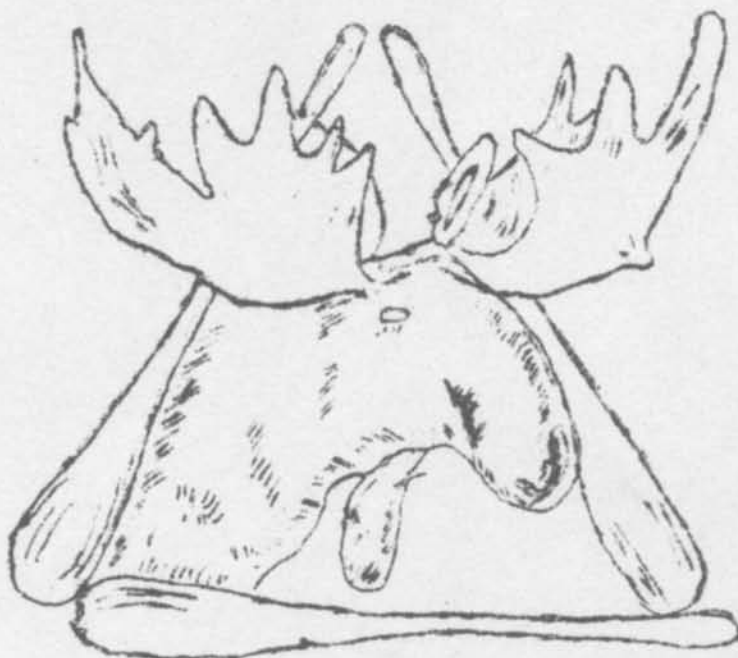


KEEWAYDIN

1973

SECTION



A

JAMES BAY

via

UPPER EASTMAIN and OPINACA RIVERS

57 Chip Fletcher
Drausin Wulsin

75 Ralph King
Mike Davison

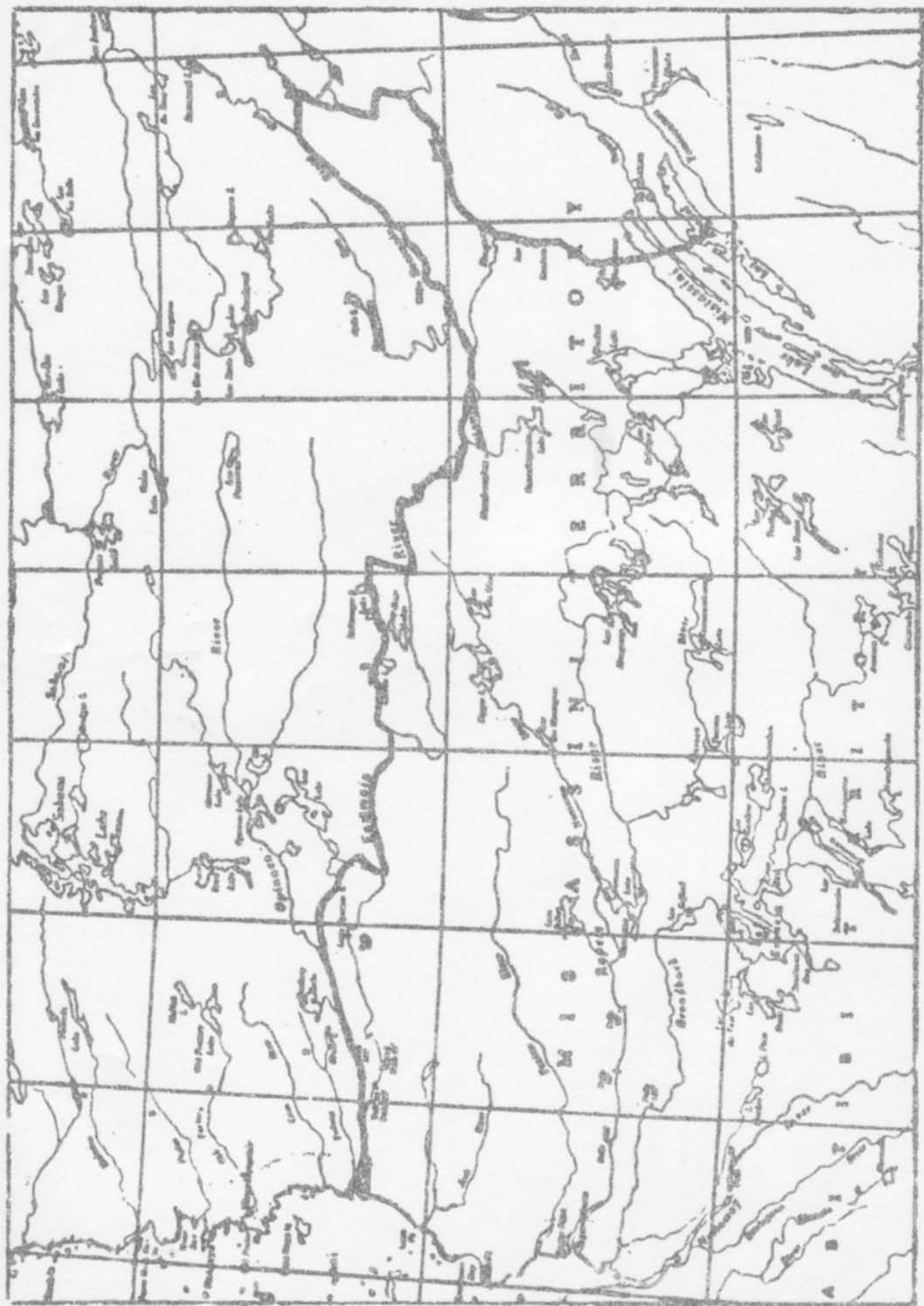
74 Mark Grogan
Pete MacKenzie

77 Chip Kittredge
Heb Evans, Staff
Wendy

78 Dave Jackson
Dan Carpenter, Guide

Lac Albanel -- Wabassinon -- Baudeau -- Shigami -- Upper Eastmain
Bauerman -- Clearwater -- Wabamisk -- Little Opinaca
Opinaca River -- Eastmain House

June 29 - August 16, 1973



LAC ALBANEL to EASTMAIN HOUSE via UPPER EASTMAIN and OPTINACA RIVERS

Soaler 32 miles to 1 inch

DAILY ITINERARY

June	29	--	Lake Tibblemont
	30	--	Albanel Camp
July	1	--	Island in Mistassini Crossing
	2	--	Third Carry on Wabassinon
	3	--	Stream to Baudeau
	4	--	Head of 1200 Yard Portage
	5	--	North End of Baudeau
	6	--	Second Portage on Shigami
	7	--	Start of Portages around Shigami Rapids
	8	--	Last Portage on River
	9	--	Height of Land Lake
	10	--	Pond about Four Miles up Route to Nitchequon
	11	--	Second Lake at Top of Stream
	12	--	Rest
	13	--	First Rapid at Ile Bohier
	14	--	Hecla Lake
	15	--	Foot of Portage before Cascade
	16	--	Fourth Rapid below Misask River
	17	--	Top of Channel Portage
	18	--	Two Miles West of Mountain 1801
	19	--	Sunday Portage
	20	--	Veneur
	21	--	Nasacauso
	22	--	Reoutfitting Island
	23	--	Rest
	24	--	Rest
	25	--	Prosper Falls
	26	--	Foot of KKK Portage through Prosper Gorge
	27	--	Second Portage on Bauerman River
	28	--	Pond West of Bauerman Lake
	29	--	INCo Site past Portage from Village Lakes
	30	--	Top of Clearwater
	31	--	Bottom of S-shaped Water
August	1	--	Foot of Great Bend
	2	--	Below First Sod Hut
	3	--	Start of Compass Portage
	4	--	Beaver Dam on Stream to Little Opinaca Lake
	5	--	First Rapid after Little Opinaca Lake
	6	--	Little Opinaca Falls
	7	--	Third Falls on Opinaca River
	8	--	Foot of Sixth Rapid on Opinaca River
	9	--	Opinaca Falls
	10	--	U below Last Portage on Opinaca River
	11	--	Foot of Basil Portage
	12	--	Eastmain House
	13	--	Rest
	14	--	T Station
	15	--	Bear Island
	16	--	KKK

Friday, June 29 -- The lodge did not provide a great deal of bug protection and Wendy insisted on barking at every strange noise, so sleep was occasionally interrupted. The guide beat everyone up to roll, but by breakfast time everyone else was also rolled. The departure meal over, we had to pose for Bill Carpenter's before picture. We could have made it off earlier, but Ojibway had been told 9:00, so we waited -- although the crowd from the other end plus the McMillen rescue boat were all on hand well before 8:45. Anyway at 9:00 we headed off into the south wind -- apparently without leaving anything on the dock for no boat chased us. The pull to Seal Rock was made against a mild chop and after trying the shore for a while we headed out to pass to the north of Rabbit Nose making the crossing in fine style. The one to La Fay's Point was harder with 57 falling slightly behind. Then along shore we found our sand hill to climb for dry wood. Wendy dashed too close to the guide forcing him to move his axe out of the way and opening his shin. The dry wood obtained, the cut was examined and butterflied slightly. On to the normal lunch site on Temagami Island, the beans were finally heated while the cut got rebutterflied more satisfactorily. Chief failed to appear before the wallowing was done, so we paddled over to Boat Line to find Russell and Ronnie waiting with the uprights in position for the rack -- and complaints about the sound of the truck engine. Nevertheless we started loading as Chief and Doc Bourdelais pulled in with the second leg supplies plus an extra run of life jackets. The boat unloaded, the guide piloted it back to Devil's Island to get a couple stitches from the two doctors with Marshal assisting. The loading was all done before he got back so the staff changed one of his almost flat tires during the delay. A few drops of rain fell during the loading process, but not enough to seriously dampen anything. The guide back, we took off to town to join those who had gone in with Chief. Russell pulled out with the truck and the others finally followed after running a few errands. At the Latchford bypass the two cars got separated and it was not until Malartic the cars caught up with Russell and all were finally together at Val d'Or. The Tiblemont cabin was rented about 8:30 and after first getting one with a two burner stove we were moved to one with a wood stove and dinner got cooked and served in cramped quarters. The 11 of us just fit on beds and floor as the Doctor stayed to entertain us while Russell and Ronnie went to town with the truck. The one electric light got turned out about 11:15 and all was quiet.

Saturday, June 30 -- At about 4:00 the no-seeums attacked in droves. The staff tuffed it out till almost five and as soon as he moved to start the fire everyone was up rolling so that by the time the guide started cooking eggs the packs were all done up. We were on the road to Senneterre about 6:30 and the truck was loaded about seven. And off we moved north. Russell pulled up shortly at the first spot he could cut a spruce pole along the road to support one of the 2x4's that had broken on the previous day's ride. The staff had already switched his tires back the night before. The ride to O'Sullivan's for coffee at 9:15 was not as dusty as usual, but maybe rougher. But then the shies clouded over and the rain came on and off. The Doctor entertained constantly in the guide's car. But then Russell pulled up with a flat tire about 50 miles short of Chapais and limped into town on only one right rear tire as the staff went

ahead in pouring rain to try to locate one the right size. No luck, but the Esso dealer called a tire place in Chibougamau that had one and agreed to stay open. Through pouring rain we got to their establishment to find them trying to get a huge tire for some piece of machinery off the rim, so we had to wait. The only person in the shop who spoke English did not work for them, but just before he left informed us he had met Andy Smyth's co-ed section on Mistassini last year with boys and girls all swimming in the raw -- could not afford suits he assumed. The rain poured as we waited turning the area in front of the shop into a river. The guide and Doctor took a trip to town for coke and then we pulled the cars next to each other to pass Bud's more than generous picnic lunches back and forth. Just previously Russell had backed the truck up to the shop and they quit trying to get their huge tire off its rim and started working on our truck. With the job almost over the staff drove down to the Fecteau base to check on instructions for delivery of our boxes coming up from camp -- hopefully getting the arrangement straight. Then off to the Wacconichi gate through more pouring rain which let up just a little as we passed the gate. Then suddenly just before the cut off to Mistassini Post the rain not only stopped, but the road was almost dry. Occasional light rain fell to the air base at Temiscamie, but nothing like it had done earlier. Russell had gotten out ahead and so the cars stopped to check arrangements. The male nondiscript dog took a liking to Wendy and chased us out across the bridge and the staff took him back while the guide drove on to meet Russell coming back. So back to the base we went to unload into a little shack -- Wendy's boy friend still chasing her. The dispatcher sounded interested and reliable -- and the other man with him had previously been the dispatcher at Chibougamau and remembered the staff -- so hopefully things will work out. Then the guide came back to put in a few things for the second leg as the staff and Russell went on to Albnel arriving in a pouring rain. The weather was quite Uninviting so we rented a large tent for the night and cooked on a fireplace Andy Smyth had used the night before. The fly got pitched on ropes without poles and dinner cooked as a few rain drops fell, enough so that we ate indoors and Fletch split enough wood so we could have spent an extra day if we wanted to do so. The canoes got their lines back -- Mike finding one of his not the right length by a good 20 feet. The life jackets got stowed. Pete, Mike, and Mark tried fishing with no luck as the Albnel fishermen were coming back in and those who had not been out stopped by to see where we were going. During the evening Mike cut his finger, but it needed nothing but a bandaid -- we already had enough stiches in the guide's leg and Pete's finger he had cut the day before we left. At this rate there will be nothing left in the first aid kit as we arrive at re-outfitting. The candles and flashlights went out early in our fairly secure tent.

Sunday, July 1 -- Dominion Day -- The fishermen and their Indian guides seemed to be up and moving about at dawn or thereabouts, but the staff resisted until almost six and then started breakfast out at the fireplace. The guide got the jewelry and N out there to help speed things up as the other supplies got carried back and forth to the tent. Most of the loads got down to the canoes as breakfast cooked and we pulled out at 7:45 under a gray sky, but fortunately an almost windless

morning. This time after rounding the point our course was true and the mouth of the river was found easily. An Indian guide with a sport and a young lad passed us headed for the river, but he stopped several hundred yards in front of us, turned around and went back, only to reappear and pass us again while paddling through one of the island narrows leading to the rapids. This time as opposed to '72 we were on the right route and spotted a couple Indian campsites short of the rapids. After the staff's annual rapids lecture we pulled on to look over the left side which the Indian takes in his motor boat. There was a good portage trail which Andy Smyth obviously used judging by the baggage tags he had left. The route near shore looked too rough so we picked one close to the island and started up the eddy to approach it right. The Indian guide ran his boat and sports back up while we were trying to locate our run looking at it from the top. Then the staff thought better of the whole thing and went over to the right and relocated the '72 path easily although the crossing was tougher. The run was made easily with half the section donning life jackets, and the crossing was not too tough either. We started the portage about 11:15 as a result of all the rapid scouting. Toward the end a large number of windfalls had been cut out -- by Andy we later learned. A few babies were seen lying along the trail, but otherwise all got across well in spite of the humidity and warmth of the day. We paddled to the next portage after the staff recovered Pete's axe and the fly, but Wendy thought that method was too slow and abandoned ship to swim the creek to be picked up by 74 in the pond before the portage, but that was short lived as the final creek-like entrance to the portage was reached. Leaving the staff to start our first meal of starch the first loads went over and the carriers came back reporting Andy just finishing the portage with his tribe. Pete brought back Andy's proposed itinerary for the staff and by the time 77 reached the far side Andy's section was gone. Mistassini was up a good three feet from a year ago and what had been sand beach was no more. By the time all was across there were a couple boats of Indians just off shore -- one little girl with her plastic toy ship to play with in the water. We shoved off only to have the bandit in charge of the Quebec post around the corner appear and demand our permit to travel in the reserve -- Andy had none, but later we found he was charged \$35 here and \$6 back in Albnel -- which was better than our \$50 rate plus \$3 in Albnel. The wind was light, maybe from the north as we pulled to the point at the crossing. The beach at the '72 site was no more in the high water. We pulled around the point to decide our next move. The wind was still light so we decided to go, but first the crews of 57, 74, and 75 decided on a swim off the canoes which occupied a while. Then we started out -- and immediately were pursued by the Indian maiden who followed for a while and then turned back before we got half way out. After 30 minutes the staff called a picture break, supposedly at half way but considerably more, and in 20 minutes we were at the islands. But now dark black clouds were off to the southeast. With our north wind the storm should have missed us, but of course the wind shifted and we collected a few drops. The island campsite was unoccupied because fortunately Andy had pulled all the way across, so we took it. Again the rock shore of '72 existed no more. Tents were up almost in time to avoid a longer shower. After it was over the staff dropped the tree to which Pete and Mike had snubbed their tent for dry

wood and Fletch, Mike, and Pete cut most of it while the guide baked our first corn bread. Dave did a run of French fries and Ralph did the sausage patties. We just beat the next shower with dinner although the dish washers finished in a drizzle. That put an end to the bathing although well over half the section had been in before dinner between showers. This is the warmest Mistassini has ever been at this time of year. But then the tents got occupied at a very early hour as this shower lasted better than an hour and ended all activity outdoors.

Monday, July 2 -- The 6:00 weather report was poor with fairly strong southeast winds and a spattering of rain here and there and it was not till 8:00 or so the staff lit the fire. Most everyone was up and rolling right away, so there was no need to yell. The staff canoe hit the water at 9:45 with the others coming off one by one slowly, 74 being by far the last. When she came up the rest were already at the southern tip of the island and the staff had decided to try the lake though the south wind was a lot stronger than yesterday's croosing wind and the lake was acting up more, but the southwestern sky looked as though it was now or never for a while at least. Not far from shore the waves showed white occasionally and a little water came over the gunwales. On a shallow lake it would probably have made us wind bound, but Mistassini rolls. A little more than half way over a few drops of rain fell and then a few more before we reached the land. Another mile of similar rollers and we reached the Wabassinon at 11:30. Up over the portage we went for lunch to find the remains of Andy's campsite -- cereal in the trail and someone had used the trail to the rock point as a fort our fishermen discovered, although they found no trout when they used the trail for its intended purpose. A very few drops fell as we ate and then we shoved on up the river taking the lift over at the island above easily. Not far ahead a rain shower strong enough to force the rain suits out of the packs fell, but did not last too long and off they came, only to go back on soon after for a shorter drizzle. But then they came into better use as we sailed a couple miles on bowmen's rain jackets. A couple Indian sites were viewed from the water -- one with a moose shoulder blade and a pretty little waterfall or cascade fell into the river at one point. The sails came down as the last narrows cut off the wind and we started up the river paralleling the esker. Since Wendy would not stop crying if she was in the last canoe the guide let 77 lead off -- although Wendy traveled back to the stern at one point during the sail and gave the staff a 5 minute bath. She was happier going up to the carry, but now shore was close since the current picked up and she wanted out. For the first time we hit a swarm of black flies but finally the portage appeared complete with its terrible loading spot. 77 was out ahead at the next one right above. There was smoke coming up, so the staff assumed Andy was camped there and started to take the loads through, but Andy was just having lunch and was moving on, so we stopped. Wendy was attacked by one of Andy's dogs and so would not stray far from our fireplace. The staff compared notes on the routes for the two trips while the guide set up the line and started the dry wood that Fletch and Mike finished off. Finally Andy and John pulled out -- most of their section was getting anxious to move and we were ready to start cooking. The

black flies were numerous as the guide baked. Half took a swim in the swift water at the base of the falls before dinner with the rest going after dinner. Mark made the traveling bannock, but the black flies were such that soon everything was shut down except for occasional notes from Kit's harmonica. Still the southwest sky looks poor -- but we are two full days ahead of '72's schedule up the river even so.

