

KEEWAYDIN

Section

A



1
9
6
6

JAMES BAY via RUPERT RIVER

27

Jeff Sexton
Tom Lathrop, Guide

59

Deke Karzon
Bill Cavaney

57

John Barclay
Ted McMillen

74

John Neill
Steve Watters

77

Pete Hoey
Heb Evans, Staff
Ralph and Tobey

June 30 - August 19, 1966

Oskelaneo - Chibougamau - Mistassini - Marten River - Nemiscau

Rupert's House

Thursday, June 30 -- At the crack of dawn; well, would you believe 6:00; Section A was up and rolling furiously. By 7:30 a majority of the overloaded rolls managed to get stuffed into the too small packs; several still bulging at the seams. The kitchen provided a send-off breakfast of bacon and eggs -- glad to see us leaving; echoing the sentiment of the waiters without doubt. The concentration on the trip was interrupted by Ogima Nance intoning the traditional Gigitowan phrases as our six old campers went through the ritual and acquired their papoosewag bands, leaving Deke and Pete to wonder, and the guide and staff to glance anxiously at their watches. After John Neill finally cleared his tent of comic books, the canoes were loaded, goodbyes said, Charlie Frazier threw his resounding fire crackers to replace the cannon, and we pulled off from the dock amid KKK's. With a slight tail wind Squirrel Point was soon passed and most of the clothing worn in the morning disappeared revealing some tan and some white for the hot sun to bake a brilliant lobster red. The lunch site up the Arm gave a welcome rest, and while the staff cooked, Jeff and the guide went hunting for a shee-ko which they knocked down to be carried along to T Station. The wind blew lightly in our faces as we passed landmarks up the Arm in rapid order to find a baked crew edging into the narrows at 4:40 in almost record time. The guide led everyone on a tent pole raid on the sloping rock campsite we could not use because our canoes were to be shipped in the evening. The staff finally found a vacant area in the park, and while the guide cooked dinner went off to get his car out of hock and check to see if we could use the park facilities -- not without paying; so after dinner the canoes headed to town and the staff trucked the gear to a site south of town -- repleat with all sorts of No Camping signs. Steve complained bitterly of his brilliant pink, and no one else was much less red. The canoes and wannigans were loaded aboard a waiting car quickly with the help of the ONR truck, and camp was pitched. After a bath and a swim in the tepid waters of Temagami. the guide transported a few diehards to town while the staff and the stay-at-homes tried to seek protection from the bugs in the tents. Except for visiting cars, the nearby highway and railroad, and passing motor boats, all was pretty quiet.

Friday, July 1 -- The sun was far up by the time the staff and guide started cooking breakfast. A few drops of rain fell during the night, but not many or for long. By 9:30 after a breakfast of bacon and eggs, part of the gear was transported to town to meet Russell and Bob just having come up from camp. After a short shopping spree which was not hindered at all by the fact that it was Dominion Day, the cars headed north. The staff guided the cavalcade through a side trip around New Liskard on a scenic dirt road and finally regained the highway. Two-day-old sandwiches were enjoyed a few miles out of Rouyn in the only picnic area that the Quebec Government had set up. Naturally the Station Agent at Noranda knew nothing of our plans, so it took a while to locate all the necessary papers, but all was straightened out an hour before train time, and we sat on the platform in 90° heat -- or bothered the patrons in the tiny waiting room. The train finally rolled out to a half hour wait in Senneterre and finally pitched us off in the wilds of nowhere at a tiny station that had a half dozen spectators and a sign that said "Oskelaneo River." The canoes, baggage, and crew -- plus a drunk who had missed his station -- landed on the platform as the train pulled out leaving us to negotiate for the tiny waiting room as a cramped place to bed down. A brief session of picture taking ensued, made

difficult by some lack of flash bulbs and several attempts to take pictures synchronized with the cameras of those who did have bulbs that worked -- and those that didn't too.

Saturday, July 2 -- The guide finally gave up toughing the bugs and joined us just after midnight, but Ted seemed to be the only one awake to hear him enter. Around seven the mail agent and a prospective passenger stomped into the by now quite warm station, and we were up and off to make breakfast down by the shore near a broken down shack. Several visitors later -- all who spoke little but French -- the meal was concluded, and while the staff got fishing licenses, the canoes were loaded for the 100 yard paddle to the Ranger dock for travel permits. The ordeal of writing out 10 of them was too time consuming for most of the section who wandered off to the tiny store for a last bottle of pop. The day was almost as warm as that on which Temagami was paddled, and soon a majority of the clothing had disappeared and John Barclay had donned his glasses, red kerchief hat, and dropped the top to his Sears one-piece outfit. Bill and John tried a few casts at every smoke break with only slight success. A large inboard-outboard passed headed back to town with a full crew of nondescript people, and soon we were paddling through the junk they'd thrown overboard. On to the lock for lunch -- which we made about 12:30 -- having left the Ranger's about three hours before -- after a Frenchman and a young lad chugged past in their flat-bottomed skiff. We caught them at the lock. When the young lad pulled in several nice walleye at the top of the chute, Bill tried too -- but was frustrated until he took the cat walk out from the center of the lock and got a couple himself. The old man and boy stopped for lunch while our fishermen continued with less luck and as our spaghetti was done the old man started on the pool below the falls, hauling out a couple good-sized pike as starters. So we started to concentrate on the lower pool too -- even to the point where Bill and the young lad hooked the same fish. As we packed up they made stringers for their catch and prepared to head back themselves. The portage loading was slow but finally accomplished, and we ran out the little fast water at the foot. Another hour and one passing freighter later -- probably belonging to the people camped on the side of the stream midway between the two rapids -- we ran right down the center of the last rapid instead of caroming off the broken retaining wall of the sluice as the '64 section had done -- and a few moments later pulled up at the campsite at the foot of the river. Investigation of the still standing shack revealed a large porcupine on the stairway leading to the second floor. No one was willing to challenge him for the stairs and eventually he disappeared -- upstairs we assumed. Tents were up and all in order and everyone had been in for a swim by 4:30 when Jeff and John Neill headed back to the last rapid to fish and the rest either helped cook dinner or slept in spite of the oppressive heat. Thunder rolled in the distance and finally a few drops of rain hustled up the erection of the fly. Jeff and John returned to report a catch of nine -- all thrown back -- and dinner of corned beef hash, corn, French fried potatoes, and maple bannock ended the day as the sun came back out. Jeff and Bill headed out to fish again. John Barclay followed, only to be driven back by the bugs. The staff eventually came too. Lots of walleye at the rapid, but not too many keepers. Thunder started rolling again, and about 8:30 water bugs started falling, and the fishermen just made the tents as the rain started pelting the

campsite and fell quite hard for 5 - 10 minutes slackening to a drizzle for another 30 - 45 minutes, and finally breaking off by 9:30. But the tents remained quiet.

Sunday, July 3 -- At 5 am the weather looked poor and a gentle drizzle had fallen during the night, but when the staff crawled out at 6:30, only a very fine scotch mist was there to greet him, and before the fire was going, the mist evaporated. We were introduced to Red River, and made it on the water by 8:40 -- by no means a record, but not terribly bad for the first day. Shorts were definitely in order as we pulled out into Baie du Sud, and the wind was almost a sailing breeze -- only slightly off our right rear and not strong enough. So the paddle was it. Tom set a brisk pace at least through the first two smoke breaks -- leaving everyone behind on the second in particular. About 11:30 he looked at the sky and suggested we head for a likely looking lunch site on a rocky island. A little side hill, but the canoes were unloaded and put over the loads as the rain started to fall. Rain gear had its full test as sheets of water poured down for ten minutes amid thunder and lightning and strong gusts of wind. A half hour later it was possible to think about cooking lunch, but just as the potatoes were done, the rains returned. Finally the meal was cooked and eaten between storms. The fishermen tried their lures off the island with good success though the pike outnumbered the walleye by far. Another shower returned, and finally about 3:00 -- not being able to picture staying where we were any longer, we took to the water. By this time the wind had shifted to the north causing some trouble at first, but slackening off as we moved on. The guide spotted the signs leading to the exit from the Bay, but the staff insisted on going farther north to be sure, and together they hit the right opening -- which had been missed in '64. John entertained with tales of the great French Canadian, Jacques, as we paddled and fished our way into Baie du Nord to be greeted by a north wind that had to be bucked as a side wind until finally a little protection was gained as we entered the arm leading out. An outboard-inboard job passed to the north headed for some tents on the west shore, but the sky ahead looked dismal as we hurried on. Just in time rain gear was donned again as a line squall hit just before the island campsite used in '64. An indian freighter passed with the squall -- keeping pace with the rain apparently. The site had not grown any larger in the past two years, nor had the supply of dry wood improved, but eventually the tents got squeezed in and dinner was served somewhere after 7:30. Bill had pretty good fishing while John and Jeff complained of less success. But most retreated to bed after dinner and the ensuing wash up.

Monday, July 4 -- Yesterday's rain brought a complete change of weather all the way around. The early morning started gray and overcast, the temperature dropped maybe 20 degrees, and even at 5 am the wind was gusting from the north. By the end of breakfast faint patches of blue began to show, and by the time all was loaded -- around 8:30 -- the sun had shown through occasionally. Hugging the west shore we stayed out of a majority of the wind -- though of course the staff had to lead us on a side trip into a blind bay -- from which we ran with a nice tail wind. Back on the right route numerous smoke breaks were in order -- plus a good deal of fishing as a result. An indian or two in their large freighter passed headed

the other way about half way through the morning. Jacques entertained with the ancient French Canadian derivations of many words and places such as Oskelaneo, Obiduan, pickerel, and many others. Ted hooked and landed about a six pound pike for the photographers at one of the last breaks before reaching the big lake in front of Obiduan. The pike faught back to bite him in return. The big open lake was crossed, and the Post reached about 12:30. No one was on hand to greet us though the Manager came out and conversed for 20 minutes before opening up at one o'clock. He seemed pretty unhappy with his lot and the lack of company now that almost everyone had gone out for the summer -- indians as well as teachers, ministers, and nurses. He'd been there since March and seemed pretty dissatisfied with having to spend three years there. Anyway we bought most of his candy and cookies and took off eventually -- John having acquired another pair of attractice dark glasses to replace his original Hollywood pair lost at the locks the first day out when he went to knock an imaginary mosquito off his head. Ted forgot to get his needed chap stick and Pete came away still needing to bum towels from others. We pulled down the lake looking for a lunch site and after several miles and an equal number of investigations, the staff found a rock on which the fire could be built -- after three gull's eggs were moved. While the macaroni cooked the fishermen went back to work with good luck. Bill located a baby gull and we almost had a mascot until he became aware of his responsibility for cleaning up after the bird. Not too many people slipped into the water in the tiny area, and eventually we got everything cooked, eaten, and washed up, and shoved off around 3:30. Alternately side and head winds met us as we moved slowly along to the '64 site several miles away and made do with vastly inferior tent sites -- just as they had done. Around 8:00 dinner was served and for one of the few times the pots were pretty well cleaned up during the meal. While dinner cooked Jeff entertained with a swaying tree routine while freeing his lure from a snag -- and much to the disgust of many of the onlookers made it to shore dry. Several swimmers freed other snagged lures, so only a couple pike were landed. John Neill entertained the dish crew with his yo-yo, but soon the black flies and the setting sun drove everyone to bed.

Tuesday, July 5 -- A great night for sleeping -- though those with thin sleeping bads would not agree. The air was a little brisk at 6:15 before the sun rose high enough to strike the tents, but in spite of the chill, once the sun was up high enough, the air warmed quickly, and we were off the site at 8:15 to be greeted by an almost calm lake as we paddled northeast gradually shedding our clothes on the way. With the canoes all together for the first time really Jacques entertained with more derivations of Canadian names. The first four miles passed quickly, and Bill proceeded to land six pike at the first smoke break. Ted tried in vain to catch up, but by the end of the paddle was still behind by at least 7 to 3, though he had the honor of landing the largest of the morning. The weather was warm, the wind light, and the fishing breaks lengthened until finally Verreau Bay approached. The search for a lunch site found nothing, so we pulled on to the indian campsite at the foot of the bay for a late lunch. The site was complete with old bits of equipment left by our hosts, but was relatively clean. The neighbors across the way had left a supply of wood, so the guide and staff had an easy time of it. After lunch Jeff, Bill, Ted, and John went upstream to the falls

at the first portage and returned toward dinner time with a couple walleye for breakfast and Jacques's 7½ pound pike, labeled Moby Dick. Ted gave lessons in making a boneless fillet, even though he was still behind Bill in the fish count of the day something like 16 to 15. Deke spent the afternoon in a canoe reading -- to stay away from the flies. Guide and staff puttered, and the other three retreated to their overly warm tents to keep out of the sun. Again good cases of sunburn were the major complaints -- Steve being the principal victim still. It did not take long after dinner for the bugs to return and drive everyone under cover, though a few loads did get retumped for the first real portages of the trip tomorrow.

Wednesday, July 6 -- Rain threatened early, but since the staff figured it was only a long half day to Dubois he decided to wait it out. Only a few light drops fell between six and seven, however, and finally about 7:10 he set off the fire and called to roll. Moby Dick provided sizeable portions of pike for breakfast and about half the walleye got bushed as everyone had more than enough fish. For the first time packs were tumped so it took a little longer than usual to get off the campsite, but along about 9:00 we were on the water headed upstream for the portage. Under overcast skies that at least made traveling less warm -- which was a boon to those suffering badly from sunburn -- like Steve. The first carry posed no real problem and was followed by a reasonably long paddle until the staff tried to climb a rapid, only to be thrown back several times, finally giving up and lining up the little pitch. John and Ted were the only ones to make it the full distance -- with a timely assist from Bill taking pictures of their facial expressions as they paddled and poled their way up. Steve and John Neill tried, but met defeat when John snapped his paddle on the way up. A semi-man made, semi-beaver dam was portaged, and we paddled out into an opening where a trapper's shack was located. We'd been reasonably quiet on the way up hoping to sight a moose or two, but no such luck. Since it was too early for lunch, we pushed on up the little stream instead of taking the several long portages that bypass the shallow river. Soon the staff gave up poling and we waded upstream for quite a while until a little cascade too steep to pull was reached and bypassed with a 50 yard portage. Lunch time was definitely on us, but with no place to stop of necessity we went on to another short carry around a cascade where a suitable site was had. However, a shower also hit forcing some rain gear to appear -- though most gained shelter under a spruce or two. The guide needed little, however, already wet from slipping into the stream on an earlier pull up. Now it was learned that his paddle had snapped during the morning also -- so six days out and two paddles gone already! The shower ended soon, and while the spaghetti cooked Jacques du Nord entertained with rehashes of his famous stories. The yo-yo appeared from John Neill's pocket, though the performances left something to be desired. The guide claimed he was better at tiddle-winks anyway. Back on the water as the sun shone through occasionally, more pull ups were in order, though it was unnecessary to wade unless one wanted to do so -- as 74 did most of the time. Then another short carry, and we paddled past the upper end of the longer portage route we'd avoided. Almost immediately a 250 yarder came up and then a still unfinished logging bridge was passed. And finally the 300 yarder to Dubois. By now everyone was just a little bit tired to say the least! Pete not the least of all, having experienced his first day at portaging with a

tump line. Deke fared a little better; but no one was really peppy. A strong west wind blew the canoes down the lake until Steve realized he'd left his axe, and 74 turned back for it. Leaving canoes picketted along the way to mark the path, the guide and staff started playing the campsite game with a singular lack of success. Three or four islands were searched plus a good bit of shore line -- the staff probably passing up the best location of all at a clearing deep in a bay on the south shore -- where he thought he saw some indians in residence. Finally the sky grew darker and it became more difficult to spot the spread out canoes, so the guide waited for the others and the staff started in toward the portage, continuing to look -- now joined by Bill and Deke who had caught up. Finally an old indian site appeared on an island and was proclaimed home for a night. The tent sites were close together and not very numerous, but obviously a storm was coming. The rain started before anything could be done to set up camp, so the loads were thrown under the canoes and we waited it out -- mostly attired in rain gear. The storm from the west passed in about 20 minutes, but then the wind shifted and down came a bigger storm, complete with lots of thunder and lightning, from the north. About an hour later the staff finally found enough dry wood for a fire and the guide got the fly pitched with Jacques's help -- and a few abortive attempts as well. Dinner was quick -- and late -- and the dishes were finally done by fire light -- as Ted said the longest half day he'd ever had! At least the insides of the tents were dry even if not much else was!

Thursday, July 7 -- It all started roughly as planned. The weather cleared, and the sun appeared as hoped. The staff lay ahead until 8:20 letting everyone get that promised extra sleep. Jeff joined him in cooking breakfast, and then the others arrived after nine to eat before rolling giving tents and personal gear a chance to dry out a little. About eleven or so we hit the water for our early start. The portage over the height of land passed without any real difficulty, though Pete was still having great trouble getting used to his new found friend -- the tump line (consult Jacques du Nord for the derivation of the word -- it has something to do with its use by 2 MP's to tie up prisoners). Just as the water in Dubois had been clear, so was the water in this little pond. Really a pretty attractive body of water for having been located at the top of everything. The guide picked the portage trail out -- being misled by one of the usual white ranger signs -- maybe a sign for a mile portage that is supposed to exist and bypass the whole stream. After everyone was royally lost, we retraced our steps and eventually found the right trail, just where it was supposed to be next to the tiny exit of the stream. Every bug in Canada, and then some, escorted us over the carry -- no matter which of several routes was taken. The second of our tumps snapped as Ted's canoe tump was the victim this time. The landing back on the stream was no place for lunch, so down the twisty path we went angling the canoes first this way and then that to avoid snags and rocks -- some successfully. Then a few tiny beaver dams had to be run over or through in the process. At the dam a lunch break was called somewhere around 2:30 or so. One load went across the carry while lunch was being cooked and the second followed after the meal -- and many bug bites later. The mosquitoes met us in force again on the stream which now got a little wider and easier to paddle as we dug for a lake-like expanse about a mile farther on. The stream to the first part of Cooper was

supposed to contain a rapid, but all we found was a caved in logging bridge where the staff had to ease through clearing sticks and debris from the path to avoid having to unload and portage. The narrows of Cooper neared -- where there was supposed to have been a campsite 18 years ago -- but this time there was a Ranger Station and one new and one ancient logging bridge. This time the path underneath could not be cleared, so up and over we went for an unscheduled carry. On the road we met a man who drove up in a Volkswagon with a young lad to inquire where we were going and stating that he'd been at Rupert's House a couple weeks ago and had been told by Maud Watt that the Rupert was one of the bughest rivers on the east side of the Bay! He had cruised all over the area for a paper company -- Canadian International Paper -- and had laid out some of the roads around this area. He was particularly pleased when the staff knew the lake we were on should have been named Cooper and not Ventadour as our map said. He'd named the lake himself after a man named Cooper -- obviously -- on whose estate in the Old Country he'd had some excellent shooting. It seemed a shame that the Quebec cartographers had cost Mr. Cooper his memorial just because he lived on the wrong side of a little channel! Anyway we bid farewell and started the game of find the campsite. Down the lake we went past the huge lumber depot that looked like a small, neat town. Nothing appeared. Most of the shore was heavily wooded with spruce and the rest grew up in blueberry bushes and other such unlikely bushes on which to pitch a tent. The burnt over islands were as bad or worse possibilities. The rocky islands looked inviting from a distance, but on inspection turned out to be hog-backs. At one we upset a mother grouse, but left her alone to care for her young. To make a long story short, we gave up about two miles from the head of the lake and went on to the compsite Warren Chivers used in '48 on the portage out of the lake. Around 8:30 we pulled in to find everything as he predicted -- room for a dozen tents -- but little dry wood. Dinner was eaten by fire light and late into the night Bill and Jeff washed dishes while the guide and staff finally got their tent up. If only the indian had been more considerate and cut campsites out on the lake this would have never happened. Oh, well, what we paddled today we won't have to do tomorrow!

