

KEEWA Y DIN

SECTION A

1967



75th
YEAR

JAMES BAY

via

EASTMAIN RIVER

27

Dan Gaskill

Matt Ridgway

59

Walt Mercer

Dan (Carp) Carpenter

57

Jim Wu

George Revington, Guide

74

Tom Rea

Tom (Gilby) Gilbert

77

John (Minnsie) Minns

Heb Evans, Staff

H. Bones

Mistassini - Rupert River - Neoskweskau - Great Bend - Eastmain

June 30 - August 19, 1967

Friday, June 30 -- The Four Winds had performed in their usual magnificent style -- and tradition was upheld as Mudgie steadfastly refused to let anyone discover his true speech. But, exhausted from their labors of the evening, they took a rest day this morning. So Shawendausee continued to hold sway -- though a little tired, and none of them bothered to blow away the clouds that obscured the sun. So after a piecemeal breakfast -- caused by waiter problems -- eventually Walt, Jim, and Dan were led off to be adorned with their green bracelets while the rest of us went to finish rolling. The job was quickly done, however, despite a late start -- for after the evening's Gigitowain meeting everyone wanted a few minutes of extra sleep and so contrary to tradition the staff had to wake the section. But then maybe no extra practice was needed. Carp had already rolled and unrolled his pack several times the night before. Anyway we were sitting on the dock ready to load by 8:35, but the staff held up the process until 8:50 because of the waves. Anyway, off at 9:09 amid the cannon's roar and the KKK's. Again to defy tradition Dan Carpenter Sr. did not commandeer the McMillen boat to bring us forgotten items, and we made it to Squirrel Point in one jump with no one following. The south wind proved light as Rabbit Nose and LaFay's Point passed by. Heading down the back channel was a little tougher, so we took a rest break behind an island, only to be hailed by Pete Clark to learn that the Wabun trip had gotten off to a slow start as Pete Belanger had been impossible to rouse in the morning and they'd left him in T Station, and Wabun had another guide. That may be quite a trip! We dropped a couple sticks of wood for lunch, but were forced onto Faskin's Point since the campground we wanted was taken. As we made the decision to switch sites, we had the opportunity to watch a fisherman who did not believe the black bouys put out by the Boat Company. He was lucky if it was only a sheer pin, but it seemed he had a second motor anyway. Anyway, lunching at Faskin's Point meant our dry wood had been gathered for naught -- like carrying coals to Newcastle -- but we used it anyway instead of the old dock. The beans were all warmed before the rain started slowly, making the dish drying difficult. Rain suits were donned for the short pull to the Mine Road, and as we entered the Boat Line Bay, we could see Russell and Glen heading in to join us in the pointer with Gile guiding Chief behind them. We landed and unloaded just behind them shortly after 2:00. The two cars were picked up and 77 and 57 were lashed to the two cars. All was ready for Carmody and his truck well before the scheduled 2:30 arrival -- but no truck. The rain fortunately let up during the wait. The backs of the station wagons were loaded with gear needed for the trip up, and finally the truck arrived, just when it was time to start worrying. Gile meanwhile supervised the various Boat Line workers -- having become disinterested since 77 had not turned over on the way down the lake. Wannigan's and cardboard boxes to be dropped off in Chibougamau went aboard the truck as did the other three canoes, although it was 3:30 before all was padded and secure. The Chief and Gile bid us goodbye and off we rolled up the bumpy Mine Road, stopping briefly in Temagami to gas the cars and feed the section. Then a longer pause in Latchford to gas the truck and a second stop to put on its licence plates -- which have to be renewed every two months for Ontario trucks -- and to pick up Mrs. Carmody. Finally we were off with the staff leading, the truck in the middle, and Russell trailing. What the reaction was from the holiday traffic in Halliburton and New Liskard might be imagined! Joranda-Rouyn passed easily, and we rolled through Val d'Or as dusk began to fall, and

headed for Senneterre. By now rain had started to fall, lightly at first and then past Val d'Or it really poured! Often the drivers were guided only by the white dividing lines down the center of the road. Russell pulled ahead after we passed Louvencourt to stop at the first possible gas station -- hopefully before he ran out. Rain still fell, though a little intermittantly. Now the gas station proved to be a single pump for Esso, so while Russell gassed up, the staff went to see about renting one of the cabins on the shore of Lake Tiblemont, having become increasingly worried about finding a possible campsite in the gathering gloom -- plus the soaking wet ground. A cabin large enough for all on two double beds and the floor -- complete with wood stove -- was provided for \$5 -- and we moved in. Russell started up the fire, but a few dampers had to be located before it would draw, and although it poured smoke into the cabin and the oven doors fell off at one point, and sparks and embers shot out the back at intervals, dinner was eventually done. Russell and Glen chose the cars in preference to the cabin -- maybe wisely, but everyone found a place somewhere and bedded down. Tom was eventually persuaded not to write his diary for the day, and the single electric bulb went out.

Saturday, July 1 -- Carmody and truck had gone on to Senneterre for the night after George had bailed out the lake of water collected in the tarp with the dishpan, and the arrangement was to meet him outside Senneterre at 7:30. So the staff was up at 5:30, with the sun already reasonably well up, stoking the fire. George, Matt, and Dan in the front room had to get up too. And Russell was already up with Glen not far behind. With front room beds rolled and out of the way, breakfast was cooked with George doing the eggs to perfection. We rolled out and into a very quiet Senneterre to get comfortably outside the city by 7:20 or so. No truck. So the staff went back to town spotting the truck in a garage just on the south side of town just being rolled out to be gassed up. And the Carmody's had not yet had breakfast so it was after 8:00 before we really started rolling on the dirt-gravel road to Chibougamau. Russell had been able to wait at a small gas station - snack bar, so his half of the crew had at least a little entertainment during their wait. About 40 miles or so was under construction after a relatively smooth 8 miles, so going was slow until after Beattyville -- and almost to Cedar Rapids -- both landmarks on the '62 Bay Trip to the Rupert. We stopped to stretch about 10 and the truck took the lead until we caught up at Malignon where a short stop was made at O'Sullivan Lodge. The truck pulled out ahead, and the staff car managed to squash its tail pipe getting back on the road, so it had to be opened with the axe a few minutes later. Glen took over the driving for Russell for a while and a halt was made for lunch beside an attractive river between 150 and 160 miles from Senneterre. After getting used to the bumps in the road, almost everyone not at the wheel decided to sleep. The radio in the staff car got out of range at Malignon, but the Chief's radio at least allowed Carp and Glen to listen to the Queen's Dominion Day message before lunch. We pulled into Chapais about 2:00, got gas and discovered to our pleasant surprise that the road from there to Chibougamau was paved. We rolled along in fine style. The staff made the turn onto the St-Felicien Road only to realize Russell was not behind, so a turn around was in order to institute a search. 57 had needed some retying, but nothing serious, but the pause was fortunate for otherwise we would have rolled right by Fecteau Air Base and had to

turn around and return. Supposedly arrangements were made for the resupply on the 21st and our instructions were duly entered in the flight book for that day -- at least we discovered how to pronounce Neoskweskau -- Nesweskau. The boxes were to be dropped off at the base after the truck took us to Mistassini. In the process we unfortunately encountered the Dunmore Rupert trip at the base at the same time -- causing confusion as to which Keewaydin was which -- but maybe Fecteau will get it right. We got travel permits from the nearby Ranger Station -- somewhat reluctantly since they were fighting too many fires somewhere. Then back to Fecteau for fishing licenses which we got despite the back-up of business being handled by the lone man in the office. By now the truck had located Fecteau and joined us. A small detour was made to locate the staff's glasses left in the Ranger Station, and then we rolled through a very quiet Chibougamau and on to Mistassini on another dirt road. Just past the carry to Waconichi we pulled up at a gate expecting to show our fishing licenses and travel permits, but no the staff had to follow the French ranger -- or park attendant into his office, and in broken English the "Bandit" demanded \$45 for three days in his Reserve. So amid violent protest that we were just traveling through, the staff coughed up the \$45 rather than be forced back to Chibougamau and more red tape -- a charge calculated at \$1 a day fishing right per person and \$1 a day per tent in the party. But we finally escaped and made it to Mistassini about 5:00. A strange hissing emanated from the right front tire of the truck, so while Carmody changed it, we unloaded, and finally all three vehicles headed back for Fecteau with our boxes, only a few of which were damp thanks to Carmody's excellent tarp. The wind was rolling waves into the landing with such size the staff decided to cook dinner on the shore behind an old metal boat to avoid the wind -- and hope that the blow died down. About 7:00 we shoved off into the rollers and faught our way to a small island a mile or more down the Bay. A rest stop was made to try drawing a little dry wood with only slight success, and on we went, now with a quartering tail wind which lessened as we got across the Bay to the west shore. Another wood excursion was made although the hour was getting late, and we pulled up to the campsite after nine -- under dary skies. Tents went up in the gloom rapidly, and all was reasonably secure before it was too dark to see at all. However, it was discovered that only 4 of our 5 babies had made the trip up from the landing, so a canoe would have to go back on Sunday to retrieve it.

Sunday, July 2 -- A few spits of rain fell, but they amounted to nothing, and the staff was up puttering with breakfast about nine. George, Carp, and Dan appeared soon and pancakes were in order for the morning. Then of course it started to rain and the fly went up, but the shower proved short and light. By noon everyone was up but Jim and Tom, and the batter was about to be finished off by others as they finally made it. George decided his canoe had been missing the baby -- having counted the extra tent as their baby when he loaded. So he took Jim and Dan back to the landing, fortified with leftovers from the picnic lunch of yesterday. Everyone but the staff went fishing for an hour or so, with Matt and Carp finding a few small pike. Spanish Rice had been the lunch menu, until the staff started to look for the rice, only to discover it was in the missing baby. So macaroni substituted. All but John headed for the

Post and he was left to combat a change in weather -- by now the sun was well out and the day was hot and humid. The staff went looking for Glen Speers, the HBC manager, only to discover he was out on holiday and the replacement knew nothing about the country -- but he was a retired HBC manager who had been all over Canada and could at least speak a little Cree, so after trying to get hold of the Chief -- Smally Petawabano -- with no success -- he was in Chibougamau -- he got a passing Indian to search out someone who knew the Neoskweskau territory. And a half hour or so later he showed up with a couple who were able to trace out the route we wanted through Woollett Lake. They had two young lads to help translate, but they were not much help. However, we thought we got at least enough information to feel that the route is still traveled. And so that's the way we plan to go. They also supplied a little material on the Eastmain, but nothing very vital, but apparently both had traveled all over the area. Matt, Tom, and Walt went back to the campsite to find George had returned with the missing baby after battling the wind pretty much like that of yesterday. His major entertainment had been a meeting with Mathew, who had guided last year's Dunmore section down the Rupert. Conversation was through Mathew's wife who spoke English. They were busy at the time pulling a net of dead fish for a friend. The staff, Garp, and Gilby toured the Post again taking pictures, but very little was going on during the holiday. Back at the campsite most took a bath, and on the return of the photographers dinner of ham, French fried potatoes, and peas was cooked to go with the bannock baked earlier -- but there was more than enough, so the bannock was held over for tomorrow. The bugs had been no problem up till now, but the no-seeums made life tough, so only a few hardy souls braved them protected by the fire. And so to bed as the wind shifted and the cold north wind blew in to drop the temperature quickly and bring on good sleeping weather.

Monday, July 3 -- About 5:10 the sun rose and started warming the staff tent, but the plans of last night prevailed, and guide and staff managed to sleep till seven. Breakfast was duely cooked -- the last of the fresh eggs disappearing in the process -- camp was broken and canoes loaded for the long half mile pull to the Post to take advantage of the manager's kind offer to open up just for us -- all his clerks being off celebrating the holiday -- two days after Dominion Day. We made our purchases somewhat slowly since he had to look up a lot of the prices, but he was certainly most pleasant about it all. We then retoured the Post -- George and his crew for the first time. The weather was excessively warm and a good number of young boys were out swimming and apparently clearing a part of the bay between the two sections of the Post as a beach area. Nothing much else was to be found of great interest, however. Maybe if the Bay Company has a holiday, the Indians ought to have one too. Tom went in search of a dog -- finding one cold black pup of about two months -- according to the Indians. She was promptly named Miss Eastmain for 1967 -- Esty for short. Guide and staff chatted for a while with the Catholic priest -- who remembered the staff from last year. Finally we shoved off and headed up the Narrows under a very warm sky in an almost windless morning. We gathered a few spectators on the way out -- watching our slow progress from the bank. We paused at the Indian hangings on the

west side of the narrows, but nothing had been added this year. On up the lake we went, shirts being dropped in deference to the warm sun. Lunch was made on a gravel beach about five miles up the lake, but the wind started to rise as lunch was cooked -- Spanish Rice for real this time -- and the canoes had to be watched -- and moved a couple times. John seriously instituted the rock skipping competition -- at which he was clearly champion. There was some discussion of taking a swim, but nothing came of it. Jim moaned over the loss of his hat -- left on the campsite this morning. Back in the canoes after lunch, the wind started to pick up from the north-east. Still the sun was out and while the paddling was harder, the day was pleasant until a couple miles short of the narrows conflicting breezes from the south started to cause a chop, and rain threatened seriously. We had to take our next smoke break behind an island, since it was impossible to tell if any given point would provide shelter from the wind that happened to be blowing at the moment. The island was unmapped, but proved to contain a campsite which the staff rejected as being too exposed, and we moved on -- it being touch-and-go as to whether the rain would beat us to the next site. The little island before the narrows was supposed to have a site, but the staff's memory proved faulty, but there was a good one about a half mile later on a sheltered point that faced north just as the narrows started. There was another one across the way, but we were happy with the first. Tents were pitched and dinner started about 5:00 or so. Efforts were made not to pitch the fly, but they were to no avail, and up she had to go and dinner was eaten in a mild drizzle. But after dinner the rain set in in earnest driving everyone to an early bed -- John was ready before dinner already changed to his pajamas -- or maybe his dinner dress. Gilby suffered from a queasy stomach, but survived. The rain poured down for some time, finally slackening about 10 or 10:30.

Tuesday, July 4 -- The sun rose briefly in the early morning, but disappeared immediately. A slight drizzle fell soon afterwards and the sky was quite dark at 6:30 -- plus the fact that the canvas was still soaking wet from the night before. A little sun hit briefly at 7:20 and the staff made his move. Some Scotch mist fell at breakfast, and the sky to the south looked dubious, but the die was cast and the tents came down. We hit the water at 9:20 and started north on an almost calm lake, but the mist fell at intervals on the way up. We tried a little fishing with no luck and then rounded the point at the fishing camp which was almost deserted. The big lake was calm, so we jumped to the outside island and paddled a half mile down to the campsite for lunch. Jim and Dan bathed the dog off the pebble beach, and the sun broke through more often as the pots finally boiled. A light breeze blew from the south and Carp and Matt tried fishing while the staff did likewise -- plus climbing John's diving cliffs for photographic purposes. The three explorers returned at 2:50 to load up and try the crossing since the weather looked like it would hold -- which it did. A break was taken in the middle for pictures and without event the far shore was reached in an hour and twenty minutes. The lake rolled a little, but not much. We located the island marked on the map, which was the landmark for the proposed campsite -- there was only one island and the map says two. The intended campsite was in a grove of birch, but was rejected and we moved up to the bay a half mile or so above -- rejecting one dirty site and accepting a

better one in a grove of birch which proved a little buggy, but ok. Dinner was cooked by 6:15, and the rock skipper's union went back to work. The fishermen caught nothing but Canada. A large tree fell to the axemen and George rigged his slingshot for amusement. The sky remained overcast, hiding the sun and making the perfectly calm lake prematurely cold. The dog got renamed as H. Bones -- we'll see for how long. Again some discussion of a swim, but a sponge bath in the cold water was enough. The 4th of July was celebrated with a hand-full of shale in the fire!

Wednesday, July 5 -- Rain again through the night and continuing into the morning. Sleep was interrupted in tents near the fire as Jim and Tom had to let the dog out and then discovered a groundhog or woodchuck looking at them inside the tent. Jim claims he snapped a couple pictures before his friend left. Finally the staff got up at 9:30 undecided on the weather and everything else. But the lake was calm and while clouds hung low only a Scotch mist fell at intervals, and the canvas was not too wet, so we shoved off at 11:30 for a real early start. At the second smoke break John could stand his hunger no longer so we pulled ashore and cooked lunch about 2:00. Rain had fallen lightly at times on the way up and the sun even made a few brief appearances, but at least the lake stayed calm. History was made at lunch when the dog let out her first bark! After lunch the staff hooked and landed about a 4 lb. laker which he turned loose. At the turn into the islands at 3:45 we halted for fishing and photography -- in a short spell of brilliant sunshine. No fish though. But the sun lasted only a couple miles as more rain hit for another twenty minute shower. After the rain, another break was in order, and Matt landed a 1 1/2 pound speckled which he promptly cleaned and then dragged behind the canoe for the rest of the trip in. At 6:00 a final break was taken -- no fish -- and then the last pull to the portage through rocky shallows for the last part of the trip. But before seven we were unloading. 27, 59, and 74 went across the carry right away and 57 followed after dinner -- leaving only 77. Bugs descended at dinner, but departed as the sun fell -- it appeared for a final showing after a couple light showers to let us know weather was still with us. Dan did the honors with a peppermint bannock for the traveling lunch for tomorrow. George's slingshot was in some use -- with few hits -- on the Indian oil can target. Gilby still complained of feeling poorly, but otherwise the relatively long day seemed to have effected no one -- of course it was not really that long -- if we'd gotten off at the right time we'd have made camp at 4 o'clock. One of these days we'll travel correctly!

