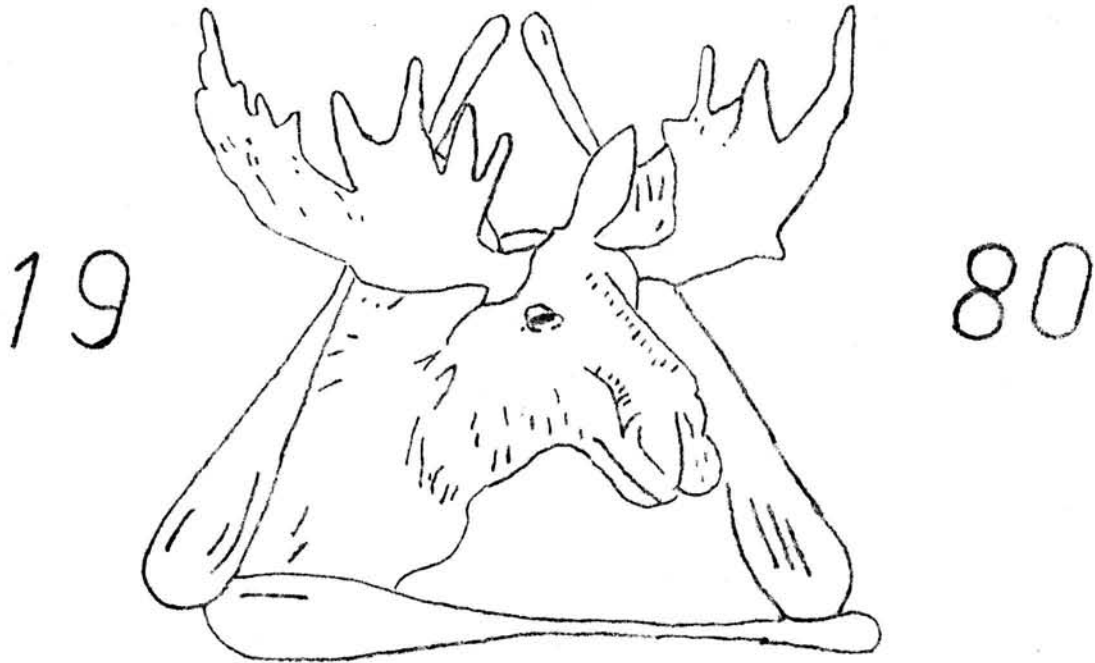


KEEWAYDIN

SECTION E

Quebec



6 -- 22 -- 32 -- 76 -- 113 -- 119

Dave Eddy

Evan Freedman

Tom Hazen

Dave Lamarche

Steve McMillin

Bob Page

Doug Roby

Chris Vance

Jeff Wulfman

Alan Yost

Heb Evans, Staff

Fred Porter, Guide

Wendy -- Tinker

June 25 - August 11, 1980

ADVANCE PARTY

Wednesday, June 25 - Sunday, June 29 -- The advance party with Dave Lamarche, the staff, Wendy, and Tinker pulled out along with Marshal, Innse, and Thistle about ten o'clock. Section A canoes, 6, 22, and the red canoe were loaded on the trailer, and the group headed off for Kawawagama and the base camp. After running numerous time-consuming errands, while having a cup of coffee in Hearst, Bill Carpenter and Jeff Gilbert pulled in headed home after taking Section B's canoes to Armstrong only to find the town on a 12-hour alert to evacuate because of a forest fire blazing out of control south of town. They thought better of chancing leaving the canoes and elected to evacuate themselves. On to Long Lac for the night. A brief stop at the Ministry office in Geraldton informed us of a fire ban in Nipigon and Geraldton, but Section A was already on the train. After a rough trip in to Auden the Section A canoes were delivered to Toronto Lake and the E group went back out blowing a trailer tire in the process which delayed the trip west. Passing through Thunder Bay at midnight, Dave and the staff first heard of another fire blocking the road from Ignace to Savant Lake, but not knowing the particulars they went on -- saved by a friendly gasoline operator who filled the tank at 1 AM. The news in Ignace was discouraging -- no way to get in and no prospect of the fire being controlled soon. So back to Temagami. A final night at Kapuskasing and then the Major picked up the Advance Party in midafternoon of the 28th. The staff headed to his island to invent a Quebec trip instead -- trying not to conflict with the Section B plans in the process. By noon of the 29th he had a lazy S route picked, starting at Obatagama and ending at Senneterre -- one part a little vague since the best map available was a road map. But with better ancient maps at camp it looked ok. The outfitting did not need much change so the first leg wannigans got done up by early evening. The Major added 113, 119, 76, and 32 to the pair still on the trailer and by the night of the 29th everything was pretty much in readiness in spite of the short notice.

[illegible]

OBATAGAMAU - CHIBOUGAMAU RIVERS

Monday, June 30 -- KKK
Tuesday, July 1 -- Obatagama Lake
Wednesday, July 2 -- Obatagama Lake (2nd Part)
Thursday, July 3 -- Lake Muscocho
Friday, July 4 -- Rapid out of Lake Muscocho
Saturday, July 5 -- Rest
Sunday, July 6 -- Falls before Lac de la Presquille
Monday, July 7 -- 6 Miles down Obatagama River
Tuesday, July 8 -- South of Railroad
Wednesday, July 9 -- Middle of 2 Mile Rapid
Thursday, July 10 -- Rapid past Lac Coeur-Pendant
Friday, July 11 -- Before Double Rapid on Chibougama
Saturday, July 12 -- Chibougama Falls
Sunday, July 13 -- Above Waswanipi Village
Monday, July 14 -- Opawica Lake
Tuesday, July 15 -- Rest

Monday, June 30 -- The rest of the gang trickled in on the various boats shuttling people back and forth from Boat Line, but by mid-morning all were gathered and alerted to the change in plans. Some reorganization of personal packs was necessary, but shortly after dinner all was done -- except Tom's letter.

Tuesday, July 1 -- Dominion Day. Packs were rolled before breakfast, but Chris could not get his into the duffle and Tom and Steve claimed they did not know it was rising time and got a bite of breakfast. The first boat down driven by Jim Montroy arrived at Boat Line just as the bus did. The other boats straggled down, but the first crew had already loaded the bus. The canoes went on the trailer pulled by the staff car and accompanied by Jeff and Bob -- and Wendy and Tinker of course. The guide chaperoned the bus group. Rain started along about New Liskeard. We went for lunch at Noranda-Rouyn. More rain to Senneterre where eventually contact was made with Fecteau and the second and third leg boxes got dropped off. More rain. We dropped Section B off about 6 PM at Waswanipi River in a large abandoned Indian site and kept going northeast. The staff stopped to get fishing licenses while the bus went on to Chapais. Still raining. A stop to get a bite at Chapais while the staff car had to make a side trip to Chibougama for gas. By now the gang was out of money so the staff pitched in and the bus therefore pulled up at the crossroads well after the staff car was ready to go. But by now it was so late anyway it made little difference. Fortunately the rain quit. Slowly we probed the road in to Obatagama looking at several possible put-ins, eventually turning the bus at the Obatagama Lodge and heading back to a previously looked-at launch site where someone already had a car parked. It looked better on second sight. The bus went off after unloading. Camp went up by the light of the staff car lights. Poles cut -- all six tents went up in various degrees of suitable pitch. Ralph was ready to leave only to find the staff battery too low. In a few minutes the battery in the sport's car was taken out and the staff battery jumped, and Ralph went off to join Ralph, Jr. back with Section B. The gang settled in amidst much talking and the staff candle went out at 3:10.

Wednesday, July 2 -- Jeff was up and rolled, but the staff and guide did not crawl out until 9:30 to a reasonably warm, sunny day. Breakfast cooked slowly on poor wood. The tents came down and everything got wrestled to the water and finally loaded and we shoved off about 12:30. Shirts were soon off. After the second break the staff looked ahead to a rock island, hoping it would be a campground. No luck; too well-used and too small for us. On we went, and immediately took a side trip into a thin bay which wasted some time. But then the point we wanted which was the '64 site had a tent on it -- probably our car driver whom we had seen heading for the landing just after we shoved off. The Obatagamau Lodge was also observed from afar at the same time. Now it was time for lunch, but nothing showed up that was at all usable. We bounced back and forth among islands looking for anything, but had to keep going. A couple fishermen pulled up to our exhausted paddlers and offered advice on campsites -- none of which were very practical. Finally at 5:00 the staff found an Indian site that would do -- but no swimming. The bread supposedly for lunch went as a before-dinner snack. Dave Eddy drew and cut most of the wood. Basically the guide and staff cooked with Doug doing the traveling. Some fishing with a pike brought back by Chris which the staff partially filleted and then the guide polished her off. Jeff brought in a pike and a small walleye which he cleaned. Finally the tents filled and the noise died down.

Thursday, July 3 -- The staff slept in until 6:30, and we got on the water about 8:45 after the fish got cooked. A fair south wind blew against us for awhile as Chris steered all over the lake. Bob woke up the loons with his imitation of a cry. The wind turned to a tail-wind as we headed north to a river-like section. The fishermen's suggested campsite at the rapids proved to be a cabin -- the rapids were just swift water. Then listening to the sounds of large machines we paddled up to a bridge with a rapid underneath which had to be lined. Soon below we ran our first poorly with Chris and Tom broadside and a couple others bouncing off rocks. Another short lining at an island rapid and one last one at the bottom and we knew we were through because of parked boats. A bit farther down we found a tiny lunch site that was crowded, but worked, for a late meal. Not much farther on the bay off Lake Muscocho opened up and the wind increased. Chris and Tom stopped and the rest held up while the staff and Alan found a campsite on an island that would do in spite of poor swimming -- the wind was too much. We camped early as a result and got everything in order with Dave Eddy, Jeff, and Alan doing the loin's share of the wood work. Storms threatened, but none came as three boat loads of fishermen went by. Steve made the bannock while Dave Lamarche did the chili and the guide chopped up potatoes and carrots. The chips took awhile and in the interim most of the section found a swimming spot -- with Bob complaining of cramps in the cold water, but the others survived. Dinner over we turned to tumping the canoes finally, and the operation was just started as a heavy shower hit forcing the fly up rapidly -- with some arriving just after it was all up. The shower passed soon and the sun came out briefly with a rainbow. The canoes were finished and the tumps tested. The fishermen tried from shore with little success and finally the canoes went out. Bob brought in a pike which was cleaned for breakfast to end the evening 65° in the tent..

