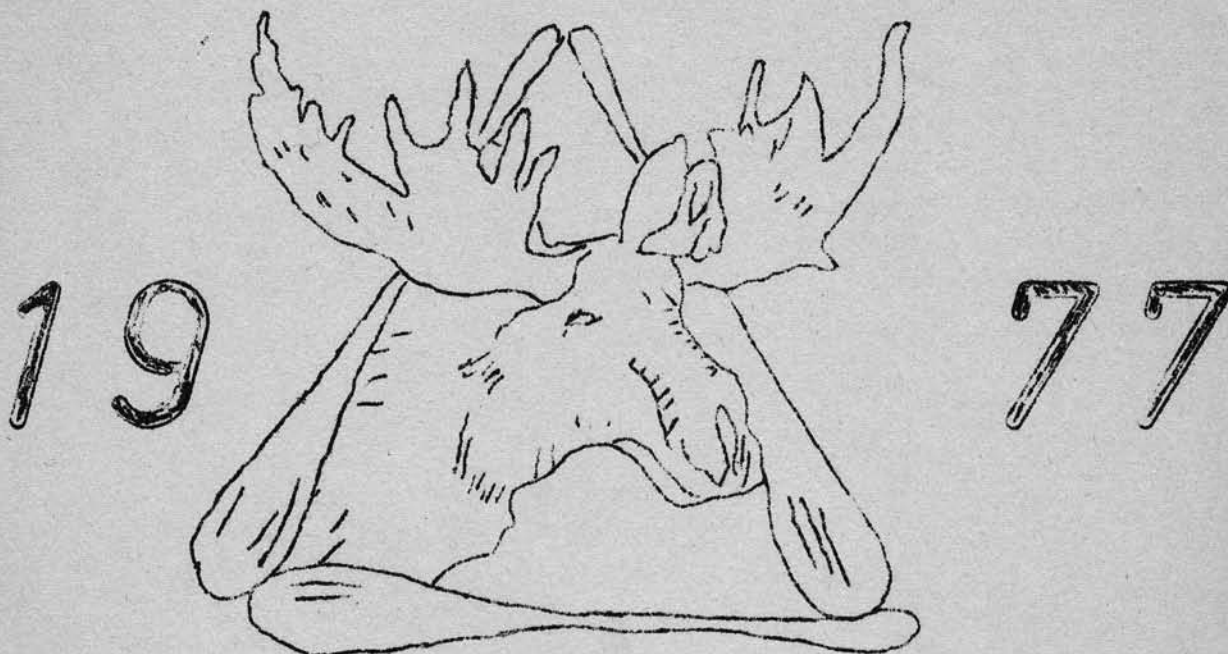


KEEWAYDIN



SECTION E

BELLINGER OUTPOST

Kevin Brown

Bruce Ingersoll

Glenn Lower

Iain MacInnis

Grant McCutcheon

Steve Bissell, Guide

Peter Nichols

Jeff Pratt

John Rykert

Greg Stainton

Bob Wilson

Heb Evans, Staff

Wendy --- Tinker

Canoes

3 -- 32 -- 36 -- 65 -- 77 -- 82

June 22 -- August 9, 1977

ADVANCE PARTY

Wednesday, June 22 -- Grant and Bob were supposed to arrive the previous evening, but transportation difficulties put them on the bus that pulled into Temagami after one a.m. After a night in the hotel they flew out just before lunch. By then the guide and staff had everything pretty well tied up and ready for the barge. It arrived about three but agreed to wait till after dinner. Our gear and Section A's got loaded with a crazy canoe pattern of bows pointing out over the sides. Departure was made after dinner and the trip down the lake delayed a little to chase two year old cow moose to shore below Seal Rock. Eventually the truck rack got built, and it was loaded after dark followed by a fitful sleep in the Boat Line shed.

Thursday, June 23 -- Section A cooked breakfast and departed for town to leave us to drive up. Grant and Bob left with Jim in the truck as the staff and Marshal drove the four dogs in the staff car with eight canoes. The truck got to Chibougamau about 6:15 so Jim and Grant and Bob could watch the jockeys drive their cars up and down the street until the staff car arrived about 8:30. We reserved rooms at the Monaco and Section A got in about 10:15. The band below the rooms kept the floor jumping as the cars went out for the peace and quiet of a motel.

Friday, June 24 -- Grant and Bob stayed put for a few extra winks while the two staffs went to get permits, licences, and make arrangements with the airlines. We got off to Mistassini about 10:20 and pulled in after a bumpy ride with dark skies. The truck got lost for a few moments so the staff had a long time to talk to Glenn Spears at the post. Section A gear got unloaded and we bid them a good trip and back to Chibougamau and a late lunch and on to the air base where our gear got unloaded and Jim departed with the truck. But the ceiling was too low and at 5:30 the dispatcher said to forget it. Back to town to the motel for a dull night of no entertainment -- no band or anything -- just three drunken Frenchmen who had also been unable to fly wherever they wanted to go.

Saturday, Jun 25 -- Up at six to a much better looking day. A quick breakfast at the motel and we were at the base by 7:00 as instructed. The pilot of our Beaver finally showed up about 7:45 and we managed to squeeze everything in including the dogs and just barely got off. An uneventful flight to Bellinger as Tinker occasionally wanted to climb into the front seat with the staff and Wendy. We made Bellinger about an hour later and the pilot dropped us on a sand beach which was complete with a dock. With everything ashore we took to the canoe to scout for a site. The only other sand beach we could find proved impossible, but we quickly found an Indian log cabin and a mass of caribou antlers on a rack. But then the pickings were slim. We found one point with a reasonable stand of jack pine, but otherwise our search was usually along shores that had no landings really. The only island with a smooth rock shore was impossible, but made a lunch site. We toured as much

of the shore toward the northwestern outlet as we could use without getting too close to the falls and back to the original site for a brief stop and then on to the northeast -- and nothing but an Indian cache on an island -- and back to the Indian site to make camp and dinner -- while Wendy chased sticks for entertainment -- and the bugs. 60° in the tent at 9 p.m.

Sunday, June 26 -- Now 45° at 5:45 when the staff rolled out with the sun just coming over the trees to the rear of the site. Breakfast done we loaded up the canoe with lunch and work tools and took off to the jack pine stand of yesterday morning. A couple short stops at other possible locations which were rejected. The site of the large tent was selected -- it could have been on flatter ground, but that was all there was. Trees came down to clear the area and we started to make the rig out of 20' logs, but soon rejected the idea. The sun was unmerciful as work progressed, but by lunch time 2/3 of one wall was up and the posts for the rest of the outfit made. Lunch was cooked in boiling sun -- slowly. And work slowed under the heat. A few more spruce got drawn for other parts of the walls and a dock crib got installed before time to head back to the Indian site for dinner. The gang was played out, Tinker was bored, and Wendy did not get any sticks to chase until the dock work began. After dinner the sun disappeared behind high clouds to cut the heat somewhat, but it was still 66° in the tent at 9:00. The bugs were again bad at the Indian site, though all we had really had all day working were various sizes of flies.

Monday, June 27 -- Wind sprang up from the south about 4 o'clock, but was no problem at 5:40. 60° in the tent. We loaded up all the supplies except for lunch and personal gear and went back to work -- after the staff managed to get lost momentarily. The rest of the walls and posts were well under way by about 10:30 when a rain shower hit forcing an emergency fly rig shortly afterwards and a work halt for awhile. The saw balked for awhile, but cooled off in the rain. Back to the Indian site for lunch, we packed up and headed back with all the rest of the gear and went back to work finishing with all the posts up and leveled -- by eye -- at dinner time -- which took awhile so that it was 9:30 before everything was put to bed and we headed for newly pitched tents on virgin land. The wind had swung to the west after the rain, but died at night making it 78° in the tent at 9:40, but down to 73° ten minutes later. Maybe the first reading was that in the pack. The rest of the section should all be in camp tonight!

Tuesday, June 28 -- Our last building day started with rain at 5:00 which never fell hard, but it started and stopped with frustrating regularity. Only 60° in the tent, but it was 9:30 before the staff started to cook breakfast. The sills went up as breakfast got cooked followed by ridge and rafters. As lunch got cooked during another shower the tent went on as well as possible -- the building wasn't exactly square! But it will work. Then the fly and a few more logs in the sides, but not quite enough. A few logs raised the dock crib and the cache trees got cut and the dock even got a few logs for platforms before a trip to the nearby Indian log cabin for a lard pail and

a dish pan to cap the posts. Grant and Bob decided on a bannock for dinner -- that only took two hours to bake as the staff and the dogs quit and went to bed. 68° with the thought of a shift in the wind. There probably won't be any plane tomorrow unless the weather clears. The section should be ready to leave camp tomorrow.

Wednesday, June 29 -- The staff was up at 5:30 to a gray sky and the fire caught slowly. Grant finished the dock while the staff cut logs and built the cache so that everything was pretty well ready to go by 9:30 -- the plane was supposed to leave at 9:00. The tents came down -- sleeping ones that is -- just before a thunder shower hit. And then we settled in the big one to listen to the rain. Nothing improved so we had lunch at twelve-thirty. Then the few logs that were lying around got added to the walls. Then the weather got worse instead of better and the wind picked up from the southwest. Nothing to do but sleep -- Tinker chased a toad for awhile for her entertainment. At 6:30 it was obvious we were stuck for the night so dinner got cooked -- with rain still coming at intervals. 66° in the main tent where we bedded down for the night -- the tentsites were too damp to repitch. In about half an hour the section should be in Chibougamau -- there's not much we can do. Not too much chance to send smoke signals.