Thursday, July 6 -- After a chilly night, our first really good looking morning for travel. The staff crawled out on time for a first for the trip -- at 6:20. Breakfast was over quickly as Matt fried up his trout for the first snack of fish for the trip. Before eight most of the loads were across the carry, and it was only a few more minutes before we were on the water dodging rocks on the way to the Rupert. The first bit of fast water passed uneventfully and the lake-like area opened up. Perhaps because George's guiding, the staff failed to get us lost -- so he now bats one for three on this stretch. We followed the current successfully passing several Indian camps -- unoccupied -- on the way, and stopping several times to study the current and fish. We succeeded

in following the current, but failed with the fish, and by ten o'clock were pitching camp in the correct site. The Indian guides had thoughtfully left us plenty of wood and poles -- though we added to their wood. Clothes washing and sun bathing took priority until Minnsie landed a 1 7/8 pound trout off the rocks above the campsite -- and then fishing took over. The guide expressed symptoms of hunger pains and so lunch was in order. It was almost unanimous that while Dan's baking techniques were fine, peppermint bannock was out! Then fishing took over for the afternoon, but Gilby gathered two, the staff one, and Jim one for all the time and effort -- Minnsie could not wait for dinner and his fish went for an afternoon snack -- and he managed to put away Gilby's larger one for an after dinner snack too -- where all that food disappears no one knows! Led by the guide and accompanied by loud shrieks, a few hardy souls managed to bathe -- but complained of cold chills for an hour afterwards. At the start of the afternoon two freighters with sport fishermen aboard guided by Indians sped past down the Rupert, to fish the rapids below the campsite, and then quickly returned the way they came. A lone character looking somewhat official and speaking French arrived to ask if we were tourists and spoke French. The answers were negative, and fortunately the staff was down the river fishing at the time, so no permits were produced -- besides our's for the Reserve ran out a couple days ago. The last of the fresh potatoes went for dinner -- and the grease was then used for the fish. The guide made his debut as a baker. And then the die-hards returned to fishing with absolutely no success -- so a normal breakfast tomorrow -- maybe we'll find trout in quantity one of these days!

Friday, July 7 -- Sometime during the night the sky opened up and she poured almost steadily until 9:30 when the staff and guide finally got up enough courage to get out of bed during what might be only a lull in the storm. The fly went up in the most expeditious manner -- as Carp commented later "--- backwards." It was pretty obvious we were stuck for the day -- though Dan wanted to move -- but the staff turned his deaf ear. Pancakes were in order and took most of the rest of the morning -- not that there was too much left of it anyway. Matt and George went fishing since it looked as though the weather was breaking a little -- which it did -- and Matt returned with a couple trout. Lunch was duely cooked, the staff having drawn a couple more chicots to add to the rapidly dwindling Indian's wood pile. The day brightened -- a game of hearts occupied a little of the time. The staff puttered, baking bread and beans. Carp spent the afternoon sharpening his axe. George bettered his slingshot. H. Bones ran around playing, and a lot of sack time was logged. The staff added another trout for supper, which was finally done around 7:30. Dark clouds and wind came with sunset as the staff returned with one more trout. The Junior axemen took to the woods till the staff intervened, the fly was rocked down, the harmonica put away, and quiet finally reigned.

Saturday, July 8 -- Mist hung over the river at 6:30 as the staff and guide rolled out. As seems normal after a rest day, it took a little longer to get on the water than normal -- if we have any normal -- and we were not away until 8:30 under a somewhat cloudy sky in a pretty humid day. George led off down the first little rapid only a half mile below the campsite -- no problem. The

next one needed looking over, but after slogging through the bush during which time H. Bones went for an unplanned swim in a pot hole, the run was made without difficulty. Two little horseraces followed, and we were breaking trail from now on in, for the staff had reached the limit of his previous penetration. The course was now island studded, needing some care in map reading, and numerous breaks to test the current, but we had relatively little trouble. One little horserace was run followed by a larger run where it was necessary to look the run over before heading down. After a relatively level stretch, we headed into the channel for Capichinatum and soon struck an impass. The staff guessed the portage was on the right -- wrong. So across we went to the left. A couple blazes beckoned as the start of the carry, and they were true, but the staff found another take out a couple hundred yards lower, but to reach it involved a run outside an island, which everyone made -- catching the eddy behind the island and then taking out. Up the canoes went to the top of the esker to carry a few yards and then down again to a rocky ledge at the foot of the chute. Walt disappeared for a long time -- having followed the esker all the way. Lunch was cooked at the foot of the carry, and the staff went to investigate the next move, returning with the instruction to carry back up the trail to the ridge and do exactly what Walt had done in the first place. To put in would have involved breaking trail and taking the intended route was easier. At the foot was an Indian campground, so we grabbed it for the night, even though the afternoon was as yet very young. About half the section braved the water for a bath -- there was no swimming -- the water was not much warmer than Mistassini -- if that. Carp and Matt decided to draw tent poles from the far shore and by the time their tent and the staff's were up, everyone else had sacked out. So they went fishing while guide and staff puttered with dinner. A yell from out on the other side of the little point attracted the cooks' attention to watch Matt battling a whale up to the canoe -- but it got away much to his disgust. Finally people began to appear looking for dinner which was served at a social hour -- but appetites were dull -- Minnsie even refused seconds, so something was wrong. George baked the lunch bannock while Matt, Carp, and the staff tried fishing, but in total only found small trout -- no more whales, and Matt brought back one tiny trout for the pot. At noon the sun had broken through for the benefit of the photographers on top of the esker, but it soon clouded over and a few sprinkles of rain fell at dusk. The air was heavy and moist as we turned in to a warm evening.

Sunday, July 9 -- A leaden sky this morning after a warm night. Wind still from the south, but light. However, just as breakfast was ready the sky opened up and rain fell reasonably heavy for 15 minutes or so soaking the canvas. Dan and John slept peacefully through it not having heard the call to rise. Maybe the staff's voice is weakening. Anyway the rain let up eventually and we continued to roll and clean up. But it was 9:00 before we pulled out as a result of the wetting. By this time blue sky had again appeared and the day started to warm up. In a bout a mile or so we ran our first and only real rapid of the day -- although it did not even warrant a stop to look it over. The lake alternately widened and narrowed, and the current lagged and quickened. The second narrows gave us a nice downhill run for a half mile or so, though there was no real rapid to mention. Shirts were off by this

time in the pleasant sun. The lake then opened up, offering an attractive view with high hills on both sides -- not the usual low country of most rivers. The wind shifted to the west as we paddled along, finally sighting the roof of a building, and as we drew closer we could see a deserted fishing camp -- more bandits, but fortunately none in residence. We checked out the camp leaving soon afterwards. But now the wind shifted to the south and sped us along, though the sternsmen had a tough time of it. We rounded the bend to the falls, and against a strong side wind found the landing with no trouble. Lunch was cooked on the near side and one load went across while the fire was laid. The bowmen were back soon, but the sternsmen took a side trip to look at the falls, and Carp discovered a real honest-to-goodness ice cave, and so we became the only section to enjoy iced trail pack -- with natural ice. The second loads crossed the board walk laid for sport fishermen, so there was no muskeg at all. Then a photographic spree was in order, plus visits to the ice cave by those who had not been in the original expedition. But now the wind had shifted to the northwest, and Woollett Lake to our front was a mass of white caps. So the staff declared us windbound after he found the Indian campground high atop the hill, some 70 yards or so from the water. And at 2:30 camp was pitched. Almost immediately dark clouds shut off the sun, and the temperature dropped. Gilby, Matt, and the staff tried a little fishing with only very small trout and one walleye for their troubles -- all thrown back. Finally dinner was started about 5:30 or so with everyone lending a hand -- or timely advice. Minnsie discovered the giant slalom course from the campsite to the water and held the record for a while until Gilby took it from him -- fewer wipe outs. Matt tried with less success and Tom came in a poor last. Minnsie cast off his "sweats" to regain his title, however, as the watches were on him and the judges held the tape. Dinner materialized about 7:00. Then in spite of the cold, Walt decided to take a swim while rinsing his plate -- it's warmer if you don't bother taking off your clothes first -- maybe. It was proposed that the slalom course be introduced as an Olympic event provided the rock and muskeg could be moved to the astrodome. Matt, Carp, Gilby, and the staff tried fishing again, but the staff's one pounder was the only one brought in. The sun set in a brilliant red glow as quiet descended. The temperature rose slightly at supper time when the sun reappeared, but the weather was far from warm, and the wind was still fairly cool. Dan baked the lunch bannock and those who sat around the fire were reasonably free from the bugs that drove in the fishermen.

Monday, July 10 -- It was tough crawling out this morning after a good sleeping night. The sun was up, though, casting some warmth as the staff ventured out. However, the north wind still blew, though not like yesterday. A loud yell reached the apartments on the hill, but the tenants found it equally hard to crawl out and it was 8:30 before we were off. But by now the sun had disappeared and fog covered the peaks of the high mountains, and the temperature dropped another ten degrees or so as we started out. The wind caused no real problem to paddling, but the cold did as hands grew numb on the paddle -- what a change from yesterday paddling shirtless and really enjoying iced trail pack for lunch. We stopped briefly to inspect some bear skulls and went on. Smoke breaks were short and relatively infrequent -- we

just got colder in the process. About 11:00 we pulled into the head of Woollett Lake passing a good looking Indian site on a sand bluff at the entrance. We started looking for a possible portage into the first of Low's ponds, but found only a broken canoe cast up on the sand and an ancient winter camp long since abandoned. Gilby and Tom paddled the stream finding it navigable and George walked the shore to join them, finding a couple blazes for what must have been a winter portage trail. The staff sent them back to cook lunch on an Indian site on the island at the mouth -- but it turned out to be only a cache of a canoe and a motor, so the guide chose the old site for lunch. The staff and John paddled the first and second ponds and found the portage trail to the third pond -- very much in evidence, but relatively little used. So back they came for lunch. During the investigations suddenly the sky cleared and the sun came out strong. Stuffed to overflowing with spaghetti we took to the canoes again to check the other route out -- amid some muttering about having to paddle back if it proved unsuitable and several suggestions to take the route up the creek -- but we went anyway. This trail was infinitely more traveled and obviously the preferred route. Three alternatives were posed: (1) go back and camp on the sand point campsite, (2) camp where we were, or (3) go cross the portage and take our chances. The bowmen were for the latter; the sternsmen for the former; and no one wanted the offered site, though the Indian had cached a canoe there. Finally we decided to gamble and crossed the half miler with no trouble. There was a better campsite at the far side, but the weather was now so warm everyone was thinking of swimming and the water was terrible, so we gambled again and moved on. The next stretch of water -- about 4 miles -- was pretty desolate. The high hills seemed to have disappeared and the shore line looked uninviting for camping possibilities, so the staff at least was getting worried. Without event we hit the next portage about 4:30 and took a look at the far side of the 150 yarder, where there was a campground of sorts in a partial burn, very much exposed to the sun and the black flies, but we took it anyway. Tents were soon up and canoes were paddled out to the rocks in midpond for swimming and bathing off a rock where the water was deep enough for diving and much warmer than anything we had met thus far -- Carp even braved the water! Dinner was served at 7:00, but only the guide, staff, Matt and Carp were awake when the bread line was announced. The bugs made sitting outside impossible, so the section piled into John's and Dan's tent while the guide and staff finally went bathing, and then the staff could not resist the temptation to find out what jumped while he was swimming -- only pike and walleye he discovered in disgust. As the sun went down the temperature dropped suddenly promising another good sleeping night.

Tuesday, July 11 -- For one of the very few times the sun was up bright and warm -- though the night had been cool. Anyway as the staff started breakfast about 6:40 already the campsite was warming, and by the time we were packed and moving already the day was hot. The rest of the little stream was paddled and the ensuing lake passed quickly. The staff investigated the stream leading out, but it was blocked with rock and too shallow to do anything with. So the guide located the portage trail just to the left of the stream and across we went -- about 500 yards of good walking. Then the map was followed closely with no real trouble

The light wind blew from the south or maybe southeast depending on the lay of the land, and we moved lazily northward up the lake, sometimes letting the wind do a lot of the work as we basked in the sun. Toward noon we nosed into a bay to investigate the possible portage route out via the stream. An Indian campground met us for lunch -- still in the burn through which we had been passing most of the morning. The stream proved to be too shallow even to let down, so if we went this way the 200 yard portage would have to be taken. But there were other possible routes out and the Indian at Mistassini seemed to prefer the other two possibilities to this one -- so the staff posed the problem that faced us -- suggesting that the smart thing to do was to check the other routes before taking this one which might not really be going the way we wanted to travel. The vote was pretty well split -- but the staff's suggestion that checking the other routes was the smart move eventually swayed enough votes so we loaded up and headed north, somewhat logy after the baked bean lunch -- and still warmed by the sun. Along about the middle of the afternoon we pulled into a sand beach in a bay and the staff waded right and the guide left, but no trail out was found. So we loaded again and checked the second bay. This time on a paddle while dodging rocks, but again nothing was found. By now it was 4:30 -- we were only 2 miles from our lunch site by land, but six or so by water, and not only had we found no portage, but we had also found no campgrounds at all, so there was nothing to do but head back to the lunch site. To say the least it was a long paddle -- with Matt guiding with nothing but right turns -- which was about true. Exhausted and well roasted we pulled into the campsite at 6:30; about 5 hours after we left it at lunch. Tents went up and dinner was quickly cooked. A fish rose out in the bay, so Matt went out and landed a $4\frac{1}{4}$ pound walleye right off shore. Carp, Gilby, and George joined him landing an assortment of walleye, pike, and whitefish -- keeping Gilby's walleye for breakfast too. Walt baked for tomorrow and the staff replaced Tom's bowseat bolt that broke during the afternoon. Tom meanwhile entertained on his harmonica from his bugless tent. We are now down to four axes as Gilby's was left somewhere during the day. Surprise we have kept them all this long. So weather permitting we are off on the stream route tomorrow.

Wednesday, July 12 -- The sky was heavy after a night really too warm for comfortable sleeping. The staff probably should have had better sense and stayed in bed, but the temperature was too high to sleep, so he got up to cook breakfast. Slowly everyone else arrived with Matt and Carp cleaning the three walleye that had been saved the previous evening. A few little drops fell as the tents came down, but we moved anyway. The river or stream ran placidly along with the current obviously going with us as the rain began to fall a little more heavily. A rapid sounded around the corner, so we pulled up at the Indian portage and went to look. A real rock dodger, but the run could be made. Meanwhile the section dug out their rain gear -- too late for guide and staff who were already wet from having walked the rapid. So the staff picketted while the guide led down the run, and all reached the bottom safely. The rain came down harder as we continued down the stream which finally widened into a lake. The wind blew in fairly strongly from the south as the point was rounded, and we could drift back to the north looking for the path out. Just as we

reached the narrows the staff spotted an Indian site on a rock shore and pulled in to look it over. Certainly by our Temagami standards one of the best campgrounds we had met -- so with rain still falling lightly, we quit for the day around 10:00 and up went the fly and the tents. By 11:00 all was secure, and for a brief few moments it looked like the rain was over, but as Tom, George, and the staff started lunch, down she came again and the Spanish rice was finally done over a balky fire with the rain helping not at all. There was not too much room for ten people under the fly to say the least! And lunch was eaten with everyone passing food back and forth. The rain showed no signs of stopping, so it was sack time for the afternoon with the staff finally waking at 5:30 after the rain had stopped and crawling out to cook dinner. Carp and Matt soon joined him, but it still was after 7:00 by the time all was done. Matt had more or less planned to go back for his axe which he had left in the morning, but the afternoon of rain sort of put a halt to those plans, and so now we are down to three axes -- and a lot of cutting still ahead of us! Dan and Tom made the travelling bannock, but it came to a disastrous end as the irons slipped dumping the walloping water into the reflector, and the staff started all over again from scratch. The evening was pleasant enough to stand around discussing TV shows and humorous magazine stories, but as the final bannock was done, large black clouds appeared and everything had to be battened down for the night as the rain returned -- though the storm was less serious than it looked.

