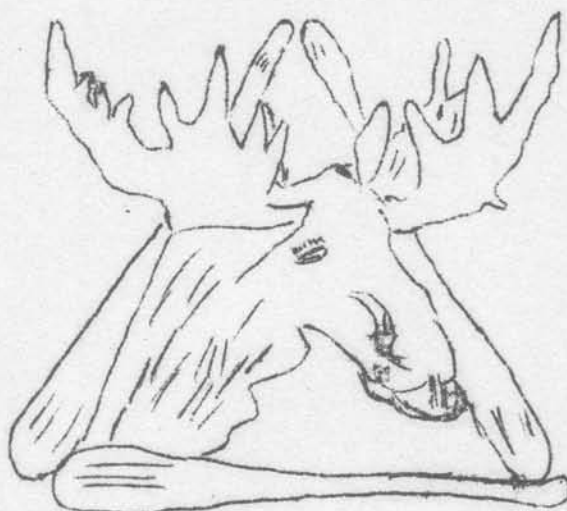


KEEWAYD IN

SECTION

1975



JAMES BAY

via

Ell River -- Little Opinaca River

73

Jim Kirschner

Dan Carpenter, Guide

74

Seth 'Stretch' Woodberry

Brooks McMillen

75

Chet Brett

Rob Cathcart

77

Roger Durham

Heb Evans, Staff

78

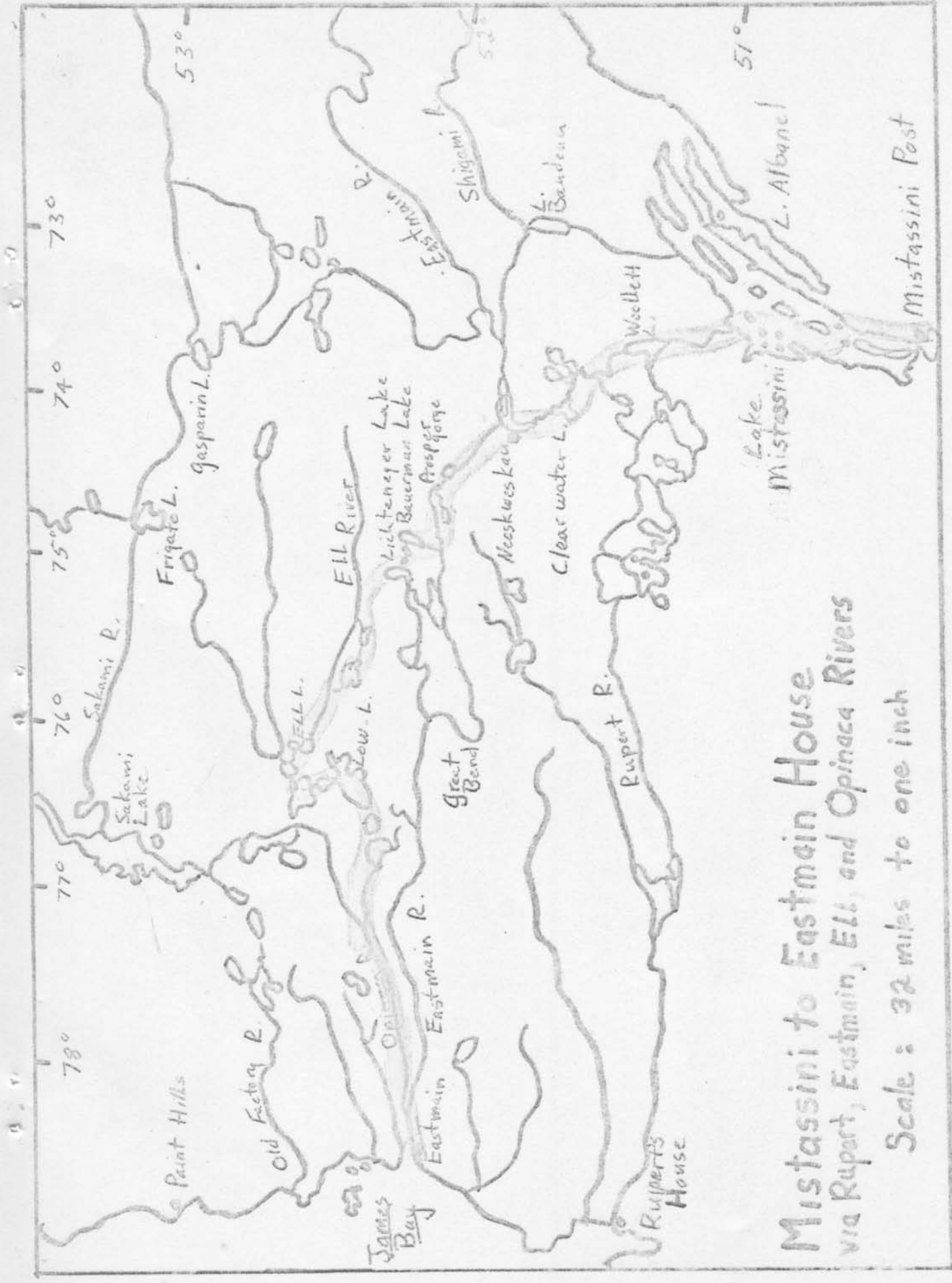
Pete Saunders

John Dinsmore

Tinker and Wendy

June 26 - August 8, 1975

Mistassini -- Rupert River -- Wollett Lake -- Neoskweskau --
Bauerman Lake -- Lichteneger Lake -- Ell Lake -- Opinaca Lake --
Low Lake -- Little Opinaca River -- Opinaca River -- Eastmain



Mistassini to Eastmain House
 via Rupert, Eastmain, Ell, and Opinaca Rivers

Scale : 32 miles to one inch

DAILY ITINERARY

June	26	--	Temagami Island
	27	--	Chibougamau
	28	--	Mistassini Post
	29	--	Crossing Island
	30	--	Rupert Portage
July	1	--	Esker Portage
	2	--	Woollett Falls
	3	--	Portage from Second Pond above Woollett
	4	--	Lake 59
	5	--	Second Lake before Height of Land
	6	--	Rapid at Exit from Clearwater Lake
	7	--	Portage from Round Lake
	8	--	Weather Station at Neoskweskau
	9	--	Ross Gorge Portage
	10	--	Walt's Place
	11	--	Prosper
	12	--	Four Miles before Bauerman Falls
	13	--	Bauerman Lake Falls
	14	--	Portage out of First Pond above Bauerman Lake
	15	--	Lichteneger Lake
	16	--	Rest
	17	--	Rest
	18	--	Rest -- Reoutfitting
	19	--	Third Lake above Lichteneger
	20	--	Rest
	21	--	Lake before Ell River
	22	--	Sand Beach on Ell River Side Trip
	23	--	Head of Pond Portage off Ell River
	24	--	Head of Portage back to Ell River
	25	--	Rest
	26	--	Ell River Falls
	27	--	Opinaca Lake
	28	--	Low Lake
	29	--	First Portage on Little Opinaca River
	30	--	Little Opinaca Falls
	31	--	Prospector's Site below Third Cascade on Opinaca
August	1	--	Opinaca River Falls
	2	--	15 Foot Falls
	3	--	Basil
	4	--	Eastmain
	5	--	Rest
	6	--	Moosonee
	7	--	Temagami - Boat Line Bay
	8	--	KKK

Thursday, June 26 -- In spite of bus delays and barge breakdowns we were all assembled when Roger and Pete came in slightly after the rest of us had started lunch. Jim and Rob had already arrived a couple days early and John came in the night before. By 4:00 everything was in readiness, but the loads did not go to the dock until 5:30. The Ojibway delegation arrived ahead of our schedule expecting a 6:00 departure, but had to wait around while we ate and observe our almost uneventful pull into the gentle south wind. Only Wendy was reluctant to leave and had to be hauled to the dock in Marshal's arms to seek refuge from the shotgun under the staff seat. So no dog heads appeared over the gunwales as the Lauder boat escorted us to the first reef and bid farewell with a blast of their air horn. At Seal Rock most of the shirts came off in the heat of the evening and the dogs came up off the floor boards. 78 started to sink -- apparently there having been more than just the one hole a canoe is supposed to have in the top. The south wind continued though progress was not really effected. The sun started to disappear behind the trees as we passed through the back channel and shadows stretched across the narrows by the time we reached the campsite on Temagami Island. Tent poles just got cut before dark and the tents got up without artificial light as the fire kept some of the bugs away from those who needed a warm drink -- though Lord knows the air was still warm even after dark. But before long it was time to turn in though sleep was interrupted often as Tinker barked at the boats passing down the lake to the Cocktail Lounge.

Friday, June 27 -- The temperature at bed time had been 68° and it had not dropped much during the night and the day was already warm as we left the campsite just before seven. Fred, Leonard, and Ronnie passed by just as we were loading after a quick breakfast of scrambled eggs made rapidly because the staff got up at 5:40. The canoes got unloaded and our second leg bacon put back in the boat to return to camp having been brought down by mistake. The fake wannigan of wood got replaced with the real T, and just as it came time to start for the bus it was realized that a tent had been left behind so Ronnie and the staff went back for it returning to find themselves alone to start construction on the rack in the truck. The bus came as scheduled to arrive in Kirkland Lake to discover a band of Eastmain Indians identified by their T shirts heading for Montreal to the guide's surprise -- maybe the band heard we were coming and were clearing out? Meanwhile the truck got loaded and rolled to New Liskard to visit the dentist supposed to fill a staff tooth. Somehow through the telephone it got made into an extraction and the dentist allowed as how he could not do a mere filling so through a little telephoning another dentist was located, but as a result the truck did not pull out of Haliburton until 2:00. The bus group was out ahead on the road to Val d'Or by this time. The truck rolled on hoping maybe to catch the bus at O'Sullivan's, but no luck. Their dining room had already closed -- apparently it should have closed before the bus arrived earlier since no food was on hand. Rob had made all sorts of contacts on the long ride, but somehow most fell through. The bus group got into Chibougamau about 10:00 on schedule, walked around a little so Pete could be trapped on the old wallet on the sidewalk on a string trick and was just about to go looking for rooms when the truck pulled up to be halted

by a shout from the guide. The in-town motel was tried to no avail, but in the process the truck got stuck with the towing hitch in the macadam. Some man power and some ripped up paving got it out while the guide found two rooms in the Hotel Monoco. The truck gang ended up back at the motel of a year ago -- the band was less noisy at least even if the rooms were just as dear.

Saturday, June 28 -- The hotel gang went for breakfast and were waiting as the truck appeared from having dropped the second leg supplies at Dorequair Airlines -- the dispatcher was not very excited about handling camp groups -- we're too much trouble. Naturally there was the problem with confusion with the Keewaydin names. The truck gassed, the packs loaded and the driver and staff fed, we pulled out about 9:30 after a few trips to the Hudson Bay Company store. The truck ride up was dusty broken by the usual desire of the bandits at the gate for more money, stops to change off those in the front and rear, dropping two chicots, and Rob's geological investigations. The staff missed the turn to the Post necessitating another two miles of dust, but we got in about 11:30 before the store closed for lunch. The truck got unloaded and Ronnie started back as the canoes headed for the usual campsite across the bay. 77 detoured by the local bandits who tried for more money having their copy of the receipt for our payment on their desk all the time! The guide cooked up our first starch for lunch while the tents went up -- mostly on balsam poles. The wind picked up, but by 3:00 everyone was back for sight seeing, photography, and last minute purchases. Since 1970 a lot of building had been done with three or four times as many houses plus a huge new school and various other additions making the whole thing pretty civilized. The Post closed at 5:00 for the "long weekend," and the canoes were back before 6:00 for a relatively quick dinner and a quiet evening. After dinner the guide substituted for the Ogima and tied on the wrist bands for the papoosewags. The fishermen caught some walleye and pike and a whitefish -- all of which got put back. Anyway with an evening temperature of 65° we quit -- but the party across the way at the Baptist Minister's didn't. And Tinker and Wendy barked occasionally at the dogs across the way or at our late bed finders.