Tuesday, July 3 -- The staff was a little late and touched off the fire at 6:15 under a warm sky even if the sun was not brilliant. 77 was loaded and off the landing at 8:00 with 78 right behind, but 74 again had trouble getting organized and loaded so that 77 was almost up to the next portage before the section was together. The first one went quickly -- Andy was already well ahead of us by this time. Then a short one followed and reasonably soon our first pull up. Someone this time had removed most of the alder that caused troubles in '69, so it should have been easy except 75 got to the top and let the bow out in the stream while changing from lining to paddling -- the result a near miss. A few feet were wet, however, as a result of slips made going up. We were over the 150 yarder after the split by 11:30 -- ahead of the '72 schedule and so moved on toward another lunch site. The wind picked up during the paddle of the wide areas following. Dave suffered across the portages with a pulled neck muscle and Pete felt under the weather -- not the most healthy section thus far. At least the cuts are healing. We negotiated a couple more short pull ups and then finally pulled up at the '69 lunch site to find the rock shelf out of water even in these conditions. Some bathing followed led by Ralph and Wendy swam almost continuously sometimes chasing sticks and sometimes just swimming in circles. Back in the canoes with only one more area of swifts to paddle, she hopped out twice on the way up to cause troubles and then in the narrows just before the portage took to the water again even to swim part of the way. Her morning had been great because she had been in the lead canoe. The guide held up just before the portage allowing one of Andy's females to get dressed hurriedly after her swim. Their tents were up and they had quit for the day. And just then a Scotch mist set in so there was water from above as well as that from below at the end of the carry. Rain suits came out and we took the next stretch of shallow, twisting stream under cloudy and rainy skies. Finally the campsite appeared. 57, 74, and 75 went across right away with Pete having to help Mike who was feeling poorly. Maybe we are working too hard, but we haven't even had a long day yet. Meanwhile the fly went up. Followed by the tents. The Scotch mist let up as dinner was started -- a night for ham and French fries after a tough day. Mike did not feel like any so there was plenty as Drausin baked with a balky fire often brought back to life by the guide waving a plate. Fletch took care of the ham after splitting our poor jackpine fuel with Kit's help. Ralph and Dave got stuck with the potatoes while the guide baked the second bannock -- the staff managed to measure out the freeze dried peas and Wendy wanted to swim! After dinner there was almost no activity other than a little washing up. Fletch tried fishing with no results. And a few bars on the harmonica were soon all the noise on the site. The rain had stopped almost as soon as the fly was up and the humidity returned as did a glimpse or two of

the sun.

Wednesday, July 4 -- The morning dawned nicely through mist and a heavy dew, but some of the section had spent a rough night in and out of the tent. Mike had recovered from his previous complaints of last evening. Kit was a little shaky, but Mark and the guide were still feeling quite poorly. As a result a lot of bacon went in the Wendy bag. The staff delayed getting up till 6:30 and it was 8:45 before we were on the water with slow loading at the foot of the rapid -- made even slightly slower when Pete had to run back for his axe although Fletch had taken one of Mark's loads across to speed things up. We had to move to let Andy's section through so staying put was out of the question in all fairness to him. The wind helped carry us down the next pond to a small rapid that was run easily whereas we had had to line it a year ago. The 30-yarder still had to be portaged -- the foot still looked uninviting for lining. The loads got across with the help of lots of hands. The rapid just below caused a little concern a year ago, but was taken easily with the section strung out more than necessary since the staff said he was going to stop to look it over and then didn't. Then another pond-like area and the portage hove into sight. The guide and Mark had tents put up for them as 57 and 74 went across the portage. The rest of the tents up, a little dry wood was drawn and a little washing, a sightseeing trip to the falls and a little fishing by the staff -- two small walleye -- kept things going until close to one when the staff decided he better cook lunch even if Andy had not showed up yet -- he should have been up long ago since he usually starts earlier than we do. But before the starch pot boiled he pulled in and after much discussion they moved off on the portage -- with huge wannigans lots heavier than ours ever were. One of the girls who was making her third trip with Andy had a sprained ankle and so sat and entertained us while the others portaged. The more experienced ones making three trips with back breaking loads. The girls hefted loads greater than ours on occasion also. Wendy had to give up swimming and chasing sticks till they got away for fear of the big dogs and so had a little rest in an otherwise busy dog day. 77 went across the portage. Then 75 and Fletch took one of the girl's potato loads part way while Pete took 78 which previously had gotten a patch to stop the leak obtained on Albabel over a tack that was sticking out. Mike caught a pike and a walleye on the other side, watched a huge pot of rice being prepared, and left, just as the girls started bathing. Meanwhile the staff took two walleye that were just keepers out of the pool by the falls -- having tossed back two in the morning and two in the afternoon that were smaller. Dinner was started about 6:00 with the staff baking his first bannock of the trip and Mark showed up recovered enough to fry the hamburgers. Drausin took over for the second bannock. After a beautiful morning and a fair afternoon, clouds started rolling in about 4:30 and by dinner time it became a rush to get walloped before the rain came. Mike and Fletch finished the dishes in a drizzle but the others made their tents and we escaped putting up the fly by a whisker. And so our record is perfect -- rain every day. It had quit before ten, however, as the sky started to clear, but the campsite was quiet long before that with only a few notes from the harmonica. And so an easy fourth of July for most as the ailing seemed to be on the mend.

Thursday, July 5 -- The sky was gray -- sort of as usual -- at 6 am when the staff started breakfast. Legally our sixth day of rain came during the meal -- but there was more to follow later. Our ailing members were in good shape so off we went across the portage -- Ralph returned from his first trip across to report Andy had cleared out long ago. 77 was on the water just after 8:30, but it was 25 more minutes before Mark got his last load across and we were all moving off. A little while later we took our run for the day with less than complete success with some water taken and 74 had to be patched at the lift over ahead and 77 needed a small one at the campsite at night. The lift over into Baudeau came about 10:30 and Andy's group was just clearing the portage as we pulled up and pushed them off. After 74 was attended to we moved up a mile and spotted an Indian winter camp just built last year and pulled up to investigate. One tent still stood while there had also been two others on the site. Lots of beaver stretchers and skulls plus moose and caribou antlers. A couple snow shovels and some dog harness, an outboard cached in the tent, and a canoe near shore and one up near the tent. And then even a Christmas wreath on a tree! We borrowed five of the Indian poles to see if we could do anything with the south wind. The catamaran rigged without too much delay, the wind proved to be less strong than might be wished, and it took about two hours to cover five miles. By now the guide was hungry so we hooked behind a point, still rigged, furlled the sail, and paddled to a sand beach. In the process Ralph's mast that had been stepped upside down snapped. The rig rested quietly while we quickly cooked a meal of starch and were back on the water at 2:45. During the sail, part of it had been accomplished in rain and now the wind had shifted to the west, so we cast the Indian poles on an island and took to the paddle again to fight back to the west shore. A couple hours and several rain squalls later we pulled around the point to discover Andy on our intended campsite, so on we paddled for a couple miles to an Indian site in a stand of jackpine. Lots of room, but also millions of mosquitoes, probably because of the swamp behind the site and the rain. Anyway the tents went up and with the guide baking the meal got thrown together in spite of a few more rain showers. Another hit just after dinner was served to help matters along. Ralph had to delay putting his traveling bannock together until it passed on. The local attraction was a double rainbow -- one brighter than the other but both complete. There had also been one just before we passed Andy, but not complete. Fletch and Mark went fishing bringing in one pike -- two got away. They got back in another shower that had otherwise ended all activity. Earlier 57 got a small patch to go with the one 77 got. And so to bed under water laden skies. One minute it is hot and clear and the next raining. On and off came the rain suits so often today the staff felt like a strip tease performer.

Friday, July 6 -- If anything the weather was worse in the morning with the sky completely clouded over and haze down over the hills across the way -- so the staff rolled over. About 7:00 a brief shower hit -- then around 8:00 Ralph and Mark went down to the water to wash up and Wendy decided enough was enough so the staff got shamed into getting up well after 8:00. The guide and Fletch operated on Chip's pike for breakfast -- and a tiny sprinkle fell. Then shortly after ten we were loading up

as Andy pulled past and stopped for a while. We saw the last of his canoes parked at the Indian winter site just west of the lake exit, and we turned right up the river only to stop almost immediately at an overgrown log tent frames that was not very interesting. Just up river was another camp, but we spotted a new one on the south shore and swung over to it. The main camp proved to open on Baudeau itself and a marsh had to be crossed to reach it. The first photographers went the wet way, but then some Indian poles made a treacherous walk and the rest crossed with dry -- or almost dry -- feet. The camp was smaller than the one at the south end of Baudeau, but tightly made. The only strange item was a mallet kind of weapon carved on the end of a long pole -- the use for which was unknown. Of course a rain shower hit before the last left -- but they waited it out under the Indian's porch that still had its canvas -- the porch being peaked instead of flat as most have been and the porch made of logs, not brush. Wendy also collected a collar thanks to Kit to help tie her in the canoe at landings. Back in the canoes we started east upstream with relatively little current at first, but we soon had to start playing the banks as the river flowed faster and higher than in '69. We passed up another winter site farther up and kept going alternately taking off and putting on rain suits. We tried to have lunch for a long time -- ever since the guide informed us it was an hour and twenty minutes after lunch, but the terrain would not cooperate until the staff got desperate and found a little bit of grass behind the sand and finally lunch got done. The paddle had been shortened, however, by Ralph's detailed recount of a lengthy dream of last night. When all put together he expects his book of dreams to draw the equal of the 50 cent price on the Keewaydin cook book at the Dartmouth Book Fair. Back on the river at 3:30 we pulled up soon at the first rapid and portage -- the loading area being so poor we took a while getting off. Then some dead water when the staff's account of Frog Falls of last year was broken by running into sand bars. A couple miles later we had to pull up a small rapid slightly too steep to paddle with 77 going first the hard way and then the others the easy route as Kit let 77 and the staff to the top of the pitch, the bow rope was thrown to him, and then Chip pulled the canoe and 77 back up. Anyway it was novel, but took a while. Then a long paddle interrupted only by Wendy's crying and decisions to give the staff a bath -- and some geese the guide sighted. Finally the next portage arrived. The trail did not seem to have been used since '69. The guide tried an inviting looking site on the opposite side, but found the moss too deep and wet so we made the head of the portage do by cutting a kitchen area and putting the staff tent on an old Indian site and the rest on the hill behind in the burn where if possible the mosquitoes were worse than down by the river. The guide baked a perfect cornbread and Drausin did the traveling one after he and Fletch drew most of the wood. Ralph fried up the potatoes and it was all served at 8:30, but for once it did not rain during dinner -- we changed the hour without telling the weather. The tents were occupied quickly, Kit to practice on his harmonica, and maybe try his radio again. But then at 11:00 -- guess what? -- rain -- right!

Saturday, July 7 -- The sun came up beautifully around 5 am, but by 6:00 the day was cloudy again, but we got --

through a dary breakfast at least. Loading was slow with room to work only one canoe at a time up the trail to be loaded. 77 was off at 7:40 with the others following fairly rapidly behind so that it was not long before we started up the long pull up around the bend. We took it all on the right instead of crossing to do the top as '69 did. Just after everyone got up the rain started in lasting through most of the next portage and although it stopped soon it had done its work and wetted the scraggly bush. For some reason the established loading area was scorned by several canoes which preferred loading on a small grassy island after wading to get there. But then several people were wet anyway from slipping during the pull up. A relatively short paddle later we landed at the last carry on the Shigami proper and went up over the burn stopping to take a few pictures from the hill. By now the bugs were in pretty good force and we had picked up black flies to go with our mosquitoes. The next set of pull ups took considerable time and ingenuity. 77 got up as the guide would call it at quarter to lunch and we sat for a while recuperating and the sun even came out enough so Fletch decided to try for some sun and braved the bugs with a bare back. Three or four geese were encountered before the turn but we did not really get close. Then the turn posed no problems as we could hear the next rapid as we left the river for our creek. At 12:35 we stopped at the first Indian winter site for lunch and built our fire in front of his ancient house -- that probably had not been visited since the '69 Section. A pair of ice skates were even found lying around. Ralph and Dave tried a bath in the middle of the river which was about hip deep. The starch was just ready as the thunder shower we could hear rolling to the west hit -- making the last piece of bannock a little soggy. It poured for twenty minutes or so filling the canoes well enough so they needed considerable bailing after it was over. Dishes mostly had to be held up since no drying was even thinkable, so we got off a little later than expected. Shortly thereafter we ran into shallows we expected to track, but the issue was finally resolved by wading. The boots were finally emptied, but the lining and paddling of swifts continued for a long time. Finally we reached the portage trail around the falls and got to walk on land for a while leaving behind a campsite the guide would have preferred. Anyway we kept going and after our first pull up got into the proposed jackpine campsite at the head of the coming carries just after 5:00. Drausin, Fletch, and Mike made up most of the dry wood while the staff finally got to bake. The last of our fresh potatoes went to lighten the load a little and Ralph did the traveling bannock. We settled down to eat at 6:45 and naturally a few drops of rain fell, but not enough to force rain suits or the fly. Drausin and Ralph managed baths in the shallow water. Kit tried fishing the shallow water with no luck and Doctor Carpenter removed the stiches from his leg and Pete's finger. It all settled down by nine so in the only night it has been possible to stay around the fire Fletch did up a batch of popcorn that was consumed just as the sun disappeared. So far our record for rain is perfect -- but its been a good traveling day anyway. A good way to spend Carp Sr's birthday!

Sunday, July 8 -- The eastern sun threatened but never really broke through as breakfast was cooked a few minutes

later than desired because the staff took a few extra winks. But still we were loading up at the far side of the portage at five to eight. The day promised to be a warm one even if the sun was not out in full force. The second portage lay just across the pond and was quickly done in spite of the fact that Drausin's wannigan tump broke part way across. The third passed and the guide got out in the lead so Wendy howled all the way to the next landing. The far end was just as wet as expected, and finally the fifth and final one was over. We started down the bay toward the river, but as we have come to expect had to catch shore and sit huddled under rain suits for a ten minute deluge that had to be bailed out of the canoes. But it had not done enough to give us water in the bay deep enough to paddle, but we finally poled our way across the sand bars. Ralph cheated and dragged 75 across the worst of them. The first Indian site had no standing dry wood in sight, so we went on heading into a sand beach because the guide spotted an Indian rig on shore. The rig proved to be a grave enclosed by a green and red picket fence and the trees around had been reblazed recently and fresh small packages hung on a pole above the grave. We moved down the beach to cook lunch and by now the sun was out good and strong so Fletch started the bathing and others followed. Lunch dragged on after the hard morning and we finally got off around two. By now the wind had risen to pretty stiff proportions and as we groped our way through the maze the wind helped blow us up several swifts including one that had been lined in '69. Indian sign was plentiful, however, indicating we were on the right track. For a while we sailed along under rain jacket sails held by the bowmen and the sternsmen took it easy. After what seemed a long time under the hot sun and the stiff southwest wind we pulled up at the short portage. Afterwards we sailed the entire mile and a half to the 400 yarder ahead with 57 mostly in the lead until 77 won the race to the portage because the staff knew where he was going. The campsite was occupied at the top of the portage shortly after 4.30 with some protection from the strong wind -- but enough wind in the open area to keep the bug population at bay. Drausin baked for dinner and Mike took over for the traveling one as the guide did all the rest of the cooking with assistance. The two Chips split the wood that Pete and the staff drew. Somehow we had a dry meal. Maybe the guy upstairs thought we were on two nights ago's schedule, but dinner was served just after 6:00. The guide started repairing the tip of his rod which he discovered was broken at the start of the day while the staff tried the rapid getting only one small pike. Mark turned over a few rocks looking for specimens. Kit operated on his radio since its turning dial went on the fritz last night. Then as the guide worked on his rod, the staff repaired Drausin's tump and Dave wrote, suddenly the guide's bowman looked over his shoulder to see big black clouds rolling in, but we had enough warning and sat out a rain shower in the tent for a novelty as it came down hard for a few minutes. Part of a rainbow appeared out on the river briefly and then after it let up Bud's Lemon Bread went for a bed time snack. Chip played on the harmonica as the evening began to darken -- playing Keewaydin tunes that the staff thought only he and the guide knew. And then the weather darkened again, the wind still blew, and rain began again shortly after eleven. Our record is still perfect.