Thursday, June 30 -- The advance party woke to another sort of overcast day. No rain at the moment so breakfast got cooked starting about 6:30 terminating with pancakes this time and we were rolled and ready to leave by 8:15 or so -- but of course no plane. The wind kept up from the south -- but we were sheltered. The staff played games of taking out a rock out of the tent, but that soon became too difficult, so the next thing was to split logs for a table and fill in some of the log siding. Grant and Bob found some more dry wood and baked a lunch bannock. And then the rain came back -- when suddenly through the mist, fog, and rain a plane could be heard and then appeared to the west. He finally found us and landed at the dock with no problem -- although the rain kept up. The supplies had to go in the tent -- the cache was out -- too wet to get the boxes up there. And we climbed aboard for a bumpy ride out.

Meanwhile the rest of the section had flown out from camp the morning of the 29th as planned, taken the bus to Chibougamau, getting in at 9:40 to find no reception committee. The guide managed to get everyone to sack out on the bus, but they were up and walking the streets for breakfast before seven. A room at the Monaco gave everyone a shower.

The advance party got the message that the section was at the Monaco on arrival and the two parts were together about six o'clock. The car got loaded with the guide, Glenn, Jeff, Greg, and Bruce and headed for Mistassini getting in just after seven. Glen Spears let us get the gear from the warehouse and they paddled across to the site to cook dinner on a Dunmore fire and put up all the tents. The staff headed back for the others getting in about 9:30 to be greeted by Seth Gibson and his Dunmore section and dinner ready and waiting complete with bannock. The moon was up full and the night just as clear as could be as we turned in.

THE TRIP IN

Friday, July 1 -- Mistassini Post
Saturday, July 2 -- Abatagush Bay
Sunday, July 3 -- Entrance to Rupert Islands
Monday, July 4 -- Indian Winter Camp
Tuesday, July 5 -- Esker Portage
Wednesday, July 6 -- Woollett Lake
Thursday, July 7 -- Bellinger
Friday, July 8 -- Bellinger

Friday, July 1 -- But rain came about 5 o'clock. Dunmore got up and started moving later -- we stayed in bed. The staff finally got up around 11:00 -- still raining as they started off -- and we had the site to ourselves and their leftover wet wood. Breakfast cooked slowly on the poor wood, but finally got done. The rain stopped, and we got somewhat organized and put the canoes to rights for traveling. The staff went across to do the last minute business -- getting little accomplished and got trapped by a thunder shower -- as did the guide and Greg. Once they got back dinner got started, but the fire refused to burn. Iain made the first bannock while Pete did most of the rest of the cooking. The guide went looking for dry wood -- and found some -- plus a heavy thunder shower -- but the cooking improved once his wood hit the fire. Everything was ready for the night by 9:45 as a result of the slow meal -- still with the weather looking very unsettled.

Saturday, July 2 -- Guess what? Rain, of course, at 5:15. The staff rolled out to cook breakfast at 7:00 or so in hopes, but the rain started up again, and breakfast sort of went on the back burner until 10:00 or so when it started to break after the wind shifted to the west. We ate, rolled, and dropped the tents last -- they weren't really dry -- and loaded one canoe at a time in the surf off the site. We were supposed to leave a tent in the car because John and Pete elected to use the small nylon one John had brought, but the signals got crossed and the others went to the narrows with the tent instead of staying with the staff canoe to the dock -- so we carried the tent along. Grant played guide most of the morning and rest of the day. Lunch came about 2:30 on a sand beach campsite a few miles up. A little drizzle fell, but nothing terrible as we cooked and ate. Back on the water about 4:00 we made the narrows just after 6:00 and camped on the east side on an Indian site previously used by Section A. The guide and Glenn drew the wood while the staff did most of the cooking with some help from Pete -- the cooks for the day didn't volunteer too much! It was after eight at dinner time -- followed by a movie discussion at the tops of peoples' lungs! A boat of Indians stopped by briefly toward dark -- and a mediocre sunset. 65° at 10:45 -- and no wind at the moment.

Sunday, July 3 -- The staff slept in an extra half hour so we got on the water at 8:00 -- several Indian boats had already gone by. It rained some at night so the fly had pools of water, but the morning was the best we'd seen. Iain and Bob had some trouble loading canoe 3 and had to start all over again. 65

had an erratic course to begin with with Jeff in the stern. The day looked great -- except for the mackerel sky. We got up to the end of the point in good time and angled over to the east side of the center islands and then followed the shore half way up to a good Indian camp lunchsite. Bruce was talked into taking a swim and Iain followed on a dare. We pulled up to the crossing interrupted by a water fight on the way and looked across the lake at 3:20. Iain tried fishing with no luck -- the surf made it look better for striped bass. The wind was the same at 4:00 so we pulled across to an Indian camp and cooked dinner -- the bannock to save until after crossing. Some more swimmers braved Mistassini before the meal, and we were ready to go at 6:00. The guide and staff inspected rocks till 6:25 and then declared it worth a try. Jeff and Bruce switched in 65 and Pete and Kevin did the same in 36 for the trip. A little breeze and chop, but nothing of consequence. An hour and 35 minutes to the Indian site on the south point -- plus a ten minute break in the middle. Tents went up amid a lot of argument and the bannock, cocoa, and pears went for a crossing snack -- and finally to bed. 62° in the tent at 10:30.

Monday, July 4 -- Rain during the night, but not in great volume, but the sky looked questionable and the staff didn't crawl out till 6:15, and it was 8:20 before 77 was on the water with the others some distance behind. We started up through the islands, but had to stop soon to don rain gear, and it misted on us through most of the paddle, finally starting to break a couple miles from the portage. At about that time we were spotted by a couple sports and their guide, but they did not bother us, and we needlessly knocked down some dry wood to carry into the portage -- Marshal and Carp had left us wood and a note indicating a good crossing and no bandit interference so far. The dish pan was out of action for the moment as a result of being a back rest in the guide's canoe. We portaged over without much problem and started down the river with most people not believing in the current -- but it was there. Then the wind hit out on the lake-like area below, and we island hopped back to the river and then followed the east course -- to stay away from any bandits -- seeing none. After looking over the big rapid, we ran -- with everyone but the staff and guide getting way too far out in the swells and the canoes way too far apart for any help in the run. The wind picked up unbelievably causing no problem when on the southwest shore, but otherwise impossible. The staff even got blown backwards trying to run a small swift, and we fooled around quite a while trying to get past the Park Picnic table to an Indian site only half a mile away. The staff missed it, and the guide had to find it and take us in about 6:00 -- a large site used during the winter with lots of tent sites and poles -- and protected from the west wind by a high hill behind. Glenn kept up his swimming record -- at least he got in the water. A little fishing got tried, but the wind was pretty discouraging. The fire kept going for awhile -- after some inspections of the Indian dwellings. 60° at 11:00.

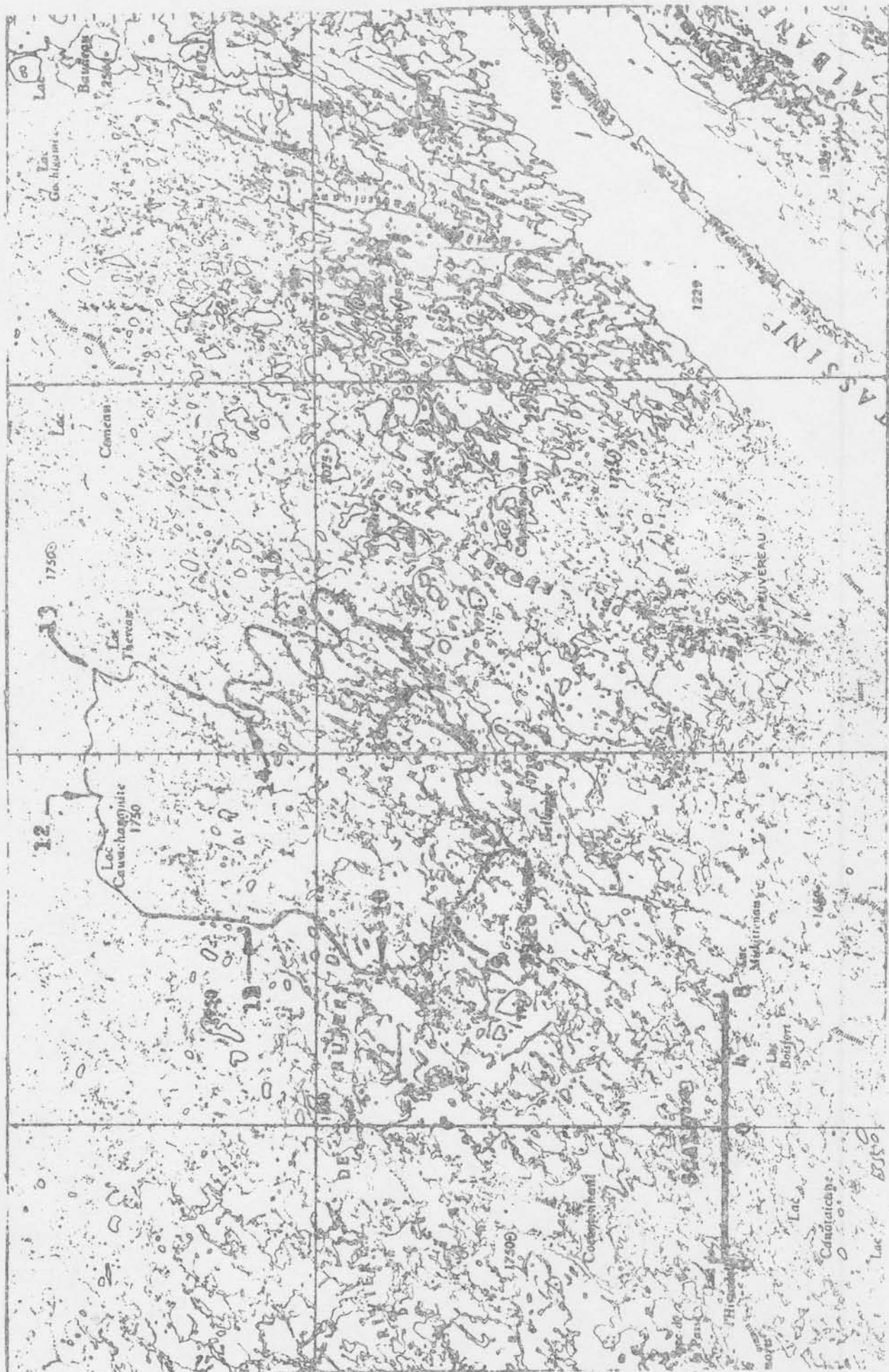
Tuesday, July 5 -- The wind still blew in gusts at 5:30, and the sky looked wet, and the temperature in the wind was on the chilly side. So the staff stayed in bed -- looking out