Friday, July 4 -- 65° in the tent at 6:20 when the staff finally got up. A clear, blue sky with only a light wind. Only one pan of fish, but the packs had to be tumped, and we did not get off until 8:40. The wind picked up from the west - northwest - or north -- in other words a headwind and the air was cool in the breeze. Muscocho showed more rock and tiny sand beaches than we had seen before and even an occasional jackpine. At times the section was too well strung out with 32 in the rear most of the time. We more or less hopped from island to island to point to stay out of the wind as much as possible. Nothing eventful to lunch on a small one-tent site with nothing to advertise it, except that it worked. The afternoon was more of the same as we started looking for campsites as we neared the river finding a workable stand of jackpine before going on. Alan discovered a pretty good one on the final point before the rapid. 32 went down to look at the rapid and check for portage trails. A couple signs of old trails, but a lot of clearing would be needed to make them work. The guide went for dry wood after landing the section so when the staff got back everything had to be straightened out. Tom was already fishing walleye off the point -- getting one. Dave Lamarche did the bannock while the guide did the curried chicken and Dave Eddy diced onions and put up the beans. The staff puttered with the fire as the fishermen tried their luck off the point to rising fish. A stop to put Evan's reel together. After dinner many headed for the rapids where more shouting went on than the success warranted. Steve got a 5-6 pound pike, the rest a couple carp and a walleye. At the beginning of the fishing the guide paddled Dave Lamarche back with a hook in his lip which the staff had to cut off and pass through while Dave bore the pain. A few swims off a reasonable rock and the fish got cleaned and eventually the tents filled after a mackerel sky went over. 66° in the tent. No fireworks for the 4th.

Saturday, July 5 -- No way. The mackerel sky did us in for sure. Rain started slowly and steadily about 5:00. The staff had no notion of getting up and the section had read the pre-trip letter and no one else stirred either. Finally at 10:30 out of a guilt feeling the guide and staff got up and pitched the fly from poles on the adjacent beaver house. They proceeded to cook breakfast and everything was done before the first customer appeared. Quantities of fish from last night got cooked along with pancakes and by the time the batter was down to the bottom of the pan the baking powder had lost all its punch. Finally the dishes and pots got done. The beaver house provided wood for the day as the pea soup boiled away. Lots of sleep even with complaints of leaking tents -- perhaps caused by some of the pitches. Finally about 5:30 the rain quit and the fishermen -- everyone -- went out to get more walleye to add to those Jeff still had on a stringer. The staff baked the cherry pie and the cabbage got done. We planned to use Alan's mother's recipe, but discovered we had to bake the finished dish and so had to give up in favor of boiling. The guide was weary of cleaning fish by the time it was over, but all the walleye got eaten and along about 8:45 the dish crew started. Chris hooked the largest pike of the trip so far, but Steve had to bring it in. Jeff holds the record so far for walleye. The pots took longer, but everything was put

up by about 9:45. The sky cleared, but the clouds to the north looked suspicious. 54° in the tent.

Sunday, July 6 -- The staff let things dry until 6:30, but the ground in front of the fly was still soggy. Tom and Steve got up too late for Steve to clean the fry pan from the fish of last night, so the eggs could have been done without such dark bacon color. The staff elected to cut a portage at the rapid, which went quickly. But then short rapids followed at frequent intervals until Steve and Dave Eddy flipped in a relatively easy one where the bow got pushed into an eddy while the stern was in the river. A little wet macaroni. The pudding gone, but worst of all the cereal baby got wet. Actually losses were relatively minor, but we may have a few lumps to contend with. We then ran down to another eddy, though not the way the staff wanted it, and lined to a short portage cut up and over a hill to avoid the heavy rapid at the bend. On to another heavy one which was passed by lining a little side creek, lifting over a small falls, paddling a beaver pond, and cutting our way to a slippery, rocky side-channel lift-over. By now the sky had clouded over and it was well past lunch which finally came on a small cleared area while the staff cut another 150-yarder. By now it was about 3:15 or later as we moved on to another one that required a longer trail-cutting job with much less acceptable walking. By now Tom had taken Bob's canoe on the last two portages. It was 6:10 when we reached the falls after traveling about 3 miles all day. A beaver cleared area at the head of an already cut portage -- that needed some work -- made do as a campsite. Dave Eddy and Alan drew the wood and the staff manufactured most of the dinner while Tom did the traveling. The wet baby and wannigan were gone over, but no much dried in the cool evening. Finally the inane conversation quit and the tents filled to quiet down by 11:00 ready for a cool night.

Monday, July 7 -- A bitter cold night, and an equally cool morning. Heavy mist down on the river, but it was the temperature that kept the staff in bed until 6:45. 51° when the staff rolled. We rolled a little faster this morning because Steve and Tom got up, but it still took awhile for everything to get across the portage, and the guide's canoe beat most of the section. Some horseraces followed until it was obvious the lake was opening up. The staff went to find the portage from Muscocho -- reasonably well-walked -- we could have saved considerable time had we taken it! Very little wind blew as we went up the channel or narrows to Lac de la Presquille, and the sun was now quite warm. We encountered one boat load of non-talkative fishermen and then pulled over to the west shore. The section headed for a sand-beach lunchsite while Evan was forced to paddle the staff up to the water pumping station -- stopping at an Indian site on the way to see a 20-25 pound sturgeon lying in the water off their dock. The closest telephone was Chapais so Evan got stuck with the dogs while the staff grabbed a ride with two fishermen just leaving and called Fecteau to move our resupply date to the 14th. He walked back about half way and was then picked up by an elderly French couple -- probably having been gone an hour and a quarter. 32 went back to find lunch ready to go on. The rest had had a

swim off the sand beach while the bags and food from # 7 and the baby that went over yesterday were drying. Lunch done, we took off, only to have the staff discover the river flowing out just behind the site -- and was informed, "Oh, yea, there's a portage trail right out of the lunch site to the river; take the left fork." So back we went and portaged across around what was supposed to be a 3' rapid. A little run-off had to be negotiated to get out of the eddy where the canoes were loaded. Chris carried his canoe for the first time, although his technique needs some improvement. A few small horseraces followed and then the river settled down to a fairly wide stream. A couple duck families were encountered, but that was all. A few Indian sites along the way and lots of blazes for mining claims? A couple hours later the lead canoes yelled loudly as they spotted a nice flat, cleared area, so we pulled up about 4:45 to a pretty good river campsite -- even with deep water at shore for swimming. Jeff made the dinner bannock while Dave Eddy manufactured the chili. Evan and Dave having drawn the wood. Steve eventually got the traveler done. The sky by now had darkened -- not really clouds -- and the blackflies were in evidence. A good number of baths after dinner -- not without some shouting to drive away the cold water. The bugs forced an early bed-time with people complaining of being tired -- not that we had really done much during the day -- but at least the reoutfitting deadline no longer hangs over our heads -- if the food holds out.

Tuesday, July 8 -- A brief shower about 2 AM and then a good storm about 4 AM which collapsed Steve's and Tom's tent which they had to set to rights. The staff delayed getting up until close to 7 with the clouds looking uninviting. The fire refused to cooperate and the irons were too high so at least half were rolled before even the coffee was ready. Bob brought up the tail even after Alan went to wake him. The sky cleared a little, and we were off about 9:15. After some more quiet water two long rapids were run without trouble playing follow-the-leader after the guide and staff scouted. Then about 11 or so we hit a long one that could not be taken. A portage trail had been noted at the beginning, so after walking the rapid the guide and staff walked back in from the foot, getting caught in a rain storm in the process. By the time the landing was cleared and the canoes up out of the water they each had water well over the ribs. As the carry was finished the rain let up. The guide went across the way to set up lunch on what the staff thought looked like good land -- it really wasn't, but the Spanish Rice got done anyway just as a short shower hit. The fly was strung on a rope to let us stay dry to eat, and then it quit again with strong winds and the sky alternately showing blue and unattractive clouds. A long rapid took a long time to scout -- followed by a shorter one with a narrow channel between two rocks. Then we settled down to paddle with the wind kicking up a little even on a narrow river punctuated by a few short horseraces. Just as we came off the last major rapid two trains passed near the river -- although we still did not know where we were. A helicopter went back and forth over us several times during the day also. Then a sort of straight west paddle looking for a campsite. Everyone but the guide and staff wanted a clear, sandy area at the end of a road down from

the railroad -- we moved on. Finally at 5:50 we took a small Indian site to make do. With the guide splitting, the usual people drew wood, and the usual people rushed to put up tents. Dave Eddy put up the corned beef and then Jeff took over and did the scoloped potatoes and beans while the staff baked. Dave Eddy did the traveler. We survived the last meal with Steve and Chris on dishes and rushed to put it all to bed so we could follow -- and for once the campsite was quiet early. The wind still blew, the sky was uninviting, and the night promised to be chilly, but the tent was a toasty 58° shortly after 10.

Wednesday, July 9 -- The staff was up a little earlier than usual to a reasonably clear day -- or rather it cleared after breakfast. The staff canoe was on the water at 8:15 for our earliest start. The day turned warm as we paddled along a dull section of river with nothing eventful to break the paddle. Then the right shore turned out to be clearcut by a logging company, although the river bank was left untouched. A canvas-covered camp was passed after the river from Dickson came in and then we ran an easy rapid under the logging company's bridge. The railroad bridge was passed and the stretch to the north was no different than the earlier part of the day. Hunger pains were setting in so the staff pulled up at an inferior area to cook setting the fire where really no fire should have been laid. A loud -- as usual -- discussion of war persisted through the cooking and died out momentarily when Steve dumped a pannikin of tea into the lunch wannigan. Back on the river we passed a couple Indian sites that would have been better and then ran two heavy, short pitches by running the shores. The river turned south and a series of horseraces followed until we were blocked by a heavier rapid that guide and staff judged unrunnable. Then the search for a portage trail. The staff thought he had it on the right side, but it quit in a bunch of windfalls -- some caused by beaver. We tried the other side, rescouted the rapid, and even looked upstream finding nothing, while the experts left with the canoes announced they'd run it -- not having looked at any of it of course. The staff finally made the decision and started cutting on the right side where the trail was first assumed to be. It was awful: over, under, and through windfalls with walking on scraggly bush and soft moss. Bob of course gave up his canoe, but he wasn't the only one -- the guide took 32 through for the staff also. By now the sun was sinking rapidly. The staff led off in the horseraces to follow, running almost blind in fading light. He took the wrong side of a rock and ran into shallows, but got through although a few following got hung up well with Evan and Steve having a narrow miss. Doug and Bob came even closer. The staff halted as the river swung right and got rougher. No way to go on, so we crawled ashore and threw up a camp. Wonder what someone following who finds it will think! Those who always rush to set up tents, rushed -- and were probably last set up. Jeff made both bannocks and Dave Eddy cooked the rest of the meal while the guide drew wood and the staff stood around. The dishes and pots got done somehow and the last cocoa drinkers quit as the bannock came off. Guide and staff crawled into sleeping bags at 11:15. About 650

in the tent. The flies all afternoon and evening had been perfectly horrible.

