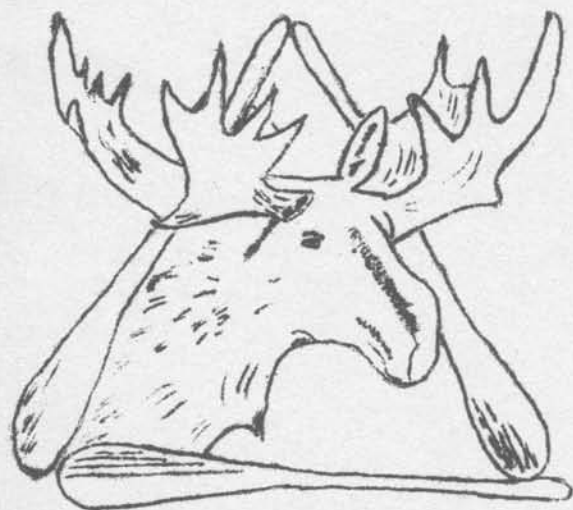


KEEWAYDIN



SECTION

A

1968

JAMES BAY

via

EASTMAIN RIVER

June 30 - August 19, 1968

27 Olivier Francois
John Magladery

59 Chip Davison
Buck Weaver

57 Dave (Reb) Cross
George Revington, Guide

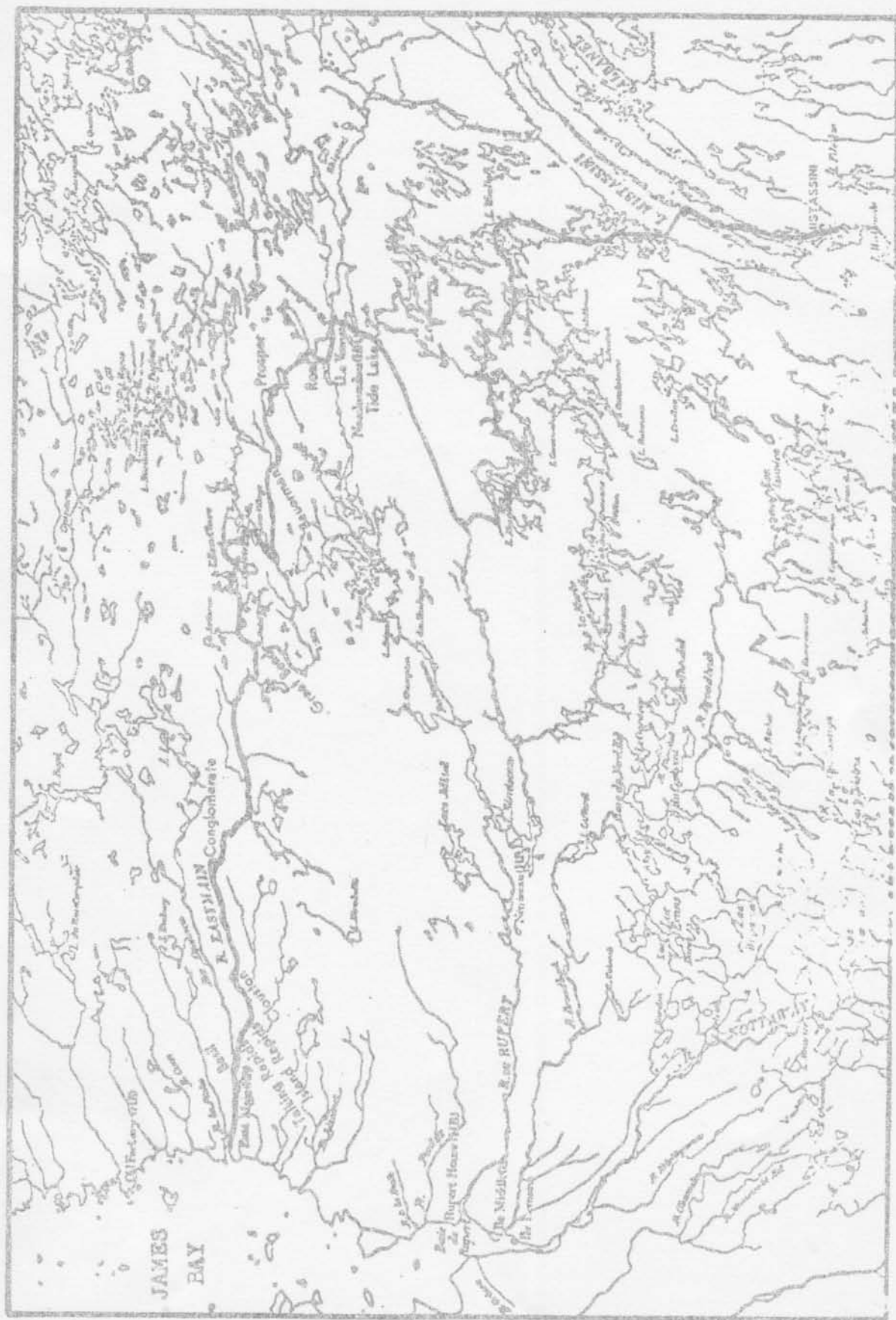
74 Gordon Brown
Dave Celantano

77 Randy Hersey
Hob Evans, Staff

Dead Eye -- Gerzelda -- Windigo

Mistassina - Rupert River - Misticawassee Creek - Neoskweskau

Clearwater River - "Scraggly Bush" - Eastmain



1968 EASTMAIN ROUTE

Scale: 32 miles to 1 inch

Sunday, June 30 -- Maybe as an indication of things to come the sun actually rose this morning, somewhat of a strange phenomenon after a week or ten days of clouds and rain. The staff optimistically called at the Bay tents at 7:10 expecting breakfast at 7:30 -- forgetting the day of the week, but still at 8:00 Oliver was struggling to stuff a roll 3 feet wide into a pack a foot and a half -- finally giving up and cutting the old pack sack off and substituting a brand new one from Stan's emporium. Breakfast took a while in spite of Gilby's efforts to speed up the process, and Chip, Oliver, and Gordon, of course, had to acquire their green wrist bands before we could get down to the serious business of loading up. H. Bones was there along with all the Eastmain veterans to see us off -- along with everyone else -- as we pulled out to the KKK's and headed toward Seal Rock against a gentle south wind at 9:15. Shirts were soon off, and Rabbit Nose, LaFay's Point, and all the notable land marks passed easily. A little dry wood was collected near the cliffs opposite Wabun and the back channel was paddled with the nearness of the passgae of the Chee-ko as the only real excitement. Somehow the clubbers had left vacant the good campsite oppsite Faskin's Point and in short order the beans were bubbling away, it now being almost one o'clock. Chief and Glen slipped by unnoticed, but Russell waved from the steel boat. 77 headed off ahead of the others for Boat Line Bay to find the boxes already unloaded and Micky Sloane and wife standing by with the truck. The others pulled in soon, and the packing process began, only to discover that one of the truck tires had to be changed. The ropes holding the canoes on the truck created an intricate maze when all was finally secure with 77 on the Chief's car and everything else loaded on the truck. The trip to Temagami was accomplished at a snail's pace and the tire repaired by Dan Charettes's helper while the section paid a last visit -- for a while -- to the T Station restaurants -- a visit strangely briefer than expected. One of the Wabun Albany sections portaged by on their way to the station, informing us, thankfully, that they were training down from Moose a couple days ahead of us and so hopefully we'll miss connections there. The cavalcade finally started north after 4:00 with the staff leading, the truck in the middle, and Russell poking along behind at far below his normal pace. Latchford, New Liskard, Noranda-Rouyn went by as did the Hippies of Val d'Or. Russell took off ahead with the guide to get us a cabin for the night and fortunately got the last one available and were entrenched when the staff and the truck arrived. The necessities for the night came off the truck and Micky headed for Senneterre for the evening. Dinner was started on the electric oven -- which was nothing more than a two burner hot plate really, so it was midnight by the time the dishes were done. Reb complained it was way past his bed time and so we might suffer weatherwise. Russell and Glen refused to share our floor and took to the cars for the evening, but the rest settled down for the evening with six in the back and four in the front room almost at the stroke of midnight.

Monday, July 1 -- The staff woke as planned at 5:00 and turned on the stove to heat the coffee water -- missing one of the right burners and warming the oven instead -- and then went back to sleep planning to wake at 6:00. An hour past the scheduled time he made it and dumped the coffee in the water that had only taken two hours to boil. Meanwhile the rains started in earnest amid lightning and thunder. Russell and Glen were up on time and fully rolled and dressed by seven. Bacon, eggs, and toast made the breakfast scene

as the rain slackened and stopped and Russell headed for Senneterre with the packs and one car load to start repacking the truck. George did the reloading in the rain outside the only restaurant in town and the staff car arrived to add the finishing touches and help spread the top canoes. Finally just before ten we rolled north on the gravel road, hitting a good 40 mph because of the truck. The 22 miles of construction gave a few roller coaster thrills and at one point Reb looked over the dash board and failed to see the road completely. A short stop was made at Minguon for coffee and to allow George to finally get a call through to the States. Reb tried to get a discount on a whole box of wintergreen lifesavers, but got nowhere even with Oliver's translations and had to pay full rates. Lunch was started picnic style beside the Waswanapi River, but the rain came again forcing the meal to be finished in the cars, and we moved on. Gas ran short at Chapais, but fortunately we made it. For some strange reason it turned out we did not need travel permits -- apparently all over Quebec. The staff still didn't believe it! The truck was already at Fecteau and the staff's business quickly concluded and fishing licenses bought. But now Russell's car was lost. The staff drove back to Chapais to find him where last seen, but no car and green canoe were to be found. So having already sent the truck ahead, the staff car headed for the Waconichi gate after motoring through modern Chibougamau. Russell was met about half way to the gate coming back to find the lost car, and all were together at the gate. The Frenchmen at the gate reluctantly gave in and let us pass with our letter of permit, although a few translations from Oliver helped a little and shrtened the process. We turned onto the sand road to Mistassini about mile 42 and pulled up at the dock to be greeted by a slightly gray, but relatively calm lake ahead. The truck was quickly unloaded and it and the two cars headed south to drop the second leg boxes at Fecteau. The canoes were loaded and we shoved off from the sand beach about 7:00. Buck immediately spotted a gusher rising from the floor of 59, but we paddled north in spite of the fact that he was sinking -- so both bow and stern had problems as Chip had snapped a seat bolt in the bow coming down Temagami. Dry wood was drawn as the rain came up quickly from the rear, but somehow, although many rain suits appeared, it never really amounted to anything. The campsite oppsite Mistassini Post was reached about 8:45 or so, but after the landing, the fine Scotch mist started to thicken and poles were cut in the mist and gathering gloom as the guide started dinner which appeared after tents were up, but at such an hour that no one could tell the beet juice from the hamberger gravey on his mashed potatoes. Dishes and pots were done by flash light and the wannigans put to bed under the fly before midnight as Reb kept complaining about having missed his bed time again.

Tuesday, July 2 -- The morning proved to be an improvement with regard to weather until the staff got up to cook breakfast after nine. And the rain started again for an hour or so. About 10:30 some blue sky appeared and pancakes were cooked for an hour and a half or so until noon when Chip and Gordon appeared. Meanwhile a canoe with three Indians arrived to finf out if we needes a guide -- which we didn't -- and they departed after a rain squall hit and held us under the fly for a while. A couple of squalls later all was cleaned up and the section voted to skip lunch and about 2:00 or so Buck started the move to the Post with everyone finally going in three canoes. Buck found his puppy -- a small bundle of black and white

fur, promptly given some unmentionable, unpronounceable, and unspellable name. He headed back with Dave and Chip, leaving the others to tour the village, in which little was happening mainly because of the weather. A few pictures were snapped with some older Indians pushing out all their children to have their pictures taken and others dragging them back. Some even had their pictures taken in return by some of the locals. Glen Speers was quite talkative at the Post and John, Oliver, and Randy headed back; George kept a watchful eye on them as they pitched and tossed in the waves kicked up by a strengthening west wind. A light mist fell on and off and the white caps continued and the guide and staff had hot and cold feet about making the crossing. Meanwhile being attacked by Glen's seven beagles looking for attention. And then the Scotch clerk appeared and offered a tow which was finally accepted. The crossing could not have been wetter without going over. 57 had to be cast off once before she flipped, but four drenched travelers were finally landed on the shore below the campsite to leave the canoe where she was and beat their way through the bush to start the fire and dinner -- and hope to dry out a little. Dinner was done in a fine mist, and dishes washed before dark, though the pot crew was not done for hours. Reb headed for his tent to discover the dog had not been able to hold down his meals and with good nature went to clean up the mess while Buck struggled on with the pots. Night fell as the wind kept up and the mist showed no signs of stopping. Dave tried rock throwing for tomorrow and Reb promised to pray, but the staff was not very optimistic about our chances.

Wedn esday, July 3 -- A reduced west wind still blew at dawn and the staff finally made it out of the sack at 7:10 just as blue sky began to appear to the west and by the time the section was up, the sun was shining. Reb reported a sleepless night with Grezelda -- or whatever his name turns out to be -- although Buck seemed to feel Reb's troubles were partially of his own making as he was much too kind hearted for his own good., finally sharing his sleeping bag with the mutt. We were finally rolled and headed toward the post at 9:30 as 59 was by far the last off the site. John headed off immediately for another dog and returned with Grezelda's brother. A few went photographing and it was just after eleven when we bid goodbye and headed north -- now with three dogs since Dead Eye had been given to Randy. For identification the dogs were now supplied with red, blue, and yellow ribbons. Before we were through the narrows a bi-speckled Indian lad hailed us and called us in and demanded a dog back. It turned out to be John's he wanted -- apparently his father had plans for the pup, and the boy's mother had sold the dog without her husband's permission. Anyway, John eventually collected another almost black -- this time -- so we can at least tell Windego from the others. We paused briefly at the hangings on the way out of the narrows, but the staff could see nothing new since several years ago. The wind caused little trouble and at times alternated from the west and north. We lunched on our first of many starch meals five or six miles up the Bay in a little sheltered sand beach cove under a warm sun where no wind could reach us. The dogs got token baths which did little good, and provided entertainment as they played together along the beach. 77 took Dead Eye reluctantly and he bayed at the moon frequently on the rest of the paddle. A hurried dog break was called an hour later and George broke out his fishing tackle

convinced that the lake was too big and it would only be by luck that a fish might swim by and take his lure. Without trouble the campsite at the top of the bay was reached before six, and camp was pitched on a slightly dirty site. Oliver went fishing without success. Reb, Chip, and Gordon paddled over to a neighboring beach for a cold bath. The dogs all got washed -- Gerzelda and Dead Eye really have white markings. George snapped his new axe handle and spent the after dinner hours hanging the handle carried in the staff canoe. The dogs were encouraged to wear themselves out so their owners and tentmates might sleep, and Gerzelda even lost a few bouts. Dave threw his rocks, but Reb refused to pray -- so we'll see who controls the weather tomorrow.

Thursday, July 4 -- Gerzelda wanted to play at 5 am, and no one escaped for about half an hour, but he quieted down, and the staff made it up in bright sunlight at 6:40. The water refused to boil, however, and the section was all rolled and ready even before the coffee was done. A strong south wind blew across the site and kept the flames from the pots effectively. So it was nine o'clock or so before we were off. The wind through the narrows was great, but rose as we ran the rest of the peninsula until the fishing camp offered some protection. Outside the lake rolled pretty well, but we gambled on trying to pick up the east shore of the next large island to the north. The crossing was supposed to have been done in one jump, but the wind forced a run behind a small island first. The 18-footers took her without a drop, but a 17 never would have made it, and often the canoe ahead almost completely disappeared in a trough. Lunch was cooked in a cove that offered protection, and the dogs faught and the section sun bathed while the lake rolled even more and the spaghetti boiled. But, the meal over, the wind had dropped, and while she still rolled a little, the trip north along the island was uneventful and dull. All we saw was an Indian tent from the distance. At least the ones at the fishing camp had rushed down to the shore to ask where we were going -- and when told Eastmain, the man in the group had to explain to the women and youngsters where it was. Gerzelda tried to take a swim as we neared the crossing at 3:30, but Buck dragged him out as he swam by. Anyway Dave's rock throwing kept good weather in to the jumping off spot for the crossing. However, Reb and Randy had willed us rain at 5:00. Their gods were 15 minutes early, shortly after we had started dinner, having decided it was too early to head for the far shore. Buck fried the potatoes in spite of the light drizzle, and by the time the meal was over, everyone was in rain gear. The rain let up and the wind dropped, so we headed her across, all attired in rain gear. The lake was calm and the paddle easy. Fog rolled in at the half way point, and fortunately George had taken compass readings before we started over, so George ran on a magnetic reading of 330 and the staff ran on 340, and we hit the Rupert opening on the nose. Reb missed the timing of the trip by a few minutes, but in about an hour and three-quarters we were gliding by the fog covered shores as the rain came down heavier. The staff finally found the campsite, and the canoes were unloaded one at a time in the only possible landing channel in the shallows. Tents went up and a fire was finally kindled. The fly went up and the bannock saved for the occasion was consumed. The water finally heated enough for a few pannikins of something hot as the rain fell steadily, and by 10:30 the tents were full of wet people and dogs --

as the rain kept on. Dave threw rocks again, but one hit shore, so he only promised sun by 9:30 tomorrow. We all came to the conclusion that anyone who comes up here to stand out in the rain is a little crazy -- and most of us especially so for having done it a couple times. No one seemed to remember it had been the 4th of July -- and Oliver was waiting for Bastille Day anyway.

Friday, July 5 -- The rain stopped during the night and the fog lifted, but early in the morning the sky was still gray and threatening. The canvas was still wet so the staff sacked out until just after eight. Reb was up to help slice the bacon and Gerzelda and Windego joined the cooks for the first time. We ate before rolling and since packs had to be tumped and canoes loaded one at a time, it was after eleven by the time we shoved off. By then the sun was definitely working -- in fact it appeared twenty minutes before Dave's 9:30 prediction. The wind had shifted more to the north and so produced a slight head wind. Three freighters plowed across the water behind the islands shortly after noon, but they were too far away to see who manned them. We pulled into the portage around two, spotting one of the freighters fishing nearby. An Indian family was in the process of finishing up the same carry, so we watched while they took their last loads across -- on a tump line, just like us -- with the loads on top of whatever was tumped being larger than that which was tumped. We waited a while before starting ourselves to give them a chance to finish up and then took a load or so across ourselves before lunch. Dead Eye made the mistake of getting into the sliced Kam, and the meal took longer than it should, so we were not on the water until after four. Our first experience with the Rupert current followed with no great excitement, and we paddled the lake-like expanse and found the river correctly. A boat with four Indians passed headed back up the river a couple miles before the campsite, and the only other excitement was the number of landings Windego needed. The weather held fair though there was a threat of rain around five, but it was never really warm at any time. The campsite appeared around six. Tents up with most of the poles still around and a stack of wood was left near the fireplace that had to be remade. The old Wabun wannigan top previously used as a fish cleaning board was still around -- it's been there since 1963. Randy landed the first trout of the trip off the campsite. Dave had one, but Randy lost it after landing. Oliver added two more by the time dinner was ready. After dinner Oliver had three more, Gordon one, and the staff one -- all small -- so there would be trout in the morning also. The sun set with purple and red bands of light, and the night promises to be a good sleeper.

