

FROM THE PAS TO THE GREAT SLAVE LAKE

Terry Ogle
Jerry McKay
Ted Ogle

Diary - Ted R. OGLE

Thursday, June 10, 1965.

Outfitted at Sommers Canoe Base; took approximately 150# of food from the kitchen and a couple of articles from the commissary, Bill Quinn in charge. Everyone was very cooperative and helped as much as possible. Cliff was satisfied with plans and route, altho a little worried.

Friday, June 11, 1965.

Picked Jerry McKay up in Ely; said "goodbye" to Flossie and hit the road the next morning to Winnipeg.

Saturday June 12, 1965.

Roads bad, stopped at Kenora.

Sunday, June 13, 1965.

We came from Kenora by car with Tom, Kaki, Lobo (dog), Mom, Dad and Jerry McKay, plus Terry and I and gear. After checking 3 packs, 3 paddles and a canoe in the strain station, we went to see Lower Fort Garry. Ate lunch at Salisbury's, then parents and brother said "goodbye". Jerry, Terry and I now on our own, put our carrying gear in a check locker and went out to survey the town. We saw a cop, very friendly, asked us, "Where the Hell are you going"; talked for 5 minutes, until his sergeant came by. We went back to the station and talked for awhile. I then showed them the tickets, checked for our canoe and gear, which were not where we put them, so we figured they were aboard. Also asked a

conductor and he said they have been packed. We are on the train now bouncing from side to side so that writing is difficult. It is 6:30 PM and we are going to dinner after writing. The land is flat and just blends into the horizon--very beautiful. Everyone stares and keeps his distance. All are friendly and helpful. Great trip ahead. Right now--TO THE PAS! June 13 and all is fine, until first night on the trail, I'll close.

Monday, June 14, 1965. 1st Day out.

I slept with my window shade up so that the sun would wake me by 6:30 AM so that we could eat breakfast before arriving at the Pas. After breakfast we got our belongings and left the train about 8:00. Carrying our gear through town we visited the Provincial Office Building in the Pas and there received information to find the newspaper, the museum and the bank. Exchanged our currency to Canadian money--got \$4.32 extra. We gave the newspaper our story and visited the Little Museum, run by Sam Waller. Then we got candles and bread (1 loaf) and loaded the canoe about 12:45; that is after we made a 3/4 mile portage to the river, the canoe had about 3" freeboard. In a low wind we got water over the gunwales the current is very strong--3 to 5 miles per hour, with me in the stern, Jerry in the bow and Terry resting.

We made 10 miles and changed places and had lunch at 4:30 PM. All are very thirsty and we all had to drink the river water straight; the Halaxone tablets were inaccessible. We covered 15 miles today as a head start. First night is always the roughest. Everyone is tired and thirsty. We now figure 3.5 days to Cumberland House rather than 3 days. The country is like the Ohio, but no clay banks, only silt precipitious banks. We had to rope all of the gear up the bank, but we found a nice campsite.

Saw a snowgoose, many mallards, and "wild" cows; 4 canoes and one motor boat were sighted. The canoes were square-sterns and had motors. Even though the current is strong we have been making good time. We are early to bed and up to 6:00 AM. June 14th and all is fine -- last night, Cook: Ted; Boatman: Jerry; Fireman: Terry. Dinner-^{it} Stew--had so much left over, we will eat again tomorrow morning. We still be sleeping in Ecquisedum ~~house~~ ^{house} tail. This is a pre-cambrian plant, very old. We worked out on our harmonicas and went to bed.

Tuesday, June 15, 1965. 2nd Day out.

Up at 5:30 AM. I got up first and started the fire to warm up the stew and coffee. The stew was poor and the coffee was terrible. We made far too much food for one night. No conifers along the Saskatchewan River but hardwoods, box elder. No big wildlife, only chipmunks and billions of mosquitoes. We left camp at 7:30 AM--we took so long because we had to rope H₂O up the bank. We roped the packs to the canoe and hit the mighty Saskatchewan for another day. All of the lee side of the current has willow trees growing, all are young. The outer edge or current side has from 8' to 12' precipitious sides. There are no rocks to be found, only silt and cover crops and trees.

Now at camp tonight; there was no clearing so we picked the best landing and chopped a clear space. The land is sandy clay, instead of silt. We found one snake and deer; if the current is still fast and we are making only two or three miles per hour. We traveled until 6:30 PM tonight making a day of 11 hourse straight paddling. There are many more turns and, therefore, is much longer than we had figured.

Even though we got a half-day start, it will still take us 2 or 2.5 days more. But once on a lake with no current, it won't be hard to push for 5 miles per hour. We saw a Saskatchewan badge today, a motor boat and one canoe with motor. Everyone is thoroughly tired and therefore, will go to bed early. It takes time to build a trail appetite, trail callouses and trail manners. Give me a week and I shall learn them again. The days have been hot and Terry and I have not worn the deerskin vests.

The mosquitos have been bad while in Camp but while on the water, they are few. The water is a real problem. It is not fit to drink and we must put halazone tablets in all we drink. After Cumberland House we are going to swim and take a bath in fresh clear H₂O. We are sleeping tonight in a forest of small Black willows.

Wednesday, June 16, 1965. 3rd Day out

We were up at 5:30 AM to start the day. It took us awhile to cook breakfast and to cook the bread we had for lunch. Our packing is still a problem, for there is much stuff that is just placed in the canoe and is not packed. We are glad that we do not pass any rapids for awhile. This morning we tried to get movies of ducks, which were flying, but I don't think they were too good. We did see a young moose among the diamond willows. A strange noise came from the seedlings and then there was a clattering of trees and a moose appeared. We had a motor boat come by again and an old Indian took our pictures. We found out yesterday that we forgot Jerry's fishing rod, so when we are in Cumberland House, we will buy another one. The current is still strong, but today most of the wind is behind us, so we are making good time.

We did not make our itinerary first night, last night. It took us approximately two days to make it. Since the second day is short, we may reach the second night scheduled stop. It will take us $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 days from the Pas to Cumberland House. We have a trip planned from the Pas to Great Slave Lake and we have 60 days to do it in. We will travel hard for 60 days and get out then either at Hays River or Fort Smith. We traveled about 24 miles today with an 11 hour paddling day. In some places we had the wind with us and then again, it was against us. When it was with us, the wind would also be against the current so that when on the lee side of the shore, we sort of sailed upstream and, when in the main part of the river, the white caps came up to ship water. So much water that we had to stop and unpack the canoe to get the water out. We took several stretches in the wind putting us behind. But tomorrow we should be at Cumberland House and our H₂O problems are over.

Tonight we stopped on the other side of the river. Instead of roping our gear up a 10 foot cliff, we are on the lee side of the current in a field of bulrushes. We are in such thickness that we are not visible from the lake. The weather has been great but we think it's time to get worse. We passed Barrier settlement today and all it is, is a couple of cabins.

We still pass boats which we envy and see the mallard ducks take off. It's 10:00 PM now and the sun is very bright and high, and it seems to rise about 4:00 AM. We had a short scare tonight. While talking around the fire, Terry heard a crashing through the woods. Since the place where we camped had much moose droppings, we decided it was a moose. Terry and Jerry ran for their cameras and I ran for the gun. We figured later that the noise was only a muskrat. But we did sleep with the axe in the tent.

Thursday, June 17, 1965. 4th Day out.

Up at 5:30 AM. For breakfast--oatmeal and raisins cooled by Jerry--very good. Nothing got into the food. We repacked all of the packs so that we could make more room. With this extra time, repacking, we were late getting on the water. The current has picked up again and the current is with us which produces whitecaps. If we keep going as the itinerary is planned, it will put us a day behind. Therefore we have decided to make it to Cumberland Lake via the Tearing River. Then take a layover tomorrow and see Cumberland.

We saw our first stone today. It was an outcrop of limestone peeking out of the water. Our paddling changes take place every 3 hours and the bow man rests while the stern man takes bow and the fresh man takes stern. We are now on the Tearing River; just saw a real nice campsite. It was cut away; a real good landing; what a time to find it. The Tearing River was a beautiful river with a lot less current and a lot less wind. We saw one moose, a cow, and dozens of mallards plus other ducks. As we neared the source of the river a terrific change occurred in the geologic formation; instead of sand and silt banks, we saw rocky gradual sloping banks. The rocks included granite, chert, greenstone, limestone, feldspar, felsite, magnetite and dalmite.

This meant rocky rapids and we walked up two of them and portaged one of them. The site of the Cumberland Lake was great; we changed from a hemmed in swampy, fast river to a wide open huge lake.

After a four mile paddle westward through wild rice paddies, we arrived at Hudson's Bay Co. Cumberland Lake. On the way over we also saw a pelican, herring and gulls by the hundreds. We have talked to the manager of the Hudson's Bay Co. and will go back later to buy some things like suntan lotion, milk, coke, etc. The mosquitos are very bad here, for we are camped below the Post. The Indians

are scared of us; none will talk. The mosquito dope works real well too. On Cumberland Lake I also noticed the conifers. First evergreens we have seen since the Quetico.

S. JESSINSON & EDWARD BACKEWETH

The signatures above are the Hudson's Bay Co managers here at Cumberland House. The Indians here are more friendly--they say "Hi".

S. Jessinson remembers Sig Olson when he came down the Sturgeon Weir. The manager said that the Saskatchewan River has an 8 mile an hour current. I believe it is only a 3 or 4 mile an hour current. Also the distance from the Pas is 80 miles to Cumberland House. The Sturgeon Weir, so says the manager, is faster than the Saskatchewan River. This is improbable for the Sturgeon Weir is broken by many rapids. We will see.

There are approximately 1,000 people in the settlement of Cumberland House. We went into the small city last night and met a fellow (Canadian) who owns a Lounge; there are no rooms to stay in. It was very modern and was built in 1961. He drove us down to the Fishing Landing and there showed us the beilers of an ammunition runner ship about 1821 during a rebellion. Also while we were there a fisherman came in with his catch. He had pickeral, walleye; even though he didn't have sturgeon, they run about \$1.40. The owner of the Lodge also runs a hunting camp; the Big Eddie. \$65 a day per person and \$100 per license. He drove us back to the campsite and we hid from the mosquitos.

At the Hudson's Bay Co. they sold records which interested me, for they had for sale--Burl, Ives; the Beatles and the Rolling Stones.
Friday, June 18, 1965

A good bowl of Farina and we were out of camp. Today we are

supposed to make 32 miles, which should be about the same type as on the river for there isn't a current and we should make good time.

The willows still border the lakes, but the shore line is much more gradual and is covered with rocks of limestone.; they are not in beds. The trees are now some conifers but most are hardwoods--poplar. Finally we are in some fresh water that we can drink. If we get in on time, it is Bath Night--and Brush Teeth Night.

