The third -- just below -- must have been the one in the Chivers' report. The drop was too steep to attempt. The report suggested making a portage on the left on our own trail, so we did. Others had done the same before us, and there were fairly fresh cuts on some trees plus numerous trails. None was particularly dominant, so we just carried any way we felt like going, generally following the course of the stream. There was another pitch just below which had to be carried also, so we did not load up, but carried both at once. About 150 yards. No great strain except that the bush was soaking wet from the rain. The loading spot the staff selected was terrible and only one canoe at a time could get the job done, so it took longer to negotiate the carry than should have been the case. But we all got there. Montmort lay ahead. Another sandy inlet, so Fife and George took baths while waiting for the other canoes to appear. It was getting on time to stop. So we paddled on looking for a camp ground. We had seen none cut all day, so the odds were we would have to cut one somewhere. On the far shore were some gasoline drums -- a fact learned by inspecting the location through the movie camera's telephoto lens and by using Fife's binoculars. We elected to try it, but before we reached it, both guide and staff saw a sandy beach location that looked good. Staff declared it satisfactory -- an old indian site. The first we had seen on the Marten. In spite of Ken's desire to go over to what we assumed was an o'd surveyors' camp, we pulled in at the indian site. With the fire place built on sand, the guide decided to bake beans after dinner. Fife and George went fishing around the point and returned about 8:45 with a seven pound walleye Fife had landed -- plus the hook of a flatfish firmly imbedded in Fife's finger. With much pain it was passed through and clipped off. Back they went to their walleye hole and returned with two more about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 4 pounds this time. Fife's count now runs to 30 -- well ahead of Ray with 19 and the staff with 18. George just paddles and talks while Fife fishes. A couple took baths. Bob went in despite feeling poorly all day. The bugs were bad, so no one wanted to hang around the fire as darkness fell. In the quiet of the evening great sport was gained listening to Ken run rapids in his sleep -- he did pretty well.

Wednesday, July 29 -- The weather refused to cooperate. The rain started heavily at 3 am and continued hard until 6. The steady down pour let up, but a drizzle continued through the morning with some periods of no rain and others when squalls hit hard. A pancake breakfast was cooked during one of the relatively dry periods. It might have been at a later hour even had not at least one tent -- plus the dogs -- been up and around since seven. The fly had to be pitched half way through breakfast -- though the rain held off. The guide had courage to set some bread. Fife and George went back after walleye and brought in two more Fife landed

between three and four pounds. Lunch was made on fish, beans baked in the sand, Fife's oatmeal bannock topped with an icing and apple sauce. The rain alternately came down and let up through the meal, but every one got his fill -- except Ray who did not feel up to par. A double deck game of hearts occupied part of the morning -- after Ken and John had entertained reading off the labels of various packages put to song. The afternoon was devoted to similar entertainments, while the guide baked his bread to perfection -- four loaves in the reflector and two more in the bean pot. Dinner was consumed in a break in the weather. The wind started to swing to the north. After much debate Fife and George worked out a jacket-shirt exchange to the satisfaction of each. John Hanna began to face up to the fact that his sorry looking tennis shoes might not make the trip. Cigarettes and other smoking materials were beginning to run quite low, and the pipes were more in evidence. A short rainless period of cold set in until about 8:30 when it seemed that maybe the storm was trying to blow back on us as the rain started up again.

Thursday, July 30 -- At least it was not raining when we rolled this morning, but it was certainly cold enough. During the night the guide reported that the stars were out and the northern lights were flickering, but the sky was not that clear at 6:30. Still the clouds were moving, and so were we. The cold made every one a little sluggish, so it was 8:15 before the canoes were on the water. 74 led off because Fife and George wanted to try their wall-eye hole once more -- no luck though. The west or north west wind made the pull to the lee of the first island in Montmort rough. The pull to the second was rougher, and the run to the last was both rougher yet and also longer. The guide's bow boy broke another seat bolt, so they lagged behind on the last pull. Pepper proved she was not quite canoe broken much to John's and Steve's disgust. Around the island we went and started into a small blind bay before finding the outlet to the river. On the paddle a mink swam across our bows and dived. At the foot of the river there was supposed to be a portage across an island, but we figured out how to let the canoes down the right side instead -- some one had done the same before us and so had cut out the alders nicely to let us do the job. It was a community effort and pretty quickly done. Two otters were playing in the pool below as we arrived. One little rapid more and we pulled across a wide section of river where the wind caused more of a problem than should have been the case. Two rapids later the guide found a nice rocky lunch site beside some fast water. Fife and Ken each caught a small trout for lunch while the canoes were dumped to get rid of the water accumulated during the morning's battle with the wind and waves. The staff ran ahead and took a few pictures which will not do some people much credit since they should show a few scenes where people were jumping out after having gotten stuck on stones. A couple more rapids to Little Loon, and we started north fighting the wind all the way and jumping from island to island in the process. At each a smoke break was declared -- not that much smoking was done since the cigarette supply was so low. Pepper and Misty usually managed to get ashore in the process, and it took a while each time to get either back. Actually the lake was paddled in better time than we had any right to expect, and we started down the river once more. A couple rapids later we hit one where a chute lay at the foot -- nothing to do but plow through the swells and then dump the canoes later on. The amounts of water varied. A few drops of rain fell, with the wind, making the after-

noon even a little more uncomfortable. The guide started looking for a camp ground, but kept moving, muttering about the fact that we would have to keep moving since the river was now all low land, but as we rounded a pair of rapids close together, there on our left was a Temagami-like rock campsite complete with fly poles already standing -- and low and behold the top to Wabun wannigan # 70. The tent sites were a little rocky, but otherwise it was fine. Dinner was ready in a hurry since Nishe's bread of yesterday served for lunch and dinner today -- making it unnecessary to bake until after dinner -- for tomorrow's lunch. A snake was spotted crawling into a crevice in the rock and was saved from the axes of either guide or staff by Fife. We figured it must have been this snake that caused loud yelps from Pepper just after we landed. Fife, Ken, and staff went fishing with Fife adding two more trout to his list -- now at 35 fish -- and the others getting only bug bites. Ken succeeded in retaliating for his laking by George eons ago -- so George appeared sporting clean pants! The fishermen returned to find a group of cooks experimenting with burned omlet while the guide sat and laughed. Not much milage today because of the wind, but it was a tough one nevertheless. So lights out early -- it promises to be a good, cold, sleeping night.

Friday, July 31 -- The night was really cold -- as the evening had predicted. The stars shone brightly and the northern lights put on a display for any one who was up through the night. The dew was heavy, and the sky cloudless, as the staff rose to cook breakfast. Pepper and Misty were particularly anxious to get the fire going -- Pepper had a little trouble figuring out how to get over the rocks to the fire place first. The section was not too speedy getting out of the nice warm sleeping bags, and it was 8:15 before we hit the river. The guide scouted the rapid below, ran a short distance, caught an eddy, and found a tricky run through the middle. Fortunately the power of the water threw the canoes into the right run; otherwise there might have been trouble. The foot needed a let down over a particularly rocky pitch, and then we ran the rapid out. The guide thrilled the spectators by taking the bow at the foot since his canoe was turned around in the process of letting down. Our troubles were not over as another rough one lay just ahead. Again a short let down was needed in the middle. Fife landed another trout, which was carried along to be cooked at lunch, while waiting his turn to let down. A third short let down was required before we could run out the last few rapids into Courseron Lake. The lake had numerous sand beaches and was probably the most attractive of the lakes through which we have passed since the Marten started. Apparently not particularly deep, there were several sand bars sticking out as we paddled up the shore. The sun was out brightly, but the wind started to come up as we went up the lake. Lunch was cooked at an indian campsite on the north shore. All shoes were off and drying after a morning of wetting, and the sand felt like the beach -- as Ken commented. He went wading out to try fly fishing with no result. Bob went gathering beaver teeth among the numerous skulls hung up on poles by the indians. There were two docks on the beach reaching out over the sand and a good three feet off the sand -- giving some idea of what the water level must be earlier in the year. Actually we could see where the whole Marten system had been higher fairly recently. The wind came up stronger during lunch making the pull to the head of the lake harder. The crew of 54 tried paddling with reversed positions and declared the new method satisfactory. We entered the river looking forward

to "fast current and all rapids good" as our report read. There was current, and the one rapid was ok, but otherwise the river was duller than dish water. Sand bars were the main obstacle for the first part, and at one point Ray got tired of paddling and hopped out and pushed his canoe for a while. The one rapid had good swells as the staff canoe can attest, having given a perfect example of how not to run a rapid. The rest of the stream twisted and turned on itself. Up earlier we had been able to watch progress being made as we passed along beside hills of mostly bare rock. In the lower part of the stream we saw hills -- two of them, but we saw the same two hills for an interminable period as we paddled all the way around them. At one point on our left was an obvious trail going over a knoll. 5 minutes later we paddled by the other end of the same trail on our left. The portage must have been all of 20 feet. But we did not take it, obviously. Nishe pointed out Nemiscau Mountain to several gullible bow men who fell for the story! Three hours after starting down the river we thankfully paddled out onto Camousitchauane or Big Island Lake. A nice looking lake, but we were not really in a mood to appreciate it. There was a long period before this where both guide and staff felt we were about there, so much did the lay of the land make it look as though we were reaching our goal. There was talk of paddling to the tip of the point we had to round, but we started looking seriously for a campsite pretty soon. About half way down the point we found a rocky shore -- it looked like an island from afar, but was really a point. The tent sites were only fair, but the cooking and canoe landing areas were great. The major difficulty was a total lack of dry wood and the lateness of the hour -- about six. The bugs were pretty savage even after the fire was started. The guide patched a few canoes. Fife and Ray tried to reach a brook that could be heard from the campsite, but were driven back by the bugs. There was talk of bathing, but no action, and at sun down the bugs forced every one to his tent for the night. The guide promised 30° temperatures! The last loud cry heard in the night was for a special party since this was July 31st! So??