Thursday, July 10 -- The day did not look great, but there was no way we were staying where we were. The staff gave us an extra half hour's sleep over what has been usual and then went off to scout having to walk about 2/3 of a very long run before coming back. Rain started lightly as we began the run -- while the staff upset some by not letting them run in rain suits. We caught an eddy on the way because the staff got cold feet running blind. But the rest worked OK, and we were finally out. The rain started more seriously as we finished the run -- 11:00. We paddled on in the rain, alternately heavier and lighter until it finally quit about 12:30. Just before the first lake an Indian site turned up, and we pulled in for starch. Drugs was the topic this time for the loud discussion. The balsam fire was slow, but the starch got done with Dave Eddy getting everything together. Then Bob and Dave Lamarche puttered with the dishes, and we finally shoved off at 2:30 into a heavy south or west wind -- depending on where we were headed. We clipped the tops of the lakes still with the wind as Tom and Steve played destroyer with their canoes. As we left the last lake a rapid could be heard ahead -- and the canoes were ready to drift down on it until the staff made them pull to shore. He started looking portage and found an Indian winter site instead. We'd take it unless there were a better one on a portage trail on the other side. No trail there, so we unloaded just as a thunder shower started in. The loads up, the fly went up with Jeff's on the guide's shoulders to tie the ridge -- of course those who always put up tents first were little help. The loads went under the fly and the tents went up in pouring rain. While the guide, staff, and Dave Eddy cooked dinner those in the back kept up their idle chatter, keeping Wendy warm and dry in the process -- Tinker dug her own hole for protection from the thunder and lightning -- one violent clap getting a jump from Chris. The staff finally banished Tom, Steve, and Bob to keep his sanity and finish cooking. The rain stopped before dinner and while the weather never really cleared, it was dry for the latter part of the evening as more inane chatter went on while Dave Eddy baked the traveler -- and cleaned out the jewelry and straightened the wannigans. It was too wet to scout, but the far side looked like it might be run. Traffic on the Chibougamau road could be heard in the distance.

Friday, July 11 -- It really was yesterday, but Evan woke the staff at 11:30 to come see tentmate Dave Lamarche who'd been sick. Nothing to do but clean up and get back to bed -- the stars were out. But at 5 AM the rain started and kept up almost continuously until 10 AM. The staff thought there was a break at 8:15 and started to get dressed, but soon thought better of it. We cooked breakfast and ate with only a few sprinkles. When all was washed, a few patches of blue had gone over, so the staff called to roll and we broke camp -- Steve and Tom the last ones done of course. Bob was feeling poorly and Evan soon complained. We paddled over behind the island and it started to rain again just as we ran the rapid. The weather helped not at all as we ran further horseraces

while the wind picked up a little -- a headwind most of the time. We moved steadily ahead until the staff suspected a ledge -- and was right, and we had to come down slowly one at a time to lift over -- which would have been more rapid had people other than Alan and Doug helped the staff get the trailing canoes over. Then a final set of horseraces which terminated in a C-shaped run off. Dave Eddy and Bob running fifth missed the V badly and wound up on a rock with Dave getting thrown out to grab the canoe. The guide and Jeff tried to help and ended up on the rocks also. Both walked their canoes back up until they could paddle back to get in the run. It would have made a nice picture watching the canoes come through if anyone had had a camera out -- and the weather had been better. Finally we made the Chibougamau, but there was no place to stop. A rapid showed and the staff landed in the shelter of a rock point to cook lunch -- roughly 5 PM. 113 got dumped with Dave Eddy taking an unscheduled swim, but the wannigan did not go in with him. The dish crew was faster, and while we ate some blue came over, but not for long. We ran the rapid and then settled down to fight the wind -- which made running the rapid difficult. A large camp of some kind showed up behind some large islands, but we took the short way by. A couple halts to wait for lagging canoes, and we got to the double rapid. The staff took awhile scouting to find the portage around the second one -- we would have to slip down the right shore to reach it. But no campsite at the head of it, so we paddled back to a poplar point which had once been used by a lone Indian and made do in the bush. Doug made the bannock while Dave Eddy put up the ham. No starch -- we are out of potatoes -- so one of Bud's breads filled the void -- or more than filled it. Bob took to his tent. Tom put most of the traveler together which the staff finished. The fire was the one bright spot with good poplar that the guide, Steve, Tom, and Alan had drawn. We almost got it all put up before dark, but not quite as Tom still had the reflector to do, though the traveler came off well before dark. The guide and staff crawled in at 10:20. 54° in the tent with the wind still blowing erratically.

Saturday, July 12 -- No way. The wind was gusting, the morning was wet and cold to say the least. 50° in the tent. The staff refused to budge. And so the morning went with wind gusting in on the site. Finally at 11:00 the staff was shamed into getting up. Only pancakes and coffee for breakfast, but as they were getting cooked, the sky broke. Those under the weather yesterday seemed to have recovered. We rolled and dropped the tents -- waiting on Steve and Tom, and headed down to the portage -- with 113 with Dave Eddy and Alan coming within a gnat's eyelash of going over. The trail was wet from yesterday's rain, but we eventually got across -- even if the staff had to rest and Tom took Bob's canoe. Afterwards the river flowed quickly with horserace kinds of rapids read from the canoe. One rocky island set required a moment of scouting, but otherwise everything else was done from the canoe until we came upon an island with a heavy cascade to the right of a less violent one on the right. We searched high and low for a portage -- having our lunch of bannock and canned fruit in the process. The staff finally elected to run the left side with misgivings. But only 113 went over -- Dave Eddy and Alan. They got to shore and dumped -- one paddle lost and Alan's pack pretty wet as

later discovered. We went ahead and ran the following heavy horseraces -- and they got hung on another rock and had to hop out and get to shore and dump again. More horseraces to one with good swells leading to a wide stretch with an ominous sounding one ahead -- a falls. The staff tried a bay way back, but the portage was right where it should have been. The campsite at the top was tiny, but it was after 6:00 so we made do. Steve did the bannock while Dave Eddy took care of the creamed chicken. Chris made the traveler. After dinner a few went to do some trail clearing, but Evan came back to get his shin butterflied after cutting himself with the axe. Alan tried to dry some of his equipment by the late fire. 65° in the tent.

Sunday, July 13 -- Mist down over the river of course as the staff crawled out at 6:00 to a chilly morning. The early birds complained of a cold night -- 50° in the tent when the staff got up. Of course Steve and Tom made it to breakfast last. The guide went across first to do some cutting fortunately, and what the staff thought was going to be 400 yards turned into 3/4 of a mile as a cascade followed the falls. But shortly after nine it was all over, and in the process the day had turned unbearably warm. Shirts soon came off everyone but Dave Lamarche -- who did not want to get a 'heat rash.' The current moved us along with a few small horserace V's. Then came one that required a portage over a rocky creek bed which took little time. The last one was slipped by in shallows on the left, and it was clear sailing to the junction. We turned up the Opawica for a mile to a lunchsite that had once been a single-tent site, and the heat of the day and the sand beach found everyone in for a swim but Chris and the staff who was cooking. With instruction Chris and Steve washed the dishes, and we were off up the river about 2:00 or so. Soon the first heavy rapid where the old map said we should portage -- helped not at all by the fact that the Hydro line came across. We searched high and low with no luck -- Tom (of course) getting covered up with sand by the waiters. About 6:00 the staff called it quits -- we could not make the reoutfitting by tomorrow by going up the rapids and doing it all on our own. Back to the lunchsite to make camp where the guide got dinner cooked while the staff and Steve paddled down to the Waswanipi Band Village to see what to do. By luck they ran into one of the workers in the Band Council who offered to get us a couple trucks for tomorrow to Opawica Lake, and we tried to call Fecteau to get them in during midafternoon. Eventually Tom and Steve got a tent up after the town trip got back, and it was all put to bed by 10:15. New tenting pairs with Dave Eddy and Bob -- Jeff and Chris. The giggles kept up late as letters got written. 72° in the tent at 10:30 -- down to 71° by 11:00.

Monday, July 14 -- The staff was up at 6:00, awakened by a squirrel trying to get under the fly. A few rain drops fell before then but nothing serious. Cream of Oats for breakfast. We got rolled and off reasonably rapidly with the staff canoe held up by Chris and almost last off -- except for Tom and Steve. We were up in the Village waiting for the store to open by about 8:20. One local came out to converse and took the guide over to show him a map of the trapping territories --

our informant just existed on welfare, the map was his father's. Our helpful Indian from the Band Office came by and started lining up trucks for us. The store opened a little early and what money we had got spent -- they even took the American bills. We paddled over to the other side to meet the truck which took five of the canoes, a station wagon kind of car with trailer that took the sixth and luggage, and finally another station wagon. The Indians drove with little concern for the pot holes in the road and then turned off onto a lumber road, and soon back dirt roads, somehow finding their way to the lake at a shack occupied by a couple men from Ohio and a lad -- fishing with good success for walleye. We paid off the Indians -- the truck now had a tire going flat -- loaded up and started campsite hunting. On the west side of the island, where we were supposed to be there were a couple tents of Indians camped on the only likely looking sand-beach point, so eventually we located a beach on the north shore not very far away and cut out our own. Chris collapsed in the sand with stomach pains almost as soon as we landed. The kitchen got cut out and set up and a lunch of chili cooked up -- which was all we really had in the wannigans at this point. Chris continued to complain as the others put up tents, washed clothes and went swimming since the weather had cleared up considerably. The wind started to rise in the process. Eventually Chris moved back into his tent which was now up -- getting him out of the bugs a little. We spread the fly to signal the aircraft and the wind continued to rise. Shortly after 4:00 the plane appeared apparently headed right for the Indian camp on their sand beach, and it sounded as though it landed and then took off again, circled the island, made a wider circle right over us, apparently without seeing us, disappeared for awhile, and then circled back, spotting us this time, and coming in. The boxes came off in a couple empty canoes, walked out by people in shorts. The staff and Chris and his gear got ferried out to the plane and they took off for Senneterre.

The boxes got stored -- no mail for anyone except the staff -- and the wind continued to rise as the evening went on necessitating tying down the fly.

The staff and Chris stopped at the Senneterre doctor's establishment for a short while and then took an ambulance ride to the Val d'Or hospital with a strong suspicion of an appendicitis attack. After tests and so forth it was decided to wait until morning to see what to do.

