

# KEEWAYDIN

SECTION  
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1972

LAKE MISTASSINI

to

EASTMAIN HOUSE

via

Wabassinon River -- Shigami River -- Kawatstakau River  
Lac Rossignal -- Gasparin Lake  
Sakami River -- Frigate Lake -- Sakami River  
Sakami Lake -- Boyd Lake  
Opinaca River -- Eastmain River

57

Rees Chapman

Steve Bissell

74

Peter Birnbaum

"Doc" Bourdelais

59

Doug Cox

Will Braman

77

Reg Roome

Heb Evans, Staff

78

Sam Mercer

Dan Carpenter, Guide

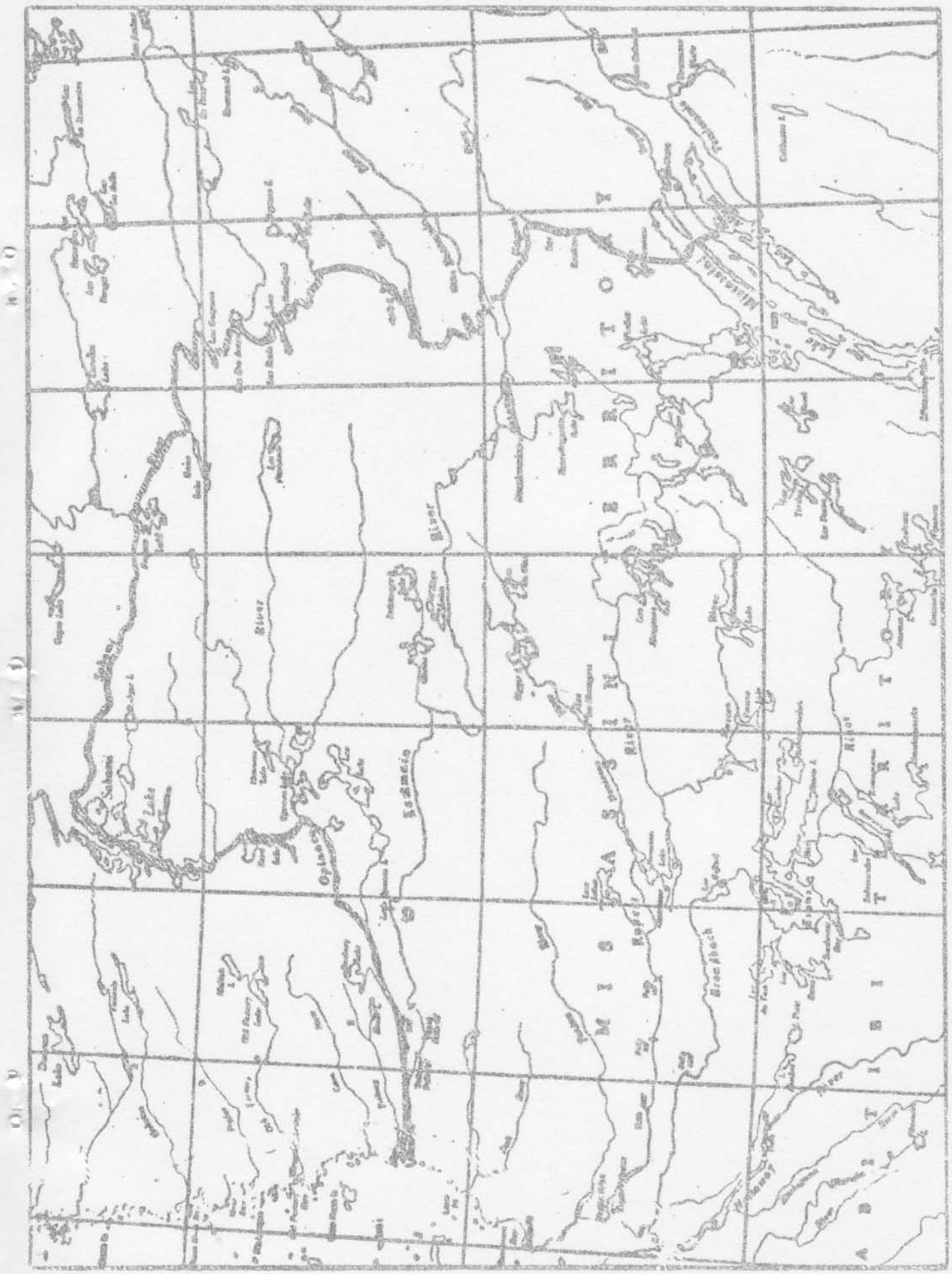
Wendy

Op

June 29 - August 16, 1972

# DAILY ITINERARY

- June 29 -- Lake Tiblemont
- 30 -- Albanel Islands
- July 1 -- Rapids out of Albanel
- 2 -- Point before Mistassini Crossing
- 3 -- Mistassini Islands
- 4 -- Third Portage on Wabassinon
- 5 -- First Portage on Stream to Baudeau
- 6 -- North End of Baudeau
- 7 -- First Marked Rapid on Shigami
- 8 -- Start of Cut Off to Eastmain
- 9 -- Lake at Eastmain - Shigami Height of Land
- 10 -- Mouth of Kawatstakau River
- 11 -- Lake Muiron
- 12 -- Second Rapid above Lake Catillon
- 13 -- Start of Creek to Lac Dejean
- 14 -- First Portage on Creek above Lake Adye
- 15 -- Rest
- 16 -- Start of Portage to Lac Daru
- 17 -- 10' Falls North of Lac Daru
- 18 -- Below First Rapid after Daru Route Joins
- 19 -- Rossignol Falls
- 20 -- Double Rapid after Rosee
- 21 -- Island Rapid at Head of Lake South of Gasparin
- 22 -- Re-outfitting -- Lake South of Gasparin
- 23 -- Below First Marked Rapid on Sakami River
- 24 -- Second Marked Rapid after Sakami Swings West
- 25 -- Head of Falls after Sakami Turns North
- 26 -- Rapid before Frigate Lake
- 27 -- Falls below Frigate Lake
- 28 -- Rapid before River Split at Large Island
- 29 -- Rapid North of Lac Chabrilan
- 30 -- Top of Last East - West Series of Rapids
- 31 -- Foot of Final Gorge on Sakami
- August 1 -- 10' Falls just onto Sakami Lake Map
- 2 -- North End of Sakami Lake
- 3 -- Sand Beach in North End of Sakami Lake
- 4 -- Small Island Six Miles South of Narrows
- 5 -- Hook Shaped Point on Sakami Lake
- 6 -- Falls on Stream to Boyd Lake
- 7 -- Narrows in Boyd Lake
- 8 -- Above Second Rapid on Opinaca River
- 9 -- Head of Rapids before Meander in Opinaca
- 10 -- Head of First Rapid after Little Opinaca Joins
- 11 -- Sixth Rapid
- 12 -- Island Rapid
- 13 -- Top of Basil Portage
- 14 -- Eastmain House
- 15 -- Boat Line Bay
- 16 -- KKK



LAKE MISTASSINI TO EASTMAIN HOUSE VIA SAKAMI RIVER

Scale: 32 miles to 1 inch



Thursday, June 29 -- The guide was up at 6:00 and snuck out of the Metachewan cabin quietly. The rest were up well before the 7:00 bell with Will leaping out of his upper bunk just missing Wendy's calling card. By breakfast all but Rees were rolled and he found it impossible to get anything done since American Airlines had misplaced his baggage and Orillia still had his duffle in Trout Lake. Before 9:00 everyone else was ready to load. Still no plane -- promised for 8:45. Finally after keeping everyone on the dock expectantly for a good half hour the plane arrived and Rees headed off for a quick rolling job. At 10:00 we finally took to the paddle and headed south with not much of a breeze. Wendy failed to turn the staff canoe over and rode most of the way under the stern seat. Shirts came off at Seal Rock under the warm sun. Chief passed by with Muffin and Sandy and the second leg supplies. A couple pulls later we stopped briefly while the guide dropped a perfect chicot for lunch. We dodged a large log boom on the way down the back channel and admired the remains of the tornado's destruction to pull into the lunch site across from Faskin's Point about 12:15. Chief appeared to steal all our good nylon cord to put up supports in the truck. Lunch was pretty quick and we were at Boat Line shortly after 1:30 to find Russell waiting. Those loading the truck were treated to a Sauna bath, but four canoes got up on the rack Russell manufactured and 57 rested on the floor wedged with packs and the second leg supplies. Chief returned with Muffin and Sandy from town and we finally piled into the cars and headed for town and a brief stop for a few supplies -- mainly food. Then off for Senneterre. The drive was uneventful except for the sight of the population of Val d'Or, getting to the proposed cabin site about 8:30 and renting a small cabin with a good wood stove -- only trouble being the temperature in the cabin as a result of heating her up. Russell pulled in about 9:15 and the packs and jewelry were unloaded. The staff forgot to pull off the perishables however, so the guide and Sam chased Russell to town and returned after retrieving them just as dinner was coming off the stove. The bugs were intolerable, but a few brave souls preferred them to the heat of the cabin for eating. Wendy played with a tiny dog through most of the evening. Steve braved the bugs for a bath off the dock. Then the small French kids decided on a campfire on the beach just outside the door, but along about midnight we settled down for the night in spite of their noise, the heat, and the bugs.

Friday, June 30 -- The staff started the fire about 5:30 and gradually people woke and started to roll. The guide fried the eggs and we were all set to load the truck at 6:30. But Russell failed to appear. Finding this unusual, we loaded the wagons with the gear and took off in search of him finding the truck parked in the middle of town with Sandy, Muffin, and Russell eating breakfast -- the truck refusing to start. Russell had gone in search of a mechanic but had been told the one at the BP station did not come in till 8:15. So we waited. The staff gassed his car and Carp took the Chief's to a Texaco station returning to report it looked pretty garage like and not busy. So the staff finally walked down and got a French mechanic who looked as if he knew what he was doing to come look. He decided it was the starter motor and towed the truck into his garage. He seemed



think he could make it all work, so at 9:00 the two cars headed north soon finding the gravel road. There was a stretch of pavement from Beattyville past Cedar Rapids that was a relief, but the worst of the road to O'Sullivan's was still there. We pulled on past the usual lunch spot and finally pulled up at a stream only a mile from the road junction outside Chibougamau to find the lunches well permeated with gasoline odor if not actual liquid from the keg in the back of the truck. But on to Fecteau where arrangements were supposedly made to reoutfit on July 22 at Gasparin Lake -- hopefully successfully. We were first in the book for that date at 9 a.m. -- maybe. Just as we were ready to pull for town and the Waconichi gate Russell showed up -- he must have really been rolling since he had not left Senneterre until 11:00. We stopped briefly in Chibougamau with some of the gang running into Abby Fenn and Al Chase of the Dunmore groups -- Al taking their Bay Trip down the Eastmain. We headed for Waconichi at 3:30 getting there in good time and getting by the gate with no trouble. The staff abandoned the projected side trip to Mistassini for information and we drove on to Albanel getting there about 6:15. The truck and all were unloaded and Muffin, Sandy, and Russell waved good-bye to us from the dock as we loaded up and headed off to find a campsite at 7:00 -- there being no way we were going to stay in their trailer park even for a night. We pulled around the point with a south wind, finding nothing that looked even half decent. Then across to a rocky island again finding nothing and then headed into the western sun to the far group of islands -- still nothing. Then we started to play games with time running out fast. The sun dropped behind a cloud and thunder and lightning made their appearance. Finally the staff hopped ashore, declared a bit of real estate had to do, and we unloaded. The tents got up before the rain hit, but the fly had to go up before dinner could be served which was still a little damp. The main storm missed us, but the country side was wet enough. Dishes and pots got done by flashlight and everyone settled in as the storm seemed to have passed. The plan being to get a late start and move on in the morning, this being no place worth spending time.

Saturday, July 1 -- The ride up had been hot and dusty, but the weather now turned wet and cooler. The rain came back during the night and then again about 6:00. Finally Wendy decided she had enough sleep and started licking the guide and staff so they got up about 8:20 even if the rain was still in evidence. Breakfast was slow, but no one else was up for quite a while. Sam and Doug finally appearing about 11:00. Meanwhile a long debate was held as to where we were, the sound of a rapid being heard on and off exactly the opposite direction from the one we planned to take. The staff compasses came out to find north was nowhere near where it was supposed to be and Steve's was dug out to check the other two. The weather started to break, so we had out first pot of starch and headed back toward the rapid after knocking it all down. In no time we could feel the current and soon found a short rapid. Guide and staff walked it with Wendy finding the run perfectly possible, but there was a lot more below it. Fearing that we might be missing the Indian portage we paddled back up and checked a bay which was very shallow. Back to the rapid after the staff lecture on white water and down we went with no real problem, ending up farther down than we really should

have gone mainly because Wendy started to move around halfway down and had to be forced to sit down again. Of course by now the rain was back and drops were falling as we made the run. Fortunately the guide spotted an Indian boat and dock on the far shore so we poled our way back up through the shallows and crossed over to be met by a couple Indians and told the portage was here. They told us it was about a mile with a pond in the middle and a campground on the pond. Guide, staff, and Wendy walked it -- after she got by two ugly looking chained dogs -- to find camping possibilities on the pond nil. The guide had already found a spot at the head of the old carry before a new one had been cut through the burn, so back there we went. Meanwhile the Indian family started portaging across. We set up camp shortly after five and started frying potatoes as the rain came back and up the fly went. Dinner was a little slow, but the rain stopped before eating time. Fishing equipment came out and the staff soon had a 10" trout -- but in spite of all good efforts nothing else came out of the river. The guide went down river quite a ways getting a 5" one he put back. The Indians returned and took their motor boat back up the heavier white water on the side opposite that we had run. Steve, Sam, and a couple others took cold baths after the sun went down, and the tents filled quickly even though the sun had shown for a few moments prior to sinking below the trees and the rain had ceased some time before -- but the bugs were there.

Sunday, July 2 -- About 4:30 the rain returned, never terribly heavy, but on and off enough to make moving out of the question. Finally the staff could stand it no longer and got up at 8:20 in a mist to cook breakfast. Most everyone was up by the time the coffee boiled at 8:45. A few more eggs went and a few oranges -- still leaving some to go yet. The first loads started over the portage about 9:30 and we returned to drop the canvas in another mist, but it was getting no drier this way. Wendy ran back and forth across the portage trail with more energy than anyone else had. Somehow all the babies made it successfully. We put into the waiting pond that yesterday's Indians had walked around and paddled to an impass of logs they left where the trail crossed the stream. Guide and staff walked the trail to where the Indian took out if he paddled, decided moving the logs and paddling on were well worth it and came back to do so. Wendy by this time was soaking wet from swimming the creek in several places. The second half proved slightly longer, though still a good walker with logs carefully halved and laid across the muskeg. At noon all the first loads were over and parked just off the sand beach. The guide cooked up starch while the last ones were on the way. The weather was cold by now even when not misting. Two lost babies made a couple bowmen slow, but they were over before lunch was served. We pulled out into a west wind of pretty fair magnitude and passed close to another Quebec fishing camp into which a plane had flown and then departed from during lunch, but only drew two boats of Indians and no one to check our papers. We drifted down the east shore of the point toward the lake and found a couple small Indian sites right up on the point that were all used to house us -- best communication being via the beach. Plan was to cross if possible after dinner. So some few pictures got taken, but the temperature was low, and the wind blew strong from the west making any stay on the point uncomfortable, and mist came



at various times. Rees baked a cinnamon bannock for dinner for our first baking and Reg fried the sausage patties -- there being only a few per can supplying good but meager rations. There was no chance of making it tonight as the wind grew stronger if anything. A rainbow appeared during dinner for the photographers. Then an evening by the fire as the guide drew squaw wood for it, a few poor jokes, tales of Section B in various towns, and a batch of popcorn that Steve cooked up. But about 9:30 the tents filled as we settled in for a cold, windy night planning to get over the first crossing early in the morning if possible though the wind showed no signs of dropping as darkness came.

Monday, July 3 -- There was no way we were going to cross at dawn. The wind still howled as if it meant business and a short sleet storm hit at 4:30. At 8:20 Wendy would let the staff sleep no longer so he and the guide had to get up to light the fire and be greeted by a snow storm -- well at least a flurry. Pete arrived first to breakfast and would not believe the snow until another flurry came a few moments later. A third came down and was viewed by a few others. Doug finally climbed out of his warm bag at 11:30. Lunch followed soon, followed by many excursions to view the lake up at the point. The Indians made a few trips up and around the point and back. Maybe weather men for the fishing camp. Finally in mid-afternoon one passed and kept going so at least the wind was down enough for him to travel. Guide and staff watched another come around the point and head for the islands in the middle and then went down the shore looking at rocks. They located gold nuggets and were soon joined by Reg, Sam, and Will to dig out a few samples -- with the price of gold just having gone up we were all rich. But the guide's geology book clearly identified them as iron pyrites -- but anyway they looked nice. Some of the rocks had been worn away into artistic shapes -- maybe would replace collecting drift wood as a hobby, but we are not going to carry too many with us. We voted to eat dinner on this side and finally had it all done and were on our way at 6:50. The crossing took 55 minutes to cover about 4 miles and we pulled into the lee of the southern island. The wind had gradually swung out of the west to the north during the day, so it was a straight head wind by the time we got across. Then we ran the top of the south island to an Indian campsite on the north-eastern corner of the next small one and called it a night. A pot of hot water provided the makings for hot chocolate and coffee before we turned in for another cold night, but without the violent wind blowing.