Thursday, July 13 -- Rain fell for a while during the night, but basically the hours of darkness were pretty dry. The only trouble being that little or no light came when the watch said it was morning, so the staff rolled over and went back to sleep for an extended period. It was just after nine when noise on the campsite indicated it was time for him to be up and about -- even if the southern sky still looked awful threatening. By eleven pancakes had been cooked and eaten and the rain had somehow held off. George and Matt gathered their rain gear and headed back to retrieve Matt's axe. Carp and the staff washed clothes -- optimistically. The local jug band held its first rehearsal with a St. Lawrence can jug and the dish pan for a string bass and a Fry's can for a rattle -- plus other sound effects. Then a gigantic game of I Doubt It swung into action. Gilby tried a little fishing in the narrows. Rain slowed down lunch preparations so George and Matt were back before much was cooked -- the Indian wood was slow, but allowed the staff to collect only one chicot for the day. More cards after lunch as the staff puttered around baking. Carp climbed a jack pine to retrieve his antenna that had broken loose -- looking for all intents and purposes like Pooh Bear after a pot of honey -- only he had no blue balloon to simulate the sky -- though maybe because he was all in blue he was supposed to be the sky. Nothing else to do, so Matt took 27, Carp took 59, and Gilby and Walt went out in 74 to fish the narrows. As the ham for dinner was baking away, in came 59 moving rapidly with Carp announcing he had a problem. Where upon the staff expected to have to pass a hook through someone. No, Carp needed help identifying a fish -- so the staff in relief walked down to shore expecting to see a whitefish -- and low and behold, in the canoe was a huge male speckled trout! Duely weighed, measured, and photographed, he ran 4 pounds 14 ounces; 23 inches long; and 14 inches in girth. Carp posed with his trout and his Water Witch! When the cameras

were ready to be closed up, in came 74 -- this time with a three pounder Walt had taken on his fly rod, and so out came the cameras again -- there was some problem about how Walt wore his knife in the process. This time a female -- 20 inches long with an 11 inch girth. Matt paddled back moments later with three good sized walleye and duely posed for what film was left. By now the ham had made a good mess of the reflector pan and everyone was ready to get back to the fishing -- or start immediately -- so dinner was quick. Everyone headed down the narrows except Dan who sacked out after doing the dishes and Walt, Carp, and the staff who proceeded to bake the two trout for an evening snack -- eight pounds of fish for a snack! Gradually the canoes returned with varying reports -- of the one that swam away with Tom's knife and the one that has four of Gilby's lures in his mouth -- one a Mepps was lost to a pike who was up on the rocks of the campsite after having been caught a second time on a flatfish. All together some 23 fish had been caught. Minnsie brought in one walleye to add to the breakfast fish and he and Matt cleaned those that were still left. Minnsie and Jim took 74 out to the middle of the channel for an evening swim and bath -- and the jug band held its second rehearsal as the trout finished up. They finally came out of the reflector after dark -- a little underdone, but seemingly relished by all -- even Bones who had spent the evening moaning because no one would take her fishing, but she got her reward for patience as Carp fed her the two tails. But as darkness came, the rain returned and fell softly but definitely as it was time to settle in for the night. Much as it might be sweet to remain and try for more trout, we ought to move tomorrow somehow.

Friday, July 14 -- Rain fell reasonably hard through the night wetting the campsite pretty thoroughly. At 6:30 the sky was no more promising than it had been for the last twenty-four hours, but at least it was not actively raining for a change. Anyway the staff elected to delay another hour to try to dry out the canvas and hope there would be some improvement in the weather. By 7:20 conditions looked slightly better in that there were a few small patches of blue showing. Breakfast was duely cooked accentuated by Matt's and John's walleye -- all but one fillet getting consumed. But then the Scotch mist started, but we dropped the tents anyway and headed off through the narrows, passing Carp's trout hole with due ceremony and reverence. A couple miles later the first rapid appeared -- and the rain started harder. All could be run but one little chute, but the effort was not worth it, and we took the well used 50 yard portage instead -- and Minnsie found the rocks a little slippery. The carry ended in an inviting trouty looking pool, but we kept on. A little wide stretch was paddled to a slightly longer portage -- again well used. The guide investigated the stream slightly while the staff scouted the portage deciding wisely that if it was good enough for the Indian -- whose name seemed to be Isiah Petawabano according to his gas drum -- it was best for us (the foot could not have been run we discovered). Minnsie demonstrated how not to unload a canoe and took a swim in the process. A short paddle ensued followed by another little rapid with portage -- only this time we ran the top, lifted over a chute in the middle and ran the foot -- supposedly one at a time except that 74 elected to follow tight on the guide and had to catch an emergency eddy to wait its turn at the lift over. At the

foot a good looking lunch site presented itself, so we took it even though breakfast was only three hours gone. Gilby tried fishing the pool at the foot -- only a snake. We paddled a couple miles of lake to a sand beach and 77 went up over the beaver dam to see if the Indian traveled this way -- he did, and so we followed up and over his esker. Since a campground presented itself at the foot of the trail, we grabbed it, even though it was only 3:00 -- there should be a paddle of ten miles or so to the next portage, and likely the next campground. Minnsie and Walt took a canoe out for a swim and the guide looked on apprehensively as they dove out and climbed back in; but the canoe was returned dry. Dinner was produced about six or so, and for some reason the bugs let us enjoy the fire as the evening grew chilly. Some headed for a card game; others for a shot put contest followed by a track meet with Bones participating in the running event.

Saturday, July 15 -- Rain again during the night, but it had quit by morning leaving the canvas wet and the day overcast again. The staff delayed until seven getting up as a result, but the weather showed signs of clearing as breakfast was cooked. Every one appeared reasonably soon except Gilby who was recovering from an all-night discussion in his tent -- and then complained that the coffee was gone, and then proceeded to break the tump on his wannigan to start his day. We shoved off in a little Scotch mist again. Around the bend lay another Indian campsite, perhaps better than the one we had used last night, but we did not bother to inspect. We paddled out onto a reasonably large lake soon afterwards and poked north along it and would have missed our way had there not been a rapid tumbling down indicating where we should go. It was about time, but we were finally going upstream. We paddled this one easily, though Bones deserted her canoe part way up in favor of walking, and went on up against an obvious current with no trouble until a mile or so later we struck a more formidable one. It could not be paddled and looked hard to line, so we looked for the portage. There was an old Indian winter camp at the foot, but no trail went out of it, and no trail seemed to go around the rapid. We tried looking for ways to line up with no success, and eventually decided that while the lower part could be lined, the top could not -- and the rocky island in the middle helped not at all, except for observation purposes. 77 tried paddling up a piece of it, but was forced to run back downstream quickly. 74 took a notion to try a similar climb until the staff put a quick end to their ideas. So we started to think about cutting trail. We followed some old blazes to the head and decided their trail was too rough and ended up lining the left side as far as possible and cutting a 25 yard portage around the top -- probably the first of many such cuts that will be needed. In the process of climbing to the portage, Gilby snapped his "superior Old Town" paddle cleanly in two. By now it was 11:00-- having wasted a good bit of time in this adventure. For the first time we had lost the Indian trail. He must have another way to negotiate this one. Certainly he does not go this way. The top of the stream was reached and needed another lining job, but this one was easy, and finally we broke into the clear into a lake again. And almost immediately the sun broke through and the sky broke up; and the temperature rose immediately. We paddled south against a slight head wind and stopped to inspect a canvas covered Indian cache on top of a knoll

on a small island. Nothing of great interest, however. Then a sand beach had to be used for lunch. This time none of them "starchy dudes." Off again at 2:00 just around the corner was an Indian log frame for a tent which we stopped to inspect, followed by another island cache. We were back on the Indian trail at least. He must have portaged that whole set of rapids somehow. We rounded a bend and turned north again passing a large campground -- which the staff might have grabbed had it not been such a good traveling day. The stream narrowed but was passable, though shallow. We turned south again in a lake for a while and then started into narrow streams and ponds. A beaver dam was in initial construction but could be rounded. The guide instituted a duck hunt that consumed 15-20 minutes with no success -- as is usual for duck hunts. We finally paddled into what looked to be the last pond and wasted another 15-20 minutes looking for a nonexistent portage. Back in the canoes again the staff found the stream we were supposed to follow and shortly there after a 200 yard portage around part of it that was impassable. Now we really were in the last pond, and easily found another 200 yarder out of it -- although we tried to convince Carp it was going to be a 2½ miler right up a hill. But no campground presented itself, so we had to take the next lake -- about 2 - 3 miles of paddling into the wind with the western sun in our eyes. The height-of-land portage was found without too much trouble, but it had to be crossed to find a campsite on the far side -- about 40 yards short of the water in an open area devoid of dry wood -- but fortunately the Indian had left lots lying around and we did not suffer. Minnsie and Dan went swimming -- again by taking a canoe out to an off-shore rock. Guide and staff cooked -- assisted by Matt and Carp. We had pulled in at 5:45 for a pretty late day, but the sun was still well up after dinner so that George, Tom, and Jim still had plenty of time for a swim and the staff repaired the tump. And even so the bugs allowed us to sit around the fire for a while until the moon took over the lighting of the site.

Sunday, July 16 -- For one of the rare occasions the morning sky was almost cloudless and as we shoved off shortly after 8:30 the day was already warm. John appeared with his clean stripped shirt, shorts, and knee socks -- looking almost like he was ready for the Alps -- so the guide copied his style -- at least so far as the shorts were concerned. We paddled the couple miles or so to the portage into Clear Water Lake -- on the map its some Indian name that can't be pronounced -- Lac Cawachagamite. The scheduled half miler turned into less than a quarter and soon we were out on the big lake moving against a west wind -- still no clouds in the sky. Shirts came off quickly in the warm day. As we rounded a point, an otter took to the water off the rock shore, but though we gave him the chance he did not choose to reappear for us. Lunch was approaching as we reached a rapid at the foot of the north bay. After long discussion the staff decided to run and put his canoe down safely followed by the others without serious mishap. Lunch was overdue, so we pulled up at a very inferior Indian site and made do in the warm sun. The afternoon was even warmer as we threaded our way round twists and turns staying on course -- though it was close on several occasions. Finally a smoke break turned into a swim break as everyone except Gilby took to the water -- some with Minnsie's soap to boot. Just ahead was the sound of a rapid

which we looked over carefully reaching no decision mainly because the staff wanted to camp. Nothing was suitable on the portage trail where the neighboring beaver had been hard at work knocking down the birch. So we paddled back across the way to a small sand point with an inferior campsite which we finally decided to take. About three tent sites were satisfactory, and the other two were improvised -- but again the Indian had left us a good supply of dry wood -- the staff and guide are getting spoiled -- five meals in a row on borrowed wood. Dinner was cooked slowly after tents went up and another swim and bath was taken. Gilby, Matt, and the staff tried fishing -- catching only pike and walleye, however, but saving four walleye for breakfast -- three of which were Matt's. The bugs refused to cooperate toward dark, and more clouds began to roll in so maybe again the especially hot day means a change for the worse in the weather.

Monday, July 17 -- A humdinger of a storm struck during the night pelting us with rain for a while -- and some say thunder and lightning, but there were few who bothered to wake up enough to be sure. Anyway a few drops were still falling at 6:30, so the staff rolled over to go back to sleep. At 7:30, the sky looked pretty dark, so he rolled over again -- figuratively, that is, for his tent site was such that it was comfortable to sleep only on the left side -- but anyway it was after nine before the natives grew so restless that his conscience got the best of him and he got up to cook breakfast -- and soon everyone else was up too. No decision had been made as to plans for the day, but with four walleye for breakfast, it looked like the best move was to cook cereal and not bother with pancakes even if we were to stay the day. But it was soon discovered that a seagull had invaded the fish larder and we were down to three walleye. But by now the sky seemed to be breaking so we elected to move; there was nothing to recommend the site anyway. So in speedy Section A style we took to the canoes at 11:45 ready to do battle with the little pitch ahead -- which was run successfully by all -- even if a few collected more water than absolutely necessary. A couple two, three miles ahead we came to Low's 8 foot falls which we could not get around without a portage of a few yards. As it turned out we were lucky to have pulled up when we did last night, for there was no campsite at the portage or on the way up. The stream that followed proved to be shallow, and we spent most of the time dodging sand bars. By now the sun was out at its fullest, and we were off on another scorcher of a day. It was not long after breakfast, but when a nice rock site appeared about half way down the stream, we pulled up for lunch. Gilby went fishing, hooking, but never landing, numerous trout. A good percentage of those left took a swim -- and bath -- with Minnsie generously providing the community towel. After lunch the little rapid was run with Dan taking the stern of 27 -- those following her were always in doubt as to why 27 suddenly veered first to left and then to right -- was it a rock? or a shallows? But we soon learned it was neither. We stopped to inspect and reject an Indian site at the start of the little lake and then paddled to the head of the stream with its rapid at the exit. No Indian campsite offered itself, but we investigated a couple gas drums on shore a hundred yards past the stream and found a surveyor's camp -- there had been a couple bench marks on rocks in the stream coming into the lake -- and set up camp. Gilby toured the shore line landing a 30"

pike while the rest put up tents and took another bath. Dinner was cooked on schedule and then the fishermen started out. The staff drew first blood with a pound speckled, but Gilby found a better hole and pulled out a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounder and Carp followed suit with another 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ and a 2 pounder -- so there is 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of trout waiting for breakfast and the photographers. In the process Matt snapped his rod -- much to his anger. Bones had a rough fishing trip -- losing the fishermen on her side of the river and being unable to join those on the other side -- but eventually she was rescued and paddled back to camp. In the fishing process the staff scouted the three-section rapid and decided portaging was the better part of valor -- after he discovered the Indian campsite at the foot of the portage and the well used Indian trail -- he also found a much better campsite; and a less well used trail on the right side.

Tuesday, July 18 -- After much debate over spending a rest day fishing trout, the staff finally decided he was afraid of the coming stream and the weather and if she was good come morning we would start out down the creek. So the weather was good, and off we went, but not before we consumed all 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of trout for breakfast -- after Carp posed with the catch for the photographers. We were across the little portage by 9:00 -- or maybe before. The stream ran deep and reasonably swiftly, raising our spirits in the process -- maybe it would not be so bad! A mile or so down we even had a little rapid to run to make life interesting. Bones decided to take a swim at one point -- or maybe she fell in? or maybe pushed? but anyway Gilby backwatered and grabbed her by the scruff of the neck and hauled her back aboard. Then duck chasing time followed as Dan plucked one off shore -- but feeling his little heart thumping away took pity on him and freed him, and Walt got one out of the water, who was also put back. Then a beaver kit was chased for a while, but no one really wanted to reach out and pull him aboard. A couple little riffles were encountered successfully, but otherwise the stream just flowed on and on -- though actually paddling was a lot easier than the much shallower stream of yesterday. After a little more than two hours of steady paddle, suddenly the delta appeared and we had to trust to current to get us over sand bars, around rocks, and through the maze that was supposed to be Tide Lake. But finally we broke free and into deep water. The crew elected to head for the Post rather than stop and cook lunch, and with warm sun and a gentle tail wind -- Dan was upset, for we never seem to sail -- we headed north. A small shack appeared on our left, but we were not close enough to investigate, and before we were ready, the lone remaining building of what was the Post appeared. We landed and beat our way through the field of raspberry bushes and weeds to the building. It turned out to be such that obviously no one was going to bed down inside it -- as some had supposed might be the case. A couple rooms downstairs containing nothing of value -- a safe which was already open and a pair of scales for the most valuable items. A few beaver skulls, a beaver stretcher or two, an old table or so, and that was about it. In the process George managed to step on a nail with no real serious consequence. The deer flies were impossible during the trail blazing and inspection -- there was also a second story and a cellar, both bare. No dry wood at all was in evidence -- the Indian had pitched tents in the field outside the Post, but they had left no dry wood unfortunately. Guide and staff

looked along the beach -- letting the staff poke himself in the eye in the process -- but got nothing but a few alder sticks, so we took to the canoes to find a lunch site and some wood -- and maybe a better campsite. Lunch was cooked on an island north of the Post on a sand beach and the grand campsite tour began. The rest of the point had nothing. The far shore was devoid of sites, and we were headed down to look at the Indian cabin (which much later was identified as an unmanned weather station) when the wind started to pick up and in this shallow lake quite a chop was set up, so the staff gave up and turned back to the Post to make camp. On the way he investigated a small bay -- finding nothing. At the Post we beat down a fair part of the field in front of the Post -- and then all but the staff tent was pitched down near shore -- but maybe the bug population would decrease? Everyone entered into the game -- though neither Minnsie nor Dan were at all enthusiastic about the job to say the least. Dinner was cooked eventually using wood left from lunch and a couple tiny chicots the staff pulled in on his hike back to the Post's Cemetery -- an excellent view even if no dry wood was to be found. We had missed a thunder shower during the afternoon, but another threatened, so things were a little rushed toward the end -- as the staff produced a mess for a molasses bannock to top it off. Gilby and Matt rushed fly poles to meet the emergency, but fortunately it did not have to be pitched -- it would not have been too satisfactory in the high wind. But the rain held off long enough to eat dinner and wash up at least. George and Walt went in search of dry wood -- getting lost on a round island in the process, but returning with a goodly supply of excellent wood just after a brief shower hit. Matt had to preserve the cookery since Carp and the staff were off inspecting ancient Indian sites down the beach. For some reason Carp would not take the staff's wager that (1) the fly would be over the wannigans, and (2) Matt would have done it. When the two wood gatherers returned a splitting party was held with Carp, Matt, Walt, George, and the staff taking part -- while the others played cards. Afterwards guide and staff had to take a bath -- George wishing for his projected sanna bath all the time. Others had tried the shallow waters earlier -- and Gilby even went in for the first time on the trip! The wind died as the bugs kept up and only one thing was wrong -- the staff should have stayed put this morning and fished trout all day. We could have come down here easily tomorrow no matter what the weather!