Friday, July 8 -- Another very late start due to the length of yesterday's travel and the necessity of baking a lunch bannock before we could leave. Times now are terribly inaccurate. The guide's watch has taken the bush, the staff's is obviously running slow, and Ted's obviously fast. John Neill's seems most likely to be right while Bill and Deke keep their's rolled and so out of the controversy. Anyway the sun was well up before we moved -- maybe around 10 o'clock or so. The trail was like a highway, so there was no real problem getting across. But downstream a very short way lay a second carry -- again cut like a highway, and again no problem except for the distance -- maybe 300 yards or so. At the end the staff applied the first patch of the season -- to his own canoe, cut on a rock while loading at the end of the first carry. With the staff leading off we negotiated a little bit of rocky shallows with only a few wet feet and then had to take out again and walk another 400 yards. And then another one appeared -- labeled Rapide Blanc -- why we never knew, and Jacques did not enlighten us. About the same length, but wetter and tougher. Anyway we split the work in two by having lunch at the top of the trail. Then followed a little narrow bit of white water

through which everyone passed unscathed though the bowmen had a little fast work to do. After a mile or so of dead water the fifth and last carry of the day appeared. The guide brought forth the truth of his early morning prophecy -- made as he tried to toss away a prune pit and chucked his spoon into the bush also -- he had declared it would be a bad day -- and while trying to unload the jewelry, he lost his balance to step out into the river -- which he announced had a muskeg bottom -- only partially filling his canoe in the process. The portage over; we dodged rock a little and entered the lake. We passed up a dirty old indian site -- we wondered at Rapide Blanc whose initials St. M F appeared on the sign -- but whoever he was, the wreck of his canoe was on the site, but it was pretty dirty, so we moved on with fingers crossed. Past the narrows we pulled up at a postage stamp rocky point where an indian had once made lunch and went to work trying to find five tent sites and a kitchen area. Each ended up pretty much on top of the other, but it all fit eventually. The guide discovered he'd left his saw and axe at the foot of the last carry, and so paddled back alone to retrieve them while the staff cooked dinner. For the first time in two days it was possible to bath, though John Neill took quite a while to dive in and Deke and Steve settled for a wash. But at least dinner was eaten in daylight and the dish and pot crews could ply their trades without flashlights for a change. But as the sun went down, the air grew cooler, and soon the sleeping bags were occupied for the night -- after a lengthy discussion of various TV shows and horror movies.

Saturday, July 9 -- We were back on a normal traveling schedule as of today as the staff was up cooking breakfast before six-thirty in the warm sun light. While the evening had started coolly; the temperature had not dropped a great deal more, and the night was just a pleasant one for sleeping as it turned out. Nevertheless we were not really very speedy getting off the site -- 8:15 still. The lake was almost calm, the sky blue, and the sun warm as we paddled north looking forward to another nice warm traveling day. Two smoke breaks later we headed into the western bay leading out of the lake and nosed into a shallow sandy landing some distance to the right of the sound of falling water which we had heard already on the way into the bay. Without really knowing what it was we were carrying we took the 150 - 200 yard trail -- shorter than advertised -- and put back into a pond. Bill promptly latched onto a fair sized pike -- though definitely not as large as Moby Dick; John made quite clear. Bill claimed he missed an even bigger one swimming under his canoe. Then a little twisty rapid followed at the end of the pond, and we took out again to the sound of rushing water and took an almost similar trail through the bush, though at the landing this time we could see at least the last little falls around which we had carried. But during the carry the sun disappeared suddenly for the rest of the day. We pulled on down the stream-like expanse -- with the staff growing worried at one point that we were lost in a blind bay until a sharp turn to the right showed us the opening. As the staff was about to park us on a small rocky point for lunch, Bill spotted an indian camp on the east shore, so over we went. The guide landed and declared it dirty, but useable for lunch, but since the west wind would have played havoc with the canoes, we moved down the beach and hid the canoes behind a point. While the guide and staff cooked over spitting cedar in a soggy lake side fireplace, the

rest of the section toured the abandoned winter camp which proved to be extremely large and contained in addition to the normal tent sites, bones, and trash, two log cabins partially sunk below ground and roofed over with birch bark, moss, and canvas. Back on the water again a few spits of rain fell, but nothing serious happened as we sought shelter along the west shore. Soon a high rock appeared on which was perched a large rectangular tent or white cabin which was occupied, but since the wind was adverse, we did not get very close. A mile or so farther the rain started in earnest -- but not very heavily so that rain suits were donned before any damage was done. As we turned into the mouth of the Opawica River it let up, and we pulled in at a weedy indian camp on the north shore to make our night's home. After battering down the tall weeds, enough tent sites were found in front of the indian mess back in the trees. The staff located a set of moose antlers quickly and several moth eaten beaver skins were around. Back in the bush the indian had cached a freighter in extremely good condition. The sun broke through momentarily as camp was being pitched -- complete with the Barclay-Cavaney -- McMillen-Neill two-tents-on-1-ridge-pole apartment -- the indian supplying plenty of poles for all -- as well as plenty of dry wood. It being early yet, the guide, staff, and Bill sat around chatting while the others read or slept until suddenly it was time to start supper -- which was even served at a normal hour this time. But as the dish crew was just finishing, the rain came back, seemingly in earnest, and Bill and John had to put up their fishing gear --after catching the same pike twice -- and scurry to their tent along with everyone else. By 9:45 all was quiet -- though the rain had ceased even if the sky still looked discouraging.

Sunday, July 10 -- Rain fell throughout the night at frequent intervals and many who were awakened from time to time attested to the presence of thunder and lightning to accompany the storm. At 5 am it was pouring. At 6:30 it was not much better. Around 8:45 the staff got up anyway and pattered around the fire making pancake batter. The guide rose shortly and rolled -- in an expression of optimism. The fly went up while breakfast was still in progress, and it was decided to wait until after lunch to make a move -- if any. Rain fell in fits and starts -- never very hard, but a fine drizzle or mist at frequent intervals. Lunch was started just as the dish crew finished with breakfast. But the weather proved to be no better after the meal, and Jeff had the good sense to point this out when the staff indicated he would move if the section wanted to do so. More of the indian's good poles went on the fire. Bill, Jacques, and the staff paddled off to fish returning an hour and a half later reporting nothing of any size, though some pike, walleye, and whitefish. A fishing contest followed from the campsite with Bill taking the honors with five. Ted came out as a late entry and came off last in number of fish caught -- but his was a good sized walleye that went in the fry pan for dinner. Like the other meals, dinner was cooked in the rain. Afterwards some of the fishermen went back to try their luck -- Steve and Jacques washing a pot and then taking a few casts, and then washing another pot. Finally everyone gave up and Jacques remained alone -- only to land a 10 pound pike -- eclipsing his previous record with Moby by 2½ pounds. Picture taking would have to wait for morning; the light was so poor even at an early evening hour. Though no one really knew what time it was -- the

watches disagreed by as much as an hour and a half! And so the tents were buttoned up. Some going back to read as they had already done for most of the day anyway. Originally the storm had been coming from the south or west, but during the middle of the afternoon it had swung to the north and northwest making everything cooler, but maybe promising that it would clear one of these days.

Monday, July 11 -- It dawned as a good traveling morning with a strong Keewaydin wind blowing the old clouds by rapidly. We were slow getting off because of the necessity of letting the various pieces of canvas dry before rolling them. Jacques posed for the photographers with Moby II, who lived on through the night on the stringer -- to be given his freedom in the morning after the pictures. He had not taken kindly to his imprisonment -- thrashing around about every half hour -- actually waking the staff once at 5:30 with his antics making it sound as though some one were swimming just off the site or maybe trying to steal a canoe. The sun was well up by the time we hit the water at 8:45, and the north wind gave us a head wind to fight, but the waters were small and no great problem ensued. We picked up some slight current as the river entrance narrowed, and the country began to take on a more varied look than just the spruce lined shores of the last several lakes. As the map predicted there was a little riffle to run where a rapid was marked, and all went well until 59 running fourth went too far left and barely made it into the run. The guide running last was not so fortunate and went broadside in the shallows having to get out and head the canoe downstream. Then much to his disgust he discovered water was rising in his canoe and headed quickly to shore so a quick patch could be applied. Back on the water another little riffle was run into Lake of Two Islands -- this time with greater success. At least three indian camps were spotted in close proximity to each other at the head of the lake, but we stopped only at a fourth just into the stream's entrance where Bill hopped ashore to inspect the collection of bird skulls on a tall pole -- while the staff photographed from the comfort of his canoe. But Bill returned unable to find another set of moose antlers to vie with those Ted was carrying from yesterday's site. Up the creek we paddled, dodging stones, shallows, and snags on the way -- the creek being named for some reason: Deke's Creek. A small beaver dam was pulled apart on the way up, but a more formidable one had to be carried. Then a short 50 yard carry was made around a rock choked rapid, and on we paddled to the pond at the top of the Height of Land. Lunch time was on us, but the near side of the carry over the Height was not very attractive, so we crossed to eat on the far side near a large log dock constructed for some unknown purpose on this out-of-the-way shallow lake. Jacques tried fishing after lunch, landing a pike when he had previously decided the lake contained no fish -- of course he had only just caught up to the combined efforts of Ted and the staff who together had done one in on the way up the creek with their paddles. Dark clouds passed over at lunch, but Jeff promised no rain, and was right! The lake was crossed and the stream to Nemenjish paddled reasonably easily, though there were some rocks and shallows that had to be negotiated at the start. Nemenjish was not the greatest looking lake -- quite shallow it seemed, and we were unable to find a good campsite, though three were tried -- one too small; one too old; and one too dirty. About all that was discovered was an authentic indian

moose horn, but after the staff tried calling, the other calls that were made might have conjured up anything at all -- or nothing -- as the case actually proved. It was only just past three, so the section decided to start down the river and trust to luck at finding a site. We ran one rapid reasonably well only to be forced to portage one almost immediately afterwards. Warren's old campsite was there, but too small really for a section, so we moved on. The staff elected to run the next one -- hopefully with the canoes tight behind him since it was pretty long, but Jacques lost his paddle momentarily going under the first tree, and the line of succession was broken, though everyone got to the foot safely -- 74 making a run for the first time without hitting anything. After a section of winding creek where the water level was supported by the work of a beaver, we portaged 300 yards or so past a pair of rapids. A vote was taken to keep going though there was an habitable indian site back up 25 yards or so from the river. The next little rapid found 74 broadside when Steve and John decided that the staff's instructions to go to the left of a rock at the foot meant to go to the left bank -- where there were more rocks. The creek twisted and turned in fairly deep water for a couple miles until Lake Watouche appeared finally -- not much of a lake, but we found a campsite on a knoll almost as soon as we entered and set up housekeeping. There was a long discussion about how to fit five tents into space for four, but eventually Steve and Pete found a place -- not the best but the tent got up. While the staff cooked dinner, the guide disgustedly cleaned up half a can of jam that had spilled over in wannigan 22 between lunch and the campsite. The sand flies -- plus all the usual standbys -- hit with a vengeance, so dinner was eaten somewhat in haste to get out of the bugs. And since it was impossible to bath or enjoy the evening air, all quieted down as soon as the meal was over -- and besides the sun had set anyway. But the experimental route down the Opawica River and then up from Lake of Two Islands was a success. When anyone finds Hobe Bailey -- tell him he was right about his route to Nemenjish being easier than that taken by other sections.

Tuesday, July 12 -- The morning dawned clear and hot as we ate and rolled, getting off the campsite in waves -- the last of which was caused by Deke's delay in getting the packs tumped for 59. A few brave souls dared to paddle shirtless, but the flies were pretty thick any time the stream narrowed. For a while the water ran deep and fairly straight for better than a mile. Finally a rapid approached, and the staff elected to run, figuring we could clear a log at the foot, but as he barolled down on it, his judgement quickly proved wrong, and pivoting the canoe on a rock, he swung the stern into the log and cut her out. The rest of the run proved passable, though like all the others, there was only one possible path, and a few canoes bounced off a rock or two. Not long afterwards another narrow run appeared, and again with reasonable success the run was made -- the guide again discovering that running 5th in line is not the easiest of positions for making a successful run. Rounding a bend, looking at a little bubbling water, the staff surprised a prize bull moose standing in the stream. He looked us over, and before Pete, the staff, or Bill in the canoe behind could grab for their cameras, he decided we were not friendly and trotted down the stream and into the bush. The landing he chose turned out to be the one we were looking for, and up and

over a 1000 yard portage we went. The trail was one of the best cut we had found thus far, and the only problems were the distance and the flies which met us in droves -- all kinds from black flies to horse flies. So it was with relief we manned the canoes and sought protection on the water. Our report said we would find our last carry a half mile farther, but at about that distance appeared a short rapid which was run easily. Paddling on we passed a deserted tent encampment not of Indian making, and we began to hope maybe we had bypassed that last carry. But no such luck; a cascade barred our path, and we had to take about a 200 yarder over an almost-road wide enough to run a jeep easily. But now the complexion of the stream changed, and it twisted and turned between low clay banks through pretty unattractive scenery for almost five miles. We paused momentarily to get over the remains of a broken down mining bridge; but otherwise the greatest obstacles were the clay bars that kept rising at odd places in the channels. Finally we reached the foot of the bay of Obatagamau. Bill and John started fishing immediately without much success as we started up the bay. A lunch break was called on a rocky shore for the first such lunch site we'd seen in quite a while -- swimming was even possible though the staff was the only one to try bathing. John Neill took over the sterns of their respective canoes, and Deke got a lesson in the Ojibway stroke -- which didn't take -- going down to the campsite only three miles away. John got a lesson in how to paddle with a self-willed bowman. Tents were up in short order, and while the guide and staff collected wood, a clothes and people washing party was held on the rocky swimming point. Amid the flies and heat dinner was served as the sun disappeared in an overcast sky and off to the south dark thunder and rain clouds began to appear as foretold by the flies and humid air. Bill, John, and the staff tried fishing with very little success -- only a couple small pike for their efforts. Heading for home as evening started to descend and the rain approached, the tents were soon occupied. The storm hit first off to the east amid flashes of lightning that lit up the sky, and a few drops of rain fell. After a half hour of such nondescript activity, the storm finally arrived at our own site along with heavy winds and rain -- heavy enough so that the staff had to brave the storm, flashlight in hand, to check to see if the canoes and supplies were safe -- they were.

Wednesday, July 13 -- If a rest day had not been planned, at least a partial one would have been a necessity. During the night the wind shifted to the west and poured rain down on us intermittently so that no one stirred until about ten o'clock when the guide and staff crawled out to pitch the fly even before lighting the fire. Pete and Steve were up almost as soon, but the pancake batter was almost nonexistent by the time Deke, Jeff, and Jacques appeared. The clothes of yesterday, still not dry, got strung up again after the morning showers passed, and occasionally patches of blue drifted by. A few more clothes got washed even though the prospect of drying them was not good. Steve ended up with everything he owned clean, but still wet. Lunch passed to be followed by dinner as Bill cut a little wood, the guide washed dishes and towels and bags, and the staff spent the day cooking. The rest read, slept, and loafed. Bill tried a little fishing without any better success than yesterday. Dinner revived everyone for a while -- though there were a few attempts at birch bending to enliven the

afternoon and Ted and Bill managed to find courage to attempt a swim -- otherwise not much transpired of note. The weather cleared a little as evening approached, but the wind kept up at a fast clip -- lucky for us we were camped on the leeward side of the point.

Thursday, July 14 -- A few more drops of rain fell during the night, but there was no great storm this time, but even at six am when the staff rolled out in the morning sunlight, the wind was still blowing steadily from the west and gave no indication of letting up at all. We were on the water at eight for our earliest start of the year, and just off the campsite and around the other side of the point we hit our first good head wind. With several breaks at strategic points, however, we managed to reach the head of the lake -- with 74 playing guide a good part of the morning. We quieted down for moose going through the next creek, but it was all in vain, for there was nothing to see except good moose country. In good time we pulled up at the start of the long portage of the day. John Neill was the only one smart enough to question why we took out on a perfectly passable stream, but having asked the same question -- and paddled to find the answer last time -- the staff knew going farther was senseless; the rapids could not be pulled. A new logging or mining road cut the trail about 300 yards from the start, and John, Steve, and John Neill were off on it for a while before finding their mistake. Lunch was made at the far side of the carry in good time -- the fire being laid about 11:30. We were back on the water headed north again by 1:00. Soon afterwards the stream narrowed, and 74 clipped a jagged rock by not following the path the staff laid out, putting a couple good holes in the canvas. The staff started to pull up a little rocky chute at the end, realized the water was lower this time than it was on his previous trip, thought better of the idea, and took out sooner than planned, adding another 75 yards to the carry. At the head of the portage he patched 74 while the other three canoes went on to the next little lift over which amounted to very little. A few clouds drifted over spitting on us very briefly, and then we carried over the Height of Land, crossing the Chibougamau highway in the process. The carry was damp for its last half -- that corduroy road or what was left of it being laid by an awful long legged indian! John Neill discovered just how wet muskeg was as he slipped off one of the poorly placed logs -- onto his back some said; though he denied it. Then down winding creek to a pond, and the wind started to have an effect again. Through the culvert under the railroad tracks -- where fortunately no trains were passing overhead at the moment. And then through more pond and stream -- now in the wind; now in the lee. One beaver dam had to be unconstructed and rocks had to be dodged at every narrows, but time passed slowly. Finally Inlet Bay appeared and after a break we pulled across our last open stretch of water for the day and headed up Devlin Point. By now 57 and 74 were dragging a little -- they were always in the lead early in the day. Finally the staff's campsite appeared -- harbor and tent sites to the rear and cooking area, staff tent, and swimming to the front. Dinner was pitched up despite a few sprinkles and time out to watch a rainbow. The guide baked a peanut butter bannock -- his first of the summer, and Deke mixed a lemon one for tomorrow -- though Pete helped not at all by knocking the mixing bowl over trying to be helpful and getting the dish pan off the wannigans -- it had been used to cover the mixing bowl during one of the brief showers. Bill brewed cocoa despite all

kinds of adverse criticism. After dinner Deke's bannock baked, Bill and John tried a little fishing -- Bill catching trees and John catching Canada. The staff bathed. The rest relaxed by the fire, Jeff rested his cut finger in his tent, and Steve tried curing his cold by not smoking. And finally John took all dares and went for a brief swim complete with many screams. But now the wind shifted to the north and brought a 15 minute shower forcing everyone to turn in for the night -- now the big question of the weather for tomorrow?

Friday, July 15 -- The wind continued for a good while into the night, decreasing somewhat toward morning so that the staff rose to a sun obscured by clouds and a gentle lapping of waves on the rock shore. The temperature was way down from what it has been and until the clouds drifted past the sun, it was downright cold. As the blue sky took over, the site warmed up, and to the north white caps could be seen. Ted and John dared take a quick swim -- Ted as though he actually enjoyed it. The staff decided to gamble on the wind, and we loaded up. The lee of Devlin Point offered fine protection for a mile, but then we caught the full force of the wind and waves that were back out of the west again. Three miles of hard pulling finally got us in the lee of an island -- appropriately named Refuge Island -- after an hour and a quarter of paddling trying to keep water from splashing into the canoes. After a longish smoke break we headed north parallel to the Gouin Peninsula that offered good protection in all but a few exposed bays. We paddled past a pretentious edifice which we decided was either a fishing lodge or the home of one of the mine bosses -- and contemplated camping on their well manicured lawn. The staff expected to camp on a point in Eaton Bay, but no such point existed now since what the map says was a causeway had been filled in completely with slag from the mines. So we paddled up the shore line -- the staff having done the same thing in '64 and knowing full well there were no campsites along the way, but hope springs eternal. He even landed to re-inspect a trapper's tent floor, knowing he had done it before and there was nothing in the way of a campsite available -- surprise, no change. And so to the same miserable site used in '64. The tent sites were awful, the landing worse, and the drilled spring there in '64 had disappeared, but hopefully it was only home for a night and we could put up with it. The noon whistle on the moans went off as we started lunch, halting traffic on the road while we ate. Ted could not wait and rushed off ahead of the rest of the pack with Bill and Jeff bringing up the tail end after they finished the dishes. Rides were hard to come by, so a good number ended up with a taxi after walking part way. Food was plentiful -- though not the greatest apparently -- and for some reason everyone seemed to laugh at John Neill in his well tailored shorts and Iowa sweat shirt. The guide and staff stayed to cut wood and nap -- the guide experimented making an early stone house in miniature which he demolished by fire! Bill and Deke arrived about 5:30 and the rest just after six, so a couple extra cans of stew were added to the pot and dinner was produced -- though the appetites were not up to snuff and John and Jeff refused any of the offered fare. The various reading materials brought back consumed the cool evening, and the guide pounced on the various magazines -- attired in his present of a small sailor's cap with Chibougamau proudly printed on the brim.