several times -- until close to eight. For some reason we rolled awfully slowly and eventually we got off about ten. The wind was not too bad so long as we hugged a west or northwest shore, but out a little from land and it was a problem. A break to blow on hands and then we hit a rapid through islands. The normal run is on the right, but the wind made it difficult at the run off. We looked at the left and decided not to run the chute -- and so took the middle course. Finally the portage came up and the canoes got across with Glenn, Pete, Grant, and Bob carrying. The staff had already indicated we had had it for the day and were camping. Lunch got done and the fishing started. Jeff brought in the only large trout -- about a pound and a half while John got two small ones and a pike, Glenn two small ones, and Greg one. Section A had done better as evidenced by their trout heads and note left on a pole that had fallen down, but Iain found it -- left on the 29th. The staff fried our potatoes while Bruce made the bannock -- under duress. The trout got cooked after dinner so none were left for the morning. No more in the evening, but John and Greg managed to upset a canoe out in front of the site. Grant and Jeff went to the rescue, but the guide had to go eventually. Bob's fishing rod went to the bottom in the process. They dried a little by the fire afterwards. John had at least mixed the traveling bannock before the upset. A gorgeous red sunset that even reflected in the eastern sky. 62° in the tent at 11:00.

Wednesday, July 6 -- For the first morning we were up when we should have been. The cloud cover blew off to the east so the sun was out when breakfast was served. We did a little better getting off this morning, and it was 7:30 when we hit the water. No luck looking for the drowned fishing rods off the rock. Down the river with a short pause to look over the top of the first rapid, and we ran down to Capichinatun against a head wind -- which got stronger after we got to larger water. After the rapid Glenn and Jeff switched putting Jeff in the stern. The pull up Capichinatun was unexciting with a headwind to battle all the way. The Frenchmen's camp was deserted as usual, and he doesn't seem to use his boats much. We reached the portage about noon -- with Glenn taking the canoe for Jeff 4/5 of the way. Lunch on the normal high rock -- no note from Section A. Then across for a view of the falls -- quick -- and the discovery of ice in one of the caves, for which we had no use except to cool the already cold river water. The first part of Woollett was easy with shelter from the long point a couple miles up. Then a hard pull across a bay and an even harder one broadside to the north wind down the lake. Once into the shelter of the islands the paddling was easier -- John and Grant managed to park 3 on a rock in a shallows, but the others got through. Then we started looking for a campsite in earnest -- finding nothing but an inferior lumpy area just north of the top set of rapids, but it was 5:00 and time to stop -- running the rapid below would have been too time consuming this evening. Pete did most of the cooking except for the first bannock that Greg made. The guide led off the bathing party and everyone else followed, although the sun was off the swimming hole after dinner. 50+ degrees in the morning; now 56° at 10:15.

Thursday, July 7 -- We made it up at the scheduled time this morning and again took till 7:30 to get on the water, but moved a little faster otherwise. Kevin and Jeff had to dump after the first little rapid and Grant and Pete had a lot of bailing to do, but the long one went without much difficulty. The morning started nice and calm and windless -- after a mackerel sky. Then in the wide stretch before the falls the wind started up a little from the south or southwest -- we should have traded yesterday's wind and today's! The falls carry was short and easy with all the canoes getting across. Then the long stretch of rapids with a couple pauses to look things over. Grant and Pete got their bow out in the current prematurely on one, but we made it. Lunch finally came at an Indian site before the last rapids -- the first of which was fine, but the second started badly as Kevin and Jeff got started too soon and Bruce and Greg took the swells -- and a couple inches of water. We made the Bellinger camp about 4:00 and got tents up. The staff with Bruce and Pete made a run for wood. Bob made the bannock and the guide cooked while the staff finished the table. Everyone went swimming before dinner and a lot of clothes got washed. Candle holders were the craze after dinner as the Coleman got fired up. Grant sacked in early feeling under the weather. The guide went fishing and brought in about a three pound trout just at dark. The first phase of our summer is over --

Friday, July 8 -- The mackerel sky was right. Light rain fell in intervals starting about six o'clock. The staff started breakfast about 8:00, and the guide mixed up Vita-B pancakes. The reoutfitting was underway as the section cooked breakfast -- needing a second batch of batter. Glenn with help got the fly up -- not quite protecting the cooks on first try. The loads for the next trip were ready close to noon as the tent by now was a not so efficient drying room. Glenn made a semi corn bread for lunch -- licorice color and flavor as he described it. The guide disappeared in his canoe as the staff baked a pie for dinner as the rain fell on and off. The bathers made it to the water to keep their streak going. The guide returned for dinner -- it was waiting -- with a dry tree and no fish. Kevin made the traveling bannock and gradually everyone drifted to bed as the sky cleared toward evening.



CAWACHAGAMITE -- WOOLLETT CIRCUIT

Saturday, July 9 -- Rapids West of Bellinger Falls
Sunday, July 10 -- Portage at Northern Rapids
Monday, July 11 -- Third Portage to Cawachagamite
Tuesday, July 12 -- Cawachagamite Portage
Wednesday, July 13 -- Sand Beach
Thursday, July 14 -- Lake 59
Friday, July 15 -- Portage to Woollett
Saturday, July 16 -- Woollett Falls
Sunday, July 17 -- Bellinger
Monday, July 18 -- Bellinger -- Reoutfitting

Saturday, July 9 -- On the pretext of letting the tents dry the staff did not get up till 6:15. The sun shone momentarily and the clouds started moving in with patches of blue. We got off from camp at 8:45 after everything was secured. The wind did not have a great effect as we looked at the north exit and did not like the first rapid and had to come back up a little swift to take the normal route and portage the falls. A little rain fell, and the wind picked up, so we held up at the foot of the carry. And eventually had lunch -- after a large moss fight. The wind picked up radically and every patch of blue was followed by a rain shower. We started out anyway as an aircraft circled above and we paddled from point to point as it finally landed and dropped off three fishermen on a forlorn piece of coast with their Sportspal craft -- Direquair from Chibougamau. We kept on down the coast amid rain squalls and wind, giving the staff the chance to park 77 high and dry on a rock, and eventually settled on a reindeer moss area for a campsite right before the rapids. Jeff only slipped six times getting his wannigan to the fire. It was early and we had traveled a magnificent six miles, but the wind was too much. More rain fell as the tents went up, but not for long. Dinner got started with Bruce's help after Pete and Greg drew some wood. Some brave souls braved the water -- the air was worse -- Iain and Greg complained. Glenn made the traveler. A rainbow to the west at dinner time. John, Glenn, and the staff tried fishing -- Glenn got a pike -- while the group around the fire discussed movies -- we've now covered all the TV shows and movies ever heard of. The guide discovered Jeff's Mepps lure in Wendy's feathers -- which the staff cut out. Jeff had already set his rubber boot on fire. John and Glenn cleaned the pike after the rest had all gone to bed. 60° in the tent at 10:00.

Sunday, July 10 -- The sky did not look all that great, but the wind was not blowing a gale at least when the staff rolled out at 5:50. The sun did not shine through much either as breakfast was made. We got on the water about 7:40, but a couple canoes were late looking for a lost axe -- in the woodpile. We ran the triple rapid slowly and deliberately and then pulled to the powerful one two miles ahead. In the process the wind came up. We investigated portage possibilities for our later trip up river, but found nothing but an old fireplace on the other shore, so back to the left to make the run. The wind built up and the rapid a mile ahead became more of an attempt to stay out of the wind. So did the rest of the day. We got into the east

channel thanks to the guide and at 12:45 hit a small rapid we did not want to run. The guide and Pete started lunch while the rest made a sort of portage trail and took the canoes through one at a time and reloaded on the far side. The starch was slow, and we did not get off until close to three. Some wind to fight and then we played find the portage. It wasn't in the logical place, but the staff finally found it 150 yards back up the river. We were across shortly after 4:00 and those making only one trip built a fireplace and wannigan line -- Greg and Bruce mainly. Bob and Pete collected the wood while Bruce made the first bannock and Greg the second. Just as the bread line was about ready there was a rush to swim. Grant complained furiously about a little spice in the dinner. Glenn made pudding -- that worked. The dishes eventually got done followed by another moss fight and a retreat to the tents to stay out of the bugs -- there weren't many. The guide caught the neighborhood pike at the beginning of the portage while Glenn tried the lower rapids and John fished the local bay and got a pike. 65° in the tent at 10:00 -- 15° warmer than in the morning.

