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SECTION

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JAMES BAY
via
EASTMAIN RIVER

Mistassini - Wabassinon - Baudeau - Shigami -
Vick Crick - Upper Eastmain - Prosper -
Clearwater - Basil! - Eastmain Post

N

27

George Files

Sam "El Fuzz" Scott
Fred

57

Jim Vick

Tom McDuffie, Guide

59

Tim Treadway

Bev Stanley

74

Stan Cotton

Steve "El Rat" Speer
Marlow

77

Lute Quintrell

Heb Evans, Staff

June 30 - August 17, 1969



DAILY ITINERARY

June 30 - August 17, 1969

June 30 -- Lake Tibblemont	August 1 -- 250 Yard Portage on
July 1 -- Mistassini Post	Clearwater River
July 2 -- Rest	August 2 -- Foot of Great Bend
July 3 -- Island North of Big	August 3 -- Rest
Crossing	August 4 -- Below First Sod Hut
July 4 -- North of Mouth of	August 5 -- Prospector's Site
Rupert	below Abautago
July 5 -- Rest	August 6 -- Third Chute
July 6 -- Mouth of Wabassinon	August 7 -- Foot of Conglomerate
July 7 -- Fourth Portage on	August 8 -- Top of Clouston
Wabassinon	August 9 -- Rest
July 8 -- Stream to Baudeau	August 10 -- Island Falls
July 9 -- North End of Baudeau	August 11 -- Top of Basil
July 10 -- First Rapid on	August 12 -- Foot of Basil Portage
Shigami	August 13 -- Eastmain Post
July 11 -- Shigami Turn	August 14 -- Rest
July 12 -- Head of Shigami	August 15 -- Moosonee
Rapids	August 16 -- Boat Line Bay --
July 13 -- Lake at Height of	Temagami
Land (Rat Lake)	August 17 -- KKK
July 14 -- Junction of Branches	
of Vick Crick	
July 15 -- Halfway down Vick	
Crick	
July 16 -- Foot of Rapids on	
Vick Crick	
July 17 -- First Portage on	
Eastmain	
July 18 -- Below Second Portage	
on Eastmain	
July 19 -- Rapid below Palms	
Portage	
July 20 -- East End of Veneur	
July 21 -- Nasacauso	
July 22 -- Reoutfitting at	
Island above Prosper	
July 23 -- Rest	
July 24 -- Rest	
July 25 -- Prosper Gorge	
July 26 -- Foot of Prosper	
Portage	
July 27 -- Bauerman Falls	
July 28 -- Below Village Lakes	
Portage	
July 29 -- Rest	
July 30 -- Portage to	
Lichteneger	
July 31 -- Top of Clearwater	
River	

Monday, June 30 -- The Four Winds danced last night in spite of a few drops of dew and Matt and Keewaydin added to the ceremony by trying to bring in an extra craft over the shoal, but between Shawendaussee and Mudjie something happened, and she opened up about 5 am. At our ritual breakfast of ham and eggs Chief and the staff decided to hold up 24 hours. Much to the dismay of those who had rolled -- Tom to be exact -- and it took a while for the message to get through to Steve and Tim back in the tents. The papooses were duely banded, and back to the sack every one went as the rain continued and Chief headed south to phone the truck -- without first consulting the other end, so at 9:00 the crowd started to gather. Informed of the delay, back they went, only to have Chief return at 9:15 to say the truck was already on its way and could not be stopped, or delayed a day. So we rerolled and headed to the canoes expecting a day of wet. The crowd was sparse, though the rain had let up enough so it was possible to see Seal Rock, and off we went. Much to Morningstar's regret, Tom turned the right way and we headed into the wind and down the lake. A Windshift section from Green's Point intercepted us at the first smoke break, but they were no contest except for their staff who was headed for Bear Island to telephone his parents. We angled toward Rabbit Nose as Chief came back up the lake after landing our supplies at the Boat Line dock, and it was decided to skip cooking lunch and load the truck and head for a late lunch at the Busy Bee. We duely admired a 28 pound lake trout caught by clubbers at La Fay's Point, and then had a brief sail at the cliffs for a smoke break. The weather cleared enough on the way to the Boat Line so that the sun even shone a little and loading the truck was down right hot. Chief had arrived with Ed and watched as we packed, and finally we headed for town. A fox crossed the road ahead of us on the way up for our first sighting of wild life. A quick hamburger or two, and we were off for the north. By now the sun was out and quite warm, so not being able to stop the arrival of the truck was the best thing that could have happened. The scenery rolled by and by 9:30 we were into a large cabin off of Lake Tiblémont, and the truck driver and wife and Ed and Russell headed to Senneterre as we cooked our meal on a wood stove and then tried to turn in shortly after 11:00. There were even a couple beds available, but Steve and George found cards more exciting into the wee small hours of the morning. The heat of the evening and the mosquitoes served to keep every one else awake for varying periods.

Tuesday, July 1 -- The staff laid the fire at 6:00 and went back to bed to rise to find the cereal water already boiling -- though the coffee took longer. Russell and Ed arrived at 7:05 to have a little weak coffee and Red River. A few drops of rain fell as we vacated the cabin and rolled back to Senneterre to repack the truck and start to Chibougamau. Rain fell on and off and the temperature was low. The road was rough, the scenery pretty much the same, and the stretch above Beattyville no better than usual. The annual coffee break at O'Sullivan Lodge, and the picnic lunch in the wind and cold. May's Date and Nut bread went fast -- and the staff had to fight for a few pickled eggs before every one else ate them. The stop was short, however, and we were at Fecteau around 2:00. We passed the Waconichi gate with no trouble! And were dropped at the landing in time to load up by 5:00. By now the sun was out, but the wind out of the north and west made the trip up to the post a little long and rough. We dropped a little wood just

short of the campground around 7:00 and had the tents up and dinner cooked well before sun down -- for the earliest yet! George landed the first pike of the trip on the way up and tried again after dinner. Tim cleaned the pots -- yes, those really were hamburgers. Steve stoked up the fire and soon four Indians paddled over. No, they had not set the snare that still held a rabbit that Tim found. But three more arrived and after various sentences in Cree tried to claim the rabbit -- but didn't know where the snare was, but they soon left and we settled in for our first cool night of the north. A fine Dominion Day.

Wednesday, July 2 -- The early morning was clear and cool, but the sky soon clouded over and by 9:00 when the staff got up to make breakfast, a light drizzle set in and gradually got stiffer as various people got out of bed. Tim and Bev made it first and by the time Jim, Stan, and Lute were up it was fly pitching time -- Tom having already drawn the poles. Somehow pancakes got cooked and Tom, Bev, and the staff took off to check routes at the post before the others were up. Back at noon, breakfast was done and the dishes almost washed. The rain set in in earnest, but all but the earlier three travelers took off in spite of the wet. Eventually two pups were found -- Frad by George, and Marlow by Steve. Dogs are coming expensive this year -- three and four dollars respectively. Back the dog buyers headed as the others went from shack to shack checking routes, finally ending up at Emmett MacLeod's house. The old man was in rough shape and his ancient Indian friend was not much help in locating the old fur trade routes on the map. So we elected the northern route up through the Shigami after getting it pretty well checked out by various Indians in the store. Meanwhile, the dogs had a bath -- in warm water supposedly. Dinner was finally cooked on a slow fire and the two dogs came out for the meal and reluctantly joined us. The sky had cleared by now, but the wind blew in from the west, making it chilly. Steve and George took off for the post again, returning around ten with a pair of female clerks -- one, Emmett MacLeod's daughter. Andu after showing off the two mascots, heded back across to return their lovelies. If the weather cooperates we head north bright and early tomorrow -- after a swing across to the post.

Thursday, July 3 -- The night proved to be a real cold one, but the sun was out warming the campsite slightly as the staff rose about 6:50. Breakfast was quick enough, even if Steve and Sam were a little reluctant to roll out. By 8:45 we were loading and heading for the post for last pictures, purchases, and out-going mail. Around ten we headed north in an almost dead calm. Marlow and Fred took easily to sleeping in the canoe and soon almost every one was basking in warm sun. What wind there was blew from the south -- a little erratically at first to be sure. A few fishing poles appeared, but no luck. Lunch came around 12:30 or 1:00, but was quickly cooked while Bev, Tim, and the staff, expecting colder water on the big lake, took baths -- and were not disappointed. George tried trolling on the rest of the pull to the head of the bay -- surprise, nothing. The campsites at the top of the bay appeared around 3:15, and we elected to continue, taking advantage of our tail wind, and kept going. The fishing camp came up about 4:30 - 5:00, but the nearby site was judged too dirty, and we kept on with that staff promising to find a site near an old cabin, that he never

found, and suddenly we were at the '68 lunch site. So it was made into a campsite -- although not a very good one since there was really only one tent site. The kitchen was smaller this year with high water, but we fried a meal of chips and ham while the staff baked a couple bannocks. Marlow took a couple swims, but no one else tried. And when the dishes were done, it was about time for bed -- the bugs came, and the sky started to cloud over slowly, so we may have a night of wet!

Friday, July 4 -- After a warmer night, the staff made it up at 6:40 to be greeted by a warm sun high in the sky. Sam arrived to announce it was 10 am by his watch, but the staff held out for 7:50 by that time, and at 8:25 we were on the water headed north, still with our tail wind and roly seas. But this time the warmth was not there, and the paddle was a little cool. We sighted the main lake several times through openings and at the third one pulled in to have our first meal of starch on an Indian lunch site. Stopping about 11:30, we were back on the water just after 1:00, taking so long since trying to boil Mistassini water takes longer than any other water. We took the canoes up to the next opening, the largest of the several along the islands and headed through to the far side of the islands after being passed by an Indian going to check his nets. The weather was not auspicious for crossing, so we ran up the side of the islands a couple miles and finally cooked dinner on a rock-pointed island where much scrambling through bush was needed to get from canoes to fire and back again -- most of the traffic caused by the fact that the staff could not find the rice in his own baby and then talked every one into looking for the ingredients for the base of a chicken dinner in the wannigans -- found in a baby of course after all wannigans had been searched at least twice. We got off for the far side, still with a fair breeze blowing, just after six. On a compass heading of 330°, we really hit toward the nearest looking land. The lake rolled and of course a rain shower soon rolled in, but the sea got no worse, so we continued. At about half way -- who knows -- more rain fell harder and longer, creating a few white caps. Steve coughed his way across, but the rest paddled, and eventually land came in sight as the lake calmed a bit. 77 ran up along shore a short way and around a point into a bay, and there on a sand beach was an old Indian site -- used for two of their tents. Each of their areas held two of our tents -- and Bev and Stan volunteered to bush a site. Water was heated and the dinner bannock eaten -- by the light of the moon if there had been one, and by 10:00 the tents started to fill, and the big lake was crossed as our 4th of July celebration!

Saturday, July 5 -- Into each life some rain is supposed to fall, so about 5:00 a good bit started falling in ours. The wind shifted to the west and north at the same time driving the water in against some of our canvas -- some of which let it through pretty easily in spite of previous waterproofing. The rain continued on and off at least until noon when Tom could stand it no longer and got up to rig the fly and start breakfast in spite of the storm. Even with the rearranged kitchen area, it took nearly two hours to boil the coffee and cereal water while every one clustered around trying for a little warmth. Lunch came right on top of breakfast, and by this time the rain had ceased even though we were pretty well wind bound for the duration. Between meals Steve, Tim,

and George retreated to bed while the others occupied themselves in various ways around the fire. Bev baked for the evening meal and Stan took over for the next day's bannock. Marlow and Fred played and the sun broke through for a while. A few wet sleeping bags dried in the wind and sun, but otherwise it was all pretty uneventful. But maybe we are all rested for the next pull up the lake -- if the weather cooperates.

Sunday, July 6 -- The dogs had rested too much during the day apparently, and not having any home for the night, ended up running around fighting until the guide got up and pitched them in with Jim and Lute next door. Only they got tossed out again later on. A few drops of rain fell about the same time at 4 am, but did not last long. The staff was going to get an early start, but failed to get up until 6:50. Still we were on the water at 8:45 even though Steve and Sam did not hear the yell. The wind blew in gusts from the west and northwest -- cold bursts to boot with small patches of blue passing over head all too rapidly. The map reading had been correct, and we were really where the staff thought we had landed, so north we paddled with numbed fingers. Without too much to do but paddle and dodge a few rocks and shoals, we pulled up at a windy sand beach for lunch and were back on the water around 2:15. The Wabassinon finally came in sight about 4:00 and we dodged through the rocks to the portage at a heavy rapid. The campsite at the foot was not as good as that at the top, so we carried across even though our packs were not tumped, but it was only 50 yards or so and no problem. And camp was well on the way to being pitched at 5:00. While Tom baked and cooked the staff went and landed the only trout of the evening -- which went for Tim's dinner. George was furious! Steve, Stan, and Sam braved the still cool water for a bath before dinner. The fishing rods came out in full force with no success and by 9:00 everyone was back discouraged, as the sun failed to make much of a showing and the evening proved to be just as cool as the day had been -- but at least we have seen the last of the huge waters of Mistassini, and three full days of paddling on it has been quite enough, even if we did make pretty good time.