Saturday, July 16 -- The sun hit the staff tent at 5:50 forcing an early start. The morning was chilly, and the south or west wind still blew as we ate breakfast, but we were on the water -- in sections -- by 7:45. We paddled past three seemingly active mine shafts, and at one were entertained by one of the miners gesturing to us to paddle hard -- maybe we should have gestured back for him to dig hard. A crew cut across our bows in a red pointer similar to the old Keewaydin boat -- all in hard hats which seemed inappropriate in the middle of a lake -- maybe frogmen miners? The south wind helped immensely as we rode the surf -- with appropriate conversation about the same. Eventually McKenzie Bay was reached, and we rounded the point to see Asbestos Island staring us in the face. After the staff held us up a while taking pictures of bare rock, we pulled into the first and worst portage of the day -- right uphill for at least the first half of the 1300 yarder; besides almost all the bugs in Canada discovered us sweating across with our loads. Blondeau Lake was nothing much to see -- pretty much drowned or burnt over, and a 400 yarder got us to a small, relatively bug free lunch spot on the far side by about 12:00. Lake Orellie was paddled -- she would not be greatly complimented if she visited her lake -- and a small rocky rapid or shallow was paddled to a 600 yarder that crossed the Waconichi road where we dodged speeding cars to get across -- still bothered by the flies. A moose pond followed, and the guide hustled across to a quaking bog landing and another 600 yard gem. Only to reach more drowned land and two gigantic beaver dams -- the first about six feet high and the second a shade better. It might have been worth it if Lake Lemoine had been worth looking at -- but thanks to the industrious beaver it was almost all drowned. An ancient indian winter camp was inspected from the water, and we headed toward the last portage, pretty well bushed by this time. We carried through what there was of the '64 campsite and on to the shore of Waconichi. Bill dragged across 3 tent poles on his last load! The guide finally brought his canoe over and then crumped and read comic books while the staff with help from Bill and Deke cooked supper. A long hard day -- probably the toughest of the portaging days of the summer, but fortunately, except for the canoes of course, the loads were very light; otherwise we might not have made it through. But still almost everything was over by 4:30, and dinner was served by 6:30. Pete discovered a genuine Boy Scout axe in the campsite, which he appropriated -- along with the worst of the four possible camper sites -- in his rush to claim first tent choice by virtue of his early arrival. A sport glided by as we were setting up camp -- motored by his guide in the stern -- so the manager of the fishing lodge is probably warned of our arrival and is rubbing his hands with glee over the rod fee he expects to collect -- little does he know. The flies were impossible at the campsite -- seeming to like green canoes and bare skin best. Rain was definitely coming. A little spit came right after dinner, and then about 8:15 it started ever so slowly just as Deke's cinnamon bannock was coming off the fire. It looks like we are in for a night of wet -- maybe it will get rid of the flies, but it will also probably cause a wind shift, and what we had would have almost been a tail wind! Hopefully we can get off in the morning though, for the site is nothing to write home about, and the swimming area leaves a good bit to be desired. Bill and the staff tried, but neither reported great possibilities.

Sunday, July 17 -- The sun hit the staff tent at 6 am, and he was up cooking breakfast moments later. Debate centered of which way the wind would be blowing after the rain of last night, which still left the tents and fly a little damp when they were rolled. The clouds seemed to be moving from the southwest -- just as yesterday, but occasional gusts swept into the campsite from all directions making it hard to be sure what would happen. Breakfast was almost over by the time the guide crawled out of the tent with his pack rolled. The staff canoe hit the water at 7:45, and he and Pete had drifted -- having discovered a tail wind much to their delight -- almost two miles before the others caught up. Two miles farther we made a forced stop at the fishing lodge dock so the staff could present our letter of permission to travel through the lake without paying the Quebec Government's exorbitant daily rod fees. The staff got out of the place before any further admonitions could be added to the one not to fish. The lodge buildings and cabins all looked new, clean, and neat, in vivid contrast to the adjacent small indian camp about 75 yards up the shore -- maybe the homes of the hired help. We fully planned to sail as soon as we could cut poles, but the nearby island had mostly struce and was too close to the fishing camp to be a proper cutting place -- the staff wanted birch or poplar anyway. So we headed toward a point on the south shore a couple miles away, but it was not long before the staff figured the swells and chop would make it impossible to lash the canoes together without damaging them, so we would have to take it on a paddle and ride the swells at the same time. Actually we'd make as good time, even if it was a little more effort. The first smoke break of normal length allowed a drift of about a half mile. The second soon afterwards, a drift of maybe a mile -- the lake was really rolling by now -- white caps and all, but fortunately it was a deep lake and the chop around the fishing lodge had disappeared and turned into long rollers coming directly astern of us. Several canoes created small sails by having the bowmen raise the blades of their paddles during a break, so the staff tried having Pete rig his rain jacket on his paddle. The idea caught fire instantly, and soon everyone was sailing for almost all the rain suits had been pulled out of the packs at the lodge since the sky had clouded over by then and the warm sun had been replaced by a cool overcast. The sail went well until a rain squall hit and the jackets had to be used for other purposes. The squall was light and short, but by now the waves and wind were higher, so we took to paddles again for a while. By now -- about 11:0'clock -- we were approaching the pyramidal mountain on which the fire tower was located -- the signal we were to turn right and had only 5 - 6 miles left of the lake. We'd come twenty plus since leaving the campsite. The guide suggested lunch which the staff vetoed having been looking back over his shoulder at the weather most of the morning. Another squall hit -- longer and harder than the first, but still fairly short. When it was over we tried sailing again -- 57 and 59 getting into a sailing race with 57 winning despite various arguments. 27 had to make a brief stop on shore, and 74 had to pull up to tie up the bow seat where two bolts had broken, so the other three reached the head of the lake first. The staff held up at the top of the little riffle into the pond for the laggards and then ran down to the pond and the campsite below. No one really noted the arrival time, but it was somewhere near 1:15 -- or we had done 26 - 28 miles -- lots of it drifting and sailing in 5 plus hours. Tents went up while lunch was being cooked, and there

was even time for a quick swim since the staff had a hard time finding dry wood in an area pretty well skinned out by the Indians. The staff tent even got up before the thunder shower hit just at the conclusion of a rushed bread line. The pot and dish crews dove for shelter, however, before their work could be started. The shower was heavy and fierce, but of relatively short duration -- though the fire had to be rekindled before the dish water could be reheated. The staff went wood hunting; the guide took a nap; Bill went fishing; and the rest hustled off to their tents to read more comic books. Another shower hit and the staff finally gave in and pitched the fly. Bill returned to report small trout at the rip above -- the staff had gotten a couple good strikes at the campsite before the last shower. Bill hustled his canoe across the portage; tried fishing a little; and returned to report that there were two tents of Indians camped at the far side. Other canoes went over, each verifying the same fact -- in fact one of the Indians was a Rupert's House man -- though he'd never come up the river, much to Teddy's disgust. Another shower delayed the start of dinner, which was finally cooked close to 7:30 or 8:00, but no one seemed to care except that the sand flies were out in full force by that time. Bill and the staff tried a couple casts; John Neill and Deke got into an argument about some form of religion and beliefs. The staff canoe took the portage, and the broken bolts in 74's bow seat got replaced. On his return the staff spotted a beaver kit swimming just off the dock, and he was bombarded with rocks -- several near misses. And as darkness descended we took to the protection of the tents -- as a couple beaver took over the pond in front of the site.

Monday, July 18 -- A violent rain storm hit some time during the night -- collapsing the staff's "well pitched" fly -- but still leaving the wannigans covered -- so no damage. At 6 am the sky was decidedly gray, and the staff was mighty dubious about the weather. At 6:30 it was not much better, and a very light scotch mist was falling. At 7:30 the staff spotted a small patch of blue and decided to give it a go. No sooner was the fire laid than Jeff appeared wanting to know why everything was so late -- and Steve was not far behind him -- with Pete right behind them. The south wind still blew keeping the heat from the pots and so for the first time about half the section was assembled before the coffee boiled or the cereal went into the pot -- and the guide had the pleasure of making his first pot of oatmeal of the summer. Anyway we finally made it off the campsite at 9:45 -- give or take a few minutes. But not until an Indian party had portaged through the site on their way up Waconichi we guessed. First came a young lad with a .22; followed by a squaw -- maybe she looked like Jacques' wife before she lost her antlers in Viet-Nam? and a couple little girls -- the squaw carried a paddle -- and finally a tiny limping Indian with a big canoe -- carried on paddles like ours, but without a tump. He let it down on the dock by plowing the bow into the boards and then tipping it off his shoulders. And off they went toward Waconichi. We loaded up on the other side -- the party there having gone to work somewhere leaving the young lad of the group to clean up the breakfast dishes. Then Ted -- having already made one inspection trip back to see if anything had been forgotten -- realized his axe was not with us and sprinted back up the trail to locate it. Finally we were on our way and the sun started shining brightly for a change as shirts came off almost immediately -- the two Johns

would have appreciated some of that sun during their morning dip perhaps? A couple miles and a few rocks later we carried 50 yards or so through some sort of a mining project that was in the process of spanning the creek at this point. And only a short while later we went over our last carry into Mistassini -- Deke carefully trying the boat trail that the staff had just warned him against not two minutes before. A couple twists and turns later and we were paddling a dead calm toward the tip of the long thin sand bar that blocked our way down the lake. The wind started to rise as we rounded the point and though we found a lunch site, we could find no dry wood to fell to take to the Post, and the canoes would have no protection, so we headed toward a large island a couple miles away and found an appropriate spot. Lunch cooked while the guide felled dry wood and Bill and Deke tried the saw -- only to break the blade in the process, so the staff's axe had to finish the job. Back on the water, Bill still tried in vain for a fish -- John and the staff were convinced that since he was using a fake Mepps he would catch only fake fish -- which he did. Pete even pulled out his rod for the first time since Gouin Reservoir with no better luck -- though he was using a real Mepps. A couple breaks later the post could be seen, but by now we were hugging the shore of the point ot stay in the lee, and so it disappeared -- only to reappear around the last bend. As we started across a green canoe was seen paddling toward our intended campsite, and we knew some one had beat us to the peg and stolen the site. They gave us some silly looking paddle thumping routine, and the staff pulled in to see who they were sending the guide and section off to the post to see what was there. The section turned out to be Abby Fenn and his Dunmore section, so the staff unloaded his canoe and headed over to the post to send the others back to make camp. He went in search of the mail -- all that at the post was for the Temagami section behind us. Glen Speers said our mail might be at the Post Office -- but that was closed. So the staff went over to the Fish and Game headquarters where Rioux had stored our stuff from Fecteau and picked up the boxes of goodies and what looked like clothes. The boxes had really suffered in transit, but they all seemed to be there, so he and his bowman brought back a canoe load, leaving the rest for the morning. Of course a brief rain shower hit while all this was in progress and the wind rose higher. Back on the new campsite Jacques was busy mixing his caramel cake and dinner preparations were going on. The guide was pleased to find we did not have to have meat balls for dinner, and the staff opened Roy's packages -- Kleenex for Steve, baby powder and tooth paste for John -- Bill got a new tooth brush and a can of dehydrated carrots that Roy sent. The beautiful bow line (?) went to pitch tents in the future. Not much mail in this outfit -- a Dear John for Jeff and that was about it. Maybe more tomorrow, if we ever find the other shipment. Dinner finally cooked and eaten, Abby Fenn insisted on a group picture of the historic meeting of the two Keewaydins. We found their outfit a little strange -- Baker type leanto tents of 3 or 4 man capacity -- a lot of freeze dry foods. Oh, well, every one to his own style of tripping we guessed. One of their gang from New Orleans had bought a puppy -- husky he claimed? They plan to leave in the morning -- good luck if the wind keeps up. It will be a real pull to Big Crossing unless the wind drops. They plan to pick up a Cree guide in the morning to take them down the Rupert all the way -- no jump to the Marten as

we are planning. And so with the dogs howling across the way we turned in.

Tuesday, July 19 -- Abby Fenn et al were up somewhere in the neighborhood of 6 am as the wind still blew from the northwest. Around 7:30 the staff crawled out to say goodbye and Pete joined him as the canoes were being loaded in the rolling surf off the campsite. Somehow they got off -- maybe with all their gear, but from the lack of organization it would seem to be a miracle. Somehow they just did not seem to have enough supplies by our standards. Awful small wannigans and seemingly pretty light at that, and no great bulky babies either. Where's their flour and sugar -- not to mention other items we consider necessities. Maybe they really did need that can of dehydrated carrots. Their campers must not have been kidding last night when they said that everything they ate was dehydrated! Pete went back to bed and the staff started moving our gear up to the old Dunmore kitchen area which was more protected, more spacious, and boasted a wooden floor of a semi-cabin-like-area -- better for reoutfitting. Pancakes made Pete and Steve appear; Steve to carry up one wannigan and Pete two empty pails and the dish pan as the guide transported everything else that the staff had not brought in his three trips in which the breakfast necessities had been brought up. Breakfast almost over John and Deke finally appeared as Ted and the staff shoved off for Rioux's storage room to pick up the rest of the supplies, returning with 77 nearly awash in the swells -- fortunately running with the wind. Willing hands unloaded and then the ponderous task of packing the accumulated supplies started while the dish crew finished their task. Bagging took the first hour and then packing the wannigans took the next -- and there was still stuff that would not fit -- almost every canoe would have to carry a cardboard box tomorrow in addition to its normal load. Maybe with better wannigan packing more could have been stuffed in. Around noon the job was done and lunch was started -- spaghetti being the fare whether we like it or not since several boxes had been broken open in transit. The whole shipment was pretty much a mess from the way someone had handled it -- probably Fecteau -- it looked like it had all been left out in the rain on some dock for quite a while. All we knew that was missing was a can of shellac -- so the canoes never got their coating -- and a carton of Steve's cigarettes -- maybe if he smoked less he would not suffer from such a cold. After lunch everyone headed to the Post -- the staff first in search of the mail that was discovered at the Post Office -- or rather at the Indian Affairs Office almost next door. Deke won the mail contest by a large margin with the staff coming second only because he had letters addressed to him from Chief, Roy, Gayle, Stan, and Bob Raymond. Full of camp news and a good season down below. John went in search of a dog and came up with something for which the woman who owned it asked for the "price of tobacco" which turned out to be a dollar. The staff took pictures to his heart's content -- finding only the usual inactivity of an Indian summer post -- the only interesting event being a man blocking out paddles with an axe and a woman finishing up treating a moose hide. Back to the campsite to do up bundles to send back to camp -- the greatest bundle being Ted's moose antlers and the guide's saw. Back to the post to get rid of it all and mail letters. Bill went in search of another dog -- eventually found for a buck and a half, and the staff went looking for more pictures --

ending up in conversation with the local Catholic Father where Ted, Deke, and Bill found him. Meanwhile the guide cooked dinner back at the site, and by seven-thirty we were burning boxes one by one -- the wind still being too strong to have a bonfire. Bill went on an under-the-cabin-floor hunt for his scared puppy and eventually drove it into a corner where Steve could grab it. Carefully haltered, it was led off to the tent it was to share with John's mutt -- named Ralph for some reason. John Neill appeared to discard his comic books -- now somewhat the worse for wear -- the guide grabbed all he had not already read. And so we settled down as clouds appeared and the wind dropped -- listening to the dogs fight -- the chug-chug of a generator across the way -- the yapping of the dogs -- and Steve and Pete coughing themselves out. Hopefully Abby got across the Big Crossing, but the wind has been pretty strong. Wonder if Cree guide Mathew took them over? We were approached by several who wanted to guide us. But we thanked them for their offer and elected to try it ourselves.

Wednesday, July 20 -- Although the staff was up cooking breakfast at 6:10, it took a while to get moving with our new loads and it was 8:15 before all the canoes were off, and the staff had paddled almost to the narrows before all caught up with him. Several indian families were in the process of loading up their freighters and canoes preparatory to moving house as we paddled up the narrows. An extended photographic break was made to take pictures of the indian display of skulls and bones of animals on the west shore of the narrows -- supposedly superstitions to insure good hunting. Bear, beaver, birds, and a small pair of caribou antlers were among the displays. A couple miles farther the bay started to open up, and the north wind hit so that we were forced to hug the west shore and pull hard at bays that needed to be crossed. The indians we had seen loading up earlier motored by -- one freighter towing a string of canoes loaded with people and baggage. Two families had even traveled together so that one freighter pulled the other plus the loaded canoes. The major discussion at each smoke break was the naming of Bill's puppy -- Tim finally coming up with Abatagush, for the bay we were on -- either Batty or Gush for short. Whichever it was the puppy took well to the canoe. Ralph was not so well behaved much to John's and Ted's disgust. Roy's thoughtful gift of Kleenex came in handy. Lunch was made on a rock point around 12, and strangely enough the wind dropped as we ate. The white caps had really been rolling out in the center up to this point and even near shore the going had been such that everyone had taken at least some water. The afternoon wore on as we paddled north toward the narrows which we could see for a long time before they really appeared. About the only interesting events were the emergency stops for Ralph. At the narrows the staff replaced the broken seat bolt in Deke's bow seat, and we moved on, but now the wind shifted and started coming in from the west for a change -- which from the looks of the weather brought ill tidings. Black clouds had been passing over and around us all morning, but we had only been spat on a couple times fortunately. It looked like most of the storms were passing to our left down the big lake. Now black clouds started our way, but by some quirk of fate they missed us by a hair. At the same time to the north another rain storm seemed to be bearing down on us. But though the west wind caused some chop as it hit the waves still rolling in from the north, nothing adverse

really happened. Dragging after our day's work, we slowly rounded the last point to spot the three or four cabins of the indian fishing camp -- there were tents in '64. They seemed busy building a large sort of causeway on cribs across a bay on the point -- sort of two long docks with an opening left in the middle -- maybe a draw bridge would be fitted? We never figured out the purpose, but maybe it was none of our business. The work crews were just knocking off -- 5 pm -- as we passed and rounded the point and occupied the '64 site on the tiny island just around the point. Most of the trees had been felled on the site this time -- offering no more tent sites -- just a big mess. We unloaded and selected tent site as the guide and staff got dinner going on semi-green wood. As we were almost ready to eat a large freighter paddled by a man and a boy -- with another boy riding mojo -- paddled by using oars as paddles -- nosed into the beach. It turned out to be a Frenchman who was a commercial fisherman -- getting 2000 pounds of fish a week he said -- taking the boys out on a busman's holiday. He conversed with the staff briefly -- using the young lad as an interpreter -- but the staff was more interested in turning his pineapple bannock and draining the rice, and finally the fishermen left. Dinner was served and eaten as the staff went to look over the prospects for an evening crossing. The view from the far side of the island was excellent -- Ted and Jeff concluded it was not very far to the other side -- only problem being that they were looking at an island only two miles away and not at the far shore. There was a light west wind but the staff decided to go ahead -- hopefully getting off by seven. Progress was a little slow, however, and it was 7:20 before we were all loaded and on our way. The great dinner event had been the renaming of Batty who now became Toby -- Clarence losing out by a slight margin. We pulled to the last island two miles away and took a last smoke break at 7:50 and headed off. About two miles out the west wind shifted abruptly to a north wind that brought rollers with it, though fortunately not too high for the canoes to ride, though a few bowmen got a little damp again. The sun hid behind first one cloud and then another, and finally disappeared behind the spruce of the far shore about 8:45 when we were still more than a mile out. We finally reached the shore in hazy, darkening skies, and tried to pick up the two little islands the staff needed as land marks for the campsite for which he was headed. Tom suggested they were to our left, but the staff was sure the north wind had driven him farther south than he wanted and insisted on paddling north along the shore. The rollers were breaking on the rocky beaches making it unsure to land as we paddled north as darkness came faster than we expected. Still no islands. In the lee of a point the staff pulled up at a sand beach to dig out his flash light. A tiny indian site was found with room for two tents, but the staff was so sure of his islands we loaded up again after preliminary attempts at fire building on the beach to warm up the freezing crew. North we went as the staff finally spotted some islands and heading inside them -- But rather than a straight shore line as there should have been behind the islands for which we were searching, there was an indentation and more island appeared. Guide and staff looked over the map -- only two islands were mapped anywhere along the whole coast anywhere near our location -- until we reached the turn to the Rupert -- we must therefore be farther north than we expected. If so the staff knew of another campground, so he searched with no success. Finally he gave up, found a tiny sandy landing and some semi cleared mossy ground -- or heather -- and called it quits. While we had been

watching displays of northern lights on the paddle up, now the sky was dark, and with flashlights we unrolled and crawled into whatever comfort we could find. Bill and John pitched a tent, strung on a rope, as did the guide and staff, but the others just unrolled and pulled an unfolded tent over them. By now 12:45 -- really the next day.