Saturday, July 6 -- And it was a cold one, though the morning was warmer than should have been expected. The sun peeked through at breakfast time. For some reason it took ages to roll and we were not on the water until about 9:15. Windego finally learned to crawl out of the tent and appear as the fire was laid, so the dogs were making some improvement in learning. Trout for breakfast for the first time, but a good bit of it went begging. We ran our first real rapid with no major events shortly afterwards and continued north with fair current and a couple riffles to make life interesting. The wind seemed to have shifted to the north for a while, but the west wind finally prevailed and pushed back the gray sky as we pulled into the Esker portage around 12:15. The little island at the head

provided some excitement as 27 found out about eddies. The first loads were over in short order and the second ones made it as lunch was started. Noodles and beef seemed a little skimpy, so we added some vegetables. Tents went up gradually and sleeping bags and clothes got a good airing in the warm afternoon sun as the clouds completely disappeared. Oliver brought in three small trout and the staff one for dinner. We fried another batch of potatoes -- we're nearing the end. The staff manufactured a pineapple upside down cake and Oliver introduced us to Trout Bleu -- boiled trout. The guide baked so the staff could fish, but Randy took the evening honors with almost his first KKK fish -- a two pound trout and a 12 pound pike. George added a trout and Buck brought in his first KKK fish -- a trout also. This campsite produced maybe a single small one a year ago -- now a fair number -- though most were small. John started Randy on a boneless fillet of his pike -- by first scaling it! The staff broke a long standing rule and butchered the fish to get enough meat for Randy to have a snack in the morning at least. The dogs played King of the Mountain on the fly covered wannigans, and so to bed for what looks to be another cool night.

Sunday, July 7 -- By all normal northwoods weather lore this should have been a perfect day. The sun shone brightly as the staff laid the fire, the night had been cool as expected, but the sun quickly warmed the campsite. There had been a heavy dew at night and a gentle south wind rustled the birch. We did better this morning -- only 50 minutes after the staff called and we were rolled and so on the water at 8:40. Reb insisted he had not heard the original call to get rolled. The trout disappeared, but only a part of the pike made it. A couple little riffles followed with nothing of great import and no need to get out and inspect any of the runs. We started down Capichinatun with a gentle quartering tail wind from the southeast. There were a few votes to sail which neither guide nor staff heeded -- we would have blown right up on the Bandit's fishing camp -- and it was occupied this year. We paddled the length with the wind strengthening as we went along. John entertained with a few songs, and we pulled in at the portage before noon. The first loads went right across to find two sports and an Indian guide just finishing lunch on our fireplace, so we built another, but by the time the staff had drawn a dry sruce, the Cree guide was done, and we moved over to his fireplace -- or rather our own fireplace. The sports had three good sized pike and a couple trout, and they pulled out in their outboard to find a few walleye -- which they returned with a couple hours later. Their guide packed the fish, the pots, the motor, and the gas while they took their rods back across the portage. The wind continued with an overcast sky making for poor photography. The staff brought back one small trout while George and Oliver took a canoe after pike and walleye -- and were skunked -- the Indian wouldn't tell where he got his fish. The tents got pitched back up on the hill except for Randy and Oliver who preferred the rock by the fire. About 5:00 the rain started and the fly had to go up -- tent style to help block the wind, and the fireplace was moved under it for protection. The staff and guide cooked and were eventually joined by Gordon while most everyone else slept. Dinner was served in a semi-drizzle which was uncomfortable especially since there was no room under the fly. After dinner Reb led Gordon, Oliver, and Buck off to look for the ice cave but returned without success ready to lake the guide who had given them

directions. There having been nothing else to do, everyone turned in for the night as the rain more or less stopped though the clouds did not lift much.

Monday, July 8 -- Rain fell on and off through the night leaving the canvas wet at 6:30 when the staff first thought of getting up. The sky looked leaden, so he rolled over for another 40 winks. A couple abortive attempts were made at getting up, but each time the rain started up again lightly and he gave up and went back to bed. About 8:00 there was a brief commotion as the dogs refused to sleep any longer and Gerzelda made one attempt to get into the staff tent with no success. Finally at 9:00 the staff forced his way to the kitchen and made pancakes. At 10:00 almost everyone appeared to wait his turn on the fry pan. And at 11:30 as the dish crew was finishing breakfast, the staff started lunch after announcing that we were moving after lunch. Gerzelda and Windego got baths again while Dead Eye just remained dirty. The tents came down and we were on the water at 1:30 only to be held up while the staff climbed a hill to take pictures of the falls. The lake was calm as glass and the humidity was high as we paddled north past the bear skulls on the point. The guide tried to concoct a story about the skulls, but it fell flat after the fiasco of the ice cave. The wind rose a little, still from the south as the temperature dropped and the staff and guide paddled out onto unfamiliar territory on the opposite side of the sand island in Woollett. Then followed the search for the exit. Without really knowing where they were, guide and staff hit the north exit on the nose. We walked the first rapid, deciding it could be run, but the second looked a little rough, so we paddled off to look at the south exit. The current ran swift for a while and a rapid sealed us off on our course. Around a bend lay a long flat obstacle of maybe 400 yards. This time only guide and staff climbed the ridge to look it over and returned to elect to take it down the right shore, which we did without incident. Another little riff followed leaving us in the calm below the island. Of course we took a side trip north up to listen to the rapids at the northern exit, and then had to turn around and head back south again. In the process it started to rain in earnest and gradually everyone was clothed in rain gear. The canoes started filling with water as we finally broke through between the mainland and the last island and could see through the mist the start of the white water for the falls out of that stretch. The portage landing was hit with no delay, and the rain stopped as we landed. No campsite on the upper side, so we took the 250 yarder to the foot where accommodations could be found. Not great, but it would do for a night at least. Dinner was in order and was cooked between short, light rain storms. Freeze-dry beef steaks. Freeze-dry peas and dehydrated potatoes -- not much weight lost from the wannigans, but they were light enough anyway. About the only thing of weight are a couple of the babies with flour and sugar in them. The rain held off long enough to get settled for the night, and Gerzelda started to howl as thunder and lightning brought down another storm at 11:15. It's been a pretty wet last two days.

Tuesday, July 9 -- A thunder storm hit at 6 am and pelted the campsite for about half an hour making a normal departure unthinkable. At fifteen minute intervals the staff looked out hoping for improvement and every time he started to move, the rain came down again. The dogs added to the waiting period by trying to climb

the walls of the staff tent. Finally after nine a break came, and the staff finally kindled the fire finding Randy ready and waiting, freshly washed some time before. Breakfast was eaten before rolling, so it was 11:30 or so before we shoved off to start the day. The weather cleared, and the sun appeared, but so did a heavy west wind. A couple miles of rapids were run after the campsite with the guide leading down an interesting path, but how much of the white water was rapid and how much was wind working on current was open to question. We pulled down shore a couple more miles against the wind and called a halt for lunch hoping the wind would go down -- it didn't. An Indian site back in the bush provided dry wood, but it took a while for the spaghetti to boil anyway. George took an intentional swim, but could get no one to join him. We pulled on against the wind making slow progress even when we rounded the point and turned north. The only respite was a brief run to the east after we penetrated too deep into a bay. We had picked up a burn on our right shore soon after the long rapid below the campsite, and it continued the rest of the day, occasionally jumping to the left shore in places. The staff led down a little pitch to take pictures and almost got more than he bargained for as 27 and 74 played dangerously close to the swells. The rapid at the turn had to be looked over, but was run without incident, and even though we were now headed southwest, the wind was still in our teeth. A bit of promising land was found at a beaver lodge and a campsite was made out of nothing but rock and reindeer moss. The only good thing about it was the proximity of dry wood. Dave headed off to climb one of the chicots in spite of John's yells that the tent still had to go up. And then while dinner cooked Dave, John, Gordon, Buck, and Chip took an excursion to the top of a burned ridge to get a view of the country, returning at dinner time to allow as how the trip was worth it. But the guide just finished his date cake for tomorrow in time as about 8:30 it started to rain again and the tents were occupied. The shower was relatively brief and the wind died a good deal as the evening grew a little bit chilly as darkness approached and the radios picked up a little sound.

Wednesday, July 10 -- The staff tent was protected from the wind and rain and the staff tried to start breakfast before seven and gave up and went back to bed without lighting the fire so cold and wet was it. Shortly after eight he tried again and this time braved the cold and Scotch mist and got up courage enough to call to roll. Reb looked over in disbelief and pulled his Scotch tam on as he crawled out of his tent. Anyway we loaded up and were off just before ten as small patches of blue showed. The west wind still blew, but much less violently than yesterday. But Buck went through a patty-cake-patty-cake routine to warm his hands at the first break. The burn stayed with us all day, but not as fresh as before. An hour or so later the sun broke through occasionally and as we pulled into a portage at a small falls just around noon, it was out for good. The macaroni boiled away as the loads came across with Reb taking 57 for his second load and letting her come to rest none too gently. A few pictures later we moved on to investigate the next rapid and rejected the center channel after looking her over -- and running the west side of the large island finally. The top proved a little interesting as 74 got too far into the swells and had to be dumped after the run. The bottom took a little looking over, and the staff who ran first had a few anxious moments as the others came through,

It now being 3:30 or 4:00 the plan was to camp at the next portage, but there turned out to be no portage as we ran the left shore easily, although the western sun in our eyes was no help. So on to the next rapid looking for a campsite as we went, especially at every little swift we found running between islands. It did not take long before neither navigator had any idea where we were and only by following the current did we know we were headed somewhere near correctly. Little riffles separated most islands, and if we had to retrace our travels we'd be completely lost. Anyway we finally found a fairly large stream and started down only to run into an interesting rapid which the staff found a run for and took while the rest watched. It was especially interesting because of the blinding sun -- plus the stones at the foot. By now it was after six, so we called it a day on a thin rocky point. Tent poles had to be drawn from the mainland by canoe and the tent sites left a good deal to be desired, but the rocky cooking area was fine even by Temagami standards. Randy tried fishing, loaned his rod to Oliver, who pulled out a couple pound trout on his first cast -- and Randy ended with nothing. The guide finally got the cocoa hungries, so our first pot of cocoa got brewed. The dishes were done just before dark. Reb and Gordon predicted we were on the west branch of the river and the guide-staff consultation on the aerial photographs confirmed their guess. John and Dave tuned in to a Canadian station to discover a mail strike is planned for next week. Oliver was still fishing at dark and he and Randy, pitched on the bare rock point started out with all three dogs for the night. And the full moon rose as another cool evening was promised.

Thursday, July 11 -- It all started awfully early with a knock on the staff tent door at 5:30 by Randy with Gerzelda with Oliver's Mepps stuck in his nose. There was no chance of passing it through, so amid screams from the dog, George and Oliver held him while the staff snipped the lure and hooks off, leaving the barb still in place. Strangely enough the hook did not seem to bother him after the weight of the lure was removed, and he went back peacefully to sleep and acted his usual self all day. He may be the only dog in captivity with a ring in his nose! After that frightening experience the staff finally got back to sleep and so didn't get up till seven. The sky was lighter at 5:30 than it was at 7:00, and the wind had picked up, but after consuming Oliver's trout we were on the water at 8:50 for our earliest start. Around the bend was the next of the rapids, run along the left shore after we looked it over. And just below was the final run to the foot which was taken in two sections with an eddy in between. George ran down to the eddy and called the rest down to look at a rocky run to the foot which was made successfully after watching 57 take it alone. We tried to cut behind an island only to find the path blocked with stone after experiencing one of our now rare tail winds. 59 and 77 paddled around the island to arrive just as the last of the other canoes was finishing a lift-over across the stone wall. Just below the staff wanted to run left of an island, but the guide fortunately had apprehensions and they got out to look and discovered a ledge -- so we ran the north side instead. The wind rose, causing some of the little riffles that followed to grow. 27 showed an affinity for bubbly water and rode the swells at the best of these, taking a little water in the process. A really high wind out of a bay to the south caused us to duck behind what turned out to be a small island, and we snuck out and continued, fighting the wind as we went. A few spits of rain caused the wind to drop a little and

progress was wet, cold, and slow -- but possible. Looking for a lunch site that could also be a campsite, we kept on, finding nothing suitable and reached the rapids at the head of Mountain Peninsula. The left side was too hard to look over, so we tried the right and after waiting out a couple short, quick showers ran down next to the islands and caught the large eddy below to have lunch finally at 1:30. The staff scouted the next pitch and found a run down the center, so we took her for the most powerful pitch thus far. But no problems. We paddled up the east side of the mountain with no wind, but she was waiting for us on the west side. George tried to get Reb to portage over the mountain while he paddled around, but no takers. Then paddling down the west side with the wind, Reb spent the time wishing for a wannigan of Wintergreen Life Savers. We finally found a sand beach campsite -- which low and behold had once been used for a one-tent Indian site -- the first such we had seen since the carry just out of Woollett. While Reb, Randy, guide, and staff drew wood, cooked dinner, built a bean hole fire, and put up the fly to ward off the increasing rain, the tents went up back in a grassy depression behind the old Indian site -- which now became a wannigan line -- and then Dave and John built a fire to burn their cigarettes -- so the smokers are reduced! After dinner, despite the rain, Chip, John, Dave, and Buck took a swim off the sand beach and survived in spite of complaints about water temperature and sand. A plane came in low and circled and landed briefly a short distance down the river -- so if the rain lets up tomorrow, we may see neighbors. The staff laid his beans to rest in the warm sand, and the rain started in earnest, so what the finished product will look like has yet to be discovered. Oliver headed off to patch his air mattress and Chip closed up the kitchen area for the night as the rain pelted down.

Friday, July 12 -- The sun shone in the door of the staff tent at an early hour and in spite of the coolness of the air the guide was up at 6:30 to light the fire. The rain had let up through the night and the wind shifted a few degrees to the north. In spite of two pairs of hands cooking breakfast, it was still 8:50 before we were loaded and off the site, and it was a real hand freezer as we paddled west. Our neighbors were not to be seen -- apparently the plane of yesterday evening had landed down in a bay to the south. We dodged through a few rocks taking the wrong side of an island and by mid-morning pulled into a narrow spot in the river with a rough looking rapid and even rougher looking water below. Thinking maybe the Indian portaged it all, we investigated the possibility of a trail back in a bay before it all, but after beating through the bush for a good while decided on following the river. The explorers returned to the parked canoes to find Buck sound asleep in the stern of his canoe and the others waiting with him equally dead to the world. We ran the top pitch of the rapid without real problem although a couple canoes went crossways in the swells and took water. At the chute below the guide heated up last night's beans that were over done in the sand that had really been too warm in spite of the rain while the staff and Randy went and cut and blazed a portage trail that left everyone guessing after lunch when they tried to carry it. The guide had a run in with the dogs over the jam pot -- and the hounds were properly scared for a few minutes at least. But just around the corner was the rest of the rapid with two really rough spots in it and no good way to let down, so another

new trail was cut up over a hill and down to a sand beach at the foot. This time all the axemen helped clear and plot the course so the carry was more organized, but longer and harder. Of course helped not at all by the fact that the dogs did not regard it as a proper trail and refused to walk by themselves. An hour later we pulled into a chute at the north end of an island, tried to find a campsite, and found only three tent sites, and so elected to run the chute and move on -- an unwise decision, for the grand game of find a campsite was singularly unproductive for a long time. Finally the guide found a beach with a flat semi-clear area and we quit in desperation. Unfortunately it was on the west shore and the sun sank behind the hills before dinner was done around eight, and the evening grew cold quickly. The guide tried to give lessons in dog training with some small success, topped off by having Dead Eye get under the hot water being drained off the freeze-dry ground beef, followed by loud screams from the startled dog. The staff had just time to repair John's paddle and a broken tump before darkness set in and the cold drove everyone to his tent in spite of the heat from the fire helped by Randy's bushed shirt and socks.

Saturday, July 13 -- The cool night produced a surprisingly warm morning, and it only took 45 minutes after the staff called for the first person to arrive at breakfast -- if Gordon is excepted. Nevertheless we set a record and got on the water at 8:40. The lake was dead calm as we started south and shirts came off quickly only to go back on as soon as the south wind picked up -- which was only an hour after we started out. At mid-morning two unscheduled rapids appeared, but both were run though a lot of water was taken on the first as a result of getting too far out in the power swells. The second had fewer swells, but more rocks. We pulled down the open stretch below where the south branch of the Rupert rejoined us in a side wind, made the turn north and lunched on a small rocky island -- rather a pair of them. The dogs were relegated to one of the islands after Randy reluctantly gave Dead Eye a bath and Windego whined almost continuously with the others joining in at intervals. The guide started obedience training with Windego, trying to make him sit before getting fed -- with some success. The south wind helped us over the next stretch, and the sun shone down quite warmly. We watched the vapor trail of a jet high above and passed by the first large Indian campsite we have seen since leaving Woollett. The turn to the rapid was made and a little well cut 200 yard portage made around it -- it was a long, flat, rocky rapid and not very spectacular. Someone had passed through shortly before us leaving foot prints in the loading area. No campsite was available, so we paddled out onto the bays of Mesgouez to find even less in the way of a campsite, finally after six settling on an area with a very rocky beach, one old Indian tent site, and lots of scraggly bush. Third and fourth tent choice were nothing to brag about. The only good thing about the whole place was the availability of large flat sided rocks for the fireplace. The dogs unfortunately got more obedience training, and Buck's instructions to Gerzelda were worse than John's yelling at Windego to shut up. The sky started to cloud over -- the farmer had been gathering up his sheep during the afternoon, as Nishe used to tell Section A, and the warm night and cloudy sky made the friendly weather prophet predict rain before morning.

Sunday, July 14 -- We blew it -- Bastille Day, and we forgot to celebrate for Oliver. Anyway it was an unusual day nevertheless. The night was terribly warm, and the weather profit was wrong -- no rain at night at all. The sky was hazy and the south wind still blew strong as the staff crawled out with no idea what the weather would do, so we rolled and prepared to move. Everything was down as a few drops of rain fell, so we shoved off anyway into the teeth of the wind. Half an hour later the staff and guide finally relocated us on the map so navigation was a little surer, but the wind no less. We slipped through a rocky passage -- when we could have gone the other side of the island and had deep water, and now the rain suits were out. Finally the staff gave in and pulled his out and now it really started to pour. At least the humidity dropped a little for the only saving grace. We would have pulled in and recamped had there been any campgrounds, and by the time one appeared we were getting closer to the rapids, the wind was less effective since we had shelter, and the rain had stopped for the moment at least. We made the final turn north after spotting what we supposed was a fly-in camp marked by something orange fluttering from some kind of pole, but it was too far away to really tell. Then we got the full force of the wind -- but at our backs, and flew along toward the rapids riding the wind and current quite well. The staff and guide started scouting -- not knowing where the portage, if portage there was was supposed to be located. Seeing it was going to be a long process, the guide pulled the section across to a rocky point to cook lunch leaving Randy for almost an hour to hold the staff canoe while the staff walked the entire rapid finding all sorts of evidence of travel on the left side -- including someone's discarded long johns, a pair of socks, a Needham High (Mass) Phys Ed pair of shorts, some antenna wire, a pile of Freeze Dry food cans from the States, and an excellent fireplace with sawed birch beside it. But the trail was not the Indian's and looked like fishermen's remains, and if the Freeze Dry people were travelers, they either brought their own poles or didn't camp -- and some of the Freeze Dry cans had scrambled egg mix -- so the mystery continued. Since the macaroni water had not yet boiled, the staff went looking for the Indian portage, which he found after several false leads since it was back 75 yards from any water now present. But after walking 600 yards of it and realizing there was a lot more to go, he concluded for once the white man had a better route than the Indian. So lunch over, and the dogs stuffed with excess macaroni, we started down. Of course a quick shower had to come just then, but we lifted over an island, ran down the right side of the swells, crossed the river, and caught a bay at the head of a chute for another little lift over, slipped down the shore 75 yards and lifted over again, and then slipped down another 100 yards to the campsite. It was all done by 3:30, and now the sun came out for photography, but more important, a general swim for everyone -- and some clothes bushing at the same time. Randy baked a cherry pie -- without top, since that dough went into cinnamon rolls. Oliver went fishing of course and landed three, the largest about 1½ pounds. Randy matched the big one, leaving his baking to others. John fried up the potatoes, and the bread line came around seven followed by anxious moments as thunder and lightning rolled and crackled off to the west and north, but somehow never hit us. Randy took two more trout, keeping the larger, and the staff released his only one, while Oliver just played with one for a while. Reb experimented with Buck's camera taking pictures of the falls in

blackness and gradually we turned in after what turned out to be a pretty good day in spite of a rough start.