Monday, July 11 -- 52° in the tent as the guide beat the staff up at 5:50. The wind was down as we started out at 7:40 after Iain broke the tump on # 6 doing in the Tabasco Sauce. Soon most of the shirts were off for the first time in ages. We found an Indian camp, which lent some encouragement about half way up our paddle and then found an ancient one as we turned into the stream. There was no portage, just blazes from an ancient trail, but we went anyway and cut our own for 600 yards. Lunch was a little slower than anticipated since Jeff didn't get the jewelry all the way across and the guide had to retrieve it -- Jeff had to go all the way back for the fly while the staff brought over the forgotten axe -- discovering that somehow his stern bang plate had been ripped off at the top. Bruce managed to fill the lunch wannigan with water during the meal. The staff led to the next portage and started to scout -- not finding much of a route and came back to find the guide already cutting, so over we went. It took the rest of the afternoon complete with lots of falls and spills -- Jeff almost ended the dishpan's career -- but it got patched again at night. The staff canoe just made it -- long after everyone else. The guide had gone ahead to the head of the pond to find a 75 yard portage waiting -- through scraggly bush -- and a campsite high on a jack pine knoll -- where we stopped thankfully. Grant found an excellent piece of dry wood. Greg made the first bannock and the guide the second while most everyone took a swim -- even finding a place to dive. John caught his breakfast fish -- to avoid the "porridge." And to bed to the card game. 65° in the tent at 10:15.

Tuesday, July 12 -- A reasonable day to start carrying again. The staff was up at 5:50 again in a fairly warm morning -- 62° in the tent? We probably got on the water about 7:45, but the staff forgot to look. We started portage cutting almost immediately with a 300 yarder on poor walking -- but better than the killer of yesterday -- to a small pond where we expected another portage -- but paddled through. The water in the pond and lake was the clearest yet. Then at the top we

thought our troubles were over with a good Indian trail for the 75 yards of this one. But no, the next trail was ancient -- but there, partially hidden by a straighter winter trail. Then another -- and here no real trail, just up over a hill and down the other side. Jeff ended face down under the canoe on the final drop and the canoe got dragged the rest of the way. We were going to lunch at the end of the carry, but no way, so we went over to a small knoll, supposedly out of the wind -- but that did not work either and the fire blew erratically from under the starch pot -- for some reason people keep insisting we are having glop. A pot of freshie also went. The staff and Glenn went scouting the next one -- Bob and Grant paddled right past the landing -- thinking the staff was standing there just to watch Tinker swim. Iain took Jeff's canoe for the last one, so it got across safely. And we were on Clearwater with a tail wind for our first such experience. We passed up a possible sand beach campsite on the west shore and followed the east shore up, finding nothing and finally settling on the near side of the portage out of Clearwater at 5:30. The guide drew wood with some sawing help from Jeff and Glenn. Bruce made the bannock which the staff iced -- and cooked the rest of the meal. Bob manufactured the traveler. The canoes went across after dinner -- John's before. And then some bathing although the water everywhere was shallow. A haze hung over the lake and the wind stopped about 9:00. 76° in the tent -- up to 82° later. About 10:45 a few light drops of rain started with a little more wind.

Wednesday, July 13 -- About 1:15 thunder and lightning rolled in from the south or southwest to hit us about fifteen minutes later with some wind and a fair amount of rain that did not last all that long. But at 5:30 the ceiling was way down, and the staff was in no mood for getting up. The guide rolled out and started breakfast at 7:30; the staff made it up a half hour later to help, and we left about 10:00 under pretty gray skies with very high humidity. We barely reached the start of the next portage before a thunder shower rolled in. The fly got pitched on a line at the far side so we had shelter for an hour during the storm. On to the next one -- again just beating the next storm. This time the fly went up to provide shelter for the lunch fire as well as the personnel. The weather broke again after lunch and we got through the shallows to the next -- and last -- portage only to discover Kevin and Greg had left an axe behind and they paddled back to get it. The rest waited and then paddled off for the campsite. Tinker abandoned ship in a couple narrows. The next storm raced us to the campsite with the guide planning to drop a stick of dry wood on the way in. The loads got tossed under the staff canoe until the guide arrived with the fly -- at which point tents were forgotten for a moment until the storm let up. At which point the guide did a pineapple upside-down cake and the staff cooked the rest of the dinner. John sawed a good bit of dry wood with various people splitting. Rain hit just as the bread line was ready, but by that time the bean hole fire was roaring and a pike had been sighted eating a small fish, and Greg eventually got him after dinner, and John filleted him. Grant made the traveling bannock for his first one -- Jeff is the only one left. More fishing off the beach

with no results, but Greg and John took a canoe out and brought in a good sized whitefish. The rest showed signs of going bush crazy. The wind seemed to be swinging to the north and the outdoor temperature seemed lower, but 61° in the tent at 10:00. The sky still pretty uninviting.

Thursday, July 14 -- The 5:30 sky looked pretty grim, but no more rain had fallen. At 6:30 the staff decided to chance it -- at least the fly was up for cooking purposes. And a little blue showed afterwards. The beans came out of the sand a golden brown. It took about three skillet of fish to get it all done, but we were off about 8:30 and just as we pulled off the campsite the sun hit the sand. The first portage out arrived with now pleasant skies. Then south to one the staff had forgotten to count; up over a hill to a pond. Shirts were off as we paddled out of the pond barely making it over the sand. On to a short one around a rapid. Afterwards a little swift gave us a chance to try lining for the first time and of course Jeff pushed the bow of 3 out in the current and almost lost her -- while the guide took pictures. We had lunch on the next one under a hot sun -- trying to find shade. John did not like the Indian trail and preferred his own. The dish pan now leaked out more water than it kept in. The last one was short, and we paddled upstream to Lake 59 for an early camp. A wannigan line was set up properly this time and a little dry wood was drawn before clothes washing and swimming took over -- so much washing the water near the fire was too soapy to draw for drinking. John and Greg went fishing -- bringing in another pike at dinner time. Jeff got forced into making a corn bread while Glenn did most of the dinner aided by Bruce -- with advice from the staff. Afterwards Greg and Jeff each brought back a pike while the guide took a small walleye -- John took care of the cleaning. Glenn returned with no more -- but the pike plate was overflowing. Unfortunately mackerel skies appeared in the afternoon and by sundown dark clouds appeared in the west though the wind had swung to the south. 72° in the tent at 11:00.

Friday, July 15 -- It didn't rain during the night, but it sure looked like it was going to any moment at 5:30 and on to 7:30 or so when the staff got up -- and it did start to rain. Only a ridge was needed for the fly, so it went up in short order. Breakfast was served and all the pike got consumed. We rolled afterwards and waited, finally deciding to try her at 10:15. The air was warm and the wind from the southwest or west not too bad as we turned up the creek. Pretty shallow, but we managed to the rapid. The staff started to check lining when the guide fortunately discovered the portage was clear. Maybe Section A used it, but they left a couple clumps of spruce that should have been taken out for canoes. The trail was a real help -- lining the top would have been impossible. We got a little rain above, and then the sun started to come out as the next portage was reached -- and the wind rose. We went down a west shore for shelter passing half a dozen newborn geese. Finding a lunch site became a problem, but we eventually found a sheltered cove and part of an esker about one o'clock. Lunch would have been a quick meal except for the time to wash dishes! We did not get off until after three as a result. The wind had gone down a

little, but was still there as the sun now disappeared, clouds rolled in, and we paddled on, sometimes even with a tail wind. Another portage and a tail wind across the next pond or lake and the staff missed the next landing and we had to backtrack a little to find it. The last one over it was now almost six as we finally made the turn to the Woollett portage. A couple canoes singing away -- no wonder we don't see any game! The staff located the fireplace just before seven -- lots of people thinking we were portaging through. The camper canoes went through with one side trip where Kevin got lost for a while -- they thought the carry long! Meanwhile the guide and staff cooked dinner -- Iain drew a little dry wood under duress. By 8:30 dinner was over and the staff canoes went across as the nightly noise around the fire continued. Glenn and Bruce even walked the portage an extra time for their swim. The temperature dropped and mist was rising off the water as we turned in -- a cold one. Already 58° to 62° in the tent at 11:00.

Saturday, July 16 -- A mighty cold one! 40° in the tent at 6:00 and ice on the two smaller pails of water near the fire. The staff got up at 6:00 just as the sun started to warm the site and by the time the coffee boiled the air was already warming. Of course mist hung over the water, but we were carrying so it made no difference. The dishes took a while, and it was 8:00 before we were all on the trail. But at the other end shirts came off. A slight south wind met us, but did nothing to impede progress. After a couple breaks we paddled by a recent Indian site with a net still set in front, but no sign of the Indian. Soon we pulled up at a strange log structure out on a rock shelf way off from any island or shore. We eventually concluded it was a duck or goose blind, probably used in the fall since now the bottom was in the water. A couple old cardboard boxes for shotgun shells were in the water nearby. Then on to the campsite we bushed on the way in to pick up the tump Grant left, and since it was so early we kept on to the rapids below. The staff altered course in the first one part way down, but everyone made it. The long one went as before after looking again. Lunch got cooked on a knoll of jack pine below. Departure was maybe delayed looking for the saw guard Grant had taken off for the dry wood -- Iain was kneeling on it while doing the dishes -- it only took 25 minutes to get them done today! Back on the water about 2:30 we made the falls at 3:30 and portaged to the campsite. Grant found a good stick of dry wood and after a bath for everyone, Bob and Iain cooked dinner with an assist from Grant and a bannock by Greg. Bruce manufactured a date cake for the traveler. 65 got a new patch to stem the flood from an old one that had past its usefulness. The evening was warm as Glenn, Greg, and the staff tried fishing with Glenn eventually bringing in a small trout. 75° in the tent at 10:45 -- a great contrast in temperature over the morning. And about 15 minutes later an Otter went over headed roughly east. Hopefully he knows where he's landing.