Monday, July 7 -- A few drops of rain during the night discouraged the staff at 6:30, and he rolled over for another hour to see what would happen -- nothing; the sky stayed gray and the cold wind still blew from the north or west. Tim made it up before breakfast and headed for the river and landed his trout for his feed. George dashed out immediately and promptly landed a three pounder, but by this time breakfast was done, so the trout was cleaned, wrapped in Tim's towel for lunch. As a result of the late start, we did not start upstream until 9:30 into a strong headwind with splatters of rain driving in from the north. The next falls was just above, but was easily carried over an island for a few yards. Steve and Stan promptly loaded Bev and Tim's packs instead of their own -- making up for the fact that Steve had broken his record and left nothing on the campsite. Then a long pull against mild current and much wind with 59 trying to guide most of the time. Finally the river swung northeast between stands of jackpine through a burned area and the wind slackened. The staff made a poor guess and halted for lunch in a perfectly good spot, just that around the bend was a short portage and a better spot. The loading area left a good bit to be desired, however, and George's baby took a swim --

and he had to jump in to rescue it, and several other pieces of equipment came close. The next one was longer, but easy. A grave of a small Indian child was just up from the landing to add to the scenery. Fred began to learn to follow across portages, but Marlow just lay down and went to sleep. A little while later, but not a great deal farther, a third portage since lunch came up -- longer than either of the other two, but still through jackpine, and the staff quit for the day in a spacious Indian site. Tim and George went fishing immediately, and Tim brought back his supper and had a trout larger than George's of the morning up on shore only to lose it. The chips took ages to cook, but finally dinner was done and Steve baked for tomorrow. A large contingent went fishing, but caught only small ones and returned empty handed. The dogs got bathed again, but otherwise the cool evening soon filled the tents as the two beasts faught around the kitchen area.

Tuesday, July 8 -- Tim was up at dawn with mist still over the river after his breakfast with no luck. He was in the process of laying the fire as the staff got up at 6:15, and the sun was even out, even if it was still chilly after a cool night. We loaded up and were off at 8:00 for a record start, but just above everything had to come out of the canoes again to portage 50 yards or so around a short rapid. But then we got to stay in the canoes for a while. The wind picked up again where it left off yesterday, but on small water was not much problem. A couple miles up we avoided a 30 yard portage by pulling up, but then the guide discovered he had dropped his map and a short wait ensued while he recovered it. Meanwhile we circumnavigated a pond looking for the exit and 57 was right with us when we found the way out. The river split was reached and we followed the Indian to the left and almost immediately hit a 150 yard carry around some more rapids. Here Fred got left and 27 had to paddle back to get her. A quick drift south, a pull west, and we started north against the wind again. A couple riffs too steep to paddle had to be lined -- one such earlier had driven 74 back and made them try a second time. At the top Tim went to take a picture and dropped a lens out of his glasses -- the one for the bad eye -- but he found it by wading in the cold water in a few moments. Lunch was becoming an issue, but it took a while to find a rock ledge out of the wind. The paddle afterwards was punctuated only by the wind as we reached the Baudeau portage about 3:00. The report somehow had it at a mile -- but it turned out to be 500 yards, even if the foot was quite wet. It made not a great deal of difference to Steve who was already wet from trying to get a wannigan out of his canoe. A few boots proved to be too low -- or need waterproofing. The view of the mountains to the east was spectacular after the carry -- Bev thought they were hills. Then we started downstream for the first time -- entertained by a duck doing her broken wing act, and several little rocky places in the river -- really only shallows. But then about 4:45 we reached a portage and called it quits in an Indian site on the near end. The canoes went across the 250 yards while supper was started and Tim and George tried the fishing with no results. The staff succeeded in dropping half the rice in the stream while draining it -- so rations were a little skimpy -- and Bev baked a slightly dark molasses bannock for tomorrow to end our woes of the day. A few fishermen tried after dinner with no more success than earlier, but the heavy cloud of bugs ended most outside activity as the card game started up to pass the evening.

Wednesday, July 9 -- We had proof of the low temperature by the 1/4 inch of ice on the water left in the pot on the irons last night. It was still there to be viewed when every one trooped to breakfast before 7:00. Bev was up to fry bacon -- waiting to roll until after everything was done and therefore delaying Tim's tumping, making 59 last off the campsite by almost a half hour. The staff canoe was finished the portage and drifting downstream by 8:15. Steve lost his cup permanently when the guide got tired of cleaning up after him at every campsite and left it. The sky clouded over briefly, but soon passed by and the day warmed a little. A short portage was needed around a small rapid, and then a ledge had to be negotiated by handing the canoes along shore. A little S-shaped run followed to a pond -- and then another portage. It turned out to be 1200 yards after we were prepared for a little jump around a rapid again. The staff announced as he started, the understatement of the day -- "looks to be a little longer than the last one." It was! But the walking was good, though every black fly in Canada was waiting when we got our second loads across. Sam thoughtfully, under pressure from the flies, left his ax as a gift for the next Indian. A pond followed, and then the only real rapid of the day, down a short steep chute with real power swells, but every one made it with a minimum of water. Then a little rock dodging, and we paddled the last pond before Baudeau, stopping for lunch at the little lift over around the chute. By now the day was good and warm. George slept most of the time, waking only to eat, and then back to sleep again. The staff took a bath -- and every one enjoyed Bev's charcoal -- best when mixed with honey it was found. We started the pull up Baudeau with a very gentle head wind, and soon shirts were off. The mountains to the right provided a good setting for the lake -- a few white patches near the tops were maybe still snow? Tim wondered what would have happened to a lake like this in Massachusetts. 59 circled the section at one point when Tim wanted a picture. George chewed on a twig all afternoon, and the dogs howled at various times. About 4:00 we started looking for a campsite, but we had seen only one Indian site down near the bottom of the lake plus an old surveyor's camp where lots of gas drums had been left. Various ones of them seemed to have gotten away and drifted to various spots on the lake. Several unlikely looking sites were tried, but finally about 6:00 or so and only two miles from the head of the lake, we found a rock point which surprisingly had an old Indian winter camp behind it, and found a home for the night. Jim baked his rum-raisin bannock for dinner and Sam took over the traveling bannock. The guide took a bath and the mosquitoes really discovered us forcing every one to the tents -- and starting the card game early. And so we turned in, some complaining that only the left sides of their faces had been sun burned. There was even a suggestion we turn around and paddle south to even the tan.

Thursday, July 10 -- The staff tried to get off early, but met firm resistance. The day warmed quickly as a mouse was dislodged from his home in the lunch wannigan -- to head for the guide's canoe -- and the dogs were roused from their nest under the fly. 77 was on the water before 8:00 in a cloudless glimmer-glass on a warm morning, but it was 8:30 before the section was together. Sam was now custodian of Steve's ax to replace his own. The staff led us on a side trip at the top of the lake, trying to make the turn into the river too early, but it was only 10 minutes each way. A couple

Indian winter camps were viewed from the water just after we started up the river, but no one landed. Then a short pause was needed to replace a seat bolt in the bow of 57. The sun was hot, the bugs out in full force -- everything from mosquitoes to black flies and back again. Shirts were off most of the morning as a result of the sun, however. The wind picked up a little from the west and for a while pushed us forward more than the current held us back, although soon paddling the shore proved wise. The river just kept going, twisting and turning occasionally, but there was a sameness to the scenery. Another winter camp with circles of beaver skulls exhibited was passed, but that was about all until toward 12:30 the staff took another side trip up a tributary, misreading his map and thinking we were passing right of an island. A beaver swam across our trail on the way up, but slapped his tail before anyone but the crew of 77 saw him. A mile and a half later, it was decided we were wrong, and downstream we ran -- faster than up of course, but lunch was delayed until 2:00 in a balsam stand in the shade at least -- though in a place no one else will ever use for similar purposes. We were back on the river after 3:00 and shortly afterwards pulled up to the real split in the river. Again the staff made a wrong guess and took the right branch -- only to find a falls and no portage trail, so back we came and up the main channel to a rapid instead of a falls and an ill used trail that needed clearing -- there was a good run right down the center for any one coming down, so no one had cleared the windfalls from the trail. A campsite at the foot was occupied and the canoes crossed over after the guide cleared the trail. Most every one took a bath of sorts, abbreviated by the swarm of bugs that made disrobing painful. The last of our potatoes went for dinner. George baked for tomorrow -- a repeat of Jim's successful rum-raisin bannock. The tents filled quickly and the perpetual card game started, and the dogs searched for homes.

Friday, July 11 -- The early morning was unusually warm, but the sky was clouded over except to the north -- only the wind was coming from the south and east of all places -- what there was of it. The bugs let us eat breakfast in reasonable comfort. A few drops of rain fell, but we were all rolled and down came the tents. The bugs knew when we loaded, however, and it took a while to lose them. The staff canoe was on the water at 7:50 for our earliest start, but 59 did not catch up until the first smoke break as the others started paddling in earnest about 8:15 or 8:20. At the first break the staff put some scotch fasteners in George's paddle, cracked going up a short pitch. The rain came for a couple minutes, forcing rain gear to be pulled out by the less daring. But then a portage had to be taken around a short 50 yard pitch -- but only after both sides of the river had been looked over. The condition of the trail indicated that again the Indian runs this one. Above a pull up was needed for a couple hundred yards -- done sort of as a group. The bugs were getting unbearable by this time -- mostly black flies and nothing would make them leave except occasional gusts of wind from the east. Then lunch was declared at the start of a longer portage around a more violent rapid where an Indian canoe without canvas was tossed in the bush on the opposite shore. Another carry, longer yet, followed through a burn and around an even more violent rapid. Sam found a new scenic trail, not liking the well walked Indian one. A Canadian goose flushed as Lute made the first trip across the correct trail. And more black flies! Then a long

frustrating series of pull-ups -- and more bugs. And finally at 5:10 we reached the top of the rapids. A campsite still had to be found. We tried a large plateau at the turn while the staff found another such plateau just up the creek, and we took that one -- a one-time Indian site. The bugs were just as bad once they knew where we were, and tents went up quickly and housed most of the section until dinner was ready. Steve baked for tomorrow. A very few washed up -- and every one hid behind the bug netting as much as possible as the sun went down.

Saturday, July 12 -- The staff slept in a few minutes longer than of late this morning. The bugs were still there at breakfast, but not as many as the night before. We made the water still about 8:10 under a somewhat overcast sky. A little cooler than yesterday, but not much, and not much sun. An east wind still blew for some reason, and still no storm. The upward paddle ceased quickly as we pulled into an Indian winter camp to view the collection of beaver skulls, the three dog houses, a sunken house frame, and even a pair of ice skates. Just above were cached a couple canoes at an ancient site. In the process we discovered that water we could have paddled yesterday was now too shallow and swift and so out came the lines again. And then just past the turn to the east, the lines were out more than they were in. The tracking was fairly easy, just mainly pulling shallows and swifts on the left shore without great rocks to go around. Still Bev took an unwanted swim, and Tim did not want his sternsman one up on him and followed suit. But suddenly the staff paddled and poled to a portage trail, so we took her for 150 yards around rapids and finally a falls. The Indian portages only the falls on the way down and runs the rest. Another winter site lay above and the staff landed to check for trail possibilities. The arrangement was the same as for the camp below, so probably the same Indian. Then a short paddle, and out came the lines again for the last time as a harder job was done to a creek and then the start of our walking. Expecting to carry some distance, the staff laid plans for eating on the far side of the portage, but it was only 200 yards, so we had an early lunch in a good campsite -- around 12:15. It had taken that long to travel about four miles on the lines. The trail continued on the far side of the pond -- this time for 900 yards. A short break in the canoe followed as we paddled a little bit of creek. In the process 77 startled some animal that looked strangely like a black dog -- it did not run like a bear. Sam later claimed to have heard it bark. This carry proved to be about 800 yards. Although the bugs were out, they were nowhere near as bad as yesterday and were at least bearable most of the time. Many trails tried to lead people off on this one, but no one was badly lost. Not much of a break followed for the trail started again across the pond after passing a poor beaver lodge. This one was only 600 yards, but wet at the end and the last 50 yards went through swamp. Sam lost his guide's hat on this one, so now El Fuzz has no protection except his hair. We drifted to the east end of the pond where the last carry started. The staff was ready to camp shortly after 4:00, but first the canoes went across to check out the campsite which was declared better than the one on the near end. The bugs soon found us, so the smoke from the fire again had to be used to escape them. Dinner got cooked slowly. Stan made a date cake for tomorrow. But everything was finished well before 8:00. 27 got a few patches in spite of the bugs. Steve stoked up the fire

for a while, but basically the tents had to be occupied to escape the pests, and every one turned in before 9:15.

Sunday, July 13 -- The night was excessively warm, and the bugs had invaded all the tents by dawn so that when the staff gave up fighting them off at 6:15, both Bev and Tim were up to help cook breakfast. Even so there were some slow ones, and the bugs did nothing to help breakfast. We got on the water at 8:00 under a warm, gray sky and paddled out of our bay to the river and then upstream against little current for a stretch. The scenery improved and this section of the river proved to be the most attractive of the trip from Baudeau up. A couple short pull-ups had to be negotiated, but neither amounted to much. Finally a short portage had to be taken around a steep pitch. Marlow elected Steve's jacket. Then a 400 yarder was needed around a series of rapids. She started in a bay, so the guide went to scout the rapids while the staff looked in the bay. 57 found a broken canoe, but no trail. Back on the river it was only a very short pull to the portage out, and we left the Shigani for good. Lunch was cooked on the far side after negotiating our first wet spots in trails. At noon the sky broke blue and warm, but still the wind came out of the east. Lunch attracted bugs as usual, and Stan's date cake was a hit as expected. A short paddle followed and then an 800 yarder to the lake rather than a half-way pond as expected. Tim enjoyed a quick dip at the end -- a planned dip that is. Then the staff led us on a merry chase round and round some islands and through the rocks before zeroing in on the right track and finding the last portage. 1200 yards with a swamp in the middle. By something after 5:00 we were over the height of land finally -- all a little tired. Every one went for a swim and bath. Around 6:00 all the loads were over and most of the tents up. Dinner got cooked by 7:00 under a hot blazing sun -- and lots of bugs. Stan baked for tomorrow, and in spite of the nice warm weather the tents had to be occupied to keep out the bugs -- although after sunset it was possible to move around. Fred and Marlow at various times tried to get drinks of water -- falling in and having to be rescued. Steve and Sam entertained the dogs, but otherwise all was quiet by 10:00. A black band showed over the northwestern sky, but the rest was clear as the temperature dropped a little for the first night since Baudeau.