Monday, July 9 -- The evening had been bad, but the wind continued in gusts through the night. At 6:00 the prospects looked grim and rain should have started to fall at any moment. The temperature was considerably lower than it had been the previous day. So the staff rolled over. He might just as well have gotten up, however, for the situation was almost exactly the same at 9:00 when he finally made the move. No rain had fallen and the clouds were still mighty low. The temperature had risen a few degrees, but not many. But it was a good day for portaging so we dropped it all. At least the canvas was dry. Not too far ahead we found the portage trail after the staff landed at the wrong bay and had to walk up one more to find the trail -- but it took only a moment. That put us in a pond and back in the canoes for a few moments through some small water to the next one -- and then to the maze of rocks and islands to the last of the series. For some reason this one on the highest land was by far the wettest of the day with a bog in the middle. The guide and staff waited to start lunch as the rest went back for their last loads and Wendy spotted an otter in the water. The guide got some photographs as he bobbed up and down as if mad at us for invading his territory -- and spitting at us at the same time. But Fletch was the only one to see him also. The guide warned the others to be quiet -- they tiptoed through the swamp misunderstanding and expecting to see him along the trail. Drausin wound up with another broken tump and had to come to the end to get one. Hands had been numb on the paddle up to the portage and now a cold northwest wind was blowing across the lunch fire. Then it started to drizzle to keep our rain record perfect. So the staff gave up, got all hands to help pitch the fly, and called it a day. Lunch was served about 2:45 -- it had been almost done shortly after 2:00 but the fly pitching slowed things up considerably. Mike and Pete drew most of the wood that Fletch and Mark split. Tents went up and a goodly number sought refuge to read and play chess. The fire was maintained on Indian wood good enough for coffee water and a pot of soup. Mark made the traveling bannock to clear the reflector for the staff's cherry pie. The guide made dinner in the process. As soon as she was done someone who was not aware of the pie dessert grabbed the traveling bannock and carved it up before anyone was the wiser, but it got saved to travel anyway. A few drops fell as night came on and the tents were soon filled for another good sleeping night. The wind dropped at dinner time, but the sky refused to clear even for a sun set.

Tuesday, July 10 -- The sky was at least gray if not black at 6:00, but the staff moved anyway. Some moisture must have fallen during the night -- the canvas was a lot wetter than when we went to bed. The wind was down though and it was considerably warmer than yesterday. From the security of the fly the staff was not aware of the Scotch mist that started falling during breakfast, but it was there. Anyway the tents came down and we shoved off just before 8:00 with rain suits in every canoe. The paddle across the lake was accomplished in the Scotch mist, but it quit by the time we started to portage. Then a small rock dodging downhill section came up which we slipped through to the next little portage around a much steeper pitch. And back on went the rain suits as we started across the pond that was the start of Vick Crick. Dodging rocks -- at last usually dodging them -- we made our way past the Indian site where the '69 section

had lunch and turned up the creek and were on our own. Several signs of human travel were seen, which was encouraging, and then there was a perfectly good portage trail around the first rapid. After the portage -- which was taken in fair weather -- the stream ran reasonably well for a while and then the lining started on small stuff. After maybe a half dozen of these we got to one that looked too tough. No portage trail was to be found, however. The guide had spotted a blaze one pull up back and while we could have portaged across a narrow neck of land to the north, we elected not to do so. There were trails across, but it was hard to tell if they were just game trails. The staff decided we could line the rapid, though, so up we went. Then followed a seemingly endless section of lining, and around every bend there was another one. Finally at about 1:45 we reached the top to find a large, well used Indian site at the end of a well used trail. Somehow the Indian got to the pond and portaged back to the stream here. The guide and staff had found the trail when trying to figure out how to negotiate the last rapid which needed to have the canoes unloaded and lifted over about a 10 yard stretch to get up, which was chosen in preference to portaging up over a hill to the trail. The weather man had not been fooled by the late lunch hour and a few drops kept us company during the meal. The staff patched a rip in 78 and a few nail holes in 57 in spite of the rain. The Indian had left us an old leather tump, but Wendy probably carried it off in the bush for it disappeared. Then we started dodging rock, paddling swifts, and lining some more small rapids, but none like those before lunch. Mother duck seemingly lost one of her babies to a pike at the foot of one of them. The rock dodging lessened a little as we moved forward. 78's harmony was on the verge of being destroyed as the guide and bowboy argued back and forth about rock placement in the river. We were reaching the end of the wide stretch just after 4:30 so the guide and staff hopped ashore at a sand beach that the Indian had once used and found lots of tent sites, so we quit. The staff did a pineapple upside-down cake for dinner while Drausin did the traveling one. Pete, Mike, Fletch, et al drew and split the dry wood. And various hands fried the ham, but no one for long as the fire threw terrific heat. Ralph took his bath before dinner with Mark and Dave following after dinner. A rainbow appeared behind the tents briefly. Pete went pike fishing and landed a small one -- but the huge one got away -- one with Mike's Dardevle. The staff put new patches on 78 since they lost the lunch ones on the first rock in the river. 57 and 75 also got some minor attention. Various hands turned to making popcorn as the bugs were kind enough to let us stay out by the fire while Fletch and Mike played their chess game. The sun went down behind clouds and then the black ones started rolling in slowly from the west.

Wednesday, July 11 -- As usual the sun was hidden by clouds at 6:00. The sky was low and a very light Scotch mist lasted for a moment, but soon stopped. The clouds were moving only slightly and only a very brief shower had fallen during the night. Breakfast went fast and we were loading at 7:35. The finish of the wide stretch we were on went quickly and we passed a couple more Indian sites as the river narrowed. The paddling went smoothly except for sand bars for a while and then the pull ups and swifts started again. Mostly short and shallow without

the challenges of yesterday, but still making for slow progress. Then a particularly long straight stretch appeared and guide and staff investigated both sides of the river thinking the Indian probably had a carry somewhere, but no trail could be found even on the obvious esker to the left, so we started to line up. First a channel had to be cleared at the foot to begin the process, but after that the tracking went fairly easily until at the top a particularly heavy rapid appeared equipped with a very well used Indian trail. Our confidence rose knowing that we still had the Indian because prior to this the most sign we had seen during the pull ups had been a couple pieces of sawed firewood. The section chose to portage rather than pull up some more so we trudged across the 75 yards through an Indian campsite. It was not possible to stay in the canoe for long, but the pull ups were short and a mile up came another Indian trail, this time not so open with trees poorly spaced for 18 foot canoes, but it was only 50 yards at most. It was possible to paddle a while and about quarter after lunch a small waterfall showed up complete with a large campsite. While the starch started the canoes were lifted over the rocks at the falls -- as being shorter than portaging. Mark and Fletch tried fishing with no luck and stopped when Drausin took a bath in the pool off the falls. Naturally we were blessed with a sprinkle at lunch, but the main black clouds went north and south of us. The wind had been out of the east all day which was not a good sign. After lunch the paddling distance between obstacles increased as the land got lower. But not far above was another short portage, again complete with an Indian site. And a short distance above we portages up over the esker and climbed above 1550 feet which was the last contour line we were to cross on water. Finally we reached the first lake at the top of the stream and had our longest paddle of the day without having to get out. The east wind had picked up by now or maybe it had always been there but we had been on small water. At the head of the lake a beaver dam had to be pulled apart, helped not at all by Wendy trying to stand on it and take sticks. Just above our last portage was made, again short and again through an Indian site on well used trail. The approach to the final lake was over a very shallow stretch where the canoes had to be walked getting their bottoms sand papered in the process. About half way down the lake dark black clouds rolled in and three-quarters of the way down we had to catch shore while the worst passed over. There was a trail up into the bush here, but we went on to the foot of the lake, finding no sign of the Indian. 57 went back to check the trail previously found while 77 went round the point into the other bay at the head of the lake and immediately found the portage trail out -- a highway just like the others and with an Indian site, but this time 50 yards back up the trail. The fly went up right away though the rain had slackened off a bit. Then the tents were started and the rain came on and off as dinner was cooked starting about 5:30. Ralph made the bannock while the staff manufactured an icing for it. The guide took care of the rest of the meal and Kit made our first pot of cocoa for a wet, cold evening which almost satisfied Fletch's craving for chocolate. Fletch and Mike drew and split the dry wood. Mark made the traveling bannock. Dinner was eaten under the fly with the rain still coming down. There was not much chance to sit around the fire and by 8:30 the tents were pretty well filled. And then about 9:00 the storm set in even harder so that we stood

the prospect of our first really wet, rainy night. The portage trail will be plenty wet in the morning although if this keeps up our first pancake breakfast may well be in store. But on the other hand we are not at all sure where the Indian is taking us!

Thursday, July 12 -- It poured until well past midnight accompanied by driving wind. After that it just rained and was still raining at 7:15. The staff finally moved at 8:45 and true to last night's forecast made a pancake breakfast with customers arriving slowly -- Ralph and Kit having at least partially rolled. The rain and Scotch mist continued through the morning. 77 went across the portage about noon since the staff could not wait to see where the trail led. All but 75 then made the trip through the wet bush while the staff cooked Spanish Rice for lunch. A sudden squall fell while the sternsmen were away for the last real rain of the day. At 2:00 a debate was held about knocking it all down, but dark clouds were rolling in from the north and we elected to hold tight. About 3:30 it began to break up just after Mike had started across with 75 and canoe pads obtained from Kit who had just happened to bring some along. The guide and Fletch drew some more dry wood to tide us over until breakfast. The staff baked and the guide started the rest so we shut up five wannigans and the babies and the bowmen made their trip across leaving only one trip for each in the morning. Wendy made her third trip of the day back and forth. By dinner time the sky was mostly blue with dark patches only to the southeast. Various onlookers commented unfavorably on the guide's lunch baking that failed to rise. The bugs started to arrive as the sun started down and the sunset was admired and photographed over the little pond in the valley to the north of us as the moon was almost full to the east and the sunset reflected off the clouds. And we settled in for what looks to be a good sleeping night -- maybe a dry one too.

Friday, July 13 -- Along about 5:00 the sun was in evidence, but by 6:00 it had disappeared and was replaced by a cool, gray sky for the coldest morning yet. We moved fairly fast this morning especially considering we had just had a rest day -- maybe because the wood was so good and the fire took quickly. Anyway we started the final trip across the portage at 7:30. Everything was safe on the far side -- no bear had smelled the bacon. The paddle down the pond was brief and after the guide and staff scouted the Indian trail we paddled up the twisting creek that was just wide enough for a canoe to cut off about 300 yards of walking. Later we discovered there was a better used trail that apparently took out farther up. The one we took was not as well traveled as the ones we had been using, but it got us there even though it had Drausin going around in circles with the canoe on his back at one point. The last hill was our highest walking part of the trip -- just over 1600 feet and the highest height reached by a Section A trip, at least in recent times. We photographed -- still under gray skies and thought we could see one of the heights of the Otish Mountains off to the east. With the canoe afloat again we promptly lost the Indian; he must go east here to hit the river considerably farther up than we wanted. We scouted a while for a trail out of the lake because the stream was quite shallow, but found nothing and ran the first little pitch. We then tackled two ill-advised let downs -- the

last of which turned into a demi-charge. The first pond-like area reached, we had a little paddle to another let-down; this time a sane one, and then ran into a rapid too steep and rocky to tackle and so had to take to the bush. The start was terrible, but for impromptu portages the rest was not too bad up on a ridge. Then somehow we managed to run or let down everything for quite a while. In fact lunch was delayed expecting some obstacle that would take major effort, so we did not stop until after one when a short cascade appeared that was sort of carried while the guide heated the bean on a nice rocky point. 78 was the only one yet to bring over after lunch, so we were soon on our way. By now the sun was out in full force adding heat to our trials. The last section of stream had little that could be paddled so we blazed a few portages -- three to the pond area in the middle. None was a good walker to say the least and the trails never got to be much more than blazes with too many people charging off on their own trying to make their own paths. None was very long, but it all took a while. Finally the last pond appeared and a final 300 - 400 yard trail was made -- the best of the bunch -- to finally put us on the Eastmain about 5:00. We paddled over to the top of the first rapid -- that obviously had to be carried. And a lot of people trooped immediately to the top of the high hill in the burn to take pictures leaving Kit as the only canoe guardian. There were faint signs of the Indian and his trail in the burn, but 77 went over to the far side just in case there were a trail there, but came back quickly to set up camp in the burn. Mike, Pete, and Fletch made up the dry wood while the staff burned the bannock. Three or four got in a swim before dinner. Mike made the traveling bannock which turned out much better. After dinner the guide found the first twout -- a two pounder. The bugs set in in full force, but all the cameras came out for the sunset taken from the hill. Bud's date and nut bread went for a bed time snack. 57, 74, 75, and 78 all got one or more patches -- this first two weeks has been rough on the canoes. Our record was almost broken, but a few drops after 9:00 forced the fly to be tossed on the wannigan prematurely. But maybe these drops should not be counted, so to make sure we got about a 15 minute shower about 11:00. And we did not even have to count the rainbow that showed up while we were photographing the sunset. Anyway -- the Eastmain at last!

Saturday, July 14 -- The rain that started late last night kept up and it poured through most of the night and was still coming down in considerable volume at 6:00. By 7:30 it had resolved into a steady, fine drizzle occasionally punctuated with harder blasts of wind and rain. Mark finally roused himself to go fishing, bringing back a female trout about the same size as the guide's. Finally Wendy wanted to go out and with Mark up the staff was shamed into getting out to start the fire at 9:00. The drizzle was light enough so the fire could be laid and the water started on its way, but as soon as the guide rolled the fly went up. As breakfast got closer a few suggestions of blue appeared and the call went out to roll. The two trout provided the backbone of the breakfast. We finally cleared the site about 11:00 under an overcast sky with a very strong west to northwest wind and cool temperature. About two miles up the guide and staff played a hunch and found the Indian route around the next set of rapids back in a bay. The trail proved to be well used which was

a very pleasant surprise and there was a large Indian campsite at the start of the 300 yards. Across the little lake was the second of the series, about twice as long, but in very good shape also. It was long past normal lunch time when we got stopped by a short rapid which we finally decided not to tackle and took the trail beside it instead. The guide found a rocky lunch site by the river to use as the canoes came over. Ralph and Mark tried fishing but did not score though Mark claimed he had strikes. We pulled out from lunch to be greeted by a short rain squall as we tried the right side of the river for a portage around the last of the rapids around Ile Bohier. Naturally the portage was in a bay on the left -- again well used, but the longest of the day. One brief glimpse of the rapid could be gained from the top of the trail, but in general we have been carrying things we have not really seen all day. We got to a stretch of paddling about 4:30 with a strong west wind that helped not at all. Several rain showers obviously, but punctuated several times by rainbows to the east. About four miles later we got to run our first little rapid which was quickly done. And then, searching for a campsite very seriously now -- the guide and staff even investigating a fallen log they thought was an Indian site -- we finally ran a second short pitch to a point where the river swings west. By now no one bothered to take off rain suits even when the sun was out -- it was a sure bet another squall was coming soon. We pulled up at a surveyor's site where there was also an Indian cache, but it was terrible. The guide spotted something white about 1/2 mile away that proved to be a huge set of moose antlers marking a good Indian site -- equipped with loads of tent poles. Dinner was off and running quickly as the staff baked and Drausin and Ralph filled pots while Mike, Pete, and Fletch as usual drew the wood -- and Mike managed to cut a finger slightly. Just as the bread line was ready around 7:30 another squall hit calling a halt for a moment to the serving line. Mike made another traveling bannock trying to match his masterpiece of last night. While it baked the full moon came out briefly before the dark clouds took over. The staff repaired his canoe tump that had broken three times during the day while Mark told Ralph a story that set him into gales of laughter -- on retelling to the rest no such reaction could be obtained. And so to bed late as the wind still blew from the west and the dark clouds continued to roll in and a few drops of rain fell at 11:30 -- our record is still perfect and the sky looks like it will stay that way.

Sunday, July 15 -- As we have grown to expect it rained several times during the night and at 6:00 the wind was still howling and the clouds were quite low to the accompaniment of some light drizzle. The staff held off till 7:30. The canvas was soaked and the wind did not do much of a job drying anything -- it was too cold. But we more or less had to move, so we started into the teeth of the wind at 9:15. The current helped, but sometimes the waves were higher than they should have been as a result of the wind. Visability was poor and all was gray. At the turn to the south the current quickened and before long we ran into our first non-runnable rapid. A search for the trail was initiated which the staff finally found and followed with Wendy's help. It turned out to be much less used than those we had seen previously on the river -- the Indian must not travel this stretch any more. We finally got over and then around the bend

found another rapid. 77 investigated a bay and a possible channel waiting for 78 since Dave managed to lose the trail and was behind the rest. Anyway after carefully scouting we ran tight to the right shore with no problems. Then ahead another marked rapid was taken quickly on the left and we pulled across to a sand beach on an island for lunch. The area was small, but we got it done without too much sand in the starch. Of course it had to rain while we tried to eat. Somehow the man upstairs always seems to know when meal time comes even when we are late. We pulled out for the next rapid, but had to stop for a moment for a squall behind an island and then had to fight a heavy wind to the south channel. The little rapid at the top was run, but A. P. Low's Meat Portage had to be found at the next one. The guide found the trail, but the unloading area was terrible and a lot of time was spent getting the canoes out one at a time. This one was no better used than the one before even if someone had left a gague for recording water depth at the loading area on the far side. The little rapid below was even run in sunlight -- right in our eyes. Then around the bend was the next unrunnable obstacle, but we found the old trail without much trouble. This one was longer, but most of it pretty good walking even if Mike could not find the trail for a while. By now it was after 5:30 so we quit at the foot in what was once an Indian site. The staff baked while Drausin fried the ham and the usual wood crew did all that work. Pete took over for the traveling bannock. Naturally it rained for the bread line and the fly got tossed over the line -- it had also rained during the carry, not once but twice. The tent sites were on reindeer moss, but hopefully not too deep. The fishermen braved the cold and wind, but staff and guide each only got a small non-keeper. The sun shone briefly, but soon gave way to more storm clouds and the cold on the river was intense. And then with the tents filled the wind in the trees often made more noise than the rapid. Today did nothing to ruin our perfect record of rain for sure, but this time we had bitter cold as well.