Saturday, August 1 -- The morning was beautiful. The mist was just starting to rise off the lake, and the sun was shining brightly as Pepper and Misty greeted the staff. Fife appeared to take a morning swim and tried to get George to join him but got no answer to his shouts. With the hope of making Weakwater and taking a rest day, we got on the water at 8:00 and paddled briskly against a south wind to the point to the south of us. The staff thought the ripples on the water were just a surface wind, and we would still have our north or north west wind, but he was wrong as usual, and the waves rolled against us on the trip down the lake. Not too bad, though; we have seen much tougher winds at other times. The first smoke break was taken at the point as we let the wind just push us back up the other way on the reverse side of the point. The guide endeavored to alter his bow boy's rocker stroke, but he was back at it as we started up again. Another old surveyor's camp was passed on the way. They have left their orange paint all along the trail indicating clearly the route to follow. Last evening Ken had advocated paddling into Priest Lake and portaging into Cache, but we passed up the entrance to his lake -- neither guide nor staff being interested in carrying any more than necessary. The map advertised a rapid ahead. The Chivers report made no mention of it. The map was right, but the run was gentle and easily accomplished by sticking to the right of the swells.

Three otter entertained us for a while bobbing up and down to see what strange manner of creature we were. Then 74 took off after a duck family much to the agitation of Mother Duck who tried buzzing the canoe. But the duck hunt failed, and the crew narrowly missed running their craft up on shore in the process. In a couple spots the current ran fast so the time passed easily. We thought we passed the Chivers campsite about eleven o'clock, so we had picked up an hour at least on his travel time. Maybe we would get through to Weakwater after all. We lunched on the point of the turn in the first part of Cache Lake -- pretty pleased with our progress. We guess maybe it was a Wabun campsite by the placement of the rocks for the irons and by the poles left around. Nishe upset Bob by announcing that Bob and Steve were changing canoes. Steve went along with the story -- especially since he and John had just had a family spat. As soon as we pulled out, though, few events went our way. The sky looked more rain like. It had been clouding over steadily all morning, and rain looked pretty certain eventually. The terrain on the far side of the point fit the map not at all, but luckily there was current which was quite unexpected, so it was tough to go wrong. But at the head of the stretch, we made the mistake of going to the left of an island and running a little pitch. A chute lay ahead through which we could not put a canoe without filling; so there was nothing to do but portage somehow -- unless we were to paddle back up the little run we had made and try the other side of the island -- which was not really seriously considered. The staff found the blazes for the carry -- there was no real trail, but the start and finish lacked markings, so every one had the pleasure of picking his own trail. All this over broken rock and through alders. Few there were who did not get lost at least once. The guide dropped his canoe while flipping it. George wandered aimlessly in the bush. Others got lost less seriously. Ray beached his canoe insecurely, and it drifted off while he was making his second trip. Besides it had started to rain. A lot of fun! The other side of the island on top of this, looked like it could have been run -- at least from the foot of our carry. The rain was coming down more heavily. Guide and staff decided Weakwater was out. A few were disappointed, but this was no weather to run rapids or portage -- besides we had lost too much time on the carry. Another rapid had to be negotiated -- which was done after the guide looked it over and picked the left side of a little island in the center of it. For one of the few times we ran right through the swells at the foot with no trouble. No campsite presented itself immediately, and it was two miles further on that the guide spotted a sheltered indian site, and we pulled in. It took a fair amount of clearing to make it useable, so it was almost five before we started to cook. The staff messed up the pineapple upside-down cake in the process, and it took Fife and he 15 minutes to clean the bannock pan afterwards. The rain continued to fall throughout the rest of the evening. John and Ken sang the same song over and over again and discussed all their mutual friends again. Several people suggested not pitching wet tents, sleeping under canoes, or not unrolling, but all ideas were eventually rejected. Well, maybe Weakwater tomorrow -- if the weather changes! A fine start to the month of August!

Sunday, August 2 -- The staff claimed he slept in a little this morning to let things dry out, but it was not quite true -- he just lay in the nice warm bag too long. The rain stopped during the night fortunately, and the sun was shining once again. The campsite was still damp though if it was necessary to move around it at all

off of the beaten path. On top of the late start, the fire did not behave too well. Though most every one was up and rolled before they were called, still we had to wait on 54 and 58 a good while before the whole section was paddling away. Almost immediately it was necessary to hop out and let the canoes over a shallow rocky passage a few hundred yards away. But then the going was good. The sun came out and warmer than it has been for days and off came the shirts -- except for the guide's -- almost immediately. LeCordier was paddled in no time, and the river was reached again in good time despite our late start at 8:45. The rapids were very hard to look over. The run at the top did not look too bad, but it curved away to the right almost immediately. The Chivers report told us we had a thousand yard carry along here, so the staff went to look for the start of it. Found quickly, the trail was well used by Marten standards, and it had been recently cleared out -- by surveyors, we guessed. We took it figuring we saved time by so doing, though there was a strong temptation to look over the rapid and try to run. It proved to be a fairly good walker and only about 800 yards long to boot. A lake-like section followed. 74 spotted some ducks and gave chase to no avail. At the same time a large duck swam by the rest of the canoes, and Misty dove out after her -- but he failed also. The last rapid before Weakwater interrupted the never ending discussion of friends and events around Hyannis Port. We were supposed to slip down the right shore for 100 yards and carry the rest -- 500 yards. The guide found a run though for the first part of the carry. 54 took a good bit of water getting there and had to dump. The rest had varying amounts -- down to only that accumulated through leaks. The guide's run was accomplished -- a little blind since he was the only one who had looked it over, and the run swung to the right almost immediately out of sight. The eddy was too small to hold all the canoes, so instructions had to be passed from canoe to canoe. By the time the staff got the word, it was "see that rock? -- stay to the left of it; then swing right behind the point. What happens after that I don't know." The answer was not much fortunately. The second half was rougher to figure. The guide picked his run, decide it was too tough, and elected to carry. Then he decided it was too tough to cut back to the portage trail, so we would let down. Finally he decided to go back to his original plan and run, so run we did. It was a hair raising shoot. A couple canoes bounced on a rock at the foot -- no damage, and all took some water at least. But the run was made; even by the staff canoe, though John complained of a sudden tooth ache which stuck just as the canoe was passing between the very narrow opening between the rocks. The guide proclaimed lunch time, and we pulled over to dump out the water and eat. Swim time was the cry for the first time in several days -- and even a few pieces of laundry got done. The day was declared to be both a trail pack and a fruit day -- after much debate. The great decision of the stop -- except for the discussion of how to rig a spinnaker at Hyannis Port. Off again down the lake for one of the very rare occasions a tail wind appeared. Various individuals wanted to rig a sail and an excursion was made to shore for poles. Then it was decided that we would make the rapids at the foot of the lake faster on the paddle, so the project was abandoned. But 54 and 58 decided to try their own private poncho sail. So the others retaliated with a kitchen fly sail erected on paddles. Each worked satisfactorily for about 3 miles when the wind died. The kitchen fly canoes started with a lead and ended with about the same lead, so no group really won over the other in the competition. Both sails came down to paddle the last 3-4 miles. Weakwater was

probably the best looking lake we passed on the Marten system with high hills at the start, rocky points, frequent sand beaches, a little current in the middle to make life interesting, warm sun, and a sky punctuated with fleecy clouds. Before we ran into the mountain at the foot, we turned right into the river and started on short rapids at once. The river was island choked and almost every one had a flat rock campsite. We looked for the Wabun site in a couple places and finally decided it was probably the next island down. This necessitated letting down a chute before reaching it. Fife landed a trout while decisions were being made. This was more than the staff could bear, so he rigged his fly rod. As a result all the canoes had already let down when he finally agreed to get his bow boy out of the bugs. They ran the chute instead of letting down. Ray landed a pair of trout for dinner, and Fife had another while the staff struck out. Meanwhile George managed to nick his knee with his axe forcing the staff to stop fishing and play doctor for a while. There is not much left in the First Aid Kit now. The guide cooked dinner and then the fishermen went back at it -- across the little bay this time. Ray took three and the staff finally got one -- which he threw back, and Fife got bug bites -- and trout bites, too, but no fish. Ray and the staff had the pleasure of running the little chute again as a result of having portaged the canoe back up to fish. As every one else snuggled down in his sleeping bag for a nice cold night, Fife and Ray stoked up the fire and rolled up in ground cloths for the night, announcing they were going fishing early in the morning -- provided they lasted the night.

Monday, August 3 -- Fife and Ray toughed it out until about two o'clock. Fife gave in first and sought the air mattress. Ray followed, and neither was up early to fish. Ray did throw in a fly or two before breakfast, but caught nothing. George survived the night despite some discomfort at having to keep his knee straight. The guide took a quick look at the rapid and decided we'd be better off carrying right from the campsite rather than trying to fool with letting down or jumping the rapid. George hobbled across having trouble with the brush and places where he had to climb up on rocks. We figured we won on the deal. The campsite below was more spacious than ours, but the water in front was awful shallow. Right below was an old fishing camp -- we had thought the tents belonged to surveyors by the looks of the campsite -- but we were mistaken. It had been used relatively recently, but was full of junk. We landed to find a board to use as a splint for George and had to settle for a piece of plywood. It lasted about half an hour and was then taken off because he could not paddle with his knee that straight. Nishe collected some plastic cloth, and the staff drove a couple nails into the bow of 54 to try to hold it together. Tesecau passed by quickly. We traveled only a little bit of the top of it. Two little mild rapids were run to Poncet. Poncet was paddled despite a side wind -- side wind while we started on a side trip, but a tail wind when we turned north on the right track. Then the wind began to cause trouble even if we were on pretty small water. We may or may not have traveled out of our way on the left side of a long island, but we got where we wanted to go anyway. Then the turn toward Bruton was made against a head wind. By staying in the lee it was not too bad. We lunched at an old indian site on the point in Bruton where we would start to swing more with the wind. Three frames for canvas tops -- made out of small bent spruce -- decorated the site. We hoped the fire was built in some shelter, but it took an awful long time to boil a