Monday, July 14 -- The night cooled a little and the bugs were a little better in the morning. It was already warm and a strong wind started in from the south just after we got off at 8:05. On the paddle across the lake the staff delivered his lecture on rapids running, but it proved unnecessary this early since it took a false start or two to find the creek out of the lake in the first place, and secondly, having found it, it proved to be completely impassable. No portage was in sight, so the staff took his aerial photographs and decided the Indian must use a route to the north-east. So we paddled over -- finding a best an ancient camp, and then paddled back, this time near shore, to finally find the portage 50 yards to the right of the creek. It became 400 yards of pretty good walking, and we started west, now off the major Indian route, but were pleasantly surprised to find a trail when needed at the next little rapid. Not as well used as the others, but fine. We paddled the next lake to the south exit of the river -- found it impassable and had to paddle back. By now it was after 1:00, so on the way back we pulled up at an Indian camp, moored the canoes to

the Indian's pickets driven into the sand off shore, and cooked lunch. The dogs faught, but the Indian's wood made a hot fire, and the spaghetti was soon done, and we were back on the water by 2:30. Our other branch could not be run either as it left the lake, but this time Bev and Tin found the trail down in a bay, and we took a 400 yard stroll. In the process the sky began to darken and a few claps of thunder were heard. We paddled a calm stretch and then ran into a rapid that needed something -- but the Indian had now deserted us, or at least we found no trace of him, so we made our own trail for 75 yards or so and put back in to run a little, and then take out and walk again. By now it was getting late, the rain had already caught us, and the black flies were really out. We almost camped at the head of the next one, but the site was not terribly good and the next portage was only 100 yards to better looking river, so we made the last carry after 6:00, paddled a little bit of river, and made camp in a jackpine stand on the left shore. George immediately lit smudge fires which helped, although our brand of bug does not really seem to know he is supposed to hate smoke. The guide baked for dinner, Bev drew the dry wood, and Steve baked for tomorrow as night came on. And as it did so did black clouds from the west and occasional high gusts of wind, as we settled down to a warm evening.

Tuesday, July 15 -- The predicted rain did not materialize and we were up at the usual time with the bugs still all around us -- mostly mosquitoes this time. Getting off was a little slow, but we were on the water by 8:10 or so. The paddle was not too long, however, before we ran into a series of rapids too rocky to run and had to carry about 600 yards in the bush through jackpine mostly. It was not like following an Indian trail, but we made it. But we did not stay in the canoes too long before another rapid needed a shorter portage over similar terrain. And then a third one came up. As some one said, "And we couldn't wait till we got to the river to run the rapids." On the last one George went to toss his wannigan, landed in a pot hole momentarily, and then into the river, wannigan and all. Fortunately he and Sam pulled it out and emptied it right away so that relatively little was damaged. We finally ran a couple before lunch and Tom went ahead to find a lunch site. Steve's bannock even got consumed. And then a couple more runs followed, only to run into a long cascade. The first pitch took only a 30 yard portage over an island, but the last part required 400 yards through the boulders and bush. Again through country sparse enough so no trail cutting was needed. The cameras were out on this one -- and so were the black flies which had been trouble all day as usual, but were particularly bad come 4:00. Stan's wannigan tump slipped on the first carry and dumped the contents, but nothing was really damaged. Then a search for a campsite followed with no luck until after a couple runs and a let-down and then another 400 yard cascade came up. The staff scouted -- found terrible walking and no place to camp until he came back and posed the problem and saw a stand of young jackpine on the other side of the river. So over we went to make a home -- not too good, but workable. Jim had a little trouble getting around the wannigans to the tune of a nasty crack on the head. Dinner was finally done just as the rain set in and problems arose from groping under the fly for things out of the wannigans. The bugs were still so bad in spite of George's

smudges that the staff refused to pitch the fly as an extra inducement to them. The rain let up at sunset -- if it could be seen, but the sky was still black over our head. The dogs finally found a home with Steve and Sam -- and hopefully they will let Marlow out through the netting if he gets tangled again tonight -- although only the staff and Tim seem to have heard him last night -- and fortunately Tim rescued him.

Wednesday, July 16 -- The staff planned a late start to let the canvas dry, but rain fell around seven, and a few more drops afterwards, so it was not until 8:45 that he got up to start breakfast. Steve claimed to have been up much earlier and taken a bath already. Steve and Sam complained of a wet night, but the others seemed fairly dry. The bugs were still there to greet us. Sam had noticed the game trail leading out of the campsite -- that the staff had investigated the night before, but it would do us no good. A Scotch mist fell as we started across the soaking wet portage, and one trip was enough to get soaked from head to toe either from the bush, the sky, or sweat. And two trips were no drier. We had not left the campsite until almost eleven, so the day was well along. We found a couple runnable rapids, one providing a little sport at least. Then another portage was taken on a rapid too rough to take. A little swift or two and then a good three foot chute brought us to a screeching halt at a spectacular falls. The staff went looking for portage possibilities and found a way while the rest cooked lunch. He returned after exploring most of Quebec to find George's fire being started again. Lunch was eaten in a Scotch mist. Pictures were taken at the falls, but the angle right at the head was poor. The bugs were out in full force and even George's yellow rig complete with face net did not fully discourage them. Where they all came from no one knows, but Jim's face gave evidence of their ability to bite. More pictures along the trail, this time at a much better angle. The canoes had to be carried Boy Scout fashion down the drop to the water the staff had found, but eventually all got loaded. The guide climbed the opposite bank for more and better pictures, but every one else was too tired. A very strong west wind blew up the valley, getting rid of some of the bugs for a while. A couple little swifts and the staff found a run through the last rapid marked on the map -- although 57 found the rock in the middle of her -- with no ill results except fright. Then a long series of horseraces started running into the western sun that had shown on and off feebly since the carry around the falls. And standing in his canoe running the last part, the staff could see the wide part of Vick Crick ahead, and since it was after 5:00, immediately caught a stand of jackpine on the left shore to make a home. The bugs were there before us, of course. George got his fire going to be some help. The guide baked, Bev fried the ham, and Stan made another date cake -- complete with burned pot -- for tomorrow. A light rain started during dinner, the bugs would not let up, and by 8:00 every one was in his tent. We have more bug bites collectively than can be imagined, but we have been the only white men to see the stretch of Vick Crick down from Rat Lake -- and it may well stay that way! In fact it is doubtful if any living Indian has seen it!

Thursday, July 17 -- The canvas needed drying so we did not get started until 9:00 or so. The bugs were no where near the

problem of the previous evening -- though they were still there. The west wind had already started up as we pulled off, but was not a real problem on the small water. We took a couple breaks to photograph the pair of falls coming down from Lac Sorbier. Then toward noon we reached the last falls on the creek and were back with the Indian, though his trail went down a steep hill around the steeper of the two falls. But just below, black clouds rolled in, and we practiced our emergency drill and caught shore, threw up the fly on a rope, and shoved the gear under the canoes. But the storm went by fast, even before we could really start the fire under the fly as was the intent. The spaghetti was finally downed -- plus Stan's date cake. Another couple storms threatened, but passed by. The west wind grew stronger, and we practiced our rain drill again, but again the storm was short lived. The wind kept up though -- although we pulled out into the Eastmain during a relative lull and started down. But the wind rose, throwing huge rollers in the middle of the river working against the current. Rain caught us unable to land, but lasted only a short time. A rain bow appeared just on the surface behind us. It was a long slow pull, even with a good current to the first portage, and then the staff tried the right side, missed the trail, tried the left, found nothing, and went back to the right to find the portage exactly where he had looked before. The myth that the bugs were to be found only on small water was immediately dispelled. The campsite was nothing -- especially with regard to tent sites, but at 7:15 beggars can not be choosers. Dinner was served about 8:30 and of course a rain shower hit -- complete with double rainbow. George tried fishing for a few moments. Jim baked for tomorrow, and the dishes got done as Venus appeared as the only light in the sky.

Friday, July 18 -- Rain started in at 6:00 and fell until 7:30. Even then the temperature was way down and the sky uninviting. The staff got up and mixed pancakes starting at 8:45, and breakfast ran until 11:00. Between Bev and the guide we found enough dry wood to get by and have enough for lunch a couple hours later. A little Scotch mist fell during the morning, but we avoided having to rig the fly -- the exposed point would have made it tough anyway. Tom tried fishing a little with no success. We knocked her down after lunch -- the staff and several others ill disposed to spend the night in the same tent sites -- one night of luck was enough. It was 2:30 or so when we hit the water -- just the right time to start the day, Jim thought. The dogs were like butter balls after being overfed at lunch, though most every one ate his share of Jim's bannock. Some more Scotch mist fell as we paddled down to the next portage -- around a 10 foot drop, Low said. But the trail was not where he advertised, so the staff tried the south side too -- not there either. So we took the McDuffie approach and ran down to an eddy, lifted over a rock ledge at a small falls -- at Bench Mark 159 -- paddled across a little stretch and lifted over more rock. 77 ran out the rest, but shipped too much water in the chute, and the others carried. Now rain was really falling for a brief while as we searched for a campsite -- we had seen a single-tent site above the falls and rejected it. Luckily we found another just as the river widened again, and while it was not great, it was better than what we had had last night. Bev discovered he had left his ax back at the portage, and he and Sam paddled back while dinner cooked. Stan

manufactured cocoa that completely disappeared. Sam baked a ginger surprise for tomorrow. Jim posted the first notice for the guide's impending clearance sale on July 23rd. The wind continued strong as we turned in, but we will have to try her tomorrow anyway. A four mile day again -- but one of the first we have had in a week with only a few bugs!

Saturday, July 19 -- We had to move today no matter what the weather -- so we did -- and the weather did not cooperate as well as it might -- but then it could have been worse. The staff woke late and suddenly realized it was already 7:00, so we did not hit the water till 9:00 -- a little slower than usual possibly due to the cold, not so dry weather. Most people paddled in rain suits -- and those who had gloves wore them. The west wind still blew -- although it seemed to just change directions at will just to make it a head wind for us. A couple miles down we had a little rapid to run and then good current and a couple swifts. In the cold we paddled on without items of great interest. An old surveyor's camp. A couple high hills. A few bench marks. We pulled up for lunch at a sandy bank and climbed up the 5 or 6 feet to a plateau. George built a warming fire -- mainly used by him alone. Stan got trapped in the sand slide and needed an ax to extricate himself. A rapid kicked up just below that had to be looked over briefly before being run. Then we paddled down to the Palms Portage which was at least where it was supposed to be. The trail was ill used, but could be followed for a little more than the advertised half mile. The bugs were there -- but we had not seen many of them all day to this point. Then we played games locating the exit from the pond, with the guide finally finding the trail and getting us out to the creek below. The bugs were there too. Paddling out of the creek we were struck by the view of the cascade or falls or gorge around which we had portaged, and in spite of the poor weather, out came the cameras. At least we had carried past something worth carrying past. Now the campsite game became important, but we went on to the next rapid, expecting a portage on the right -- but there was none. The staff went left and found only beaver cuttings and trails. So we pulled back a half mile to a flat area in an old burn and set up for the night -- tent sites were fine at least, even if it was 10 feet above the water again. Sam played Paul Bunyon. Bev got to drop the only green tree around for the blocks for the irons, and then made pudding that almost puddled. Steve baked for tomorrow. Guide and staff went exploring back to the rapid, surprised a beaver, and decided the Indian had a run through this stuff with a freighter and a motor -- but we had to carry, and the right side where the old trail went would be the best -- so that is where we go tomorrow. The sun sank in a red band across the sky. We move anyway!

Sunday, July 20 -- The night was a really cold one again, but the water did not freeze. The river was completely shrouded in mist when the staff looked out at 6:00 and was almost gone at 6:30 when he lit the fire. A long conversation about the NFL today kept the gang huddled around the fire for ages, so not even the staff canoe got off till 8:15. Steve succeeded in bathing a tent in the river while loading and caught it 10 yards down river. 77 had blazed a portage by the time the others came up, and by 9:00 we were on our way down river. A small rapid was quickly

negotiated. The stream leading down from the Shigami lake route entered on the south -- but no one investigated -- as we swung north and into Sunday Portage -- appropriate for the day (but also the official name). This time a trail existed and we trudged across the 150 yards. The cold night should have put down the bugs, but no such luck. Then a lovely little rock dodger followed where every one dodged except 59 -- but no damage apparently. 57 had to make a quick detour to prevent running into her. Another little rapid came just before the Kawatstakau River entered, but was not much problem. The staff took a personal side trip to investigate the trail around the rapids where the river entered -- finding a huge Indian campsite and a well used trail. We went on another 3-4 miles and pulled up at a rocky area for lunch. In the rush to unpack the lunch wannigan the new jar of coffee went crashing to the rock and into the water. The staff drifted off ahead to scout the rapid below which we got by in good style. We expected a portage at the one marked on the map, but there were a couple breaks in the ledge, and we ran toward the center of the river with no problem. Another one had to be run along the left shore, and we came to the mouth of the Shigami. Tom was sure there was a canoe back up in the middle of the shallow rapids that brought the stream in. The river at this point was not quite the river Dave Jarden described in his article -- "Here where the Shigami boiled in, it was fully a quarter mile wide, with white water upstream and down as far as we could see, churning over rocks, swirling in whirlpools, slicing down steep chutes." We sat in the canoes here, drifting down slowly on a normal current, taking a smoke break. Then the afternoon wore on as we made good time with the current, and Tim entertained with stories about Treadway education. We stopped a moment to try to smash a sunning pike with a paddle, but no one put out a line. Then the rains hit and most people preferred to get a bath rather than dig out rain gear -- but the rain and wind turned cold. We reached the tip of Vencour Island just after the sun broke back out relieving some of the cold. Less than a half mile down the island, Sam spotted an old surveyor's camp in a stand of birch and we set up house keeping. George manufactured his fire to dry and warm every one. The bugs were there too -- more mosquitoes this time. Tim baked a chocolate bannock for the second one, but by that time almost every one had retreated to his tent. The guide started his sale early and got rid of a few extra cigarettes at bargain prices. And so we quit under a slightly gray sky with the bugs beating at the nettings.

