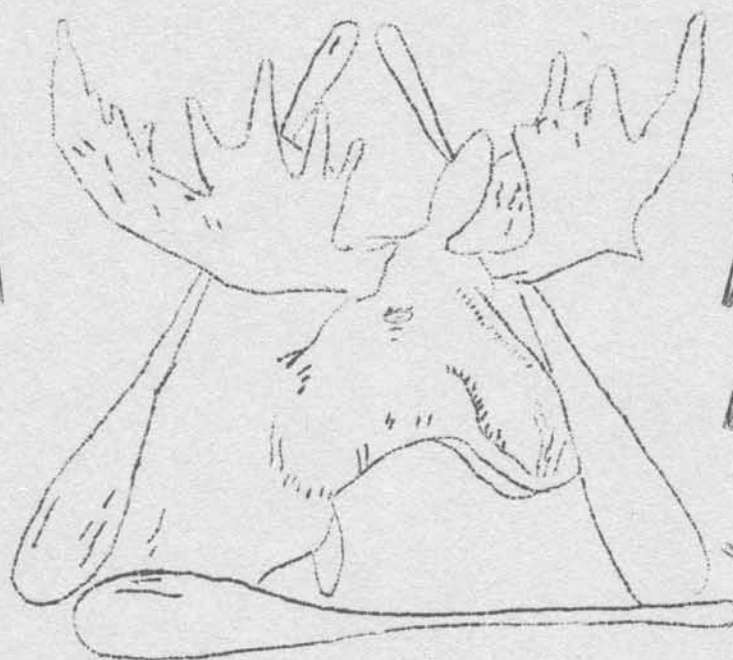


KEEWAYDIN

1970

SECTION

A



JAMES BAY

EASTMAIN RIVER

June 30 - August 17, 1970

27 Gray Muzzy
Jeff Gilbert

59 Paul Rollins
Steve Scott

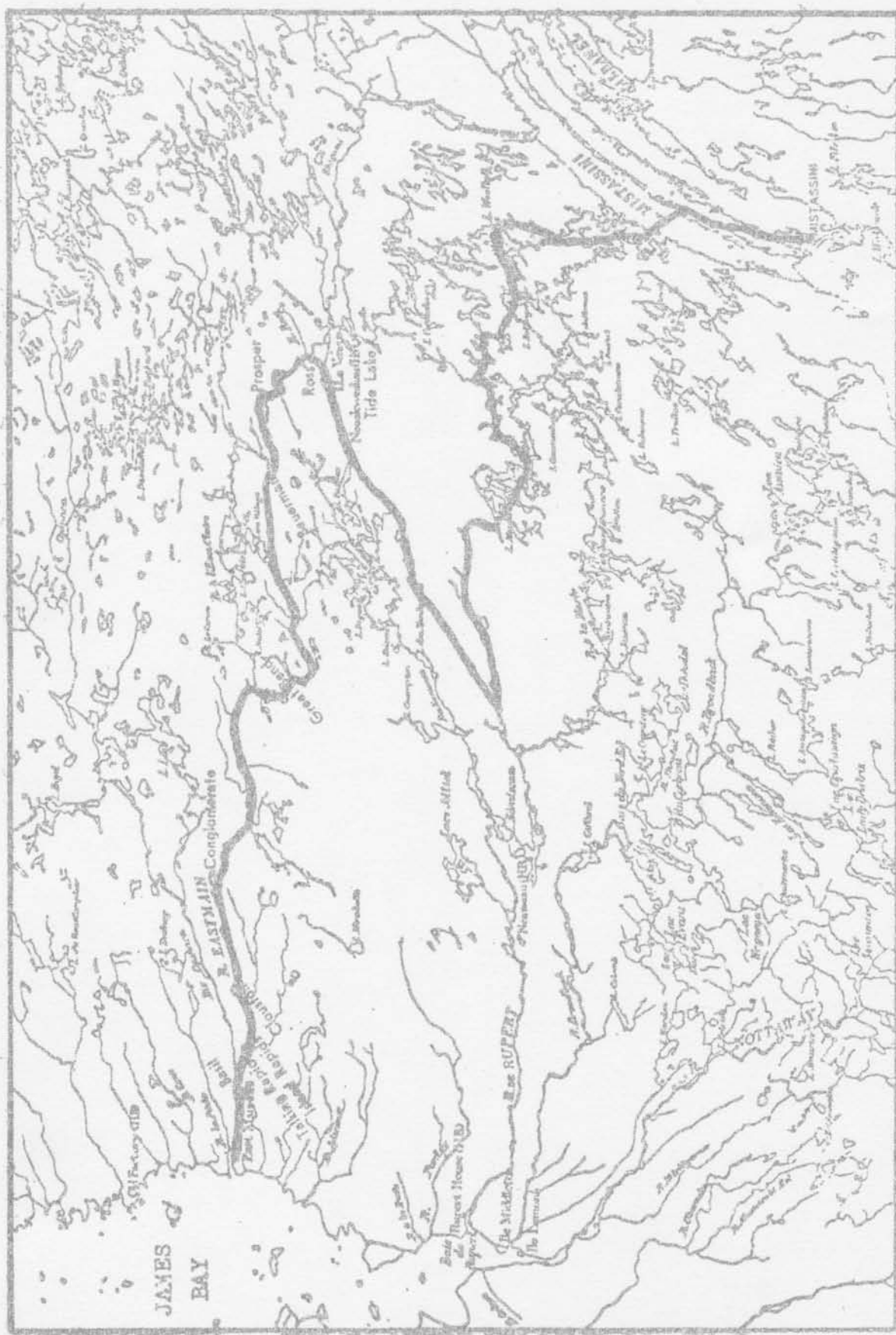
57 Chris Weed
Dan Carpenter, Guide

74 Rusty Taggart
Paul Johnson

77 Mike Fish
Heb Evans, Staff

Budwieser and Wolfbear

Mistassini - Rupert River - Rupert Gorge - Perverse Creek - Nasacauso
Reoutfitting Island - Lake Pivert - Eastmain



CAMPSITES

1970

June 30 --	Cabin on Lake Tibblemont	July 28 --	Prosper Falls
July 1 --	Mistassini Post	July 29 --	Bauerman Falls
July 2 --	Rest	July 30 --	Below Village Lakes
July 3 --	Abatagush Bay	July 31 --	Foot of Great Bend
July 4 --	Big Crossing	August 1 --	Pond before Pivert
July 5 --	Rupert Portage	August 2 --	Pond after Pivert
July 6 --	Esker Portage	August 3 --	Rest
July 7 --	Woollett Falls	August 4 --	Creek before Eastmain
July 8 --	'68 Site before Bellinger Lake	August 5 --	First Sod House
July 9 --	'68 Site on West Channel	August 6 --	First Chute
July 10 --	Rapids past Mountain Peninsula	August 7 --	Indian Site on Conglomerate
July 11 --	South end of Bardeliere	August 8 --	Clouston
July 12 --	Mesgouez	August 9 --	Island Falls
July 13 --	First Rapid below Mesgouez	August 10 --	Talking Falls
July 14 --	Below Mesgouez Rapids	August 11 --	Foot of Basil Portage
July 15 --	Pond off Rupert Gorge	August 12 --	Eastmain Post
July 16 --	Foot of creek to Nasacauso	August 13 --	Rest
July 17 --	Sixth Portage on Creek	August 14 --	Moosonee
July 18 --	Pond before Lemare	August 15 --	Temagami Station
July 19 --	Pond after Des Champs	August 16 --	Bear Island
July 20 --	Pond above Burned Portage	August 17 --	KKK
July 21 --	Beaver Pond before Nasacauso		
July 22 --	Reoutfitting Island		
July 23 --	Rest		
July 24 --	Rest		
July 25 --	Rest		
July 26 --	Rest		
July 27 --	Rest		

Tuesday, June 30 -- Between the evils of Shawendaussee and Mudjie the other winds refused to get into the act last night and so we had to settle for a quiet night of wet instead of the usual ceremony. But come 6:30 Keewaydin had taken over, although he had to work for a couple hours to produce Section A weather. Most were rolled before breakfast -- some even experimenting the night before to see if all would fit. The kitchen produced our send-off eggs. Chief tried to prejudice the multitude by listing our departure at 9:30; Mike and Paul Rollins accepted their green arm bands; Randy served up our last camp meal; and all was on the dock by about 8:30. We had to wait for Mrs. McMillen to arrive with the relief boat -- which was unneeded -- and the Tiger hauled down the Ojibway crowd. We headed off under surprisingly warm sun amid the cannon's roar and Keewaydin's warm breath. Seal Rock gave a chance to strip off the unnecessarily warm clothing and Rabbit Nose and all those places passed uneventfully as the drift at each break was almost as good as the paddle. Chief and Marshal passed with the second load of supplies as Jeff banged down some dry wood for lunch and we got our site across from Faskin's Point before noon. The guide got the beans done quickly and 77 headed for Boat Line to find Russell et al busily building a rack for the canoes on the truck. All eventually got on securely and we pulled to T Station about 3:00. A short stop had to be made to put the Chief's muffler back together and we headed north about 4:00 still a little warm from the sun as we paddled down. The muffler got welded at Noranda-Rouyn. The truck rolled along slower than Russell wanted so we all stayed together. The staff pulled out ahead as we neared Lake Tiblemont to spot a year old moose along the road but got no pictures as she took to the bush at the arrival of a truck. She stepped back out for Marshal, however, and the cabin was all arranged for by the time he pulled up. The situation was far from plush as there was no electricity, toilet, or running water. Mike went back with the Frenchman to get clear water complaining that the dialect was something else again! The stove slowly cooked dinner after Russell and Ronnie departed for Senneterre. Somehow all was quiet in the confined quarters by midnight.

Wednesday, July 1 -- Dominion Day dawned shortly after 5:00, but the staff did not touch off the stove till after 6:00 after a relatively peaceful night with few bugs and good sleeping temperature. Russell showed up early and of course we did not get off till a little after eight. The staff forgot the dish pan, so Marshal went back for it, and we headed up the dusty gravel road. As the truck pulled up for one of its usual drinks of gas, Marshal took over the lead, but fortunately picked exactly the right lunch site and the kitchen's picnic lunch filled the bill as everyone went to observe the white water in the Chibougamau River. The solid road at Chapais was great for a change -- Marshal entertaining the population with the again disconnected muffler. Russell went ahead and the others stopped at Fecteau briefly -- moving the recutting date to the 24th instead of the 25th and all seemed easy. Getting the fishing licenses took longer -- and more money, each having gone up \$2. The bandit at the gate was fine; he had already let Russell through. But the people in the office put on their nasty act, finally giving in to the letter, although it only goes until July 4th -- and we could not be out of the reserve by then unless we flew! The dispatcher at Fecteau told us the road to

the Post had been completed -- and it had although work was still going on, but in the process we passed Russell who had gone to the old landing. But the staff drove back and found him right away -- very low on gas as usual. We unloaded and took to the water with a small audience. 77 took off to find a little dry wood while the guide started it all. Tents went up and bath time to get the road dust off came up. The jewelry had to be rewashed as a result of the dust and everything in the cars needed dusting -- and the fly needed a bath most of all -- which it did not get. The guide produced dinner, but the no-seeums arrival made staying out in the evening uncomfortable. The bay was terribly calm as the sky started to darken from the west. And of course the dogs kept up a constant chorus from the far side as the site calmed down toward 10:15. Then a canoe full of Indians arrived "in peace" and shot the breeze with Mike and Steve for a half hour or so -- their tent being the only one still lighted.

Thursday, July 2 -- Paul Rollins was up at daybreak to try fishing, without luck. The rest lay abed until the staff finally roused about 9:00 and lit a slow fire for coffee and eventually pancakes. Rusty took charge of the bacon and the guide went off for dry wood, finding enough to last our stay. Mike and the staff took the fly for a bath to try to get rid of some of the dust of the trip -- getting some off with scrub brushes, and on just emerging from the water looked up to find an Indian maiden in the stern of a freighter whose motor had supposedly conked out drifting off shore. As soon as they dressed, the man in the bow moved back and started the motor easily. Breakfast took till eleven or so when Steve and Paul Johnson headed after dogs -- quickly finding a couple tiny tan ones. Paul's got named Bud -- short for Budwieser immediately, but Steve's went nameless. Both were supposed to be males, but the biologists eventually decided Bud wasn't. The guide and Paul Rollins fished for a while before coming over, but eventually everyone toured at least a little of the Post. But the rain finally came during the tour, driving everyone back except the guide and staff who went searching Glen Speers at the Post. He called in one of the Jolly family and another Nemiscau Indian who marked out the old freight route from the Rupert to Nasacauso Lake for which we had been searching -- so if all goes well we may retrace it at last. Lunch did not get cooked until almost four, followed by another trip to the Post. Jeff returned with a football to entertain the troops. Dinner came around 8:30. So did the bugs. The dogs whined only a little and got renamed several times, although the outcome is still in doubt. The life jackets got tied into the canoes just before dark. But the bugs soon drove everyone in. The wind has shifted around numerous times, so where tomorrow's weather comes from is any one's guess.

Friday, July 3 -- At 5 am the weather was beautiful, but who wants to get up then? But just as the staff unzipped, the rain started, granted very lightly, but rain nevertheless. So it was not until slightly after eight that the fire was laid. Not much moisture had fallen really, so we had our departing breakfast of eggs and loaded up, dropping slightly damp canvas. We stopped in at the Post for a last time about 10:00. Glen was offering a special 300th anniversary bag of pemmican -- at \$1 for a day's ration; maybe a pound. At least it had a meaty smell. Guaranteed

to last a year. The newly arrived clerk from Great Whale wanted us to carry greetings to Reggie Lake at Eastmain. We were held up because the staff wanted pictures of the village from the water as we left, but everyone else was in a hurry. The wind could not make up its mind, but the general impression seemed to come from some part of the east, so we took the east side of the bay. A thunder shower let go on us before the end of the first peninsula and rain suits were on and off from then on. The dogs whined as usual, but got along fairly well until Steve's got stuck between the canoe and a wannigan. Paul's rode part way under his rain jacket where she seemed quite content. Lunch was a long while coming, mainly because we could find no site. In desperation the staff finally took a tiny sand beach only to discover a trail leading up to an Indian tent site that was better approached from the north. But by now the jewelry and lunch wannigan were unloaded, so they got portaged the 15 yards and the canoes got paddled around to the better side. The starch took a while to boil, but the sun started to come out and the dogs provided a little entertainment. We made it back on the water shortly after 3:00 and shirts even came off. Still the weather did not look terrific, and we pulled in at the first site on the right at the narrows. There was just room for five tents after some rigs of poles were removed, and the staff was afraid to scout the second site on the same side because it looked like a storm was approaching. Tents were all up by 5:15 before any rain hit, and when it came it was very light and of short duration. After the guide drew the dry wood and it was laid up, the staff and Jeff bathed, admitting the water was a little cooler than down at the Post. Paul Rollins tried a little fishing. The Indian family across the way on an island paddled over to draw their net just south of us and paused to look for a while. They returned later to sell us some lake trout, which we decided not to buy. Dinner went on with Rusty baking the first bannock of the summer for tomorrow -- turned out perfectly. Bread line was called and dinner eaten just before the rains came, and Bud's lemon bread and nut and raisin bread went fast. The wallopers did their work in the rain -- under some help from spruce and balsam umbrellas. And the tents were occupied. Steve's dog got another name -- wolfbear -- this time, but like all the others it probably won't last long.