Tuesday, July 4 -- Another cold night with a gray dawn such that the staff did not venture out till 6:00. The wind was up a little since dawn, but blew from the east while the clouds were moving slowly from the west. So breakfast was cooked and the staff canoe was on the water at 7:40. The others followed quickly and at 7:50 we left the protection of the islands and headed over for the west shore with a mild ripple on the surface of the lake. About a third of the way across we met a boat headed in the opposite direction with an Indian on the motor and three men in orange life jackets who yelled to the effect that hadn't we seen geologists before. We paused to photograph and then plugged on for a short while to stop again for pictures about half way over. The sky was still overcast but the visibility was good. We then took her straight in to the mouth of the Wabassinon.



On the way we passed a large camp -- looked to be Natural Resources or surveyors, but we did not pass close enough to see which. We pulled up to the portage just before 10 and just before the west wind started to pick up, and there was a little chop into the final bay. The portage was soon over and Rees started to bake a lunch bannock while the fishermen went to try their luck. Sam elected a swim instead of a fishing expedition. Peter took the only trout of about 12" and the rest got skunked. At 11:30 the sun poked through giving a little warmth to the site as lunch was cooked. We were headed north at 12:40 and soon lifted over a rock island to avoid a falls. The paddle north went easily against slight current and wind, and the weather even warmed a little. But after turning east we drifted upstream a little with the wind at our backs. Soon the next carry appeared. The guide led across while the staff in disgust caught a pike -- making Wendy quite angry as he allowed it to swim away. The carry was particularly slow because of the terrible loading area. Doc demonstrated how not to come down a sand hill with a canoe. It was so slow by the time the staff got to the campsite at the start of the next one, the guide already had the fireplace built and dry wood collected. The canoes went across the carry to get out of the road. The guide baked for dinner while a few bathed. The guide then tried fishing -- getting a pike also. Our second meal of French fries came and went. Doc baked the traveling bannock. The black flies soon discouraged the fishermen -- plus the fact that the only fish was the trout that Peter carried along from the lunch site. Doug entertained Wendy for a while and then a few more baths were taken -- after the sun went down. Politics became the main conversation for a while around the fire of squaw wood collected by the guide, but we soon settled in for another cold night. And no 4th of July celebration -- not even any shale in the fireplace.

Wednesday, July 5 -- Another real cold night, although the morning was maybe a degree warmer than the last couple. The staff rolled out a little before seven to a gray cold day that perhaps was the right kind of weather for portaging in comfort but not much else. 77 was on the water about 8:40 or so with the others following slowly so that the section was not all together until just before the first portage some distance up. That one passed fairly easily, followed by another short one and after stringing out the section through the morning we were finally together for the pull ups -- the first short, but relatively hard and the second longer, but easier, though a good number of feet got wet unnecessarily. Eventually we reached the river split at the island and took the 150 yard portage that came almost immediately and halted to cook the dudes with rigs in the Indian site at the top of the portage. The weather got cooler if possible in the process. We paddled on sometimes with a tail wind depending on which way we were headed at the moment and had a couple short easy swifts to paddle -- none with much excitement. A couple, two, three drops of light rain fell -- there had been a few in the early morning too. But no one bothered with rain gear. After what seemed like hours -- but really wasn't -- we reached the top of the island and headed east toward the Badeau portage. Rees made the mistake of talking about the few moments of sun we had and so some drops fell from above to add to the moisture under foot at the end of the carry. A couple loads got dropped as feet

slipped in the process. Wendy elected to try eating lilly pads so a wet dog had to get in the canoe for the trip to the campsite. We paused in the pond to take a few pictures of the mountains on the far side of Badeau and headed down the stream dodging rocks and shallows in the process. Rees commented on the weather again and down it came again, harder, and longer, and cooler making the sighting of rocks tougher. But we pulled up at the campsite under almost sunny skies -- by our current standards. The guide and Steve took a canoe up river for a chicot or two -- returning with enough wood for quite a fire. Dinner was just a little late, but well received. Rees baked the traveling bannock. Reg entertained repacking his tooth powder after several comments about the manufacturer of the can that could be squashed and one attempt to use a baking powder can made of cardboard. Lucky we don't carry white pepper. The canoes went across to the far side of the portage and as the setting sun reflected pink off the clouds the tents filled for another cold night.

Thursday, July 6 -- The frost was really on the pumpkin this morning. Carp's wash cloth was solid at 6:30 and there was frost on the fly. We had left no water out and so could not test for ice. Anyway for the first morning the sun was out. Breakfast would have been quick except for the fact that the staff's lungs were not strong enough to wake everyone. As a result the staff canoe was on the water at 8:20 but it was 35 minutes before everyone was together. A relatively short pull took us to a small let down on the right shore followed by a longer rapid that the staff and guide were about to let down also when it was discovered that this was the 30 yard portage, so we took the trail rather than wasting the time it would have taken to let down. The ledge below had to have the canoes handed across -- still too shallow to run. Then followed an S-shaped rapid run slowly because of the shallows, but successfully. The 1200 yarder was reached shortly after 10:00 and although several carriers started to take the scenic trail to the falls instead of the real trail to the right, it all got across. Wendy was so hot from leading the way she took a swim back at the start and retrieved several sticks for the guide and staff. The staff was last one back because she insisted on staying in the water. We had expected to run the next chute, but it was too shallow at the foot and so was let down with a team doing all the canoes. Then we threaded our way through a maze of rocks and shallows to the foot of the last rapid -- if it could be called that. A few pictures got snapped of the Baudeau Mountains and we started pulling for the last lift over to Baudeau and a late lunch by the falls after 1:00. No real dry wood was to be found, but the guide finally got the starch done on squaw wood. We started up the lake just before 3:00 with a west wind blowing. Earlier we had thought it would be a south wind, but no luck -- at least it was better than a north wind. For the first time since Temagami shirts came off. It took 3 smoke breaks but we got to the '69 campsite at 6:30. Tents went up in the old Indian site. Lots of the '69 poles were rotten, not having been stacked, so some new ones were needed. At 7:45 dinner was served. Will brought in most of the dry wood when guide and staff were hard pressed to find any. After dinner a few pictures were snapped and Steve, Reg, Sam and last but not least, Rees, took baths while the others waited for sun and warmer weather. At least the night promises



to be warmer than the last couple.

Friday, July 7 -- Wendy wanted to play at an early hour but the staff managed to fight her off till 6:15. The wind had started to rise about 4:00 when she was most playfull and the sun had trouble fighting its way through the clouds to the site, but at least the temperature was up from yesterday. We were all on the water at 8:05, and all together. The guide led off, but promptly halted at a well built Indian winter site on the north bank of the river just after we left the lake. Wendy posed for a few pictures in the dog houses and a half hour or so was consumed taking pictures and nosing around. The humidity had been up and now the sun disappeared. Wendy refused to stay still as 77 dropped back. Rain suits were pulled from the packs. A few small drops fell and that was all for a while. We took the north channel after studying the aerial photographs that proved to be a mistake for we lost the Indian in the process. We ran into 1-2 miles of rapids at the foot which was fine except it was now raining and they all had to be scouted. All the sternsmen started scouting, but it finally came down to guide, Steve, Wendy, and staff as we got to the lower parts and the bush got even more damp. The first run was more or less a horse race, but the staff pulled up sensing a ledge ahead. He was right and after scouting a while we waited for the rain to slacken and ran starting on the right and angling back to the left. The next one was run with an eye to where we wanted to be at the end, so we ran the shallow right side to catch an eddy there. Then a hop to the tip of a little island around which rapids broke on both sides. We lined the north side of the island through some fairly heavy water and finally had to lift over a 3-4 foot falls and run out the little trailer. But it was by now after 1 pm and no lunch site could be found, so we finally made do on the clay shore. Luckily lunch was beef stew and took no time. We were back on the water just before three and except for one big river horse race and a few spots where a few rocks made some current there was nothing to the first marked rapid on the map. It had to be portaged -- and we were back with the Indian now so the trail was there. But it was 4:30 and a storm was on the way, so we stopped in the campground at the start. Reg and Rees pitched in the dug out site used for a circular tent and discovered they had abandoned their tent ropes this morning. All hands pitched to on dinner after the tents were up. Steve and the guide baked for dinner while Will and Sam collaborated on the traveling bannock. The storm avoided us though we just made it through dinner and the subsequent walloping. 57, 77, and 78 got to the far side of the carry. But the rain settled down on us for the evening and all was soon quiet.

Saturday, July 8 -- The sun was up to warm the site through the trees and start to dry the canvas as the staff cooked breakfast. We started off on the portage with some taking loads across before the canvas was dropped so things were at sixes and sevens for a while, but finally it all got across and we started out of the bay at the foot of the carry shortly after eight. The run off had to be taken out toward the center of the stream. Just around the bend the river broke around a group of islands which we ran easily to the top of the largest island and scouted its northern shore finding a run, but unfortunately



rejecting it in favor of the northern channel and promptly got ourselves into trouble as we got far enough down so that we could not retreat and had to line the canoes 25 yards or so before being able to run the foot. Then another rapid appeared that broke around islands. This time we picked the left side correctly but had trouble finding the portage since it started at the very lip of the white water and also went through a partial burn. 57 and 59 had a few problems getting in to her, but finally we all made it. 59 had to be patched before moving on so we were delayed a few moments. A short rapid followed with a reasonable V to run and then less than a mile farther on another small one with a little white water, but neither took much time. We then pulled up at the top of the pair of rapids marked on the map expecting a portage, but none could be found on the left shore and the right shore looked as though it might be run, so over we went and a run was discovered without going out in the center by cutting close to a swell off a rock on the right. A few drops of water got taken in the process, but nothing serious. At the foot we drifted to the left side of the next one again only to again find no portage and came to the conclusion the right side looked better. So we crossed again, and again found a run down the right side without going into the center. The run materialized a little differently than planned since we could not get into a calm as expected and had to run a little chop at the bottom. By now it was definitely lunch time so we started searching coming up with a tiny Indian site to cook in with a dining room on the river bank. Better than yesterday's spot, but not much. We had made our choice a little prematurely because no sooner were we back on the water than we discovered an Indian winter camp of last year with a well built domed area for half the tent and the rest for a normal wall tent. All sorts of other equipment had been left from lots of beaver skulls, to rabbit fur, to snowshoes, many beaver stretchers, a snow shovel. Wendy posed reluctantly in a dog collar and then chewed on one while we photographed. Across the river was a small camp as though visitors stayed there, and a mile below was an ancient overgrown site with again a pudding tent framework left standing, but we did not stop. Then the sky began to darken, but nothing happened except a rise in the wind. We pulled into the projected portage area to go to the Eastmain, but ended in a burn and guide and staff roamed the area failing to come up with any real trail. So we moved down the bay to another spot and searched again finding a semi-trail to a pond. Finally the guide tossed up 78 and he and the staff and Wendy scouted the other side of the pond finding again a semi-trail -- all through burned areas. Back they and the canoe came after they also found the trail that they had earlier missed out of the first bay. We were standing on shore debating what to do and finishing up a card game as five gree canoes appeared out on the river and paddled in -- the Dunmore section with Al Chase and their Mistassini guide Matthew. He confirmed the existance of the portage route we wanted but said no one used it any more and they all went down the river. So they pulled on toward the next rapid. We debated a while longer and decided to follow them. By now the sky was really dark. We expected to find them camped on a portage around the rapid, but it soon became obvious none existed and they had run the rapid which the staff refused to do at this late hour. So we started back up the river headed for the last Indian

site we had passed as the only suitable campsite we had seen. But as we went back up the islands the staff had real second thoughts and we pulled back to the burn of the ancient portages to spend the night. It was now close to 8:00 as the tents went up and guide and staff cooked dinner. It was almost time for a bread line when down came the rain. The staff had refused to raise the fly so we finally ate in the rain -- but then most of the section refused to get in their tents out of the rain while waiting to eat. Wendy would not even stay in her dog house under the fly as food was almost available. It finally slackened enough so that some sort of dish washing could be done in the gloom of night -- and the tents then filled quickly as the occasional shower hit.

Sunday, July 9 -- The staff was going to let the canvas dry a little, but the weather would not cooperate as every half hour or so another shower hit through the morning. Nine o'clock came and went and finally at 9:30 it was safe to come out and start straightening up the kitchen and get breakfast going. The guide had to draw some more wood since only four blocks of that Steve had procured the previous evening remained. Breakfast was slow. Peter appeared to make the traveling bannock we had not been able to bake last night. Then the site began to warm up and the humidity stayed up and the canvas started to dry, so we moved after breakfast. Fortunately the black flies were not as bad as they had been the night before when they were impossible. By now the staff had decided we would follow our original planned route, so off on the portaging we went. The first couple went easily enough since guide and staff had already scouted them. We were able to paddle a little of the creek to the next lake, but we ran into a rocky rapid and fortunately the staff stepped out onto the trail. He and the guide cleared a few windfalls and that one was soon over. The next one took longer to find and the trail was so faint we had to leap frog the loads to mark the path. The next was worse and it was a moot question as to whether any trail was really found or whether the guide and staff manufactured one. Again it was picketed and blazed by the guide. Certainly it was now lunch time, but we had to paddle on to the next one to find a trail and cook off a sand beach. Wendy was smart enough to go for a swim, but only Doug copied her. By now it was 5:00. The starch cooked slowly and a pot of freshie was made up with spring water which was great until Doc started falling in. We got across that one slowly and then a last little one to the lake at the height of land. We paddled on to the portage out hoping the Indian had a campsite at this one -- but he didn't. We had not found a single old campsite on any of the portages, but then all but this one had been through burned areas. This was the first through a normal forest -- and the easiest trail to follow by far. So back a couple hundred yards we paddled to find what could do as a campsite on top of a sand cliff on reindeer moss -- but up high. Unloading was a problem as was drawing water and washing up. Will took care of the traveling bannock and Sam did up the potatoes as the sun went down making the old burn across the lake a little pink. A loon called out on the lake to break the quiet and after a round of hot chocolate off to bed. Only a few had gone off earlier -- seven portages had been quite enough for one day.



Monday, July 10 -- The day of the eclipse. We got off the campsite at 8:30 mainly because the staff overslept. The sun failed us and the humidity was way up -- not a good portaging day. But that was to be the story of the morning. First the one over the height of land we had scouted yesterday. It proved to be clear all the way through though the scrag ley bush got thick at the foot. But after the loads were dropped it was discovered Steve had gone in search of a Chrispy Crunch machine at the very start. So back across we started yelling and trying to imagine where he thought he had a trail. After ten minutes or so a yell came back. He had found the lake on his own trail and paddled his canoe back to our landing and was coming back our trail, so it all turned out well. About 10 the loads were all across and we started up the lake amid swarms of black flies. Our longest stretch on a paddle in two days -- all of three miles. We passed some abandoned gas drums on a sand beach on the east shore about 2/3 of the way down so someone had been there once. The stream out of the lake had a rapid immediately, but one that could be run easily after scouting, so down the guide led us to the pond just below the lake. Here the guide scouted the next rapid while the staff found a portage trail that had once been well used and we took her -- more or less expecting to go to the Eastmain. She did, but with the deer flies and black flies it was tougher than it should have been though  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles is never any fun on a humid day. Wendy again was the only one with the sense to solve the heat and flies by going swimming, but the water was Wendy depth and a little shallow for the rest of us. The staff stayed back to cook lunch while the rest trudged back the mile and a quarter. Steve came through way ahead of everyone else and finished cooking the Kam. We were back on the water -- the Eastmain this time at 2:00 and paddled by the spot where our stream entered the river in a steep rapid on our way to Sunday portage which was only 150 yards and much easier and better cleared. The day was still overcast as we paddled on and shortly after 3:00 the eclipse started. We ran a little rapid that the guide thought not much of a challenge if that was to be all there was. But a better one appeared and we dodged rock through her on the left side, helped not at all by the lack of light caused by the eclipse. We then got a little view of the sun and at the height of the eclipse the view was pretty good. At least Rees got to view the feature he had been extolling since we started. Wendy was probably least impressed and took a brief look and then went to sleep. We drifted only a while for in spite of the eclipse a storm was coming in from the south east. We just made the campsite at the mouth of the Kawatstakau as the rain started. The tents went up during the drizzle. Staff and guide found dry wood (no easy task), put up their tent, and then reluctantly pitched the fly to catch the bugs. Rees and Steve made the bannock while Sam handled the rice until the guide took over draining it. Reg did the traveling bannock complaining of a puffed lip where a "bug had kissed him." The canoes got across the portage -- the rain had stopped as the fly went up. Staff, guide, and Peter all failed at pulling fish out of the rapids. The sun went down in a ball of fire and so we start really exploring tomorrow.