Thursday, July 21 -- It was almost 1 am by the time every light winked out, but soon all was quiet -- even Steve did not cough as much as usual -- or as much as he had been doing for the last three hours. But all too soon -- at 6 am -- the staff awakened to the first few drops of rain and roused everyone. There was no place to cook breakfast on or near the site, so there was nothing to do but roll before everything got soaked and get back on the water and search for something decent. But first the staff had to decide where we were. He and the guide had decided last night that we were at the mouth of the Rupert -- or at least at the turn to the Rupert portage -- if so, there would be a passage between islands, so the staff pulled off shore to orient himself with the map. Not sure by the time the others were loaded, he paddled back and started north looking for the opening. Then the rain started in earnest. There was no campsite of any suitable nature to be found, and the staff was much opposed to trying to stop and cook breakfast in the rain, so on he went looking for the opening in the islands. If he could find it, he knew where a campsite was that could be reached in a couple hours. Still assuming the Rupert portage was nearby, he paddled on trying to orient himself to the map. At one point he declared he had it, only to be mistaken when what he thought was the point of an island could not be rounded. He even pulled up and dragged out the next map section -- by now assuming we were farther north than at first supposed. Just one more point farther and he would call it quits and head back south -- thinking we were much too far north -- that was about the fourth time he'd decided that, but always one more point -- and this one paid off. In front of him was the real passage to the Rupert portage just as he remembered it. We'd been fooling around all this time in two deep bays farther south; both of which contained islands the maps did not show! But as fate would have it, there was a large indian fishing camp on the '64 site we would otherwise gladly have occupied. There was even an indian on the site across the bay on the next island. So the staff posed the problem -- go on to the Rupert portage where he knew there was a site. He also proposed and vetoed pulling up and cooking in the rain. So on we went very slowly. The north wind helped not at all, but our own hunger and tiredness were most responsible. While most had felt that their heather beds had been comfortable, no one had been in the sack more than five hours. A smoke break was called, and three cans of cherries were dug up to be doled out by the guide. An endless paddle into the teeth of the wind, and three cans of peaches became a second breakfast. We'd started into the islands about 10 am -- it was now getting toward noon. The rain had let up for most of the paddle, but while blue sky appeared in places, there was always at least one black cloud ready to bear down on us -- and most of them did -- rain suits went on and off like we were models in a fashion show. All the way in there had been the fear that the Dunmore section would have held up on the portage site. We knew from our Frenchman fisherman of the previous evening that they had

crossed yesterday morning -- now if they had gone to the portage and held up in the rain? But the staff knew of no other already cut sites and none appeared on the way in. Finally about 12:30 in one final pelting rain storm we rounded the last point and the campsite was ours! The rain stopped almost as soon as we landed, but as Ted went off to find a tent site leaving John to unload alone, he did the usual act of exhaustion and turned the canoe over trying to bring out the baby by himself. The baby was retrieved undamaged, but John and the canoe were a little wetter than before. The guide and staff cooked lunch -- it was far too late for breakfast -- while the tents went up. And soon afterwards they were all occupied leaving the guide and staff to pitch the fly and their own tent just before the rain returned. Several showers hit during the afternoon as then a patch of blue would arrive and the warm sun would dry things up. The guide baked a spice cake and made icing while the staff puttered around the fire and talked -- with Tiger -- having decided that Toby was not a very good name for a dog. Everyone woke for dinner, and afterwards 27, 59, and 74 went over the portage, but as soon as everything was walloped, the rain set back in lightly, and even if it had not been sack time for everyone anyway, the tents would have had to have been occupied to stay dry. By 9:30 only the patter of rain on the canvas, Steve's periodic coughing, the chirping birds, and Tiger scampering around could be heard at all.

Friday, July 22 -- Rain fell gently for most of the night, stopping about 5 am. The sky was overcast and everything pretty wet when the staff would normally have gotten up, so he rolled over to go back to sleep which was easy until about seven when Bill and John next door started talking with their dogs. Finally about 7:45 the staff made the move. The sun was trying its best to break through and the clouds -- or overcast -- were moving. By the time breakfast was over the tents were moderately dry and could be rolled. Without a great deal of difficulty we portaged to the bay off the Rupert and were on the water about 10 am. We hit our first idea of current almost immediately and rode it into the lake-like expanse below with ease. The south wind created an unnecessary chop at the foot. The staff followed his map as best he could -- there are thousands more islands than are shown, and proudly led us on only one side trip into a blind bay for a slight detour. In the process a dark cloud passed overhead and spit on us enough so that the rain gear was unpacked and donned, but the shower passed quickly and once out of the bay we picked up the river current. Pausing only for dog breaks along the way the staff was looking forward to making camp about 12:30 and spending the afternoon fishing when suddenly there appeared in our front a rapid that needed to be looked over -- it was runnable, but the staff remembered no such rapid in '64 -- but, well, maybe the different water level had changed it all. The guide suggested we should have turned left up an island studded rapid, and he and Jeff went up the rapid to look. The staff walked a ridge at the same time and concluded there was no point in the guide going farther, and so called him back. So the rapid had to be run -- an easy job, but it contained some pretty good swells that we avoided. A couple more bits of fast water, and the staff turned left figuring we must have passed to the east of a large island on our way down and we had to go south now to reach the campsite. An impassable chute stood in his way -- and no portage trail. So he tried another nearby bay -- the same

story. Meanwhile -- fortunately -- the guide and his bowman were studying the map and pointed out where we were -- headed on our way north of Ile de L'Est -- rather than south -- and well on our way to getting royally lost. Nothing to do but backtrack -- which meant lining up one of the little swifts we had run and paddling another and finally portaging the big rapid we had run. There was a trail; some one -- Indians probably -- travels this way. By now it was past 2 and lunch was cooked at the upper end of the trail -- each dog earning a slice of its owner's ration of Kam. Back on the water a tough mile and a half paddle upstream took us to the proper campsite only three hours after we should have arrived -- a long side trip. The staff had certainly done a good job of getting us lost since leaving the Post! On the paddle up what appeared to be a large stick floating down the river turned out to be a bear cub that got to shore before anyone but the staff and Steve spotted it. Tents went up and the guide started fixing dinner and such routine matters while the staff tried fishing -- with no success at all -- lots of Canada, however. Jeff and John got into the act with no better success. Steve baked the bannock for dinner and Deke took over for the traveling one. Bill split wood. A couple people contemplated bathing, but were discouraged by the water temperature. After dinner the staff and Jeff were the only fishermen to go out and returned after dark as lightning was seen to the south with a lone trout the staff had collected. Lots of rises, a few strikes, lots of fish jumping, and a good number of bug bites, but only one trout to show for it. Oh, well, one fish for breakfast's better than none. The south wind blew as candles were snuffed out and the gentle patter of rain drops started hitting the canvas again.

Saturday, July 23 -- We were supposed to travel today, but it never came off as planned. Rain fell during the night, never hard nor for very long at a stretch, but still plenty to wet everything down. A ten minute shower hit around 6:20, and while the sun tried to make an appearance over the ridge on the east side of the river, the gray sky kept all but a small band of blue sky from appearing, and the sun gave up and retreated -- so did the staff; back to his nice warm sleeping bag. At 7:30 he tried again, only to be greeted by another brief shower plus a really black sky off to the south west. So he gave up again and went back to sleep until 8:45 when he rolled out to mix the rest day pancake batter. There was some thought in his mind about moving after lunch, but as he looked at the sky, the thought was never very realistic -- and besides the bush on the portages would be really wet. Plenty of wood had been cut last night, so breakfast was easy, but the fly had to go up since a scotch mist kept falling and there was dry wood for the rest of the day to consider. The staff's lone trout of last evening went into the pan after the bacon was done, and Toby enjoyed part of Bill's piece -- plus the tail. Not nearly enough fish to go around, however. With breakfast over, it was time to cook lunch almost immediately. Jeff and Ted went off fishing, told that lunch would be ready in less than an hour. Their Spanish rice was set aside when they failed to return within the time limit. Bill spent the morning cleaning up the mess one of the dogs had left for him. Pete did a little barbering on his beard, and Deke spent most of his time cleaning his comb! The staff paddled off to fish, meeting the other two coming back after a while and giving them the trout he had just caught to go with the one Jeff had gotten. Back at the

site the guide had given up on the fishermen and given away their lunch, so their two trout were all they got. Jeff and John returned to fish bringing Bill to paddle the staff back upstream to the campsite. The sun appeared for a while, but the south wind continued hard through the afternoon. Ted stayed behind to bake his promised apple pie -- by now he'd offered to carry the staff canoe across every portage from now on if he failed to produce on the first rest day -- and this was it. Guide and staff produced the rest of the meal after Ted and the staff brought in two more sheekos -- the irons were set so high it took a ton of wood to boil water. The fishermen returned with one trout to Jeff's credit just as the bread line was called. The guide gave Ted a 7 on his apple pie -- based on his own vast experience at having baked twice himself thus far! Really it was quite good. Deke started to make cinnamon rolls as the staff and Ted headed back to fish. Jeff planned to clean his trout for the morning, but leaving it conveniently on a rock, one of the dogs got to it, so that all that was on hand for breakfast as we turned in were the two Ted and the staff brought back -- one apiece -- the staff's weighing in at 2½ pounds as the largest of the trip thus far. A small shower fell after dinner as thunder rolled in the distance, but the sunset could be seen at least. We'll have to travel tomorrow no matter what anyway; the wind dies after dinner, so maybe it's over.

Sunday, July 24 -- It was sort of move-or-else so far as the staff was concerned, but clouds hid the sun from the staff tent until 6:40 when he bounced out to get things started. John and Bill slept through the yell to roll and so were last to the bread line. Only the staff's fish got to the pan for breakfast. Ted's was frisky as a kitten after its night on the stringer, and after dropping it once on the ground, the staff went to wash it off only to have it slither through his hand and escape to become a larger trout for some one. Deke took an hour to roll his tent and the staff had to pause to repair the headband on Ted's wannigan tump that broke as he carried it down to the canoe, so we were not all on the water until 8:40. We ran the little ripples down past the campsite to the little 50 yard plus carry around the first sizeable rapid and portaged the same. The 900-yard muskeg portage was not much of a dream with various people getting wetter than others during the trips across. John Neill claimed the prize for getting most acquainted with muskeg according to all reports. Toby followed every one back and forth, but Ralph preferred lying in the sun at the start of the carry to coming with us, and John had to go fetch him finally. We surmised that Dunmore had camped at the end of the carry and left the guts of what we later learned was a 12 pound pike on the shore. Soon afterwards a reasonably good rapid appeared that was run pretty easily without anyone getting out into the swells. A lake-like section followed with patches of good current and a few little riffles to shoot down to the island portage of 150 yards or so. For some reason Jacques decided to carry his baby across in one hand while balancing the canoe with the other! One more rapid appeared before lunch in which 59 took first water of the trip getting too far out in the swells. We gambled and passed up the '64 lunch site in favor of the head of the 300 yard portage just below -- the gamble paid off. Ralph got a much needed bath and disappeared into the bush to sulk, coming back only when the staff called "bread line." A load went across before lunch leaving

the canoes till the last because of the difficult loading spot, and one by one we loaded and ran down to the foot. The staff was sitting watching as 74 drifted down to announce we had visitors and low and behold paddling up to the rapid from below was Abby with his Louisiana boy riding mojo and the Cree guide -- Mathew -- paddling stern. It appeared they had left the section somewhere below and were headed back to the lodge at the mouth of the Rupert to radio back to Fecteau that the set they were carrying did not work and not to come looking for them -- it seems they were supposed to check in today or something like that. It all seemed rather silly plus the fact that Abby could not really tell us where he had left the section -- something about the head of a half mile carry -- only trouble being that the staff knew of no half mile carry on the river at least until we turn onto the Marten. It seemed that they had been camped on the west side of the island two miles out from Big Crossing the evening we made our move. They'd come across early the next morning before the rain and had come up to the mouth of the Rupert that afternoon while we were camped ahead of them on the Rupert portage. Then the next day while we were taking our side trip that involved playing with our extra rapid up to the north, they'd passed us camping at the 900 yarder as we had guessed. They must have moved yesterday while we stayed put. Abby had left some time today to paddle back. Anyway, all five of our canoes were down by now, and we bid adieu again and paddled on as he headed for the portage. Off to the west some really black clouds gathered and streaks of lightning started appearing. The staff finally decided discretion was the better part of valor and headed for a low shore, unloaded the canoes, and rigged the fly low and wide on the spare ropes. Ralph chose the canoe as protection, but we huddled under the fly as the storm hit. Wind blew and rain flew for quite a while holding us captive on the moss until about 5 o'clock -- about a 2½ hour storm. Ten people and a dog -- two when Ralph joined -- under a piece of porous Ojibway canvas! Gradually the western sky grew lighter and the rain almost stopped, and we loaded up. Paddling off in the dark of the overcast still clad in our rain gear -- some drier than others, we started looking for a campsite. The stay under the fly had not been completely dry -- the moral of the story being don't take a fly with Ojibway written on it -- they leak. Quarters had been pretty cramped on top of that with ten of us and the two dogs -- since Ralph sought the warmth of being next to John eventually. Conversation centered around the dogs and the World Fair for want of something better to do. Anyway back on the water no campsite appeared, so we started down the long 400 yard rapid. The top was easy, and the section caught an eddy after the first little pitch. Then the staff decided to take the rest of it starting on the left, crossing over and running out on the right. He almost made it right, but 57 right behind got their signals crossed and took the worst of the swells not crossing the river at all. 59 and 74 did likewise realizing too late they were supposed to cross. The guide was the only one to run it right as he and Jeff made their move soon enough. But all got through somehow! Still no campsite appeared, so as more rain began to fall the staff headed for the site he used in '64 -- the site was OK, but there was no fast water nearby to fish and so he had hoped to avoid it -- and would have, but for the rain delay. The site was occupied and the fly raised as tents went up as the rain ceased and the bugs arrived. Deke baked for tomorrow. John Neill took to his bed with a headache and little else happened as darkness came early

as the trees hid the setting sun early. And as the last candle went out fish could be heard jumping in front of the site, but no one dared brave the bugs to find out what they were. Plans to bake a pot of beans in the sand had also fallen through because of the lateness of the hour and the unlikely prospect that the sand would get hot enough before darkness really came. As the staff looked over his old log he realized he had been on exactly the same site, the same tent site, and lying on the same spot on July 24, 1964 also!

Monday, July 25 -- The world was beautiful at 6 am when the sun shone in the door of the staff tent getting him out of bed quickly in the warm cloudless morning. Toby rose to greet him at the fire for the first time and even before he called the section, people were stirring. John Neill was on the mend after feeling poorly yesterday and last night, but now Steve was suffering a similar intestinal affliction. Still we rolled and prepared to move. For some reason progress was very slow -- not because of Steve. John had dog problems and Deke difficulties with tent and pack so it was 8:00 before canoes were ready. The first rapid was only a stone's throw away, and the staff climbed a knoll to look her over, followed by the guide, and together they plotted a course hugging the far right shore. The staff ran first while the others watched. Ted and John led off the main section and promptly parked themselves high and dry on a large rock trying to catch the eddy at the foot. The staff started ahead alone to see about the next run; started to investigate the right side of an island coming up; thought better of it too late; and tried to move left; saw he could not make it and would have to run the next pitch; and headed her down. Seeing the run was good; he called back for the others who were now too far behind to see how he crossed over to the island after starting the initial run on the left. As a result only 74 made it to the staff's side without having to catch an eddy first and back track upstream before crossing. We had landed at an obvious portage, so we unloaded to carry the 200 yards on a pretty good, well-used trail. It was just as well, for now we could dump some of the water accumulated during the second run. Low and behold we walked through the Dunmore campsite before anyone was up! Toby tried to make friends with Abby's dog Squish with only a rebuff for his attempts, but the rest of us got along better it seemed. After a short chat and some picture taking -- the falls were pretty spectacular -- on we went letting the current carry us pretty much into some practically dead lake-like water. A beaver entertained for a short period of time, but after two dives we lost track of him. There was one moment of doubt until the guide and staff got map oriented -- there were too many islands. A couple breaks later we slowly arrived at the top of the stretch and hit the river again. Our first rapid was too formidable, so we tried another channel and ran with success. By now the sun had disappeared and the sky was getting heavier -- even spitting a little. The next rapid was jumped in sections down to a 20-yard let down on the right side of the river -- '64 had been able to jump the little snee in high water -- but we ground and bumbled our way to the foot and stopped for lunch. As the water was beginning to heat, the rain started, and the staff gave up and ordered camp pitched -- another night on a '64 site -- also chosen at lunch time because of rain! It was all very well though because Steve could now take

to his tent for the day to try to recover. John was almost back with the living, and maybe the rest would put Steve back on his feet. Tents went up quickly, but it was necessary to fill each with brush as protection from the wet moss that lightly covered the rock. The staff took to fishing as soon as the fly was pitched and promptly landed four trout -- two of which he threw back. That started John and Jeff, but they got discouraged when the rain started. The staff found that Rupert trout don't hit during a thunder storm and helped the guide for a moment or two with the tent and fire wood -- and then went back to fishing. Jeff returned after the rain and went downstream and landed three keepers for the stringer. Rain fell on and off through the afternoon and eventually three more trout were added to the stringer with Pete, John, and Deke scoring. The guide cooked dinner alone as well as baking both bannocks. The staff returned long enough to eat a bite and then added two more trout to the collection before the evening cold and showers put an end to fishing and other activity. One of these days we'll be able to go a whole day without getting wet!

Tuesday, July 26 -- The weather had done nothing in the way of improving at 6:00 -- in fact if possible it looked worse. A powerful shower had fallen some time during the night wetting everything pretty thoroughly -- and making the soggy moss covering on the rocks even more soggy -- again if possible. At 6:30 and at 7:30 things looked just as bad as earlier, but at least no heavy rain had fallen though it looked like it might at any minute. But at 8:00 the staff pulled himself out of bed knowing that breakfast had to be made some time if anything were to come of the day -- and the prospect of doing anything constructive looked small indeed. Anyway he was not willing to concede a rest day breakfast -- plus the fact that there were 10 trout on the stringer. The guide immediately joined him as he was trying to photograph the string of fish through the scotch mist that kept falling. Then Jeff and a few others arrived as the trout went into the pan -- the six that had not survived the night first. The other and larger four might get a reprieve till lunch. The staff called that breakfast was ready, but not to roll, and soon Ted went down and cleaned two more trout, and then the staff finished off the last two as all 10 disappeared -- Toby feasting on trout tails all the while. Back to the tents went most of the section after the cleaning up process was over. The die-hards stuck it out by the dying fire, and the guide gave up and found another dry shee-ko, getting ready for lunch that seemed inevitable. But the sky was moving and every so often a microscopic piece of blue would appear. For almost an hour no rain had fallen, so the staff took a sort of a forced straw vote of those around the fire and called to knock the camp down. No one seemed to disagree; Steve was still too weak to protest, though feeling a little better. Finally Ted and the staff knocked down Deke's and Jeff's tent, and we loaded up. Across the river and then cut back to the right to run out the foot of the rapid on which we were camped was the plan -- and it was almost executed -- except for one last rock in the bottom of the run. 77 and 57 rounded easily, but 59 came a cropper -- broadside -- and washed over the top of it. Toby abandoned ship in the process and Bill grabbed him up out of the water as the canoe cleared the rock -- something like picking up a drowned rat. 74 watched the whole process and drifted right down on top of the momentarily paused canoe, bumping 59 in the process

and then clearing the rock itself. 27 looked like it would miss the excitement, but no, it hit broadside just as 59 had done, pitching the guide out into the river in the process. He grabbed hold of 59 nearby, leaving Jeff with the canoe. Jeff paddled 27 close to 59 picking up the guide, and then the staff canoe pulled alongside to bridge the two canoes with paddles and let Tom climb back into his stern seat. But another rapid was approaching and we caught an island at the head of it while the guide bailed out his canoe. 59 and 74 had some water too, but not enough to be a serious problem. The staff ran the next pitch while the others watched, and then they too pulled out to run the V and ride the swells below -- longer than necessary it seemed as viewed through the staff's camera viewfinder. The portage around the 20' chute -- or falls -- was made; Toby refusing to have much to do with his owner who had dumped him into the drink so rudely earlier, and John managed to give one of his wannigans an unwanted bath at the loading spot. The staff took a side trip intentionally to photograph, and the others followed, some unintentionally, -- mostly to view the falls that some kind travelers had informed us on a placard made of a broken paddle at the head of the portage was "unrunnable" -- we agreed! By now rain was falling again as luck would have it, but we kept on -- there being nothing better to do. A couple miles later the staff hopped ashore to survey a rapid that rounded a bend and returned to report a run on the right shore which was made successfully, though 59 and 74 got farther out in the swells than the staff intended. Running out at the foot the staff watched in horror as 59 swept over a rock broadside -- but fortunately it was far enough below the surface to be cleared, though the margin must have been thin! The very foot was full of chop caused by the strong west wind working on the current and the rapid had to be finished on the left and then we had to pull back to the right shore to approach the 10' Falls and its carry. With rain and wind facing us the staff decided to call it quits for the day -- there being little point in trying to go on he figured. It was now 1:40 -- having started the day about 11. And so in spite of the fact that the tent sites would be poor we quit. On a bare rock site, blocks had to be cut to make a fireplace! Lunch was done as the tents went up, and we settled in with the cold west wind somewhat blocked by the rocky cliff of the chute. Jeff, Bill, and the staff tried to find trout, but the water seemed too heavy. Jeff got one small one and the staff two -- all of which were thrown back. Bill baked a peanut butter bannock for dinner and that was about all the activity -- though John Neill had more courage than good sense and took a bath in the cold water with the even colder west wind blowing on him! The staff fished after dinner getting only a "Moby" size pike below the falls for his troubles. As we turned in the wind kept howling, though the sun broke through for a moment just as it set, but the weather seemed no better, and the night promised to be a really cold one. One of these days things will change! Here we were at the most scenic section of the upper river unable to enjoy the beauty on which we were camped.