little water for the potatoes so well did the wind blow the fire from under the pots. Lucky we were not trying to boil water for spaghetti. As usual the main discussions centered around should we make trail pack or not and the raffle for Ken's bannock. No fruit; much to Bob's disgust. There is one poor little lone can of plums still sitting in the wannigan that no one ever seems to want to use. During the morning it was discovered that Pepper was suffering from tape worm -- so this offered another topic of conversation. Various plots were laid for individual sailing rigs. 74 had a two-pole towel pitch, while the guide rigged a yard arm sail with his plastic picked up in the morning. The various poncho type rigs did not really get perfected. Anyway the wind was more of a side wind. The guide patched canoes before we shoved off with only partial success. 58 had to return for forgotten fishing rods, so we were held up for a while getting started. All through Bruton we bucked a side wind until it was possible to pull the canoe down and run to the shelter of a point or island. The waves rolled and a good bit of spray came in over the gunwales soaking not only the bowsman, but the sterns man as well. It was pretty hard to tell if the guide's patching had much effect. The sky had started clear in the morning with clouds arranged in streaks. Now the sun disappeared more often and off to the west it was a blue-black. Several flashes of lightning could be seen as we paddled across the last bit of open water. We missed the river by one bay -- fortunately on the up wind side. With a storm coming we entered the river looking for the possibility of a 14' falls in the very near future -- reports on location were quite vague. Therefore a rapid just after the river started was approached with great caution, but it proved to be only a "horse race" -- though quite shallow. Misty thrilled the spectators by diving over board at the head of the rapid and swimming to shore while the guide was looking it over. The guide put every one on his own and started off. There were rocks on the way for every one with the crew of 54 making the record number of jumps out of the canoe in the process. It became imperative to find a campsite, and we pulled up short of where we really wanted to be to get set up before the rains came. The site was nothing to get excited about but was adequate, and all tents were up and dinner started before anything serious happened. In fact the first real shower hit just as the broad line was ready to start. With showers on and off, the meal was eaten under the fly, and most people turned in early. We had hoped to fish the 14' falls, but as the weather turned out, it would not have been much fun anyway. After dark the guide reported the storm was breaking and the wind was swinging to the north -- where it usually is. He was wrong the staff ascertained on his trip out of the tent. The light he saw in the sky was the Northern lights showing faintly.

Tuesday, August 4 -- A south east wind such as we had yesterday we discovered brings dirty weather. The staff looked out many times during the early morning but could find nothing about the weather to excite him. Every 15-20 minutes a short light shower fell -- never hard and never long, but enough to thoroughly discourage any thought of moving. About quarter after nine John Celantano and Ray could not stand the idleness any longer and appeared to cook breakfast on their own. The noise they made roused guide and staff, who were a little reluctant to get up because a heavy shower was falling. But they finally made it after Fife arrived to start making the pancake batter. The staff went out to look for dry wood, but the guide was so disgusted with what he brought back that he and Ray took a canoe up to a point and

brought back a dry she-ko. Ray, assisted by John, chopped and split a good pile of wood to keep us stocked for a while. Lunch followed quickly -- almost too quickly -- since several were still full of pancakes. Kon even refused to get up at all for lunch -- after a brief appearance in a clean red shirt for breakfast. The afternoon dragged by. A few napped. A bridge game went on. The guide baked bread and patched canoes while the staff made fudge, baked beans, and made pea soup. Nishe fried trapper's bread for supper. The sky started to clear up a little, and the sun shone feebly through for a few moments at least. A rainbow appeared. The wind finally got itself shifted to the north -- making it cool, but promising clear weather. Pepper and Misty had a rough time getting chased by several. Pepper in particular enjoyed playing the game -- though she spent too much time looking at her pursuer and not enough at the obstacles she was running into. Finally the games ended up in a series of tent droppings in which only the staff tent survived -- fortunately. A cool evening lies in store.

Wednesday, August 5 -- Cool it was, but as an extra added surprise the rain came back hard around 3 am. At 6:30 the sun peeked out for about ten minutes, but there was a big black cloud rolling in, and a fine mist was falling. Finally the staff made his move just before seven and rolled out to cook breakfast despite the grim out look on the theory that we had to try our best to move. Bo showed up while the cooking was in progress and was told we were going to try to move, but almost as soon as he went back to roll, the mist started again. He appeared again with his pack, but the staff then told every one else to come eat and we would decide what to do later. The guide rolled out and took a grim view of the weather, but proclaimed that we would move sometime. The warmth of the fire felt good -- too good for any one trying to cook. For one of the rare occasions all the cereal disappeared. Then we stood around trying to stay warm for a while. The clouds started to lift and even a microscopic patch of blue was seen. We rolled and sat tight waiting for the tents to dry a little. Finally at ten we pulled out into the teeth of a strong north wind. It was not long before the guide declared a hand warming break. Our misplaced 14th falls must be coming up soon. The staff spotted what looked like the portage long before any sign of the falls appeared -- it was the portage. The guide went down and looked at the chute while the staff walked through the wet brush to check. George carried his canoe across against doctor's orders, but made it ok. The loads in # 74 had been reduced to three so George would only go across once -- and his trip was supposed to be with a wannigan and a pack. Anyway no damage done. The sun started to shine through at intervals as the carry was completed, but it was by no means hot with the north wind blowing. Soon a rapid appeared. The staff found a run and went down first to get set to take pictures. The others did not see how he avoided the white water, so, as the guide explained, you wanted pictures, so we bounced through the swells. A little fast water and an even bigger rapid. This time pictures were taken from the side. The guide ran perfectly. 58 almost as well. 74 went a little wide and bounced more than needed. While 54 came close to disaster. At least Steve realized how close they were even if John did not. The foot was much easier. Misty bailed out when 58 got close to shore for the benefit of the camera, and all four went to shore to bail out or dump. The staff meanwhile took his cameras back to make the run himself. 54 had come close, but 77 came even closer to going over. The staff's hat flew off in

the process to disappear forever, and he finished the run kneeling in six inches of water to keep the canoe upright. 77 dumped before attempting the foot of the run. The guide pulled ahead to find a lunch site, and the canoes came out of the water for a little patching. 58 had a new cut that needed attention and a large old patch on 74 was replaced as the macaroni boiled. As soon as the meal was eaten, the staff paddled back up a couple hundred yards to see if an opening we had passed could be the link we wanted that would save a good bit of paddling. It was, so the others followed. The link proved to be a good short cut, but the rapids were all very shallow and difficult to get through. Impossible really to run anything, the canoes just had to feel their way through until enough water could be found to float them. The link ended quickly at the foot of a 4' chute back on the main river. Fife tried fishing one side while Ray tried the other -- with no luck. The others watched, enjoying the sun, while Ray had to climb and bend down a spruce to retrieve his fly after a long back cast. On we went. Our old report said we would find some good rapids -- but all we found was current with the wind working against it. The current was only slightly stronger than the wind. We were supposed to run the right side of an island to avoid carrying a 10' chute. We took the right side of the island ok, but ran nothing. It was all wading, dragging, and lifting as the canoes took a real beating. The water would have to be almost 4 inches deeper to make the route worthwhile. We would have been much better off to carry whatever lay on the left side of the island -- we never saw what it was at all. Soon the 27' falls appeared and a suitable campsite was located at the top of the cascade. The canoes went across for the night. Fife and the staff went out to take pictures while John and Ken posed as though they were falling in. The view at the foot of the falls was really spectacular. The dry wood was portaged back to the campsite by those who went to look at the falls, and the guide cooked supper while the tents went up. Then laundry day was declared, and the campsite took on the appearance of a Chinese laundry on Monday morning -- or as some described it, the low rent district. Not much dried as the sun went behind the trees pretty soon. Fife and Ray tried fishing with no luck. A few daring souls bathed. Fife cooked pudding as a late dessert -- mainly because Bob was still hungry -- though no one else really objected. And so as John Hanna stood waving his socks over the fire, toasting his rotten shoes at the same time, we called it a day and crawled in for the night. The guide had spent the evening trying to undo the damage to the canoes done in the shallows, and old patches and new cuts received attention.

Thursday, August 6 -- Teeth were really chattering this morning after the coldest night yet. The guide finally rose -- with his nice pink sleeping sweater on -- and stood around the fire with the rest of the section drinking coffee and trying to get warm. The mist hung down heavy on the campsite and at 6:30 it was just possible to see across the little snee along which we were camped -- the far side of the river was out of sight. But it rose during breakfast, and the sun appeared nicely. It was almost warm as we started to carry the gear over to join the canoes on the other side of the portage. The river ran calm and deep for almost a couple miles before we encountered our first rapid -- which really was not much of an encounter. Though around the bend lay a cascade or chute we could not begin to touch -- so portage we did. The trail was perfect, however, and it was obvious no one else did anything here

but carry. At this point the guide discovered he had left his lighter back at the old campsite. Had it not been for the small rapid we had just run, he swore he would have paddled back to get it. Maybe Bob was pleased that the rapid intervened. A poor day for the guide -- freezing all night, cold in the morning, his lighter lost, and soon his cup was gone. Anyway a formidable rapid appeared that was supposed to be portaged. Knowing Wabun had run it last year, we were determined to do the same if at all possible. And it was. Right next to the right shore with the white water bubbling to the outside. It was soon accomplished to the satisfaction of all. The staff took a few pictures at the top and so ran all the way through to the foot -- though Nishe and the rest had stopped with a little of the tail end left to go. But his run was not long, for another rapid lay tight ahead. This one was also supposed to be carried. However, we found easy runs for a while through the islands. Finally, however, there was one set of falls, cascades, or steep rapids around which we could find no route, so we had to unload and lift over about 10 yards. The lift over and all probably took longer than would the carry, had we taken it, but it was more fun this way. Only one canoe at a time could get into the lift over spot, and it had to be held at the same time to keep it from going over the falls. Since there was a little let down just prior to the actual lift over, most canoes ran backwards to the rocks -- making the job of getting over even more challenging. And so the last rapid on the Marten was passed. The delta was paddled -- mostly low land -- but there was enough current to insure that we were really on the river and not in a blind bay. The Rupert joined in, or rather we joined the Rupert. The junction was not too noticeable and actually at this point the Marten looked the wider of the two rivers. An indian winter camp lay close to the forks, but the "Cascade" lay just ahead, so we were too interested in seeing what it looked like to stop. The guide pushed ahead to look at the chute while the other four canoes looked for the portage on the right shore. The staff went in one bay to look at an old blaze. 74 took another. No portage to be found. No wonder, when the staff re-read his notes later in the afternoon, he realized he was reading for one carry ahead, and this one was supposed to be on the left. No real damage done, however, for meanwhile the guide found a run and called us all down to where he had landed on the rocks further along the shore. By the sound of the water and the Chivers trip report most of us expected to carry, but Nishe hopped in his canoe, passed back word to watch and follow him, and shoved off toward the run he had found. Instructions coming back were quite garbled, if passed on at all, and the staff canoe had no word on what the run was like as it pulled up, and the staff hopped ashore to take pictures. He managed to get a few from far away. Canoes would bob and then fly high in the air. They would disappear and then reappear moments later. Finally his camera wound down so he glanced down the rapid once more as he was putting the camera away before following, when he could see heads and all bobbing around in the water. Rushing to a vantage point ashore above the rapid he could see that one canoe was over and that the other three were coming to its aid. Nothing he could do where he was, so back to his canoe to run down. It was a great run -- if you knew where you were going. The run started at the head of a V near shore and angled toward the center, passed over a boil in the center of the river and ran straight out to the foot. Done right, you took not a drop of water. Done wrong there were power swells on all directions -- except the one you were supposed to go. By pulling left almost all the way down, you stayed out of the white water. With no pull; it was all over. 27 had run