Monday, July 21 -- Around 4:00 rain started in, but quit by 6:00 or so, but the canvas was all wet, so the staff delayed rising until 7:45. By then a lot of others were up and dressed so there was a large contingent at the breakfast fire before the cereal was done. The bugs were less numerous than usual, but there. The staff canoe was afloat by 9:00, but it was 9:30 before 59 caught up to the drifting flotilla. The sky was blue by now, and the day warm for a change. Steve decided to wear shorts, and a lot of shirts came off for the first time in ages. The current proved good, the wind negligible, and the paddle easy, if uneventful. But about the second or third break a rapid could be heard ahead. We had not tumped packs so she had to be run somehow. We tried the right, saw too many stones, and went left to find a run a little farther out from shore than usual. Some took a little

water, and George allowed as how if he paddled he would splash himself, and so refrained for a while -- 27 took more water than any one else. A half hour later Sam dropped his lighter overboard, and after a futile search, suddenly rain and wind were upon us. But this time rain suits came out as we paddled on. But then the current slackened, and the wind came up, and the paddle got longer, and harder. 74 and 27 discussed nothing but food for a long while, making every one hungrier in the process. The rain had let up by now, but the temperature was still low, and the hour was getting late. The staff pressed on for his lunch site of the previous two trips, and then led us on a side trip to view the Neoskweskau rapids, before turning around to see the broad sand beach. We paddled back and ate after 2:30, but could not use the gravel beach since it was under about a foot and a half more water than last year. The macaroni water took a good while to boil since the fire place was put in the wind. Steve started offering to pay for any one's lunch, and Bev took him up to the tune of three bucks -- for a macaroni dinner with chocolate bannock! We got back on the water after 3:00. The wind was down and the rain held off. A family of ducks entertained for a while -- two getting separated from Mama -- 57 almost ran one of them down. We ran our two little rapids -- both pretty well drowned out by the high water. And then pulled the rest of the way down to Nasacauso arriving just after 6:00. The Indian had not used the site last winter. His dock was gone, but our old fireplace was there, a little wood, and all the tent poles. We iced the bannock for dinner to save jam. Steve baked for tomorrow -- and again turned it out on the painted side of a wannigan top! A log splitting contest ensued with Tim coming out the eventual grand winner with a real production in less than 25 chops. -- The guide coached. The guide also bested Bev in a preliminary contest and George won from Steve in the finale. At any rate we left the Temagami section a good supply of split wood! For the first time any one could remember we sat around the fire after dinner without being driven to the tents by the bugs.

Tuesday, July 22 -- Another cold night and the staff did not crawl out until 7:00. Breakfast was quick, however, and we were on the water well before 9:00 -- even 59! No wind and a warm day as we pulled quickly down to the gorge. The staff had more or less planned a walking trip on shore down to see what we were carrying, but one look at the lack of shore line to walk convinced him it was impractical. The guide was not so easily convinced, but went along anyway. With two feet extra water we paddled all the way into the Indian campsite -- shortening the portage by 100-150 yards, but she still went up the hill and down the back side as always. We left a note for the Temagami section and went right through. A few slips and falls on the down grade. The spring at the foot of the last one was visited. Stan tried Steve's canoe on the last one for a change of pace. We found our way out of the bay of islands through a short spurt of rain. Then we searched for a lunch site -- Steve and Sam wanting one by a cliff for diving rocks, and the staff hurrying on. We finally hit the '67 campground for lunch -- using the old poles for firewood. Lute fried the Kam, and we were back on the water by 1:40. A leisurely paddle followed, mostly in the sun. Before 3:00 we halted to knock down dry wood across the way from the campsite and then pulled across to find the canoe shelf just barely out of water and quite muddy. The river

was up a good two feet from where it was a year ago here. The staff did a pineapple upside-down cake for dinner while George and Lute went fishing with no success at the rapid on the left branch. After dinner Sam, Stan, Tom, and the staff went fishing - exploring on the right branch finding a rapid that blocked logical progress -- without a portage back up -- followed by a cascade or falls that could be heard but not really seen. Tom took all the fish with a couple trout and a pike, and the rest collected bug bites. Meanwhile back at the campsite doughnuts were manufactured most successfully and a hearts game was generated around the fire. The staff took the first bath off the dock or platform built during the afternoon by Steve, Stan, Bev, and Sam. At least covering most of the mud and making a good swimming and diving dock. Again the evening will prove to be cool.

Wednesday, July 23 -- Some one up there answered our wishes and gave us a perfect day to get cleaned up. Warm and sunny with little wind and not many bugs. The staff did not get up until 8:15, but had company well before the pancake batter was mixed. Bev ended up with the bacon and seconds were well in order. The staff started on the canoes -- the shellac brush of last year was still there and useable -- although we wasted this year's instead. 74 took 2 new patches to win the award. 57 took one, and all the others were merely replacements. The guide aired bags and babies and engineered washing the wannigans. Clothes got washed as well as people. The river had dropped about 4 inches during the night, but was still high. Tim took off to a hillside reading and writing spot. The rest wrote letters and loafed -- some even sporting clean clothes never seen before. Lunch came and went as Bev got his bread under way. The staff entertained himself with ax chopping pictures and ones of various rigs over the fire instead of irons while those interested watched. Dinner featured Jim's pudding and Bev's bread -- and some tough freeze-dry hamburgers. Lute took care of the potatoes. Steve and George spent the afternoon alternately in debt over card games. After dinner Tom, George, and the staff went fishing at the rapid on the left branch with George scoring with a trout and a large walleye. The guide kept off the bugs with a liberal dose of Old Woodsman's -- in his pocket. The staff located the Indian trail around the rapid which we will use unless the water drops considerably by the time we depart. Time to finish off the various letters.

Thursday, July 24 -- The day was not as clear and inviting as yesterday. On the off chance that the plane might arrive early, the staff was up cooking breakfast at 8:00. Steve arrived first with others close behind -- just like Christmas morning. Pancakes came and went as usual. George arrived feeling poorly, and the two fish stayed on the stringer until the staff cleaned them for pictures. Then they sat on a plate for hours until dinner time with no one interested enough to cook them -- and so had to be bushed. Lunch came and went also, and still no plane -- again as usual. The staff tried baking in a fry pan with poor success, though the finished product was edible. Then followed a succession of card tricks with Bev working mathematical equations to justify one of them and Steve finally reduced to marking cards. Bev tried a probability problem -- and finally the Beaver appeared and landed just before 4:00. We got her all unloaded and up the bank via a

chain gang routine. The pilot did not seem to have much news, but the astronauts seem to have landed, and he seemed to think they were on their way back. We sent him back with more mail than we received with Tim just finishing his magnum opus in time. There was just time after the plane left to distribute the mail before a rain shower hit and everything had to be covered with the fly while we dashed to the tents to escape the drip. Steve had his Care package to open, the staff had his other Nikon, and Stan had the promise of a package being sent. Lute won the mail distribution, with Jim getting the best looking envelopes, and Sam losing. The shower did not last long, however, and we were soon down to the task of packing. George was feeling too poor to assist until it came time to pack his wannigan --- when weight became of primary concern. Before the job was finished Marlow started screaming from the canoe area, and Steve went down to discover the dog had found the lure George left on Tim's fishing rod last night and had it stuck in his lower lip. The staff had to pass the hook through the poor dog and snip it off -- but Marlow seemed fine moments later. Bev peeled potatoes and Sam baked while the packing was going on and dinner and the packing were completed at just about the same time. Then Roy's surprise package was divided up with every one coming off with a pile of goodies. The carrots went into a wannigan dutifully -- as did the Right Guard and Baby Powder -- to use at Eastmain. The flash light batteries and bulbs wanted owners, but everything else found a home. The guide gave away bundles of clothes for free -- and a dozen fishing lures to boot -- maybe there will be something in his pack, but it does not look it at the moment. The boxes were burned slowly -- there being no suitable place for a real bonfire. Bev baked for tomorrow, and we will be off again if the weather will let us, and we can get our packs closed! The wind is still up at 11:00 and there is a ring around the moon to boot.

Friday, July 25 -- As the moon said, the weather was not the best at 6:30. The sky was completely gray, the wind blew down the river in gusts, and the air smelled definitely damp. So the staff rolled over again. At 7:00 a short shower hit lasting for only 15 minutes, but dampening everything, and when it was over, it looked as though another was on the way at any minute. Finally at 8:20 the staff started breakfast, debating all the time about whether to mix pancakes or not, and finally deciding not to do so. Another brief shower hit as breakfast was almost over, and the tents were used as a retreat. Then finally the sky started to rise, and the staff gambled and took it all down. As a result we were on the water somewhere near 11:00 with both 74 and 59 beating 77 onto the water. The river had fallen enough so the top of the rapid below could have been run, but the ledge we should have lifted over was still under water, and the foot looked too angry, and the staff chickened out and carried on the trail he had found two days before. In spite of the new loads it was not all that bad, and the canoes seemed lighter after drying out for a couple days. We ran the rest of the way down without incident. 77 photographed the steepest of the group while the others bounced obligingly on the swells, and we pulled up at a one-tent Indian site for lunch. 74 had to be dumped and a few others had taken enough water so that they were emptied for good measure since we were stopping anyway. Lute complained that, "McDuffie even burns

the beans." A storm threatened, but passed us by, and we ran down the islands below under gray skies -- after seeing a patch or two of blue at lunch. We nosed gingerly into Prosper Falls and hacked a wider landing area than last year's, pulled the canoes ashore, found tent sites pretty easily in the spruce, and took a gamble and located the kitchen area out on the rocks overlooking the falls. The bugs proved really to be better than expected. George and Tim started fishing almost immediately -- and George soon pulled out a 3 1/4 pound trout and Tim followed with one a pound lighter. The staff called a halt to the start of a ham dinner and fried trout instead -- but no more were forthcoming, so Lute, the guide, and staff ended up with hamburgers. Steve baked for tomorrow, and a couple brief spits of rain fell as dinner was progressing. Every one took a turn at fishing, but no more success except for a small walleye that George threw back. Jim even walked all around the large eddy with nothing to show for his efforts but wet clothes. The cameras came out of course, but the weather was really darker than it should have been, and the sun really showed only while it was in the process of setting. The tents filled quickly for some reason -- the bugs were not that bad, and the day had certainly been short, and the sky brightened a little as we turned in for what promises to be a warm night again.

Saturday, July 26 -- Tim was up at dawn to try fishing and observe the sun rise; the first was unsuccessful, but the second worked although a little spit of rain intervened at 6:30 just as the staff would have liked to get started. Tim had the fire going and the coffee on when the staff finally arrived at 7:00 -- even if there was some consternation created because he had used the wrong pot and the cereal was hit or miss -- it worked. Lute arrived complaining that the noise of the falls sounded just like his air conditioner at home when he woke up during the night. A few little sprays hit during breakfast, but we headed off anyway, the staff having decided to head down the river and see what lay in the rest of the gorge. We got out of the eddy after the falls with no trouble and crossed over to the west shore. Just below lay the first rapid and in a little Scotch mist the guide and staff walked it all, finally deciding that the run was fine just out from shore. And so it went, but the second was a different story, and the staff indicated it was longer, rougher, and had more swells than the first. And so it did. Every one took more water than desired with 74 taking considerably more and finally going under about 2/3 of the way down. Somehow Sam turned to look back and see them over, so 77 knew of the event before the run was over, but it took a moment to land, toss the loads on shore, and dump the canoe. 27 did likewise while the guide pulled alongside the swamped canoe. 77 took it in tow, and 27 fortunately joined since the drag of a canoe and two people with accumulated baggage was a little too much to pull to shore, especially in the face of an approaching falls. Steve had held Marlow all the way down and tossed him in the staff canoe. Finally the flotilla got to shore where the crew could wade in. 57 picked up a baby and a tent, and 59 joined the chase getting the other wannigan before it went over the falls. Final tally was one wet pack -- Stan's -- a box of matches, a lost paddle -- and some wet food -- but not a great deal. The guide built a fire while the staff went scouting, and the damage was inspected. The wannigans were drained, but not opened until the staff returned. A couple

pounds of spaghetti were damp so they were cooked for lunch right away while 77 went and picked up her loads and started locating the portage trail through the burn. It wound up only 300 - 400 yards, but the walking was not terribly good even in the burn, and the drop to the water was hard to locate even after having gone over the route several times. The alder had to be cut out of the landing to boot. The falls were worth looking at, but the weather could have been a great deal better with a light drizzle falling most of the time while we ate lunch and carried. The staff held everything up by photographing, so every one was ready to go long before he got his last load across. A brief calm stretch followed before the river narrowed and rushed between rocky hills for a short pitch. We pulled to the right behind a peninsula and after due scouting elected to cut a trail across a neck of land for about 150 yards. For the first time in all our non-trail travel we really had to do some cutting, and those without axes leap-frogged the loads up to the forward progress of the cutters. However, only the guide and staff profitted from helpful bowmen who did as intended and got more than their own personal loads advanced. We finally loaded on a bare rock loading area. By this time the rain had stopped, but there was no place to camp, so we took to the river again with three quick small rapids to run, none of which took long and only one of which was walked. The river then widened and flowed more quietly as the staff started to look for the only campsite he knew in the area at the foot of the regular Prosper portage. We missed it on the way down, and had to paddle back to finally locate it about 5:00. The site was tiny but we finally got five tents in. The kitchen area suffered most, but we finally got dinner cooked. Bev iced the staff's bannock. Stan and Tom fried the last of our semi-fresh potatoes, and Lute took care of the sausage while Stan baked for tomorrow and the staff sat and advised. Jim helped by reading Hamlet! The wet wannigans and baby got an airing and some drying. Stan's pack got dried a little and his sleeping bag was declared fit. And so we turned in while Steve played Solitaire with Sam as the banker. And now the big question of whether it was worth an upset and all the work? The falls were spectacular, but the weather did not help the view or photographing at all, and now we sit at the foot of a portage after two days of travel when we should have been at the head of it after only one day -- but the staff saw new country!