Wednesday, July 27 -- The weather did not look a great deal better as the staff turned out in the chilly early morning around 6:40. Toby was already up and ready to play, but the air was too cold for anyone else to brave the elements. The wind still howled from the west and the clouds -- or rather sky -- were moving, but that was about all that could be said that was good about the weather. Steve

awoke still complaining of feeling poorly, but surprisingly the others were up without much effort. We portaged the rocky trail for the chute -- the canoes not having gone across earlier because of the danger of having them blown off the rocks by the strong wind. The staff went to photograph in spite of the overcast and the rest loaded -- 59 being one of the first for a change. All was in readiness about 8:45 except that Ralph could not be found. John searched high and low, but nothing had been seen of the sorry beast since he got tossed out of the staff tent earlier in the morning. There was nothing to do but go on; so Ralph had to be abandoned. Maybe he'll attach himself to Abby's group, but most likely he'll just lie down to sleep as usual. As we started off from the chute the sun broke through for a moment casting welcome light on the area in front of us, but never quite reaching us. And so it continued for about two miles to a pair of chutes right together. We ran the first after the staff warned of the power of the eddy we had to catch -- 59 heeded the warning so well it almost went into the next pitch -- which could not be run. We lifted over the rock point at the head and one by one ran the rock dodging path that was needed to the foot -- perhaps with more skill than we had been running the swells in other rapids. A quiet stretch followed, and then the long rapid before the Marten Turn. We all went to look at the top with its swells, and after the staff stood gazing at it for a full five minutes he decided to try it alone. The others to follow if he made it. He and Pete removed their boots and made the run with surprising ease, catching an eddy unexpectedly so they could watch and photograph the others. The pictures should be excellent especially since 59 and 27 got too far to the right in the run and bounced more than necessary -- enough so that the guide bailed furiously for a while at the eddy. The foot was run out in less spectacular style as was the last rapid into Lake Boisfort or Lake Miskittenau -- whatever its real name is -- and soon Mount Miskittenau appeared in all its bald splendor. We passed up the indian campsite at the Turn on purpose, voting for a later lunch and a shorter afternoon rather than the reverse. The sun had come out more frequently by now, but the wind continued as we paddled the very northern section of the lake and re-entered the river. The staff thought he heard a lunch site calling -- it had to be out of the wind and offer shelter for the canoes -- but he was wrong and instead found a reasonable rapid and then a chute that could not be run called to him that the lunch site was almost in the middle of the trail around the drop. The trail was short, poorly cut, and so loads were left scattered at either end with the fire in the middle, and in the confusion of leaving we left a serving spoon scattered permanently. Maybe Abby'll have another gift. We left slowly since only one canoe could load at a time and almost immediately had to repeat the one-canoe-at-a-time system for the carry at the next falls a half mile later took out on the brink of the falls and the put-in was made rough by the swells off the rapid. Finally together again we paddled a calm stretch to a rapid with swells as big as those of the morning, and everyone took some water this time. But an island lift-over came up shortly so the canoes could be emptied. The process was slow again since again only-one-canoe-at-a-time was the order. The staff sat patiently at the foot photographing it all -- especially Jacques' facial contortions as 57 came through. One little run later and we pulled up at the staff's planned site where a little stream came down from Lake Canotaicane. While the

guide and staff pondered camping possibilities there was Section A scooping loose moss off the rocks with their paddles and tossing it at one another! The staff decided to stay. The only thing to recommend the site was the overabundant supply of dry wood -- a guide and staff dream. The swimming was great though Ted was the only one who did more than talk about it. There were no tent sites -- but some were made. So far as we know there were no trout -- or in fact other fish -- and the bugs were bad. And again the night promised to be cold as everyone disappeared into the tents at about 8:00 and quiet settled in.

Thursday, July 28 -- The night turned out to be about the coldest yet making getting up tough until the morning sun hit the test, which it did for a distinct change over most recent days. The sky was an almost cloudless baby blue color as breakfast was ready. Pete arrived reporting that the zipper on his sleeping bag had parted during the night -- letting in the cold breezes. Since the staff tent had been shielded from the sun until 6:40 we were a little late getting started and did not get on the water until after 8:30 for what promised to be a long day. We drifted toward our last rapid on the Rupert for a while waiting for the guide to put his jewelry together and catch up. The staff's notes said we could run either side of the island, so we started down the left since it looked from the map to make us paddle less, but as the staff looked it over he concluded that there might be a ledge across the middle and rather than walking down to see, he elected to paddle back up and take the right side of the island -- which we did, bouncing a few times on the swells. The sun was really warming the day by now and shirts were all off as we paddled the lake for about 3 - 4 miles to the portage to de l'Hirondelle and our introduction to the Marten. The staff found the portage easily -- though probably no one had used it since he last went across it -- except for a moose who had left his tracks. John complained that his headache returned under the tump line -- 400 yards at a crack was longer than we had done at one stretch since the muskeg portage way back up river. Progress was slow since there was unloading room for only one canoe at a time, so it was pretty close to 11 by the time all were over. In the process the sun disappeared and at the first smoke break the rain gear had to be unpacked and donned for our daily bout with the weather. The staff advised that we button up, for he was not stopping for just a little rain. The country was nothing to get excited about. The hills along the Rupert to the rear showed signs of a recent burn and the territory through which we had been passing for several hours had been burned a little bit previously. After the turn to Cocomenhani the burn became much more obvious and close. That voice that indicates lunch sites spoke faintly, but from where was hard to say. The rain let up as we cruised the shore ready to stop, but nothing appeared. Then the staff heard a voice calling for a site on a sand beach just into Lac de la Passe that he had used in '64. But before we made it, another sand beach called, and we paddled over to lunch on a microscopic piece or real estate made even more tiny by the attempts to keep the wannigans up in the bush out of the sand. The fire refused to cooperate very well at first and the macaroni took a while to boil. Meanwhile John dug in the sand and struck water -- and launched into a discussion of well digging to supply water for his swimming pool back home and Pete

added comments on pools owned by his friends. Back on the water, the rain started as soon as we hit the rapids to Lac de la Passe and continued to fall in varying degrees the rest of the paddle. The steep pitch to la Passe was run as was the little rapid between sections of the lake. Jeff had looked carefully at the map during lunch and predicted a carry at this point, and had the staff been a betting man he could have made some money -- which Jeff should have been able to get back by suing the cartographers who made the map. They just left out a little blue line. We picked up the burn again on our right side in the lower part of the lake and had it with us almost to the campsite. The first rapid on the stream was run easily, but the staff picked the wrong path on the second and crashed into a boulder, having to leap out to save his canoe. 57 right behind bounced off him and made it to the foot. Having collected a couple inches of water in the process the staff managed to get to the foot only to turn and see 59 followed by 74 trying to take the same incorrect run -- and each hit the same rock -- 74 taking a couple pieces of sheeting in the process and putting bowman John into the water to save the craft. And if that were not enough before the staff could stop the whole thing, the guide gathered steam and plowed into the same rock -- now liberally painted green! In contrast to the surveyor's orange paint we had seen several times on rocks and trees. There was a good possible run to the rapid, but not where we went! What faith the others have to insist on following blindly the staff's mistakes! A quick chute or ledge was crossed and we took out to carry the last two pitches on trails of our own making. Pete really made his own getting lost with a wannigan on his back quite a while even though the staff had carefully gone ahead to mark the end of the carry. Out on Montmort the weather was just as wet as we pulled the last three miles to the campsite -- the staff narrowly missing getting us royally lost in the process. The rain let up as we landed, but before the bannock could be mixed it became obvious that this was just a lull and the fly had to go up -- perfectly pitched by the Barclay-Cavaney camper crew. Movement around the fly was difficult since every one wanted to dry off, so various people were put to work, as John and Bill mixed up the chicken and Steve made cocoa and Pete even opened the cans of lima beans. Eating was even more complicated as the fly had only so much protection -- and leaked terribly anyway. Ted and John were hard to rouse from their tent for the bread line but eventually made it. Toby curled up for the evening in a hole he dug near the fire. As socks and shoes dried the staff tried to ready the sand for a pot of beans and the guide manufactured a bannock out of cherry jam! That turned out? And so as dark clouds continued to move over slowly we sacked out after recounting all the horror movies we'd seen -- of course Bill did not enter the discussion -- already having sacked out and started to manufacture his own horror snoring noises to frighten and entertain us.

Friday, July 29 -- At the normal rising hour the sky looked uninviting, so the staff got up and rescued his beans from the sand -- they could have baked a little more, but it was late enough as it was when he got them into the sand, so there had not been too good a chance to bake them more. And then he went back to bed. A very light scotch mist kept him there for a while. Toby walked by shortly after seven and glanced at the bug netting

reproachfully and went and crawled under the fire irons onto the slightly warm sand. Finally at 8:30 the staff had had enough and got up to make breakfast. The weather looked like we might have a chance. There were suggestions of blue appearing to the west and the wind had shifted to Keewaydin, so he called on everyone to roll -- just after some had given up and decided it must be a rest day! So up we came, and down went the camp, somewhat slowly to be sure, so that we got one of our good early starts about 10:30. The wind down Montmort was favorable to the extent that it came more from the stern than from the bow. Steve suggested we sail -- which the staff vetoed not being particularly interested in going into a bay on the south east of the lake -- a bay he'd toured by mistake two years earlier. The stream was entered and almost immediately an island split the channel and we let down the right hand side of the island with reasonable ease -- the only casualty being the staff's map case that was brushed out of the canoe and had to be retrieved by Bill before it drifted down the next pitch. We ran the little rapid out of the pond and now the section voted for lunch -- a suggestion that had been defeated before the let down; so we pulled into a minute campsite with small stove and equally small table -- why anyone had used it we were not sure, but there was also a fireplace with rocks laid for irons like ours -- so we guessed an earlier Wabun section might have used it as we were doing. The beans heated quickly and lunch was made on them and the guide's cherry-jam-delight bannock. The staff suggested fish would make a good addition, but Bill came up with nothing and John managed only a whitefish. Steve and John Neill threatened to do the real fishing for us while Ted promised trout as soon as we made camp. We paddled the exit stream and then a windy lake-like area that sported an old surveyor's camp on the north shore -- we did not bother battling the wind to investigate. The first rapid out had some good swells and then we ran a couple little ripples to one the staff had to investigate. Looking down river he concluded we should proceed no farther if we wanted to camp and sent the guide to look over a flat rock -- no tent sites was the report. So, concluding he had passed his proposed area, he pulled back upstream finding his '64 lunch site fireplace in tact. The tent sites were all on rock -- a problem solved by brush as usual and camp was set up before 3. The sun was up full and warm so everyone went swimming and some clothes washing ensued. The staff went fishing with no success. Bill had caught and released a trout earlier while waiting for campsite decisions to be made -- the only trout of the day as it turned out. John cast a lure a couple times and Ted went out for a half hour, but nothing was caught though the staff tried again after the dinner which the guide prepared. The crew of 7⁴ collaborated on a cinnamon bannock for dinner and Jeff and the other John concocted a gingerbread for tomorrow. As we turned in the night promised to be another cold one -- not a cloud in the sky Jeff observed.

Saturday, July 30 -- The night was chilly -- as was the morning, but there had been a heavy dew and the stream was shrouded in mist at 6:30 when the staff rolled out. Steve was not far behind, complaining about not being able to sleep. Gradually the rest appeared -- Bill and John last by a good margin since neither they nor Toby heard the call to roll. But we were ready to run the first rapid at 8:15 nevertheless. All went well down to the sort

of pond of calm water that we could see from the campsite -- one rapid with a stone in the center, a section of very shallow rocky ground and one reasonably good run. A little flat section followed and then a couple more runs into Little Loon -- none causing any real concern. Yesterday if we had kept on, Little Loon would have been a real problem with our strong north wind, but today it was almost a glimmerglass. Shirts and excess clothes were soon off as we paddled up the lake in our second good traveling day in a row. We made the turn back onto the stream again about 10 am. A reasonably good rapid barred our path, but after it was looked over the run was pleasant. The second followed almost immediately and it took the staff some time to beat his way to the foot to look over the chute at the bottom. He returned to predict that we'd all be lucky not to fill, but we'd run anyway -- going to our knees as we hit the chute -- and hopefully staying to the right of the swells -- that way we'd only take 4 or 5 inches of water -- running the swells we were sure to fill. The staff proved the first point by taking a couple inches of water. 57 caught an eddy at the foot so fast they never had a chance to take much water. 74 was forced to go wider and took more while 59 came through with very little. Then the guide proved the staff's second point and decided -- though not on purpose -- to ride the center swells, and sure enough filled before the swells were over -- Jeff claiming he lost his balance while going to his knees. 74 was dumped and 77 bailed after the guide and Jeff, with help from the crew of 57, retrieved their load and wrung out their clothes, and in no time we were back on the water headed for more rapids -- the wannigans having gotten a good soaking, but the packs and baby in good shape. A long horse race followed and then another chance for 27 to ride a series of swells almost every one else managed to miss -- taking more water in the process. Almost continuous fast water was the diet for this stretch and as we ran the last little pitch into a long calm stretch, Deke managed to drop his paddle overboard to be retrieved by Bill as it floated back -- fortunately after the worst of the fast water had been passed. Deke was equal to the emergency, however, as the movies should show, and paddled adequately with his hands -- gloves and all -- until Bill returned the paddle. The lunch site lay just ahead on a Temagami-like rock where the '64 section had camped -- in fact Wabun wannigan top # 70 was still there as it had been two years before. The staff advised Jeff and the guide to look to their packs while he got lunch ready and asked for the irons from their canoe -- where upon the guide realized that neither irons nor dish pan were with him. Jeff opened up his pack to discover it dry. But the guide called for a volunteer, and John Neill hopped into his bow and back up the river they headed. Meanwhile the staff threw two nearby tent poles across the rocks already laid for the fire place of previous years and started to cook with old wet wood. After several false starts the lunch was done -- one pole being replaced in the process, but unfortunately not the second and the walloping water was the sacrifice -- fortunately not the lunch. The gingerbread over which so much careful preparation had been lavished the night before was a little soggy, though there was a portion that was fine attesting to what might have been. Wannigan 22 arrived completely full of water since no one had taken the trouble to dump it after 27 swamped, but all that was perishable in it was the tea and half a roll of bumwad -- the trail pack was rescued by being made up at once. Fortunately the planned meal had been a canned

one. The staff advised everyone to pack his tent site, for he did not expect the guide back for a good while at least. But low and behold, 27 appeared before 2 o'clock, and the guide and John -- wet completely through from their trip -- had a late lunch as the dishes were washed in their own dish pan. We were back on the water in short order, but faced with a much more difficult though short section of river. We ran about 25 yards of the next rapid, but then had to start letting down -- the staff afraid to try the '64 run that was still there, but with higher water was too risky. A lift over ensued -- much more time consuming than it would have been to take the portage trail on the far side of the river -- little used though it might be. But that was not enough. The planned let down at the foot could not be made and another, slightly longer, lift over was made. But behind a little island lay the second great obstacle -- in the form of another necessary let down. 77 was dropped around the corner ready for the last little pitch. The staff also helped 57 around and stood by to instruct 74 as to how to do the same, but he and John Neill got their signals crossed and the stern of 74 went out into the current. John tried holding the line, but she pulled him into the water where he wisely let her go and swam for shore himself -- making it with nothing to spare as 74, now loose, went dashing over the cellars and waves. The onlookers watched in horror as she somehow made the run by herself and appeared below drifting down the remainder of the rapid with a duffle cruising along side. Canted at an odd angle, she drifted along. The staff and Pete let their canoe down the last pitch as quickly as possible, took Steve as a mojo, and started in pursuit. But not quickly enough as 74 kept ahead and made the next rapid before she could be caught. Again in horror the crew looked as 74 slithered over the boulders of the next rapid, and 77 was let down while Steve took to shore and tried to catch up to his canoe which stayed out in the center. 77 finally caught her perched gently on a rock. Pete took the baby in tow which was still floating nearby and 74 was guided into the rocks to be unloaded and dumped. Meanwhile 57 took John as a mojo and arrived on the scene. John had lost his glasses in his swim and unrolled a dry pack for another pair -- pulling out a set of shades. Somehow the only other losses were John's jacket and his paddle -- he took 57's spare to replace the latter -- we now have only two spares left. Ted ran back up to tell 59 and 27 how to let down the previous rapid, and we were once more a section. We ran out the last rapid to Courseron while the sugar that had been in the floating baby and had gotten slightly damp rode on top of the loads to dry. It was now shortly after four, but a sort of section vote was cast to push on up Courseron. By now a south west wind had sprung up hurting progress slightly. We had the option of taking several indian sites at the foot of the lake but passed them up. Then there was another on the north shore of the lake, but the staff craftily had us on the south side of the lake as we passed her by. There must be a convention of indians some time on the lake, so numerous were their sites. We paddled past a spit of land where two canoes -- one out on a point and quite obvious from afar -- were cached -- presumably by indians, though the nearest indian site we could see was across the lake. By 6:00 we were occupying an old indian winter site at the top of the lake -- excellent tent sites, but since that was all we really needed it suited our purposes fine. Soon the tents were up and dinner started with a tired guide having to get the dry wood. John

and Jeff collaborated on another gingerbread for tomorrow, but somehow this one was a little burned. The staff put a few patches on the canoes, but the swarms of black flies made it impossible to stay outdoors for long, and we retreated to the tents early leaving Toby the run of the campsite. Unfortunately as we ate dinner clouds started moving in from the south looking as though maybe we've had our good weather for a while. Strangely enough we presumably camped on the same indian winter site that Warren Chivers used in '48 -- showing how slow things change in the north country!

Sunday, July 31 -- Toby was up early romping around the site waiting for some one with whom to play, so the staff got up a little early since the sun was up and the day warm. Still it was 8:00 before we got on the water. One of these days Deke and/or Jeff is going to miss breakfast entirely it takes so long for them to roll -- even if Jeff is always one of the first up to wash in the morning. The wind still blew somewhat faintly from the south as we pulled out. A little rain had fallen during the night, but as we packed up only the fly was still damp. While waiting for the laggards the staff spotted some goose decoys hung in a tree along side the sled left at the campsite on the right side of the river, and we were held up longer while he photographed. Fashioned crudely from jack pine, nevertheless, they looked fairly realistic sitting on the shore so their pictures could be taken. Of course the rest thought the staff nuts to bother. The river ran with some current to a wide section where we began to pick up our first real difficulty with a head wind that blew basically from the south or west -- we did not really know which for no matter in what direction we turned the wind was always in our faces. More indian campsites dotted those couple miles, and maybe the goose decoys we had found explain the popularity of this stretch. Courseron and this section of river must be on a fly-way. Finally an hour or so later we ran our rapid for the morning -- 27 getting too far into the swells as usual, but it looks good on film. Then the river settled down to a steady twisting stream always plenty deep and easy to paddle. The staff at least was pleasantly surprised with the current that helped, and there were moments when we were headed north that there was actually a tail wind. But still it was 11:00 or so by the time we reached the lake. The last part of the stream had been extremely twisty -- at one point we passed an obvious portage on the left only to have the other end of it appear 5 minutes later on the left side also -- a portage of maybe 5 yards, but although he tried, the staff could not convince anyone to try the carry. But out on the lake we paddled a couple hundred yards and the staff turned us around and declared us windbound for an early lunch on an indian site about 100 yards behind us. It turned out to be another goose hunter's camp just like the other 6 - 12 we had passed during the morning. This one was ancient, but some we had passed on the early part of the river looked new and particularly well littered. At one there had been a canoe left -- minus about half its canvas. At others lots of poles and tin cans stuck in prominent places. The spaghetti boiled quickly, and the gingerbread was declared a complete success. The wind seemed to have died a little during lunch, but we were no more than a quarter mile off the site when a line squall hit from the south. The guide's canoe had donned rain gear -- the rest just got a little wet. The wind dropped further after the squall and progress was good for about a mile when the wind started picking up again

making it a good pull to a point several miles away where shelter could be had. Just in time for another squall hit and those not already in rain gear got it out. Fortunately the majority of the storm seemed to hit to the east of us where we could see rain falling really hard as we got enough, but a lesser amount. The staff pulled out as soon as possible to try to take advantage of the lull after the storm, but several miles farther it became obvious that this was the lull before the storm, and we got really pelted for a 10 - 15 minute interval some distance from the point around which we were to turn to head north up the other side of Camousitchouane. The rain let up as the point was rounded, and we took a break under dry skies to bail the rain water out of the canoes. A couple miles later as thunder rolled to the west we took a "peach" break on the dessert intentionally saved from lunch. By now it was 3:30, but the staff held forth the prospect of reaching Weakwater the next day and taking a bona fide rest day if we could reach his proposed site just before Cache Lake today, so we moved forward slowly, but forward at least, helped by the tail wind we picked up on rounding the point. But the rain could not miss, and again the rain gear came out for another 15 minute storm. A little fast water greeted us on the turn to the west -- as did a side wind. Across a sort of pond, and we ran a swift to a much more formidable pitch. The staff yelled back to come ahead and to stay to the far right for the run. 77 and 57 went through fine, but 74 took the instructions too literally and stayed so far right they ran her up on a stone. 59 and 27 therefore had to run the foot blind, picking their own courses at the foot with reasonable success. 74 unstuck itself and followed. In a dry period we pulled to within a mile of the campsite before the sky opened up again, and we landed and set up tents on the rocks and moss in the rain. The staff figured he could get by without the fly since this was just a light thunder shower, but after the guide got his bannock on and the staff had about half the dinner started, he gave up and pitched the fly with help from John and Ted -- all that would respond to his call for aid. Jeff and Bill appeared to help cook. We had landed about 5:30 and dinner was served at 7:00 in spite of the rain that continued to fall. Every one retreated to his tent to eat and ventured out only for seconds and the necessity of doing the pots -- which Pete and John Neill were forced to do in the rain while Jeff and Bill at least had a leaky fly to work under for the dishes. No one ventured needlessly from his tent after dinner for the rain kept up for another hour without pause. After that she fell at odd intervals -- some times hard -- some times light; but never stopping for long. As dusk came almost every one was asleep as some animal off to the south howled a few times -- maybe in disgust with the weather. Prospects of moving tomorrow looked pretty slim as of 11:30 when the solitary light in the staff tent winked out.