Saturday, July 4 -- The dogs were up and running shortly after five and it took their masters a while to collar them. The staff was up and cooking at 6:30 under a gray sky. We were on the water at 8:15 and under way into a mild north wind that increased as we pulled up to the tip of the peninsula. Now 10:00, with the wind even stronger we pulled to a small island and then with great rollers, jumped to the large island in front. A mile up it we passed an Indian campsite and then halted for lunch on a small sand beach another half mile up. But the wieners refused to fall apart and the wind continued to rise and we chanced a real roller coaster ride to the chain of islands only to find ourselves wind bound just behind the '69 campsite. For some reason the wind was coming in more from the northeast than anywhere else and no progress could be made at all. So we headed south to the southern tip of the island. 77 explored the main lake, saw we could not cross, found no campsite, and returned to a little bay to cook dinner. Somehow it all got done with Rusty doing the bannock to be eaten after we got to where ever we were going and Jeff investigating all the wannigans to find the various needs. It was all done and

packaged up by 5:45 and at 6:15 we took to the canoes to see what she looked like. Making the crossing was quickly ruled out. The staff started north to see if we could make it up the outside of the islands to the northern crossing -- we tried a while and gave up. Given the option of running back to the real campsite on the lower island we weakly voted to make do on the southern tip of this one. The campsite was not much, but a few boughs made possible tent sites. The wannigans were perched on a cliff and a fire place laid so the staff could bake a cornbread for the morning. The canoes got distributed around on the boulders along shore. Paul Rollins managed a couple small lake trout for the first success of the trip. The sunset called the cameramen, and as soon as she went down the temperature dropped a dozen degrees. The wind still blew, but was definitely dropping.

Sunday, July 5 -- As promised the staff woke at 4:00, but a quick look out the tent indicated the wind had dropped not at all during the last six hours. So back to sleep. The dogs were not sure his alarm had gone off, so they started howling ten minutes later. The staff kept checking, but the wind dropped only a little more, so pretty soon the sun was up and it was 6:30. So he rolled out and cooked breakfast. No chance to cross, and going up the west side was out, so it was either sit tight or try the east again. So we took the latter course. The sun was out good and warm and the wind still blew, but nothing like yesterday, so we made it up to the northern crossing about 12:30 having left from down below at 8:45 -- the first half hour or so was spent just regaining yesterday's distance. The sun was really out in earnest as the macaroni started, and for some reason the wind was almost non-existent. Steve decided to take a swim -- just to say he had been in Mistassini -- and the staff, Rusty, and Paul Johnson followed -- a little chilly. Paul Rollins tried fishing off the cliffs and the others sat and helped the fire. By some unbelievable luck the lake was almost calm, so off we went at 2:05 for the other side on water so calm the canoes reflected beautifully. Paul Johnson hooked up his tape recorder for entertainment and most clothing was discarded. 45 minutes out we stopped for our half-way break for 15 minutes of sun bathing and picture taking. And just over 45 minutes later we were past the point of the first island -- but the territory was strange, and we had missed our intended entrance into the islands. After a few pauses to read the map, everything turned out all right for we were about a mile farther north than intended, so the Rupert portage was that much closer. About the last 15 minutes on the main lake had been paddled against a mild head wind from the north that got a little stronger as time went on -- just enough to cause a little delay. By now clothing was going back on over red skin and every one was beginning to feel the length of the day. We spent part of the time trying to get Mike acquainted with the distinctions between a machine, rig, outfit, issue, or dude -- with only partial success. Then a motor boat appeared ahead, altered course, and bore down on us. As feared, the manager of the Rupert fishing camp; so we had to show him the travel permit -- carefully showing him only the first page that did not have a date on it -- we were supposed to be out of the reserve on July 4th according to the actual permit -- this was the 5th! Finally we made the portage campsite. Tents went up. Canoes -- all but 77 that got used for fishing -- went across. Paul Rollins fried the ham, the guide drew

all the wood, and the staff stood around with a spoon in his hand trying to look busy. The bannock was a little slow, but it all got done and eaten before the sun went down after a 6:50 arrival -- 50 minutes after the staff's ETA of earlier. Steve and Paul Rollins tried fishing without bringing back anything although something big was just off the campsite in the bay. But as long a day on the paddle as it was, at least Mistassini is done.

Monday, July 6 -- The staff took an extra 15 minutes of sleep, but the dog tents up on the plateau were already awake. By 8:15 loads were moving across -- Rusty already having taken his wannigan across before breakfast. Under warm sun we ran our first little swift on the river, and shirts came off again. A gentle west wind was no real problem and the river was easily discovered after the wide stretch. Paul Rollins and Steve cast a few times as we drifted along to the Rupert split. The rapid below was run successfully, but soon we had to paddle past a real live covered picnic table -- which destroyed a little of the fun of being in the wilderness. The current led us along successfully with nary a wrong turn. But lunch sites were hard to come by until we finally found a piece of rock even if the cooking had to be done on the forest floor. Paul Rollins landed a trout for his lunch and lost another. The guide took over and had one up, but lost it. Rusty and Paul Johnson started the bathing routine in the cold water, followed by Mike, the staff, Gray, and Chris -- Jeff waited for the campsite after giving it a thought. Paul Rollins caught another trout to carry along for dinner just as we were pulling out. The Esker portage came fairly soon -- the unfriendly kind after we had met several friendly ones. The little run around the island took a few spoons of water. The pups were left at the start of the trail and amused themselves with a bath while waiting to be carried over. Most of the cameras recorded the view. The Indian left us almost enough tent poles plus some sawed wood that was almost dry. It now being 4:30 guide and staff started dinner while Paul Rollins and Steve went to catch dinner. Paul had added another trout already, and Jeff brought in the largest of the meal. Chris manufactured the traveling bannock. But when the chips were done, the fishermen were still across the river, so we started on three trout and they and Rusty waited for the five they brought back. After dinner almost everyone took to the rod -- Paul Rollins added three or four more. Gray and the staff each added one to the breakfast supply. Mike succeeded in snapping the handle off his reel during the interval. Back on the campsite, with everyone back, Mike juggled a batch of popcorn that did not last long, and evening fell -- and was well along when everyone turned in. For some reason the bugs let us enjoy the fire tonight.

Tuesday, July 7 -- Rain started in the very early morning, very lightly at first, and then heavier as rising time approached. At 6:30 it was still coming down, but quit shortly after 7:00. The staff gave the canvas longer than necessary to dry since the sun was out bright and warm when he lit the fire at 7:45. Still with so many trout to fry it was about 10:00 before we were on the water. The wind seemed to be from the south, but in the confined area it was hard to be sure, but it turned out to be true. We ran the little rapid quickly and sped down the fast water at the next narrows assisted by the wind. As soon as all the fast water was over, we pulled up at a pair of small islands for sailing poles --

two for the canoes and three masts. Paul Johnson dropped one of the large ones -- and sliced his hand with the ax in the process, so we spent a while stopping the flow of blood while others cut the necessary poles. It took quite a while to get the rig organized, but when finally done, she sped through the islands and narrows onto the lake. Steve tried fishing, but she was going much too fast. But then the sky clouded over and half way down the lake rain started to fall, sometimes hard, sometimes light, sometimes with thunder and lightening, but dampening the sailors and ships -- the latter even to necessitate bailing. Gray managed to drop a lure box overboard while digging into his pack, but the catamaran was moving too fast to recover it. But as the rains came, the wind went and so we drifted slowly. An outboard came up behind but landed at the fishing camp without bothering us. Finally sailing was getting us nowhere, so we tossed the poles on shore and took to the paddle. Mike took the stern of 74 so Paul Johnson could mojo in the bow of 77, but with Rusty in the bow, 74's stern was almost cut of water. We should have started paddling sooner, for the rain belted down as we started in to the portage. A plane came in low and landed at the Capichinatun camp to stay out of the thunder storm. The loads were tossed on shore and covered with the canoes. The guide drew fly poles, the staff dry wood, and a gang headed to see the falls. But the rain stopped and the original decision to cook lunch on the upper side was reversed and we portaged over to cook on the lower side. It was about 3:30 before lunch was served. By that time Paul Rollins had tried the fishing without success and Jeff disappeared through lunch to try his luck -- with equal lack of fish. Mike and Steve pitched down by the fire in the only site there and the rest took to the hill tent area. The guide led Steve and Gray off to search for the ice cave, which was found successfully by Gray. Mike drew dry wood and then went photographing across the river with the staff joined later by Paul Rollins. In the process another ice cave treasure was discovered. So between the two finds, ice was available for pink lemonade and to cool the pudding which Paul Rollins and the guide actually made pud. Dinner preparations were held up while a violent rain shower hit. And then Mike fried the chips while Rusty baked a pair of bannocks. Dinner came up well after 8:00 as Jeff entertained with all sort of "sayings" and a football game followed with errant passes thrown across the rocks. Paul's cut got doctored and Mike's reel got worked on, and the sun played tricks with the clouds. A sliver of a moon appeared, shaped to pour out water, but the sky cleared enough for the first star to shine through.

Wednesday, July 8 -- The sky was gray at 6:30, but showed promise. Just as the coffee water started to heat, two fishermen and an Indian guide relanded the aluminum boat at the site -- Mike later indicated they had apparently arrived at 5:00. Paul's cut was coming along nicely as it got bandaged up to try the day. We got on the water after 8:30 and headed up Woollett on an almost calm sea. The paddle was uneventful, but gradually got warmer. We hit the exit channel with no problem and the rapids caused no real trouble. We looked over the last one since the foot was shallow, but for no other real reason. The exit from Woollett was almost accomplished when two otter swam across our path and a chase ensued with several pictures resulting. But mostly just little noses sticking up. We portaged the falls

leading out and had lunch on the opposite side. We went out one at a time and gathered at the bay below where Paul Rollins landed about a three pound whitefish before we took the couple miles of horse races that follow. Andy Smyth reported a good campsite a little farther on, but it turned out to be our '68 lunch site and no better for the passage of time. We paddled the stretch north and ran the two rapids at the top. By then it was four o'clock and time to think of camping -- so we ended up on the '68 site the staff had wanted to avoid -- but the next was at least four miles farther on and we voted to stay. Anyway we had paddled in one day what took two in '68 -- granted the weather did not cooperate very well that time. Steve baked a coffee cake for dinner. Jeff dropped a huge chicot and made the traveling bannock. Rusty hiked to the top of the adjacent hill returning just as disappointed as those who did the same in '68. The sky cleared at dinner time and a hot sun beat down. After dinner Mike, Gray, Jeff, and the staff tried a bath. Paul's cut survived the paddle and day quite well and got re-bandaged. Mike's reel finally got fixed. The guide paddled across the river to investigate a little spring and Steve and Paul Rollins tried fishing without success. Then the guide borrowed Jeff's rod and lured in a huge pike that would not be caught in spite of all the hardware that was then thrown after him. The sun sank behind the western burn, and a cool night started.

Thursday, July 9 -- A warm sun shone down on the site at 6:30. But a breeze was blowing up the river. We made it off at 8:10 for our earliest start. We had to pull down against the wind on a stretch that we could have easily paddled yesterday afternoon. But eventually we turned north into the portage passing a well used Indian fishing camp in the process -- now deserted. We passed over the portage about 10:00 enjoying the framed poster marking the landing -- of a skantily dressed buxom lass playing the guitar. A few pictures later we pulled northwest again against our wind, and eventually found a couple rapids to run made a little more exciting by a now gray sky and the wind working against the current at the foot. A lunch site eluded us until the next rapid -- largest of the day -- when we found a good rock ledge for the fire just east of it. The spaghetti took a while, but the sun was back by now. Paul Johnson tried a nap, and the guide made sure Mike had something to use as an afternoon snack by spraying his back with a little Bravo. The rapid caused no trouble, nor did the one below, but the wind grew stronger so we moved slowly for a while. About 3:15 Jeff landed to investigate a pair of bear skulls at an Indian tent site. We paddled on, dodging islands looking for current, and eventually came to a break by an island where guide and staff conferred on where we were. Jeff suggested we paddle through an opening to the east, but the staff insisted on west -- so that was the way we went until we paddled into a dead end bay. The high land to the west was much closer than it should have been, so we turned around and headed east. Then more dead ends and bays -- we tried them all. Finally after enough of them the staff realized his error -- we were one deep bay too far to the west. So back we went and about 7:00 we were back at the bear skulls trying to make a campsite of it -- but no chance. So our only recourse was to go on; this time finding the river successfully. The first rapid had to be looked over, but the run was there on the right shore, so down we went to catch the '68 campsite which the staff had again wanted to avoid.

By now it was close to 8:30. Dinner got whipped up with Jeff frying the ham. The guide dropped some dry wood and then could not resist trying his luck and promptly landed a trout. Paul Rollins left Chris to finish the tent and got one too -- they both went for dinner. Steve whipped up the traveling bannock, but darkness was coming -- and so was the rain -- so the bannock never got off the ground. Budwieser got lost for a while and Paul wandered around in the rain calling her in vein until Steve located her asleep in the wannigan line. The rain kept up lightly as we called it a night -- and a mighty long day -- but we had seen an extra bit of Canada.

Friday, July 10 -- The rain let up through the night, but the staff sacked in till 7:00 to let the canvas dry. Then a traveling bannock had to be made so breakfast was a little long -- plus the fact that Gray and Rusty did not hear the yell to roll. Paul Rollins and the guide tried catching their breakfast with no luck. We finally got on the water about 9:15 under a gradually clearing sky. Neither of the rapids on the remainder of the stream caused any problems. 77 went and checked out an Indian portage that would have bypassed the whole set and entered the eastern bay above. The north wind blew, but not so strong as yesterday and had no real effect as we moved along through successive little riffles and rapids. We pulled up the wide stretch toward Mountain Peninsula toward lunch and ran the first rapid after looking over briefly and having to make a crossing of the river that looked hard at first but proved surprisingly easy. The plan was to have lunch before running the next, but with no reasonable site and a good rock ahead, we ran down to it. 77 leading off while the others watched -- but no problems followed. Paul Rollins tried to catch his lunch of course, but the excitement came as Budwieser decided to take a swim in a deep crack in the rock and was rescued only by Paul's long arm grabbing her muzzle. Then the wind took a plate into another crack into which the guide had previously dropped a rock to discover it was quite deep. Jeff came to the rescue with Paul's fishing rod and Mepps. We paddled north and after rounding Mountain Peninsula the weather was so nice a lot of clothing came off -- of course Mike's Mistassini Indian madian was now on top of the mountain with her telescope. A few miles on a swim break was taken on a sandy beach with only a few swimmers and Jeff's football -- the guide now dressed in his clam digging outfit. We ran out of protection briefly and had to fight the wind for a while, but pulled into Andy Smyth's Indian site above the next rapids well before 6:00. Steve and Rusty manufactured doughnuts to top off the meal. A few non-swimmers got a bath while the meal cooked. The guide found some iron wood -- or at least it chopped like it. The staff went looking for the supposed Indian portage trail, finding nothing that could be of any use at all. Mike and Paul Rollins tried fishing the rapid below with no success and returned reporting it was pretty big. The staff set a pot of beans to bake in a sand oven previously prepared by Gray and Mike. Paul Johnson's cut of several days ago proved to be almost closed, but to change the subject, one of his tapes for the recorder took the bush. The sun sank early behind the western hill after Rusty and Gray climbed up for a quick picture of the excellent view of where we had come from. The bugs even let the group stand around the fire as a chill settled in for the night. Then a fifteen entertainment as Steve pleaded with Mike for the return of his dog.