Tuesday, July 11 -- Mist was down heavy over the campsite and everything was soaking wet so the staff delayed



getting up till 6:45 and even then it was hard to see across the river. By the time we were rolled and ready to leave you could see across the Kawatstakau but not the Eastmain. The staff canoe was on the water at 8:30 and the others caught up at the next portage a mile up the river as the staff cleared the first part of the trail of alder. But otherwise the trail was a highway by comparison with others up here. The next carry was a couple miles up, followed quickly by another. Will and Doug found this one which had more than its share of windfalls. A couple miles later a pause was made to scout a bay for a possible portage to bypass some rapids coming up, but nothing was found except a large pike the guide scared. A few shirts even came off despite the bugs. We paddled up some definite current toward Marbois, but no sooner got up a little swift than the guide spotted a rapid falling in on our right rear, so we did a 135 and paddled up to her. We were in doubt as to whether the Indian went up this branch or the one farther west, but a good portage trail was right at hand. Lunch was cooked at the start on the rocks while the first loads went over. The Indian loaded up in the middle of a horse race, so the last 100 yards was on rocky shore line to a very shallow loading area. The humidity made carrying even tougher than usual. And then three miles of paddle were shortened by Rees' two murder mysteries. Then a last 400 yarder was done by 4:00. We passed up the Indian site at the end of the carry and gambled on the lakes. We lost. A game of 20 questions soon ran out of players as we stopped to watch an otter watch us and spit at us as he pulled himself up in the water to see us better. A couple hours later we pulled up on a point in Muiron where the only thing to recommend it was a swimming area. The tents got stuck on moss again and the cooking area was on wet beach. The fire baked slowly so dinner took a while. Rees did the traveling bannock that finally came off the fire about 10. Some boots got dubbined and then some late bathing got done, but the air was still warm -- and the water warmer than any we had tried so far. But then our daily rain arrived after everyone had gone to bed, and while neither long nor hard, it fell anyway.

Wednesday, July 12 -- The rain let up during the hours of darkness but came back around 5 am for another go at it. At 6:20 there was a reasonable collection of rain water on the fly, but fortunately the kitchen area was not as wet as it might have been. Granted the fire balked a little, but it was not the main reason why it was 8:30 before we were on the water. The west wind blew a stiff breeze which was welcome to offset the humidity, but the rest of Muiron had to be paddled against it. As we started through the narrows toward Louvois a goose and her goslings let us get close enough to photograph and one of the young ones got separated from mother for even more pictures. The change in scenery was abrupt as we entered Louvois as the thick spruce shores changed to much less forested rock and a high hill loomed over the lake, but most dramatic, we had changed direction and now our wind was a tail wind taking us along nicely to the end of the lake. A short break was taken at an old Indian camp complete with three bear skulls at the point where the river started again. The wind was more of a help than the current was a hindrance. Maybe the temperature also rose but so did the

humidity as we paddled on. A couple swifts had to be climbed for entertainment, but mostly it was just a straight paddle. At the top of our north-eastern run the river changed abruptly to the west and we were into the teeth of the wind. It was well onto lunch time, but no good spot was seen for a long while until a flat stand of jack pine showed up, but well above the river level, so we went on headed for what we assumed would be the first rapid that would need a portage when a mile before one appeared much too steep for us to paddle -- it could probably have been poled if we knew how. We lined up over a rocky area off the left shore and eventually all got up. The staff went on to find the portage and a lunch site but his investigation of the left side drew a blank. The guide found a one-tent Indian site, but no trail on the right and we eventually pulled ashore in the jack pine for starch. By now the day was getting excessively warm and humid. After lunch -- leaving about 2:30 -- two otter appeared behind 77 as we partially lined and then paddled the small rapid at the foot of the series and were contemplating lining the rough one coming up when the staff found the old portage trail on the right side. The sternsmen had to clear the start of the trail while the staff cleared the top. It looked like traffic on the river was decreasing from the appearance of the trail. We paddled on finding a few more swifts to paddle which held us back and it was camping time when we passed Lake Catillon and a fine jack pine area on which the Indian had another of his "burial racks" -- looked like he buried a stove judging by all that was on the cache. We finally got to the first marked rapid at 5:00 to find it was a small falls, needed only a lift over along some rocks which was easy, but time consuming since only one canoe at a time could get across. The staff then led off to find the next portage and hopefully a campsite -- and found both at the next rapid. Dinner was on quickly with Rees doing the traveling bannock -- this time with a good fire. The canoes went across the portage after dinner with Wendy, the guide and staff trying to fish the rapids -- only one small walleye plus the one that got away. But the fishing was cut short by the arrival of the rain that had to come with the humidity so high. So the tents got occupied a little sooner than expected as a good shower fell for an hour or so, let up for a while, and started in again at 11:30.

Thursday, July 13 -- Rain fell at intervals through the night and the wind kept up most of the time with driving short showers through the early morning. So it was 9:10 before the staff and guide finally stopped playing with Wendy and got up to start breakfast. Peter and Steve had already beaten them to the kitchen. Our first round of pancakes came off as a result of the unsettled weather as black fronts kept drifting by. But the rain held off though the temperature could have improved so we decided to knock it down and finish the portage getting on the water about 12:00. Shortly thereafter we hit the next rapid and the guide started right off on the obvious trail only to find himself back at the river after only 30 yards with a good bit of rapid to do something about still. We decided some more trail had to be cut after the staff partially unrolled to get out the photograph he had rolled unintentionally and figured out we were on the right track since there was nowhere else for the Indian to go. Going back to his



canoe for his axe the staff then found a second trail that put in higher up, but not high enough and its continuation was so poorly cut that the canoes could not pass through. So it was 2:10 by the time guide and staff had done enough trail improvement to get us through and we were over our last rapid on the Kawatstakau. A half hour later we found a smooth rock lunch site -- the only one we had seen on the river -- and pulled ashore for our beans. The wind continued to blow, but pretty much from the rear and a driving Scotch mist fell for a while. A little blue appeared, but quickly disappeared. Hands maybe got a little cool on the paddle as a result. Then the guide spotted a cow moose and calf, but we could not get too close since the wind was blowing directly from us to them and she took her child back in the bush while we were still some distance away. We kept going for a brief while only to hop ashore to inspect a collection of Indian sleds. And then an old winter site followed -- very uncomplicated compared to Shigami camps. And then not too far ahead the rapid at the foot of our creek came in sight. Well before the creek the guide pulled ashore to check an Indian campsite finding the trail we wanted and discovering it very well traveled. Since it was almost 6:00 we quit. The staff iced a bannock to celebrate. Steve took over on the traveling bannock. About 8:00 the canoes started across what proved to be a very easy 500 yards through very open country through which an ancient burn had once passed. Our campsite had once held many tents -- like last night's and even had the ruins of an old canoe whose rack had rotted away. Wendy even found Indian leavings to play with again. The guide went fishing at the head of the portage getting one seven inch trout for his troubles. A round of popcorn followed as a cool night settled in; the suggestions of blue sky having disappeared soon after we landed.

Friday, July 14 -- Bastille Day if anyone cared. The night started cool, but did not get as cold as predicted. The morning sun failed to appear on schedule, but the sky was high and it looked like a good day for portaging at least. The breakfast fire went off in a rush as the meal was well cooked before the first customers arrived. Carp's trout made the fry pan, but he was pretty small. We were over the portage and onto the pond at 8:30 and the paddle was short to the rapid at the far side. The carry was not long around her but we did not scout the whole trail and as a result missed the faint trail that cut left just before the water so the canoes and first loads had to be wrestled up the rock shore to get above a ledge we could not have even lined. The second loads came the easy way. The next impossible rapid was just ahead and it took a while to find the trail searching both sides of the river until the guide finally found her going straight up a hill after some swift water that could be paddled. This one was longer, of course, but just as well traveled as the rest and not too tough after the hill was climbed. The view from the top of the hill was spectacular and the open country plus the lack of many hills nearby that were taller made one feel he was on top of the world. The pond was crossed to the last of the series, and this one climbed hills also, but not so steep, and the view of Dejean this time was worth a picture or two. Unfortunately the sun still had not appeared. We finally got to paddle a while up Dejean, but after a couple miles had to lift over a waterfall to



a smooth rock lunch site. Peter hooked but lost a large pike as his line snapped. The staff replaced a couple lost patches on 77 while the starch boiled under the guide's direction. The wind by now was coming in pretty much from the east -- not a very good sign, but the sun broke through for a spell at least and the sky showed deep blue in spots. A couple miles up a double rapid appeared after a short easy lining of a steep swift. This one had a steep hill to climb in the middle as the country was pretty sparsely wooded as a result of an ancient burn. At the rocky landing at the top Wendy ran into a bee or some such insect that bit her on the nose causing an immediate swelling so that soon she looked like a bloodhound. A small amount of a Benadryl capsule seemed to help and she seemed more content with her swollen muzzle. A couple miles up another double rapid was portaged to Ayde. Wendy walked the portage as usual, but not with her usual bounce. The photographers ad another splurge at the top of the hill shooting back at the rapids and forward to Ayde. We were down on the lake about 4:00 headed off on our longest paddle of the day. The east wind was something of a cross wind but did not seem to hold back 57. Then Peter's seat bolt broke and 77 pulled over to supply a new bolt while the canoes farther away thought Peter had contracted some sudden illness. We reached the head of Ayde shortly before 6:00 and climbed out a couple times to check poor Indian sites that were rejected and elected to start up the creek even if we had to camp in a newer burn. As might have been decided in the first place we went all the way to a small steep rapid that needed a portage. Blow downs from the burn blocked the trail, but we went around them to a pretty good old Indian campsite at the top of the short carry. Sam took care of the potatoes while the staff and guide baked the two bannocks and still managed for the first time all trip to get their tent up first -- of course Will drew and split most of the dry wood to help the cause. Wendy perked up enough to eat more than her share of dinner and then chew on an old Indian boot. The staff went fishing and caught a pike that Will was going to cook for breakfast until Doug went to show off the pike's teeth and the fish got away from its muddy resting place. 57 and 59 got a few patches replaced as the gang stayed around the fire in spite of the black flies until 11:00. The east wind continued to blow even on such small water as this and the sky had clouded over about the time we entered the creek, so the weather forecast may not be good.

Saturday, July 15 -- As the east wind predicted we suffered as a result. The rain started on and off during the night and the wind rose. By daybreak it was swinging into the west, but the rain still came, sometimes hard and sometimes light. At 10:00 the guide and staff finally donned rain suits and went and cut fly poles. Will appeared to help get her up. The flames blew out from under the pots as much as possible so it took a while to cook breakfast. The pancake batter lasted the run this time and our second experience was better than our first. Wendy's swollen face was almost back to normal. Peter found a falcon in the burn that he and the guide photographed having a hard time keeping Wendy from helping. The tents were occupied again and lunch went on the fire stoked by wood the guide and Will drew. At 2:00 the rain let up so it was safe to take off the rain

suits. Lunch was served shortly afterwards. By now moving was pretty silly since we would have gotten only a couple hours farther along the trail. 74 got its patches. Rees explained to Doug how to make a sail kite. Doc explained small aircraft. The axes all got sharpened and the afternoon wore on. Wendy entertained herself with her old Indian boot and time dragged for the rest of us. Peter made a pudding that worked and the staff baked a pie so that even Reg could not be induced to clean the pots. The sun made very brief appearances, but disappeared long before it set in favor of dark clouds and a heavy wind out of the south west -- so heavy the fly had to come down before dinner before it took off like a sail. Night hawks flew over the site chirping as the tents filled early for the night -- at least it was too cold and windy for the black flies.

Sunday, July 16 -- For the first time in memory we woke to a sun bathed campsite. W tried to burst into flame as the staff went to load up a half a box of matches somehow got set on fire in her, but no damage was done. Maybe spurred on by the good weather we were on the water at 8:00 to be greeted immediately by high rock cliffs on both sides of our stream for nice scenery. Then we started upstream pulling up what we could and portaging a couple short times when the drop got too great. The burn continued more or less so trails were hard to reconstruct. Then a steep cascade appeared that obviously had to be carried. Wendy led the guide across the faint trail and we then all took her for the longest of the day. Nearing Planat now we passed up a rapid and found a much shorter route up almost an underground stream on a trail almost of our own making. Planat offered a short paddle, but we just crossed it and entered more creek on the other side to be greeted by a beaver. Then a short portage through a burn followed that should have also been a lunch break, but the country was not conducive to pleasant dining, so we went on to a sort of falls-cascade that needed a short portage, but it took almost the entire time the starch was cooking to get the canoes over it and loaded one at a time. Peter tried fishing with no luck although the staff had seen a trout earlier and the guide had seen one jump. The day was now quite warm as we went on lining what we could -- the statisticians say we lined eight times during the day and carried an equal number. Then there were the innumerable times we had to paddle swifts resulting in Steve snapping his paddle and Will enlarging the crack in his. The last two carries were of our own making since we had now definitely lost the Indian. Neither required much cutting and were mainly through fairly open forest over reindeer moss so most of the problem was generated by the slipperiness of the moss. At one of the pull ups we tried to lose 59 going around a stone, but fortunately she only took a little water. The last carry put us into the ponds before Daru and another bench mark greeted us so at least some one had been here once upon a time. Now it was close to 6:00 and past time to stop but the staff insisted on finding the Indian so we went on through a very narrow stream into a shallow bay, and there right where it should have been was the portage trail and an old Indian site that was most welcome, otherwise we would have had to backtrack to a sand beach on the ponds and cut our own. Camp went up around seven and the staff baked a half done bannock while Rees did a better job on the traveling



one. There had been all sorts of threats about bathing, but the water was shallow and as soon as the sun went down so did the temperature so that ended that. One of the few planes we have seen in days flew over as dinner was being cooked for a little reminder that we were not completely alone. A round of popcorn was done up by Steve to end the evening as the cold settled in for the night.

Monday, July 17 -- Again we were greeted by sunshine although it had trouble getting over the hill to hit the campsite. The expected chill of the night never got much greater so the morning was not too bad and warmed quickly. We were off on the portage trail by 8:00 and although wet in spots it was not too hard -- if a half miler can be called good. Not much later we were on Daru headed north west. An old surveyor's camp was passed, but we came to a halt at a bench mark at the foot of a little creek too steep and rocky to line. All there seemed to be was an old blazed trail looking very much like it belonged to surveyors and not Indians. So we turned back and took a look in the west bay for the Indian in the process passing several old camps. And there the Indian was with the same kind of trail leading out of Daru as we had found coming in. The walk was short to a thin pond. Wendy complained bitterly about being in the last canoe, so after the guide lined a couple little rapids 77 was allowed to come back toward the front. Then another short carry followed by a beaver dam that had to be lifted over and we were on Height of Land Lake with water flowing out both ways as we discovered taking the short portage out at lunch time. Another short paddle and we portaged again losing about 40 - 50 feet of our climb up in the process as we passed by a small waterfall -- small only because of the size of the creek it was on. We missed a portage by letting the canoes down some shallow rapids which was not very good for them, but was a success. The black flies came out in droves as the day got quite hot and off came the shirts for one of the few times all trip -- even the guide's. We then had our longest uninterrupted paddle in days, culminating in some rocky little rapids that had to be taken slowly. But then around a bend was a spectacular 10' waterfall that brought out all the cameras as we lifted over the 20 yards or so of rock. We had picked up a burn now that did not add a great deal to the country side. It was now about 4:15 so we planned to go to the top of the next rapids and camp. But the next rapid broke around an island and neither side could be run under any conditions. Nor could any trace of a trail be found on either shore or on the island. The guide and staff did find a recent lunch site on the north shore -- Wendy liked the left over stew there better than that offered her at lunch. So to make a long story short about three hours after we left the falls, there we were across the bay camped on an inferior sand beach struggling to get dinner and the tents up before it got too dark to see. We managed somehow and it was only dusk when the dishes got doen. So tomorrow finds us in a dilemma as to what to do. It looks like back to the rapids again and portage through the burn on this one, but we have probably lost the Indian for a while.

Tuesday, July 18 -- The morning was warm for a change and the staff was up at 6:00 under an overcast sky through

which the morning sun shone briefly. As a result we were on the water at 7:35 headed back to our island rapid of yesterday. We were getting to know this stretch of river pretty well as a result. The carry was not too bad, mostly in cleared burn with only the actual approach to the water as a problem. But 400 yards through burn is not really fun. The rapid just below proved to be more of a falls so that too was portaged although only a short one, but again through burned area. At least we had a little fast water at the foot we could run out. A light rain then started, though not enough to break out rain gear. It let up on and off as we came into a small falls and scouted it and the rapid that followed. The rain came down in force as we dropped down to the falls, unloaded, lifted over, and then ran out the rapid below as the staff took movies of 57 getting stuck for a moment on a rock at the foot. These had all been practices for the next one where we ran a short pitch at the top, snuck into a rocky bay, and portaged a few yards back to the river below the first drop. In the process the staff snapped his paddle in half across the blade so we are now down to three spares. We then crossed to the other side and portaged another few yards around the second part. The loading area proved interesting as the canoes had to be lowered down a cliff to the water. The rapid below was full of rock and the foot looked tough, so we let down a couple hundred yards as a team, but then ran out of water in the shallows and had to cut a short portage to a bay at the foot, made doubly tough by the fact that now everyone was wet and so were the rocks. At least a paddle followed to the last one. We should have taken the left side, but pulled to the right to have lunch and so cut a trail twice as long as necessary. The fly had to go up to protect the lunch area and the guide cooked while the staff scouted and cut. Steve appeared after lunch to help finish the job and link the start and finish of the trail. Lunch had been very late and now it was getting later and the rain came on stronger. Just below was another rapid and we hoped to have picked up the Indian now that our other projected route from Daru had joined, but the rapid below we could not run and so ended cutting another 300 yard trail through burn again around it -- the windfalls being the major problem. By now it was really pouring and the wind blowing. A couple hundred yards away was another rapid, but the staff found a hill of reindeer moss and insisted we camp making sure the spruce boughs went under the ground cloths. The fly went up. Will dropped the dry wood while Rees and Steve collaborated on the bannock while the tents went up. Dinner was fashionable at 8:15. Steve did the traveling bannock and the rain fell on and off -- sometimes quite heavy especially as the pot crew had to go to work. And so to bed under rainy skies with soaking wet boots and clothes -- Doc allowed as how cheap Japanese rain suits were not much good.