Wednesday, July 19 -- As befits a rest day we rose at 9:00, but almost simultaneously, since the heat in the tents was oppressive. Minnsie insisted on cereal rather than pancakes, so both were done, and breakfast turned into a larger than usual meal as a result. Then swimming and clothes washing took a little time as guide and staff started working on replacing old patches on the canoes, there not being much else wrong with them. Carp took over the shellac detail -- having gained experience from the first time they were done at the beginning of the year. Then a little pot of boiled bags went on the fire as not too much else of interest ensued. Of course the inevitable rain shower fell for a few minutes to give the canoes a little of a polka dot appearance. About one o'clock or so the staff suggested lunch, but no one was interested -- except for maybe a pot of tea, which was brewed. Matt officially announced that the temperature in his tent had reached 95

and was still climbing before the shower, so George declared the sanna unnecessary for today at least. Sometime after the shower there were some surprised questions of where's lunch? posed by many of those who had voted it down before. So Minnsie and Walt concocted a caramel cake which turned out perfectly -- all you had to do was listen for John's scream of delight as it came out of the pan successfully! And the staff relented somewhat and made a pot of soup, complete with circus noodles. Matt worked away on a birch bark shell for his drinking can -- his cup having been lost several days ago during an exchange from 57 over deep water. The staff baked a pineapple upside down cake and started his bean hole fire with trash wood. Rain threatened again as dinner was cooked and eaten, but the storm passed off to the east for some reason. But while everyone tried to sit around the bean hole fire for a while, another longer shower hit cooling the sand a little, unfortunately, and driving everyone to Tom's and Jim's tent for a short song fest. The rain quit soon, however, and a brief game of "rock shower" was instituted after the beans went in the hole. But the bugs also came out after the shower, so we disappeared into the tents.

Thursday, July 20 -- Another sleepy morning. Rain came briefly about midnight, but did not last very long -- or at least no one seemed to think it fell for long. Carp rigged a special antenna pole behind his tent -- there being no trees around to use -- and so had use of his radio up till about that time. The staff stomped past the tent in the path shortly after nine, and Matt, Carp, and Dan joined him for making breakfast -- the same fare as yesterday -- but others joined more slowly as the sun was not nearly so warm and sleeping was easier. Breakfast well under way, the beans were inspected, but the wash tub cover had done its job, and they were baked to perfection, and the sand was still warm in the morning. Then the clothes that had not yet been washed got their chance and some letter writing got done, plus some more swimming. The beans were had for lunch -- no chance being given this time for rejecting the lunch meal. Carp and Dan manufactured a pudding for dinner -- that really puddled thus time (although somehow it was unpudded at dinner time). Matt and Tom started manufacturing yeast dough intended for trapper's bread, but it had risen the second time by 5:30 and eventually was baked instead -- turning out perfectly! George paddled down to investigate what we had thought was an Indian shack south of the Post, but it turned out to be a weather station instead. The staff searched for the ruins of other buildings -- finding what he thought probably was one and then unearthed two old canoes cached in the bush. Gilby constructed a wash tub bass which Jim played with for a while -- and Minnsie threw rocks. Walt, Carp, and the staff took a picture taking tour of the cemetery behind the Post -- George had already made the trip in the morning. Then all converged for a late dinner featuring the perfect bread. The staff and Matt put Matt's fishing rod back together again with adhesive tape and ambroid -- and George went fishing for a while. But the bugs got worse and Bones could not catch them all -- she was too exhausted after her tussles with various people during the afternoon -- and so the gang retreated to the tents -- though the natives on the beach sounded a little restless to be moving.

Friday, July 21 -- This was one of those days that everyone learns to live with in the Army -- hurry up and wait. The staff was up cooking breakfast at 7:45 -- for the earliest start to a day in quite a while. His company was sparse, however, since for some reason the natives were a little tired from their 2 am beach party of last night. But gradually the heat forced them out of the tents to sleepily cook breakfast. The meal was just like those of the past several days. A good deal of swimming followed. But the south wind blew harder than it had except for the day we arrived. The morning was spent writing a few last minute letters and sitting around trying to kill off the deer fly population of Canada. Matt's fishing rod got its final wrapping -- the staff fully expecting the plane to appear just as the wrap was half way done, but no such luck. Starchy dudes for lunch, and then more waiting, but shortly after 3 o'clock a Beaver appeared from the east, circling us twice, and set down at the campsite and taxied right up to the beach in a couple feet of water. A Frenchman appeared as the door flew open, of course, and out poured our 43 boxes packed at camp to be ferried to shore by a chain gang. But no extra boxes appeared -- somehow the mail and other additional gifts had failed to arrive, and communication with the Frenchman was almost impossible -- even to the point of getting him to mail our letters -- which we hope he will somehow manage to do. There were a few disgusted faces at no mail -- except for George they did not know what they were missing in the way of extras from Roy and Stan. Instructions were sent back to the base to return the camp shipment to camp, but even those instructions probably won't go through correctly. Somehow dealing with Frenchmen leaves something to be desired. The plane took off immediately and headed back to Chibougamau with all dispatch leaving us with the monumental chore of packing everything somehow. There was a great game of "dump everything out of the boxes" that went on for some time, but somehow everything got sorted and packed in one way or another. At 6:30 the job was all done, but in addition to nine jambed wannigans we were left with babies that ran 65-75 pounds and still enough left over to fill a couple cardboard boxes as extra baggage for tomorrow. A few drops of rain fell before the plane arrived and for a few moments while the repacking was being done it looked like we might not make it without a storm -- but somehow we escaped and dinner was cooked -- with French Fried Potatoes again for our one delicacy. And by 8:30 or 9:00 everything was done up and the blaze of cardboard started. A plane was heard in the distance, so the fire was allowed to die so as not to make it think we were trying to attract it -- but it went on fortunately. Lightning appeared off to the south as darkness started to fall -- and as the tents quieted down quickly, lightning gradually moved closer off to the east of us and the breeze continued. The weather's been so warm recently now that we are set to travel again it looks like it's started to turn unfortunately. And so to bed without our candy bars, mail, and George's cigarettes!

Saturday. July 22 -- The staff missed his ten hours of sleep of the last couple days and could not dig himself out of the sack until 6:50 although already the day was unseasonably warm and the south wind still blew. Breakfast was further slowed down by an inability to get a hot fire going for a while. Gilby arrived complaining of feeling poorly with stories of a rat or something

that had spent the night running over his tent. But we finally loaded up and got on our way in another hot sultry day and soon we were soaking up more sun, with current and a tail wind to help us along. What must have been a beaver took a dive into the water as we passed a rocky shore at the first narrows and semblance of a rapid. An Indian campground, much better looking than the area around the Post was passed, and we headed up the lake. The staff tried to take us on a side trip against the guide's better judgement, but wisdom prevailed, and we got back on course just as one of the bolts in Gilby's stern seat snapped. Soon a formidable rapid appeared, and though there was a well used portage trail available, the staff had already announced that it was not a day to portage, and after much debate, we found a run along shore staying clear of the swells at the foot, we hoped. 77 bumped a couple times staying too close to shore. 27 caught a rock at the top, and 59 found one in the middle, while 74 and 57 seemed to do better. But no damage anyway. We pulled down to Pte au Bouleau for lunch, figuring that any place worthy of a name ought to have a campground, but as we rounded the point a rain storm was coming up the river -- we were finally officially on the Eastmain -- so we turned tail and ran back to a site 3/4 of a mile back, failing to beat the rain, but it did not amount to anything anyway. We lunched on the beach instead of using the Indian's homestead -- he had cached his canoe on shore leaving a note in Cree for any visitors -- but we couldn't read it anyway. After lunch we started down the river between low banks, following close to the south shore trying to avoid the strong west wind that kicked up rollers in the center. About 3:30 clouds began to form and a brief rain shower hit. But the sun returned for a while until we were a mile or so out of Lake Nasacause when dark clouds began to roll in. We had run a couple little riffles up to then and passed a section of burn on the south side, but otherwise the paddle had been slow against the wind without current sufficiently strong to counter the wind. The staff rushed to find a campsite, and just succeeded in finding a not-too-good one and getting us unloaded and tents up before the storm arrived, but it amounted to nothing to speak of. Minnsie and Dan took a swim off a rock deep enough for diving. Carp, Matt, and the staff went after wood -- the guide having discovered he left his axe at the lunch site! Now we are down to three again -- lucky Matt's was recovered a couple weeks ago! Dinner was on when more storm started in. Gilby and the staff rushed fly poles, and the fly just got up in time. The cooks tried to fry potatoes and bake the bannock, but it was all a failure and where as dinner should have been done by 6:30 at the latest, it was well past 8:00 before the meal was finally done -- one soggy bannock being discarded in favor of starting over again. But at least out of it all Carp finally got his onion soup. The rest of the gang appeared from the tents to eat dinner after most of the rain let up -- though it spit on us a couple times for good measure even then. The wallowing was almost done by moon light -- had there been a moon. Thunder and lightning rolled for a good part of the four hours it took to cook! Finally the tents were occupied for the night -- and again the rain set in apparently for the night. In moments of quiet Ross Gorge four miles away could be heard in the still night air.

Sunday, July 23 -- About 11:30 she opened up again letting it pour down on us for a while -- no one knew for how long, but when the staff would normally have risen, the sky was quite uninviting,

and everything was soaked. So he rolled over again, planning to get up about 8:30 after everything had a little chance to dry off. His plans were altered a little by the neighbors who decided to engage in long loud conversation, so he got up fifteen minutes sooner than desired and started breakfast -- which was mighty slow in getting done since the fire refused to go off with not a breath of air blowing. The idea was to eat and roll after breakfast and then move, but a lot of people got tired of waiting for some sign of a meal and went and rolled anyway. Still it was 10:45 before we hit the water. The sky was still gray and a gentle Scotch mist added to our problems -- particularly the two cardboard boxes whose contents still had not found homes in the wannigans. But the rain was light and short. As expected around the corner was a much more spacious Indian campsite, but we paddled on. The current was not particularly strong, but relatively soon we approached Ross Gorge. Knowing where to look for the portage helped, and George started looking immediately while the staff let his canoe down a short way and took a few pictures of the rapids on our branch of the river -- not being able to see the gorge itself since it went round the bend. The portage search took a while, not for the stream and pond where it should have been located, but for the trail itself which Gilby and Tom found up a tortuous creek above the pond. The carry was well used and led into an Indian winter site after about 150 yards -- but then the complexion of the whole thing changed and up she went -- straight up -- and then at the top -- down she went -- straight down. After that she leveled out a little with only minor rises and falls -- and muskeg and logs to cope with. But all good things come to an end, and after 3/4 mile of torture we dropped the loads on the shore of a small pond. Lunch was started while the second loads were coming across -- plus the partial trips back for things that did not make it all the way in the place where they were supposed to be carried. By now the sun was out adding heat to the other portage problems. Somehow we paddled the little pond and tumbled down to the bay off the river below. At least here there was waiting a cool spring! Then the game of find the river, and for the first time really we paddled into a blind bay and had to turn around and backtrack for several hundred yards. A burn reached off to the west on the south side of the river, looking not too inviting. The staff wanted a campground from which he could paddle back up to see the gorge, but none could be found to the immediate east of the bay, so we turned and ran with the current looking along the way. Eventually George located a tiny Indian winter site and we moved in and somehow got five tents and a fire area located in the soggy moss the Indian had selected for his site. He had the usual small hanging plus a scraper without the bone section attached and a delicately carved hook on the end of a pole for something. As usual George, Matt, Carp, Gilby, and the staff cooked dinner. Dan and Minnsie took a bath -- things were pretty much as usual. Dinner was finally finished after 8:00 -- the ham took a long time to fry and the bannock had its problems too. The mosquitoes which had been pretty quiet until the sun went down took over and we ducked for the tents. The moon rose slowly -- full or almost full to the east, and lightning streaked the sky to the south and west as we called it a day -- a tough one!

Monday, July 24 -- The rain poured down on the site during the night leaving the tents soaked and the ground spongy,

and while only a few short sprinkles actually fell between six and eight, the staff did not like the looks of the sky at all and stayed in bed until 8:30 when he crept out into a Scotch mist and the entire mosquito population of Canada. The fire steadfastly refused to burn, so breakfast was slow, but by that time he had made up his mind not to move anyway. The crew rose slowly after yesterday's labors and by the time Carp, Matt, and Jim had roused the sun was trying to break through. But shortly after noon a thunder shower bore down on us to drive everyone to his tent for better than an hour. The attempt to save the fire during the storm failed and only after Carp tunneled a draft under the back log did she take at all. The sun came out again as the Spanish rice was done, and the humidity rose again. After an almost 3 o'clock lunch a two-canoe excursion set out upstream to try to view the gorge, but was turned back by fast water a mile or so short of the goal. Meanwhile Walt tried fishing and discovered a large Indian winter site just east of our location and Matt and Carp took over cooking dinner -- so that on his return the staff felt like an extra thumb and took off with Walt to photograph the Indian campsite which was replete with numerous hangings. After dinner George and Dan paddled over too. Back at the campsite Gilby busily dried out his wool shirt over the embers of the fire which was helped by the addition of one of our cardboard boxes, so at least we ate up a little food, and maybe the loads should be a little lighter tomorrow. The sun reflected on the clouds as it sank, but at the same time thunder and lightning rolled hard off to the south and east looking as though getting gradually closer, although presumably the wind had shifted at dinner time to the north.

Tuesday, July 25 -- A typical river morning, slightly gray, but not really threatening. Last night's thunder storm somehow missed us, so our canvas was dry and there was no reason to delay any longer, so the staff crawled out at 6:30 to be greeted by every mosquito in Canada again. Lucky it was that Carp had drawn birch bark the night before, otherwise the fire would never have been touched off so thick were the bugs. As a result breakfast was slightly slower than usual getting going, but we were on the water about 8:30 anyway. As we paddled north the left shore continued to show little but the relatively recent burn -- probably good bear country, but good for little else. Nothing of import happened for an hour or more until the river split and we elected the left channel and almost immediately started a succession of rapids and pitches that occupied the rest of the morning. The first was the longest and most interesting as there were numerous narrow escapes and everyone took enough water to at least bail while 59 elected to pull ashore and dump. While looking over the run, the staff startled a speckled near shore, so we know they are there if we ever get a line in the water. Other pitches followed, climaxed by another just before the end of the stretch that offered really good swells and another chance to bail -- and for 59 to dump. But the fun came to an end as the branches of the river joined and the river settled down more into just current with few obstructions. We started looking for a lunch site shortly after noon, ending on a sort of gravel shore for our spaghetti. Just after we took off Carp managed to snap one of his seat bolts -- too many of those starchy dudes? We passed up the creek entrance for our portage in favor of going to look at Prosper Gorge and almost

immediately began to run into rain showers. We held up for a few minutes to see what the weather was going to do, but decided to move on when the rain failed to get very serious. Soon the sound of the gorge filtered through and we thought we saw a cut campground and went to investigate, but it proved to be a beaver cutting area -- but useable. The staff went looking for a portage, but found nothing and by this time the rain settled in. While the rest sat around the beaver cut, 77 went out looking, but returned having gotten to the edge of the gorge and found nothing. So camp was pitched in the beaver's home after some clearing and cutting -- only real problem was the lack of a very suitable kitchen area, so we made fire for the third day on spongy ground. After the tents were up, the sun poked through and we set out to see the gorge -- after Minnsie, Dan, and George managed a quick bath. In three canoes we traveled down to the gorge to watch the water pour over in several different channels into a rock basin below. The sun disappeared of course, but still the sight was impressive -- of course Minnsie spent the time dashing about on the rock side, tossing sticks and stones into the falls and Carp tried to get Bones to pose in front of the cascading water with little success. So back we paddled to the campsite -- Matt and George having a try at paddling up the worst of the current, but they made it. On our return Carp tried the fishing with no luck. Dinner was started at a late hour as a result, and all was in good order until George's traveling bannock slipped out of the reflector, did a back flip, and landed on the ground. So the cookery was kept open until dark getting another one baked. And of course the sun refused to appear during all this, and as we turned in to the sound of the falls, the slap of beaver tails on the water -- or was it Minnsie tossing rocks? -- the rain fell lightly on occasion -- and Carp's radio played only a short while.