Sunday, June 29 -- The night got a little more chilly, but the sun rose bright, clear and warm about 5:00 and the staff rolled out at 5:30 to be greeted by a heavy dew and an already warm day. Normally the first morning goes slowly, but we were on the water at 7:10 headed through the narrows beside a village silent except for the normal dog noise -- which was even then subdued. Very little was left of the wind of yesterday except for a few ripples. Shirts were off soon if not immediately. And then the wind died almost completely. An Indian pulled along the near shore with a freighter full of children. We hoped to catch him pulling a net, but he ducked into a bay and disappeared. We paddled pretty much the center of Abatagush Bay which turned out to be slightly ill advised as the north wind rose, although not really causing any trouble. A couple lads passed us in a kicker and we reached the narrows about 11:30 for lunch in a small site off a sand beach. Three Indians who said they were hunting loons pulled in briefly while the starch boiled.

Back on the water at 1:10 with shirts back on most people since the morning sun had taken its toll -- only Chet was already well enough protected. The lake chopped and showed white occasionally, but the wind began to drop again after we were half way up the point, and the going got easier. One boat passed heading for a tent on the east shore and then another skiff with an Indian family came by at the top of the point and headed for the west shore much to our relief, and we pulled to the island for the campsite last visited in 1967 by us. It hadn't been used too often since then and was overgrown, but the tents got in and up. Brooks led a few brave bathers -- who admitted the water was cold -- as dinner cooked -- and Wendy chased sticks finding first one sucker and then another to serve her needs. We baked our first corn bread for dinner and then the canoes went fishing, but of the three boats, only that with Roger and the guide returned with a fish -- a speckled trout no less. The temperature dropped as the sun went down, so it should be a better sleeping night -- 62° at ten o'clock.

Monday, June 30 -- The temperature continued to fall as sleeping time went on so that the night was comfortable and not much wind moved so that at 5:30 there was a slight nip to the air and no wind to speak of. The guide's trout added to the normal breakfast and we pulled out at 7:15. An uneventful crossing was made with a slight ripple on the water, and we caught the far shore slightly north of the shortest crossing route about 8:45 after the usual mid-lake stop. Although the sun was out strongly, the west coast proved cool and the first couple pulls up the coast were nippy. About noon we reached the islands and since the campsite on the point was occupied by an Indian tent, we paddled to the one across the way on the first large island. It had been occupied quite recently as evidenced by the relatively fresh fish guts, smoking rig, bough bed, and other leavings, so it could have been more attractive. 78 got another patch hopefully catching her ever-present leaks, and after we pulled out John forgot his axe to match the fact the staff dropped his pocket knife overboard in the morning. The temperature rose immediately as we were protected by the islands, occasionally getting fresh winds off the cool lake. We poked along with Wendy trying a brief ride in 73 under the unmerciful sun to reach the portage shortly after four after dropping some jackpine on the way in. Dinner was cooked in unrelenting heat and finished shortly after six as Rob did the first bannock and Pete the traveling one. Wendy chased sticks as usual while Tinker chased horse flies and several bathers braved the shallow water, muddy bottom, and leaches. The canoes went across the short carry -- if for no other reason than there was no room for them in the tiny campsite. Rob and Roger went drifting and reading in the bandit's local boat -- after Seth was treated to an unwanted drift, but the others wrote, read, or turned in, all activity coming to a screeching halt because of the effects of the sun. At 8:00 it was 76° in the tent and two hours later had only dropped to 70°.

Tuesday, July 1 -- Dominion Day. The staff was up at 5:30 as usual and made an especially fast fire with the guide's jackpine of last night, but just as the guide was finishing a

couple fried eggs for those who wanted them, a few drops of rain fell from the overcast sky, so we called a halt to continued plans to move until after dishes and pots were done. But by that time it had cleared up, and we knocked down the rest -- almost. We would have pulled out at 7:30 except that John took the extra tent and Roger could not find the staff tent. So back he and the staff went to unpitch the one Jim and Rob had forgotten to drop -- so it was close to eight before we were on the Rupert. The first rapid went easily and we paddled the lake below with a cross wind since yesterday's wind had switched to south or southwest. Which gave us a tail wind on the river. Yesterday's sun peeked through occasionally, and the temperature was still up although generally the sky was clouded. After the staff's rapids lecture we headed down to the Rupert split and then our first run -- the first over a gravel bar where 75 picked up two cuts and promptly started to take water. We went on through the next, and landed to scout the big one of the day, though the staff led us on a side trip down too close to the top of the rapid before turning back up to find the portage landing. The run went with no trouble though a few played with the bubbles more than should have been done. Without further serious mishap we ran the rest encountered although 75 got hung momentarily on another shallows on one of the last ones. Not finding anything better we lunched on the south end of the esker leading to the portage in an inferior Indian site shortly after noon. Back on the water slowly, we started toward the portage about 1:30 as thunder rolled to the west. If the wind had held from the south the storm would have gone by, but it swung to the west. We decided to use the upper landing at the portage and just as we started to carry the rain began. At the end of the first trip across some turned to tent pitching, but the thunder storm had blown over though the bush was wet and the humidity was still high. A few lures got cast from the campsite with no results. Roger drew back some dry wood -- the area had really only green jackpine. The rest went swimming and Pete started the bannock to be interrupted by a short spatter of rain. Then Rob and the guide each got a keeping trout, but not enough for dinner. John baked the second bannock and the fishermen started out again only to be driven back by another rain storm which lasted over an hour this time. The guide went back to get two more trout after it quit, but very little else went on. The sun disappeared in a red sky for what that may mean for tomorrow.

Wednesday, July 2 -- In spite of the guide's optimistic report on the weather last night, the staff did not like the looks of what he saw out the tent door in the morning and did not rise until 8:00 when it finally looked as though the weather would break. The fire was slow and the four trout added to the delay so it was not until ten that we started out under a brightening sky. The heavy rapid passed as did the current to Capichinatun, and we paddled north with little breeze. But then some one upstairs started rolling marbles and then bowling balls. The staff hoped to reach shelter in the bandit camp if it were unoccupied, but we had no prayer of making it and just got ashore as the first drops hit. The loads went under the canoes and the fly got pitched on a rope to offer shelter for us and the dogs for maybe an hour while the rain came down -- sometimes in hail

stones. Rob entertained (?) with various jokes (?) during part of the storm. We packed up finally after it was over, although 74 tried to get off to a quick start leaving crew and luggage behind, and the sun came out and the wind picked up from the north. We paddled up to the camp which had been occupied this spring and used their wood for lunch. The cabin was constructed of logs and quite acceptable although the chinking in the logs was coming loose. A lot of the space was taken up with stacks of mattresses supposedly for the beds to be set up in the four tents nearby. The dock was in need of a new crib, but otherwise it was quite useable. We pulled out about 2:00 and after one side trip into a bay that came along, made the portage in time to get to the campsite before 4:00. The tents went up and most went for a swim. The guide, Roger, and staff paddled across to look for ice without success and photograph. And everyone else followed. Brooks and Chet set out to climb the hill behind, claiming it took nine minutes to the top -- not the predicted 45. The rest turned back and Pete and John found another ice cave and the dish pan came back full plus a couple other cakes. Dinner finally got started with the last of the fresh potatoes going. The only use found for the ice was a pot of cool drink and cooled drinking water, however. Rob fried the ham while the guide baked for dinner and Pete did the traveling one. But dinner did not get cleaned up till eight. The fishermen worked till dark without luck. Brooks and Chet took a canoe to the large island in the falls and found a well used fisherman's trail, but no fish. The bandits had two aluminum boats at the campsite, and the verdict was they'd fished out the area. The guide discovered a similar trail on our side next to the river. Brooks reported lots of bites, but all on his stomach, and the other fishermen had the same experience. 78 got a patch replaced -- 75 had gotten another new one at breakfast time. The sun set behind the hill across the way in a red glow, but we had only a poor view.

Thursday, July 3 -- The staff should have gotten up as usual, but delayed until 6:10 because of a heavy mist over the falls and river entrance to the lake. Breakfast took a little longer than usual as the last of the eggs went and of course the tents were far from the water, so we did not start paddling until 8:00. The wind started as a fairly gentle breeze out of the north to a first break at the cigar shaped island. The guide paddled in to check the new Indian wickiup frame and the rest followed to photograph -- a structure that looked pretty small even for one man. Then Tinker discovered a bird to chase and entertained by dashing through the water after it back and forth across a sandy channel to a tiny neighboring island. The wind picked up afterwards through several pulls to reach the north end of the lake -- complete with more of Rob's stories on the way. We lunched at the far end of the half miler getting back on the water about 1:30 for another pull against the wind as it was National Dump On Seth -- or Stretch -- Day. Who got the better of the verbal battle was hard to decide. The portage to the little pond and the '67 site was done by 3:00, so we took the next pond against another head wind and found the portage after a false search in a small bay. All the trails were overgrown since '67, but still passable. It now being just after 4:00 with the prospect of another battle with the wind, the staff quit though

the campsite barely took our five tents. At 6 a.m. there had been a mackerel sky and also at several times during the morning, and now the treat of rain was imminent, giving one more reason to stop where we had a little shelter and would be dry. The guide drew the wood while the staff baked and Pete and Brooks did the rest and Chet did the traveling job. Of course as we called the bread line a few drops of rain started, but nothing came down heavily, so we escaped erecting the fly. Jim tried a few casts from shore to no avail, and he and Rob were about to seek farther afield when the rain came slightly heavier forcing a few hands of bridge to wile away the time. Still the rain did not amount to much by nine o'clock -- though the bush at least was wet -- but the clouds had not moved far.

Friday, July 4 -- The rain finally came toward morning, never very hard or violent, but wetting everything down. At 5:30 the sky looked pretty grim though water dripped onto the canvas only from the trees. The weather got progressively better, but slowly, since little air was moving in our protected cove. At 8:00 the sun shone briefly, and the staff rolled out to cook on a slow fire. A few sprinkles hit as breakfast was served, and we slowed down departure waiting to load until the dishes were all done, but nothing else happened and we were paddling before ten. Once on the water the wind picked up slightly, and while occasionally there was some blue, mostly the sky was overcast. The guide saved us a needless paddle by making us turn north at the correct time, and then spotted a large black bear slowly walking up from the water to the top of the esker we were passing. We were fortunate to have stopped as we did last night -- no sign of the Indian was seen until we reached the '67 camp of exploration and took the 200 yard carry. The campsite and the trail were both overgrown -- and not until that evening did the guide remember he should have looked for Tommy Gilbert's axe left on the site. The rapid below was in the same condition as '67, but Tinker decided to swim in it to be hauled out by the guide before she had gone too far. Getting into the top was a little difficult through the shallows, but the run was fine. And so we pulled into Lake 59 for a late lunch after one. The site was quite overgrown. The Indian had used it since '67, but not a great deal. After starch, the guide took off to his fishing hole, most of the rest took baths, Wendy chased sticks, and 75 and 78 got new patches -- 78 looks like a patchwork quilt now. The guide returned with a couple small trout, and Tinker and the staff went fishing -- catching pike -- Tinker does not like watching pike get unhooked. Rob made a vanilla cake with a chocolate icing for dinner and Chet did the traveling one. And the fishermen set out again returning without a trout as evening fell and the tents got occupied. Bugs on the little ripples were bad, but not too tough to take on the campsite. A very quiet 4th of July. And to think the '67 trip had been here on the 12th and 13th of July!

Saturday, July 5 -- The sun shone in the door of the staff tent brightly, but it was still 5:45 before the fire got laid. The guide's two trout went as did Rob's walleye of last night -- somehow the pike jumped into 74 first thing off the campsite. We got on the water at 7:30 as a result to be greeted

by an already warm sun and a light cooling breeze. The portages around the rapids went quickly though it took a while to locate the middle one since it was farther back in a bay at the head of the stream than the notes indicated. Wendy created a slight stir by swimming after the guide while the portage searching was going on. We portaged the third one rather than playing around with unloading on a ledge in the center, and so reached the '67 lunch site well before time to stop -- though the rocks for the irons were still in place and in evidence. The beaver dam into the Esker portage had disappeared, so we paddled right up to it and made the carry to have lunch on the far side where a pre-lunch swim was in order on the sandy beach. Then on to try to find the Indian where the '67 route had lost him on a series of rapids. We fooled around with trying to see if a pond got used by the Indian, but finally elected to paddle up to see if it was in the original suspected location just short of an easily paddled rapid -- it was complete with large campsite at the start and a well used trail of maybe 400 yards -- saving about an eight mile paddle and several lining jobs and an improvised portage. We planned to camp at a log frame tent found in '67, but there were no tent sites. We tried another traveling site and rejected it and finally elected to take one facing south off a sand beach. The staff walked over to the site on the north side of the point, selecting this one because it had some shade and was cooled a little by a southeast wind that had now come up. Bathing took some priority as did investigating the local winter site and its various caches. Some beaver teeth got collected. After some dinner debate, the guide and staff then went to work. Rob started some fishing after dinner, but pike were all that were available. Pete even caught one -- well almost -- until the line broke. The staff set a pot of beans in the sand. The canvas on 73 got tacked to prevent it pulling down. With few bugs around the fire, a whole can of cocoa disappeared after dinner. And the wind continued to lap waves against the shore after darkness.