We just made across Cedar Lake. In the last bay we cut across it and sure enough a wind came up. We figured most of the waves were three feet but there were quite a few at four feet. We shipped some water but not as bad as on the Saskatchewan. Well, we made it and will know what to expect on the Reindeer and Athabaska Lakes. It seems that we have been out for about three weeks, but it has only been four days!

Last night I woke up at 2:00 AM and thought that I saw a moose staring at us in the tent--a bull moose. I woke Jerry, and it turned out to be some spruce branches.

We are getting into Lake Nameu and the wind is coming up. Since Nameu is a big lake, we are pulling to shore. We are wind-bound! We are hoping that the wind will die about 6:00, then we will leave again. Here at shore we took a bath, washed clothes and brushed teeth. We also looked over the canoe. It looks in bad condition for what we have been through. We have walked the canoe up in rapids, and probably brushed against some rocks, but the bottom looks worse than that. We have hit nothing else. No more Old Towns!

After a ten minute rain and some high wind, we left Lower Nameu and entered the main body. The water was clear as glass, so after crossing Nameu we went to bed at 11:00, after making 16 miles. The willows no longer line the shore, but rather limestone and dolomites. The water is very clear and very tasty. The trees

are changing from spruce to cedar. All of the cedar along Nameu is scrub.

Tomorrow we hope to be up before the wind and get to Sturgeon Landing since we are on an island. The mosquitoes are in swarms!
Saturday, June 19, 1965.

The wind came up at 12:30 last night, so we tied the canoe down and threw a tarp over the packs. We woke at 5:00 AM and the wind was still howling. We stayed in bed until 10:30 AM. We got up and had breakfast of bread, cheese and salami. Now we just have to wait until the wind dies for we have to make it to the mainland and that is a half hour away. Last night just after leaving Little Nameu, my paddle broke on me. It must have been too much right hand.

We are still here in Nameu. We had a chance to get a day ahead of our itinerary, but lost it because of the wind. We greased our boots, baked a cake, played our harmonicas and slept all day. Everyone is bored and wants to move on. At Sturgeon Landing we hope to get another paddle. We hope when the sun starts to set that the wind and waves will die so that we can make it to Sturgeon Landing by tonight. The wind let up by 8:30 so we took a chance and set across the bay to Sturgeon Landing. Once the wind came up and we shipped some water, but we made it--wonder how! How will Athabaska and Reindeer Lakes be. We will take them at night probably. The mosquitoes are quite bad at sunset now in the tent; the mosquitoes are so bad they just might carry us off. I can see why they drive moose crazy. There was a very beautiful sunset tonight. We are camping looking east, so we didn't see the sun set, but its reflection on a low cumulus and a rainbow beside it, made it scenic. I would have gotten a time exposure of the sunset, but the mosquitoes are so bad I couldn't stay out there that long.

Sunday, June 20, 1965 7th Day Out

Up at 5:45 AM. The mosquitos very bad, for the sun was still low and the wind hadn't come up. We left camp to find the Sturgeon Weir. There was an old road up alongside the river. At the first part of the river it was full of rapids and swift currents which we couldn't paddle, so we started to portage. Me with 2 packs, Jerry had the canoe and Terry was loaded down/ when R.E. COMM, Sturgeon Landing was driving by in his truck and gave us a lift over two miles of our portage. It saved us close to three hours. Even though-- we still didn't make our itinerary for the wind is against us and the current is also against us. We walked up at least 7 rapids of 50 yards duration and portaged 2 or 3. The water is ice cold and the air is also growing colder. I've been wearing my fur all day.

We saw a herd of pelicans and a couple of eagles and 2 moose (a cow and calf) swimming through a set of rapids; they were having a big time.

Sturgeon Landing consists of about 100 people with 5 or 6 whites. R.C. Comm is married to the school teacher; the other whites all married squaws. We are now wind-bound on the Sturgeon Weir and we are eating supper to wait for the wind to cease.

Monday, June 21, 1965 - 8th Day out.

Up at 5:30 AM in a drizzling rain. It was cold last night and this morning; I can see my breath. The hot coffee and hot farina tasted good in the rain. Back to the Sturgeon Weir for the last day. The first rapids we walked in the glacial ice chill up to our waist. There was no portage and to cut one would take all day.

We noticed a white tail deer jumping across the rapids. I understand they rid themselves of mosquitos this way. On our second rapids we portaged for it dropped some twenty feet. While portaging we saw many ruffled grouse, snakes and bunches of mosquitos. We pulled and roped and portaged a couple more rapids. Lunch was taken at the last portage to Amisk. At this place a highway from FlinFlon comes down.

We heard there was a lodge on the right when going into Amisk. We stopped to see if we could buy a paddle--no paddle, but we got a coke and talked to the owner about the rest of the Sturgeon Weir. We got good information. A retired couple wanted so much to get our picture so we posed. She was so mad because she had only one picture in the camera.

Tonight we must make it to the west Sturgeon Weir which is the better part; I am in the middle and am freezing. We stopped to have supper and to wait for the wind to calm. We left at 8:00 and made it to the west by 10:30 PM. We were all wet and cold so started a fire; got warm and dry and went to sleep in the tent.

Tuesday, June 22, 1965 - 9th Day out.

The longest day! We were up at 6:30 this morning because we paddled late last night. The mornings are still very chilly; we had breakfast and moved out at 8:00. The west Sturgeon Weir is so much nicer than the south. No strong current, no unmarked rapids and no rain. Our first rapids were the spruce rapids where there was a four foot wide path (real nice). On Amisk we saw a flock of pelicans which looked great against a blue sky. On west Sturgeon Weir we saw two Indian cabins for it is an Indian reservation for hunting and fishing; an Indian graveyard and a clearing which possibly held many fur fairs. We are now less than a day behind and

hope to catch up today or in a few days.

Jerry doesn't seem to know this trip very well. He doesn't know the lakes; he can't pack a pack very good; he doesn't like getting up in the morning at 5:30, but he does paddle and portage nicely and we've been getting along greatly.

The limestone boulders of Amisk disappeared as we entered the Sturgeon Weir. Lower part of west Sturgeon Weir was well forested while toward the middle was earth crust like the Quetico. Upper Sturgeon Weir was much more swampy. There is no current except when reaching a rapid which is somewhat seldom.

We saw a moose in upper Sturgeon Weir and a flock of pelicans. We camped tonight in Lake Maligne, coming some 44 miles and still having supper and breakfast at the same site. Terry's bread is improving even though he did spill the sourdough in the pack. We met some Hudson's Bay Co. men who are taking a survey of something. We will find out more in Pelican Narrows. We will be back to our itinerary at Frog Portage, so that we won't have to rush so much. We also saw an Indian graveyard near the mouth of the Sturgeon Weir.
Wednesday, June 23, 1965 - 10th Day out.

Up at 5:30 to see the mist come off of the lake. Again it was cold, so I suspect that it is normal. While we were washing dishes this morning, some Indians came over our portage. They had a teenager about 16, anyhow we helped them pull their freighter across the portage and then a picture. None except the daughter could speak any English. Today we hope to make it to Pelican Narrows and then we will be all caught up with our itinerary. Here we are way out in the middle of nowhere and last night we thought we heard trucks or cars someplace. This morning we had to portage the bridge.

Birch Portage is a settlement of only 2 or 3 cabins. It isn't comparable to Sturgeon Landing. Some portages are good but as we moved up into tourist country of Pelican Narrows, the portages were lined with logs so that the tourist can pull his boat across the portage. This makes walking difficult. The portages are short, not hard to get over, but sometimes hard to find. The food has been monotonous the whole trip. Oatmeal or farina for breakfast and rice macaroni or potatoes for dinner; but they really fill you up.

At Dog Portage I found Hawk Talons; spine still connected. I was going to keep the Talons but it was too much. We will not make Pelican Narrows tonight in time to go to the Hudson's Bay Co. Therefore we will spend half a day here tomorrow and move on to Frog Portage. The only thing they have here at Pelican Narrows is the H.B. Co. I was expecting it more commercialized. When we hit Pelican Narrows we had a welcoming party of kids. We also bought a quart of milk for tomorrow morning. Tonight we were camped on an island where an Indian keeps his winter sled dogs so that he doesn't have to water them and feed them--great! We bought the children some candy and took their pictures; the Indians are cute.

Thursday, June 24, 1965 - 11th Day out.

After paddling Mirrored Lake---a beautiful, clear, good tasting water lake, we came to Pelican Lake. Up at 8:30 AM since we are having a half-day layover and over to the radio phone, so Terry could call Joan. She was at the library so he sent a radiogram. We came back to a pancake breakfast that Jerry cooked. After cleaning up, we went to the Hudson's Bay Post. There we got a new paddle (5½ Basswood) a turtle neck shirt for Terry, a pipe for Terry because he lost his other one, cokes and candy bars. It came to \$14.00 or so.

The Indians were very friendly and they even commented on our fur vests. There are about 1,000 Indians who trap and fish for a livelihood.

We learned that a highway will come up here from Leaf Rapids and Flin Flon; also that the dogs on our island were used for snow sled dogs; they put them on the island so they don't have to water them.

We left Pelican Narrows and came 16 miles to Wood Lake. We met three men at three rapids from Saskatchewan who were impressed with our trip. All of the portages from Pelican Narrows to Wood Lake have logs (traway) to skid the boats along. After dinner Jerry went fishing and pulled in a fish for every cast! After 5 fish, we stopped. Fresh meat for tomorrow morning.

Friday, June 25, 1965 - 12th Day out.

After hitting the sack late, we got up at 6:00 AM and on the water by 8:15; we took so long because of the fish. The frying took a little longer and the washing took a lot longer but it was worth it. The days are getting warmer, particularly at night. They probably had a cold spell for the last week or so. There is no wind on Wood Lake this morning, so we are shooting up the lake with the greatest of ease.

Yesterday we stopped for our lunch behind a sheltered point. While standing around eating, Terry spied two snowshoes made by the Cree. This lake (Wood) would be an excellent place to put a lodge. The portages from Pelican Narrows to Wood are lined with logs to slide boats over, there is a road that is coming from Flin Flon to Pelican Narrows for accessibility and there are plenty of fish. The wind is coming from the south, which means some nice warm southern air.