Sunday, July 17 -- The weather looked poor, but the staff got up and cooked breakfast at 6:00 in spite of a couple drops of rain. We rolled and were off about 7:45 with the staff canoe waiting in the eddy only a short while for the rest. We

made it past the first curl before the rain came and then had to pull ashore to look over the next curl prematurely to don rain gear. We ran the rest in the rain and paddled past our old lunchsite in the rain also. Then it let up so we ran the last two in better visibility. But then the wind came -- from the west of course -- getting worse as we neared Bellinger. The worst place where the river entered the lake -- Grant and John had most of the canoe out of water in the process instead of cutting the corner. The last bit of wind was interesting, but we got to the base camp about one for lunch -- tens cans of beef stew carried all the way to eat back where we started. A few rain drops, but basically it cleared in the afternoon with high winds. The tents went up. The staff sawed a couple flat sided logs so Bruce could build a bench. Iain and the guide contributed seats while Grant had a recliner and Pete made a hammock. Greg and Jeff went fishing bringing in two walleye -- and stories of the trout that got away. Jeff immediately ate his after John cleaned it, and Greg, Glenn, and Grant went fishing -- it was almost six. The guide baked a cherry pie. The fishermen returned with nothing to a cold dinner. The fishermen went back later -- the guide catching a walleye that got away for Greg to catch later. Jeff brought in a 6½ pounder and Greg's ran a little over five. Pete had one and a couple others of smaller size were taken. In all about 16 pounds of fish for tomorrow -- the last of the fishermen returning after dark.

Monday, July 18 -- The staff was up alone shortly after seven to make pancake batter and cook the rest of the breakfast, but it was a long time before he had company. The guide appeared first, but by that time 82 was patched. The dogs and the staff made two wood runs while pancakes were being cooked. The guide shellaced the canoes, final letters got written, and a few swims got stuck in. Bob had just put on the lunch bannock as the plane appeared about quarter to one. But he had brought only part of our gear claiming he was overloaded for both sections. He took out the square-ender, chain saw, and all such gear we did not want to portage out. The fish got cooked for lunch with Bruce and the staff having Kam instead. The fish all went as did Bob's charcoal bannock. Then we settled down to wait with most reading or sleeping. The seams on the fly got sealed and the staff had just decided to go swimming when the next plane appeared. He unloaded about ten boxes for which we had to pay the rate for a whole aircraft. All the shipments from camp were there -- but the section fortunately did not know they were supposed to have a mid-season steak dinner that did not appear -- or if it did it all went to Section A! (Note: They didn't get their's either.) We later discovered one of our boxes must be missing -- no Cream of Wheat and no milk -- and it looked like we were short on Instant Coffee. The mail was meager to say the least with the Canadians all scoring but the rest was mostly guide and staff mail. Notes from Dan and Marshal from Section A -- from Fred, Dan, Roy, the Tiger, and Chief for the group. Someone listened to the pilot tell the staff there was no mail for us at the Post Office -- there wasn't supposed to be -- and assumed all the care packages were sitting in Chibougamau -- no such luck. The guide and staff started sorting with the guide taking time out to cook dinner as Grant made another charcoal

production. Kevin fared better with the traveler. Then the goodies from camp got opened -- No, Roy, Wendy and Tinker couldn't keep straight which ball was which. Actually the additional box of Red River filled the void of the missing Cream of Wheat. The division of spoils turned out to be a little lopsided and sporadic. The wannigans finally got done by candle light, but we were ready to leave in the morning.

SOUTH BRANCH RETURNING to NORTH BRANCH at MOUNTAIN PENINSULA

Tuesday, July 19	--	After Bellinger Portage
Wednesday, July 20	--	Between 20' and 10' Chutes
Thursday, July 21	--	Windbound
Friday, July 22	--	Still Windbound
Saturday, July 23	--	Before Rapids after Marten
Sunday, July 24	--	Before de l'Hirondelle Portage
Monday, July 25	--	Skivy Island
Tuesday, July 26	--	Still Skivy Island
Wednesday, July 27	--	East of Mountain Peninsula
Thursday, July 28	--	East of Northern Rapids
Friday, July 29	--	Bellinger
Saturday, July 30	--	Bellinger

Tuesday, July 19 -- Of course it rained during the night. The staff started breakfast in a Scotch mist about 7:00 and finally got the section up about 8:30. Eventually we rolled and shoved off under very heavy skies about 10:30. We had only gone a mile or so when the mist came on heavier and rain gear got put on. We looked at the first little rapid on the river. looked for a portage, and eventually lined up the rapid -- Grant taking a bath in the process, losing his paddle which 32 had to recover. Bruce tried to copy, but only the lower half went in. The next rapid or chute should have had a portage, but there was no sign of the Indian. The guide and staff conferred and in the end we lined down the rapid with less excitement. Sure enough the Indian trail was in the next bay. It was now 2:30, so lunch was to be cooked on the near side, thinking the Indian was just going to the next pond. But the staff cooked alone for an hour before anyone was back. The Indian went straight for the river. The staff canoe went half way and after lunch everyone went back across with the guide taking 77 from its resting place. The campsite at the far end was poor, so we moved on. The rain had now stopped, but the sky was no better. On the second try the guide found a possible campsite. We looked a little more, but came back to it eventually. It now being close to 6:00. The staff cooked dinner assisted by Pete while the guide drew most of the wood with an assist from John and Pete. Wannigan 7 had to be dumped of water having taken a swim as Jeff and Kevin unloaded. Iain made the traveler, and the tents were soon occupied for reading or sleeping. 67° at 11:00; the air was still; no rain; but the sky looked no better than when we landed.

Wednesday, July 20 -- The rain started at 5 a.m., followed about an hour later by thunder and then heavy winds for awhile and finally just light rain. The staff finally got up at nine and threw up the fly, though it was never really necessary. Pancake batter got manufactured in lieu of anything better to do. No one appeared for quite awhile until Bob made it about 10:30. After the pancake fight we tore it down to try traveling under gray skies. The first rapid needed a couple looks before running the '66 route to the right of the island. Another little run to the '64 - '66 ledge campsite. The water was lower than any previous time and we had to portage the little snee in front of the campsite -- and had lunch in the process with major emphasis put on the magnetic chess set. Looking for the spaghetti

sauce the tump on \$ got snapped and the staff repaired it, but of course Jeff didn't retump as told and so the staff led three canoes down the next run, and the guide led 65. The jackets got donned to run the one at the top of the falls, and then the carry was made. Jeff tossed 65 on the rocks at the foot, and then let her drift free, but the eddy held her. We paddled over for pictures of the falls on the other side of the island, but then the rain started accompanied by thunder but no lightning. We paddled south in the rain while the staff looked for an expected Indian site, but found a grave first. Then the site just below. We took her though the rain had stopped and we could have gone on to the chute. Iain drew one dry tree which he and Bob sawed while Pete split most of the wood supply. The guide baked and the staff cooked dinner -- John mixed the traveler which the guide baked after dinner. Of course everyone went swimming just as the bread line was ready. Greg contributed a large spruce fort -- a long distance above ground. After dinner he and Jeff went fishing, catching, but not keeping, a walleye. The rain held off, though a few drops fell at dinner. The grave got inspected, but the chess game and reading drew more attention than anything else. The sun threatened a worthy sunset, but failed, and the west wind died as it set. We have now done about one day's travel in two! The fishermen went casting after what they said were rising trout off the campsite just before eleven when it was 70° in the tent.

Thursday, July 21 -- The staff was up at 6:00 to cook breakfast, but so was the wind. At first it just looked like wind clouds passing over with blue behind, but the further breakfast progressed the more obvious we were not getting off immediately. We ate without rolling first, and the weather improved not at all. The fire was allowed to go out, and we retreated to the tents to wait as a few horizontal rain squalls passed through. The staff got out and rigged the fly, moved the fireplace and shifted the wannigans. He, Bruce, and mainly Pete drew more wood, and a pot of soup went on. Lunch got changed to a pot of starch and that came and passed. To be followed by a series of vocal arguments culminating in Greg and Jeff swimming across the strait to some rocks for a reward Bob promised of 5 sticks of gum -- 2 1/2 each. Wendy almost got to the rocks, but turned back -- swimming faster than either of the contestants -- but she got no reward. Chess, books, cards, checkers, sleep for the afternoon as the wind got no weaker and the temperature dropped. It had been 60° in the morning -- down to 52° at 8:30 at night. A few isolated rain showers, but no real wet. A plane passed to the south in the early afternoon, but we had no prayer of moving. The staff made pea soup and a pineapple upside-down cake. Pete drew and split wood with a few assists from Bruce. Bob made the traveler as the staff cooked dinner -- and as usual all those who had done nothing all day took over the fire and fly. Jeff and Greg waved sticks at each other for awhile -- bigger ones than Wendy wanted. Finally the dishes got done after Jeff attacked at some provocation from the washers. Not much of a day certainly. We now have taken three days to get where we should have been in one or at most one and a half.

Friday, July 22 -- No way. Rain in the early

morning and gusts of high wind like yesterday. The staff finally felt everyone wanted breakfast and got up at 9:00 to be greeted by a drizzle. The guide came out too and breakfast got cooked without customers until 11:00. The pancake fight went on until noon. After the dishes were washed the sky started breaking a little, but the heavy wind kept up. The guide did get out to do a little unsuccessful fishing. About 2:30 the section demanded lunch -- the staff agreed if they cooked while he read the guide's Farley Mowat book on the Canadian North. Iain started the spaghetti lunch, but Bruce pretty well took over by the end and did the final draining and mixing. The weather cleared more during the afternoon and the wind gradually started to drop so that by six it was pleasant outdoors -- Glenn and Bruce had gone swimming earlier in a sunny interval. The staff baked for dinner and cooked the meal while Bruce did the traveling. Greg and Jeff finally brought in their wood contribution -- after we had more than enough. Glenn started carving an E for a plaque and that brought on paddle carving -- the guide producing the most realistic by far. Dinner got served -- followed by the usual senseless arguments until the staff banished Bob and Jeff. A few fishermen tried their luck after the sun set in a near cloudless sky while the conversation at the fire continued -- he who yelled the loudest must have won -- Bob. Then at 10:30 the sky had clouded over again although the weather now seemed to be coming out of the north so the 20' chute behind us could be heard -- as well as the rapid below. It had been 52° at 9 a.m., now up to 59° at 10:30 -- in the tent.