Saturday, July 11 -- The eastern sun shone right in the door of the staff tent after our first real pull-the-bag-over-the-head night. And the air was warming up by 6:30. Budwieser came to help cook breakfast for the first such dog visit to the early fire. Paul Johnson was up to the clatter of pots and pans. We headed for the rapids not knowing how else to tackle this stretch. In spite of Mike's and Paul's pessemistic reports, the '68 run was still there and possible, so buttoned up in our bright yellow rigs we took her. 74 and 27 gave us a few moments of concern by getting too far out in the swells, but they only took a little water. After they dumped we crossed over to the '68 portages with no real problem -- mainly apprehension after reading Andy Smyth's report of water conditions in '69. The first carry was relatively easy -- the passage of a section a year ago had helped. The second -- as the staff warned -- was longer, harder, less well cut, and went up over a hill -- at least the view was good. We took the run off having gotten it all over with by 10:30, and paddled a couple miles to the next one for an early lunch. The beans of the night before had turned out perfectly and were heated up for lunch. They dripped a little in the portaging, so the lunch wannigan needed a little cleaning. Paul Rollins landed a small trout and had a huge one on three times only to have it get off every time. Jeff then tried too. 57 and 74 ran the rapid first. 59 followed giving the photographers some good shots of what happens when you get too far out in the swells. 27 was perfect, and 77 shot last taking movies on the way down. By now what wind there had been died, so it was another afternoon to sun on a lazy paddle down Bardeliere. At one point 27 tried to take Budwieser for a dog break but in spite of speedy movement by the crew, they could not propell her fast enough. A float plane passed overhead -- our Indian maiden again? Then the wind shifted and we pulled against a west wind to the Temagami campsite on a small island. Those with boots still on scouted and reported 5 tent sites. Their poor counting ability soon became obvious, but by the time a Math teacher got the chance to count everything was unloaded and the die was cast. Apparently Temagami has only 4 tents -- and would just as soon pitch two of them in a hollow. But the fire area was good at least. Paul Rollins promptly landed a pike that the guide cleaned and baked in the aluminum foil. It being only 3:00 when we landed, Rusty whipped up a pineapple upsidedown cake that had a few problems, but was still good. Mike fried more potatoes and by 7:00 dinner was over and Chris had manufactured an oatmeal bannock for tomorrow. The staff and Jeff were the only ones able to brave the wind for a bath as the air grew cooler. After dinner Jeff and the two Pauls tried fishing. Steve tried also for a pike off the point -- getting Jeff to retrieve his lure that got cast loose after a pike that cruised by cast back onto a snag. Thunder started rolling to the northwest and lightening could be seen. The wind started rising but we collected only drops at most. The sun went down in a ball of fire, but the wind kept rising and swinging more and more to the north as darkness started to descend.

Sunday, July 12 -- Rain fell lightly for a while last night -- starting maybe about 10:30 and continuing lightly for a while. Come morning the wind was still blowing, but the storm clouds were disappearing off to the south. The guide appeared with

a jacket for breakfast for the first time such has been needed. The staff had taken a few extra minutes to get out of his warm sleeping bag so we did not get afloat until 8:25. The wind slowed down progress to the rapids slightly, but once the turn was made had no effect. We tried to see how Temagami had let down the right shore last year, but it looked impossible with our lower water, so 77 took her through to see what would happen -- and came through without taking a drop. The others followed with only slightly less success and a little water got dumped on a rocky island below. Unfortunately the movie camera was not rigged for sound as Gray burst into laughter as he got a mouth full of water half way down. The second rapid was taken in stride -- a little less exciting at least. Then the wind let us paddle west with no trouble, passing over a large Indian net in the process. Someone fishing commercially probably, but we never saw his camp. Another plane passed over headed east -- very slowly. But the turn north let us in for the wind. One rocky rapid was run, but otherwise it was just a long pull up the west shore. There was no place to stop for lunch either, so it was 1:00 before we pulled up at the Indian campground before the turn to the portage. Jeff discovered a snow shovel that came along. Budwieser put on a good act when dropped off Paul Johnson's shoulder, but no damage seemed to have been done. The water boiled quickly on the Indian's wood and we were back on the water at 2:00. The portage was over and done with by 3:00 and we started out on Mesgouez. The wind not cooperating until the turn west, and then just a quartering stern wind. Steve dropped his cup overboard and elected to swim for it, and in the process a large column of smoke was spotted rising from a large permanent looking establishment in one of the bays to the south. Certainly not Indian. Maybe mining or a sport camp? We never got close enough although there was talk of finding a Chrispy Crunch machine. We threaded our way through a shallows and hit Andy's rock campsite right on the nose. And this one passed the test and proved to be pretty good. Another fine kitchen area -- and this time he spread his rocks exactly right for our irons. And there were enough tent sites too! Jeff manufactured a superior cherry pie. Paul Rollins fried the sausage, and Rusty made the traveling bannock -- that had a little trouble hitting the wannigan top -- or maybe granite rock serves the same purpose. Gray tried fishing -- one lure gone. And Paul Rollins and Mike went out via canoe -- another lure down -- and no fish -- just stories of the ones that got away. The rest sat around the fire that the guide periodically stoked with wood -- and exchanged stories of the winter for the most part. The dogs tried to invade the staff tent -- unsuccessfully. The sun sank behind the trees behind the site early and a coolness started to settle in early.

Monday, July 13 -- The eastern sun shone in bright and hot at an early hour when the lake was still shrouded in mist. But the staff resisted until 6:30 as usual. We hit the water at 8:20 or so and the day was so warm it was time for sunning immediately. No real wind blew to hamper progress, but a mackerel sky appeared briefly as a warning. About 10:00 we were on the approach to the rapid, but it was 1:00 before we finally got to camp. The first run was formidable, but we elected to run. Meanwhile Paul Rollins gathered in a two-pound trout at the top. The run was something of a roller coaster and all canoes were a little damp at the foot.

Then followed games of a pair of lift overs that were more time consuming than difficult. On the way we picked up tent poles that Temagami had purloined for their camp 100 yards short of ours. Lunch was finally started at 1:00. Paul Rollins' trout went into the pan. Steve started to set bread and most of the rest bathed, washed clothes and fished. Two Pennsylvanians -- father and son -- wandered in from a campsite down on the island below -- having flown in. But our fishermen did better, and Paul Rollins had 3, Jeff 1, and the guide 1 for dinner -- with the last of our fresh potatoes. The staff entertained himself building a stone fireplace. Gray ended up with the bathing record of four and Mike slept more than anyone else. The dogs got their first planned bathes -- and complained. Steve's bread put the finishing touches on the meal -- after the guide's specially rolled trout. Paul Rollins and the guide brought back 3 more trout for breakfast -- but the northern sky started to darken and the northern lights appeared briefly, so we may have to pay for some of our good weather.

Tuesday, July 14 -- Somehow no rain fell and the morning was bright and sunny as has been the case almost every day. Breakfast was especially warm. The guide finished off the trout of the previous evening and we were off across the portage just about eight with everything over and done by 8:30. We skipped the left channel on the island below and headed for the opposite side. In the process we passed our fishermen's campsite and then the two of them in their small boat. We slid across to the right to look at the pitch and then back to the left for the run. 77 headed down yelling to run tight to the pile of stone, but on looking back, each successive canoe was farther out in the swells. 74 paid the price and over she went. 77 was too far down by now to be any help, but the others all picked up loose gear. The guide grabbed a water soaked dog just in time and edged the canoe toward shore and the eddy. The crew eventually could stand and wade ashore. Rusty's camera box proved water tight luckily. The baby made it securely. Nothing much in the wannigans was severely damaged and everything got pulled out successfully. Paul Johnson's film got slightly damp and Rusty's sleeping bag needed a little drying later in the day. We pulled over to the portage landing for a more thorough assessment of the wannigan contents and took the portage. The sun was still up bright and clear for pictures, but soon it disappeared under a rather solid overcast. We ran the little run off and swifts that followed, but then had to spend quite a while charting a course down the next pitch to the portage because of rocks on the left shore. It involved an underwater rock obstacle that again caused succeeding canoes to go more and more out into swells they were supposed to avoid, but we all ran into the little bay of the portage. An early lunch was declared -- about 11:30 to do a little drying -- and besides it was the last decent lunch site to the foot. 77 sat and watched a beaver for a few minutes while the others loaded, and we slid down to the last rapid. Again a course had to be plotted farther out than desired to stay out of shallows. And the last two in line actually went the unplanned side of a large rock -- successfully. It was only 1:30 but as we turned west the full force of a western wind hit plus the fact that the sky looked gloomy for the first time in days. The staff found a stand of jackpine to his liking and we pulled in to make camp about 2:00. The final drying was accomplished however, without rain,

though one or two drops fell on occasions. A pot of soup went for tea time -- which some napping people missed. Mike baked the cake and Jeff did the frosting. Gray manufactured the traveling bannock while Chris and the staff put together a shepherd's pie for dinner. The meal finally came off about 6:30 and the outfit was put to bed about 8:00 under the threat of rain. The wind had died to nothing and the sky looked gray, but nothing happened. Mike and Steve entertained for such contests as "I doubt it," but soon the mad blazers took to the bush and started to ply their trade. But by 9:30 peace and quiet was beginning to descend over a very warm, still evening.

Wednesday, July 15 -- The weather did not seem to know itself what it was going to do. Certainly we did not know either. Low mist settled down over the river and refused to rise. Mike reported having heard a motor boat go by at 2 am? The staff finally elected to try it, and we were on the water about 8:45 drifting and paddling along with pretty good current but with poor visibility. The first rapid proved to be a ledge-like falls, and so was carried about 75 yards. After slipping around the bay at the foot, the next one needed a carry also, but this one was infinitely less well traveled and looked like it was used only by people like us. A surveyor's camp was spotted nestled in a bay on the left and then we ran the closest we came to a rapid all day through a narrows, but almost immediately ahead the river dropped away and disappeared. We parked in a quiet bay at the top and started looking for a trail. A vague semblance of one was found close to the river, but proved to be the scenic photographer's trail to a high rock point right over the whole outfit -- pictures got taken, but the weather really was not very cooperative. Paul Johnson found the real trail to the left of where we landed, but it failed to follow the river, and luckily our aerial photographs showed the pond into which it went because our maps did not. Lunch was cooked in a poor loading area at the end of the carry. But just as the dishes were being finished, the rain started ever so lightly, but there was no stopping, so off we paddled across the pond to find the exit, which Jeff located. By now the scraggley bush was wet -- plus that which came from above, so the crossing was damp. She ended on a pond as expected, with an Indian campsite. So we took her even if it was only 3:00. By the time the tents were up and fly poles cut, there was no need to pitch the fly although the sky stayed gray. Rusty mixed up oatmeal raisin cookies for tea time along with a pot of soup and one of coffee. Steve manufactured a ginger bread for tomorrow that got flipped prematurely as he moved the reflector by the handles. The staff scouted the pair of ponds we were on reporting we could go through on a paddle except for a lift over at an ancient dam -- and enjoyed the company of a beaver and a muskrat at different parts of his travels. The guide and Paul Rollins went pike fishing -- first without a leader, so one grabbed Paul's floating plug, cut the line, and then spit out the plug. Gales of laughter from the water made those on shore believe the catch was tremendous, but they returned having caught pike, but released them all. And still the gray sky stays overhead, refusing to move -- as suggested, we may have to move out from under it ourselves.

Thursday, July 16 -- The weather got tired of waiting

for us to move out from under it and so came looking for us. Some time in the middle of the night she let go with a purpose. Those who were awake say there were vivid flashes of lightning. It was still coming down at any normal rising hour. The staff finally gave up at 9:40 and crawled out in a light drizzle to rig the fly and start the pancakes. Paul Johnson and Jeff were already up complaining of a leaky tent. Steve appeared to fry the bacon, and by the time breakfast was ready it was possible to stand out from under the fly without getting too wet. And by 11:30 when it was time to do the dishes, the rain seemed over and the north wind was blowing away the clouds and a little blue showed through. So down it all came, and we were off at 1:00. The first pond was paddled to the lift over that followed and the second to a little tiny opening that had to be poled. Then the wind became a factor in reaching the north end of the lake -- followed by a portage back to the river. The wind still blew down to Rupert Falls -- for want of a better name -- and the portage was located and lunch cooked after 3:00 on the far side. Paul Rollins gathered a trout for his lunch and a good number of pictures were snapped. Wolfbear complained most from having had to walk the whole way across. Steve's ginger bread was declared quite tasty in spite of its un auspicious start of yesterday. The next rapid looked less formidable than any we had seen the past two days, but maybe the west wind made it look too much, so we lifted across a rocky island at the head and ran out the last part. Then a pull against a strong wind and with the western sun right in our eyes to the creek to turn north. Just up the creek we investigated a Nemiscau winter camp -- complete with fancy dog houses, an honest-to-goodness fort, lots of beaver stretchers, a pair of rockers for a rocking chair, and a house frame made of log siding with upper frame built for a canvas cover and a front porch similar to those used by the Eastmain Indians -- with lots of stacked wood. But the site was too messy for us to use, so we pulled up the creek another half mile or less to a smooth stand of jackpine on the left shore and threw up camp. Mike manufactured the bannock while Paul Rollins fried the hamburgers and Rusty made the traveling bannock. Budwieser had a little trouble keeping away from our food -- Wolfbear supposedly playing the part of the good dog. An almost full moon rose on the far side of the creek as we turned in to wait and see what our new adventure holds in store -- there is the sound of fast water coming from the northeast, however.

Friday, July 17 -- The sun poked its head up over the trees and a few drops of rain followed, but the staff was up at 6:30 anyway for the coolest morning yet. A couple little small drops fell at breakfast, but we rolled anyway and headed up the creek at 8:05 for our earliest start thus far. But soon we ran into trouble in the form of small swifts and shallows, some of which could be paddled, but more of which had to be lined. Finally at a long shallow one Paul Rollins took to wading and Mike and Chris followed suit -- though the staff preferred relatively dry feet. About 11:00 we reached our first real white water rapid. 77 was off to see how to get up it when Paul Rollins spotted the portage trail leading up a hill out of a small bay. It was obviously the Indian route -- having been cut like a highway at one time in history, although now getting worn down and overgrown with age. The aerial photographs said it was headed for a pond, and so

it did even if the map showed no such pond. We decided to take one more before lunch and investigated the wrong bay and a couple game trails before hitting the real carry. It was supposed to go to another pond, but did not and led us through a mile of bush back to the river again. The first part was not bad, but the trail deteriorated toward the end. The dogs whined all the way across but stayed with the staff while he cooked lunch. By the time the staff's last trip was over it was 2:00. Time made little difference; it was the rain. We washed up in a little drizzle, but she really let go once we were on the water toward the falls above. So with thunder all around we carried the falls and tossed the loads under the canoes to wait it out. Rain gear was not much help since feet and clothes were already wet from the portage and the morning. The falls were well worth a few pictures, but the rain was too much. Still Paul Rollins managed 3 trout in 6 casts in spite of the wet. An hour later she let up and we started off again. An Indian winter camp was passed -- not nearly as interesting as the one of yesterday. Then a lovely little up and down hill carry with no room for loading or unloading. Followed by another across a point behind a hill. It was not 5:00 and time to stop. So with another set of black clouds coming on we pulled up at the next falls and decided to call it a day. Fly poles were all cut, but we decided to gamble and see if it would blow over. It did, just long enough to cook dinner, and the fly never went up though Gray had to cook the traveling bannock in a drizzle. The fishermen had no success though Steve had one trout on. Jeff rigged his poncho over his tent to try to avoid a night of wet like the last rain. Mike and Steve carefully changed clothes and then ran around in the rain. And the left over fire did some drying although water was still coming down from above and the wind was blowing in hard from the west at 10:00 when all was quiet. Really not much ground covered today. Just a lot of water in one form or another. We are paying for our first two weeks!