Up at 5:30 and on the water by 7:00 the wind was up and we were
We just passed the top of Wood Lake. We saw there a couple of
covered by clouds. We emptied the canoe of water after the first
cabins which looked livable and decided to get some pictures. As we
large bay (Lake Dakik), then we came to Kettle Falls. It took 15
were loading our camera (Changing film) we heard someone up in the
minutes to find the portage. There saw an Indian cabin and cache.
cabin and decided the best we could do was to leave. Before we
The falls drop 15' and were very scenic. After the falls we hit
left we spied a person on a wooden frame, bed-like structure. It
another bay.

came to us that this is how the Indians worship their dead! ??????

While in the middle the wind changed and increased. By the
We did get a picture.

time we got to shore we had 5" of water in the canoe. We were lucky

We made it to Frog Portage in good style. The portage had a
not to swamp. We hit land and started a fire and had lunch. It was
wooden ramp for boats to be drug over. Probably made particularly
still misting and a heavy cloud banks. After all of the delays,
for the Indians.

wind, waves and rain, we still pushed 30 miles today. All the while

We arrived at camp early tonight, about 5:30 and are now a
we were on the Churchill with current with us, we had a head wind.
day ahead of schedule. We should be, if we push, in Southend in
The Churchill looks very similar to a lake with Island and not too
two days. Tonight I baked some cookies for tomorrow and Terry
such current being only in narrow places.

baked the bread. In the sack early and up early. We saw an

It has really been miserable weather today. We are hoping it
Indian camped on the bank and waved, then shouted "Watchee,
breaks tomorrow. Everything is wet. Now at 8:30 PM we still have clouds
"Watchee" which means hello or goodbye. He waved and shouted
and mist.

"Hello".

~~Special June 27, 1965 - Last day out~~
Saturday, June 26, 1965 - 13th Day out.

Up at 5:30 but windy and rainy so stayed in the sack until 8:00
Still raining we made a fire and ate breakfast and set out. We
rounded the first point and the wind gave us quite a push. We are
now windbound about 10 miles above 3 River.

It is 2:30 PM now and we'll be out soon. On our layover we
will dry us out; had lunch, cake and coffee. The wind is high, the
white caps are rough and it is still misting. This layover puts
us back on the itinerary. We are no longer a day ahead of schedule.

We have had rotten weather for the past 3 days. It is time
we start having decent weather. The wind has been against us all of
the time except in spots along the Saskatchewan. Just as we paddled
into our layover spot today, Terry noticed that he had forgotten his

snowshoes, so we unloaded Jerry, pack and tent. Terry and I went back and Jerry started chopping wood. It took 15 minutes to get back and about 45 minutes to return to the layover. Jerry had a fire going.

We saw an Indian in a freighter and waved to him. He came over because he thought we were one of his party. He came back later and we talked. At 8:00 we finally left our campsite after being windbound and traveled 5 miles. Still the wind was stiff. We had a fire going from 10:30 this morning until 8:00 tonight; was it warm! The sun set in the west and we saw it for the first time in 3 nights. We camped at 11:00, still nothing very dry.

Monday, June 28, 1965 - 15th day out.

Up at 6:00 and moving in the cold. I think it really hit a cold low. We had Terry's special bumpy cornmeal mush. We left camp at 7:30 and then got mixed up exactly where we camped and fumbled around for half an hour.

The middle man is always very cold. Our clock is set one hour ahead of up here which make us get us 4:30 AM. We paddled 12 hours today with a half hour out for lunch. We still could not make it to Southend tonight, even though we speed 45 miles. We are now about 2 hours behind the itinerary and this will probably lengthen by Stony Rapids.

We camped tonight at White Sands Dam on Lake Farford. We looked for a portage and could not find one and since the waves were so huge, we turned around and cooked supper on a narrow sand beach while the others went looking for the portage. The portage on our side was very well used, but an 18' canoe couldn't make the waves. The fellow who runs the Dam had a path down to the river, so we borrowed and portaged over the Dam to a campsite. For the past

two or three days we have passed burned areas. Talking to an Indian I found that it happened three years back--big blaze. The wind was very quiet today and our mileage was very good. It will take two hours to reach Southend tomorrow.

Tuesday, June 29, 1965 - 16th day out.

Up late today--about 6:30 AM because of coldness and tiredness. We hit the water late, but still caught the wind down. Today will be our first chance on a real big lake. We figure that we will paddle mostly at night. The lake itself should be shallow though since there are so many islands.

The second dam we came to we paddled it up. It must have broken down so they built Whitesand Dam.

Lenard G. Flett
H. G. Sleis
Oliver Shaw - Kenoosas, Saskatchewan

We pulled into Southend at 11:00 this morning to pick up supplies. We got more lard, raisins and canned meat. We spent only \$5. Our cheapest stop. The top signature is the Hudson Bay men. Both are Indians, Cree. They are friendly, etc. The people in the store just moved aside when we came. There was no mail. As we came out of the store a Canadian of Regina met us and introduced himself as Ken Passbo. He was the school teacher at the mission. The school went up to 7th grade and taught handicraft as well as the ABC's. After two years there he divides the kids in different grades. Before this time, all grouped together. Ken is originally from Regina. The handicraft include dog harnesses, bead work and snowshoe making. After the 7th grade the 17 year olds go off to a public school if they want to. We were glad to meet Ken today for tomorrow he is leaving for Regina with his wife.

The school has two floors, upper floor was divided into 3 classrooms and some offices, restrooms, etc. It was very modern. The lower rooms were for handicraft. He also had a radio. The school year was 10 months instead of 9.

After school is out the families go out of the settlement to hunt or fish, or work for a lodge as guides. Ken's dogs were bred part malamute and part Huskie. They were young and friendly. He also stated that the reason that the sled dogs of Indians are always barking and jumping on their leashes when you approach, is not because they are mean, but very friendly; this surprised me.

The Indians keep their sled dogs on an island because in the summer they require a lot of water and shade. Every two or three days the owner will visit the island to feed them, that is to drop them a couple of fish. Ken said that in the fall he had 4,000 fish in his cellar. In the spring only 200 remained. On a sled there are usually 4 to 8 dogs. You ride on the sled and they are faster than a one horse cutter. The main problem of dog sled riding is hanging on.

At the school he gave us two books he used at school for History class. They are a little elementary but they are informative.

He told us of an old Indian legend that will probably prohibit our visits. A race of Indians which branched from the Chipewyan was caught in a famine and turned to cannibalism to remain alive. This happened about 1640. These cannibals were supposed to have dressed in animal skins and looked like wild men. Then it came out that these men still exist and still eat Indians.

Also he said that on Wollaston a tribe was camped 50 miles from a settlement (mission) then word got out that these wild men were around and the next day all of the tribe was camped at the settlement. The Chipewyan being a little more primitive, believe this much more strongly. All Indians are superstitious.

All we have to do is sit out at night with our vests on and howl and the whole country side would be in a panic. Also on the other hand we may find a couple of bullet holes in our vest. These men now could be white men.

Ken gave us a couple of words: NEEW CHEE, greeting, WAHGAN, partner, friend, TAHSEE, How are you, MOHNAN TOH, doing well, TAHNTEE, where, TANAN-EE-GOOK, how much, MUCH, no, when buying, if price is too much. The Chips will try to cheat much more than the Cree. They may plead and say how poor they are--how hungry the family is, etc., etc. Actually some Cree make \$8,000 to \$10,000 per year. Fish sell for 10 cents a piece and a dollar for a stick 10 fish hides may sell for 2 or 3 dollars.

Ken would have given us some moose meat for he is leaving for Regina and he had some extra moose meat. It would have tasted great. Also we learned that two other canoeists were going to take Wollaston by Swan River. The Indians only concern is being alive, not how much money they have.

Ken also gave us a fun down on the Ogle family. A Lord Ogle in England sent his son away to America with a \$1,000 to seek his fortune, because he was causing trouble in England. He came over and married the daughter of a chief just after Little Big Horn battle and settled at Wood mountain. He wrote his father saying that he had married a princess and had settled down. His dad and mom came over to America by boat, took a train as far as possible and then a buckboard to his house. When they went in to his dirty

old hut a fat dirty woman greeted them; they asked where Lord Ogle was. She said, "Out branding cattle".

As we left one family was smoking fish in front of their house. The lady lit her pipe as we passed. All of the government buildings used a generator for their lighting. The coal oil was driven over the snow and ice by caterpillars. As we left we forgot our parcel and left it on the beach where a couple of Indians stood. They brought it out to us. The day is calm and nice.

Traveling is wonderful. Ken was told before he saw us that there were some wild caribou in the H.B.Co. It was only Terry and me. He told us of deep bay in Reindeer Lake. It was caused by a meteor. It is 760' deep and 8 miles across. The Indians hate cigars, so they aren't sold.

The man who runs Whitesand Dam was at Southend. His dam is the new one and the one which we paddled up is the old one. The new one raised the water level of Reindeer Lake nine feet. Since these maps were made before the dam, the water was low and in many places islands are not seen when the maps show them. The dam was built in 1942.

We left Southend at 1:30 and started out again. It was an unusually calm day and no wind. On our way we stopped at Reindeer Lake Trout Camp to get information. They showed us a good route and a good crossing over place.

We paddled until 6:30 PM and cooked supper to go again at 8:00 and paddled to 11:00 PM.

We stopped and ate and then the Ranger of this area--Oliver Shaw--stopped too. He stopped just to have dinner and chat. He used our fire for tea and cut some canned meat and put in white bread for his supper. He has been up here all his life. He

has served at Cumberland House, Athabasca, Southend, etc. He did know a lot about the Indians, the Cochrane River and Wollaston and Athabaska. We ate dinner at the end of Sanford Island. Oliver helped us out a lot. He showed us a route on the Reindeer Lake. He was a very friendly chap; we parted and paddled until 10:30 PM.

We covered 40 miles and camped on Lawrence Point.

Wednesday, June 30, 1965 - 17th Day out.

Up at 5:30 and on the water by 7:30, rather slow. The wind was blowing softly, but on the larger body of water the waves were quite high. We stayed in among the islands and the water was real calm. For 2 days now we have had wind--what there was--behind us. It is really giving us a boost and we're making close to 50 miles a day. We crossed the lake by Milton (X) Island. The waves were a little rough, but there was only two stretches of a mile apiece so that we came through with flying colors.

Now on the east side of the lake and at 2:00 the waves are so high that we will layover for an hour. We set in again. The waves seem to be about the same except they didn't break so much. We were careful, but even though we did ship a little water.

Our itinerary says 36 miles to Wapus Island for the first night on Reindeer and 28 miles to Hugh Island for second night. Well, these mileages are all wrong. Since we have to go by the shoreline it's nearly twice as long. We have kept up the itinerary very well. I think also the distance of this jaunt is closer to 2,000 miles.

I really enjoy looking at the cloud formation. Cirrus clouds which are 25,000 feet high look close enough to jump up to and the cumulus clouds which are much lower, look as if you may hit them when you stand up. We are at altitude 1160 and still have a hundred feet to go to Wollaston.