Sunday, July 27 -- A few spits of rain fell again this morning discouraging the staff for a while -- nothing hard or long, but the air smelled wet and the sky was gray to black all around. He finally made a move about 7:25 with the idea of giving it a try. The sky stayed gray and the rain held off, so we could get rolled at least. We hit the water at 9:00 and were started down the river at 9:15 still under cloudy skies with a slight east wind for some reason helping us a little. We passed the first third of our day's excitement easily although Marlow made such a racket he was put ashore where he just sat as much as to say he was not about to have anything to do with any more white water, but the water was not white where we went, so maybe some of his confidence was restored as he went back to sleep. The second third of our thrills was even less, but then a Scotch mist began to fall, enough so that maybe half the rain suits appeared. We elected to stop for lunch on a nice rock shelf mainly because the

cliffs around were attractive. Marlow and Fred put on a wrestling match for entertainment, though it was cool enough just to stay by the fire to be occupied just staying warm. We were off by 12:45 to make the final run into Bauerman -- done in the best Gilby fashion complete with sternsman swinging out toward the falls and all. The rain had let up at lunch, but Steve's blue sky was yet to appear. Tents were going up in the impossible places at 2:30 and by 3:30 the fishermen and photographers were at work. George scored with a two pounder which Tim had for dinner while the rest had ham eventually while Jim's gingerbread baked for almost an hour. Meanwhile a bath tub with running water was discovered and put to good use -- though no one found the hot water tap. Steve's blue sky appeared on and off during the afternoon making it warm and pleasant -- except for the ever present bugs. The fishermen quit early -- Tim and George having caught numerous walleye toward the end of the chute and George having hooked and lost the biggest trout he said he had ever seen. By dinner all the canoes had gotten across but 77. By 8:30 every one but guide and staff had retreated to the tents -- when a short, quick downpour caught them both unprepared. The sky continued dark as we turned in and the wind had swung to the south-east -- if that helps any. But maybe we better move anyway; if Andy is on his Temagami advertised schedule, he is only a day back of us now.

Monday, July 28 -- Another gray looking morning with tents still damp and the wind still coming out of the eastern part of the compass. The staff lay abed until almost seven and then could stand it no longer and trudged down to cook breakfast on a slow fire. The guide made a tent by tent visit to wake every one before returning to give the bacon a little extra cooking. Tim woke to realize he had left his tump back at last night's site, so our one and only spare was pressed into use. If it happens again we are in some kind of trouble -- or will at least need to manufacture one. The staff broke trail in the wet scraggly bush to get 77 across, and the other loads followed so we were sitting in the eddy at the foot about 9:00. We ran around the corner with 57 electing to bounce a little more than the rapid required. We looked over the long rapid from the left shore and then ran her on the right with both 57 and 77 electing to dump their minor accumulations of water at the foot rather than let it add extra weight. That ended most of the excitement for the day with the possible exception of a big river horserace a couple miles later. The sun sort of broke through allowing shirts to come off for the first time in days. Fred learned a new trick and abandoned ship rather than dampen the canoe and was put ashore quickly afterwards. Lunch came up early at the usual Indian site, and the guide's underdone bannock was mostly digested. Jim pulled away from the lunch site sporting his "El Stud" T shirt for the first time, and we pulled slowly down the river in the warm sun, and helped by a quartering tail wind not quite strong enough or from quite the right angle to sail, shortly after 3:00 we struck the islands at the Village Lakes area and toured the cliffs until we started to hear thunder in the distance and headed for camp. Every one managed to spot the waterfall where the portage was located on the way in -- as differentiated from the '68 section where no one but guide and staff detected her. We were putting up tents before 4:00. Tim, Jim, and George took off back to the falls to fish while the others cooked dinner and the rain

held off. The staff baked another pineapple upside-down cake, failing to get even one piece of pineapple to release. Stan made cocoa, Lute took care of the corned beef, Sam did the potatoes, and Tom baked the traveling bannock. The fishermen returned about 6:30 when everything was waiting and done with a couple pike and a walleye of Tim's, a couple of George's, and one of Jim's. With every one full from dinner, the fish were cleaned for the morning and stored with the staff cleaning a couple more for the photographers. Steve lit out for the falls alone while Jim, Stan, and the guide went as a trio just up a ways -- returning with another pike and a second walleye. But their return was hastened by a quick, but short shower that dampened the campsite -- and them at the same time. Tim complained of a leaking tent -- no wonder with the sides almost parallel to the ground. And so as seems to have become normal the tents were full by 9:00 as darkness came slowly -- but gray again.

Tuesday, July 29 -- She started raining in earnest in the wee small hours of the morning and kept it up with winds still out of the east blowing in hard gusts at times. It was obvious at normal rising hour that we were not going to move soon. It was still disagreeable at 9:00 when guide and staff pitched the fly and started breakfast helped by Stan, Bev, and Lute. Yesterday's fish added to the pancake meal leaving every one stuffed when it finally wound up after 11:00. Most retreated immediately to the tents leaving Sam and the staff to boil up the pea soup for lunch which came well after 1:00 and was not really necessary. Steve revealed he had left his camera at Bauerman -- Andy is going to wonder what kind of tramps he is following. The afternoon wore on with the mist occasionally letting up and then returning, but normally lacking the wind of the morning. George and Steve held a marathon card game, and lots of reading got done, and little else. The staff entertained himself by planking one of the pike still on the stringer -- the other was still alive and eventually let free in spite of the knock on the head he had taken. Our cherry pie filling went for dinner -- not to entertain the staff, but to lighten wannigan W for the portages ahead -- if we ever move. Andy's Temagami section should have appeared around the bend during the afternoon, but fortunately he must have holed up also or is running behind schedule too. Dinner was served around 8:00 with tents reoccupied almost immediately -- after Tim cleaned the reflector perfectly -- but the mist still hung low over the river and little if any wind promised to move it for us.

Wednesday, July 30 -- It looked as though it would be a repeat of yesterday. None of the mist and rain had moved very far during the night and the weather at 6:30 made the staff go back to sleep until he could stand it no longer at 8:00 and got up. If anything the weather was worse, if that was possible. He debated a while about the kind of breakfast, but a heavy mist influenced him to make pancakes again -- if nothing else to amuse the troops. Lute was first up having spent a rough night and passed his turn on the fry pan to Steve who arrived complaining as usual about the dogs and their evening. Neither Sam nor Bev were feeling up to snuff either -- maybe we better give up rest days and all the food that goes with them. The mist continued on and off until finally the staff thought he spotted a break about 11:30 and called to roll.

Unfortunately the weather was not terribly good for photographs at the falls, but cameras were out anyway. As expected the trail was wet and those with rain pants wore them. We paddled the ensuing pond under gray skies passing our first loons in ages -- their plaintive calls being sort of like meeting old friends, and took the next carry across another wet trail to cook lunch on a poor Indian site on the far side. The guide stayed to cook while the staff went back first, but then turned the job over to Stan. Of course a few drops had to fall during the meal to keep us on our toes. Then out on the first of the Village Lakes the wind had swung to the west during the clearing process of the morning and so gave us a semi-tail wind up to the creek. Again a spatter of rain caught us although somehow the major fall passed to the south of us, perhaps following the river. The current of the creek seemed greater than a year ago, but gave no trouble, thought there were spots where it was not too deep. The wind rose higher on the Second Lake, and after a few strokes in general the bowmen started raising rain jackets for sails while the sternsmen steered. Sam suffered a little on the way down -- to put it mildly. We got just the fringes of another shower and the staff found the portage with no trouble, although unloading in the surf was a little of a challenge. Camp was started up just before 5:00 and 57 and 59 went across the portage trail before dinner leaving the staff and Stan to draw the wood and Jim to get the meal together as the staff baked. Tim got his bannock on for tomorrow, and the bread line almost got served before the rain came again for another 10 minute shower. The fly had to be tossed over everything quickly and most of the customers took to the tents. By now most of the ailing were feeling a little better and dinner was done and cleaned up by 7:30. A rainbow appeared after the shower and a few black clouds passed to the north as fleecy white ones went south -- and the marathon card game got under way for the evening as usual. The west wind slackened a little as darkness approached, and by 9:30 all was quiet but the lapping of the waves on the beach.

Thursday, July 31 -- For the first time since reoutfitting the staff really got up at 6:30, and we started on a rainless full day of travel -- in fact a little more than a full day to be accurate. We were off the campsite and over the Lichteneger portage by 9:00 easily with 57 and 59 getting a slight head start since the canoes were already across. Yesterday's west wind still blew making progress a little slower than normal and the rocky shallows near shore helped not at all, nor did the shallowness of the lake, although the shores were quite attractive. We portaged the rapid out of the lake and ran a couple short pitches before the staff spotted a lovely rock outcropping for lunch -- which we promptly occupied at 1:15. The macaroni cooked reasonably quickly, and we were back on the water by 2:30 with one more pitch and another portage before Clarkie -- arriving at the lake at 3:00 or so and passing the '68 site without fanfare. Again the west wind delayed progress, although the nice warm sun was certainly welcome after so many dark days. We were supposed to be heading for the '68 campsite on the Clearwater, but it was obvious as we ran the couple rapids that sort of mark the route out of Clarkie that our sights would have to be lowered. The staff got through the island studded next section without getting lost and hit the same quick, short pitch that had been an encouraging

sign a year ago -- where it fits on the map is still a mystery. With only one extra bay investigated we hit the portage bay and made camp as the sun was dipping behind the spruce. Not much of a ~~success~~, but no one was prepared to argue even if three tent sites could have used a good deal of improvement. Of course it was a chicken and rice night. Tim let his imagination run wild on the bannock for tomorrow. The staff tried to fish the outlet of the lake, getting skunked, although at least hooking one trout for a while. The casino closed down tonight -- Steve having nothing more to lose and all was quiet early -- except for the occasional cry of a loon.

Friday, August 1 -- A pink-red sun shone right in the staff door shortly after 5:30. By 6:30 the orange ball was well in the sky. Sam generously -- and unknowingly -- offered his canoe as a water drawing ramp. He and Steve had been having dog trouble since an early hour -- right behind the staff tent. Things moved slowly in the morning for some reason. Lute was under the weather, but the others had no such excuse -- maybe a full traveling day had been too much! It was 8:20 before the staff canoe was afloat -- and twenty more minutes before 59 was with us and we could start down the river. A couple little runs provided some entertainment and then we turned into the bay at the head of the chutes and stopped momentarily while 77 cleaned out a beaver dam -- the doggone beast made his dam of stone as well as conventional material too! We cut out last year's spruce windfall to clear the trail for Andy a little -- the beaver will have his dam rebuilt shortly. The old Indian sled was still on hand to mark the portage, and we had the usual race to start across. Tom was bouncing along admiring the ease with which he could follow the narrow trail through the scraggly bush when the gang coming back broke his reverie to tell him he was headed wrong. We looked over the little narrow run below and elected the main channel this year, with a tricky run to liven things up, with 57 taking it best of all and getting less stuck in the eddy and staying out of the swells. We then ran the one below as planned -- though 74 took more water than needed. Then we strung out a little as a pair of portages came back to back followed by an early lunch site at the falls -- though most people were so lethargic they did not even bother to look at the falls until after lunch when guide and staff had a moment to photograph. As has been our luck at almost every falls, rain started in lightly before the Kam was cooked, but it never amounted to much. Tim took a bath at the head of the falls -- intentionally -- the day had been hot and humid -- maybe explaining some of the general exhaustion. Right below we took another 400 yard stroll, ran out a couple swifts, and then rode in the canoes for a mile or so of calm water to the last one of the day. The staff decided to call it quits at the campsite on the lower end -- because (1) the section seemed to have had it, and (2) he did not like the looks of the weather. Tents up, Steve took to his bed and was almost impossible to rouse for dinner a couple hours later to prove the first point. And a reasonably light shower fell just as the staff tent got up to prove the second. Bev cut a ridge pole for the fly, but it did not get pitched. The die-hards sat out the shower under jackpine umbrellas and heated coffee water on a slow fire. George announced that the local rapid or cataract did not look fishy and retreated to his tent, but Tim went fishing and returned soaked, but with a trout, having thrown back two others. George popped up and headed for the water. Jim went

too, returning with one slightly larger than Tim's, just as dinner was ready. The guide baked and Stan made the icing. After dinner the river was full of fishermen, all of whom got soaked -- the wet bush -- except Jim who wore his rain suit. But no one brought in any more. The guide had on a good one, as did George, but the only keeper was a walleye of Tim's. Sam kept the home fires burning and baked for tomorrow, and a round of hot drinks dirtied up all the pannikins as the fishermen dried off. Thunder started to roll to the south and shortly after nine the rain started with the storm rolling in from the south, but the site was well protected and the major rolls of thunder seemed to be following the Eastmain anyway.