Monday, July 15 -- Again the morning was sunny and warm -- for about the second or third time this has happened. Gerzelda and Dead Eye had spent the night sleeping in the fireplace and refused to move even as the staff touched off the fire. By 8:30 we were portaging across the boulders to the foot of the carry around the last part of the pitch, and before nine we were all on the water in the hot sun. The next rapid lay just ahead at a large island. We had planned to look at both sides, but the left, or first one we came too looked so much like lots of the other runs we had already done, we elected to take her right away. Another of these runs inside the swells and outside a ledge. The staff ran first and parked in the eddy below to photograph. The guide led down, missed his run slightly and ran partially over the ledge making a beautiful movie scene as he disappeared from sight several times only to rise again and make it through although he'd picked up a good bit of water. 27 was not so fortunate, and over she went, although out of the movies. John and Oliver held onto the canoe and the loads through the white water and into the calmer stuff below. Rescue had to be delayed until they floated through some rocks, and then 74 and 77 were on hand. By then 57 had caught shore, unloaded, and dumped, and Reb and George arrived with an unloaded canoe ready to take on the packs and water filled wannigans while 74 took the tent and baby and cameras. 77 took the canoe and crew in tow and headed for shore, helped not at all by the current. 74 cruised back and took John off the stern making the towing easier, and 57 unloaded the damp cargo and returned just as 77 made it to a calm behind a flat rock. Meanwhile 59 dumped over on the far side and got the water out of the jewelry -- without opening it first which led to a soggy bannock and soaked matches in the tray. Eventually 27 was reunited with its cargo and crew and we loaded up for the next rapid. The staff ran ahead and this time hit the portage trail on first guess and the others came down to join. We carried the 250 yards or so past the only real falls in the series and were soon back on the water. The staff poked around in a side channel at the top of the next one, finding nothing, but wasting a good half hour or so in the process. We then crossed over to the left and after a good bit of scouting ran pretty much down the center, staying out of the major swells to avoid rocks on the left shore, and caught another flat rock point similar to that of last night -- though not as attractive. The guide and staff wandered around and found the portage starting back in a bay, and we elected to camp, it now being noon, and let 27's crew dry out. Their packs were not bad at all considering the time they'd been in the water, but the cameras were something else again. Oliver eventually got his shutter working in spite of rust by taking a good bit of it apart. John's was in similar shape, but his attempts at taking it apart were successful -- but putting it back together was another story -- and had no ending. Meanwhile the Section A game was started -- pull the starch apart. There were eight pounds of spaghetti in their wannigans unfortunately. So of course starch was planned for lunch right away, but then the dehydrated Camper's Stew was found to be wet and it had to be substituted. The starch pulling was called off unfortunately, because the crew unanimously agreed that wet starch was easier to pull than dry. The pulling took most of the afternoon and finally

at night four of the eight pounds were in small pieces and dry -- but the project had consumed several hours in the process. Buck napped through the afternoon session while John and Oliver worked on cameras and Oliver took time off to catch a couple trout. The staff took a 5 or 6 pound pike in disgust for his efforts. We cooked dinner slowly and iced a bannock to celebrate whatever it was we had to celebrate. Again rain threatened, but never really materialized as dark clouds passed off to the west and north before the sky cleared again about 8:00. Chip worked a while on his ball-in-the-box carving project. Some read a little -- a few napped during the afternoon, but the Section A game was the major attraction with Dave and Reb getting First Prize in the pulling contest with Gordon a close second. But by 9:30 the campsite was surprisingly deserted as everyone seemed to have turned in.

Tuesday, July 16 -- Miracles will happen, and we were on the portage trail at 8:15 this morning. No one knows why the early start! We ran out the swirls at the entrance to the bay, and the guide found a little trickle of water down the left shore for the next little pitch. The final one needed a run down the center again, but shortly afterwards it was all over, and we were floating in the bay at the turn toward Neoskweskau. We paddled past the sand bar and were on our way. The country was really attractive with sand beaches and rocky outcroppings and stands of jack pine and lots of campsites. The creek narrowed soon and we pulled up our first rapid -- more a wading operation by many. But the day was warm again, and the going relatively easy to the pond at the head of the wide water. On the way up the staff canoe, trailing the pack, spotted a year-old bear walking up a rock cliff, paying little attention to the four canoes that had already gone by without spotting him. We wasted a good half hour looking for a portage trail at the rapid out of the pond and then gave up and pulled up it. And at the same time ran into a burn which detracted from the countryside. It was noon when we reached the calm above and were faced with another rapid -- with no portage trail to be found again. So the staff went scouting while the guide pulled off in a jack pine stand to cook lunch -- starch that had been pulled apart the previous day. More was pulled while lunch was started. After lunch we pulled a couple little swifts, cut a portage of about 75 yards through the burn and continued, reaching a pond at the top of our carry. A little swift was paddled after the guide found the path up and then a small falls was portaged on the left over bare rock. For some strange reason we found an old Indian campsite almost on first try and called it quits before five not wanting to tackle the next stretch of stream which should contain a lot of rapids late in the day. John, Randy, and Dave took swims before dinner and had a short football game. Reb baked a cinnamon bannock for tomorrow. Oliver and Gordon went fishing up at the rapid we will have to pass tomorrow, and Gordon took two trout of over a pound on flies. Some more spaghetti pulling went on, but the pullers tired quickly and not a great deal got done as the bugs drove everyone to bed early. The guide took a paddle for a while after he and Reb and the staff took baths. And relative quiet descended as the dogs faught, played, chewed up an old sugar bag, and played king-of-the-mountain on top of the fly.

Wednesday, July 17 -- The dogs were up before anyone and only

Dead Eye greeted the staff at the fire -- the other two were much too busy working on Gordon's fish which he'd left in the water overnight. What was salvagable was cooked for breakfast and somehow we were on the water at 8:10 for our best start by miles. The sky was overcast and the humidity up as we started up the creek. Three hours later we reached a pond -- actually as the crow flies only about a mile from the pond on which we had camped the night before, but no one looked closely at the map fortunately. Only one portage had to be cut, and that only 30 - 50 yards, but the canoes were loaded and unloaded innumerable times for lift overs at small falls. No sign of the Indian was to be found during the process. A fair number were wet from slips and spills -- Dave holding all records -- once with the canoe and once with his wannigan. On the latter slip, Buck rushed to the rescue and took the load and then tried to pull Dave out -- whose foot was stuck in the rock three feet below the water -- and Buck went slipping in himself while Dave managed to get himself free much more easily without assistance. Rain fell ever so lightly at times; the humidity stayed up; but worst of all the black flies were all over the place -- mainly on Reb's head, and Off and those inventions helped only a little. Lunch was cooked at one of the little lift overs after the pond on a trail made by an Indian -- so we had found him again. The spaghetti pull went on during the meal -- one more day to go with the stuff. Then a couple more lift overs around falls -- plus some paddling and pulling. We were getting better at this pulling business, but were nowhere near pros as yet. We almost lost a couple canoes on occasions -- 27 almost went once needing Oliver to leap in to keep the bow from swinging down a falls, and 74 had a few anxious moments as the bow went too far out in one of the pull ups. Anyway by 3:00 we were at least paddling on relatively level water. The burn was left behind, and the only problems were the bugs, the current, and an east wind, of all things. It never blows that way when we go west which is most of the time! About 5:00 we pulled up at an Indian site which was not much to write home about, but we made it do. The guide drew dry wood from an island across the way, and Chip split it -- as well as most of the Indian's store of dry wood. It looked like the same Indian as the one of last night -- at least he'd left his wood the same way including a block of wood as yet unsawed. Gordon baked a coffee cake for dinner and Reb took the one for noon tomorrow -- after his cinnamon success at noon. By 7:00 dinner was over and the pots picked clean as usual -- maybe the appetites were bolstered by Buck's and John's conversation coming down the lake about various hamburger joints -- particularly McDonald's, Ugh! Independently both guide and staff took canoes to go exploring and discovered another Indian site about 75 yards farther on -- but no better than what we had, and the falls at the end of the stretch had a real, honest to goodness, portage trail, so we won't have to bush our way up the creek tomorrow -- at least to start with. The radios worked tonight -- the high hills to the south having dropped a little -- and the dogs had another king-of-the-mountain game on the top of the fly.

Thursday, July 18 -- The staff didn't make it out of the sack until 6:50 for some unknown reason. The night had been much too still and warm for good sleeping weather and the morning was absolutely still with haze to the west almost hiding Randy's blue mountain of yesterday. We rolled in oppressive humidity, restacked the Indian's wood -- he'll have problems figuring out how his sawed wood became

ax-cut wood. Anyway we were off by 8:25 and a mile farther on took the portage previously scouted. Gordon decided he didn't like the Indian's trail and plowed into the bush on his own, only to come back to us later. Then ahead we tossed the canoes again for a 75 yards or so around a rapid just a little too tough to pull. 27 had a little trouble with the swift above as they tried to buck the current and got crossways making John hop out in waist deep water to straighten the canoe while Oliver sat calmly in the bow. The guide and staff walked the bush for a while looking for a non-existent portage to Misticawassee Lake and finally we had the good sense to go over to the nearby falls and find the Indian portage, even better cut than the previous two, although one windfall had to be cut out. We entered the creek after playing games behind an island -- which was only an island after the staff knocked out a little mud and grass to let the canoes be pulled through the opening. Our first encounter with the creek found it shallow, but after the second entrance came into view, it proved to be plenty deep and navigable. We paddled up through several turnings through country the guide and staff enjoyed, but many of the others found dull -- with sparse stands of jack pine all along the left shore. Then a falls needed a short portage, so we lunched in the middle of it and had the last go at pulling spaghetti -- we hope, and what was not pulled got bushed -- there wasn't much. But this makes three lunches of spaghetti in a row, which is enough for anyone! Randy collected iris bulbs, even if Oliver told him it was a common plant down south. But just around the bend was another falls and another carry. We started out like it was another little one, but it proved to be 400 yards -- and might have been longer had Randy not seen where the Indian put in. There was one swift left to paddle -- which was challenging, but possible. And then a flat stretch made it seem as though we were nearing the top of the creek, but no, another rapid and another portage, which proved to be a half mile, and we were out on Misticawassee Lake at last. Toward lunch time we had begun to collect a little Scotch mist and about the next portage it started in harder, wetting the bush at least pretty well, especially on the last one, but the day was still so humid no one really noticed a little rain mixed with the sweat. Out on the lake it came down harder, as Buck realized his burl drinking cup was missing and ran back across the portage to find it with no success -- mainly because Reb had borrowed it to get a drink and taken it along in 57. Buck eventually got over his anger after running his canoe up on a rock coming to catch the others. But the rain grew gradually harder, not uncomfortable so long as it came out of the southwest, but suddenly it swung and came from the north and east in sheets. The staff pulled up at a group of blazes, but found an Indian grave yard, and we moved on in the downpour. It let up enough for the guide to find us a spot in a jack pine stand where after clearing a path to the water and cutting down a fair number of trees we had a home for the night. Reb cut out a good part of the kitchen area as usual. Dinner was started and about half done before the fly had to go up -- pitched to cover the fire too, quite providently. Oliver and crew built a warming fire to try to help dry out, but the rain kept up -- though more drying was done than wetting for a while until about 8:00 it started in hard again and soon most people sought the tents. The rain had been in the offing for days -- it's a wonder it held off as long as it did. A little thunder rolled in the west, but no lightning as the rain continued to beat down well after dark.

Friday, July 19 -- The rain finally let up about 4:00 or 4:30, but at normal rising time the campsite was still soaked, and it was obviously not time to try moving. Around 8:00 some more light showers hit but amounted to nothing, so the staff started a pancake breakfast along about 8:30 or 9:00. Randy soon arrived to help and John and Dave crawled out of their wet tent -- John having spent the proverbial "night of wet." He was not alone since Chip, Gordon, and Buck all had similar complaints. The wind had shifted a few points and blew in strong gusts, and eventually blew a little blue our way, so we broke camp so that the lead canoes were on the water and drifting with the wind at 11:35. Twenty minutes later 59 got off the campsite. The paddle north was helped by the wind, and we reached the creek in good time -- which the staff promptly overshot by a quarter mile -- and we had to paddle back. One carry was made around a rapid. At the top we went in search of the Indian and finding a faint trail lifted or dragged the canoes up and over a sharp ridge and down into a triangular shaped pond with high ridges on all sides and no entrances or exits we could find -- steep hills on all sides -- and emerald green water, sort of like Wolf or Dewdney -- or Sunnywater. So we portaged out the east side over another ridge -- this time through the burn without even a faint trail, and so into another pond where we could see we were back on the creek again by the bubbly water entering just 50 yards in front of our landing. Lunch was cooked in a small spruce stand, on a side hill, on irons that bounced up and down, but still the guide and Reb got the meal together as Randy and the staff went scouting and decided the stream looked tough and found the Indian portage out of the east end of the pond. After lunch, since the trail was unblazed and tough to follow, loads were picketted along the way and no one got lost -- except Dead Eye who departed in 77 and those supposed to tell Dave failed to do so. We were considering keeping on for a while, but the large Indian campsite around the corner was too level and inviting, and we pulled up just before 6:00 and called it quits. The area would have been spectacular except for the burn -- high rock cliffs and a lot of white rock, but unfortunately little green. Randy started the dinner bannock, but Reb finished it up after building the fireplace and pitching his tent, and we ended up with an extra large coffee cake -- in fact more than the bannock pan could hold since Randy had put in a little bit extra of everything. Dave brewed the cocoa while Gordon took over the fried potatoes, and it was all done in good time. The quiet of the meal was broken by Gerzelda's screams as he stepped into Dave's pannikin of hot cocoa; spoiling a perfectly good pannikin full. Pictures were taken of the few Indian leavings including a couple of the dogs in left-over dog harnesses. The wet garmets hung out to dry for a while. The guide tried going for a paddle and Oliver tried fishing, but the gusty wind was fine going one way and murder coming back, and both thought better of his idea. Reb took last year's trip report off to read before turning in -- it may be a late night. The wind still blew toward 11:00, and for the first time in several nights the temperature promises to fall enough for good sleeping weather.

Saturday, July 20 -- The night was chilly for a change and good for sleeping after the three tents pitched together finally turned in. Guide and staff were both up to cook breakfast and be greeted by the dogs. Randy and Oliver refused to get out of bed until given a special call -- the last one non-verbal. We eventually

got on the water and headed off with the same wind as yesterday helping us along. The guide led up a series of horseraces, taken on a paddle -- with varying results, particularly as 27 had a few moments of doubt on one. We lined the last one and then carried a short distance over a sort of island between two falls. A short while later another went up over a hill from a pond to a long narrow body of water that looked something like a Norwegian fiord is supposed to look, with high hills on both sides and occasional little falls of water tumbling in. It took a couple hours to negotiate the distance with the guide in the lead making every turn with assurance even if the staff canoe did have the aerial photographs -- the map was getting practically useless. Then a short carry over a neck of land where the stream could not be easily followed because of beaver dams. Then we turned right into the next pond only to be blocked by a solid two-foot beaver dam, so we unloaded onto the dam and lifted over. The staff was now back in the lead and so went on to try to find the portage that should have led out of this pond. There were a couple blazes in the right place, but no trail, although it would have been an easy walker through an old burn that had not grown back. But the guide found a faint trail that took us up an impossible cliff and dropped us into a small pond for lunch. But there was no exit, and so a 200 yard portage through a burned area followed on trails of one's own choosing. And then the final run for Tide Lake. We made our own trail to a small pond and then another trail of our own to the creek that led to the lake. It twisted and turned an infinite number of times, but there was good current, a sandy bottom, and very few obstacles -- only one to chop out really. Buck and Chip lagged behind to take pictures, and the guide had to abandon playing gondolier with his spruce pole to wait on them. 77 spotted a beaver kit, but the others were too far behind to get up to him. A few geese were seen during the descent -- which was certainly more pleasant than ascending to be sure -- but seemingly without end. Buck was sure the lake had dried up and this was all there was left. And once Oliver decided to stand up in the bow and look for the lake -- which could have been disaster for 27 again. The delta was shallow and tricky -- and Tide Lake still has numerous rocks! Reb was in trouble with his deal with the guide -- two Crispy Crunchs for every rock hit; one returned for every rock missed that 57 would otherwise have hit. It was long past time to camp, but we could find nothing on which a tent could be pitched and had to push on. The creek which the '67 section had followed down into the lake was reached and the tricky delta and narrows followed without hitting many stones -- except when 74 fell behind and tried a short cut. By then it was 7:00 and obvious we were headed for Neoskwekau which we reached at 8:00 after knocking down some dry wood -- and with a starving crew. Tents went up as dinner was cooked and the bugs gathered. The sun had gone behind clouds as we entered the lake and it grew a little chilly as the sun cast red streaks into the clouds -- good for picture taking at least. The dishes and pots were done just beating darkness and no one waited long outside to feed the mosquitoes.