Monday, July 16 -- The staff delayed until 6:45 because the sky looked no better than usual, everything was wet, and the morning was a cold one again. As a result we did not get off until 8:30 and headed across the river for just a short stretch to the head of the Cascade. The landing was found quickly at the very lip of the falls and the trail was in the same condition as the other recent ones -- poorly used with an especially thick alder growth at the foot of the 800 yarder. The staff and guide cut out the alder so they could walk the trail, but the others preferred crashing through the bush to the landing. A pause was made before the second loads for picture taking since for once the sun was out. Then followed a couple miles of rapids run along the right shore and we reached the mouth of the Misask River to find our stiff west or southwest wind to greet us. Just around the bend was another rapid we almost ran, but had to make a 5 yard lift over to get by a water fall. The guide's paddle slipped into the water in the process of unloading and got lodged at the tip of the small falls. Pete went out to knock it off, forcing 77 to quickly get on the water and retrieve it before it got washed off and downstream. Just below a second marked rapid was run on the right after several pauses to look it over. By now it was lunch time so we pulled up at an excellent rock lunch site out of the wind in the warm sun. Wendy was the only one to

take advantage of the swimming and when no one would throw her a stick she went for her own paddle. Fletch fried the Kam and we were back on the water at 1:30. Just around the bend we found another rapid which took a while to negotiate, but was taken successfully. Then followed a long stretch of good current among a string of sandy islands and good progress was made in spite of the adverse wind. Our record was in jeopardy, but a thunder storm rolled in, so we pulled up on an island, unloaded, turned the canoes over the loads and sat her out as hail stones fell during the first part of the storm. Less than half an hour later we were back on the water with slightly less wind. Then the next marked rapid could be heard long before any real white water could be seen. We ran down the right to an island, around the island, and hoped to run the rest, but there was no chance. An old Indian trail ran through the burn, so we took it and since by now it was 4:30 elected to stop in the old Indian site at the foot. In better weather we would have had our first rock kitchen area, but she got set just at the edge of the rock for the rain came back on us as we portaged. The fly went up and that ended the rain for the most part. The guide baked with Mike doing the traveling one again. Part of the crew took a bath while dinner was cooking and after the normal wood crew drew the dry wood. The guide and staff tried fishing but got only tiny trout while Mike and Fletch with lots of help baked a pizza after dinner. 57 got four patches to replace ones ripped off. The bugs had been bad at first, but after camp was pitched and Ralph did most of the work cutting a trail through the alder growth to the water they slackened off. The tents filled as the sun went down and only the last fire watchers saw the orange moon rise in the east.

Tuesday, July 17 -- The morning almost had sunshine in which to cook breakfast. At least it was not raining or blowing so hard the fire would not light. The dry wood of the burn made a roaring fire and it took a relatively short time to get breakfast going, but still it was 7:55 before we were all off. Meanwhile a plane showed up and seemed to land off to the south east -- looked like Lac Cadieux, but we could not be sure. Pretty soon a couple unmarked rapids showed up which we ran in stride and the first marked one appeared. We took the right side of the island since the left side seemed to drop quickly, and got stuck with one section we could not negotiate and had to lift over a very small point after tracking the canoes down to it. Just around the bend the river widened and a surveyor's camp was passed and then for the first time in weeks shirts came off for the paddle that followed -- the guide even shed his boots to let them dry! Two pulls later we arrived at the next marked rapid, discovered a rock island in the middle and portaged the few yards across it. We might have done something else on the far left, but the falls were good for pictures and the carry short -- though Pete decided to make it shorter and went into a pot hole with 74. The last marked rapid ended in a successful run down the right side through somewhat shallow water. But out of it the river widened again and the wind suddenly picked up -- maybe it was there all the time, but we rejected a lunch site just past the rapid and pulled half way down the stretch before finding a semi-sheltered sand beach for lunch -- a little late. The starch was cooked back in the bush out of the wind using squaw wood since not a stick of dry wood was to be found -- but it worked. Dave and Mark went for a shallow swim while most of the

rest sunbathed on the warm sand. The wind had not let up at all after lunch and we pulled against it to the rocks of Channel Portage. The route was difficult to decipher, but we finally figured out what A. P. Low meant. The left side was a spectacular cascade about which nothing could be done. The right side had a small steep, rocky rapid we could not handle, but the staff finally found faint traces of the portage trail up on the rocky island and we carried to the foot of it, the sternsmen fighting the wind with the canoe all the way. 74 and 75 did not like the landing the rest used and found their own. We then followed the right channel coming to a halt at a pair of waterfalls back into the main stream. It took quite a while, but the guide and staff eventually found Low's trail right where he said it was at the end of a bay to the right of the falls. Looking for campsites they walked the whole thing finding nothing worth much so despite the black flies we made do at the top of the trail with terrible tent sites and a poor kitchen -- all so the guide and staff could fish! 77 and 57 went across before dinner with the rest following afterwards. The staff baked with Drausin doing the traveling one while Mike and Pete drew the wood with difficulty since we were in a new stand of jackpine and all the dry wood was left from an ancient burn and most was twisted and/or rotten. Kit did the potatoes while Ralph worked over the sausage patties. Guide and staff fished, catching a few small ones -- and a whitefish by the guide. Plus one keeper each and a tiny one the guide could not get off the hook successfully. One of the babies was done away with so the extra tent does not need to be passed around any more until we reoutfit. Three bowmen took their wannigans across -- Fletch, Kit, and Ralph -- so we have only a few loads tomorrow. Our record stands to be broken unless we can count a few quick drops of rain that fell at 11:05. But then maybe rain travel is easier than the beastly wind of this afternoon.

Wednesday, July 18 -- The sun rose blood red -- or maybe orange, but clouds had moved to cover it just before 6:00. The western sky looked pretty uninviting, but we carried on anyway. The three trout went quickly to top off breakfast. Only Dave and Mark had a couple trips to make across the portage. Dave was off quickly, but Mark did not get started till the guide and staff were the only other ones left having gotten everything put away ready to move first. Anyway 77 was on the water floating out from the landing at 8:05 for a reasonably early start. Around the bend lay a downhill stretch with exceptional current and an exhilarating ride. Fairly soon we pulled into the top cascade of the final two portages before Vick Crick. The first was easily accomplished across rock as the water thundered by as the river was compressed into a narrow space. Mink Portage was just below and the drama was repeated although this time a preliminary lift over was needed to get by a small falls. Some questioned the double unloading, but carrying a canoe along a narrow ledge with alder pushing it into the water was not the staff's idea of a safe trail. Mink was worth a picture or two so the staff held up the show to photograph while the guide went down river to shoot back with his long lens. We had had a few light sprinkles at breakfast and a few drops coming into the portages, but nothing serious enough for rain gear, and now the sky began to clear a little. We passed Vick Crick and turned west as it looked like it might be a typical river day, except that the sky was mackerel in places. We took a break about

half way down the wide stretch before the first portage in the lee of shore to stay out of the wind that was now rising and Mike came close to flipping 75 trying to take a guide break. In a narrow fast section that followed a mink or muskrat was seen scurrying for cover as we passed by. The wind had picked up even more as we swung into the portage that went straight up a hill to start, but fortunately had been well cleared by the '69 section. 57 came across ;ast and got the best loading area as everyone else moved off it to stay out of the road. Lunch got cooked on the rocks at the foot -- Dave held up the bread line a little since he had to finish the chapter he was reading before coming to get his starch. We were back on the water shortly after 1:15 and faced with an even stronger head wind down to Sharp Rock Portage. Instead of running the top as in '69 we lined it needing two lines to prevent the canoe from being carried off by the wind. 57 decided to board and start the paddle to the eddy at the falls much sooner than was planned and ran aground and had to work themselves off the rocks. The wind was terrible for the sternsmen carrying the canoes the last part of the carry after the lift over. We threw the loads in and shoved off. A mile later we got to another wide section to find the wind still there, but deminished and so passed up the '69 campsite and moved on at a slightly reduced pace, but still making more progress than either before or after lunch. Three miles later we ran a rapid where the staff changed his plans once into the run and took a different course. We then tried to take a side trip into a bay, but changed course soon enough. A little swift, and Mountain 1801 was good for a picture or two. Then more wind, but it was now getting late and the sky looked worse. So we pulled into an Indian site before the best camping area came up and just got the fly up before the rain started. Mark baked for dinner and Ralph took over for the traveling one. Dinner was eaten partly under the fly in a partial lull. Meanwhile the guide constructed a fire for a bean hole and the sand warmed in spite of the rain. The guide finally got Wendy under the fly as the staff got the bean pot ready. Put to bed in the sand with its clubby plastic tent over it, the pot waits till morning. Then an evening of popcorn as the rain came harder. At first it had been only a thunder shower as one bolt of lightning struck nearby, but then it settled in for the night and promises not to let up for a while. At this rate the river is likely to go into flood before we are through. Sharp Rock Portage had more water than in '69 already. A long day, but we are a little ahead of schedule again.

Thursday, July 19 -- It continued to pour through the night -- not in monsoon proportions, but not letting up too often either. As dawn broke the rain came in fits and starts and a shower seemed to hit every fifteen or twenty minutes just when the staff was thinking it was safe to get up. Finally close to 9:00 no shower had fallen for a longer period than before and the move was made. The sky was a little lighter and a faint speck of blue even appeared. Most of the section was already well awake, so the call to roll was anticipated by most. The bacon went fast for some reason. The beans came out of sand still warm and the clubby plastic had done its job, but the fire had been a little warm and the beans a little darker than desired -- but they would still make a lunch. We got on the water at 10:30 and headed west for a while finding the wind still blowing, but not like yesterday

by any means. The meanders were followed through territory not particularly inviting and one little swift was run. The guide fell behind for a while having dropped his paddle overboard and had to retrieve it. Finally the one rapid of the day showed up and was taken with a couple wearing jackets, but everyone came through dry. As the branches joined the sun started through a little and the day got warmer as the Pond Portage appeared. Complaints were made about the trail, but everyone got over including the bugs that found us by the second trip. The vote had been taken to go through to the foot of the cascade for lunch, so we took the second portage also. The staff perloined a stick of Indian dry wood for lunch and tried to get 74 to take it, but it was promptly forgotten and 75 ended up with it -- it arrived for lunch a little wet as a result of the handling it got. The creek was followed to the river, and the sun conveniently shone for a few moments for photographers and we pulled across to the far shore for our bean lunch augmented by a can of beans left over from our first day on Temagami. Wendy succeeded in falling out of the canoe in her anxiety to reach the lunch site as 77 rocked in the eddy while she was poised on the gunwale. Our one meal of fruit also disappeared during our 3:00 lunch break. Mike and Pete got up on top of the falls -- Drausin wisely thought the path a little difficult and Mike came back soaked to the chest to prove it. We pulled down the river to the next marked rapid and took the trail cut in '69 around the rapid, still able to follow the imprint of feet that had made the trail four years ago. It's a discouraging rapid, the drop still seemed a little steep for our canoes. Then below we passed the portage entrance of the '72 section and pulled into the bay at Sunday Portage. By now it was 5:15 so the staff declared the day over and we made a campsite where none existed before -- not the best, but far from the worst also. Drausin made an almost perfect pineapple upside-down cake for dessert while Ralph took over for the traveling one. The wood crew of Fletch, Mike, and Pete did their usual good work, but while splitting Fletch broke the guide's axe handle. Mark and Dave tried bathing at the lower end of the portage before dinner and Ralph followed afterwards. The staff tried fishing finding the rapid very hard to work and no good looking trout spots. Meanwhile the guide hung his axe head on the spare handle. The first time one has been needed since '68. The staff used up a couple pounds of white sugar making fudge while the campfire was tenable as the black flies bothered only the bathers and fishermen. The sky cleared a little as we turned in after looking quite gray during most of our stay on the site.

Friday, July 20 -- Mist hung down so heavy over the river it was impossible to see across the rapid at 6:00 so the staff held up for a half hour getting up to no better visibility than before. The section was sure we were up and off in a rain situation, but went across the portage anyway. The visibility was no better on the far side, so the staff was in no hurry, but 75 loaded right up and shoved off so we all followed. The shore line could just be followed at 8:05 so we pulled to the spot where the next branch of the river joins and took a break waiting for improvements that were not long in coming and a cigarette later it was possible to move forward and not stumble on a rapid unexpectedly. The weather lifted before we hit any fast water that turned out to be farther down the river than expected. Two

reasonable swifts appeared somewhat as a surprise in our high water and then the rock dodger was still exactly that as 77 almost clipped a rock toward the foot. By the time we reached the mouth of the Kawatstakau the sun was out full and the sky was blue -- but our west wind was still there. The moon was even up in the west, and the sun in the east. We doffed shirts in spite of the cool breeze and held to the center of the river since the current was a definite asset. The first expected rapid was taken quickly while dodging a few stones at the foot. The second or marked rapid was nothing but a good chute but had to be taken in a rush because the whole section tried to come down on the rock in the center that would hold at most two canoes. The third one took only a little time and we drifted past the foot of the Shigami taking a few pictures and then pulled into the nice sloping rock area below for an early meal of starch and a little bathing in the cold water. Wendy did more swimming than anyone unfazed by the temperature of the water. We were back on the water about 1:15 for an afternoon paddle relatively free of excitement. Pete started off on a laughing jag that lasted a while and was contagious. The wind did not help, but the current was better than expected. Wendy came back to bath the staff regularly when 77 fell behind. We passed an osprey's nest which the guide photographed with the long lens. The '69 site at the tip of Veneur was passed about 3:30 but we started looking for a new spot since the country did not look particularly inviting for camping. The guide investigated one spot only to reject it and then discover he had dropped his lighter and had to go back for it -- fortunately finding it. A mackerel sky had floated in about 3:00 and now clouds were building in the west. We pulled up at a second area of jackpine and while it was far from the best decided to take it anyway. A path had to be cut through the alder, but the interior was open, almost too open our wood crew decided. By now it was 4:50 so dinner was started with the guide doing a cornbread. Mark took over for the second baking. We just got the bread line half way done as the first drops hit, but it was light and the meal was finished before the fly was thrown over the wannigans. Poles were readied for the fly, but it never went up. Dinner over the bugs let people sit around the fire as Drausin made a pot of cocoa and Fletch made our second pizza. All done and devoured by 8:15, entertainment was then lacking. Dave took over Kit's harmonica reluctantly for a few moments and the tents filled as a fire red sun sank although dark clouds still came in slowly from the west. It is unlikely that our mackerel sky forecast has been fulfilled as yet -- our record is still in tack, however, even though the rain today has been the second lightest of the trip -- at least thus far today.

Saturday, July 21 -- For the first time in memory the staff rose at 6:00 with the sun shining on the tent. It had rained heavily during the night, but exactly when no one seemed to know. But the sunshine lasted only until the fire was laid and that was it. The wind picked up still from the west although there was a little cut to it as though a touch of the north one was blowing. We launched the canoes about 7:45 and paddled west into a chilly gray day. Twenty-five minutes later Mike realized he had left his rain suit at the campground, so 75 turned back to get it while 57 and 74 waited roughly where 75 turned back. 77 and 78 drifted on paddling lightly for a bit to the next point

more or less looking for whoever it was had been visited by last evening's plane -- finding nothing but a reasonable looking camping area if it were only possible to get to it from the water. About 9:30 we were back together and went on to the rapid around the corner. The wait had been bitter cold and a little drizzle had fallen so our record is really in tack even if last night's rain is counted for yesterday. The rapid was interesting. The section thought the top was the rough part, but the staff felt more problems lay at the foot. Anyway we made it taking little if any water. Then the paddle settled down to a rather dull pull to Birch Point which put the guide back on familiar territory once more. We pulled up for an early lunch of starch in the lee of the point and got under way again about 1:15 after the guide discovered a rusty .22 barrel while he and the staff were looking for artistic stones. The paddle down to Nasacauso was again rather uninteresting. The wind still blew, the air was chilly, and the two rapids along the way were not very interesting. Wendy got excited about all the breaks and got tied down for the last part of the paddle to prevent any more staff baths. We pulled into the Nasacauso campsite at 3:30 after passing our '67 site on the left shore where poles seemed to be stacked, so maybe Wabun has already been through -- we hope. We decided to stay rather than risk the bugs at the campsite at the head of the portage trail, so tents were pitched as Pete, Mike, and Fletch drew the dry wood. A pot of onion soup went to warm the day as the sky was blue for a moment. The staff baked and iced Dave's birthday cake and the guide did his act for tomorrow's lunch. Drausin fried up our last ham meal. Kit rendered a "Happy Birthday" on his harmonica as the cake was cut. After dinner the fire was pleasant as Mike and Fletch played chess. Another cool evening seems to be in store.

Sunday, July 22 -- A record day! Not only was the sun up when the staff got up at 6:00, but it stayed up! Clouds threatened to cover it, but failed. Of course the site did not really get the benefit of the rays since the rock hill to the east was in the way, so it was a little cool. Via Kit's radio we had discovered the staff watch was about 20 minutes fast, but traveling that way had been pleasant, so there was no change made in Section A time. We got on the water at 7:40 -- staff time -- and headed toward the gorge. The high water made walking the shore down for a view impossible, but after debate we finally decided to try the overland approach. So cameras in hand we set out to see what could be found. We got to the high ground at the head of the gorge without much trouble, but could see little in spite of the elevation because of the trees and so worked our way along the side of the hill until it dropped lower and put us in a rocky area with a sort of circular bay where the two branches of the river join. The river narrowed here and everything went through a small space making a violent cascade-falls like drop that was worth the trip. Far down below was another drop that looked probably like a very heavy rapid. Anyway we had the distinction of being the first section ever to see the gorge; all the others had just carried the trail. Wendy led us back on the trail we had made without error and we loaded up and headed for the Indian portage. Not only was there plenty of water in the pond this time, but we forced the canoes almost up to the Indian campsite cutting off a couple hundred yards of

walking. The trail had fortunately been cleared by someone with a saw and probably a second person with an axe so the windfalls that should have caused real trouble were out. Recent traffic was quite evident, so Wabun must have been through. Otherwise the straight up - straight down carry was there -- no one had leveled out the hill at all for us. The pond gave a brief respite and allowed some of the flies to blow off before the last one was tackled. It was just as buggy or more so. On a rock at the first drop in the trail was a huge bear trap, fortunately not set so no unsuspecting dog could trip it. The spring at the foot of the carry was as cold as ever, but there was a rush to get out on the water away from the bugs. We broke out of the bay, but the staff led us on a roundabout route to the lunch site and had just about given up all hope of finding the '67 campsite and was ready to settle on anything until the guide forced him to go on -- and there was the same moose scapula marking it. It still had the logs for the irons and the starch was soon boiling away -- a little late, it being 1:00 when we pulled up. The guide had some problem with the people who wanted to steal the fire for his starch and then others who wanted to sit huddled around the jewelry for their lunch so no one else could get near. The date cake was again covered with various spreads. Back on the river some sun was soaked up for a change during the paddle that followed. An otter was chased for a while, but he decided he had seen enough and disappeared. The usual stop was made for dry wood -- Ralph decided we had far more than enough. Part went over in 57 that had unloaded while 77 and 78 formed a catamaran for the rest. It did make an imposing stack on the campsite. Wabun had apparently used the site. A black and white jacket was found on the landing and later the guide picked up a pair of dark glasses at the next portage while fishing. Drausin made the bannock while the section went bathing and dinner was done by 6:00. Pete, guide, and staff went off to the rapid below to fish. Drausin and Mike followed, but Pete reported too many bugs and they took him back to catch a five pound pike on the way. The other two and Wendy stayed to try the other side and got nothing but bug bites. Meanwhile Fletch made a chocolate pudding that turned out perfectly. The two Chips kept the fire going for a while as evening came. Unless something unexpected happens we will have had our first day without rain! And so our string ends at 23 days!