perfectly. 74 had bounced a little, but made it, and 54 had had no real trouble. 58 was too far to the right, and the canoe swamped first and then flipped over. When the staff canoe arrived, 54 was towing in the last wannigan to a rocky island where the rescued crew and gear of the canoe had been collected. Both tents were salvaged. The baby was intact. Misty had hopped on the packs when the canoe went over and had ridden them to safety. Every thing was there except Ray's axe and jacket and fishing rod and Ken's jacket -- and strange enough the canoe. 74 had picked up both paddlers, the packs, Misty, a tent and one wannigan and drifted in to the rocky island with every thing hung on the side of the canoe. 27 got the baby and a tent, while 54 dragged in the last wannigan. None of the missing equipment was to be found. The guide had last seen the canoe with bow high in the air at the foot of the swells. He reasoned it was broken in two. Then he figured it had been caught in an eddy and carried back into the rapid. We waited for it to be thrown out -- nothing happened. Steve had last seen it bottom up floating free. We then figured it was still in tact some where. 27, 74, and 77 went searching while 54 stayed with the castaways to try to help dry out their load. The baby was not too wet thanks to the waterproof bag in the pack sack. The wannigans held mostly canned goods. The rice was a little damp but was dried out. Ray's waterproof bag in his pack was soaked, but the contents were pretty dry. His tobacco was rescued, though the papers were wet. Ken's belongings were more soaked, but his sleeping bag was not in too bad shape. Still no canoe. The searchers used Fife's binoculars and the staff's telephoto lens to scan the shores. They climbed the rocks near the rapids, and 77 and 74 went down river a ways to see if they could find a trace. No luck! Back to the castaways' island for lunch. Still the vigil persisted. After the meal Ken mojoed in 54 while Ray went in 74, and the staff and guide took parts of the load. 74 took the left shore, 77 the right, and 27 and 54 came down the middle. Finally the staff canoe found the missing craft, upside down in the reeds, just past the point where they had turned back before lunch. A more welcome sight would be hard to imagine. How was a letter to Chief to be phrased saying we have lost a canoe and have no idea where it is? Lo and behold on picking up the craft to dump out the water, Ken's jacket, hat and sock appeared. A wetter canoe could not be imagined -- having been submerged for three hours, but Ray and Ken were most happy to have their own craft back. After re-loading 58 -- on to the 30' falls we paddled. A magnificent cascade, we camped at the far end of the portage about four o'clock to try to give Ray and Ken a chance to dry out their gear. The sun did not cooperate too well, for it began to disappear at intervals shortly thereafter, but at least the air was dry. With the cooking equipment down near the water and the tents way up on the hill, the campsite was not perfect, but there have been many far worse. Fife and George found their own little nest down near the water, but the other four tents were up on the trail. After dinner the guide told tales of the Harricana and then patched canoes again. Fife saw a fish, so he and the staff tried in vain. A couple rain drops fell, sending people scurrying to get their sleeping bags in that were either airing or drying. Soon there was no one up and around, and long before dark the crew was nestled in for the night. Old man weather may have something in store for us by the looks of the sky, and at 9:30 rain started coming down.

Friday, August 7 -- Rain fell at intervals during the night. A heavy shower came down around three and then things quieted

down. The staff debated about moving at rising time, but decided the clouds were fairly high, though dark, and that they were moving fairly rapidly -- so maybe it was safe to try for Nemiscau. Anyway by the time breakfast was ready, it was a little brighter. John and Ken failed to hear the call to roll, and so came close to missing the meal. Camp was broken, and then a fine mist started to fall, but it was too late then to hold up, so off we went. The canoes had to be loaded one at a time because of the swells in the eddy that threw the canoes against the rock, but eventually the eddy filled with all five canoes, and we emptied it out -- five in a line. The tail end of the 30' falls was enough of a rapid to require caution and a run near shore. Around the bend white water showed against the gray background, and the guide pulled up to take a look around the corner before running. It was safe, but barely so. Every one went through beautifully -- except for the wave that broke across the staff canoe -- making it necessary for 77 to lag behind until the first smoke break some distance down the river since the bailing had to be done at regular intervals. The west wind worked against both the current and us, making our progress slow and throwing up larger waves than should have been the case. The Chivers' report said it was an easy morning's paddle to Nemiscau, and so it would have been without the strong head wind. We passed a bay and looked back to see a lone indian in his canoe following us. The first human we had seen since we left the entrance to the Rupert. He made pretty good time, but gave up the chase after a bit. At the next smoke break we heard the report of a shot gun -- duck we guessed. It became necessary to leave the lee south shore and venture to the north to follow the route out. For a while the going was fairly good in spite of the wind, but then we hit a spot where the wind was working against the current, and the waves that were thereby thrown up were rather large -- as the bowman's union can attest. 27 almost had civil war when Bob told Nishe to go near shore where it was calm -- no matter if there was only a foot of water there and the drag on the canoe would have been worse than the waves -- and was told in no uncertain terms that there was only one boss in the canoe. They stayed in the waves like every one else. Misty decided he had had enough and jumped out in the lee of the next low island, 58 paddled on for a while letting him swim a little before letting him back. Then dog stopping time came, and the other three drifted far ahead with the current. Lunch stop was made in the lee of a small island, and 54 and 58 started to pass us by until waved in. Nishe felled a she-ko to take into the campsite at the Post where there would be no dry wood, and ~~all but 27 loaded up a stack of~~ it. During lunch the bowmen huddled around the fire trying to dry out and making nasty remarks about the sterns' men. A couple drops of rain fell, but a mist was more like it. Back in the canoes quickly, it was pretty soon that we rounded the last point and could see the post ahead. A most welcome sight -- though it had a deserted look to it. Finally as we neared the beach, some activity could be seen, and the kids came down to meet us on the beach while the older indians hung around the Post on top of the hill. We discovered later that there had just been a funeral for a stillborn indian child which was why things were so bleak looking as we approached. The guide and staff were now back on familiar territory -- it sort of felt like you were coming home. But things were different. The Post manager, Andy Appleton, met us on the shore smoking a big black cigar and opened the store -- mainly for the purchase of cigarettes -- of which he had a reasonable supply of unknown brands. Soon we headed for the camp ground on the sandy

point a half mile up the lake. The school teacher, John Miller, came down to introduce himself as we started to load up. The wannigan line was established; tent pitching was in order, but only George and Fife and the guide and staff made it quick enough. The rain hit while the others were in the process of being erected, and people were wet to varying degrees as a result. Oh, well, its not the first time. The storm continued for a good 45 minutes when finally Ray and John induced the staff to venture out and light a fire -- which he did -- and then started dinner. The guide woke from his nap and came out and got a warming fire going with Ray's help. The storm over, the indian children began to arrive to stare and play with their sling shots. In the process of cooking the fly had to be pitched, but the rain did not amount to anything. Fife and George collaborated on a ginger bread for lunch while Nishe put on a pot of beans for tomorrow -- to be cooked in the sand under his warming fire. Steve and Bob started off for the Post. The staff joined them, but got separated as he took the shore route while they took the muskeg trail. The staff ran into Andy, John, and Tom Dodds inspecting a log cabin which the indians were building -- most of the population is now in cabins where two years ago almost all were in tents. There were six in the process of going up -- log cabins with only windows, doors, and plywood panels for ceilings and floors being shipped in from outside. They accompanied the staff back to inspect our campsite. Dodds in particular looked over all our gear carefully. A chemistry teacher from a college in Jersey City, he has been working for ten years on the Cree language -- he says there is still an awful lot for him to learn -- each year he finds out more that distroys all he had learned before. George and Fife got hold of an indian and procured the start of our plaque. Steve, Bob, both Johns, and the staff went back to the Post for coffee and a few purchases. John C put on a couple records on the phonograph, but the speed was so bad that they were not really reconizeable. News was sparce. A report of some bombings of our destroyers over in Viet-Nam, but nothing definite. The radio did not work. A plane pulled in during a rain squall and the pilot -- Lindy -- working for a mining company down the way toward the portage to the Broadback -- pulled in to spend the night at the Post. He was closely followed by a second plane from the same place with Willard at the controls and a mechanic named Dave. Finally the coffee group broke up after the staff got a few plasters for Nishe's stiff wrists, and the five groped their way back in the pitch black to the campsite. Lindy was not too encouraging about the weather for tomorrow -- so maybe we see the river and maybe not.