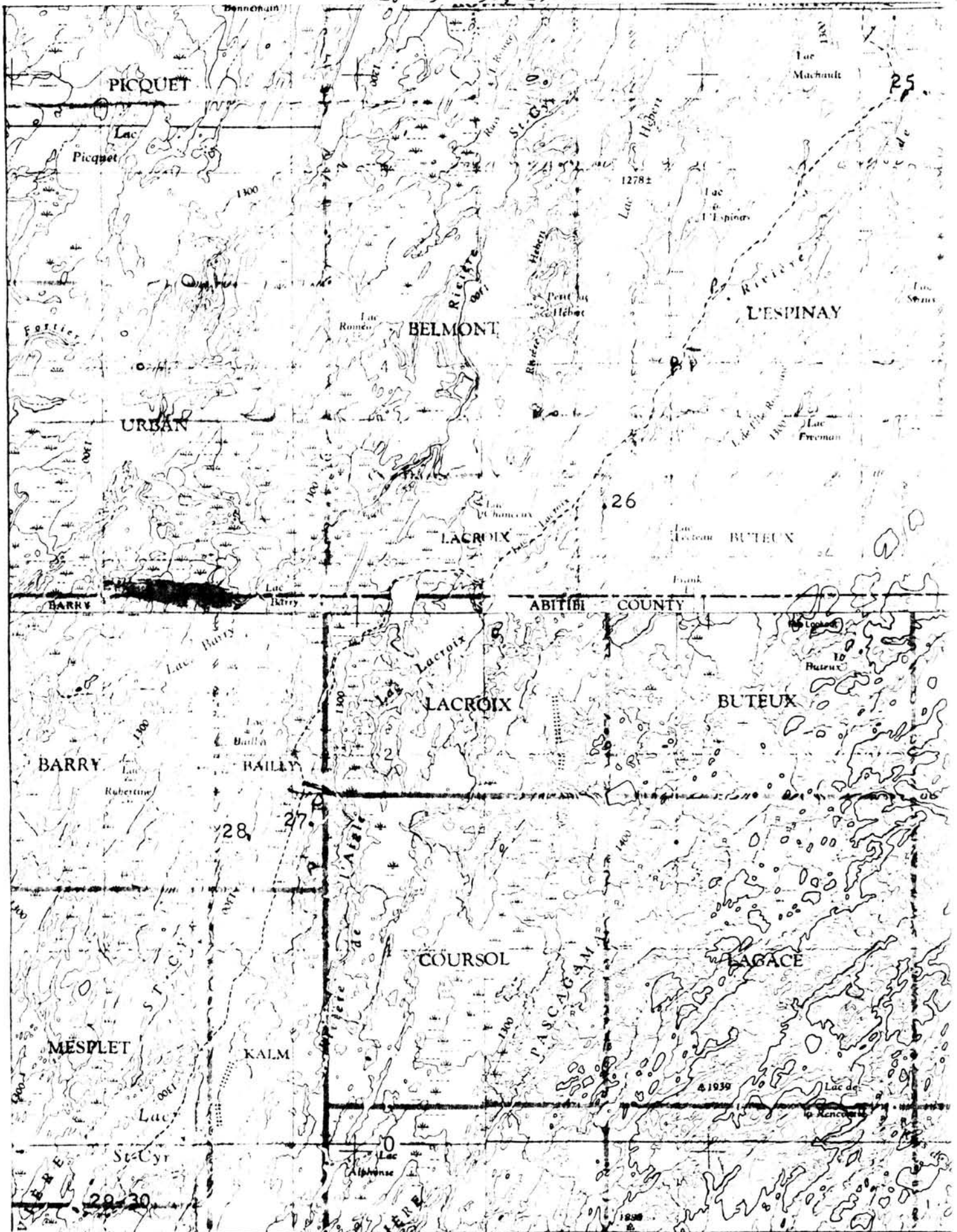
Tuesday, July 15 -- Rain in the morning. Some packing of supplies, and the weather cleared. Doughnuts and a pot of beans set in the sand by Jeff.

Chris seemed a little more comfortable and after numerous phone calls, the staff headed back to Senneterre on the bus, and then back to the site via the same Fecteau plane. He took off 113 and a tent which would rejoin us for the final third of the summer if Chris or someone else could come in. During the loading Dave Lamarche informed the staff we had gotten no mail from camp and word was passed to the pilot to look out for the package -- all false, of course, the package had arrived as expected -- just that Dave got no mail himself. All the bills were for the staff! Dave Eddy was supervising the dinner preparation, and Doug put on the traveler as the

staff went to work getting the outfit packed. It was dark by the time it was all put up with our available carrying containers -- now seven wannigans and 3 babies -- full to bursting.

This is a detailed topographic map of a region in Quebec, Canada. The map shows the Rivière de la Ronde flowing through the center. Key locations include Lesperance, Margry, Marin, and Picquet. The map features contour lines indicating elevation, with peaks reaching over 1000 feet. Water bodies such as Lac Lichen, Lac Keweenaw, and Lac Bonhomme are labeled. The map also shows various geographical features like hills, valleys, and small settlements. The map is oriented with North at the top.

July 25 - 30, 1980



OPAWICA - EAGLE - ST. CYR

Wednesday, July 16 -- Lac Lichen
 Thursday, July 17 -- Lac Lessard
 Friday, July 18 -- Rapid past Lac La Ronde
 Saturday, July 19 -- Rest
 Sunday, July 20 -- Falls at start of Lac Doda
 Monday, July 21 -- Mouth of Hebert River
 Tuesday, July 22 -- Near Doda Fishing Camp
 Wednesday, July 23 -- Eagle River; Between 2nd and 3rd Rapid
 Thursday, July 24 -- Just above 1st Marked Rapid
 Friday, July 25 -- Below Rapid after Large Pond
 Saturday, July 26 -- Lac Lacroix
 Sunday, July 27 -- Before Swamp Portage
 Monday, July 28 -- South of Bailly Lake
 Tuesday, July 29 -- St. Cyr Lake
 Wednesday, July 30 -- Rest

Wednesday, July 16 -- The staff crawled out at 6:00 just as the sun was peeking through the trees. It was a race to see if Tom or Steve could be last -- Tom won holding up the guide's canoe. Doug drew the first mojo day, and we were no sooner off the campsite than shirts were off. A short paddle up the lake and we ducked behind an island to encounter fast current to the railroad and a line-up that went quickly with the staff taking the canoes around the major rock. Pants came off only to go back on at the next narrows where a lift-over was needed -- easy over pretty reasonable rocks. Then clear sailing with very little wind, a clear sky, and a hot sun. We found a rock lunch site for swimming. Jeff's beans which were just the right shade of brown and freshie. Back on the water we paddled lazily along with the mojo canoe piloted by Bob in the bow and Steve in the stern falling behind frequently. A brief swim off the canoes about 2:00. Then the motor boat that had been off in the distance during the morning chugged past. About 3:00 just at the narrows to Lichen an Indian site showed up, but we kept on through the narrows and once into Lichen started looking for a campsite. Lots of sand beaches, but the first had broken glass, the second a polyethylene frame and nowhere to pitch, and the third fell off behind the sand and had no tentsites. The mojo canoe fell farther back. Jeff and Tom in the bows of 32 and 119 lay back while the staff and guide paddled them into a large blind bay. The other canoes fell back as the sun took its toll. Finally at about 7:00 we hit an old Indian site and quit. The fresh potatoes got fried. The staff made a pineapple upside-down cake according to the Tiger's instructions, and it worked perfectly. The guide did the chili and the wood off the Indian pile. Jeff took to his tent from too much sun and Dave Lamarche followed. Lots complained, but Tom manfully did his pots. The fly went over everything at darkness. 72° in the tent at 10:15, but an hour later down to 62°. A brilliant red sunset after an especially hot day -- and a mackerel sky.

Thursday, July 17 -- Somehow no storm came, and the night passed. The staff slept in till 7 to compensate for yesterday. Jeff and Dave were semi-recovered, but Dave started off with his shirt over his head like a good Arab. The staff canoe started off before 9:00. Twenty minutes later the rest

came up only to have to send Bob and Steve back for an axe. We really got underway after 10:00 as a result, but progress was reasonable up to the attractive cascade at the top of Lichen. We quickly found the portage and started off with Alan in the lead with the jewelry. When we hit a road the staff tossed off 32 to see what was happening -- we had already walked farther than the portage should have been -- eventually the guide found the real trail -- less than a 100 yards. But by now Alan with Dave Eddy's help had found the water, so we plowed ahead -- about 1/2 mile instead of 100 yards -- and Steve allowed as how walking the road was much better! Lunch at the end of it. It was all cooked when the guide got his second load across at 1:00, but it was 2:00 before we were on the water, and then there had to be swims off the canoes after we had been sitting on the beach for an hour! The northwest wind caused some chop, but Bob and Steve fell behind right away. In 45 minutes we had covered about a mile -- the delay not caused by the wind. We moved on with Bob and Steve again behind. Tom and Evan did not want to be outdone and also fell back so the others had to drift with the wind so as not to lose sight. We pulled up to the rapid with the staff to the right and the guide left. The guide found Section B's lunch site. The staff a fisherman's. After touring the lower bay to see if maybe there was one portage for this stretch, back to the guide's side which the staff decided to make into a campsite -- our first rock kitchen area! Fine swimming and no tentsites. We lined up to the site and unloaded. The staff wanted the kitchen, but there was also no way to look for anything else given the lethargy of the last two canoes. Dave Lamarche did the bannock -- the staff had to do the traveler. Some reluctant sawers worked a little. Dave Eddy did his creamed chicken again. Evan diced the turnips and the tents went up. We solved the extra axe problem as Tom cracked a handle, "cutting alder." We had landed after 5:00 for what should have been at most a 3:30 arrival -- or really by lunch if we had moved in the morning and found the real portage. Jeff got three pike and a walleye -- returning them all. Evan kept the only walleye of the evening and the guide got only whitefish. Lots of seconds got wasted as Steve did not like the menu and refused all but bannock. Some bathing and reading out on the rocks and an early bed time by our standards. The wannigans were even put to bed in daylight for a change. 60° in the tent at 10:30.