Monday, July 23 -- It might have been expected, the sun was up bright and warm without a real cloud in the sky. At normal rising hour there was mist down over the river, but it was all up by the time the staff could stand it no longer and got up at 7:30 to cook breakfast in the peace and quiet of the morning. Wendy came too, but immediately found a place to curl up and continue her sleep. The section was slow getting up, too many had stayed up to see the stars and moon rise. Ralph and Mark were first up with a long recount of Ralph's latest wild dream. Then the guide and finally about 10:00 Mike and Pete made it up and breakfast dragged on as Pete cleaned his pike and cooked it after the dish washers had already given up and done their job. The staff went to work repatching the canoes -- not much new, just replacing old ones, and then shellaced the lot of them. A fair amount of laundry got done in the warm morning and Wendy led off the various swimming parties. After breakfast finally got done the staff made a freeze-dry stew for lunch and

Ralph with Drausin's help made a ginger bread that really worked -- and we discovered the bottle of ginger we had drawn from the store had just enough ginger for one baking. Mark set his bread finally, with aid from Drausin, and after lunch it baked slowly. The wood pile grew smaller, but we still had loads from yesterday's gathering. Letter writing, reading, and swimming occupied the afternoon as time began to drag with no more games to play for entertainment. The babies got emptied and the bags that needed attention got washed. Finally dinner came with Mark's bread to top it off with a half a loaf each. The boxes to send back to camp got filled -- a record number in that all seven possible containers got filled, first time they have all been used. Mike, Pete, and Fletch went fishing after dinner now that the canoes were dry and released, and returned with a couple pike that Mike and Chip had caught. Meanwhile Drausin did up our last batch of popcorn to finish off this section of the run. We are down to only one day's food left -- as we are supposed to be, and there is always the threat of a repeat of the 1970 wait for the plane. Anyway our rain record is now gone -- two days without a drop. Maybe we can start on a new record in the opposite direction?

Tuesday, July 24 -- The staff woke to another day of bright sun on the side of the tent and managed to stay in bed until 7:10 when he and Wendy went out to cook another pancake breakfast and put the final labels on the boxes going back. The guide soon joined them and their pancakes were cooked long before anyone else showed up. Dave, Mike, and Pete raced for the privilege of being last on the fry pan with Dave winning by a narrow margin. The dish crew was delayed until Fletch fried the pike of last night, but finally got to work long after the earliest expected hour for the plane. Mark contributed tape to secure the boxes and the letters were assembled to be sent out -- in excess of fifty pieces of mail going out as some prolific letter writers had eight or nine letters in the lot. Some swimming was tried with Wendy doing more than her share, but otherwise it was just an interminable wait. The dispatcher at Albanel had promised an early trip, but as lunch time came and went it became obvious we were not getting first service. The staff had previously baked a bannock for lunch to be ready, but the starch got plenty of time to cook without any action from the sky. Not only did she cook, but everything got cleaned up afterwards and still nothing. Finally at 3:00 the long awaited sound came and the plane was seen coming straight at us down the river. He circled once and came in headed west and taxied over to the landing as cameras clicked. We tied him up to the shore and unloaded chain gang style with the guide checking the camp boxes to see if there was anything immediate that needed answering. The pilot turned out to be the same one who had flown in our supplies last year south of Gasparin Lake. For company he had a student from Goddard College in Vermont who was making a movie as part of a senior project and was flying down to get pictures of Prosper Gorge. There were apparently nine of them who had paddled up Mistassini and down the Shigami until it hit the Eastmain. We did not get full details of the trip mainly because no one really let him talk much and did not pay much attention to him anyway. The plane took off and headed off for Prosper and soon came back over aimed back to Albanel. We opened the camp packages until we found the mail which was then

distributed -- the guide getting by far the greatest volume -- fortunately all the staff's mail with windows had been pulled out by Roy and held at camp. For the section there were letters from Roy, Rod, and Janie -- while the Carpenter family contributed the bulk of the camp news through the guide. Mail reading over the repacking started with the bagging first and then the wannigan packing. Around 5:00 it was done with everything in place. The babies even seemed a little lighter than had been the case for the first leg. Drausin did the dinner bannock while Mike took over for the traveling one after we stopped to relax and open the various treasures sent up by Roy, the Tiger, Buds and the Kittredge family. It all made quite an imposing pile of edibles and other goodies when amassed! Rod's bacon looked to have come through better than really expected, though it looked like he had packed way more than the 40 pounds asked for, though no one bothered trying to weigh it. The pudding remaining from the first leg was set aside by demand, but the normal dinner was not finished and even Wendy did not clean her bowl after she got what was left. The staff burned the boxes after Mike, Pete, and Fletch went fishing and as the sun went down they returned with a reasonable pike, although Wendy tried to protect us from the strange canoe. Now that we have spent our best two days weather-wise, it looks like something is probably brewing for tonight or tomorrow, and the red rig got returned from the beach where it had been moved as a beacon for the plane and carefully pitched over the staff tent in anticipation. The tents filled early, but the natives at the southwestern end of the site seemed a bit restless.

Wednesday, July 25 -- We at least started traveling correctly as the staff touched off the fire shortly after 6:00 and we were on the water at 7:40 after experiencing a few rain drops during breakfast. Mike had filleted the pike the night before so it took only a few minutes extra to fry it up. The weather was mighty hot and humid for portaging, but the ledges at the rapid were still well under water even if it did seem that during our stay the river had dropped a little. So across the carry we went with our much heavier loads. Back on the river several swifts which almost qualified as rapids were negotiated without problem though the canoes rode a lot deeper in the water. The short picture taking rapid was run one at a time to give the photographers a chance to sit on the large rock and snap their shutters. One last one and the branches of the river joined for the final run to Prosper. It was still mighty hot and humid as we climbed ashore in a burn and knocked down some dry wood to carry in since the guide remembered searching everywhere in '70 for a stick of wood with little success. And that job was just as sweat drenching as portaging. We pulled on down to Prosper slowly and carefully in the high water and unloaded one by one. Somehow the campsite looked larger and clearer than in '70. The trail to the water was no better used, however, so others must go down across the rocks to load. Most if not all of the tent poles were there and the rock for our fireplace was almost in place. Lunch was cooked and then cooling off had to be attempted -- sometimes in pools at the head of the falls. The guide and staff tried fishing with a whitefish and the guide's large walleye as the only takers. A swimming hole was found down near the canoes and some pictures got taken before gray clouds rolled

in and we got a very brief shower that did little to cool the air down. A majority of the section had been disgusted with the idea of stopping after only a half day since we had just had two full rest days right before, but became reconciled to the delay. More pictures, bathing, reading, napping, and attempts at fishing after the shower and then the guide baked a cornbread for dinner and Drausin took over for the traveling affair -- a nice rock back reflected heat well for the bakers. No different activity after dinner -- the sun had vanished by now behind clouds. Guide and staff tried a little time exposure photography after each finally went for a swim. And then as the wannigans were closed and the last of the crew headed for bed, a baby mink ran across the trail and Wendy perked up for the first time in hours. The heat had played her out plus a cut in one of the pads of her right hind leg. After our two near perfect weather rest days, we seem to be back to our old traveling weather!

Thursday, July 26 -- The staff tried his best to move and cooked breakfast at 6:00 as per a normal day, and the section was up and rolled quickly, but the rain would not cooperate at all. A very few light drops had been falling after midnight, but the major rain held off through the night. A very slight drizzle fell as the breakfast meal was cooked, but as soon as it came time to wallop, it started in heavier. The tents were left up, and the staff refused to move with the rapids that were coming up, so we settled down to wait it out. A couple fishermen tried their luck -- Ralph had tried before breakfast even. Otherwise we just listened to rain -- never heavy but persistent. Occasionally a clearing trend seemed to be on the way, but in general a steady drip came down. Finally at 11:30 the staff felt it was nearing an end and lunch was cooked while the canvas dried a little. When we shoved off a little sunlight even tried to hit the falls. We paddled down the right shore a short ways, stopped at a point, took a look down at a rock area on the shore outside which was a rapid we obviously could not take, thought better of the whole idea, and paddled back up to cross to the left. After walking the burn and scouting the first rapid we ran into the eddy below it through some reasonable swells with a little water accumulated. 74 managed to find the only rock in the eddy to ground on. 77 ran down to the next eddy with the others right behind, and then the fun started. We climbed the cliffs to take a look and the staff immediately refused to run. So we beat our way back in the bush on top of the cliffs looking for a portage route out. No chance without either climbing high hills or walking through acres of scraggly bush or both. Back to the river to see if we could let down or portage along shore -- no chance of either. If nothing else a vertical cliff made it impossible to even get the canoes close to the problem area. So we had to try the right shore which meant crossing the river which could never be done from where we were, but to paddle back to the first eddy could not be done either, so it had to be on a line. 77 went up the first little pitch on the second try, but 78 almost swamped and the others had trouble, but used both lines. Then 77 ran into a series of spots where the man on the line had to make difficult ascents and descents of rock cliffs to move forward, so they waited for the other canoes and tied their lines to the sterns of the preceeding canoe. But getting up to that point was an adventure for the others. 57 got the bow out

into the current and was saved only because of the second line as the bow had to be let go. She came up backwards after that. Eventually the train was rigged and the lining became a team proposition and went reasonably smoothly after that until 75's dragging stern line got wedged in the rocks under water and it had to be cut off to free the canoe. Finally up, the crossing -- which was not the greatest move, but our only possible one. 57 caught the far shore lower than she should, but the others got into the proper eddy. After all that, running the right side and crossing at the foot was child's play. Total damage -- the cut line on 75 and three holes in 57. Two when she had been cut by sharp rocks during the lining and one spot up in the bow where the canvas had been rubbed clear through by being left untended while both Drausin and Chip walked rapids. The rub on the opposite side of the bow did not go completely through, but was close. Then the portage through the burn still with no trail for the first 250 yards, so loads were used as guide posts, though some of the posts got moved prematurely by eager portagers. A few excursions were made to photograph the final falls with some of the photographers making both trips across before going to photograph -- contrary to instructions. It was now after 5:00 and time to camp. The sun was now out fully and our rain of the morning seemed to have done little to reduce the humidity. The next portage across the peninsula was found -- it looked like no one had used it since 1970. The kitchen area at the far side was beautiful, but the tent sites left something to be desired. Mark and Dave joined Mike and Pete in pitching on bare rock over the kitchen while the others went to the top of the hill beside the trail. Mike went off to draw dry wood and put the axe through the boot, nicking his foot slightly in the process. The staff baked and Drausin took over from the guide for the second one and a couple bathers started in. Since camp was not made till after 6:00 there was not much left to the evening especially since the sun sank early behind a high western hill. The staff tried fishing the chute, but it had eddies on eddies. The guide tried a few of his time exposures and the evening was about done as Dave blew a few notes on the harmonica -- we had moved all of two miles if you included the three crossings of the river! Still a hard half day.

Friday, July 27 -- It all started as a normal traveling day except that the sun was up briefly in the early morning although all the rest of the sky was its usual gray color. We managed to all be on the water at 7:45 and then ten minutes later we were almost two miles downstream as the three expected rapids were all drowned out and we encountered nothing but really swift current. But then it slackened off, though still moving along in good style. The only trouble was the east wind. It helped a little, but what it would bring did not. The guide set a lively pace until he spotted geese on shore and went in pursuit. The geese attacked, but barely missed 78 and took to the water, one honking and swimming downstream with us for pictures. The rest of the rapids proved to be nothing -- all drowned out by the high water, but as we approached the rock cliffs about four miles above Bauerman the rain started and rain gear was needed from about 11:00 on. Fortunately the day stayed reasonably warm so all we got was wet. We more or less looked for Indian portages before running into Bauerman. We walked the shore and figured

out how to get to the river and then run the canoes down to a rocky peninsula for lunch and a carry around a chute Dunmore had run in low water, but which we could not touch. The rain let up momentarily for lunch, but never quit although it was possible to eat the starch without getting too wet in the process, although by the time the bannock was ready to be cut the rain was coming a little harder. The carry across the rock was treacherous in the rain, but we made it and loaded up for the trip up the river. Shortly the first of two small falls appeared. Dunmore had lifted over them, but we could not possibly follow the route in our higher water, so we finally resorted to a reasonably short carry around both at once. Mike with help cut out the landing which required climbing a steep hill and the guide and staff plotted a course through the burn to a terrible side hill approach to the river at the very top of the second falls. In good weather the whole process would have been quite easy and the falls attractive, but in pouring rain it was not much fun. Leaving the loading area 77 led off and stretched the section out. Climbing the river against the current was slow even traveling as close to shore as possible. Then a mile up came a little swift that Dunmore failed to mention that we had to line -- maybe they paddled or poled it. That took a while, and all the time the rain beat down. Then another mile or so and the second rapid appeared. We expected a blazed portage trail and a campsite. The trail was there plus a couple new windfalls, but no campsite, but there was no going on in this weather to cut another. So after wandering back and forth trying to find some ground that might take a tent or two, we pitched at the beginning of the trail in the burn on uneven ground. There are good burn campsites and bad ones -- this one was terrible, but better than going on. The fly finally got up and the fireplace built. Fletch cut the dry wood as his usual partners took their canoes over the trail taking out the windfalls in the process. The staff got to bake and cook dinner in the comfort of the fly while everyone else got rained on staying out of the road until Pete arrived to plunk himself down on the wannigans never to move. The others had all carefully stayed out of the road, even Wendy who curled up next to a wannigan to dry out. Soup started the meal as the rain came on and off. Mike made the traveling bannock and his cut of yesterday was then inspected and found to be healing well. But it was early to bed for most -- or at least take to the tents as clouds and rain squalls kept moving in at intervals from the east -- but as usual our rain seems to diminish at night and come back to plague us during the day.

Saturday, July 28 -- At 6 am the weather was not much different than when we went to bed. Still dark clouds rolling over and still raining in fits and starts. Nothing terribly hard, but still enough to discourage any attempt to do anything but sleep. The staff thought of starting breakfast a couple times, but each time was greeted by rain at the tent door, but finally he made it out of bed at 9:00 and started cooking. The drizzle still fell so a batch of pancakes was made, but about the time everything was ready a faint patch of blue appeared and the sky began to look better. So as soon as the pancake run was done we knocked it down and started to move. But still it was noon before we shoved off from the landing and started upstream. By the time we reached the first of what Dunmore called the three

chutes -- really short rapids -- the sun broke through and the sky was laced with fluffy white clouds rolling in from the west. Dunmore may have lined this one in their water, but there was no way in ours, so we finally decided to resurrect the old Indian trail on the right which involved putting all five axes to work for the first time clearing the windfalls. When done it was not too bad a 150 yard portage, but it was now 1:30. The two rapids above could be lined successfully, however, although on the left instead of Dunmore's right which was quite shallow. It begins to look as though their idea of lining is to wade the canoes up. Anyway the first was steep, but had no real problems while the second was more shallow and tougher. Then followed a 2 - 3 mile paddle with only one swift to go up until suddenly a terrific cascade out of Bauerman Lake came in view. The cameras came out immediately as we drifted up close to the tumbling water. The portage trail ended in a bay behind the rocks for the cascade, and here the guide laid his lunch fire in the scraggly bush. Fortunately the other canoes could load in a pond just before the fireplace. While the meal cooked at 3:00 a good bathing area was found just off the rocks although Wendy preferred the quiet bay off the fireplace. At 4:30 we started up Bauerman with a west wind to the side. But by now the day was warm and shirts were off for the paddle. Four miles up we more or less looked for the Dunmore campsite supposed to be at an Indian site. We found the Indian site, but there was no way we wanted to pitch there, but the Indian cache just back in the bush was well filled and interesting with sleds, shovels, and paddles and other equipment. Back in the canoes we had gone only a mile before the guide spotted our first sod hut -- maybe 10 - 15 years old, but the house itself was clean and in reasonable repair though the porch had opened up a little. By now it was going on 6:00. The portage out to the pond took a few moments to locate since we were led astray by an Indian campsite up on a point, but the trail when found proved to be very well cut and a good walker. Then into the western sun for the next one. It took a while to find -- someone else who smokes Export A's had looked in the valley the staff tried. The near side looked slightly better for camping than the far side so the canoes went across but we stayed to pitch in the jackpine and scraggly bush. Our 3-man wood crew came up with their usual supply as we started dinner at 7:30. Drausin baked, but the reflector did not get put together properly by his helper and some got spilled as the pan let go -- but it still baked, even if a reduced quantity. Kit took over for the traveling one and his first. The sun disappeared behind the western hill early, but the evening star appeared as the bannock baked and a round of May's Date and Nut bread topped off the evening. And then the tents having been occupied the west wind continued to gust through the sparse stand of jackpine.

Sunday, July 29 -- For once the sun was out at 6:00 although there was still a snap to the air. For some reason breakfast took maybe a little longer than usual, for it was 7:55 before we were loaded up on the far side of the portage. Mike was so eager to get loaded he tipped his wannigan over in the water, but nothing seemed to be hurt. Right across the pond the exit stream left, but it was very narrow and log choked so the obvious portage was taken out, but it was quite short. The west wind predicted last night met us immediately with a chop in the

shallow lake that put some spray over the bows. As we neared the outlet a camp was spotted on the north shore, but we were too far away and the wind was too much to buck to warrent investigating. We found the portage out easily -- there was no way we could tackle the stream, it still was not very big. Again a short one. Then the stream widened a little until we ran into a T-shaped section and spent a minute finding the portage right opposite the entering water. Again a mad rush to get across the short trail. Then we got to ride for a while on water small enough so the wind did not have a great deal of effect, but did not bother to investigate the Dunmore site in their "cove." A little tiny pitch appeared which we could run despite the stone right smack in the center of the foot. The word of its existence did not get relayed back very well but only 75 clipped it. Then a somewhat confusing paddle followed, but it all came out right so we reached the final portage only five minutes after starch time. The canoes were supposed to go over and get loaded and all but 75 did. 77 needed a patch to cover a nail hole and 78 was held up by the lunch cooking of course. But in the process of starch, the sky turned black or at least dark gray and the weather looked like it was about to drop on us at any minute. The wind kept up unfortunately and we had to pull west into it of course. Lichteneger proved to be deeper than our lake of the morning fortunately, so the chop was not bad, but the going was slow and it was after 4:30 as we finally got into the narrows at the far side. Dave had been arguing with the guide for some time to get into their honey jar and finally won out. By this time things were beginning to drag. Once into shelter we started campsite hunting finding nothing and so paddled by the end of the Village Lakes portage. Then the guide spotted something on the left and hopped out to find a tent occupied by three INCo men working in the area. Wabun had been through four days ago and spent the night with them -- so we decided to do the same. Their chain saw cut up the dry wood -- the staff preferred the open fire to their colemans. Then as we started dinner they started offering things to eat -- 6 ears of corn and to make the meal enough hamberger for a large one each, a steak to divide up and a roast to be cooked -- it all got fried there being no other way to cook it reasonably for ten of us with our equipment. Then cans of grape juice appeared, some soda, hamberger buns, barbecue sauce, relish, and finally three loaves of bread after we had already baked and had another bannock on the way. Also a cake that we took along since everyone was now too stuffed to eat it immediately. There were offers of lots else which hopefully will either be consumed immediately or go in the packs. The wannigans are already full enough! Bob Noble and his two helpers entertained and he ended up showing us pictures of Sakami Lake where he had spent the winter in a base camp and then played the guitar for a while by the fire under the fly since the rain had finally arrived although not very hard. Maybe it will rain itself out during the night, but that may be too much to ask.