Sunday, July 6 -- The staff was up almost on time this morning. The south wind still blew, driving the fire from under the pots, so we did not get off until 7:25. We passed the deserted Indian site on the opposite side of our peninsula and then stopped almost immediately at a winter site erected since '67. It proved to be a small, not too well built, and the front porch had already collapsed. About all that was found were a few more beaver teeth. The wind gave us a breath of fresh air occasionally, but basically it was still hot and humid. The first portage was found with only one short side trip, and the second followed almost immediately. 75 picked up another rip coming off the loading area that got patched at lunch. The wind got stronger into the height of land portage, but that passed also and on to the longer one into Clearwater. Last night's beans got warmed for lunch -- and had baked well. The heat was oppressive and a couple took swims at the end of the carry. Out on the lake the wind started strongly, but lessened, and the thunder rumbled to both north and south, so we started looking for a place to land. Finding none, we ended up letting the canoes stay in the water and landing ourselves as the rain came down relatively briefly -- the major storms had missed us. Instead of cooling off, if anything the day got hotter as we

paddled into the Clearwater exit about 4:15. The guide and staff decided we could make a campground with the tents on the hill and the kitchen down below. It worked although it could have been better. As dinner was nearing completion more thunder showers hit, but the rice and turnips kept boiling, so we ate about six. Some bathing got done in the shallows in front of the campsite both before and after dinner. The staff then surveyed the rapid and decided we would carry. The chance of breaking a canoe was too great, and mojoing to the Bay would be no fun. The staff fished with no luck. The rest consumed gallons of cocoa and then retired to escape the bugs and get ready for another thunder storm. Because we were ready it lasted only a couple minutes -- still the temperature stayed up. 70° at ten o'clock.

Monday, July 7 -- Nothing more happened to the weather overnight. The morning sky was overcast, but high, so there was no delay getting breakfast going. The sun showed briefly as the cereal was cooking, but disappeared quickly and we finished the portaging in a very light Scotch mist for a 7:30 departure. We started with a tail wind, but the stream turned back on itself producing a head wind at times, but the water was small and the going easy. A goose led us down a ways -- probably to take us from the nest. A few shallows and horseraces offered some slight entertainment. A little mist fell on and off, but not enough to force the rain suits on. Then an hour or so later we pulled up at the cellar rapid and took it one at a time for pictures that would have been better in better light. Basically a straight paddle followed to a short carry around a small falls and an 11:30 arrival at a lunch site beside a rapid. We made the mistake of running the rapid first and then had to portage the lunch back across the rocks. The fishermen tried, but Rob got the only trout which was carried along. Sand bars showed up in the river before and after the rapid, and after lunch the mist got a little heavier. In the first wide bay the guide spotted a moose on a distant shore, but the wind was exactly wrong, and we stood no chance of getting closer. 75 picked up half a caribou antler from a stump just before the lake. By 2:30 we were across the portage and camped and an hour later all was secure. Rain fell a little more heavily during the camping operation. The fishermen tried, but got nothing -- but lost lures. The rest -- which was most everyone -- took a nap. Chet baked for dinner, and everyone else straggled down for a bread line. In spite of black clouds to the east we got through the meal without pitching the fly -- though the poles were all up and ready. Back went the fishermen with no more luck. Chet manufactured a backgammon board on his ammunition box, and the evening came to a close amid the bugs. Dark clouds continued to pass overhead as of 11:00, but still nothing had happened weatherwise.

Tuesday, July 8 -- We did not have far to go, so the staff slept for an extra hour -- which later proved to be a mistake. The day was warm by then, and after Rob's lone trout got cooked we were off at 8:20 down the creek moving easily. A family of ducks led us on for a while -- and were of great interest to Tinker. The staff investigated a stream off to the right to see if it could be paddled -- supposedly leading to

some lakes where Neoskweskau people of old used to fish. But about 15 minutes later thunder began to roll ahead and dark clouds started moving in from the west. The country was now not very hospitable, but as luck would have it a little bay showed up with a relatively bare rocky knoll behind. We landed, unloaded, donned rain gear, and got the fly up just as the first storm hit maybe close to 9:30 - 10:00. We waited her out, and it looked as though it might be through, but we luckily waited to be sure, and the rains came again. Fortunately the jokes ran out quickly; backgammon went on in one corner and spades and then bridge in another as the rains came and went. During a lull we cooked starch. The temperature took a sharp drop downward, and lots of tea and coffee got used up. And even after the dishes got done it was still cold and wet. We finally got off about 2:30 for the rest of the creek and pulled to the lake sometimes against a strong wind, but it dropped a little as the lake was reached. We stopped in a burn for dry wood to use at the post and pulled down to where it used to be. But the beach was flooded, high weeds were everywhere, and we even failed to find the foundation of the house. Rob went back up the trail to the cemetery, but the rest took to canoes and headed back to the place where the weather information station was, two miles back. It proved to be terrible, but we were stuck and had to make do. And the clearing for the helicopter pad was no help. Chet baked for dinner and Pete did the traveling one while the guide fried the ham. Backgammon came in for a little play while waiting for the bread line. Then after dinner the sun disappeared behind the trees and the temperature dropped again after it had gotten quite clear and blue around 5:30. A round of popcorn and some gathering by the fire before bed -- and it promises to be a good sleeping night -- really the first of the trip. 50° as of 10:20.

Wednesday, July 9 -- The thermometer read 50° in the tent, but the Frenchman's graph said it dropped to 42° during the night -- they haven't converted to Celsius yet up here! A south wind blew in the staff door early in the morning and waves were lapping the beach at 5:30. We shoved off into a fairly heavy sea at 7:20 and rode the waves up to the post again and around the point, observing that the Indian had been there and we probably would have been better off going ahead yesterday. Particularly so because there was still a large Indian site only a mile or so ahead. We rode the wind up to Buckshot Rapid and tried to scout her, but the water flooded back into the alder so we could not even get out to the river to look it over. Therefore the portage trail had to be cleared of windfalls toward the foot, and we carried through a campsite used by Wabun in '73. The staff held us up photographing the rapid, and then with shirts off we started for the river only to stop to investigate a recent cache on a small island. As we started down the river the clouds started moving in, and the day got a little cooler. We stopped almost half way to Nasacauso for lunch in a stand of small jackpine in an ancient burn where there was barely room for everyone and the fire. The clouds kept building up as we shoved off, but the current was strong and we soon turned north following a duck family -- we had flushed another earlier in the day as well as a goose and her family. Half way down to the Ross portage the rain came, but never very hard, and it quit as

we entered the creek. The whole thing was in flood, and we paddled right up to the campsite with no trouble at all. It took a while to find tent sites and fireplace -- but it was only just after 3:00 and no real hurry was necessary. 74 went across the trail followed by 78. Then Brooks and Pete took 75 out to the river for a swim while the staff baked a pineapple upside-down cake. 73 went across just before dinner -- with Wendy making her second trip. After dinner Tinker led 77 across. The bridge players had a game by the fire, and Bud's lemon bread went for a snack. The bugs and the fire were fine, although bad on the portage trail and bothersome when we landed at first. The guide baked his surprise for lunch, but otherwise the site was peaceful and quiet and the tents were full by 10:00 for another fairly cool night. Rob had stayed up to see flickers of Northern Lights last night, but everyone opted for bed tonight.

Thursday, July 10 -- The staff was up as usual to start the day and was greeted by lots of mosquitoes, a light west wind, a few rays of sunlight, and then dark clouds from the west. It had rained just slightly at 5 a.m. apparently, but it looked like a reasonable gamble. Just as the cereal went on a very light, quick shower fell, but it did not amount to anything, and the call went out to roll as usual. She came down after breakfast and we started across with the bowmen still having two trips as did Rob. But just as we started for the second trail, the rain started lightly and kept up through the carry. The bear trap was still sitting on its rock half way down -- fortunately no one had set it yet. The bay area below was in flood as expected, and the paddle out was easy under a chilling wind and dripping skies. Rob entertained with tales of a blind driver as we headed for Walt's Place -- an Indian campsite across the way, found in '67 -- and pulled up as the rain stopped. After searching the area for likely looking tent sites and an appropriate cooking area, we laid a bonfire in what would be the fireplace and warmed up. Occasional patches of blue flew by overhead, but so did occasional dark clouds, and the wind blew strongly out on the river. By now it was time to think of lunch and making a decision to stay or move -- so we decided to stay. The menu got changed to Spanish Rice, and we pitched tents while the lunch cooked -- to go with the guide's date cake. After lunch the sun came on strong, but the wind continued, so we were probably better off windbound. A few baths got taken, a little laundry, some gaming, book reading, and napping. Chet manufactured dice for the Backgammon board with authentic red dots -- they seemed to roll true. Chet then did the traveling bannock as dinner came and went as usual followed by cards and reading and a few attempts to photograph the sunset that got blocked by a cloud at the critical moment. Tinker did not really mind her Indian dog collar -- strangely enough, but chewed it to pieces pretty effectively.

Friday, July 11 -- Again the staff was up as usual and started breakfast, and again just as it was time to make a call to roll, rain started. This time the call was changed to breakfast is ready, don't roll. But the rain amounted to very little, so it caused a delay in getting off and that was all. The bugs were terrible to say the least, so leaving was not done sorrowfully. We were out on the river under overcast skies

shortly before eight as a result. The current proved helpful, and we stopped briefly at the reoutfitting island to see how high the water really was -- a good two feet over that seen before, although it seemed to have dropped a few inches last night, judging by the difference in getting the canoes launched. The rapid below was a boiling torrent, so there was no question about carrying. We were on our way again about ten with a couple relatively mild rapids to run to the major one, which is usually a good picture taking one. We got pictures -- particularly of 75 riding the major swells she was supposed to avoid -- but not from as close as usual since the rock island in the center was difficult to approach. A little bailing and dumping followed, and we decided to push on to Prosper for a late lunch since it was now 11. The current helped, and we paddled on to start the final run to the falls which was done without problem, though it was a little tricky with the power of the falls just ahead of us. The staff moved into the landing alone, unloaded, and brought the canoes down one at a time. Of course as soon as we landed, the clouds darkened and a few drops fell so we took the lunch to the normal fireplace and started it off. Our cached wood from '73 was still at the staff site, so little had to be gathered for our stay. The guide forgot which starch he was doing for today, but it worked out right in the end. The rain stopped, so the rest of the wannigans came down -- at least most of the rest. Fishing was tried briefly with the guide getting a pike and nothing else. The sun appeared briefly to halt the book reading. A few swims got taken, and the bridge game was held at a wannigan table down in a hollow where Wendy begged for sticks. Tinker got tied for a while, but then stayed close to the staff and away from the fast water. Rob baked a chocolate bannock for dinner and Pete followed with the traveling one. At dinner time the sun reappeared after a two-hour period of dark clouds. And as the sun started to sink Roger and Chet made popcorn and Roger lit up his foot-long cigar -- well not that long. The sun disappeared with a trail of red over the falls and demanded more picture taking. A slight breeze rose chilling the evening slightly. The river below was a sea of white, so it's back out the way we came tomorrow to take the Indian route instead.