We are stopping at 5:30 tonight to eat dinner. It is early because the ranger gave us a loaf of bread and it didn't fill us like Terry's sourdough. We've had no major navigation errors only a few minor ones, in which we lost a half an hour at the most.

The day today is very, very warm. I paddled today with only a tee shirt. This is the first day I have paddled with only a tee shirt. Last night was moderately warm and tonight we expect it warmer. Whenever the sun is out and we have a southern breeze, it is warm. Once a cloud blocks the sun or it is past the horizon, the temperature drops 5 degrees and it is cold. We have really had it nice on Reindeer Lake, a southern breeze--not too strong and warm weather. It's a beautiful big lake.

We had lunch after we crossed the lake and now we are eating dinner on the east side of Malcolm Island halfway. The wind is still rather strong, but should go down by 8:00 PM. Tonight we will be in Whitesand Bay near Kinoosa. It will be a near 50 mile day. We paddled in at 10:30 and made it to Kinoosa. A cloud front went over and we caught just a little rain, for we were on the end of it.
Thursday, July 1, 1965 - 18th Day out.

There was some mistake about reading the watch this morning so we got up at 4:30 instead of 5:30 AM. We were on the water by 6:15 PM. The day is very quiet with very slight wind. This is just what we need to cut some of the bays. The weather is perfect. We plan to make it to Bear Island tonight. That will put us a whole day ahead of schedule.

Terry is learning to use the compass now. We will make 24 miles before lunch, averaging 4 miles per hour. After a long paddle over quiet water, we pulled in to eat dinner at 5:30 PM. We did hit one rough spot of rolling water which put us back a little.

We had a huge supper--4 quarts of macaroni and meat and cheese. The three of us finished it. We put back in the water at 7:30 PM and traveled until 8:30 when a small rain was coming up, but it also brought some big waves. We are four miles from Bear Island. Tonight in early and up again at 4:30 AM so that we can catch the water calm. We came 45 miles today; we need 38 more.

Friday, July 2, 1965 - 19th Day out.

Up at 4:30 AM, cooked breakfast and out at 6:00. The water was stirred up a little for that early in the morning. It calmed and we were making 4 mph. Then we discovered a shorter water to Brochet. We had to jump from island to island to cut off some 3 or 4 hour paddle.

The wind was down; almost none. We crossed at the last half of the last open part; the wind came up and gave us some trouble, but we made it without taking too much water. We are camped across from Brochet now at 3:00 PM. We started crossing the bay at 12:00 and finished at 11:00. We are now 2½ days ahead of schedule. Reindeer has surely been good to us. Sorry we must leave her. We are tired so will rest now, then go into town and get supplies. Also hope to see Father Parbe.

W. R. Gaslett, Mgr.
Brochet, Man.

Br. G. Delangle OMI
Brother of Mission.

We went into town tonight and found the H.B.Co. store crowded. We filled our order and got food to get us to Stony Rapids. The bill came to \$15.00--which isn't too bad. W. R. Gaslett is the manager of the store. The store built in 1830 was used as a meat center to outfit voyageurs on their route to and from the west. It was the most rundown of all the stores thus far, but it contained a lot of goods. There is a weather station up here in which we visited next.

Then we went to see Father Parbo, but he wasn't in, so we talked to his Brother, next signature. He invited us in and gave us coffee and cookies. When we left, he had no more cookies, we ate the whole bowl full. We talked about an hour about the Indians. They spend all their money each season no matter how much they make.

Their children go to school at the settlement until 7th or 8th grade and then they are sent to the Pas of Cross Lake. They don't see their parents at all. Most of them flunk out the first year.

We saw Father Parbo come in by plane so we went out to talk to him. He held a mass which Jerry went to, but Terry and I didn't. Chipewyan was the language used. F. Parbo told us a little about this country. He told us where some Indian encampments are in which we can buy hides and muckluks. Tomorrow we will go to the HBCo. and get more information on the Cochrane and Athabaska. There are 590 Indians here; 50/50 Cree and Chips. They live by trapping and fishing. They trap mink, otter and white fox.

A disaster has just happened. I lost a film--36 pictures of scenic beauty. I don't know where I put them!

Saturday, July 3, 1965 - 20th Day out.

We laid in the sack until 9:00 and then got up in a drizzling rain. Since we didn't get in from seeing Father Darbo until late, there was no wood set out for morning. It took us a half hour to get a fire going. We had oatmeal, then we packed up and left to go to the H.B.Co. to get candy bars and mail letters. We got the same Saturday curse, somehow I had lost my film--36 pictures taken on Reindeer Lake GONE. It makes me mad, but there is nothing I can do. I took it out of the camera box, put it in my pocket--the fatal mistake. From then on I don't know what happened.

For the last three Saturdays, we have been windbound; this Saturday is no exception. We are on Reindeer Lake ready to go to the Cochrane River; we will paddle after dinner. Dinner is ready. We got in about 10:00. We then gathered wood for tomorrow, put up the tent and went to bed.

Sunday, July 4, 1965 - 21st Day out.

We got out by 6:30 this morning! that is, out of the tent. It seems that this morning was one of the coldest this far. It must have gone down to 35° or 40°. After a hot breakfast of cornmeal, we set out for the unknown.

Our first experience was with 2 dogs. We came to the place where the Indians chain their dogs. Two were not chained. They have followed us the rest of the day, for about 15 miles over rapids and Lakes. I think we have lost them now.

The trees on the Cochrane and northern Reindeer are scrib black spruce. The land is flat and fit for mosquitos. There are some islands of sand and gravel which add scenery to the river. The river reminds us a lot of the southern Sturgeon Weir. For there are many rapids that are not marked and swift current which we must walk.

For the first time we tried some real tracking. With a rope on both ends of the canoe and pulling it up the current without having to walk next to the canoe in waist deep water. The deerflies are getting thicker. We camped tonight in Easton Lake. We are in the tent writing. The worst item of the trail seems to be drying of skin and continued wet feet. Even though we have lotion, our hands are cracking.

Up early tomorrow for a good start. I found a rack of a caribou with the skull still attached. We will try to carry it and send it home, if not, a picture will have to do. The most enjoyable part of the trail is eating! I could eat all day and still have room. Goodnight!

Monday, July 5, 1965 - 22nd Day out.

Late start 6:15 AM and on the water at 8:00. We haven't seen the dogs all day, so I guess we have lost them. We camped on one rapid after Easton and pulled and tracked through it. Then the banks started to get sandy, very sandy, so that then there were numerous shoals, reefs and shallows. The eskers dominate too. There was current at some places, but no rapids. We shot through the rest. We had a southern wind which gave us a good push. The whole day was overcast but relatively warm. We had rain intermittently. The land is all scrub tamarack and mostly black spruce. The Dear Flies, black flies and mosquitos are a problem. We are camped tonight just below Chipewyan Falls. We had dinner and cleaned up just before another 30 minute shower hit us. We went to the tent. We are a day ahead of schedule.

Tuesday, July 6, 1965 - 23rd Day out.

We are again windbound on LacBrochet. We hit at least 5 unmarked portages, which are really slowing us down. We don't know which side of the rapids has the portage. On many rapids there are no portages. We should have a motor on the canoe like the Indians, then we could shoot up the rapids. We are still one day ahead. We can't seem to get out of this rain. The wind keeps shifting and the rain keeps coming. We haven't had good weather since before Brochet Bay on Lake Reindeer.

We woke up to a drizzle after an all night rain and now to bed with overcast clouds. The portages have been on reindeer moss which is very soft. If you do not stop on a log or a rock, the moss will give way and up to your thighs in muck. We cut a portage of our own to save 4 miles of paddling. It was over an esker and didn't take long.

We are now getting into rocky country and therefore, more rapids. We have to get moving but this blasted weather won't let us. Into bed early and up early--about 4:00.

Wednesday, July 7, 1965 - 24th Day out.

Up at 4:30 and into the same drizzle and cloudy sky. Because of the weather we were slow moving and didn't make it on the water until 7:00. The wind was from the south and we had to parallel it. After 10:00 the winds calmed and we made good time.

We stopped at an Indian camp to buy skins and mukluks. One lady asked \$8 for a smoked caribou and other asked \$8 for a white skin. We talked the lady with the white skin down to \$6, but the other refused and we didn't pay. We know she was giving us a bum deal. Terry bought some mukluks.

On the way up I suppose we passed a sandpiper next for he came diving at us. I was in the bow and it scared me a bit. At 3:00 we are windbound on Lac Brochet, upper end. We will be in Misty before tonight, to keep up with itinerary. We have everything laid out to dry.

One of the Indians we met at the settlement worked for private fish companies to keep records on how many fish were caught, by whom, etc. He was the only one who could speak English. He showed us some receipts of fish. The fish price ranged from 10¢ to 50¢ per pounds. In one period--one or two weeks--the income for the 19 families living there was \$1,200. This was high compared to the rest of the receipts.

We are windbound in upper Lac Brochet. The waves must be 4' high. We made two tries out in it, but we turned back. We stopped at 3:00 and had supper at 5:00; we were then ready to hit the water once it calmed; it never calmed. The sun came out nice and strong at 2:00 and lasted until 6:00.

Now we are expecting another storm tonight. The wind is really howling now, maybe it will blow the clouds over, so we will awake to a bright day. The Indians helped us with the map; they pointed out rapids and portages. Most rapids they can run with a motor, so there are no portages for us to have to portage.

Thursday, July 8, 1965 - 25th Day out.

We awoke at 4:30 AM and discovered that the wind had not decreased so we rolled over until 9:00. We had breakfast and started drying our packs, food bags and boots. The pack straps needed oiling badly and so did the boots. With lunch at 2:00 the wind still hadn't died. We baked bread for tomorrow noon and had supper and waited for the wind to die. The wind is out of the northwest which means it is cold.

There has been no shift in the wind for the last day and a half and it has been doing at least 20 mph. We figure the front has moved some 500 miles with no let up. We are glad that there is scarcely any rain, that we are off Reindeer Lake and that our gear is dry. Ever since we have been on the Cochrane River the weather has been bad.

Now we are a half day ahead of schedule but will lose it by Caribou Rapids for this area has a lot of swift rapids! The sunset looks good for tomorrow, so we shall be up at 4:30 AM for a hard day.

Friday, July 9, 1965 - 26th Day out.

Up at 6:00 to get a late start and still heavy overcast wind. There was no let-up during the night. We are going to try it for we are tired of sitting around. Our food supply is planned rather closely to Stony Rapids and every layover hurts just a little. We battled the waves for the whole morning, emptying the water from the canoe every 2 hours or so. We were making very poor time, but we are getting closer to Stony Rapids. By 2:00 the waves were splashing over the bow so we pulled over.