Saturday, July 23 -- We finally got up at 6:00 and started! The mist was heavy over the river -- 42° in the tent. The canoes got on the river at 7:50 and we soon reached the rapid below and ran it after a brief survey. Kevin and Jeff managed to take the swells broadside and dumped some excess water at the Indian site below. The mad rush to get over the 10' chute portage followed although the staff preferred photographing on land. Then on to the 4' drop which the staff decided should be portaged -- another mad rush -- it's only a lift over. So everyone got to the next one ahead of 77 -- another mad rush to unload and portage -- it's only a 5 yard lift over. Then the run through the rocks which everyone made successfully -- Bob and Pete getting out over the rocks more than should have been the case. Followed by a paddle to the last major rapid before the Marten turn. The top had to be portaged, but we ran everything to the foot in stages -- Kevin and Jeff again managing some water as did Bruce and John. A little riffle and we had lunch at what used to be an Indian site now defaced with three non-Indian tent frames. John managed to make the freshie in the walloping pot and while the guide and staff cooked the gang whooped it up at the table in one of the tents -- listening to Jeff and Kevin describe it as a bar with banana daiquiries. The Kam got fried as the wind picked up and the sun disappeared. We shoved off to paddle the lake-like area with a couple swifts and got back on the river again where the staff did not like the looks of the first rapid and suggested a side trip for an Indian portage route. To make a long story short, the rain started, no trail was found, and we started campsite hunting with the guide finally locating a spruce - jackpine stand on a knoll that

served adequately. John drew the dry wood. Pete helped a little with the dinner, but basically the guide and staff cooked. Greg appeared to do the traveler -- it only took two hours to bake. The fly went up just before the breadline got called as the rain came in fits and starts. Not only Bruce and Glenn went swimming, but some other fools as well. Then a prolonged shower at 10:00 which turned to drippy skies by 11:00. 66° in the tent at the time.

Sunday, July 24 -- The rain let up, but the temperature dropped to 42° in the tent at 6:00. The staff delayed a half hour until 6:30 before starting breakfast, but not much had dried. We rolled and got off slowly and weren't on the water until 8:40 as a result. At the rapid where we had turned back yesterday we scouted the right and finally cut a short portage across the island, that worked, even if it wasn't the best walking. Then a single file run to the next one -- with a normal portage trail, though everyone had to rush across and the windfalls never got cleared. A rush to load in the shallows followed, but we got off. Someone had preceded us down the river; two rolls of soggy bumwad left at the start of the carry. A short side trip investigated the water coming down from near Bellinger -- it looked reasonable at the end. Then on to the next one with a good trail also -- without windfalls this time. Then we got to paddle awhile without a terribly strong wind -- for a change -- but it was there. At the 3' rapid the normal run was out of the question so we searched for portages in various places, eventually cooking lunch on the right hand point and cutting a portage trail across it. Not good walking, but it worked. By now it was almost three, so it was a short run to the island rapid where again we cut a portage; this time over an ancient trail that someone had made years ago. Even if we had wanted to do so the Section A route near the rock island was out -- we couldn't run the rapid below anyway. For the future we checked to see if there was a trail on the other side -- no luck, but in the process we found a stand of jackpine and quit for the day since it was quarter to five. The staff drew wood, but for a change the wood crew sawed it -- mainly Pete. Jeff baked a corn bread for dinner with coaching from Glenn. Bruce got together most of the dinner. John managed to slice his hand while carving a pole to replace a lost one for his tent and the staff had to close it with butterflies. While the flow of blood was being halted, Pete sliced his finger working on the same pole. Glenn and Bruce snuck off to swim before dinner -- others followed afterwards. Iain baked the traveler, and then there was nothing left to do but stand around the fire making noise -- we even got off on the "Gong Show" and "Romper Room." The sunset was reasonable, but not spectacular. The temperature started to drop and was down to 58° by 10:00. Six days out and we are roughly where we should have been in three!

Monday, July 25 -- The sky wasn't great at 6:20 when the staff got up, but there were a few bright spots showing. We rolled and were on the water at 8:05 -- at least 77 was. The first rapid was run under misty skies. And at the last one it was sort of dripping and most rain gear was on. We paddled along toward the portage to de l'Hirondelle without the staff knowing it

until the guide located us on the map. We toured the portage and then the sun came out and lots of shirts came off. About 11:15 we spotted a pair of cabins and landed to investigate. Pretty new -- 1976 -- and well built of logs with a few outside helps like plywood floors and tin roofs. We toured the premise and shoved off only to be driven back by a thunder shower. The propane tanks still had a little fuel so we cooked lunch on the stove. We tried after lunch only to be driven back by wind. The canoes got landed on the sand beach on the north where there were at least 200 gallons of aviation gas and a helicopter pad, and we portaged over the hill to the cabins again. The staff tent and Glenn and Bruce's went up and Kevin elected the cook cabin while the rest went to the zoo cabin. A few went swimming off the sand beach, but it was windy and chilly -- but the sun came out occasionally. Grant baked the bannock on the outdoor fire while Bruce did most of the dinner indoors. Greg made the traveler -- a little dark. A few rain showers hit during the afternoon -- wetting Glenn's sleeping bag left out to air -- but the hail storm of lunch time was not repeated. Temperatures were never high, but dropped toward night. A rainbow appeared briefly, but otherwise the sky was dark to the west and south -- as usual. The zoo cabin fought bugs with Pic and spray and matches, and acted as expected. Along about 10:00 a few drops started to fall again with a temperature of 54° in the tent.

Tuesday, July 26 -- Another one of those days of which there have been too many this circuit. Rain and cold in the morning with no real prospect of great change. The staff got up and made pancake batter at 9:00 or close to it, and the rush occurred soon afterwards. Low 50's in the tent. The zoo got cleaned after last night's pyrotechnics. The weather continued just as poorly through lunch. A few trees got dropped -- we needed no wood -- gnawed like beaver and laboriously split to no real purpose. After lunch a little blue showed occasionally, but the wind rose and short rain showers hit at intervals. A few swims in cold water and cold air. Pete took care of the burgers. The guide baked an apple pie, and Bruce made a date cake for the traveler -- if we can get off at all. An almost complete rainbow after dinner with part doubled and a fair sunset even if not as spectacular as anticipated. The guide did a run of popcorn that got devoured instantly by those not interested in either the rainbow or the sunset. For slight compensation the propane lasted the day so only the baking had to be done outdoors.

Wednesday, July 27 -- For a radical change the staff got up at 6:00 and woke Kevin firing up the propane for breakfast that went smoothly -- the next visitor will even have some left -- how much is a question. The zoo got cleaned up of old match sticks and the cooking cabin got swept out, and we were on the water at 8:05 headed north with a pretty good west wind, though we had reasonable shelter. We paddled past a rapid at a narrows had we been going to Bardeliere and went north expecting the water to be coming toward us, but, no, it was with us, though the rapid on the west side of the island could not be run. Iain found the trail and we carried the 150 yards to a poor loading area. Just ahead a canyon-like run demanded the jackets, but no problem. Glenn spotted an owl as we came out of it and then we

paddled north through sparsely forested country with lots of rock and sand beaches. The staff delayed having lunch too long, and we ended on a rocky beach with the canoes safe on a nearby sand area. Bruce drew a couple pots of water and made freshie while Iain diced the cheese. Grant managed to spill most of the remainder of that jar of Coffeemate in the rush to get drinks. We got back on the water close to two and after fumbling a little found the Indian portage to a pond to avoid Mountain Peninsula. The second trail was better used. Glenn remembered an axe back at the last one so he and the guide paddled back to catch up as the rest finished the carry. Then we had to get out of the bay past the little top rapid. It could be lined, but cutting a portage across the point was going to be faster and easier, so the staff cut -- the guide was checking a bay. Jeff and John pressed the issue and rushed ahead with a bow-stern carry on the canoe. Once up the first swifts it was after 4:30 and time to stop, but it was 5:30 before the staff found a jackpine knoll and we quit. Bob drew three buckets of water for the first camper contribution toward moving the section -- other than paddling, portaging, setting up tents, and doing dishes and pots -- for the day. The staff cooked the dinner including both bannocks while the guide drew all the wood for the stay. Somehow all the axemen of yesterday had been lost. Some bathing got done in the ice cold water with Kevin the last long after the sun was off that part of the river.

Thursday, July 28 -- The temperature was up more than usual, and the staff laid the fire just after six with the sun showing orange. We got off at 8:05 and started east with the wind just coming up as we paddled out. The first stretch had nothing but some current but then we started up what were termed rapids coming down. A little piece had to be lined and the train got broken when John and Iain did not wait for the next canoe, went the way the staff had planned, but had not gone. The third canoe came late because Greg and Bruce got broadside on the only rock, lost a paddle which the guide caught, and took some water. Then we switched to the left side and next Kevin went overboard as his canoe was about to flip having been caught on rocks and went under water as the canoe went over him. For a while he clung to the stern with Bob already back there -- a little water taken. John and Iain went to the rescue of a floating paddle and then stood by and did nothing as Bob finally got Kevin close enough to shore to stand. We paddled past a beautiful stand of jackpine for a campsite -- the likes of which we don't seem to find. Then 77 had to be set adrift on another line as the bow got out in the current, but the stern swung right in, and the staff turned her around easily to try again. We got to the top about 11:45, but had to make the run into the portage against a terrible wind for lunch. The canoes went across while Iain and Pete cooked lunch -- and the friendly storekeeper's ice tea got downed. We decided to keep on. The windfalls in the trail finally got cut out on the last trip through. The run up to the next portage wasn't hard and we took out own trail. Trying to stay out of the wind we took the east channel that had barely enough water. Then we had the wind to blow us up rapids behind the islands. More wind than we wanted for sure at one of the little pitches where the guide led through a gut with gigantic rollers -- going our way. The staff

scouted a site, but we elected to go on up to the next bay. The site was worse. The only good feature; it was out of the wind. Pete baked and the staff cooked after Greg and Bruce drew wood and Iain and Kevin got rocks for the fireplace. Bob baked the traveler -- a considerable improvement over yesterday in terms of section help. A low flying Canso went over headed north about dinner time followed by 3 - 4 geese headed south soon afterwards. Some swims got taken in various poor spots as the wind continued and a few drops of rain fell about 10:00. Up to 72° in the tent at the time. This morning's macherel sky said we should get some wet.