Wednesday, July 19 -- The staff rose to find the morning sun flooding the campsite trying to dry out the effects of yesterday with some success. In spite of wet boots and clothes we were on the river before eight. The first rapid lay just ahead and we decided to let down the left side and so were through it fairly quickly. The sun did a good job of making the scenery a lot more attractive than yesterday and for a while at least traces of the burn were not so obvious. A small rapid followed as a warm up and then some distance to paddle with a noticeable



current. A couple geese entertained and some ducks. One beaver skull mounted on a pole was passed indicating the Indian had once been here even if no portage trails could be found. A couple swifts passed and we made a false start looking for an Indian portage in a bay -- but got into the wrong creek. We tried again in the correct location but found only a burn. So on to the marked rapids with some apprehension. But first a run was found on the right side of the first one. A few stones to dodge to be sure, but basically a straight run. Certainly as good as anything we had run so far. Then a short pitch followed that was taken tight to shore on the left to stay out of the swells which most people did -- except for the lap full of water the staff took. Then low and behold we found a run down the right side of the second marked rapid. A little more exciting than the first and then followed by almost a mile of extra turbulent horse races that were run blind with success. At the foot the river leveled off and we paddled past two old Indian sites which raised our hopes of finally getting back on his trail again. At 1:00 we ran a short pitch, pulled back up to the rocks behind it, and cooked lunch. Peter and the guide tried fishing with no luck. The crews of 57, 59, and 74 had an interesting jump across a side stream to get to the site. Then on to the last stretch of marked rapids. In the process we ran a couple short drops and ran into a well burned left shore. The first rapid had to be carried for a while in the burn and then run out on the right shore close to the bank. The second one was carried a short distance around into a bay to avoid the major rocky drop. These came in rapid succession with only small relatively calm stretches between -- that to the next being the longest. A little tiny needle-eye opening was found in the ledge at the foot of this one and we ran our third marked rapid of the day -- maybe a record. Then our nemesis -- an island rapid. The top of the left side looked too tough so we let down the island side of the right side for a while, crossed and let down the left and made a short disorganized carry over a stream bed to avoid the foot of this one. Ahead could be seen the spray off the Rossignol falls and with the western sun square in our eyes went to the top of the falls to call it a day -- and a good one at that. Tents went up in the burn while the kitchen had a beautiful flat rock area near the falls. Will again drew the dry wood with an assist from Steve. Doug made a traveling cornbread and Rees got the route all outlined on his map. Earlier Rees and Reg made the dinner bannock which took ages to bake while the ham and rice got cold. Wendy paraded around steeling firewood waiting for her dinner too. Finally after lots of picture taking it got served up close to nine o'clock and we finally got the outfit to bed. Now only two traveling days left to meet the plane.

Thursday, July 20 -- The sun was mostly hidden in clouds as we rose getting on the water just before eight under sort of gray skies. They lightened to show a mackerel sky as we paddled the north channel to Rossignol proper with some current to help. We took a break as the wind from the south west pushed us in the right direction and then had to buck a side wind across the top of Rossignol. At the end of the stretch the burn began to disappear, so the country looked a little brighter. The first little rapid on the way to Rosee had a large drop and we finally found the Indian trail -- quite well used -- although

it was about twice as long as necessary. But at least we had the Indian again. After a short rapid another quite rocky and steep one appeared with a green canoe from the Rosee fishing camp cached at the top of the carry. We ignored it however in favor of looking over the rapid from lower down and ended up having to plow our way back to the trail, which was easy. By now the wind had risen quite a bit and we bucked a stiff side wind for a couple miles finally hiding behind an island just off the Rosee fishing camp which had been visited by a plane earlier in the morning. We passed up the camp and kept on, but those with good eyes saw someone come out of one of the houses to watch us pass. We had to keep on since no lunch site could be found out of the wind and suddenly came up on an unscheduled rapid that could not be touched, but the rest of the stream was blocked by a nice level rock area, part of which made an excellent lunch site while part was used for a lift over. Wendy was so busy playing in the water she almost forgot to eat her lunch. Rees demonstrated how to fall in the river so the dishes were late getting started. The current swept us down to the wide stretch of the river where we were greeted by an old Indian site and a strong semi-tail wind that freshened at every turn. We bowled along to the first rapid, found a good Indian trail that was much longer than necessary, but much preferred to cutting our own. Then more wind and it got stronger as the length of water over which it could blow increased. We passed a large old surveyor's camp thinking the portage ought to be closer to the rapid, but the staff went down farther and walked back up the trail to tell the rest to portage while he and Reg bushed their way up to the trail. The loading area was very poor and we finally got off only to find the next rapid impossible and no trail. The guide and staff finally found the Indian trail on the opposite side of the river from that we had just used and discovered it went around both the first and second pitches at once -- but getting to it from where we were was next to impossible so after lots of juggling back and forth we trudged across scraggly bush and green moss on what became known as Heb's Highway. It was now past time to camp, but we headed on to the next long rapid expecting a nice Indian campsite. The next rapid was run down the right side as the wind continued to howl and the sun disappeared behind clouds. Then the next rapid was run quickly as it was short -- Doc trying to do a back flip into the water while looking it over. But just below the rain caught us. The staff pushed on to the rapid and not only failed to find a campsite could not find a trail. Neither could the guide. We were now trapped between two rapids with rain and no campsite. We tried everywhere finally taking a field-like old burn high above the river with terrible unloading areas and no much to recommend it except there were enough relatively flat places for tents. The fly went up in a tent-like pitch. Will drew the dry wood. Steve and others cut all the tent poles amid the black flies. Somehow dinner got served by flashlight around 10:00, but it was well after 11:00 when the dishes and pots got finished. The rain let up at dinner time so we could have a bread line without standing under the fly. But as the dishes were finished back she came, this time as a terrific thunder storm complete with bolts of lightning. And so to bed at a ridiculously late hour when it should not have been that way -- it had been a good traveling day up to about 4:00. Now only one



more day to reach Gasparin -- which will be tough without the Indian and we seem to have lost him again.

Friday, July 21 -- The staff was up at six as has been usual the last couple days and baked Sam's bannock mixed the night before along with the regular breakfast. A few sudden short rain showers came down in the process of cooking breakfast, but we had to move so the call to roll went out anyway. The canvas had to be dropped even if still at least damp if not wet and rain suits were the dress for the day. We loaded up and headed down to the rapid we had been over so many times last night. The staff's brilliant idea of how to get by the first rapid was drowned out -- the river had risen through the night. So back to the right shore and another horrible portage trail on moss and scraggly bush was in order. The loading areas at both ends were terrible to say the least, but somehow we got back on the water. We tried the right side of the next pitch and from the top it looked like an easy little portage, but no chance, and the guide spotted a possibility of portaging on smooth rock on the left side. So over we went. Up to now it had been raining on and off -- more on than off maybe and the rocks along shore were as slippery as could be imagined. But some one up there was smiling on us and suddenly the sky broke blue. The rocks were not exactly dry, but the footing improved and the carry was therefore an easy one. Cameras came out as a result of the view and the good weather of course. Then a little run off at the foot. 78 went right of a rock in the foot where everyone else went left, in fact 74 went so far left she clipped a rock six feet out of water. That got us past the first two obstacles about 9:30 or 10:00. We paddled only a short distance passing one of the discharges from Des Antons in the process, which was a surprise since we expected some of our water to run into the lake making an even larger island than the one we were approaching. The island rapids appeared shortly and the staff went to look at the main drop while the guide scouted for a portage trail -- finding none. The staff then walked the right shore all the way to the foot -- three choices: follow the smaller left channel, portage the whole thing on the right side mostly through an old burn, or portage the first drop on the island, cross to the right shore and portage the second mostly on boulders along the shoreline. The last alternative was taken. The staff ran down to make sure the island portage was possible and started to scout when a yell from the guide across the way alerted him to the fact that Wendy has missed the bank getting out of the canoe and was swimming downstream toward the falls trying in vain to get up the rock. Luckily the yell came in time and the staff grabbed her from the water before she got into trouble. The trail was possible so off we went on the carry. The only real thing to recommend it was the superior view. We crossed as planned and let down the shore as far as possible and carried the boulders. Over the guide's protest lunch was cooked above the river as the only possible place where the wind would not blow the fire from under the pots. Maybe not the most attractive fire area, but the view could not be beaten. It was close to 2:30 as a result when we finally departed -- Doc having made a special trip back up to the head of the boulders to get his axe while contentedly munching on a

piece of bannock. The canoes had been rough to portage not because of the boulders -- they were bad enough -- but because of the high wind. Will's canoe went sailing into the bush at one point, and the staff had spent a full ten minutes waiting for a lull in the breeze before being able to flip. The guide found the sticks at the foot and got stuck under 78 for a while even though the starch was done and getting cold. By now the wind really became a factor and the lake-like area after the little horse race rapid below the falls was a sea of white. For a while we had shelter, but once the turn to the west was made the wind became impossible -- such that at one point it took us 25 minutes to make about 1/2 mile. The island ahead finally gave some shelter and we went to look at the left side with an eye toward running. The top looked easy in the western sun, but we could not be sure and all the sternsmen went through the burn to look. As a result the bottom also got scouted and immediately could be seen to be too rocky and too long to do anything with if it were not run. So back upstream we went moving with the wind that proved to be stronger than the current. We pulled up to look at the right side and stumbled into an old Indian camp and portage trail -- so maybe the guide had been right all along about the Indian having a route north of ours cutting off all the rough carries we had been forced to make. By now we were definitely wind bound and there was no chance of making Gasparin today, or in fact even moving from where we were since we had to go directly into the west and the wind. So we pulled up in the site to cook dinner and then move on if the wind dropped -- it didn't and so up went camp for the night. At least we stopped at a decent hour this time. The temperature dropped as more and more clouds came over and hid the sun. The wind made the campsite pretty exposed since the old burn had no cover at all. So now the plan has to be to move in the morning and get to some place farther along where the plane can land. We will be about two - three miles short of where we are supposed to be, but hopefully can flag the plane down since he should come over where we propose to be. The moon was out nice and bright if the clouds would let it show through and little by little the wind started to drop slightly and become more gusty as people settled down to letter writing.

Saturday, July 22 -- The temperature dropped if anything, but the wind didn't -- at least so anyone could really notice. Anyway at 5:15 the staff crawled out into the chill of the morning, took a couple looks at the sky and water, saw the wind and waves were down a little from yesterday, though not much, and elected to drop it all down and move immediately. The bannock came out and a pot of coffee boiled quickly over Will's super dry wood, but it was still 6:30 before 74 was off the landing -- but then again it was an hour earlier than we ever tried before. The first pull was not too bad up around the island and then north for a brief spell, but then the river or lake or whatever it is called swung west right into the wind and neither shore offered any protection. We took a couple breaks to rest and maybe warm the hands though the soaked bowmen had little relief. Then what little protection we had ran out as guide and staff debated about where we were since neither was at all sure. Anyway we made a rough crossing with the wind coming over the left gunwale, but we got across just at the start of a string of



islands and found a passage between a couple finally and enjoyed a few moments of normal paddling before getting caught by the wind again. By now we began to place ourselves on the map -- we had to find a spot over which the plane was likely to fly and where we could unload it -- which meant a sand beach or something similar. So we had to move west. That meant one really rough last pull to the north shore. It just got made and ahead looked to be a sand beach. We pulled up to her somewhere around 10:00 -- a long time to go five miles. No tent sites were in evidence, but Doc beat his way up a small hill and advised us we could put the tents up there if we wanted. The staff checked an alternate beach and rejected it, so the first one was to be it. The red rig, Reg's blaze orange ground cloth (someone told him the color) and any bright colored rain suit were laid out in the open. The guide and staff cooked breakfast while the tents went up and a round of pancakes in addition went down. Most of the items to go back to camp were gathered up and while no Fecteau plane had ever arrived in the morning this one was supposed to have left Chibougamau at 9:00. Low and behold about 11:30 over the hills she came flying low, although Reg heard it before anyone saw it. A couple mirrors were flashed at him and almost immediately he waggled his wings and started circling looking over the water. After three passes he must have decided it was OK and came on in while cameras clicked away. He came to rest on the sand off shore and everyone waded out to her and then went back for a couple canoes to float the boxes to shore. It all came off quickly and then the guide and staff tied up the boxes after the guide checked to see if there were any vital messages in the mail box. The pilot was most pleasant and apparently owns the camps on Rosee and Fire Lakes and was much interested in the fishing in the rapids below Rosee, which of course we had not had time to fish having been so much preoccupied in getting past them -- apparently he had never taken any of his clients to them. He left soon after taking off directly over us. The mail was distributed and Chief's and Roy's letters passed around for all. The breakfast dishes finally got done followed by lunch topped off with Bud's lemon bread which made the meal. Then the outfitting started and went quickly even though as usual not everything fitted and the guide and staff felt the wannigans needed further stuffing. About 4:30 it was all done except for the stuff that would not fit anywhere. Then Roy's box of goodies and the Tiger's contributions were opened and even Wendy's present from H. Bones. She had spent the day in the water chasing rocks and sticks and when no one played with her invented her own games to the point where she would not even take time out for meals. A few clothes and people got washed, some even before the clouds began to hide the sun. Pete manufactured a pineapple upside-down cake while the staff patched the canoes or rather repatched them since really no new cuts were in evidence by some stroke of luck. 77 needed more renewing than any of the others -- the 17 footers suffering mostly from nail holes. Then they all got a coat of shellac as the guide started dinner. The wind still howled showing no let up and the temperature dropped drastically with no sun. Rees made the traveling bannock and then the irons got kicked aside and the cardboard that had not already floated out to sea -- or been blown there by the wind -- got burned as off to warm beds most people went. The sound of the rapid just around the bend could be heard and the guide even

started to walk back to her following a very distinct game trail but being stopped by a pond. This makes three days of really stiff west wind -- one of these days it's got to stop!

Sunday, July 23 -- Under some pressure for more sleep the staff lay in bed until 6:30 this morning even if he did want to get up and move earlier as has recently been our custom. He was still greeted by a cold, raw Scotch mist, but went ahead and touched off the fire anyway. It quit by the time the coffee started to roll and the message to rise was relayed through the guide. For the tail end of July it's pretty raw to say the least. 77 was on the water by 8:30, but as is always true after reoutfitting the rest were slower and the staff was almost to the rapid behind the campsite before the rest caught up. Fingers were pretty numb on the paddle but at least the wind was down. The left side of the rapid was viewed from a hill side and we ran her into an eddy before the rest was appraised. At the foot was a waterfall so we went as far as possible on the left and then portaged across flat rock as the sun broke through. The area began to look most attractive. Doc informed us he had hooked up his radio for the first time since Mistassini and listened to the old tunes on WBZ. It was 82° in Toronto yesterday and 73° in Boston -- and about 32° a few miles south of Gasparin. Seems McGovern has the Democratic nomination -- but running mate was not known. We went down the right side of the next island and had to portage 40 yards on the rocks -- which Reg did not like. The babies are so heavy none of the bowmen could really be happy. The staff went ahead to photograph the little pitch in the run off and then 78 managed to put a gunwale under water and had to dump at the foot. Just downstream we found a nice little chute to run for fun and the staff took her through for pictures after it was decided this was the place for lunch. Wendy had a ball in the water most of the time. The others ran one at a time for more pictures. Doug mounted his camera on the bow and managed two shots as he came through. Then Rees did the same with his movie camera. Gasparin was quite attractive also and we found just the sandy island for a reoutfitting spot -- the plane could come in on any side. It looked as though the Indian had used it, but we could not be sure and did not feel like paddling over. 59 dropped behind and the crew was entertained by three otter. The sky turned gray again. A side wind picked up a little. Then the last rapid before the Sakami. We took her down the left through some rough swells and all but 78 dumped when it was over. Wendy did not like the spray and got off her packs half way down to sit on the wannigans. Then we heard sounds of rushing water after our 10 strokes put us on the Sakami. So over we went to check and found a nice run we had not expected since neither the map nor the photograph showed it at all. By now it was quitting time, but the guide wanted a rapid campsite so we moved on to the next one. It was reasonably flat and certainly less than the one just before the river. But the foot had some swells and 74 ran through them -- not a drop of water Doc claimed. The staff headed off to a beach in the bay and claimed it was a campsite without looking at the tent sites up on the cliff above, but we were in jack pine country so there were plenty. Doug showed what happens when a loaded wannigan is placed on the gunwale of



an unloaded canoe, but fortunately nothing got wet. Will and Steve drew the wood and the guide baked. Wendy swam all over the place off the sand beach and chased sticks. The sun showed not at all as evening drew on. Steve did the traveling bannock and the staff tried setting a pot of beans in the sand of the fireplace. The last of the cookies went as an after dinner snack. The guide and Wendy went tracking moose -- looked like two cows and a calf from the tracks, but the trail was old. Reg made louder and longer complaints about the black flies than anyone else as we wound it up for the evening with Doc's promise to try the radio again for some more modern music.