During our rest break we made a fire and had lunch. Then Terry sewed his shirt, Jerry went over the maps and I went out hunting. I shot at a gull, but no luck; he was a little too high. There had been an Indian camp where we stopped. It was very interesting to see. We found some beaver skin stretchers and a dog harness for a one-dog sleigh. I will send the harness for Lobo. We left at 3:30 when the winds calmed a little for the first time in 3 or 4 days.

Since we were going through some large bodies of water, I threw a line out to catch some fish. Within a half hour we had 4 northerns ranging from 2 to 5 pounds. We ate them after dinner. Hit the sack at 11:00 PM.

Saturday, July 10, 1965 - 27th Day out.

Up at 5:30 and out by 7:00. Should be a rough day. We are getting back to the grind after a couple days of ease. We should be at Caribou Rapids tonight. The Cochrane through this stretch is very rough. Even though we portaged only one rapids, we paddled, walked and tracked a dozen more. We are at the farthestest point north of the Cochrane. We will be on schedule tomorrow for tomorrow is a planned layover day.

The bugs are very very bad. We have lots of mosquitos, millions of black flies and too many deer flies. The portages are just tree blazes or a wide spot for the canoe. The walking is very rough for it is through bog. Jerry's and my feet are starting to feel the effects of prolonged water. It is a type of trench foot. To combat it, we use vaseline and dry footwear at night.

Our food supply is running low, but I believe we will be all right without too many skimpy meals!

Sunday, July 11, 1965 - 28th Day out.

Up at 5:30 and out by 7:00. We are starting to save a little food so that this morning's meal was short. We plan to make Bigstone tonight and be a day ahead of schedule. Caribou Rapids should be bad. (Later) We are windbound again in Charcoal Lake. Caribou Rapids put a bone in our throat. It took us 2 hours to clear the three rapids. Then counting the rapids not marked, we portaged another 3 times, walked once and tracked once.

Lunch was at 3:00; we were starved. We got on to Charcoal Lake expecting a northwest wind to give us a hand, but the wind changed to the southeast which gave us a little trouble. We made one big cut which put us about a half mile from shore, windward, and we tapered to the shore. The wind came up. The waves grew rougher so we headed closer to shore but couldn't be caught broadside. The next minute, for ten minutes the storm hit us with winds which were plenty strong. We ran like a dog with his tail between his legs. After this was over we had collected some 5 inches of water in the canoe. We didn't take any waves in at all. We ate dinner there on the shore, paddled that night to Warren Bay.

Monday, July 12, 1965 - 29th Day out.

Up at 5:30 and out by 7:00. We plan to make Kendall Island with a couple of hours of night paddling. We hit 2 places of swift water which we paddled and one which we walked up. This took nearly an hour. We then hit Bigstone Rapids. An Indian at the settlement had given us a different route to go around these rapids. After measuring we found that the Indian's way was a lot longer, so we took our way which was to just portage around the rapids. This was a mistake. It took us 3 hours to go a mile, hiking on bog, over trails and trees.

It started to rain when we approached the falls, and it just drenched us afterward. When we finished the wind had come up so much we had to pull over. Then we dried clothes, got warm and had dinner.

Put in again and traveled 6 more miles. The wind shifted again from the south to the northeast.

We really made an error. Our food was a lot lower than we thought. We didn't buy enough at Brochet. We are going to Wollaston tomorrow and find a lodge in Hidden Bay to buy food until Stony Rapids. Then we will stock 5 days more than the next House.

Tuesday, July 13, 1965 - 30th Day out.

Up early and out by 8:30. The wind is from the northwest and means it is somewhat behind us. It got down to 40° last night, which I learned later.

Our food is very low--we have about 3 days of meals left. We are going to try to find a lodge in Hidden Bay on Wollaston instead of having fish morning, noon and evening. We paddled hard all day. Lunch time was close to Kendall Island and supper at Snowshoe island in Wollaston. After dinner, while the wind was down, we made a 3 mile cut across the lake to the mainland. We were in the sack by 11:30 PM.

We are short of food for many reasons. First, a 30 day trip should consume the same amount of food as a 10 day grub trip, so we needn't restock. We did restock at Brochet, but failed to get enough because our appetites grew in proportion; we failed to really recognize our deficiency.

Tomorrow to Hidden Bay while we are a day ahead of schedule.

Wednesday, July 14, 1965 - 31st Day out.

Up at 6:00 and out by 7:20. We set out to a lodge in Wollaston in Hidden Bay. We do not know its exact location, but I remember a lodge being mentioned there. As we approached the Bay we saw a boat-load of Indians pulling in fishing nets. They couldn't speak English--so no luck!

This side trip was 40 miles round trip out of the way. We ran the left shore first at about 1:30 we started. We went in every Bay, but still no lodge. Maybe there was no lodge--no lodge, no food! Then to the right side which looked less likely to have a lodge. At 3:00 while battling a huge wind we found it--greatest sight ever!

They gave us coffee, apple pie a la mode and talk. They were great.. Doug Hill & Mel Jamieson, owners. We bought \$20 worth of food and \$41 worth of souvenirs. The food ranged from strawberry jam to 25# of flour. Afterward with great relief we headed to Pow Bay for tomorrow; it is Hatchet Lake.

Mel Jamieson has been in this country since 1947. He has trapped and hunted since 1948 around Bigstone Rapids. He cut a portage on the opposite side of the rapids that we took. The Indians at Lac Brochet got his lakes mixed up for there are 3 portages--short and sandy, around Bigstone Rapids. We could have saved 2 hours.

These people at Wollaston Lodge were really good people. We thought we might some trouble getting food and making friends, for the way we look and the way we smell is poor. They were glad to meet some different people and people who enjoyed their country. We could have talked all night. They even joked around and we had a real good time, particularly with the ice cream and pie.

An Indian showed us another lodge in Hatchet Lake and a portage into the lake. We bought 3 caribou hides at \$2, not \$6 a piece. As we left they all took pictures of the novelty three. Doug is from British Columbia.

Thursday, July 15, 1965 - 32nd Day out.

We awoke at 6:00 tired and weary and heard some waves beating the shore. No wind at the tentsite. When I arose and went to our landing the waves were breaking like the ocean. Jerry who was cook this morning and the first up, had moved our food and equipment up the bank 10' and the fire was moved. By the time that breakfast was just about

ready, we had to move all of the gear and food and fire and breakfast up to the tentsite some 50 yards up the bank. We went down to check for the last time and the waves had washed over the fire completely.

The waves were breaking at 7 feet. It is a beautiful sight and Wollaston is the greatest lake yet. We were lucky that we were up early as we might be paddling back to the lodge tomorrow. Also it is good that we have a taste of these waves for it will be similar to Athabasca. We will now be a day behind, but rested and ready to go. Needless to say we are windbound. The waves broke over the rocks by a good 30 feet.

This storm is brought on by a northeast wind. A northeast wind is a clearing and cold wind while a south wind means warmer and drizzles. I have noticed that the people we have coffee with, all use cream and sugar. I think this is strange. WOLLASTON LAKE LODGE, Wollaston Lake, Saskatchewan, Canada.

We will wait till 6:00 to paddle. Since this is 30 days out, a celebration is in order. I baked a trail pie in the frying pan. I used 3 cups of flour and 2 cups of sugar. Everyone got a third and enjoyed it greatly. It was our first dessert in 30 days. We left our campsite at 6:30 to travel to Cuning Bay. We made camp at 11:00 after traveling 20 miles.

Friday, July 16, 1965 - 33rd Day out.

Up late and out very late; up at 6:45 and out by 8:20. We started out by Jerry making "Nor'westers" of Terry and me for we have crossed a height of land. We entered the Fond Du Lac and found it peaceful and pretty. An Indian at Hidden Bay told us of a 3 mile portage to cut off 4 miles of rapids; we couldn't find the portage--went ahead and found that his rapids were only a small beaver stream that led into Hatchet Lake.

Once on Hatchet Lake the wind was very heavy. We made a 2 mile cut in it anyway for it was at our backs. Once across we tacked up the side of Smith Bay over rollers 3 & 4 feet high--great fun! The canoe just rolled on top with them. We did take some water in, so we emptied it and went on.

After Hatchet Lake, Fond du Lac gets a lot rougher. We hit 6 unmarked rapids and walked a couple and portaged the others. After paddling until 8:30, we made camp in lower crooked Lake. Tomorrow we should be at Manitou.

Jerry's bad day today. He pulled a muscle in a rapid, fell on a portage and banged his knee, knocked over the coffee pot, etc.

Saturday, July 17, 1965 - 34th Day out.

Up at 5:30 AM and out by 7:30. We are having rice for breakfast and macaroni for supper because these are the only staples that Wollaston Lodge had. The rice takes longer to boil than oatmeal. We made so much rice that we carried it with us and had it with dinner.

We hit 6 unmarked rapids and portaged the lot. We had a bad rapid which started a 2 mile narrow. We hit the bush toward its bay and discovered that whole narrows wasn't a rapid. We lost 2 hours.

A lot of the rapids have been blasted so that there are deep channels; not knowing where these channels are, makes us portage or walk them. We are camped tonight in Kosdaw Lake which means we traveled 20 miles; this is poor.

This river is a shallow, rocky, fast dropping river. This is why shooting the rapids is very difficult. Also we do not shoot them because we are not really trained for rapids. We have gone down hill with no rapids. But most rapids are very shallow and very steep. Down river travel is very slow. You must look at each rapid. find a

portage or just head the right direction.

We saw two great Horned Owls, one 800# bull moose to which we came within 50 yards, until we ran from him.

The country is chiefly covered with Jack Pine and Tamarack. There are plenty of bogs, but on higher ground the walking is easier. We are making very poor time but we are still traveling 12 hours per day.

We hope to be off the Fond du Lac in 4 days.

Sunday, July 18, 1965 - 35th Day out.

Up at 6:00. We are looking forward to a hard day of portaging for there are 4 or 5 marked portages and many more unmarked. We started with rice for breakfast which we have found stays with you much more than oatmeal.

We came across 2 unmarked rapids within the first hour; we portaged one and shot the other. Most of these rapids have been blasted so that rocks are not a big problem but the waves are hard to judge.

We portaged Red Bank Falls on the left and through burned area. There was no trail but since it was burned, it was thinned greatly. We then came up to a few more smaller portages (unmarked) and shot some and portaged others.

In some places the water goes down hill with no rapids and no great current. This happens in sand only. We then came to Thompson Rapids. These rapids are cased in a canyon of sandstone, some 20' high. They last for about 2 miles and flow into Manitou Falls.