Saturday, July 18 -- The night turned out to be one of the coldest yet. Plus the fact that some rain fell during darkness. Everything was cold and wet at 6:30, though the sky showed promise. So the staff took an extra half hour to think about putting on wet clothes and at 7:00 it was no warmer, nothing was any drier, and the sky looked worse. But breakfast got cooked anyway. Steve appeared early but was scornful of the heat put out by the blaze. Others arrived as much for warmth as for the meal -- and nothing was very dry. Anyway we rolled and shoved off just a touch after nine. The next portage was just a half mile up, but again very nicely cut and easy -- though wet. Then followed some exercise in the canoe up through a narrow lake-like expanse with rock cliffs on the west. A Scotch mist persisted and the cold was not lessened. At the head of the stretch we wasted an hour or more looking for the trail the Indians at Mistassini had told us to take -- with no success. There was a good Indian campsite in the area, but no trail. So we were committed to the creek. It looked good from the high rock hill that the staff climbed, so off we went without too much trouble from the current. After a couple miles we had to pull up 50 yards or so on the left shore. The staff failed to realize it was so late and passed up an obvious lunch site at the top of the rapid. We finally found a clear, level stand of jackpine up about a seven foot hill which made an excellent spot -- or an even better

campsite. Back on the water at 2:30 the wind blew from the west, but on narrow ater was no problem and at times was even a tail wind. We passed an Indian campsite and were encouraged we were on the right track. And then a cache on a small island in a wide stretch --- now abandoned. But we found no portage at the next rapid and invented our own along shore. But the one above had another nice wide, well cut trail just like those below -- and we seemed right. An occasional patch of blue appeared, but never stayed for long. Then another lining job had to be done. This time taking quite a while since it started by getting around a good cellar. The Scotch mist continued, and even brought out a rainbow this time. A couple swifts had to be paddled. The last one all the crews could take as 57 got half way up and had to drift back and line up and 7¹/₂ made it only on the second try. The next portage above was the night's campground, but our Indian friends do not seem to camp on portages and there was nothing at the foot but a lunch fire -- and nothing at the head, so we invented one at the top just after 6:00; everyone fully agreeing we had gone far enough for one day. Tents got placed somehow on ground not even as good as last night's. Dinner got cooked fairly quickly as Rusty handled the traveling bannock. And still the mist came at intervals. A little drying got done in the evening. The staff spent his extra time repairing Rusty's paddle and Jeff's wannigan tump. Paul Rollins and the guide tried the local fishing and gales of laughter and glee could be heard back at the fire. They returned with a pair over two pounds -- the larger the guide's. And so some success at least. The creek is almost done -- at least this part of it -- and would have been a beautiful bit of water in different weather.

Sunday, July 19 -- She was another chilly one with the forest keeping the sun off longer than usual, but at least it was there for a change. The two large trout plus a small one polished off the meal, but as a result it was 8:45 before we started paddling. Rusty and Gray had not heard the call to roll, but that had not delayed anything. Just at the head of the pond another stroll through the Canadian bush had to be taken, only 300 yards or so, however, and landed us in Lake Lemare at an ancient surveyor's site. Then for the first time in days, shirts and boots came off. We played with the rocks and islands getting turned around and headed east on Lemare and pulled relatively uneventfully to the end of the lake where a steep shallow rapid got in the way. But the Indian had a solution -- although he can go up stuff we can't and so lunch was cooked after a short portage while three canoes lined up the next swift. 77 followed right afterwards with 57 having to wait for the jewelry. The last pull ups were easier because Jeff had cleared the alders -- though Chris still managed to take an unwanted bath. Off came the clothes again to paddle down Des Champs under a warm sun and something of a tail wind. We swung east at the foot and took such a long break that Gray fell asleep -- but fortunately his snoring woke him. We started up the narrows wondering if we were still with the Indian -- and low and behold he put a fall hunting camp right there for us to inspect -- complete with several hangings on flag poles -- or what looked like them. Back in the canoes again briefly, and another similar camp was inspected. This one adorned with an artistic display carved on a tree near the water. Plus a couple sleds and dog harnesses -- and a cache on the island opposite. But then the wind turned and blew in cold from

the northeast bringing a few sprinkles just more than a Scotch mist. But at the start of the creek it had cleared -- and we inspected another site. This one quite clean. We decided to chance the creek, however, and started up. We had a few moments of doubt about streams off to the right but kept left passing lots of good looking campsite possibilities in stands of jackpine. But then a rapid came with no portage -- so we lined up again. Just above was another, but this time with a clear cut 50 yard portage. By now it was time to quit, so we made a campsite out of it -- a pretty good one too, although it would have been better farther west -- but the staff refused to load his canoe in the morning only to unload it 100 yards later to portage. Jeff mixed the dinner bannock and Chris made the traveling one. A few fishermen tried with no success and the rest were discouraged when not even Paul Rollins got a fish. As dark started in, Mike did a couple pots of popcorn -- and we settled in for another cool evening.

Monday, July 20 -- It all started well with nice warm sunshine and a speedy departure. The staff flipped his coin and tried the north end of the ponds. But all we discovered were a couple blazes and no portage trail. So back down we came and took the creek -- which proved to be a mistake. The portage must have been there somewhere. The creek was fine until the first rapid -- and it had to be carried. We explored for long portage trails for quite a while -- finding nothing. So we took them one at a time. The first two carried through jackpine and so needed little but walking directions. Still they were time consuming. The third got lined, but the fourth and fifth had to be cut -- the first of these especially. At any rate when it was all done it was lunch time and we had moved maybe two miles. Entertainment was provided by watching the dogs tunnel under a tree. We got back on the water about 1:45 and paddled for a while through three lake-like areas. But then the portage trail disappeared again although faint traces could be found through the burn. We hoped we were back with the Indian having spotted a campsite on the lake area. And there was another newer site at the creek up which we had to go -- but no trail where one should have been. So the staff went off hill climbing and eventually came up with a route that needed to be picketted with portage loads to get everyone across. It was a good half mile but seemed like more through mostly burned area. We did not finish her up until about 6:00 and no campsite was to be found, so up the creek we had to go. Fortunately nothing had to be carried although one little riff had to be lined. Finally about 7:00 we found a point with a few green trees and tent sites in the burn behind. With Paul Rollins frying the ham, dinner was served well before dark and Gray and Jeff even had time to take a bath -- the first real ones since the Rupert rapids long ago. Rusty mixed up the traveling bannock and got it off before dark too. The staff repaired a bow seat bolt in 57 -- having done one earlier in the day in 74. A few pictures got snapped of the reddened clouds at sunset -- though weather prospects did not look too good with an east wind, a mackerel sky, and a warmer than usual evening. Steve then went around rousing everyone who wanted to take a look at the Northern lights.

Tuesday, July 21 -- Somehow no rain fell, but a really strong wind was blowing still from the east strangely enough. The

sun made a very feeble attempt to help, but then gave up. So the usual group of fire worshipers gathered at breakfast even though it was not really cold. We were off up the creek at 8:10, but had to take a short stroll through the bush soon afterwards. And we were not in the canoe long before another short carry was needed. But then we got to ride in the canoe for a while, which maybe was not a great blessing since the east wind blew right in our teeth no matter what shore we followed. By some amazing fate the next long stream could be paddled all the way to an oval shaped lake. Really the first long connecting creek we have been able to take all the way on a paddle. By now the water was beginning to run out on us however, and the space between rocks was getting narrower and the water shallower -- and less swift, but the rapids were now getting poled and not really paddled. The oval lake was another wind problem, but we pulled up at a portage at the end of it. The staff walked the whole issue to be sure since we had not really looked at the creek. A few anxious moments were spent climbing boulders, but the trail was there again -- as were the first two -- and we were back with the Indian, although an ancient one and there were occasional trees growing in the middle of trails. Lunch was made on the top side of the portage at a fairly early hour. Just above we portaged across what seemed to be an island where Steve found the trail -- after the staff had already walked enough of it to be sure it was authentic and had already told everyone to unload. At the top 74 took to the water -- after Paul went back to collect forgotten Budwieser -- and promptly started to fill. We went on a while however since the next narrows was paddled except for one short pull up where Mike took an unwanted swim. Then a portage came and it was discovered that half the stern bang plate was ripped off 74. No real chance to replace it, so the staff put on three emergency patches and we went on. The next carry proved to be a side hill job on a poor trail again -- although the ancient Indian had laid a couple logs in the muskeg as a help. We then surprised a beaver family at work, but they soon all disappeared. Another paddle into the head wind followed and the seventh carry came across a little spit of land on the best trail of the day -- but not 30 yards long! Jeff claimed this was number 8 and as previously announced 77 could not get up again -- but there was one more time left in the old fellow if needed. We now started the game of find the campsite, which was unsuccessful. Finally we pulled up at a little beaver dam that had to be carried. Guide and staff walked the old trail through the burn -- it was 500 yards long and went around the whole pond. Then they decided we had to make do where we were, and camp got pitched in another burn -- an old one to be sure, but still not a garden spot, and it was now close to 7:00 and time to quit. In the rush to get set up Budwieser's head got stepped on -- leaving her dazed for a good while. The staff pitched up a couple hurry-up bannocks and the guide and Mike got the rest of the meal going. For the first real time the bugs were unbearable, so no one stayed outdoors longer than necessary -- in addition to being tired; Jeff fell asleep in his tent without even bothering to unroll. The staff put a cloth bang plate on 74 and Chris retumped the jewelry after dinner and was all set to leave it that way ready for the portage in the morning. We had not reached Nasacauso as hoped, but were at least in shooting distance -- if the east wind would just let up -- and the rain keep up. Somehow we were lucky on that score, only a very few drops in the afternoon, and a couple more when we landed, but nothing to wet us appreciably.

Wednesday, July 22 -- The dew was exceptionally heavy, but for the first time in days the sun was well up and not a cloud in the sky really. We were off on the portage just after eight and quickly had the next one right above done before nine. A chorus of "Happy Birthday" was sung to Paul Johnson on his eighteenth, and several were surprised with the news that a new voting act had been passed a month ago. Then a somewhat boring paddle up to the height of land. The guide spotted the vague trail. Rusty led Wolfbear through, but Paul carried Budwieser even though she seemed to have fully recovered from yesterday's accident. Then on to a 4th that put us in Nasacauso, even though it looked terribly shallow. By now the wind had started to rise, though for a change it was more from the stern than the front. We passed the Nasacauso campsite where we should have been last night about three hours behind schedule -- about noon -- and soon called a floating break for grapefruit and dates to try to put us across Ross. The river was way down from previous trips and it would have been relatively easy to walk to the gorge, but time would not allow. The stream into the portage was barely passable, and we could not possibly get past the pond. The guide and staff scouted, first up in the bush, but soon decided we could portage from where we were along the grass -- making the carry a couple hundred yards longer. The guide made a deal with Mike to trade wannigans so his canoe could be his first load. And off we went. Shortly after three the ordeal was over and a lunch of starch waited. In the process of the carry the guide spotted an inferior bang plate on a wrecked Infian freighter and the staff took it along to repair 74. The bugs were at their worst possible and the hot weather was no help. Then the shorter down hill carry had to be negotiated. But on arrival, the low water made paddling from the landing really tough. A few investigated the spring but a majority just wanted to get out on the water and away from the bugs. The staff had carefully coached Mike to leave his cup along the trail to get to the spring after the carry with the least walking, but on his first trip Gray helpfully spotted the cached cup and brought it along to the canoes. Off from the clay, we poled and paddled and eventually reached deeper water. What those who had never seen the river thought they were getting into can only be imagined. We finally hit the actual river that looked a little better. Several owls appeared in tree tops as we left the shallow bays. Along about 6:30 or so we pulled ashore to knock down dry wood and then over to the campsite to be greeted by a sea of mud getting up to the tent sites. The river was a good four feet lower than in '69 at this point. Tempers were getting a little short at this point as we pitched camp. The staff threw on a hurry-up cake and icing in honor of the birthday. We devoured the last of our chicken with lots of lima beans and rice, and Mike after some problems fabricated a pizza for the first time. Paul Johnson even fell asleep waiting for dinner, but was rudely awakened because the baby he was lying on contained the rice. The dishes and pots finally got done -- Chris and Rusty having a hard time finding a suitable place for getting the pots done. We had made it, not a little tired and weary, but at least no one has to get up tomorrow. Jeff is amazed at the number of days we have traveled without a rest day -- a little different from a lot of other sections it is supposed!

Thursday, July 23 -- The night was a warm one and the

staff had a hard time staying in bed for an extra hour, but managed to wait until 7:30 to start the coffee. Expecting a slow rising section he was not really prepared to see Jeff and Rusty up almost as soon. The pancake batter mixed, he took off to patch canoes after starting the local bathing season -- even in the low water the sand-clay bottom off the site was not bad. Paul Johnson contributed a little music to the breakfast cooks. 57 took the prize for the greatest number of patches -- all replacements. 74 got half a new bang plate courtesy of the Indian up at Ross and took the award for the most serious new leaks. Four and a half tubes of Ambroid later they were all shellaced with the quart running out before 74 was done as well as it should have been. Jeff set a batch of bread. The guide worked on boiled bag stew, and the wannigans got dusted out a little. Everyone made the water at least once with some clothes washing thrown in for good measure. Mike boiled up Mr. Gumpert's best Camper's Stew for lunch -- with a few additives to spice it up. The staff entertained himself with a bench making project. Jeff baked a perfect reflector of bread, and some letter writing got done. The dogs entertained themselves with their personal house dug under the roots of a tree again. Lemon pudding failed to pudd -- as is usually the case. Dinner came at the usual hour and Paul Rollins, Mike, the guide and staff went off to fish the rapid on the left branch. No fish. But the water was so low the rapid could not be run at all because of rocks, so we will probably try the right side of the island for a change. The tents filled as the bugs came out and Mike and Steve argued over who could have Wolfbear for the evening.