Sunday, July 21 -- The sun was up bright and early in a cloudless blue sky. We were a couple hours behind it -- delaying until seven because of the length of yesterday's travel day. Oliver finally crawled out of his tent with his hands on top of his head, spun around three times, and sat down for a good ten minutes before he made any move to throw his junk in his lumber jack roll. Our oatmeal

had to be laced with Cream of Wheat to make a last pot of Oatmeal. An expedition went back to the cemetery and to view the remains of the old house while the staff put a few patches on 27 and 59 before we pulled out. Still we got on the water -- an almost perfect calm -- by about 9:15. Clothes were shed immediately -- it was a skivvie day from the start. But the wind got a little chilly just before the rapid for the day was encountered, and a break was taken to get back on course by following the current and get buckled up for what might or might not be a run. The river was lower than a year ago, so the run of '67 did not exist near shore and the only way to take her was almost down the center. After debate, the staff took the run telling Randy they were angling out on the left of the last swells, but the canoe would not make it, and they cut through a good pitch of white water much to their own anxiety plus the apprehension of the onlookers and photographers. But 77 took only a couple ribs full of water and came back up in the eddy at the foot to give the rest the option of running or portaging -- the staff had earlier said if he ran, everyone ran, so he had to keep his word, though the run had been far from easy. As 77 watched ready to pick up any canoes, the guide and Reb took her without great trouble. 59 followed tight behind and just past the first pitch, Chip's paddle snapped clean in two, and Buck had to pilot her through even though Chip tried paddling with his hands, and they made it too. 27 was tight behind and too far out in the swells to be safe, but they were almost past the worst of it until Oliver tried to pull left out of the run off, and over she went for her second wetting. 57 and 59 were on the scene immediately to pull the cargo out and 77 arrived in time to take the canoe in tow for the short run to shore. Wannigans 5 and 26 have been wetted enough now so there was nothing left to suffer great damage, and their packs and other gear was pulled out quickly enough so that nothing really suffered other than pride. 74 still had the run to make so they headed up to pick up their canoe and start down while the others dumped and 77 stood ready to help, but none was necessary and she came down perfectly. The batteries on the staff's movie camera had run down at breakfast so there were no movies of the whole affair, but a good number of stills should be available. We headed north to "Axe Point" for an early lunch and to dry out. The Indian had been in residence and the guide's ax of a year ago was not to be found. Dave took a bath, but no one copied him, and we were back on the river quickly, now with the full river carrying us. The sun came out in its full glory again, and the paddle down to Nasacauso Lake was a sunning expedition. Dave had out his sun tan lotion -- always at the ready in his pocket -- but Oliver complained his legs were burning up after it was all over. A couple little rapids livened the afternoon a little, but 57 was anti-social and kept well in front of the pack. Randy tried fishing after several large pike were sighted near shoals, but no luck. The guide predicted a 3:00 arrival at the campsite, but he was a little premature, mainly because of long smoke and dog breaks. The Indian had left us a dock now high and dry six feet above the present river. Plus numerous other leavings which Oliver and Randy poked through as though on a treasure hunt. The staff baked a pineapple upside down cake, and Reb made the second one, discovering we were getting mighty low on flour. Dinner was over before seven and by now the bugs had left us enough so it was possible to stand around the fire and listen to the guide's stories -- while Chip continued to carve away on his block of poplar brought all

the way from the Rupert rapids above the turn. The sky started clouding over before dinner, and the sun had difficulty shining through -- probably bearing out the earlier afternoon's promise of some rain in the offing.

Monday, July 22 -- The rain came as feared -- by the bucket full during the night along with some good lightning and claps of thunder. And at any decent rising hour it was still coming down in fits and starts -- not as hard as before daylight, but still enough to discourage completely getting out of bed. Only the dogs were up and around, and they alternately played with Indian leavings and tried to seek shelter in tents. Finally the staff made it up at 11:00 during a lull in the weather. There was no point in cooking breakfast at this hour, so lunch was made immediately with only a fruit and coffee concession to the missing meal, which was just as well for our cereal and flour supply was so low we had not many meals of anything left of breakfast nature. The dogs entertained with a 3-way tug of war on some Indian relic as we cooked. Reb held a debate and vote as to whether we should stay put or move on to the re-outfitting spot as it looked as though the weather might clear a little. By a vote of 5-3 it was carried that we move after the staff outlined what was involved in the move and predicted a 7 pm arrival at the reoutfitting spot. So down it all came -- a little more slowly than predicted so it was after our 1:30 predicted start that everyone was on the water. It was not more than a mile and a half from the campsite that black clouds rolled up behind us and a violent thunder shower let loose on us with driving rain for about 10 minutes or so. As it hit Randy went to get his rain gear from his pack, dropping his paddle over the side, so 77 had an interesting few minutes getting it back. But by then it was more or less too late to turn back, so we headed on as the rain let up. Photographing Ross Gorge was abandoned as an idea, although the rain had stopped as we started up the little creek to the portage. For some reason in spite of the fact that the river was definitely lower than a year ago, the creek did not seem to have been affected at all, and it was just as deep -- or just as shallow -- as it was a year ago -- and had just as many twists and turns and just as many places where an 18½ foot canoe would not have fit. Anyway we paddled and poled to the start of the carry and then slogged our way through the Indian camp and then up the hill -- a good part of which was a small mountain stream by this time even if the rain had stopped. And then down the other side, but finally the pond appeared with no one the worse for wear -- though maybe a little wetter than might be wished. Reb left his lighter in his rain jacket pocket and so reached the end with no fire for his smoke -- in spite of the fact that he had just carried over the jewelry which contained, if nothing else, a full box of matches. And then the second loads came over as the rain came down again lightly. We shoved off for the last carry in a fine drizzle, but it stopped before we were on the water again. John took part of the last drop on the seat of his pants, but we were all over it by 4:00. Buck discovered the spring of ice water and passed around his burl cup. We were no sooner out of the bay, preparing to dry off, than the rain came again, and so it was on and off down the river. First the rain suits were on and then they were off, and we finally pulled up at the proposed reoutfitting campsite in a driving shower which we had to let die down before making camp. We tried the site on the island first, but not being sure which would be better, paddled over to find the other one in open water, but it was too far downstream

for the plane to get in, so we went back to the birch point, chopped out the alder at the landing, and made ourselves a home for a couple days. It did not look terribly Indian-like and whoever used it before started to build a cabin, but got only a couple logs up. Dinner was served about 8:00 and Buck insisted on a pot of tea, moving the walloping water to the side and causing the dish crew to complete their job in the rain as she came back again accompanied by more high winds. It has been a pretty rough last 18-24 hours weather-wise -- but Ross Gorge is over, and we will not have to go anywhere tomorrow.

Tuesday, July 23 -- Some rain through the night, but mostly just very high winds out of the northwest. Fortunately our stand of birch offered some protection or more than one tent would have been down. Around 8:30 the staff crawled out to sunshine, even if it was a little chilly. The fire blew out from under the irons, but with Reb's help breakfast was cooked. The cornmeal pancake batter was a hit -- at least for the first half dozen people to get to it. Gordon stood over a small pot of cereal for hours until finally he got some results, and the last three to the batter had slim pickings. The bags were aired out and the babies and liners dried and as the day progressed all the wannigans got cleaned. The staff patched 59 some more. Reb shellacked 57, and the staff did the others. Dave started a dock construction project that lasted into the afternoon assisted at times by John and Buck. The structure was finally completed after lunch and tested as Oliver jumped up and down on it. John added a bench to the campsite. Gordon whipped up a pudding that really puddled for lunch while Reb did most of the work on the Spanish rice. The afternoon turned to letter writing as the staff cleared away the brush from the water in front of the site so that hopefully the plane can get to shore. Buck took a nap as usual -- while supposedly writing his 9 letters. John took Windigo down to some rocks for a bath, and Dead Eye just got dirtier. Randy filed away on his knife picked up at the last campsite and then turned his attention to making a sling shot with George's equipment. Reb made the last icing for our last bannock until the plane arrives, and George finally got his meal of beef stew. After dinner the boxes of film to send back to camp were done up and an order sent off to Mines and Technical Surveys for various maps that people wanted when we arrived in camp -- \$30 worth in all! The staff tried fishing the rapid below the campsite after dinner with no success. The wind died, the setting sun threw bands of red across the sky, and the stars were out in full glory as we turned in.

Wednesday, July 24 -- The guide was up before eight after a really cool night -- good sleeping weather if you had more cover than Dave's "Girl Scout" bag. The staff was a little farther behind, but as soon as any noise was heard people started gathering in reverse order almost from yesterday when the batter ran out. Rationing was in order, and as a result Oliver won again -- this time as last man. But then as usual with reoutfitting days, it was hurry up and wait. We put out orange rain suits to attract the plane, but nothing showed through the morning. The guide went exploring as far as a rock in midriver after drawing a good dry stick of wood from the far shore. He responded to a lunch call that echoed off the adjacent hills and paddled in for his starch. Back he and Reb went in separate canoes after clearing away the floating junk left from the

dock clearing that was necessary since the river seemed to have risen flooding out the project so that the guide got wet trying to draw water in the morning. Dave did not believe the report when he got up and went to check, getting wet in the process too -- and that was the last experiment. By noon sections were floating free, and Dave and Buck went out and with effort pulled out the pilings so the plane would have no trouble. With no morning arrival, the staff estimated between 2:30 and 4:30 when asked for a two-hour period most likely for the purposes of an eight-man pool instigated by Reb. The 2:30 man might have won if the pilot had not missed sighting us on his first pass, but Dave ended up with the winning ticket. The Beaver circled several times and finally set down and taxied near shore only to have to start his engine again and make another swing to get to shore. The boxes came out quickly and joyiously we discovered Roy's package in the assembled group. The pilot tossed out an additional bag of mail -- all but one package of which belonged to the Dunmore section with Abby Fenn. The package of ours contained assorted film belonging to various people, and we got Oliver's into one of the boxes to send back. The pilot took our mail -- the strike was on apparently -- so he did not promise when it would get out. Three boxes, mostly of film, plus almost \$4.50 worth of mail going out -- more than came in by a long shot. The guide dished out the mail while the staff negotiated with the pilot. And then the job of bagging everything began and took until 5:15, but when it was all done, everything fit into the various wannigans and babies -- which was unusual for Section A. Roy's surprises were opened last and the guide found his Crispy Crunches and Reb had his Wintergreen Life Savers -- and the staff got his annual can of dehydrated carrots! Letters were passed around from Chief, Carp, and Walt, plus a card from all the old Section A men at camp. The guide spent the evening reading Time Magazine contributed by Walt -- and the staff delighted in his pack of Liggett and Myers best. Dinner was a success with a full bannock for a change and our first meal of fresh potatoes in a while -- the farmer started gathering up his sheep, but it did not actually rain. Oliver produced his two bottles of Champagne he had sent up and popped the corks with due ceremony. Buck's father contributed lolly pops to finish off the occasion. The guide and staff each went exploring a while, each in his own direction, while a game of Black Jack occupied most of the others. Oliver could get no one to play bridge, and no one will play poker with Reb unless he promises to lose. Buck swore off writing a diary -- having gotten out almost all of his letters -- and Randy needed a couple soda mints after all the excitement.

Thursday, July 25 -- Not a cloud was in the sky when the staff rose, and the river was completely calm with just a faint trace of mist. The guide had a rough night, but was fit in the morning. Somehow all the treasures brought by the plane got into the various packs, and we hit the water just before 8:30, for an earlier than usual start after reoutfitting. The mosquitoes were out in full force, so in spite of the warm day shirts stayed on for a while. We ran the first ledge of the rapid below, but were forced to lift over a small rock point just below to avoid heavy swells in the center of the river. All the rest of the rapids were run though with our heavier loads and less freeboard we were taking water in places where we would not have done so several days ago. By eleven they were all over, and we settled down to river current into the gorge. We experimented by running the right side of a large island where the

left side had been run last year and so found another rapid that would have been trouble if we had taken what looked to be the calm short course -- and was a falls or ledge if you will. But the right side was fine. We took a small side trip upstream by mistake, but turned and headed north again. We ran close to shore into the gorge and lunched with a natural fireplace overlooking the cascading water. Reb fried the Kam for the staff was useless getting his pictures taken. And the rest used up a good bit of film too even though a few clouds occasionally blotted out the sun. We then paddled back up the river fighting the current with Buck and Chip easily getting the best effort from 59. At 2:40 we started up the creek toward the portage and in spite of a couple false leads made the first pond at 3:50. In the process a few drops of rain caught us, but nothing of import fell although thunder was heard in the distance and dark clouds were on several sides. At lunch we had been able to watch a sheet of rain falling off to the north, but it blew off to the east of us. And now several more thunder showers missed us, but our good fortune could not hold indefinitely, and after we paddled the pond and started up the next piece of creek, the rain came harder until finally we reached the last pond or lake when it came in sheets and turned to hail for a few brief minutes. It lasted only five or ten minutes, and we pulled down to the portage landing to camp. On landing John pulled out a floating rib from 27 -- one of the pieces used to shore up a cracked rib -- Nishe will hear about the proficiency of his crew in securing their work. A small shower hit during dinner but was neither long nor hard, but the black flies were everywhere in spite of the fire, so by 7:30 almost everyone had retreated to his tent for protection. The guide and Chip took canoes out fishing for snakes, but otherwise the evening was dull and uneventful, and the sun finally disappeared behind the western hills after casting a few red shadows across our burn. Chip returned with a four-pound pike for pictures and the guide reported shallow water and small snakes.

Friday, July 26 -- This was one of those days when it does not pay to get out of bed. Rain started around or before dawn and came in fits and starts for several hours. The staff kept delaying the start of breakfast -- just five more minutes -- and in five minutes it would be raining again. Finally he got up and started the meal at 8:30, and at 9:10 he and the guide had breakfast well enough along to call the section to eat and roll later since the sky looked to be clearing from the west. Chip's pike -- hung in a tree overnight -- took the deep six since no one would clean it -- we've had no fish now since the Rupert was left. The tents were supposed to stay up to dry while we took the first loads across, but it would have been better if they had been dropped, for the rain started again lightly before the first loads were across. It let up again as the tents came down, but by then the die was cast anyway, so we took her the rest of the way across. The first canoes loaded had to drift on the river for a half hour waiting for Gordon and Chip to finish getting their last loads over. And no sooner had we finally started paddling then down she came again. Without advertising, the staff was fully prepared to camp, but nothing worthwhile appeared as the rain came and went several times, although we managed to run both rapids of the morning in lulls in the weather. Finally it was getting so late and the weather looked fair for the moment that the staff made the mistake of pulling ashore for lunch. The spaghetti finally started to boil just as the rain came again. This time in sheets with some hail mixed in and claps of thunder all around -- plus a few flashes

of lightning. Those most worried about their packs did some bailing as we left the site. Lunch was served in another squall wetting down the spaghetti even more -- and all during the whole stay "dog obedience school" went on with screams of "Sit" and "Stay" to Gerzelda and Windego -- while Dead Eye was just himself. Back on the water in a brief show of sun, for some reason 74 and 59 lagged way behind as another thunder head approached and the others had to hold up. In the long run it was no different. The storm caught us in another sheet of rain accompanied by lightning and thunder before we could possibly have reached Bauerman Falls anyway. It cleared enough so that an approach could be made safely, and one-by-one we slid down the left shore and into the tiny landing at the lip of the falls -- not quite as hair raising as Gilby had led us to believe in his pre-trip all night oration the night before we started out. The rock was as slippery as ice as we landed as a result of the rain -- which several people discovered. Camp was pitched in sunlight and tents went up in all the impossible places -- the staff site was no better for having laid idle for a year it was discovered. The '67 fireplace was in tact and a few sticks of wood remained from a year ago. The last of our fresh potatoes went for dinner. A few wannigans needed the dampness taken out of them after they had been rained on and into -- but there was not enough of the day left to do much good. A few sleeping bags appeared for airing or drying as a result of too much water in the canoes. The cameras clicked away to record the falls or chute -- depending on how you looked at it. The fishermen trien in vain for trout, and Oliver took a three or four pound pike, but that was all for the fishing. The bugs were out in full force as usual on fast water, so for some reason everyone seemed to disappear as the sun went down.

Saturday, July 27 -- The northern lights were out in fine display ap;arently around 10:30 or 11:00 last night. There is an old weather adage that says northern lights right after a rain mean more rain to come -- and the adage held true. Lightning filled the sky around midnight, but nothing came of it. The staff was up at the normal hour to cook breakfast as the sun was up in the east, but a black cloud rolled over as the coffee started to boil. By the time the cereal water was starting to perk it had gone by, and the western sky looked better. The staff climbed the rock next to his tent for a better view, and all was black behind that enticing gray, so back he went to the fire to mix pancake batter and give up for the day. The guide joined him, and breakfast was ready by 8:30 when it started to drizzle -- lightly at first and then heavy enough so they cut fly poles, knocked down another chicot before the bush got too wet, and rigged the fly on the almost solid rock base. Some time later people began to drift in to eat. Oliver cleaned his pike after a fashion, and it helped make the meal. Chip complained of having gotten a two-pound trout up on the rocky shore last night only to lose it. Back to the tents everyone went leaving the staff to cook lunch alone in the slight drizzle. One call of bread line about 1:30 brought everyone back briefly, but the rain started heavier and lasted through most of the afternoon until the staff and Reb started dinner after 5:00. The pie filling got used up, but for once everyone seemed to get enough to eat -- even the dogs looked like blown up balloons -- maybe because Gerzelda got most of the three pieces of bannock Buck had won at cards last night. The rain stopped just before dinner was served, and while the sun made only a token appearance as it sank, its rays did cast shadows of various colors

good for the photographers as it was time to quit for the night. The river had been rising all day as the rain fell and more small streams made their way through the various pools near the fireplace. The guide tried a little fishing with no success after dinner, but no one else had the courage to brave the elements and even Oliver retreated to his tent with a Time Magazine and a pannikin of tea.

Sunday, July 28 -- There is getting to be no possible way to predict this weather. The staff rose with the sun shining over a very chilly campsite. The canvas was all pretty well soaked either from dew or the result of yesterday's rain, for nothing much had happened through the night. But no sooner was the bacon on to cook and the guide had called the section to roll than a black cloud rolled over and let go on the breakfast. So we ate in the rain and left the packs in the tents -- Dave was a little upset since he had pulled everything out of his tent to roll just before the rain started, but he got it all safely back almost in time. But blue sky shone behind the rain storm, and as the wallowing was getting done, the sun broke through again, and we judged it safe to move on -- leaving the tents until the second trip across the soggy portage trail. Rain pants were a definite asset as the carry was made with the scraggly bush pressing tight to the edges of the trail which several people found difficult to locate in spots. Loading in the eddy proved an adventure in itself, but eventually it was all done, and we were on our way. The staff led out, hugging the shore as he did so and running just as close as possible -- too close in fact, as he ran his bow up on shore toward the foot of the run. 59 and 74 ran past while he was getting himself off, but somehow 27 got crossways to the current with the bow in the eddy and the stern in the stream, and over she went again! The guide skillfully avoided running her down and took aboard a wet dog and dragged some of the gear to shore. The staff canoe came back up the eddy just in time to lend John a helping hand after he let go of the canoe and tried to swim against the current to no avail -- a good part of his effort under water. Fortunately he kept his head and did not panic in the process. Of course wannigans 5 and 26 were soaked again -- the baby not so badly. And again there was too much in them that could be damaged -- two meals of Gumpert's glop -- one of macaroni and one of spaghetti. Plus the "Freshie" or whatever it is called, and a couple meals of fried potatoes. But for now the water was dumped out and on we moved to the next rapid just below which was run just as in '67 on the right shore with some rock dodging on the way down, but this run proved uneventful, though it went for a couple miles maybe. At the foot our major excitements were over for the day. The sun was out, but the air was far from warm as Dave loaned Oliver a jacket while John paddled on in spite of the cold. The west wind blew causing some chop to the water as the current struck it, but nothing of great consequence. The horserace a couple miles farther on had a few more white caps than should have been the case, but nothing serious. Just before noon we pulled up at the same Indian site used a year ago for lunch. The Indian had not reused it since then and the old fireplace was intact -- plus the Indian's copious supply of dry wood. The wet goods from 27 got some airing and one of the glop meals was cooked for lunch before it went bad and a "Freshie" mixture was invented. The three pounds of macaroni got pulled apart to wait for a later day. The guide aired his sleeping bag, dampened by the run off under the staff site of the last two days, but a mad dash had to be made just as the meal was done to put

everything up as another brief shower hit. It lasted only long enough to make the rain suits necessary, and the blue sky came again. But an hour later rain could be seen ahead near the Villiage Lakes, and after paddling another half hour looking at it ahead, we could see it start up the river toward us, and the staff craftily landed, hauled the canoes up, and stuffed the loads under them, and we took shelter in a small stand of balsam. All to little purpose; the rain was light and lasted only a short while, and we loaded up again, just as a shower blew back on us. In disgust we took to the water again, and the rain came longer and harder filling the canoes to the ribs before it let up again and we paddled on into the west wind. The dogs had proved a problem at the unloading -- they stayed back in the balsam and had to be searched for before we could go on and now first 74 and then 59 were held up with dog breaks. So it was close to five before we hit the campsite. In the process we paddled past the surveyor's site used in '67 -- the log ladder in the water was still intact -- surprising since all the way down the river we had seen scars on trees and other evidence of damage done by the ice in the spring. And we passed right by the waterfall where the Village Lakes portage is located without anyone of the eight people who did not know it was there spotting the cascade of water -- and the staff would not tell what they had missed. The campsite was just as left in '67, complete with fireplace still intact. The Indian had not done a great deal to the site other than pitch a tent briefly and take up one of the canoes left on the rack behind the site -- there were now only three freighters and one canoe left there -- a canoe was missing, but the cache under one of them was still there -- and the hangings had not been replenished and most had fallen down. After predicting a dinner of glop, the staff could not face two meals in one day of the stuff -- and three in two days -- so we cooked a more or less normal dinner instead -- relying on the glop keeping until tomorrow noon. Of course the rain came back as dinner was served after the staff's wood had proved a little green and wet and Reb had therefore taken an extra long time to cook the potatoes. So all the still wet stuff went back in 5 and 26 -- but almost all of the two pounds of wet spaghetti had been pulled apart while waiting for dinner. The guide and Chip went back up to the falls to fish while Randy cast off shore -- getting a pike and a walleye -- keeping only the latter. Just as the rain returned -- it stopped for a while after dinner -- the guide and Chip returned with between 25 and 30 pounds of pike. George had tken a 10-pounder on his first cast -- followed by an 8 and a 7½ -- while Chip's best was considerably smaller. The pike were weighed and then delivered to Dave's tent -- amid some screams. But the rain set in in seriousness -- apparently for the night, and there was no staying out to admire the fish which hopefully will keep for pictures in the morning -- if the rain ever lets up! It has now rained all or part of every day since reoutfitting -- and the last three in particular have been something!