Wednesday, July 26 -- Another night of rain, maybe not a full night -- having the tent pitched under a tree means it rains all the time even if it doesn't. But it was pretty grim in the morning anyway with light rain falling and a chilly wind blowing at the same time. The staff looked out several times, seeing nothing worth looking at on any of them, and finally about ten o'clock could stand it no longer and got up to try to cook breakfast on what meager wood we had left from last night. Even the birch bark, which was present in abundance did not want to start! But slowly breakfast got cooked although the fly had to stay draped over the sugar and jewelry to keep out the frequent gusts of rain. Finally the fly was pitched near the fire and the wannigan line moved a little, so of course the rain lessened. Matt and the staff searched for dry wood and came up with only two tiny dry chicots for their effort, and then Carp decided to try some of the beaver birch that was lying around and the fire perked up so that it finally got too hot for Minnsie to sit on to dry his pants. The west wind blew furiously and gradually a few patches of blue appeared and as the staff started lunch, he decided to move. So down came the tents -- dry by now, and we shoved off for another record start -- 2:30 this time. Packs were left untumped since we had no portaging plans. Back upstream we went playing the shore and the eddies until we entered the stream and started twisting and turning for better than an hour. It's only supposed to be two miles, but it's considerably more by canoe, and the only way to be sure of the path is by checking the slight current and the angle of the weeds. But

eventually we broke out in a pond after scaring a beaver and some ducks on the way up. Bones did not take kindly to the late start and even abandoned ship at one point. The west wind was evident as we paddled the pond -- what there was of it -- and reentered the stream. A short break was taken as Walt and the staff inspected an Indian winter camp. The stream to the large lake was much straighter and easier to paddle, and soon we entered the lake where the shallows and the west wind hindered progress until we ducked behind a large island. Then the staff led us on a side trip all the way to the foot of the lake, checking bays along the way for the portage. Low said it was about the middle of the lake -- he was right. The Quebec map said one bay farther west -- it's wrong as we discovered. We paddled back checking all the bays again until finally the staff found the trail right where Low said it was. But by now of course it was getting late and long past time to camp. So we pitched up in the Indian site 50 yards up the hill from the water and with great speed dinner was cooked and eaten and all cleaned up before dark. There were some few who mentioned taking a trip across the portage, but nothing came of it. A quick card game was held as we turned in, and of course a few rain drops fell to finish off the day just as it started.

Thursday, July 27 -- Last night's rain threat never materialized fortunately, and for the first time in many days we got up on schedule and were started across the portage by 8:15. Maybe it was just the lighter loads, but probably also the lack of steep hills, but this one was much easier than that around Ross Gorge, even though just as long. But by now we had lost all our extra boxes and a few things had been taken out of the wannigans at least. There was only one baby-drop across the trail this time. And it was not long after nine when we were paddling west against a fairly strong head wind, although staying fairly close to shore it did not really cause any trouble. The river banks were still burned, especially on the south side as we traveled on. A couple little waterfalls dropped into the river on the north side to entertain us until we finally reached a little rapid which was quickly scouted and run on the far left shore. Of course the sky was cloudy and overcast all morning, breaking in typical river fashion between 11:30 and 12:00. One more rapid was run before then; however, this time on the right shore for a change. The current helped, but not overly much as we plugged on. Finally we entered an area with high rocky cliffs, making it easily the most attractive section of the river passed thus far -- especially since the sun was then out. We lunched on the east side of a small island -- with everyone claiming he was starving -- though it was only 12:30 at most when we stopped. Bones had been complaining all morning -- and of course lay down to sleep almost as soon as we pulled ashore. Back on the water about 1:45, we soon rounded a bend and hit a rapid that was scouted on the right and then run on the left for fun to a sand beach where we held up while 77 went ahead, and then brought the others down, only to move ahead again to the lip of the falls. A long wait followed while the staff scouted the portage; which was not too well traveled -- we are beginning to run out of Indian unfortunately. Camping possibilities were poor, but the view was such that we stopped anyway. Tents went up all over the place on improvised sites of individual selection. It's amazing what space can be found when necessary! Some photographed the falls and the countryside -- but a lot just disappeared

into their tents to escape the black flies. George put on a high diving act while trying to draw water and just managed to save the pots -- and himself -- from going down the falls. Gilby tried fishing and got a walleye. Carp took a photographic excursion up the hill, and George, Matt, Walt, and the staff cooked -- with the staff doing practically nothing. Somehow the word got around, and from under the canvas the others appeared miraculously just in time for the bread line! A few die-hards went fishing with Carp taking all the honors with two trout of better than a pound each. Matt collected a couple walleye and the others struck out, although Minnsie, attired in his pajamas, made a try. Matt's rod gave way again so he and the staff tried repairing it again as darkness fell and the chances were good for the first really cool evening in quite a while.

Friday, July 28 -- The evening was cool as predicted -- but good sleeping weather. The sun rose full and warm and the sky looked inviting at 5:30. But at 6:30 when the staff wanted to get up, a light rain was falling and things looked black. At 7:10 he thought it was all over, got dressed, and even out of the tent before he realized it was still raining. He crawled back for a few minutes, but gave up and went to cook breakfast anyway. The weather threatened to clear and did so moments later, so his decision was justified. Trout and walleye for breakfast for our first fish additions since George's lone walleye back at Neoskweskau. And so the departure was a little slower than usual, possibly. We still had the portage to cross, which took a while, but we emptied out the eddy and ran the last pieces of white water off the falls. Just below the map marked a rapid, and we managed to run the right shore for the first time we have been able to run anything that the map has considered worth marking! Then the river settled down to a lazy straight paddle with the water almost smooth as glass as we paddled on. Shortly after twelve the staff called a halt at an Indian winter camp which had a couple unusual teepee or wigwam frames still standing. It was not much of a summer campsite, however, and not even a good place for lunch -- but we made it do anyway. Minnsie complained furiously about the "starchy dudes" for lunch -- but managed to eat anyway. George dumped the water out of his canoe from the rapid earlier, and a half hour later Carp noticed we had only four canoes, so he, Matt, and George went and rescued 57 that had drifted upstream! Meanwhile Jim stood and stared. During lunch the west wind rose, so we spent the afternoon hugging the north shore for what little protection it would give and finally reached the islands just south of the Village Lakes. We headed for an island as a possible campsite, but Carp spotted an old surveyor's camp across the bay, and we paddled over to find 3 or 4 old tent frames, a log step arrangement, and an impossible unloading area, but we moved in anyway. A chain gang unloaded the canoes one at a time, and somehow they all got pulled up one way or another. Dinner over and done with, for some reason the bugs stayed away. Walt went fishing, hooking and playing some good sized pike -- especially on his fly rod. Gilby went to help, but the onlookers wondered how much help it was to have someone standing in the canoe while you tried to play a pike. During the excitement of watching the fishermen Minnsie took an unwanted half-swim off the dock and spent the rest of the evening toasting his socks and sneakers a colorful black. Matt started to fish, but the repair job of last night on the rod did not

hold, so he and the staff went back to work as the sun sank in a ball of red -- the quiet of the evening was a great change over the noise of the falls last night.

Saturday, July 29 -- The weather refused to cooperate at all. Early in the morning everything was fine and clear, but about 6:15 the rain started in and kept on in fits and starts until 9:00 when the staff finally crawled out to cook breakfast even if there were still a slight mist falling. George was up a couple moments later and they put off raising the fly as long as possible, but she had to go up before breakfast could really be cooked in anything near comfort. It looked like we were probably stuck for a while at least, so pancakes were mixed for the first time since Neoskweskau. But of course with the fly up and pancakes on, the sun started to break through, first in spots, and then with some regularity. George decided it was time for a bath and was joined by Matt and then Minnsie, and of all people, Gilby. But the staff kept glancing at the weather, and figuring it was only 3 hours to the rapid below where he really wanted to camp and fish, decided to move, and since no one raised serious objections -- at least no one voiced his objections -- we rolled and made one of our seemingly normal starts -- at 11:30. Of course as soon as we were loaded, the west wind picked up and neither shore offered any protection at all as we started off with the current and wind creating a chop that was also no help. A mile or less downstream, Matt, who was slightly in the lead, looked over his right shoulder and spotted a spectacular little waterfall-cascade pouring into a small bay just off the river, so we headed in to investigate. It proved to be the route to the Village Lakes and the portage trail of 250 yards was walked for the sport of it -- quite well used. Here we should lose the Indian and from now until we pick up the Eastmain tribe should be on our own -- unfortunately. George tried fishing at the base of the falls while most of the others walked the portage -- getting Canada in the process and toying with the foot of the falls to get her off as a result. As we headed out of the bay the sky turned black, and the wind picked up, if possible. Spotting a patch of orange on a point ahead, we nosed in as it started to rain again and quickly unloaded and pitched up the fly and the tents for our shortest traveling day as yet -- maybe two miles if you are generous. The site was complete with a high tower sort of arrangement which Minnsie promptly climbed of course. There were three freighters and two canoes stored on racks in the bush -- seemingly belonging to the Quebec Department of Natural Resources -- whatever that is -- at least their flag was back in the bush near the canoe cache. Some Indian paddles were stored under them as well as a wooden wannigan box, nailed shut. The site had been used by Indians, however, and was replete with numerous hangings, a bow blocked out of birch, and a large spoon sort of implement not quite finished (later discovered to be a snow shovel). After lunch, and the partial termination of the rain, Walt, Minnsie, and Gilby headed back up to the falls to fish -- getting pike and two small trout (?) and of course Minnsie fell in. The staff photographed at intervals when the sun shone through. Dan baked a pineapple upside down cake without the normal brown sugar topping. Carp and Matt did a little fishing with no success, and the others napped. Things livened up as the fishermen returned, and dinner barely got cooked. The campsite was now infested with improvements -- a table with a plywood top made by Gilby and Walt and several benches. There was an old wood stove

around which suffered some damage from the pick and pick-axe found on the site. The staff spent the evening fashioning a wooden cast for another break in Matt's fishing rod. George baked for tomorrow and then went fishing after she failed to come out of the pan very well, and the rest vegetated until the mosquitoes and the rain, and the threat of rain drove everyone to bed -- although those who slept through the afternoon were not quite ready to doze off. Not quite a rest day -- just an improvement in campsite -- and something to keep the troops busy. If the better campsite had not been handy, it would have been a real tough day for traveling.

Sunday, July 30 -- She poured most of the night -- which turned cool to boot -- making for good sleeping weather with the rain pattering down on the tent and the sleeping bag up around your ears. So good in fact that the staff overslept and did not get up until 7:15. The sun was out, however, as breakfast was cooked. The west wind still blew, and a little sprinkle caught us as we were in the process of dropping the tents, but we moved anyway. The going started tough and continued that way all day as the wind kept up, the temperature kept down, and the rain fell in fits and starts so that almost everyone just left his rain gear on for the day. We battled the wind all morning, running one reasonable rapid in the process, where fortunately the sky cleared for that moment so we could see where we were going for a brief moment. The sun made appearances and there was usually a small patch of blue somewhere in the sky to give us hope -- but not much warmth. The wind neutralized any help the current might have been pretty effectively, and we spent the day pretty close to one shore or the other -- usually the north. Lunch was cooked back in the bush on a small island to try to stay out of the wind -- which we did, but the site was nothing to get excited about. Of course just around the bend not more than 500 yards away, there was an old surveyor's camp that would have been much more suitable. Next time we'll know better! We started down the stretch with the rapid marked on the map and met nothing exciting until the foot of the island where the staff went ahead and found a portage some fool had cut for some reason through a spongy area where he could just as easily made a cut through a grove of spruce -- a quarter as long and twice as easy, but instead we pulled into a tiny eddy at the top of a rocky island -- not without some trouble -- and lifted over about 20 yards of rock and ran out next to the swells of the center chute. Just below was another challenge where we rounded a point and caught a powerful eddy where 59 had a close call keeping out of 74's way, and then took a quick trip over a little chute to end our excitement for the day. We settled down to a dull paddle, with some more rain plus some burned country to paddle through, and made a couple stops at possible campsites to no avail. When lo and behold there was a frame on shore for a two-man outfit, but space enough for our tents, so we moved in with Carp and Matt tearing down the old log frame and pitching their tent right in the center of it. Dinner was slow -- the fire refused to burn; rain fell a couple times; the fly had to be pitched; the bannock was slow; and the rice water would not boil. So it was 7:15 before we had our beef gravy over rice. No bugs tonight -- it was too cold for them too, but we could at least stand around the fire trying to keep warm without getting bitten -- maybe its better to get bitten than to freeze and this is still July on top of that. Of course a few sprinkles of rain fell as we crawled in

to call it a day.

Monday, July 31 -- It was another of those days when very little goes right, and also very little gets accomplished. The staff could not pull himself out of the warm sleeping bag until 7:00, but it was just as well for the wind was still blowing and the mist off the river was being driven in on the tents in a fine Scotch mist as he cooked breakfast, so he let everyone sleep in a little longer than usual so that breakfast was all well done by the time he yelled. Even so the tents were still damp when rolled. We still hit the water at 9:00 and paddled the mile or less to the short cut around Great Bend without a great deal of trouble from the wind -- though it was certainly no help. There was an encouraging old blaze on a tree at the entrance to the short cut, so we paddled along cheerfully. As the bay turned a little, we even drifted with a nice tail wind for a while, but at the foot of the bay there was a nice clump of alder where the exit stream should have been, and no water, even with what we figure must be high water. It seems that the river is rising more and more each day. It must have come up another couple inches last night again. There was nothing to do but turn around and retrace our paddle. We tried a little bay on the way with no real hope -- the twists and turns of the map were all there, just no exit as the map would have it. So we had an interesting two hour side trip for nothing except the satisfaction that we proved to ourselves that the short cut does not exist. So at 11:15 we were headed down the big river again. In the process of course the wind became more important, though it was not as strong as that of yesterday, and maybe the temperature was a few degrees warmer -- but not many. At least there was no rain for a change. We passed a couple old campsites and finally pulled up at an old Indian rack for lunch -- not much more of a campsite, but it was out of the wind and there was a good fire area at least. The Indian had thoughtfully hung up one of his scraper machines -- without the scraper part unfortunately. Of course a couple hundred yards below there was a large surveyor's camp we could have used just as well, but that's been the history of our campsites all along. But at least this time the site we used needed no apology. Across the river there was a small burn of recent origin that would have looked red had the sun been out. We rounded Great Bend with no fanfare and paddled between a long island and the right shore, both sporting good stands of birch -- more than we have seen at any one location for quite a while. A couple big river horseraces followed for some slight excitement and then we drifted around a corner to see an orange spot on a large island ahead. It proved to be another canoe cached by, we guessed, the Natural Resources people again. The site behind it was nothing to write home about, but we moved in fearful of not finding anything better farther down. The canoe was cached across the valley at the entrance, so it had to be moved to allow us to enter, and a good number of windfalls had to be tossed aside. There was even the start to a totem pole on the ground with two faces completed. We made camp so early -- 4:10 -- that dinner was served just after 6:00 for a change, as Walt and Tom took over frying the ham. The weather cleared sufficiently so that Minnsie and the staff even took baths! Dan baked the bannock for tomorrow. George and Matt went in search of pike -- not finding George's trophy, however. Mosquitoes and cold drove the rest to bed as the sun disappeared -- you could almost see it on occasions, and the wind dropped so that

the river looked entirely different without the chop created by the wind.

Tuesday, August 1 -- As befits August, last night was chilly -- still good sleeping weather, and the staff was again reluctant to climb out of his nice warm bed, but he made it at 6:45 or so this time. His partial explanation was an inability to tell what the weather looked like from his sheltered tent site and magnificent view of the bush of the interior of the island. As usual the early morning weather could be classified as "undecided," but it was still chilly as we loaded up to get on the water at 8:30. The orange freighter was restored to its previous position across the entrance to the campsite, and we took to the water -- 57 last as usual with the jewelry to pack, but this morning as an extra attraction Jim and the lunch wannigan went for a swim trying to get the canoe loaded. No damage was announced, and it was not until George went to portage it some hours later that it was realized that it still held six inches of water -- making the bagged goods a little soggy to say the least and making the salt a little hard to pour. We ran the rapid at the foot of the island -- really a big river horserace -- and the same with the one below around an island -- the map did not advertise either, however. Then we ran a little rougher one on the right shore where the staff first momentarily grounded on a round rock and then later there was a good bit of water taken -- 59 having to dump and a lot of others did some good bailing. We paddled a wide section where the map was useless and the current provided the only means of staying on course. The next rapid -- which was marked on the map was runnable -- somewhat justifying Gilby's theory that lines across the map are portages and ones up and down can be run. So we came to a line -- one on either side of an island -- and it turned out to be a 15 foot or better chute on either side. We investigated all the possible portage locations and after a long search took an old trail on the island around the right hand chute. Maybe it was Jarden's trail? Anyway it split after about 50 yards and so did we, a minority following the staff's new blazes up and over a hill with a majority following the lower trail -- but somehow all the loads got together at the foot. Since it was now past one, lunch was in order and with a balky fire the macaroni was finally cooked. Back on the water, another rapid was obviously ahead. We ran down the left shore, found another old portage and decided to try the other side instead, so back up river we went and crossed over to end up cutting our own trail around this side. We have definitely run out of Indian friends to help us along! Somehow the surveyors had a bench mark on this side, but they were no help at all either. The trail was nothing to brag about, but we got across anyway. Matt and Carp each saw a trout jump, but there was no place to camp, and so we had to tackle the next one also. For about the first time the staff picked the left side to look at, and we made it down that way finishing the run with a lovely little roller coaster like chute that had a few people -- especially the bowmen who had not seen it -- hanging onto their seats. We pulled up at a rock shelf twenty-five yards away and decided it was a campsite -- really not that bad. Tent sites were right next to the water -- but those with air mattresses seemed to prefer the bare rock for some reason. It was well after five when we pulled in, so dinner was started immediately. Gilby took a canoe back to the chute and tried to reach a rock in mid-stream -- two or three inches of water in the canoe as a

result -- but with a more sane approach, he landed on shore and promptly caught a 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 pound trout. Carp, Walt, and Matt tried fishing before dinner also -- with no luck, however. Minnsie and Dan braved the cool water for a swim -- by now the sun had broken through, though it was dropping off to the west putting the swimming hole in shadow. The fishermen tried again for the brief hour after dinner, but Matt landed the only trout right off the campsite and the others struck out -- although Jim got interested enough to rig his pole for the first time in ages. As Jarden said "it's been a tough day" -- and we've got a worse one coming up from all reports -- as the cool weather seems to have really set in -- now that August is here.