Friday, July 24 -- It all started as a normal plane arrival day. The staff started breakfast around eight using up the last of our flour and a liberal dose of corn meal for our last pancakes. This time the batter went more than twice around -- with a few catastrophies along the way in the form of unflippable cakes. The sun was up bright and warm again for another scorcher. The stuff going back to camp was collected and carefully boxed -- all five boxes being needed. The mail was collected, although not as much as usual -- and with an unusual amount of postage already provided. Then all but guide, staff, Mike, and Chris took off to the rocky island across the way for a swim, a dog bath (they really can swim), and maybe some sunning. The canoes returned for Spanish rice and on the way spotted a porcupine on the point who provided a little entertainment, and the long wait started. The staff entertained himself with a few minor projects. Steve and Gray found camper entertainment building another bench -- although the projected back had to wait -- and steps which posed problems for dogs, plus the booby trapped third one. Paul Rollins carved and a little writing got done, but mainly we waited -- as usual. The staff had foretold that the earliest possible arrival would be 2:30, but that time came and went and so did lots of other elements of time. Finally the staff went and took a bath being sure that would bring action. Steve and Gray followed -- still nothing. Finally Mike was coaxed into the water on the theory that the Indian maiden would be with the pilot and that would bring him -- no luck. Next thing to do was start dinner and that would be sure to work -- it didn't. Then as dishes were being done plane-like noises were heard and a silver object was spotted off in the distance. The vision came and went and so did the sound -- but no

plane ever got close. If it was our's, he's lost or we are. Any way at 8:30 we gave up and got Mike to bake a pizza and do several batches of popcorn -- the staff tried and succeeded in burning it. The bugs then arrived to put an end to the evening and a futile day of waiting. Paul Rollins was attracted to an animal in the pond behind the site, but no one else saw it. A few calls alerted the dogs who started to display their hunting instincts. Luckily we have another day's food -- except for flour, so maybe tomorrow.

Saturday, July 25 -- The weather was not nearly so auspicious this morning although no reason why a plane could not fly. Breakfast was the usual traveling meal -- without the travel. The staff got out of the sack around 8:15 soon joined by Steve and Paul Rollins with the others straggling in. The temperature was still high and the south or almost south wind still high but harder today. Around ten excitement reigned as a plane was heard and then seen, but not really following the river as our's should have been doing. It passed off to the east of us slightly and was seen and heard no more. Paul Rollins carved a little more, and some more reading got done. Lunch came, and went, with Paul Johnson frying the Kam -- a full meal except for the bannock with no more flour, and the pea soup did not last long. Then the afternoon settled down. The guide started a birch bark canoe, cheating with thread inspead of spruce root and trying balsam gum. Steve and Gray built the back to their bench in the morning and a bannister to their steps in the afternoon. Entertain the staff was a hard game to play. There was a fly ridge to rig in the morning and a table in the afternoon. Rusty tried a long walk. Still no plane, so the staff tried taking a bath, no luck. Gray turned the table into a xylophone and then tried to fashion a lacrosse stick from a solid piece of birch and failed. Then a bent spruce limb with a netting -- as he called it a basket -- made from what was left of a snow shoe. Then dinner followed as the sun shone through briefly. Paul Rollins and Gray decided to try fishing on the east side of the island and turned 27 over to discover that Jeff's tump had been destroyed by some animal. Mike had roused those near the fire an hour or so after we went to bed because he heard something -- it looked like he was right. Our porcupine was the prime suspect. The guide fashioned a spruce spear for use toning if he returns, and then went to sealing his bark canoe with real spruce gum the staff had collected. The fishermen returned soon with no luck and reported a storm coming. A frog expedition followed during which the porcupine was encountered, but escaped those trying to do him in. Meanwhile Mike made another pizza and a couple more pots of popcorn for the dessert. Then the storm blew in from the north, the sky turned black, thunder started, and the rain began relatively lightly. The tents filled and all was quiet. A lot of pages of a lot of books got looked at today. So we'll see what Fecteau can do for us tomorrow. In any event Steve started carving a model plane, but we are going to have trouble getting it off the ground!

Sunday, July 26 -- The rain was never very hard, but thunder and a little lightning accompanied the showers that fell on and off through the night. At 5 am a dog scratching at the back of the tent woke the staff and guide. Since the staff felt

like going out anyway, he then glanced behind the tent and asked the guide if he still had his spear handy, for there was the porcupine eight feet up in the spruce tree behind the outfit. The staff kept porky's attention while the guide dressed and arrived so the staff could dash back and get a few clothes as protection from the bugs. Meanwhile porky went up the tree a little farther. A few sticks of wood got throw at him, but the staff has no arm at all and the guide no aim, so Mike was called out to try his luck. Porky transferred to a taller birch and Gray appeared to try, but the missiles that missed were landing on the canoes -- where all seemed well this morning at least. Paul Johnson arrived as a baseball expert, but the barrage was called off since it was having no effect on porky. When the staff got up to a slightly gray sky at 8:30, he was still there in the birch, a little lower than before but well above the pedestrians. Breakfast consisted of a cereal mixture, coffee, apricots, and a piece of bacon each. The wind blew in from the west or northwest with fast moving clouds that occasionally brought a black one with a drop or two, but never anything serious. Gray and Jeff started bows, but none lasted the bending test. The guide banged the bottom of porky's tree driving him into the higher branches where the wind blew him around and promptly called up, "A bit windy up there, George?" So George he became. Nothing happened through the morning -- lunch was a rationed affair with less meat and half the usual vegetables, but a full issue of potatoes. The two Paul's went fishing eventually returning with two walleye for dinner. Gray took off with the guide's spear and Jeff's machete to hunt, but returned empty handed. Then he and Mike followed the fishermen and Mike brought back a pike. Jeff brought in another by fishing along shore. So dinner was fish, potatoes, and the last can of peas. George sat in his tree all afternoon, occasionally moving and chewing off a leaf or bit of bark to keep himself going and making it impossible to take his picture. Still no plane. No nothing of any sort moved, so no hope of signalling anything. Mike, Paul Rollins, the guide, and Paul Johnson went fishing, each getting a pike -- except Paul Rollins for a change. Rusty paddled over to our dry wood shore and returned with a couple more sticks of wood. George got a going over, but refused to budge -- other than move higher in the tree. Steve climbed a neighboring birch and tried to dislodge him with a pole -- and almost succeeded but George ruffled his quills menacingly and the attempt was abandoned. Gray and Jeff showered him with missiles and Gray got him good at least once with a rock. On the fishermen's return a couple pots of popcorn finished off the evening -- which the mosquitoes were trying to finish anyway. The wannigans have practically nothing now -- so fish is really breakfast. Another day and no aircraft -- just why no one can imagine!

Monday, July 27 -- At 2:30 George started to make his move and woke the staff who went out in the first few light drops of rain to thwart the escape. Mike arrived too, but this time the staff's wooden missile drove George back up a little. But then the bugs got too thick and a little more rain came, so both went back to bed. A little more rain fell accompanied by thunder and lightning and the temperature stayed way up; not a good sleeping night. Anyway George made good his escape sometime before the staff went out to stoke the fire at 8:30. The corn meal went as a

substitute for a pot of cereal -- plus coffee and peaches. It was decided to leave the pike for lunch, but everything else got cleaned up. The guide, the two Pauls, Mike and Rusty headed off to the previous walleye area to try for lunch. Jeff and Steve sort of heated water to do the dishes and Gray read. The staff cleaned the pike for lunch and a rain drop or two fell. Some suggestions were made about building a signal fire on the point, and a dash was made to the area as a plane was heard off to the west -- but a multi-engined job and much too high -- but then one in exactly the right place appeared. Steve waved the dish towel -- and the fishermen down below did a lot of waving and yelling. The pilot waved his wings, and we were saved! He circled a few times and came on in finally just as the fishermen got back with a walleye. We unloaded chain gang style over the mud and put aboard our packages and mail. The pilot claimed he was looking for us on Friday as he was supposed to do -- he must have been that silver object we saw way off in the distance, but he never got close. Then he said conditions were not too good back at Chibougamau the past few days and so they had not tried again until today. On top of that he had apparently been told to look below Ross Gorge and not down this far -- it looked like all thanks to our friendly dispatcher at Chibougamau! Anyway we were back in business -- so it was fortunate George escaped. By now it was noon, and lunch time -- plus mail reading time. The staff baked our first bannock in five days, and after Steve and Jeff finally did the breakfast dishes, lunch was pitched together -- without much use of the pike, which was fried anyway, mostly for the dogs. Moving would have been great, but it was really too late by the time Roy's packages were opened and divided -- plus Bud's lemon and date and nut breads. As usual the staff got his can of carrots. Chief wrote of the usual staff changes, Janie sent a card, the guide had several notes from ex-Section A men, Randy sent a candy bar apiece, and Marshal included a long letter. But Roy's efforts were probably most appreciated -- even if Rusty had expressed complete unwillingness to believe any such things possible! Then we got down to packing, and everything fit perfectly for a change, even with room left over! A swimming lull followed and then dinner was started with real potatoes again which Steve fried while the staff made and baked a pair of bannocks. The box bonfire took over the beach -- and for some reason everyone headed for an early bed -- plus the reading material collected anew -- and the evening collection of bugs. Perhaps we can finally ride in a canoe again. Six nights on the same tent site can get a little wearing!

Tuesday, July 28 -- Another very warm, uncomfortable night -- poor sleeping weather. It seemed strange to be up and rolling after such a long lay over, but for some strange reason we were on the water at 8:00 for our earliest start -- doubly unusual since it was the first move after reoutfitting, and that is usually a slow morning. As planned we took the east side of the island and ran down a couple little swifts to the falls that was suspected -- it was there. No run possible and not even really worth looking over, but staff and guide walked the shore and came back on the portage trail which the Indian had nicely made for us. The staff did a little clearing at the lower end just for improvement's sake. The one great advantage of the lay over was the lightness of the canoes, appreciated no end by the sternsmen -- although the

wannigans and babies had gained more than the canoes lost. We threaded our way through the shallows to the rapid below, decided the left side looked better, paddled back up, and crossed. It took a long while to decide on a real rock dodging, shallow route through it all, but we made it; even if 27 did get turned around in the process and the crew had to change rolls. A narrows below offered a good current and we ran to the last rapid on this side. In all, our right side of this island had gained us about 300 yards in walking, but lost us a couple good rapids -- but they might have been nothing in low water anyway. Then the rain clouds blew over and the canoes picked up all the weight they had lost. Jeff scouted the next rapid on his own while we waited out the shower. The guide landed to find shelter under a spruce umbrella and found large moose tracks and lots of pyrites -- maybe we would have all been rich if we stopped to pan. The rain let up soon and we ran the rapid and soon started toward the falls, passing an unusually large flock of ducks and our first pair of geese. We ran down to the falls and eventually got everything in the right place, for the canoes went one place, the kitchen another, and tents and packs a third. The spaghetti cooked on a meager supply of dry wood found by Mike and the staff. Steve hooked onto a trout and lost it, Budwieser fell in a crack, and lunch was served. Gray hooked and lost another trout. Steve and Chris walked across the top of the falls against the staff's concepts of safety. Mike and Rusty paddled across the lower bay to take pictures and Paul Rollins and Steve followed to fish. Rusty foolishly, and against previous instructions, brought 74 back alone while Mike stayed to catch a couple trout. Steve took one and Paul struck out! The wind blew across the rocks furiously making it hard to boil water, but baking was quick, though Paul Rollins' bannock had trouble on the second flip! After dinner the fishermen went back across, but only the the guide landed a whitefish. Earlier Paul Rollins took a walleye on the campsite side. Mike hooked and lost a trout -- with thousands of onlookers offering suggestions. And it was discovered that the fish at the foot of the falls that could be seen were whitefish. The evening got a little cooler as night came on -- better sleeping -- and the stars started to appear as the cocoa set discussed skiing.

Wednesday, July 29 -- Another beautiful morning -- as Gray commented, we can't stand all this weather! Trout for breakfast, but we were still on the water at 8:15. A couple pictures with the eastern sun on the falls, and we were off. The first little swift posed no problem. We looked over the next run and took it easily more or less down the center and then crossed to the right shore. The last run was shallow and rocky, but relatively straight. We landed without incident at the start of last year's carry. No trail, but we got across the burn and even hit the loading area correctly with 3 out of 5 canoes -- 77 missed of course. Paul Johnson went photographing to snap a picture of eight carriers trudging through the burn. The staff held up the whole issue taking his later. The rapid below proved to be impossible even in our water, so we took last year's portage trail which proved quite serviceable -- Jeff wanted to know if we ran the rapid in '69 after just walking the trail he knew KKK had cut! Nothing but good current -- and a west wind -- was left of the gorge. We pulled all the way to the rapid past the Prosper portage

for a late lunch, it being the only smooth rock sheltered from the wind we could find. The starch was cooked, and we were back on the water in 50 minutes! The rapid held a surprise as it ran out at the foot, but we found a run and made it easily. The boots came off and we paddled on, sometimes bucking the wind, but never as tough as in the morning. One smoke break had to be spent replacing a stern seat bolt in 74. We paused on the way at the rock cliffs and put the boots back on after making the sharp turn to the approach to the falls. All the chapters in the book on how to get to the falls had to be rewritten. Nothing worked as written, including having to let down the left shore around two points. As a result we did not get into the campsite until 6:30. There was some loss in communication between canoes on the way down so there were some delays. Then Jeff wanted to know if this was the chute the staff had shot in '67. Tent sites came hard, especially since no one could follow directions to the staff site. Dinner got pitched up quickly with Bud's lemon bread as an extra side dish. Paul Rollins went fishing, caught two trout as usual, and fell in. Jeff went fishing, caught a trout, and fell in. We are going to have to use the lafe jackets for the fishermen instead of the canoesmen. Guide and staff finally fished -- nothing but walleye. The sun set with a gorgeous display of red on fleecy clouds, but we had had a mackerel sky a good part of the day and the farmer had been gathering up his sheep, so the black sky at night was no surprise. Last night both the big and little dipper had been out. Not so tonight. Last night the roar of Prosper was there to lull us to sleep -- tonight, Bauerman, louder and closer -- but still very low compared to previous years. It had been a long, hard day, but we made up one of our previously forced rest days as a result -- at least on the printed schedule.

Thursday, July 30 -- The sun was hidden and the day a little cool at 6:30. No rain had fallen during the night by some quirk of fate. The three trout in the holding pool stayed there. There was no chance of getting them out short of catching them again, and no one seemed interested anyway -- at least those who caught them weren't. We were over the portage relatively soon though the trail got lost occasionally -- even to the point where Mike took his first load down to a good fishing spot, but nowhere near the canoes. We ran out of the eddy at the foot having a little problem with the eddy in the next rapid. The two-mile horse race was no strain, though in low water we had a calm in the middle. By now it was 9:15 and the excitement for the day was over -- at least rapidwise. The wind started to come on stronger from the east of all places while a rain storm could be seen to the west. Somehow the two factions got together. The wind continued from the east to aid progress, but the rain came in from the west -- sounds silly, but that's the way it happened. Rain suits were pulled out long before the first drops hit so all the pessimists were prepared and the couple, two-three, optimists soon followed suit. The rain continued, but helped by the ast wind, we were into the Indian lunch site a little after 11:00, but stopped anyway to get out of the rain. The irons balanced over the soggy moss and somehow stayed up, and the beans got cooked, and the rain let up almost as we landed so lunch was relatively dry. Back on the water there were motions to sail, which we could have done, but no one cut poles. A couple rain suit sails appeared and 27 rigged an effective sail with Jeff's poncho, but the paddle was slightly faster. A flock of

small geese strutted by on shore paying us no attention at all. But we took three or four long drift breaks and were nearing the Village Lakes by three o'clock. The plane with whatever outfit is up there seemed active -- like a ruddy airport almost. We paddled by the falls out of the Village Lakes -- which everyone eventually spotted, though no one was interested enough to suggest a picture. Expecting no wood on the coming site, we pulled ashore to drop some dry wood and carried it along. The staff had to clear a couple fallen trees from the kitchen area, but otherwise everything was normal. By 4:00 the tents were all up and a couple naps started. Rusty began a pineapple upside down cake and french fries were started. It was all going to end up nicely timed until Rusty took out his cake ready to turn it out and took a perfect header over the fly and pitched headlong on the ground and turned the cake out perfectly right next to the fireplace. The scavengers salvaged a little, but most went to the dogs. So Steve did a ginger bread for dessert. As soon as the ginger bread was put in the reflector, Steve tried a nice hot pannikan of cocoa -- only to drop the whole mess on the ground. We waited around after finishing Gray's cocoa, and Steve turned out a beautifully blackened cake. So the underdone top half got consumed. Rusty went to win back the baking laurels with a spice cake for tomorrow, and dropped it neatly as he pulled it from the reflector. Damage was not nearly so great this time, but it stuck to the pan and so the guide has the problem of carrying crumbs tomorrow. Paul Rollins finally threw in a lure and got a pike that crushed the hooks on his Dardevle. He and Chris went walking to surprise some animal that ran away -- all they saw were bear tracks. A couple red squirrels visited. Paul Johnson's eyes were slightly swollen with bug bites so he retreated with a little music. The rain rigs went up over the tents, and as we turned in the wind shifted to the west and a light drizzle started again. It is so slow at first that it may be a long one this time. If we get stuck we will have to try a new crew of bakers, however, or there won't be any flour left!