Monday, July 24 -- The staff was up a little earlier than yesterday to be greeted by the sun for a rare occasion. The guide appeared after the sun got high enough to hit the kitchen area. The beans had to be retrieved from the sand -- a little underdone -- and the fire was slow so it was 8:15 before we were on the water. At least it was not as cold as the last several mornings. The first rapid was of course scouted on the wrong side and we had to cross, let down about 50 yards and lift across a rocky point which was time consuming since only one canoe could load at a time. The staff scouted the left side of the island rapid below and decided it was too steep, rocky, and shallow. So we followed the big water on the right and ended running the left side of her. We had now chewed up two hours to go a couple miles at most. In the next hour we went six times as far to a rapid at the foot of the western run of the river here. This one was run blind though there were a couple rocks in her that might have caused trouble. Shirts came off briefly, but the east wind was cool through the next section and back on they went. The next hour and one small rapid -- where the staff ran left and the rest ran right of a stone in the middle -- left us with only sandy lunch sites available now. Staff and guide wanted rock and it looked like it could not be when suddenly the shore got rockier and because the guide was hungry we pulled up at a small irregular rock and reheated the beans for lunch. Wendy spent the meal hour swimming and would not come out even for her own lunch. 59 got another patch to patch the patch. A half hour later we ran through a series of attractive rapids with smooth rock showing in many places and then the river turned west and there on the bank in a stand of jack pine was an old Indian camp so we still had him with us. We stepped ashore to look, but it was pretty old and nothing really interesting to see although the guide collected a needed piece of manila to replace a rope on the staff tent that had given up the ghost this morning. The Indian had secured for himself a view of a very pretty section of river. The island rapid below was taken almost to the foot where there was a ledge across the river and a short portage across a rocky area put us through. A couple scouts later and we were down. At the next one we scouted the right -- always the wrong side first -- and found a one-tent Indian site, but no trail, and one was needed, so expecting to have to cut one we crossed to the left only to find a trail -- old to be sure -- and an Indian camp so we called it a day at 5:00 and pitched camp. Eventually we got the kitchen together on the rocks below. The guide baked for dinner and then did his surprise for lunch. Will and Steve drew the wood having to use drift wood since there was no standing wood to be seen. The sun

was still well up as dinner was served. Steve and the staff took a bath and then the staff landed a 5 - 6 pound pike and threw it back since no one wanted it. Wendy waited for people to throw her sticks. The staff then moved to the head of the rapids and took a two-pound trout. The guide joined him, but the staff took the only other trout too. Doug built a rig so he could mount his camera on the bow of his canoe and trip the shutter with his foot. Will looked for his lost cup. Doc then manufactured popcorn as the sun set reflecting red off the clouds and the full moon rose through the trees over the tents.

Tuesday, July 25 -- Again the sun was up at rising hour for the second morning in a row. Breakfast took a little longer with two trout to fry up. And besides Wendy had chased George (the porcupine's) cousin up a spruce tree behind the staff tent and he warrented some attention and a few pictures. We were on the water at 8:05, but loaded slowly. Just ahead was a marked rapid, but it proved to be a large white rock in the middle of the river that the cartographer had misread as a rapid. There didn't seem to be enough current to make one there even in different water conditions. The east wind still blew lightly, but the day was warm and sunny. But to cure our disappointment at missing a rapid, another appeared around a V-shaped peninsula. Then ahead, just as the guide was about to switch from the Lac Sauvolles map to the Frigate Lake one there appeared an old Indian winter camp that was duely inspected and photographed. There had been at least one child in the party as evidenced by a pair of small sneakers and a rubber ball that Wendy played with briefly. There was one paddling canoe equipped with tump line and several paddles cached behind the site and three others out on an island in front of it -- two with and one without canvas. We were no sooner back in the canoes than another camp appeared on the north shore, larger and more recent with a couple 45 gallon drums of gas left indicating that the recent occupants had flown in. Someone commented he was a rich Indian to have left his Coleman lantern, but the rest was the usual leavings although a couple rusty 22's were found. A toboggan with dog harness was there but Wendy was not very interested in working. If the number of beaver stretchers are an indication the Indian had a good winter. Then again, there was another camp just beyond, but it was terribly ancient and we did not stop. Then we came upon an unmarked rapid that in no way could be touched, but fortunately there was a nice dry creek bed to portage across to a nice flat rock area on the other side on which to cook lunch. Peter and Sam tried fishing with Peter landing two nice trout. Souvenirs from the Indian site were examined including a couple rusty axes and a trap -- a heavy weight for Rees and Doug to tote all the rest of the way to the Bay. The guide's date cake on top of a meal of starch filled everyone up. Then after lunch another short rapid and we paddled into the north side of the river split. After scouting the rapid was run with 74 going over the top of a stone they were supposed to go inside of, but good reactions kept her up and no damage -- except to Doc's confidence as he put it -- and the need to dump. The rest of the north channel was a little dull after that. After the two branches joined one good run was made north of a round island, but the rest was a pull even with the current. The sun had



taken its toll and we were getting tired. Finally the expected rapid appeared, but no campsite possibilities. There was a water resources gauge set up on the eastern point, but no one had seen fit to cut us a campsite. The east channel was an almost straight falls. The second channel never got looked at. The third one was runnable except for the foot. But the guide found a way to get down the west channel with a run near shore. He made it fine as did 57, but 59 and 74 put good sized rips in their canvas in the process. We went on to the falls or cascade below banking on an Indian site at the head of the portage. There was one -- a one-tent affair. But we had to make do. It was much too late. With Will and Steve again drawing the wood, dinner got served just after 8:00. The black flies were something else again. 59 and 74 got some patches -- much more of this and we run out of Ambroid. 74 had the worst tear, but 59 took more patches. By now it was bed time even if the mosquitoes by now were impossible. And then the east wind did its job and about midnight it started raining lightly.

Wednesday, July 26 -- Last night's rain neither lasted long nor dropped much moisture, but enough so the staff decided to let things dry a bit -- not the least of which was the scraggly bush on the trail -- and did not get up till almost seven. The sun did a reasonable job of drying the canvas and by 8:30 when the first loads were across the humidity was way up. The cascade was worth a picture or two even if slightly hazy. The next one just below had four possible channels. We tried the largest and met a waterfall; then the eastern one and met a similar problem; so instead of fooling any longer we lifted over the eastern side of the island to have done with it. The bottom rapid of the group we ran easily on the right and settled down to four miles of river to the last rapid before Frigate -- forewarned by the picture that we might be walking again. Doug mounted his camera on the bow complete with his wooden machine that would trip the shutter at a pull of a cord -- the foot-operated machine was still to come. At the rapid we tried the left side, found some game trails and places where someone had once cut trees, but no trail. So over to the right where we portaged down the rocks to the foot. In the process of crossing a rain shower hit -- a quick reaction to the mackerel sky of the morning -- plus the east wind. The guide got the starch water rolling, but the staff beat the bush looking for tent sites and then announced we were staying the rest of the day since the trout fishermen had missed their chance last night and this was going to be the last big rapid of the Sakami. So there was a rush to the reindeer moss back in the tree line to find what prime real estate there might be -- there was not much. The starch was served along with Rees' chocolate bannock. The staff took rod in hand and soon got a two pound trout. But then nothing. Peter and the guide tried also but got nothing but a few strikes. Occasionally a light sprinkle fell. About half the section got bathed at one time or another. The guide and Peter took 78 over to the far side returning with the guide's trout. The staff and Peter cooked dinner and got rid of our pie filling to lighten down W. A few sprinkles fell during dinner, but the fly never got pitched. By now Sam had joined the other fishermen once the guide had brought his rod back with 78. The only fish of the evening, however, was a 4 - 5 pound pike the staff took from the same hole from which he had

taken his trout earlier. A few more sprinkles as we turned in with the clouds now so still no one can tell where the rain will come from.

Thursday, July 27 -- The morning was a little cold and raw. The sun made a token appearance to prove it existed and then disappeared in favor of a gray sky. Will stole the Doctor's thunder and gave us all the world news from the radio -- including the robbery of a blood bank and the resignation of McGovern's VP nominee. We were on the water at 7:45 somewhat refreshed after our half day. The run off from the rapid had a little current, but then it slackened as part of the Sakami headed north and the first rapid on that route could be heard as we kept going west. Then a session with sand bars followed and eventually the entrance to Frigate appeared. Again more sand bars, but we avoided these and pulled into the small exit. First a narrow, good rapid, but then a very shallow, rocky one appeared that was too shallow to run really and not a good one to line. The guide and staff scouted the right shore and returned disinclined to do anything on that side. 77 then slowly negotiated the center of the river suffering wet feet in the process. The rest followed by a less wet route, though 74 got hung up badly as suggestions from preceeding canoes got garbled badly in transmission. Meanwhile the staff found a way to portage the last drop and eventually all got across. We had now lost the Indian for sure although there was a 10 gallon gasoline keg on the right shore at the end of the final drop. After the other channel joined a chute much too heavy to run was encountered and carried on the left on poor ground since there was no way to load the canoes if done on the right on the rocks. At least we had a bench mark for company. Lunch was cooked on side rock over the chute as Wendy played dangerously close to the white water and a jar of peanut butter managed to get broken. Peter was out of the lunch-time fishing game having left his rod at the previous night's campsite plus the fact that he was now also suffering from sore muscles below his shoulder blades. The sun came out and warmed things up though as we ran the second part of the rapid as the river turned at right angles on itself. Then with a couple swifts for entertainment the river ran smoothly for a while to a marked rapid that proved to be quite a chute that we ran -- taking some water in the 17-footers -- as the photographers snapped away -- Doug even managed one shot while coming through. Three miles of river later we rounded a bend to see mist ahead as the trees disappeared. We eventually lifted over a rock point past a short falls and then after the route was scouted carried through the burn that we had picked up a mile or so back to the foot of the falls. Cameras came into good use in the process. Will drew the dry wood and guide and staff tossed up dinner as Peter took over for the potatoes. Steve rigged his fishing rod for the first time in a while as did Will after dinner. Will came off with a couple trout -- one weighing in at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  pounds for the largest so far. The guide collected one as did Steve while Sam and the staff had the pleasure of throwing lures in the river and reeling in. Bud's banana bread went for an extra dividend right after dinner. The sun set red, but soon a black cloud came over and the temperature dropped.

Friday, July 28 -- The weather held though the morning



was a little brisk and the sun not too strong. The four trout went for breakfast holding up departure a little. Loading was difficult and time consuming so it was 8:10 before we were really on the water. Not far ahead we ran a couple heavy horse races and then settled down to a succession of short drops few of which could be run which was to be the story of the day. The first two in rapid succession were lifted over, although the last one was actually portaged and faint traces of an ancient trail were found. Even if not the Indian someone was here long ago since the Arpentage placques continued and the bench marks were still with us. Then the going got slower. We hit one of these island rapids with too many ways to go and eventually cut a short portage across an island and ran out the foot. But it all took time. Then almost immediately another falls-like spot where the guide portaged one side and the staff the shorter side with the guide winning in terms of time and ease. Another just below had to be portaged on the rocky shore and we halted for lunch on the rocks. Wendy insisted on swimming and wading after sticks too near white water for the staff's enjoyment -- but she has a will of her own. Bench mark 715 stood atop a rock just below. We left the lunch site at 1:30, but got stopped almost immediately by a shallow rapid that had to be portaged through an ancient burn much older than that of yesterday. The guide and other axemen had to clear the alder to get into and out of the burn. Then a long rapid appeared too flat to portage and difficult to analyze. We finally ran the left shore in two jumps, the last one needing a 90° turn into a bay. We let down a short chute being delayed a little waiting for Rees to get 57 into the act. Then there was no alternative but wade the last one so the boots are all wet again. We finally ran a rapid afterwards. Now it was 5:00 and time to camp for sure. We were going to settle on any campsite looking area when a rapid larger than expected appeared with a rock kitchen area and fishing potential. It would have been difficult to run at this stage since the western sun was right on it, so without regard for tent sites we called it a day. Actually they were not that bad back on the hill in an ancient burn. But they would have been lots better in the bay below the rapid on a high bank -- but we did not see that till the wannigan line was well established; not that we would have moved anyway. Peter spotted a trout off the campsite and after dinner Steve snagged him. The staff iced his bannock and Rees made the traveling bannock -- for the first time in three days anyone but the staff has baked. The fishing was poor; Steve and Will tried the far side with Will getting a 5 pound pike that went back. The bugs were not too friendly -- though Reg tried to tell them they were his friends! Wendy insisted on playing in the water at the top of the rapids again against the staff's wishes -- she eventually sought refuge with Doug and Sam when the guide and staff were slow to come to bed. The sun went down reflecting red off the clouds as a heavier cloud cover came over at bed time.

Saturday, July 29 -- Somehow our weather held. It was a little chilly at 6:00, but it soon warmed up as breakfast was in progress. Steve's trout was all there was to contribute for extras and we were ready to run the rapid well before 7:45. It did not take long and was easier than expected with no real water being taken. We then got to paddle for a while and an hour

later pulled up at the first rapid on the north side of the large island. It took a short lift over to get us by it. Then only a mile later we were stopped by a stone choked rapid that led to another one and finally to a heavy cascade, so we elected to portage it all a couple hundred yards through the burn. Wendy had been favoring a left rear paw in the morning, but she was out trying her best to lead us across the trail, but there were almost as many trails as there were trips across the carry and she was frustrated. Then a rapid out of the foot of the carry as 59 got broadside in the swells we were trying to avoid and 57 picked up a series of cuts so all the 17-footers now have rather major cuts in the canvas. Only a mile farther and we stopped at a heavy falls and easily carried across rock through the burn. There was sign that the Indian had done the same although so far we have not seen a real trail. The falls were worth considerable expenditure of film both at the head and foot so it took a while to get moving again -- again a very attractive piece of country. We went on to the junction of the two branches expecting to lunch at a rapid after they joined, but there was no way to run it so we cooked on a high rock and portaged across it. Wendy tried to jump from 77 to 78 and missed and got hauled out by the staff and soundly beaten -- she keeps wanting to toy with water at the edges of rapids. Then Reg let the staff tent start swimming the rapids, but she was rescued. 57 got three patches to help keep some of the flood out of her. By now the weather was quite warm in spite of a west wind and shirts, boots, and finally pants came off as we had a chance to paddle for a while mostly with a little current at least. We passed an old surveyor's campsite -- in a swampy area as usual -- signs of other travel are few and far between except for the bench marks. Then suddenly the guide spotted an Indian tepee frame on the left shore and boots came back on for pictures. It was a traveling camp, but the first we had seen since Frigate Lake. Not Mistassini style this time -- must be Fort George; it's too far north and east for Eastmain, although the same kind of construction but using a sand fire box instead of a stove. We figured a couple more miles and then camp in a similar site, but suddenly the jack pine quit and spruce took over -- so no site available. We kept on, Peter's shoulders bothering him more and more on the extended paddle. Then the river turned north with a selection of rapids of which we took the middle, and then a half mile on another one. We figured how to run her, but elected to stop at the head for the night and use the reindeer moss in the jack pine back from the river for the tents. Will drew the wood as has become natural almost and dinner was served maybe about 7:30 with the guide doing the traveling bannock. Doc hustled up a pizza for an after dinner snack -- along with lots of advice. And by now the sun was down behind the trees and the temperature dropped considerably.

Sunday, July 30 -- It started slowly as the staff overslept and did not get the fire going until 6:30. But Will's dry wood did the trick and the pots were soon bubbling as the sun quickly warmed the site. Somehow the mosquitoes remembered there had been people around at night and were laying in wait for us. About 8:00 we were all set to run the rapid on which we had camped, and it went without incident, followed by a horse race and another respectable rapid. But then the paddling



ran out as we started into a stretch of difficult water. The first of four coming in pretty rapid succession. In retrospect this series was pretty easy. First a short lift over, followed by a portage cut on not too hard ground across an island and a steep drop. Then another short lift over with a particularly powerful eddy to paddle out of at the foot, and finally the last rapid of the series could be run. And that one was over. Shortly after breakfast the dun disappeared, more or less permanently for the day, but nothing happened yet other than to bring the f stops on the cameras down a little. The paddle lasted only a short while as we started into a rougher section. Staff and guide took us on a side trip looking for Indian trails, only to find the remains of one where we would have elected to portage anyway. It was short because apparently the Indian did as we would have done anyway and then finished the carry on flat rocks by the side of the cascade. We somewhat unexpectedly got to paddle a short way through some fast water. But that soon ended. The staff scouted the left shore and sent the guide on a wild goose chase on the right shore where he stood no chance of doing anything because of high cliffs. In the final analysis we bushed a trail to start with for about 40 yards through some pretty bad walking. Then the easy part on flat rock for the most part to the lunch site where the guide found a nice cold spring for a pot of freshie to go with the meal. Meanwhile the staff went off to blaze a trail for the last 200 yards to the water. Will and Steve could not wait and made their own trail through the gorge. Someone had been there ahead of us and done most of the cutting needed to get to the water, but how he got to his cuttings was a mystery. While blazing the trail the staff managed to flush a rabbit from his hiding place in the brush. The paddle was not long to the last falls of the group as we carried a hundred yards on an old creek bed to finish off this group. Actually a small horse race finished it off, but that was no problem. So we started almost immediately into an east - west series. It started well with a short run on the left of an island, but then a lift over had to be made on a rocky island where the loading was good for only one canoe and then getting out of it was a problem because of shallows and current as 77 demonstrated. The guide meanwhile found a path along the rocky shore for the next one with some nice wet rock in places and large steps to make in others. Anyway a couple hundred yards of it. At the end Wendy was very unhappy because the guide left and she was stuck with the staff so she cried for a while and then walked the shore until 77 picked her up sitting on the rocks gazing across at the guide. We then team lifted the canoes and loads across a point to get by the last of the series. By now it was time to camp, the weather threatened, and had in fact given us a few sprinkles during the afternoon. We looked at a spot with a nice rock kitchen area -- but no tent sites. So on we went finding nothing better -- or even as good -- to the top of the next series. The first rapid could be run, but the rest was dubious, and besides the staff would not go on. So after some scouting we pulled ashore at the top of the rapid. The kitchen went out on a big high rock while the tent sites were at least fairly close in the bush. Will got the dry wood, now as usual. Rees took over for the traveling bannock. Wendy got her own wading pool on top of the rock to boot. We beat the rain with dinner, and Steve even managed to land a trout before the

thunder storms hit. The staff was trapped down the river fishing with no success, but also trying to figure out how to get past the series.