Saturday, August 8 -- It started late. The staff first figured we would start a little late since a fair number of people had gotten to bed late last night, but then he realized that the weather did not look too good either. So he stayed in bed for a while. Finally at eight he decided to get up and cook breakfast in hopes that we could get off sometime during the morning. It looked like we would need a while for the tents to dry out, so maybe pancakes would be in order. So the guide popped up and made the batter. After long arguments about whether it was too thick or not -- the guide wanting his batter thick and Fife and George influenced by what the staff told them wanting it runny, they were cooked. It worked out well, for people rose at intervals, and the pans were ready as each person arrived. Then mist started settling in at intervals. Then the sky looked brighter. The guide ordered every one to roll and get ready to move at a moment's notice. He

was not too happy when the staff let Bob and Ray head off to the village to make a last minute purchase. Then she started to rain again. So he postponed departure for an hour and let a couple others go to the Post for a few minutes. Then the weather got worse again, so the guide headed off with a couple of the rroup, declaring that we would eat lunch and then move. The staff heated up the beans baked in the sand last night and waited for the various purchasing expeditions to return. The guide came back, mission accomplished -- to report that the pilots were staying the day -- everything on the Bay was grounded -- and we might just as well stay put. So we abandoned hope of moving at all. More expeditions set out to the village. In fact the guide was left all alone with a crowd of indians hanging around. A few boys had started to appear about nine o'clock as we were still cooking breakfast, and the number swelled as the day wore on. Some stayed almost all day; others came and went. The first few appeared armed with sling shots as though hunting birds. They gathered around the large warming fire Ray had started almost as soon as the cooking fire was kindled. A relatively aged indian appeared to stay for better than an hour through rain and mist -- at least he took position under a tree to stay a little dry. Around eleven or twelve two 16 year olds arrived -- one with an ancient shot gun and the other with a sling shot saying they were looking for gulls. They claimed there was meat on a gull and they were good to eat -- the staff was a little skeptical. They ended up staying the rest of the day. After lunch those on hand were treated to the pieces of Fife's ginger bread that members of the section had not eaten. Earlier Bob had contributed a half box of crackers to their cause. When Nishe was left alone while the rest of us roamed the village looking for more buys, the indians went out into the swamp behind the campsite for dry wood for him and cut and split a good bit of it for him. After the rain and buyers returned, the guide went to take a nap, so the indians cut and split most of the rest of the dry wood that we did not need and threw it on the warming fire. Even several older indians came to warm themselves for a while -- some to do business -- others just to sit, get warm, and watch. One of the 16 year olds spent most of the afternoon making a sling shot out of a large piece of birch -- he ended up hacking it to bits after working on it for better than two hours. The weather remained about the same with showers and mist every so often, and the temperature continued to drop. Coupled with a strong wind, it was not too comfortable except right next to one of the fires. Dinner came early mainly because there was nothing else to do really. Fife and George collaborated on most of the cooking -- with the guide's help, and we ate before most of the indians decided it was time to go home to their own dinner. As we stood around trying to keep warm and dry, John Miller and Dave, the mechanic with the Austin air craft still stranded at the Post, showed up to loan John Celantano, John Miller's radio for the night. They stayed to have a cup of coffee -- we had no nice china to use as Andy had had last night. They chatted about air craft and indians before running back home before dark -- to get warm. The wind, cold, and mist continued as we rolled in for the night. A day wasted -- not really -- we had seen a lot more of the indian life and collected a few souvenirs -- but now we were again a day behind schedule. Our rest day quota is now all used up to Rupert's House. But experience says that weather like this takes three days to break, and we have another day to go if that is true. If so, things will get tense to say the least. The radio went off to bed with Cel and Ken, as Fife got the news of Cyprus

troubles, we heard a little Giant's football, and the muscians picked up a little musican noise -- the temperature in Boston is 70°. Cut it in half and you have Nemiscau.

Sunday, August 9 --

The weather refused to cooperate at all. At 6:30 it was cold and wet and not gray, but black. The same at 7:30 and at 8:30. Finally the indian visitors made so much noise running around through the tents trying to shoot birds with their sling shots that the guide and staff both got up. A good number were happy to see cereal cooked -- it was too rainy and cold to bother with pancakes. The mist fell just as the meal was being cooked, so the quickness was a blessing. We hoped to move as soon as possible -- maybe in an hour. The radio listeners went to return John's radio and a few others drifted off. It kept raining off and on, making it obvious we were not going too soon. There was activity with the two planes parked at the Post, making us hopeful that maybe it was clearing in Moose and Lindy was taking off. No such luck, they just short hopped down to the camp around the bend. The Canso came in; we guessed with men and equipment -- a day or so overdue -- again making us think it might be clearing. Some of the group returned to report that the weather was going to clear between 4:30 and 5:00 according to the pilots -- but also to report that the Canso flew in any kind of weather, so the fact that it came in proved nothing. So we decided to cook lunch. Abraham and the other indians entertained, though they were not as good at collecting wood for the warming fire today, and Ray, Fife, and John Hanna did most of it during the day. The guide got into the act, but he supplied green birch. The camp-site now has relatively little shelter standing on it. Lunch was cooked with only half the section on hand. John Hanna and Steve returned reporting that Ray, Ken, and John Cel were not coming, so the pots were cleaned. The report was not perfectly true, but the three complained only a little. We still had hopes of leaving, but the weather would not let up. A couple middle aged indians arrived to sit and smoke. Nishe tried talking with them, but eventually both parties decided they could not speak each other's language. Then Nishe tried all his Ojibway phrases on Abraham -- who went out to school at Sault Ste. Marie and spoke excellent English. Again there was no mutual understanding with the two languages. For a while all the indians disappeared -- to lunch or maybe a bible class, but the church bells earlier in the day had not deminished the group at that time -- maybe bible class was more important. It came 4:30, and the rain continued. In fact dinner was cooked and eaten in the rain. Fife and the guide paddled over to a neighboring island and returned with a she-ko. Our indian providers had all gone for a while. John Hanna kept the warming fire going. Ray, Steve, and Bob split the wood for exercise. The rest slept for excitement. After dinner four wannigans were emptied so we could try making a trip and a half on all the forthcoming portages -- of which there are many. Just as that project was being completed, five visitors from the Post arrived in Andy, Dave, Lindy, Willard, and John -- with his guitar. John gathered a group singing, and the others chatted. Lindy is supposed to carry word that we want to come out of Rupert's House on Sunday back to Moose with him tomorrow. Andy is supposed to tell Holliday we are coming when he makes contact. John left his radio, and we listened to Boston weather and Philadelphia traffic reports as the warming fire did its work and Nishe's pot of beans baked in the sand. John and Ken carted off a bucket of hot sand to warm their tent while John Hanna considered dragging out his sleeping bag to warm it by the fire.

The pilots reported it clear in Moose this afternoon -- maybe we'll get better weather tomorrow.

Monday, August 10 -- At 6:30 the weather looked the same as it has looked at any time the last 48 hours. At 7:30 it was much the same -- though an hour warmer -- which meant maybe a degree or so. The staff was determined to move though and got up and cooked breakfast -- slowly because the fire would not jump up too rapidly. The early morning indians arrived during the process, and three of them stood around watching the operation. Abraham and his sling shot friends appeared and one bagged a squirrel right off the bat. When the staff called every one to breakfast, a few had already rolled, and Ken took back John's radio. The guide got up and glanced around and wanted to give the weather a little more time to clear. Mist kept falling -- as usual. Finally a few drifted off to the Post since Fife, George, and the staff could not budge the guide from the warm fire and the coffee. Finally he grudgingly agreed to move eventually and sent Ray off to buy him a pair of gloves. Before they got back, he decided it really was going to break and went and rolled. It was a while before every one got back from the Post and despite the mist and cold we waved goodbye to our indian friends -- there were not as many this morning as before -- and pushed down the lake. The mist kept falling for the next hour or two making paddling a little uncomfortable, but at least we were back on the road again. Almost every one had on his warmest clothes, but it was still a little chilly. Having started after eleven it was one or so when we reached the start of the river out of Nemiscau. The mist rose by this time, but the west wind kept things cooled down. One advantage of being on familiar territory is the opportunity of avoiding previous mistakes. Two years ago the guide and staff paddled around for quite a while looking for the river exit, but this time they hit her right on the nose. Our water was supposed to be a foot and a half above normal yet, and we profited thereby. In '62 the first rapid was so choked by boulders that there was no thought of running -- we went down in a breeze this year -- well almost so -- there were a few rocks to dodge, but there was plenty of water. We did not bother looking the next rapid over -- the drop is too steep -- anyway. The guide even found the start of the trail right off the bat -- we had had to land and search for it two years ago. The trail was as good as could be expected after three days of rain. Nishe's beans were warmed up for lunch at the far side of the carry. Fife tried fishing the stream and laughed heartily when George fell in. George had his moment a couple minutes later as Fife fell too. George is now armed with Abraham's sling shot purchased off him at the campsite just before we left. It was a late lunch -- as might be expected, and we were not back on our way until sometime after 3:30. As we ate, blue sky started to appear to the south west, and as we paddled along the sun came out for the first time in 72 hours. A most welcome sight to say the least. Our high water made it possible to run all the rapids and shallows to the big river without having either to get out or even touch a rock. The guide even had to pull ashore and look over the last rapid before running it, so fierce did it look from the top. At one point on the way down the little river the guide called for a break not to smoke -- but to take off heavy jackets! At the big river we sat in the canoes and let the current carry us for a while until it came time to start paying attention to the rocks that were slipping by. At the foot the chop thrown up by the current meeting the wind caused trouble, and the guide had to pull in and dump his canoe as a

result of the effects of one wave. We were determined not to miss the good rock campsite used by the '48 section, and so pulled over to the north side of the river. But either we missed the site or it was so overgrown that it was not very useable, for in any event at 6:30 we ended up in the '62 site which the staff at least thought he had left for good two years ago. With a shallow clay landing, a steep bank, close tent sites, and a good number of bugs, it still had nothing to recommend it to any one. But it was a camp ground at least -- there was no sand and no indians running around all over the place. Dinner was cooked and eaten as the sun disappeared behind the trees to the west, and the night chill began to settle in. Miracles of miracles -- John manufactured his promised marble cake for lunch tomorrow! A major production in which Ken lent a prominent hand, it baked by the light of the moon. Ray and John Hanna built their private fire to warm their tent. Nishe and Fife dried boots by the main fire and another miracle occurred when it was discovered that John Hanna had kept his feet dry all day and so did not need to dry his socks!