Saturday, July 12 -- The staff was about 15 minutes late crawling out from under the dogs and was greeted by a chilly west wind and mist rising from the falls, and a plume of mist from the lower falls. At about 7:40 we were starting up from the landing one at a time. The paddle up proved easier than expected, and we did not have to line at all and took everything on the paddle. 78 worked harder than the rest trying to follow a middle-of-the-river course at the toughest spot, but we reached the creek and started up an hour later. The Indian had left a cache just below the creek, and a beaver swam behind us -- guarding his creek? Almost immediately we hit a minor log jam, and while Roger cleared the way for the staff canoe, Tinker decided to abandon ship and had to be drip-dried on the way back in. Then we hit a confusing labyrinth of flooded bays and both Wendy and Tinker went over the side. Wendy returned as soon as she knew her canoe was leaving, but Tinker chased birds through water or on land as the case might be and getting her back took a while. But we hit the creek and were entertained by the twists and turns with only a beaver dam to break the monotony. We reached the pond in an hour

twenty minutes to be greeted by a lone goose. The Indian had removed all his caches on the racks along the stream to the lake. By eleven we pulled up at an abandoned Coleman lantern marking the portage entrance. The trail had more than its share of windfalls, mostly the step-over or walk around kind until the drop to the river started. The bowmen plowed their way through, but the canoes had to be dropped, and 6 - 10 windfalls chopped away. As a result lunch took longer than expected with the bowmen way ahead of the axemen behind. We got back on the water at 1:40 to be met by a very strong head wind so that the banks had to be paddled instead of riding the current. We took our time hiding behind points and in bays and started looking for campsites about 3:30. Fortunately the rapids were drowned out for the wind hid all the rocks until we were right on them. Finally about 5:00 Chet found tent sites in a burn above the river and we moved in for our latest camp at the end of a full day. Chet made the traveling bannock after the staff made Tinker's birthday cake -- 7 months old. Seth tied up 74 because it was to be used for a swimming party later, but somehow it floated free but stayed near shore. The wind died after we stopped of course -- but the bugs kept on. Buds' banana bread dragged everyone from the tents after the sun went down behind the nearby hill, but nobody stayed up long, and the tents filled so that in the quiet evening Bauerman Falls could be heard roaring in the distance.

Sunday, July 13 -- The sun shone brilliantly in the staff door about 5:00 so there was no excuse for his being late, for the tent was already warm by 5:30. As a result we got on the water at 7:10 with the west wind already rising and making the first four miles rougher than necessary, but when the turn to the east was made, the wind and current helped. We ran the top rapid as usual with 73 causing some anxious moments, but it came through. After scouting we ran to the little bay before the final chute and carried the chute much to the disgust of some -- only a narrow miss and getting out before Bauerman Falls would have been difficult. 77 and 73 then paddled across to climb the high rock on the far side for a few shots of Bauerman Falls. The effort was worth it. The others waited up near the next carry having drifted up with the tail wind moving the canoes upstream. The carry got no better with age starting with an impossible hill -- the guide climbed it with his canoe, but the others used their bowmen to get to the top of the hill and flipped there. The final approach to the water was even worse on side hill, but eventually we got loaded and left the wind to do most of the work to the lining job that had to be done above. Then more wind to the next portage. Rain jackets were out for sails in 75 and 78 though the others paddled or drifted. It was a little early for lunch, but at least the '73 fireplace was there and dry wood was no problem! The loading area was a little crowded, but eventually everyone was together to find the next one cut through the windfalls in '73. With the guide leading the lining of the next one started with 75 following, but the bow got out in the current going around the first rock and luckily she was cast adrift. 77 took off in pursuit and caught her well above the rapid below that had just been carried. 78 came up and took her in tow to shore, almost getting turned herself in the process.

The crew of 75 picked her up there, dumped, and came back to line again -- this time more carefully and successfully though Chet waded most of it. The tail wind helped the lining not at all, but we showed little skill. The one above was really harder because of the shallows, but was more successful. Then on to the falls with a few moments of paddling against the wind, but mostly riding it again. Luckily we were off the Eastmain. We would have been windbound, for it was stronger than yesterday. Getting into the landing at the falls was a little touchy with the wind and current, but we eventually made it with everyone trying to carry at once without knowing where they were going. John even tried walking on water with his canoe, and Tinker chased birds across the water again. But eventually Brooks and the staff found a kitchen with a good view in spite of risking being blown off. Tents went up mostly to the south of the rock area and a swim was in order. Chet and Pete drew most of the wood. Roger manufactured the bannock while Pete did the traveler and Brooks did the honors with the pork sausage. The guide tried fishing both before and after dinner with no luck and the staff tried a few casts afterwards with equal ill fortune. Baths got taken before dinner so there was little left for anyone after the meal got cleaned up and the tents filled quickly. 78 got a patch for a new rip in her canvas. So far the likely storm has held off, but how much longer we can be lucky remains to be seen. The air feels strange and the strong wind, while it dies at night, has got to bring something. The 10:30 sky looked like it wasn't far off.

Monday, July 14 -- The sun and the staff were up as usual with the kitchen area brightened by Jim's flower arrangement of the night before. Nothing had happened to the weather over night, but the western sky was all dark and threatening. But as breakfast cooked it moved off to the north and a faint south wind rose. The north end of the lake was sort of hazy as we got off at 7:10. The paddle up to the sand beach Indian cache went quickly and easily, slightly aided by the wind. The Indian seemed to have been back since our '73 visit and the two tent sites seemed relatively recently used -- at least one young child had been in the party judging from a couple toys and a nipple for a bottle. The cache was well tied up and the lower section had sleds and stoves. On to the north we moved expecting to see an ancient sod house, but were surprised by a completely new structure built on the site of the old one. The calendar showed it had been occupied up to January 30th, 1975 and the gasoline drum came from HBC Mistassini. The house was well built of split spruce logs -- split by the chain saw of course. Two stoves for the interior and lots of spruce boughs on the floor; lots of pictures were taken plus resting on the clean spruce boughs in the interior until the staff threw everyone out to photograph with his flash -- that worked for a surprise. After a leisurely visit we started north again with a much stronger tail wind, making the portage landing against the rocks quite rough. The portage was fine as was the landing at the far shore, but once out on the pond the head wind was something else. 77 had to turn back to retrieve Roger's hat that blew off, but the landing at the next one was caught, and the canoes unloaded, whereupon the staff declared us windbound for a while. The canoes went to the

far side with 78 waiting until after lunch when the staff put on two more patches and added a screw to stop a split in the gunwale. We landed at 11:00, so it was a little early for lunch, so we cooked the starch slowly and ate at more or less the usual time. The bannock was dry in spite of the morning swim taken by the jewelry. Brooks took his second load over and then started the swimming party followed by Pete. Lunch over there was no let up in the wind; if anything it got stronger, particularly in gusts. The air was warm for sunbathing, reading, some more swimming, backgammon, and bridge. The wind had not let up by 3:30 and darker clouds had started to move in dropping the temperature. At 4:00 we gave up and pitched tents and moved the kitchen back from the water a little for more shelter. Dinner was cooked slowly, but we almost made it through without getting wet, finally being forced to raise the fly at the very end. The wind died quickly as the rain came lightly and in fits and starts, and the temperature dropped sharply. But it was only 67° in the tent about 9:15 with the pitter-patter of rain falling on the tent or fly at intervals.

Tuesday, July 15 -- The rain did not amount to a great deal more during the night, but left the canvas wet in the morning in spite of the sun that poked over the trees as breakfast was cooked at the normal hour. John and Brooks needed a second yell; their tent was pitched so far away. but there was no delay getting started. Roger's wannigan tump had to be spliced at the far side of the portage, but we were all on the water by 7:45 headed across the next pond for the portage out. The guide led off, but had to trade his canoe for an axe after only a few steps. There were pot holes at the end Jim discovered; Roger had already found water at the end of the last one. We paddled up the Round Lake in much better condition than would have been the case yesterday, took a more northerly course than needed for the portage to try to strike the camp seen from a distance in '73. It turned out to be a winter camp with three small houses; two of them semi-sod houses and the middle one a log cabin sided tent frame, each with its porch and usual wood pile. The camp would have been in much better repair if visited two years before. This one had a skidoo cab, however -- the moter, etc. was elsewhere. Rob came off with a set of moose antlers to go with Chet's caribou horn and Pete salvaged a paddle. We stopped again moments later to look at a smoking rig, but delayed only a short while before going on to the short portage out. Then a short paddle to another, even shorter one. The final narrow water was slightly enlivened by one small run where a stone in the foot had to be missed. Then on to the final little portage to the narrow bay off Lichteneger for a later than normal starch and a pot of freshie for the warm day. Rob tried fishing unsuccessfully and then his fishing spot got used for bathing as lunch cooked. We were off shortly before two for the final pull toward the reoutfitting spot. Clothes got shed in the warm sun for the longer than normal paddle. A break and a Wendy bath later we cruised by an Indian fall or spring -- probably spring -- camp without stopping and went on to find another winter camp -- this one octagonal with a wood roof used by Abel Jolly in 1973-74 according to his receipts for plane charter and furs. The bugs made it difficult to really enjoy poking around. The interior of

the house was full of most everything including two green canoes in very good condition. There was an orange one cached outdoors also. More skidoo parts lay around, but not the major pieces. We then started looking for possible campsites to reoutfit from. The staff found the first -- and only Indian site which had a sand beach for the plane also. But maybe there were better -- this one was pretty messy. So we toured the point finding nothing any better and came back. By now it was close to six and the sky had started to cloud over. At this point the guide announced the fire irons were 7-8 miles back at the lunch site. Roger had offered to bake a corn bread for dinner, so he went to work while the staff started dinner on log rails with help from John and Brooks. The guide and Jim headed back to the winter camp for a pair of sled rails which might substitute for irons. They returned as dinner was in the process of being completed, but the rails proved to be very thin steel and would not work flat and had to be set on edge, which was done by holding them apart with a couple blocks which Rob manufactured. A spoon found on the site went for a middle spacer, and they worked fine for the final stages of dinner. The bannock got off as the bread line was called. After dinner the site came in for some house cleaning as a lot of Indian trash got burned as well as some brush that harbored black flies -- a bee's nest went undestroyed, however. Tinker still kept coming up with all sorts of bones, however. But then the rain started just as Chet started the final pizza of the run -- but he had to hold up while Rob got his Little Caesar's Pizza T shirt. And then the fly had to go up unfortunately as the rain set in gently as it did last night -- only this time it came down more consistently. John and Roger refused to appear for pizza, but the rest managed to finish off the remaining cocoa as the rubbish fire burned down.

Wednesday, July 16 -- While it didn't exactly pour through the night, it rained on and off; sometimes heavy and sometimes lightly. But come the normal time to get up and start a rest day breakfast, it was coming down hard, so nothing got started very early. Finally Tinker had to go out, so the staff got up in preference to having a wet puppy trying to get in his sleeping bag. Rob appeared almost immediately to work at getting the fire to be useful. Chet followed before anything was ready and eventually the water boiled and the pancake batter was mixed. The light drizzle had pretty well quit by the time others showed up with Roger and finally Seth bringing up the rear. The left over Cream of Wheat also got fried, and before the breakfast was over the staff had set the pea soup for lunch. About noon Rob came back out to ask if we had any peas left over and any pea soup mix. The soup had only been cooking for two hours by this time. Lunch came along about 1:30 or so with Seth holding out again for a good book. About 2:30 the guide recruited Roger and Brooks as volunteer paddlers and with Jim set off with a four man mojo team in 73 for the irons. An hour and forty minutes up and an hour and a half back. Meanwhile Chet and Pete kept working on their bench that had been started right after breakfast finally getting a back of laced poles into which spruce boughs were interwoven -- the better to attract the black flies. The rain came back after the paddlers had been gone an hour or so, just as the staff was about to repatch the canoes. Another junk

fire finally got started despite the wetness of the trash. Pete and Chet still decided to take a bath. Chet baked for dinner and the other pots had just been put on the fire when the crew came back with the irons -- though our other rig was working so well no change was made. Dinner therefore came a little late, though no one was really that hungry. The canoes got patched after dinner. Hopefully the final letters got written -- Brooks delaying the start of the bridge game by having to finish a letter. The sun made a very brief appearance casting a pink glow over the far shore and the island out in front. As dark came Chet decided to make a run of popcorn, so everything got pulled apart again for the production. And now for the usual day of hurry up and wait.