Monday, July 31 -- There was a considerable amount of thunder and lightning during the early hours of the morning and at 5:00 it was still raining lightly. So it was also at 6:00 and then at less frequent intervals through the early morning. By now it was so light that the rain was not the real problem nor the wet canvas that was now beginning to dry. But travel over wet rocks with all our portaging really being done on rocky shores made it vital that we hold up and let the rock dry. Finally the staff gave up mainly because Wendy had slept enough and was intent on licking staff and guide so neither could sleep either and so at 8:00 he was up to cook breakfast -- but first the fireplace had to be moved since the old one was a lake. So it was 9:00 before the call to roll went out. An extra two hours of sleep no one seemed to mind. Occasionally a small flurry of rain hit, but the clouds were moving fast and every so often the sun put in a brief appearance and the tips of the rocks were now dry so we shoved off at 10:00 taking the course the staff plotted the night before which was a one canoe at a time ordeal. The rapid at the campsite was run as planned into an eddy at the foot, followed by a short rocky portage and let down to another short portage and finally the last part of the rapid was run out through a very narrow opening on the left side -- it all took better than an hour. No casualties to the wet rocks, though this is not Reg's favorite kind of portage. The next one brought us up quickly with another rocky carry around a short falls -- this one on the right for a change of pace since we seem to be doing everything on the left. A rapid that was supposed to follow turned into only a heavy current V, and then one of those island jobs again. We eventually let down the right side through spots a canoe did not really fit and ended up portaging down a semi-dry creek bed to an unlikely lunch site that turned out to be fairly good actually. The carry took a while because of the wet rock -- Sam managed to slip on the same one both trips. Then the tag end of the rapid was run out -- by now it was after 2:00. After lots of looking, mainly to see what we did after the rapid, we took the left side of the next one to come to a halt at a small falls with a series of impossible rapids in front of us to be followed by two falls through a gorge. Staff and guide started cutting trying to stay in jack pine so the walking would be better. Going to the foot of the falls was going to be hard since it would have to be done through spruce and soft mossy walking, and besides the staff discovered the two rapids after the river turned west could not be run and the ridge of jack pine extended right around behind them. Wendy got excited when he disappeared to scout while the guide started cutting the first part of the trail and tracked him through all his travels through the bush and caught him about to come back to the rest who had by now leap frogged the loads up to where the guide had finished blazing. With several pauses to see where we were going the trail eventually got cut -- not too hard a walker considering the circumstances -- but as usual Steve did not like the proposed trail and bulled his way through with 57 on his back, ending up 25 yards from where the trail ended. By 6:00 the trail was done and loads were coming in in dribbles



since some of the camera bugs had taken time out to photograph the gorge and its falls -- which were well worth it especially since the sun was now well out. W. had to be retrieved from where she had been leap frogged -- courtesy of Peter -- so we could bake. N was still back at the start so the staff had to ice the bannock to make up for the lack of jam. Peter and the staff cooked dinner while the guide went back for her. Steve made the traveling bannock, and the guide pulled in in time to drain the rice. Will got most of the wood as usual. Wendy made one last trip across the portage -- which the guide and staff agreed was a mile -- to lead 77 and 78 across getting back in time at 9:15 to watch Reg flee to his tent since his back was exposed to the black flies through a rip the whole length of his shirt. Will and Sam tried to discuss a little photography as Doc used up a few flashes with his camera with view of the guide making cocoa.

Tuesday, August 1 -- The morning started with beautiful warm sunshine streaming into the door of the staff tent at 6:15. It had rained sometime during the night so the fly had collected puddles, but the ground and bush were already dry by the time the fire was laid. We got on the water just before eight and immediately dark wind clouds began moving in at a rapid rate from the west. The temperature took a quick drop -- or maybe it was always cold and we had not noticed it in the protection of the breakfast fire. Hands were numb on the paddle and the wind and current just about balanced. A first little rapid caused no trouble except for the wind making it hard to read. We then settled down to about eight miles of almost straight paddle to the west and north west with no way to avoid the wind. Finally we ran four rapids at the top of the rough section for the day. None very difficult although the wind again caused trouble trying to read them and then sometimes pushed the canoe in a direction it was not supposed to go. The river also suddenly began producing shallows that had to be avoided -- of the rocky kind. This took us to the top of an island with heavy water on both sides. The guide and staff scouted and it was obvious a portage had to be cut on the left. So over we went. A landing was cut and then the guide and staff started looking for where to go. The staff found someone else's cut trail that needed slight improvements and we did not have to do all the cutting otherwise needed. The drop to the water was something else again especially with a canoe pushing down on the back of the neck. By now it was lunch time and what better place than up on the rock at the top of the lowest of three successive waterfalls. Rain suits had been donned on the paddle and a few drops fell, but it was too cold to really rain. Cameras came out with photographers trying to snap their pictures as the sun hit the falls for a few moments at a time only to be covered up with more clouds. A brief squall hit moments after the starch was served, but lasted only a short while. In the process of all the photographing the staff discovered he had left his 50 mm lens two days back while photographing our falls of that day. It has been a succession of falls now for four days! It makes it hard to tell which was most spectacular. The staff found a run on the right through the shallows on the rapid below and 77 ran it first to test it. Then the long range shots of the falls were taken and we moved on to run the next rapid only to be held up by a very shallow one ahead with heavy water below and no place to

stop. So we ended up lining 100 yards or so and then taking out and portaging 150 yards on rock with one side excursion that had to be cut into the bush to get by a place where the alders reached out over the rock. Another shallow run got us out of the foot with 78 having a little trouble with the shallows at the top. By now it was 5:00, but there were three more little things to go and the staff was not stopping till they were done. The first two turned into rapids that were run together in a very long run of several parts. In the first 57 got stuck on a rock and Steve and Rees were out up above their waists getting her off -- one of the rocks you were specifically supposed to avoid. A couple canoes had to run by them in the process. Then a short paddle to a 10' falls and luckily a campsite back in the spruce and jack pine with pretty good tent sites in the emerger, especially after some of the spruce got thinned out for tent poles. Reg and Doc collaborated on a pot of cocoa. The staff baked a pineapple upside-down cake and the guide took over for the traveling one. Peter and Will had to take a canoe across the river for dry wood and returned with a magnificent supply. 57 needed a patch from their exploit with the rock but did not get it since the canvas was still wet. Peter's popcorn turned out a little dark to wind up a mighty chilly August 1st. We are now only one day, 8 miles, and a rapid behind where we expected to be at this time. So the days are long.

Wednesday, August 2 -- The night was a real cold one -- a good way to usher in August as the guide commented. But the sun was up at rising time and though the air around the breakfast fire was still cool, the day promised to warm up a little at least. Still we did not get on the water below the falls until 8:00 with both 77 and 78 off well ahead of the rest. The river held nothing of great interest for about eight miles to the last rapid, but the west wind began to rise slightly although its true direction was hard to tell since no matter which way the river turned, the wind came at us. Still the current helped. About mid-morning we started into the swifts at the head of the rapid which were run without difficulty. The falls or rapids obviously dropped away quickly, so we approached cautiously and scouted. It proved to be a short falls-cascade of about 15 feet. There was an old portage trail on the left now partially blocked by windfalls and new growth. We cut a part of it and improvised on the rocks for the rest. Someone had left a 45 gallon drum on the portage. Below looked to be another rapid, but it was nothing even though running through steep rocks to a sand-clay cliff area below. But then the banks dropped in height quickly and a long, hard paddle to the lake followed. The first part against a bad head wind with very little current. We tried stopping for lunch for a while without finding anything where the wannigans could be pulled ashore until the guide spotted an old boot in the water and Sam saw a tent frame on high ground above. It proved to be an old surveyor's site that had been used by the Indian at least once, but we cooked on his trail from the water to be closer down and stay out of the wind. Somehow everyone seemed hungry although it was one of our earlier lunch stops. The wind let up somewhat and we also changed direction to the north west, but the paddle was still quite long and unexciting since the scenery was pretty drab and always the same. Doc entertained for a while with accounts of how to learn to fly. At



one point we even had a tail wind. Rees took a hygiene break to brush his teeth -- we've taken ones before for lots of other reasons, but this was a first. Finally about 4:30 we reached our most northerly point for the trip and started south again after Rees collected 3 "pine cones" as souvenirs. We had spotted an Indian tepee frame on the way up and now a cache at the northern limit of our travels and then an Indian campsite in low land just before the lake. A goose honked to welcome us to Sakami and we paddled out to look for a lake campsite for a change. We planned to try the west shore, but sand flats prevented any attempt to get there. All afternoon the weather had been building up for a storm, and now a violent squall of wind out of the south hit us forcing us to take it sideways to the eastern shore. The wind let up as we approached shore and we turned south looking for a campsite along a spruce shore. We stopped once to look at what was thought to be an Indian camp, but the sticks proved to be just downed trees. Then we hit a smooth rock shore and Steve and the staff hopped out to find enough level reindeer moss for the tents and we hauled her in to get a late dinner going -- but that seems to be the rule. Will drew wood as usual while Sam put most of the food on the fire and Rees baked the traveling bannock instead of helping Reg with the tent. The rain held off as dinner was started and the tents went up, but three-quarters of the way through cooking a hurried search for poles was made and the fly frame was erected. The canvas finally went up during dinner. At 8:15 Reg started to bake a pizza and the rain began lightly shortly afterwards and was falling steadily at 9:45 when his masterpiece was finally baked. Lightly the rain kept falling, never heavy, but pretty constant as the site grew very quiet.

Thursday, August 3 -- The rain continued lightly all night with very few intervals where it stopped -- never very heavy, but constant. A brief lull came at 7:00 and the staff almost started to get up, but the patter of rain drops was back moments later. At 8:30 Wendy started to get restless so there was no way to sleep for more than bits and snatches so at 9:00 breakfast was started. The fireplace had to be moved a few inches to get it under the fly. No one but the guide appeared until several calls went out that breakfast including pancakes was ready -- now close to 11:00 with Rees and Reg as first customers. The others straggled down. A plane was heard off to the south in spite of what seemed miserable weather for flying or anything else. But as the pancake run was nearing the end and all the deep-fried and slow-cooked ones were almost done the eastern sky began to lighten and the rain quit except maybe for a Scotch mist, so with time running short on us the staff elected to move even if the canvas was wet. We rolled and dropped the tents, but by now a mist and fog had set in to the south and west, but she was all down so we went ahead expecting fog and light mist for a while. About 10 minutes off the site we were calmly paddling along opposite a rock point when the wind started coming in 180° away from where it had been and in no time the lake was white. We rode it for a few minutes thinking it was a line squall like yesterday, but it got worse. By good fortune there was a sand beach to the east so we turned and made a run for it with high surf threatening the canoes -- the neighbors would alternately disappear in a trough and reappear on a crest. We hit the beach and dragged the canoes up to safety. By good

fortune we had hit an Indian site -- not much of a one, but at least cleared land. In fact too well cleared and completely open to the north west from whence our storm was coming. The fly went up immediately as protection from the wind and rain. Will, Steve, and the staff drew some dry wood to use in the guide's fireplace and everything went under the fly. Tent pitching was delayed since the wind would have driven the rain right through the canvas. Lunch got switched to Spanish rice and the rain let up even if the wind did not. The tents acted like sails as they went up and were rocked and staked down. Will and Doc ended with an 8-pole pitch and declared that if anything went the whole rig was going as a unit. The rest of the day was spent trying to stay out of the wind. The staff got entertainment from baking an apple pie -- served with cheese at Will's suggestion. Dinner was served at 8:00 or so as the sun appeared for the first time. She set shortly thereafter reflecting red off the clouds for a good sunset even if the wind did keep up at full force flapping the canvas as we turned in. It promises to be another mighty cold August night -- two out of three now. But the worst problem to face us is the fact that we are now two full days behind our projected schedule and unless the wind dies during the night there is no way we can get off this campsite.

Friday, August 4 -- The wind continued to howl through the night shaking the canvas just as much as during the daylight hours before. At 6:00 the wind situation was no better and the clouds much worse than they had been the evening before at sunset. All was low and gray -- or maybe even black. There was no chance of taking to the canoes. The situation was not much better at 8:30 when the staff could stand it no longer and got up to cook breakfast in a slight Scotch mist. He debated a while but finally mixed another batch of pancakes. As breakfast was slowly cooking gradually some blue began to appear off to the west and south and we decided to try moving -- the worst that could happen would be that we were driven ashore again. At 12:00 we were on our way with a brisk west wind rolling the canoes as we moved south taking an occasional bit of water. Two miles out we hid behind an island for a break. But when we headed her out again the wind was in the process of swinging to the south and south west so the chop was even worse than it had been even for a shallow lake. So our aiming point offered no shelter. Steve knew that was going to be true and plowed down the middle far from the others. Now with a head wind we moved into the narrows eventually -- and a calm where at 3:00 lunch was cooked and canoes bailed or dumped. At 4:15 we were off again with the promise that we were not camping till 7:00 -- as the guide observed, nothing unusual about that, but this time it was announced. The wind had dropped a little so the going was easier, but still a head wind. Off on the right shore something that looked like a set of canvas flags was flapping, but we did not get close enough to see exactly what. Then a pull down along islands. As it came time to look for a campsite Will spotted a cabin with an aluminum roof on a point -- missed by the others because of the western sun. It turned out to be a pair of unfinished log buildings for a commercial Indian fishing camp, but not the place for us to stay. We pulled ahead to what looked from a distance to be a sand beach, but turned out to be gravel -- the northern section of the lake had had a lot



of sand; this part practically none. There was a cleared area now grown up with raspberry bushes obviously used by the Indian. But behind on higher ground were better tent sites where there were two old Indian stone fireplaces for tepees -- the poles long since gone. Will got the dry wood. Sam helped set up everything. Peter started a pot of pudding while Doc and Doug joined forces on the traveling bannock. Rees had trouble getting his tent up since he had left his tump back at the previous site. Wendy chased sticks, stones, and empty cans. As dinner was served -- still in daylight -- the sun went down and dark clouds rolled in. We've had wind and rain from every direction of the compass now in the last 48 hours. As darkness came a plane was heard heading toward the south west. One of three we had seen during the day. We guessed the Hydro camp was off on the arm leading to the river exit from the general direction of activity. Even though a star or two were out, the majority of the sky was dark and the wind continued to pound waves against the south shore of the island.

Saturday, August 5 -- The wind blew all night again -- this time from the south and about 5:00 the rain started relatively lightly but driven by the wind. The staff started to get up to do breakfast at 7:00 but discovered it was still raining after having gotten dressed -- the fault of pitching the staff tent in a place where it is impossible to see the weather; the back of another tent is not the same somehow. At 7:45 he made his move. The kitchen was nicely sheltered from the south wind, but breakfast was cooked slowly. Will arrived to do the bacon. A few sprinkles had fallen in the process, but the call to roll went out anyway. But as breakfast was being eaten the weather was reappraised and there was no way we were going to move canoes against the wind and waves so the canvas was left up -- all but Reg's and Rees' tent since they had dropped it before breakfast. The fire was kept going on wet Indian wood until Will drew and split some green birch. At noon lunch was made with Gumpert's best stew -- and additions -- plus a pot of onion soup. The sky was breaking to the south and west though the wind was still mighty strong. We shoved off about 1:30 into the teeth of the wind now shifting to the west and the going was slow but possible until a squall hit us with buckets of water. When it was over we grabbed a point of the next large island and either dumped or bailed. Then the largest crossing in full exposure to the wind came up and progress was being made until another squall appeared. Luckily there was a small island in our path and we just made it as the wind hit. We held in small shelter for quite a while with white caps to both sides of us. Luckily this section of the lake is deep enough to roll and not chop like the northern part. A plane had been seen and heard most of the day and now he came in low over the top of us to land somewhere in the bay we were trying to jump -- some kind of camp up that way not too far -- maybe Hydro? Then we moved up the north shore in a couple jumps the last of which was something else against the wind to the shelter of an island. The final crossing was too rough at the moment, so it now being 5:00 we paused to cook dinner and bake a bannock for later. At 6:30 we pulled out now with lower seas and made the crossing easily -- that is by comparison to what we had been through before. The paddle south after that was done hugging the shore to avoid the

major swells out in the center and rain gear stayed on for the most part as rain fell at intervals -- never for very long, however. We passed up an old Indian tepee since it did not look to offer a very good site. We tried a couple beaches, finding nothing -- we needed a sheltered place to land the canoes so rocky shores were out as were wind swept points. Wendy cried most of the time -- maybe her contract does not call for canoeing after dinner. About 8:45 we pulled up at an old prospector's camp, rejected it, toured the bay where it was located, and came back to it as the only possible location -- terrible as it was. A couple extra tent sites got found back on reindeer moss, so it was made to do. A pot of cocoa got brewed and the corn bread was served up -- in the rain of course -- to end the day. A lot of hours and work for a mere eight miles, but we are now a good three days behind and promise to be the only Section A ever to be late getting back to camp now. And of course as we turned in the rain started in steadily. At least we have no complaints about the bugs in August.