The portage was clear and a small trail had been made in some places. The portage is on the right. It took most of our day to portage Thompson Rapids and Manitou Falls, so that we pulled in at 8:30 about 2 miles from Manitou. After Manitou there is another mile and a half of shallow rapids. Into bed at 11:00 PM; we walked more than we paddled.

Monday, July 19, 1965 - 36th Day out.

Up at 5:30 AM, we started the day with a portage from the campsite. We decided to portage to the bay north of our rapid area. After finding no way to get through, we retraced our steps and portaged along the river. We wasted an hour. We now seemed to be out of the canyon but maybe not. We made very good time after 2 miles above the campsite. The current was with us and the rapids were runnable. We took a few scratches but nothing serious. We also portaged a couple.

We started the portage of Brink Rapids at 1:00. They are similar to Thompson Rapids but smaller. It took us 2 hours to make it all the way, plus a half hour for lunch. The wind is very strong which makes rapid reading difficult, and then there is rain in the air.

Flashy Rapids were much shorter. We portaged over a burned area so that it was an easy job. We ended the portages by 3:30 and then paddled through a very heavy wind and rain. We pulled into camp at 7:00. Supper consisted of 12 handfuls of macaroni and 2 cans of meat.

Tuesday, July 20, 1965 - 37th Day out.

Up at 5:30 to meet new difficulties. We will try to reach Hack Lake today, if there are not too many rapids. We hit the first rapids not 10 minutes from camp. We shot the last half but portaged the first, the walking was very slow and difficult.

The the next 5 miles we headed into a southwest wind until we turned northeast. We hit 5 miles an hour for the next 3 hours. There was another portage when we turned northeast about a half mile in length but bad walking, absolutely no trail.

After lunch we hit the first marked rapids but the narrows which circled it contained 2 other rapids. It took 3 hours for the 4 mile narrow stretch. We hit the east marked rapids leading into

Black Lake at 7:00 PM.

We figured it would take us nearly two hours to cross the Rapids, but it took us only fifteen minutes for we found a portage trail.

It looked like a highway so we ran the whole thing, which was a half to three-quarters of a mile.

The sunset is beautiful on Black Lake tonight. Even though we are two days behind, we plan to catch up.

Wednesday, July 21, 1965 - 38th Day out.

Up at 5:00 AM to catch Black Lake quiet. We were out by 7:00 and the lake was still. It had been very windy for the past two days so if we had made it to Black Lake, we would have been windbound.

We want to find Camp Grayling and find out if we can catch a ride to town. This will save two days. Just before hitting shore, I had a very serious attack in my stomach. It could have been intestinal disorder. It lasted 3 hours and quit. Later we figured that it was constipation. We landed at Camp Grayling; Morley Wilson wasn't there but the manager fixed us up with lunch. This is the slow season and no one was there. We had 2 bowls of soup, 6 - 8 hot dogs, several helpings of salad (cucumber and lettuce), several pieces of bread, peanut butter and cheese; we drank coffee.

He gave us a life into tow for \$10 but it saved us 2 days. He wanted us to send him some Fond du Lac pictures. We came into Stony Rapids and stopped at the H.B.Co. to get mail. We talked to the fellow in charge who was 19; the real manager had a vacation. We learned a route through Pine channel and across Lake Athabasca.

We then went to see the Mountie and he was going to fly down to Hidden Bay to pick up an Indian who stole a tent. He would be the one who would take our money down to Hidden Bay to pay for the Mukluks. We withdrew \$40 out of the Hudson Bay account; the HBCo. man there made out a check and we were off to see Ray. As we were writing the letter to Doug Hill, Ray says why don't you use our bathtub. Putting our teeth back in our mouth, we agreed. They gave us dinner, a place to stay and breakfast the next day. He was married and had 2 kids. Mary Dick, his wife, was very cordial, etc. They also had guests from Saskatchewan (Regina) for a fishing vacation. Charlie and his wife, Betty Lou--both very nice. They made doughnuts and bread which we both enjoyed, with coffee. The mountie had been to Hidden Bay on July 16 and was going again on August 6. We still

gave him the money. The parcel will be sent to Jerry's house.

For dinner we had 3 pieces of chicken, fresh vegetable, salad, potatoes and coffee--no milk. It was hard to keep from eating and not look like animals. I think we had all we wanted and we did this in a polite manner. We had doughnuts for dessert and were they good! Ray and guests went fishing that night and T. T. and J. went out on the town of 300, when full.

First there was a missionary, Sharon McInnis; she was a protestant missionary from Kentucky--southeast. We chatted awhile then we hit the nurse to see if I was able to go on. We figured it was constipation and I'm going on.

After that we restocked our food at H.B.Co. and spent the evening with Doug drinking cokes and cheese crackers. Doug was 19 and in charge of the H.B. Co. while the manager was away.

We met George Greenly who was a bush pilot. He had 60,000 hours in the air; he was a very outgoing and outspoken fellow. He gave us a nice route across Athabaska and said he would be looking for us. He gave us a fellows name to look up at Fort Smith; his name was Tollas. George gave us a place to keep our gear so that it was safe.

We also met a prospector who was hunting for Molybdenum which was used in steel production for hardness. He was a slant-eyed, cautious Canadian. After our adventure that night, we went back to the house for coffee and doughnuts; hit the hay at 1:00 AM after a very interesting day.

Thursday, July 22, 1965 - 39th day out.

Up at 8:00 AM in the back of a warehouse of Ray Dick's--sleeping on cots. We wrote in the Diaries for an hour and then went in for breakfast. After 3 eggs sunny-side up, bacon, cornflakes, we went down to pack our food. Mary gave us freshly baked loaf of bread.

They left for fishing and said they might stop in for coffee at our campsite tonight. We finished packing the food and left Stony Rapids at 2:30 PM. It was a very calm day and a very warm one; we made 20 miles and camped at 6:30.

The H.B.Co. man, Doug Lonstrop waved us down and had brought supper for us to have. The 4 of us had 2 dozen eggs; 2# of sausage; 2 loaves of bread; pickles, on large jar, 2 apples and 2 bananas apiece, strawberries and Terry baked a pie. By the end of our feast, Ray and his guests had driven by just in time for cherry pie and coffee. We put the pie in frying pan and the coffee in the stew pot. All were amazed how we cooked the pie and made it. It was good! We all took pictures and they left and Doug left leaving the food behind.

Friday, July 23, 1965 - 40th Day out.

Up at 5:30 AM and out at 7:30--very slow for wind is calm, the sky is cloudless and we are ready to hit the big Lake.

We have found many changes which we would make if we took this trip again. It would be a 30 days trip averaging 25 miles a day, this is with no regret that this trip is 60 miles. We would plan to fish, hunt and trap with about 3 layover days in a row.

Our trip needed macaroni and rice for dinner, plus one canned meat. For cereal, oat and wheat plus sugars and noon, flour and lard. These are the essentials; the other food is only extra. The clothing is good, but the vests are binding and hard to dry when wet. The camera case was a good idea and we had plenty of rope.

We are glad we bought a H.B.Co. letter of credit, this is the way to travel. Our problem in food usage is that we buy in weight (lbs.) and use in measures (handful) and have not been able to convert the two. Our appetites are tremendous. We were using $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups of rice per breakfast and 12 handful of macaroni for dinner. We have one can of meat per dinner and could use two if it weren't so expensive.

Also cheese is melted in and forms a nice broth. For breakfast, oatmeal and wheat cereal with brown sugar, butter is very good. We don't use butter because of the expense. Lunch is bread peanutbutter and strawberry jelly. Raisins and prunes are great for snack.

A tam (hat) would be handy also.

This morning we had oatmeal with cream that the Mountie left, plus brown sugar and bananas that Doug left. It was a meal to remember. The day was calm and we made good time and pulled into Fond du Lac at 5:00 PM.

We got peanutbutter, jelly and adhesive tape to repair the map case and our mail. We met Al, the HBCo. man, George, a half-bree, with the Indian affairs, to help them fish. They pull in 7,000# of fish per day. Al told us that this time of year when the water is high, Peace River empties into Slave River and goes backward to Athabasca River. There are many more rapids on Slave River than are marked. He said we couldn't make it in 20 days. Therefore, we are going to get a garge to take us to Fitzgerald and then a car to Ft. Smith. This will have to be free. He (Al) has trapped many years up by Slave River and has never heard of the Little Buffalo River. He then invited us to dinner. His wife is very quiet and does what she is told. Al looks more city than most and seems to be some what bushed even though he has been working only 3 months; they are also very lonely up here.

We met a bushed priest who was truly bushed. Al later gave us a tow to Lopus Island; we got in at 12:00.

Saturday, July 24, 1965 - 41st day out.

We hit the sack late last night, so we stayed in until 8:00 AM; left camp at 10:00, taking our time. The wind is up and the waves are rolling. We had bought ice cream at Fond du Lac and had it on our wheat cereal. We had an open stretch ^{on} the first thing in the morning.

We rolled over, soon 4' waves and made it without shipping a whole lot of water. At 2:00 we pulled in for lunch and laid windbound. We have a couple more bays to cross but will do it when the wind is down at night. We will catch up with itinerary tomorrow, and when we hitch on a barge, we will be ahead of schedule. The country on Athabasca is very scrubby, high rocky islands and shores covered with reindeer moss, spruce and birch. There is very little soil.

We had an egg today for after being windbound until 4:00, we paddled only until 7:00. After supper I made some 60 doughnuts for tonight and tomorrow. We have a 4 mile portage tomorrow. They were great. In by 11:00 PM.

Sunday, July 25, 1965 - 42nd day out.

Up at 5:30AM the lake calm. We had oatmeal and raisins; my constipation has stopped. We left camp 7:30, sort of late. We cut many bays for today; big lake is very calm. We have decided to go to Beaver Lodge lake and then to portage into Bushell. The one characteristic of Lake Athabasca, which no other lake has, is its high cliffs and high hills. North of the lake the land is appropriately called the Barren Land.

We came into Beaver Lodge Lake and found its green water crystal clear. there were tourists at the end of our portage, swimming and boating. It was a public beach. The tourists came in from Uranium City. Uranium City was a booming mining town and since mining has disappeared most of Uranium City has too. Eldorado and Larado have both disappeared. After we left Beaver Lodge we hit our 4 mile portage which was ~~our~~ gravel road and took 2 hours. We camped at 8:00 in Athabasca now a day and a half ahead of schedule. Bushell is just a place for people to put their boats in Athabasca.

Monday, July 26, 1965 - 43rd Day.