Thursday, July 17 -- Having reset his watch to agree with the guide's and so gained almost a half hour, the staff was up at 7:30 and had breakfast ready to roll by 8:30 just waiting for customers who were late appearing this morning. The mail bag gathered material slowly and the boxes were ready to be tied up once the plane appeared. Breakfast went finally with a few attempts at fried oatmeal. The day was somewhat overcast, but dry, and the canoes got shellaced with Rob doing 4/5 of the job. Still no plane. Some laundry got done, and still no plane. A stew was concocted for lunch from freeze-dry materials and a bannock burned by the staff, and still no plane. The card games started with various people sitting in. A very light sprinkle forced some rush to bring in sleeping bags and other belongings, but the sky remained slightly overcast. Several false alarms were sounded during the afternoon as the outfit to our west had their plane going up and down fairly often. But their activity ceased about 5:00 and then all was quiet. We held on till about 6:45 and then cooked dinner, and by the time it was over there was no hope of the plane arriving so we gave up and the card players went back to their game of spades. We can eat through breakfast on the 19th; after that the cupboard is going to be extremely bare. Chet and Roger went paddling, photographing, and fishing independently while the spades game continued and Brooks manufactured the best run of popcorn yet. The game finally changed to bridge as the evening got later.

Friday, July 18 -- It poured during the night with several thunder showers. The staff lit the lighter to check the watch to see what the time was, but then promptly forgot, or did not remember in the morning. Anyway the dog bowls had an inch of water in the morning. By six or so the storms had tapered off and by the time 7:30 came around it was so warm in the tent that further sleeping was difficult. The staff and guide were up alone -- the guide still reading The Godfather and feeling a little queasy. Rob was in worse shape, but managed to drag himself out of the tent as others finally gathered for another run of pancakes. But a good portion of the breakfast went begging and the staff finished up frying pancakes for Tinker. Brooks started the swimming parade and had already been in three times before everyone else had been in once. The sun beat down, but down on the beach the southwest wind made sitting out possible. The card game started early and kept going most of the day. Some clothes got washed, but mostly it was sit around and wait. Wendy

probably had the best idea and spent 90% of the morning in the water. Along about 2:00 the staff finally started to bake a bannock for lunch -- that being all that would be offered since most of the breakfast had been bushed. As the first side was almost done the sound of a plane came again from the direction of our mining neighbors, but this one came all the way, circled, and landed into a strong wind. Getting to the beach took a while, but he spun the plane around and came in backwards. The boxes came off quickly and the guide did his usual thing of looking for messages and collected string for the mail boxes. The antlers were supposed to be boxed too, but the staff had to get out and box the caribou -- the moose rack did not make it. Meanwhile the guide chatted with the pilot who distributed cigarettes and candy bars and put some more gas in the plane. The mining neighbors were a French drilling outfit down on Lac Natal just above Great Bend -- they had been using a magnetometer in the neighborhood in 1970; so it would have taken quite a while to reach them. The pilot claimed Chibougamau was all weathered in yesterday so they had not been able to fly at all. Finally his watch and clock showed the staff watch had been right all along, and the guide and Chet fast. So we had been traveling on the right time until reaching the reoutfitting spot when the staff gave in and set his watch ahead to agree with the others -- now it goes back to the real time. The plane off and the boxes up, the mail got distributed. The various letters from Chief, Janie, and Roy got passed around for the gang to read. The bannock got eaten by anyone wanting lunch, and the packing began getting done quite smoothly, and it all fit pretty well into the wannigans and babies, though their weight will be considerably different tomorrow! Roger, the guide, and staff finished up as the others drifted off for a swim. Roger baked for dinner while Brooks did the traveling one while the guide cooked and the card game resumed. The cardboard went for a bonfire with exploding bottles after dinner and then Roy's box got top billing. Wendy appropriated the tennis ball intended to be shared with Tinker. In addition to Roy's goodies, The Tiger and Debbie also had their enclosure along with two loaves of bread from Buds. The card game took up again, but broke up early in anticipation of getting into the canoes again. Those at camp somewhat complained of heat -- it was 88° in the tent at 10 o'clock.

Saturday, July 19 -- The temperature stayed up through the night, though it cooled down a little at least as morning approached. The wind kept up through the night also, though in moderation and did not affect the heat in the tents since they were sheltered. The staff was up at 5:30 -- his time -- which put us on the water at 7:20 with considerably less free board in the canoes now with their added supplies. By the time we started the wind had picked up considerably, and we pulled right into the white caps to an island south of our point, turned, and took them crossways or at least quartering over the stern to the shelter of a little rock island, and then dead astern into a bay, behind an island, and one last side-slipping maneuver and into the bay of our creek. The die was cast by the late arrival of the plane. We had lost the opportunity to change plans if our projected route proved to be unused. So up the creek we went -- besides we could not have traveled any other route with the wind

whipping Lichteneger the way it was when we left. At the top of the creek as expected we had to portage the last pitch on an ancient trail that needed a little clearing in order to get through. We then had a gamble as to how the Indian coped with the next section -- and lost him. First a short walk around the top of the creek, the bottom of which was fine. No cutting necessary; the country was open enough. Then a short paddle into a crescent bay from which we could find no trail up and over the hill in front of us. The guide and Rob scouted a route through a pond while the staff looked for a shorter one. We took the latter, cutting the portage ourselves. It wasn't all that hard, though it climbed up a hill and fell sharply on the far side. The loads got leap-frogged as the cutting and blazing was under way so it did not really take that long. The sky had clouded over by now, but the wind continued, shifting more out of the west. We looked at the last little creek-like section of the route we had not taken and decided it could be handled at worst with a short lining job. It was well past starch time, and we had to settle on a jackpine area with lots of reindeer moss, for ahead the country was burned as far as we could see. We got off shortly after two and missed several thunder showers to the north as we paddled to the end of that pond or lake. The creek there was impassable and the portage was finally located a couple hundred yards west of the creek. Although the area was burned, the trail was there with an Indian fireplace at either end. Another pond or lake, and another portage out, again through burned land. This trail was also there, but hard to follow though it made little difference. It was now camping time, or past it, but we had to keep going north hoping to leave the burn behind, which we did. A jackpine stand later we pulled across to an esker and the guide finally found a spot as the rain started harder than before. The fly went up after various people fell in pot holes. The tents followed quickly as Pete did the dinner bannock. Rob appeared after his tent was up to do the traveling one while Brooks took over the hamburgers. The rain let up at time for bread line, though the black flies did not. Tinker and Wendy still had their tennis ball that Roger had taken care of all day, but they were both exhausted from their portage running all day and Tinker slept underfoot under the fly. A card game started but never got off the ground. Rob and Stretch tried fishing in front of the site, each getting a walleye to end the evening. A little blue broke through at sunset, but the strong wind continued at dark -- so maybe our stormy weather has not all passed as yet.

Sunday, July 20 -- At 5:30 conditions were awful. Yesterday's wind whistled through the trees in gusts, though we were pretty sheltered. The sky was dripping with a Scotch mist, and the ceiling was zero. The staff went back to sleep waking at intervals to notice no improvement with each successive look out the door. Finally at 8:00 something had to be done, so he rolled out and mixed pancakes. Jim and the guide rolled and appeared for breakfast. The others straggled in without rolling. Rob cleaned his walleye, and leaving the rest to cook fish and pancakes, Jim, the guide, staff, and the trail dogs paddled north to look for the anticipated portage. No luck plus the fact that the walking was terrible for cutting trails. Some winter axe cuts were in evidence, but no other sign of the Indian. The scouts paddled past

the campsite bound for another possible route. This one climbed a hill and dropped sharply on the far side. Hoping for a route through a couple ponds, the staff misread the map and a lot of walking was done looking for the first pond in the wrong place. On the second try it was found and a route plotted to a second pond or lake. Wet and leg weary 73 went back to the campsite where the stay-at-homes had had a bannock lunch and done some fishing -- Roger getting a pike worthy of a picture at least. The route still had to be selected, and the map showed nothing better than the three routes already tried. So at 5:00 the staff went back to the long one over the hill with the two dogs and blazed a trail amid the black flies while the guide and the rest cooked dinner. Pete tried a bannock with the peaches donated by the airplane pilot, but it turned out to have a bitter taste for some reason. The staff got back at 7:30 just as the fishermen were shoving off to try their luck again. The sky had started to brighten up about 4:30 or so and the mist that had been hanging down over the lake all day disappeared and the wind dropped. Pretty much a lost day, but on the other hand we were lucky to have gotten the plane in when we did. Whether it could have come in either of the last two days was questionable.

Monday, July 21 -- The sun was up and out on schedule as was the staff. Jim was up early to clean last night's two walleye -- Rob had almost landed a super large pike -- and Roger came to clean his, getting his first fish cleaning experience. The walleye went for breakfast and then about 7:00 as the tents were coming down and the loads being tumped, fog started to roll in blotting out everything. We were on the water at 7:40 using blind reckoning for navigation, but hit the portage easily. The climb went easily and at the top of the hill "Nice" Lake was covered with fog. After the second trip a few photographers caught the fog just lifting -- but it was off by the time the late comers got a shot. 74 declared swim time out from the landing and 78 followed the act. Getting out of the canoe was easy; getting back in tougher. The portage had taken about two hours all together since we set out from the campsite. The wind was non-existent today as opposed to the last couple days. In our warmest weather in several days we paddled to the west end of "Nice Lake" and made a trail across a slight jackpine ridge to the next water and paddled this one -- like all the others sparsely wooded with rocks showing on the hillsides and evidence of an old burn. The creek out could not be paddled as expected, and we cooked starch at the start under a hot sun and carried over a jackpine knoll to a large pond. We then missed an expected carry by being able to let down the little short pitch at the end of the pond. But on the west end of this one where the large scale map said there was no water, but the creek was there, just it could not be paddled. So once again we went up over a jackpine knoll after Brooks took a fancy swim getting over to the start of the carry. One last one waited, but unlike any of the previous ones, we found a real, honest-to-goodness trail here, and though it needed some axe work to get it back in shape, we had found him again. The top of this one looked like there might have been a run -- but the bottom didn't. Then on to look for a campsite, and we pulled up at a small sand beach at the head of a small rapid with pretty good jackpine tent sites

behind and called it a day just before six o'clock. John set up most of the meal with Pete doing the potatoes while the rest set up tents and took a swim. Chet made something of a chocolate pudding that might have turned out like it is supposed if he had followed directions. The guide tried for trout after dinner with no luck, and the staff went across the river and cut out a tree so we could take the run in the morning. Roger and Seth tried fishing a little, but the hour was getting late, and the tents filled early under a brilliant full moon.

Tuesday, July 22 -- The staff gave it a few extra minutes for some of the mist to burn off, but ended up oversleeping, and so was not up until 6:20. The mist was rising off the rapid by then and was clearing the lake to the south as the call to roll went out. The guide hustled around photographing spider webs in the morning dew. We started about eight by running the rapid beside us easily and were soon out on the river at the esker -- deciding our campsite had been better than anything the esker had to offer. A short way down the river we spotted an old cache site and soon afterwards pulled ashore to investigate an old collapsed tepee -- but the Indian had been here at least. Back on the river it was getting warm by now as we pulled up at the narrows, fortunately checking behind an island on the way in, and finding a well used Indian trail with another collapsed tepee frame and a small one still standing. A few pictures of the cascade and we paddled for a while to stop at a strange looking structure that turned out not to be Indian -- prospectors? or surveyors? Then on in the heat of the day, first to a narrows with an easily run rapid, and then to another with one that went around a bend and had to be scouted. It was past lunch time by now, so we pulled into the rocks below the rapid and lunched overlooking the rapid. Rob tried fishing with no success while Brooks found a bath tub. Just below was a small rapid, and the clothes came off for the paddle ahead. At a break later on Brooks and Chet went over the side of the canoe for a swim. Then the guide spotted a bear in the distance, but it was only a moving speck. Then we paddled on and he either spotted the same one or another that everyone could see. He disappeared into the low bush, and we started to paddle by, and then decided he had not run away and started yelling at him. So he obliged and came out and walked the shore for a while and then stood and stared at us for quite a while so that at least John and Rob got a few pictures. Clothes went back on as the rapids were approached. The guide and staff walked the left side finding no trace of the Indian, and then the right side which was worse. The river tumbled down in two successive falls or cascades with very high banks on either side and was not at all inviting to travel. So we decided the Indian had another route through a lake to the south. So we paddled back to a bay where we hoped he went over to the lake. The guide found a 1956 Arpentage marker, but nothing else. The water we wanted was there, but no trail. So we decided his route had to start at about the first rapid we had run just before lunch and started paddling back. By now it was six o'clock and our nice warm, sunny day had changed into a dark, threatening one. A few drops of rain fell, but not very many as we paddled back to try and reject one sand beach, and then settle on another one with a postage stamp piece of ground for the tents -- but three of the

tents went up on the beach and the other two got all the room in the long run. Rob and Brooks and Roger drew the dry wood. The guide baked and Pete got the rest of the meal together and Chet took over for the traveling bannock. Rain started seriously about nine as the dish and pot crews started their work having spent too much time telling stories. It all went to bed very quickly after that as the rain kept up for a while and then quit to be traded for the roll of thunder off to the west.