Monday, July 30 -- The day started more or less as usual with rain drops falling on the tent, but the staff still got up to cook breakfast at 6:15 in spite of the discouraging sound. But by the time he was dressed and out to light the fire the rain had stopped and there was even blue sky to the north. Bob appeared as we cooked some of his eggs and made toast with

his bread and covered it with his real canned butter. They hoped to finish up their final day of work and be off -- Bob to go back to Sudbury for a vacation and the others to new camps. We still did well time-wise, however, and were only a half hour late getting off the site at 3:15 as Bob snapped pictures of us leaving and even came across the point to get one last one. We missed the head winds of yesterday and the staff got so engrossed in discussing the various rivers to the Bay that he led us on a momentary side trip into a bay, but realized the error before any deep penetration had been made. The turn north was made and of course the wind now blew against us and into our teeth, but fortunately Keewaydin was kind and fairly gentle though maybe a little chilly. About two hours after starting we got to the portage and dashed in to unload as usual. For the second day in a row Mike decided wannigan 15 needed a bath, but this time he managed to land her on 77's gunwale as the staff was trying to get out the red rig and succeeded in dumping the staff into the river as well as himself. The next two rapids proved easy though the eddy at the foot of the first grabbed a few canoes. Then we tried the left branch of the river to Clarkie as Dunmore had done since they claimed there was only a 10 yard portage at the foot. The rapids went easily until the last one into the pond that we could not hope to handle. So we had to cut a 50 yard portage trail through the bush. The unloading spot was treacherous and the loading area had only room for one canoe. Since there was no way to cook lunch on the trail and we expected the Dunmore 10 yarder at the foot of the pond, 77 went ahead to cook lunch. But the entrance to Clarkie was wide and deep and no carry was needed. So lunch was made to the left of the entrance out of the wind in the warm sun. Wendy started the swimming, but Drausin discovered the deep channel and the possibility of diving in right off the sandy shore, so a swim break was necessary. The bannock went for lunch. The INCo bread saved for dinner. We pulled out into the wind on leaving about 1:45 and entered the river after an attractive section of Clarkie was paddled. Three rapids went fairly quickly and easily and then the section was sure the staff had us lost and dropped back so as not to do any extra paddling. But the expected chute appeared and we ran the right side as usual -- quite a drop to it in a short space of time. Then the search for the portage which we hit on the button and carried getting on the water at the far side at 4:45. A couple rapids later we pulled into the first pond and expected to be starting the long portage soon only to find the stream connecting the ponds too shallow for the first time ever and we had to portage the 25 yards or so which delayed us. Then a shallows had to be taken slowly so we were late getting the canoes across. Enough got across on the first trip to start dinner on wood Wabun had left us. Shouts echoed through the bush as Mike went looking for a Chrispy Crunch machine -- the 10 cent variety -- when he struck the part of the trail Dunmore had recut and blazed last year. Matthew had done a good job only leaving a few windfalls to step over and so many people had used the trail since that it was in good shape. We used the INCo bread for dinner so all we needed was a traveling bannock and Ralph did us up a good charcoal one. Tents went up in the small site which has now been well used and the bread line was called about 7:00 -- a

long day. Guide, staff, and Wendy went fishing on the far side -- the guide keeping four, but the big one slipped off the stringer on the way back and fell in the river to disappear while the staff kept his one small one. Fletch threw all his back looking for pike sized trout and Ralph and Pete failed to score. The INCo Sara Lee cake went for an after dinner treat. 77 got three patches as a result of the reef she struck trying to cut the entrance to the first pond too short. The sky was clear -- although there had been some mackerel during the afternoon. A jet -- the third or fourth plane we had seen today -- left a vapor trail at sunset, but mainly the night promises to be a real good sleeper.

Tuesday, July 31 -- The mist hung down over the river so tight this morning the staff figured it would never clear by the normal departure time and so rolled over for a few more minutes not getting up till 6:40. He then got so engrossed talking to Drausin about building cabins on Temagami that he forgot to call everyone to roll. The guide was busy at the time with his fish, but still breakfast went as usual plus a fry pan and a half of trout. We got out on the water at 8:30 for a late start on a perfectly clear, cool morning -- for a change -- now that the mist was up. The first rapid went as planned offering picture chances for the first ones through. But the second one could not be taken through the right side of the islands. We had suddenly picked up low water which made the drop a series of ledges rather than the normal straight slick, so the guide found out how to run the top and the staff the foot, and we ran the left channel. Right below the first portage was made, but Pete decided he did not like the staff's choice of landing and so continued portaging the next chute also with 75 and 78 right behind him. 57 and 77 then had to take an additional short portage to bypass the next chute to join the others. Meanwhile the guide had scouted the next pitch which normally cannot be run, but this time it was a heavy V, so we took her, the staff first. And as 77 caught the eddy Wendy decided she wanted to get up ready to go ashore and as a result the gunwales dipped and she paddled to shore with about three inches of water. No damage fortunately, the wannigans all had cans in the bottom. Then the rest of the portage was taken with everyone together followed almost immediately by the one around the falls. The staff liked the spot so much he declared an early lunch at about 11:30 and we stopped to take in the view. Fletch tried fishing and had a trout on -- announced by a loud yell -- but it got off. The day was warm out of the wind as the meal cooked, but we were back on the water at 12:45 with a 400 yarder right ahead. Then our longest paddle so far -- a mile -- to a 250 yarder. Wabun had camped here and left us lots of dry wood, but we moved on. The run off was different than that usually encountered so the staff caught an eddy on the way down for a look. As Kit got out to hold the canoe Wendy decided she wanted out too -- result a bloody nose for the bowman -- the little dog was not having her best day! Or maybe it was. Anyway the staff had lots of time to walk the rapid while the blood stopped flowing. Then we really got to paddle -- about three miles. We looked for the INCo base camp Bob said to expect but if here, it must be back in the large lake or bay to the south. Then the island rapid was run as usual with its normal rush of water and instead of stopping after the top section in the

rough eddy, we took the next two rapids also. The staff led us off down river too far for the portage on the S-shaped water and we had to paddle back to find it. No campsite was planned, but the staff hoped to find something, maybe the Dunmore camp? The trail was in excellent shape as a result of all the traffic since '69 when we last used it. At the foot the staff dropped his load to find a campsite which caused confusion aplenty. A nice area was located up the trail from the landing but near the side channel of the rapid so water was right at hand. Dinner was started right away with the first set of wannigans and the bread line was operating at 6:30. A little bathing was attempted, but the water was very shallow nearby as Fletch and the staff found out while trying to fish so the staff worked back upstream eventually reaching the '68 campsite where he landed two trout. Fletch and the guide worked upriver also with Fletch adding a little one to the take. Back at the campsite a run of popcorn was in order in the dark, but it turned out to be our worst thus far as too many cooks got into the act and put the corn to the pot too quickly before the oil heated. But some got popped instead of burned. Drausin appeared for a sample, but the others already sacked out stayed in bed. And again a good sleeping night seems in store. Our old record is in danger -- no rain for a whole day! We have had only one other such day -- coming over Ross Gorge.

Wednesday, August 1 -- August arrived in style. Ice on the pots that had water in them over night. The staff had to use some of them at 6:30 and dumped the ice in the red rig -- dish pan that is -- and it was still in evidence when the dish washers started to work. Last night's trout added to the menu as the mist lifted off the river much more rapidly than had been the case the previous morning. As we loaded up at 8:25 the sun was already beginning to warm up the air. At a couple places in the creek the crews had to hop out on rocks to lighten the load and pass the canoes across rocks. Then a pause to photograph and another to investigate a river or stream that entered from the north to check an Indian report of a route up it to a rather uninteresting looking lake so far as our tripping goes. Then it took a while to look over the long rapid that followed, but the run was the same as in '69. The bottom proved shallow and 74 either didn't or couldn't follow 77's path so the back four canoes all at least bumped something. Then a little paddle to the first portage. The staff got his rapids mixed and advised it might be avoided in high water -- no chance ever. It's a good steep falls. Andy was probably the one who had enlarged and used the Indian site on the knoll at the far end. Then a longer paddle -- mostly with shirts off in the morning sun. And then a little carry at the red shack -- Fletch looked in and the machine was working -- whatever it does. The guide discovered a note from Andy's group of a year ago indicating they passed by. Then a couple rapids and the last portage with an interesting run off to be negotiated, and after the shallows at the foot were passed the Clearwater section of our trip was all history. The pull up the far shore to the foot of Great Bend to reach our campsite was a little tough with the current in opposition and we knew we were back on the big river. The canoes were left down around the bend on the rocks and the loads portaged up to the site. But the site was beginning to take on the appearance of a Temagami site that

gets used too much. Two large 45 gallons drums -- one empty and one full graced the site. Wabun must have been here that cold windy day we paddled into the INCo site -- they seemed to have had a large warming fire and in addition had left a messy fireplace -- which fortunately was not the one we use. John Edmonds had left us a shirt minus most of the buttons, so maybe it was intentional, but we cannot carry all Wabun's clothes back to them. Fletch already has a checked jacket. They also left another canoe pad at the landing. We found a set yesterday at a portage also. They may be sorry in a day or two following their route! The tent sites had been improved from use at least and they had left us enough wood to cook lunch at least so the starch pot went on as soon as possible and while the tents were going up and the wood crew did their usual good job the guide got the meal together while the staff threw in a couple lures with no success. After lunch some airing got done, a little laundry, some bathing, a little writing, and some napping. 74 got a new patch, 75 got a strange looking puncture repaired, and the patches on the stern of 57 got replaced again. Fletch went fishing and returned with a couple trout and a walleye to add to the supper menu. The staff baked slowly finally doing a pie for dinner. After dinner the guide and staff headed up the stream -- the guide getting another look at his '67 site while the staff took three trout of two pounds or a shade better. The guide brought in a couple little ones and he and the staff each threw back one good trout since we easily had enough for breakfast. Meanwhile Mike got another two pounder and a couple walleye -- returning the walleye later. The sun set in sort of a red--pink band and a few wisps of clouds started in under a few stars and the tents filled early although the night does not promise to be as cool as last night.

Thursday, August 2 -- The mist hung down over the river as Ralph and Mark were up early trying to fish. In fact almost everyone was up early enjoying the view. Mike even came out when Drausin woke him to fillet his walleye while the guide operated on the trout after Wendy frolicked with the trout for the staff's camera. Pete was one of the last ones up and took a good tumble getting breakfast with sleep still in his eyes. The fish completely disappeared also. We were loaded and off at 8:10 -- held up by the breakfast dividend. But ten minutes later Mark realized he had left his fishing rod back at the loading area, so it was 9:10 before we were all together headed for the first rapid. The day was warm right from the start and shirts were off soon after we hit the water. The first run passed easily followed by a short paddle to Surprise. At which point we made the dubious decision to run one at a time for pictures. 74 came mighty close to going into the largest swell and 75 was only slightly less close as they slid out too far after not cutting the corner tight enough. But it was just a close call in the long run. Then a quiet paddle to the Birch rapid -- without climbing the birch as tradition distated -- taken in three parts with each getting tougher. Finally the third section had three ledges to round that everyone made, although 75 had to catch shore and dump before coming on to the lunch spot just below. The swim club lost its charter to Wendy as she was the only one to get in the water. 57 got a patch on the stern replaced again and 78 got one over a nail hole in the bow. We were off again soon afterwards and by now

the east wind was strong enough to be an aid to travel, though what it will do to the weather is another question -- there had been a little mackerel to the sky just about dawn too. To break the monotony of the paddle the guide spotted a lynx swimming across the river and we soon had her surrounded for pictures and in the process Ralph managed to give his camera a bath that made it inoperable. We let her catch shore on the island from which she had come after a short time as she seemed to be tiring, but she took off to the bush fast enough. The portage that followed was warm and the trail could have been better cleared. We made the mistake of taking the short cut and so ended up portaging the foot along the rocks, though it looked like Wabun probably ran or let down it. The water level seems to be dropping each day. The sod house below proved to be in a sad state of disrepair and not worth much of a stop -- though a few ripe raspberries were good. The rapid below deserved a quick look for a change -- it has usually been run blind. And the campsite came up right afterwards. Wabun had been there -- as well as others and we had to pitch their cans aside. We should lose all this extra traffic tomorrow and be on our own again. Drausin made an almost perfect pineapple upside-down cake for dinner and Kit took over for the traveling one. All but the guide and staff took a bath off the sand beach before dinner. Fletch introduced a two-man game with a tump line -- and usually came up a winner as his opponents usually were the ones to tumble in the sand. Then the bean hole fire was started up with the guide doing most of the collecting and the beans were set to rest after dinner -- again a pot not completely full as a result of a shortage of both beans and salt pork. Mike, Pete, and Fletch went back to the rapid to fish bringing back a pike. 77 got its canvas tacked back on where she was pulling down from the gunwale. Then the guide split up the small extras from reoutfitting. The sun disappeared behind the trees to the west early, but the temperature did not drop a great deal -- and the bugs were not too bad either as we settled in.

Friday, August 3 -- Somehow the weather held and the sun was up at 6:15 although the fire area was still in shade. The pike slowed breakfast a little and we did not get her to the pan as soon as possible so Pete was left cooking pike after all the dishes were done and it got eaten right from the pan. That put us on the water just before 8:00. Drausin pulled the beans from their hole and discovered a much better pot than the one before. They got packed up for lunch and we shoved off in what by then was a warm morning. The first rapid appeared shortly and was portaged a few yards on a poor trail and the run off was taken. Then three miles ahead the Akautago rapids were carried as scheduled. Wabun had again left all their red paint and someone had used the campsite -- probably Andy and/or Dunmore the year before. It did not look like Wabun as we have come to know their work. The mouth of the Wabamisk was reached about 10:30 and the guide and staff went portage hunting coming up with nothing, so we lined the first three little rapids. The going was painfully slow as the man on the line in particular had to crawl through alder along the banks. Then another search for a portage without success and again we lined a series of short rapids, again slowly. By now it was well after lunch time and no suitable site came along, so finally the staff pulled up at another short lining area and the guide portaged his equipment

to a reasonable site -- reasonable except for the moss covered ground and inappropriate fire area. We finally got our beans and Klick at 2:30 in the hot sun. Dave almost did not make it, delayed emptying his boots -- but he was not the only one as a lot of others wrung out socks and emptied boots at lunch. Back on the river a couple more short linings took time and then we finally hit one too steep and we reblazed and did a little cutting at an ancient trail and portaged the 150 yards. Above the going got smoother but whereas we had hit a couple nice looking jackpine areas below, the banks now gave way to spruce and balsam. A few signs of human travel were seen -- a sawed and notched log in the river, a few cuttings and blazes and an Arpentage label on a tree. Otherwise the river seemed all ours. A few little swifts got paddled and a couple small log jams were opened. By now it was well past time to camp, but the staff figured we had nothing better to do. About 7:00 we halted where we thought the portage ought to be and the guide and staff took off looking for it. All they found was bog just back from the river and after walking out to investigate a jackpine area of high ground they reasoned the portage had to use it. After a while they gave up trying to find the Indian's start to his trail and began looking for camping possibilities -- which were minimal and finally hit on a piece of green moss in the spruce and balsam with a slippery clay landing. So about 8:30 dinner got started. Everyone pitched in unloading canoes and getting set up. The wood gang did their job and then Mike, Pete, and Ralph cut the poles for the section while Kit baked the traveling bannock again after the staff did the first one. The guide fried the ham and got a bread line going before dark. The dishes and pots even got done before the night descended -- though the sun had sunk behind the trees long before. The tents filled quickly after Buds' lemon bread went for a snack and all was quiet. Tomorrow will be time enough to look for the creek to Little Opinaca Lake. Obviously a lot longer day than planned!

