

KEEWAYDIN

LOG OF SECTION A



27 Gary Hummel
Albert "Nishe" Belanger, Guide

57 Chad Hartor
Bill Carpenter

59 Biff "Beaver" Hinman
Jim "Bear" Kilgore

74 Art Kribben
Jim "Stoney" Stollenwerck

77 Ben "Cartwright" Bosher
Heb Evans, Staff

She-Ko

JAMES BAY via ALBANY RIVER

June 30 - August 19, 1965

Chivelston - Palisade - Osnaburg - Fort Hope - Ogoki - Fort Albany

Wednesday, June 30 A bright sunny day at 6:30 when activity started down around the Bay tents. A gentle wind from the northwest must have been brought on by Keewaydin's final speech at the Four Winds Ceremony last night. A lenthly breakfast followed in which Section A was treated to a special fried egg meal to start us off well fed. With nine o'clock set as the time of departure we almost made it -- and would have, too, except for a very slight delay while the guide got his last bits of gear together. The cannon roared, the dock echoed with KKK's, we replied, and turned our glistening new canoes south, letting the tail wind help. An almost immediate stop to shift loads for better balance gave those not involved the chance to doff a few clothes to enjoy the warm sunshine. Back on the paddle again the guide led off as the McMillen kicker arrived with ever watchful Dan Carpenter in possession of a flour baby the guide's canoe was missing and Beaver's jacket. After thanks, we pulled again, and the harder we pulled, the more 27 went out in the lead. And so it went through smoke breaks at Rabbit Nose and in the back channel. The day was warm and pleasant; the wind fair and gentle all the way to Faskin's Point. Then turning up the arm, the wind proved erratic. There was some hope of a tail wind for the afternoon, but only because of the lay of the land was it ever really astern. Lunch was cooked on the normal Section A point, but the boats had already passed, except for the Aubrey, which did not appear until later in the afternoon nringing in Northwoods. Cayuga and Wanapitei went down on the heavily laden Niade, but we did not pass close enough to realize it until informed after we reached T Station. Off after a quick bean lunch, we realized soon that the wind was coming out of the north and would help not at all. The guide pulled out in front like a shot leaving all but 59 in the dust. Though he waited up for a smoke break at Broome Lodge, it helped not at all, for as though jet powered he took off ahead easily. The warm sun plus the tricky side wind made it tough on aching muscles unused to the paddle. Eventually the Narrows appeared, and by 5:30 we finally grated to a halt in the barge slip. The ONR truck was ready, and Jack Swann stood by as we loaded up the baggage but had to wait on the Nakina shipment for the Niade to appear -- which she finally did about seven. Meanwhile trips were made to various restaurants -- there begins such a selection in Temagami -- for dinner and a few necessary purchases. Finally we started tying on the canoes carefully so as not to damage their new paint if possible. The guide's canoe had already drawn first blood with a tear near the stern bang plate which no one could explain -- at camp, lunch, or on the landing. They had all leaked a little on the way down -- not yet swelled up, but his had taken more water than the others. Perhaps the hole was caused by the ejection of his jet motor on the trip up the lake. The bus arrived, interrupting the canoe loading before the staff w's fully satisfied with the job, but we prayed furiously and dashed for the waiting transport as our ONR driver took off down the road. We passed him soon; the top canoe canted at a crazy angle but still on and not rubbing the others it seemed. The Ontario Provincial Police squad car waved us to the side of the road, and we feared he was bringing reports of canoes spread all over the road, but he only stopped us so that a second squad car could deliver a passenger who had gotten off the bus in Temagami to wet his whistle and had missed us as we departed. The only other noteworthy event was the sight of a cow moose along the road about half way to North Bay. The CNR was not very ready for our arrival, and it took a lot of tracking through letters, etc., before they found the orders for

our baggage -- which they eventually did. After the truck arrived safely and was unloaded, off to town we went for a midnight snack. Nishe called home to check on the family and soon Evelyn, Pete, Eddie, wife Joyce, and a friend (who worked for the CPR and kept insisting their line was better) arrived to see us off.

Thursday, July 1 -- 12:10 came and went, and it was not until 12:50 that our train pulled in and Pete stopped trying to flip our canoes. No baggage car was provided, and the canoes were wedged on the Winnipeg mail and other stuff, stuffed in much to the staff's disgust, so he exhorted a note from the local agent indicating that the baggage was improperly loaded. By now the train crew was none too pleased and reluctantly found us seats by forcing sleeping passengers to occupy less space -- much to their disgust. Anyway we finally got off. They eventually shut off the lights, and we tried to sleep. It was hard, and at an early hour the various kids on the train started crying and screaming, making it tough to get much rest. The final pay off being the son who ran ahead of his father down the aisle as father said, "Don't run, Johnny, you'll fall.", and bang, he did, and immediately started to cry. Some got breakfast before the rush, and others stood in line for a while, but there was nothing else to do so it made no difference. Time passed slowly. A few caught a few more winks, but mostly we sat and stared out the windows at the bush going by. Roy's lunch wannigan was broken open, and we managed to down about half its contents when we had to give up and admit he had been too generous. The conductor was talked into stopping the train for us at Chivelston fortunately, and in spite of the rain which started to fall about 15 minutes before the lake was reached, we tossed everything off -- the canoes seemingly in tack -- and slid down the sand bank to the creek that led down from the lake through a culvert -- not a trestle as the staff remembered. In the rain we saddled up and started down the lake looking for a campground. We passed a couple good looking indian sites on the left shore and went all the way to the foot of the lake as the rain fell harder. The staff investigated the start of the portage to Harris Lake and thought it small, while the guide talked with the local indian family and got the use of one of their spare cabins for the night. As rain poured down we quickly pitched the fly and stuffed the wannigans under it. Guide and staff pitched a tent, and Gary and Bear followed suit, and the other six prepared to use the cabin. The stove was stoked up and water heated for coffee and tea. And the rest of Roy's sandwiches made our supper as clothes dried by the roaring fire. The rain let up as darkness approached, and we headed to bed as the bugs arrived. Darkness came late, but in the distance the CNR trains rolled by and an indian child cried fitfully as we turned in. And so Dominion Day passed.

Friday, July 2 -- Rain poured at intervals during the night and continued to bless us during the early morning. The staff finally got up during a lull at 9:00 and made breakfast behind the cabin, waking every one in the process. The sun started to peek through, and there was talk of moving. Those in the cabin had to roll anyway to make room for breakfast. The rolling was well on the way before the next shower hit, and we decided to hold up. The fire was kept perking for instant coffee, and eventually it became obvious we were having lunch in the same spot, so the macaroni was broken out and boiled up before we started to pack up in earnest. We hit the water

after 2:30 and experienced our first carry through the wet bush. 59 floated out on the pond a good while before the others made it as the babies caused trouble. But finally all was over and we started up Harris to the tune of rolling thunder and the sight of dark black clouds. The rain hit again as we swung into the bay toward the portage and a sprinkle fell during the 200 yard carry around a stream too steep to run. A little creek followed with no trouble except for the light rain. Beaver rigged his rod and landed a small pike -- much to his disgust -- in the pond at the mouth of the stream. The narrow rapid to the main part of the unnamed lake was passed without incident though the width -- or lack thereof -- made the fact that our canoes are an inch and a half less wide than normal Bay canoes appreciated. We hit the scheduled campsite in pouring rain and rigged the fly, made fire, and pitched tents in short order in the blow-down area. Meat balls, wax beans, and boiled potatoes made up our first real meal. Gary did the cocoa honors as Stoney pitched up a perfect bannock at the guide's direction, and Gary concocted one for lunch that baked as the dishes were walloped. By now it had conveniently stopped raining, though the sun failed to break through, and so the temperature was low. Maybe as a result the bugs were pretty easy to handle. Bear and Beaver took their canoe out, returning with 3 good sized walleye for breakfast. The staff took a small one off the campsite which the guide insisted on keeping for breakfast. And so the evening fell as a few people retired early from the cold and sore muscles from the first portages.

Saturday, July 3 -- The night was a little cool, and the staff took an extra 15 minutes to warm up before braving the cold, and so breakfast did not get started until 6:45. Granted it took a few extra minutes to clean and cook the walleye of last night, but still we should have been on the water before 9:30. Bear got a filleting lesson from Nishe during the fish fry. 59 held up the show a while getting loaded, but eventually we pulled past Biff's walleye hole and headed toward the tiny carry to Neston. Up a steep side hill where only one canoe could land, it took a while to negotiate despite the ease of the work. The sky darkened over during breakfast making us fear the return of the rain, but on the way up Neston the sun poked through, and the clouds started to move, gradually at first with patches of blue showing, and then suddenly everything was clear. The stream from the pond down to Neston proved disastrous as the staff canoe drew first blood in a rapid to the tune of a hole and a couple cracked pieces of sheeting. The others had a few scars, but nothing serious to show for the trip. The ripple at the foot of Neston was negotiated, and then the muskeg portage to Devizes took over. The canoes took ages to unload at a bow-on landing with a steep cliff bank where the wannigans had to be muscled up slowly. As Art described it -- there seemed to be a baby grave yard at the start of the first patch of muskeg, as first one baby and then another got tossed off by the bowmen. But eventually all slogged across the trail which did not have the deep stream to ford this time -- as it did in '63. Biff unlimbered his fluorescent lure and cast once, getting a good fish, but allowing him too much freedom, and losing him and lure also when he got tangled on a log. He tried chopping out the log to retrieve the lure to no avail. We pulled down Devizes in the warm sun and ran the shallow trickle to Heathcote for lunch -- late, but well received. Every canoe snagged the rock at the foot of the run, but none suffered greatly. The guide immediately picked

a lunch site on a good rocky island, and while Biff, Bill, and Bear tried a little fishing, Gary inaugurated the bathing season, and every one else followed. A little laundry even got done as the guide prepared lunch. The whole pot of spaghetti disappeared in short order as did Gary's orange bannock. The guide and staff succeeded in finding the correct trail out of the first part of Heathcote this time, and no time was lost by taking the wrong channel as in '63. On the long narrow lake a quartering tail wind helped a great deal. We made lunch about 2:00 and got off about 3:30, headed for the top of the lake, getting in in two hours plus, as a result of the helping wind. A vote was taken whether to take the '63 site or move on to the falls a couple miles away -- the bugs having been at the falls before. The vote was a tie -- between fishermen and those afraid of the bugs -- so the guide decided to take the '63 site which was occupied immediately. Since all the '63 poles remained, as did the fireplace, nothing unusual had to be done to settle in. There were a series of false starts on tent pitching, but they all got up. Bill and Stoney whipped up the bannock while the staff fried chips and the fresh potatoes dwindled as a result. They'll be gone in another day. After a large lunch dinner was not quite so well received, though the coffee supply went down another notch. Biff, Bill, Bear, and Gary all tried fishing before and after dinner, catching Canada often and only a couple small pike. The sky started to cloud over, and the house flies eventually drove every one in. Bear tried his radio without much success, and Ben gave up waiting for a picture of the sunset. The guide thinks the farmer is gathering up his sheep, and the staff thinks the wind is trying to shift and bring some dirty weather down on us again, so we may be in for a blow tonight or tomorrow.

Sunday, July 4 -- It was almost a day of rest. At 6:30 the staff got up, looked northwest and went back to bed. A couple little tiny rain squalls hit as the wind howled pretty strongly. At 8:00 he finally figured if we were going to move at all he better get breakfast going. The section was up and rolled before nine, but as soon as the tents were down and breakfast dishes washed, the storms came back, although just a few minutes earlier it had appeared that the weather was breaking as blue sky rolled rapidly over head seemingly moving so rapidly that it could not possibly rain -- but it not only could but did -- in buckets. Rain gear appeared and a little shelter was afforded by a few spruce, but it was little indeed. Two squalls hit in rapid succession before the guide decided we might chance it and make a run for it. The canoes were loaded in pounding surf, and we shoved off with everyone completely covered with rain suits. They were needed a couple times on the short stretch in to the little falls out of Heathcote, which were carried in a little drizzle. A few little ripples had to be run below, but the greatest problem was not the rocks but the wind as it was tough to hold the canoes in the planned run. The four foot drop could not be tackled. The guide and Gary unloaded and lifted over while the rest took their loaded canoes over a little rock ledge with brute force. A little wind and rain later we approached the rapids where '63 had dumped a canoe, and the guide decided to try running again. The first two little pitches passed quickly, even though the staff posted as a picket yelled furiously at Bear to draw 59 the wrong way. But the next rapid proved too much. The water was much lower than in '63, and a couple rocks that had been missed

easily in '63 rose up in the center of the only possible path. So rather than risk the let down or negotiate a portage over the boulders, the guide decided to give up and pull back up the pitches just run and tackle the regular portage. An hour and a quarter after starting down, we were back up at the head of the series headed into the bay for the portage. 30 chains is not really much fun, and this one had a steep hill to start with and some pretty sticky muskeg toward the end, though the majority of the trail was on bare rock. Lunch was cooked at the far end about 2:15, though the site was poor and dry wood hard to find. But at least we stayed out of the wind and cold. The sun had made a brief appearance while we were playing with the rapids, but by now it was back in hiding. The pull up to the 10 chain portage around a little stream down into the first part of Flindt Lake was done against a cold head wind which hindered landing in the shallow rocky portage entrance. Beaver and Bear entertained the saner crews by unloading in six inches of water and sloshing through the little round boulders to shore with their loads. Each according to his own tastes! Biff carefully dunked the potatoes in the water in the process. Washing them a little prematurely. At the foot he landed a little pike -- again much to his disgust. A nice little rapid down to Flindt followed -- though some green paint was left on rocks that appeared in places where no rocks should have been. Up Flindt the guide investigated a campground almost immediately, but we rejected it mainly because the other canoes had paddled farther away following the staff who was looking for another site. A huge beaver house was investigated and landings made on the huge pile of poplar and birch. The industrious beaver colony had felled trees for a good half mile of shore line. Either a huge family or an especially industrious and hungry beaver we decided. A couple flag poles were raised on top of the house -- which the beaver probably did not enjoy. On we paddled as the sun finally broke through making us a little warmer fortunately, but out onto the main part of Flindt the wind blew in our teeth, and the guide quickly found a good campsite sheltered from the wind. It was after six when we pulled up, and while dinner cooked, the tents went up in a fairly small area of level moss covered rock. Dishes were washed slowly over a lengthy conversation about hockey, high school football riots, and pro football. An axe or two got sharpened, a tump broken on the last portage got repaired, and then Biff, Bear, and Gary went back to fishing after Beaver landed a couple walleye. Darkness and a couple snags later, activity ceased with a couple walleye on the stringer for breakfast. For some strange reason we have not really been bothered with bugs. We can't really figure out why. And so the Fourth of July slipped by with nary a fire cracker even. And the night promises to be unseasonably cold to boot!

Monday, July 5 -- The staff finally got up on time this morning and woke the section to a clear, cool morning, but at least the sun was shining even if we had camped on the wrong side of the lake and the trees cut off the warmth. Still it was 8:45 before we started to get on the water and close to nine before the last canoe was loaded. The wind was still blowing but not nearly so strongly as we rounded the point and headed in for the portage to Gault. The staff led off after warning every one that all turns in the trail that needed to be followed were to the left. Leaving his canoe at the far end's landing, on the way back he then spent a good part of

his returning time getting people back on the trail. The Bear plowing through the bush with his canoe on his back. Art following doggedly behind him. Bill and Stoney up a false, rocky trail that looked a lot better and more traveled than the real route. But every one eventually got across though there seemed to be a few stiff necks, for the portage is longer than the advertised 30 chains. We paddled past the '63 site on Gault -- we figured an hour and a half behind their time schedule. And so after one false start we portaged out of Gault, not moving very rapidly because the unloading spot was so cramped, and Bill and Chad sat patiently cooling their heels for ages. The same was true of the little carry out of Stump where in addition to the poor unloading spot the trail was poorly used. Again Bill and Chad ended up last. By now those who had avoided the muskeg on the first portage and had dry feet up to here fell victim as the shallows up to the portage out of Stump had a couple really shallow spots where the canoes had to be walked. They made no difference to Bear and Beaver who just hopped out and sloshed through. Fortunately this was the last portage for the day, and things could start to dry as the day grew warmer. The Allan Water appeared round the bend, made attractive by rock cliffs on the sides and a water fall or chute off in the distance as we doubled back on ourselves and became aware of the current that started picking us up. Across a little pond, and our first good rapid appeared. The guide led quickly down the right side of the first little pitch and then pulled up in the eddy to the right of the top of the next more formidable bit of water. He plowed off into the bush to look it over while the rest sat and waited. The staff canoe ran over to the far side to do the same. Presently the two returned to confer -- each having found a different run. So the guide went over to the left to try for a better look at the foot which bothered both of them. On his return he took the left shore down while the staff watched from the top and then theoretically led the rest down, but 59 got so far behind the staff's run was lost and the others all bumped a little with 57 running last getting caught slightly in the shallows. But no damage, and we were all through. Ben glided serenely by the cellar at the foot without even realizing it was there. So much time had been lost looking over the rapid that lunch time had come and gone long ago, but the fire was kindled on a rocky point after the run at 2:15. A hearty meal of macaroni followed -- so much so that Biff found it necessary to let out his belt on the way up Brennan. The staff predicted a 7:30 arrival at the campsite, but he was off by 15 minutes to the good side as a result of the assistance given by the west or northwest wind -- no enough astern for mass sailing, but still a great asset and good enough to enable us to drift-paddle-sail a couple miles during a long smoke break about two-thirds of the way to the campsite. 59 had the greatest sailing success as the Bear paddled furiously along and Biff lay back on the packs holding his poncho-sail rigged on a couple paddles -- and easily keeping up with the rest of the canoes. The sail came down briefly in the lee of islands as Beaver "took to the oars", only to return to the sail as soon as enough wind existed. 74 lagged slightly since Stoney was not feeling up to snuff. Brennan's rocky islands, sand beaches, and clear water were made even more enjoyable by the sun and tail wind. A few brave souls tried paddling without shirts, but the wind had a chilling effect. Finally camp was made just before the falls in the '63 site, and we could have our promised rest day as planned. Dinner took a while because the guide had to go back in the bush to find some dry wood since the staff's

contributions would not burn. Tents went up slowly because good sites were far apart and the gang was tired. A few fishermen tried for the reported walleye that infested the little fast water in front of the site in '63, but results were not only discouraging, they were nil. After dinner attempts were abortive because of the setting sun, the arrival of the mosquitoes, and no results. The guide pessimistically looked at the sun set and quietly predicted tomorrow's weather would not be quite so good.