Friday, July 31 -- The rain came very lightly, the humidity and temperature went up, and it was not the greatest sleeping night. And at 6:30 it looked like there was no chance of getting a dry traveling day. Nevertheless we rolled -- although no one put away his rain gear. A few drops fell as we shoved off, but the humidity and temperature were so great no one but Mike paddled in full rain suit, and his came off at the first break. The west wind rolling up the river did not help travel at all, but it did blow away the gray and bring on blue sky and let the sun through. We tried to travel the north side of a large island -- where there was supposed to be plenty of water, but it ran out on us and we had to let down the little trickle that was left -- getting a few wet feet in the process as people slipped in. The scenery picked up markedly and we halted at the next rapid where the '67 run was now too shallow and eventually plotted another of those shallow rock dodging courses. The rocky scenery continued to improve as we paddled along now often through islands where the wind made little difference and ran down to the island in the middle of the next rapid for a perfect lunch site on a table smooth rock kitchen area. While the starch cooked the canoes and gear were portaged the 40 yards across the island. Paul Rollins

managed to fall in twice, Rusty dropped Paul Johnson's jacket into a crack full of water, and then Paul Johnson managed to fall in himself while loading. Somehow we are getting less and less sure footed as time goes on. Shirts came off for lunch and a lot of cameras appeared. Getting down the rest took a while since a lift over was needed to get by a 3-foot waterfall just down the line. But with everyone lending a hand each canoe got across quickly. We ran the final channel for the end of the excitement and started into lower, more swampy land. We again took the short-cut side of an island -- it went through beautifully in '67 and again ran out of water, but by this time no one still had boots on and we dredged something of a channel and then four people to a side lifted the canoes through. It took a while to get everyone back in his own canoe, but we paddled by the '67 site about 4:15 and rejected it as being a little too early to stop plus the fact that the site had no real assets other than a place for the night. We paddled past the supposed short-cut investigated in '67 and tried an Indian site a mile lower. The guide did not think much of it and on we went with the promise of a surveyor's site in 3 miles. We began to sight geese on the way plus something that was either a goose or a small animal climbing out of the water. The sun was beginning to take its toll. The staff looked at a stand of jackpine, and climbed ashore at an Indian storage rack -- it was the '67 lunch site it was later discovered -- the old fireplace was still there. But fortunately a dock was seen jutting out from shore just below. Granted its platform was 10-12 feet above the beach! It proved to be the proposed surveyor's site which had been taken over by the Indian recently. So we put up just after 6:00. Jeff eventually got the bannock on, but the Indian wood cooked everything else so quickly it was left for dessert and Bud's nut bread went for the dinner bread. Paul Johnson would have sacked out by the fireplace again, but too many people were moving around. The bannock got rushed too much and was pretty soggy inside -- we have not had great success in the baking department of late! The staff decided to take a bath and immediately a plane appeared overhead from whatever the mining outfit is that is around. They are somewhere nearby, but it is hard to tell where. Either one helicopter appeared lots of times this morning farther up, or two appeared at intervals. And now while most everyone else tried a bath the same plane made three more passes towing some strange object way behind it. That Indian maiden is getting more scientific looking for Mike. But soon darkness came as a lone goose honked down on the river trying to protest our invasion of his territory.

Saturday, August 1 -- Rusty had announced in the evening that it would never rain today. So at 5:05 am a thunder storm rolled in on us. Jeff and Paul Johnson were up putting their rig over their tent in the vague light. The staff finally rolled out after it stopped at 7:15 and started the fire while beating off the dogs. Wolfbear appeared with someone's socks and when those were taken from him went back and got one Mike was trying to bush. The rain held off until breakfast was done and the canvas was all down, but started up again before we were all loaded. We suited up with rain gear and started anyway well after 9:00. 57 was a little slower than normal since the guide had to partially unroll to get his map. The rain let up just as we reached Willie Moses' winter camp a couple miles below. We went and inspected the

house and wigwam, took a few pictures and then everyone cooled his heels while the staff measured everything and took far too many pictures, so it was after 11:00 before we got on the water again. Meanwhile the sun had made token appearances. By now the wind was up again as we pulled around the tip of Great Bend. A violent thunder shower hit for a moment in the process, but quickly went. Then a couple big river horse races provided the rapids for the day. The second was run under threats from above and we just beat the rain to a lunchsite under the trees. The canoes were unloaded and the gear stored under them, but the majority of the storm passed by. A great game was played trying to name the tree we were standing under. Chris finally let everyone in on the fact it was a balsam -- Steve thought it a poplar. The starch finally cooked though the fire had trouble breathing. The wind still blew with a vengeance. The jewelry almost had an unnecessary bath as Chris tried to reload 57 and then she got stuck on a rock as we tried to move off. We found the back channel to the Pivert route only because the guide recognized his '67 campsite ahead and we caught the right channel. But the portage evaded us for quite a while since the staff thought our creek was a beaver meadow. Finally he pulled up a little pitch and found the real trail just to the right of a cascade -- just where it should have been. By now it was 3:45, but we passed up an Indian campsite and took the half mile walk. So it was 4:30 or more before we were on the water. Mike had left his rain pants while everyone was off in the bush looking for the trail and went back to get them, swimming the creek in the process! An easy pull up followed, but consumed time. Then a cascade could be heard. The staff found a trail right away that was perfect for 15 yards to an impossible creek. Then we found the right one on the other side. The staff walked it thinking everyone was following -- everyone else waited, so it was a while before we started over and almost 6:00 before it was done. Camp was pitched on impossible ground in a tiny site. Paul Rollins tried to raise a trout with no success. Mike baked the bannock and fried the last of our fresh potatoes. A pot of soup made a hit though the weather was not really cold. The dogs spent the time in the road, but eventually everything got done. Jeff made the traveling bannock and by now the sun had disappeared and everyone turned in. Our airplanes were silent today, but the weather was not good for much anyway, but we'll probably never find out who they were, where they were camped, and what they were doing.

Sunday, August 2 -- No sun shone on the exiled staff and guide, but they were still up as usual -- and the sun was there too. Not a cloud in the sky really and mist rising off the water after a pretty good sleeping night. Only Wolfbear arrived to cook breakfast -- and was well behaved! We were off just after 8:00 and immediately lined the little rig above the campsite. A short pond was paddled to another short portage around a cascade and finally into a reasonable pond, but the paddle was short lived and we started on another creek with a thousand, must have been a hundred at least twists and turns. A couple little places had to be lined, but they were fortunately all short. It took a while, but we finally got to a larger pond where a good tail wind let us drift its length. Then the creek got much more shallow and hard to paddle. Just sand bars mostly to be navigated -- and not all the shallows were on the sides. A couple little pull ups later we pulled up at a portage. Thinking it to be a couple hundred yards at

least, the staff was going to cook lunch at the upper end, but it was only a stone's throw long, so we kept going. We looked for a portage at the next one, found none, and pulled up to Pivert at last. On the way a sociable grouse posed for pictures and the staff copied Mike's earlier trick and went in over his boot. Lunch was cooked in good time on a rock ledge on a small island under a nice warm sun. A patch got put on 27's stern and 59 got a new bow seat bolt in the process. Then the tail wind carried us up Pivert in fine style through all the islands, and we started to angle into the bay toward the portage when the guide noticed an orange rig on the right shore. Thinking it probably another canoe like those at the Village Lakes campsite, we went to investigate, and low and behold it was the dome of a real earth house. A really fine construction job this time in all the best tradition of Eastmain. The staff kept everyone waiting taking pictures and measurements while the gang sat under the porch yelling at Wolfbear. Finally back on the water, we headed for the portage -- which eluded us. The staff started to line a rapid and got to the top when the relay from the guide came through that he had found a trail -- that wasn't the message. It was supposed to say he had discovered a way to portage across a burn into more water. So we did exactly that -- but that necessitated portaging out of the pond across another burn to more water -- where we wanted to go, so it turned out ok, except that we had lost the Indian by doing so. Then the sky turned dark as we hustled along swatting black flies as we went. Only the staff expected to have to lift over into the next water -- the map says it is a bay -- and by now the sky was really black. We reached the end of water and had to look for a campsite with mostly burned area around us and no Indian trail to be found -- at least for the moment. On second try the guide declared a knoll in a partially burned area to be possible, so we set up shop. But not in time to beat the rain. Finally the staff found a fly ridge -- no mean trick in this country -- and dinner could be started. The tents were by then mostly up using the few green trees around for poles unfortunately. With rain pouring down and the reflector on a terrible location, the staff discouraged all offers for help in getting dinner -- but Steve didn't take the disinvitation and succeeded in dumping the reflector before the bannock set. Most of it was saved to eventually bake. It was not until nine that dinner got served, rain still pouring down on everything. As everything was being finished up, Paul Rollins was trying to put the bail back on one of the pots by firelight and succeeded in dumping the traveling bannock, but this one was almost done and so came off better. Mike and Paul Johnson finished the dishes by flashlight and everyone scurried for cover. And then of course the rain stopped! In the distance at one point could be heard what seems to be a large waterfall. But that won't help much until we find the Indian we seem to have lost, but that's tomorrow's problem now.

Monday, August 3 -- No rain fell through the night, but the 6:30 outlook was pretty grim and the staff decided to sack in for another hour to let things dry at least a little. A most fortunate decision as it turned out, for at 7:30 the rain had started back again, beginning ever so slowly and building up. About 9:00 a jet passed way overhead at first sounding like thunder. By 10:00 the staff could stand it no longer and got out in the rain to cook breakfast. When it was done and the pancake batter

made, by some luck the rain halted for a while. The guide started his all day pursuit of dry wood -- there was lots to be had. The staff went in search of the Indian, discovering a trail leading right out the back of our site and following it to its conclusion -- just where we wanted to go. It was in need of work as a result of the burn, but we had found the Indian again for sure. Maybe the guide ought to do all the locating of vital sites from now on since he had hit campsite and trail all in one move -- and in the rain at that. After a pannikin or two of coffee the staff went back, ax in hand, to clear the path. Jeff borrowed Steve's rain suit and joined him some few wind falls later. The guide put together Mr. Gumpert's best stew with a few additives. (Roy's favorite carrots found a home fortunately. Maybe he's run out of cans of the foolish things now!) The rain came and went -- more come than go. Mike baked the traveling bannock while only the dish washers still lingered under the fly. The canoes went across during one of the lulls in the storm -- the guide managing to misgauge the rain and getting caught by one of the many showers. Mike then baked a blueberry pie for dinner, and 77 finally crossed over as the guide laid off his project of introducing a warming fire to the section long enough to cook dinner. After a few patches of blue were seen -- and some more rain -- the bowmen each took a load across to be stowed under the canoes -- we are in trouble foodwise if we get stuck past noon tomorrow. The dogs spent the day trying to get under the fly, as did everyone else, but the dogs kept getting tossed out for their efforts. Paul Johnson's music played a while, but otherwise all was quiet. The warming fire raged for a while as the west wind got stronger if anything and dark black clouds continued to roll across the sky, even if no rain was actually falling. Anyway our first forced rain day -- unusual in that it has taken so long before we had our first -- but we can not afford many more!

Tuesday, August 4 -- This had to be our coldest morning yet. The cold was one factor, but also the sky was still uninviting and not much was dry, so the staff slept in for an extra half hour. It all started poorly as the oatmeal boiled over into the bacon. But even a patch of blue or two appeared as we took our last loads over the trail and shoved off. Quickly we came to a small rapid -- which we ran with no problem, though shallow. But the next one had a couple wind falls across it so we started looking for the portage trail in earnest. An old Indian tepee fireplace was right at the landing, but no real trace of a trail was to be found in the burn. Guide and staff and several others beat the bush for quite a while. About 10:30 Mike and the staff took off to check the bays above the rapid, foolishly on foot. Guide and Paul Johnson went cross country looking for the sand creek. At 12:00 after covering most of Canada and becoming convinced they were lost, staff and Mike stumbled on an old Indian sod house. After inspecting briefly, they finally decided it was in the bay just before the rapid we had run earlier -- how everyone paddled by the tepee frame near shore without seeing it was a mystery. But then a hail came from down the lake and the guide and Paul joined them after their cross country walk. The ground around the house was inspected for a trail -- nothing. 27 heard the noise and came to investigate and ferried Mike and Paul back to the others. Having nothing else to do, they had already drawn wood for lunch and cleaned out the wind

falls from the creek. So lunch was cooked -- we had moved less than a mile since breakfast. The staff and Mike went back to photograph the dilapidated house -- the porch had fallen in. A little sprinkle of rain fell after lunch as we started down the creek not knowing what else to do. Alternately we hit small ponds and then shallow rapids that had to be lined. The hour was getting later and progress slower when a larger, longer, steeper series appeared and the staff had had enough and went portage trail scouting -- there had been red paint seen on a lot of rocks we were now painting green, so someone else had let down the things before. Finally the staff found the creek and plotted a route for a trail. He and the guide started cutting leaving orders to leap frog the loads ahead. Somehow Jeff decided on a better unloading plan -- so a few moments were wasted straightening out the instructions, but eventually everything got to the creek -- somehow. By now it was 6:00 as we started for the river. Plenty of water, pretty good current, but thousands of wind falls. The staff cut the first half dozen carefully, and then started getting more and more sloppy about it. Finally, still with no river in sight, a stand of jackpine appeared, and we quit. None too soon. Dinner was served at 9:15 complete with bannock, ham, mashed potatoes, and pes -- we had still been in the canoes at 8:00. All the tents were up as was the fly because it had started to sprinkle and everything was ready in an hour and a quarter from the time we set foot on land. True, Steve had to bake the traveling bannock by firelight and the dish and pot crews could not see too well, but we were home for the night. The rain started in earnest as we turned in accompanied by more high winds -- though we were pretty well sheltered in our little hollow.