Friday, July 18 -- 50° in the tent as the staff rose at seven to mist on the river and the promise of another good day. Evan's fish got fried, but did not seem to get many takers. We got off reasonably well and lined the last of our rapid and paddled up to the next cascade which had a reasonable falls on the right. We portaged the left and Alan pushed the mojo canoe ahead and was sitting at the portage when the rest came up. At the top Evan tried to take Tom with him back down the rapid as he blissfully pushed right off from the landing area and expected the bow to move upstream. We turned south under the La Ronde fire tower as the staff fell farther and farther behind much to Wendy's displeasure. By the time he reached the rapid the guide already had everyone paddling up it -- Evan and Tom not having much success and the staff and Bob just made it. The staff walked up to see a violent rapid

we couldn't line, and the guide went back across the river to look for a portage in the bay at the foot -- Section B had probably camped in the poplar just before the turn to the rapid. The staff crossed and looked upriver finding an old trail and beating his way down the hill to the rocks on the right, finding the real 25 yard trail. They went back, and the others crossed and elected lunch before lining the rest of the way. The starch was slow over green spruce while alcohol was the ongoing conversation; some one better explain what 'proof' means on a whiskey bottle. As a result it was coming on 3 before we started up again. Soon all but the staff were dragging the canoes up the shallows. 45 minutes later we were at our already declared campsite -- chosen because the staff had another rock kitchen. Tentsites weren't great, but better than last night's. Steve flipped his canoe standing in the water, so of course Tom had to try with 22 and promptly crashed it back on the rocks. As soon as the campsite was reached all was forgotten but playing in the current around the rocks, although Alan and Doug got their tent up and Jeff did his alone while the staff tent went up. The others got done in stages. Jeff went fishing and caught only whitefish. Dinner was done slowly with the staff baking and the guide doing the rest with time out to change over to drift wood from green spruce. Bob mixed the traveler and got it into the oven. Lots of reading otherwise, although the fly situation improved as the sun went down behind the western trees early. 78° when the staff unrolled, down to 70° an hour later.

Saturday, July 19 -- The staff made the effort and got up at 6:30 and cooked breakfast as usual. He even started us rolling, but about five minutes into the effort the rain started, so we ate, cleaned up, and went back to the tents to wait it out. It came on and off. Evan volunteered fly poles and during one of the lulls Dave Eddy, the guide, and staff got her up, but the wind shifted more to the east, and the rain came back. By 12:30 it quit -- mostly -- and lunch was cooked. Jeff went off fishing bringing back a whitefish to check on what it was. Otherwise a lot of reading got done. Bob and Tom enjoyed a noisy card game, some sleeping, but mostly boredom. By four o'clock the staff was dicing onions for entertainment. Doug baked a cherry pie for dinner and Jeff followed with a date cake for the traveler. A thunder storm passed to the northwest -- scaring Tinker. And then the kids in the closely-packed tents were at it as evening approached. 70° in the tent.

Sunday, July 20 -- A lovely morning sun to help dry us out after a night-time thunder shower. The staff's watch had stopped during the night somehow, but he was up about 6:30 anyway and reset the time on Evan's watch. As a result we were off at 8:05. Just around the bend a pull-up went fairly easily followed by our paddle for the day under the Hydro lines and past the cable ferry. But then a narrows that required a pull-up at the beginning and another at the end. By now the pull-ups had become walk-ups for all but 32, and Tom forged ahead successfully over the top of the last one, but Alan was not so fortunate and took a swim back down the rapid with 22,

but fortunately got out soon without dumping the canoe. The falls ahead were spectacular and worthy of pictures from the point across the way. Marred only by the clubbers on the rock-point campsite and their anchored boat in front of the falls. We portaged the falls and had lunch on the rocks above. Fortunately only beans to heat as the wind made the heat erratic. Then a canoe -- outboard powered -- with three more sports came back to the landing and portaged back over to their friends -- with their walleye -- going back to Chibougamau after the weekend. We got back on the river, encountering another very shallow rapid that was walked up until it was obvious we could walk and line no farther. After some false scouting the staff found the trail where Section B had cut back to the old trail, and we cut a new approach a bit farther up than their entrance and took her across -- maybe 1/3 of a mile. As we paddled off to the last falls the sky threatened and of course no campsite to be had at the foot. The staff declared the far side an equal disaster. But we went over anyway leaving all but number 6 till later. The guide, staff, and Dave Eddy got the fly up with a final assist from Alan. Dave Lamarche complained his tentsite was ruined -- it was the only flat area in the place -- because the staff had dropped a balsam across it and then cut off a piece, but hadn't moved it off Dave's location for him. Various offers to cook something -- to get near the fire -- came too late as Dave Eddy put the ham and potatoes up while the staff did Dave Lamarche's birthday cake. A run on cocoa and coffee exhausted the hot water quickly. More went on. The mystery of who got into the ammo box still unsolved. The other canoes came over after dinner now that the rain had quit and by 10 most was quiet. 70° in the tent. Wonder if the sports anchored just out in the lake have quit fishing yet?

Monday, July 21 -- The staff was late -- about 7:00. Again his watch had stopped at midnight and he set it by guess -- it agreed within one minute of Evan's. The sun was well-up as breakfast cooked. Somehow Steve was one of the first rolled. The canoes and loads were portaged up past a heavy swift, but still had to be lined to get above the pull of the falls. At the top were the three sports fishing -- they'd flown in with their own plane no less, anchored off a sand beach around the corner. They claimed we had a rapid to go, but it was easily paddled. Shirts and some pants off as we got a couple miles ahead to take a break where upon Steve and Tom realized they had left an axe back at the falls. In spite of the fact the staff told them to forget it, they started back and had to be yelled at to turn around -- no way was the staff paddling back with them, and no way were they going alone. As we paddled along on a nice warm day complaints started about the size of the lake, some even wanting to know if Temagami were bigger! One of the few days we have spent all day in the canoe! We missed a couple sport boats at a distance. Then cries of hunger pains, so we pulled up at a rock on a sand beach and with great difficulty got help fixing lunch -- it took Tom awhile to split the wood. As usual Dave Eddy did most of the cooking. Back on the water about 2:00 we crossed over to the mouth of the Eagle River to investigate a bunch of cabins in poor condition with piles of junk. The guide came off with a pair of boots that fit and a leather jacket. Alan and Doug

fould wool jackets, and the staff got a bit of a map. The west wind gave us a side wind most of the way to the mouth of the Hebert as Tom and Steve had their own water fight and argument over nothing on the way in. Only a one-tent Indian site was really found, but we got a piece of reasonably cleared ground for the night -- better tentsites than last night with the kitchen on a poor rock area, but at least it was rock! Bob mixed the bannock and Dave Eddy did everything else and Doug baked the traveler. A few suggestions of fishing came to nothing and the tents filled with Alan, Doug, and Jeff taking the triple tonight. 73° in the tent at 10:10.

Tuesday, July 22 -- The staff was up at 6:30, and the sun disappeared behind hing clouds as breakfast was cooked. Off at 8:15, now with the sun out and the lake almost calm as we paddled south. The guide and Doug got way out ahead with the staff and Steve fighting Dave Lamarche and Bob for distant last. A couple boats of sports on the way and an Indian fishing net in the bay to the St. Cyr. Then a short way up, the come-on portage around a reasonably short rapid -- the trail well-blazed and reasonably traveled. No sooner in the water than another one, less well-cleared and harder to walk. A paddle followed to an island lunch site as the staff went trail hunting and thinking he had found a real old one started blazing. The going got worst. Loads came forward after lunch and finally the guide and the staff scouted ahead, looked at the river, and decided to quit. So back it all went starting down about 3:40. At 5:00 we were going back over the first portage after Evan ran the mojo canoe broadside on the only rock in the small swift we had paddled forcing Tom to get out and rescue the canoe. Evan thought that one hilariously funny, but wasn't too pleased when Tom dumped him in the river unloading at the short portage. Lots of talk about all the swims that would be taken when we camped -- which came to nothing. Considerable agitation to go back to last night's site so no new tent poles would have to be cut. The staff wasn't too excited about the idea -- an hour away. We looked at an old cabin on the south side of a long point and then paddled around the point into a well-used Indian site where spruce logs had been gathered and peeled for cabin building. Dinner was on the way -- Steve mixed the bannock while Dave Eddy and Jeff did the chili and the rest and Jeff did the traveler. While it was in the makings, an Indian pulled up in his skiff with his family and allowed as how the Eagle River was the one we wanted to take -- a group had come down it just a couple days ago. The Indian was out for the evening to escape the Americans at the camp just down the shore -- all they talked about was "fish, fish, fish" he claimed. So it seemed like the decision to quit had been a wise one. Bud's date-nut bread did not go over too well -- a little mold on it by this time. It was dark by the time Jeff's bannock came off, not having baked too well. 72° in the tent at 10:40 and the wind seemed to have swung to the north.

Wednesday, July 23 -- The staff was wakened at sunrise with the sun shining in the tent door, but delayed until 6:00. 32 was on the water at 7:45, but it was not until 8:25 that everyone caught up -- the mojo canoe with Bob, Tom, and Evan being particularly late. A gentle north wind did not

affect travel much. Three boat loads of sports went by -- we later passed them in the bay leading to Aigle River. One boat was right at the foot of the portage -- and left after catching a pike in disgust. Tom managed to try to toss Evan's pack to Bob and put it right in the river. We took the carry and had lunch at the top where Bob tried to put the mojo canoe back down the rapid again. The paddle was not too long before we hit rapids which would be run coming down, though there were some rock-dodgers, and finding no portage, spent the rest of the afternoon lining about a mile. Again at the top of one Bob tried to put the mojo canoe down again. Steve, Tom, and the guide waded most of the way with Steve and Tom passing 32 toward the top of the end. Jeff and Steve waited at a campsite Steve said was good, but Tom now piloted the mojo canoe well beyond. We paddled up to the foot of a small rapid that would have to be lined, turned around, and went back to Steve's site -- absolutely awful tentsites in amongst terrible windfalls, but no shortage of dry wood! Alan mixed the bannock, Dave Eddy did the corned beef, and Doug took care of the scallops -- the staff knocked down a couple dry trees, and sat. The guide pleaded with people to saw and then split all the wood. In the process we picked up a short rain shower -- a few drops had fallen earlier also. Tom mixed the traveler. Then after dinner Steve went running through the woods knocking down dead trees and found some leaners to climb so the daredevils could slide down spruce! Now a lot of energy! 68°

Thursday, July 24 -- The staff was up at 6:00 to a cool morning --50° in the tent -- which warmed immediately. No matter we could not get off until 8:00 waiting on Steve and Tom to get ready. Back up to the rapid where we turned back last night. A couple lines and we got to a cascade that certainly deserved a portage. Finally the staff found an ancient Indian trail -- all blazed -- just where it should have been at the foot of the heavy water --complete with an old circular Indian fireplace. It had to be reblazed and some recut, but the total distance was not great. At last we got to paddle awhile -- just after Jeff asked if the river was ever going to widen out -- against current and wind so progress wasn't as rapid as might be wished. We passed a recent campsite, but did not stop -- maybe the people who came down the river? Then about three more lining jobs -- someone asked for the time -- past lunch. We made it to a bay with three islands and pulled ashore in the only possible area to have our starch. Then a couple more rapids to line and a heavy cascade. The Indian blazes were still at the foot and head, but inbetween there was nothing, so we made our own. Not long, but time-consuming. Just beyond on a point the guide found a campsite that also served as a portage to get by what would have been a very short line. We quit just after 5:00 as a result. Doug made a raisin-cinnamon bannock. Jeff fried ham and Dave Eddy did the traveler and the rest of the dinner chores. Evan arrived and announced that tonight he was cooking -- all the jobs had already been taken. The sugar's been out for days and the cocoa can's almost at its end. The guide tried fishing and caught only Canada -- having to wade out to get his lure back. 70° at 10 PM.