Saturday, August 2 -- The weather looked fairly decent at 6:30, but the canvas was still soaked from last night's rain and the staff delayed trying to get started until 7:15. Even after yesterday's abbreviated day, things moved slowly although the fish cooking went off with dispatch. Even having to repair Tim's tump, broken while he was doing up the packs, caused no real delay. It was 9:15 before the staff ran down the run off of the rapid to an eddy below and another 20 minutes before every one was together. But the weather was not to be perfect as a Scotch mist started to fall on the wide stretch below. It let up just in time for Lute to spot two cow moose up ahead, and with the wind in our favor we managed to get within 25 yards before they spotted us and took to the bush. Even then one of them stood just inside the trees and looked at us for a while. A good number of shots were taken with the cameras, so maybe some will come out even in the poor light. In many ways today was a day of firsts, and these moose were the first the staff could remember seeing this side of Mistassini. The rain started again, but let up before we reached the next pitch. The staff scouted the left side run last year, decided the right was better, and we ran pretty much straight down the fast water with good success until 57 running last tried to catch the eddy and displayed almost perfect form in demonstrating how not to catch an eddy. The staff was all set to take one last shot of them over and then head to the rescue, but somehow the crew leaned the right way, and they stayed up even though they collected a little water in the process. Just ahead we found the real portage around the next set of chutes, and the staff looked at the trail while the rest sat in the rain. He advertised the trail as hard to follow and offered advice as what not to do -- and 74 took every word to heart and did everything they had been told not to do. The staff and guide -- with bowmen -- reached the landing at the creek almost together, and then walked back, meeting the crew of 27 and then that of 59 in order -- but no one else. No one had seen either Steve or Stan since the landing. The staff was almost across with his second load when they burst upon him for directions, and back they went to find the canoe and Stan's load. The staff repaired Sam's canoe tump at the landing, loaded, and ran down the creek to the river. Finding no lunch site down there, he headed back and found one on the creek, and the spaghetti was all done just as 74 finally got all its cargo across -- naturally Marlow had not been fooled by his crew's side trip and had found the real trail along with Fred. The staff scouted the next rapid and found a run all the way on the left shore, avoiding a short portage taken in '68, and so the different water level helped again. Another portage followed with the wind trying to push the sternsmen off the top of the little hill before letting them drop to the water. Then a calm stretch, and the low

water cut out a possible run at the next one even if we did still have to fight to get out of the eddy at the foot of the trail. 27 took two tries to make it, and 74, having a poor day, ran aground in a spot where the current just would not let any one run aground! Two little runs and we went over our last portage on the Clearwater and could see the Eastmain ahead. The mouth of the river proved to be quite shallow, and we pulled across the bay to Great Bend, coming up as far as possible when Lute again, spotted a porcupine on shore -- just where we had to leave the canoes. The staff hopped ashore to take close up pictures, and porky slowly wandered back in the bush -- hopefully to leave the canoes alone. We had to portage to the campsite when usually there is a way to paddle, the water in the river is now so low. The fishermen went to work before dinner was anywhere near done and promptly had far more trout than needed for even the most hungry. The rest wanted to cook hamburgers anyway, so the trout fishermen fried their part of the meal after everything else was done. Stan even added a walleye to the pot. Tim went up to the next pool and promptly caught seven, fortunately bringing back only one. The water was so low the shore line could be walked for the only time the staff had seen it that way. George left Tim to set up the tent after dinner and headed off again, and the guide and staff made a long excursion up above after Tom borrowed Lute's reel having discovered when he went to unlimber his equipment that the shaft for the reel seat had been snapped in two and could not be repaired with the staff's plastic tape. The guide managed to take fifteen, but kept only one for breakfast. The staff caught less than half that, but got all the way up to the '67 campsite a couple chutes above. The weather cleared enough for a sunset at least and the night promises to be a little chilly perhaps.

Sunday, August 3 -- Fittingly a day of rest. The staff finally got his rest day at Great Bend. It would have been a great traveling day, but then the weather was nearly perfect for anything but sleeping in tents. The guide and his bowboy got an early fishing trip going with Tom bringing back one just a shade under three pounds. The staff was up shortly after seven to get breakfast under way and then took off to the depths of Great Bend with cameras and fishing pole just after the guide scenically arranged six trout to advertise the rooster tail lure. Steve won the sleeping prize by managing to stay abed until about 11:30. Some of the trout went for breakfast, but more remained. A bath was in order during the day -- dogs included, though Fred for some reason failed to be able to swim against the eddy into which George pitched her. Mostly reading and sunning during the day with some fishing activity with Tim roaming farthest up the river. The guide cooked Spanish rice as the staff was up river on his "day off" and lunch came around 2:00. Steve had not learned his lessons about fast water from his experiences at Prosper Gorge -- plus the good half dozen times the staff had told him to stay away from it while swimming, and the guide looked up to see he and Sam swimming down the rapids below the site. A card game occupied part of the time of course. The staff returned to push for dinner so he could go back fishing -- just as the guide was getting his spiced oatmeal cookies mixed up. So preparations were rushed. Then guide and staff headed off for one last fishing expedition making the mistake of leaving George and Steve baking tomorrow's bannock -- it is well black on one side and in bits and pieces. Hope every one gets enough macaroni! A few wispy clouds rolled over as we turned in with the sun going down behind a crimson

horizon.

Monday, August 4 -- In spite of a normal rising hour and everything like that, it all got off to a slow start, perhaps as is normal after a rest day. It had rained a little just before midnight, and Tim complained he had left all his clothes out to dry and gone to the tent to take a nap after dinner and not wakened until morning -- so everything was all wet again. George did not make it to breakfast and neither Jim nor Steve were in top shape as our bug kept running through the section. The three fish in the pool were all fried up with dispatch, so their cooking did not really hold us up. 77 was on the water at 8:45, but it was 25 minutes later before 57 caught up to the rest. The day started hot and reasonably windless and continued that way. Shirts were off most of the day though the guide and Stan were still worried about picking up too much sun. George left his fishing rod and reel for Andy at the campsite -- more junk for the Temagami section to pick up behind us. If they get everything we leave, they will be the best outfitted section in the Northwoods. Fairly soon we reached the first rapid six miles down river, and the run was pretty much as in other years, perhaps a little more out from shore. Then followed the quick-steep pitch -- with some interesting moments as 57 just got out of the white water at the last moment when the staff at least was sure she was over. A general dumping session followed with 74 the only one claiming to be dry enough not to bother. A few Canadian geese honked as we drifted on and several flew by, necks outstretched. The paddle under the warm sun continued for a while with the current helping up to the next interesting four-section run. The top two were reasonably easy with some water being taken. The third put us in slight trouble as we had to paddle back up the eddy and get an outside position on a ledge, and the staff looked back at intervals to see, first 27, then 74, and then 59 fail to get as far across as should have been the case as each took considerably more water than was the plan. 57 ran this one almost perfectly. We gained the lunch site and promptly dumped all but 77, whereupon George discovered Fred was missing. 27 headed back up river with Tim as supercargo, all fearful that she had jumped out when 27 passed over the ledge, but there she was up at the eddy at the head of the run, having abandoned ship while we looked over the rapid. A good number of baths were taken in the warm noon-day respite. The George-Steve bannock turned out not to be so bad after all. Then reloading after lunch, George tossed the tent at Sam, and promptly into the water for a good soaking. The paddle to the portage went quickly and the trail proved to be just as bad as ever. With the low water level the drop down the rocks at the foot to the water was like scaling a cliff. The staff had to scout the run off from the falls and then fight out of an eddy to gain position on a run toward the center -- and when it was all over 59 and 77 paddled on lazily while the rest pulled up at an island to dump. The heat was beginning to tell as we dragged up the last stretch to stop and visit the sod house. The Indian had visited this past winter, left some canned food, moved his wood pile indoors, and raised a flag for some reason. Pictures were duely taken as Fred climbed up the sod siding to look in from above, but the canoes soon filled again as the staff finished photographing. We ran out the last little rapid to the campsite and pulled up along about 5:00. Dinner was soon under way, and the guide started the fire in the bean hole as Sam went to cut a few

sticks to help out and promptly put the ax through his boot and into his big toe -- but fortunately not deeply. The blood was stopped soon and a small dressing applied -- George can carry all the portage loads since 27 is now going to carry the extra tent and no baby! The staff entertained himself with the bean baking project while Stan manufactured a date cake. It is going to be a heavy lunch! 57 got a new patch and an old one replaced. Steve had already sacked out for a long nap before dinner, but pretty soon the tents were occupied. Lightning flashed and thunder rolled off to the south as 11:00 approached, and it sounded as though the heat of the day was going to bring something.

Tuesday, August 5 -- Rain fell lightly at intervals through the night to thoroughly soak the canvas and delay the staff until 7:30. The guide crawled out of the tent to look around and find the staff standing back under a jackpine umbrella as a short shower hit. Breakfast was cooked, but rolling was not attempted. Those who arrived early tried to entice the others into getting up by making pancake noises -- not that any one was really fooled. The walloping was done before the rain started back down on us, and it fell almost steadily until pretty close to noon when the staff got tired of lying in the tent doing nothing and started the fire in the last sprinkle. In the meantime a lot of reading, napping, and talking got done. A pot of soup went on as well as a normal meal of canned beans. Those done in the sand turned out to be a lovely shade of black almost to the center of the pot where a few were brown -- the onions were well done at least! So any one who wanted sampled what he could salvage. At least Stan's part of the meal was fine. We got on the water at 1:45 for our second latest start of the season, but the day had not been planned as a long one anyway, and there was still time to stay on schedule. True to predictions the rapid below could not be run -- the water level made the runs of the past two years nothing but small falls, so a short carry had to be made. We at least got to run out the foot for some small excitement after Tom and Bev did a little trail clearing to get us through. We dodged through the succeeding islands and at one point the staff elected to go left when all others had chosen the right. The guide went to knock the fire irons with his paddle for some reason and promptly opened up a foot long crack in his paddle and had to unbuckle his spare for the rest of the day. We ran into the Akautago rapid which looked completely different to the staff under these water conditions. Steve came up with his 100th stupid question of the day -- of "Is there a trail" after the staff had just returned from walking a little of it. At the head was a newly recanvased Indian canoe. The pudding tent frame was still in the campsite to be photographed. We passed through after a few pictures and took to the water about 5:00. On the way we hoped to pause to see if there was another sod house in the mouth of the Wabamisk River. There was none, but there was a prospector's tent just into the bay, and we got to talk to our first human other than the plane pilot since leaving Mistassini Post. He turned out to be the same prospector the staff had met on the river in '67 at the site just below where we planned to camp. He was much more talkative this time, and we assumed all the blazes for claim markings we had seen the last couple days were his. He was from Val d'Or, had been in since the 15th of June and was going out on the 15th of September -- he had stayed until the 15th of October the time before. He had a 20-25 pound pike on a polyethelen line at his dock which he

displayed -- much alive. He was mainly after copper -- he said -- with a little nickel, silver -- and gold -- thrown in, but he failed to tell us what he had found. He claimed there were 2-3 drills going up above Great Bend, and it seems there is another prospector working just off the river below. We pulled out to make camp down river -- many a little sorry to have met any one -- although Steve initially reacted like the wide eyed farm boy just come to New York. His old site was soon reached in spite of the west wind that was now blowing pretty hard. The site could have been better, but we were staying anyway. Stan did most of the dinner cooking as the staff turned out a poor coffee cake and then entertained himself again with another bean project -- this being the last sand beach expected. George baked for tomorrow without making nearly as much of a mess as before. A can-lid sailing contest followed -- Sam being the National Champion. Tim tried for pike from shore until George borrowed his rod. We had a few anxious moments as Tim thought he had left his lure box at the last campsite for Andy; but fortunately it was in his pack where it belonged. The guide and Sam put Scotch fasteners in their paddles. A good sunset entertained as did a night hawk flying through the campsite, and we turned in for perhaps a slightly cooler and better sleeping evening.

Wednesday, August 6 -- The night was cool as expected and there was a nip in the air as the staff emerged at 6:30 -- not quite a "pull the bag over the head" night, really. Tim called out to see if ice had formed on the river, or on the water in the pot on the irons -- neither had come close to happening. Jim had experienced a rough night apparently and so was not much interested in breakfast. We were off on the water at 8:15 with the west wind still blowing hard, as it had at intervals through the night. We reached the Moses' sod house an hour or so later and landed to photograph and investigate -- with a few totally disinterested observers objecting to the loss of time. The staff held everything up as usual taking more pictures than any one else. Some one had visited the camp since last year. The interior was considerably dirtier and there was a 1969 calendar with the month of February showing. Otherwise the dog houses, beaver stretchers, et al were pretty much the same. Back on the water the wind helped not at all as we took the best route to stay out of it -- although there were times when it seemed not so. 57 lagged with its bowman way below par and 74 was behind the pack most of the time. We finally pulled up to the portage at the first chute and made it over somehow to collapse on the far side and build a fire to continue cooking last night's beans that were underdone this time. But by frying the salt pork that was not cooked too well we made a meal on them anyway -- at least they were better than the earlier experiment. It was late when we left the site and caught the next portage for our next meeting with scraggly bush -- our real introduction on the first portage had only been fair. There seem to have been numerous complaints about the condition of the trails -- just wait! At the foot of the carry Jim and Lute collaborated on dumping the jewelry into the water -- from which she had to be rescued and dumped. Then Steve tried to turn 74 over negotiating the run-off from the chute. We pulled down to the third chute with Tim slumped over his paddle. So the staff gave up -- it was 4:15 by now -- as he finally stood on the Bench Mark which he had paddled across twice before -- and called it quits at the campsite at the end of the third chute again. It had all been carefully planned that we would go on to the fifth one for

the night, but again the section seemed dead on their feet. Maybe the wind; maybe as Tom felt, the length of the trip was getting to be too much. But we are not too far from the Bay now! The staff managed a perfect upside down cake with Stan's help. Stan did his cocoa thing, Bev drew wood, the guide did the ham, and Sam baked for tomorrow -- fortunately. Tim tried a little fishing and quit. The rest took baths in stages. Tim entertained the dish washers with his self-composed lyrics and music -- with varied reactions. Bev started fishing after dinner landing successively pike of 6, 7, and 8 pounds while George for a long time took nothing, but finally got one that weighed in at 8 1/2. Guide and staff finally got in the water, and the tents were all filled and quiet at 9:30. Now if only tradition does not hold and the sky let loose, we will see Conglomerate tomorrow.