Wednesday, August 5 -- In spite of a lack of rain during the night, it looked pretty grim at 6:30, so the staff racked out for a few more minutes and did not roll out until 7:10. A fine Scotch mist fell as we cooked breakfast -- with Wolfbear for company -- but it let up as the rest got up. The cereal completely disappeared this morning -- with only 7 people eating it! Maybe it should be a testimonial for the Cream of Wheat people. We loaded up and stopped almost immediately to cut out another wind fall. And so it continued, though there was more paddling and less chopping today. Then a beaver dam appeared with a small short rapid below it and a portage trail had to be cut following a beaver trail on the left shore. Back in the canoes another similar obstacle appeared very soon afterwards. Guide and staff had their bowmen unload on the left while they started to scout and cut, only to decide the left did not make sense and 77 and 57 had to be reloaded and a route found on the right. This was better -- through a little burn. The Indian had done the same at one time, but his trail needed a lot of remodeling. Finally at 11:15 we busted through to the river and our supposed short cut was over. This may have been the first and only Keewaydin section ever to see the Lake Pivert route around Great Bend! It came as a surprise to realize we had a rapid to run almost immediately. It is always an interesting one, and no less so this year -- the guide recognized it from his '67 trip -- his name for it being Surprise Rapid -- not at all inappropriate. Equipped with jackets for the first time since reoutfitting, we took her in line with each run getting progressively more tense. 77 followed by 59 had no trouble, but the others took a little water getting crossways in the swells they were supposed to avoid. We

rested a moment and pulled down to a '67 site for lunch to let the guide see his old campsite in low water. On the way we passed some one's dock but could find nothing for which it should be a dock. While the spaghetti boiled the sky cleared a little finally and a little blue appeared. Back on the river the west wind blew in hard making progress slow and tough. Finally the Birch Tree Rapid appeared, but the left side was impossible because of shallows, so we crossed and ran the 1st part on the right. During the second part we recrossed to the usual side. The staff promptly slipped into the water with his nice dry shoes and socks and so passed up the usual birch tree climb. The third and fourth parts were run together and we settled down to another pull against the wind down to the portage around the falls. By now the sun was out to stay. Jeff carefully fouled up instructions and took the right fork of the trail. The guide rescued him, but it would have been better if he stayed lost. The run-off from the falls could not be run as usual, so we unloaded and had to retrace our steps and take the right fork. The staff had gone to look over the rapid, had to paddle back up the swift he had run, unload, and then saw everyone was now carrying exactly across the rocks he had just visited, so he and Mike re-loaded and took a shorter walk. The wind made unflipping the canoes interesting and the shallows made getting away from the spot difficult. As a result it was after 5:00 by the time we were paddling again. The wind had not really dropped much and the current was not the best though there was a good deal of chop still. Steve spotted the flag still flying from the first sod house from afar, and we finally pulled in to inspect. It was a year older and more dilapidated but otherwise untouched. While we looked a plane flew in low and landed just down the river not too far away. We got hung up momentarily on the next rapid as the usual right side was impossible, but the left worked easily, and we pulled into the campsite just after seven. With Steve frying the potatoes and sausage dinner was quickly done well before dark for a change. Jeff made the traveling bannock while the beans for the sand boiled. Gray supervised the bean hole and fire -- with lots of help from other diggers and wood gatherers. Rusty had the guts, or something else, to take a bath after the sun was well down. A couple cans of Roy's peanuts had been served up and were consumed as a heavy dew hit and we settled in for the night.

Thursday, August 6 -- It was supposed to be a great day weatherwise. The dew had been heavy at evening, but somehow no one upstairs got the message. The staff started breakfast as usual only to be greeted with a Scotch mist as the bacon was cut, but he kept on and we rolled anyway -- we had no time to play on now. We shoved off all in rain suits under a dripping sky. Just a mile down the river we met the airplane of last night belonging to Fecteau based in Mattagami. It was parked in front of a large prospector's tent -- the same guy -- apparently Aurel LaFleur from Amos (according to one of his blazes at the mouth of the Wabamisk) -- who had been seen by the '67 and '69 sections at locations slightly down river. He had as house guests someone from a Mining Exploration outfit in Toronto, a geologist, and the pilot. Apparently there were two people ahead of us on the river at one point -- the pilot said he had taken them out from 32 miles up from the Bay -- must have been above Clouston? They really told us nothing but that the outfit up around Great Bend was supposed to be

Hudson Bay Mining and the rig they had been towing with their plane was some kind of an electronic detector. The staff checked his watch which turned out to be 10-15 minutes fast (but never reset it). They offered coffee which we declined. It had stopped raining briefly as we pulled up to visit, but started again, so we let them go back to their dry tent and we paddled on. It let up again to allow us to portage the rapid below and run out the left over swifts -- which were quite shallow. Then a few drops more fell as we came into the next rapids-falls for another walk, but again the rain let up while we carried. We investigated the mouth of the Wabamisk to see what would have been our chances on the route to the Little Opinaca we had originally planned, but found no traces of Indian travel or portage around the two rapids at the mouth, so that idea looked to have been impractical, so maybe it is better we never tried it, though it would have been nice to be able to make the choice ourselves and not have had it made for us by Fecteau and Lake Pivert. Now the work started. Paul Johnson had looked up at the rain this morning and called out, "Come on wind" -- trying to drive off the rain. The wind came on. We paddled against it to Harry Moses' earth house for lunch. The beans of the night before had not thoroughly baked -- though they were edible and they were not nearly as sweet as the previous pot, but they went for lunch anyway -- plus three cans of fruit that the guide had been carrying for ages in N. We cooked under the porch in anticipation of a dark black cloud that never gave us much. The sun even broke through for moments during the stay from 1:30 to 2:30. The staff added to his stock of pictures of course and held us up a while as usual. The wind came on, and the sun poked through occasionally, but the long pull on the paddle started. One brief interlude came as George -- or a member of his species -- appeared on shore and was chased slowly back into the bush; otherwise the paddle was interminable, and the best that could be said for it was that we finally got to the first chute and started to pitch camp about seven o'clock. Obviously a long day, but we had jumped a usual campground and made up a half day or so in the process. Mike cooked most of the dinner with a Muzzy-Scott (or maybe it was the other way around) pot of cocoa. Mike then did the traveling bannock that came out in bits and pieces. Not much time left for anything but bed as Rusty tried to mend his boot with melted plastic -- the boots in general are in poor shape with Paul Rollins, Gray, Rusty, and the staff taking water at every obstacle. The guide reasoned our problem with weather was Northern Lights last night -- that no one had seen -- but if so, they are up again tonight, though the sky contains a lot of stars.

Friday, August 7 -- The staff instituted a first for the trip and overslept until 7:10 -- completely unintentionally -- in the cool of the morning. The sun was up briefly, but not for very long as breakfast was cooked -- but for once no rain fell and it did not really look imminent. We got away from the first chute somewhere around nine for a late start. Then the canoes went up again at the second just below. For a short while we got to ride. The staff tried to do 77 in by running her up on a rock heading in for the third chute, but fortunately she came through with only a few more pieces of cracked sheeting. The third chute came and went. Our canoe supposedly ahead of us must have been there to make a lunch fire at the start and leave some red paint. Temagami

had left two more of their waterproof sacks in the campsite at the foot also. Then the approach to the 4th went on schedule running the right shore as usual and then taking the usual portage around the dinky falls at the foot. The low water produced real shallows getting out. Lunch was cooked at the correct time at the 5th chute and we paddled over to the portage. The loads all got to the top of the trail, with the sternsmen even flipping and carrying their canoes up. Temagami had camped at the head of the trail and our previous party had been there. Some got off on the carry shortly after two, others a few minutes later. Rusty claims a record crossing time, but having no watch to prove it can not substantiate his claim. Some time before five everything was in the Indian site, and because of the cold spring water it was declared a pudding night. The guide insisted on supervising the Scott-Muzzy production while the staff, Paul Johnson, Rusty, and Chris went off to photograph and view the falls, getting no more takers at the time. Jeff manufactured the bannock and Rusty returned in time to do the traveling one. Steve did most of the supper work, and the staff got back just in time to eat. The pudding really puddled as the package says it should, and the spring provided a cool pot of freshie. After dinner the guide took his canoe all the way through and he, Mike, Paul Rollins, and Gray went to view the falls with Paul taking a fishing rod just to try it out. He loaned it briefly to the guide who pulled out a two-pound trout. And the group returned via the creek bed rather than the normal trail -- as Rusty and Chris had done earlier after their trip up to the top of the falls. Steve and Jeff finished the dishes and took their canoes through and toured the gorge also, returning to be the last two for their ration of peanuts, finishing off Roy's goodies. The night turned cool as the sun set and we turned in -- having made camp at a respectable hour for the first time in the recent memory of anyone.

Saturday, August 8 -- Another really cool night; good sleeping weather. At 6:30 the eastern sun made a few feeble attempts, but never really got above the trees before the cloud cover took over. The guide's trout went for breakfast and we started to finish off Conglomerate. By about 9:00 everything was over and loaded up. 77 scouted the left and did not like the looks of it and went over to the right. The first little pitch was too shallow to paddle, but would float a canoe, so we let down to a deeper eddy and ran out the last part, passing the end of the long trail about 9:45 -- so an hour and a half behind the normal Conglomerate-Clouston day. Fortunately someone upstairs took pity on us and the sun broke through with very little wind, and at first, at least some was out of the east. Shirts and boots soon came off -- Gray even going so far as to wash out the boots. We clipped along making good time though maybe it did not seem like it. About 12:30 we pulled ashore in a nondescript area and cooked lunch on the rock-sand-clay beach. A couple sweaty paddlers took a quick dip to cool off. Chris manufactured a pot of freshie from the cool spring nearby -- making sure to stay upriver from Wolfbear's cooling spot in the water. We got back on the water about 1:45 and the wind started to rise -- a head wind of course, what else? One of George's relatives walked slowly along shore. And then a flock, or more than that, of geese paraded single file along shore. 59 gave chase, and Paul and Steve jumped ashore, and

each quickly came up with a goose. Jeff and Paul Johnson followed, and there were four at one time. Three were released, but Steve's was kept for the pot and carried along. We pulled into the rapid before Clouston close to 4:00 and ran the top easily. The foot had to be taken farther out from shore than usual and caused a few anxious moments as 57 rode more of the swells than should have been the case and ended with a couple, two-three, inches of water. The staff then proposed a photographic trip to the gorge. 27 soon decided one look was enough and headed for the campsite while the staff led the rest through the bush eventually to the second vantage point. The crews of 77 and 57 came back quickly over the interior route while the others took the longer rocky route. The whole adventure was oppressively hot as the humidity was really up. Once on the site Rusty manufactured an iced bannock for Paul Rollins' birthday while Mike cooked dinner and the guide drew wood. Steve, Gray, and Paul Rollins operated on the goose. After dinner the goose went on to boil -- and then to fry -- and was proclaimed good by most of those who tried it -- though there were some pretty luke warm about the whole thing even if Steve raved about the flavor. Then bath time came around while the guide made his baking debut for tomorrow. Then as darkness came and almost everyone was ready for the sack, the guide looked up to see the northern lights playing all over the sky -- so we watched the show for another 20-30 minutes. Just what they will do for tomorrow's weather we'll have to wait and see, but we have now caught up the day we were behind schedule, and now if nothing goes wrong have four traveling days to Eastmain.

Sunday, August 9 -- For the first time in ages the sun beat down on the camp at 6:30, though still having a ways to go before clearing the trees. The day was already warm at 8:00 as the first were ready to move off. The staff led off to see if the marker were still on the spruce tree -- it was, so at least there was direction. Now four of our sections and one of Temagami's have almost created a trail through the meadow that can be followed. Paul Rollins and Mike passed 77 just before halfway and reached the far end first. Gray and Rusty took loads part way and then took their second loads through. For once the staff did not finish up on the tail end of the line, but he had help from the fact that Steve's wannigan tump broke just after he started with his second load -- wannigan, camera box, tent, and dog. He improvised for the trip across -- wannigans make poor back packs and regular tumps are better. Most everyone took a dip or swim after the second load as the heat of the day was oppressive. Lunch got cooked early -- or at least early for us and most people dragged themselves up to see the foot of the gorge as the whole river thundered through. Finally after not touching a paddle for the morning, we ran the little rapid below the eddy and pulled around the corner. The first rapid had just room for us on the left as planned to keep out of the swells -- 57 bounced once. Then below the run inside the big rock had to be scouted and a couple little turns made in what is normally a straight ahead run. 77 took it first followed by a mixup in order with 27 going off without telling anyone. But it all worked. Then a couple little swifts and the excitement was over for the day. The west wind blew, but not enough to cause real trouble. The sun was just as warm as before. 59 took a side trip for geese and got two this time. We pulled into Island shortly

after 3:00 for our first normal length traveling day in ages. Tents were up, wood gathered, and baths taken all while the sun was way up in the sky. The candle wax on Rusty's ammunition box melted in the sun -- so no one knows what the temperature might be! Mike and Paul Johnson collaborated on a pineapple upside down cake that turned out perfectly. The staff went photographing and then cooked dinner. By then some of the energy was returning and eventually almost everyone took the photographer's trip to the falls, actually made more picturesque by the low water. Steve manufactured the bannock for tomorrow and the two geese got boiled and fried again. After the sun disappeared we had our last popcorn night of the trip. The staff repaired Steve's broken tump, the dogs found the geese bones which they were not supposed to have, and we turned in for what starts to be a warm evening in the Northern Bush.

Monday, August 10 -- The sun came up in a blaze of glory and the site was already quite warm by the time breakfast was done. Getting the loads across the portage took a while, but we were in the canoes shortly after eight. A brief stop was made on a small island of boulders for a view of the whole issue -- still spectacular. Then we started running little junk until the staff pulled up at the final rig before the trail, and we decided not to risk it and elected to portage the outfit from there. 57 led off, missing the trail entrance and leading the eager beavers on a wild goose chase down the river. The staff got into the lead by hook or crook therefore. Paul Rollins tried to challenge the position and promptly lost the trail and so fell behind again. As a result a lot of bowmen dropped their first loads and went back for seconds to give the slow moving train time to get going. Meanwhile the guide got back on the trail, only to turn right when he should have gone left, leading 59 and 74 with him for a while. Anyway, everyone eventually got to the right loading area with everything in the outfit -- but minus a good deal of sweat. Most everyone took an immediate bath, some finding a small waterfall to relax under. The dudes (san rigs) were cooked on the flat rocks in the boiling sun (almost, but not quite; a fire was used). The shallow run-off proved challenging, but we were soon on our way to Talking. But the last rapid could not be run, and two short lift overs had to be substituted. At the landing the staff posed the options of staying, moving on to the head of Basil, or even moving to Basil and taking a load across tonight to camp at the foot of the carry leaving a load for tomorrow. The first option was selected even though the tent sites left something to be desired. The canoes went an extra 50 yards around the bay since we decided we could not run the cellar that stood in the way. We took the Temagami hint on kitchen areas and established on the rocks right over the falls -- very attractive, but quite exposed for the storm that must be coming. A lot of bathing was done to cool off -- and a little washing. The temperature dropped a degree or two by 5:00 when Steve started his Apple Pan Dowdy. The staff went down to put a patch on 59 and inspect the broken right gunwale that had given way through wear and age more than anything else. It got tacked together, but needs a new one! Dinner got served up about 6:30 and Steve and Rusty collaborated on a traveling bannock -- using bacon grease, which somehow surprised a lot of people -- and then left the baking to chance. Some pictures got snapped, but mostly those not cooking spent the afternoon recovering from the morning. Gray lay in the shade of the rocks reading, and most of the crew gathered sack time

while Chris dug into the stream bed for geological finds. The rocks made nice gathering spots for the evening as Mike baked the last pizza and the instant cocoa was finished off. In the process a few thunder heads appeared in the north and a front started moving in from the west, so chances are something will be different with the weather tomorrow -- but we still have to get across Basil anyway.