Tuesday, July 6 -- All rest days are lazy. This was no exception. The sun warmed up the staff side of the tent forcing him up at eight, but it was quarter to ten before any one else appeared to keep him company. Pancakes stretched up almost to noon as clothes washing became the first order of business -- even before breakfast. The day was warm, not a cloud in the sky to start with, and the wind blew gently first from the west and then up the river from the south. The weather was particularly good for swimming, so the guide's prediction of last night had not come true. Clothes and people washed, an expedition to the falls set forth, which included every one but the guide who was setting bread, Stoney who was doing laundry and went down later, and the staff who was lazy. The fishermen returned with a six pound pike Beaver brought in and a three-pounder Bear took -- plus a couple pound walleye. While lunch was cooking a couple air mattresses were seen floating up and down the river with Biff and Bear aboard. After lunch -- it was now 4:15 -- we got even lazier. A few lures were cast off the site. The guide worked on his second reflector pan of bread. Then Stoney came dashing out of his tent complaining of the company that had arrived just as he started to take a nap -- a garter snake. The guide arrived to inform him there were three others -- but Beaver dispatched the only one there really was. Dinner was made on Beaver's pike and the walleye -- plus Nishe's bread and a few other items. And then six fishermen headed back to the falls while Chad, Art, guide, and staff held the home fort. The fishermen returned as darkness arrived with Gary's one walleye and reports of various pike successes. But as they came ashore, the rains started lightly driving every one quickly to the tents.

Wednesday, July 7 -- Not a cloud in the sky as the staff started breakfast at 6:30. The guide reported that the rain had stopped about the middle of the night, and all had been clear since then. Waldo, the pike, had escaped somehow during the night and pity was taken on Gary's walleye and he was released rather than being chopped up for breakfast. He was very much alive in the pond, though he was hiding under a rock when the first attempts were made to find him. We hit the water at 8:30 for our earliest departure yet and ran the little rip to the top of the falls, which were carried over the rocks. On down the river a good west wind helped our progress to a reasonable rapid up to a boiling chute which obviously had to be carried. The trail was faint; the trees too close together for comfort for the sternmen, and the footing poor for the bowmen. But eventually every one gathered for a picture taking session at the foot. (Unfortunately too late to catch the pose of the guide wedged between two trees with his canoe; but fortunately no one had a tape recorder either.) As the turn up Granite Lake was made the sky started to cloud over in ominous fashion, and we discovered a strong north wind blowing coolly in our

faces. One smoke break later the guide looked northward and advised rain gear, which appeared quickly from the various packs. Just out from the rest, the first drops hit, and a couple minutes later chilling, driving rain squalls drove in from the north, but there was nothing to do but lean on the paddle to reach the far side of the bay we were crossing. Encased in rain gear, but with chilled hands, we paddled slowly forward toward the head of the lake trying to hug the shore line for protection from the wind, rain, and cold. By the time we started down the narrows toward the falls, conditions had improved slightly and the rapid at the top of the falls was run in only a slight drizzle. With landing room for only one canoe at a time, it took a while to unload at the lip of the falls as the drizzle gradually ceased. On the trail the rain stopped, and the guide pitched up a lunch fire at the foot of the portage in the lee of the wind. Another three loaves of Nishe's bread provided the high spot of the spaghetti lunch. Gradually the sky cleared; patches of blue appeared; and it became possible to do a little more photographing. Lunch over, the canoes were loaded up and 59 gave the spectators a few anxious moments as they headed off first and just missed a prominent rock a few yards below the starting spot. The others had less trouble, having learned from experience. Half an hour later, under warmer conditions, we carried the first of the river rapids. The drop at the start created much too large a cellar to even think of running. But there were three in a row that provided more sport as all were run successfully with a minimum of water being taken in the process as every one succeeded in staying out of the swells. The last, however, had to be carried. For some reason the section was pretty tired when we finally made camp on Wabakimi Lake in the old '63 site at 5:15. Art and Stoney claimed since it was the earliest we had made camp in some time, they were not tired, but their actions did not bear out their words. Beaver gathered in a couple "torpedos" right off the landing after dinner by dangling his bait in the water, raising his total of pike to almost twenty thus far. Earlier he had concocted a classic pot of cocoa -- most of which was consumed, much to Beaver's amazement. The staff tent found its way to the poles of Bill and Stoney and was then exchanged. Nishe produced a moose horn -- which Bear used as a tuba, producing strange sounds that echoed over the still lake since the wind had disappeared after dinner. Gary settled down to sew the seams on his pants that had let go during the morning. Most of the section retreated to their tents by nine. Ben and the staff repaired tumps. The Bear went fishing in his canoe and landed three pike and a couple walleye -- one of which he kept. And Beaver read sections of the '63 log to those still awake as darkness came on bringing a cool evening.

Thursday, July 8 -- The night was not quite as cool as predicted, but it was not warm by a long shot. The fishermen worked late into the night, but Beaver took only one walleye to add to Bear's contribution. Gary tried along with him and finally caught enough of Canada so that he gave up in disgust and waited until morning to retrieve his lure. The fish were rising, but would hit nothing. Anyway the sun was up, nice and warm, and only a few clouds showed on the horizon. Slowly we got off the campsite at 8:40. For some reason we can't seem to move too fast early in the day. On the way up the bay with a gentle tail wind we passed a new cabin built within the last two years. Fishermen or Indians, we never found out which. Nishe had seen them pull in in the early evening in the

distance, but no one was up and around as we paddled by. It was a long pull across Wabakimi, but not very difficult with the good tail wind. But the sky clouded over, and a couple miles out from the portage at the first rapid, the rain started lightly. The guide pulled up to put on rain gear, so the staff pulled in to the portage first. We did not bother to look over the rapid -- it seemed too rocky at the top, and we knew it would be hard to cut back to the portage trail which would go back off the river. So through the light rain, wet bush, and muskeg we slogged. Obvious bear and moose signs dotted the trail. At the foot we inched our way through stone to the very foot and started down river. A couple good rapids followed in order -- both run through the swells on the left -- some canoes bouncing more than others. No lunch site seemed available, so we ended up running the last one down the center to Kenoji and lunching on a rocky island as the terns and gulls squawked over head. The wind freshened so that the staff could not get his fire of matches going and even a little "Boy Scout" had to be added to Bill's birch bark. Ben tried to dry off his clothes on the rocks with little success. Beaver took a couple pike. Stoney announced that we were now minus one axe left back on the last portage. The fruit again remained uneaten and was repacked. Maybe it will be good trading material when we start running into Indians? The wind rose higher after lunch, driving out of the west, and into our teeth as we paddled to the mouth of the Palisade, but a few drops of rain later, we had it coming from astern as we went up the river against a current no one noticed. Under relatively clear skies we pulled up at the '63 campsite about 4:00 in time to get the tents up before any rain came back. Bill and Chad sat for a long time in their canoe waiting for something to happen. Then the great game of slide the rock into the water took place as the photographers watched and snapped their pictures. Bill and Stoney teamed on a chocolate cake while Gary made the icing. The fly was then pitched as the rain came back. Chad slept peacefully through dinner unnoticed until the pots were almost cleaned. So another can of hamburgers was put on to heat for him. The Bear went fishing -- trying flies for a while -- and brought in four good walleye, though he tossed back too many others to remember. The guide entertained with stories of dynamite and ammunition around the fire until the bugs drove every one to bed. Maybe one of these days we can travel a whole day without being rained on!

Friday, July 9 -- The morning started much like each of the last two. A few clouds drifted over before breakfast, but otherwise the sky was blue as could be after it had apparently rained itself out during the night -- at least one pretty good shower in the middle of the night. A couple of Bear's walleye got to the fry pan, but otherwise breakfast was as usual. Again we got off the campsite about 8:40 -- not much improvement. The first little pull up emptied into the pool on which we were camped, so it had to be negotiated right off the bat. All went well until 57 started to get broadside in the run off and had to be cast loose before Chad got pulled down with it. The staff canoe picked it up and returned it to its crew none the worse for wear. The high cliffs of the Palisade cut off some of the sun light from the river making it cool paddling along against a slight head wind. The guide claimed to have paddled up next to some Indian rock paintings, but he failed to point out his find to any one. A long straight stretch

needed to be paddled between high cliffs as over head the clouds grew more numerous, and down in the canyon the wind blew harder and colder. Another pull up had to be made on a rapid at the head. 59 got tired of waiting and waded up in knee deep water while the rest lined up the right side properly. A couple little swifts were paddled, and a more formidable rapid barred the way. The staff happened to arrive first since the guide had started to make a wrong turn. With much chopping of windfalls and rock hopping 77 finally got near the top where a sheer rock cliff made further progress tough until Chad and Bill appeared on the far side of the river and took the bow line thrown across to them and swung the canoe without its crew to the far side of the river -- and an easier, but still tough enough finish to the pull. 59 followed, and the staff rode the canoe across. With two canoes at the top, he then ferried Beaver, Bear, and Ben back across after they played mountain goat on the cliffs much to the amusement of the watchers -- Beavers and Bears make large goats! By now the guide's bowboy was shivering and the guide decided to take the portage trail instead of fooling with the pull up -- and arrived at the top in less time than it would have taken to pull up. 74 and 57 followed -- the latter much later because Chad and Bill were helping the pullers. Nishe stopped to investigate a moose yard, but no racks were left for us to pick up. Art blew manfully on the guide's moose horn of a couple days ago. It had been carried in the jewelry for a day and theoretically abandoned this morning. We carried the next rapid as scheduled -- past experience telling us not to bother looking it over; it was too steep to pull. The moose horn was transferred to 57 so Chad could play, and 59 started fishing as the rain gear appeared in our first shower of the day. Nevertheless a few pictures were taken of the last of the high rock cliffs. On our way a few yards, Bill remembered his axe back at the portage, so the guide found a sheltered lunch spot while they returned. Ben borrowed the guide's axe to chop a little wood and then played the game of who had the axe -- which the guide had already put in his canoe without telling Ben. One side trip later -- around a lovely little island in a bay off the beaten path -- we were back on the river. Biff and Bear threw out lures at the '63 lunch site, and Biff latched on to a 7½ pound pike for the cameras. The Bear got into the act with a quick telling chop to the back of the torpedo's head with his paddle. Other fish were hooked but released. The others waited ahead, and we moved on up the river stopping at the vacant indian site at the head of the river. After a long debate over where to put the fire so as to gain some protection from the chilling wind, camp started up on five of the hundreds of possible sites. Bill discovered a wooden model seaplane which was set adrift on its repaired pontoons, and Art came up with the toy gun found two years before also. The staff glued a pineapple upside down cake to the reflector pan. Gary fried the ham, and Bear, the guide, Art, and Ben pitched the fly twice -- the second time so that it gave some protection from the wind and rain -- which came in squalls at about half hour intervals. We huddled round the fire trying to keep warm for the most part. Bear and Gary went fishing eventually and brought in five walleye -- after throwing back a considerable number of other catches. The rest were entertained by guide and staff stories of other Bay trips and Bay mascots. Biff started on a sandpiper hunting expedition as we crawled into the cold tents for the night.

Saturday, July 10 -- This weather can't be figured; at 6:30 it was

pouring buckets. At 7:30 the sun was out bright and warm. So the staff figured he'd hold up another half hour and allow the tents to dry a little more. At 8:00 the rain was driving in again. So it looked like we had had it for the morning at least. At nine the rain drove in again, but it was time to get up and get things started anyway. So mixing up the pancake batter, figuring on a rest day, and wondering if it was going to be possible to cook breakfast at all, the staff puttered around in the cold alone until the guide finally joined him close to ten. A half hour later Ben appeared, and then the staff finally called that breakfast was ready to get sny one else. Bear and Gary rolled dutifully before they appeared, only to be told we were staying put. But then the sun appeared and stayed the rest of the day, though it never really got warm, and the north west wind blew most of the day in gusts. One particularly strong puff picked 59 up off the stones, tossed it into the water, splitting one of the outside gunwales on the stern slightly. Nishe and a few others reported hearing a couple bobcat calls around the tents during the night. Some talk of trapping a squirrel mascot led to nothing. Ben set a batch of bread under Nishe's watchful eye. Bear and Gary went around pounding up rocks looking for treasures and came up with some garnets the size of large peas for their troubles. The sight of the Bear holding a large rock over his head preparatory to smashing it down on the rocky ledge to smash it was a sight to behold! Lunch was produced about four and dinner at eight as the only memorable events of the day really. Ben's bread was turned out for dinner -- perfectly. Carp was the only one brave enough to wash up during the cold day -- and he claimed he had to wait for a lull in the wind before diving in and out. The Bear went fishing alone after dinner and returned with four walleye -- one at 2½ pounds -- probably the largest thus far. The other fishermen along shore during the day had managed only a couple small pike. The wind died slightly after the sun went down, but the cold started to settle in. The full moon unfortunately looked wet according to the guide, while off to the northwest, a big black cloud was just visible. Oh, well, maybe some one will figure out the weather up here.

Sunday, July 11 -- It started as a cloudless chilly morning. The staff was fifteen minutes late -- the sleeping bag felt too warm. The guide complained about the presence of Cream of Wheat -- as usual. Those in the exclusive area back on the hill -- Beaver and Chad -- failed to hear the staff's yells and so were late arriving for breakfast. The Bear cleaned a couple of his fish to polish off the meal, and we were on the water at 8:45. A slight west or north-west wind blew, and the sky started to cloud over a little as we shoved off -- not rain clouds this time, fortunately, just hiding the sun at intervals. The morning passed relatively normally. We paddled up through the burn at the top of the lake, found the portage to the next pond, and crossed quickly. A good part of the paddle down to the 14 foot falls was slow because of the shallow water, and the canoes to the rear complained a little about the odor of marsh gas. Stoney and Art entertained as they unloaded at the portage -- at least they entertained themselves. A little pull up followed, and then we started up the ensuing pond that was a little deeper than the one before. We passed the '63 site on our left, observed the initials of other travelers left plastered liberally over the rock walls, and carefully started up a narrow creek. 100 yards deep into the twisting course, both guide and staff grew

apprehensive, not having remembered such a stream before. So, despite the fact that Gary insisted he could hear the falls ahead, we retraced our paddle -- with the sternmen playing bow until the canoes could be turned. The staff tried climbing a rock cliff for the view, but the reward was not worth his wet feet. Getting back on course in the next bay, the guide allowed as how his three prunes for breakfast had run out, and it was time for lunch. 59 went off fishing, but quit in disgust when the torpedoes proved too small. Bill succeeded in polishing off an amazing amount of spaghetti while the guide told stories of the use of firearms in his neighborhood. The Bear and Beaver took the easy paddle up to the 7' falls, while the rest had to pull up another side of the island. Up and over the falls, soon a little riff had to be paddled and poled -- and walked if you were riding in 59. 57 was rejected once and had to try again after losing two yards for every yard they paddled forward. At the next riff we looked for, and found, the portage to Burntrock rather than wasting the time and effort trying to pull up some rough water. The guide led off searching for a campsite, and after trying several spots, Biff found one he liked, and we moved in to cut out a campground for the first time in a long while that we have needed to do this much work. Bill and Stoney cast into the pool in front a couple times -- getting nothing -- and then Biff and Bear arrived to start taking walleye immediately. But all were thrown back. About half the crew went for a much needed bath before dinner. Then the night's fishing started as guide Stoney paddled Bear and Beaver while Gary and Ben took their canoe, leaving the staff to follow alone later. All together there were roughly fifty fish caught in various locations over the lake which was calm as a mirror by now. Meanwhile Bill, Chad, and Art started a game of "I doubt it". Who caught how many, no one really knew, but really for the first time the walleye far outnumbered the pike. The staff threw all of his back, but the other two canoes brought in good strings of fish. On their excursion the trio sighted a cow moose and her calf and managed to get within about twenty yards before scaring her back into the bush. Unfortunately no cameras were along to record the event as they carefully stalked her from afar, and eventually Biff had to yell at her to get her moving to protect the calf. The mosquitoes drove in the fishermen -- plus the darkness -- and eventually both drove every one to bed as the sky was faintly streaked with northern lights. Our first traveling day in many a moon with no rain!

Monday, July 12 -- The staff overslept this morning to bounce out of bed at 7:00 to be greeted by an overcast sky. But knowing that he could never predict the weather accurately, he called on the section to roll, and some people almost made it down to the fire before the cereal was done -- Red River according to Stoney, though, knowing the guide's preference on hard days, the three pannikins of cereal had come from a bag plainly labeled "Oatmeal". A giant picture taking period ensued as cameras clicked at various people holding the string of walleye brought in last night. The ones who had not survived the night were filleted expertly by the guide to polish off the meal. The sky still looked grey as we started off at 9:10 and paddled the rest of Burntrock. The wind had shifted to the southeast during the night and so helped a little. The little rapid at the head of the lake was choked by a windfall and so had to be carried -- though since it was so short the canoes were just lifted up over the rocks -- one at a time because the loading spot held only one canoe at a time.