Monday, July 29 -- The all night rain proved to be just that -- it finally let up at 7:10 in the morning. The staff figured to give everything an hour to start drying out, but at 8:30 the weather looked grim, the wind was blowing hard, nothing had dried, and worst of all the temperature was way down. The fire was not very cooperative, and the guide and staff almost froze their hands on the wet fly ropes getting her up. The section appeared a little slowly

even knowing there were pancakes to cook again. There was really no prayer of moving. Most of the wet gear appeared to dry in the wind, even if there was no sun to help the process. Mainly through Reb's efforts a warming fire got built -- with Oliver fanning the fire furiously with a plate. The staff gave in after pictures were taken of George's pike and filleted one side of one did a boneless fillet on a side of another, leaving the guide and Dave to complete the rest of the work. Of course Oliver, who needed the instruction most, paid little or no attention, although he stood around the edges. The lunch meal was made on the last of the Gumpert's meals -- getting rid of that junk for the rest of the run. George and Dave started boiling the pike fillets preparatory to a fish chowder for dinner. They carefully extracted what bones remained of five fillets -- the sixth went for a planked fish to be roasted by the warming fire. Reb started setting yeast dough for trapper's bread. Oliver and John set out for the falls to fish and George and Dave followed. Gordon read through the afternoon watching the chowder and keeping Reb company with his yeast dough. George and Dave returned without success and finished their planked fish -- which was devoured for a pre-dinner snack. Oliver and John brought in a couple more pike and a walleye -- the pike getting cleaned and planked by Oliver -- and then roasted to a rich blackness in, rather than in front of, the warming fire. The fish chowder was finished up while Reb fried his trapper's bread -- and for the first time in this section's history there was more to eat for dinner than they could take. The dogs were stuffed again -- they had already been fed royally on leavings from the pike cleaning plus parts of the fillets -- and again they looked like pot-bellied cows. After dinner another attempt was made to reactivate Buck's batteries by boiling with no success -- and he offered his bannock for the rest of the trip to anyone who could make his camera work. Reb took on the challenge -- not to collect -- and eventually worked out a rig with one of the regular batteries and a flashlight battery -- and after using some of Dave's wire and all of Randy's tape -- it worked! Oliver took 27 by himself up to the falls to fish and in spite of all bets to the contrary, got back safely having caught and fortunately returned a pike to the water -- we have seen enough pike for a while, so far as cooking is concerned, and the dogs have seen more than enough, and everywhere you turn there was another pile of fish chowder neatly laid out for them to eat. The temperature continued to drop if anything, and for a few brief minutes the sky cleared just about sunset. It has not been much of a traveling second half -- two rest days in five, and five days in a row in which it has rained at least part of the time -- in fact less fell today after we got up than on any of the others -- it was just too cold to rain!

Tuesday, July 30 -- Our morning weather -- in fact all our weather -- seems to be running to a remarkably unattractive pattern since Neoswaskau. The staff crawled out after a really chilly night to start breakfast at 7:00. Only to be greeted by a couple brief showers even before the water came close to boiling -- but blue was showing farther to the west and he kept at it and called for the section to roll -- it had stopped raining though it certainly was not much warmer. The dogs had spent a rough night after their belly-swelling fare of yesterday, but were up and playful as usual -- although Dead Eye spent most of the pre-breakfast period sleeping between the staff's feet while he fried bacon. Oliver neglected to

tell anyone he still had a walleye on the purloined staff stringer and everything was cooked by the time he appeared, so the walleye never made the pan. 36 hours ago the staff had decided that 27 had gone over at least once too often and the time had come for a change; so Chip and Oliver switched canoes to see if an improvement could be made. The sun shone a little as we loaded up -- or started to -- Oliver started the day by dumping one of 74's wannigans in the river -- parked nowhere near his own new canoe. It was dragged out by Dave and Gordon before any real serious damage was done fortunately -- or there would have been another starch pulling session. We headed back up river to the falls and after photographing too the carry up the little hill with everyone rushing to get across -- all that excess energy left from too many rest days. Reb blindly walked back down the trail after his first load only to be met square in the chest by the bow bangplate of 77. But we all got over. A short pond was paddled until a little riffle fell into the pond. We could have lined up, but the Indian had a portage trail to avoid the whole business which the guide found, so we took her. The unloading area was built for a maximum of two canoes, but four rushed in and Dave went to flip 74 on uncertain ground, stepped into a hole, and disappeared up to his armpits with the canoe resting on top of him just as though it had been turned over carefully for the night. He was rescued, only soaked for his efforts. Then John went to flip 27 in what was a strong west wind, and the stern got away from him knocking the staff down trying to unload his canoe fully seven or eight feet away. The portage circumvented the entire stream we were climbing, and at times we were carrying past perfectly calm water, but in the long run the Indian way was better and we only unloaded and loaded once for the stretch -- which was lucky, for we were having little success with that part of our travel day -- Gordon stepped into a deep hole at the end of the carry trying to emulate his sternsman. Now the wind really picked up, but we had it fooled and were traveling northeast and so rode the swells down the lake -- fortunately, for we would have been wind bound otherwise. We followed the shore looking for a creek that connected the two Village Lakes, but missed it, and assumed the Indian must portage the thin spit of land between the two lakes, but the spit proved to be mostly swamp and contained no trail, so we headed back out of our sheltered bay and had to buck the west wind back around the corner to the creek -- which was really there, only hard to locate. Of course by this time it started to rain, and back on went our usual attire. Lunch was made just into the second lake in a poor spot, but at least the canoes were sheltered. The creek had proved easy to paddle -- except at the very end where there were two trails -- one directly to the lake -- and one the staff took which required a five yard lift over. Oliver diced -- or mashed -- the cheese for the previously saved lunch of macaroni as finally everyone learned to stay away from the root that held up one end of the irons -- and with Oliver busy with the cheese, the meal was safe. The looking for the non-existent portage took more time than it should have, so it was 3:00 before we got back on the water. The west wind helped again -- we were still going northeast, and we rode the crests again to look for the next portage -- some riding better than others as 27 zipped back and forth across everyone's bow a few times. An a couple canoes took a few buckets full of water. The portage was found this time at first crack, mainly because of a cached canoe -- HBC 130 --- and an Indian smoking frame standing out in the burn.

Unloading in the crashing surf was a challenge, but accomplished with aid. The idea was to camp on the far side of the carry, but after walking the almost 3/4 mile up and over the hill, there was no camp-ground on the far side. So the staff engineered a quick switch and he and Buck went back to the far side to retrieve the jewelry and a baby so we would have all the necessary gear for the night on the Village Lakes side while the canoes, five wannigans, and three babies stayed on the Lichteneger Lake side. A fine view of both lakes could be had from the top of the hill over which the carry went -- but by now the sun was gone for the day and no one took pictures. The bugs were equally bad on either side -- Chip maintained the camping side was worse. Buck and the staff swore by the far side. John had to make an extra trip across to get his rain jacket and Windego who was dutifully waiting at the canoes -- Gerzelda made the trip over and back on his own. Randy sliced the ham while Dave fried it. The guide cut wood, and Reb baked for tomorrow -- and soon the meal was done. Not a moment too soon, for as soon as everything was buttoned up, the rain and high wind returned, and along about 8:30 there was a busy 15 minutes or so while tents were staked down more securely and an hour and a half later the storm was still in full swing.

Wednesday, July 31 -- Not only did the rain keep up steadily through the night, but so did the driving west or southwest wind, so that by morning almost every tent had at least one occupant who could claim that almost everything he owned was soaked, and a good number of sleeping bags were soggy. The guide woke at 4:30 to find rivers running down the top of his ground cloth for one. Next in line seemed to be Buck -- strangely both the staff and Reb were dry. Finally at 9:00 when there appeared to be no let up in the weather, the staff could sleep no longer and got up to rearrange the fireplace and gather an Indian plywood door for a windbreak and light the fire -- with the aid of a little Boy Scout, it's true. Even though we obviously were not moving anywhere in the near future, pancakes were out of order. The guide got up to rig the fly over our small collection of wannigans and the fire itself, but there was grave doubt about it being able to withstand the wind -- the rain was not coming down, it was driving in almost parallel to the ground. Drawing water was a challenge in itself which should have been undertaken only in hip boots and a life preserver -- and the water had to be allowed to sit for a while so the sand went to the bottom and the leaves and sticks to the top. Washing pots was an equally dangerous mission, but otherwise a breeze -- sort of like tossing them in a giant dish washer. Anyway breakfast was accomplished in spite of the weather which showed no signs of abating. So back to the tents went almost everyone. Reb and the staff drew dry wood -- the inside was dry at least -- with Reb drawing and splitting a vast majority of it. The dish crew -- Gordon and Chip -- were still around as Reb and the staff cooked lunch -- we had all the ingredients for macaroni available and so ended up with it two days in a row. Onion soup added some heat to the meal -- but gained most of its popularity from the cooks. Then everyone really disappeared except Reb and the staff, neither of whom wanted to sleep and both of whom had dry gear they wanted to keep that way, no good books they wanted to read, and were both thoroughly bored by the forced inactivity. So the staff baked a pineapple upside-down cake for dinner -- this one his worst of the trip as only one of ten pineapple slices came out on the cake. Meanwhile Reb went across the portage with his ax engaged in trail

improvement and returned to report that rivers were running down the trail but that our gear on the far side looked safe and dry. He then baked the bannock for tomorrow so as to avoid competition with dinner. Windego and Dead Eye kept them company -- usually underfoot. Dave and the guide appeared around 5:00 to help with the dinner with Reb doing most of the cooking -- beef steaks, fried potatoes, and peas. A few people were getting a little down on the wether as the bread line was called and the rain was still coming down, though the sky had lightened a little bit since the meal was started. But after dinner it turned into a light drizzle almost, the wind let up a little and started to swing to the north -- and of course it got colder. Rain suits were still needed -- for warmth now in addition to protection. Finally along about 8:00 the sun made one very brief showing for a moment and disappeared quickly. Then a few patches of blue sky were even detected, but the rain still threatened and fell occasionally in a few light showers as darkness came -- and so did a few gusts of wind back from the west and southwest again.

Thursday, August 1 -- The staff untied the tent door and crawled out optimistically to be greeted by dark gray skies and a drizzle that turned to rain at frequent intervals. Protected by the fly he cooked breakfast in the cold accompanied by the dogs underfoot. There was no sense in trying to move immediately -- the canvas was soaked still and the west wind blew again just as cold as before, even if not as strong. Breakfast was eaten with the usual rush to get an extra pannikin of cereal and then 50% of the section retreated to the tents again as John, Dave, Reb, Randy, and the staff stood around the fire alternately encouraged and disgusted as the ceiling rose and fell. Finally about 11:00 things began to improve and the rain let up. Lunch was cooked quickly in the weather break, and the tents came down -- reasonably dry for a change -- and off we went across the portage through the river that Reb predicted would be flowing down the path -- it was. Dead Eye suffered a hurt leg for a moment, but it turned out not to be broken and he walked the portage along with everyone else none the worse for wear. Reb had done a great job of trail clearing and except for the water it was no strain. The canoes and loads on the far side were in fine shape and we took to the paddle for a change, maybe about 1:30 or so. The west wind still blew, but offered no real problem. Rain came again about a mile or two out, but never heavy and we kept on to investigate the hoped for short cut to Clarkie. As another short cut down on Great Bend turned out a year ago, so with this one too -- the creek split into stands of alder and virtually disappeared. No signs of previous travel could be found, so we gave up the project, although there was obviously water going the way we wanted. We pulled back the mile out of the bay and turned north aided by a semi-tail wind most of the way. For some reason 74 and 59 lagged most of the day and halts were made until they caught up. Chip was pulling 27 along in fine style so it was out in front all too frequently. The first narrows, where Matthew would have us believe there was a portage, had nothing but current, but the next one had a rapid that refused to be run -- maybe in low water there was a run, for the portage was ill used and wet, but we got across with everyone trying to rush as usual -- as Randy observed the staff delayed enough bringing his last load across to avoid the Christmas rush. Then the wind turned against us for a two mile pull to the next narrow section of river which proved to

have several interesting little pitches to run -- one sort of chute at each with swells at the foot made larger by the west wind. The blinding sun in the west was now no help -- the rain had stopped while coming up Lichteneger, and the sun was out so well Chip actually tried picking up a little tan! The river split and we gambled on the right branch -- which had a rapid and a couple swifts and then something that had to be portaged on another ill used trail -- a real steep drop at the foot and an eddy on the dar side that defied description -- looked more like a whirlpool. By now the sun was sinking fast and the campsite problem was becoming critical, but just at the entrance into Clarkie the staff pulled up to an ancient Eastmain Indian site. The teepee poles had fallen, but provided plenty of tent poles for us. Three sites were pretty good -- the other two pretty bad, but it had to do. Between the guide, Reb, and the staff dinner was under way quickly. Chicken and rice were cooked up as requested and a bread line was formed before the bannock was done. The latter eaten more as dessert along with Gordon's butterscotch pudding -- that almost pudded. The dish and pot crews did their work by moon light having delayed long enough to let it get dark. The sleeping bags got a little airing -- too much in most cases since the dew fell early. The dogs lived dangerously -- Windego had voluntarily gone for a swim at the top of the first portage and then got hit on the head by a piece of fire wood, and Gerzelda tried walking between the staff ax and a stump being cleared out of the staff tent site -- but they survived. Reb and Gordon took night pictures of Buck looking out over the lake in the moonlight -- and everyone turned in to listen to some awful music and learn from Oliver -- listening to the Canadian news in French -- that the mail strike was still on.

Friday, August 2 -- The west or southwest wind still blew, but the sun was up at least, and for a real change the staff cooked breakfast and called on everyone to roll -- which took a while as usual -- maybe longer than usual since a few people wanted to dry things before putting them away -- not the least of whom was the guide, so that much to Randy's glee, he and Oliver were both up and rolled before the guide even arrived at the fire. As a result 57 was last off the campsite by a good bit, and it was 8:45 before we were on the water. The wind blew almost in our teeth as we took off and a few canoes had trouble loading in the surf. Buck slipped with a wannigan, brusing a finger on the gunwale, but recovered. Dave carefully left out his damp towel to dry -- only to have it blow overboard later in the day. The staff tried to lead us on a side trip around an island and back into Clarkie again, but Reb and the guide noticed the direction of the current and saner heads prevailed. We found a couple little rapids to entertain us at the narrows out of Clarkie proper and into a nameless body of water that proved to be island-studded and confusing. The staff had us improperly located on his map again -- the guide was right again, though neither had much confidence in his map reading. Fortunately we acted on the guide's location and were reassured by a little narrow pitch of white water somewhere along the line. The narrows out of Clarkie had been sort of low, partially burned years ago, and studded with rocky outcroppings, but after the moments of indecision, the shores became more wooded. 59 and 74 had been lagging all morning -- maybe the idea of a full day of travel was too much -- while 27 was still playing guide part of the time, but the head wind eventually wore

everyone out -- although by playing the points and bays right it was never too bad. Either by luck or good management the guide hit the portage out of the lake-like area into the river right on the nose. We lunched on the near side in an abandoned one-tent Indian site -- it was only 250 yards. The dogs located an old bear skull from which Buck chipped a tooth to inspect the roots. One half of a caribou rack was back in the bush -- well gnawed by rodents and from the size of the tooth marks, it appeared to be a beaver who had done the most work. Out of the wind the sun was warm and pleasant as we pulled apart the last remaining small section of spaghetti wetted so many days ago after Bauerman Falls when 27 went over -- Oliver refused to believe the damage had lasted so long without being used up earlier. But over the portage, dark clouds rolled in and rain gear was dug out before we embarked and was needed almost immediately. A couple canoes inspected the river entrance as it fell into the pond-like area just to the west of the portage ending, but it looked like it could not be run anyway, so we were just as well off not having wasted the time looking it over before portaging. The rain came in sheets accompanying a thunder storm, filling the canoes and forcing us to seek protection in a small bay where we sat out of the wind, but fully exposed to the rain, and bailed. Rumor had it 74 picked up a cut in the process of getting protection, and for some reason 59 took a side trip into the bank while the others were trying to gain the little bay the guide had found. Dead Eye elected to take a swim and was pulled out while we waited for the storm to abate. It finally did, and we moved on under gray, drizzly skies. A little current later a falls and chutes confronted us. The guide and staff started beating the bush for a portage trail, and the guide found one back a ways that carried into a pond -- only when we paddled back to locate it again, it was no where to be found -- fortunately, for the staff discovered we were contemplating portaging a peninsula when all we had to do was paddle back around it -- which we did. Randy leaned over the bow of 77 to clear out some sticks and debris from a very narrow channel that looked impossible to be the true path of the Indian, but it was and led into a couple small ponds and the portage trail took off from the second of them as the staff discovered on sighting an old sled leaning against a blazed tree. So over we went in the rain. A few windfalls had to be cleared out and there were a few soggy places in the trail, but a half mile later we walked into a tiny campsite at the foot. Somehow all the tents fitted -- not without great arguments and fights, however, that went on for better than a half hour on who was going to pitch where and how much space each was to have -- there was precious little room since the ground on all sides was swampy and soggy. Finally all the bickering was over and all the tents up. The rain had let up so that the fly was not pitched for dinner, though no one let his rain suit get too far away. Reb fried the potatoes when no one else would, after making cocoa. Last night the meal was camper's meal -- tonight the guide's -- beef stew! Oliver braved the elements and wet bush to try fishing before dinner with no luck. As dinner finished the rain came back and another large thunder storm hit. The river is already overflowing its banks and certainly does not need any more water, and the alder and scraggly bush are already well afloat. Reb tried organizing a rationing system on jam and other things to put on bannock, but the effort failed -- the last three bannocks have taken almost two pounds of margarine and about 2/3 of a can of jam -- we will not make Eastmain on what we have by a long shot -- even if rationing did

pass -- which it did not. The staff went fishing on the downpour, returning with four trout -- by far his best effort of the trip, and put two more back to boot. Oliver did likewise -- catch unrecorded. The rain and wind kept up as we turned in. We have now had rain every day since reoutfitting for some kind of a record. And it looked so encouraging this morning, as though we might just make it through one whole day. Someone better start throwing stones again, or praying, or whatever is necessary. If the Clearwater is as high as it is, imagine what the Eastmain is going to be like when and if we get down to it.