Tuesday, August 11 -- Somehow nothing happened through the night weatherwise. The eastern sun was struggling over the trees and mist was rising from the river at 6:30. The dogs needed to be called to breakfast by the guide, just like the rest. We portaged down to the waiting canoes and shoved off at 8:00 or so having to negotiate another set of shallows at the end of this one too. Visibility was still restricted from a sort of haze over the river in the direction we were heading. And after the narrows the current somewhat gave out. 59 went chasing a few geese, but some at least could fly. Then a few water bugs started to appear, but lightly and besides it was so warm no one but the crew of 74 bothered to don rain gear. Finally the Opinaca came in, looking just about as low as our river. And then the Basil landing maybe about 10:15 or so. The vote seemed to favor having lunch after all the carrying was over, but everyone was so eager to beat the staff onto the trail so he could not hold them up that no formal vote was ever taken. A couple tried the professional's method of leap frogging loads -- Steve did not seem to like it, but Mike and Rusty made good time. While the sun was not beating down, the humidity was way up again, but after the first trip across turned to rain which was never very hard and was not really unwelcome. 77 and 59 got to the right trail to the water on first try -- they say .400 is a good batting average. The water was on and almost boiling when the guide arrived with N and the starch. The staff finally puffed in and promptly kicked the back log into place too vigorously and knocked over the sauce which had to be replenished. Wolfbear needed a lesson in not eating off our plates -- pretty late in the trip for that. The grapefruit disappeared for lunch also. Then while every one was still wet and dirty, the canoes went down the bank. Steve carefully honed his ax, and then the guide, Rusty, Gray, Paul Johnson, Mike, and finally Chris did all the wood gathering and splitting to the tune of 5 wannigans, 2 babies, and enough for our two meals here. Mike and Paul Johnson collaborated on an iced bannock. Rusty took a tour to see the gorge and falls and have a bath down below. The staff baked the final meal of ham. Gray, Rusty, and Mike took their wood wannigans down the hill ready for tomorrow. The evening lent itself to sitting lazily at the fire again as the temperature remained high and the humidity is still higher than necessary.

Wednesday, August 12 -- The blood-red sun was hidden by the trees, but it was there at 6:30 as a prelude to what looked to be another hot day. Wolfbear made the mistake of helping himself to a drink of milk -- and should remember the occasion. So it was unnecessary for the staff to wake anyone. The rest of the loads got down the hill somehow and we started across the river at 8:30. With the low water the crossing proved uneventful, and we caught the rocky island and walked up for a view of Basil that was hampered by haze and the eastern sun. Back in the canoes we alternately looked and ran for a while until the last two rapids. With no great difficulty, but some tight places to negotiate. The next to

last proved impossible in low water; there was no room inside the curl of white water as there was supposed to be. The guide and staff elected to cut a trail through the alder rather than carry around on the pebbles, but most of the section was in such a hurry more trips were made on the beach than on the trail. In the process we passed 77's memorial ledge with no great celebration -- and the bay where the wreck lay. The last rapid also proved disappointing in that the approach was really too shallow, though possible, but the foot was a real rock dodger with too much power to make the turns -- so we went through a long let down, a good part of which was really a tracking exercise. But that was all but a few little swifts. The jackets came off for the last time and got laid out on the loads to dry. For some reason there was no wind as we hit the paddling part of the day about 11:30. Two pulls later it was time to look for a lunch site, and there was now a breath of air moving. We found what must be the only rock in the area, though the landing was shallow. The Indian had been there before us and left a little squaw wood so the drain on our supply was not very great. But while the shelter was fine for the fire, the heat was again oppressive and as a result all sorts of people were more or less sacked out for the break after the first run on the bannock was over. Probably not our Indian who lunched here, but another, was upriver doing something with a chain saw -- a long way from the Post if he was just drawing wood. During lunch thunder rolled off to the south causing some concern, though no real clouds of a threatening nature appeared. We were back on the water somewhere around 1:30 meeting a stronger wind. However, progress was still made down the center of the river with 57 in the lead as though to grab the last Chrispy Crunch. But the wind never rose any higher, and if anything dropped. We came down behind the islands slowly getting dressed as we did so and hit the Post about 3:30 or 4:00. Some Indian lads were in swimming off the dock and raised the alarm so that we had something of a crowd to greet us and even a little help portaging up to the campsite, now made smaller by several cave ins. Father Vaillancourt was on hand to greet us as usual -- and offer water helpfully (and inquire if we had any Frenchmen in the party). He said our coming was for -- by the group we had seen up the river who had been in several days ago. He also said there had been two doctors and two lawyers down the river on June 10th -- seems mighty early -- and the two people ahead of us had been overdue three days and picked up by aircraft above Basil. The run to the Post was only gradual, and purchases rather minimal really, so no one really suffered. Guide and staff took off to photograph and were eventually joined by everyone else after the tents were all up -- using last year's poles which we thought had probably gone until a helpful Indian pulled them out for us from behind the log pile. The heat was still oppressive and the village relatively inactive. Gradually what sights there had been began to run out, so the trek back to the campsite began. Dinner was cooked in the heat with Paul Rollins turning out the bannock. Then the rush to the village to find goose decoys began, while the guide and staff drew water and were partially entertained by Viallancourt plus an aged Indian lady who wanted to sell us bannock with raisins baked on a stick -- which no one eventually wanted to buy. The bartering process brought in a half dozen goose decoys, some carvings of geese and beaver, and a couple of rabbit skin jackets -- and a lot of excitement as the village gathered to view the various sales. Gradually the campsite settled down as Rusty and Steve disappeared to the Mission for reading material -- and

heat lightning flashed to the north as Wolfbear refused to go to his tent -- and the village dogs howled away.

Thursday, August 13 -- Thunder started rolling out over the Bay along about 5:00 with the storm gradually getting closer as it got along toward time to think about breakfast. The storm finally broke about 7:30, pouring rain down on us for better than a half hour before everything started to clear again. By 8:15 the guide and staff had a fire of sorts going and breakfast started. The staff disappeared to see what the radio had to say at 9:00 as the pancakes started. The radio said nothing really -- just told us to stand by as usual, and the telegrams for Fort George started occupying all the air time. By 10:30 the scheduled broadcasting was over and we were still standing by. Breakfast was then about over and various purchasing trips to the village started -- and kept going, and by evening every goose decoy, paddle, shovel, fur of any sort, or carving must have gone. Then the Indians started making the visits to us. 59 went for \$40. Then 27 for seventy. 57 brought eighty, and 74 took top price of a hundred and ten. So that only 77 remained when it was all over. In addition we unloaded a couple personal tumps on the ones who go inland. The 1:00 radio fizzled out completely as something apparently happened to the Moose Factory transmitter. A couple baths got taken during the afternoon -- Mike's being most necessary after carting his goose decoys to the site. The staff spent the afternoon with his cameras and so vacated the site most of the time. Dinner got cooked at sort of normal time and another trip to the settlement followed with more purchases. Sometime after nine we all gathered at Father Viallancourt's for coffee and cookies -- he also sold coke and potato chips. We then had a lesson in syllabic language -- and a little Cree to go along with it and pulled out just before midnight to be guided back to the tents by a band of northern lights.

Friday, August 14 -- Another warm day dawned, but with a slight breeze at least this time. Everyone was up well before radio time and pancakes were already on the fire. But the radio trip was unnecessary as Harry Anderson arrived about ten minutes before nine to say that Moose was still off the air and that a Canso was making the schd and we had nothing to worry about. The guide and staff still went down to talk with Jock Holliday at Fort George -- he had not yet collected a great deal of material on the staff's dream of the Fort George. Mike and Paul Rollins headed off to the village almost before the birds were up -- or the Indians -- even if the work crew on the tractor was out and fussing around. A final visit to the village was made by almost everyone -- for one thing or another. But little of interest was going on. Jeff straightened out a problem with whose goose decoys he had really purchased -- costing him in addition to prices already paid, his fishing rod, broken reel, and line. But the Indian seemed happy anyway. Then the Indians came to us to trade for tump lines, fishing rods, Paul Johnson's ground cloth, and even Paul Rollins' sleeping bag! The shoe was on the other foot for a moment at least. The Canso flew over and landed about 11:30 or so headed north to Fort George, so we cooked up our last starch -- the guide insists that the stringy stuff is not the real dudes. And camp came down -- somewhat slowly, and eventually headed for the dock, including something like 22 or 24 goose decoys! Then the long wait came and even Joseph Moses and Deborah quit playing with the dogs and left.

But then a storm started in on us from the northwest, so we vacated in favor of a visit to Father Viallancourt --- for shelter. The nurse stopped by to say she was going to have to send out a young lad on a stretcher who had suffered a penicillin reaction, so we were going to get a couple extra passengers. Fortunately he seemed to be coming around satisfactorily (just a couple hours before he had been running around the village translating for us and helping our buyers). Anyway the Canso and the storm arrived almost together. It took four trips to get us and the boy to the plane, and all but the first trip out got caught in the rain storm. Finally we got off and headed down the coast to stop at Rupert's for a passenger and some glimpse of the post there. The guide could now brag that he was one up on Carp Senior in number of HBC Posts visited. Mike succeeded in sleeping through most of it as the pilot let the others get a view from his seat while he did his paper work. We landed on a new strip at Moose after six and found each of us had 139.7 pounds of baggage! An excess of 950 pounds, most of which came from the Indians. The boy went off to the hospital in a panel truck ambulance and we took a side trip to the office and then to the station where we unloaded in the slight drizzle and started to pitch camp. The excess baggage went into the freight shed fortunately since we luckily discovered the agent still around. He finally uncovered our box of mail -- but it was close since he could not find it in his records for quite a while. By then the rain let up and tents went up as the guide cooked quickly while the staff and Mike went shopping for lunch at the Bay. By then everyone was off to town to the new fish and chips place leaving Chris, the dogs, and the staff to guard the place soon rejoined by the guide.

Saturday, August 15 -- A few squirts of rain fell occasionally during the night, but the morning was dry at least. So was the cereal; with real milk no less. Baggage and ticket arrangements were a little hectic, but one way or another it all got loaded before train time and the rig pulled out somewhere near on schedule. We had made the mistake of looking for a group of seats too late and ended up in the non-air conditioned section next to the lunch car. As a result there was a general exodus back to the cooler baggage car where two sports who had spent a week on the Albany insisted on demonstrating the excellent quality of their tent -- set up in the baggage car. Lunch came out of the wannigan supply purchased the night before -- which Mike almost missed through falling asleep on the packs back in the baggage car. A few fellow passengers marveled at the amount the section could put away -- not much of a surprise to those who knew. Finally Cochrane arrived and so did trouble. The Station Agent must have gotten out of the wrong side of bed. The baggage car had to go back to Moosonee on Monday and so could not go through to Temagami. So reluctantly we unloaded it all and parked it all in the baggage room -- plus two unhappy dogs. Off to the laundrimat went most people -- though Mike's shirt never got in the machine unfortunately. The guide and staff went immediately to the staff's air conditioned barber shop, but those who needed it most stayed clear. Then followed the annual game of finding entertainment in Cochrane. The pool hall was visited, but Steve and Jeff found a better time-killer in giving the poor waitress in the station restaurant a hard time. Then the Station Agent decided the dogs had to be mussled and charged as excess baggage, plus the fact that we had to load the car for the train crew. Anyway it all got on and so did we. This time in a

more comfortable coach at least. What was left from lunch was opened up for those who still felt hunger pains. Finally we rolled into T Station after midnight. The entire train was unloaded and bussed to North Bay around a flood wash out that had derailed 27 cars -- we had been told earlier it was a wreck. The movement was smooth and quick and we were soon left alone unloading and parking it all by the station. The staff's car and keys were on hand, plus some food for tomorrow. Fortunately the telegraph agent let us bed down in the station waiting room, for there was nothing else available. A quick visit was made to Orient Gardens and the staff and Mike sacked out in the back of the car while the rest got the waiting room.

Sunday, August 16 -- Occasionally it rained during the night driving inside those who preferred the outdoors. Rusty decided to make a night of it and toured the town. It was all quiet and dismal looking at 6:30. The car sleepers managed to stay in bed until 8:00. The staff took off for Boat Line Bay with the first load of baggage in the rain as the rest had breakfast in town. The rain let up as the gear reached the dock and two more trips were needed to get people and the rest down to the dock. By then the sky was clear enough so that as we shoved off most shirts came off. Three out of the five canoes were Bay canoes -- 127, 157, and 159, leaving 18 and 85 as the only two small ones. Mike won the award as the first to comment on the clarity of Temagami -- he had already made a trip to the lake the night before to see if it was really there. In two pulls we made the Bear Island campsite for lunch having gotten off from Boat Line after 11:30. Lunch was cooked up quickly in spite of the wind that blew through the fireplace. Then some unpacking of fur began and finally a good bath by everyone but Mike who needed it most. As the afternoon wore on, the staff suddenly looked around to find himself alone -- not even a dog was around. So he started the fire, put on a pot of coffee, and began a pineapple upside down cake. Just before he got it on, six green canoes appeared and Section B pulled in complete with dog et al. They stayed for a cup of coffee -- leaving their giant jar of Coffee-mate by mistake and taking a wannigan of wood we did not need and some powdered milk. They planned to use a neighboring campsite, but it had been taken by some canoeists who passed by earlier and so headed off toward La Fay's Point. Then the wind started picking up and dark clouds started in as the fried potatoes and ham were being done. The staff invented a poor excuse for a fly-wind break, but it worked reasonably well. The guide had to keep everything warm for 15-20 minutes while the rain came down so dinner was a little late. A gorgeous rainbow appeared just off the site while we waited. We watched the barge pass by on its way to pick up Wabun, and after hearing a single blast of their cannon, the barge came back in sight headed for Boat Line. Then the giant pot drawing was held and as Chris finished up his chores on the normal crew Steve and Jeff got a head start on their later jobs. The moon made a brief appearance, but the northern and western sky looked grim for the morning.

Monday, August 17 -- At least it was dry at 6:30 -- that is 6:30 by our time still. But the staff's first job was to move the fireplace so the coffee had a chance of boiling without having all the heat pushed out from under the pot. Some surprisingly clean, almost new clothes appeared from nowhere, and the tents came

down for the last time -- still a little damp, and we loaded up somewhat slowly getting on the water just before 8:30. The loads in 18 and 85 were slightly lessened in deference to the North wind. So it was a head wind, but then we have had little else all summer. We took the back side of Garden Island and then up the lee of the western shore halting for a while behind Long Island to let a section cross ahead of us in the teeth of the wind. Then a jump to visit the staff's little old lady who always wants to know what section is passing -- she sent her husband out to question us this time. All was going smoothly until Marshal was discovered still sitting on the campsite below Seal Rock, so an extra delay was necessary. In the process we unloaded all our extra loot in a hiding place on shore (to be picked up much later by the guide in his kicker --although the staff's motorized canoe went in search of the pick-up crew). We pulled around Seal Rock slightly later than usual as a result of the delay, and had to take the canoes across in the teeth of the wind to the waiting throng on the dock. The cannon performed perfectly, cheers were exchanged, and canoes beached -- not too hard -- in front of our rack, and it was all over but the picture taking and story telling.

END