Thursday, August 7 -- The staff woke Bev -- who woke George -- to clean the one pike kept last night -- shortly after 6:30 as the sun was warming the campsite from the east. As a result lots of people were up and around the fire before everything was cooked -- some not quite rolled it was true. Bev took care of cooking the pike as the staff finished the bacon. 77 was floating in the eddy by 8:25 with the sun having disappeared behind some clouds. By 9:00 the section was together headed down the shore toward the 4th chute. Low water made it necessary to stop several times for a look-see at the next section of water since we had to work farther out from shore than in the past. The carry was the same, however. And here the guide lost his well worn hat -- another souvenir for Andy. We had already managed to leave him the dish mop at the campsite as Jim packed the jewelry while the guide flipped their packs upside down and ripped off Jim's tump job -- that had to be redone of course explaining their tardy departure from the campsite. The wind picked up from the east of all places, making flipping the canoes and carrying them tough on the fourth chute and even tougher on the high ground at the fifth. We pulled into the Conglomerate portage as a result somewhere around 11:00. The staff advised bringing all the loads to the top of the hill, suggested the sternsmen might be able to get up the first section of the hill without help, flipped his canoe and headed up. Steve tossed his up and dropped it right back down on the rocks, and then missed the trail, and the early group could hear plaintive cries from the bottom for Stan to help as Steve missed the trail completely and tried to walk up a 75° slope. We were supposed to take our first loads through to the spot where the short cut trail takes off down to the water, and the second loads were to collect at the second Indian campground for lunch. Signals got a little fouled up in some respects, but it all worked out. Tim decided to take his first load a lot farther. The guide leap-frogged his loads getting the lunch wannigan to the site later than expected. Steve held the KKK record for most rest stops with a canoe, and George kept him company. The rest stuck to the plan. The staff cooked lunch and headed back for his wannigan as the rain started in and fell in fits and starts for the next couple hours. The bush got wetter and wetter as a result -- the trail was already wet. Sam's bannock, a pot of spaghetti, and the cans of plums all went for lunch -- a lot of food to portage on! The staff got back just as the fire was being extinguished, and we took the last loads through to the short cut trail. With only a 10% chance of putting in at the foot of the short trail, gambler George elected to get the portaging

over with. Steve and Bev went down the trail only to climb back up and continue carrying. We could have gotten out of the eddy this year, but the staff did not like the looks of the fast water below and vetoed taking the short cut. The remaining photographers walked up the gorge in spite of the rain and photographed the plunging water through the rain drops. In good weather it would have been a really worthwhile side trip. In rainy; still worth the effort, even if the pictures could have been better. Tim and George already had their tent up and green wood cut and split by the time the photographers made it across for the first time. The second trips were all over when the staff finally arrived at 6:15 and dinner was started -- coffee water was already on. Tom drew some dry wood to perk up the fire as Stan took over and planned and executed the meal. The staff's bannock took a long time bake -- but then so did the potatoes, so dinner was delayed longer than usual, but no one seemed to object. Lute and Bev cooked under Stan's direction, and we even let Steve make the traveling bannock. The rain let up after the photographers climbed out of the gorge, but the sky never cleared even at sunset, and the east wind continued as the campfire discussion centered around various driving exploits. At least every one seemed to have survived the portage, though Tim complained of a sore knee as a result of a fall.

Friday, August 8 -- Long about 2:30 the weather changed with a heavy rain accompanied by strong wind, which lasted only a short while, but dropped the temperature so it was reasonable sleeping weather. The staff rose at 6:55 to a strong eastern sun peeking through the trees, soggy canvas, and an even wetter and more slippery fire area. On top of that the fly had not been placed as well as should have been the case last night and a couple babies and part of the wood pile had been exposed. Maybe partially explaining why the fire did not take too readily in the morning. 77 made it out on the water at 8:55 with 57 finally coming along just after 59 some 27 minutes later -- something of a speed record considering the fact that the packs were not tumped this morning. The sun shone down brightly all morning, drying everything from yesterday and adding a little tan to pale backs. The paddle was not terribly interesting -- as was expected. The west wind gradually strengthened, causing some delay, and it was a good four hours to the lunch site, so we were not eating until 2:00 or so. The Indian had passed by last winter changing his tenting arrangements from a wigwam to a half pudding tent frame -- and destroying our unique fireplace. The sky began to take on what seems to have become our gorge appearance just before lunch, and the sun more or less disappeared after lunch. We ran the little rapid before Clouston with short pauses to look it over and pulled up at the campsite about 4:00. The sun looked like it might shine down in a couple minutes, so we took the loads to the top of the hill, covered everything with the fly, and left 27 and 74 up on the plateau and took the other three up to the gorge. The views were spectacular as usual though the photographers either had to do with less sun than desired or wait for clouds to roll by. Meanwhile a real black one passed behind us -- with lightning to boot. Bev climbed down to the gorge level quickly for an eye level look, so much difference the low water made. Tom was not too happy to discover that no film had been advancing in his camera since Great Bend and none of those shots he had been taking since then were actually being recorded. Steve and George tired of the view quickly and cast stones into the water for entertainment.

Bev and Tim headed back with them in 59 to just beat the rain to the campsite. The others all got caught part way back and spent a while under a couple large balsam umbrellas -- with little success at keeping dry. Sam had fortunately herded the dogs back since their owners had taken off without them trusting to luck or something to get them back. A couple tents were up and a cheerful fire going as the soaked group arrived and the rain stopped. Stan took over dinner again with Bev and Sam doing their share -- and more. Stan iced our last bannock -- last thing that is. Sam baked for tomorrow -- perfect as usual. The guide found dry wood where others had all struck out and found only decayed stuff. The tent dwellers appeared for bread line and stayed to dry out and discuss skiing exploits and finally the sun disappeared and darkness came. The sky behind darkened more than necessary and a few little sprinkles fell just after 10:00.

Saturday, August 9 -- Rain started during the wee small hours in seriousness and kept up at intervals through the night and early morning, letting up enough for the staff to crawl out and cook breakfast at 8:40 in spite of the low, wet mist that hung over the site. Those arriving for pancakes paid a toll exacted to get the frame for the fly up with the poles already available. The fly crew laid off until actually needed. Fred appeared with mysterious writings on her belly supplied during the night by her tentmates apparently. The guide had been reading too much of Bertrand Russell during the night and waxed long and eloquent on religion through the pancake cooking. The staff decided we were moving nowhere and sat down to a dull day. The bush was too wet to negotiate the portage, even if we could not stay dry anyway. The staff lashed a birch strip under the bow seat of 74 to try to support Stan the rest of the way -- one crosspiece on the factory model being almost cracked through. Then in spite of all advice, Steve elected to take his canoe part way across -- 74 is now somewhere out in the swamp and hopefully can be found in the morning! Lunch was passed with a little blue sky and humid heat to go with the baked macaroni and pea soup. A lot of reading and a lot of card games occupied a little time. The fly crew fell too as a short rain shower hit during the afternoon, postponing completely a projected attempt at reaching the gorge by land by following the edge of the beaver swamp. Bev baked his apple pie for dinner. Stan made another pot of cocoa, and Lute took over the rest of the meal and its planning. A little shower hit as the pie was served. 27 got a couple patches, but that was about all the activity. The guide emerged to start another religious discussion after dinner as the dishes were done. The temperature took a relatively violent drop and mist descended over the river so that the rapid above completely disappeared and the point around which we paddled to view the gorge could just be distinguished -- and so to bed.

Sunday, August 10 -- The mist hung down over the river heavily at 6:30, but had started to rise by 7:15 when the staff crawled out. The night had been cool, but just good sleeping weather and no need to pull the bag over the head. Sam had experienced a rough night and was not up to snuff by any means at breakfast time. We got off in stages for the swamp with the staff leading to try to find the trail. George started out with a wannigan, two tents, and the double packs, but gave up the idea after a while -- plus the fact that he was not allowed to stuff a

tent in the wannigan. It took a few moments at the far side of the swamp to drop the canoe and locate the entrance -- it was missed by only 40 yards or so this year. 74 was down in the corner too far, but not a long way off so Steve had her back up by the time the trail was found. Some took advantage of the break to go get a different load. Once found, the guide, Tim, and Jim plowed ahead. George would have been up there too, but waited and took various breaks with Steve -- at least two more on the way over. Tim reported a suspicious animal disappearing into the bush and suspected a bear on the lower part of the trail. It was all over about noon with the lunch fire burning nicely by the time the staff pulled in with only Jim, Tim, and Sam behind him now. The sky was still gray, and the day still cool as Lute, Stan, and the guide walked up to photograph before bread line with the staff, Bev, and Jim coming later. George and Steve warmed themselves by their own personal fire during it all, and Tim and Sam just rested. We pulled out of the eddy with little trouble having lunched on a rocky point that had been an unreachable island a year ago. A little run brought us to the turn south, and 77 ran the left shore blind successfully, though at one point a large rock loomed ahead that had been a ledge a year ago, but fortunately there was a course inside it, and we reached the foot with no sensational events. A fair west wind greeted us for the pull to Island, but we landed by 3:15. Three canoes went right across as the staff drew wood. The guide baked and Stan put on another pot of cocoa. Bev then took over the chicken-rice meal and did the rest. Steve managed a chocolate bannock for tomorrow, but this one rose even if it burned on the bottom and was underdone on top. Steve picked up a nondescript piece of drift wood to carry the rest of the way as a souvenir. After dinner for a brief hour or so blue sky appeared and the photographers set off for the view of the falls. Jim turned back at the Indian grave having run out of film, but the rest got pictures in some sunlight. The staff discovered a lot more rock than ever before. The snee was not boiling as much as usual and was in shadow as the sun was dropping. 77 went across as Sam and Stan did the dishes a little late and Lute walloped his pots. Last year's log of this section got passed around as several of this year's logs got written around the wannigans. Tom led Jim off for a special guided tour of the river. By now the sun had disappeared, the temperature had dropped, and the west wind was blowing mist up the river at a good clip. We had fortunately located the kitchen at all in the interior, although there was plenty of rock showing at the landing and the '67 location could easily have been used.

Monday, August 11 -- The night was chilly -- good sleeping weather. No rain, but the sky was gray, just like yesterday, at 7:00 when the staff rolled out. The guide carefully timed his arrival at breakfast to show off his new clean wardrobe -- although the red socks were partially hidden by clean pants and the boots. We portaged the last loads across Island and took to the water as the sun made overtures. Tom tried to leave his ax at the campsite, but remembered her half way across. And as we ran down the shore to the next portage, the sun finally peeked through. The landing was a little slow being found because of the low water and altered scenery. Then the staff suggested every one stay left at all possible splits in the trail and then promptly led half the section up on a dead end rock. At least Stan and Sam had been

listening to instructions and stayed on the right course. Steve carefully dropped his canoe in one of the swamps and then managed to get it completely stuck in a grove of spruce. But it was all over about noon or so with all the loads over under a bright clear sky -- the first so clear in days. We loaded up under pressure from the black flies and headed for Talking for lunch rather than holding up as the other two trips had done. The landing at Talking proved elusive since there was a little rapid to run that the staff had never seen before. 77 waited to see that all got through and sent 57 on to establish the lunch site, but the crew carefully packed the jewelry and lunch wannigan across without bothering to take an ax, so the staff bucked the waiting line of canoes and hustled over to draw some wood. The fruit went for lunch as did a pot of grape drink plus the chocolate bannock and a full spaghetti meal. Half or more took baths as the meal was cooking and some pictures got snapped as the pots bubbled. Then a little run followed into the eddy below and 59 took over the guiding for quite a while as the west wind meeting the current caused a good chop. Eventually the mouth of the Opinaca was passed and we pulled into the top of Basil just after 4:30. George snatched up poles, headed for a new site, pitched the tent, and promptly lit a smudge fire. The rest used the normal cooking fire with no real problem from the bugs. Stan baked the last pineapple upside-down cake of the season -- to perfection. Jim took over the ham. Steve did the cocoa, but in the process managed to burn his hand lifting the bail of the hot pot. Bev hauled water, did the rest, and manufactured tomorrow's bannock. The guide drew wood -- and the staff sat and drank coffee. After dinner Steve decided to start 74 across the portage and got part way at least -- how far to be determined tomorrow. The night promises to be another slightly cool one as quiet descended by 9:30.

Tuesday, August 12 -- The staff sacked in until 7:10 and then could not get the green wood to take, and breakfast was a little slow. Bev and Stan were rolled and had their tent down before the cereal was done -- a new taste treat of Cream of Red River. The others were farther away, and so had to be called. The guide fried the bacon in bits and pieces as we got ready to move. Tim and George were a little late from taking pictures of each other with monstrous loads; which neither actually carried. The trail proved long, but not very hard -- but only Tim found the scenery interesting. Steve's canoe really was at the large windfall as he said, so he was across long before the rest and had his tent almost up -- on the staff site of course -- and the fire going with last year's wood, and water drawn on the long trip down the hill. The water was boiling by the time the guide got across with the lunch wannigan and lunch was served before Sam and finally Tim came in. The dogs had made the full three trips across for some reason -- along with every one else. George acquired an old dilapidated bear skull off the ground as his souvenir -- to be carefully stuffed in the depths of his pack when we reach the post. A few drops of rain fell, so the fly was pitched and then sliding the canoes to the water was undertaken before the bush got too wet. Tim went off in search of a spruce burl, which he found after some search, once the rain let up and Bev, Stan, the guide, and staff drew wood to fill the four emptied wannigans. Jim started his apple cake. The weather cleared with a little blue showing so the staff beat his way along shore to take pictures -- plus an undesired wetting -- and then back up the hill. The falls were fine, but probably not worth the trip in the

final analysis. Lute, Stan, and Bev took over the dinner meal as Stan baked the bannock for tomorrow with the last drop of flour. Tim sat by the fire working on his burl and then headed back to his burl area to try to take pictures, but never reached the river. The rest sat around the fire for a while swatting bugs and then gradually filled the tents. The guide took to his bed with a sore back stemming from a strain loading the canoe way back before Conglomerate, and tried to rest it a little. The fire spurted up briefly as Steve appeared -- with excess energy, having slept all afternoon. Then darkness started in with a not too promising sky rolling up from the Bay and a pretty warm, humid night at the start at least.