Wednesday, August 2 -- For the first time in many days the sun was out as we cooked breakfast this morning! There was still a good nip to the air in the early hours, however, though it warmed up by the time everyone arrived to eat. Matt's smaller trout had escaped, but Gilby's trout and a walleye that Matt substituted for his trout added fish to the meal for the first time in several days. We were on the water by about 8:30 or 9:00 -- no one really looked, and ran the first little pitch past the large island near where we had camped. We pulled up at the next one though and beat our way through the bush for a long period of time trying to decide what to do with her. Finally the staff elected to run, and we made the crazy turn necessary to get around the corner -- the staff running first and then photographing at the foot. There were some interesting scenes as canoes rounded the corner in various manners -- including an interesting 360° turn by 57. The next one posed equally difficult problems, and the first attempt was at letting the guide's canoe down along the rock cliffs which the staff and the crew accomplished, getting about four inches of water in her in the process. That was decided to be too dangerous, so we ran the next three down successfully one at a time with the staff directing at the foot. 27 went across and loaded just below the chute, but when Matt and Dan tried to pull away, the stern got out in the current, and over she went. Canoe and loads were salvaged quickly though guide and staff had to grab 74 and run her down after the packs, but nothing suffered, except from dampness -- Dan's pack worst of all. Meanwhile Minnsie had been left all alone with 77 and was getting worried. The staff came back and together they started down. However, they missed all the carefully laid plans to catch the eddy. The bow crashed into the rock shore at the head of the chute. The staff tried to throw his line to George, but it fell short, and there was nothing to do but try to shoot the chute. It did not work! The stern caught a rock but good in the process and over the canoe went. George made a valiant effort to restrain the canoe, almost getting carried down the chute himself, but Walt was there with a helping hand to pull him out fortunately. George and Jim were out immediately with a canoe, but it was a good while before everything was collected and straightened out. Total losses this time were the staff axe -- now we are down to only two just like any other section unfortunately. The staff canoe had a stove in bow, however, and a couple foot rip in the stern to advertise their adventure. Minnsie allowed as how he did not enjoy his swim this time very much -- and the staff objected to his soaking wet cameras and film. Amid all the other excitement Gilby announced that somehow he thought he had rebroken or cracked a previously injured finger, and so Matt manufactured a splint for

him. Lunch was cooked on the rock shore just below the scene of all the excitement -- and a rapid that will go down in KKK and Section A history as "Flying Catch Rapid." The grand old Section A game of pull the starchy dudes apart was undertaken with success -- although this time the water in the pot boiled before the spaghetti was ready to be dumped in. After a long lunch break for canoe repair and drying out, we finally got back on the water again, but now for an afternoon of lifting over small points and running down to the next point only to lift over again. Needless to say it was slow work and time consuming. Finally close to six o'clock we reached an impass and that portage everyone had been waiting for came along -- straight up and straight down. The walking in between was not really too bad, however, considering the fact that no one had ever come this way before. Of course there were two ways to the water -- the long hard way and the short leap down over the jagged rock and boulders -- with most people taking the short impossible route. Tent sites of a fashion were found -- almost all on bare rock with maybe a little soggy reindeer moss for covering. George discovered that his glorious chapeau had dropped out of his canoe on one of the afternoon carries. Carp drew most of the dry wood -- the staff had already announced he was commandeering his axe. Matt cut fly poles with his machine -- plus poles for the staff tent -- while the staff and guide played with the fire and cooking. Of course to finish the day off, she started raining before dinner was ready, and the meal had to be eaten under the perfectly pitched fly. Gilby had brought across the only fishing rod -- the canoes had stayed on the upper end of the portage, and he started casting at the foot of the rapid even if it was raining -- and promptly landed a couple pound trout. A few casts later he hooked and landed a four pounder -- 22 inches long with an 11 inch girth for his prize of the trip. We now have three that can qualify for the Field and Stream Honor Badge Award -- more than any previous Section A. If only we had been able to plan our campsites better so there would be more fishing. A retaining pool on the rock was used to house the catch, and four were kept, though between Gilby and Walt they caught about eight -- all good sized. By now it was unreasonably dark and the tents were finally occupied as the rain kept up lightly -- but those with soaked tents -- like the staff -- and soggy moss undercoating for the beds were slightly damp -- as was Dan with his damp sleeping bag.

Thursday, August 3 -- Last night's rain tapered off fortunately for all concerned. The staff rose about 7:00 as the sun shone brightly -- for a while -- but the canvas was all soaked and a bannock had to be baked for lunch anyway, so the section did not get wakened for an hour or more. Then there were pictures to take and trout to cook and tents to drop and canoes to be brought over the portage -- the first part done Boy Scout style up the cliff. As a result we got on the water at 10:30 for one of our early Section A starts. At least we could paddle a little while -- about 400 yards -- before we had to take out and carry across a smooth rock -- well almost smooth -- shore, only to paddle 25 yards and lift over the next chute. With George in the lead we paddled another 400 yards -- all in a strong eddy -- to take out on another smooth rock shore and carry 150 yards or so. But there before us was the bay at the foot of all the mess we had been traveling through for the last 2 1/2 days! Finally it was all over and we could run out the last swells into the calm of the river! All the

way down we had followed the west shore because Low claimed there was a whirlpool of some sort on the east shore in which two canoes belonging to the HBC had gone over and everyone had been lost -- we never saw the whirlpool, but maybe it was there. Whether high water helped us or hindered we'll never know. The next KKK section on the Eastmain will take the Clearwater River route the Indian uses if the same staff leads the trip! We picked up signs of the Indian right away -- Jarden said there were none for a while. There was a canoe cached on the east shore. It looked like there was a campground on the north, and as we paddled the quiet river, there were at least two campgrounds on the north shore and one Indian cache. One of the campgrounds sported a teepee frame, and another a wickiup frame, but we did not stop. By now the sun was back out and shirts were off for the first time in several days. We had reached the foot of the rapids about 11:30 and the staff wanted to camp at the next rapid four miles away and spend the day drying out -- but when the rapid was reached, there was no campsite possible and after looking her over we ran the left side easily and had about a mile of good fast water below -- much easier than the junk of Great Bend. Still no campground appeared -- though we tried several places. A burn started just below making it tougher, and every inviting shore turned out to be a hogback with spongy bottom behind it. An unexpected rapid was run in a short quick pitch with a violent eddy at the foot. Now not only was everyone getting hungry, but a thunder storm was bearing down on us. It looked like we stood no chance, but fortunately the first storm missed us passing to the east and north and amid many pleas to the Indian, we rounded a point and almost passed his grassy landing. Just in time we moved in and got the fly pitched on the Indian's ridge pole and all but Minnsie and Dan huddled under it as the storm hit -- they had their tent up instead. A ration of dates was passed around, bringing Minnsie flying out of the side of his tent in short order. The storm dropped a little lightning close by and then let up so we could get our beans cooked. By then tents were on the way up and the Indian's beds and tables were sacrificed to the room we needed. Clothes appeared to be dried and some of the wet stuff in the wannigans got aired. Dinner was cooked at a sociable hour -- we did not have lunch until after 3:00. Carp manufactured a pudding -- the cooked kind -- that really pudded -- and the staff iced a bannock, though Carp did all the work with the icing as the staff went and played at patching canoes -- his own in particular and the others less needingly. 77 was not as good as new really, but better than yesterday afternoon probably. George and Matt tried a little fishing off the site -- catching only George's pikie minnow -- and then turned to cooking dinner as the rest compared school athletic teams as usual. There was a moment of seriousness as Carp though Bones stole his cake, but the poor dog was blameless. A few spits of rain drove all the clothes away -- though there was still a little toasting to be done by the fire as darkness fell. And the thunder showers returned to make sure we had enough wet to keep us satisfied.

Friday, August 4 -- It all started on the wrong foot. The staff overslept, waking at 7:15 and then rationalized his late rising by realizing that the canvas was still all soaked from yesterday's rain, so he did not feel too badly as he started breakfast. Part way through the process, however, the rain returned. George, Matt, and Carp joined him around the fire-- where by luck the fly had been pitched exactly right so that it was possible to fry bacon and still stay dry. The rain kept up, so everyone was called to breakfast

and rolling was delayed for a while -- quite a while as it turned out. The rain continued and along about 11:00 we started playing the time honored Section A game of pull the wet spaghetti apart -- there being nothing better to do to pass the time. And so the lunch meal was changed to allow us to use our rescued treasures, and as lunch was started, the sun broke through for a few moments, and the staff elected to move. We hit the water for another of our early starts at twenty of one. The sun stayed out for a while making traveling pleasant and easy. Four or five miles later we hit a good sized rapid and after looking it over -- the best view came from up in a birch tree -- we ran the left shore, actually in three stages catching eddies at each one. In the process the rain caught up with us for a couple moments, but then passed over. We paddled on through a wide stretch and could hear another rapid at the next narrows for quite a distance. As suspected it turned out to be a falls or chute or whatever you wanted to call it. Anyway it needed a portage. Of course we had tried the left shore first and had to paddle back to the right to find the trail -- which was there fortunately. The Eastmain Indian does not do as good a job keeping his trails clear as does the Mistassini group, but there was no trouble following the path. However, the trail split part way over and the staff elected the left or less well used one since it left us a little run to make and cut off a good hundred yards of carrying. Anyway we wanted to camp and fish, but after an exhaustive search, there was just no place to put up a tent and we eventually gave it up as a bad job and carried through. The crystal on George's famous "Stanley" watch finally succumbed on this one. George fished the eddy for a few minutes waiting for everyone to get across and promptly landed two walleye and then latched onto his dream Northern -- seven or eight pounds. Landing him was quite a problem, but Matt eventually helped. Then George wanted pictures -- so Jim grabbed the camera and snapped a couple -- paying no attention to light or focus, so Walt had to do it all over again. We ran out the rapid and continued looking for a campsite. The "mad blazer" had been at work in one spot we tried, but nothing else showed up for a couple miles when Gilby spotted an Indian camp on the edge of a burn. George and Matt investigated finding a log teepee covered with dirt and moss -- an unusual structure (but the kind used by the Eastmain band in winter if they got to their camp before freeze up we learned later). The investigators did not approve of the site for us, however, so we ran the little rapid that followed and pulled up at a sand beach -- by now it was close to six o'clock or maybe later. Carp dug a hole and lit a fire for beans, if we could get them set in time -- which we did as darkness came. Walt pretty much took over dinner preparation after the staff mixed the bannock -- and George went chicot hunting and promptly cut through his boot and into his foot -- not too deep fortunately as the staff got to play doctor for the first real time on the trip thus far. Jim undertook to clean out the jewelry and the rest sat around Carp's bean hole fire drying out a little as George went fishing alone -- getting no company -- and came back with one -- plus one that got away -- there was speculation as to whether he had five lures, a knife, a cup, and an axe in him too! Of course the rain started up again as darkness fell. One of these days we'll have our Neoskweskau sun back again?

Saturday, August 5 -- One of the coldest nights thus far as it turned out, left no one -- including the staff -- eager

to get up and roll -- plus the fact that of course the sun was not out as usual and the west wind was blowing. It had warmed up slightly when the staff called to roll about 7:30 or so after he got a balky breakfast fire going. We were finally on the water about 9:00 which proved to be perhaps just a touch early as the mist was still blowing up the river making it almost impossible to see the rapids ahead. And there was one at the end of the narrow straight stretch we were on. Strangely enough we elected the right side first and thought better of the looks of the water and so had to paddle back up and try the left. That seems to be the story of our rapids work -- the first side is always the wrong one! Anyway we found a way down the left side which involved a hair raising arc around the shore and several sternsmen ended up with laps full of water. 59 and 77 got dumped and the rest bailed. As we started off again, fortunately the sun started to break out and the weather warmed considerably, or those wet from the rapid would have chilled quickly. Naturally we passed a surveyor's old camp that would have been a vast improvement on the place we stayed last night -- but that's usual too. We paddled on through the calm stretch and entered a string of islands while behind them we could hear the sound of a rapid. We tried the right side, and the staff did not like its looks, so we paddled over to the far left, got out and looked around the rocks -- the mad blazer with his orange paint had been there too. The staff played games with the numerous islands, but eventually decided we had to go back to the right, and there just below where we had been before was the start of an excellent portage trail -- the best we have seen of the Eastmain Indian thus far -- but the rapid was carefully scouted instead and we elected to run -- complete with one real tight turn at the top -- a small shore-side trickle at the middle and a real roller coaster ride at the foot. If only the movie camera were still working! The trout fishermen slyly suggested stopping not only for lunch but for dinner also -- so we did since there was a pretty good Indian site at the foot of the trail. The staff's beans of the night before had baked perfectly and made the basic lunch meal. The Indian had left us stacks of wood -- all slightly wet -- a table, and his wickiup frame. Carp and Matt pitched in the center of his frame while the rest of us fared less well on the tent sites. Everything came out for airing and drying in the warm sun. The fishermen went to work with no success. George rested, bothered by his cut foot and not feeling very well. No trout and all that could be coaxed out of the rapid was one walleye the staff threw back. Dan baked another pineapple upside down cake. Jim and Tom got into the swing of thing by cooking dinner. Minnsie offered advice to any and all cooks and Matt baked a Date Cake for tomorrow. The staff looked over the partially dried wannigans and concluded we were running short of shortening -- there may be some bacon fat bannocks before long! The fishermen tried again after dinner with no more luck. Matt and Carp decided to give up the trout and go for a walleye breakfast, but instead Matt landed an 11½ pound pike which Carp had previously hooked and lost along with his lure -- so Matt got the lure back too. Carp then landed his own six pounder to end the evening. Time is running out on us, however. We've still got better than a hundred miles to go and only nine days to do it in, and at the rate we have traveled the last couple days we'll never make it. Every rapid we come to takes ages to get past whether we run or not, and from all reports we've got a lot of them still to go.

Sunday, August 6 -- George had a really uncomfortable night, but for the rest of us it was pleasantly warm -- good sleeping weather. The staff was up earlier than of late and we hit the water at 8:30 for what has become an unconventionally early start for Section A. The day was undecided with regard to weather, and a few drops fell during breakfast just to put us in the proper frame of mind -- a few drops also fell during the night -- yesterday had been too perfect to let us go Scott free on rain. The west wind was blowing as usual -- though the direction was almost impossible to be certain of since no matter which way the river turned we seemed to strike a head wind. We passed an Indian cache not far below, proving that Indians travel this far upriver once again in spite of Jarden's report. Then we rounded a corner and discovered an aluminum boat and motor and two tents -- our record was broken. There were two prospectors in residence and we saw our first humans -- except for the pilot -- since our first campsite on the Rupert. We had expected to make it to Eastmain House. We paid little attention to them -- they were both Frenchmen, though not bandits since they asked no money. They had flown in of course and only told us we had a lot of portages to the Bay -- which we knew anyway. On our way again, by now the sun was peeking through at intervals. We passed another Indian log teepee in a burn again -- maybe they only make them in burns where there is an excess of wood easily available. The rapid advertised at the islands at the mouth of the Kausabiskau River proved to be uninteresting as we took the north channel and struck only fast water -- though we did not really know which islands we were passing through in the process. The rest of the islands were equally uninteresting as we passed an old surveyor's camp in a swampy area that must have been pretty buggy. Finally as we approached the first chute, the rain started ever so lightly. We pulled up to the landing -- one of these one canoe things at the head of the chute or rapid -- we never really found out what -- and took our loads across to have lunch on the beach on the far side. Then came another of those time honored Section A games of pull the starchy dudes apart -- this time it was much easier with macaroni. Matt's date cake was a great success to say the least. And somehow a couple cans of fruit were polished off too. We started out in a light sprinkle that soon turned into a real rain as the wind swung to the north on us. The next carry was only a mile ahead, but it took a while to find the trail since it started farther up from the rapid than should be expected. The staff cut through the bush to find the trail and ended on shore looking Jim in the eye not more than 3 yards from the start of the carry. This one was slightly longer and considerably wetter as a result of the rain. No campsite at the foot, however, so on to the 3rd another mile away. The head of this one started below some fast water and the staff first had to wade out to stand on an almost submerged bench mark to check the run -- and we ran right over the orange paint for the marking arrow getting to the landing. This one was fortunately only 100 - 150 yards and there was an Indian wickiup at the far end -- so we found room somehow for four more tents and quit not at all too soon. The fly went up -- just a touch before Minnsie and Dan had their tent up -- and everything was tumbled under it. George built a fire while the staff drew wood and dinner got started with a little hot soup. There was hardly room for ten people around one little fire -- so Bones was left

out. Minnsie took over stirring everything since he had the place of honor right in front of the fire -- and was not about to relinquish it to a mere cook. We would have really spent the proverbial night of wet had the rain not quit about 7:00 -- several of the tents were letting water pour through and the ground under then was of course none too dry to start with. The sun set in a brilliant orange. Gilby manufactured a warming fire and drying fire which saw much use as darkness and the cold descended. Maybe this was what we got for trying to travel on a Sunday -- maybe we should have been like the prospectors and taken our day of rest. Unfortunately no one tried for trout this evening -- it looked like a good spot.