Monday, August 1 -- The staff was up before six so hot was it in his sleeping bag. John had registered a similar complaint the previous night. But after being sure the day was going to be good with respect to the weather -- the sun was out and the only dark clouds were disappearing to the south -- he opened the tent flaps to cool things down and went back to bed -- the canvas was still much too wet to think of rolling. At 6:40 he was up again to stay. Others stirred early also as Ted, Jeff, Steve, and Pete all appeared before being called. Toby was a little late for some

reason. Jeff dragged a soaking wet ground cloth from under his sleeping bag, but no one made any real complaint about having spent "a night of wet," so we survived our ordeal of rain in pretty good shape. We finally got off the campsite around 8:40 -- at least the first three canoes did -- 59 and 27 last because their bowmen were slow getting the packs tumped -- maybe they had grown rusty in such matters after two days with no carries -- but this time the staff promised one carry with a possibility of three. 59 almost headed off in the wrong direction and had to be hailed. 27 came last and tried to cut a corner and was promptly parked high and dry on a rock with Jeff's bow completely out of water. At the top of the bay the staff carefully picked the right hand channel -- he'd done the left two years before and run into an unforgettable portage. Everything went fine until the rapid at the foot where it took the staff an impossible length of time to beat his way through the bush to look it over. The chute at the foot was interesting, but it could be managed. The problem was the shallows on the right shore to reach the foot. Finally with the other sternmen watching, the staff tried his run, could not make it past a problem rock, and crashed into it taking a couple more pieces of sheeting in the process and adding a couple cuts. So the others took his secondary channel, bumped a couple rocks in the shallows gently, and made the run less spectacularly. The chute coming down the left channel could be seen across the way and was just a foaming mass of white water. Another rapid lay a small bay away, but though it had good power, it posed no problem though every one caught an eddy in the middle of the run by mistake and got turned around before being able to head out on the second part of the run. So long had been taken getting down these rapids that by now the west wind was blowing across Cache Lake with full force, and we had to battle the head wind it generated. Bill looked over the lake and drew a parallel with the lake described in the book of the same name -- which only he and the staff had read -- only there was no cabin on our Cache Lake -- at least none that we knew of. A short respite was had rounding a point and running a little pitch -- the '64 trip had had to pull their canoes over the bar. Our water was considerably higher now. But then the west wind hit in full force again as we pulled across to the 800-yarder out of Cordier. Behind each point a break was taken, but we finally made it. Lunch was cooked at the far side of the carry -- which proved to be pretty wet after yesterday's downpour. Back on the water at 2 -- or periods thereafter depending on which canoe was being referred to -- for there was only a single loading spot. The pull down the mile and a half of open water to the rapid into Weakwater was enough as the west wind was far from pleasant -- at least it was not raining! We "slipped down the right shore to the head of the carry" -- or rather ran a pretty good chute. The staff hopped out to see if we could get by with only the single portage for the day -- but our water was up so much from '64 there was no chance of duplicating the run made then. Still the staff had a run down the right shore all plotted until he came to a falls near the foot he could not avoid without going to the center of the river -- and that was out -- so the portage was made over a very bushy trail. Again both a single loading and unloading spot -- so progress was slow. It was almost 4 when we started down Weakwater into the west wind again. And it was only the lure of a promised rest day that kept us going through the 2½ hours of paddle that it took to make the trip -- the current past the big island in the middle of the lake helped, but

no one was in the mood to enjoy the scenery very much -- for under different circumstances the lake is quite attractive. Unusual interest was had in the maps for some reason during the paddle. But eventually the end came, and we started down the rapids at the foot of Weakwater, the western sun doing its best to make it impossible to see what lay ahead. By luck or good fortune we landed right on the campsite which the staff did not recognize as his own until he had walked the portage trail at the foot -- so altered was the complete setting in which he found himself. Where there was land before, now there was water, and where there were trickles before, now there were foaming cascades! Tents went up and spruce boughs were laid in preparation for a rest day. The guide and staff cooked dinner and tried to find dry wood -- the first successfully and the second only partially so. Bill cast out the first lure and coaxed in three trout and finally landed one. Jeff and the staff tried later, catching only Canada -- frequently. Dinner was eaten as the sun disappeared behind the trees, and the clean up crews finished just before dark as a tired Section A turned in for what promises to be a chilly night.

Tuesday, August 2 -- The expected cold night brought a clear, cool, sunlit morning as the staff decided even though we knew it was a rest day -- our third such previously announced occasion since the trip started -- that he would get up at 7:20 and putter around the fire, make some coffee, maybe fish a little, and leisurely make the pancake batter. But he had just gotten the water on the fire and others began to stir. Ted first, followed quickly by Jeff, Pete, and Steve. If this had been a traveling morning no one would have made a move for sure, but the lure of getting to the fry pan first seemed to overpower all desire to sleep and rest from the long traveling days we'd had the last three days. Ted took over frying the bacon and the guide went in search of that ever present problem -- dry wood! The staff gave up the rest-day rat race and went off in his canoe with his cameras and fishing equipment to an island across the way -- the pictures may be fine -- the sun shone on the campsite and river though the sky to the west was gray -- but the fishing was uneventful. Somehow Bill's lone trout had escaped from the stringer, so he was missing from the breakfast menu. The staff returned as the clean up crew was finishing to find Jeff busily winding Bill's fishing rod which he had snapped with one cast and subsequently repaired -- now a little shorter, but probably workable. Deke produced a rod whose tip section had been snapped in two on yesterday's last portage -- but no solution was worked out. Ted earlier discovered his tackle box was missing -- with his two lures -- probably dropped out of the canoe on a portage as John had warned him was going to happen one of these days. Lunch was started; the staff set a batch of bread and started pea soup for the evening meal. The troops appeared for lunch and then disappeared back to the tents to read and sleep. Jeff was the only one brave enough to do any washing since the sun had disappeared and the sky was overcast and the temperature dropping with every passing hour. 27, 74, and 59 got to the far side of the portage during the afternoon. The guide worked on his serving spoon and tended the fire while the staff went back to fishing -- the other island across the way -- the foot of the portage -- and finally a little swift to the right of the site. Around four he returned with his trout of the day -- about a pound and a half. He'd caught and released a good sized

walleye at either extreme of his fishing investigation. He set the bread to bake and left the guide to watch over it and headed back to try for more trout -- with no success -- so dinner came out of the wannigans with a side order of trout. Jeff made a brief trip out to one of the islands to try his luck with no more success either. A scotch mist started falling at the end of the meal so the wannigans were covered, though the rain never amounted to much in reality. The tents were again occupied by the time the sun set in a red glow to the west, though the sky remained gray and uninviting and the west wind continued after dark. If a rest day is for rest -- this was it -- for otherwise nothing got done of any moment.

Wednesday, August 3 -- Nothing we might wish would have any effect on the weather unfortunately. At 6:30 a fine mist was falling and the sky looked particularly bleak. At 7:30 it was really no better, but the staff pulled himself out anyway since if we were to move at all breakfast had to be accomplished -- it was despite the mist. But when it was finished the staff predicted we were not going to be able to move until after lunch -- and set off out the back of the campsite to find another stick of dry wood and to investigate the west wind from the campsite below. Our sheltered area gave us no good idea of the strength of the wind -- and we were scheduled to head west almost all day. The wind was howling far above anything we wanted to tackle. So back on the site, the staff started baking macaroni for lunch to go with the bread left over from yesterday. John brought in some wood which he and Steve cut and split -- each adding another cut to his own hand in the process. Lunchover, the staff gave up for the day -- not for the rain, but because of the cold and wind. At one point it looked like the fly had to go up. John had the scissors all cut and lashed and the guide already had the ridge properly trimmed, but the operation was called off at the last moment, and we made it through the day. A card game started and some more reading and sleeping was in store, but otherwise a second day of nothing. The guide produced another iced spice cake for dinner. Steve and John manufactured a bannock for tomorrow and drew and split some more wood. The staff went fishing for the afternoon gathering two trout and a large walleye. He induced Bill into trying for walleye below all the rapids and he returned with another to supply enough fish for dinner. During the latter stages of the afternoon blue sky appeared and the sun even made a brief appearance before falling behind the trees in a brilliant red sunset. The wind continued, however, maybe bringing different weather tomorrow -- maybe just to continue as is -- in which case the move tomorrow will be tough. The staff had a rain day all saved up on his schedule, but this was it, and now we'd have to move to stay where we belong.

Thursday, August 4 -- The sun poked out about 6 o'clock as usual, but then, also as usual, disappeared. The staff was up cooking breakfast as normal, though the weather looked not much more promising than it did yesterday and already it was obvious the wind was rising again from the west. But there was no getting around the fact we had to move, so off we went. In fact even though the morning was chilly to say the least, Jeff, Steve, and Pete were all up before the staff called anyone. The equipment was carried out of the site to join the canoes at the far end of the portage, and we were all on the water by nine or a few minutes earlier. A short pause was made at the fishermen's camp just below to pick up some

wire to try to repair Deke's fishing rod, and we started out to battle the wind on our little journey across Tesecau. The western breeze made going a little tough, but mainly it brought a chill that bit through heavy clothing. Poncet was tougher as the wind picked up and a fine mist started falling bringing out most of the rain gear at one of our frequent halts behind sheltered points. A couple little rapids had been run between Tesecau and Poncet, made bigger by our volume of water and the action of the wind against the current. One little swift was run out of Poncet, and the staff pulled up at a high rock ledge out of the wind that sported a goodly supply of dry wood. The beans heated quickly and it was time for a pot of tea made from that left from the wetting wannigan 22 got several days ago. As we sat waiting for Bill and Jeff to finish the dishes, suddenly a patch of blue appeared -- and then another and another -- and the weather broke all of a sudden. There were a few joyous exclamations and a few attempts to get a few "bennies," but the day was still too chilly. The break through of the sun, however, did not decrease the force of the wind, and no matter which way our course turned it was always in our faces. We stopped briefly to inspect an indian site on the point where the river becomes Bruton Lake -- and where the '64 section had lunch. Then the battle with the wind started even more seriously than before. A break was taken at every point or island that could provide some shelter. At 3:30 the staff started looking for a campsite, but nothing appeared at all as every point was carefully inspected. On the last point that ever present voice in the wilderness indicated we were headed for the '64 site still two miles and a rapid away. The rapid proved to be a problem. It was a horse race with a rock ledge in '64. Now it was a wall of white water. The staff found a break in the wall on the right shore and made the run as the others watched. And then carefully followed his run -- all but 27 which failed to move left after going through the break in the ledge and got itself stuck in an eddy for a good 10 feet of movie film. The film will never show if they escaped -- the roll ran out and the staff was too disgusted to change film -- he had plenty of time. With the western sun in his eyes the staff made a couple false starts for the campsite, but eventually found it -- complete with a supply of dry wood with which he started the fire and in fact cooked supper. The guide stopped with the other canoes for a few moments to knock down a shee-ko on a nearby island since the staff remembered searching high and low for dry wood near the site before. Camp was made past 6 and dinner was served as the sun went behind the trees to the west. The staff put a few patches on 59 -- one over a hole made by a tack escaping from a rib through the canvas, and Deke started repairs on his fishing rod -- while John recounted his experiences with an Andover biology exam and Ted baked a lemon bannock for tomorrow -- and so to bed for another chilly night -- with the roar of the 14' falls to be heard faintly in the distance.

Friday, August 5 -- The weather never seems to cooperate for long. Mist was rising from the pond at 6:30 and got even heavier as breakfast was cooked -- getting a little damp at the same time. Meanwhile the sky was about the same color as the rising or falling mist. At the same time yesterday's west wind continued and the temperature dropped even between the time we got up and the time we were on the water. Most of the canoes were on the water before 8:15 -- except for 59 where Deke was close to twenty minutes behind

every one else getting his tent down and the packs tumped -- 77 and 57 had traveled a good mile before the lagging canoe started to catch up. The portage around the 14 foot falls was pretty well a thing of the past by 9:00 and the clouds started to lift ever so little as we played with the conflicting eddies off the last of the steep rapid at the foot of whatever it was we were carrying. 59 paddled furiously for quite a while getting nowhere and 27 had to take another shot at the whole thing. A mile or so later the staff took an unnecessary walk around and over an island only to return and discover the best run was exactly that he had found two years before. He ran first so the others could watch -- having some trouble getting a good left pull. The sun broke through as the run was accomplished and the weather started to break -- slowly, but steadily today. An unscheduled rapid appeared which needed some investigation and a run was found around a rocky island where the staff held back to take pictures and got 57 to lead off. The last serious rapid lay just below and we had to catch an eddy a short way down the right shore and let down a few feet before running out the foot. The guide came close to going over the chute as his bowboy forgot to get his bow into the eddy and let the canoe slide toward disaster -- which was narrowly missed by having the bowboy stick his paddle out to the staff on shore and pull the canoe in. Of course the staff had his own troubles, splitting his paddle as he caught the eddy -- it's still held together with scotch fasteners, but we now have only one really serviceable spare -- and then 77 went broadside into a boulder on the last part of the run as the sternman and bowman got their signals mixed -- shipping an inch or so of water in the process. But the major difficulties of the day were passed. The link was paddled and run in short order and lunch was cooked beside the 4' chute we had missed carrying by taking the short cut. Bill tried fishing at the staff's suggestion but caught only Canada. Cameras appeared in profusion during the break. After lunch the rapids on the right side of a large island were run without incident, though they proved to be tougher than the staff expected. The falls appeared shortly and camp was set up somewhere in the early afternoon. The canoes went across the portage -- Steve and John going first, stopping to take pictures of each other and the falls, and returning with enough dry drift wood for our stay. The staff, Bill, and Ted journeyed to the far shore on a photographic excursion while the others found a good swimming hole at the foot of the carry. The only one missing a bath was Toby. Jeff and Deke collaborated on a white cake with Jeff doing the baking while John made a chocolate icing. After dinner the staff tried fishing with no success while Deke patiently wrapped his rod to repair the break of several days ago. A chill descended over the site as the sun sank behind the western trees at an early hour, and the night promised to be another chilly one.

Saturday, August 6 -- Again the sky dripped mist in the early morning -- not so much rising from the water as falling from up above. But for some strange reason we got on the water a little earlier than usual -- maybe because Deke was ready almost as soon as everyone else -- and 27 had the honor of being last off -- which is proper for the canoe that has to pack the jewelry. Picture taking as we shoved off from the falls was not as exciting as would have been the case had the sun been out, but as luck would have it the weather started to break for us again about nine o'clock as we carried the falls two or three miles down river.

Steve had appeared paddling in white cotton gloves -- left from Roy's thoughtful outfitting -- copying Deke's habitual hand warmers, but even Steve's gloves disappeared shortly. Just ahead the last of the rapids of the Marten started. The staff decided he did not like the looks of a cellar at the start of the run along the right shore and so let down twice on the left side to bypass the first rapid. Neither was particularly difficult, but nevertheless time consuming and no where near as exciting as making the run -- just safer this time. The last rapid was just ahead and again the staff decided against the '64 route of lifting over an island in the center and found a poorly used 30 yard portage trail on the left shore. This one may not have been as exciting, but it was a whole lot easier and quicker. The Marten delta was paddled quickly in spite of the head wind, and shortly we had joined the Rupert. John winced with pain as Ted asked the staff for the third time today if the "cascade" emptied into the Rupert -- and the staff was himself tired of answering "no." But then the "Cascade" itself appeared -- picturesque and all that, but the Rupert must have been in flood as well as the Marten down here, for the '64 run was much too well filled with white water to be attempted, so we took the much less exciting route of slipping around a corner into a bay and portaging twenty-five yards across a rocky point to avoid the turbulence out front. Lunch was cooked sort of in the middle of the portage trail as the staff forced the guide to move his fireplace once -- and it was just barely out of the way the second time as the sterns of the portaged canoes swung over the pots during the carry. Pictures taken and lunch made, we started down the big river again passing without notice the grassy bay where the lost canoe of '64 had been retrieved. The west wind caused a little chop, but the current was more helpful and it was not long before we took a pause a mile out from the 30' Falls and its carry. In the process a tent almost hidden in the bush was passed -- almost unnoticed too. The indian had left a cached canoe and his sled at the head of the portage, but the trail was fine -- sort of like a highway after the trails on the Marten, and the portage was passed so that tents were going up shortly after three at the conclusion of another long, hard traveling day! Abby and his boys had passed by; we could see their foot prints and they had been kind enough to cut out a bowl-shaped kitchen area for us at the end of the trail -- discovered only because the staff went to inspect a tent site used by Revington and Symington in '64 to see if he wanted to use it himself. Setting some kind of a record everyone went swimming for the second day in a row! Toby even got a bath this time much to his disgust. Of course Bill did not have the heart to do the dirty work, and John had to be the villain. Toby disappeared up the trail to seek sympathy from the staff who was setting up his tent, but the poor wet dog was approaching the wrong person. Pete baked a pineapple upside down cake perfectly for dinner and Deke whipped up a meager corn bread for tomorrow. The falls were magnificent in the sun what with all the water pouring down and so came in for their share of photography and simple admiration. But the sun started to disappear behind the western trees before eight o'clock and the tents were occupied soon afterwards leaving only the guide to admire the sunset on the falls and investigate the continuation of our portage trail that bypasses the swift water just below that we have to take tomorrow.

Sunday, August 7 -- The morning sky looked just the same as has

been the case for the last three days -- gray and uninviting -- but the temperature was slightly higher than it has been recently, so we loaded up in our little eddy at the foot of the carry and shoved off with the expectation that the weather might well follow what has become a daily pattern. For some reason we were a little slow getting loaded and it was almost 8:30 by the time 74 was all packed and ready to go. We moved out in line, for the swells after the falls constituted a rapid to be reckoned with. We had to run out from shore on the first turn, and we gathered some water in the swells as a result. As the river started to swing from south to west about a half mile later the staff swung the section outside a large smooth rock and was well on his way to running out the last little pitch, as behind him cries went up of "Tom's over," and he turned to see 27 upside down floating down the river with guide and bowboy clinging to their upturned craft. The section turned enmass to gather up their gear, most of which fortunately was trapped in the overturned canoe. Little could be done, however, to correct the problems until the next little pitch was floated past at which point everything was picked up except the fire irons which had gone to the bottom. The canoe was finally righted and emptied and the crew climbed aboard and everyone headed for the sand beach of the indian campsite below the last rapid. Here the losses were enumerated -- nothing but the irons, three boxes of spaghetti which we were supposed to have for lunch, and Deke's minute corn bread which was also scheduled for lunch. All the canoes were dumped as a result of the water they had taken on their own plus the water added by dragging in 27's cargo. Back on the water, however, the west wind started again and the temperature dropped, making the going cold for everyone, but especially so for 27. As a result breaks were short and sweet as hands readily froze to the paddle. Steve donned his white gloves for some protection. John loaned Jeff his checked jacket for some slight warmth, but the guide indicated he did not want to stop for dry clothes, and on we went helped more by the current in the river than we were hindered by the wind. The clouds dropped lower instead of rising as they have done for us before and our mist of the day descended on and off as we paddled on through low lands facing a bleak burned shore for part of the paddle. About 12:30 the staff called a halt for lunch and an excursion into the bush to get some dry wood for our Nemiscau campsite. John and Tom went after wood while Jeff fried Kam over birch irons -- mainly so he could warm up a little in the process. The staff knocked down a dry poplar and then after lunch paddled around the corner to procure another spruce before we pulled across to the post a mile or two away. As lunch cooked an indian freighter nosed into the tiny landing and borrowed the staff's pliers to try to adjust their motor so they could make it to the post; a bespeckled indian riding in the bow spoke excellent English, but his companion who tinkered with the motor only smiled as he made his adjustments. Our reception committee at the post was pretty sparse for it seemed that almost all the indians were down on Lake Evans fishing. We met Fred Moore, the HBC manager, and picked up the news that Abby and the boys had pulled out this morning, leaving our campsite open. The Evangelical mission plane was beached on shore and took off shortly after our arrival and buzzed the post before heading back to the coast. Fred refused to open the store for us -- it being Sunday -- the first such refusal Section A's ever had at Nemiscau, but he did produce a piece of pipe and a hack saw so that we had irons

again. Our supplies had arrived weeks ago and were in good order in his store house, and we picked them up before pulling out to make camp. Fred allowed as how we were the third large party coming down the river this year -- sort of getting like a tourist center. Abby had apparently expressed concern for our welfare -- traveling without a guide, but at least we had not had a plane in looking for us as apparently he had -- his radio still did not work. But he did leave us a formidable stack of dry wood, so all was forgiven. Tom and Jeff inspected their packs, finding both slightly damp, but by evening they were at least partially dry in spite of only very occasional spots of blue in the sky. A couple dogs were our main visitors though two lads stood and looked at us pitch camp for a half hour or so. The two indians who had borrowed the pliers at lunch had at least been more talkative. The staff made poor trapper's bread and baked ham for dinner while Ted whipped up a watery pudding. A couple more lads arrived after dinner to converse and an indian stopped by after pulling his nets -- so Bill could at least see a sturgeon. The staff set a pot of beans to bake, and the day ended under still dark skies. Fortunately, the staff felt he was pitched far enough from John so that tonight he might sleep and not be kept awake for hours with a wracking cough!