A short way farther we tossed the canoes for the first time to get around rapids and then paddled a little pond to another carry around something -- this one longer and harder, mainly because we took out of the water too soon and so had to make our own trail most of the way. Muskiga Lake lived up to its name though occasionally the canoes could be made to run a little. But toward the foot of the lake the clouds let loose, and rain gear appeared. Lunch was made on a rocky pinnacle twenty-five yards into the carry which started on a marshy, boggy shore. While the staff shuffled pots, the others took a load across the 53 chain portage -- rumored to be the longest of the summer. The trail was nothing to write home about, even dry, and the rain was not very much of a welcome addition. The walk started in auspiciously as a couple windfalls had to be eliminated right off the bat so the canoes could pass through. Back to the fire, soggy and wet came the carriers, and the staff headed off on his first trip to return a half hour later to find the dish crew about to ply their trade under his canoe which provided the only shelter from the rain. Back we trudged again -- soaking up more water as the rain kept coming down -- even harder than before. The 13 chain carry from the moose pond was even wetter though no one could have thought it possible after the first experience. Gary tried to do a disappearing act into the ground with the jewelry on his back, but the guide and Bill came to his aid before he sank out of sight. Then Timon was paddled -- plus a side trip down a creek that would have led to Davies if it could have been paddled. Nishe picked up a mascot for a short while -- a mouse -- but Gary could not stand having an extra passenger and got rid of the free loader -- who was having his own problems with the rain water in the bottom of the canoe anyway. The landing was finally located -- and as Bill said he "finally knew what Terra Firma meant" after treading on the literally quaking bog over which the trail started. But soon the walking got better -- though the rain poured and the bush exuded moisture. Ben chopped out a couple good sized windfalls at the end in an effort to keep warm while waiting for his slow sternman. The rain pelted down harder on Davies almost obscuring the far shore as we pulled out from the very shallow loading spot -- but almost every one was so wet that wading out to load the canoes was no problem. Then the search for a camp-ground. The guide tried a rocky point, and found a tent site. The staff insisted on heading for an indian site he claimed was on a point before the next portage, but the site failed to materialize. So guide and staff headed off to see what could be done at the head of the carry. The landing was clearly marked by a snow shoe and a tea pot hanging in a tree -- as had been true in '63. By now we had run out of initials plastered on rocks -- AWJ -- to guide us. Then too the indian had a canoe and a sled at the landing -- as though he could not make up his mind which season it was. A site was finally located and occupied fifty yards up the trail and a roaring fire started to warm us, even if we could not dry out because of the still falling rain. By six all the tents were up and dinner on the way. By some stroke of luck no sleeping bags were wet, though only the guide's rain suit had done much of a satisfactory job of keeping the wearer dry. Stoney and Bill probably came out second best -- and some were just as wet as they would have been with no rain suit -- so Ben and the staff were really not much worse off than better than 50% of the section. By seven thirty or eight the rain had let up -- though the sky still looked poor through the trees, and some clothes drying could be accomplished until finally the fire started

to die away and every one drifted off to bed. The only real consolation was that the roughest day of carries had been survived -- but really the section was in good spirits. No one really claimed it to be a day of fun, though when it was all over, we could look back on it and laugh.

Tuesday, July 13 -- We were supposed to be in Greenbush Lake early today -- but we never got off at all. The rain continued on and off all night. At 6:30 it looked dark and foreboding as the guide got up, took a look, and told the staff not to bother. After several more showers and a couple glances out of the tent door, the staff heard noises back in the campground and got up to make breakfast. The clouds were moving slowly about 9:30, and since we still hoped the weather would break, we cooked up cereal for breakfast. A round of omelet substituted for the usual morning fish extra. Breakfast dragged on, and the weather stayed lousy. Half ate heartily and the other half only appeared after frantic calls that everything was about to be bushed. The Bear announced a time check from his radio last night -- we had been operating almost forty minutes slow. Toward the middle of the day the sky started to turn blue, and we had visions of maybe moving after lunch, but they were dashed as the macaroni came to a boil and black thunder heads appeared off to the southwest. The rain hit just as lunch was served, and ten of us huddled under the fly passing the peanut butter and blueberry jam back and forth. Bill and Beaver successfully whipped up a butter-scotch pudding for dessert, and the rain let up a little as the last of the pudding was rationed out. That ended our bids to move, though the sun peeked through at intervals during the rest of the afternoon. Gary had guts enough to do a little washing. A good many read. Beaver patched his pants after looking at the professional job Gary had done on his. Dinner brought on a little more rain. Beaver and Ben went partridge hunting and brought in one young one whom they later let go. Bear took his canoe across the carry -- finding the bush plenty wet -- to report it was a good walker except for a few windfalls. Art and Ben hosted a game of I Doubt It as the rain returned for the night. Hopefully this evening, though, everything is pretty dry. A few tents leaked last night, but maybe the improper pitching will have been corrected by now.

Wednesday, July 14 -- Rain fell almost all night, sometimes heavily; sometimes lightly -- though the former condition seemed more usual. But at 6:30 it seemed to have stopped. Cold had set in during the night, and the morning was quite chilly to say the least. The sun made its appearance, fortunately, but the sheltered campsite kept it off the tents effectively until about 8:00 when it finally got high enough to start doing the tents some good. The staff finally climbed out of his not so warm sleeping bag to light the fire, and the others followed -- those from the low rent district near the cookery first and those from the distant suburbs later. As loads were tumped we started across the carry, leaving the tents up for the second load so they could dry a little more. The staff chopped out a few windfalls on his first trip over after Beaver had plowed ahead of every one taking some of the moisture off the bush -- but by no means all of it. It was after eleven before everything was over, and we could start plowing through water a foot deep headed up Metig. A short detour was

made to chase an imaginary moose the guide thought he spotted. And then five minutes later he really did find one out in the water on the far side of a point we were rounding. The young cow looked at us for a while, decided we were foe and headed for shore. Efforts to get a canoe behind her were started too late, and 59's sprint to the shore to disembark Beaver in an attempt to drive her back into the water resulted only in a couple rips in the canoe. The rest of Metig was much like the first part -- shallow. A 600 yard portage bypassed a couple shallow rapids and was notable only in the fact that the guide fell in a hole at the start with his canoe on his head and had to be rescued. Lunch was cooked on an indian campground at the head of the trail, and a few drops of rain fell just to let us know it was possible. A quick scenic tour was unnecessarily made around an island, and then the final portage of the day was started across a trail formed by a tramway whose rails were spruce poles laid end to end. The engineering feat was terrific, but the walking left a great deal to be desired. The canoes had to be carried, of course, and the bowmen each took a load across since we were uncertain about the workability of the car. But as most of the rest were still slogging their way across the swamp, Beaver came rolling back with the car in perfect shape. The second loads were piled on it, and the return slowly made to avoid derailment on the curves. Meanwhile the bugs at the upper end had a field day on the meat that remained. Departure was therefore speeded, and we paddled up the rest of the stream, across some more shallows in the first part of Greenbush. Dodging the many islands we reached the main part of the lake after fighting a head wind most of the time -- as well as the shallow water. Biff and Bear had rigged their lines by this time and landed a small pike. Out on the lake, though still behind the row of islands, the guide spotted a likely looking rock ledge and pulled into an old indian site for the night shortly after 5:00. By the time dinner was served the sun had started to disappear behind the trees to the west bringing another cool evening. Stoney guided for Biff and Bear, but no fish were brought back -- they caught pike, lots of small walleye, and Canada, but nothing for the fry pan. Gary, Biff, and the staff did a little clothes repair with needle and thread -- the guide used adhesive tape. Bill read, and Ben lost in the nightly game of I Doubt It. The evening promised to be another cold one as every one gravitated to the tents as Biff and Chad argued over whether sneakers were woodsey attire, and whether the pioneers wandered over the country in moccasins or boots -- socks or no socks? -- wool or something else?

Thursday, July 15 -- Ever since Bear got that time check the staff's built in alarm has been out of kilter, so it was 7:15 before he rolled out of bed -- much to his disgust at being so late. Moving more rapidly than any other morning we got on the water at 9:00, but the wind was already up and blowing coolly from the northwest, giving us either a side wind or a head wind all the way down Greenbush. The guide led off at a furious pace -- despite the fact that he had had no Cream of Wheat! We passed a couple tumbled down trapper's cabins and a couple newer ones -- Biff could not believe they belonged to indians so clean did they look -- plus stacked wood and a dock. The exit from the lake was made without incident, though the paddling was not too easy what with a head wind, current going the wrong way, and only a couple feet of water under the canoes. The tramway at the portage proved to be a delusion -- the

rails were in a sad state of disrepair. Chad and Bill managed to use the car to portage their second loads the last half of the way, but every one else carried through the muskeg and hopped over the ties that seemed always to be misplaced for proper walking. The Indian Railway Company better get on the ball! They'll lose our business with this kind of maintainance. Out on Little Paskokogan the wind was wrong as usual, and we pulled into a rocky island for lunch -- maybe it would go down. With black and red ants all over the place, it was not the greatest of spots by any manner of speaking, but as Bill observed, it was really more of a "picnic" this way. The guide was most unhappy with the selected site, but the fire was already laid and we stayed. Anyway it was 2:30 when we left after a relatively short lunch hour. The wind had not improved -- it just seemed to have swung more to the west, making it a side wind. But the sky began to clear a little more as we headed off to make the Albany tonight. The staff predicted a 7:30 arrival at the island campsite for which we were heading, but no one seemed to believe him. With many people confused about where we were -- not the least of which was the guide's bowboy who carefully shuffled and refolded the guide's maps so that not only was the section of map we were on hidden -- so was the entire map. Anyway we headed north. A short pause was made to inspect and speculate on the origin of a green knob looking like a pruned box bush adorning the tip of a tall spruce. We photographed, but failed to explain. The Pashkokogan River was reached and a couple horse races and a respectable rapid run to a wider lake-like section. Taking a smoke break behind some reeds, the guide stood up in his canoe, looked ahead, and spotted a cow moose a couple hundred yards away. We got another fifty closer before she took fright and headed for shore where she paused looking at us while a couple pictures were taken from a distance -- most of which will show up as little brown dots. After she took the bush we took the paddle for the pull to the coming portages. Arriving at the first short one a little after five, we finally got all the canoes and loads through the three short carries about 7:00. Gary had tried to tell the staff we would make the campsite by 6:30, but even the staff's ETA was going to be off on the optimistic side. Janie Skunk's grave was passed without pause, and Osnaburgh Lake was finally reached. With the guide shouting often to the staff about the wild goose chase he was leading to the island campsite we moved on, hitting the island right on the nose, but finding it occupied by an indian family! Gary was more than a little upset, but there was nothing to do but move on down river to find something else. A couple indians pulled away from our projected island site in their gray freighter equipped with a 5 hp motor as we pulled up -- the first humans we had seen at close range since the indians back on Chivelston -- not counting the couple Nishe spotted away off at the cabin on Wabakimi. Anyway a half mile farther on we hit it lucky and found an equally good spot for the night on the right shore. Bill and Gary even had time for a swim before our 9:00 dinner. The Bear landed a nine inch pike, but there would be no fish for breakfast again. He caught Canada shortly afterwards, and no one else tried. A quick card game was soon over, and the site was quiet by 11:30 -- except for the Bear's snoring.

Friday, July 16 -- A chilly morning again. Mainly because the campsite was sheltered from the morning sun until breakfast was almost done. We got on the water at 9:00 -- mainly because the

staff got up 15 minutes late and then had trouble getting the pots to boil. Red River for the section -- omelet for the guide. The day was clear with white fleecy clouds drifting down from the north as we started down river riding the current and dodging stones in the shallows. An early rapid was run successfully after being looked over, and we soon approached Atikokiwan Lake. Influenced more by the current than by the map we had made only one side trip into a blind bay which took us only a short way off the beaten path, but we ended up running the south side of the last large island when by all rights we should have been on the north. As a result the last rapid posed a few problems in stone dodging. The guide scouted one side; the staff the other, and after much yelling back and forth across the river, the guide posted himself as a picket, and the staff ran his canoe through. 57 followed, brushing a rock in the process, but suffering no real damage. But as the movie camera ground on, 59 came a cropper on the same rock, and Biff and Bear were soon swimming the canoe to the foot of the rapid. Bill and Chad picked up the baby and tent. The staff canoe got the packs, a paddle, and a wannigan while the crew themselves brought the other wannigan to shore with their canoe. Bear's camera bag was almost lost as it was torn from his belt, but fortunately was found, though the camera was wet. In all the only loss was Beaver's holy rain jacket it appeared. To allow everything a chance to dry we cooked lunch early at the foot of the rapid, thereby saving a box of macaroni which was almost the only food item that got wet and could be damaged. Some of the soap off the SOS pads served to wash out one of the wannigans. While no upset is pleasant, this one resulted in a minimum of damage. After lunch Atikokiwan Lake was paddled quickly, and we reentered the river after lifting over a five yard sand bar to avoid an extra couple mile paddle around a peninsula the map says is an island. We could see marks where others had done the same. The guide whiled away part of the paddle down the lake convincing his bowboy there was a golf course in that green patch of land we could see to the south -- and a couple white splotchs we could see in the distance were sail boats. A couple interesting runs were made up to a 34' falls that was carried through a partially burned area that had started almost as soon as we left the lake, marring the beauty of the rocky shore line. We portaged through an indian campsite where some hunter-fisherman must have had good success judging by the amount of wood he had cut for his smoking operations. Chad climbed a rocky cliff for a spectacular picture of the falls, but no one else made the effort. Biff and Bear tried fishing a little with no success. On down the river a couple tricky runs were made to the first portage at the head of Kagami Falls. 59 narrowly missed a large rock at the foot of one in the process, but this time it was only a near miss. We portaged 25 yards at the head of a chute and ran down to the next carry. The guide took a look down river and head off down the right side right to the lip of the falls. The staff held the others until he saw the guide was safe and then led the others down. We had planned to cut a campground at the head of the falls, so that was what was done. The tent sites were nothing to get excited about, but the cookery was pleasantly placed right next to the falls, and the bugs. Our arrival at 6:30 was much later than expected, but there was still time for picture taking before dinner -- and Ben and Art managed a quick bath. After dinner the fishermen started to work. The Bear headed downstream to the foot and pulled in only a pike. The staff headed up, and a couple casts later landed the first trout of the

season, almost two pounds. Others arrived immediately, and the evening ended with Biff landing two, Bill one, and the staff a second -- all better than a pound. Biff and Bill each had another to his credit too small to keep along side the others. A few wall-eye were thrown back in disgust in the process. As the sun went behind the trees, the trout seemed to quit, the mosquitoes came in force, and the fishermen gradually drifted off to bed happily.

Saturday, July 17 -- After posing the trout of last night for many pictures they reached the fry pan. They were so large the guide filleted them! But the whole process took an extra long time so that it was almost 9:00 as we got going across what remained of the portage. We have given up completely trying to forecasting the weather. At 6:30 all had been clear as a bell with mist rising from the falls. Soon afterwards clouds rolled across the sun, and now on the portage the clouds changed to a high mackerel sky -- or as Nishe says "the farmer was gathering up his sheep". Anyway it was a forecast of rain. But for the moment at least the sun was out. The last portage around a part of the falls was passed, and the current carried us down to the long arm leading into Achapi Lake -- which was nothing to get excited about -- particularly since sand bars kept getting in the way. Out on the lake Beaver thought he spotted a moose, but it turned out to be two indians in a freighter tending their nets we supposed. A third indian with his kicker roaring seemed to be going in circles for some reason at the mouth of the river, but he roared off as we paddled toward him. We still have yet to talk to any one since leaving Chivelston. Gary was happy because the river looked like those at home and not like ones in Northern Canada -- no one else shared his happiness. He also kept wanting to camp on the nice sand beaches -- the guide and staff not only disagreed but refused. Lunch was declared at 12:30 to patch the guide's canoe, and we started off again at 1:45 with a long way still to go to Speckled Trout Rapids. Eventually after discussing all the books we'd read in English class, we passed the supposed site of the "cabin" indicated by the map, and we were now almost half way. A 2' rapid was a brief relief, but a long stretch of dead water followed. An unmapped relic of a cabin was passed as the north wind became a hindrance for the first time. The warm sun disappeared behind clouds, and it looked like there was a storm brewing, but nothing materialized. A couple spots of current helped a little in what otherwise was a pretty dull day. Finally, after fighting the north wind down a wide section of river, we got to a rapid worthy of note, and as an airplane buzzed over head we took her down the center through the swells successfully to the foot. Almost immediately the current picked up and what the map called another 4' rapid was just pleasant fast water where the steady drop of the river could be plainly see ahead -- or behind. We passed up the start of the 1½ mile portage around Speckled Trout Rapids and moved on down the river through a couple swifts to the first major drop of the series -- which was not even worth more attention from the guide than a brief look from the stern of his canoe. The second took a little more planning; after running a right hand curve, the guide caught an eddy and walked up on a point to see what lay around the bend. He waved us on and dashed back to his canoe to lead down, but seeing he was not going to make it, went back to the point as a picket. As a result the section held up in an eddy round the point and had a tough time getting back into the right run after the guide

went by. The island lift over could be seen ahead and one more pitch was run -- quite a pitch! -- down to the tip of the island. The guide and staff looked her over, and after much debate about where to build the fire, finally declared it home. Not a very good site, but it worked. The clouds began to blow over so that the prospects of rain deminished as supper was finally cooked -- we had landed just before seven. The fishermen immediately located loads of walleye in the hole at the chute, but the trout were missing. There was time after dinner for only a brief survey of the river, but no one found trout either up or down in the time that remained before darkness set in.

Sunday, July 18 -- As Stoney put it, we were spending only our second rest day where scheduled. But it proved to be a fine day, nevertheless. A little chilly in the morning, but since the staff was first up at 9:15, by that time the sun was doing its best to warm up the countryside. Chad, the guide, and Gary were next, even before the staff was fully ready to serve breakfast. Bear arrived to announce that our watches were 20 minutes slow again -- a disquieting note, but we set them ahead anyway. General clothes washing and sleeping bag airing followed pancake breakfast. No one but the guide seemed interested in pulling in a walleye for breakfast -- which the staff did for him on the second cast. The fishermen started off -- most staying close to the campsite to pull in walleye and pike. The Bear landed some on his fly rod for sport, though he really wanted trout. The guide baked macaroni for lunch. The fishermen looking for trout returned empty handed -- lots of walleye and pike. Those content with local sport started to stock an aquarium. A vain search was made for our dry beans which the staff must have forgotten on the outfitting list back at camp. Fortunately the food seems to be holding out without them. More fishing activity in the afternoon as the pools of walleye grew. How many were caught during the day no one bothered to try to count. They may not be as much fun as the trout, but the river walleye puts up a respectable scrap, though none were exceptionally large. And so with clothes and ourselves washed, it came time to call it a day. The evening fishing dwindled into a little trickle as every one seemed fished out after the day. Stoney emptied part of the aquarium, leaving the rest for Bill in the morning. Another cold night in the offing.