Wednesday, August 13 -- Rain fell during the night, never in terrific volume, but doing a good job of wetting down the canvas. By 6:00 it had pretty much stopped, although the trees still dripped profusely. The staff tested the coming weather, decided it looked favorable, but the canvas needed a little drying, and so went back to bed until 7:10. The fire went off quickly. Bev and Stan appeared immediately and even Steve was up sporting Sam's SG T shirt for the trip in to the post. Tim poked his head out of the tent looking for room service for his morning coffee -- and getting no satisfaction. By 9:00 or so we were loaded up and ready to try Basil. We crossed to the right shore with 77 taking more water than the others in the process, and landed to let photographers snap a shot or two of the falls. Tim unveiled his green and blue track shirt especially reserved for the occasion as we started down the rapids. Then followed a series of run-a-little-look-a-little moves, some of which proved quite interesting with several excursions away from the right shore, but more rock dodging along the shore than anything else. One memorable curl had to be passed -- all successfully, though there were a few close calls as canoes came through. Two hours later, it was all over, and Basil was a thing of the past. 74 had lost a little sheeting, a little water had to be dumped, but otherwise everything was in good shape. We pulled ahead trying to make a few miles more before lunch and the possibility that a wind might come up. 74 led for a while as the sternsman was most eager to get to Eastmain to buy up all the ice cream! Lunch was cooked quickly on the right shore under a warm sun as the guide got out his needle and thread to repair a gaping hole in the posterior portion of his three-day old pants. Tim almost took a nap waiting for the stew to heat, and then left his rain pants used for a pillow on shore -- Andy probably will not find them -- no one else could find the lunch site anyway. 74 took off "drifting" down the river with the anxious sternsman paddling furiously while Stan relaxed, but the rest caught up eventually. The wind rose a little for the last part of the run, but never really caused a problem. The last rapid proved to be nothing to mention -- just a few shallows -- and we pulled around the sand point to see the post ahead. We pulled up at the R.C. Mission dock and were greeted by Father Vaillancourt and a few Indians including Teddy Moses. We portaged up to the normal campsite with the waiting Indians bringing up all second loads. The rush to the store went on as the staff tent went up as did Bev's. The group was soon back with their treasures -- promptly devoured. George fed Fred enough junk to promptly make her sicker than a dog -- if possible. The pups had been left stranded on the beach until Sam went to their rescue and convinced them it was safe to leave the canoes. The gang elected a slightly delayed dinner as the staff went off to get flour and then

to photograph. Sam eventually wandered down to the village too, but the rest stayed eating their new treasures. The guide baked a corn bread and Bev did most of the rest. The Anglican Minister, George Daley, came by and stayed for dinner, there being lots now that every one had had too much other stuff. Steve, Tim, George, and Sam took a swim off the Mission dock. The rest went with George to view the church and have after dinner tea-cocoa-and-coffee -- and read his magazines. He was off for Paint Hills in the morning. Then a delegation went to the movie at the R. C. Mission while the rest went hunting John Hall, an anthropologist from the University of Buffalo, who had been here in '67. He was coming back after having walked down to visit us with his cohort -- who was taking finger prints of the people -- and Teddy, and the group gravitated back to Daley's place, eventually to be joined by the HBC Manager, Reggie Lake. The coffee session broke up after eleven to return to view a star-studded sky of which several people took pictures before turning in.

Thursday, August 14 -- The night was uncommonly warm again, and the staff was up at the crack of dawn as a result, and breakfast was started almost as soon as if it were a traveling day. Others were soon up in the warm morning. Stan went for a swim before breakfast. Bev almost tried one too, but had not intended it to be as such. The staff departed just before 9:00 to see what the radio might say just as the pancake war started. A short while later word came that we could get out on the regular seed flight on Friday -- but no canoes of course. Eventually most every one gravitated to the village -- via the store. Bev elected to walk the shore alone to the actual Bay and Tim decided to borrow a real table and chair from the R. C. Mission and write. In the village a canoe was being recanvassed by Johnny Mayapoo -- who demonstrated how to snare a beaver just as he had shown the '67 section. A beaver was being cleaned for the pot, and a few other pieces of minor entertainment existed for the photographers. Steve started the bartering war by trying unsuccessfully to buy a bear skin, but around lunch time finally came back with one. George immediately headed off to find a larger one. Tim found a pair of snow shoes -- and the trading went on. Rain started just after lunch to stop the work in the village and halt any photographing. The staff went off to find out how to build a sod house from Willy Moses as George led the troops through the houses looking for skins, goose decoys, mocassins, bead work, and snow shoes -- for a starter -- and with unscrupulous bargaining kept the prices low. From the Moseses a snow shovel and a strip of moose hide were procured for the plaque -- so that job was taken care of earlier than usual. Rain started in heavily at 5:30 just as the guide started dinner, and the fly went up to make cooking possible. Food was not really needed since Tom had already discovered he was only down to 182 and had a little dieting to do to win his bet. Lute took charge of most of the job, though Steve squashed the fried potatoes well, and the guide made it three bannocks in a row that would not come out of the pan -- Lute complained about it always having to be his turn on the reflector after such occasions. After dinner the R. C. Mission showed last night's movie again for the men, and maybe in their absence the women were an easier touch, but George and crew invaded the village again to buy up anything that was left. The big run being children's snow shoes. The movie let out and an Indian stopped by to chat. George got wind of a square dance and headed back to the

village and soon Teddy Moses arrived on a bike to confirm the report and every one promptly crawled out of bed -- if already there -- at 11:30 and headed back to the village to see what was up. The dance was a reality although not much real dancing got done and most of it was a few snatches on the fiddle and the guitar to which the HBC clerk, Ronnie, and a much under-the-weather Indian danced -- usually ending up on the floor or in the arms of the spectators every few minutes. By and large the older part of the population watched through the windows as the younger ones crowded the small room. Along about one o'clock it seemed to be time to quit. As far as we could gather the dance was supposed to be for us. Most of it is supposed to be normal routine square dance maneuvers without a caller. We were offered one more dance -- there had not really been many what with the few Indians influenced by their home brew, broken guitar strings, and the lack of familiarity of our people with what was supposed to happen. Outside George Gilpin made an attempt to be sociable -- looking for Peace he said -- and eventually telling us what he would do as Chief, Prime Minister, and President. All centered around whether the staff was responsible for the section or he was as our host. Anyway we finally escaped to bed -- George showed up next day much more subdued with a well bandaged hand -- apparently having had a fight with R. nnie -- or maybe some one named Lawrence who seemed to have run off with the source of supply. As a result it was pretty close to two by the time we got to bed.

Friday, August 15 -- The staff was up at 7:45, but there was no rush to join him this morning although Tim and Bev were up by the time he headed off to check the radio. The shed would pick us up as advertised sometime after one. We started to move the canoes, but Father Vaillencourt wanted his weathervane pole raised so we wasted a half hour trying to help him, getting the pole up a little at least, but it looked like the whole thing was going to be a complete bust, so we bowed out finally and went back to finish breakfast and make final trips to the village -- the staff to photograph -- and Stan, Lute, and Tim still to buy! Almost every house was visited again and a few more carvings, a snow shovel, and a seal trimmed bag were the major prizes. Not much was going on in the village -- seemed a good number might still be in bed. A few bannocks were cooking and the moose hide was being worked, but that seemed about it. The canoes were moved up to the area of the warehouse during the morning -- Steve forgetting to take his tump off as might have been suspected. About 12:30 we began to break camp -- the gang had elected no lunch and the dishes still had to be walloped from breakfast. About 1:00 a Norseman arrived and then the radio gave us 40 minutes warning to be ready, and almost on schedule in came the Canso with a couple passengers for Eastmain and one going south to Timmins -- so we had the whole plane almost to ourselves. The Indians bid us goodbye from the dock and two trips by the Indian's freighter got us out to the Canso -- the second an overloaded run. The pilot was anxious to get going since he had a 3:00 charter to Timmins to make, but it took a while to load. We got in to Moose about 3:30 or so and finally got tagged for excess baggage fees -- but still less expensive than if we had chartered. We borrowed the Austin truck as usual; Tom hopped out for the mail as we passed the Post Office; the staff checked through the Station Agent -- we had a baggage car! The southbound 6:15 train blocked our approach to the campground, so the gear was just taken to the start of the trestle. The gang was supposed to go cut tent poles while the staff got food

for tomorrow, but somehow the guide and Bev got left sitting on the gear, and the staff got back with the groceries to find nothing cut. But the train soon backed up out of our road, and we managed to get through to the site, cook dinner -- plus Stan's Barbecue Pork to go over the sausage patties. Then the majority headed for the bright lights leaving the staff to pack wannigans, the guide to write for a while before heading for town also, and Tim, who was broke by now. The dogs were content to stay around and so did not have to be tied. Around 10:00 the Boy Scouts trooped by with a lovely serenade -- and people drifted back -- George, Steve, and then Tom, Lute, Jim, and Stan.

Saturday, August 16 -- The guide could not understand why the staff wanted to get up before the sun, but the train was due to leave at 7:45, and we had never gotten off a campsite that early. Breakfast was quick, however, with only coffee and bacon needing the fire -- with fresh oranges and cold cereal and real milk from the HBC store -- plus various other private supplements. We made the train in good time, even if our baggage car was the last one in line and a long portage via baggage cart was needed to load it. Of course our timing was helped a little by the fact that the staff's watch by this time was running a little more than 15 minutes fast -- it had not been set since leaving camp -- so all the log times mentioned on previous entries could be adjusted to reflect what his watch would have gained by that stage of the trip. We were a little fearful of the 350 or more Boy Scouts going south with us, but they never really got in the road. For some reason the gang elected a non-air conditioned half-car shared with the lunch counter, so Tim started the move, followed by many, to the baggage car for the ride to Cochrane. The ride was not very exciting -- as usual. The dogs rode back with Tim of course. Others moved back and forth. Steve entertained the two youngsters, sons of the man who ran the lunch counter, by playing "Fish" with them. Our own lunch counter opened about 10:30, or earlier, when there was a little extra room in the car. A few passengers stopped to chat, but there was less than normal interest in our adventures. Without event Cochrane arrived, but it turned out that we had a six-hour lay-over to kill. The washing machines came into use to occupy some of the time. Otherwise every eating place was visited -- in competition with the Boy Scouts. Guide and staff showed up with pale patches on the backs of their necks as a result of the staff's annual hair cut -- the guide against advice selected a non-English speaking barber. Jim sacked out on the grass by the station -- our bug is still passing around, or maybe civilization was too much. At 8:00 the train finally started us south. For some reason we ended with a car all to ourselves for a majority of the trip down. Why? The lunch counter opened again and was busy on and off as the evening wore on. The baggage car had escaped us and gone south on a fast freight causing the staff some concern since he had been assured it would be with us, but investigations along the line indicated it was really being set off at T Station. There was some concern for the welfare of the dogs who had not been watered since 2:00 as a result. Somehow we avoided visits from the weaving patrons of the club car behind us. One customer appeared at our lunch counter and was quick to dig in when George had to give him permission -- and did not even leave a tip! And another toppled into one of our seats a few minutes before we were due to detrain.

Sunday, August 17 -- Almost on schedule we landed on an almost vacant T Station platform. The cars were waiting, and we headed back to the siding to our car and the dogs -- with a side trip by the guide for Tums. The staff car got loaded and headed for Boat Line Bay with Steve and Jim, and deposited them and the gear. The rest headed for Orient Gardens for a last fling, but were impatiently waiting in Chief's car when the staff got back. The rest of the baggage was loaded, and back the cars headed. It was not going to be much of a sleep, but Jim and Steve already had spots on the Ramona. Guide and staff joined them -- the staff having reserved his spot with Ron Johnstone of the Boat Lines some 50 days before. Lute took the back of the staff car, Bev found a spot under a canoe, Sam elected a spot near parked cars, and the other three all managed to pile into Chief's car. But the hotel proved to be worse than attending an Indian dance at Eastmain as a boat load of partiers arrived to manage to keep every one awake with their noise -- until somewhere around 4:00. Bev even managed to join the party, and the staff had several sudden visits from the supposed watchmen for the Boat Lines. Anyway, it was 6:00 before the staff woke to get the section on the water. The canoes were the usual, although there were three ex-Bay canoes. The staff took 127 sight unseen knowing its past history -- plus that of the others. The guide had second pick, but disappeared, and the staff made the correct selection for him. Steve ended up with the third Bay canoe -- which only had a rip better than a foot long that had to be patched before it could be floated. The Quintrells had seen it the day before when they came in, but left us no note of warning! It was almost 7:00 before we headed up the back channel. A first break allowed us to observe the mess left by the tornado that had swept across Bear Island -- we had been warned by a very pleasant ONR agent who had written up the order for our transport to Temagami and was escorting the Boy Scouts. We pulled up short of Clemenshaw's for breakfast -- there was a section in the road -- and did a quick job of cooking on almost the last of our "inland wood" -- just a few sticks left for the Friendship Fire -- as usual. It looked like there were two sections still dogging it as we caught Long Island -- they proved later to be other outfits. The staff's little old woman failed to appear to ask which section we were -- although he had been hailed by Pete Clark as we passed Wabun -- to maintain tradition that far at least. The staff poked along a little more slowly than should have been the case -- killing more time than necessary, so we rounded Seal Rock about 5 minutes late, and five in line, almost as we had traveled all summer, headed for the dock and the cannon's roar.

FINIS