Monday, August 8 -- For some strange reason there was a dawn this morning -- the first time in many days when the sun has been up and out when we were supposed to be aroused -- only trouble was we were supposed to be having a rest day and Steve had gotten together a pact not to rush the staff since the last rest day -- that is the last planned one -- had seen everyone pushing to the fry pan before the staff even had the batter half mixed. But the lake was completely hidden in mist even at 7:15 when the sun shining through it made the staff tent uncomfortable and forced at least a start to breakfast. This time at least the coffee was boiled, the apples done, and the batter mixed before Ted appeared to fry bacon with Jeff and Pete not far behind. But then the rush was on, though John Neill and Deke even had the unique experience of washing up before breakfast! Steve had the line for seconds on the fry pan well organized -- with himself at the head of it -- before anyone remembered the poor guide who was finally stuck into line. Before the big debate could go further the staff disappeared to the post with Bill in his canoe to photograph before the sun disappeared. As they worked their way up the village stopping to snap any likely looking scenes the clouds started over and by the time they reached the post to find a group of indians waiting outside for the doors to open, the sun was screened by white clouds. Meanwhile Ted and Deke worked their way through the village while the others came via canoe to stock up on goodies. Purchases were made while the indian population stood back and fingered the merchandise that Fred was still in the process of unpacking and pricing. He still had a good bit to go before it was all unpacked, for his major shipment of supplies had come in a couple weeks ago. Back to the site went the group to sit around while the guide boiled bags and dish towels until Bill and the staff paddled back for lunch made on the beans that had baked last night. The neighborhood dogs had succeeded in digging up the pot during the night but had been unable to open the wired-on top, so the beans were safe and reasonably well baked this time -- though the sand could again have been a touch hotter. Jeff tried to organize a football game with no success. John and John Neill manufactured a ginger bread for tomorrow. The

guide and Ted walked down the shore to the post while the staff paddled alone, finding no one interested in making another visit. Ted returned to bake his cherry pie for dessert tonight, but otherwise nothing noteworthy was accomplished except the reading of a few more pages in a book or two -- it's a long way to travel to Nemiscau to read a book! After mailing out the staff's film, talking with Fred, the Evangelical missionary Larry Linton, Abraham -- an indian lad who had spent three days at the '64 site trying to impress that section with his accuracy with a sling shot -- and several indians, guide and staff watched the local McGill University anthropologist's wife depart on the mission plane, photographed Luke -- age 106 -- and returned to cook a quick dinner. By 7:15 all was cleaned up and put away and guide and staff were left sitting around the fire as a group of local belles appeared to inspect us and finally departed after the staff refused to let them sit on the canoes. Noah appeared just as last night having reset his nets -- he'd pulled them up in the morning to be cleaned and dried -- and predicted rain for tomorrow. The staff had already figured on that strong possibility. An east wind had been blowing gently all day -- and that usually means bad weather. And now the sky was getting darker and the wind shifting to the north where things looked even blacker. Finally the bugs became impossible and the staff and guide gave up themselves and crawled in. Maybe we move tomorrow, and maybe not, but if not we're going to run short of reading material pretty soon, and then what?

Tuesday, August 9 -- As predicted rain set in during the night -- perhaps later than really expected, but it fell steadily and softly until about 7:00, nevertheless, wetting everything down pretty well by the time the staff made his move at 7:40. We rolled in spite of the gray sky and threatening nature of the weather. At least the indians were braving the weather to check their nets, and so we might go too. The wind was almost nonexistent for one of the very rare occasions, and it was difficult to tell if the weather was coming from east, north, or west -- north looked worse than the others. There was some current in the lake to help on the paddle and despite our late start of 9:40, we were able to lunch at the far side of the only scheduled carry of the day at the proper lunch hour. The discussion on the paddle down centered around what should be used for our plaque -- Steve insisting that a skull or two would be most fitting. We ran the rapid at the start of the stream without trouble -- though the guide refused to follow the staff's route down the center and picked his own run on the left shore. Some one had used the campsite at the head of the carry recently and left a good supply of finely split wood. Abby? But we took the wet trail -- wet from the rain mostly -- and made our own lunch site at the far side where the staff tried to build a fire with wet wood with slow success. Things went better when Steve portaged over a few sticks of dry spruce. The weather still had not made up its mind as we started off again. A duck chasing interlude followed and the plaque was discussed at more length. The staff hopped ashore to look over a short rapid from a portage trail he had not known existed, and after changing his mind several times, made the run. The last rapid posed more of a problem, and here he chickened out after looking at a cellar across the river, and elected to portage on a trail that was well used, but one he had not known about previously either. The current on the big river met us, but the

foot did not have its normal chop since there was no wind to work against the current. The river below was almost eerie with no wind, a cloudy haze, and not a sound except those we made. The sun shone through faintly and infrequently as no one really knew what to expect of the weather. The humidity was way up, but only a very few scattered rain drops fell -- Pete wanted to know what they were! About 4:45 we pulled into the inferior site used on each of the two previous Rupert trips -- in both cases of necessity -- and this time because the staff knew of nothing better; and it was stopping time. Steve and John Neill argued hot and heavy about how to pitch their two tents in a small area successfully -- Ted took a wise smoke break while Pete quietly held the poles. The argument was settled to mutual satisfaction -- or at any rate the tents went up as Bill and John turned out to be the real losers with the worst site of all. In an impenetrable forest dry wood was surprisingly hard to come by, so it was some time before guide and staff were ready to start dinner. Bill baked a lemon bannock while everyone else retreated to his tent for a nap or to read a few more pages -- this is probably the best road section ever! Dinner was served as usual and everyone appeared long enough to eat and discuss some more movies everyone had seen or some songs everyone had heard -- every one that is but the staff who had neither seen nor heard 95% of the titles discussed. Maybe to be uninformed is the sign of old age. Deke manufactured a corn bread, the staff did a better job on his bang plate repair on 57 and replaced a few patches on 74. Bill borrowed John's rod to catch a small whitefish and the two of them tried paddling out to fish after dinner -- returning empty handed unfortunately. Thunder rolled in the distance occasionally around dinner time, but basically the weather remained about the same as it had been most of the day -- calm, humid, and overcast -- as we settled down for what started at least as a warm evening on a campsite that had little if anything good to say for itself.

Wednesday, August 10 -- The rains came during the night as feared -- starting with a loud clap of thunder seemingly right over our heads. At 6:00 the rain still fell. At 6:30 it had let up and the staff figured we better wait a while and let the tents dry, and so rolled over for another forty winks -- actually less than that for he spent most of the time armed with the Fly-Tox fighting a running battle with winged invaders. Anyway the wait did little good as the rain started lightly and briefly again just after seven. It quit around 7:45 and figuring we could not stay where we were and there was no point in trying to dry anything now, he got up and lit the fire. Others were already stirring throughout the site. Pete appeared to be sure we were moving and went back to roll; only to return before anything but the apple sauce, made the night before, was done. Jeff had an almost similar experience, but finally the somewhat reluctant fire boiled the water, and the meal was cooked. We rolled our wet tents and hit the river around 9:30 with 27 coming along way behind the rest. Out on the river first a fine mist kept falling -- not too cold and almost everyone was protected by rain gear anyway -- except for John who had left his out all night to soak up water and Pete who left his carefully stowed on top of his pack right behind his bow seat -- where it would stay dry and handy. With very little wind of any sort we made good time to the first rapid of any magnitude -- one which bothered the staff since Nisha had experienced trouble in '64 finding the run. But from ~~on~~

excellent vantage point atop a high rock on the right shore it was easy to see two possible paths -- one down the center and one on the left, and since the latter looked less bumpy, that was the one selected and run with ease. The next one at the tip of the island was skirted to the right, but now the rain started in earnest and stayed with us all the way to lunch at a surveyor's or fisherman's site on the western tip of the last large island before Oatmeal. The fly was pitched over a pole left conveniently for us and the meal was cooked under its protection, though by now the rain had turned into a mist for the most part. We borrowed a table from the collection of home-made articles and several reclined in the luxury of a couple crude chairs made locally. A contraption with four cans rigged on its corners left room for speculation -- maybe four ash trays for a bridge game? John added a spoon found on the beach to our jewelry, and we headed off in the mist and rain for Oatmeal a couple miles away. We ran the little rapid before it and paddled up the beaver creek watching the white water to our left disappear over the lip of the falls. In spite of all the rain the trail was not too bad. Bowmen eager to grab tent sites hustled ahead and brushed the water off the bushes for the more leisurely sternman. The clay was not too bad and some one had kindly removed the large windfall the staff remembered as a major obstacle. By 3:45 tents were going up as the sky began to lift a little even though a mist still fell at intervals. John even had courage for a bath and then came to help cook dinner as every one else retreated to his tent and a good book while the guide and staff drew the wood, pitched the fly, and cooked -- with John's help. At the first call that the weather was starting to clear -- a few patches of blue were seen by those still out -- some activity was generated and about half the section appeared to stand by the fire and dry out their pants. The staff disappeared to try photographing while Jeff wanted to know what conditions were like for wallopings pots -- not yet having been interested enough to go look at the falls he had just carried. The weather continued to improve slightly and a few of the bugs that had greeted us on our arrival disappeared so that every one sat around the fire -- but Bill who zipped himself up in his sleeping bag -- and waited while the staff concocted a pan of fudge for an after dinner extra. We were proud to uphold the Keewaydin tradition of getting rained on at Oatmeal, and we followed gloriously in the footsteps of the '48, '62, and '64 sections in this respect. And as yet the sky looked none too clear for tomorrow.

Thursday, August 11 -- Fred or George -- one's in charge of the wind and the other rain -- well which ever was in charge of rain was asleep at the switch again. Oatmeal was shrouded in mist and fog at 6:30 and even as the staff cooked breakfast a light spray fell. But no real rain had fallen during the night -- though the tents were no dryer than when they had been pitched the previous evening. So we pulled out in the mist more or less at the usual time of day. 57 left their shoulder pads on the beach in their rush to get off and inspect a surveyor's site on the tip of the point after the run-off from the falls. The view from the site would have been worth the stop had the falls not been shrouded in mist as usual. Three times down the river and the staff still needs a good picture of the falls. The initial obstacle of the day lay not far down river in the form of a suspicious looking rapid leading up to a 10 yard lift over across a rocky point to avoid a

chute at the head of White Beaver Falls. A little bay was paddled followed by a wet 300-yarder around the Falls proper. The staff took a photographic side trip to view the falls, and not knowing what else to do the rest of the section followed at a distance such that crossing the river was work and the view from where they stopped not worth the extra effort expended. We ran down to the landing for the carry around the next rapid -- Tom's old tent poles were still right where he had dropped them -- no one else had camped here since! -- and the staff beat his way through the burn for 15 or 20 minutes and returned with a plotted run down the left shore which we took for a Keewaydin first at this rapid -- its always been carried before. There were foot prints on the carry, so maybe Abby carried this time -- maybe just he and Mathew looking it over -- maybe tracks of the Hydro people who had a large camp in the bay at the foot of the run. The conflicting currents at the foot caused more trouble than the rapid itself, but we were coasting down river out of all the mess at 11:00. The staff indicated another hour's travel and we'd stop for lunch. First a reasonable rapid had to be run -- the staff pulling left to look it over and then forcing us back up the eddy to cross to the right to take the run he found. No great problem, though again conflicting currents, eddies, and boils were the major difficulties. That still small voice was telling the staff we had to go on to the top of the next carry for lunch when a rocky ledge appeared. Just as we landed the rain that had been falling lightly let up and the macaroni was cooked in some comfort at least. On leaving the site Steve forgot his rain pants, which fortunately 27 had found and brought along. A strange noise had been heard during lunch -- we were too far away for it to be the Fours yet. And on rounding the gentle bend there a couple miles ahead was a large Hydro camp. Over the tree tops appeared a helicopter that promptly buzzed us before going about its business and heading upstream. We drifted by the camp as several people attired in hard hats -- strange attire for the bush -- sat in front of their tents and watched us go by. The top of the first of the Fours was just around the bend, and we landed at the conventional spot rather than the newer landing on which was parked a Hydro freighter. The sun -- Ernest controls this element -- peeked out for the first time really, and the carry proved long, reasonably dry, well cut, and warm. We met a party of surveyors part way over returning to their bost from whatever they had been doing. They had at least one line cut across the area where perhaps they thought to locate a dam, but their work did not interfere with our trip. Everyone over, but the guide -- he showed up considerably later having taken a side trip off the trail intentionally on his way back for his second load to look over the cascade. No one else bothered to see what he was passing. The staff led 59 and 74 on a photographic side trip through the islands -- 57 followed later after Ted unrolled his pack to get his camera; much to the staff's agitation. The Hydro people helped the project slightly by having cut a line through the island making progress up to see the falls easier. Getting into and out of the island landing was a little exciting with the white water to be run, but no trouble occurred. Running back down the lower island the staff stopped long enough to hop out and take one brief look at a campsite presumably cut by Wabun -- and right back into his canoe -- headed for the top of the next falls. After another photographic break he started down to the carry -- almost missing it in the process -- and

landed to set up camp in the small area 25 yards or so back on the trail. The sternmen took the canoes over -- a little wet clay was discovered -- and photographed the falls -- for by now the only operateable cameras belonged to them (Deke's excluded which rarely appeared). A few of the bowmen got views from the top while collecting tent poles and John and Jeff made their trip of discovery after dinner (Ernest gave up around 7:00 as dinner was almost done and the fly had to be raised, though the rain stopped just after the meal was over). Bill baked for tomorrow. John Neill made cocoa, various people helped open cans and pitch the fly -- and Deke came to dinner and stayed to wash the dishes before retreating to his tent again. The sun is now setting at such an early hour that darkness comes in a sheltered site shortly after eight, so only the guide, staff, and John were still around at 9:00 -- and the staff had already retreated to the tent by that time after trying unsuccessfully to fish. The guide reported stars and northern lights on his 10:45 trip out of the tent, so maybe conditions could be improving -- though tomorrow's portage trails have every expectation of being wet as usual.

Friday, August 12 -- Morning was just like all the rest recently in spite of last night's stars and northern lights. Mist hung over the river, but it also fell from the sky. Not actual rain, but enough to keep everything in its state of dampness which now seems permanent. Tents were still soaked as they were rolled and the only part of the fly that was even partially dry was that that hung over the fire. Rain pants were donned as has become the style for the remainder of the 700-yarder. The mist lifted enough as we prepared to load so that the top of the next carry could just be seen ahead. Canoes were loaded one at a time -- there was no chance of loading more and as many hands as were available were used to steady each canoe -- the number of hands decreasing until the guide was left holding the bag. The trip down was rough until an eddy could be caught at the bend in the river and here each canoe could pause and look back at the mass of white behind -- some was mist, but most was the wall of white water from the falls just carried. Then on to the portage where there was room for no more than two canoes at a time. The staff had planned to avoid the clay hill at the start by dropping down to the rocks at the head of the falls, but this was impractical in high water. He tried tossing his canoe and climbing the hill, but after slipping and falling with the canoe he gave up and each canoe was lifted and pulled to the top of the hill where the sternmen could stand. The staff moved 77 down the trail and came back to check to see if everyone had made it. Gradually the temperature rose as the carry was made. 74 and 57 made it straight through to the foot. 27 and 59 got leap-frogged with other loads. By the time the staff made it through tent sites had been picked out and claimed -- it was about 11 o'clock. A long day! So he drew wood and started the fire -- to drive away the mosquitoes -- and left the fire in John's care still waiting for the jewelry to come through. By the time he got his last load over most of the tents were up and lunch was heating. Bread line came about 12:30 with everything over and Ernest producing blue sky. An hour later when the staff started back to photograph Ernest was letting black clouds creep in, but the staff went anyway. Steve trudged back to take pictures of the lower part also. The staff located the ancient trail that used to be employed around just the

first cascade canoes were put back in the river and run 1/4 to 1/2 mile to a take-out on a rock ledge for the last carry -- therefore the Fours where now there are only three carries. But from the looks of the cut off of the old trails it had been a good while since anyone had used them, though the trails could still be found. The final trail was easy to find -- some one had recently blazed it -- maybe the Hydro group. Meanwhile an indian party pulled in coming upstream -- two males and a female. One man took the freighter. The woman took a good load, and the final man took a gas can tumped low and topped everything off with the motor. Who ever it is in charge of the rain let a few scattered drops fall during the afternoon, but otherwise the weather remained fair. Jeff and John collaborated on our last cake -- the icing sugar is now gone. And the guide baked for tomorrow. Pete found a Dunmore paddle -- # 702 -- which we sorely need as a spare. About 5:15 dark clouds began to appear so we hustled up dinner, but John tied the scissors for the fly and the rain held off. After the early dinner the staff made fudge -- no more chocolate now. And the balloons Steve and John Neill have been carrying were blown up. And there was Section A with their balloons now! John Neill and Deke survived the argument of the afternoon, and all was quiet at an early hour as the temperature began to drop as evening approached. Lucky John got his bath in during the middle of the day. And several tents nestled down to a night with a plywood floor -- having the foresight to cut them short enough for the tents this time -- having learned by reading the '64 log what happens when the plywood floor extends out the tent door.

Saturday, August 13 -- It all started just like any other day on the river. Ernest was still in bed at 6:30, and a very fine mist was falling through the meal and as we hit the river between eight and eight-fift en -- for a fairly early start for some reason. Maybe the wood was quicker on the fire. But for some reason about half the rain suits were packed for a change -- indicating either confidence or foolhardiness. At least the tents were not completely soaked as they were rolled -- though the fly was no drier than usual. Just around the corner we had to get out and walk through the bush for less than the advertised 150 yards -- in an attempt to see how soaked the trail was -- in fact Pete even asked the staff before either tried the trail if it was wet. It wasn't fortunately. Unloading room was at a premium, so it took longer than should have been necessary to get everyone across. The pitch carried was actually a pair of one foot plunges that could not be run -- but with our water level, it was a wall of white water. The staff keeps thinking there must be a run somewhere, but after seeing it three times now, he's even beginning to lose all hope of ever finding out where -- and besides the well-used appearance of the trail makes it relatively obvious even the indian shoulders his canoe. A reasonably dull paddle ensued during which time our mist became a fine driving rain -- though most of us just endured it without bothering to get suited up. Just as the preliminary 350 yarder -- which is not really that long (though the Wabun report of last year claims 700 yards) -- appeared Ernest woke up and showed a small patch of blue. By the time everyone got disentangled from the line the Hydro had cut across the trail, the weather had broken. The usual canoe order got disrupted somewhat in the process of making the portage and had to be reordered since only one canoe at a time gets into the water here. 57 came in third instead of second when

all was said and done because Ted had to retump the retumping job he'd done in the morning -- designed to adjust to the lack of shoulder pads experienced since Oatmeal. Anyway the staff shoved off and hit the entrance to the carry on the button. We entertained some Hydro workers busy cutting near the middle of the arc we were running, and the swells off the rapid were nothing to fool with in this kind of water. But the entertainment was just a trade for as we approached the short preliminary carry, some one back in the bush had been firing shotgun shells or doing small blasting, and as we paddled closer he'd let off a half dozen or more spaced shots -- wonder if he hit anything? If he was really shooting at birds, they must have been awful stupid or else clay pigeons to have let him take so many shots. Anyway the canoes were spaced so that the leader was up and out before the trailers hit the landing -- there's room for only one canoe at a time in the small eddy -- if it can be called an eddy. The Hydro people had helped the first part of the trail not at all, leaving all the old windfalls, adding some new ones, and some detours as a result of their slash, and creating more exposed clay as a result of their disturbing of nature and their traffic back and forth. Their one contribution was a cleared area about half way from where a fine view could be had of the two top branches of the river as she split around an island and then the final plunge as the sections came together. As far as the eye could see in any direction there was practically nothing but white water. Not really a falls in the true sense. Not really a chute or a cascade -- just a mile of really steep rapids was about it. The Hydro had cut a little to advantage on the second half of the trail -- the half that was dry already and was excellent walking anyway. We pulled into the campsite at the foot of the carry with our first loads shortly after eleven. That is all but the crew of 59. Bill because he was leap-frogging his loads, and Deke was just missing. The staff stayed to start lunch and the others went back for their second loads and incidentally find Deke. But about fifteen minutes later as the staff had the water on the fire, Deke appeared out of the bush from down river having reached the campsite OK, seen no one -- they were all down on shore where people end portages -- and ignoring the nice calm blue water in front of him, Deke turned sharp right along a Hydro trail and walked to their camp another 400 yards down river. A kindly worker had redirected him. Deke explained that a mile and a quarter was not enough and he had needed more exercise and had been received at a "lumber camp." (It was only the third large Hydro camp we'd seen, plus all the lines they'd cut -- and besides who'd put a lumber camp up here? We haven't seen an active one since Cooper Lake!) After Deke departed a small freighter with two Hydro men appeared with some story about "our boss looking for us since he'd had no news." It took 20 minutes to attempt to iron out the fact that it must have been Abby they wanted -- and he was two days at least ahead of us -- which our visitors did not believe since apparently they'd only seen one group go through -- a week ago. But finally they left not really satisfied. (Note: Later at Rupert's we were told that Mathew's son traveling with Abby's group had cut his foot badly at this campsite and been flown out by the Hydro helicopter! Some one's confused!) But finally they left not really satisfied. The rest returned and the spaghetti was pulled off the fire. The staff ate quickly and hustled -- if you can call his normal portage speed a hustle -- back after his second load and incidentally to

photograph -- the two took equally long so it was about 2:00 before we were under way again. We stopped briefly at the Hydro camp to try to reexplain, but the helicopter pilot who was supposed to be the one who had the full story had not returned, so we left knowing no more than we did before, but convinced it was Fecteau looking for Abby and his bum radio. Ernest really did a job and shirts were off for the two hour paddle down to the next chute -- the first time in a long while that the sun has been warm enough for such a display. John even removed his boots to find a large cut in his sole -- to match the hole the guide had found yesterday in his boots. The carry was made -- the Hydro had not done too much damage to it -- and camp was on the way up at 4:30. The guide concocted a coffee cake, Jeff opened cans, Steve split wood, and Ted just insulted the staff by pointing to the spot on the map and asking, "Is this where you think we are?" In return the staff presented 57 with an engraved potato can drinking cup. The old maps advocated a 102' chute here, but the run off from whatever we carried was not quite that large, and we were hidden from viewing it. The rock shore provided a bathing area for Ted, John, Jeff, guide, and staff. Deke got close to the water and the others may get washed up one of these days. John and Steve started collecting birch logs for our plaque as the sun set, and the guide predicted rain for tomorrow as something dark started moving up the river. He may well be right, but at least the temperature dropped almost as soon as the sun did.