Friday, July 25 -- The staff was up at 6:00 again, and breakfast was cooked and eaten before a series of thunder showers hit delaying departure. After a series of linings a pond was reached, and the staff went looking for the portage around a heavy cascade where the old map said it would be; the guide of course found it on the right. Well-walked and in need of no work! More lines followed of course as rain hit seriously. In a cloud burst almost, the canoes were unloaded at a portage around a very heavy cascade. The staff barely got his canoe up over a steep climb up rock -- partially by dragging it, and then declared an early lunch at a little after eleven. With lots of hands standing around doing nothing, Dave Eddy, the guide, and staff got the fly up. Gradually the loads got put under the canoes with Alan and Jeff doing most of the work. The guide cooked starch while the staff went portage tracing after Alan and Doug reported losing the trail. Jeff and Tom had just come out to help cut as the staff and Tinker got back having made all but the final drop to water findable, even if not well-cleared. The rain let up as we finished lunch and started over -- mostly in rainsuits, however. Bob as the mojo became the only portager to intentionally make the two paddles a third trip across a portage -- he'd done it on the earlier short one too! Under dark skies we paddled south on clear water -- in the cold -- making lots more ground than at any other time of the day. We paddled one rapid marked on the old map, got up another with a short line, and barely paddled a third into a fairly large pond at which point we started looking for a campsite seriously and had just started up a river section as the staff in the lead spotted a cow moose in the water, but we didn't get closer than about 100 yards as she slowly made shore and climbed out and trotted slowly off in the bush. We tried one site, rejected it, paddled up to the next rapid and turned around and came back when the rapid would need a short portage and the campsite there was inferior to the one just looked over. Dave Lamarche did the creamed chicken while Jeff made a cornbread. The wood-sawyers did enough for dinner and a bit more. Dave Eddy made the traveler. The last of the cocoa went. Then some boots got toasted as Tom tried to repair a fishing rod and the guide sewed the K on his staff jacket. The sun set with a band of yellow across the horizon and a pink glow above as some pictures got taken and the tents filled. 60° at 10:15.

Saturday, July 26 -- 46° at 6:15 with very heavy mist down over the river as the staff lit the fire. Mist was still down as 32 pulled up to the portage alone and unloaded for the short carry. We were over and up above the next swift -- all but 32 paddling up -- except that the guide had to go back to the campsite for a lifejacket Bob piloting the mojo canoe had left. The area above proved wide and easily paddled, though not deep. The day was warm by the time the paddle started, and the cold of the morning had passed quickly. Even so in small areas where the sun had not gotten over the local trees small patches of mist still existed. We started up the narrow stretch just after eleven not knowing what to expect, but fortunately for quite awhile met nothing but current. But then a cascade with an obvious portage on the right -- we'd approached from the left. Guide and staff were unloading as

Steve and Dave Eddy in 76 started to cross over, and next the onlookers knew the two were swimming with six inches of water in the canoe. They finally swam it into the landing. Only a box of salt had to be bushed fortunately as only the bottom of the wannigans got wet. We lunched at the top -- a few pictures (not many) and Dave Lamarche tried a few casts. Alan had split the lunch wood, and Bob's mojo canoe blamed him for the fact they left the axe behind -- which the guide brought along. The rest of the one-liner paddled easily, but at the end as we approached the last narrows, a cow moose stood in mid-stream. She waited long enough for some long-distance shots before getting out and standing on shore for awhile. 32 climbed the next swift, but the dogs deserted ship and when she wasn't picked up, Wendy took to the water and swam back down the rapid. 32 went back to get her -- she hopped up on a rock in mid-river -- as the mojo canoe tried to come up ignoring Wendy -- and Bob's swearing at Evan and Jeff did little good getting them up the rapid. The next cascade was carried on a perfect trail and we started off for an hour's paddle before looking for a campsite. We passed a tent labeled No. 7, but that was about all we saw that looked camped upon. Finally, long after we hoped to stop, the staff pulled over to a sand beach with a cleared area behind 15 yards of scraggly bush. The staff mistakenly baked Evan's birthday cake two days early while Steve fried the scollops to a crisp. Dave Eddy started making freeze dry meat and at Tom's suggestion the staff tried to turn it into beef stroganoff with some success, but the recipe needs work. The guide did the traveler. A few baths off the beach, but mostly just lie around, argue, and listen to Evan's tape recorder. 62° at 9:45.

Sunday, July 27 -- The staff stayed in bed till 6:30 to let the sun come up over the trees -- not quite -- 48°. Off at 8:15, we paddled down to the camp on Lacroix -- not quite where our Doda Indian had said, but close enough. No one home, all locked up, and the refrigerator door propped open although there was a boat at the dock and another anchored south of the point. Enough of giving Alan his Cream of Wheat for breakfast, by 11:00 he was screaming for lunch. We found a prominent blaze, but no trail and went on to look at the swamp. Not very inviting. Back to look over the territory at the blaze while the guide cooked lunch across the way. Wendy elected not to come at first, and then started swimming up the river when Evan took 32 to pick up the staff and Tinker. 15 had mysteriously spilled the bacon grease all over its contents. A gigantic rush for bannock. For afternoon entertainment we paddled as far south as possible, found a well-used trail to a pond with no entrance or exit, and paddled back to camp just north of where the Hydro crossed the river. Jeff did the curried chicken while Doug baked. The staff and Tinker went looking for Lac Bailly -- and found it -- Wendy got discouraged and turned back early. But the portage is going to have to go through the swamp unfortunately. 70°

Monday, July 28 -- 70°. At 6:00 it looked like it would rain any minute. The staff went back to bed. It looked the same at 8:00. Breakfast was cooked -- it looked the same. Tom and Bob finally got up and came to eat. Jeff led the canoes south for some reason as 32 was last off waiting

for Tom to tump. The staff headed north and selected a landing place in the swamp, and we started off shortly after 10, leap-frogging the loads for the most part with terrible walking all the way -- to make a long story short. A few sprinkles fell but went unnoticed. The guide took four canoes across to a point to set up the fly and cook lunch as the staff finally got 32 to the water about 3:00. Some delay since Tom lost the loads he had carried over. No tentsites there, so we packed up and went a mile or so south on the St. Cyr to find a good Indian site for the night. Pineapple upside-down cake for Evan's real birthday. Dave Eddy fried the ham, and Alan made the traveler. But just as breadline was called the rain hit for a couple hours. The fly was crowded after dinner, but gradually thinned out to a Tom-Bob game of chance and a Steve-guide backgammon game.

Tuesday, July 29 -- It poured through much of the night and was still coming down in buckets at six o'clock. It wasn't till nine that the staff got up to cook breakfast with some misgivings still about the wisdom of moving. Most everyone was up and rolled before the cereal had a chance and so we got on the water at 10:25. As soon as the river or lake started to widen the south wind picked up and along about 1:30 it was voted to stop for lunch -- on a reasonable point, missing a large Indian site farther inland. The wind dropped while we ate, but almost as soon as we pulled out the sky ahead looked awfully suspicious and a mile on a thunder shower hit forcing us to shore to wait it out. The staff bailed 32 and Jeff did his canoe, but no one else seemed interested, so we pulled out, this time with 32 in the lead as the others suspected we'd have to turn back looking for a campsite. Finally the staff and Dave Eddy found the site we were supposed to use -- we assume. A sand point far too often used by sports. One in a red boat disappeared behind some islands as we pulled up. The fireplace rocks were warm, maybe he just finished lunch. The fly went up none too soon as more rain fell. No drywood around, so the guide and Evan paddled off for some. Dave Eddy did the chili while the staff did a cornbread and Dave Lamarche entertained trying to put up the 3-man tent alone while Steve watched -- he'd gotten the poles and that was enough. After dinner the wannigans got cleaned and sorted out for tomorrow. 15 got a bath to get rid of the bacon grease. More cards and backgammon as Jeff tried fishing -- small ones. The sun had just gone down as a Cessna set down and taxied in -- two lost Frenchmen from Montreal trying to fly to a lake to the northwest. We told them where they were and they headed off -- not too much daylight left as Evan's recorder played on.

Wednesday, July 30 -- Yesterday's weather returned. Some light rain at night and mist and drizzle at six. Slightly better at nine when the staff got up to light the fire, joined immediately by Dave Eddy who mixed the pancake batter, and lots of others. Two rounds of pancakes before we called it quits. The rest-day pea soup went on and the weather improved enough to air out lots of clothes and sleeping bags. Then a general swim-bath while still keeping an eye out for showers. The canoes got patched -- we have not been too kind to them unfortunately. Clouds came back at lunch with threats of

thunder showers though nothing really happened. Evan spent the day trying to bore out a pipe with a large, hot nail. Wendy spent it swimming. With everyone pretty restless the aircraft appeared about 5:30 or so and it was obvious the canoe was not aboard. The Major's letter confirmed the lack of replacement. Chris had gone home from Val d'Or -- no word of his real troubles. The transfer was made quickly, sending out a wannigan and Chris' fishing rod and paddle. The repacking started as Doug put the final touches on his Apple Crunch. Dave Eddy did the dinner as the outfit got bagged. A quick shower lasted a moment in the process. Mail for all this time -- the big news -- one of Steve's girl friends had called it quits. Evan and Bob helped pack a bit and by sunset -- if it could have been seen -- it was all done up. The boxes and cardboard got burned on the beach as the tents filled with pretty good speed. A dinner-plate package for everyone from Buds -- she didn't forget the dogs either!