Wednesday, July 23 -- There was no way we were moving early in the morning, the northwest wind blew in in gusts carrying mist and rain against our very poorly protected site. The way things were set up there was no way we were even cooking breakfast, and the guide and staff refused to get out to do anything about it, so the hours dragged on. About noon Chet and Pete could stand it no longer and for some reason started chopping wood for a fire until the staff yelled not to try a fire until there were fly poles -- which they gathered by the time the guide and staff dressed and crawled out. The fireplace was relocated inland of the wannigans and the fly went up to serve both as a wind and rain break. Those up voted for breakfast instead of lunch, so pancakes were in order. The rain let up as the rest of the section appeared, though the wind kept up. But gradually as a second pot of coffee went on and a pot of soup was started the weather began to break. The dishes and pots got walloped and two card games got started just as the guide and staff decided to reverse decisions and knock it all down and move. So at 3:30 we started packing. Chet's bannock and the soup served as lunch and at 4:30 we started paddling back. We passed several sand beaches on the way that would have been much better sites than the one we used if we had kept going last night. The first little pitch got paddled and then we started lining the lunch rapid on the left and were making good progress until 74 got away with its bow out in the stream and went back a good distance before control was gained. Rob offered timely advice fortunately during the crucial part of the operation. The rest got up without trouble. Then we started looking for the Indian. The guide and Brooks found a game trail, but the staff and Tinker climbed several hills and found the Indian route, taking quite a while to traverse the hilly, broken country along the way. We started up the last two small rapids as a result and after paddling a while the staff stopped to line the rest. 75 took the top on a paddle -- or pole -- meeting many friendly rocks on the way. The guide, staff, and Rob cleared the alder and the rest lined. We got to the top and just barely got through the shallow creek to start the portage. It was now being 7:30 we quit for the day, what lay ahead being a mystery. There was a one tent Indian site at the start of the trail that made do as a campground. But if sand tent sites were ok last light, these could not have been much worse. Pete made up the dinner bannock after Rob and Brooks found the dry wood. The canoes went across gradually as the meal progressed. The guide did the traveling one as Chet fried the ham. Tinker was frightened by Seth's large moose antlers, and the sun sank behind the trees making the site cool quickly. The full moon rose to the east and explorers climbed the hill to the southeast for the view and pictures and then returned to sit by the fire and watch

the moon. 50° in the tent and falling at 10:40.

Thursday, July 24 -- The morning was chilly until the sun poked over the trees as everyone gathered for breakfast and stayed as close to the fire as possible -- though it was really not all that cold. We were over the portage and on the water by 7:30, but the paddle did not last long, and the next one was right across the way. Considerably longer than the first, it also needed considerable axe work to make it passable, and Jim and Roger each took an extra load getting 73 and 77's loads across as guide and staff chopped away joined for part of the job by Rob. We had not gone far on the next lake when we ran into the Indian in the form of a sod house. The cache inside identified the owners as being from Eastmain and the construction was typical Eastmain. Three tiny log frames for small tents out back left the staff mystified. The scavengers picked up a shovel to carry along. At the end of the lake another trail had to be cleared, shorter than the last, but again Jim and Roger each took an extra load. We were now back in high country after the previous lake which was much lower. Not to miss the Indian we paddled to a northern bay and checked it for a portage to the river, but found only a couple ancient axe cuts and a very busy and prosperous beaver colony. It was long past starch when we finally cooked lunch on a burned point with a very soft and terrible fireplace, but nothing got spilled. But it was after three when we pulled out. The sun had disappeared by now and been replaced with an overcast sky and a wind that smacked of coming from the east. Added to a mackerel sky earlier, something was coming. We paddled a cross wind into the last bay to the west and checked the creek and neighboring land for a trail. The creek disappeared right from the lake shore into a cascade, but there was no trail. So the staff went down the shore 400 yards or so and found it cutting between two hills. He and Brooks cleared what was necessary and we carried across the wettest trail we have hit in a long time even though it was down hill most of the way. Then to the top of the next lake out through two narrow openings that let us into ponds, and we held up at the portage to the river. The guide supervised the meal while the staff supposedly started cutting the trail, but he got concerned about the fact that it was much less used than the others for the day and little got cut. Rob iced a bannock with a carmel icing with the walnuts of mid-season. Pete made the traveling bannock, but apparently did not like his first attempt and deposited it on the ground and so tried again after dinner. We had stopped at about 6:00; by 7:30 the meal was over and the guide, staff, Jim, Brooks, and Tinker went to cut the trail. An hour and a half later and innumerable windfalls they were finished and had reached a bay off the river. Rain had started lightly as they began work, but never amounted to anything though the wannigans had to be covered. The bridge game went off to play in Jim and Rob's tent. And then about 11:00 the rain started in earnest falling lightly at first and then steadily fifteen minutes later.

Friday, July 25 -- It rained on and off through the night so the dog bowls and fly has accumulated considerable water by morning. But worse yet, though the rain had slackened to a

Scotch mist come morning, the weather showed no signs of improving. The staff finally got up about 9:30 to start raising the fly and was quickly joined by the guide. John appeared to aid in the final raising and assist in getting another pancake breakfast under way. The mist kept falling though the temperature was reasonable and it was possible to move around in comfort. Seth appeared sooner than normal and last man up honors belonged to Rob and Jim who turned to the skillet about noon. 77 went across the portage and Wendy and Tinker had a brief canoe ride out to look at the river and more mist coming in from the northeast. 78 and 73 arrived soon afterwards. At 2:30 the debate to move or stay was held and with new volumes of mist coming in the guide had the good sense to suggest we stay -- there's no way to do the Old Factory now since we are now four days behind, so it's got to be the Opinaca. 74 and then 75 got across the trail in the afternoon. Pea soup went on for a 4:30 lunch. The card players carried on under the fly while Roger baked a pineapple upside down cake for dinner. The wind rose and the temperature dropped as a late dinner went on with Brooks frying the hamburgers. But afterwards there was little to do but sit around the fire and try to stay warm and dry as the wind howled and the mist continued as darkness came. At least the clouds were moving -- and we can't stay put much longer. 52° in the tent and dropping at 9:45.

Saturday, July 26 -- No more rain fell during the night, and the morning was chilly as the sun started to climb over the hills. We were off on the trail at 7:10, but the bowmen had two loads to get across through the wet bush and it was 8:00 before we were all on the water to be greeted by a reasonably heavy west wind. Not far below a wickiup frame was still standing in an old burned area, so we had some encouragement that the Indian had been here once upon a time. After some still water we ran into a rapid section, scouted, and ran easily to an eddy on the left just before the first of the map's marked rapids. Finding no trail and nothing but windfalls on either side of the river, we slipped down the right shore as far as possible and carried the rocks. Since 75 was over first, by the time the guide and staff arrived Rob was already out ahead cutting to clear a trail marked by ancient blazes. We'll never know if it was the Indian route or not, but the walking was terrible. When the blazes gave out we cut to the river and put in. We hadn't covered much territory, but it was starch time and we scouted the next pitch on the left -- there was a run except for the line of stone at the end. And since the walking was easy and there were rocks for a lunch fire, we dined in the middle of the portage while the canoes were loaded and tied up one by one. We weren't off from lunch very far, starting at 1:30, when a heavy rapid appeared. We tried scouting the right, but could not get to the foot and had to cross and do it all over again on the left where the walking was infinitely harder and more time consuming. We ended up running the left shore for a while then cutting to the right and running out in the center for a good long run of a half mile or more. At the foot 77 dumped but the others seemed to have fared better. Not too far ahead the guide tried to stalk geese but the conversation kept up making his approach worthless. Then around the bend another heavy rapid, but this one had a

reasonable Indian trail which did not need a great deal of cutting for a pleasant change. And below we were only in the canoes for a short period when we had to climb to the top of a large rock hill almost and look ahead. Then to an eddy at the top of what Rob correctly predicted would be a falls from looking at the map symbol. The Indian went up and over the rock, and so did we, but the view was spectacular and the hour past camping time, so in spite of the poor tent sites we set up the kitchen on the rock at the foot of the falls and quit. The dry wood was drift wood -- which served nicely. The guide made up the meal with Pete's help while Chet made the traveling bannock. Brooks tried a "George" while dipping water and the guide had to pull him out before dinner. A lot of bathing got done off the rocks where for the first time in ages it was possible to dive in -- though cold. Wood got collected for a bonfire on the point as some explorers climbed a high rock hill to the east. Brooks made a run of popcorn when they returned and Jim lit the bonfire that plazed merrily away -- both of them getting lots of free advice from those who had nothing to do with either project. The sun had disappeared behind a bank of clouds just at dinner time and it looked very much as though we had our one nice traveling day and had better get set for more of the kind of wet weather we have experienced since reoutfitting -- one day on; one day off -- but we have no time even by the Opinaca route -- going the Old Factory we should have been at Ell Lake four days ago -- and we are even now still five miles short.

Sunday, July 27 -- We almost got through the night -- but not quite. The rain started in fairly heavily at 5 a.m. and wet down everything. It then changed to mist and blew in for a while, but we had to move. The early morning planned excursion to the rock hill top was abandoned of course, and picture taking was not going to be at its best. But the staff got up after the worst of the mist had passed and started breakfast just before eight. We moved a little slower than usual maybe -- though customers appeared for breakfast almost as soon as the guide called them, and we were loaded and moving at 9:45. One small rapid appeared a mile later and then we had to stop to investigate a yellow fiberglass freighter on the shore with an Indian tepee inland of it. Another one appeared at the mouth of the river. Back in the shelter of the river the wind had been no problem, but now out on Ell Lake the southeast wind helped, but was a quartering wind for where we wanted to go and since the lake is probably quite shallow there was an uneasy chop for the full distance. Another yellow freighter was on shore just north of our turn, but in our weather there was no going to investigate. A small rapid led into a bay-like area and then at the next narrows was another. The staff had to hop out and look, and it so happened that the landing was on a relatively smooth rock area that made a good lunch site -- it now being about one o'clock. While the fire refused to behave John read The Godfather and the bridge game went into action. Finally the starch got done and we started off again close to three o'clock with 74 running first for pictures -- and hitting a rock. Then 78 took the wrong side of the rock, but made the run. And finally 75 made the run as planned. Not too far ahead the river narrowed and a water flow monitoring shack lay on the left shore.

The portage was marked with an Indian winter sled, and the start of the trail looked good enough to gamble not going through with the axes first -- the gamble paid off though there were a few wet spots instead. We were just finishing the carry as a thunder shower rolled down on us and the loads got covered with the canoes. We were going to wait it out since it promised to be a short one, but it came on harder and harder forcing the fly to go up in a poor pitch over poles left by the Indian on his one tent site. It proved to be our least satisfactory thunder shower pitch -- too high and not wide enough as the height of the storm blew rain in on us. Brooks even preferred the protection of his canoe. Finally it stopped enough to make us feel the weather was clearing -- a few more drops fell -- and we paddled off to Opinaca Lake. One more rapid appeared which the staff ran first since he was unsure of the shallows. And the rest came later with no problem though 78 did not know how close it came to going into a rock broadside at the foot. The mouth of the river was not far away and far across the lake was a beautiful sand beach as we reached it after heading toward "Volkswagon" Mountain. But once we turned left the camping prospects were bleak indeed and it was at least seven o'clock and some rain drops later when we had gone four miles or so to a sand beach on a large island. The guide hopped ashore to find an Indian wickiup site off the beach where the fire ended up and a large tepee up the hill where the majority of the tents went. Poles came easily from the Indian frame, but the fire again caused problems and dinner was slow -- and the smoke blew right into the fly that had gone up immediately. The rain came lightly at times and finally dinner got served about nine with the guide baking and Brooks doing the traveling one while Pete did the pork. A cry of glee went up around the fire as some one thought he saw John slip into the water off the rocks, but he was only fishing out a pannikan. The pot men had a little light to do their job, but the dish crew finished in total darkness and the outfit went to bed for the night as the southeast wind pushed more rain our way at intervals. But again we cannot afford the luxury of staying put if the weather refuses to cooperate. A Frenchman had carved his name on the nearby rock indicating he had been here in July of last year -- luckily he had not come back this year, we needed the site, but can't afford to stay long to enjoy it.