Monday, July 19 -- The whole river was blanketed in fog and mist as the staff rolled out of bed at 6:30 on the coldest morning yet by far, and it took a while to rouse the section as a result. No one seemed interested in grabbing a walleye for breakfast, so the meal did not take too long, and we were all rolled and ready to move well before 9:00. The staff ran his canoe down from the chute and then tried to guide the others through -- one out of three canoes making the correct run was not a bad average! 57 did not count because Bill portaged over the foot of the island and their run was a lead pipe cinch. The guide took a run of his own choosing, got the sun in his eyes, and ended on a rock pile with Gary having to hop out to push him off. 74 almost made it right, but failed to round the final stone and had to settle for a less deep path -- though completely successful. 59 coming last was the only one to follow the deep channel. Shortly thereafter we took out up a steep bank to portage the last couple hundred yards of Speckled Trout Rapids -- maybe it should be Walleye Rapids. The staff played with trying to find a

run but had to give up and carry just like every one else. Then a couple miles of rock dodging followed -- mostly successful until 27 ran on a stone pile and 59 following behind did likewise. The other three took off like scared rabbits for the far side of the river and deep water. By now the sun was up in full force for one of those rare warm days, and shirts came off rapidly. A long dull paddle followed to lunch on a soggy clay-rock shore before the 2' rapid. There was some current in spots up to this point, but nothing serious. The wind alternated lightly from the front and rear, and the paddle was easy and the sun bathing excellent. The wind came up a little after lunch, unfortunately, and strangely from the east for the most part, but little of the water was large enough to make much difference. The current began to pick up and a series of miniature horse races followed through most of the afternoon keeping people on their toes. The land was low for the most part so that Chad was impressed with one hill taller than the others -- a veritable mountain up here. Stoney and Art had a little problem with the last of the first 5' rapid as the bow went up on a rock and the canoe swung around so the sternman was headed the wrong way. No damage except to pride and a pair of wet feet as Art had to hop out to push the canoe off. Of course 59 ran up on a rock the guide had just finished tapping with his paddle -- and not to be outdone the staff got hung up quite effectively trying to pick his own course over an inch of water. We pulled up to the head of Upper Eskakwa Falls at 4:30 and carried across the local highway to make camp at the foot. As dinner was nearing completion the Bear raced back with the biggest trout thus far. The guide quickly managed a boneless fillet! And trout was added to the menu. That set off a flurry of fishing activity with Bill, Stoney, Gary, and Bear all wading in knee deep water to little avail, for only a couple Dry Lake size trout were on hand for breakfast, though Bear caught and released others of the same size. Meanwhile the guide worked on his moose horn and Ben wrote a birch bark letter to leave posted for the Temagami section behind us. An expedition to inspect the falls and take pictures also looked over the indian sled, traps, and snow shoes left carefully hung on trees at the start of the carry -- one trap still retained an old claw! With a warmer evening than recently the mosquitoes were out in full force. No trout, but small ones except for the Bear's. Maybe a dozen small ones caught -- most released. Too small by Albany standards.

Tuesday, July 20 -- The night was uncommonly warm -- that is it was nice sleeping weather. With a long traveling day planned, the staff lingered in the sack intentionally until 7:00 when the sun shone into his tent door. The two little trout kept last night were fried up for breakfast to counteract the Red River the staff produced. No one bothered to keep track of our departure time -- and it was spread over a considerable period of time. Ben left his birch bark scroll for the Temagami section theoretically behind us. The guide loaded up, had words with Gary about the proper way to miss the stones -- they hit a few anyway -- and headed down the shallow horse races expecting the others to be pretty close behind them. 59 loaded next, backed up to the take off ramp, the Bear boarded and headed up to the bow, and pointed the canoe correctly. Beaver looked down river at the run, put one foot aboard, shoved off, went to sit down, and the canoe pitched over drunkenly into the water. Packs, wannigans, tent, and baby floated in the 3/4 full canoe. So the soggy crew -- really not much wetter than when they started, for they had waded in the water

loading the canoe anyway -- unloaded, dumped the canoe, and loaded up again. The impolite spectators could not help themselves and laughed through the whole affair. Meanwhile the guide had disappeared long ago. The others loaded and shoved off in more normal fashion. Then followed two miles of rock dodging as the throw of the river went first one way and then another. There would have been a bright sun shining in our eyes had not clouds appeared providently so that we could pick the course. Eskakwa Falls appeared soon, and the loads were portaged across, since the staff dictated that if we stayed the cookery belonged at the far side, though the tent sites would be in the middle of the 40 yard carry. Where we camped depended on the fishermen. Bill and Beaver waded out from the top of the portage into waist deep water with Beaver collecting a pair of nice trout. Bear worked up the river from the lower falls taking a 3½ pounder on the way up. Bill had earlier discovered walleye off the campsite, but the staff tried too, caught Canada, and decided to work the far side of the river. Gary made the trip across with him. The others sat and waited to see what the fishermen decided. Finally -- the issue still in doubt -- the guide cooked the spaghetti lunch. The staff started back. Taking one more cast he hooked, and ten minutes later, landed a five pound trout. That sealed the issue; we stayed! The next hour was spent in photographing the trout in various poses. And when the sun came out, it had to be done all over again. The afternoon started quietly as tents went up and people slowly unrolled -- a two mile day! A few people went back to fishing without any luck. Soon a group started bathing, and then the water rats went exploring the falls finding a pot hole half way up into which Ben fit nicely. Then back to the foot to try swimming in the current as the sun disappeared. The guide rose from his nap to pitch up a bannock and then start baking ten pound of trout. The two big ones filled the reflector pas, so the little ones were baked in foil. Bear went back across to the far side with his fly rod and promptly landed a three pounder in the same spot as the staff's fish. He brought in another smaller one -- still over a pound -- from a foaming patch of white water. Two others were hooked and lost. But the two kept stayed on the stringer for breakfast. Others joined him, but no one else took trout -- just walleye and pike. Even the guide's luck failed. After dinner more fishing, but at a slower pace and with no results. But anyway the six caught provided about 14 pounds of fish. A pretty good haul. Maybe as Bill noticed our best trout days came after 59 has tipped over. Since neither seems to mind getting wet considering the fact that they are carrying only a little food now, maybe its a small price to pay.

Wednesday, July 21 -- By all rights it should have rained during the night, but the weather looked just the same at 6:30 as it had when we went to bed -- overcast with high clouds and little or no wind. So the staff decided to gamble and get up to cook breakfast. Bear's large trout had more company than when night fell. Beaver had added a third fish to the pool -- six pounds of trout for breakfast. A few light drops of rain fell, but nothing lasted, and we rolled and pulled out to Snake Falls, hoping again that the old Wabun report would hold true and we could run the chute. The water must have been really low to make any one feel he could put a canoe through her without filling. So carry we did. As the rain started there was some discussion about holding up for a while to fish, but no one seemed really interested, so we donned rain gear and took to

the water. A couple hundred yards out, the guide remembered his map, and while the rain came down harder and the rest poked along, he and Gary paddled back to the landing to recover it. Bailing stops were as frequent or more so than smoke breaks as the rain poured down and a slight south wind drove at our backs until the turn to Howells Lake. A short pause was made to inspect a pack sack the guide spotted on the river bank, but even an indian grave yard excited no interest. Beaver and Stoney discussed how much steak they could eat in Moosonee. The guide tried to get Gary to whistle to keep the rain up, but his ahistler was wet as were all those without excellent rain gear. Finally out on the southern shore of Miminiska the low lands were passed and the guide pulled in at a rocky point which sported a grove of poplar -- and a campsite. The staff had already proposed that we halt for the day at the lunch stop. Fly pitched, tents up, and lunch cooking, the rain started to slacken to a drizzle, and while it was no weather in which to move farther, the few who did not nap could at least move around the limited campsite in relative ease. Dinner came and went in relative comfort. Biff started a pike aquarium during the long afternoon. We found some more short stove length wood on the campsite and a relatively recent letter to some guy named Peter Ickes from Winnetka, Illinois, who seems to have been on a canoe trip which at least passed Osnaburg House -- Owaconze Canoe Trip -- it said. They can't be too far ahead of us. Their wood they left both at Upper Eskakwa and here was bone dry. One of the snakes on our little estate was dispatched and a gull hunting expedition set out to a nearby island led by Beaver and Bear and followed after dishes were done by Stoney, Art, and Ben. The latter three returned with two sandpipers -- twins -- Bo and Peep -- owned now by Art and Ben (not house broken either) and a baby gull -- Stoney's property -- Freebe -- a little bigger and maybe able to fly. Beaver and Bear left the birds to grow up and caught a few pike and one small walleye before coming in themselves.

Thursday, July 22 -- At 6:30 the captive birds were up and about, but no one else was. The view in every direction, but down, was gray, and no land could be seen in any direction on the lake. Not a breath of air stirred, and the only sounds -- other than the birds and their captors -- came from the steady drip of water off the trees still wet from yesterday's rain. So the staff went back to bed. The guide investigated at 7:00 and found the same conditions, and it was 8:45 before the staff finally rolled out in the gray morning to cook breakfast with little idea of what the weather would do. A very faint breeze blew from the west by now, and as the pots started to boil, he finally decided we would be able to get off sometime and called for the gang to roll -- most of whom were already up inspecting the birds and the havoc they had wrecked in Ben and Art's tent. All three were quite lively -- the night had been pretty warm. Bo and Peep were returned to their island before breakfast -- the owners had had enough. Freebe stayed around for a morsel of Vita-B, but then Stoney let it (he or she, no one knew) go swimming off. Gradually the sun broke through and the fog started to burn off, promising a scorcher of a day. At 10:45 we pulled off from the campsite -- we had lost 20 minutes as a result of the Bear's radio time check of last night. Almost immediately shirts and other extra clothing started to come off. A few yards out from the site an aluminum kicker came by with a couple sports who swung close enough to take our pictures and then sped off to the west.

Three smoke breaks later on the classy lake we pulled down to the falls. The indian encampment passed on the way looked pretty deserted. The little rapid at the head was run, and after several unsuccessful attempts at locating the portage, we carried the falls. 27 and 59 carrying three times the required 40 yards, 74 and 57 twice, and 77, alone, slipping down to the edge of the falls to carry the real distance. Bear and Beaver tried fishing the falls, getting loads of walleye for their troubles, but no trout. The rest all went swimming at the foot of the falls while lunch was cooked somewhere around 2:00 -- or so. During lunch a plane went over as though headed for Fort Hope. Maybe our supplies coming in? Back on the water the rapids down to Petawanga were run lending a little excitement to the day -- but no memorable events. By now shirts and pants were being put back on to protect unaccustomed bodies from the sun. The guide pulled out, headed up the lake, like there was a fire somewhere, and the staff for one started to lag behind. At the narrows the west wind was deemed strong enough for a sail, and in about four hours maybe five miles were covered. Fishing lures were trolled behind, though the guide proved to be the only fisherman -- one torpedo. Some of the crew went swimming. The great white whale -- slightly pink from the sun, sporting a lovely pink spot on his back where his T shirt was ripped -- dove off the stern of 59 a couple times to the consternation of those who did not want to get wet. The guide slept a while. Chad read a little, and Ben and then Stoney enjoyed a good magazine picked up at the last portage. Ben rationed out dates to the crew about 7:30, and a half hour later the sail had to be lowered a mile short of the head of the lake. A quick duck chase followed while the guide and staff pulled up sooner than expected at an old indian site -- not so old at that judging by the condition of the poles, the net drying rack on the beach, and the plastic covered pile of equipment -- including sleeping bags and a motor -- so we figured some of the residents at least had not been indians. Dishes were walloped almost in the dark and the pot wallopers complained about the residue in the apple sauce pot, but all got cleaned up. Bear brought out his radio for the latest music from WBZ while the guide complained about music by the "Beagles". But the mosquitoes put a quick end to the pleasant campfire activity. Here we were just a mile short of being back on schedule after yesterday's rain -- without really intending to be this far along.

Friday, July 23 -- Last night there had been some agitation for a few extra minutes sleep in the morning, though as the staff snuffed his candle after twelve, there were still lights glowing in at least three of the tents -- so maybe the section was not as tired as they claimed at bed time. But then Ben arrived for breakfast, dipped the ladle into the coffee, and asked, "Hey, what's this? Prune juice?" The staff was insulted! Anyway we hit the water just before 9:00 and reentered the river almost immediately. With the sun in his eyes the guide missed the run on the same ledge where Welles and Goldsmith met disaster two years ago and almost filled his canoe, keeping just enough of the gunwale above water that nothing floated out of the canoe and the dishpan could be used for bailing. Stoney bumped successfully over the ledge and then went to the guide's assistance, and they towed the canoe to shore to be dumped and reload d while Art kept 74 safe. 59 caught a rock before the ledge and averted disaster while 57 and 77 were far enough back not to get into trouble. The staff plotted a course farther to the center for

59, and they made the run by the skin of their teeth -- as Beaver said later, by leaning to the side so the canoe rode up over the rocks to the right. 77 and 57 followed in a more sane fashion with no trouble. The staff proceeded to look over the left side of the river for the run on the next pitch and found a couple possible courses, but when the guide arrived, he decided the right hand side which he had already looked over was better -- much to the staff's relief because his runs had hazards in them for sure. The guide made his run with three canoes behind him while the staff photographed from the far shore. And while 77 came over to make the run, the next little course was plotted. An island lay in front. The left side was much too rough to tackle, so there was nothing to do but run the smaller water to the right, as the '63 trip had done. The staff feared that low water would make it impossible, but with the guide walking the right and the staff the left, they plotted the course. The staff stayed at the foot as a picket while the guide went back up to bring the others through. At the foot the right side was choked with rock, but ignoring the staff's signals, the guide shot his canoe between the stones successfully. Bear followed right behind without much trouble. Stoney ran a little more toward the center, got hung up on a shallows for a minute, hopped out and back in, and just got through another opening. 57 pulled toward the center to avoid 74, hesitated a moment, and could not make it all the way around the last stone. As the canoe hit, the left gunwale tipped, and the crew tried to abandon ship. In less time than it takes to tell, with one great crack the canoe buckled around the rock. Packs, wannigans, and gear floated free. Chad tumbled out of the bow and down the rapid following the gear. Bill was trapped momentarily in the canoe, but then he too swam free, though both he and the staff watching helplessly from shore had a moment of worry. Gear and people were fished out down below by the three canoes already through. Nothing lost but an axe. The canoe was completely bent around the rock in sad shape. Still containing Chad's camera bag, Bill's rod and reel, tump, and spare paddle. Ben had waited patiently at the top all this time tending 77, so the staff went back up and ran his canoe through to the foot. Then canoe rescue operations started. Efforts to cross the stream to reach it failed until Chad came down slowly from up river, and Bear, using a pole to support himself in the current, made the trip to the canoe. With the eddy behind the rock providing shelter from the current, they hoisted the canoe over the rock, hoping it would float free, but the canvas had been ripped from her and still hugged the rock, and though the broken canoe floated free, the canvas still held her trapped. Bear started to cut the canvas on the guide's instructions until the staff finally worked his way out in the current, and the three of them managed to free the whole rig, which then floated free to the foot. And the three rode the rapid to the foot themselves. The gear in the canoe was salvaged, but the two parts of the craft were held together only by Bill's tump line, and there was no possibility of salvage. So the K's and numbers were cut off and the rest of the canoe dumped back in the bush. Maybe some passing indian can find some useable parts. The cameras in the bag were wet, but at least rescued. Beaver's had been in with Chad's at the time. The guide and staff took the loads that were in the canoe while Bill mojoed with 74 and Chad in 59. But before the mojos could board there was another pitch to run. The staff ran first and the watchers claimed Ben looked like he was on a roller coaster

ride, though in the canoe at the time it did not seem that bad. The other three followed with no ill effects. With the mojos aboard the rest of the little rapids to Kawitos Lake were run, and we turned northeast toward the outlet. There was some talk of stopping for lunch, but the campground was only four miles away, so we pulled along to pitch camp and dry out the survivors and their gear. A few little swifts followed at the start to the portage where camp was to be made anyway. The guide had trouble getting his soggy canoe up, and then Bear did a similar job trying to flip 59. The other two got up on first tries each. Lunch was whipped up after 2:00 as the final damages were assessed. Bill's pack was pretty dry. Chad's was soaked through and everything needed drying. The guide's pack was a little wet from his earlier swamping. The lunch bannock was damp on one edge, and a box of macaroni had had it. The cameras were still pretty damp. The afternoon was spent in drying out successfully and most people found a spot for bathing in the rapids. The staff tried fishing unsuccessfully -- cheered on by Chad's sighting of a 4" trout while he bathed. For dinner the guide concocted a molasses-chocolate cake which Gary topped with a maple icing for the high spot of the meal. After dinner the Bear and the staff tried fishing unsuccessfully until the arrival of a thunder shower halted all activity and filled the tents. The shower soon ended, however, though no one was still to be seen abroad in the night. It was lucky our loses were only the one canoe; it could have been worse. At least no one was the worse for wear. Bill complained of a bumped side and a charlie horse, but otherwise every one was ok.