Sunday, August 14 -- Last night's clear stary sky was somewhat marred by a display of Northern lights that had to contend with a black cloud on the horizon in that direction, but still for the first time in quite a while the sun made a firey red appearance at dawn -- according to Steve and Jeff who were up at that time. But it had disappeared by the time the staff rolled out fifteen minutes late for some reason. Still no great rain threat was in sight as Pete passed by on his way to wash up to comment on the coolness of the night. Deke and Jeff were forcefully wakened since the staff was almost in their tent door pattering around the fire. Deke for some reason valued dry feet so little that he'd left his boots outside the tent -- just as though he expected some one to apply a fresh coat of dubbing during the night. Our departure was very slightly delayed by the necessity of repairing the other side of the head band on the tump for # 6 wannigan. But we were paddling off to the west by 8:30 or 8:45. The guide made a brief scenic detour to see the falls near which we'd camped, but there was little to see. The water drops maybe 10 - 15 feet at the most at the foot of the island. Down the river the staff's only amusement was looking for a trail supposed to be on the left shore leading back to an aircraft that went down 2½ years ago -- he never found it. About half way to Plum Pudding we picked up a little current that made the going easier, though there was no wind to cause any trouble either. At the appropriate moment before Plum Pudding we turned into the proper creek-like channel and soon unloaded at the portage. Abby had camped here and John retrieved his Louisiana camper's hat at the foot of the carry. We drifted or paddled across the little bay from the island to the head of the first pitch that lay ahead. Looking back the pitch around which we had just carried looked reasonably steep, but maybe possible. So this one must not be as great. 59 had trouble getting into the partial eddy near shore because Deke insisted on grabbing the alders while Bill's stern was still out in the current, but eventually everyone was ready and the

staff announced he was running blind and shoved off -- follow the left shore as much as possible. By the time he'd reached the foot with an inch or so of water, the staff turned to see how the others were faring, only to see the bottom of a green canoe still up in the swells. The first three through turned to lend assistance to 59 and their load was picked up by the four remaining canoes after the guide ran past the diaster -- but in the final count Toby was missing. Bill had tried to grab him before help arrived but realized he was being pulled off the safety of the canoe himself and wisely gave up the attempt. There was the faint possibility that the pup had made it ashore on his own, but he was not to be found as the canoes were dumped and the loads replaced. Nor did a drifting search of the short stretch of shore line before the second pitch reveal any trace of him. So into the pitch we went, hugging the left shore. The staff caught a couple eddies on the way down to look over the coming sections, and so we made it to the last eddy before the final drop with only small amounts of water. The final drop had a channel between two masses of white water. If timed right a canoe could ride through on a slick. Timed poorly there were going to be some real old swells. The section elected to run together rather than watching the staff try first -- so off we went -- to find ourselves in the eddy at the foot very quickly and all reasonably dry -- though most of the canoes got dumped before proceeding. We pass a pretty well deserted Hydro camp in the slack before Smoky Hills -- our Hydro man of yesterday had told us to drop in and use the cook house if we got there so early in the morning no one was up. He must have thought we had our own helicopter like therr's that buzzed us just before the first portage of Plum Pudding. We landed at the first carry and took off while the staff remained behind to cook lunch. Almost immediately there were screams of a lost trail and the staff had to go off and locate where the old trail cut off the new Hydro line that blocked about 40 yards of the carry. But no one got badly lost, though the walking was made no easier by the Hydro cutting. The second loads went across after lunch. And the shallow lilly pad studded moose pond was paddled to the second carry. Ted jumped up and down on the quaking bog to test how solid it wasn't and then he and Pete rushed off to get tent sites at the end of the portage. When the staff arrived he was greeted with anguished cries of "There's no campsite there." And here they were parked in the biggest campsite on the river! Only it had not been used at least all summer and was overgrown with tall weeds. The staff thought it might be possible to load right off the cooking area at the base of the falls and so took his canoe to the left, but the swells were too great and the loading area too shallow, and he directed all but 57 which John had tight behind to the more conventional and conservative landing downstream -- cautioning them not to put their canoes down until they could see the river proper. And again cries of a dead end had to be answered. But by the time the staff arrived to untangle the issue, Steve and Bill had forded the stream that blocked the trail and gotten to the proper landing. Eventually the canoes got to the landing, the wannigans to the fire, and the packs to the tent area, but it took a while. The staff started after dry wood to return an hour later with nothing. John foraged a few scraps on which the guide started a fire. Eventually the staff gave up and cut some downed spruce that worked and John found a semi-rotten balsam that was dry. And so

the guide baked and cooked dinner while John, Bill, and the staff split wood on an overcast, humid afternoon that was really too hot to work. Deke discovered he had a soaking wet sleeping bag -- Bill's pack had survived quite well. But by borrowing John Neill's space blanket Deke planned to make it through the night. He set about picking raspberries for a raspberry bannock which he baked after dinner -- a sort of purple color, but it may be good! Pete and John made chocolate pudding out of the stuff in one of the wet wannigans -- that was about all they were carrying that could suffer very much -- and the pudding pudded! And so night came around 8:45 as it looked like the farmer might be gathering up his sheep, and the sky looked pretty dark overhead.

Monday, August 15 --- Another warm night under a dark sky, but at 6:30 the staff set off the fire on his green spruce. A couple drops of rain fell at breakfast -- often enough so that a couple people noticed them -- but they fell at about 5 minute intervals, so there was no suggestion that we do aught but move. Down came the tents and we were on our way shortly after 8:30 -- no record, but then we did not really have very far to go. The sky was gray, Ernest made a few very feeble attempts, but never came close to succeeding. Fred and George cooperated, however, though George blew from the south east, which broods evil so far as the weather is concerned. The river was swift and had enough rocks and riffles to dodge to keep the paddle interesting. About four or five miles out the helicopter started buzzing us again -- maybe a reporter from CBS sending back reports for "You Were There." On his last pass he motioned us definitely to head for the last of the Hydro camps about two miles above the last rapid, and reluctantly the staff altered course and headed his canoe in to their dock only to discover they did not want us after all -- maybe he was just trying to tell us to take the right side of the last rapid -- which we already knew. The staff had a few words for the guy who met us on the dock, but he was French and probably did not understand. When the staff asked why the pilot signalled, the Frenchman asked, "What you sick?" so communication must not have been very good. We headed back on course, dodging rocks as a result of our side trip and started toward the last rapid. Without any wrong turns the staff hit the portage landing, though getting to it needed a little rock dodging. He elected to carry rather than try looking over the run -- his experience of two years before was enough times down through the boulders. As we unloaded it started raining lightly as our influence with Fred seemed to have given out. And we ran the last little pitch in a slight drizzle. As expected Rupert's appeared to the left through the mist about two-thirds of the way down, and Ted let out the feeble traditional cheer. The bowman's portage had passed with no fanfare -- plus the fact that few if any in the section even knew the tradition. Pete had enough troubles with the packs anyway! The tide was on the way out making the run to the post dock faster than otherwise would have been the case. We pulled in about 11:30 "staff time" which proved to be 12:00 "Rupert time". We got permission to camp in the usual area at the east end of the settlement and in our drizzle paddled down to cook lunch and set up camp. The fly was pitched just as the meal was almost done -- though as usual it kept out very little of the rain. The search for dry wood was unproductive though the staff brought in a piece of junk that proved impossible. Tents up, the gang trooped off to

the store in the rain -- the staff following later to see if Marshall Campion had made radio contact with Austin Airways -- which he had. The rain kept up a steady pace through the afternoon as a card game took up a good part of the slack. The staff lay down for a few minutes waiting for the deminishing showers to stop and dozed off -- eventually getting up and starting a fire with a box of matches, a can of lighter fluid, and wet, green wood. He leisurely baked a bannock as Bill opened cans, and as he was in no rush, let preparations take quite a while thinking it early yet -- until some one looked at a watch and informed him it was 8:00. A horde of indian boys and girls arrived to stand silently and watch -- or almost crawl into the fire. Jeff tried a sling owned by one of the lads with very little success -- John with less success; though great danger to the rest of us. The younger indians were replaced by some older girls interested in poking into tents and trying to cadge cigarettes. They disturbed Bill's attempt to go to bed, and so the section stood around singing waiting for them to leave; which they did eventually so we could settle in. It looks like getting the canoes out will be a problem -- the sked flight, an Otter, held up at Ruperts over the night, but it won't take anything, and the chances of anything coming in tomorrow are slim it seems. Marshall says he already has a warehouse full of canoes to send out from previous parties -- Abby's not the only one.

Tuesday, August 16 -- Rain fell for only a few moments during the night, but the sky was extremely gray in the morning. The dogs spent the night and early morning investigating the wannigan area, but the only thing we would not find in the morning was one of the bacon grease cans, but we may have lost it on our own. Pancakes were made until close to eleven with little interference from visitors. Fortunate because wood had to be scrounged from the left overs from the neighboring saw mill. The staff went off to check the 9:00 radio news -- which was nill -- and stayed to watch the Otter take off in hopes of reaching Moose. The load already aboard was too great for there to be any hope of getting a canoe on board. One of the passengers was Bob Scott who was relieved as manager at Fort George by Jock Holliday from here. The section disappeared to the post and village. Jeff returned with the snow shoes for which he'd been looking. John Neill and Pete spent the remainder of the morning frying doughnuts, and after a late lunch every one headed back to inspect the town. The canoe factory had its share of visitors as did the rest of town. John Neill bought back a second pair of snow shoes, the guide procured a pair of mitts, and Steve, Ted, and John finally tracked down a piece of moose hide for our plaque. A plane arrived at the Fecteau dock with a group of sports who had been out fishing and out-touristed us by a long shot. The local checker game outside the canoe factory was about the only indian activity that kept up through the afternoon and evening as the sun failed to make an appearance and the photographing had to be done in dim religious light. Dinner was produced about seven. The indian woman who'd sold John Neill his snow shoes arrived to renege on the bargain unless she got ten instead of five dollars -- she got the shoes back instead. Indian giver? A somewhat smaller and less daring group of viators entertained as the darkness came.

Wednesday, August 17 -- Though fog had settled down over the

river during the night. Ernest was making every effort to clear up the mess and while the section ate breakfast, the staff went off to check the nine o'clock radio reports, and Ernest made it as the radio chatter was going on. All seemed to be in good shape. They tried to pawn off a Beaver and a Norseman on us, but finally settled on just what had been agreed on earlier -- two Norseman charters. Lindy was coming up from Porcupine and would come get us right afterwards. Wabun was busy sending Stoky a telegram saying they were missing their train that left today and needed instructions. Meanwhile Austin was busy picking them up with the scheduled plane of yesterday -- a day late. So it looked like we'd have company on the train ride and on the way up the lake. The staff disappeared to photograph anything that could be found -- nothing much, but at least the sun was out. A few other cameras appeared and the store was visited. The 10:30 report was the same. The Beaver came in and disappeared to East Main unable to take a canoe back as we had hoped he could. Lunch was duely cooked and camp was totally dismantled -- the day looked so pleasant, how could the planes miss? We'd stopped to watch Anderson Jolly surrounded by his grandchildren while his women folk beat the daylights out of three of four moose hides with an axe, and he'd looked at the sky and predicted wind, and an hour or so later his prediction came true as she started to blow in from the west at a good clip. We sat and waited through the long afternoon. 59 was discovered to have a broken gunwale next to the bow seat -- no one seems to know how or when it was broken! It and 74 were stuffed in the warehouse along with Abby's canoes and a couple freighters belonging to the first party ahead of us -- some one named Gilbert Defoe from Quebec according to the tags. There seemed no chance of getting either out on the aircraft. 27 was left on the beach in hopes that somehow she could make it. Finally close to 5:00 Steve arrived with the Otter on the sked run for this side of the Bay and reported fog rolling in such that he could not get to Paint Hills even. He'd check again in an hour, but it looked like he was here for the night. Finally a half hour later Lindy appeared and quickly loaded. Tom, Steve, the two Johns, and Jeff plus half the baggage and 77 were packed aboard and Lindy roared off promising to return. The remaining five moved the rest of the gear to the Fecteau dock since Steve wanted to tie up for the night on the HBC dock, and then they sat around watching canoes made as the crew in the factory worked till past seven. The helicopter arrived and took Marshall, Steve, and his mechanic, Dave, off to the Nursing Station on top of the hill, and all was quiet on the dock waiting for Lindy. 8:00 came and went, as did 8:15, and 8:30 also; and finally the staff gave up and headed back to pitch the two remaining tents and heat a little water for mashed potatoes and cook a pot of corn -- there being no meat in his wannigans he discovered. Pete retreated to bed, but the other four made do on such a meal eaten out of cans with improvised wooden spoons. Oh, well, another night at Rupert's.

Meanwhile the advance party had been duely landed at the Austin dock in Moose. For some reason the Austin manager -- Art Robinson -- refused to offer transportation to the station, so the guide left 77 and a couple unneeded wannigans at the storage shed and proceeded via taxi to set up camp and await the second flight. Wabun already occupied the site closer to the station, so poles were cut and tents pitched on the south side of the creek --

dinner duely cooked of corned beef hash and peas -- no potatoes; they were back in wannigan N. But darkness came and no second group appeared. So the New Columbia Restaurant had it visitors and eventually the advance party settled in for the night.

Thursday, August 18 -- The staff rose about 7:30 as an indian freighter paddled past the two lonely tents. The sky was not too inviting and Fred spit occasionally, but the ceiling looked high enough for the aircraft. Steve's Otter was still tied to the HBC dock -- he had failed to make his early start up the coast obviously. Steve and Marshall were just recovering from their late party as the staff barged in for a cup of coffee, and the rain started to fall in earnest unfortunately. Marshall went over to go on the air -- the batteries low as a result of burning lights too late. Steve remaining to shave before trying to move his Otter. At least he semi-promised to bring out a third canoe if he came back down the coast unloaded and in time to make the 2:00 train. Marshall went on the air haltingly, but before he could find out from Moose what plans had been made for us, the Norseman could be heard winging its way in. The staff hustled down to signal Lindy in to the Fecteau dock, for Steve was just starting to move his aircraft. Lindy had tried to return last night, but met a fog bank fifteen minutes out and turned back unable to contact Rupert's on the radio to question our weather. If only we'd kept a set going! The staff headed for the site to get the other four up and rolled, but progress was already being made, and all he needed to do was roll himself. 57 was loaded and paddled to the dock with the gear. Lindy indicated that the air was too rough to take the canoe, so she was tagged and left with the others -- ostensibly to be flown out later, but who knows? Bidding farewell to Rupert's, the second group took off after leaving with Marshall a telegram to be sent asking for an extra canoe at Temagami. Lindy had to call in to Moose specially to get them to contact Marshall -- silly way to get a telegram out? The trip was rough as expected -- a few of Lindy's paper bags came close to being used. Maybe fortunately we'd had no breakfast. The second group landed in Moose River and were ferried by kicker to the dock -- a Canso occupying all the space on the dock. The staff called Temagami for the extra canoe being worried about the telegram's connections -- fortunately; for when he picked up the tickets at the station at 12:45 the telegram was still unsent -- he threw it in the waste basket and trusted in his call -- there being nothing else to do. The truck transported the last of the group to the station plus 77 and all the left over "green boxes" as the Austin crew called them. And by 11:45 the section was again a unit. Baggage car 301 was loaded partially -- the staff having real trouble portaging his canoe in the high winds that even blew down the station platform. The guide had gotten the mail in the morning fortunately, and breakfast for the advance party had been the dinner left over from the evening before when no one had arrived from the other side. Lunch was quickly prepared and eaten as the tents came down and the rest of the equipment went into 301 for the trip south. The staff made a quick trip to the station for the tickets and then to the department-like Bay Post for sandwich materials for the evening meal, and all was ready to roll south. An officious officer from Lands and Forests protested our camping on the creek with or without a travel permit. The second time in ten years the staff had been asked for a travel permit. The first time the ranger was off duty and crooked -- this time just

impressed with his own uniform. The train pulled out only 20 minutes late -- the comfortable coach occupied by sightseers. The other two by us, the Wabun section, and the people who live up here. The ride was uneventful. No sleep. Just a continuous stream of people trying to find something to eat or drink. The Wabun section spent the trip trying to figure out where they'd been on what day. We did not try the quiz game -- the staff knew, but maybe others didn't. The split of the two groups between Moose and Rupert's had spoiled his record of 14 straight nights in exact accord with the itinerary he'd left at camp! Cochrane gave a 20 minute lay over -- not time enough for a trip to the laundrimat unfortunately for Pete and Deke. Deke was minus his gloves -- a ceremonial dunking having occurred at the trestle over the creek at Moose. John sang and kept the staff suitably alert for the trip down, but almost no one seemed interested in questioning our dirty, bearded group.

Friday, August 19 -- Temagami finally came about 15 minutes after Deke's carefully procured train schedule would indicate -- right on time according to the train crew. 301 was shunted off unfortunately necessitating a carry of about 300 yards extra to the dock. Our 4 canoes were on top of the Aubrey -- 157 -- which has made and met more Bay sections than any canoe in camp -- plus 3 leaky relics from the death rack -- there's still a great question as to which leaks most -- a death rack 17-footer or an Ojibway fly? The wind blew hard from the north west and the sky was a little dark, but the staff's long coffee break served to lighten the sky and lessen the wind. Hewie, Dewie, and Louie -- or whatever the local hoods were named -- got in the way -- with their equally attractive dates -- as we tried to get coffee at the tiny snack bar -- better than the machines at the Esso station, however. Anyway about 2 am we let the Wabun section bed down on the Aubrey and Ramona -- and the manager could go back to sleep in his apartment over the office as we pulled out. The northern lights performed, the satellites passed by, and the wind blew slightly as we paddled the arm in reasonable time. Day broke as we rounded Faskin's Point and headed for Clemenshaw's for breakfast. We pulled across the front of Wabun despite the head wind, but missed the campground the staff wanted because Section B was on it. We took a little point -- where fortunately John found a dry tree right away. As the staff kindled the fire and started breakfast, the section flaked out on him rousing only to eat a scrap and wash the dishes and pots. A few bathed and the rest cleaned up a little and at 9:15 under a reasonably strong sun the staff took his trip-end movies, and we moved north. A section appeared behind us -- Nishe's tardy section -- though we thought they were Boy Scouts, not being able to find the K's on the stern. We hid in a bay as they went by and then pulled against the wind from Seal Rock to greet our friends and relations on schedule shortly after 11:00. In the evening the staff delivered his "Tales of the Bay" 36 hours after leaving Rupert's House -- and 36 minutes after leaving Raccoon Point with an engine that went only in reverse -- and the Cavaney's entertained a section that was pretty well asleep on their feet in the latter part of the night. The trip was done; the goal was won for good old Section A. But it was a pretty exhausted group that rolled in tonight.

The End