Up at 6:00 AM out at 7:30. The days have been sunny and hot ever since we hit Black Lake. The rocky hills are beginning to disappear, after Chariot Point. Today was calm in the morning and rough toward afternoon. The rocky hills are so tall and steep that distances are hard to judge. We took many cuts and found them rather long. We discovered it better to paddle about a half mile from shore, for then we can roll over the waves, where as if we stayed closed to shore, then the waves are much rougher. We have seen 2 fishing scows today.

The Indians farther north have more money and can buy better boats and equipment but still lack the knowledge of the value of money. Tonight we are camped on an esker. It is raining lightly and thunder and lightening are heard and seen frequently. We stopped early tonight, (6:00) for we saw some rain clouds and we didn't want to take chances on a Big Lake. We had sauerkraut with our stew. Mary Dick gave it to us when they visited us. It tasted great in the rice.

Tuesday, July 27, 1965 - 44th Day out.

Up at 5:30 AM and saw that the lake was too rough so back to bed till 7:00. The lake still rather rough, didn't hold us back after 9:00. We rolled, tossed and turned with the waves but they ~~were~~ never subdued us. We made a 4 miles cut in which we were never closer than 2 miles. We made it!

We were windbound by 1:00 so we had out lunch and waited until 2:00 and ventured out again. We still made 30 miles when we pulled in at 7:30. For dinner Jerry got cupfulls mixed up with handfuls and we had the whole pot full to the brim with macaroni. Each fellow had 20 serving spoons full or 40 tablestoons. We finished it though, plus meat and cheese. At about 8:00 after dinner a Chipewyan Indian and his 15 yr. old son saw our campfire and came over to get warm.

They were on their way to Uranium City. He was in a freighter with a new Evinrude 18 on the back. He told us about himself and we, ourselves. He gave us some information about the Slave River. We gave him some coffee and just before he left, he gave us 8 eggs, a can of beans, half loaf of bread and 6 potatoes. Into bed late.

Wednesday, July 28, 1965 - 45th Day out.

Up at 5:30, out at 7:30. Again Jerry got mixed up and we had a pot of Bulger. Since we were still full from last night, the wheat cereal didn't go like the macaroni. At about 8:00 we hit a rising wind. All morning it had been calm and now we are windbound for an hour or two. The banks have 10' cliffs of solid rock so that when we found a place to pull up, we did. We should be in Fort Chip tomorrow. (R. E. GODDARD, Fox Lake, Alta. - H.B.Co. man in Fort Chip. Al Mudryk; George Belanger. Al is H.B.Co. at Fond du Lac and George is Indian Affairs man at Fond du Lac.)

We left from being Windbound and hit fairly rough water for another hour. We decided to portage across Sandpoint instead of paddling around it. We saved at least an hour and a half by the portage.

Everyone was tired today and sort of exhausted from the whole trip. I figured that I'd put a bit of fun into the portage and raced Jerry the last couple of yards. There happened to be a slope of sand we had to go over before our make shift campsite. As I was running with the canoe, I hit the sand and the slope. The canoe kept going and I dropped. I beat Jerry, though, for where that canoe fell, we put up camp. Nothing injured. Made camp at 8:10 PM.
Thursday, July 29th, 1965 - 46th Day out.

Up at 5:20 and out at 7:00 AM. It is very calm this morning and due to our early start, we should be in Fort Chipewyan early.

We should hit about 3:00; we are going at a good pace; some 4 or 5 miles per hour for almost 5 hours, when we hit this wind.

Only an hour and a half to Ft. Chip and we hit a wind. The problem was that the side of the mainland were 10' to 15' of precipitous rock drops. We couldn't get out; we had to take the waves. We were coming around Grouse Cape and couldn't see if good landings were around the point. The canoe was bucking 3' to 4' high waves straight forward. More than a couple of times did the waves come over the gunwales at the bow.

The wind went down as suddenly as it had come up. We then unloaded the canoe, emptied the water and had lunch. We were a half hour from Ft. Chip. To look clean and nice, we brushed our teeth and tucked in.

We arrived at about 3:00 PM and went to the H.B.Co. to look up Dick Goddard. We were surprised to see anew Pontiac, Hondas and roads. The Indians are Cree. The H.B.Co. even had competition a Coop General Store. We met Gordy--Dick's clerk, over a cup of coffee in the back room. We talked about our trip and maps. Dick was new to the Slave River district and was only taking over for a couple of weeks for the regular manager's time off.

He invited us to come to his place for coffee and talk maps to the ranger at night. We left the store with 3 cokes, ice cream, peanut butter and jelly. We ate the ice cream and drank the cokes and packed the peanutbutter and jelly. We went back to the H.B.Co. to get our mail out and to use the telephone at closing time. We were very happy to see a box of cookies (from home) and underwear; 2 rolls of film and 1 magazine of film. The H.B.Co. man then asked us to dinner and to sleep in his back yard and we did so. (After dinner Terry called Joan, and I called Mom.) We never got to talk to the

Ranger at Ft. Chip, but we talked to a fellow who had gone down to Ft. Smith by boat from Ft. Chip. He said--clear sailing'.

We understood that the Rocher River runs both directions at different times. When the Peace River is flooded from spring thaw, the Rocher flows to Athabasca; when the water level falls, then it flows to the Slave. It went to the Slave.

We talked to some of the local people that night over coffee and cookies. After Stony Rapids everyone has been so nice. We have a wonderful time talking to these people and finding out why they are here and why they stay.

Friday, July 30, 1965 - 47th Day out.

Up at 6:30 and out by 9:00 AM. After a pancake breakfast of Millie's, Dick's wife, and a few errands at the H.B.Co. store. The breakfast was great!

We hit the Rocher River early and we are making excellent time for we are going with the current. Al Mudryck from FDL really had us worried about how rough it would be, but so far--no sweat. We paddled until 9:00 tonight and circled up in a pretty nice place for the Slave. The water is full of silt and mud. We saw fresh bear tracks.

Saturday, July 31, 1965 - 48th Day out.

We averaged 7.5 miles per hour for the first two hours and then hit Hay Camp. What a place! They slaughter buffalo here and then ship it south. The new plant was set up about 2 years ago and it was so modern that it will never pay for itself. Gordie Mason, the Ranger, was boxing champ of Alberta. He was extremely a good guy.

They slaughter buffalo only 3 or 4 weeks of the year. The buffalo are first rounded up by helicopter and moved into a corral. They are then brought in and slaughtered. The Bison has caught Anthrax and the veterinarians are up here doing research to conquer it.

We went rounding up some buffalo in the 16 square mile corral to take pictures. Gord took us out in his tracked vehicle. We went bouncing along up to 30 mph and almost bouncing off. We then had turkey, vegetable, salad, etc. for lunch. Since the men who worked there were in Ft. Smith for the week-end, there was enough food left for us to eat hungrily. We went to the fire tower where we could see the country below.

We found out that a hay truck was delivering hay to Hay Camp and would be going back to Ft. Smith. We could catch a ride and go to Ft. Smith free with all our gear transported instead of calling a taxi and costing close to \$20. It also saved us time although we are not hurting on time. Before we left for town, Gordy gave us a box of food, for he gets it free. It is too bad that we didn't meet him at Stony Rapids for then we would have restocked free.

Once into Fort Smith, we were taken to the Forestry Warehouses where the firefighters sleep and eat. We caught them out on a fire so we pitched the tent and went in town for dinner. We talked to the H.B.Co. man, but the store was so big and the town was big enough that they fellow didn't ask us to dinner.

Everyone seemed to think that we were very poor looking, dirty, grimy, etc. The streets were all dirt and dust and some parts had board walks. A couple of stores were modern, like the H.B.Co. and the hotel and the R.C.M.P. The town is a government town. THE R.C.M.P. controls all of the Northwest Territories. The Forestry Department patrols all of the NW Territories for fire and maintenance. The Wood Buffalo National Park is the largest park in the world. It covers 100,000,000 acres of Canada. Buffalo have heavy herds in it, ducks abide here and even Whooping Cranes. We hit the sack at 10:00.

Sunday, August 1, 1965 - 49th Day out.

Up at 5:30. We cooked breakfast, packed some of the food that was given to us and then went to see the Rapids of the Drowned.

The water is very high now, so the Rapids didn't look as bad as they really were. Nobody has ever gone from Ftiz. to Smith through the Rapids. Many have tried and many have died! We took some pictures and pulled out by 9:15 this morning.

I think I should mention a little about the river. The whole river is a thick soup of mud and silt. The banks are similar to the Saskatchewan River Banks. They are high, silty, precipitious cliffs of about 10' on the outside of the bends. On the inside of the bends, they are tapering silty shelves onto the water which are very soft. One can sink to his ankle with no trouble. Our throats, canoe and boots are just packed with this silt. We are looking forward to the Lake.

We had sardines for lunch with bread. Gordy gave us about 5 cans of them. We found a nice campsite at 7:30. It had a good landing and a gentle slope up to the campsite. It was a fine campsite; raspberries were abundant and the mosquitos were fewer. Here on the Slave River the mosquitos have been very bad.

Monday, August 2, 1965 - 50th Day out.

Up at 5:30 on at 7:00. We had delicious oatmeal again and started the long paddle. The first 6 hours we made 36 miles which average is 6 mph. We made close to 70 miles today. The Slave River has surely been a blessing to us, for we are really making time. We pulled in at 7:30 PM.

Tuesday, August 3, 1965 - 51st Day out.

Up at 5:15 and out at 7:00. We hope to make it to Fort Resolution by tonight. The current is swift and we have been making good time.

We went ahead and portaged one ox bow. The portage a quarter mile long, took one hour and twenty minutes. It would have been much easier to paddle it. The walking was extremely bad. It was climbing over fallen trees.

We came out of the river and on to the Lake and found it very shallow due to the delta. We had to keep 2 miles out from shore to get into deep enough water. As good luck had it, we had little wind and little waves on the GREAT SLAVE LAKE.

We made it to Ft. Resolution at 6:15 and bought 2# of lard and Vaseline. He didn't offer us dinner or a place to sleep, so we moved on. The shore was very swampy back to 200 yards, so we couldn't find a campsite. Finally we pulled the canoe through the weeds and ended on somewhat dry ground. Made camp at 7:30 and had blueberry pie.

Wednesday, August 4, 1965 - 52nd Day out.

Up at 5:30. We were sort of lazy this morning because we are now on the last lake. The lake was rough this morning, but we tried it very hard. With white caps breaking, we decided to pull in. We were windbound at 8:00. Then another fellow (Jack McMullin and his son, Dave,) came over for they were windbound too. They had been out for 10 days. He was a geologist and was studying deltas--Slave deltas. We had lunch together at 4:00 and are still here. They had dinner with us which consisted mostly of macaroni, meat, and cheese. It was a full pot. They had 2 spoonsful apiece. We had 7 or 8 apiece. They left in their 17' chestnut kicker at 6:30. The water wasn't calm but the waves seemed more gentle and he was in a hurry.