Monday, July 28 -- The weather had not really changed for the better, but at least it was not actually raining in the morning. The staff overslept unintentionally and so did not light the fire until 6:15. The rest did not move too rapidly either and we finally got off at 7:55. Almost immediately a mist started falling, and before we had paddled the narrows rain suits were on. As soon as we headed south the wind started to be a factor, coming out of the south or southwest, so we hopped points and islands on the way south until almost at the connector to Low Lake. The guide spotted a sod house on the right, and we paddled over to investigate. By now most of the people were tired of seeing them, but the staff had to waste his film at least. This one did have a good pudding or wickiup frame to look at which the others had not. Apparently our Frenchman who had carved his name on the rock at the site last night had been by last year and left some freeze dry food with a note thanking the Indian for

letting him travel the Indian's country. We had landed about 11 a.m. and approached the channel to Low about noon expecting to paddle through on the advice of Eastmain Indians -- they were wrong. The first narrows had no water at all and we carried through mud, alders, and dry stream bed to the pond above. Then for a while all was fine -- but there were no lunch sites. But then an ancient beaver dam appeared. Someone had cut a trail around it once upon a time, but it needed an awful lot of axe work to get through, and even then it was one canoe at a time. It was past 2:30 when we finally got into Low. Lunch sites were still hard to come by and the staff finally hopped ashore and went up a hill to a piece of moss that was relatively flat so we could heat the beans. The bannock went first and we were back on the water about 3:30 -- John had finished off some more of The Godfather in the process. It tried to mist some more, but we got by without rain. For a while we had a tail wind from the west, but when we turned south it was a head wind again and a little cooler than before. We started looking for campsites about 5:00 -- we hadn't passed up any good looking places on the way down either, but we found only a very few sand beaches even and practically nothing but alder and spruce. The staff found the remains of a tepee that looked a hundred years old, but the site was all rock. So we went on a little farther and this time the jackpine sites were better even if the climb out of the water was up a vertical four foot bank. The wannigans went up by chain gang and the canoes got pulled up elsewhere. Once on top the land was fine. Many hands turned to the dinner with Pete putting up most of it while Rob iced his bannock for dessert. The rain held off though there were a few misty drops and the fly went up after dinner -- mainly so the staff could cook breakfast in the morning. Chet did a run of popcorn to finish off the evening as darkness fell early under the fly and the far shore of the lake was still in mist. A low flying plane had passed to the west of us just after we got into Low Lake, so at least someone else was traveling too. But the weather could have been better!

Tuesday, July 29 -- Although it was not raining, the weather was no better in the morning. Loading was a little easier than the unloading had been, and we were on the water at 7:20. The wind had already picked up but was no problem until after the point where a large bay had to be hopped from island to island. With every stroke the temperature seemed to drop. On the west shore loomed a large camp either for a mining outfit or a Hydro camp -- we did not get any closer than necessary. Their plane was moored in front, however. We found the Indian portage in the bay as advertised, but had to cut most of the trail again including a section harmed by our friends' survey cut. The wind in the little bay below was much lighter, and we again found the second portage where we had been told to look. Longer, but less choked with windfalls, this one had its wet spots. Starch was cooked on the far side of the carry, but those supposed to do the extra carrying for the axemen failed in their job and wannigan 15 got left behind at the far side and had to be retrieved. Chet was the only one of the four supposed to carry the extra loads who did as asked. The wind on the eastern part of Little Opinaca forced a retreat to the southern shore, but by now the sun had broken through and shirts were off. At a break at an

island Brooks even went for a swim. Another Hydro or mining camp was passed but not visited and their aircraft were now much in evidence. The narrows to Little Opinanca were paddled and then the weather did us a noble turn and the wind died almost completely for the long pull across the lake. With the western sun in our eyes we started up the arm and Rob hopped ashore to cut dry wood -- no matter we had two rapids to run and were camping in a burn anyway? The western sun made the rapids tougher than they were, but we pulled up at the campsite about 6:30 or 7:00. The guide baked and Chet did the traveler while Brooks fried the ham. And while the guide and staff made some trail improvements Brooks did a pizza for an evening snack as the sun set in a red glow and the temperature started to drop -- and the bugs made staying out sort of hard.

Wednesday, July 30 -- Something strange happened this morning -- the sun appeared on schedule and kept moving in the orbit we had been led to believe should be the case and did not play hide and seek with the clouds. The site soon warmed up before portaging even started at 7:20. By 8:00 we were on the water headed for the next one. The helicopter was at work even during breakfast and could be heard during most of the morning. The next carry needed some axe work to get rid of some new windfalls and get by the newly dug pit in the middle of the trail. The run off from the rapid was taken and we were off to the third one right across the bay. It got scouted and the '73 run on the left shore was still there -- but not without interest. 78 finished with a couple inches of water and 74 started ahead of the guide but decided to do a 360° in the eddy after the first drop and came in last. The last carry of the series was fine until the trail got lost at the end and had to be found again. This run off was even more interesting. Somehow 78 got into the run, but it looked for sure that they were broadside on the rocks. Then a vote as to when to have starch and an early lunch was elected so we pulled into a jackpine stand to find stakes set by the Hydro people -- in fact lunch left for a couple men. We cooked the starch in the heat and were on our way by one after Brooks and Wendy took swims. But just ahead we ran into a Hydro trailer park with a couple dozen small red shacks making their village -- on a pretty unattractive piece of ground. A couple scantily clad Frenchmen wanted to know if we were on a vacation to James Bay -- and we passed by. Finally they had stretched a cable across the river to try to strangle tall bowmen, but Jim and Stretch ducked. Rob entertained with a disappearing paddle act as the shallow lake did not want to give it back. At the north end of the first lake we passed their gasoline depot and then paddled the second lake with many Wendy baths -- giving the laundry done at lunch time to dry. Then we found the Indian trail missed in '73 -- maybe less than half as long as the prospector's trail on the other side. Unfortunately the prospector had recut the trail so a shallow run off had to be taken -- which took some time. Then across and up to the camp-ground. The staff tried to line up beyond the trail, but fortunately the guide knew better, and we all got up. The guide and staff took off to photograph with the dogs and Roger and the others followed after some tents got up. A search for Wendy followed on the way back, but she had followed Brooks back.

Brooks did the spicy meat balls -- liked by some, but not others. Baths got taken in the shallow rapid while dinner cooked. Chet did the traveler and people got to sit around the fire in relative comfort although Roger retreated to his tent with a sore stomach. Debates on placques followed until stopped by Buds' lemon bread -- and a relatively early departure for the tents.

Thursday, July 31 -- Somehow we set a speed record this morning and 77 was off the campsite at 7:00 with the last canoe coming at 7:10 -- it was a one canoe at a time loading area. The portage around the falls was wetter than in '73, but not impossible, and that one was done. The last little one on the Little Opinaca followed and then a long run off and a final rapid -- not much different than in '73 except we have maybe a foot more water. The paddle to the lake where the rivers join was interminable Jim spotted a couple otters scampering back in the bush for the only slight bit of excitement. The rest was just a long pull with restless hot dogs -- and people -- and lots of Wendy baths to stop us. But the lake finally came. The wind began to pick up slightly making for at least a little chop, and in the very heat of the day we pulled into Frog Falls. Our fireplace was in order so while the guide cooked the staff sent the first loads over the carry that Hydro still has not wrecked. Some complained of the hot meal on a day like today, but no one really refused except Tinker. At the end of the second trip some swims were taken and a few photographs of Frog while Brooks snapped a paddle -- our first need for a spare all trip. We pulled up at the bridge and unloaded while the guide found the trail and the dogs got taken across the road on a rope. They appreciated their confinement not one bit. A few trucks went by raising clouds of dust as we carried, but we met no one. A few pictures of the falls from the rocky island and in the still overly warm day we carried the last of the series and then had a swim break at the rocks below. But then the fun really began as the wind and current combined to set up a large chop, so we had to paddle the south shore. Instead of dropping, the wind got stronger and instead of cooling us off, it blew hot air at us. As a result the trip down to the prospector's site was about twice as long as necessary. On the way the guide spotted a gas can for an outboard -- maybe from our Frenchman of '72? But the creek finally appeared and the site was found on the north shore proving much better than expected with nice jackpine around. Some swimming before dinner and some afterwards. Pete did up most of the dinner with John frying the potatoes and Jim turning his hand to a blueberry traveling bannock. Rob produced spring water and a pot of Tang to add to the menu. The heat had taken its toll and the tents filled early. The wind dropped between seven and eight, but the temperature stayed up. 78° in the tent shortly after ten. Wendy and Tinker tried to save us from something, but ended up barking at their own echo. But we made up a little of the day we need to be on schedule.

Friday, August 1 -- The night cooled a little as time went on so it was comfortable in the morning for breakfast, and the river was calm as we started at 7:10, but the condition did not last long as the west wind started again -- but it never built to yesterday's proportions fortunately. We took the first

carry all in a bunch as a few windfalls had to be cleared and ended up with canoes, wannigans, packs, and everything else jambed together. The next one had been invaded by Hydro and the cutting done in '73 to improve the landing had been ruined. Again a great pile up at the foot -- but we did better at the rock pile across the way. For some reason no one is willing to admit to such a thing as a one canoe loading area. Then the last of the trio was taken in more relaxed style since we were lunching in the jackpine at the foot. Andy had used the site and left us plenty of split wood for lunch. Although it was not as hot as yesterday, the heat was again oppressive on the carries and would have been on the water but for the breeze. Lunch had been early and we were off at 12:45 arriving at the start of the falls carry at 2:00 in spite of the wind. A few pictures got taken of the top and we started off with people getting across in staggered intervals. Some lost the trail, but blueberries and raspberries claimed a lot of pickers. And Rob, Roger, and Pete came back via the river for their second loads. Fortunately this time a piece of drift wood was available -- though too large and difficult to split. A lot of swims, and the tents went up as the guide cooked dinner and the staff patched 74, 75, and 78. The falls thundered down in front of us as the sun disappeared periodically behind clouds and two card games started up interrupted only slightly by Brooks' popcorn. 75° in the tent at 9:45 -- it had been 82° earlier.

Saturday, August 2 -- The temperature got respectable about midnight and strangely nothing happened in the way of a storm. The morning brought back similar conditions to yesterday -- hot, humid, muggy weather, and it was already warm even before breakfast was done. We moved a little slowly -- or the fire was -- so we did not get started until 7:25 with the run off from the falls, followed by a relatively calm paddle to the rocky lift over although the wind was already starting to rise. We got to take an inside course to reach the next portage where '72 had camped and took the carry without doing the clearing that really should have been done. The run off was easy, but by now it was far too warm again. The next one had to be cleared at both ends, and we managed to loose the trail for a moment at the foot. Then to the flat rock and the '72 trail -- the best feature of which was the raspberry patch at the start. The rock area we were supposed to walk was much deminished and a new cut had to be made through a section of bush to avoid getting too close to the river. Lunch was started early as the staff went up to cut a new landing approach so we neither had to walk nor load on jagged boulders -- but it wasn't supposed to be used by five canoes at once. A couple little runs had to be made before the rock carry -- one stop to look things over. But the rocks we were supposed to walk were not readily available, at least at the start, and we had to lift over a small falls, let the canoes glide to another point, lift over, and paddle to one where finally we could walk the rock to the normal loading spot -- still one canoe at a time -- and run out the last chute -- made even more interesting by the water level. 74 had a little trouble getting started, but all made it though the guide was not too excited about 73's run. Still with our warm day, hazy sky, and west wind we did the couple two-three miles to the last falls where we planned to cut a new portage

and perhaps camp -- both of which were done. The trail was longer than the one on the other side, but easier and safer to walk, and we found a stand of jackpine for the tents; the only drawback being its distance from the river and the hill that had to be climbed to get to it. The rock carry and the new portage took a while so we were encamped at 5:00. Brooks found a bath tub, but the rest preferred a bay in the rocks for getting wet -- the run off from the falls in front precluded swimming as such. Pete took over management of dinner as Brooks and Chet did the dry wood. And miracle of miracles -- Seth made the bannock; a little differently from most. The last of the cocoa disappeared as did Buds' fruit cake as two foursomes played cards. The guide bowed out of the wood cutting picture as his axe handle finally gave way. Rob discovered an iron ore rock sample with lots of other things in it only he and the guide could discuss intelligently. We'd been waiting for it for three days, but finally about 10:00 thunder rolled to the southwest and amid thunder and lightning we got a little of a rain storm to wet things down a little, and hopefully drop the temperature a little!