Sunday, August 6 -- It rained through most of the night at a slow tempo keeping everything wet but never very hard. At 6:00 mist was down over the lake and dropping and the drizzle continued at intervals. Finally at 7:45 the staff could take it no longer and rain or no some move had to be made if we were going to get anywhere. The wind seemed to be down, but at intervals a gust swept up the lake though we were protected. Will appeared first for breakfast all rolled with Reg and Rees close behind since the staff had had to use the axe to break up the prospector's trays for drill samples to feed the fire. The traveling bannock had to be baked also, although it did not hold up progress any. We started off on the water at 9:30 with rain suits and all available warm clothing the dress for the day. The wind was down from yesterday, but it was definitely still there and had to be coped with. We coasted south for a while and then had to cross to a high rock island with Scotch mist coming in from the west all the time. By playing the islands a little, though staying pretty much on as direct a course as possible we had only a couple more windy crossings to make in places where the west wind could hit us. We just managed to float the canoes between two last islands in the current string and then headed for a sheltered rocky point for an hour off for lunch -- birch bark to start the fire for a change. Doug's broken wannigan tump got repaired as some small progress was made in thawing out by the fire. We got back on the water shortly after 2:00 and tackled the last southern movement needed. Ahead loomed a shack with an aluminum roof that proved to be another fishing camp similar to the one found a couple days ago and not very interesting -- the holes in the ground were not mine shafts as Peter first assumed. While we inspected a plane came in low over us and circled once before heading off in the general direction of the camp or whatever it was we passed yesterday. Then for the first time on the lake we had a tail wind that carried us up to the creek from Boyd Lake. 57 led off with Rees guiding on his 8 mile to the inch map just as well as the staff was doing on his large scale one. We started up the creek and as expected ran into a rapid. The portage trail was there but not well used even though pretty well cut. No impressions of footsteps of the past through the mossy sections at all.



Toward the end canoes had to come down and a series of windfalls attended to before we could go on. But the carry was short at least. The next rapid was just a little too steep to climb and had to be lined. By now it was approaching 6:00 as the staff hopped out on a bald rock at the foot of a falls-cascade series and after some investigation a good tent site area was found on a ridge of jack pine plus an attractive and spacious kitchen area on the rocks near the falls. Our Scotch mist still fell so the fly went up. Will drew the dry wood as usual. The guide baked for dinner with Rees taking over for the traveling bannock. The Scotch mist continued through dinner, but let up afterwards though the sky never cleared as darkness approached. Steve did up a perfect batch of popcorn for our evening snack. At least we've gotten off Sakami Lake. It would have been a very attractive body of water if the elements had cooperated. Maybe the guide was a little too harsh on it when he suggested it would be OK with him if the Hydro people took the whole thing and dammed it up -- they probably will anyway.

Monday, August 7 -- For the first time in a week the staff got up on schedule to start breakfast. The weather was no better than it left off last night and some Scotch mist fell during the meal. We shoved off just before 8:00 -- rain suits and all warm clothing being the dress for the day again. We lined the rapid above the campsite as expected without great difficulty and headed for Boyd with confidence since the map had carefully marked the rapids and falls thus far quite well. But no, at almost every narrows there appeared another obstacle normally too steep to take on a paddle. It's hard to gague, but with five canoes often portaging is easier -- we tried all possible ways. Someone had cut three trails for us at various narrows. It did not look the work of the Indian and we still had Bench marks with us so probably surveyors. The first two were sort of normal run-of-the-mill non-used portages, but the third was fine until the end where it was impossible to float a canoe. The staff cut his private trail and then got 77 stuck on it. The rest waded in clay and water until the canoes would float. By now almost all feet were wet that added nothing to the comfort with the temperature as low as it was. During the morning we saw one faint patch of light, but that was it for the day and the sky was either gray or black the rest of the time. Wendy was probably more uncomfortable than anyone since she insisted on wading in the water at most places and even took a partial bath when she was pushed off the wannigans at one of the many times the canoe had to be boarded. By the time we finished the third portage it was past lunch time, so we pulled up to try to heat the pork sausage, having very little success in separating them as is supposed to be possible. Reg succeeded in heating his boots a little more than necessary but someone spotted the rubber sole burning away in time. We were back on the water just after 2:00 and still had a couple rapids to line and paddle to Boyd. At 3:30 we finally got to the lake we had expected to reach by 10:00. Now the wind became a factor and still from the west made the logical course down Boyd difficult. The guide suggested skirting a large island to the east instead of the west and as a result we made progress. When his detour was done the wind had dropped and we were on smaller water so heading south was not that difficult. As a result we got to the lower narrows about 7:00.

The staff picked a good looking area from afar, but rejected it as he got closer. The guide was not so discouraged however and spotted four old poles on shore, hopped out, and found enough tent sites for everyone. The fly went up first -- it had rained on us briefly on the way in, but had now let up. Will drew the wood again while guide and staff cooked. Wendy decided she really wasn't that wet and cold and found an island of her own to occupy and search for rocks and sticks. Dinner was manufactured well before dark which comes quickly since there is no sun to set. While feet, socks, and boots dried a little Steve did another run of popcorn with less success than last night, but still perfectly acceptable. Like the signs all say before Christmas -- we now have only five days left to get back on schedule and a whale of a lot of territory to cover.

Tuesday, August 8 -- At least it was not raining and maybe the temperature was up a couple degrees in the morning. Conditions still were not ideal and the sun refused to shine as we ate breakfast and then shoved off at 7:45. The staff started off by turning us around twice before finally deciding that his first path had been the right one, but the paddle down the rest of Bod was uneventful except for the cold, but we have seen so much of that it is hardly worth note. At the creek entrance our Hydro people or surveyors had a set of flags tacked to a chopped off tree in a cleared area for some unknown purpose. The start to the creek proved a pleasant surprise as it was just wide enough and deep enough to float a canoe to a slight open area and then above the same could be done to a real pond, but there our good fortune ran out. At the top of this one a portage had to be made over another of these never-used trails someone made. Maybe the Indian this time for there was an old tepee frame at the start of her. But what this Indian uses for a canoe is open to question. At least he never leaves enough room between trees nor makes his curves gentle enough to accommodate a Prospector. Across this pond the guide found a highway -- the best trail by far since before reoutfitting. It started up a big hill and had its own Clouston-like beaver meadow, but it was much preferred to cutting our own since it was over a half mile long. Reg managed to get lost on both his loads -- seeing different territory each time as he observed. Lunch was cooked at the far side at a respectable hour this time using an old Indian tent fireplace to cook over and his rocks to hold our irons. By now it was definitely warmer than any time during the past week. After lunch we paddled out through shallow water to the Opinaca. In the process meeting two swifts, the first had a channel that looked almost man-made. 57 tried the game of let the canoe do it on its own and catch her at the bottom, but the rest used a slightly slower less dramatic let down procedure. A beaver who uses rocks in his dam had partially blocked the next one and some of his work had to be undone to get the canoes through. In the process Wendy went swimming after tossed off beaver logs and so suffered when back in the canoe. After only a mile of the Opinaca had been traveled we pulled up at an old Eastmain sod house for the first one seen this trip. It was probably 10 - 15 years old, and the porch had fallen in, but everything was clean and neat unlike most winter sites we have seen in other places. Nearing the first rapid we got our afternoon blessing and rain gear went on quickly. At which point we lost the Indian. If he has a portage here it must



do both rapids and be a lot longer than really necessary. The rapid was too steep to do much with so we spent quite a while looking for trails. In the process a beaver colony on the right shore was encountered and at first his trails were thought to be Indian so well traveled were they. We finally ran and lined part of the left shore and finished off by carrying the last 30 - 40 yards on rock -- our usual route. It was now imperative that we stop so the staff pulled up at a flat rock at the head of the next rapid just below and declared it a campsite although the tent sites were way off in the burn well back from the river and a long hike from the kitchen. Rees and Reg managed a site a little closer and the guide found a spot for the staff tent. Dinner was served before dark, but the after dinner peanuts left from reoutfitting came by the light of the fire courtesy of the extra large supply of wood Will drew. The sky showed a faint trace of red at sunset, but after dark we got a couple short showers just to show we were not out of our weather. But today we had a few flies to contend with for the first time in a week. Four days left to get to Eastmain on time and still a sizeable chunk of territory yet to travel -- plus the problems of river travel and a 650 foot drop to the Bay yet to negotiate.

Wednesday, August 9 -- A cold, gray dawn again, or maybe as usual, but somehow this one was colder than most, maybe because the kitchen was out on exposed rock. Fortunately Will had cut a cord of wood for the flames blew out from under the pots making it hard to boil water even on a roaring blaze. We started the morning by letting down through several twists and turns to get past the rapid on which we camped. Then below was one much too steep to do anything with and we ended up portaging on the rocks except for one brief excursion back to a dry creek bed to avoid an area where there was no rock to walk. We ran out the foot which turned into a half mile rapid. And suddenly we were in country where we should have been for camping purposes last night. All the rapids had nice high rock areas jutting out into them from which to look them over. One came up too heavy to run so we just carried a few yards across one of the rock areas. After several short runs we came to the falls at an island. It took a while to look it over and finally the staff found boot prints of someone who had been there not too long ago. Eventually he also found the old trail plus the blazes made by this character. But the start was choked with windfalls and all five axes had to be used for clearing. The bowmen went ahead, but had to drop their loads at an area of boulders to find the trail. The guide went to cut out the foot only to discover that the landing area was too shallow and a new approach to the water had to be taken. While he was making his second trip a few distant shots of the falls were taken. We were moving on to the next place where we had to get out of the canoe for lunch, but suddenly the hum of a motor was heard and instead of a plane this time it turned out to be two Hydro men in an aluminum outboard. They went by with only a wave headed toward the falls. And then the plane was there -- not one but two and a Hydro camp. We pulled up as the men were gassing one of the planes, but they were no help in advising on portage locations -- in fact no help on anything, so we pulled away to find a lunch site since it was well past time. It was not long in coming as we had to lift over the next short rapid and had a nice rock area to cook on. The staff's heavy hand

with the banana falvoring came through the bannock easily -- for the whole afternoon. Below the staff scouted the right side of a rapid and then the full left side before we finally portaged 50 yards on rock and ran the rest. The river now settled down to a steady current for 5 - 6 miles followed by a couple short, easy rapids and one very attractive area around a couple high hills showing pink granite. Of course our afternoon showers started hitting to wet us and the rock -- we could protect ourselves, but the slippery rocks were something else. We were going to camp at the top of the next series of rapids, but for the first time no nice rock was available. First the right and then the left were scouted -- a beautiful reindeer moss camping area, but miles above the river and no way to use it. So we paddled over to the burn which the guide declared useable. But Peter then suggested trying a nice rock area we had just passed, but it had no tent sites, so back to the burn long after we should have camped. Will and Steve drew wood as usual while Peter and Sam set up the meal. It got served by daylight, but Rees' traveling bannock came off after dark and the dishes and pots got done in the dark after Peter's warm butterscotch pudding got devoured -- it was planned to be warm. A few attempts were made at drying feet and boots. We are getting pretty ragged what with the guide's holey boots, Doc's sleeping bag without feathers plus his and Doug's rain gear. Now only three days to make the Bay and still a good distance from Basil even -- plus the fact that we are now only down just below 600 feet.

Thursday, August 10 -- The morning was just like the last eight -- although maybe not quite as cold as some and less rain than normal -- so maybe a little better than some, but not much. Another wear-the-jacket day and keep the rain suit handy. But the first part went quickly as we portaged a little rocky island in the center of the first rapid, ran or went with the current for a bit, and then lifted over a rock island again for the second. And the foot was run with no problem. So it was only nine o'clock and we had conquered three marked rapids. At which point as we started paddling a low mist blew in from the west, but nothing more happened with the weather. Less than an hour later the sky was a little higher and we pulled up at the next set. The top was obviously too heavy to do anything with so we looked for an Indian trail and found it almost immediately. Everyone started carrying while the staff went ahead to see in what condition the trail was. Fine for the first 300 yards and then it hit a burn and the trail became lost. The staff finally found traces of it toward the foot. It was going to bypass the whole series in one jump and so was about 1 1/2 miles long. The staff finally came back with Wendy's assistance after he got himself lost. The guide had all the loads up to the burn -- including the staff loads. Then the staff started off leading the next stage and again got lost, so everyone else went back for a second load while he tried to locate his shirt left to mark a cut through some spruce. Gradually the loads got leap frogged with another long pause while the staff brought 77 up while the rest waited not having found the staff's red handkerchief flying as the next marker. We moved ahead following a faint trail only to come to a screeching halt at a series of windfalls that would have taken the better part of a day to cut



through. So we gave up and cut to the river to take our chances there. We cooked our 3:30 lunch on a boulder area with no one able to move without upsetting something. At 4:30 we started lining down and eventually had to carry the last 75 yards. By now it was 6:00 and the sun was out in full force for the first time since the morning of August 2nd -- and the black flies were back. Wendy got very upset when her canoe was lost and tried swimming after the guide. We took to the paddle and passed the Little Opinaca about 7:15 or so and headed for the first rapid to camp only to sight a huge Hydro camp on the north shore with an Otter about to take off. We passed by on the south shore as a small aluminum skiff with two Frenchmen followed us and caught up wanting to know if we were in some kind of a race -- a race with the sun to make camp. They informed us there were jack pine on the north and spruce on the south shore -- exactly reversed except it should have been east and west anyway. We started up just as Wendy woke to find two strangers at whom she immediately started barking and the hair on her back stood on end. Then a plane came in over us so close the pontoons looked like they would graze us. We passed a couple places where the Hydro people had completely bulldozed the land. The portage was supposed to be on the left and we found a high sand cliff with a table top area of jack pine, but no trail. So over to the right we went to find a huge rock kitchen area with a possible set of tent sites behind. As dinner was on the way and tents going up in our usual rush to beat darkness a lone Frenchman appeared out in front of the rapid in his skiff yelling at us. His motor had quit and he was drifting into the rapid not doing a very effective job with his paddle. There was no way nor time for us to get a canoe out to help him. He did manage to get into the little side rapid by our campsite and one bow line was gotten off a canoe in time, but it was not long enough as the staff tried to throw it out to him as he was swept by. He was swept around the bend as we dashed through the bush and he tried to abandon ship as he went into the heavy water and managed to come to rest clinging to a rock in the white water as the boat went hurtling down, the motor getting ripped off in the process. It took a few moments, but the bow lines came off and were tied together so the staff could toss him a line and then from up shore the rest could pull him in. If he has nine lives, he used one of them as Doc and Will waded out and helped him to shore. A spot of tea did little to warm him up; maybe the tea was cold since we had just gotten the fire going. Doc and Reg volunteered to take him back to the camp two miles up and off they went with their wet, cold Frenchman. While they were gone dinner got cooked and the staff used up our last icing. Bread line was called before the taxi got back in the black of night having been detained while gifts of food were dumped on them -- the valuable items being grapefruit, oranges, bananas, and peaches and a couple jars of peanut butter -- plus a case of canned fruit juice -- just the thing to carry over all the portages coming up. Naturally the jewelry got cleaned up in darkness, but then the northern lights started playing across the sky putting on a pretty good show especially for those who had never seen them. Best not to mention what usually happens to the weather when they put on this kind of display shortly after a period of poor weather! Two days left to reach Eastmain on time and no chance of doing it as a result of our six hour portage of the morning. Now we try to make it on the 13th. 50 miles or so

to go and a whale of a lot of rapids and portages and 500 feet to drop to the Bay.