Saturday, July 24 -- The morning started almost as usual -- gray. The only exception was the fact that the guide was up in time to cook the bacon. Departure from the site came in stages because of the shallowness of the water, but all got past the stones without trouble. Then a quarter mile down the lake, Beaver remembered his axe -- left conveniently back right by his tent site -- and even then after Chad had carefully reminded him to pick it up. But then Beaver was a little sleepy this morning having preferred catching a few extra winks to appearing in time for breakfast. So back to the foot of the island 59 went since we could ill afford to lose another axe; being down to three as it was. The other three canoes poked along in the cool gray morning with the wind blowing sometimes from the north and sometimes from the west. Chad plowed back to the tent site through the bush to recover the axe, but by the time the flash of paddles could be seen, the other canoes were a good four miles ahead disappearing into Triangular Lake. The guide picked up speed, allowing little room to catch up as we moved up the Eabamet River through the shallow reed growth. Not even a fishing indian was to be seen. The clouds skidded past sometimes looking like rain makers, but occasionally allowing a patch of robin's egg blue sky to show through. We tried paddling up the west side of the island in "reversible rapid", but 27 came a stroke short of making it to the top, so we swung to the east side and climbed the one on that side successfully. Beaver and Bear finally hove into sight, let Chad out on shore, and shot up the inverted V with less time expended than with any other canoe. The guide finally had a long enough smoke break at the head of the river for all four canoes to be together again. An indian canoe came by with man and wife in the freighter -- some one thought the object in the bow was a dog until they got close enough to see the wife way forward in the canoe. In

front of us white caps were rolling on the lake, and once around the point the wind hit in full force. The pull to the campsite was made very slowly, and there were spots where it seemed that no progress was being made at all, but finally we pulled the three miles down to the site and willingly piled out of the canoes with aching muscles. The staff immediately declared that the mail could wait for more auspicious weather, for the Post was another mile and a half to the west. Lunch was cooked, tents erected, and occupied for an afternoon nap while the staff and Gary were the only ones stirring gathering wood. Finally about 4:30 the staff decided to give the Post a try, roused his bowboy, and took off with Art mojoing for ballast. Beaver, Bear, Chad, and Gary followed in 59. The Post manager, Dave Collie, proved to be a very pleasant individual, happy with his station, and comfortably at home with his wife, Jean, and small child -- Michael -- age almost one. He was headed out for his holiday in another week and another chap had come in to relieve him for the month's vacation he would get every two years. Two indian clerks were helping with the store operation since there was no clerk at the Post. Our supplies were very carefully put up in a storeroom beside the store, and the staff pawed through the group of boxes and pulled out the ones Roy had packed with goodies -- plus the mail -- and almost all the boxes in which our clothes were packed. Then over to the store to make a few vital purchases. Prospects did not look good for getting hold of a canoe -- the indians all have freighters and as far as we could learn there were almost no "paddling" canoes on the reservation at all. Dave showed off birch bark baskets made by the local indians and seemed to have a fair amount of moose work around that he had purchased locally. The store was pretty well stocked it seemed, and the group was pleasantly surprised with the available merchandise. There was even some film available, though not all the sizes and kinds desired. But no rain suits for Bear and Art, and no waterproofing for the tent Bear and Gary have been using. Back to the campground where the guide had gotten up and cooked dinner. Just as the canoes returned a couple indians came in with their freighter. The talkative one proved to be the indian met down on Miminiska by the '63 section who had ferried a group up to the lodge with his freighter. He remembered the canoes and wanted to know if that "one-eyed old man" was still around. We sent him off with the news that we needed a canoe also. Dinner interrupted his visit, for the guide expected rain soon. Stoney especially could not wait for his mail, and the staff was accused of being worse than a father with the children on Christmas, so after a rapid bannock cutting -- which had used the last of the flour, Roy's treasures were opened. The most welcome surprise was the extra bumwad included! It found ready takers immediately. The edible goodies were put away to be divided later. We almost had Roy's four legged mascot as a weasle paraded through the campsite, but he got away in the grass despite attempts at encirclement. Bear and Beaver had just gotten out their rods to fish walleye off the point when another indian appeared with his wife, two daughters, and young child still on a cradle board. He chatted about nothing for a while understanding most of our questions until Bear tried to find out what an "average" take of pelts was in a winter and Ben wanted to know "where had he been heading when he passed by, if he was passing by". His bucket had only a couple red-finned suckers from his nets. Bear and Beaver showed off by catching a couple little walleye, and the indian finally headed off for home. Almost immediately a few rain drops sent every one scurrying for the tents.

Sunday, July 25 -- Enough rain fell last night to dampen the ground, tents, and fly, but the sun was up hot and strong. But then so was the wind. No flour for pancakes since the last of the ration had been used in last night's bannock. A normal breakfast menu as a result -- though members of the section arrived at intervals as usual on a rest day. Stoney, Bear, and Beaver took off in 74 just before 10:30 to meet the plane expected at the Post around eleven. Film orders, rain suits, and outgoing mail were among the necessary communications that needed to be relayed. The wind was already strong -- still out of the west or northwest -- and getting stronger as white caps began to appear as they set sail. At home 27, 77, and 59 were repatched where necessary and shellaced. The fly was raised as a wind break for partial protection for the fire, and eventually some of the bags got washed. The guide set about adding more root to his moose horn, now nearing completion. Out on the high seas the voyagers delivered all their messages to Dave and swung across to see free trader John Yesno. They returned with vivid reports of his "wonderful" store, the various peering indian faces, and the not-so-shy children. John had an aluminum canoe he was willing to sacrifice for \$70, but the trio who inspected it felt that \$10-\$15 was more like the true value of the boat. Lunch was cooked over a wind blown fire and served just as the first shower of an afternoon of light, short showers started, driving every one back to his tent for most of the time. The wind kept howling, and the surf rolled so there was little else that could be done through the afternoon. We had a brief visit from a pair of indians who had run out of gas and were paddling their freighter back home. They were having trouble with the wind -- who wouldn't. Some of our crew earlier had voiced the opinion that it was good sailing weather, though the guide and staff were sure it was good weather for being wind-bound no matter in which direction you wanted to move. Eventually the rain storms stopped and the wind lessened, and it was relatively safe to start cooking about 7:30. Supplies were short since nothing had yet been drawn from the Post. No bannock -- Roy's fig newtons substituted as his fig bars had done for lunch. No vegetable either, but we fried up a liberal order of chips instead. One indian visited, eventually producing some bead work badges he was trying to sell -- no soap. Then a pair appeared, looked over our canoes as though they were trying to buy them -- instead of our wanting to buy one from them, and eventually produced a pair of small slippers which Beaver snatched up for two dollars in a pretty good deal. Beaver, Gary, and the staff paddled down to the Post in the slight breeze, and though no one but the dog seemed to be awake, came off with some of our supplies -- mainly the flour so we could have pancakes for breakfast tomorrow. A change from cereal was in order. Night had pretty well fallen by their return, and a few brave souls stood gabbing at the fire listening to Bear's radio as the rest turned in for another chilly night.

Monday, July 26 -- The northwest wind was on the rise again early in the morning, so the staff shoved off in his canoe alone for the Post to pick up the rest of the supplies before the sea would be running so high he could not get off the site. Returning several hours later -- or more -- he found the guide the only one up even yet -- still in time to mix the pancake batter before any one else appeared. While breakfast was still in progress the unpacking of the less exciting boxes went on until everything was laid out on the rocks. The bagging operation started, but was interrupted by

the discovery that a fair number of the needed bags were still wet and had to be returned to their line. About to turn to wannigan packing instead, all was drawn to a quick halt by a sudden rain shower, and all the damageable goods were rushed under the fly just in time. Retreating to the tents for a while, we were released fairly soon, but since the cans were wet, and all the bags were wetter, we put off further packing until later. Lunch was cooked instead, and then the staff, Ben, and Beaver went canoe hunting in response to an earlier visit during the morning from two indians. One -- the older -- was acting as interpreter for the other -- slightly younger, who allowed as how he had a canoe for sale. The staff could not get any indication of price at the time, and the older indian indicated that the staff should come see the canoe -- "after". After the pair made a trip to the Hudson Bay Post and returned. Just how long after was impossible to tell. The canoe search resulted in paddling the shore of the Anglican side of the settlement for a half mile or so until the elder indian was encountered on the shore and directions obtained to the canoe -- four houses farther west. The canoe proved to be a 16 foot Peterborough -- as advertised -- in pretty good shape so far as ribs and sheeting were concerned. Originally painted green, it had been painted innumerable other times ending with a heavy coat of black tar on the bottom. How good the canvas was was hard to predict, though no visible leaks could be found. The bow seat was missing, but otherwise the staff was definitely interested. When asked how much, the indian pulled out his little notebook with \$65 written on it. The staff allowed as how that was too dear. The indian reconsidered and wrote \$45. The staff hesitated and then -- after debating with himself about how low he could get the price -- wrote \$35, really expecting to split the difference, but the indian allowed as how that was ok with him, and we had a canoe. The staff started to paddle back alone since Beaver and Ben wanted to look around. A passing indian gave him a tow back to camp in the midst of another rain storm. Meanwhile Beaver and Ben toured the shore eventually buying a couple beaver pelts at \$4 each. The group back at the campsite decided to take off for the Post, and in a canoe loaded five strong, they headed off. A more violent storm hit as they started back, and all but Stoney who had wisely remained at home, were caught in the storm. Bill piloted the canoe close to shore and managed to ride the waves in safety -- though a little wet. Ben and Beaver returned in tow of a friendly native -- also soaked. The guide started fashioning a seat for Chad in the canoe starting with dry spruce and a piece of orange crate. The staff started dinner and also the final outfitting. The packing was interrupted by another shower, so dinner was served. After the shower and meal the final packing was finally accomplished. Beaver's indian friend arrived with two girl friends to sell Bear a fisher pelt. Boxes of goods to return to camp were done up, and the staff begged for a bowman to accompany him down to the Post, and Gary finally volunteered. The other seven took off in search of a dog and to test the new canoe. The dogs that were located were rejected, but the indians were amused by Bear's attempt to climb the gunwales, dumping Stoney and canoe over in two feet of water. Beaver complained of a wet seat in the new canoe as leaks in the middle and stern appeared. Back toward the campsite after dark where the guide's bonfire of burning boxes had long gone out the staff canoe intercepted the other two off course by a couple hundred yards, but all pulled in successfully -- the guide having long ago retreated to

the tent to listen to the weather reports on Bear's radio. Another dumping act at the landing put Stoney in the water again. Twice in one evening. And so eventually to bed around midnight. Bear boasted a \$3 beaver for his trip, but otherwise no purchases.

Tuesday, July 27 -- Stuck for another day. It poured during the early morning, and the wind blew violently from the northwest again -- or rather still. Though today there were no nice periods of warm sunshine to dry anything out. Nishe's Winnipeg radio weather report was not too far wrong in predicting temperatures of 40° for the Bay area. The staff finally crawled out at 10:30 to mix pancake batter after one quick look at the gray-black sky. Most of the section had appeared by noon, but rain squalls continued through the day keeping activity confined to the tents and fire area. A little reading and a lot of sleeping. Before lunch Ben and the guide located dry wood and afterwards it was drawn back and cut and split by Bear and Art. The staff pattered around the fire with the cookery and by 8:30 dinner was done and the dishes washed, back to the tents as the storm continued. Few Indians have even moved during the day as only the odd freighter plowed up or down the far side. A day not really fit for man nor beast. The only creature that seemed to enjoy it was a large gull who soared over head during the afternoon making progress into the wind by gliding without wing movement at all.

Wednesday, July 28 -- Lady Luck seemed to have left us for good. More rain toward morning, and when the staff would normally have gotten up, rain was beating against the tent, and the wind was howling again. So despite a good ten hours of sleep, there was nothing to do but roll over and stay put. A brief look at the sun occurred about 8:00, but it was so brief as not to be worth mentioning except that it cast a ray of hope. At 9:30 the rain seemed to have stopped, and the clouds started to rise, though the wind kept up pretty strong. But breakfast had to be cooked one of these days. Pancakes again, more to keep every one amused for a while than anything else. Ben picked this morning to take a bath and reported on the coolness of the water, but no one copied him. In fact Bill was the only other soul brave enough to bath the whole time at Fort Hope. Then planes started coming into Fort Hope at a rapid rate -- for a while it looked like Kennedy Airport. Well not quite that busy -- more like Friendship. The Post, John Yesno, and Indian cabins all seemed to have their visitors. But at least we had some assurance that the weather was improving, so we started to roll. Lunch was served so soon after breakfast we even bushed a little macaroni and had a couple pieces of bannock left over. Finally back on the water after our new 57 got a few patches, the experience of paddling seemed novel to say the least. Carp and Chad plowed along in their tug boat beside our ocean liners, but they kept up, though Bill allowed as how the canoe was harder to paddle than the old 57. With a tail wind down the lake we made good time, soon shedding heavy jackets as the exercise warmed us up. Back down "Reversible Rapid" -- this time trying the other side of the island for our complete Cook's tour. Spotting a silver canoe ahead, we thought at first it might be Andy and his Temagami section, but as we drew closer we discovered a man and his wife team. They had started at Sioux Lookout and were now worried about whether we bought out the Post. We assured them they were safe. They had read Ben's note for Temagami left at Upper Eskakwa four

days after we went by. An indian freighter passed, headed for the Post as we made the turn on Triangular Lake, and after the narrows we figured we could rig a sail. An elaborate single mast was erected, and we tacked all of a quarter mile before finally concluding we could not travel east-south-east on a north wind and the whole rig had to come down and the paddles taken again. The sun poked through a little as we pulled the rest of the way to Frenchman's Rapids or Frenchie's Rapids to be more familiar -- getting in at 7:10 -- almost an hour before either the guide or staff expected to arrive. The mosquitoes were already on hand in full force as dinner was whipped up. 59 and 74 went across the carry before the meal and reported some pretty ripe moose legs on the other side. Maybe the indians we had seen heading in toward the Post owned the rest of the animal. The staff, Gary, and the Bear went fishing, but landed only small walleye and pike for their troubles; so nothing was kept for breakfast. And so the site quieted down early. At least we were on the road again.

Thursday, July 29 -- Those whose sleeping bags were not certified below zero really suffered during the night and toward morning. Fortunately the early morning sun hit the campground, or we would never have gotten up. Gary was there to light the fire even before the staff appeared. But his well intentioned assistance only brought growls from the sleepy, frozen staff. So he went back to roll. By the time Beaver finally appeared for breakfast the sun was well up, and the day getting quite warm. We were off on our first -- or last as the case might be -- loads across the muskeg portage well before nine, and the canoes were all loaded down by the remains of the moose legs shortly afterwards. The guide and every one else looked over the last part of Frenchman's and picked the run way out in the center. The "new" 57 portaged over the rocks to slip down the shore, but the others headed upstream to hit the run. The guide rode the swells nicely as Ben and the staff photographed. Then 74 slid to the right of the guide's track and bounced even more, while 59 following took the full course of the swells, bouncing and plowing through everything. 74 was dumped at the foot; 59 should have been. 77 took the dry route out farther in the river and ran behind without incident -- but there was no one photographing, so there was no reason for show. The rest of the rapids of the morning were anticlimactic; those down to Abazotikichuan Lake nothing but horse races and shallows. About 11:00 we passed the island where the '63 section had fought a fire -- and the staff was pleased to see that the fight had been successful, for there had been some grave doubt at the time as to whether the efforts to extinguish the underground blaze had succeeded. Entering the lake Beaver and Bear paused to inspect an indian net that contained a couple walleye, a pike, and a whitefish. Then a couple fair rapids livened the paddle, and though a few drops of water were shipped, nothing serious occurred. The tug boat plowed through in fine shape. Lunch was cooked a few minutes early because the rocky shore in the pool below could never be equalled later on the river. Swimming and bathing too top priority -- closely followed by snake hunting and extermination. The rest of the river flowed lazily by with a few rippled to keep up interest. The even warmer sun of the afternoon and the lack of very much breeze made the paddle tiring, however. An encampment was passed manned by a lone individual who was pretty secretive about his business. The most noticeable item on his site was a large

triangular platform on three peeled poles which were each equipped with a tin collar to keep animals from climbing to the platform. Various expressions of amasement or disgust greeted the appearance of the long stretch of Makokibatan as the far end of the lake could just be seen on the horizon. The guide pulled out as though his outboard were really going, leaving 57 and 77 in his dust. After halting and chewing out 57 for lagging behind he charged on leaving 77 to bring up the rear alone. About four miles farther on Beaver and Bear were dispatched to cut poles for sailing, but by the time they paddled back to the point where the '63 section had camped, cut the poles, and returned, the canoes had all drifted another mile, the staff had talked the guide into camping, and the wind had died. With the issue still undecided the guide's canoe drifted off from the others, and while 59 pressed to use their poles, 27 had full control since they had the fly. The other four waited for the guide to join them, but Nishe's only comment was, "Let them come". So we took up paddles again and pulled for the next sand point which looked like a good site. Only it wasn't. It sported a muskeg swamp in the middle and an ancient large metal boat, but no tent sites. Then the game of find the campsite really started, eventually leading us past the Baxter island cabin and an indian encampment behind all the way to an inferior rocky shore just two miles short of the head of the lake; somewhere close to eight o'clock. Somehow the tents were squeezed into a postage stamp area far in the dense bush, and somehow dinner was cooked on the rocky point -- ham at Chad's request. Bill and Stoney did most of the cooking as staff and guide puttered. Stoney laid out a professional kind of line up of the various eating utensils and he and the staff both agreed that some one would ask "Where is ----?", but Ben let them down and found everything himself. Dishes and pots were done just beating darkness and the major hoard of mosquitoes -- both of which made it impossible to stay outdoors. As the candles flickered out the west wind continued to pick up strongly -- if only it had arrived some eight hours earlier!

Friday, July 30 -- In honor of yesterday's extended paddle the staff slept in an extra two hours, not rousing the section until just after nine, so it was 10:15 before we were on the water. The strong west wind continued blowing through the night, but by the time we were loaded up it had deminished considerably. A pair of indians appeared in their freighter as we departed to tend their met on the far shore, but we were too far away to see if they caught anything. Entering the river again there were a few swifts to be run, entertaining the crews, but nothing serious was encountered down to the proposed campsite at the head of a more difficult run. Obviously well used by sport fishermen, we decided to stay -- as had been the plan anyway. A really rough traveling day -- we were on the water less than an hour! Swim and bath time was declared almost immediately off the sand bar landing at the entrance to the site. The staff baked for lunch as the tents went up and the guide beat his way back into the bush for dry wood -- a huge spruce tree so large we could not even use half of it. Bear took to the stream and eventually returned with a two pound trout. The rest of the fishing rods were broken out after lunch, but Bill brought in the only other trout after wading back up the stream toward where we had come earlier. Bear portaged 59 across the trail and he and Stoney made the trip out to the island at the foot of the rapids where Bear

hooked a nice trout, but lost him as he got into the current and broke free by bending the hooks on the Mepps. Otherwise only walleye and whitefish. The staff tried after their return with the same results. A fair amount of laundry got done -- the guide even laundered a old felt hat so he could look the part of the guides of old -- but discarded the chapeau after he got a whiff of the fish smell when it dried out. The guide baked bread, leaving enough for trapper's bread in the evening. The two trout were added to the dinner menu, making quite a meal of the affair. The fishermen went back to work after dinner, but nothing was stirring except more wall-eye and whitefish. The mosquitoes arrived in force to force even the die hards into the tents. A warm sunny day almost all the time; the guide was not too optimistic about chances for continued good fortune tomorrow, however.