Saturday, August 4 -- The staff crawled out at 6:20 and strangely enough the sun was just coming over the tree tops though the air was still a little chilly. He and the guide cooked breakfast and then called the section to eat leaving rolling till later. Ralph wanted to come along so he, the staff, and Wendy went looking for the pond to which we wanted to carry. The bog was quickly crossed, but the jackpine ridge led back to the Wabamisk, so they retraced their steps with Wendy finding the way back to find the guide waiting in the jackpine. The three then took off on a compass bearing and after trudging through numerous swamps found our pond. They then followed a prospector's claim line part of the way back and then took off on their own missing all the familiar land marks and finally ended up way south of our campsite. After much debate about where to go the true location of the explorers was determined with the aid of the aerial photograph and they finally tumbled into the campsite close to 12:30. Meanwhile the rest searched for entertainment after the path out to the bog had been cleared, and turned to making benches and other furniture for the campsite. The explorers back and really not quite sure of the best route to the pond, starch time was declared while the first loads went out to the nearest jackpine. The staff left before the rest and took his red rig and W through to the next jackpine possible and then

ran a compass course hitting the prospector's north-south claim line as hoped. The rest of the loads got to the second jackpine stand and then using the compass again and leap frogging the loads to use as markers in three jumps we reached the prospector's line and turned right. With the guide leading we then portaged the claim lines coming to a violent halt at a swampy area where some logs were thrown in, but their arrangement was haphazard and there was no chance of staying dry on them. Finally the pond was reached -- we figured far more than the expected mile and a quarter and the whole thing took a good four hours in hot, humid weather with far more than enough black flies for company. As the last loads were being gathered a helicopter flew over, spotted the canoes, and circled low over the landing, and went on. Then the campsite search. Nothing on the pond, although Mike found an area in a stand of "jackpine" that looked strangely like spruce. The guide rejected it and we started down the creek running into one narrows where it was necessary to get out on the shore and slide the canoes through, but finding nothing but grassy shores where it was impossible to land even if the country behind looked good. The guide pulled up at an old Indian tepee, but it proved to be a pile of beaver sticks. Then an ancient beaver dam with alder growing on top stopped most of the creek, and us, so the staff moved his canoe in as far as possible through the grass and declared a stand of jackpine home even if drawing water and washing was a real pain. The tent sites were fine and lots of dry wood for Fletch, Mike, and Pete. The staff baked again with his bowman again taking over for the second one. Mark put up some of the rest of the meal after Dave drew water and disappeared to put up their tent alone refusing Mark's help because of a surprise. Dinner even got served while the sun was up as Mike and Fletch did a pizza while it was still light enough to see well. Ralph disappeared to patch his pants and the staff to transfer his belongings to a new pair -- the walking had been too much for the others finally. Wendy collapsed and refused to eat her dinner after all her running and problems with the black flies. The guide was the only explorer up when the wannigans got put to bed. A couple dark clouds had rolled over late in the afternoon, but we cannot afford to be held up much, we are now roughly three days behind projected schedule and are supposed to be in Eastmain in only eight more days.

Sunday, August 5 -- For some reason the sun came up again today shortly after the fire was laid and by the time breakfast was done the temperature was already up. The decision had been made last night to load up and then go up and over the beaver dam, so we started at 7:50 to do exactly that, but the guide and staff crawled around through the alder and numerous streams on top of the structure for a short while and came to the conclusion there was no way to carry across that mess. So back to the campsite unloading spot we went and an hour later had negotiated a 150 yard portage to the far side of the obstacle. So departure was really 8:50 as a result. Better the decision had been made in reverse last night. It still was not much of a trail, but better than the route over the dam. Perhaps the stream tried to compensate, but anyway for a while it flowed along, deep, smooth, and with relatively few obstructions. A couple beaver dams had to be broached and a

windfall or two chopped out, but nothing major. Even a narrow area that looked like it might be trouble on the photograph was nothing to really slow us down. But all good things come to an end and we started running into shallows and tiny creek rapids. The water was not deep enough to run and the rocks too closely packed to paddle and the banks too wooded and the current too slow to line so the stretch was covered by climbing in and out of the canoe and then pulling it over and around the rocks. Not good for the canoes nor for the personnel, but finally it seemed to end and we paddled a short stretch only to come to an abrupt halt at a tangle of ancient windfalls. The staff started to climb up on them to start cutting, but hearing small rapids ahead decided it wise to investigate first and crawled ashore in a burn on the left shore to look. A brief inspection was enough, it would be easier and quicker to portage, so the guide cut out a landing while the staff checked the route -- maybe 400 yards and the Indian had been there before though the open burn made it necessary to relocate his trail. By now it was after starch time so the jewelry and N came through first and the irons were set up a few inches from the route most portagers took to the water. The heat by now was terrific and no shade available at all. After a 1:30 departure from lunch the going got a little better with tiny rapid like sections that could be taken on a paddle for the most part with only an occasional need to step out of the canoe onto a stone. Another beaver dam complete with a large dead whitefish as part of its make up -- the highest of the day -- a few windfalls -- and a few places where the canoe just made it through a tiny opening without cutting. Eventually the meanders started and the paddling got easier even if the river twisted. But that too ended and the course straightened out. An owl flew with us for a while but we never got close enough to take pictures. Then suddenly a moose was standing in the water to our front. Fletch was the first to be sure -- it looked like a stump so much because it made no move at all. Perhaps a yearling cow, she watched us for a while and finally got out of the river and to shore slowly. We were too far for pictures and the wind was wrong for sneaking up on her -- but a moose up here is rare enough. Pete and Mark stopped to look at a dead beaver along shore. And finally the lake appeared. The east wind still held -- we have had it now for four days and nothing has really happened -- so it pushed us toward the river. But it picked up as the final approach was made and rain could be seen behind us, but we got only a drop or two. The current picked up and the first rapid was taken easily followed by a second short pitch. A third lay ahead, but guide and staff hopped ashore in the local burn to check -- the photograph and the Indian made it look like a portage. Sure enough around the bend the rapid was a falls-cascade series with which we could do nothing. We could run the top, but the portage we would have to make was impossible through the dropped trees of the burn. So we had to carry the whole thing. An Indian trail was available, but it had not been used for years -- a sled rested at the start -- and the burn had dropped trees across it at various places. Besides it was time to stop -- close to 6:00 -- so even if the terrain was poor we quit. Mike and Fletch drew the wood while Pete and Drausin started out to clear the trail, helped by others later on. The staff iced the bannock for dinner and Kit again manufactured the traveling one. Drausin returned to make a pot of cocoa after

the bread line had been served. Wendy went swimming to cool off, but the water was too shallow for anyone else. For some reason the black flies would not leave us alone as the tents filled and few went to even look at the falls and cascade which were relatively far from any reasonable vantage point. The sun set in a picture of pink and the moon was out long before dark although clouds seemed to be building in the west. Our hot, humid weather has lasted now for a week, something is bound to change.

Monday, August 6 -- Somehow our weather continued to hold and the sun appeared on schedule just after the breakfast fire was laid. At 7:50 we were loading up at the far side of the portage with the day already growing warm. But the paddle was short through a pond to another heavy rapid. Still the area was burned and growing up in small jackpine. The guide and staff laid out a trail without paying too much attention to the Indian since windfalls were every which way across what parts of his trail were found. He had a campsite in the middle of it for some reason. We put in before the rapid was actually over and ran out the last little piece into a small pond below. The next one was supposed to be twice as long and the staff disappeared to scout both the rapid and the portage possibilities so it took ages. Finally we ran the top section, took out and again portaged over a trail we had to make through the old burn. The top run was pretty swift with one big drop and somehow 75 managed to catch an eddy at the foot of it, and then 57 got into it also, so the run was less than routine. The run off from the portage was good and swift and some film was used up photographing. 57 came last by a large margin because Drausin lost his way with his canoe as the last man across. It was now lunch time -- or past it -- but we pulled out looking for a good rock area and found a beautiful stand of jackpine instead. The swim club went into action and the guide had the stew served up before the bathers were all dressed. Then our long paddle of the day through two large ponds. We looked for Indian sod houses, but only found a tent just before the narrows and did not stop. But the rapids at the end brought us to a screeching halt. Guide and staff started to scout but the guide discovered a trail made on August 2, 1973 according to a blaze on a spruce. So they followed it and scouted the rapid from it, coming to the conclusion we should use it. Actually a pretty good cutting job. The guide went back to lead the others on while the staff went ahead to see where it all ended and came to the realization it was going around the falls -- which we did not want to do just yet. So the portaging was halted and the guide and staff scouted a path to the foot of the rapid while the second loads were coming up. And the guide then led the train into a jackpine campsite. The wood crew went to work. Drausin cleared the trail to the water like a highway and the staff baked while Mark, Mike, and Kit got the meal going. Ralph took over the reflector for the traveling bannock. It was not all that late, it just seemed so. As the guide came over with his canoe dinner was ready, but a motor boat could be heard and seen coming up the river. While we were eating a prospector and an Indian appeared to be greeted nosily by Wendy. They said they had cut the trail for "fun." The Indian trail was on the opposite side of the river -- and would be quite a bit shorter. They left after 10 - 15 minutes of idle conversation and apparently went back to their camp below. After dinner the

guide and staff made a photographic tour of the falls -- about a 25 foot vertical drop set in a deeply wooded area. The prospector's trail put in below the falls as he informed us, but we plan to follow the Indian route tomorrow. We would have done better on it today since his portage on the other side of the river would be considerably shorter since it would cut a point rather than following the river. Except for a burned pot for Kit to wallop, Mike then made a superior batch of popcorn which drew everyone but Mark out of the tents where they had disappeared to escape the black flies.

Tuesday, August 7 -- It cannot last much longer, but the sun has been coming up every morning for a week just after the staff starts the fire. Again the night was warm. For some reason things moved this morning and we were loading up at 7:30 for our earliest start. As planned we headed into the pond west of the falls for the Indian route without stopping at the falls. The trail was easy to find because the prospector and his Indian companion -- Joe -- had left brush at the start upon which to pull their boat. The first part went through a beaver meadow which was dry this time and then down a gradual slope hemmed in by alder. Our friend had done a little cutting but not much -- although we had no problem. Photographing of the second falls came hard since the eastern sun was right in our eyes. More a cascade anyway. Then a mile or so down the river a heavy rapid with again an easily found portage because the landing had been cut out by the prospector. But strangely the trail did not cut the point as expected and put back in the river just after the river turned west. So we did too, and ran out the rest of the rapid with one stop before the foot to scout the shallows at the end. And that was it for water excitement on the Little Opinaca. We did spot a horned owl sitting on top of a tree watching us, but he flew away as the camera boxes were opened to light on another spruce up river but too far away. We had pretty fair current to help and the wind was no factor, though no one could tell where it came from -- sometimes east and sometimes west. At 11:45 we paused for a date break and paddled on. The tent camp of a year ago in the lake after the Opinaca came in was traded for a trailer part of winter train cars. But the area before Frog Falls had been bulldozed for fill for the road. But fortunately neither the approach nor the carry at Frog Falls had been tampered with. We had our starch at 1:00 or so by the fast water as Wendy kept wanting to flirt with danger -- 57 and 74 had not thought a great deal of the fast water either and had approached down the center of the river; guide and staff were not about to play with this one after picking the Frenchman of a year ago off the rocks. The carry over we paddled to the falls listening to the roar of pumps, the music of trucks, the working of shovels, the whirl of helicopters, and the pounding of something at the bridge. We had even heard a charge of dynamite go off on the way in to Frog Falls which was interpreted as thunder by a couple -- the day was humid again with an occasional dark cloud. The start to the portage had been destroyed by the road work, but the guide and Wendy found the end of the trail and we made do at the start using the road gang's dirty road and side trails. We were interviewed briefly by some kind of official -- his hard hat had so many labels it was hard to tell what he did, but he spoke a little English at least -- got our picture taken and went on. Pictures got taken from the very

foot of the falls -- with mist to wet down the photographer and his camera, and from the rocky island in front where the staff held up the show waiting for sun on the falls. As a result it was quarter to five before we were in the campsite at the head of the next carry -- a good site except for needing to carry the water up another bloody hill. The wood crew did their work. Drausin and Ralph went off to clear the foot of the trail better and Mark made most of the dinner while the staff baked. Fletch found a bathing spot. After dinner the canoes went across and side trips were made to view the cascade this time. The guide and Drausin sat and watched a black bear appear on the far side of the river and others went to look for it later with no success -- Wendy had been barking at something, maybe the bear, but more likely the bridge workers upstream. Fletch tried fishing but came up empty handed. Occasionally a noise came from the bridge, but in general the rush of water drowned out the sounds of construction. The staff mixed up another batch of fudge to finish the evening though the black flies made staying out difficult.

Wednesday, August 8 -- When the staff rose the mist was settled over the river just enough to hide the bridge, but not the falls above, but by the time the coffee boiled the whole river was blanketet with fog, and when we loaded up and shoved off at 7:50 the mist was just drifting off the foot of the falls-cascade on which we camped. The first part of the paddle was pleasantly cool, but the temperature kept rising as we went along into a slight west wind. Even at the first break four miles down the sounds of construction at the falls could still be heard now that no other rushing water was near. Nothing really exciting showed up though we could definitely smell smoke in the air -- at least we had not set the fire if a west wind was carrying the scent to us. The fourth portage trail was recut and much improved as we moved across it. By now the temperature was definitely up considerably. The next one was only a short distance ahead as 74 led off to help guide us. As the landing was caught two beaver swam around just out from their house in the bay and photographic attempts were made and Mike even tried tramping around on shore to scare them back out. The plan was to eat early at the far side while the trail clearing went on, but the guide did not want to cook on broken rock and so the site was moved across the way to the little rock island that jutted out making another portage necessary to complete the run. Wendy did not like being left to ride in the last canoe and decided to walk so that she and the staff had an altercation when she refused to return when he called. Then a lazy paddle to the last one of the series, much less trail cutting necessary this time, and camp was pitched about 2:30. Fletch drew his third of the wood crew's usual supply, but the others turned in their membership for the day. A bathing convention met on the rocks below the site -- not really a swimming party since the water was too shallow for that but fine for bathing. Mike baked our last pineapple upside-down cake for dinner and the guide took over for the traveling one. The heat was still with us as dinner was cooked and served. Drausin's pudding went for a dessert. Otherwise the afternoon and evening were lazy -- Dave got some more reading done, plus a nap with Wendy until the guide yelled bread line -- ruining the picture for all but Mark who was the only one to snap the scene. A hearts game followed dinner and then a run of popcorn as everyone turned

in with an almost full moon lighting the site. All day the drone of planes was heard to the west though we lost the construction sounds after a while in the morning.

Thursday, August 9 -- Again we were lucky. The sun rose on schedule after the fire was laid, but soon disappeared behind a cloud bank. The night had been slightly cooler than those recently and no mist rose from the river. We were loaded and off at 7:45 although it seemed to take ages for the cereal to thicken -- but it was the last of our Red River and maybe the serving was a little shy. The top layer of clothing came off soon after the run off from the rapid. Then although the river narrowed and rocks began to show on shore nothing happened although maybe the current picked up a little. We could hear the roar of white water off in the distance, but it was south of us and must have been Clouston at least four miles away. Maybe we mistook its sounds for some of our aircraft travel of yesterday afternoon, we had seen some of the DC 3's, but the sounds were so frequent often no one bothered looking. But the falls came up soon enough. We investigated the '72 landing and the guide and staff walked the Hydro cut to see how bad it was, soon coming to a rocky area where the KKK trail cutting started and came to the immediate conclusion that the '72 section had taken out too soon and a short trail from the river could reach the rock easily, so we slipped the canoes down the shore, unloaded, and cut into last year's work. The sternsmen then walked the section up to the Indian trail improving on last year's work as a result. Back at the landing the bowmen lounged in the sun looking at the cascading white water while Dave caught 40 winks. The sun was up and at our backs so most of the section walked down the rock looking at the water tumbling down over our side of the island that split the river at the start. Drausin, Ralph, Mark, Kit, and Fletch took off on the portage, however, following it successfully until they got to the helicopter pad where they took the Hydro cut to the river and had to back track to find the trail. Drausin started some extra clearing from the top. Pete took his canoe all the way through and started clearing back from the bottom and by the time the staff arrived there was nothing to do but turn around and go back for a second load after checking the possible tenting area -- passable but not great -- in the poplar grove up from the river. The guide and Dave arrived and as the guide set down his canoe he glanced at the falls for a good look, and there was a green canoe right up on the rock at the lip of the falls. Mike had gone searching for another Chrispy Crunch Machine -- he holds the record for doing so -- and taken the Hydro cut and then instead of retreating as the others had done, followed another one parallel to the river and then finally bushed his way down the steep drop to the shore below the falls, hopped in 75 and eventually paddled over to the kitchen area. Sometimes there are two ways to do things -- the easy way and the Davison way. By 11:30 everything was over so the staff started a lunch of Spanish Rice, saving the previously scheduled bean meal for later. Fletch drew our only real piece of dry wood -- a spruce from the top of the hill. Mike and Pete found some dry alder and the rest was squaw wood the staff found lying around on the beach. After lunch the sun came back out -- it had been hidden by clouds for a while and the staff led off to photograph the area above the falls -- Mark had already made a short trip along shore. The good weather did not look like

it would last. There was a very pronounced ring around the sun as we paddled down to the falls, mackerel skies had appeared several times, and we had more cloud cover than we have had for days. But the weather direction was hard to determine, though it seemed to be more from the west than anywhere. Then Drausin, Fletch, and Ralph appeared. The guide and Dave just sat for a while on the rocks above the falls admiring the view. Mark then came along. The staff was first back at the site to check on Wendy who had been napping in the shade -- her work of trail finding finished for the day. Kit crawled out of his tent and went for a look. Drausin and Fletch arrived back for a swim and a bath, joined by Mark and the staff. Finally Pete woke from his nap, bathed, and headed up over the falls with his camera. The staff went for a solo trip up the far side -- about the same as the near one except for the angle of view and the increased difficulty of the rock walking -- and the bee's nest encountered on the way back. Finally Mike completed the group and made his journey up the falls -- he and Pete needed the extra nap because we have been getting up much too early and rushing to get started so that there has been no time to sit around socializing over cups of coffee at a civilized breakfast hour -- maybe the Section A way is much in need of change, but so far we seem to be getting there without too many problems or delays. Ralph and Drausin started work on a blueberry-raisin bannock for dinner -- Drausin had engineered the gathering of a pot of blueberries during lunch for just such a purpose. The guide took care of the rest while Drausin baked the traveling bannock while the staff did another batch of fudge. The black flies allowed a game of hearts on the rocks as the sun disappeared behind clouds for good. A final DC 3 flew over maybe headed for Fort George -- there seemed to be a steady stream of air traffic over us. The clouds slowed as night fell and the expected poor weather may not come as fast as we would wish -- that is get it over with tonight rather than waiting for morning, but all signs say something is on its way.