Saturday, August 3 -- Oliver's trout count ran to 23 of which he brought in seven -- making 11 available for breakfast -- and 8 got eaten! The sun broke through around seven and the staff started cooking. The delay caused by the trout enabled the canvas to dry enough to be rolled. And the trout took a while since the cooks tried frying with no fire for a while and then after the guide split a couple sticks, the last couple trout were slightly black since Oliver walked off the job. The rumor about the hole in 74 proved to be true, and the staff had to apply a patch to a wet canoe before we could take off. Maybe it would hold for the day, but it was a pretty good dent. The staff then paddled over to photograph the chutes we had carried while the guide went ahead and looked over the next rapid a couple hundred yards below, and found an ancient trail which we did not take, and a narrow run to the left of the island; which we did take. One blessing of high water possibly. Then another island blocked our path, run this time on the right with a few canoes that like bubbles catching more white water than necessary. But then the runs were over. As Reb had observed earlier, the river dropped 100 feet in four miles in this stretch, and we were in the drop zone. First a short falls-like area was carried, followed almost immediately by a longer walk around a less spectacular series of rapids. And then since the next one was just ahead, the guide led off and found a spectacular falls that obviously needed photographing, so we stopped for lunch, maybe a little early since, though it was noon, we had only been on the water -- and land -- a little more than two hours. The carry went down a nice ravine while there was a helpful outcropping of rock paralleling the falls for the photographers. Buck even managed to slice the cheese for his first culinary effort, other than making tea, since before the crossing of Mistassini. But then the black clouds started to roll in, and at the foot, rain gear was dug out before going on. The run-off from the falls was fun -- a rock cliff that looked as though the water was going to throw the canoe up on it -- only it did not, and then a quick change of course to the center of the river to hit a V immediately below. John paid no attention to the staff's instructions and did not bother to watch his run either, and so he and Chip found their own V on the left -- a little shallow, to be sure. The next carry was right below, but the rain caught us before we made it, and again our day was complete! The staff found a campsite at the end -- complete with a Pepsi bottle and a newspaper from June 23, 1964, and we got set to camp at 3:00. But the rain stopped and clear sky began to show behind the storm, and we reversed the decision and moved on, running about a mile of rapids in the process of getting down to the wide stretch of the river. There was a small burn on the left, but it petered out soon, and we bucked a heavy west wind aided by the current, passing a still erect, but ancient, Eastmain tepee soon

after starting the paddle. The sun shone about 50% of the time and black wind clouds covered the immediate sky the other 50%. Some did not realize they were often paddling through areas where the wind met the current, and 27 often as not plowed right into the worst of it. It was getting on toward camping time when an unannounced rapid barred our path and guide and staff beat their way through the bush and alternately decided on the right and then the left side of the island. Finally, influenced by the blaze on a tree saying go this way, the staff ran the left side and its swells. 59 started into the pitch paying no attention to the proper run as Buck was busy in nonrelevant conversation, but somehow made it through in spite of a lot of unnecessary bouncing. And then only caught the eddy at the foot because they ran the bow up on a log. We ran out the rapid for another half mile, and Dave was seen to be bailing by the cup full as Gordon complained of a wet front and Dead Eye howled. Around the bend, after another calm, the guide took the run easily and 27 plowed down the center of the swells. George went ahead to find the portage on the left, and found nothing -- the staff caught an eddy on the right and had a moment of panic when he could not spot 57 -- it was pulled back into the bush with only the dish pan showing. No trail was found on the left, and the staff could find nothing on the right on first inspection and so went off for another walk and found the trail successfully this time, but retracing it to its start, he discovered we never should have jumped the rapid just before. So we slid down the right shore as carefully as possible into a bay at the very head of the chutes. There were a good number of exciting moments, not the least of which was 59's refusal to catch an eddy as told -- but it all worked out in the end, even if Oliver will not do what he is told in the bow! Again high water was a help, for the slip down the shore probably could not be done in low. So we were stuck for a campsite now -- it being after dinner time by now. Tents were pitched on wet reindeer moss -- there is no such thing as dry reindeer moss! -- and all provided with spruce boughs to keep out the moisture. The kitchen likewise was on slippery moss -- without spruce boughs. Reb as usual did the bulk of the cooking including the second bannock for tomorrow, and Randy even made the mashed potatoes! The sun was sinking fast as the dishes and pots got done, but Chip even made it with the reflector. Randy hooked two trout and landed one, and Oliver and Gordon tried, but the hour was too late as an almost full moon shone down on the site, and the night turned cold to say the least!

Sunday, August 4 -- The night was one of the coldest yet. Oliver claimed that at 5 am his wet fishing bag hung outside his tent was stiff with frost, but there was no ice on water left in a pot overnight. For some reason the guide was up to lay the fire this morning, and he and the staff cooked breakfast together. When the guide went to clean Randy's trout, no fish was to be found. Buck had carefully placed it on a ledge -- not really in the water. Maybe it lived. Anyway, no fish for breakfast. John arrived unknowingly dragging someone's fishing line on his boot -- no one ever claimed it. The staff blazed an easy trail to intersect the real one -- only trouble -- no one could really follow the real one, and every one was in such a rush to get over that we sort of stumbled into the creek and loaded up. The only canoe close to the right landing was 57, but it really did not make much difference. We paddled only a short distance to find a long, straight, powerful

rapid. Guide and staff walked the whole thing and eventually decided we could run all but the middle, and that needed a portage -- ledges on both sides with swells too big to take all the way across the river. So after wasting an hour probably -- we had started portaging from the campsite at about 8:45 or so -- so it was well after 10:00 and we had moved a whole half mile. The staff caught the eddy first and blazed a trail that needed no cutting, and we put in at the foot of the ledge to run the last part one at a time. The swells proved to be more than expected with both staff and guide -- running first and last -- doing more bailing than the others, with 27 coming out best of all. Staff and guide had disagreed on trying to run it out on left or right respectively -- so neither had been right! A couple miles later another falls or chute had to be portaged on a trail that was deep in the bush and was reached only by poling the canoes to dry land, but the foot was up and over a sand-based knoll and much better walking. A blaze across the way was investigated -- nothing of interest, and a couple pictures were taken of an Indian tepee well immersed with the high water level. A couple miles later we struck another rapid that looked like it needed a portage, only none could be found. A little red weather shack was investigated and finally the trail was located behind it -- again reached by driving the canoes through the bush -- this time for a longer distance. But meanwhile the staff had been all over the countryside through the bush figuring out how to run the pitch, so while the others portaged, he and Randy ran one of the two routes he had seen. But at the foot of the carry we could not get out of the eddy by just paddling and had to run with the swells for a while and cross over in the process. The staff tried to get out first and found himself running backwards in the eddy. John watched the method for getting out and followed without telling Buck what to do, although Buck had watched too and made it across. But now communication was broken, and the guide did not understand what the staff yelled across the roaring white water and had to find the way out all over again while the other three canoes already across could only sit and watch the same routine the staff had already been through. A couple more little rapids were run down to the last portage. We had planned a half day, but so much time had been lost in looking for runs and trails it was now 1:30, so the staff called a lunch break, where upon the guide announced that the dish pan had been lost running the last set of rapids and tests were made with the bannock pan to see if plastic bowls floated -- they do. So Reb and the guide took 57 back up to look for a floating dish pan -- it was not floating, it had been trapped by the scraggly bush on the last portage, but was rescued at some effort. Meanwhile the staff tried to cook lunch in spite of suggestions on how to fry the Kam and helped not at all by the water Buck let drip into the fry pan of hot grease -- his second culinary contribution in as many days! Randy split a little wood and declared that he was not going to make his living that way -- and made the mashed potatoes again instead. The guide returned just as everything was cooked and ready for a bread line. The last portage on the Clearwater was over, and Great Bend lay ahead -- it could be seen from the foot of the carry, but various people took the staff's aerial photograph and inspected it, figuring we were in various places until Randy finally spoiled their fun and set them straight. We paddled over to the foot of Great Bend meeting some resistance from the current striking the wind and edged up to a landing on the rocks one at a time and made camp

on wet moss again. More spruce boughs. The staff broke out his fishing rod immediately, letting the guide do all the necessary work and hooked three trout on his first three casts -- landing none. But by dinner time he had two and Oliver had one for an extra addition to the meal. Reb iced his bannock -- we made camp before 4:00 for the first time in ages, and so he could do the first bannock instead of the second. He and the guide cooked dinner while half the section took a bath, Oliver and Randy fished, and the staff fished and photographed. Dinner was finally done after seven leaving Oliver, the staff, and Buck precious little time to plow through the bush to the falls 300 yards above -- the '67 site was another 400 and pretty much out of reach in the time allowed. The staff finally landed a good trout -- a shade under three pounds, but it looks like there will be no records this year, for the trout fishing is probably over. Buck and Oliver watched a beaver up at the falls who was unaware of their presence for quite a while. Chip took a walleye down at the campsite and the rest tried their luck getting walleye mostly. The sun set bathing everything in red, and the almost full moon shone down Great Bend as we turned in for another cold night -- and in the darkness the staff tried to hide his fish from the dogs, stumbling over five fishing rods lying around the site, and as his last act in the stillness of the night, put 59 to bed for the night -- its crew having abandoned her to the mercies of the weather. And speaking of weather, what happened to our usual blessing for the day?

Monday, August 5 -- Mist shrouded the river completely at 7:00 and the far shore could not even be seen. The green dry wood was slow to take, but luckily the staff had loads of Boy Scout available. Pictures of trout also took a while, so breakfast turned into a lengthy meal. Windego almost became the second dog hooked by a lure as he nosed around Buck's fishing gear laid helter-skelter on the rocks. Loading took a while what with chasing dogs, finding loads, and being able to get only one canoe in the water at a time. So it was getting well past nine by the time we were all off. The early morning had been cold, but with the mist off the water and the sun shining through, shirts were soon all off for one of our very rare sunny days. The staff held up the wheels of progress all day searching for Indian campsites and hopping ashore to take pictures. The delays were augmented by the fact that the guide had rolled his traveling map and pulled out the wrong case in the rush to get off, so the staff had the only map to lunch. A couple rapids provided mild excitement to the '67 campsite not too far down the river, but it was only 11:00, so we passed it up. The search for a lunchsite started before the four-section rapid, but nothing was available, and the current was enough of an asset without wind to push us back so that time was not important. We jumped the rapid with guide and staff beating their way back through the bush four times to find the path to the next eddy -- it all went according to the trip report, though the swells seemed greater this year, and we took more water -- if that were possible. The staff even had the pleasure of climbing his familiar birch of a year ago to look at one of the pitches. A good rock lunchsite was found just below the fast water, and with the irons high above the fire, the staff tried to rush the spaghetti and put her to the water too soon, providing stuck-together dividends that were maybe a little on the chewy side! Oliver diced the cheese without mashing it this time. The guide, staff, and Reb took the

baths they had missed yesterday, and Dead Eye finally got his bath too -- no chance of it lasting long since he sleeps in the fire half the nights. And Buck finally got his pot of tea for lunch! We drifted down past a high-banked island -- caused by the rocks thrown up by the river over centuries -- while the guide loaded up -- and dropped his fresh pack of Camels in the water! We flushed a few geese in the process -- for some reason there have been infinitely more geese inland this summer than in normal years. The sky began to haze over -- although shirts stayed off, and gradually the farmer started gathering up his sheep unfortunately. We glided through the boils of current with good speed until the river widened a little and the wind picked up to be some slight trouble. The portage was approached -- for some reason 57 and 77 were the two canoes closest to shore on the way in -- and they were the only ones that knew what to expect. The guide landed Reb at an early possible start to the portage, so the staff ran by to the unloading spot on the lip of the drop and beat everyone across. The trail was no clearer than a year ago, but the work done at the landing then was a definite help. The staff then continued the work by clearing the trail back to the Indian site at least. Someone also took out a windfall back toward the middle. The staff then delayed our progress by fiddling with his cameras as we drifted along, but finally we took to the paddle again. Another wide stretch and the staff started looking for an Indian sod tepee which was just before the rapid into the campsite. A beaver swam in front of 77 as Randy watched and then surfaced again a few moments later, threw his tail high in the air, brought it down hard, and disappeared startling the rest of the section. The guide kept looking exasperated, and when 77 found the right spot, the others went on so that when Randy and the staff finished looking around and photographing and arrived about 5:00, most of the tents were well up using the '67 poles. Still nothing to recommend the site except that it was time to camp and there was enough sand available to bake a pot of beans for tomorrow's lunch -- a project which the guide undertook leaving the staff to cook dinner aided by Reb after he failed at getting the bean hole fire going. Oliver and Dave contributed junk wood and soon there was a cheerful blaze going on the beach. Oliver predicted the rain would start in a half hour -- an hour at the outside -- and his short guess was not far from wrong, but fortunately she started very, very lightly, and we could finish up dinner and get the beans in their hole and cover the wannigans before it got too heavy. Dave and Chip even took a canoe out briefly to fish -- with no success -- before being driven in by the lack of fish and the excess of rain. By 8:00 or 8:30 the tents were filled -- and the guide could not even borrow anything to read as the rain continued to fall very gently.

Tuesday, August 6 -- More or less as expected the rain kept up all night, never heavy, but gentle and persistent. At 2:00 the staff woke from his bed of stone to the guide yelling the tent was flooding and we had to get out of there -- but there was little if any water to be found. The night, wet though it was, was uncomfortably warm for sleeping. The rain was still coming down after 9 am when the staff woke, one of many times, to the sound of Reb drawing fly poles. So he and the guide got up to be greeted by the drizzle and Reb's collection of five poles. The fireplace was moved a few feet so the fly would cover it and the wannigans, so

pancake batter was made since the cooks and the pans could stay dry. The cooks were improving, however -- were it not for the deep fried half pancake Randy forced on the staff. George finally made an omelet with one of his flips much to the amusement of his many pupils. The beans he had done the night before were as near perfect as possible, and no sooner were the dishes done than they were put on to heat for lunch -- breakfast was not fully done until close to noon! The fruit cans refused to stay near shore while being cooled and had to be rescued twice before they were devoured. We rolled after lunch, the rain having quit around 10:30 or so and the black and gray clouds suddenly drifted off around 1:00 and were replaced by blue sky suddenly -- one of those river days only the break up came an hour later than normal. The staff was on the water at 2:00 -- the rest by 2:15 -- we do not have anything in our packs, but what we have takes ages to stuff in. We more or less drifted with the current for a while, although the north wind did not help a great deal for maybe three miles, and then we went to look at the right side of the next rapid finding a ledge we could not run and electing not to try going outside it, so back to the left we went finding the tricky '67 run still there, though with higher water it was better at the foot and worse at the top. The staff ran first again -- in a repeat of a year ago -- and clipped a rock at the top to add excitement -- but no damage. The others followed trying to go inside the rock with no success either, and all but 59 got it too -- supposedly three broken pieces of sheeting in 27, but it already has a good bit of tin! 74 came last and provided the thrill of the day as the bow caught on a rock at the top, the stern swung around downstream; Dave quickly reversed his position, and he and Gordon paddled down the rest of the way K foremost. It should have photographed well. The excitement over, we paddled on with the north wind causing a little more trouble until we got protection from the islands and the indications of the current through them. Buck tried playing guide for a while until called back. We slid down to the portage landing at the next rapid and took out after the staff reported the next landing down was drowned out. The rapid was run in '67, but the foot this time would have been a different story, and the top was rougher. For some strange reason -- rain -- we seem to have higher water -- and last year's section will not believe it possible. We were in a familiar campsite by 5:00. Reb and Buck pitched under the wickiup frame. Reb and George cooked dinner while the staff drew wood -- the prospector's stuff was getting a little soggy from age by now. Our old fireplace was intact and Randy put the boards for the table back in place. A minor crisis was reached when the guide gave Dave the pot normally reserved for hot water in which to boil his prune pits getting ready for his almond bannock, and the boiling was finally put off until after dinner as everyone suddenly seemed to need hot water. The fishermen tried their luck, but Oliver was the only one to score with a trout of almost three pounds, close to the staff's of Great Bend. So there are trout below Great Bend! The evening was chilly again, but the moon shone through and after the prune pits were boiled the fire was stoked up a little and it was pleasant around it until after ten when finally everyone went to warm his sleeping bag.