Sunday, August 3 -- The thunder shower dumped rain on us for a while, but quit fairly soon with another mild shower sometime later in the night. At breakfast time the rocks were partially dry -- only Roger managed to slip down with the packs. The sky looked like the day might be fine for a while, but it soon clouded over and the sun disappeared soon after it rose. A few drops fell at breakfast, but we managed to load one at a time, back up in the eddy, and then make a run for the middle of the river to stay out of the swells as much as possible -- and 74 was the only one that needed to dump afterwards. We progressed along down several rapids past the steep island one to the top of the U when the rain started in relatively lightly, but cutting visibility as we started down the last stretch. Only 77 took a rock sharply and had to dump out an inch or so of water -- the others fared better though 75 dumped at the same time. We finally got past the end of the series somehow and floated free headed toward the junction as the rain continued lightly. We reached the start of the portage sometime around eleven, handed the loads and the canoes up into the campsite and started off on the trail in the rain. As the walk continued the rain came more heavily particularly during the first part of the stroll, but by that time the bush and the carriers were completely soaked anyway. The guide did yeoman service with Brooks' axe in the windfall section, but somehow the eager carriers got through before he was much help on their first trip. The staff trudged away leap-frogging loads as the others breezed past with Pete and Chet finishing first with Jim right behind. The early arrivals put up the fly, cut wood, drew water, and had the fire going so when the guide came through with N the starch was almost ready to go. The iced tea sent up at reoutfitting went with the spring water as lunch was served somewhere around two or later. Then the Basil canoe slide was activated and finally the dishes and pots got done. Brooks drew two large sticks of dry wood and Chet and the guide did up a majority of the wood necessary to fill four wannigans and two babies for our expected trip to woodless country. And by now it was dinner time. The rain had let up as we camped, and Chet now did the ham to go with our last iced

bannock and the guide did his thing for lunch. Dinner was served at a fashionable hour so there was not much time left for cards. The guide's iced tea was so well received Pete kept asking could he make more -- the packages were all gone. "How many did your use?" "All five. One package only makes three cups." "What a rip off." Then the story came out of sending Jim to strip the bark off a silver birch for lunch -- much to the amusement of the others as he clawed at a "spruce." Or maybe it was neither a silver birch nor a spruce, Pete? Maybe a balsam? Anyway Brooks was tired of picking and eating blueberries by now so he turned his hand to making iced tea from scratch using the spring to cool it down.

Monday, August 4 -- A tiny rain shower hit at 5:00 and the staff waited a few extra minutes for what might transpire, but when nothing did and a few pink clouds showed over the river lit by the rising sun, he got up and cooked the normal breakfast with Chet's blueberries added to the Cream of Wheat as per orders. Stretch sported his new white Keewaydin T shirt for the trip down the river, but in general we were our usual beat up looking selves as we slipped down the hill to the water with the bowmen getting by far the worst of the deal with two trips to make. The staff paddled over to the far side to see how much room we had for crossing in the normal fashion, quickly decided we had none, and elected to portage the chute at the top on the left side and called everyone over. Roger and the staff took a couple shots back up at Basil, but no one else seemed interested through the mist over the falls. The portage was short but time consuming and then we checked the left shore and did not like the looks of it and crossed easily to the north shore to the normal grassy bay. But the next chute also looked impossible and got portaged also. We made the sand-clay cliffs in a couple jumps using shore runs and then scouted the next run which was actually the roughest of the day pulling up before Surprise Rapid -- which was taken as usual just to the right of the curl with no trouble. The cameras came out. Then on to the shallows and unfortunately this time the water was not quite high enough and we had to line as usual -- though except for a couple spots it was quite easy and the canoes did not have to get dragged over rocks. 74 and 75 had elected to let down backwards with the bow lines and had some considerable difficulty finishing the let down after the staff hopped in his canoe and ran out the foot of the rapid. That ended the rapids -- four hours and ten minutes since starting out from the foot of the portage. We pulled ahead to the usual rock lunch site on the north shore for a slightly late starch -- the sun beating down on us by now and the day uncomfortably warm. The guide's date cake was well received. Seth used up a few shots of film with pictures of himself. A thunder shower rolled off to the northwest, but the sky ahead looked reasonable as we shoved off at 2:30 or so. But just a couple miles up the wind picked up and we caught shore to unload and wait out the storm in a poplar grove. Back on the water at 4:15 we encountered no more troubles on the way in; meeting a powerful looking boat called "Sturdy" belonging to some government outfit studying currents or something of the sort. No one was on hand to greet us, but the guide unrolled his Bay cigars while the staff went to

see if Father Viallancourt would offer his yard. The gang then took off to the post to see if they could get the manager to open up -- and were successful. Meanwhile Roger, the guide, and staff got dinner started. By the time everything got collected the weather began to look threatening again so the guide sent pole cutters to get alder poles -- returning with balsam. There's not much difference? Then others went back and cut enough for tents and fly. The fly got up before the storm and most of the tents did. The Bay manager, Mike Fines, came to call with wife and two small children as well as a group of Indians. But then the storm rolled in as the bread line was started with Pete frying the pork sausages. For a while it was touch and go as to how much canvas would go down in the storm, but only Pete and Chet's tent collapsed -- wetting Chet's nrolled pack even more completely than his sleeping bag was already. Most of the sensible people retreated to the mission, except for a few die-hard Indians and a couple of us. A trench had to be dug through the kitchen to let the water run off before the wannigans floated, but eventually the storm let up enough to eat the bannock. The dishes and pots even got done in a break in the weather and more Indians appeared to entertain as darkness approached, but as the rain came back they too left and Wendy and Tinker could take a break from guarding us from those strangers.

Tuesday, August 5 -- About three o'clock unbelievably the weather took a turn for the worse -- the wind howled and the only redeeming feature was the lack of a downpour. The gale blew in for the rest of the night causing wetness and concern in some tents. Pete and Chet fared poorly again -- but the tent stood up -- now the door was open toward the wind. As a result when the staff got up at eight to cook breakfast he was deluged by customers. About nine he and the guide went off to check with the radio, but no communication though the receiver said the daily plane was coming -- though it looked dubious with our winds and overcast. Back to the fire for the last of the pancake batter that had been laced with blueberries from Basil, all but the dish washers had headed off to trade -- Jim heading for a caribou rack seen the night before on the trip to the movies made by some. He returned with it immediately or almost so, and a steady stream of purchases came back, the best bargains coming from bartering tump lines. The manager's wife got through to Austin finally, but the messages got mixed up a little so that they would take some on today's Otter. Hopefully everything got straightened out when the Otter arrived by communicating with the pilot. He waited a while and headed up the coast after checking the weather -- he claimed it was fine 30 miles south of us. More trips to the village with a mass of treasures acquired. Lunch came and went at a relatively late hour, and the afternoon's business declined. The weather cleared a little, but the wind still blew and the temperature was low. Not much drying got done except maybe by the Father's stove. We got visited by almost as many Indians looking for tump lines as they got visits from us. Only one prospective canoe purchaser -- but he said our prices were too high. Pete caught his version of the annual unwell feeling prompted by visiting posts and took to his bed for a while. A little more drizzle at dinner time, and then a retreat to the Mission for card games as night came and

the wind dropped a little, and the temperature registered 48° in the tent at 10:30.

Wednesday, August 6 -- Our coldest night and morning of the summer, but fortunately no one had to get up and move at the usual hour -- Although Wendy and Tinker insisted on getting up and barking at nothing. They had ample to bark at as the party at Viallancourt's broke up at 11:30 and Stretch's admirers kept calling for him. The staff started breakfast at 7:30 soon joined by the guide. Otherwise Jim made it to the fire first after a La Sarre plane came in to take a party off somewhere. When the staff finally broke away from the Father the check with the radio revealed no contact. The canoes came up to the warehouse and a purchaser appeared for 78 as they were about to be tagged. Breakfast was maybe half way through when word came that a plane was coming via Rupert's, and we rushed to break it down -- but Jim and Rob had gone off for a swim. A yellow plane landed which we assumed was La Sarre, but it turned out to be our Otter -- nine people and baggage were the pilot's orders. He let us have time to pack as he had a cup of tea and argued with the Father over Austin vs La Sarre. Somehow it all got packed and down to the shore. We stuffed the plane as full as possible just as the sked headed north came in. The two took off together, our Otter taking well over twice the run to get off the water the other plane took. The staff, Wendy, and Tinker were left behind as the others headed for Moose. The guide got the gang to the station in two taxi loads -- only the second trip forgot the fishing rods and Indian paddles. The staff and the dogs toured the post -- Pete's man who was going to make decoys for him had not had time -- he was the same fellow who bought 78. The sked came and the staff and dogs had so much Indian help loading they were off before they knew it with half a plane to themselves to Rupert's where they picked up Skip Porter and three more riders. The two groups were back together on the campsite behind the water tower at 7:00 or so for a quick, late dinner. No one offered to solve the mystery of what happened to all the bannock in the Wendy-Tinker bag. Then the gang got the school shower room to open up for a little hot water -- tearing John away from his book just long enough. And this evening it was Chet the locals were after; or was it Roger?

Thursday, August 7 -- We broke camp as usual with a normal breakfast followed by dropping tents and walloping dishes and pots. Wendy and Tinker had driven off the local dogs around the wannigans, and the movement to the station was easy. The baggage got loaded while Brooks got a ride to Austin's and back for the fishing rods -- for free. We got shoved into the warmest car as usual and the train pulled out at 9 -- more or less; mostly less. The journey south was not particularly rapid nor exciting. The picnic lunch got served about noon to break the morning. We pulled into Cochrane almost on schedule about 2:30 or so, unloaded the baggage, stored it in the baggage room, and headed for the laundrimat -- where Jim and Rob indicated it was obvious which of us had been to college and which had yet to know how to operate such equipment. The laundry got done to various stages of satisfaction and there was plenty of time to

try to find Roger's superior restaurant before the train pulled out at 7:30. We loaded the baggage again, and then settled down to another long ride. We got set off on a siding somewhere just north of our destination, but the lights of T 3 station finally appeared, and almost disappeared as the baggage car got stopped way south of the station. The three cars were there and held everything for the trip to Boat Line.

Friday, August 8 -- The original plan seemed to be for everyone to sack out in the cars, but there was no way it was going to work, and the smart ones unrolled on the dock and got a little sleep. The staff was up about the usual hour and as the sun rose the canoes left for us got loaded with what we could carry, and off we went. Brooks and Seth made it to Temagami Island by bailing where they pulled the canoe out and the staff patched an ancient two inch rip -- and tried to stem the flow of water into his own craft. We stopped for a quick breakfast at the normal site and after a few swims in the clear Temagami water -- Rob won the award for mentioning it first -- started for Devil's Island. We were not delayed by other sections, but still had to pass our friendly island on the way in. Seal Rock was reached before the wind rose, and all in a line we paddled to the dock and the roar of the shotgun -- Wendy even stayed aboard. Pictures followed and the staff's account of the trip -- followed by a presentation by Dan, Sr. to Chief from Section A's past and present. Those destined for the bus departed at dinner time with others leaving later by other means after the Dinsmore's received the section at the other end. Pete hung on, cold and all, for another trip, but otherwise the island was soon quiet. The only question -- what happened to those ideas for a placque that were being discussed at Little Opinaca Falls?

The End