Saturday, July 31 -- The night was pleasantly chilly, but the sun shone right in on the campsite in the early morning -- perhaps more so for the staff over slept unintentionally and did not kindle the fire until almost 7:00. Despite the warmth of the day, the section seemed slow arriving for breakfast. Stoney, first as usual, but long before any one else. Still we were on the water ready for the first rapid by 8:50; so things were really no slower than usual. The staff ran first to take pictures, and then the others more or less followed -- each pretty much in his own run; some taking more water than others. Down river fortunately most of the early morning travel was in a northerly direction so the sun gleaming off the water was not too serious a threat. But at the next rapid, marked portage on the map, the swells in the center looked too strong, and the guide elected to let down on the left shore which was not only time consuming, but also quite wet for almost every one. But all unpleasant things come to an end, and we rode the rest of the horse races to Washi Lake. The '63 "Rainy" campsite was passed without either guide or staff wanting to repeat their experiences. The indian cabins on the north shore did not look very active, but at least there was a freighter pulled up on shore, though we paddled down the center of the lake helped a little by a rising west wind, and so had only a distant view. The guide muttered about stopping for lunch -- he had refused to eat his Cream of Wheat at breakfast again, but the staff wanted to get back on the river to try a little fishing maybe, so we kept on to the first rapid marked on the map -- which was supposed to be portaged. The left hand run of '63 was all stone, so the guide caught the first of two small islands out in the middle for lunch while the rapid could be looked over. The island proved to be a small, but excellent campsite, large enough for a section easily, and an ideal lunch spot. Beaver tried fishing a little with no success, but out off the landing the remains of trout and walleye fillets could be seen -- so there must have been fish. By the date on a stump, the previous occupants had been there on the 28th and 29th of July, so whoever they were, they are only two days ahead of us unfortunately. Hopefully they will keep traveling! The guide and staff looked over the run -- as did every one else and refused to commit themselves. The meal over, the guide ran to the top of the second island while the staff took the right shore and the others waited. Finally the guide called every one in to his island and the staff ran the left side, but the others caught the guide's eddy instead of keeping on as they were supposed to do. As a result the staff caught a rock below to photograph as the others came down the

run -- an unexpected dividend. Without further incident we pulled down to our first portage of the day; around a series of rock ledge falls. The new exercise was a welcome change. The trail was short and excellent, though the logs carefully placed across the trail by the indians for dragging their freighters across were more of stumbling blocks for us. The view at the foot was worth the trip. At each rapid now the river is splitting around a series of rocky islands; the shore is lined with stands of poplar -- and the warm blue sky just added to the scene. A couple miles farther on we carried a short 25 yards over an island after the guide and staff argued as to the portage location -- the staff won. A huge freighter blocked a little of the trail, but otherwise all was easy. A photographing break followed here and at the chute on the far side of the series with 57 and 59 getting left a little behind since they had gone way up to the head of the series and then waited for the sun to pop out from behind a cloud before snapping their shutters. They caught up shortly as the guide dropped Gary to inspect an indian campground and then a more permanent type campsite which is probably the Austin Airways "Grassy Lake" campsite. But the stove pipes were disconnected, so they are probably not in use much in the summer -- maybe spring and fall. A short distance on at the staff's instructions we found our home for a night around six o'clock. Dinner was served shortly since there were still a couple loaves of the guide's bread left to be eaten and no baking was needed. With tents up the fishermen went off through the many passageways, but returned disgusted and bug bitten to report no trout and only a few walleye. The many chutes and pools should have contained something! Stoney baked his promised fruit bannock for tomorrow. Gary brought in a good walleye for his breakfast, and the mosquitoes forced every one to bed. Earlier the guide had gotten up a two dollar bet that it would rain tonight -- he wanted five, but could not find enough takers. Maybe the threatening rain forced the fish down, for sure enough no sooner were the tents occupied and the crew settled down for the night than the wind rose and the rain started in at a steady pace. The guide lay awake figuring out how to spend his new wealth while the staff wrote, and the losers on the bet kept quiet.

Sunday, August 1 -- The rain kept up most of the night, never very heavy, but enough fell so that Bear complained of a wet sleeping bag as a result of his porous tent. Since all the canvas was wet, the sun could not break through to the campsite until late, and we were not going very far anyway, the staff stayed in bed intentionally until 7:45. As a result we did not get started off the campsite until 9:45. The sun was up bright and clear, and the north wind was blowing quite strongly making the air nippy, though pleasant. We took pictures of the falls for a while and then let down a little trickle on the far right shore to avoid lifting over or carrying the next pitch. A very short paddle farther down we portaged 25 yards of a little island after the guide and staff argued briefly about how it had been done two years ago -- the staff won -- and we did just what had been done two years before. The shallows into the carry had a nice rock in the middle on which much green paint was left as a suitable marker -- plus a couple more pieces of broken sheeting in the staff canoe. A halt was made to investigate the fishing possibilities, but no results were achieved -- not even a walleye. With a few pictures as our only momentos we moved ahead to the drop called Kagiame Falls by the map -- a name which we associate with

the larger falls below. Pictures again, and again no fish. The indian had left his rubber boots -- or maybe a fisherman had done so -- on the limbs of a tree, but otherwise there were no treasures to be found. Camp was made at the next falls about 12:30 in time for a leisurely lunch. Of course Bear went off fishing immediately and returned to report a pike and a 6" trout. Gary provided his own walleye lunch, but the rest ate spanish rice -- for some reason assumed to be a Chinese dish by the guide -- and varying opinions were passed on Stoney's fruit bannock. The fishermen went to work for a slow afternoon. A couple canoes went over the portage, and Bill, Stoney, and Beaver cleaned out a walleye hole off an island below the carry. Bear and Gary traveled to the far side of the river to try their luck after cruising the near side. Chad operated on his unworkable camera with screw driver, ending with a bag full of pieces according to his tentmate. The guide cooked dinner just as the staff reported landing a three pound trout and one better than two, but since the meal was already prepared, the fish were left for breakfast. The guide tried to bake a pot of beans, but what was first assumed to be sand turned out to be clay. At first not believing it could be done, Ben's help was enlisted in the futile effort. A brief flurry of fishing activity followed, but Stoney and Bill soon gave up. Beaver played at catching whitefish in the pool at the foot of the major drop -- some on the staff's fly rod using a dry fly that sank only an inch or two. The staff hooked, fought, and landed another three pound trout, only to lose him off his stringer after all was supposed to be secure. Bear and Gary went back across the river where Gary landed a small trout to match the one Bear brought back in the afternoon. Returning soaked to the knees they dried out by the fire -- heaping enough spruce on the coals so that a spark succeeded in jumping to the fly and burning a small hole in it before the guide put it out. The night promised to be a snappy one as we turned in, but that's what you expect in August. Now if only the clear weather will hold to Martin Falls. Hopefully the party that left Kagiame this morning -- as evidenced by the date they left written on the stump by the fireplace -- will pull out of Martin's tomorrow -- if we are lucky.

Monday, August 2 -- Maybe a thermometer never dropped below 32° during the night, but it would be hard to prove by those with thin sleeping bags. To top it off the trees shielded the campsite from the morning sun. And then when high enough to do some good, clouds made their appearance. Anyway all the trout any one wanted for breakfast. Ben, for one, did it full justice -- as fast as the guide could lift it out of the pan really. We were started across the portage between 8:30 and 8:45, and gradually the canoes got on the water. The staff led off and drifted all the way to the next rapid before the rest caught up. Cameras out ready to take pictures of a spectacular run, he was photographically disappointed when the guide surveyed the situation and declared that the left hand run of '63 could not be made! But he found an alternative to the right, not so scenic, but a lot safer. Soon afterwards we pulled in to the portage across the island in the middle of the 8' rapid. Part of the section was already across before we noticed a freighter climbing the rapids on the left, and soon two Baxters hove into view and swung into the top of the portage. Only then did we spot a sport and his son down at the foot fishing poles in hand ready to walk up to rejoin their guides. Another freighter appeared and

also climbed the rapid, but we never saw its cargo of fishermen -- one was supposed to be 87 years old. They were headed for Kagiama for the night to fish walleye, so one of the Baxters said. One was the same guide who had brought in a party to camp behind the '63 section at Martin Falls and remembered having met the guide before. He seemed to be pretty busy with parties from his base camp at Washi. He'd been guiding steadily since the 31st of May he said. His son was supposed to have another party down at Martin Falls -- but they were supposed to be headed for Ogoki for supplies today. Back on the water we passed a permanent fishing camp owned by some one from Geraldton and a couple indian encampments right behind. A 4th rapid had to be looked over and then shot with ease, and a couple miles of fast water horse races followed. The guide looked down Tom Flett Falls -- which is really a long steep rapid -- pulled over to the left shore (the portage is on the right), and we walked maybe twenty-five yards of it before he declared it safe to paddle, and we took off down the left shore -- all arrivin^g safely. A little more fast water and Martin Falls appeared -- a little later than the staff expected. A freighter was pulled up on shore and three tents were pitched on the site. Since the owners seemed to have left all their belongings in them, we assumed they would be back tonight -- unfortunately. So we elected to put the cookery on the rocks to the side of the run and pitch our tent city behind the sports. But only guide and staff and Art and Ben made the trip to the hill. Beaver and Chad pitched out on bald rock on the island in front and the other two pitched in the grass on the island. Woe be unto them should a wind or rain storm hit -- and there were Bear and Gary in a leaky tent! But before these arrangements were made, it was first necessary to run the canoes down to the fireplace and unload. The staff ran first to take pictures. The guide followed bouncing a little for the cameras. 57 ran perfectly. 74 did almost as well. Then 59 followed. If ever the staff takes a purely photographic trip trying to develop pictures of hair raising shoots on rapids, the crew of 59 can come any time. Right into the swells, and cross ways at that they went. How they got out with only a couple inches of water no one knows, but they made it to shore safely somehow. Bear, of course, went fishing as did Gary. Stoney rigged his rod and promptly landed a nice trout to spur on the others. But though the staff fished most of the afternoon, and Bear and Gary even tried the other side of the river that was the only trout of the day. Bear and Gary returned from their trip to a warmed over supper. Bath time followed dinner, and then back to the tents to resume the sleep interrupted by dinner and the swim. The fishermen worked after dinner with no results. An indian and three young lads arrived from above to take the freighter, turned over on shore, in tow back up river, but the party that owned the tents on the site failed to appear as we had expected they would. Maybe they had stayed in Ogoki for the night. Perhaps the threat of rain that looked likely during part of the afternoon kept them from traveling -- who knows, but we had the site to ourselves as the moon rose.

Tuesday, August 3 -- After another relatively cool night we got on the water shortly before nine after the guide and Bear breakfasted on trout because Stoney had no interest in cleaning, cooking, or eating his catch. The guide tried to sell Chad a piece of fish for five cigarettes or so -- getting the idea from Chad's purchase yesterday of a piece of bannock for a smoke. With the sun shining directly in our eyes we ran the last of the formidable rapids just

below. The staff took the last of his rapids pictures, and we were off on our final leg of the trip. Shallows, rocks, and good current entertained during the warm day as we paddled and drifted along impressed with our own progress. Nottik Island appeared and was passed about eleven o'clock. The 6' rapid amounted to very little except a few rocks, and none of the others were more than horse races and swift current. True a little tail wind helped a bit during the day so almost everything was in our favor. Lunch took an amazingly short time, and we were back drifting down the river. The Wabassi River entered on our left unnoticed by some during a smoke break. We passed left of the first large island that followed as our instructions read. About half way down on the left shore were two small freighters and seven people -- probably the party of five and their two guides who owned the gear left at Martin Falls. They packed up their lunch gear just after we passed and started up river again in a burst of noise from their kickers. We debated going right or left of the next island -- we were supposed to go right -- but decided to chance it and go left because it was a little shorter -- and the guide was in a contrary mood anyway. Though we cleared the shallows, it was only by a matter of inches, particularly on one ledge part way down. We now know the reason for the instructions. Drifting along taking another smoke, Stoney had a long argument with the guide on where we were on the map -- the guide had been one who had not noticed the arrival of the Wabassi River. Gary resented several references to his looking Chinese, but could only retort verbally. The guide announced he was stopping at four o'clock, and at just that time, depending on whose watch was being used, we arrived at the '63 island campsite and pulled in. An indian family was camped on the north shore of the river, but they were out of sight of our camp up on top of a steep clay-sand bank. Eventually we discovered our old fireplace 15 yards from some one else's that we elected to use. Gary pitched up a raisin cake topped with a chocolate icing while Stoney manufactured the corn bread for tomorrow. Otherwise the evening passed slowly. The indian motored out to check his nets before the sun went down to provide a little local excitement -- but not that much.

Wednesday, August 4 -- The staff planned to sleep in a little late this morning -- there was no need to hurry anywhere; Ogoki lay at most an hour and a half away. But at 6:30 when he awakened as usual there was some sort of noise out behind the tent. Thinking maybe a bear or some lesser animal was playing around with the canoes down on the shore, he crawled out of the sack to investigate. But it was only Gary, up since 6:00, unable to sleep later because of the warmth of the night and morning, with the fire all off and running and breakfast already on the way. So there was nothing to do but get up and lend a hand. As a result we were on the water at 8:25 by the staff's watch -- then reset to Bear's correct radio time to 8:40 -- still earlier than we had even made it before. Still our indian neighbor beat us by a good bit, for he was out tending his nets while we were still in the process of rolling. He even used his paddle a little in the process -- maybe conscious of the price of gas up here. The current in the river ran about as yesterday, and the rocky bars and shallows still existed as we moved down river under a very warm sun. In a little better than an hour we pulled into sight of the Anglican Indian Grave Yard at the tip of the settlement -- a couple new houses (they are working on a schedule of

two a year now) and then the Ogoki Catholic Church. The guide pulled to shore to go up and take a look at the finished product. When last seen in '63 the interior was just being finished -- now all done, it is a thing of beauty to behold up here in the bush. Panel ed inside, complete with electric light, all it lacks are finished pews. After a brief look around we headed across river to the Bay Post to be greeted by Pete Lemke, post clerk, filling in alone now that manager Joe Carney was out on holidays -- though he left his German shepard, Mac, to keep Pete company. We tried buying out the store and were partially successful, but eventually the bank rolls grew low, or our appetites were satisfied. Here we had been catching all the fish any one wanted on the way down the river, and the guide's major purchase was smoked herring! We were offered the use of the lot behind the Post for a campsite but declined and moved out to the little island south of the post and settlement where the '63 section camped. Maybe not so close to everything, but at least a little protected, less buggy, and more private -- if that was desired. The site had been little if at all used for two years we discovered, and even old tent poles were all around. After tent pitching and lunch a sizeable group paddled over to the indian side of the river with the primary interest of allowing Ben to buy a puppy. But it turned out that only a few indian families were in residence and none had puppies. A couple houses were smoking fish and meat -- neither of which did most of the section think looked particularly attractive. Most of the people in evidence seemed pretty elderly, but maybe the kids were hiding. Apparently while the trapping had been good last winter, fur prices were poor, and most of the indians were off fishing up or down the river -- it must be down, for we had passed only one family up river. Indian Affairs was sponsoring a road building project -- a mile or so of road behind the line of houses along the river so it would be easy to travel up or down in the winter. Apparently the river-side trail was too muddy and narrow for the skidoos in the winter. Anyway there was \$1500 of government money being spent on the project. The mission had added a formal grave yard since our last visit and a Brother from a Texas seminary -- who hailed from around Cleveland -- was busy painting the fence. According to the Father he spent his mornings studying German on his own and his afternoons painting. While the staff chatted with the Father about nothing in particular, one canoe headed for the Post, leaving Gary and Ben stranded until the staff finished. At the Post Chad and Bill joined the others. A couple rain suits were eventually purchased by Bill and Art and Pete sold out his stock of English sporting caps. They'll keep a few heads warm on the way down the river. Pete drew careful diagrams of his local trout hole for Bear. Then Pete broke out a couple shells so Bill could shoot a shotgun for the first time, and Stoney, Beaver, and Bear purchased shells at 22 cents each to have target practice with a high powered rifle with Coke cans for targets in front of the little hill by the Post. The indian who helped out at the Rectory arrived during the display to admire. Back at the campsite the guide had baked a bannock, cooked dinner, and prepared a pot of beans to be baked in the sand of the fireplace. Dinner was quickly over -- most of the section being already stuffed with candy and soda pop. Then back to the Post to read Pete's magazines and listen to his records while Gary played a game and part of a second of chess. Meanwhile the strong south wind that had been blowing all afternoon shifted, and a couple violent

down from the northwest. In darkness we shoved off much to Pete's disgust for the campground, running through the shallows in the dark. Pete claimed the river was fairly high. The Father said it was about normal but dropping every day, which the staff already suspected from his observations of the night before when the water seemed lower in the morning than it had at night. But by '63 standards it was way, way down. A canoe now fit easily under the Post dock that had been under water then, and planes could not land at the Post but had to come in at the Mission dock. As a side note our film ordered at Fort Hope to be flown in had not come, and Nakina did not seem interested in helping much. But maybe no one needs it now, so many cameras don't work. Soon after we got back to the campsite the storm hit with steady rain beating down to lull the group to sleep.