Tuesday, August 11 -- Another very cold night as might have been expected from the display of northern lights at bed time last night. The guide looked up while putting the fly over the wannigans and commented that he did not like seeing them so soon after a rain -- it meant more to come. But the sun shone brightly at 6:30 as we rolled out into the cold clear morning. Despite the fact that both guide and staff were up to cook breakfast, we did not get off any more rapidly. It was 8:10 as four of the canoes started drifting down the river, and ten minutes later 54 came putting out from shore. But our good weather was not to last for any time. Clouds drifted across the sun, and it went first. It tried to force its way through the clouds, but could never really make it. About an hour and a half after starting, the rain began to fall ever so lightly. A couple little swifts were passed, and the rain increased. We hit our first rapid which required more than just a glance down stream. The guide went left and did not like what he saw, so we paddled to the right. He liked this side less. Though he found a run in the center and also one on the left shore, he told his bow boy he was not going to bother paddling out to run either, and they would unload and lift over the ten foot section of rock where they were. High atop a nearby rock the staff watched in mild agitation, but he decided not to go against the guide's orders and followed on the lift over. Two years ago this rapid had been run easily. Maybe we were paying a penalty for having missed two carries yesterday. By now the rain had set in, and the temperature was on the chilly side. Every one dragged out a rain jacket or some warm clothing except John Hanna who defied double pneumonia to paddle along in a T shirt -- stuffing his light weight long sleeved shirt in the bow to stay dry. We had one more rapid to run before starting into Oatmeal, but this was still able to be done. Then a long paddle down the side of a long island, and a rapid at the foot of the island. We passed up the '62 lunch site in this area which was now made into a surveyer's camp and continued on to Oatmeal. At the top of the previous rapid the sound of the falls had been picked up, and as we drew closer the sound increased. The rapid a half mile above the big drop had good swells that threw in a little water, and then we coasted into the creek that led to the portage. We decided to lunch on the far side and loaded up. The trail was good, except that no carry in the rain can really be easy, and this one was not only bushy, but also had a little wet

clay to negotiate -- as John C found out. Ken learned why it is a poor idea to be the first across a portage on a wet day -- though it made no difference today and the last man was just as wet at the far side as the first. A party was only a few days ahead of us, but they had failed to cut out one very large wind fall about half way across -- we left it too -- and they left another at the foot of the trail -- which we cut out so the canoes could get to the water. Lunch was cooked pretty late on the beach at the foot of the carry -- though the staff had trouble getting the fire to go. By the time the macaroni had started to cook, the guide had thrown enough brush on the back of the fire so that a good roaring blaze was created. The bright spot in the lunch was John's marble cake that turned out perfectly. Guide and staff debated staying or moving on and decided to put it up to a section vote. 5 - 3 the gang voted to move on, and then the staff looked at the rain and the clouds and cast the deciding vote to stay -- so back up the hill to the campsite we packed. The fire building job was done all over again -- faster this time -- and tents and fly were pitched. Soon various items of clothing were drying by the fire -- at least the side toward the fire was drying while the side away from it was getting wetter from the rain. The campsite proved to be larger than either guide or staff thought from their previous visit, for there were several tent sites off to the river side of the trail. George bet the guide he could not fell a crooked poplar in any spot he named. The poplar fell as wanted, but George had to push to make it go there, so the bet was off. Ray, George, Fife, guide, and staff cooked dinner while John Hanna sat and warmed himself and the others stayed dry in their tents. A plate of fudge and more rain ended the evening as the wind blew harder and the rain came down more heavily. There is an old river superstition that it always rains on a party at Oatmeal. To our knowledge Keewaydin has done nothing to violate that superstition. The '48 trip was rained in here for a day. The '62 trip was rained on here and stuck for a day a few miles below, and now we find it far from dry. We can't afford the day, though, so it looks like we have to pull tomorrow anyway!

Wednesday, August 12 -- No one could complain about the temperature tonight -- though there were those with leaky tents who had a good deal to say about the volume of water that fell during the night. At 6:30 the rain was still falling. It had changed to just mist when the staff made the move at 7:15. Breakfast was a little slow since the fire did not want to go with the wet wood, but eventually the pots boiled. Bob complained of a wet sleeping bag, and John Hanna and Ray were not too happy with their canvas. The section huddled around the fire for breakfast before rolling, and the guide made growling noises about not moving in the rain from inside the tent, but relented when he crawled out and found only mist falling. The temperature was up a good bit from yesterday, so it was not so unbearable. Down came the wet tents and off to the canoes we trudged down the wet, slippery trail. Yesterday there had been a stream flowing across the trail when we went down to the loading spot. Today it was a river that could be crossed with dry feet only with difficulty. But somehow every one and everything got over -- or through. We loaded up and slipped down the shore leaving the Oatmeal and all its grandeur in the cloudy mist behind. The wind blew gently against us, but was of no real consequence down to the next portage only a couple miles away. 30 yards of nothing but clay lay in the road. Besides it started to rain quite hard as we arrived. The first few to land slipped and slid in the clay, so

the staff decided it might be better to try the rock point near the chute. He found it to be easier and shorter. The guide took half his gear across the clay and then decided to try this point also with his canoe and what gear remained. The others made it over the clay some how. The rain fell heavier as we paddled across the little bay to a very bushy -- and therefore wet -- 300 yards around the rest of the falls. It's hard to see what was being carried because the trail cuts across a point, and the rain was falling so hard that no one cared anyway. It obviously was not just a rapid. Across the river we landed at a '62 campsite and took another wet journey through the bush to avoid a rapid that probably could have been run had we wanted to spend the time and energy to look it over carefully. There was no one dry by now as we started down the river again. The rain let up, fortunately, but the wind rose with a vengeance out of the west, and to add to our misery the temperature dropped drastically. On we went for the Fours -- there being little alternative anyway. One rapid appeared about an hour or more after we started from the last carry, and it was run easily even in the gray cold weather. Shortly thereafter mist began to settle in and turned to fog -- so thick that often it was impossible to see more than 50 yards ahead. This caused some concern -- not only because of the discomfort, but also because the first of the Fours was due in 45 minutes to an hour. The drop is around a point, and the first cascade does not make enough noise to be heard very far away, so there was some threat of getting towed down if we went too far out into the middle of the stream. At the same time the tough head wind made it adviseable to stay near shore. The staff made several wrong guesses as to the point on which the carry was located much to every one's disappointment when his predictions did not come true. Steve probably suffered more than any one else. Feet and hands were pretty numb by now, even if other parts of the anatomy were warm -- which they probably weren't anyway. Finally the landing was reached. The guide landed, but the staff questioned if it were the proper one since the smooth rock on which he hopped out two years ago was flooded. So the two of them walked enough of the trail to be sure it was right and returned to the soggy beach to cook lunch. As we were eating, the staff looked at his watch for the first time since the end of the last carry. 3:30 It had been a long morning to say the least, even if we did get off to a late start. The campsite at the start of the burn did not look too great, so the stern's men hefted their soggy canoes and went across the carry to see if the possibilities on the far side were any greater. They weren't. The other carries had been wet, but the ground in the burn does not absorb water well, so it had all collected in the depressions in the trail. At one point a stream had to be forded. It made little difference because every one had wet feet anyway, and the exercise of carrying kept them from getting cold. The bow men waited patiently meanwhile by the lunch fire. After the staff and Ray returned to announce we were staying on the upper side of the carry, Fife and Ken went and trampled down the grass in the most level spot available and tents started to go up. Great discussions followed about who was pitching where, but eventually all the tents got up. Fife started baking for supper, Ken made cocoa, Ray pitched the fly, while George, guide, and staff played at getting wood. The guide rigged a drying rack which was in much use. The pack sacks were the greatest casualties as Fife's got too close to the fire right at the start of the afternoon, and John Hanna's got burned at the throat -- just to match the toes of his socks. John sung his socks over the fire as usual, but he had

lots of company. Bob and Steve built their own cheerful blaze outside their tent, but it did much more for John Hanna's and Ray's. With dark gray skies and continued very light drizzle we called it a night for the sixth day of rain. In that space of time we have seen the sun only for about six or seven hours. Our luck on weather has certainly not been anything to get excited about. Again we have to move tomorrow no matter what the weather, and none of the portages will be very dry. So this has been Fife's nineteenth birthday present!

Thursday, August 13 -- Day number seven of rain. The staff did not dare to get up and cook breakfast until after seven again when the rain of the night let up. His idea was to have the section roll after eating and move on, but the guide crawled out yelling that the tent had leaked through the night and his sleeping bag was wet and we weren't moving any where at all until his sleeping bag was dry. So that was it. The campsite turned into a drying room despite the fine mist that fell through the next couple hours. John Cel was up early because his bag was wet too -- so he and the guide dried their bags. The extra fire was rekindled to keep the card players warm. While his bag dried the guide repaired the lighter his bow boy had contributed -- because it would not work -- but with dry packing, fluid, and a new flint, she worked. George split some more wood to keep the fire going. Finally his bag dry, the guide declared we would eat lunch and then tackle the carry. So the staff threw on the spaghetti, and it was not long before the meal was ready. Prepared for the worst, the trail was almost it. Though really it had been wetter the previous day when the canoes went over. Still few got across with either dry feet or pants. Fife tells of slipping going down the steep trail at the end and watching the baby roll off the top of his load and down the hill while he chased it all the way to the foot. He was not alone in his experiences. The guide thought he might have lost his glasses, so while he looked for them -- they were in his pack -- the staff took his canoe over to the islands in the middle of the river to photograph the cascade. Having come all the way down the river for this chance, he was determined to take the shots even if they were in the rain. The falls at the 700 yarder were just as spectacular, if not more so. So was the portage, for after a mild beginning the foot contained a lot of water and a good bit of slippery clay. Eventually at the end it was necessary to drop the loads and hand them down the last little drop to avoid taking an almost certain spill in the clay. Loading was also a problem because of the swells from the falls, and the canoes had to be held as the loads were tossed in and the crews jumped aboard. With the mist from the falls rising behind we slipped down the shore for a ways to the start of the long carry around the last of the Fours. Unloading at the established carry was a mistake for a steep hill had to be climbed. Ray and John Hanna discovered a much easier unloading spot right on the edge of the falls where the climb would have been avoided. At half way a convention was held for a rest and a smoke break. The footing was unsure and the loads heavy. The canoes and tents especially have done little but pick up water in the days of rain. But somehow every one made it -- though pretty wet. Fife and Ray were the only ones interested enough to take a side trip to catch the view of the river flowing down. Not as spectacular as the first two cascades, still there is no chance of running either. George took a side trip with his canoe -- after having been forced to stop earlier and retump when his line broke -- and then lost his canoe in the

bush for a while after he relocated the trail. Pepper and Misty were lost most of the time as usual. The guide got a fire going and camp was pitched fairly rapidly. Several tents were then equipped with plywood floors from the sheets left in the campsite by some strange individuals. After the main fire was going two others were kindled to warm up other parts of the campsite, and the process of drying people, clothes, and sleeping bags began and lasted until darkness -- and cold -- drove every one to bed. It felt strange to stand around the fire drying equipment without having to wear rain jackets at the same time to keep the few items that were already dry in that condition. No promise of good weather for tomorrow at all, but at least it has not rained for the last five hours -- which is almost a record for the past week. Except for the day we left Nemiscau, we have not seen the sun for a week. Time is fast running out on us at the same time, and Rupert's House is still a good two days away. These words were written in haste, for as of 10:30, the rains had started again!