Monday, August 7 -- As Carp sat toasting his feet by the embers of the warming fire last night, he claimed the sky broke open and the stars shone brightly. But the early morning gave no such promise. Mist hung heavy on the river and our canvas was still soaked. The staff tried to rouse himself several times but thought better of it each time until finally at 8:15 he felt he had to do something and got up. The temperature was not too bad, but the sky was gray and the river still shrouded in mist. So he cooked breakfast slowly and wondered what to do. Matt and George appeared before any decision was reached and finally the staff elected to serve breakfast and roll afterwards -- which was done. By that time the tents were a little dryer at least and the sun had made a very brief appearance. We got on the water for one of our usual early Section A starts -- 10:45. The river ran fast and the sun appeared as we paddled and drifted along. A decision was made to run the right side at the next chute, or rapid, and all went well until we lost 27 briefly as Matt stopped for a moment to investigate a possible portage landing -- which we did not need anyway. But at the foot we were stopped by a falls and rather than go back upstream and try the left, which might have been clearer, we portaged the necessary 50 yards along shore to the foot. The next chute was just around the corner -- 10 feet the reports said, and they were probably right. We carried the rocks again, this time the Indian did so too from the sparse traces of trail that could be found in the few places where rocks were not convenient. Bones got down to the real business for which she was intended -- finding the trail -- on these two chutes -- enough of this nice polite "sit" routine that Carp keep insisting on teaching her. And so on to Conglomerate Gorge. Jarden had never found the trail and had to cut his own. We hoped for better luck and started looking in the bay as advertised by the Lands and Forests map. The trail could not be found in the logical place though guide and staff beat the bush for almost a half hour. The staff found an old Indian campsite, a lot of trees cut, but no trail. So we started lunch while the staff went scouting on his own. No sooner was the bannock cut, the "freshie" made, and the sheese diced than the staff found the trail -- going up a hill in an unlikely spot for such a portage. but it was clearly the right carry. A decision was made to pack up and cook lunch on the far side -- the map said the portage ought to be two miles. Somehow the staff had the impression it was shorter -- he was wrong and so was the map. The first hill had to be cleared of a few windfalls, and the canoes had to be man-handled up a steep clay slope at the start before they could be flipped, but once on top, the trail

started nice and easily as a dry, level, good walker. But starts are often deceiving. The trail got sloppy after a while and just when you were convinced you had to slog through muskeg for the rest of your life, another good stretch appeared. And so it went minute after minute, yard after yard, and finally mile after mile. Finally the trail started to drop and you thought it was over, but no it then paralleled the water and got worse if anything. Finally after an hour plus -- more like $1\frac{1}{2}$ or $1\frac{1}{2}$ you reached the foot. In the process we had carried a piece of fast water we could have run easily and had missed a trail that branched off that would have probably put us at the very foot of the gorge instead of downstream at least an extra half mile. Carp finally got his canoe across after several rests. Matt had the lead axe and so ended up flipping his something like seven or eight times. Gilby ran up to ten. The staff got off easy with only one extra, and the guide brought his over later after the worst had been cleared -- and then put in at a rock landing and ran the last three or four hundred yards to boot. Oh, to be a bowman on a trail like this! Minnsie set the record for speed and even had the fireplace built and dinner started as George arrived -- the staff was way back in the line. Lunch was forgotten and three cans of plums were substituted at the foot of the carry instead -- not much of a lunch, but no one seemed to want to wait around, which was just as well because the last loads were not over until after seven. Tales of the trips across were many and varied -- usually centered around length and the number of spills and falls taken in the process. The bowmen won all the speed records by a long sight. The gorge itself was spectacular to say the least. The water poured down an unknown number of feet, cascading around a rocky island in the middle at one point in a magnificent display of white water. And still the staff cameras would not operate with lenses still fogged. Somehow there was relatively little enthusiasm for the view, however. Of course Minnsie and Dad had their tent up in short order -- the others took a while longer particularly since the space available for them was minute. And so finally a weary group of portagers turned in as the small sliver of moon rose to the west and the chill of evening set in -- As Jarden said it's cold in the North bush!

Tuesday, August 8 -- If no one else needed extra rest the staff did, and so as planned he did not get up until 7:30. The temperature had risen so the morning was nowhere near as chilly as the early evening. For some reason the gang was a little slow getting up, and some, like Gilby, just arrived at breakfast and sat for a while still recovering from yesterday. Somehow though the canoes got loaded, and we got off to another early Section A start -- around 9:45. The rest of the morning was slow and uneventful. The current helped a little, the wind blew very lightly from east, south, and west depending on the moment. The sun appeared on and off and the paddle was leisurely. About 12:30 we started looking for a lunch site, but the alder and bush along the shore made all landings impractical, so we paddled on. In the whole stretch we had passed only an Indian canoe cache -- and that only a mile from the campsite. Finally about 18 miles from the start we hit a one-tent or one-teepee Indian site and pulled up quickly to cook our starch. The bannock went quickly, long before the water heated. The rain came very briefly before we landed, but then let up for lunch. We started back on the river with only 4 miles left to go to

the gorge. Finally a rapid appeared at the head, and we eventually ran down it on the right shore -- the staff started left, thought better of it, and when it was all through wished he had stayed with his original idea, but no harm was done, and we got down safely, though 74 took a little water. Then the old game of find the portage started -- taking 15 - 30 minutes, but she was there, though the path up the hill had to be cleared before it was passable. The campsite on top was flat and large in a small stand of jackpine -- much like the one at the head of Conglomerate. The canoes came up the hill -- many Boy Scout style. By now it was time to start dinner. George got the cocoa hungries, so we polished off another can of Eagle Brand in addition to the regular meal. The staff scouted the portage finding that it really did go across a beaver meadow as advertised -- about 150 yards after it started, so we are in for a wet trip tomorrow. The rain started again about 8:15 filling the tents as it dripped down on and off for a couple hours. A little extra rest for tomorrow's walking!

Wednesday, August 9 -- It rained softly on and off through the night and early morning, so the walk predicted for today never came off. The staff finally got up about nine after spending most of the night opening and cleaning camera lenses so that he was now about one-third operative on the camera business. After much self debate, he elected a rest day menu and mixed pancake batter for the first time in about three weeks. Almost everyone was up early -- or at least quickly and no one seemed to mind the idea of staying put. Fly poles had been cut the night before, but somehow we cooked around showers and they were never used. The morning passed quickly -- what there was left of it after breakfast. Walt drew a little wood and Carp and the staff cooked lunch. The idea of taking one load across the portage in the afternoon was thrown open to debate and it looked like more would be in favor than against until it started to sprinkle again right after lunch -- starting card games and afternoon naps instead. About 5 o'clock she started to clear and the staff started a pie. Walt mentioned taking pictures of the gorge, and Gilby was all set to start for her cross country -- but the staff had already tried that and failed and so proposed taking his canoe. Walt, Gilby, Tom, and the staff set out leaving the others to cook dinner. The view was worth the trip as water rolled over in a churn of white -- even if the visitors could only see half the river from their side of the island in the middle. Conglomerate was bigger and more spectacular, but Clouston was still a sight to behold. The water disappeared over a misty falls at the foot and so an attempt was made for a closer look, which succeeded at least partially to a view about half way down. George had held up dinner production so "Garbage Pail" Minns and "Bread Line" Wu had been restrained much to the relief of the photographers. Carp had even done the Animal Soup to perfection. After a late dinner, Dan drew some more wood, Matt manufactured another date cake for tomorrow -- after the portage -- and everyone else just sat and watched. The sun sank behind a clear sky, the little sliver of a moon rose in the west, the north wind blew furiously, and the evening threatened to be a cool one.

Thursday, August 10 -- As expected the night was a cold one and it was only with great effort because the sun was out that the staff managed to get out of bed at the normal hour and start

breakfast. The cold north wind blew, but for one of those very rare days there was not a cloud in the sky. We started across the portage at 8:26 according to the Carpenter-Ridgway radio check of last night. As Low said -- as did Jarden -- she was wet. Low said it was $3\frac{1}{4}$ mile through swamp -- he neglected to mention the other mile and a quarter -- part of which was wet too. But in spite of the swamp, and the multitude of trails through it, we managed to get lost very little and made the far side in an hour plus carrying time. The alders grew thick and plentiful at the drop to the water and there were times when the sternsmen just let the canoes rest on the alders while they pushed. Bones excelled in finding the trail under difficult conditions, and Matt only had to put his canoe down once to blaze trail. The second loads were over in time for an early lunch on the smooth rock landing. Minnsie fried the Kam while everyone else went to look at and photograph the gorge which narrowed to a very small opening at the foot -- the top was more spectacular, not to take anything away from the foot. When everything was totaled up, Matt had lost his hat and knife on the portage somewhere, and Gilby had lost the reel from his fishing rod. Matt went searching for his losses with no success. We were done lunch and back on the water just after one o'clock with a few rapids to run just around the bend. The staff led off, but George held the others back since the staff looked undecided as to what to do, but as a result the other four plowed through the center of a swell taking a good bit of water, so that a bailing stop was taken at the foot of the run. The north wind gave us a side wind the rest of the way, but it was only four miles or so before we pulled in at Island Falls. Not much of a campsite at the head -- and nothing at the foot -- so we made the best of it since Carp and Matt cut out a tent site with a water view. With two tents across the trail the late sternsmen had some trouble getting their canoes across later. Gilby went off to scout the falls and came back with glowing reports, so the photographers took off to record his find. The river thundered down to an island with a falls just before it and split at the island with the main volume going straight ahead and a side channel tumbling into the eddy to the left of the island where the portage landed. George braved the cold water for a bath, but the rest held out -- the water temperature was not too inviting. Walt split the wood and cooked most of the dinner. A big dent was made in the Instant Cocoa with sugar now in short supply, as well as shortening, but the bacon grease has been doing pretty well instead. Jam is getting low and only one jar or peanut butter remains. Gilby rigged a hand line and Carp and Matt took off for the foot of the falls while the staff tried the top, but no one had any luck. All the canoes made it across the portage by dark, so if the weather holds, we're ready to see what lies ahead. Reports seem to indicate six miles of rapids to Talking Falls, but that's for tomorrow.

Friday, August 11 -- The staff rose at 6:40 to be greeted by a gray blanket of mist through which the sun was trying in vain to peep. The dew had been heavy and the night cold, so it looked like a good day coming, even if all you could see was a few yards out onto the river. By the time breakfast was almost ready the mist had risen far enough so that the trees on the far shore could be seen, but the early arrivals were treated to a good view of fog as she closed in again for a few minutes before opening up for good as the others made it to the fire. Breakfast was quick

and we were off on the portage well before 8:30 with Minnsie rushing off with his wannigan even before the odds and ends could be put away. We loaded at the foot and by now the sun was out in all its splendor making good photographic weather for our final glimpse of the cascade or falls, or whatever you call it. We ran the left shore looking for a rapid predicted on the map, but none showed, just fast water for a while as the run off from the cascade passed to our right. But not long afterwards around the bend appeared more bubbles. Warned to look for a portage, the staff landed and beat his way back in the bush, eventually finding the well used trail a couple hundred yards below. Rather than look over the rest, we ran down to the landing and took out. The trail was too well used to be avoided and we let the Indian be our guide -- fortunately. However, it proved to be another pretty long one -- better than a mile again -- give her a mile and a quarter or a mile and a third for good measure. On top of that the trail kept getting lost on the rocky areas at the start. Even Minssie went wrong and ended up having to follow his slow footed sternsman for a good part of the carry -- but he and Walt breezed by as soon as the staff got hung up on a windfall leaving him to get disentangled by himself. We reached the foot of the carry about eleven -- at least most of us did. George was nowhere to be found even as we walked a good way back to the landing -- but there he was trudging along with his wannigan load having gotten lost on the rocks and abandoned his canoe, but it worked out right for everyone else since lunch was cooked on the bug infested shore at the foot of the rapids while the guide went back and rescued his canoe. We tried to play Section A with a box of starchy dudes, but most were moldy and discarded instead. Matt tried fishing after Gilby lost his lure to a snake -- using his hand line -- and landed a pike himself, but not the one with Gilby's Mepps this time unfortunately. We headed down the next stretch rounding the long thin point and running down the left shore toward Talking Rapids, but 77 rounded a final point carefully to see a curl of white water, and we beat a hasty and difficult retreat back up the shore for a long way before there was room enough to cross to the right shore -- where we should have been in the first place. In the process of crossing George suffered a leg cramp and then gathered more than his share of water in 57 -- the others fared better -- it must have been the seventh wave. The portage was short and easy -- only 50 - 75 yards along side a 20 foot chute. The canoes came up a little incline at the start escalator style hand over hand and we carried to the foot to establish the kitchen on the rock shore. The Indian had cut out only a small area big enough for two tents near the middle of the carry, so the other three had to find spots on the moss and hope it did not rain -- which looked like wishful thinking since a few drops fell at lunch time and a few more after we landed about 2:30. But she held off pretty well through the afternoon and evening though clouds kept hiding the sun for long intervals. Gilby tried his hand line again, losing the spool to the river, but getting a walleye. Carp and Matt tried with no luck, and then joined the staff and Walt to cook dinner -- another iced bannock to substitute for our lack of jam and other topping. Matt froed the last of our potato chips, so we are down to rice and mashed potatoes for the rest of the run. The fishermen tried again after dinner for a while, but soon got discouraged and quit with no strikes except for Canada. The weather continued to threaten as the bugs drove everyone to an early bed.

Saturday, August 12 -- For the first time all trip George beat the staff out of the tent and touched off the breakfast fire. Gilby's walleye disappeared quickly, and with another clear day we would have been off the campsite in record time if the staff had not insisted on taking pictures of the chute first. As we drifted down out of the eddy George let his canoe drift too close to the right shore and took enough water in the chop to necessitate bailing, but the others cut to the center in time. The lay of the land made it look as though there might be a rapid coming up, but there was nothing but current and maybe a big river horse race. In no time the Opinaca River ran in on our right and the bay before Basil Gorge opened up. The original plan had been to camp on the near side of Basil and take a load across in the afternoon and finish her off the next morning, but we should have been started across between 10 and 10:30 had the staff done a better job of looking for the trail at the first landing he made in the bay, long before the gorge, but he decided it was nothing but beaver cuttings, and so started a two hour Section A game number 2 -- find the portage. We tried the top of the gorge, the bench mark, the little cabin used as a weather station, and the staff even crossed the river -- obviously finding nothing. He was forming some grand plans as to how to get down the gorge on our own when Carp appeared to announce that George had found the portage exactly where the initial landing had been made. By now it was 12:30, but we plugged across anyway, changing plans to get her all done today. Jarden had said she was two miles -- give her two and a quarter, maybe conservatively. It was a good walker on sand and level forest floor, but there just seemed to be no end. But the end was something! If there was ever a trail that went straight down, this was it for easily 100 feet. Somehow Matt got 27 half way down. Carp and the staff skidded 77 to join him, and both gave up. 59 stayed on top for the night. 74 was still somewhere back in the bush -- Gilby came on to lunch without her, and 57 was still at the start where George could get her for his second load. The last meal of spaghetti went into the pot for lunch and Minnsie supervised for one of his rare appearances in the kitchen. Back for the second load, everyone went in dribbles as dishes and pots were done -- and Minnsie and Dan put up their tent first. By 5:30 everything was across and the last of the gorges had been conquered. George and Walt split wood to use here and also fill four wannigans for Eastmain. The staff cooked and the rest went swimming -- Carp appearing in fresh pants and a clean checked shirt as the surprise of the evening. Everyone else took a bath after dinner, so for the first time in quite a while the section was reasonably clean again. The sun sank in a ball of red -- the moon -- about a quarter of it rose to the southwest -- and everyone turned in not a little sore and foot weary. For some reason we have been blessed with three straight days of perfect weather -- maybe a little too warm this afternoon -- but how long can it last?