Friday, August 10 -- In spite of all expectations to the contrary we got our rain at night. It started lightly in the wee small hours of the morning and continued at intervals through what should have been dawn. As a result the staff did not roll out to start breakfast until 7:15 when he was greeted by a few drops of rain, but the sky looked as though maybe it would clear -- although it was still difficult to tell from which direction the weather was coming. So we made our latest start in ten days and did not shove off from the falls until 9:00. Under mostly gray skies we made our way down the four miles to the island complex. By this time the temperature and humidity were up. The first of the KKK trails followed the rock lift over type portage. The trail was in reasonable condition -- it never was great and we did little if any new clearing. The sun appeared as we hit the short portage to the bay -- and as expected we jammed everyone together on it though the loading area tended to string us out after it. By now it was time for an early lunch, so the fire was laid on the relatively smooth rock before the second attack at the bush. A few moments of sunshine soon gave way to gray skies again as we shoved off to run a few small rapids to the stream-side rock portage. The run off at the foot was more difficult because of the low water, but we made it amid many shouts of how to move the canoe. While loading up Ralph managed to take a false step

on a slippery rock and in spite of his beaver chewed walking stick copy Dave's earlier tumble back after lunch. There would have been many more of them had the weather not cooperated, the light clay covering on the rocks would have been a sea of mud. Riding the calm below the guide spotted a small black bear wandering along the right shore and we watched for a while until the staff tried to get to his cameras and the bear took to the bush -- that is everyone watched but Wendy who never got a sniff of him. Comparative dead water followed to the 15 foot falls when the sun made a feeble attempt to help the photography. We took the run off after getting all the canoes loaded in the tiny eddy from which the start had to be made and then started into the final horse race series with a few spaced rapids. At the three island series a short pause was made to avoid going over a ledge. And around the bend appeared a longer, straight series with a sizable drop at the foot. It would have been a lot easier had the water been higher. We all got down though no two canoes followed the same route. Off to the west thunder rolled and then a flash of lightning and the staff pulled up at a rocky ledge to get out rain suits that were needed moments later though we missed the major part of the storm. We drifted down to the next bend in slight drizzle to the ledge at the start of the inverted U where we hoped to camp, but nice as the kitchen was, the tents would not go in so we went down to the second ledge and found enough space in the poplar grove to pitch -- far from ideal, but it would do for a night. The wood crew had their problems finding only green poplar and wet birch -- plus some dry alder. Mark mixed up a pot of cocoa while the staff baked and Drausin produced a date cake for tomorrow. Rolls of thunder were heard all around us but somehow we escaped and dinner was dry. Mike caught a white fish after dinner -- reports of walleye playing above the rock portage had spurred him on -- and the fish got cleaned for breakfast. 75's canvas got tacked back on where it has completely pulled free from the gunwale. Fletch manufactured a perfect pot of popcorn and a hearts game was played on the rocks as a couple axes got worked on after wood splitting on the rock. The sun had set in a reasonable display of pink, but as we turned in a few rain drops fell. Someone has been good to us, but all day it was impossible to tell whether we should look north, south, east, or west -- probably one of the latter -- to see what weather was coming in.

Saturday, August 11 -- The staff crawled out as usual to a rather somber looking morning although the rain of the evening had ceased and no threatening clouds appeared. Not a great deal of moisture had fallen, but the fly was pleasantly damp. Mike's whitefish got fried up and he claimed it tasted something like pike although no one else tried it. At 8:00 we shoved off to see what the rest of the rapids or horseraces looked like. We planned to run the right shore of the U hoping to stay inshore of the major white water and were successful although we had to go out in the center at the foot when the whole thing tended to run out on us. From there we played games following the throw of the river hoping for deep water which did not really exist, but at least there was enough to float the canoes. Then the last pitch appeared and the staff had the choice of either right or left of an island made of small stones

and selected the right side -- which was wrong. Suddenly a steep drop appeared and there was nothing to do but run her. Somehow the first four canoes got through and 78 running last was the only one to get hung up on a round stone -- fortunately. After a while she got off with no damage but wet feet. At this point it was 8:30, we had come down about three miles in the half hour doing as little paddling as possible in the process. Pete paddled over to take a picture back upstream, but the view and the extent of the drop just run looked more dramatic about a mile farther on just before we joined the Eastmain. The sun was trying but still not out, so maybe a picture will show what she looked like. By 9:45 we were all unloaded at Basil ready to start across. Wabun had camped on the upper side judging by their fireplace and bushed goods. Someone had found what was left of our wannigans bushed here a year ago and burned them -- at least partially although the guide found the remains of the top of the old N. The vote was taken to plow through the two trips before lunch, so we started off, carefully letting the staff go last so no one had to get stuck behind him. Even though the sun shone only fitfully, the walk was still a warm one. More than three hours later the staff trudged in with the last load. Fletch had been across for ages and drawn water and wood. Ralph followed him and then Mark with the rest in stages. The Indian had even used the trail recently and established a small wickiup frame near the spring. The starch was well under way by the time the staff arrived. Drausin's date cake polished off the meal -- topped with jam by some. The last of the cold drink went with the spring water. Tents went up as the dishes were done and the canoe sliding party was held with some staying below for a bath. Then the wood chopping effort was held with Mike, Pete and the guide doing most of it with some aid from others while Mark packed the wannigans that the staff emptied -- five wannigans and two babies full by the time it was all packed. A very few drops of rain fell as a result of a thunder storm that passed us by during lunch and enough fell while the packing was going on to cause a couple short delays, but nothing of consequence fell. Mike and Pete took off on a photographic - fishing excursion up the shore to the falls and returned at dinner time with seven walleye. Otherwise the tents were quietly occupied for sleeping and/or reading. The staff baked our last iced bannock and Drausin appeared to make a ginger bread for tomorrow using ginger bushed by Wabun -- they had bushed a good pile of stuff -- why at this end rather than the other no one really knows. Mark started making cocoa, but Kit had to finish the job when Mark walked off to chat with Ralph. Wendy woke along with the rest for bread line -- she had been back and forth across the trail more than anyone. Rain threatened in the form of another thunder shower, so the rig was set up for the fly although it did not get pitched. The guide served up our last meal of ham saved for this occasion. The dishes washed, a little rain fell enough to button everything up, but it quit in plenty of time for Fletch to bake our last pizza and finish off our popcorn before everyone turned in. The sun set in a display of pink clouds and the wind from the west rustled the leaves after dark. One more pull to make!

Sunday, August 12 -- The staff overslept for the first time in quite a while and the fire did not get touched off

until just before seven. Most of the section was already awake and ready to go by this time with even Pete and Mike making strangely loud noises for this time of day. The guide appeared in his "going in to Eastmain finery." The sky was a uniform gray throughout and by the time we started down the trail mist had started to cover the river. Getting the loads down was a challenge particularly for the bowmen who had to make two trips. Dave almost met with disaster with the jewelry and a few dropped spoons had to be tucked back in. Then Ralph tried to catapult himself into the canoe on the rock shore. But we were all finally loaded. The crossing went easily and we dutifully stopped to take a look at Basil which was pretty much a waste of time since the mist was so heavy little could be seen. So Mike and Pete came off as the only ones who had seen it. We ran the first section with no problem and scouted and ran the second which was more of a challenge -- the guide invented a new inside route at the foot. The bowmen had to hold bouncing canoes for the next scout which fortunately did not take long and a run was made outside a large stone and back to shore for another stop to scout the equivalent of surprise rapid which was taken easily. In low water occasionally a portage has been needed. After the bay we took a long look at the last one finally deciding the foot still could not be run and went slowly down shore to stop before the final pitch. The canoes got crowded too close and 74 and 75 had real problems catching shore and ended up reversed for the final lining. The mist rose just a little to assist in running the last couple pitches, but then when it was all over settled down again to blanket the river so that objects 100 yards away were hard to see. The west wind also blew and the staff contemplated pulling up and camping and taking her in tomorrow, but decided to go ahead and tackle it. We pulled up about three miles to the only flat rock along the river for lunch, having trouble getting in to it through the shallows. Hands were pretty numb at this point as the fire was laid from our jackpine supply and the Kam and beans were cooked in short order while Wendy went investigating the water which was the last thing any of us wanted to do. Rain suits were hauled out in the Scotch mist, but the next pull was warmer. The tide was coming in at this point floating 74 off its landing once during lunch. We pulled up behind an island in a fairly heavy sea and then took a very shallow route behind it to find the going a little easier to the last point on the north shore that would give shelter. We headed across finding the going much easier than expected and paused for a few moments to chat with a freighter full of berry pickers -- Wendy disapproved of them and they were a little suspicious of her also. We learned that Wabun had left yesterday fortunately. Then the last run to the post was done easily -- the final little rapid was drowned out in high tide. We pulled up in front of the Catholic Mission to be greeted by one freighter of Indians and a couple kids at 4:30. The guide and staff had to spend a few moments with Father Viallancourt before we could unload and camp. Tents went up on alder poles with a very small gathering of spectators and we started dinner with Mark doing the bannock. Our meager group of onlookers left as soon as we finished eating and we were left to ourselves. The gang trudged off to the Indian village while the staff went to interview the Bay manager, who failed to volunteer to open the store. It seems the ONR has been on strike, but is expected to be operating tomorrow. The forest fire we had

smelled coming down the Opinaca was at at camp called LG 2 up on the Fort George or La Grande where road construction was going on and apparently 500 men had to be evacuated -- that was why all the DC 3's we saw and heard. Supposedly there was great danger that dynamite and a large supply of gasoline would go up. Fletch picked up a couple sea run trout for breakfast from a fellow named Edward and Mike and Pete collected three or four Indians with loud music. The guide and staff found Teddy Moses for a fill in on the court case over the James Bay Project -- no decision yet. Edward Gilpin and the music players came back to the campsite for a while but by 11:00 the tents were filled and all quiet except for Wendy's protective barks on occasion. That is 11:00 our time -- the staff's watch was found to be only 32 minutes fast at this point so maybe all the times along the way -- at least for a while -- ought to be moved back a half hour!

Monday, August 13 -- Wendy and the staff were up at 7:15, still operating on our time, to be greeted by an overcast sky through which a few patches of blue showed occasionally. Breakfast was not even very far along when a gang had already collected with Fletch first followed by Mark and Pete and Mike were even up early -- Fletch to enjoy a cup of coffee without having to hustle around. The pancake run was on and Fletch's trout were cooking even before the staff went off to try to contact Austin. There was not much left when he came back after 9:45 having been told the rail strike would be over tomorrow. Then the rush to the village in search of souvenirs but the market was tough and the pickings slim. For some reason seal skin mukluks were a must and Fletch stretched a size 6 to a size 12 before the day was done by wading up and down the shore. Pete finally managed a pair by evening after a manufacturing deal fell through. Mike carted home a bear hide. Pete, Fletch, and Mike worked hardest at it with a complete door to door canvas several times over. The sky brightened a little toward mid-morning for those using cameras. A lot of fish smoking going on, but not a great deal of other Indian activity since 15 of the men were working on the project of building 15 new houses supposedly to be completed this year, but so far only one was under roof. The Indians indicated a shortage of cement for foundations was the problem. Lunch came and went as did the sked flight. More of the same in the afternoon followed by dinner cooked by Mark and topped off with Mike's raspberry pie. The Moses left on a LaSarre aircraft eventually as the dishes were being done. Then a quick trip back to the village followed by a stint at the fire as the northwest wind blew in a little cool air. Then back to the village for a reputed dance that had not yet gotten under way as of 11:30 -- our time.

Tuesday, August 14 -- The dance really did occur starting well after Kit came back and lasting into the wee small hours of the morning with Fletch, Mike, and Pete sticking it out to the bitter end even though some others staggered back earlier. With no calls and everyone supposed to know what was going on our crew found it difficult to follow at times, but at least amused the older Indians -- and the younger ones who seemed to be allowed to stay up. As a result the staff had the breakfast fire pretty much to himself, although Wendy was company. He and the guide even had a round of pancakes before anyone else showed up. The

staff decided not to bother with the early radio to Austin and went up just after 9:00 to check with the traffic then -- and found a message from Chief to the effect that a Canso was coming in for us in the afternoon. In disgust he went back to relay the news. 77 and 78 went up to the warehouse to get stacked by the Wabun canoes. And then back at the site most everyone was up by now and the sky was showing signs of brightening a little at least after an overcast start. The rest of the canoes went up and then the guide and staff went up to tag them -- and incidentally finish stripping 74 and 75 of their tump lines and return Mike's rain jacket dropped in front of them. Then they took off to the village to see the elder Gilpins and try to find the route down from Sakami Lake. They had tried earlier, but the staff had the wrong house -- and no one was home. The tagging had taken some time so Albert beat them up from his job clerking and was having lunch on their arrival, so they photographed the man from the neighboring house who was rushing production of four goose decoys -- subsequently finished and sold to the section just before departure. The map discussion lasted almost an hour and a half broken up only when Pete announced that a message had come up from the Post that the plane was due in half an hour. So back to the campsite. Lunch was forgotten. Almost everyone had gone up to the village after breakfast was over to see what could be found in the last minute -- the decoys and Dave's shovel. The sausage patties were stored in the jewelry and packs rolled and tents came down pretty quickly though the half hour warning proved to be a little premature. Anyway it was all down and a couple Indian girls had purchased a couple tump lines from Ralph and Fletch before the Canso landed. No Indian canoe appeared to ferry us out however and so we sat on the beach and the Canso sat at the buoy for a long time. Finally a freighter appeared and got us out in three loads, bringing back freight for the Post on each trip also. Everyone aboard, the pilot cast off and warmed his motors for ages going round and round the buoy before finally heading down river and taking off giving us a quick look at the village and country from the air before we hit a heavy cloud bank that blotted it all out, but once out over the Bay the weather cleared. The run to Moose was uneventful with coffee served round and even taken by those who never drink our coffee. Pete told the crewman who acted as steward the landing on the strip was rough, but he ought to feel a rough one -- and look at what the strip was made of before being critical. As we debarked there was another message from Chief saying we had to take the evening train -- guide and staff had already planned to spend the night in Moose and take more time having lost part of their Eastmain time already. So Austins gave us the use of their truck as a surprise and we got to the station about 5:00 -- their time. The staff got tickets right away and then took off to the Bay to get dinner supplies with Mark and Mike. We did not really expect our mail drop since the rain strike had been on for two weeks. There was nothing at the station, but the guide tried to check the Post Office, but it was closed. We got a deligation on the train to hold seats as soon as possible, got the lunch on, and then waited for the baggage car to get pulled up and the gear and Wendy went aboard. Lunch was served up in the coach with huge Dagwood sandwiches being made. The car was warm and the train crowded -- apparently 1200 people on it. Cochrane came none too soon as the party back in the bar car just in front of the baggage car was getting out of hand.

Poor Wendy had to put up with tiny yapping dogs on her part, but the heat ahead drove several people back to sit with her while the staff repaired the tump on N. Finally Cochrane appeared and so did Marshal and Section B. We had been told he came down yesterday having come in to Albany rather than Nakina as planned and so knew he was ahead of us but apparently he and Wabun had come down on the morning train. We tossed the baggage on a cart, waited for the south bound train to be made up and loaded our stuff with his -- he had his canoes having stuffed them in a DC 3 from Albany. Fortunately Wabun had been met with cars in the afternoon, so we missed them. Once loaded and ready to roll Pete realized he had misplaced his ammunition box with his camera and film, but the train got under way soon so its either in the Polar Bear still or on the Cochrane platform. We sent a message back via the conductor, but no one had turned anything in and the Polar Bear was not yet being cleaned. A little reading got done and a little sleeping and along about 4:00 we got to T Station to be greeted by a heavy fog. The train crew also dropped off a passenger in need of medical assistance who was picked up by the local ambulance. Marshal and crew took off to the lake for an early morning paddle. Five of us bedded down in the station with a family ranging in ages from elderly to very young and the other five in the cars to await morning.

Wednesday, August 15 -- The staff and Wendy had moved to a secluded area and were up far later than anyone else and the rest had already headed for breakfast and the laundimat by the time the guide and Dave in the VW came to check on the late risers. Laundry got done, a fair amount of eating and wandering, the staff car got a new headlight, the staff his hair cut and then we loaded for Boat Line just before noon. The station agent had sent up a message on the box for Pete, but the reply was negative. We drove down with Drausin piloting the Chief's car to find five canoes waiting for us. Since they were all cruisers we shipped three wannigans, two babies, and the extra paddles and fishing rods up via the Boat Line, parked the cars, and shoved off for a campsite. The traffic was heavy and the waves from various boats interesting. We had to give direction to one for Bear Island -- they were only a couple hundred yards from it at the time, and then had to stop to bail out the new 74. The Davison PBY went overhead aimed toward Devil's Island -- Fletch had already found his parent's car down near the airways. We guessed they were still flying though we were all saddened at the news of their plane crash in Sugar Lake which we had heard about on the way down. One jump later and we were at the usual Bear Island campsite. Tents went up while the guide and staff cooked yesterday's lunch. Ralph was the one to fall victim of the coming-in 24-hour stomach bug, but not badly. About half the section bathed in the clear water -- with many comments about it. The majority of the comments from Dave, though Mike was the first to publically make the usual water clarity observation. Then suddenly the guide, staff, and Wendy were alone as the tents were filled. The guide baked and they started a leisurely dinner cooking process. Kit appeared for a bath and then a few others as bread line was about to be called. Mike and Pete roused as the meal was served. For a rare occasion a good bit got bushed. We drew for pot cleaning chores, but nothing got done as a long

discussion on the plaque was held. A short game of hearts followed but a fair number were content to sit and watch the moon rise over a calm, quiet lake. For some reason boat traffic decreased and the evening was quite still -- though Wendy warded off all possible invaders. If we were on schedule, right now we should have been changing trains in Cochrane, and trains were moving in Ontario again today.

Thursday, August 16 -- It was not difficult to rouse the section this morning. Again the weather man was kind to us and by the time breakfast was done and it was all down the day was already warm. Without meaning to do so, we were on the water a little prematurely -- before 8:30, our time. The canoes moved more rapidly than necessary without meaning to do so. We took the south side of Wabun to grab the west shore for shelter from an almost non-existent wind, but came to a halt just before Long Island while we waited for a section to clear Clemenshaw's. At the time we thought it was Marshal, but were wrong. The path clear, we slipped along the island only to discover Section D in no hurry to move on the campsite on the north end. So we drifted toward the west shore, passing the time of day with the usual islanders on the way. A long drift later, we held up on shore, and finally the dilatory section moved. We let them get out ahead and then moved up behind Seal Rock. Marshal sat across the lake, seemingly in no mood to move, but by now the staff canoe was getting a little damp, it was getting late, and we had been sitting in the canoes for ages -- so the staff decided we had played the waiting game long enough and shoved off for the final run. Marshal took the hint and started moving, and with Section B just ahead of us, we took her in. The cannon roared, the traditional cheers were exchanged, and it was all over as the canoes were beached for the final time.

As a postscript, after negative replies to Pete's messages to Cochrane looking for his camera, the majority opinion felt that it had disappeared for good -- no one would return an expensive piece of equipment like that -- but a couple days after Devil's Island quieted down, in from Cochrane came the missing ammunition box with everything undisturbed so far as the guide could tell.

End