Friday, August 14 -- The rain that started at 10:30 last night did not let up through the night, and at seven the staff looked out quickly and went back to bed. It was not until quarter of ten that he dared to start breakfast. Still a slight drizzle fell at times, and we were off on day number eight of rain. For some reason -- probably because his sleeping bag and boots were dry the guide was willing to pull out, and so as soon as the meal was over, packs were rolled and tents struck. Unfortunately there were a few wet sleeping bags that had to be done up. Some like John Hanna had carefully laid down sheets of plywood as protection from the wet ground and forgotten that the sheets stuck out the tent door letting the rain drain right in on the bedding. As we were breaking camp between eleven and twelve, an indian freighter pulled up at the landing coming up stream and out hopped an elderly indian and a woman -- probably his wife -- and a younger boy -- possibly a son. They wrestled the freighter and their baggage up the steep incline and threw a tarp over the load as they stood around waiting for us to leave. The boy understood enough English to know what we were saying, but refused to do much talking. It's doubtful if the older ones understood any of it, but maybe they did. Anyway we started out in the drizzle and rain again. It was not too long before the first obstacle appeared in the form of a short rapid. It looked as though there ought to be a run, so the guide slipped past the portage to the rocks below to see what he could find. 74 followed close behind. The others waited at the top, fortunately, because no way through was found. Two years ago we had carried this rapid because there were two rock ledges in it that would rip out the bottoms of the canoes. This year there was just too much of a line of boiling white water in the center and too many stones on the side. Anyway the other three canoes carried with no real trouble except that the bush was wet -- but that was to be expected. After 54 and 58 loaded in a rough spot, they fortunately directed 77 to a clearer spot nearby, and the staff canoe got the best of the deal. 74 and 27 went back up the little fast water they had run down by pulling the canoes up by the bushes on the side and then paddling when possible. The bowmen were directed to the easy loading area, but then George appeared and waded in the river to get to the same area. The three loaded canoes tried to yell to him, but he paid no heed. Later he explained that he decided turning the canoe in the alders was just too much and since he was wet anyway, the water route was just as good. Except for sighting a couple geese and something

swimming in the water way ahead, nothing of interest appeared until the rapid before the Cat. As Steve described it -- the wettest -- because of the brush -- trail he had ever seen. Only one canoe at a time could load because of the swells from the rapid, so the guide was well ahead looking for the start of Chigascatagami before the last canoe got near the water. While he looked for the beginning, the others held in eddies along the way and got bounced around in the process. Finally he found the trail -- right where it was supposed to be -- and unloaded. 74 followed. Signals got a little crossed, and it was a while before 54 knew it was time to move up to the eddy at the top -- which could hold only one canoe at a time. The staff had talked a good deal about the clay hill at the start of the carry -- actually the clay hill was passed yesterday without much fanfare at the top of the last of the Fours -- and the guide had listened, so he got Bob out ahead with the bow line to pull him up the trail! By the time the staff landed -- 58 was prepared to do the same -- there is no real hill to start with at all! The carry was wet with brush, had a good number of wind falls of large size, and more than its share of clay, but otherwise was not too bad -- at least from the stern's mens point of view. The bow men really gave an excellent half way to them, plus the fact that the bottom of the trail was much better than the top. Anyway lunch was cooked at the foot of the Cat, and the guide threw on piles of wood to help dry every one out. At first he wanted to camp, but the efforts of those who wanted a chance to reach Rupert's in one more day prevailed, and we moved on to the next portage where the '62 trip had camped. Conditions were a little different, however, for we left the Cat between five-thirty and six. The staff was reluctant to tell any one the time for fear the guide would change his mind and make us stay. He and the others who were cold and tired were cheered up a little by light colored sky that appeared -- not blue, but light instead of black. We were on our way before the actual position of the sun could be seen -- and then the guide was the only one who really knew how late it was. Better that half way to our destination, under some pressure, the staff pulled out the watch -- seven o'clock. Steve kept looking for the island long before it was due, but finally it came in sight, and eventually so did the portage. The guide caused some trouble at the start of the carry by first announcing that we were going to camp on the near side where the '62 section had camped, but eventually he decided that hole was not really very good, and over the carry we went! Darkness had set in by the time dinner was served, so it was hard to tell which pile on the plate was corned beef hash and which was creamed corn -- the mashed potatoes were easy to recognize. The bannock was almost done. A few people were pretty well played out -- but in general the section was in pretty good shape in spite of the hour. It had been a long day in terms of quitting time, but actually it was not really a very long traveling day in terms of hours on the road -- just an eight hour day with the eight put at the tail end. Two fires blazed to dry out people and clothes in addition to the cooking fire, but they were abandoned early in favor of the sack. As John dried his socks and the guide his boots -- and watched the bannock bake -- stars appeared. Maybe tomorrow!

Saturday, August 15 -- Nope. The staff tried to tell Bob that all that gray in the morning was mist off the river. Some of it was, but there was no getting around the fact that the sun was not shining trying to burn off the mist. There were a few disgusted campers and a disgruntled guide who crawled out of their tents expecting to see nice bright sunshine. But the staff had

already ordered the section to roll -- determined to give it a try at least. The weather drew its usual choice comments, but we got on the water fairly dry to start with. The weather was cold as usual -- though it has been worse. Off at 8:30 -- or maybe a few moments earlier -- in spite of the fact that the staff got up fifteen minutes earlier than normal. We were supposed to look for a trail on our left leading to a downed airplane, but no one saw the gas drums that were supposed to be on the river bank near the scene -- but then no one really looked, and even if we had found the trail, no one was going to walk the five minutes back into the wet bush to look at the wreck. Besides we had no time for side trips anyway. About ten-ten we started down the little creek-like channel that ran behind the second large island before Plum Pudding. We were making good time. The head wind was not too bad, and the current was a definite aid. We landed at the '62 campsite -- one of the large trees used as an axe target during the forced two and a half day lay over during their rainy spell was down over the tent sites. Of course we made the same mistake they did and took out about 10 yards up stream from the proper spot -- which meant walking through a swampy spot before hitting good trail. The guide had a little trouble with his canoe, but fortunately George's back made a nice soft landing spot for it, and no damage was done except to pride. After slipping down the clay hill at the foot, we started off on Plum Pudding. Our eventual camping spot of the night hinged on what might happen here. With high water we might well have to portage, and that would definitely delay us so long we would have to hold up at Smoky Hills. The first pitch of Plum Pudding in '62 was just a stiff horse race -- it was the second pitch that was real trouble, so the guide started into the first pitch with great confidence and came out with a canoe full of water as Bob decided to dodge a swell by pulling left -- putting the canoe a little broadside and throwing a bucket full of water into the canoe. The others fared better and only had to bail. After that experience, he was very doubtful about our chances of doing any thing with the second half, but the staff and George got to the top of the second pitch first and were already out looking it over before the guide climbed out of his canoe -- axe in hand to start cutting a trail. It would have been some trail -- with moss and wind falls all over the place -- as well as clumps of tag alders to plow through or go around. Anyway the staff reported he could run the first part and catch some slack water before the final pitch -- it was too far to look over the whole thing at once and besides the bush was soaking wet. Finally the guide condescended to give her a try, and off we went. The first part of the run was really pretty easy, if you missed the stones, which every one did. For some reason the guide decided not to hold up in the slack water and gave her the gun. One section of large swells, and it was all over. A little bailing was needed -- and a canoe or two got dumped, but the run had been made. Actually with less water taken this year than two years ago. The moral of the story -- run the top in low water and the bottom in high. The first part of Smoky Hills beconned. Every one was wet by now, so the sloppy ground and wet brush made no difference. The Chivers report said the landings on the moose pond were on quaking bogs. In '62 the ground was dry as a bone. This year it was somewhere in between. But wet as we were, it made little difference. The staff planned to use up the dates we had been carrying all summer by having a date break on the pond -- it now being one o'clock, but the three camper canoes pulled ahead to the next landing before the guide got his second load across with

the lunch wannigan, so the dates were delayed. The bows men really gave the stern's men a break on the first carry. They were more nearly right on the second, but then the second seemed shorter, but maybe it was just the knowledge that this was the last carry -- not counting the one from the station to the lake in Temagami. The guide had been talking about these two 1300 yarders back-to-back all summer and now they were a thing of the past. At the same time he had been talking about what a good walker the second of these was. If this was a good walker after all our rain, a poor one would be absolutely impossible. In the indian site at the foot, canoes went every which way. George ended up having to run the tail end of the rapid -- which the portage is supposed to bypass. But neither he nor Fife was upset. Ray and John got backed up in a little creek with no outlet, and the guide and staff had to find the loading spot -- but they were the last through. Without pausing to look at the beauties of Smoky Hills and without having a chance to try locating the indian dip nets that are supposed to be hidden in the bush and trying our luck on white fish, we pushed off to the neighboring point for lunch. While the guide got the wood and Ray split it, George and Fife cooked lunch -- while the staff stood around doing nothing until John Cel asked what time it was and he discovered he had lost his watch back on the portage where he had last looked at the time. So back he went to see if he could locate it. No luck, but he set his spare by guess -- more to be able to tell how much daylight was left than anything else. On Evans time, we left the lunch site at 3:45. The current was good all the way down as was expected from previous experience. At intervals the sun suggested coming out, but never really made it. A few sprinkles of rain fell in the morning -- none in the afternoon -- but this made nine days of rain in a row -- even if this was a light day. Without any great event in between the last rapid appeared. It's supposed to be carried, but the guide figured in high water the rocky run could be made. We started in. The run was made, but the water taken was considerable, and no canoe really escaped undamaged. The staff was sure the stern had been ripped right out of his, and others had the same experience. The last little pitch was run and half way through on the left Rupert's House appeared as expected -- and as expected a cheer went up. 58 made it to the dock with the rest of us by bailing at strategic intervals. The others took a little less. The tide was running out as we left the river's power, and 58 found a good sand bar to get stuck upon. The indians came to greet us at the dock -- we passed up the campsite because a construction project was going on nearby. Jacque Holliday offered to try to radio Moosonee for us after dinner -- we landed at 6:45 "Indian Time" as Bob called it -- which was 6:40 "Evans Time". No radio contact we learned as dinner was cooked in company of a large number of local lads and lasses -- so many in fact that it was nigh impossible to get near the fire. The Hollidays offered the guide and staff hot baths, which were gratefully accepted much to the envy of the rest of the section. The staff tried to telephone Austin, but got no answer -- and contact seemed poor anyway. So tomorrow we try to see what the planes can do for us -- if any thing. A few light sprinkles of rain started again at midnight -- its not over yet. Holliday claims this is the highest he has ever seen the river.