We left at 7:00. There is a sandbar that lines the banks and when the waves hit this bar, they form quick white caps; we can't take these.

We loaded in a hurry and pushed off to get on the other side of the bar. We were just about there and a wave broke ahead of us and came right in over the gunwhales; this was the only wave we took. Then we had to ride the rollers broadside. The water would slosh and more and more water came in. When the wind and waves increased at 8:30, we decided to pull in.

One wave caught us and put so much water in us that a second wave came over the stern, so we hit camp after paddling the canoe through a very weedy place and made a fire on logs--tent back on dry ground. We noticed fire at 1:30 AM and someone didn't put it out properly.

Thursday, August 5, 1965 - 53rd Day out.

Up at 4:30 a bit chilling; out at 6:00 AM. We plan to make it to Sulphur Point while the water is calm. The water stayed calm the whole day and we made such good time that we stopped on Breynat Point.

At lunch we saw a black bear but he ran when he saw us. The surf was rough but once out into the lake, it just rode easily. We had 5 shifts today, so we paddled about 14 hours. Our eyes are in poor condition, for when we go west in the afternoon, we head right into the sun and the reflections give one a headache. Our eyes are a very light baby blue due to sunburned eyeballs. At the beginning of the trip, we didn't see that much of the sun. Then after Athabasca we had no rain until Hay River.

We figured that this will be the last night out, so we took some sunset pictures--reminesced a little, in bed early--10:00 PM.

Friday, August 6, 1965 - 54th Day out.

Up at 4:30 to get an early start on the wind, but she was early too. Looked like rain; food was getting very, very monotonous.

Only rice and macaroni for dinner--all starch; oatmeal and wheat cereal for breakfast. After we packed up we hit the water at 6:15 and set sail. Getting through the wurf wasn't too difficult and once out from the shore reef, we were doing all right!

The wind came from the S.W. and some cross wind came from the NW. These were the worse directions on the compass for the wind to come from. It took us 3 hours to go 8 miles, which is poor. The waves were increasing off of the big lake, but we were riding them and not drawing too much water. These were 3' or 4' rollers--the middle man was looking up at them. I was at the stern controlling the canoe and believe it seemed like a bucking bronco. The biggest problem was to keep the bow from slamming down so hard, for it would then take in water. When it went up I would have to lean back from the stern seat to keep the bow out of water; then I would have to lean left or right to keep the gunwhales on the wave side higher than the wave, and then to lean to the other side after the wave had gone, so it wouldn't throw us into the water. I had a great time!

After 3 hours the waves increased in size, so we figured to pull out of the water for awhile. When we hit surf, it took us in in no time. We were windbound for 3 hours and set out again. Once through the surf all was fine. The wind had died and the waves were much smaller.

WE HIT HAY RIVER AT 6:15 PM ON AUG. 6, 1965.

We decided to go into town to the H.B.Co. and get out mail and then to come back for dinner. We learned that Dad had set up a steak dinner at the Hotel for us and that saved the day. For we didn't want macaroni. We went to the hotel and got a ROOM! We washed up and came down for dinner. We were 3 days early, but still we had the greatest T-bone steak ever. The meal was fabulous, the room was extra good!

"We met Larry Chateauvert who is the Tourist Development officer and lives in Fort Smith, N.W.T. He interviewed us for a story which he would send to the big cities for the newspapers. He has covered the Canoe Derby in the Quetico for the past two out of three years. We had common topics. We had pictures taken.

The next morning we were up early, but late for our schedule, to get our duties taken care of. The manager gave us his keys (Jespersen) and we had his car the whole day. We used it only in the morning. We checked the canoe at Byers and also two of the packs which rode free.

Then we got our bus tickets and were ready to leave at 12:00 noon. Then we discovered that the bus didn't leave until 12:00 midnight!

We bought souvenirs and then went to the hotel to read magazines which we bought concerning Alaska and Northern Canada. We had dinner and went back to our room. Saturday night must really be wild. Some Indians were drunk when we were at dinner, causing no great disturbances but being loud and yelling at the waitresses. Usually I understand that on Saturday night there are at least a couple of fights. The Bar was next door to the dining hall at the lodge. The Indians outside of the Bar were mostly friendly.

We went out later on with Duane Easus, assistant at the H.B.Co. We saw the lake at 10:00 PM when it should have been quiet. The Lake was very, very rough. It had been that way all day. The temperature dropped at good ten degrees for rain was coming closer intermittently and a cold front was moving in. We surely couldn't have traveled today. Glad we made it early.

When we went to the bus station to get ready to go, a drunken Indian woman was there and that was interesting.

55 Days In Wilds By Canoe



Canoeing Ted (top) and Terry Ogle

The Ogle twins returned home this week with itchy beards and tired muscles after a bold journey of 55 days in the wilds of Canada, most of it in a canoe.

Their voyage covered 1,750 miles of water and nearly all of it was on virgin streams.

The pair are Ted and Terry Ogle (409 Sherrin). They've been guides and instructors at Boy Scout camps and expect to qualify in wildlife management when they are graduated from U K, where they return next month as juniors.

The 20-year-old, 160-pound six-footers were accompanied by a pal who joined them in Minnesota.

They paddled 12 hours a day in shifts, one at the bow and one at stern, the third resting. At night they pitched a tent, made sourdough bread or bannock, opened a can of luncheon meat and added either cheese, rice or macaroni. Fresh fish, surely, but their reliance was on the staples they carried in three packs, two of them weighing 110 pounds each.

Deep in the wilds all the way up to the 61st parallel beyond Fond du

Lac they battled rapids and solitude. The only human beings were native Indians and an occasional Hudson's Bay man, a government agent, a missionary or a Mountie.

The trio had several narrow escapes in the rapids but no molestation from moose or black bears or other animals. Temperatures ranged from 35 degrees at night to the 70s in daytime.

Their canvas-covered guide's model canoe was only 13 inches deep. They navigated by compass. Their farthest point north was almost 2,000 miles beyond the U. S.-Canadian border.

At Hay Camp they came upon a buffalo slaughter yard. The herds are slaughtered not for their meat but to control their numbers. Wood buffalo abound in the government-guarded reservations.

It was a rugged trip but the boys thrived on it. Unusual cloud formations and shell and sandstone canyons proved spectacular. They had it really rough compared with the Indians. The boats of those natives all have motors.

INJURED: A fall downtown has landed J. R. Miller (2815 Drayton Drive)

Ogle twins covered 1,750 miles in Canada, return to UK classes

in Norton Memorial Infirmary with a neck injury. He is a vice-president and secretary in the trust department at Citizens Fidelity Bank.

A LEADER: Well-wishers are felicitating Eddie L. Lerding as the first alderman to become a father during this administration. Eight-pound Karin Suzanne is the newcomer, at Kentucky Baptist Hospital. Mother Betty Sue and daughter are doing well. Lerding (4409 Norman Circle) represents the Fourth Ward.

HAM, SOLID: Amateur radio fans here found a pal in actor Andy Devine, star at the Avondale Playhouse-on-the-Mall. He has a license as an operator at his suburban Los Angeles home. He was driving to the Mall the other day when he was jolted to hear his number called on the radio in his car. It was the president of the Kentuckiana Radio Club extending him greetings. Andy responded by inviting the hams hereabouts to come "backstage" after the show and chat with him. "Have an eyeball," the hams call such a personal get-together.

Times 8-27-65

STROLLING *With Floyd Edwards*

2,000 Miles To Paddle

Paddling their own canoe is serious business this summer for twins Terry and Ted Ogle.

They'll skim 2,000 miles of streams and lakes in the wilds of northwest Canada—in 60 days.

At the farthest point the great adventure will take them 2,500 miles from Louisville.

The 20-year-old University of Kentucky juniors set out this morning from home (409 Sherrin) on the first leg toward their jumping-off place. They occupied space in a station wagon with their parents, the Frank Ogles; their brother, Tom; and a canoe.

At St. Paul, Minn., they pick up a pal, another canoe and an Alaskan sled dog—which adds up to six people, two canoes and a dog on the motor lap to Duluth.

There Tom, 22, senior at Purdue, drops off with one canoe to go to a park 140 miles north to work as a U.S. assistant forester and do research on wildlife.

The remaining canoeists go on to



Edwards

Winnipeg, Man., where they take a train to the hopoff point 450 miles north, La Pas.

The Ogle twins and their Minnesota friend are all veteran canoeists for their age. The Louisvillians became outdoorsmen through Boy Scouting, attaining Eagle rank, Troop 315 at Harvey Browne Memorial Presbyterian Church and they served several summers at the big canoe base at Ely, Minn.

The lonely water course takes the young Kentuckians and their Minnesota pal, all in one canoe, through Reindeer Lake in Saskatchewan and Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territory, and into Hay River. Then they debark, take a bus to Edmonton, Alta., a train to Winnipeg and come on home by car in late August.

Provisions for 23 days are being carried and these will be supplemented by fishing and hunting en route. Also, trading posts are within reach along the way at eight points.

LIKE HOME: While in Cleveland the other day, Bob Thornbury picked up an edition of The Plain Dealer and had to take a second look at the masthead to make sure he wasn't reading

Twins leave for 60 days of canoeing in far north

from his hometown. Three Kentucky items were prominently displayed. One was a cartoon feature by The Louisville Times' Robert York. A second Kentucky story was about Perry county Sheriff Charley Combs, with his picture. The third story was an interview with Col. Harlan Sanders of fried-chicken fame, and that story contained a mention of bewhiskered photographer Julian Wilson who used to be with the Associated Press in Louisville. (A fellow worker reports that since then, Wilson has shaved off his beard: While covering a beatnik riot, he was mistaken for a rioter instead of a working photographer.)

BUSY 95: The 95th birthday of Leo R. Gottlieb was marked last November in his home town of Trinidad, Colo., but for their 50th wedding anniversary a few days ago he and his wife Hulda came to Louisville. This is where their daughter, Mrs. Stanley H. Mindlin, lives (1705 Calder Court) and where a party was given in their honor. This is Gottlieb's second visit to Kentucky. At age 91 he partially retired from 70 years in the insurance business but he still keeps a strong hand in civic affairs at Trinidad. He's chairman of the

board of the Colorado School for the Deaf, and has been 24 years. He directs a large charitable and educational foundation. He is serving his 24th year as treasurer of his Masonic lodge and has been master five times. He's also a past president of Rotary.



The Leo Gottliebs—50 years wed