Friday, August 11 -- The northern lights did their job. A few drops of rain during the night, enough to wet the fly but nothing serious, and the staff managed to cook breakfast without getting wet. We were a little slow getting off because bow and stern lines had to be tied back in the canoes. And the staff had to find out how to get around the rapid. That did not take long and we portaged mostly through an ancient burn now sporting a thin jack pine stand with no trouble. The guide led off to the falls below where the Hydro plans to put a bridge for their road from Mattagami to Fort George. Their cut line started at the rocks beside the falls, but the Indian trail was up around a bend. It started up a hill without a great deal of clearing, but then after crossing the Hydro line got less obvious and needed more clearing all the way to the foot. Of course by now the rain had set in for good and photographing the falls was nigh impossible. It was worth looking at. Just ahead another steep, heavy rapid and the trail here went up a hill and down the back side with a nice flat area of jack pine to walk through in the middle. Steve managed to bull his canoe through to the foot and then cut back to join the guide and staff cutting forward. It took a while as the rain kept coming down. We shoved off in almost driving rain with a strong west wind that was no help. Soon we pulled up to a red object floating down the river that proved to be the gas can from our Frenchman's boat. The rain kept falling as clouds hurried by overhead. Thoroughly wet six miles later at 12:40 we pulled in at an old surveyor's camp in a nice stand of poplar and jack pine -- we had started picking up the odd poplar three days ago. The fly went up and soon a blazing fire was going not only to cook on but for warming purposes. Steve drew some dry poplar to add to the supply of local surveyor's wood. We dallied after lunch to let a couple squalls go by and bailed the canoes and shoved off. The rain let up though the wind still blew as we paddled on without anything exciting -- fortunately since we had terrible visibility. Finally an expected rapid appeared. The trail was on the right as Johnny Mayapo had said, but it was in terrible shape from windfalls and needed a lot of work before we could get through. Then a mile and a half below the show was repeated and again the clearing took time. To add to the problems we had to finish the carry on wet rocks to get the canoes to float. But that only put us in a bay with one more drop to go and so another carry that should have only been 25 yards but was three times that since again we had to walk rocks to find a place to load. Then another mile and a half pull to another one where we hoped to find a campsite. No such luck. In fact we did not really find the trail either. So we foolishly decided to try the other side and to make a long story short, 45 minutes later were back where we started with daylight pretty well gone. The sternsmen manned axes to clear a kitchen, get wood, and clear a landing while the bowmen unloaded and got the fly up. Steve led a team to cut all the tent poles -- not the first time this has been necessary. Doug fried the ham by flashlight and dinner was served in the dark again. Reg discovered his boots were now in just as bad shape as the guide's. And the tents filled immediately just before a couple more showers of rain fell. Now no chance of



making Eastmain on time. We are still 40 miles out plus the fact that we still have 400 feet to drop having only done 100 today. We need a good day tomorrow!

Saturday, August 12 -- Neither the night nor the morning were as cold as some, but of course it had rained during the night and there had been a sizeable puddle collected by the fly. Otherwise the day was just as dark and gray as usual. The fire took slowly so boiling water took a while. We started on our emergency measures when supplies run low with Vita-River for breakfast. And then fog started rolling in as the staff went looking for the trail finding it immediately right off our campsite but closer to the river than expected. So we started cutting through with Steve and Will joining the guide and staff on the clearing. After 100 yards of cutting we hit a jack pine area and nothing more was needed to the drop to the water that had to be cleared of alder. At least three old Indian tent sites were evident in the flat area above the river. It was just what we had been looking for twelve hours earlier. Shortly after nine we were on the water heading into a strong west wind so progress was not too rapid. A lot later than should have been the case we approached a white rock area knowing from the sounds we had something ahead. We had already missed a portage Johnny Mayapo had marked -- there was nothing in the river at all to worry about at that point. Guide and staff hopped out to find the trail on the right and immediately got tangled up in several Hydro survey lines and could not find the Indian after hunting around in the bush for a long time. The staff then tried the other side while the guide kept hunting and climbed higher up the hill. The staff found a trail after beating around in Hydro cuts and prospector's claim lines, but could not find where it started. The guide found one too up on the hill, but had the same problem finding where it started and finished. So we took the guide's discovery. It was on the better side of the river. But first we had to reach it. All five axes turned to cutting as the bowmen unloaded and started carrying as far as possible as sections of the road were done. Gradually she got cut through as Wendy had a field day barking and leaping and tugging at sticks that were cut and then thrown her way. At 3:15 we finally reached the river for lunch and a view of a spectacular 25 - 30 foot straight drop falls. As we had approached the problem a few patches of blue eent by quickly never to reappear, but at least the rain let up. Lunch was cooked while pictures got taken and some of the Hydro men's grape juice got polished off. We had to get back on the river and shoved off now in a very cold drizzle. The next three miles went quickly through minor rapids and the white foam from the falls. The first little drop at the Island falls was quickly carried over the rocks. But the next trail was hard to follow and staff and guide spent a long time beating around in the bush looking for it finding traces as they traveled. By now it was after 7:00 so we hauled the outfit ashore as last night and cut a campsite out of nothing -- in fact less than nothing. But enough ground was found to get the tents up. This time before dark and dinner was even eaten while it was possible to see the food on the plate. In the camping process Doug almost stepped on a tiny bunny rabbit who immediately became our mascot -- Op for Opinaca, by name. We stand no prayer of making Eastmain tomorrow, we still have this portage to cut plus three more coming up at

least. Plus Basil, the Basil rapids, and a lot of paddling. Looks like we will be getting to camp long after everyone else has gone home!

Sunday, August 13 -- The mist was down over the river for the first time in ages as the staff crawled out to a cold breakfast site and with shaking hands touched off a fire. At least a heavy dew covered the site wetting down the bush and canvas. We started on the monumental task of remaking the Indian portage before eight finding bits and pieces of it as we went along, but mostly finding pretty poor walking, the first part through scraggly bush. The axe team of sternsmen had done their work by 9:00 and the loads started trickling through. By now the sun was out for the first morning in ages that it has been seen. With the island now past we headed over the short bay for the next one, scheduled to be on the right. The guide discovered vestiges of an Indian trail where it was supposed to be, but the poplar and alder between them had taken over and again the axes went to work. This time only for a short distance around the first drop of the series since the trail seemed to indicate that the Indian put in here. But the bay was mighty small and we were out again on flat rock at the head of the major part of the drop almost immediately. One old rusty tin can was found, but no sign of a trail worth mentioning, plus the fact that the country contained nothing but alder and poplar that had grown at an amazing rate to cover any trail there might otherwise have been. So off went the axemen again cutting up the hill toward thinner poplar -- hopefully. The staff discovered we could carry at least some distance on smooth rock above the cascade, so the trail went back to the water. But then one more little cut had to be made at the foot to bypass an unwalkable rock area and some cliffs. By the time loads could come through it was 1:15 and Sam and Reg had N and the jewelry on the spot so lunch was cooked in spite of the broken rock nature of the landing. The fireplace got onto a semi-flat rock although hard to reach. With only beans and Kam to cook it did not take long though loads were coming through in mighty small doses and a few were still back even on the first cut. Op had some milk and hopped around a bit. We finally got loaded and back on the water to try to find the next obstacle not too far away. Naturally we were unsuccessful in our game of find the portage with the guide pounding one side and the staff the other. But this time it was possible to go back to our old game of walk the rocks along the river bank. The only trouble being the fact that the unloading area could take only one canoe at a time. A start was made on a small trail at the foot to get along some alder covered rock, but the rock ran out and besides it was decided we could run it anyway; it was only a side channel of the main rapid-falls series. One more major obstacle left. This one appeared in late afternoon and again no trail was evident, though only a minimum of looking was done for the staff opted for the follow-the-rock route again, but this time a cut had to be made to bypass an area of rock and a small waterfall of a side stream. Another up the hill and down the other side job. Cutting went smoothly in spite of the staff-guide argument over whether to ford the stream on slippery rock or slippery log. It was originally intended that we walk the rock at the end of the turbulent run off from the falls, but the staff decided we could run the right shore and so the trail used only a tiny bit of the rock. The sun was right in our eyes as we started



down the last part of the river with no real idea of what lay ahead. Most of the day had been spent bypassing steep drops and falls, but the pressure to move ahead was such that only a minimum of pictures got taken which is to be regretted. At first the river contained short rapids that could be run easily with only a minimum of scouting and the staff was out of the canoe briefly only a couple times. Then the sun dipped below the trees which made reading easier even if daylight was fast disappearing. Then the river settled down to a series of horse races with shallow areas as the throw of the water moved from side to side as we zig-zagged back and forth across the river trying to avoid rocks and also find deep water. Mostly the effort was a success as we ran aground enmass only once. Doc claimed 74's gunwale went under once and after it was all over six miles later 74 got dumped as all that was left of the sun was a red band across the sky. A few more miles of dead water remained to Basil as darkness settled in and the temperature dropped rapidly. The shore line was pitch black as we pulled into the bay where the carry was. With the aid of Doug's pocket flashlight we found it within a few minutes. Guide and staff got dinner going while the loads got tossed up the bank off the clay and then into the site and the canoes got hauled up to dry ground. Tents went up using poles left from previous groups as hands and feet suffered from a numbness from the cold. No bannock so some extra meat in the pot and extra vegetables and potatoes. Still a few wanted more spuds so the pot crew got held up while some more were made. The decision had been made to trip-and-a-half Basil in the morning so five wannigans had to go. And one fell for firewood immediately. It was now well after 11:00 and really the campsite did not quiet down until well after midnight even though a long hard day lay both behind and ahead.

Monday, August 14 -- Our only prayer of being on time was to get to Eastmain early enough to contact Austin to get us out. The staff was up at 5:30 to be greeted by a heavy mist and a really cold morning. Wannigans had to be repacked for the portage, but we were still all moving by 7:30. The bowmen were supposed to carry a half hour and then come back. Either a short half hour or a slow walk followed -- but that is always the complaint of the system. Then the windfalls came up and for once we were lucky to have someone else on the river ahead of us. Matthew, guiding the Dunmore section, had chopped through or around them. He must have worked on it a good while! The Hydro people had been there too, but this time they had cut through a sparce area of growth and left a minimum of slash. The loads went down the hill at the end as they came through. The bowmen were supposed to have cut firewood for us, but Will and Steve had to take over after they got their second loads across. Down the bank slid the canoes; the road made even more slippery than normal by the two sections ahead of us -- and our own trips with wannigans and packs. The wood got tossed in to take the place of the missing wannigans, and off we went for the rapids. The river was quite low, but much more powerful than anything we had seen. But all went on schedule with minor adjustments maybe for the altered conditions. We portaged the curl as done in '70 only to find we could have run it after all, but that was the only problem. The wind started up as we neared the end and by the time we were through started throwing white caps at us. We ran

the bows of the canoes into the clay shore of an island and had our floating lunch of dates, cheese, and Klick washed down with cans of grape juice carried all the way from the Hydro site. Then we started bucking the wind for the pull to the post and about four hours later neared the end. No real protection was gained by hugging the south shore so all but 77 plowed down the center of the river near the end running into higher swells than expected and some water had to be removed when the islands were reached. 77 had needed its own bailing stop earlier since all its patches had been removed by the trip down the Basil hill. But about 6:30 we touched down at the Catholic Mission dock. No reception committee since it was dinner time. The staff headed for the radio and found the Bay manager target shooting behind his house, but he then discovered there was no electric power in the village and therefore no radio. So we were stuck. We had watched a couple planes come in as we paddled -- one of them was the sked that took out Andy Smyth and four of his party leaving John Berger and two of his people. We had missed at least a chance of getting out by a couple hours -- plus the chance to contact Austin. The HBC manager opened the store for us so we could eat dinner and supply ourselves with other necessities -- mostly for the stomach. We were no sooner back on the site in front of the Mission than Indians started arriving. First wanted to buy canoes. 74 went first for a good price and the staff parted with 77 for an even better one. 59 may go in the morning. Fishing rods, tumps, and paddles were also in demand. They then inspected all our gear and pitched a couple tents for us as the tape recorder blared away with Johnny Mayapo and another Indian singing old songs in Cree. Two nuns even came visiting and after the Indians drifted off toward home John Berger was still there as Wendy and Winisk played with each other. Wendy's entertainment by then was calm as she had gotten all the Indian kids to throw sticks for her. The northern lights performed again as they had done last night after 11:00. At least we are here although when we get out becomes a problem.

Tuesday, August 15 -- There was not much hurry about getting up this morning; there was no point in it. A Fecteau plane had arrived last night with a couple electricians from Fort George who were supposed to repair the generator, but their report indicated that a transformer was out and they could not fix it without going back to Fort George. So the staff crawled out about 8:00 -- the Eastmain population does not really stir that early as a rule. Winisk had spent the night around the site prowling among the empty cans that were by all rights Wendy's property. Expecting a long stay the staff had bought flour last night, so pancake batter was available along with eggs. The guide took over as the Fecteau Beaver started coming down to the Mission dock prior to returning to Fort George. The staff disappeared into the Mission to get Father Viallancourt to have the pilot deliver messages to the Austin agent at Fort George, send a telegram to Chief, and let the ONR know we were delayed. There were rumors about train service now being daily, but no one seemed to know much about it. Then off to the Post to see if anything new had happened to put the radio in service. The emergency generator came on for a moment, but did not have power enough to get the radio working, and then went off. The manager was getting a little worried about his frozen foods. But then



a plane was heard. It should have been Fecteau since Austin was not expected until tomorrow, but as it landed the Austin marking could be seen. By now most of the gang was up cooking breakfast and starting to gather a crowd of Indians. The plane taxied into the sand beach and the pilot climbed out to announce he was looking for us -- by what stroke of luck we could not imagine! He also confirmed the changed rail schedule and indicated there was an afternoon train we knew nothing about. Eventually we discovered Andy Smyth had called back to Camp Temagami last night and in the course of the conversation mentioned we had not arrived. Wabun picked up the news, relayed it to Chief, who then called Austin this morning and asked them to search for us. Fortunately the Beaver had landed at Eastmain first; apparently the last time Fecteau had been asked to start a search they had toured the river while their lost party was sitting at the post! Anyway the pilot indicated he could take half the group. Obviously the staff went on the first trip, but the guide had to seek four volunteers for the others. Reluctantly Steve, Will, Sam, and Doc started rolling -- no one was very upset about the prospect of being late -- although Rees' had been concerned about his plane reservations south and Reg wondered what his mother would think meeting the bus in Boston. As the staff stripped 77, rolled, and conferred with the guide an Indian appeared to buy 59. Pay off for the three canoes was all in ten dollar bills -- a wad difficult to fit in a wallet. The Beaver took off shortly afterwards with its crew for a smooth flight to Moose getting in about noon. It had to make a flight to the Anglican part of Albany and then was supposed to return to pick up the rest. No chance of making the regular train with everyone scheduled for 2:00, but apparently there was now a daily Polar Bear that could take us at 6:00. The advance group headed for the station, stowed the gear, picked up the mail, changed to cleaner clothes, and did what little they could to compensate for missing a tour of Eastmain by finding a restaurant and a laundry that the staff did not even know existed in Moose -- a year or so old apparently still with a couple machines that worked. Meanwhile the guide's group finished breakfast, took our two remaining canoes up to the warehouse to be shipped out later, knocked down camp, and finally toured the village for a few moments for a few pictures and souvenirs. Their Beaver appeared sooner than expected since Austin had rustled up a different plane and this pilot would not come in to the beach and anchored out in the river for some unknown reason. 77 performed her last chore by ferrying gear and gang to the plane, but the pilot refused to take everything and the baby with the life jackets had to be left to be shipped out later -- maybe lucky we were short five wannigans and a couple paddles, the only spares we still had, had to be left to get 77 back to its new home. Their ride was not as smooth and Wendy for one did not appreciate one air pocket. About 5:00 everything was assembled at the station with the Polar Bear scheduled to depart before 6:00. The gear got loaded as the late arrivals had only a few minutes to tour Moose -- and get a couple Hudson Bay jackets from the Bay Company's super market. Wendy reluctantly settled into the baggage car while the rest found seats forward. In spite of the rearranged plans the usual picnic meal was secured and served as we rolled south. Only one sandwich maker at a time as the Polar Bear's accordion player toured the train and in no uncertain

terms told George -- just as the staff had been telling Reg all summer -- to get his fat rear end out of the way. Otherwise the ride was fast by normal ONR standards. The transfer of baggage to the southbound train at Cochrane was smooth made easy by the fact that the yard crew put the two baggage cars door to door -- the schedule of that train had apparently been readjusted also seemingly just as though the ONR knew we could not meet their normal schedule. The temper of the train crew changed dramatically now and we occupied the club car for a while until they finally allowed us seats in a coach. Andy and his people joined us and upset all the seating arrangements by trying to join us. Not much rest was possible as one of the girls recounted a long story about changing berths on a French train while the staff at least tried to catch 40 winks.

Wednesday, August 16 -- We detrained about 3 am -- only two hours later than originally planned two months ago. Waiting were the two station wagons plus Bill's bug so only one trip to Boat Line was needed -- made slightly slower by the condition of the road and a pause for Peter whose stomach reacted to civilization. A few short hours of sleep curled up in the cars or on the cushions of the Ramona and the staff woke to guess what -- rain. About 7:00 it looked like it was blowing over and we tossed five of Keewaydin's best cruisers into the water and loaded up in such a rush that some of the souvenirs got left on the dock, although Doc rescued most of what the others left. We pulled behind Wabun to the normal Section A breakfast spot and in short order cooked up our eggs and sausage. Peter was on the mend by now. Wendy ate her own meal and then decided she'd toss pine needles over Steve's plate and save it for later. We headed toward Devil's Mountain with a tail wind. Op had done his work; he'd not been able to keep off all the rain, but he'd scheduled us a tail wind though he did not make it through the night. He slipped quietly off the paddle after we rounded Seal Rock and headed in, somewhat concerned over the rising south wind. True to his promise Roy supplied the roar of the cannon as we neared the dock. Twenty-six hours earlier we had been cooking breakfast at Eastmain with no prayer of getting in on time. Even getting that far when we did had not been easy! A lot of water and land has passed under us since we headed out from the same dock.