Thursday, August 5 -- The guide for some reason was up and fussing with the fire at 8:30 on the rest day. The rain had quit during the night some time, and while the morning was overcast, it was warmer than usual. Gary was the only other breakfast customer for a long time -- and Bill and Beaver never made it at all -- Beaver mostly because he had been awake till all hours reading "Gone With The Wind". Nishe's beans baked perfectly during the night and were warmed up for lunch at which time every one had rolled out of the sack. A plane came in to the Mission about eleven delivering the Bishop for his Ogoki inspection. A few clothes got washed plus a few people, but that was about all the constructive activity up until time to take off for the Post. Nishe and Gary stayed behind to bake bread, but every one else took off for the afternoon to make last minute purchases and mail letters. The staff took off to photograph on the other side with no company. Some more shots were heard from the Post side of the river during the afternoon. Stoney drilled out his shells from the day before -- plus some more .22 shells for his necklace. Chad bargained with Pete for a \$30 camera and a \$5 telephoto lens that fit Stoney's camera, but not his own new one! Art and Bear each collected a wolf skin from him too. Bear and Beaver remained with Pete to go grouse shooting as the others returned. As black clouds appeared from up river the guide finished his baking and prepared to pitch the fly, which was rigged just in time as the rain started with heavy winds. Suddenly noise from down on the beach made Gary sprint down to grab 27 as it rolled and tossed down the rocky shore. With Ben's help the canoe was wrestled up to a secure place on the shore where the wind could not get it again. The rain was soon over fortunately and dinner could be eaten in peace as the sun came out again. Nishe's raisin bread was a hit as usual, and then every one got ready to go back to the Post for the evening. Out on the shore Stoney looked up and down for 74, but found no trace of it. After first assuming maybe the staff was playing some sort of a joke, it was quickly concluded that the storm had carried it away unnoticed. Nishe took the canoe-less crew aboard and headed downstream to look for the craft. The staff sat it out on the site giving not a plug nickle for the chances of catching the canoe, but as luck would have it 74, half submerged, was trapped near shore by a fallen poplar about a mile down behind the next island, and 27 reached her as an indian kicker had just turned to pick her up too. Art was sent in as a diving expert to free 74 in the current, and eventually the canoe was ready to return to the campsite. Damage -- a broken rib, a little

sheeting, and a ripped bang plate on the bow. Art's paddle was missing and Stoney's was found broken in two. Luckily it had not been swept all the way downstream. Chad, Bill, and Gary took off for the Post after the excitement was over, but the others sat around the fire eating cheese and crackers and toasting bread and Art's sneakers. As the staff got increasingly madder, time dragged on. Bill and Chad appeared safely between 12:15 and 12:30, Bear, Beaver, and Gary did not make it until almost 1:15. Making the sleeping hours pretty short. The staff had been just about ready to head for the Post to get them when a light was spied on the water leaving the Post dock. Pete had entertained through the whole time. The hunting expedition provided a tern and a foot long pike which were boiled up for Mac, the dog -- no wonder he looks so beaten! The others ate canned pork and beans. Gary lost again at chess but won at cribbage.

Friday, August 6 -- After a short night the staff was up at the usual time trying to cook breakfast despite the odor carried from Art's wolf airing under the fly toward the fire. Beaver proved to be the latest breakfast arrival by a good margin for some reason, but still we were on the water at 8:30. The current was pleasantly swift leaving the island -- the same current that had carried 74 downstream so rapidly yesterday. The sun shone brightly, and the day was warm as we first lifted the paddle, but an hour or so on the river and heavy black clouds began to roll in from the northwest, and a storm seemed certain -- so certain in fact that most of the rain gear was pulled from the packs, and Carp even donned his new pants in anticipation of being able to try them out. But only a very few drops fell as the blackest of the clouds swept over head. Stonebasket Island appeared surprisingly soon. A couple swifts potent enough to produce white water were run, but most of the paddling was over shallows where the current in the river often moved sideways over the bars. A more formidable rapid after Stonebasket was negotiated and then the river really shallowed for close to ten miles, where at very few places was it possible to take a full stroke. The 4" of water we had lost while sitting at Ogoki would have been most welcome. 74 leaked a little bit as a result of its unmanned trip of yesterday, but otherwise the morning was not particularly exciting. 59 brought up the rear until noon when the staff canoe took over its normal position. Lunch was cooked on a relatively soggy bank where the major items to recommend the selection of spot were the proximity of dry wood and a good birch bark tree from which the guide took a good slab of bark to work on another horn for our plaque. The current picked up after lunch, and the river grew deeper. The sun reappeared at more frequent intervals, and a tail wind helped, so progress was rapid through the early afternoon until the paddlers tired. Sand-clay cliffs began to appear on alternate shores as the river flowed on. A few spots of bubbly water appeared to keep the sternmen on their toes, for there was no real chance to follow the guide's run for 74 was the only canoe to stick close to him through the day. A plume of smoke was seen rising from an island toward the end of the day. At first assumed to be an Indian campsite, it turned out to be a smoldering fire which seemed to have pretty well burned itself out. Not feeling very energetic or platonic at the moment, we paddled on and started looking for a campground of our own. Several spots were investigated, but all rejected, so we moved on down to the '63 site just below the mouth of the Muswabik

River. Pulling in to locate the old tent sites, the guide landed first, and Gary hopped out only to discover a puppy whimpering on shore with a couple dirty rags tied around her neck and glad to see some one at last. Naturally we adopted her -- named for the moment Muswabik -- Mussy for short. With large ears and paws, she threatens to be a big dog. She took to us right away and politely waited to be fed. She did pretty well on crackers and candy before getting a good dinner of left overs and most of Gary's meat balls -- but she does not like lima beans. The bugs were pretty much in evidence forcing early occupation of the tents, but all quieted down pretty soon. The guide spent a few minutes starting his second horn and gave up when he cut it too small. A quick game of I Doubt It was played, and that was about it. Mussy nosed around and scratched fleas as a cool evening started to settle in. Bear fished the little river with no success for a few minutes. The tent pole cutters found the old trapper's camp back in the bush and then located a cached indian canoe and a welcome supply of poles, but otherwise the site was not particularly interesting. Spring waters had washed away all trace of the '63 occupation except for some green paint left on the rocks now a good four feet above the present level of the river. An awful difference in water conditions. Well, 45 miles covered today in about 6-7 hours of travel time -- between six and seven miles an hour was not too bad.

Saturday, August 7 -- The mut got renamed as Albie -- though there were dissenting votes, but since final single ownership has not yet been established, she remains Albie for the moment. Anyway she slept peacefully with Beaver and Chad until around 5 am when she elected to go roaming and visited Stoney and Bill. Given a package of crackers to quiet her Stoney was surprised when the dog found it difficult to open the package and threw her out in disgust. Under a very dark morning sky she ate her Red River and omelet along with every one else. Rain suits were kept out right at hand by most people as the canoes were loaded and the vanguard on the water just after 8:15 for a record morning for some reason. Maybe we are just getting faster, maybe we are influenced by the fact that people like Bill have sworn off breakfast, or maybe the guide's nasty comments about Red River made every one pass up the cereal. The river looked about like yesterday, though the sand-clay cliffs were no longer a novelty and worst of all the current was slackened appreciably. Rapids -- or at least swifts -- came less frequently, and the guide habitually pulled farther and farther ahead leaving 57 and 77 in the dust often. Toward mid-morning a faint patch of clear sky appeared to the south to replace the mist that had earlier been rising off the river sending a little scotch mist our way though nothing came down from above. A moose was sighted on the left bank a little later, and some long distance shots were taken as she -- or maybe he -- walked slowly back in the bush. Bill and Chad bringing up the far rear at the moment unfortunately missed the chance. The guide sent every one off on a wild goose chase on a grassy island after a half dozen geese were spotted in one of the relatively few rapids. Just before twelve the sky cleared, blue appeared, and the temperature rose a good number of degrees. The halt for lunch was made at the base of a group of cliffs which some of the photographers climbed for pictures -- finding the decent more hazardous than the ascent. Albie got a few leavings, but the spaghetti was pretty well used up. She had a little of Nishe's bread, but declined to

eat it for some reason -- she has eaten almost anything else including pears. The afternoon was warm; the guide continued to lead his own trip as the others straggled behind. Albie became difficult to corral on a couple breaks much to Beaver's disgust. Otherwise she rode peacefully during the morning under Bear's bow seat and during the afternoon right at Beaver's feet. Fortunately the current picked up a little and we pulled into the Forks just before five. We passed up a "red flag" campsite -- just as Nishe had been promising would exist. The '63 site was rejected as too buggy, and we pulled out into the new Albany now that the Kenogami has joined. The game of find the campsite followed with excursions to both sides of the river in search of new and less buggy sites. Gary at one point suggested that we pitch on pebbles, much to the staff's disgust -- and also any one else who did not have an air mattress. Finally the staff found a site that could be cleared across from the northern tip of Oldman Island -- almost four or five miles past our expected stopping point. Not the greatest spot, but ok for a night. After dinner the whole section took Albie for a bath -- which much to their amusement she did not particularly object to. A couple indian freighters fully loaded labored up the river in front of the site bound slowly ahead for somewhere. And a little later a freighter was heard out tending fish nets just to the north of our camp. But the bugs finally drove every one to bed as the chill settled in. Long though it turned out to be, another 45 mile day behind us. About 155 left to go to the Bay.

Sunday, August 8 -- A pretty cool night and a cool morning made more so by the fact that we were on the wrong side of the river to derive any warmth from the sun. But there was hardly a cloud in the sky or a ripple on the water. Albie had spent a restless night visiting all the tents in turn for portions of the time. She was relatively welcome everywhere but the staff tent, however, though she created quite a disturbance by not being willing to stay put. We slid down the cliff to the rocky shore and loaded the canoes and were drifting down river in the relatively slight current at 8:30 for another early departure. Soon shirts began to be peeled off under the warm sun. About five miles farther on a plane circled over and landed in front of a group of indian tents. It hit the shore just about the same time we arrived, as did a couple indian freighters. A Superior Airlines pilot climbed out on his pontoon to try to pick up a load of fish, but the indians claimed they had not yet pulled all their nets, though they did have one pretty big sturgeon to show off. So the pilot dropped about 30 gallons of gas off for them and headed off down river, saying he would return later. Back on the bank a squaw and her brood peeked out around a tent occasionally. The pilot told us "our boss" was out looking for us, but eventually we gathered it was Doug Gardiner looking for the Temagami section behind us. We wondered why -- if the pilot was right. Back on the paddle again we passed another indian tent and family around Comb Island. How a group that large could all fit into one tent we had a hard time imagining. The guide pulled to shore for lunch just past Snake Island around noon -- figuring we had already covered close to 20 miles. The wind rose during the meal and sail poles were cut as the dishes were being done. There had been some shallows during the morning, but we figured there was enough water to give her a try on the sail. After many conflicting directions the sail was up and drawing with 59 being the mast holding

ship this time. Beaver eventually got the mast wedged with tents and off we went in a very gusty wind down the center of the river. Between gusts Ben, Beaver, and Chad swam. The rest soaked up sun -- some protected now by Ben's Sea and Ski which he unrolled at lunch. Progress was not particularly fast, but noticeable for a while. The last of Roy's mid-season candy bars were rationed out -- two were missing due to some wannigan rat who was not discovered. Then the peaches not eaten at lunch were divided up. The wind grew stronger and steadier as Hat Island approached. The lookouts had to watch for rocks, but luckily we missed them all until a sand bar off Hat Island caught us, and the crew had to hop out and walk the canoes to deeper water while Stoney, and Beaver braced the mast. The '63 site above Hat Island was passed about 5:00, but we kept on because the sail was drawing so well. Albie paid little attention to the whole thing and slept up under Chad's feet. Just before Hat Island we passed a cozy looking cabin and tent on the left; unoccupied right now. The staff suggested that it was the location of some sort of water gague that Jack Swann's son was supposed to be working on. Beaver had to leap up on numerous occasions to keep the mast from tumbling, but he made it every time though the bow seat of 59 took a beating in the process. More rocks and bars had to be dodged in the process, but no more were struck. Around 6:00 about 8 miles north of Hat Island guide and staff decided to camp though many of the crew were all set to keep going. The guide cut out to look for a site, and after running down through some more stones, the mast came down and the sail was stowed for the day. It took a good while to find a site, but eventually a clay bank was the home for the night. An old indian grave was located back in the bush, but that was about the only distinguishing aspect of the site -- other than the black flies and mosquitoes which attacked in droves. Bear discovered tracks of a real bear down by the shore, though no one seemed alarmed. He had quite a nature day as he had fair success calling geese during the sail. Bill tried out his pitching arm at some ducks, and though he came close, failed to score. Albie did not look very excited about retrieving for him anyway. About half an hour before we had passed an indian fire on the side of the river, and now while we ate he chugged by in his freighter headed down river passing us this time. It took only a few minutes after dinner to clean up and head for the protection of the tents. The bugs made staying out impossible. The south wind continued and the moon rose almost full, but there was a smell of rain in the night air -- which won't be good in this clay site.

Monday, August 9 -- At 5:30 a light drizzle started to fall. It continued through 6:30 and later, so it looked like a slow day particularly since we were camped on pretty pure clay, but as luck would have it the staff spotted blue sky off to the south at 8:45 and made the move to cook and roll. Still it was about 10:30 before we got close to getting on the water. There was some brief discussion of sailing, but as the clouds rolled over and some more blue sky started to show it became obvious that the wind was blowing from the west, northwest, or north -- no one could be sure which, but certainly it was not the south wind of yesterday. Albie seemed to have recovered from her illness of last night -- presumably caused either by her nip out of the bacon greese can or just too much to eat since she joined us. The wind was fair up to the Tchakashapug River where a group of indians were camped. A larger group than those seen

yesterday, but we stayed on the far side of the river to keep out of the wind as much as possible. Just as we pulled out of our campsite the indians of yesterday came by going back up river again. They must have spent the night at their friend's campsite at the Tchakashapug River. Then the head wind hit with a vengeance. The guide led the other three canoes off to the right side of the river right through the swells while the staff played games off on the left much more out of the wind until the others took a break, and thinking the guide might have tried to make a lunch stop, 77 came back to the same side as the others. We rode the swells blown up by the wind down the side of Chipie Island to the Ghost River Post. The guide muttered about not being able to find any dry wood, so the staff pulled in and drew a block of wood, but the precaution proved unnecessary for there was plenty of old lumber lying around for the lunch fire. Two indian tents were pitched opposite the old Post, but no one was presently on the Post side, though obviously some tents had been pitched on the shore. The Post buildings were pretty well broken up for firewood by campers. Otherwise everything was pretty well abandoned. The wind blew the lunch fire erratically from under the pots making the break a pretty long one. With the surf pounding in on the beach, the canoes had to be unloaded for protection, and it was 3:00 or so before we started off again. A stiff head wind posed problems. Then the guide ran his canoe solidly aground twice in the space of a half hour while the waiting section debated the methods of running rapids -- the Braille system, the Ball Bearing method, the Ricochet policy -- the guide seemed to be using the Ball Bearing procedure. Then the guide needed another stop, and as we reached the bend half way down Norran Island, the guide decided it was time to camp at 5:00, so we pulled in to another beach site and faught the black flies and mosquitoes again. We dined on a reduced ration of ham because of the shortage of supplies sent from camp, but no one was really hungry, for as Ben observed, we had lunch only four hours before. Gary and Bear went fishing up a creek opposite the island catching only one small walleye and sighting more bear tracks. The guide entertained with stories of his trip to Ottawa with the Lions Club. Then an indian pair came up in their freighter with half a propeller and stopped to chat. The one who did all the talking said "Yea" to everything, so we found out little other than the fact that he came from Ogoki, was going to fish for another week, got two small sturgeon this morning, and there was another group camped about two miles down with plenty of girls. He understood not a word of anything Bear tried to ask him. A full moon shone down on a chilly evening as we tucked in for the night.

Tuesday, August 10 -- Some claim the morning was even cooler than that way back at Speckled Trout. Whether it was or not can be debated, but again the morning sun was no help, not because of the trees this time, but the clouds. There was some debate about the possibility of a tail wind, but the clouds were moving from the west. A few patches of blue, however, gave some promise of a good day. By some quirk of fate we were on the water at 8:10 for our earliest departure. But maybe the speed was too much for Bear and Gary both forgot their tump lines used to pitch their tent. Maybe our indian neighbors a couple miles below on the tip of the island will go back up to find them. Our visitor of last night claimed there were plenty of girls in the encampment, and one was pretty big,

but no one seemed to be out watching as we passed. A couple smoke breaks later we paddled down the length of Blackbear Island with no particularly interesting event. The morning went fairly quickly for there was fair current -- better part way down Blackbear, and the exercise on the paddle provided some warmth. The sun poked through weakly a couple times but never for long. The wind shifted slightly to become a tail wind if anything. Lunch was cooked at quarter to twelve with the tip of Blackbear in sight. In the rush to get back on the river the guide forgot the dish pan which was not realized for another three or four miles -- too late to go back. The jewelry has been suffering. First a serving spoon, then a glove, and now the dish pan. With better current we paddled on taking smoke breaks to allow 57 to catch up. Then at the start of Fishing Creek Island the guide spotted geese on shore. Bear and Beaver took off in pursuit to chase the birds on shore. Then a lone goose was spotted in the water, and the other four canoes gave chase as the goose dove and swam to get away headed first toward one shore and then the other; all the time the guide kept saying the bird was getting played out, but to those following, the poor old creature seemed able to stay under for longer and longer intervals. Stoney and Art landed on shore it intercept it as the rest herded it toward land, but the wily bird dodged back. Carp and Chad went to shore for stones with which to bombard the bird after attempts at throwing paddles missed -- often both paddles from the same canoe. Finally Beaver got close enough to hit it with a paddle as it dove too late, and then Chad plucked it out of the water by the neck. With pictures being taken from all angles, Albie woke up to bark furiously. She was now riding permanently in 74, having refused to board 57 in the morning and having followed the others along the shore until she swam out to be picked up by Stoney and Art. After the "wild goose chase" we drifted along paddling occasionally to the far end of Fishing Creek Island where the best river campground found thus far was discovered a half mile or so before the end of the island. Bear insisted on plucking the goose and baking it despite the guide's advice to skin it and boil the bird; so Bear sat peacefully on shore surrounded by a pile of feathers as dinner was cooked. With tomorrow's bannock baked the bird took over the reflector -- stuffed with bannock and onion and basted with bacon grease. Bear tended the fowl with pieces of advice and encouragement from Gary after the guide, staff, Ben, and Art succeeded in cutting and splitting enough dry spruce to do the job. Gary lent a hand in the splitting, but had to turn his block over to the guide after a half hour of trying to help the split with spruce wedges. On into the night amidst the bugs the baking continued as all but the hearty cooks retreated to the tents to stay out of the bugs. When he finally came off the fire -- literally -- at ten o'clock the gourmets agreed that it beat corned beef hash by a mile.