Wednesday, August 7 -- As expected it was another really cold night -- sleeping bag up over the head and all. The staff overslept until 7:10 since he could not see the light of day he was so far down

in his bag. Randy was up almost as soon to inquire if mist usually was rising from the river at this hour -- answer, yes. The fire went off in record time, so breakfast was quickly prepared until it was time to cook Oliver's trout, and it took a while for him to produce it -- he had forgotten it! So the staff cleaned it and put it to the pan. Of course, John started the day by dropping his pannikin of cereal. Camp came down maybe a little more quickly than usual and we were on the water about 8:45. Almost immediately the west wind started to cause problems, particularly with the extra current brought on by our high water. We played it pretty close to the north shore -- except for 27 that seemed to like bouncing up and down on the swells. Nothing of interest happened -- our hands just got numb on the paddle even though the sun was fully out in an almost cloudless sky -- until the staff pulled up at what turned out to be Harry Moses' sod tepee winter home. The others turned around and paddled back up to land and inspect. The sod house had been there a year ago, but the staff cameras had not been operating and no one had suggested stopping. The house contained a cache and a newspaper dated September 7, 1967 -- and the fresh brush on the side indicated it had been used last winter. Complete with dog houses, lots of beaver stretchers, some paddles and snow shovels, some hangings, a still standing frame for a canvas tepee, a planing bench, and a cache on poles off to the west. Much more recent and spacious than the one Randy and the staff had inspected two days ago. A good bit of film was used up -- though Buck's camera would not work. The wind rose even more as the staff dragged out the stay long past the time the others were interested, so that back in the canoes, the going got tougher still. We got some protection from islands, but not enough, and we could not take much advantage of the current with white caps rolling out in the middle of the river most of the time. We were supposed to lunch on the downstream side of the first portage, but there were various groans when the staff suggested we go that far, but we headed that way until the staff had enough and climbed ashore in the burn in a most un-lunch-like spot, and we stumbled over windfalls and scraggly bush to cook the macaroni. The guide tried to move the pots by grabbing the hot bail of the large pot with his bare hand, dumping the water on the ground and having to start over again -- no damage, except to the hand -- which was not serious -- the water had not gotten anywhere near as far as the bail. In our pannikin dropping game, Oliver scored with his coffee at noon. The staff looked up from stirring the macaroni to see Buck going after a brand new KKK paddle with the ax -- it was too heavy for Buck's liking now that he had split the one he had carried as a spare because he had not liked it earlier. The paddle was pretty well butchered just where the shaft and blade meet and a paddle needed its greatest strength before Buck was stopped. The wind had not let up much at all as we pulled out at about 2:30, and we got less protection and so had to paddle into bays we otherwise would have jumped. 27 still rode the swells to the outside of the pack. But finally we slipped down to the first portage, one canoe at a time, and carried through knee high scraggly bush -- it had not shrunk any in a year -- and put in at the foot. The staff had been afraid we would be wind bound at the end, but we were in the lee of a point this time and so were able to keep going. The second was pretty much a repeat of the first, although its falls were a little more spectacular and interesting. A longer paddle followed to the third, and a little run was made to the top of the drop -- we must

have paddled over the bench mark as was done in '67, but it was so far under water this time we did not even notice it. And so we ended up camping in the same spot as a year ago -- one day behind their schedule. As usual Reb, the guide, and staff cooked dinner -- the bannock production being slowed up because the crews that had both the babies containing flour decided to photograph at the start of the carry before bringing their second loads across, but it all came out on time -- if making camp at 6:00 can be called on time. We would have made it through to the fifth chute easily had it not been for the staff's long stay at the Moses' house and the wind. But we were far enough along to hit Conglomerate tomorrow if the weather that began threatening just around dinner time holds off. As soon as we got the tents up Buck dove face down into a pile of moss in his tent and was soon fast asleep; Gordon opened three cans, grabbed a book and sat perched on a rock near the fire reading. Dave started more work on his prune pit almonds, and Randy stayed around the fire helping out, though he was out of luck since we were not having mashed potatoes for dinner, and there was nothing "simple" to do. Oliver and the staff tried fishing after dinner with no luck. The full moon rose in the east in a brilliant orange making the staff fearful that there was a gigantic forest fire behind us, and the sun set behind clouds as we covered up the wannigans for the night and got extra rest for conglomerate -- we hope.

Thursday, August 8 -- As luck would have it of course the rain held off all night and the staff was up in the chilly morning at 7:00 to be greeted by rain as soon as he reached the fireplace; so he turned around and indressed again and went back to bed until 8:00 when the rain turned to only a Scotch mist. We rolled in the same conditions and left the tents up until after breakfast and then took the gamble and dropped the outfit and took off. A few light patches of sky could be seen, but the western sky was gray -- where the rain was coming from. The section seemed reluctant to move, and it was 10:30 before we were all on the water, helped not at all by the fact that everyone else had had breakfast by the time Oliver and Randy crawled out of the sack. We slipped down the shore in line to the lift over at the fourth chute as the rain increased and we rushed across the lift over and then paddled the mile or so to the fifth chute to rush over the rocks there too. Conglomerate lay just ahead of course, and the canoes were manhandled up the first incline until they could be flipped. We stacked the second loads at the top of the hill under the fly and started out for the second Indian site on the trail for lunch. About a mile along the trail the guide's canoe tump snapped, and he had to head back to the start of the trail for a spare and his wannigan. Dave claimed to have gone hip deep in a soft spot which he filled with brush for any other unfortunates, but the others made it to the lunchsite in one piece -- though far from dry as the trail was wet anyway and the rain had soaked the scraggly bush completely, plus the fact that the rain itself fell on and off during the walk. John, Buck, and Reb started lunch, relieved by the staff when he plodded in, while the others headed back for their second loads. When the guide arrived, the staff took off to scout the short trail to the water, carefully cleared it, and then discovered we could never put canoes in at the foot and get them out of the eddy thrown off by the gorge -- let alone get past a rock siding about a quarter mile down -- the same rock siding from which photographs have to be taken. So back he went to report failure, although he could note that the western sky was clearing, and the rain was breaking.

Oliver had led Chip and Gordon across the first half of the trail in a record 30 minutes, and they were already setting down to start a spaghetti lunch with a double shot of tomato paste since the guide had not heeded the staff's announcement that he had already put a couple cans in the sauce. Randy had his pot of Tang -- thanks to Roy's mid-season goodies. Reb arrived gleefully announcing he had made his second trip in 33 minutes, but he had already lost the record. Lunch over, the procession started on what proved to be the second half of the portage rather than the last third as previously supposed. The guide retrieved his canoe and went so far and then got himself lost. There was some report about a Chrispy Crunch machine being located on top of a hill above the river, but --. Dave snapped the tump on his wannigan, and a lot of slipping and sliding was done, but finally all the loads got through. Buck got tired of trees and did a really superior job of trail clearing for the late arrivers. Photography was done from the rock overlooking the gorge, but the general agreement was that only the staff's telephoto lens brought it close enough for a good shot. The staff did so much photographing that he did not drag into the site until 6:30 and the guide already had Dave's corned beef on and the meal well under way. He went back to photograph now that the sun was out and the sky was blue, and the staff finished up what little there was to be done as Reb made cocoa. Tents slowly went up in the tiny available space. After dinner and various complaints about stiff necks and sore leg muscles, a brief game of "Canadian football" was held. The radio was tuned in to find Nixon had the Republican nomination and rumor had it the Canadian postal strike was over -- so maybe there will be something waiting for us at Moose! And at an early hour everyone turned in for another chilly night. At least Conglomerate is over!

Friday, August 9 -- The morning broke clear and cold as both guide and staff were up to cook breakfast just as the sun poked over the trees. We got on the water a little slowly, however, maybe a little tired from yesterday's efforts and also hampered somewhat by a one-canoe loading area. Shirts came off in the windless sunny morning, but the temperature never really climbed very high, and they were back on by the second smoke break. There had been all sorts of ideas last night about what kind of wind would be the ticket -- including, heaven forbid, an east wind that would have brought no good at all! But we got first a southwest wind and then a west as the clouds began to build and eventually about 11:00 blotted out the sun, and the western sky looked none too inviting, but the current helped, and we were making good time through the country that was not too exciting. Just before we reached the only possible lunchsite at the southern bend of the river, the rain started for our umteenth day of rain during the trip, and particularly the last leg. Nevertheless we pulled up at an Indian tepee which was just barely out of water. The bows of the canoes almost poked through the poles into the tepee, and there was precious little dry or cleared ground except right inside. The irons were laid on the pickets for the Indian's stove repositioned to suit us, and the macaroni water started to cook in spite of the rain and the mob of people and dogs huddled around the fire -- guide and staff went and sat in their respective canoes as soon as possible. The rain kept up after lunch, never very heavy, but cold and unpleasant as we paddled the last three miles to the rapid before Clouston. Running the left side, even in the rain, proved much safer and saner than the right

side as done in '67. The staff first located the portage trail incorrectly and let 74 do the major work of pulling out a floating log before the guide detected the mistake. No one was willing to follow as the staff found the correct landing a few moments later. so well had the '67 section cleaned the trail to the top of the hill that the sternsmen all flipped their canoes and carried them up. The fly was pitched over the old fireplace and the tents were all up -- even the staff tent -- before four. John, Dave, and Buck decided to take their canoes across this afternoon -- they could not get too much wetter than the rain was doing anyway. The staff brewed a pot of real coffee as Reb faught the smoke under the fly to make our last iced bannock. But suddenly the western sky broke wide open into an amazing blue and the staff and Randy took Chip and Gordon -- plus other people's cameras -- as mojos and headed off in 77 left at the foot of the trail for just that reason to photograph the falls. They beat their way through scraggly bush to get their pictures, but it was worth it as the water boiled its way down the gorge and disappeared in a misty falls. Meanwhile the guide and Reb had been left -- a little unhappy -- to cook dinner, and Oliver slept or rested. The three sternsmen returned reporting the wind in the beaver meadow was pretty strong, the path was not as wet as Conglomerate had been, and they were lost or at least the trail was lost. So we now have three canoes resting somewhere out in the swamp. Maybe the staff's and guide's directions were faulty and they will get just as lost tomorrow! Dinner as a result was served about 6:30 or 7:00 in spite of the early camping hour -- and Oliver stomped out of the tent at first call of bread line! Reb's cake was excellent, and the guide had put together a date cake for tomorrow during the absence of all the expeditions. Chip and Buck then spent an hour trying to heat the dish water and all other expeditions to see the falls were cancelled because of the hour. The staff repaired the tump that had snapped on Dave's wannigan yesterday, and the guide started to work on his, but gave it up as a bad job when he could not get out the old steel rivets. The staff canoe made the top of the hill, the dogs continued to get their noses into all sorts of things that did not belong to them, and more than once a yelp resounded across the campsite -- Gerzelda most frequently. And so we quit for another cold night. Maybe one of these days it will be warm and sunny all day for a change!

Saturday, August 10 -- The west wind kept up pretty much all night under a dull sky and the temperature never rose very high -- in fact it was down right cold. And it was still cold when the staff made it out of bed at 7:00. The sun made a couple feeble attempts in the east, but never really got very strong, and it was still chilly as we prepared to take the portage. Off we went about 8:45 or 9:00 depending on who you were, only to have the staff lead the whole gang into the trees on the far side of the bog up too far to the right, and then compound the mistake by moving farther right before he finally stopped, threw down his canoe, and looked around and re-flipped it, and started south again. The guide and Gordon took no chances of walking around in the bog aimlessly, however, and left their loads and found the trail which was then marked by hanging George's shirt on a dwarf tree as a beacon. In the long run, Gordon, Chip, and Oliver slipped, slid, and trotted over to the far side well in the lead with Reb and the staff following and pausing occasionally to chop out a windfall or two. The guide and Randy trailed, while

the "three blind mice," as they termed themselves -- though the staff had done no better, just had not gotten as lost -- took their second loads into the Indian tepee about 20 minutes from the end and went back for their lost canoes. They finally dragged into the lunchsite after Oliver, Gordon, Chip, and the staff had gone off to look at and photograph the foot of the gorge. Chip had been forced to carry Windego across most of the portage -- worms seem to have pretty well sapped his energy so that all he wants to do is sleep. On the way across, just short of the Indian site, the guide found Matt's knife lost last year, and brought it along. Chip and Gordon had lunch well in hand when guide and staff arrived, and the guide finished off preparations as the staff deserted on another photographic spree. The last couple days the guide has had to do all the work except breakfast -- the staff keeps disappearing at all other meals. Climbing out of the eddy after the falls proved a feat in itself. The water was so much higher that the smooth rock site used for lunch and loading in '67 could not be reached without wading a formidable stream -- which no one attempted. We held to the left shore after the eddy and ran out the next couple miles of rapids or swift water -- part were rapids -- with only 74 getting caught in an eddy at one point and falling behind -- though staying upright. Oliver started to draw 59 into the same kind of trouble, but Buck yelled in time and they escaped. At the foot the west or northwest wind hit us for a real hard pull to Island Rapids, made while hugging the left shore. And of course we got our daily rain that let go a drop or two at lunch -- though there was plenty of blue sky for good pictures of the gorge -- and then in brief spurts the rain drove in almost horizontally as we made our slow progress. 74 and 59 fell behind in the process and 27 rode out from shore in the swells of course. Island was approached carefully. The rock point used for a kitchen in '67 was pretty well flooded out this time and the special trail cut last year back to the campsite was under water. The staff had to chop alder out of the unloading area, and the canoes were taken up on the rocks to the inside of the site. 74 and 27 went all the way across and Dave chopped out the brush along the trail in the process. The kitchen was located on the rocks 40 yards from shore to leave open the tiny tent area at the head of the trail, but only two tents used it as Buck and Reb and Oliver and Randy pitched near the kitchen. The staff took off to photograph as usual leaving Chip, Reb, and the guide to cook dinner. Gordon took off to get pictures just before dinner, getting back as the bread line was for ing. Dave made his almond bannock for tomorrow's lunch. Buck sacked out and roused long enough after dinner to take a few pictures. Rain came again briefly just as the dishes were finished, but lasted only twenty minutes or so. The staff put back together the tump Dave broke this morning -- he has tough luck on these tump lines, and a small gathering stood around the fire trying to keep warm as the sun sank -- at least the bugs are not out in this weather. Our record for rain and cold is going to be hard to beat.

Sunday, August 11 -- Sunday is supposed to be a day of rest, and so it turned out. The rain started as a very light drizzle through the night and continued as a fine mist alternating with slightly heavier stuff later on so that the staff lay abed until well past nine when he could stand it no longer and got up reluctantly -- well protected in rain suit. He dropped fly poles before lighting the fire, but seeing that it was only misting at

best, went ahead and prepared a pancake breakfast. Work was not far along when Reb appeared to help out, and the staff even broke down and cooked a couple pancakes himself before anyone else appeared. The guide beat the others, but Buck got first word on the pancakes and had to tie the fly poles together as his toll. Randy and Dave got the job of erecting the scaffolding and then with other hands to help put the fly over, for by now the rain was starting to make an impression. Reb finished off the bacon he was frying while the rest cooked pancakes, and the pans even went around a couple times. But then everyone disappeared leaving Reb and the staff to cook Spanish rice for lunch -- it was now well past noon -- with John and Dave to watch. Dave's almond bannock was greeted without great enthusiasm -- not disgust -- just no enthusiasm -- the nuts from the prune pits just did not have a lot of taste, and the project, while a mild success, was deemed not worth the trouble. Again everyone but Reb, the staff, and the ever present dogs disappeared, and they sat around trying to invent chores to interest themselves as the rain came down on and off. Reb read through the cook book trying to find something to bake for dinner that did not demand things we did not have and finally settled on an apple cake -- a lot of other exotic concoctions looked silly in light of the supplies normally carried by a long trip section. Randy and the guide appeared along about time to start dinner, and the rain let up and even some blue sky rolled by -- it was now six o'clock. The dogs were at their ever present worst as the meal progressed, but we got through it somehow. Reb's apple cake turned out well -- although the over-eager used up the last of our margene putting it on a cake so we now have only Roy's can of butter to get us to Eastmain. Buck, Chip, and Dave took off wrapped in rain suits to photograph the falls, and Gordon plotted our last couple days on his maps. The photographers returned to report having stumbled on an Indian grave on their way back from the falls, so a small expedition set out to view their finding -- a small green cross marking the grave in a small moss covered clearing just before the old Indian campsite, and the usual four large spruce nearby well blazed -- some blazes more recent than others indicating someone had passed through not too long ago. And so, as the fire burned out, we quit for another day of rain. One of these days we will get Section A weather, but even though it cleared up in the evening, it has done that so often now there is no indication it will bring any kind of good fortune tomorrow, and we have now used up our cushion day and pretty well have to move no matter what the weather tomorrow.

Monday, August 12 -- Mist hung down over the river at 7:00, but there was not much sun to burn it off either as the staff crawled out to be greeted by three jumping, muddy dogs. As usual it took a while to roll, so the bacon was almost done before the first customer -- Gordon -- arrived. Then the dogs succeeded in knocking over the bacon grease can near the fireplace while the staff was off rolling -- so they were to get tied up for each of the other meals of the day. The tents were not really dry when they got dropped, and we started off across the portage. Dave's wannigan slipped, getting Windego on the leg, and from the screams he put up it should have at least been severed, but he gradually recovered. Some paused at the Indian grave to photograph, and then we loaded in the swells off Island. Dave had to wait so long for Gordon it was bailing time before the bowman finally arrived. The rest fared better. A few pictures were taken on the way out, but almost everyone with a camera

complained that only the staff's telephoto had any chance of getting close enough to the falls to do them justice. We crossed over to run the right down to the next portage, the landing for which the staff found this year with no trouble, but in the process the line of communication was broken when Buck did not respond to the yell to come ahead, and the staff stood alone for ages yelling upstream -- which no one heard. Finally the guide led 27 down, and the staff yelled some more with no response until at last the other two got tired of waiting and started gradually down to be waved on as soon as they were in sight. It probably took a half hour to accomplish what should have taken ten minutes. Off we went on the trail with several people getting lost to varying degrees, but none very seriously. There were a few slips and falls to be reported; Buck and Dave going in deepest. The guide's wannigan tump snapped on his second trip dropping the lunch wannigan into a bog -- and necessitating another session of spaghetti pulling before lunch could be cooked -- more Section A games. But best of all, Randy, as first man across, spotted a black bear just off the trail about half way over and reported his findings to any and all who would listen -- response was varied -- Oliver went crashing into the bush to look for the bear, but John carefully carried his ax back across the portage "to cut out windfalls," but none of those who followed noticed great improvements in the path somehow. Buck told Dave to stay left at the Indian campsite -- which he did, crashing through the bush and down to the river to his own landing where he had to put his canoe in, run down to a ledge and let down over it to join the other canoes and the real end of the trail. Lunch was cooked with the dogs tied up -- the first peaceful meal we have had since leaving Mistassini. We headed off toward Talking Falls in good time, ran the right shore easily into the portage and carried across. The original plan as announced had been to camp here, but it was only 2:00, the campsite was not the best, and with the weather we have been having, the thing to do was keep traveling while it was possible to travel, so we pulled right through leaving the photographers little time to record the Falls at all -- and besides the sky had clouded over pretty much by this time. We ran out a couple miles of current getting the section back together after the carry and started pulling for Basil -- against a head wind as usual. And of course we had to collect a little rain on the way -- not enough for rain suits, but enough to call it another day of rain and add it to our long list of such days. The Opinaca River came in and was passed, and we landed at Basil about 3:45. Still time to travel, and the weather was not that bad, so we one-tripped Basil with the canoes and five wannigans and the babies going over for the night while all the gear we needed for a one-night stand was left on the top side in the respectable, but unexciting, campground. The staff delayed to make a fireplace, cut wood, and mix a bannock while the others took off. The walking was long, dull, and unexciting -- no bear, just some grouse and squirrels -- but the trail was by far the driest and best walker of all the long ones. The guide claimed to have cut a trail around the largest and worst of the windfalls and John claimed to have cut out some others, but the various carriers were not all in agreement. By 7:15 the staff was back as the last of the walkers, and dinner was served -- again quite peaceful with the dogs tied up. A few spits of rain fell after the meal but did not last so that in spite of the bugs it was possible to sit around the fire for a while. The staff repaired the guide's

tump, Reb sharpened his ax after finishing up his bannock for tomorrow, and Randy toasted his socks -- sort of as usual. And when as calm fell over the campsite, so did more rain -- sort of more or less as a usual occurrence, so the day can really be listed among the many, but at least we are one good day or two easy ones from Eastmain at the moment.