July 31 - August 4, 1980



This is a detailed topographic map of a region in Quebec, Canada. The map shows various geographical features including lakes, rivers, and land parcels. Key labels on the map include:

- Landowners/Parcels:** MONTGAY, MARTIN, BOISSEAU, DOLLARD, MEGICANE, TAVERNIER, and CRUSON.
- Rivers:** BELLE RIVIERE, CANADIAN RIVER, and others.
- Lakes:** Lac Martin, Lac Boisseau, Lac Dollard, Lac Megicane, Lac Tavernier, and others.
- Other Features:** The map includes contour lines, a scale bar at the bottom left, and various smaller labels for specific locations and features.

MEGISCANE RIVER

Thursday, July 31 -- Lac Megiscane
Friday, August 1 -- Before Lac Berthelot
Saturday, August 2 -- Before Lac Girouard
Sunday, August 3 -- Foot of Double Rapid
Monday, August 4 -- Before Lac Faillon
Tuesday, August 5 -- Lac Faillon
Wednesday, August 6 -- Railroad Bridge
Thursday, August 7 -- Sunday Creek
Friday, August 8 -- Railroad Portage
Saturday, August 9 -- Last Marked Rapid
Sunday, August 10 -- Temagami
Monday, August 11 -- KKK

Thursday, July 31 -- The night sky did not look inviting, but the morning looked better with some blue showing though the sun did not really rise. Lots were up soon after the staff, and Jeff even had his tent down before breakfast. In spite of having to police the area a little, we were off at 8:25 after a slow fire laid at 6:30. We somehow lucked out and did not get lost leaving the lake and getting to the river. Nothing exciting though we had to wait several times for 119 with Tom in the bow. Shirts finally started to come off about 11 o'clock as we discovered a couple red boats -- one stopped to chat -- from a lodge somewhere south of us. The west wind hit as we crossed to an early lunch -- complaints about the date cake being too crisp from Steve and Bob's aversion to beans. We found a birchbark note from one Kapitachuan section to another as to their projected itinerary back to base camp. Lunch was over by one and now pants and boots came off. At the end of the St. Cyr River a shallow rapid which had the staff puzzled until he saw the what looked to be a man-made channel on the left. We picked up the Megiscane and ran the initial rapid on the left shore and immediately started looking for a campsite at 3 PM. To make a long paddle short, at 6:00 in desperation we stopped about two miles short of the end of the lake in a place whose only possible recommendation was a profusion of blueberries. Doug did the evening bannock while Jeff did the corned beef -- missing one of the five cans -- so the supply was short. Bob made the traveler. The guide somehow found a couple sticks of dry wood somewhere in the new spruce forest. Buds' first loaf of bread went after dinner and the tents filled in expectation of rain after a very mackerel sky this morning.
70°

Friday, August 1 -- The expected rain failed to materialize over night and the sun came up in a ball of red. The staff slept in until 6:30 but then went to make breakfast and get out of the blueberry patch. Off at 8:25 on a very calm sea and in no time we were at the rapid out, even allowing for a stop to adjust the mojo loads so Jeff wasn't too bow heavy with Steve up front. There was not much question what to do faced with a highway across the island for a quick, easy carry. The old map said strong current was to follow, but there wasn't much of note. The staff had said we weren't going far, but now the threat of rain made that doubly sensible. We passed up a good-looking Indian site in a jackpine stand -- it was just too early in the day. Then the country got much less

campsite-likish. At the mouth of the Whitegoose we passed a large camp and a couple miles later stopped at a clubber's site which was serviceable. Their tent frame provided lots of poles and the kitchen area. The fly went up as lunch was cooking and rain poured down for awhile. It stopped maybe around two. Not much entertainment; backgammon and some reading was about it. Jeff went fishing after Dave Lamarche inadvertently pushed him into the water putting the canoe in. A couple small pike and a cold spring as a result. A pot of coffee went quickly and the staff then did onion soup to try to preserve the instant from the cream-sugar drinkers. Doug showed up to do the cherry pie -- a perfect crust this time -- with dough to spare for stick baking and a few tarts. The staff tried dumplings on top of the freeze dry beef and everyone was stuffed. Dave Eddy did the traveler and then braved the water for a bath as did Dave Lamarche after returning from a fishing run. Jeff cast off the point but something took his line. Bob boasted of having bested Tom at backgammon and a chess game followed. 72°

Saturday, August 2 -- A granddaddy of a thunder storm hit about 1:30 with copious thunder and vivid flashes of lightning. Rain in squalls, but the thunder and lightning were the main show. Everyone seems to have waked up -- Tom and Bob to see a UFO. The sun was out at rising time, but the staff stayed in bed until seven, although nothing really dried much. Breakfast was a little slow; the west wind blew the fire out from under the pots. Still we were off before 9:00. Air a little cooler than recently and some cloud cover. Berthelot proved a little more attractive than the river for scenery, but nothing exciting. One small rapid just barely deep enough to run. One boat-load of sports was just leaving a landing as we paddled closer to the rapid -- most of the section too far out in the center of the river. The portage proved easy to locate, but only one canoe at a time could get through the rocks to unload. The carry was short and easy and lunch at the foot more-or-less in the trail and the loading area. The rapid below had to be let down since there was one pointed rock right in the center of the foot of the only possible run. The staff scouted the one below, which could be taken, but there was another around the corner where a bridge was supposed to cross the river. It held no hope. A Natural Resources truck was at the end of the road -- the driver acted as if he was supposed to be picking up trash, but didn't do much of a job. We eventually took the portage trail, adjusted to use the road. 32 lagged behind looking for campsites and after passing what seemed to be an Indian lookout platform in a tree, the mojo canoe found a site on the right that proved to be workable. It looked like Kapitachuan had used it for lunch with irons like ours. Tentsites got grabbed like we had pulled in at 8:00 -- it was 3:25. Draftees sawed wood and then everyone went for a bath -- testing to see how deep the water was just out from shore on the sand beach. Steve claimed he went down 25 feet to bring up sand. Dave Eddy made a gingerbread while Dave Lamarche did the creamed chicken. Steve and Bob climbed trees! Breadline was all ready as the rain started. Those who usually help put up the fly assisted -- the rest disappeared to return as soon as the job was done. Buds' lemon

bread went as an additive. Backgammon for awhile deteriorated into a Tom-Steve-Bob giggling session as Tom made up his personal outfitting list for when he goes with Section A. Wendy limped around before and after dinner, but refused to divulge her problem. When the group under the fly -- not one of whom had helped put it up -- was quiet enough, the rapid ahead could be heard.

Sunday, August 3 -- With only a view of the bush out the tent door the staff had a hard time telling what to do. But the weather looked promising. He let everyone sleep in until 7:40 in an attempt to dry things out -- the bush especially -- but the drying did not really work. Most everyone was up before the call to roll. On the water at 9:20 just as the wind picked up out of the south -- where we were going. But the river was soon reached and a trapper's cabin passed. A couple small swifts and an unscheduled rapid appeared. Guide and staff walked all the way to the foot, around into a deep bay, and back on the trail to find it started 30 yards in front of where 32 was waiting. One canoe unloading. The trail had been wet, but we dried it off! Just ahead the double rapid. The landing was easy to find, but then after 30 yards the lumber company had made a mess of it. Walking through their mess was difficult at best, and it took awhile to plot a course. A thunder shower threatened but missed. The staff with Alan and Dave Eddy started lunch while the guide led those with two loads off on the route up to the road, along it for awhile, then up over a hill, and down through lumbering slash to pick up the final part of the trail. The first four back reported Doug, Evan, and Tom missing. Then Steve returned and finally the guide after doing some trail improvement. The staff tossed up 32 to cross and find the lost carriers, but they were almost back after having beaten their way to the proper spot. We quit at 4:00 at the end of the carry in an old one-tent Indian site above the river -- with a bee's nest on the trail to the water. Tents up and wood collected, Doug made his cinnamon-raisin bannock and then fried the scallops while Jeff did up the ham in the bean pot. Thunder storms threatened and a little rain fell and the guide insisted on getting the fly up and then returned to his fishing attempts. Bob led a few to try bathing. Tom eventually put 22 up for the night. After dinner Steve managed to burn his fingers picking up the hot bail of the walloping pot as the backgammon games went on as the sun disappeared. 70°

Monday, August 4 -- The staff was waiting for the sun, but it never came, and he rolled out at 7:15 for another late start. Again a fair number were rolled before the Cream of Wheat went on. The sky was overcast as we barely navigated the little rapid after the eddy. The wind caused a chop below, but the straight stretch proved uninviting. A rapid came up a little sooner than the map would have put it and had to be carried --one canoe landing at a time. Doug and Evan managed to run the mojo canoe aground coming in, and Evan tried to head it down the rapid. The trail was short and easy, but the things Bob said to his too-short tumpline on his canoe could not be repeated. The air cooled when Dave Eddy took 76 from him. Just below the group of four rapids. The trail was in perfect shape,

and the walk turned out to be shorter than expected -- still 600 yards. The rapid below could be run -- the first real rapid on the river so far. Doug and Evan managed to miss the V they were supposed to hit, but nothing disastrous happened. Lunch on a beaver-chewed site as a few sprinkles fell, and Bob and Alan went to draw fly poles that were never used. Movies became the topic with Dave Lamarche off and babbling. We paddled awhile, rejecting a too-small Indian site, and then taking a well-used -- probably clubbers -- one that was really too small, but worked. The sawers thought little of the dry wood, but it burned well. Tents up a swim off the beach. Wendy joined in too enthusiastically. A motor boat deeply laden passed going upriver. Jeff baked his cornbread well before dinner time and then insisted on eating it before dinner. Alan made our butterscotch pudding. Steve tangled with a garter snake -- one bite for the snake. The staff ended up cooking dinner, and the guide did the traveler after Dave Lamarche reneged on his offer. While backgammon raged a large contingent swam across the river (with a lot of walking) -- there had been an earlier crossing in the afternoon. Then a second one followed. After the sun disappeared behind the hill Tom and Dave Lamarche made a final trip across.