Friday, July 29 -- Our wet did not come during the night as perhaps wished. A little sprinkle about 5 and another at 5:30, neither long nor serious. So the staff got up at 6:00 to a gray sky, but no moisture -- about 70° in the tent still. The weather did not look great, but for some reason we moved more rapidly than usual and 77 was on the water just before 7:45. The wind had just started up as we got together and paddled down to look at the narrows ahead. The swift could be paddled -- barely, and we started around the bay of the big one. We lucked out and just barely got through a narrow channel near shore to begin with and then had even greater luck and got through a narrow, shallow channel at the top -- on lines to be sure. Once up the rain started, not heavily, but still wet. And it was still coming down on the next one -- we had camped at the top and sun the south channel a month ago, but climbing back up those rapids was not going to be easy. We looked at a path around behind an island in front of the north channel and turned back because of a small chute. The staff scouted north and the guide south, with the guide finding a route around the middle chute, but it involved two portages that did not look easy. So back to the original idea; we lined the little chute and the staff plotted a short portage trail -- the walking was poor, but it was easier than any other way by far. We had to paddle a final rapid and the exploring was done. Off to the falls from Bellinger. Part way along Greg spotted the falls and corrected the staff's course and map reading. Everyone knew lunch was planned at the falls, except the crew of 32, and the guide sent Iain through with the jewelry which had to be recalled. Another poor staff decision. We should have plowed through. The rain had let up during the last paddle, but as soon as we decided to have lunch the drizzle started again. Our old wood started the fire, but Glenn's jackpine was wet and put it out, so the staff had to get something else and start again. Finally the burgers got done. Bob had to take Jeff's canoe over the portage -- sore back. Back on the road we paddled Bellinger -- into a head wind part of the rime with 77 with Glenn and 65 with Greg and Bruce dropping back to avoid listening to the idle babble going on between Jeff, Grant, and Bob -- with a good word from Kevin if any one paused for breath. The tent was welcome. The fly went up right away, and the tents took a little longer. Pete baked a cherry pie for dinner, and Bruce did most of the rest. The rain came down steadily and harder and the wind seemed to shift to the north as the temperature dropped about dinner time. A couple boxes that needed burning helped with a little drying by the fire after the guide did a run of popcorn. A couple backgammon games followed

by some argument about a fire or something -- at the tops of the lungs. 66° at 10:15.

Saturday, July 30 -- The swing to the north or northwest by the wind did the trick. The sun came up as it's supposed to do and stayed out all day -- with clouds of short duration passing over at intervals. The temperature never got terribly high, but the day was pleasant. Most of the gang was up early for a rest day for the guide's pancakes; at least the cereal wasn't made when Kevin showed up. The staff puttered at packing while some laundry got done. By lunch the wannigans were pretty well loaded -- 17 goes loaded again. Canned beans for lunch with Greg doing a charcoal bannock that came out in pieces. Some swimming and bathing in the sunny afternoon. Bruce started another bench and Greg a third that was more or less stable. Bruce added a back to this one which caused Kevin and Grant to add one to Bruce's first production. At five o'clock the fishermen suddenly got excited and had to take off to try their luck. Glenn made a corn bread for dinner -- no birthday cake for Bob -- and the guide did the rest with one pan of real fried potatoes left over from the advance party. Bruce made the traveler as the bench crew finished. Most of the extra boxes got burned in the afternoon and the cans got burned and disposed of. After dinner personal possessions got collected and extra cardboard disposed of. Packs promise to be a little bulkier and heavier this time. A lot of backgammon and gin otherwise with the usual noisy conversation at 10:00. A lot of horse trading for bannocks went on during the day for cigarettes or candy left from mid-season. 58° in the tent at 10:30.

THE TRIP OUT

Sunday, July 31 -- Island Rapids
Monday, August 1 -- Island Portage
Tuesday, August 2 -- Rupert Portage
Wednesday, August 3 -- Mistassini Islands
Thursday, August 4 -- Abatagush Bay
Friday, August 5 -- Mistassini Post
Saturday, August 6 -- Mistassini Post
Sunday, August 7 -- Chibougamau
Monday, August 8 -- Boat Line Bay
Tuesday, August 9 -- KKK

Sunday, July 31 -- The day dawned perfectly with the sun appearing just as the staff stepped out of the tent at 6:00. We were up and rolled in good time -- not much policing to be done. But the heavy dew left the fly and bush soaking wet, so the tent and fly did not come down till about 8:45. The tent got nicely rolled into an excellent portage load with the fly made into a tight package. But Pete pinched a nerve or muscle in his neck tossing up a wannigan and was out of action, so he transferred to the staff bow and got paddled to the portage after we shoved off about 9:15. Of course the wind had swung to the east or south -- it was never sure which -- although it was not terribly strong. The loads were already off by the time 77 arrived, and as the staff got only part way up the trail already people were coming back. We had an early lunch and 77 started off before dishes and things like that were done. The rest caught up just outside the islands and headed south, stopping at a narrows to send back a rescue canoe so Bruce could paddle 77's bow up a little swift. The wind picked up as we headed south -- mostly from the south or east while the clouds moved from the west -- strange, but most of our weather has been. Another rescue canoe came back at the narrows heading east and again Bruce ended up in the staff bow. The rest had been parked at a tent camp while the guide started looking for the portage which the staff had erroneously told him was on the island. At the end of the island once the staff was ashore he could see the landing on the north shore -- the guide was back in the bush by now. 77 took Glenn for Pete and went and checked -- having to paddle up good current to get there. Once sure it was right, Glenn walked back to help bring 32 up while Pete walked the shore and Wendy went along to swim in the fast water. The campsite had loads of tentsites, but also more blackflies than we had seen for ages. Greg and Bob split the wood collected at the fishermen's tent camp and the staff baked and the guide cooked with later aid from Bob. Grant made the traveler. The canoes all went across plus the tent, fly, and two wannigans so we each only have one load in the morning -- if we can move. The afternoon sky was a heavy mackerel one, and the sun pretty well disappeared once we hit the campsite -- at 5:30. A few drops fell about 9:00 from the east, while the clouds still moved in from the southwest, but nothing could be felt really in the sheltered tent area. A warm night, still 70° in the tent at 10:30.

Monday, August 1 -- The rain came as expected during the night and at normal rising was still misting and

looked terrible -- so the staff stayed in bed, of course. At 7:30 it looked as though there might be a break, but everything was still soaked, so the staff gave it another half hour before starting breakfast -- at which time it looked worse, but improved as the cereal water finally boiled. We got off just before ten and had to paddle up the preliminary to the portage -- with one line. Pete was able to swing a paddle for 77 this morning, but the neck still didn't work right. We paddled the lake-like area known as the Finger Lakes and looked for a portage in a bay before the fast water -- but found nothing. By now it was raining, so we pulled up the foot in the rain -- not easy -- and then paddled, poled, and scraped up to the top where we pulled up again -- not easy on people, canoes, or equipment. About a mile ahead the guide found a rock knoll for a lunchsite none too soon. The rain had stopped for a while, but we didn't quite get the fly up in time to avoid a little wet that blew in on the fire at intervals. The starch eventually got cooked nevertheless, and it cleared up enough by the time the dishes were done to try moving. The sky looked better at the end of the next carry around a heavy rapid, so we moved on -- it was now 4:30. But the top had to be lined, plus some swifts to paddle, and it was 6:40 when we pulled into the portage across the island. No campsite was available, so we had to make do at the west end with the kitchen in the loading area and tents on rock and moss -- John and Pete pitched with a bird's eye view of the fire. The staff baked, Iain did the traveler, and Pete cooked the rest. The guide and Greg got the dry wood -- somehow the axemen at lunch who had to drop trees and cut them up -- after lunch -- couldn't be found at night. John threw in a lure off the landing and soon had a nice trout. He loaned his rod to Jeff for another smaller one. A few others tried, but Greg and Jeff were the only ones to score. Pete added to his problems by coming up with diarrhea and hives simultaneously -- a horrible run on the first aid pills. The sunset was reasonable, but the weather did not look all that improved, though the fly poles the guide cut had not been used as of bed time. 56° in the tent at 11:00.

Tuesday, August 2 -- It was a cold one, and the staff refused to crawl out of the bag until 6:30 as a result. Pete was feeling better and took his normal place in rotation. The trout got cooked and devoured for breakfast and we were off about 8:30 with a few swifts to paddle. One the staff lined -- while others poled and paddled -- only to have the bow go out in the current too far at the top, and he had to run back and start over. The paddle to the rapid before the 900 yarder was not too tough, but we had to pause briefly to patch 65 to keep Iain and Glenn from sinking. The rapid before the portage had to be lined for about 400 yards and somehow while waiting to line, Iain and Glenn turned 65 over. A little wet, but no real damage done. The sky had started clear, but clouded over as we left the campsite, but the sun returned now. A lot of wet and semi-wet people at the top -- the guide had even taken an unwanted swim. Wannigans and clothes got dried at lunch at the top of the portage in a small area where 77 and 65 got more repatching. On loading after lunch Grant and Bruce managed to flip 36 for our second of the day. We've now turned three canoes over --

none in the course of real travel -- 3 1/2 if you count Kevin's departure from the bow, but that at least was while traveling. On to the 50 yarder -- more patches on 77. Past lots of gas cans left by hydro or someone. Then up the river against the current which wasn't too tough, and then to the final river pull after crossing the lake-like area with an uncooperative southwest wind. We got up the final stretch of current with crying dogs and pushy canoes with the guide finally telling Grant to give way. The final portage was crossed to the small campsite at the upper end where the tents finally fitted in. Pete did the bannock and most of the dinner after the guide drew wood. Greg baked an underdone molasses bannock for the traveler. Bed came early for most -- after Glenn and Bruce paddled off for a better swimming area -- Iain hadn't succeeded in catching all the leaches in the shallows at the site. Greg then decided to go fishing after the sun went down and returned with a couple small fillets about 10:30. But the big one still rose out front. 64° in the tent.