Tuesday, August 13 -- As has been the usual case, the fates were not with us and the rain was. It dripped lightly through the night and continued into the morning, never very heavy, but ever present. Finally the staff and guide got out after nine and cut fly poles and mixed pancake batter after Reb joined them at the fire as usual. Reb started the bacon, but the guide took over to stay near the fire after his excursion into the bush after poles. The pancake cooks judged their own job as excellent -- the best of the trip -- they have had enough practice for sure. As usual as soon as the last batter was gone the traffic around the fire suddenly disappeared and Dave, Reb, and the staff were left to cook a meager pot of Spanish rice for lunch. And even a small pot of soup disappeared. Reb and the staff sat around the fire for a while, joined eventually by the guide, and the rain or mist finally let up for a brief spell, not to the point where the sky was clearing, but at least it was not pouring, so we rolled and broke camp and packed our wet canvas for the first time really. And off we went on the last trip across the portage, which wet as it was, did not seem as long this last time across. Tents went up with varying speed -- those hoping for comfort getting their's up and stretched as soon as possible while a few others hoped some miracle would happen and somehow the tent would dry while rolled! The rain had returned during the walk and continued after the campsite was reached on the far side. The guide started drawing wood right away -- after the fly was up -- while the staff started dinner, it now being in the neighborhood of 5:00. Surprisingly enough all sorts of volunteers turned up to help cook, and it was possible to move around a little as soon as half of them cleared out. Five wannigans were emptied for our wood supply, leaving the lunch wannigan, the baking wannigan, and two less than full wannigans of food. Wood was drawn, split, and packed before and right after dinner while the guide baked a date cake for tomorrow. A Hearts game demanded some attention while the dogs and the rest kept warm at the fire on the extra wood. Water posed a problem -- not from the sky, there was plenty of that, but no one really wanted to attempt the hill to the river and water was drawn from the creek or spring back up the trail. John and Dave's good resolves to become non-smokers had fallen by the boards days ago as soon as the long portages started. The staff finally discovered that the fish hook had come out of Gerzelda's nose almost ten days ago -- maybe that is why he has been more of a nuisance of late. Then Chip and Gordon discovered their tent looked like "the inside of a cave" -- maybe wiping it off with a towel will help, but experienced canvas dwellers had their doubts. Buck of course found his tent side unreasonably wet and there was great talk of sleeping under the fly -- though how and why the fly should be better protection no one could explain -- and of sleeping three in a tent, but by now the rain had settled down to a very fine Scotch mist at best and the tents that had been pitched right away and stretched tight were not really complaining. Then there was always Buck's theory that holding a candle close enough to the canvas so that the

carbon black sealed the drips -- no one has yet explained why Reb's side is always dry and Buck's wet every time it rains. The weather outlook for tomorrow looked no different as we turned in in shifts. Most other rain days we have had clearing about eight o'clock, but not this time, and we have not seen the sun at all today, but we have to move tomorrow no matter what.

Wednesday, August 14 -- It all started badly. Maybe we never should have got out of bed at all. Least ways that is the way it seemed at the end of the day. Mist was falling very lightly at 7:00, Scotch mist to be sure, but mist nevertheless. The staff lay abed until about 7:20, but we had to move, there was no getting around it, so eventually he dot up with the guide to cook breakfast. First Gerzelda got to the bacon and stole at least a piece and then ran into the bush after the guide's beating, but he got close enough 15 minutes later and got tied up for the duration of the meal for his efforts. Then the staff's cereal never really made cereal as it should have done, so we ended up with a watery mixture of Vita-B and Red River -- which no one likes anyway. We did get rolled with undue speed -- with people even arriving far in advance of the usual time -- probably because they had not rolled very securely anyway. For some reason a rumor got started that there was nothing but calm water after Basil! We carried the loads down the hill, slipping, and sliding as usual, and then skidded the canoes afterwards. The mist had just let off the river and a faint glow of sun was even seen at one point. The staff investigated the left side of the eddy for an exit as the others loaded, and found a run, but Gerzelda and Dead Eye wanted nothing to do with traveling in such weather and headed back up the hill to the fire. 74 left Dead Eye behind without meaning to do so and 59 sat on shore waiting for Gerzelda while Oliver sat at the canoe calling for the dog and saying unkind things about him until finally Dave and Gordon paddled back and Gordon fetched the pair. The staff carefully warned everyone of the rock they had to go outside of and the cellar they had to go inside of, and started off and promptly ran into the cellar himself and was over in less time than it takes to tell. Basil rapids are not for him! The others ran correctly, taking a little water in some cases, but otherwise in fine shape. 27 tried to come to the aid of 77, but could not get close enough, and Randy and the staff got their end-of-the-trip bath in something of a washing machine. Meanwhile the guide started in pursuit running the left side while the swimmers and 77 were on the right, and 57 lost track of the canoe and actually ran down below the eddy 77 eventually caught. The staff retrieved his wet cameras that had caught the same eddy, and he and Randy walked the canoe down for a while and then ran for a while on the spare paddle until they met the guide and Reb coming after them. On the other side, Buck started leading the other three canoes down, so the guide did not have to go all the way back up as he feared as the staff and Randy started looking for lost gear, finding the packs and Randy's paddle and the empty wood wannigan in the eddy where they were now parked. The rest joined the search, finding nothing more in that eddy and preceeded 77 to the next eddy finding the baking wannigan, the staff tent, the baby, Randy's wet tobacco, and his iris bulbs. So total losses -- one wannigan top, one tump, and one paddle -- and one wet, soggy crew. But in the rescue operations others had not only taken a little water in the canoes, but some had taken unwanted baths too. Gordon, the guide, and Reb probably the

wettest. By now the wind was really rising, so we pulled to the south shore to look for a lunch site, finally finding an old Indian tepee site after battling the wind and waves for longer than desired. Some drying of people and clothes was done. Randy's sleeping bag was literally wrung out and the contents of his pack laid on the tepee frame to try to dry. Buck made a warming fire which helped some, but when it was time to move on, no one was completely dry but Reb who had changed clothes -- having earlier given his jacket to Randy. But now the wind increased though the sun shone, and there was no shelter on the south shore from a northwest wind. We slowly moved forward, often hardly moving at all, and rode the rollers a good part of the time -- fortunately rollers and no chop. But there was no place to stop, and so on we went. 74 swamped, or came so close they could not tell the difference, and when it was all over, Dave's sleeping bag was no drier than Randy's. The others bailed as often as possible -- which was only a couple times when we could find a small shelter and clutch the alders for a break. The rapid just before the post was well drowned out, and we plowed forward finally to touch down just as the sun sank. We portaged up to the '67 camping area and found 11 of last year's poles that helped somewhat. Father Vaillancourt offered water, which we accepted gladly as the river was churned to a dull gray or brown by the storm. Spaghetti had to be cooked for dinner -- there was not time for anything else. And the wind whistled and tried to blow down the tents as we turned in right afterwards. Oliver made friends with the Father immediately, and he, Randy, Dave, and Reb went off to warm up in the church-parsonage and listen to a conversation all in French. But as a result Randy ended up with a 15-pound sleeping bag for the night and Dave got the loan of blankets. The rest turned in for a night of wet after viewing a spectacular display of northern lights -- no colors; but so soon after a rain again! And the wind still blew at a good clip at 2 am, and the sky had by now clouded over again. But at least we were at Eastmain on time in spite of all our troubles.

Thursday, August 15 -- The wind decreased just after 2 am and the rest of the night was relatively calm and quite cold -- as has been usual. The staff roused around eight to start breakfast and then head off for his normal vigil with the radio. No contact was made -- as is also normal -- and he returned with flour, salt, and wheat flour for a new kind of pancake for the uninitiated, who claimed it burned and would not hold together very well. Pancake hour dragged on for a while through several batches of syrup -- too much batter for a change -- and the staff went back to try for contact at 10:30 with no more luck at all, but Manager George Brown clued us in to the fact that the winds of yesterday had been running at 60 mph while we were paddling down! Another 1:00 try produced no better results. A photographic excursion was made to the village resulting in the purchase of several goose decoys. Lunch came around 2:00 after an extended visit to the store where everyone returned with piles of goodies from crackers to fruit. A 2:30 radio call did no better, and we stood by for an hour or so with no success and finally got a message out with an Austin plane -- where the co-pilot (?) who seemed to know said we were down for two Norseman charters tomorrow. 27 and/or 59 were offered for sale and both George Brown and the Anglican Missionary George Daly, who was in the process of tearing down the old Anglican Church and building a new one at the head of the village, expressed interest, but not enough to

buy. Oliver spent the day trying to learn Cree from Father Vaillancourt and ended up staying for dinner. Reb baked another apple cake for dinner, which was not a really necessary meal considering the fact that most were already stuffed with store-bought food. Randy provided the Tums and got his camera back in working order -- as did the staff, but the quality of the pictures from each may well be in question. After dinner the Catholic Mission offered an Elvis Presley picture by way of entertainment -- but the major entertainment was the Indian audience, judging by the reaction of all who went. Then in the wee small hours of the morning a Hearts game started as an east wind blew in on us, promising nothing good. Today had been one of our best days of the trip with a cold, cloudy, windy morning followed by sun about four o'clock, but the local weather men reported the barometer was dropping again. Several people felt the predicted effects of striking the food of civilization, but thus far have survived.

Friday, August 16 -- What started as a noisy game of Hearts kept on till well into the morning, and the noise level was helped not at all by the arrival of Rennie -- the Indian clerk in the store -- and a friend, who had already been to the dance down in the village and found a couple bottles of beer at least. Anyway Buck claims to have made it to bed at 5:30, which would at least partially bear out the guide's announcement that he could not get to sleep until four himself what with all the noise going on outside. The staff was up at 8:00 in a sort of very pale mist to start breakfast and get the show on the road. He went to cut the bacon for the morning, finding a wannigan partly open and a hole in the corner of it where the half-used can of bacon had been the morning before, but no bacon. And there in lies one of the mysteries of the trip, for no one seemed to know anything about it. There was another can, however, to go with the pancake batter, which not too many people seemed to want for some reason. But by then the staff was off to the radio to see what might happen. It was finally worked out that a Canso would come over on a charter and take us and a canoe out -- there being no room for us on the sked -- as usual also. The plane was supposed to leave Moose at 10:00 and be in for us at 11:00, so we finished up breakfast and rolled so as to be ready. Reb and the staff took off for the village escorted by Teddy Moses to act as interpreter, and in interviews with Matthew, the chief, and another Indian named John, got filled in on some more routes around the area -- none of which seemed to sound very easy even compared to what we had been through. They then picked up a couple goose decoys for Janie to have a selection, a little girl's Indian paddle for which they gave her two dollars, and a small piece of moose hide for five dollars -- which was too steep, but we were in no position to bargain, it now being 11:00 -- but no Canso yet in sight. In the process of their search they saw an otter half skinned -- having been shot for stealing fish from an Indian's net -- whitefish from the looks of the catch in the Indian's bucket. The rain started down just about then as the staff and Reb were the last to roll. Oliver had gotten the only Indian with decoys to hold out three for him -- which he now declared he did not want, much to the staff's disgust, but Randy, as a favor, undertook to purchase them and return the three to the staff, whereupon Oliver decided he wanted at least one, and he and Randy took off for the village and ended up with a mink, two bear, a pair of old muckluks, a pair of gloves,

and a white animal mounted on a wooden frame. How Oliver plans to get it all back through French customs is a mystery, but he has managed things less unlikely. Guide and staff went off to see what the radio had to say -- nothing -- and on the way pulled Buck's fishing rod out of his canoe -- he promptly bushed a perfectly good Mepps he had been carrying rigged to the rod in the stern of his canoe ever since Great Bend -- how he escaped getting stuck is really a mystery. George and the Reverend George Daly and the two lads who were working with him were sitting down to a large lunch, which they shared with innumerable of us -- Randy and Oliver missing out on their search of the Indian village. In the midst of listening to one of George's records, the guide burst in to report the Canso overhead, and sure enough it finally arrived. Out we finally went in three large loads of the Indian freighter used to ferry people out to the mourning. The pilot turned out to be an old friend -- Willard -- who had flown the staff across the Bay numerous times, but he would not take 77, and she got returned to shore to George's care to be shipped out by HBC Transport with the rest. Now we will all have to make do with those tiny 17-footers Chief will send down. The weather coming across was not the best, especially for the photographers, but with hot coffee served in flight, we made it in good time -- by about 3 o'clock. The Austin truck took us up to the station after some dickering, and we got the price of the charter knocked down \$36 because of the extra fares Willard had brought out of Rupert's House. We pitched tents on the far side of the creek by the station -- the near side having just this year been taken up with a new building. Buck and Chip chased baggage car 403 all over the yard to get the gear we did not need for the night loaded into her. The staff went looking for the mail and got a rather curt "No" from the lady at the counter. Somehow Buck discovered that Wabun had lost a boy on one of their Albany sections on the rapids out of Makokobatan, which the guide and staff had to verify since they had already been told so at the Austin office. We cooked dinner first and then went off to investigate the town, which actually did not need much investigation, but the Bay Post was at least open in the evening since it was Friday night. The staff had already purchased supplies for tomorrow's train picnic, so he posted guard over the campsite, and of course while everyone was gone, the rain came down in buckets with a real good thunder shower that persisted lightly for a good while thereafter. At last report the guide was being done in by lots of food and was listening to tales of a group of Frenchmen who had come down the Missinabi.

Saturday, August 17 -- Naturally there was a little rain. It had to be that way. The tents had to come down still wet, and it is doubtful if the fly will dry in a week. The staff was up at 7:30, unable to sleep any longer, and a normal breakfast was cooked, though there was a good bit of cold cereal produced so that as a result some of the cream of wheat actually got bushed for once. We rolled and packed as a light drizzle fell and portaged down the tracks to a baggage cart that was then dragged and pushed to the far end of the tracks where car 403 was sitting. The dogs were tied to one end of the car -- not too well it was later discovered as Gerzelda got free with preordained results. A trip was made to the Post and restaurant for last minute purchases, mainly for the stomach. Some just made the train at 11:00 with Gordon needing to make a last trip to the baggage car for some reason just before she

pulled out. The ride was not really very exciting and seat space was limited. A couple inquisitive tourists kept asking questions as usual -- and not understanding the answers really. Dave and John decided to visit the dogs during one of the switching maneuvers of the engine and we almost had two section members walking the tracks. Lunch was made from the sandwich supplies with plenty left over for the evening meal. Some sleeping and reading -- but mostly just waiting until we finally reached Cochrane around 4:30. The dogs were watered, and we toured the town -- more food -- and the staff finally got his haircut. We should have done the laundry for we did not pull out until 8:00, but we counted on the Temagami machines -- and hoped Stan had the good sense to send our bundle of clothes to the Boat Lines. We were among the first on the train and so found seats, but they added another car and we stretched a little. Dinner came from the wannigans again as Chip and Buck refused our fare this time. The dogs made such a racket, the conductor knew they were there, but did nothing about them fortunately. A few drunks entertained us -- and Dave seemed to attract them all for some reason. Oliver ran around talking with everyone -- Frenchmen and Indians mostly trying to broaden his knowledge of Cree. George had earlier discussed routes and maps with the Frenchmen who had come down the Missinabi, and now he tried conversing with a young thing -- who had come out on the Canso with us, but from Rupert's House -- she enjoyed a sandwich off our lunch counter and then got a pullman reservation and disappeared. Reb ran into a character who said he worked for Austin Airways and insisted the tree line was at Moosonee in spite of the fact we tried to tell him there were loads of trees where we had been. Finally along about 12:30 we pulled in to T Station after the train crew set off our car. The staff's car and keys were waiting as was the package of groceries for the day. We just made it to the Orient Gardens before it closed for more food that no one really needed by this time. And then to bed in the car -- all except for Buck and Chip who decided to rent a room in the local hotel and deserted us in favor of a bed and a hot shower.

Sunday, August 18 -- Through the night trains rolled past on occasion shaking the car, and Dead Eye was up and around to chew Dave's cigarettes, Reb's Ace of Spades, and bother the guide -- until he got chucked out; too late. Someone came by in the wee small hours of the morning and hammered open the adjacent box car to remove Wabun canoes, but only the staff was bothered by that intrusion. The staff was up and rolled at 8:30, and the guide handed down the wannigans and loose gear to go to the Boat Line landing in the first load which the staff and Randy took down while the others had breakfast -- several in fact as it turned out. The laundrimat did us dirt and was closed on Sunday -- so we will have to go in dirty. The second load went down around eleven and the last at twelve so that we made it on the water after one for one of the few times we have taken to the water with little or no wind and a bright sun -- though a little chilly maybe. The junk left at the Boat Lines included one Bay canoe, which the staff grabbed, Chief's Number 1, which the guide took, and three pieces in lesser shape. As usual the 17-footers seemed tiny, tippy, and unsafe -- especially with Oliver stuck up in the bow. We took our time up the lake, almost chopping a girl's section in half -- they were looking for Section B and Steve Speer, but we helped not at all. As Buck disciplined Gerzelda, a Wabun skiff stopped for a moment -- we guess

with their Section A guide who had lost the camper. We pulled up at the "secret" Section A campsite on Bear Island around 2:30 and soon had tents up and devoured the rest of the train supplies in short order. Randy and Oliver pitched their cathedral for the last time -- Oliver's end up in the air and Randy's the right height. The bags, babies, and liners were hung out to dry and the guide started the bathing procession just as Chip's father decided to buzz us several times. Finally even Randy and -- surprise -- Oliver made it into the water. The dogs each had a bath with Dave having to do Gerzelda since Buck did not want to get near the water after his hot shower. Even so almost as soon as we hit the lake someone commented first on the clarity, and then on the color, and then on the warmth of Temagami water. Reb baked for dinner for the last time -- a coffee cake that was perfect -- and the staff fried a really large supply of potatoes that Roy had sent down. After dinner the great drawing for parts of the jewelry was held with Gordon doing his large pot, Chip his reflector, Randy his fry pan, and John his bean pot on the spot since they would not be needed in the morning. Buck of course had to be wakened for dinner, but afterwards participated in the Gunn Canoe Trophy practice with several others. A slight discussion was held on how to make our plaque -- with Reb offering to mastermind the project. The dogs rolled in the fireplace to get back their normal color again, and as the sun sank about 9:30 we quit in favor of the tents.

Monday, August 19 -- During the trucking to the Boat Lines, the staff's car radio had predicted we might have our usual weather for the trip in, but when the staff lit the fire just after 7:00, we were still working under a relatively high ceiling. A normal breakfast finished off our meals over an open fireplace, the tents came down slowly, a few clean clothes were discovered, and we were all loaded by shortly after 9:00. The wind blew from the southeast, so we took the front instead of the back side of Wabun and caught Long Island for a break, expecting Nishe still to appear from Belanger Bay -- but he was up north we learned later, and we could have had his campsite! The wind angled up the lake, and well ahead of time, we floated and drifted north watching the water rise in the 17-footers -- water that came from below as well as that which washed over the gunwales. The guide started using a bailing cup in Number 1, so the staff decided we had poked along enough, so after a last hair combing and dog stop, we rounded Seal Rock, and slowly, five together, rode the waves right toward the dock and its throng of watchers. We thought they would never recognize us with the normal cheer and we were going to have to plow right through the dock, but they finally came around, and we could head in to land, be reunited with parents and friends, and go through the usual picture taking routine. It all quieted down quickly. The Moosonee mail had really been shipped in good time, but had missed us and had to be forwarded long after camp was emptied. The film from the reoutfitting had arrived, fortunately, just a couple days before. Chief had just finished reading the staff's letter sent from there as a result of the delay of the mail strike. Dave upheld our honor by taking the Gunn Canoe Trophy in the afternoon. Still to be done were the jewelry and the plaque. The former was polished up and stored the next afternoon although we had lost some early birds, and Dave polished off the latter in the wee small hours of the evening with a balky burner and lots of advise.