Wednesday, August 11 -- The patter of rain on the tents started before dawn and continued steadily until about eight o'clock. At 6:30 the staff saw nothing but gray sky and rain. The guide reported the same at seven. Finally at 9:15 the staff made his move and got up to cook breakfast. A traveling breakfast since the rain had stopped, the wind was blowing from the south or west, and it looked like clear sky was coming from that direction. Gary was up to help with the process. Some of the others had already decided it was going to be a rest day and were a little surprised

to hear a call to roll. Bear somehow got the reflector clean after last night's goose cook, but we were not on the water until twenty minutes of twelve for one of our better starts. Another indian tent was passed soon a couple miles below our campsite, but no signs of activity were to be seen. But four miles down the river the sky behind us turned dirty black, and we pulled for shore, just making it as the storm hit. For a half hour or more we tested rain gear or stuffed ourselves under the upturned canoes that protected the baggage. The guide unfurled the fly to protect some of the group which helped a little. After the thunder storm passed over, back to the water we went to paddle along under relatively dry skies for a while. The treacherous Wabun rapid came and went without a great deal of fuss. Of course it was filled with boulders that could have caused trouble had any one come cross ways on one. The drop was steep and the current strong, but there were no four foot waves by and stretch of the imagination. Lunch was cooked a mile or so farther during a sprinkling of Scotch mist. A couple blocks of dry poplar were stuffed into the canoes to be carried along for the evening, and we took off again. A little while later we pulled up at the '63 site on this part of the river, but rejected it because of dampness and the half mile portage needed to get over the extended rocky beach back to it this year. Albie behaved in '74 through the day, now tethered on a tump line so that she really has only one possible comfortable resting spot. During the afternoon she was eventually renamed by Ben to become Shee-ko, which suited not only Ben better, but also her present guardian in Stoney. Another six miles or so passed featuring only side trips taken by 27 and 77 into a rocky side shoal from which they could find no way to get out to the downstream side. Then the campsite hunt started with the staff walking the right shore and the guide the left until the guide finally found the remains of an indian site and enough dry ground on which to pitch our tents. Stoney and Bill refused the offered sites and pitched on the rocks by the canoes, but the rest found spots in the grass. Dinner was late -- hampered by the multitude of mosquitoes that got into everything, but as the moon came up, the dishes were done and tomorrow's bannock taken off the fire. The photographers took moon shots, and the die hards stood around the fire for a while braving the remaining bugs in the smoke of the dying embers. If all goes well this should be our last river campsite -- celebrated with the last of Roy's mid-season goodies -- the peanuts.

Thursday, August 12 -- It must have been Albany or bust this morning. Sheeko was up and running from tent to tent early in the morning waking every one in the process long before the staff was ready. Then Gary was up racing along the shore as the staff crawled out to a gray morning with a cool north wind blowing in on the campsite. A bleak traveling day looked to be in prospect as Beaver and Bear were both up to get warm before called. Stoney was beat to the peg this morning -- and on top of that Bill had to wake him down in their rocky campground as the staff yelled too lightly. Almost as soon as we hit the water a heavy Scotch mist started to fall forcing every one to don rain gear for protection and warmth. Down the river the guide pulled. The little rapid below the campsite proved to have little excitement to it, but at the foot the guide lit a cigarette and called up to his bowboy that it was no smoke break and to pull on that paddle. And pull he did. The rain let

up, but 27 didn't and pretty soon the only way 57 and 77 back to the rear could know where the front part of the cavalcade was was to watch Stoney's yellow rain suit way off in the distance. The only reason the section got together again at all was the fact that Sheeko had to be let out and the guide found it necessary to go to shore himself. His yellow rain pants as he walked the shore gave those behind another land mark. But the spirit of togetherness lasted only a few moments as the guide took off again, but this time into a blind channel from which he had to retreat. Those who realized we were paddling up against the current were too far behind to let the leaders know. Lunch was made a couple miles into the islands on a bleak and uninviting shore with the wind still making it quite cold. But once on the river again the sun started to shine through after the rain blessed us a little, and gradually the rain suits came off and at various points Bill, Chad, and Stoney were paddling along shirtless, though none for long. The major rapid on the map was run successfully along the right shore -- the middle would have been pretty rough was our observation at the foot. The guide insisted the map said there was another rapid -- the map did not say so, but there were a couple more before the foot of Big Island was reached a little while later. We made the proper twists and turns, meeting several canoes laden with indians in the process -- one that seemed to be carrying every one under the sun -- and one freighter complete with ancient squaw in the bow that was pulling nets. The cigars were duely lit as we landed at the Post. The staff went campsite hunting and found a spot a couple hundred yards above the Post that proved dry and level -- but no dry wood of course. Tide was about high as we pulled in, and the canoes were up high and dry after our visit to the stores -- the staff went to see Bill MacLean at the Post while the guide dropped in on Bill Anderson at his store. Tent poles were a chore to locate, but they were eventually found in the scrubby bush. Dinner was cooked on the remains of the stick of poplar picked up at lunch a day ago -- and enough left for breakfast too. Bill had offered to open the Post in the evening, so back we trooped. The staff talked with him at some length while Stoney, Art, and Ben conversed with the Scotch clerk, Eric. A new dish pan was bought as a present to the guide. The others took off in search of a movie -- the guide had been invited to a private showing over at Anderson's house, but that was three miles away, so no one went, though there were some who said they wanted to do so. Instead the group took off to see a show at the Mission -- there was none as was discovered by means of a simple telephone call by the others from the Post. Meanwhile Nishe entertained a couple indians at the fire and Sheeko guarded the campsite. Later Bearver and Chad entertained in their tent as the very chilly night air settled in.

Friday, August 13 -- The day started especially early -- 3 am to be exact. As those in light sleeping bags tried to make the most of what little warmth their inadequate covers afforded, down the trail came George. Beaver and Chad heard him first since Chad had wakened Beaver to get aid in working out a cramp, but guide and staff had the next chance as the drunken indian poked his head in the door and wanted to talk -- and bum a smoke. Getting slight satisfaction he moved on to Bear and Gary who were perhaps more amused, but still not very enthusiastic about their visitor -- whose major claim to fame was the fact that he had been in jail. Ben, Art, and Sheeko were next in line where the nice doggie acted as some protection. Stoney

and Bill got off easy, and after another visit to the staff tent, Beaver and Chad sent him on his way by greeting him with a hearty "Hello, George" and wishing him "good night" in Tasmanian with "Goo-Goo-Galoo" after Beaver conversed with him by declining Latin verbs. Every one finally settled back after a good half hour of this to get what sleep he could in the cool morning. The siren summoning the indians to work or something -- maybe a morning Mass -- went off at seven, but no one stirred of course. Guide and staff finally crawled out in the chill at eight-thirty to brew a pot of coffee. Stoney and Ben fried up their eggs while the others had pancakes as usual on a rest day. The staff went off to check on arrangements for the canoes, finally ending up talking with Father Gagnon at the RC Mission and making arrangements for the Mission boat to take out the canoes when it arrives -- probably Saturday -- and goes back to Moose on Sunday. An appointment was made with a Brother who was boy's supervisor at the school and hailed from Detroit to show the group around the school at 3:30 -- after he took his afternoon nap. Meanwhile the gang took off on the road to the site -- which the staff thought was a telephone relay station -- but proved to be an outdated DEW line radar station that was in the process of being closed down -- there being only three men in residence as a skeleton crew at the moment, and they expected to be pulled out any day now -- and ended up walking to Anderson's dock at the other end of the island. It's a long walk they agreed. The guide got hungry, so lunch was cooked, though only he and Gary were around at the moment; the staff having gone back to the store to talk with Austin Airways in Moosonee. They promised two Norsemen on Sunday, which is about all we could hope they would do this early in the ball game. Then while the staff went off picture taking the rest went down the creek to swim in the clay since the afternoon had now turned very warm after our touch of frost in the morning. As a result of the walk, heat, and swim, only Ben, Bear, Art, and Gary went with the staff for the tour of the school, and even then a half hour late. The school takes in over 200 children -- both boys and girls -- from the west side of the Bay up to grade 8. They've had a couple graduating classes now -- they go south to High School. A real big structure and venture for this neck of the woods. A modern hospital, chicken house, barn, etc were all part of the establishment. A new Rectory and an extension on the garage had been added since the '63 trip. The government is beginning to help out the church a little, and the hospital now has their support, and the allowance per child has gone up from \$400 to \$700. This coming year, which starts about September 6th and runs to June 21st, the government will start paying the teachers too. Dinner was cooked, though few were hungry. The cook at the Site had stopped by earlier and given Gary enough frozen sturgeon to feed every one at least one piece. He also invited every one over for a showing of the movie and a shower! Gary and the staff took in the Vespers Service at the indian church -- all in Cree with very little Latin included. Eighteen indians in attendance plus the priest and his indian acolyte. Then every one but Beaver and the staff trooped off to see the Site, get a grand tour of the establishment, have a bath, and see the "Iron Maiden". Chad came back early so he and Beaver could keep their date with their local friends, and the rest pulled in at eleven as thunder started to roll and a flash or two of lightening were seen. It looks like a warmer evening this time.

Saturday, August 14 -- Weather changes quickly up here, for tonight we roasted. Yesterday morning every one was up early to get warm. Today those who got up earliest did so to avoid the heat in the tents. A reasonable amount of rain had fallen last night, but the morning was clear again. Yesterday's afternoon temperature had climbed to close to 100°. Today's was no different, and only a strong wind made our exposed site bearable. News from the Mission was poor, for their boat had not left Moosonee yet because of the winds. Austin refused to consider bringing out the canoes at all, so we were stuck, dependent on the chance that the boat would make it in time. The morning was really lazy as trips to the Post were made for almost the only excitement of the day. Bill MacLean took Tug Boat Annie off our hands for the same price we paid for her, so Bill and Chad had ridden down from Fort Hope free. Bill portaged her up to the Post for his final carry with her -- and no tears were shed. We slowly struck tents and loaded up to move to Anderson's on the other side of the island, and riding the wind and outgoing tide the trip did not take too long or too much effort, though getting over one last sand bar before the tide dropped too low did take an application of the Ball Bearing method. Camp was pitched on Anderson's grass lawn in the afternoon heat, and it was swim time off his dock until dinner was cooked. Then all but the staff, Gary, and Art headed for the showing of the movie down near the store via Anderson's truck. Back at camp Gary finished baking a ginger bread while the staff and Art finished the dishes. An archaeologist, George Thorman, and his wife arrived via one of Anderson's canoes from Limestone Rapids guided by George Gillis. They had been looking for the site of an old Bay Post upriver -- Henley -- below the forks -- and he was happy with success brought about because Gillis trapped the area and knew right where to look for him. He proved to be one of the chaps who had been working on the diggings for the old site of the fort across from our '63 campsite. Then Willard arrived with the Husky from Moose, and the staff hitchhiked a ride to the Reservation side of the settlement about five miles away. Indians lined the bank of the river and crowded onto the dock in such numbers it would have been impossible to get out of the plane even if he wanted. A pretty wild bunch was the impression. Meanwhile Gary and Art looked at Anderson's supply of carvings and listened to Thorman's tales of his trip and work. The staff joined after his plane ride. Eric brought the rest of the gang back from the movies, and then a moonlight party went on down on the dock as a few extras came along with the gang.

Sunday, August 15 -- The night was mighty short due to last night's visitors, but the wind blew steadily, though it shifted a little to the north making the morning cooler than earlier, and the staff crawled out to view an overcast sky. With the breakfast fire just started, Willard arrived to pump out his pontoons and get his Husky off to Attawapiskat. The guide and Gary climbed out of the sack for breakfast, but no one else really made it, so the cereal and prunes just cooled by the fire. Willard came back and headed for Moose with Singing Johnny and his band aboard after leaving a Mr. Mitchell off at Albany. Lunch was cooked and immediately, of course, the Husky came back with a new pilot -- Bill something-or-other -- who loaded up five of the group and bucked his Husky back into the air, leaving Chad, Bill, Beaver, Stoney, Sheeko, and the staff to polish up the campsite and do the final packing. The

final group bid farewell to Bill Anderson, the Thormans, Mitchell, and the rest and climbed aboard Willard's Horseman, leaving the canoes to come out on the boat -- too late to do us any good. Then in the air circling to leave, Willard went on his radio and got instructions to return and load up a canoe, so we landed again, threw off an indian woman and tied on 27. Willard was to make another trip and bring out 77. Meanwhile the first gang cut poles down by the creek and got the campsite in Moosonee ready. They walked down to the airbase to greet the late arrivals who had to wait around for the truck. Wabun pulled in in a Canso as we waited, and we could compare notes on the two trips. The truck took the load up as the Sunday excursion train -- the Polar Bear Express -- was getting ready to pull out, and soon after dinner was done. The staff went down to collect 77 from the base -- Willard had tried to take out two canoes but could not get them both on. The local show in the basement of the Mission Church claimed some of the gang; the restaurant the rest. Bear landed a trout in the local creek for his breakfast, as did Gary, and our first night in Moosonee ended to the howl of dogs as the Wabun puppy started them off aided by their section camped across the way.

Monday, August 16 -- A late night, so action in the morning was pretty slow, and the staff was off to get tickets, see about the missing canoes, and get the mail before any one but Gary was up and about -- except for Nishe and Cyril having a cup of coffee. Either Art or Stoney won the mail pool this time, and Gary was again upset with only post cards -- plus the fact that she did not write this time either. Lunch never materialized -- in fact not much breakfast ever got eaten. Gary, Bear, Chad, Stoney, and the staff paid their dollar fare to and from Moose Factory -- had a nice walk, and that was about all for the Post and Museum were both closed on Monday, and there was not much else to see. Bill went around sporting his new pants, but otherwise the day was dull -- warm with a little shower for weather. Having run out of money pretty much by now every one was back on the site for dinner. Then after an argument about whether we had a car on the train or not the extra gear not needed in the morning was loaded on the baggage car, and the gang left for the local show. Meanwhile a couple young canoeists from Detroit moved in with us and pitched in the middle of our site. They had proudly paddled down the Missinaibi in 9½ days!

Tuesday, April 17 -- For some reason the guide was up splitting wood at ten to six, so we were all up and rolled well before seven. The remaining gear was portaged to the station and loaded on the car with ten minutes to spare -- the delay caused by the train crew shunting the car around. No one took advantage of the opportunity to ride the baggage car, but the coach behind was just as dirty and dusty, for most of the windows were open. There was much chance to compare notes on trips for several other canoe parties climbed aboard on the way down. One group of six had just done the Mattagami to its junction with the Moose and engaged the staff for a long time in discussion -- having read the previous magazine articles on Section A trips. The train reached Cochrane at 2:30 and the race for the laundrimat followed. Then a long wait until the next train left at 7:00. Rain started violently about 6:00 making the loading wet, and there was a tense moment getting Sheeko and the Wabun dog back into the baggage car without the conductor's knowledge. The

Wabun staff collected the two guides just in time, and as we rolled down the track another sandwich meal was broken out -- this one in the aisle more or less, while lunch had been more leisurely in the baggage car. At Englehart we suddenly lost the two guides only to find them again in Temagami via taxi about 45 minutes after we pulled in. The staff had already decided to wait until morning to go down the lake -- much to the guide's disgust. Wabun, however, shoved off under dubious skies with uncertain balance. Our death-rack canoes awaited us, and we could even cull the worst, which was hard to do. Since the baggage car was filthy as a result of the dust collected as some one left the side door wide open during lunch, all but Bear and Chad took advantage of the watchman's offer to sleep on the Niade and the Ramona -- though we had to be up and out before seven. The guide joined the two in the car.

Wednesday, August 18 -- The section was up before seven -- except for the guide who complained vehemently about the "rain" during the night that had wet almost all his belongings. Finally at ten-thirty we got on the water after spending a while talking with Tom Lathrop. A Scotch mist fell for an hour or so, but Bear and Beaver had more trouble with the rising water level in their new 17-footer -- 84. Stoney used the tents for seats in 159 while Chad and Bill were just happy to have a canoe again -- 157. The guide accused every one at first of pushing him, but after getting into the lead took off down the arm far in the lead most of the time. The rain let up about Broome Lodge, and after stopping a moment for some dry wood just before Faskin's Point, we pulled into the Cove Campsite on Bear Island in time for a 3:00 lunch. On the way the guide tried to bribe a couple Bear Island kids for a tow in exchange for a cigarette, but no dice. The guide unloaded and headed for Wabun immediately with the dish pan. Lunch over and the dishes washed, the wannigans got a bath -- except "stripy" because Bear fell asleep immediately. Of course with everything unpacked the rain started again, and every one headed toward the tents except the staff who started cooking dinner. The guide pulled in to take Gary to dinner at Wabun Lodge and return the dish pan. The rain came in fits and starts as dinner cooked slowly and the staff finally served the meal at 9:00 -- a little later than he wanted since his watch had stopped and the sun gave no clue as to time. Gary returned after dark having lost the campsite for a while even with Jamie Clark as pilot -- who should have been able to do better. Dishes and pots were done by flash light and the section rolled back to the sack after discussing the Gunn Canoe Trophy for a while.

Thursday, August 19 -- The morning was overcast, but dry as we rolled for the last time. Bill, not wanting to break his perfect string of morning dips the last day of each KKK trip, braved the water, but found few companions. Breakfast was cooked but practically untouched in the rush to get at the final cleaning of the jewelry. Almost ready to leave, the guide finally pulled around the corner at 9:00, and the canoes were loaded. The staff took his end-of-film shots with the movie camera, and we headed down the lake against a slight head wind. Stoney had noticed it first yesterday, but Temagami, even on the gray morning, had a look about it that we had not seen for fifty days. We let Section B get out ahead, and behind a screen of canoes from other places -- including Cayuga, RACED from Seal Rock, guide in the lead, for the dock, the cannon, the KKK cheer, and home.