Sunday, August 16 -- The rains came back during the night sort of as usual and fell almost continuously until about six o'clock when it finally let up. The staff had hopes of getting a plane or two if Austin lived up to the earlier arrangement. Breakfast was

ready just before nine when the first radio contact was supposed to be made. Holliday made the call for us, and sort of as usual we were told to wait -- there were no pilots available at the moment. At 10:30 there were two planes that might come over. At 1:00 Moose was fogged in. At 3:00 the weather at Rupert's had turned dirtier and that at Moose not much better. Holliday was supposed to call again at five if the weather here were better, but said he would not call if it were the same. The weather was the same, so he never called. His theory at that point was that if a plane was coming, it would come, if not, it would not show -- it never showed. So a night more at Rupert's House. While all this was going on various indians came down to visit the campsite and stand around and look. Most either spoke or understood English, so there was a little more conversation than with those at Nemiscau. Some overtures were made toward buying some of our canoes. Nishe vacillates between selling and not selling. We still had them all with us at the end of the day though. After lunch the mist started at intervals closing in a little more than it had been before. A pair who had run the Nottaway -- Austin Hoyt and Terry Townsend -- came down to discuss the two rivers with us -- each group insisting it had just run the tougher river -- certainly they had done less portaging -- about five since leaving Matagami Lake. We could not say the same. They stole a little of our wind by informing us that the Nottaway threw out a greater volume of water than did the Rupert -- we could not really argue since we did not know. Holliday opened the store for us at the three o'clock call, and a few goodies were purchased. Back to the drizzle of the campsite. Every time anything was put out to dry, it started to rain a little, so it had to go back under cover again. The indians just came and watched as usual. George and Fife went to get Fife's injured finger treated in the morning and then procured a loaf of home made bread from Mrs. Watt -- much of which was donated to dinner. No flour left after pancakes this morning, so the local bakery is now closed down for the season. Bob went back to see if more bread could be bought and came back with a store-bought loaf. Blue sky started to appear at dinner time, or shortly thereafter making us a little hopeful about prospects for tomorrow, but we've been disappointed by the weather before. After dinner more visitors appeared -- a couple who were pretty cute -- some thought. A trip was made to the phone office and a good route out was discovered -- which we don't plan to take. Finally every one decided it was time to sack out. George immediately raised the roof when he discovered his candy bars and cookies were missing. It was eventually admitted that the dogs had gotten them. It explained the loss but made him no happier!

Monday, August 17 -- The guide awoke to the sound of an indian paddle resounding against the gunwale of a canoe passing by as the indian apparently went out to check his nets, and so started to split wood at 7:30. He was soon joined by Steve feeling the sad effects of the change in river water. A pretty unhappy and uncomfortable camper as of that moment. The staff laid odds of nine to one that he would return from the nine o'clock radio chat with Austin Airways to report that there was no news and that we would have to contact again between ten and eleven. By some strange coincidence he was wrong. There was a plane coming down from Nemiscau as of that moment. Back he went to draw lots for who would be the first out after the guide. Bob, George, and Steve in that order were to be first and so rolled and headed for the dock along with all the empty wannigans and #27. Eventually the plane appeared with

Willard and Dave aboard -- much to our joy. They took an indian female passenger and Nishe and Bob and #27 and headed for Moose. The rest of us went back to waiting -- some to the campsite and others to wander. Shortly after noon lunch was cooked, the dishes and pots walloped, and the rest of the canoes and gear moved down to the dock. #77 and #74 were already there, having been moved down when the Husky landed with Lindy at the controls, but he was headed out to the Charlton Islands first before coming back to help us out. Steve still felt pretty bad, and so the rations were quite plentiful for the rest of us with a normal section meal having been cooked up. The Bay Company tug pulled a barge load of logs headed for Fort George into the mouth of the river and then went and tied up at the Post dock making it impossible for the aircraft to land there. Jimmie Watt tagged along behind George for a while advising us on local information. Lindy came back and headed for Nemiscau, and then Willard returned with a Norseman, loaded #77 and every one but Ray and the staff and headed back to Moose. He had a little trouble getting off the spectators on shore thought, but he lifted one pontoon gracefully and made it. Soon the "sked" arrived from the north and loaded another canoe and Ray -- and Misty -- and took off leaving the staff and his last freight alone. Lindy returned with the Husky but could take only one canoe, so #54 was stuffed into the plane -- with an inch or two to spare, and the last load left at 7:00. #58 had to be left behind, much to the regret of the crew, but there was no choice. She had more broken ribs from previous trips than any other canoe and so seemed in poorest shape. Instructions were to sell her or ship her out later by barge -- leaving the decision up to Jacque Holliday at the Post. He seemed to feel he could get fifty dollars for her. Meanwhile back in town the guide tried to get the mail from the Post Office only to discover none had arrived -- except for packages he and the staff had sent themselves -- plus a card for Ray. Dinner was cooked by the side of the tracks and eaten in the baggage car -- the guide feeding the staff's dinner to the dogs just before he pulled in. The sights of Moose were taken in -- there is not really very much to see, and so we bedded down in the car, incensed at the failure of the mail to arrive, but ready for the last leg of the trip. A telephone call was put in to Temagami for a canoe to meet us -- if the message gets through.

Tuesday, August 18 -- For some unknown reason the guide slept quietly, so no one's sleep was interrupted until the staff rose at 6:30 and started to make noise rolling. Soon every one was up -- though some reluctantly. Steve announced that he felt much better after his mal de mer. The guide and George headed down the track in the light drizzle that was falling as usual to kindle the breakfast fire, but the food prepared was brought back to the car to be devoured. After dishes were washed as activity on the platform increased as train time drew nigh, the canoes were loaded. The staff headed off to the Post to buy supplies for the ride down. Ray and the dogs were left in the baggage car while the rest of us headed for the coaches where it would be more comfortable. The buffet car drew its share of attention. So did we as time and time again it was necessary to explain to fellow passengers where we had been these past seven weeks. At noon the lunch wannigan was opened back in the baggage car, and the sandwich materials went fast. Guide and staff spent the next two hours putting patches on the canoes so they might not sink on the way in from T Station. 74 won the "Patch Award" with 14 at this time. A rain shower fell as we approached Cochrane, but the sun had shone a moment or two on the

way down. Misty and Pepper were resigned to the car as the section headed for the laundimat to try to get a few clothes clean for the trip in. After almost a three hour lay-over, the new train pulled out. The conductor of Jim Bates fame was aboard, and neither he nor the rest of the train crew was too interested in answering our numerous questions. Dinner was made in the car from more sandwich supplies. No one but Steve got much rest on the way down. Close to midnight the conductor herded us forward to the baggage car ready to unload at T Station -- they wanted to take the car on through to North Bay, and so would not shunt it off. In the darkness every thing was pitched off, and we and our gear were left on the platform as the train pulled out.

Wednesday, August 19 -- The guide looked at the sky, saw a few stars, and said we'd pull out now. Canoe #59 was waiting for Ray and Ken at the Aubrey dock -- a Bay canoe no less, even if the stern seat was broken and the bottom rough. Still the message had gotten through. The lake was calm and the wind slight so the starting paddle was a breeze after a few fortifying cups of coffee from the Esso station machine. The only other citizens foolish enough to be around at this hour were a half dozen obnoxious kids who should have gone to bed long ago. The weather on Temagami was not only clearer but also warmer than any we had experienced for weeks. The moon provided good light until it set to the west directly in front of us. Then the milky way and the northern lights provided what illumination there was. In our travels only one boat passed us -- no one else was idiotic enough to be out at this hour. After Broome Lodge, fog started to roll in, and we had a few anxious minutes trying to locate the blinker on the small island near our lunch site of 50 days ago, but it flashed at rare intervals and we passed to the right of it as intended. The lights of the mine appeared, and we played games looking for Faskin's Point. The staff thought he'd play it smart and headed down the middle toward the mine, but the guide followed the shore. The north wind greeted us in all its shilly aspects as we rounded the point, and the guide immediately hove to on the rotten dock and landed to light a fire to use to warm up and brew a little coffee. The fire was set up in line with the full force of the wind, so it was not only a little while before it could be kindled but also a while before it grew large enough to shed any warmth. But the stop allowed the sun to start lighting the eastern sky enabling us to see our way up the back channel. Shortly after six we pulled in to a tiny campsite before Clemenshaw's -- there being a section already there. The guide failed to invite us to Wabun Lodge for some of his wife's cooking, so we had to make our own breakfast. A little more sumptuous than was our custom, the dogs fared well also. The guide put on a few more patches, and after the staff took a few movies, off we poked for camp. The nearby sections had already pulled out. Our jewelry and wannigans were still dirty, but they were still tumped and hidden from view as we poked up the lake. Several long waits were needed before we used enough of the slack time available to make us arrive at eleven. The guide pulled out faster than at any time earlier in the trip, so it was difficult to maintain our proper order, but we were all together as the group on the dock started the cheer. We answered in kind, the cannon roared under Tony's lanyard, and in no time the canoes grated on the shore, and there was the Chief to greet us. The trip over, the Bay had been reached, and now we were home. Temagami never looked so good.