Sunday, August 13 -- For some strange reason the weather held -- another beautiful morning with hardly a cloud in the sky. The staff was up and cooking at 6:30 and well before 8:30 we were sliding the canoes down the steep bank to the shore below. It was a long and slippery process. Luckily the trail was dry; what would it have been like in rain? We had scouted the first run from the top of the hill and planned to cut the corner on the left side

and run beside the swells in the center, but as we got close enough to see what was there, it was obvious that side was choked with rock, so back we went to the landing and cut across the current to the right side -- not without difficulty -- and ran the right side to the calm below. The view at the top of the next rapid almost immediately below indicated the left side was the better, so we crossed over and the staff led ahead looking toward the center of the river and deciding while running blind that that was the way to go -- but as usual he was wrong and a ledge lay directly in his path -- where he at first thought it was just a swell -- so he nosed her down again, and again 77 failed to clear the ledge and Minnsie and the staff were swimming again with an overturned canoe. It was getting to be a normal routine. This time again the eddy at the foot of the ledge would not toss out its collection and the crew and its crew spent what seemed like ages hanging on waiting for help from the water. Somehow the other four canoes all made it through to the left of the ledge -- where no one knows. A couple were too full of water to be much help as 77 finally floated out, but 74 came back up almost immediately to the rescue. Finally everything seemed to be reasonably safe. The staff threw his stern thwart into Gilby's canoe -- the camera bag had ripped her right out of the canoe and the cameras were gone. Naturally the wood wannigan was rescued while "N" disappeared, but the rest was rescued -- even one of Minnsie's boots. The canoe still posed a problem. 59 tried to pull her to shore, but had to cut loose before it went down the next rapid too, so down the next pitch she went. By now George and Jim were in pursuit. They let down the next little pitch and took off after her, catching her and tying on, but another rapid lay ahead and they had to cast off. 77 wrapped around a rock, but George managed to catch the rock and rip everything of valuse from the canoe -- including the lcst axe tied in the stern this time, but failing to get Minnsie's rod from under the bow seat. Meanwhile the staff let the others down the little pitch, reloaded everything that was on shore into the three remaining canoes, grabbed a ride with Carp and Walt, while Minnsie went with 74. Jim and George reappeared to report their adventures and pulled back up the next pitch. As everything was getting reorganized, George looked up river to see 74 had swamped or tipped over on a rock 15 feet off shore. 27 and 57 went up to the rescue, but not before the loads were suitably wet. Back together again, 27 and 57 took the loads of 77 while 74 took Minnsie and the staff mojoed with 59. The next little rapid was let down and a short lift over was made at the foot of it all -- and the rapids were all over and the river ran clear and straight ahead of us. We paddled the right shore picking up a few stray items from the disaster. The canoe was found on a sand bar and amid the clicking of cameras was tossed in the bush -- George had already taken the numbers and K's, so there was little left for the scavengers. The bag of brown sugar, the vanilla, the egg substitute, Minnsie's other boot, and the top of "N" were found, but that was it. We pulled up on a clay beach for lunch and Minnsie and the staff dried out their slightly wet packs. Lunch was cooked and a relatively dry spruce was knocked down to be added to the overloaded canoes. But by now the west wind had risen considerably, and it was a rough pull across the wide river to the slightly protected south shore, but still the wind had to be battled all the way to the Post. Finally the islands hove in sight and now shallow rapids with stones covered with cloudy water had to be negotiated -- without great

mishap. And then the flag poles appeared just around the corner. A wind sock and a Quebec flag at the hydro site, and then the Catholic Church, and finally the Bay Post. We landed just shore of the Bay dock and went up to be greeted by George Brown, the Manager, and John Hall, an anthropologist now at the University of Buffalo, but previously from Franklin and Marshall. They advised us on campsites and we went down to see Father Vaillancourt to get his permission to use his field, but ended pitching on the river bank between the Church and the Post. Very few Indians were on hand to see us land -- we crept up on them -- but they all collected as we cooked dinner -- the greatest attraction being the reflector which they had never seen. Father Vaillancourt came out to translate for them and marvel at the reflector. He departed to hold his 7:30 Vespers Service, but very few Indians went with him. George and John came down just before dinner was cooked and sat with us through the meal -- as did the Indians -- and indicated that the entire male population was on hand to watch our meal -- maybe 25 men -- plus innumerable women and children. After dinner the Indians continued to inspect our outfit, especially as Carp -- who was under the weather as a result of his "Bay cigar" started to unroll. George opened the store for us so we could sample coke and candy for the first time since Mistassini -- or rather since Tom and George finally drank that bottle of Tom Collins Mix they carried for so long so far back -- and then we sat for a while outside the Post discussing the Indians and their life with John -- and George, who had only been in charge of the post for a month. Finally the guide started the move back to the campsite to rescue his soaking wet sleeping bag that had been dragged through the water when 74 went over and had not been discovered until we reached the campsite. There was a brief outdoors meeting to view the Northern Lights and incidentally the thunder heads and lightning off to the northwest as maybe a shower will put an end to our good weather record.

Monday, August 14 -- But no, the storm disappeared, and the sun was up, bright and hot in the east at an early hour, driving the staff out of his tent with its heat at eight-fifteen or so. Lots of others had trouble sleeping later also. So there was a crowd by the time the fire was going and the pancake batter was made. The staff went off to correspond with Austin via the radio and to send a telegram to camp saying we had arrived. Carp and Walt came too to see what this radio business was all about and George Brown treated the trio to cups of coffee -- welcome since that down at the campsite had not yet started to boil. Meanwhile the guide and crew were going wild with pancakes, and Minnsie even got to the point where he deep fried his production -- followed by a behind-the-back flipping sequence, which the guide tried in vain to emulate. John Hall appeared at this point and took George, Walt, and the staff back up through the village on a guided tour of the establishment. There was relatively little activity in and around the houses, but all the Indians seemed most cheerful and willing to have us look around. The rest of the section joined the tour in dribbles until all but Matt were collected. A pile of goose decoys was discovered and Carp and Gilby each eventually purchased one apiece for a couple bucks each. John took everyone into the house he was using and showed off some of the belongings stored there including some muckluks, snoeshoes, various ancient firearms, moose leg bones used for scraping, and a collection of

goose tracheae. We in return helped portage his baggage down to the shore as he waited for the Canso on the scheduled flight and also had him to lunch. The plane arrived, but headed up the coast, but the mail came in and Father Vaillancourt walked by with a Time Magazine which George promptly borrowed off him and the section fell to reading up on the latest news of roits and such happenings to the south. A large delegation arrived to watch us cook lunch including Matthew, the chief, with his interpreter, John, to inquire about the location of the wreck of 77 -- in return for that information he traced out a little of the route down through the Village Lakes so that Great Bend can be avoided by future sections, but his information was sketchy at best -- mostly because the interpreter was not too good. Most of the section then spent the afternoon reading and soaking up the sun and talking with John. The staff went back to photograph with George's borrowed camera and Jim latched on to Teddy -- the only enterprising youngster in the village apparently -- and together they had a tour of the work being done around the village -- a couple canoes being recanvassed, a net being made, a moose hide being softened, and a couple minor shows. Teddy's mother had a piece of moose hide, so apparently we might be able to buy some from her for our plaque which is now being discussed. Another delegation arrived to watch dinner preparations -- apparently last night's group was intended as a welcoming committee since no one knew we were coming but John Hall and he had told only Teddy's parents. From all we could gather we were the first party to come down the river since Dave Jarden made the trip. We even ran into one of the Indians who bought one of Jarden's canoes -- he said he had recanvassed it. The crowd dwindled after dinner but a few girls returned after their dinner to watch. None of them would take over the baking, however, even though the staff offered. They did read our cook book, however, so maybe they learned something after all! The goose decoys were dismantled and stowed in a wannigan for transport on the last leg of the journey. George complained of still suffering from his pancake stuffing of the morning -- but recovered in time to gobble up a couple Crispy Crunches after dinner. George Brown may not be getting rich on us, but his stock of Tums is going fast! Carp manufactured another successful cooked pudding -- the instant stuff is for the birds was the general reaction from everyone. A small wrestling match ensued after numerous tents were more than securely pegged down -- partially as a means of using the new axes purchased at the Post. For another storm threatened from the Bay, but as of late in the evening only a very few scattered drops of rain had fallen.

Tuesday, August 15 -- Our rain passed over again and we got no more than the few drops of the early evening. The morning broke a little cloudy and so the sun did not warm up the tents quite as easily and it was something after nine before we got up to cook breakfast -- and with pancakes again, the morning started slowly. Finally we wandered up to the village to purchase a piece of moose hide from Teddy Moses' mother -- which we got for three dollars -- plus the assembly of the village and various antics by Teddy's mother with her scissors -- and comments from Grandmother Lisa. The price was a little high but the clowning we got in addition to it was probably worth it all. We tried again for more decoys, but the hunter who was going to bring them in was still out after geese and ducks. The staff, guide, and Walt went back to George Brown's house to listen to the radio -- a lot of long messages including

one in French that had to be spelled out completely -- for Fort George. Finally we gathered that we were supposed to get two Norseman charters tomorrow instead of our Canso and we could get two canoes out in the process. The staff put out a feeler to sell 74 as a result. George's wife-to-be, Dollie, was introduced in the process, but she stayed in the living room giving the visitors the kitchen. Lunch was then cooked in the middle of the afternoon. The staff went back to photograph some more and most others sacked out, still with the Priest's Time Magazines to read. Dan and Tom went down and were entertained by the Father later. Minnsie, George, and Walt went up around the point for a swim and the staff cooked dinner. No Indians arrived to view the process, so the novelty of our visit seems to have worn off. We went back to the village to see about the decoys, but the staff ended up getting map information on the Village Lakes route from Lisa and Matthew with Teddy translating, and it seemed like the whole village crowding into the Moses cabin. The young boys outside even stopped their soccer game to crowd around. In the process the big black thunder clouds that were rolling in from the Bay passed by for the time being at least. Finally after dark we got started for the decoys, but the hunter had not returned, so we started back, just as he came up from the beach, so in the dark Jim bought two -- one for himself and one for the section plaque. We started back, but a square dance was rumored and we returned -- Gilby tuned in on the guitar with one of the locals outside one of the cabins. Meanwhile Walt, Tom, and Minnsie arrived after having had a pleasant chat with the Father. Jim returned to his tent, but the new arrivals brought Bones with them -- and she cowered for protection from the strange dogs. Finally Matt, Carp, George, and the staff grew tired of standing and came home. The others followed later, much later, because Gilby would not let go of the guitar he had found even if the Indians did want to go to bed. Meanwhile another thunder storm with high winds started to move in on us, so again maybe the weather's trying its best to change.

Wednesday, August 16 -- The weather failed to shift itself, and the sun was up bright and warm just as has been the case for the past week. Breakfast was started before eight so the staff could go up and listen to the radio at 9:00. Of all things, the reports were that the Norseman was taking off for us at 9:15. As usual followed a period of hurry up and wait. George Brown contributed a large bowl of eggs, so pancakes were out -- though the batter was all made, and eggs were in. The first group broke camp and went to sit on the beach off the Hydro dock and wait. Finally a plane arrived, but it turned out to be one of the Hydro planes with what looked to be a couple tourists. Naturally he occupied the end of the dock with his plane, but eventually as Don Beamish appeared with our Norseman he made motions to take off after we told him where we had met our two Frenchmen on the river -- we still never found out what they were doing there! Finally 57 plus Matt, Carp, Jim, Tom, and the staff loaded up and left at exactly noon. The last group then set about a lunch of pancakes and eggs -- sounds like just more breakfast -- and breaking camp. The Indians appeared to look over 74, and one appeared with the required \$100 so George parted company with her. The Hydro man offered a cup of coffee and a look at the map of projected dam sites on the Rupert and Broadback -- about seven on the former and one -- a diversion dam on the Broadback. Meanwhile the other group had landed at

Moose and gone to pick up the mail and try to make train arrangements, but since the ONR was in a state of confusion trying to get off an evening train, progress was slow, particularly toward getting hold of our baggage car, but the ONR assured us we could camp by the creek as usual since it was ONR land and Lands and Forests had no control over it. George and the others arrived toward 4:30 and Austin trucked the outfit to the station somewhat reluctantly, but effectively. Then followed a half hour or so of try to find the baggage car, which we never did, but the canoes and gear that was unneeded at the campsite were stored in the freight office. Unfortunately we had to pitch right next to Wabun and watch them cook fresh hamburgers while we made do with the canned variety. By 7:30 or 8:00 all was done up for the night and the gang headed off to the local movie and/or restaurant. Bones objected to being tied and left, but at least the two little Wabun puppies were put away out of sight in one of their tents. An hour or so later the sky clouded over for good and lightning flashed in all directions, and we finally got caught in one of the storms that have been threatening for days.

Thursday, August 17 -- She kept up on and off during the night with high winds at intervals that sprung a few tent poles and flapped a few pieces of canvas -- some of which leaked anyway -- so that water poured into a few beds. Anyway, Wabun was up cooking at 6:30. The staff listened to the crackle of their fire for a while and finally could stand it no longer and figured that if Wabun could cook in the steady drizzle, so could Keewaydin, so at 7:00 he pulled on his rain suit and braved the elements. The outlook was not too cheerful, but the fire got going and at least the coffee boiled. The soggy camp came down to be stored in the freight office with the rest of our gear while our baggage car was being emptied -- there was some great confusion about the whole thing stemming from the fact that there was no order from North Bay for our car. Anyway lunch supplies were purchased at the HBC and at 10:30 a baggage car appeared and was loaded with both our gear and Wabun's -- the Wabun dogs getting shut up behind a wall of wannigans while Bones was tied in our end. The train started late and kept up that way all the way down. Rain fell outside and traffic to and from the restaurant car was constant despite the generous sandwiches provided. The ride was long and slow so that we pulled into Cochrane just before six -- an hour and a half late. Clothes washing was out with only an hour plus left till train time. George and Matt forced their way into a grocery store that wanted to close while the staff made sure the car would be set off at Temagami. Then a quick trip to a local restaurant and everyone was on board just at the 7:10 departure time, only to have to wait a while before we pulled out. Again the rain beat down outside as we rolled along slowly toward T Station. More sandwiches -- plus George's inevitable Chrispy Crunches -- and then an attempt or two at a nap made impossible because Minnsie kept giggling. Finally out of the rain and mist T Station appeared.

Friday, August 18 -- By now it was 12:30 or so as the train halted on a soggy platform -- but fortunately the rain let up. The car was set off as promised. Wabun loaded up on the Boat Line truck and disappeared down the Mine Road. We pulled 57 and 27 out of the car and cleaned up a little and then headed toward the new local Chinese all-night restaurant. Jim looked it all over with

disgust, but outside the Hippies, things were not too bad. We roamed the streets for a while and the staff picked up his car for his personal sleeping accomidations and everyone else bedded down in the car. 7:30 came quickly. The staff and Walt took the first load down the Mine Road while the rest took to the laundry. Matt and the staff worked in haircuts and the second load departed after George taught the waitress how to make an Indiana milk shake. Matt, Carp, Dan, and Walt were left to look over the junk left for us to use on the way in -- 5 pieces of wood and canvas -- all 17 footers -- not a Bay canoe among them as ordered -- maybe we were supposed to break up two of them to use to make decent machines. Anyway we took 5, 56, and 87 as the best of no selection -- 87 had been Gilby's canoe last year; the staff had paddled 56 back in 1959, and she was far from new then! The Revingtons arrived and joined us for a few moments before leaving on the north bound boat. We pulled out in rain and mist. According to the radio it was 28° warmer in Eastmain when we left than in T Station! We paddled up around Bear Island and tried for the good campsite -- but as feared, Nishe had Belanger Bay -- he must have been there for a week! We settled on a sloping red pine site and pitched the fly -- and even had to cut most of the tent poles. The north wind blew and the rain fell on and off for a while. A few naps were taken as the promised onion soup boiled. Finally the staff baked the last bannock -- almost fried it actually -- and dinner was cooked slowly with the last of the beef stew. Minnsie and Dan appeared long enough to eat and disappear -- as did Jim, but the others sat around the fire until dark while Carp and Gilby put the heads back on their decoys. But the chilly Temagami air plus the lack of sleep for the last couple nights ended the evening pretty early. There was a lot of speculation on tomorrow's weather chances, but prospects looked only fair as we called it a day.

Saturday, August 19 -- Our requests directed upstairs must have been heard. Some of our Eastmain weather started to appear -- not as warm, but sunny with a reasonable wind. The staff was up at a conventional hour, cooking the last good pot of Section A coffee plus cereal that no one eats anyway. Breakfast was quick, and some of it even was eaten. There were a few hesitant thoughts about taking a bath -- particularly from Gilby of all people -- but we settled for a reasonable wash. Attired in clothes kept carefully all trip for this purpose -- or sent to Moose -- or washed yesterday we shoved off just before the staff's announced departure time of 8:45. The pull up the west side of Wabun and then along the inside of Long Island was easy as the temperature rose a little. We poked along, looking for other sections, but saw no one -- they must have pulled out at the crack of dawn. A couple long smoke breaks were taken in the bays before Seal Rock, and finally hair combing time came and we pulled out from the point five abreast and headed for the main dock, giving the spectators time to gather as we went. The cannon finally roared, cheers were exchanged, and it was all over but the picture taking and the countless tales of the Bay. We made only one mistake -- we should have bought out the Indian's supply of decoys and set up our own business as soon as we landed!

End