Wednesday, August 3 -- The night was chilly, and the mist hung low over the water at 6:30. 50° in the tent. Bruce and Glenn were up almost as soon as the guide and staff because of their close tent. Greg's fish got fried and we were off just before 8:30. The wind from the south or southeast was no real problem in a relatively warm day. We got to our evening campsite at the crossing by 11:30 -- now plastered with two orange signs that Bob took for tents on the way in. We had our last macaroni lunch and as the fire was laid, somehow the wind died completely. After starch it was still down, so we started across. Nothing changed -- still no wind. About a half hour out an Indian pulled up in his boat so his family could take pictures -- we thought it was the bandit for sure. A break at half way, and we were on the shore by 3:00 -- an hour and a half of paddling time. For the first day all summer pants and boots were off for the paddle, so some people picked up a little sun for a change. We plugged on for the Indian site where we had had lunch on the way out. It had been used since our last visit and the Indian had left his fish bones and trash around so it wasn't as nice as we remembered, but Glenn and Bruce had good swimming water -- so did a few others. Glenn made the bannock which the staff iced and the guide did the traveler. Greg split wood and Bob did a little. Somehow as usual those who swing axes at noon after the lunch wood is gathered never appear at night. After dinner practice for the Gunn Canoe Trophy suddenly got underway starting with flipping and ending with paddling. The wind rose a little and the sky did not look all that good as the guide did a couple, two, three runs of popcorn. 65° at 11:00.

Thursday, August 4 -- The staff was up and cooking at 6:30. The wind had dropped during the night, and the sky hadn't changed much. We got off at 8:05 -- a fast breakfast fire. But the south wind picked up almost immediately and the paddle across to the fishing camp at the head of the point was interesting. From there the paddle down the coast was boring if nothing else. One break turned into a rock skipping pause. Another 45 minutes and we were in the narrows after an Indian passed us with his family towing a canoe loaded with baggage.

Traffic got heavy. One camp was on the island just inside the narrows, another just south of our point -- which was vacant, but had been used since we were last on it and most of our poles were gone. Lunch got cooked after Greg drew a little wood and John even opened the bean cans! Bob got a little wood yelling at Iain to no avail to help him. Canoe 3 got a few patches and then we got hit with a good thunder storm that drove every one to the tents. Other storms had been playing around all through the early afternoon. As a result dinner did not get started until 5:45 when Bruce made our last pineapple upside-down cake. Pete fried the burgers, but the guide had to bake since no one else showed up to help. At one point Grant was even told to stay in his tent since nothing was ready. Another shower hit before dinner forcing the fly to go up and another after dinner. The last run of popcorn went after dinner -- and two wannigans got loaded with wood for camping at the Post. One of the Indian boats pulled in after dark, but the occupants wouldn't get out nor speak English. 65° in the tent at 10:15.

Friday, August 5 -- A brief heavy wind - rain storm hit in the middle of the night, but by morning the situation was similar to that a bed time -- wind light from the south and a fairly clear sky. The staff hoped something would dry and did not get up until 6:50 -- no luck, the sun was out but the trees to the east were too tall and thick. We got off in the neighborhood of 8:30 and made a quick inspection of the Indian camp to our south, now deserted as they had gone by headed north during breakfast. The wind started to rise and we angled over to the west shore -- not much protection; the wind was coming pretty much straight up the bay. But after the first break suddenly it died and we had an easy paddle south with shirts off and in shorts for the most part. About two miles from the narrows the wind started up again, but we made lunch on a minute gravel beach with no dry wood in reach since the staff was too far behind to change our target. Glenn and Greg managed to paddle out for a small piece, and Greg and Jeff got another even smaller piece plus picking up Grant's antlers cached on the way out -- which now Grant did not want and gave to Jeff. As we were about to start lunch the guide discovered the irons had been left at the campsite -- so the starch got cooked on green alder. By the time we were ready to leave -- it was a long lunch, our speedy Bob and Iain dish crew was on -- the wind was really up even to affect paddling the narrows. Bob's antlers were in two pieces -- not bits as Jeff reported earlier. The guide started jumping from bank to bank to find something to use for irons. But then the rain started. Rain gear came on and by the time 77 was ready the rest were off ahead as usual. 77 found a dry harbor in a deserted boathouse large enough for the full section, but every one else was so far ahead they would not answer whistles and yells -- so they sat in the rain while Bruce, the dogs, the staff, and 77 were bone dry. The rain finally let up and we paddled over to the site in a drizzle to put up the fly. The ones who always put up their tent first weren't much help as usual. The guide arrived with a twisted piece of metal that would serve nicely as irons and dinner got started. The poles had been redistributed in the bush since we were here last. Fireweed had grown up, but not in the grassy camping area, and

the raspberries were ripe. Pete helped cook dinner, a couple people split some wood, and Bob baked the traveler -- between rain showers. The Indian traffic from the south was heavy for some reason after dinner. (We later discovered they had been having water games down at the "beach.") The rain quit just before nine so the gang could assemble at the fire -- cigarettes being the greatest topic of conversation.

Saturday, August 6 -- The 6:00 sky looked terrible, but by 7:45 the wind had shifted to the north and the situation was considerably brighter. Kevin was up almost as soon as the staff. Pancakes for breakfast as usual on a rest day, but no cereal -- just coffee and fruit -- but two runs of batter. A couple canoes visited the Post, but only Bruce, Glenn, Pete and the staff got to the riflery competition where the men were shooting at balloons anchored in the narrows. They paddled back for lunch before the women's competition which was due before lunch. The wind had risen since rising and the water rolled white out in front for the crossings. After Spanish rice everyone went back to view other contests -- weight lifting followed by canoe portaging -- with some Indian methods that were somewhat different from ours -- we tried their flip later and decided it wasn't too bad. Then a husband-wife race to cut a block of wood, build a fire, and boil a small pot of water, which was actually the fastest moving race. The tump carrying followed -- the race not being run exactly as planned since no one said the loads had to be carried by the tump. Then a contestant had to get 500 pounds across a finish line -- done in various ways. The Indians then paused for dinner and we went back across for dinner. Iain did our last bannock slowly and in meager supply -- and Grant did the burgers! -- the meal otherwise being a guide-staff production. The Indian festivities were supposed to continue after dinner, but we missed them. Yesterday all the traffic we had heard and seen had been from the boating and swimming races down at what they call the beach. After dinner what light remained was used trying tumping canoes and flipping them but we made it to bed at 11:00 -- staff time of course which is only about 43 minutes ahead of the rest of the local world.

Sunday, August 7 -- A fine day for anything. The staff wasn't in much hurry, but the guide was up to mix the pancake batter and events took their normal course, and pretty soon we were on the water paddling across to the Post dock where all was quiet -- except for two Frenchmen who wanted to know if we worked for the government. As predicted loading the trailer took quite awhile with intricate lashings fashioned by the guide and staff. The Church bells sounded before we were done. Then a raffle to decide who went on the first trip -- Bruce, Glenn, Kevin, and John. The run to Chibougamau took a longer time than predicted -- three hours. The guide got a couple rooms at the Monaco while the staff with Glenn and Kevin went out to pick up the gear flown back from Bellinger by Fecteau and park the trailer at a motel. Back at Mistassini, as usual, there had been rain, but the last crew had been entertained by male and/or female Indian youths and sheltered under the store. It was close to five before all were together. The staff went

off to pack the trailer -- and clean up -- while the rest looked for dinner -- one gang even walking all the way out to the Fried Chicken Palace! The Bus Station opened at nine -- no real communication, but the bus leaves at 8:15 tomorrow and we got out mail -- which the staff delivered to the hotel, and then departed for the quiet of the motel with the dogs.

Monday, August 8 -- In some pockets the meal money had not lasted long, and there was some desire for an economical breakfast spot. We made it to the bus in time -- but without a great deal of margin of error. Bruce and Pete 'volunteered' to drive. Bus and car-trailer passed each other several times through the on-again-off-again rain. The bus crew just made a grocery store in time for their planned community sandwich meal as the car was already headed south toward Temagami. The trailer got into town about 8:00, and after a quick snack -- Bruce was operating at about 60% efficiency -- down to Boat Line. The trailer got almost unloaded before the staff had to head back to town for the bus group. Bruce and Pete found beds on the concrete floor of the storage shed -- the planned old office was now an outfitting storage area and unavailable. In two loads the rest got down from town to find similar sleeping arrangements.

Tuesday, August 9 -- Section A pulled in during the wee small hours of the night -- Wendy didn't like them sleeping on her dock when the staff started us up the lake. We got our gang on the water first -- they had to cope with the death rack canoes sent down for them. Iain and the staff just barely beat the paddlers to the breakfast site using the red canoe and towing 77. Bacon and scrambled eggs -- Wendy didn't toss pine needles into the guide's breakfast this time. A lot of bathing in water that people found strangely warm. Up the shore, past Section A breakfasting on Long Island, and when it came time to park the red canoe, there on the last possible campsite before Seal Rock was a section. So we waited. Then a foreign outfit pulled off from Seal Rock, but all together, we made the dock -- getting some of the attention reserved for Section A yet to come. Our explorations were over -- the pots had to be cleaned, but that was the afternoon entertainment -- plus the Gunn Canoe Contest -- where Glenn took 3rd place.

END