Tuesday, August 5 -- The staff slept in again until 7:10, but the wood which Bob had split with such scorn yesterday roared through breakfast in no time at all. As a result we were on the water at 8:35. A calm river with current to the last narrows before a wide section where a lumber bridge was encountered -- some bets that it was a railroad bridge -- with a rapid underneath that was run easily. Then the wind picked up -- from the east or southeast of all places. As usual when he paddles stern, Alan played guide and on entering the lake had to be yelled at to follow a shore, and then had to be halted in the lee of a point for a break. We made a sand beach for lunch using a propped-up bottom of an old flat-bottom boat for a wind break after picking the canoes up and taking them out of the water still loaded. The wind kept up after lunch so we stayed windbound for awhile. One of the boats fishing across the lake earlier returned. Several swims off the beach with sunbathing the rest of the time. Finally it looked like the wind was going to keep up so we took the outfit across the lake to a slightly better side, although in the process the wind shifted over to the south. 22 with Steve in Doug's bow had to dump out some water. We plowed into the wind for awhile, finally cutting out a campsite off a sand beach. Wendy had a great time chasing swimmers again. This time fresh water mussels were discovered. Steve mixed the bannock while the guide cooked the chicken - rice - and tomatoes. More swimming and Dave Lamarche mixed the traveler. The clams got boiled and consumed with a catsup-chili powder hot sauce invented by Jeff. Evan declared the clams a disaster, but others seemed to enjoy them -- at least all were consumed. Evan discovered a mouse in his tent and refused to enter -- calling for the exterminators. Backgammon plus baseball with the mussel shells. Games continued as Tom wedgied Evan and lost his own underwear in retaliation. A sort of mackerel sky during the day and now a humid overcast as night comes on. 78° - 80°

Wednesday, August 6 -- The staff was up at 6:45 after a very hot, humid night. A haze hung over the lake -- not mist -- as breakfast cooked, and we were off at 8:25 into a freshening west wind. As we paddled by the village -- or whatever -- a few boats were pulling out to go fishing, but we went on. A long wait at the bridge while the guide walked the rapid to no purpose because the staff had already figured to run a bit and then line if possible -- it was, but the whole process took close to two hours so that we arrived at the next one close to noon. Part way down was a huge osprey nest built to fantastic height on a rock in the middle of the river. Only Jeff as mojo got a picture, however. No trail again, but this time we found a logging road that took us where we wanted to go. The guide cut from the water to the road while the staff checked the route -- someone had even made a trail to the water for us. But the whole thing was a mile and a quarter -- the road didn't do straight to our destination, but it was a whale of a lot better than plowing through the mess left from the lumbering. Lunch was made on the near side and eaten after the first trip across. It was shortly after four when it was done -- getting us down below 1100 feet in the process. The staff rejected the gravel Indian site at the foot of the rapid and made us paddle on. Nothing prior to the railroad bridge, and a rapid stopped us there that would need a portage, and the present trail was not good enough -- it put into water we couldn't handle. So back a hundred yards to camp in a cut-over area with nothing to recommend it. The staff did his pineapple upside-down cake -- to Bob's disgust. Dave Eddy put up the rest -- meat balls and peas and carrots with mashies. Jeff did our last date cake for the traveler -- over some opposition! We are now out of margene, white sugar, and cocoa as a result of over-indulgence. Instead of backgammon, blueberries occupied the evening as 76 and 22 got repatched. Some black clouds rolling in from the west at 10:00. 72°

Thursday, August 7 -- The staff was up at 6:45 -- the night had turned chilly suddenly toward morning. 52° in the tent, and the guide said there was lots of mist on the river -- but not much. The coffee went quickly and we discovered we were out of brown sugar -- so Tom flung his cereal to the bush. 32 led over to the railroad bridge to start cutting and by 9:15 we were by the impass. A train had gone by about 10 last evening. Another apparently about 3 AM and a freight during breakfast -- now a passenger train. Jeff got Tinker out of the way fortunately. The river ran with current and not much entertainment through the morning, a couple swifts and a new moose hunters' cabin and that was about it. So we were entertained with two old women squabbling in 76 -- Steve and Dave Lamarche. Just before lunch we hit a rapid around an island and after some scouting made a trail that ended in a previously used campsite for lunch. In the process a beaver swam under 32, observed only by Dave Eddy. The date cake was Jeff's best of the season -- although Tom complained he got a burned piece. As a result it was 2:20 before we got back on the water. The sky clouded over somewhat -- it had been quite mackerel earlier in the morning. The guide went to investigate a fish of some kind as we paddled on along a quiet

river to another rapid about 4 o'clock -- a short one where the foot could not be done. We started with the idea of lining and then carrying the foot on the rocks, but the staff finally looked at the country inland and elected to clear a trail -- little cutting required, and we carried. Evan came off with a gaff that the staff found at the end. We pulled up at a cabin just beyond, rejected it as a campsite and went on, stopping at a scouting platform high in some birch trees -- interesting literature left by the watchers. Then on to a cabin at Sunday Creek which we decided to use. The staff tent got pitched naturally as did one for Doug and Alan. Dave Eddy did his alone, but was joined by Jeff leaving the other five to the cabin where a backgammon tournament was declared. Evan went off for dry wood, but got discouraged, and the staff had to come to the rescue. Meanwhile Dave Lamarche made the creamed chicken while Jeff did a cornbread. No takers for the traveler, so the staff did it. 70°

Friday, August 8 -- The weather looked awful at 6:45. Haze down over the river -- not mist. But we got breakfast cooked and nothing happened, so we loaded up. The cabin got put back to order -- somewhat at least. The tablecloth even got returned to its place. Visibility wasn't much -- not that there was much to see. Another cabin at the next creek, and still another before the marked rapid. The moose hunting must be good, if there are any left! The guide found the portage on the left at the marked rapid and after a small swift we took an easy walk to the bay at the foot. The railroad bridge was just around the bend and as expected had a rapid running under it. This one much longer and flatter, so the staff parked Dave Lamarche and went to scout. A short way on his mission it started to rain, lightly at first, but by the time he and Tinker got to the bridge it was considerably harder, so they parked under a large balsam to wait it out. Meanwhile the guide had found the portage just twenty-five yards from where 32 was parked. Eventually he located the staff with Wendy's lead, and they came back to have the section unload, put things under the canoes, and pitch the fly somewhat up the trail to cook lunch. By now it was obvious the rain was here to stay, so we called it quits. Tents went up when the occupants could brave the rain. A pot of coffee went and then one of soup -- followed by another. Dave Eddy baked another gingerbread though another is unlikely since three-quarters of a pannikin of molasses got spilled even after Dave warned everyone to watch out for it while he got his flour. Jeff did the chili while Doug fried the potatoes. The guide checked the proper landing at the end of the trail, and the rest of the canoes went over returning just in time for breadline while the staff made the traveler again. By now the rain had let up from the downpour stages, and at 9:15 there were feeble clearing attempts from the west. 70°

Saturday, August 9 -- The prediction about clearing was all wet, and so was the rest of the night. It started with thunder but soon became nothing but pelting rain and high winds. We were well-protected fortunately. At 6:45 the rain had stopped, but everything was soaked, the wind blew in gusts, and the temperature was down. The staff allowed a half hour to dry

out which really accomplished nothing. But breakfast went on as usual even as Jeff and Evan complained of being wet. We got everything down and across the by-now soggy portage -- streams and puddles in places that had been dry yesterday. The wind still blew and the sky was uninviting as we took the run-off from the rapid and immediately started into a series of ones that could be run. Fortunately the sun broke through on the last couple -- although that did not keep Dave Lamarche's canoe out of the swells. Then the river settled down to the marked rapid -- even if the temperature was still low. We pulled up right where the portage should have been, but there was nothing but a Natural Resources water-measuring shed -- and a pair of roads that stopped abruptly at the water. Guide and staff walked the roads finding them -- really there was only one -- in superior shape, complete with a parked car equipped with a couple, so we called it quits, planning to send the guide into Senneterre tomorrow to guide the pick-up vehicles -- by foot and/or thumb. We looked around for a campsite and settled on the road across the river with pretty good tentsites in a cleared balsam forest and the kitchen on a flat turn-around area. The rush for tentsites took priority, so lunch started slowly, but the last of our spaghetti went. Raspberries became the fad for the afternoon. The wet equipment got dried on various lines. Most took baths -- some before and some after Steve. Reluctantly enough sawers and splitters were recruited to put up a wannigan of wood for Temagami. The staff and dogs walked the road to see what the marked rapid consisted of -- it ran well-beyond the bridge below -- the portage would have been at least a mile or more. Taking it just to paddle into Senneterre would have been senseless, although Evan at first insisted we'd chickened-out. Our last chocolate cake for dinner. Dave Eddy did the traveling. And Evan made his debut at the fire with chicken and droppings, although he needed a lot of help finding things and instructions such as, "no, baking powder comes in cans, not bags." Some more raspberries, but the crop was getting thin. We took a lot, but the area also drew berry pickers from Senneterre and we even had a couple families of visitors around dinner time. Frisbee in the cleared area of the road to use up excess energy.

Sunday, August 10 -- The guide and staff were up just before eight to start breakfast joined by Dave Eddy and Jeff just before nine. The guide got ferried across the river to start his walk to town. The gang devoured pancakes laced with apples, applesauce, and raspberries through an extra batter finishing just after ten at which time everything got done up and ferried across the river to wait. Between ourselves and the berry pickers the raspberries were hard to come by. Other entertainment consisted of throwing rocks at a can and then into the river. Tom got everyone up with a false alarm, but eventually the bus and car appeared with Dave Booz driving. The gear got loaded and we went back to Feetean for more and the gear stored there. We rejoined at Boat Line about seven to meet Marshal waiting for the second half of his section from Capreol -- their mini-bus was too mini. Dave Lamarche tried to guide us leaving Boat Line -- looked like he was going to White Bear. We paddled up to

La Fav's Point only to find it occupied by a clubber and had to back-rack to the narrows to find a site. Of course it was dark by now and we ended where we started -- cutting tent poles in the dark. The staff with aid from Dave Eddy and Jeff put together dinner -- with lots of onlookers and offers of help from people who didn't know where to find anything anyway. Dave Lamrache borrowed Jeff's hammock for the night after he and Evan got the poles and Steve waited on them. Obviously the last tent up belonged to Tom and Bob -- no one was supposed to take it as an example of the perfect tent. Some clothes burning after the dishes got done by firelight. Stars out a-plenty.

Monday, August 11 -- The initial time of rising was normal -- although maybe it should be noted that having reached civilization it was determined that the staff watch was 45 minutes fast. Anyone wanting to do so could pro-rate the increase day-by-day from the plane trip back to Senneterre with Chris. But no one really needed a call to roll. A couple baths before breakfast -- which was really only coffee and cereal. The canoes got loaded, and we shoved off. The guide was last -- maybe slowed by the extra set of irons found on the campsite -- but no, a splash that could only come from a final bath, followed by a complete set of clean clothes no one had seen. We paddled on a calm sea with the mojo canoe out in the main lake -- Steve, Tom, and Bob -- up to visit with Section A at Long Island -- Marshal had gone by with their last group well-after we camped. On to Seal Rock and the final pull across to Keewaydin.

Post-script -- We brought in a little shower activity to the Temagami area, but you should have stayed around for what followed!

THE END