Some sun slight breeze and eventually fog. Tija is awakened by my 5 am alarm beep and we get up, paddling away by 6:15 am. Superior is still running waves but there is a minimal breeze and it does not bother us much. After 12 kilometres of open water, but near shore, we come to MacNabb Peninsula and have a candy/rest stop. There are impressive hills around us, 370 metres above the lake level, inland on St. Ignace. The waves are now 8 metres long and about 1 metre high. It is easier to paddle out from shore where they are stable and move in steady, long steps. Near shore they become disorganized, more choppy and thus more difficult to paddle. Our route takes us east across Moffatt Strait, to Simpson Island and we stop after Grebe Point for lunch. What a beautiful day. The white surf is breaking on the black rocks and the warm sun is shining in the clear sky. The waves are a bit intimidating but after some discussion we decide to go on. But caution forces a stop at 2 pm in McKay Cove next to a small stream. Another outstanding campsite. The timberline tent site is on a soft lowbush juniper patch and Tija builds her first fireplace of the trip. I take a 10 second swim. We go to bed at 8 pm, hoping for a very early start. A 22 kilometre day.

Day 9: Friday, July 8

A marathon day. During the night a heavy rainstorm passed through. The 4:30 am alarm awakens Tija and she poses the difficult question to a sleepy and tired Dad - "Are we really getting up?" It is dark outside and from our sheltered cove it is difficlt to be sure we will paddle very far. But we do paddle away at 5:45 am and the sun peeps through the morning mist to silhouette the trees - beautiful and I didn't capture it on film. Again by compass bearing we paddle through the mist (fog) across Simpson Channel to Battle Island and stop to visit the lighthouse there. It is an impressive, well-maintained operation. Then across Wilson Channel to another large island of the same name. Because of the heavy mist and running swells from the south we paddle north, through Swedes Gap to the protected side of Copper Island. From there we see the hilly mainland of Rainbow Falls Provincial Park and Mount Gwynne to the east. Then comes a lengthy - 6 kilometre - paddle to Schreiber Point on the mainland. Most of the way we are shrouded in fog and again trust to our compass. It is a hot, at times sunny and misty day as we paddle to Les Petits Ecrits and camp, rather tired out, at 4:30 pm, twelve hours after getting up. The smoke stacks of Terrace Bay are visible from our island. About 38 kilometres today.

Day 10: Saturday July 9

Ideal weather day. I awoke at 5:45 am and 45 minutes later we are on the water (a record so far) eating our granola as we paddle. It is a calm day and we head southeast for Mortimer, one of the Slate Islands, about 13 kilometres and 2½ hours away. We land in a beautiful grotto cove and stretch our legs by exploring this very picturesque area. The water is unbelievably clear and the rock has been chiselled into fascinating contours by wind and waves. In the interior islands we encounter fishing boats. We lunch near a caribou sighting and a 3 storey high, huge power yacht from Ann Arbour passes our low 13 inch freeboard canoe...a striking contrast. At 2 pm we decide it is best to head back to the mainland and so we strike northeast for Battle Point. To the east, 20 kilometres away, Pic Island with its large hill stands out, visible above the open horizon. Once near the mainland, the wind, from the west, comes up and we try sailing to Barclay Island in Ashburton Bay. It is easier but slower than paddling. We arrive at Barclay Island at 7 pm, expecting a campsite but cannot find anything half acceptable. Instead we explore a most interesting and deep split in the rock. By mutual agreement we decide to paddle to Caldwell Peninsula to camp, reach it at 8:30 pm and with some difficulty find a tent site. A grand evening, sitting on the clean, smooth rocks watching the sun set caps the very long day. Our straight line progress was 40 kilometres but we probably paddled closer to 50 kilometres. The shoreline distance was about 58 kilometres.

Day 11: Sunday, July 10

A calm hot, sunny day. Visit Marathon. Given the heroics of the previous day, we sleep in and paddling begins at 10:30 am. We reach Marathon, 20 kilometres away just after lunch. The water near Marathon is a pollution disaster. The pulp mill disgorges a carmel

yellow stream of gunk into the lake. We land to the south of Peninsula Hill and hike past the trailer park into town. Fortunately we find a store open and gorge on ice cream. After a walk around and a telephone call home we paddle south. We paddle late to get away from the Marathon water pollution, and camp near Ogilvy Point, a few kilometres north of Pic River. To celebrate having reached the half way point I bring out the Drambui liquere for the first time and enjoy it with Tija's tapioca pudding. She does not want any. About 30 kilometres as the crow flies, closer to 50 along the shore. Calm water sure shortens the paddling distances on Lake Superior.

Day 12: Monday, July 11

A windy, short day. A foggy, windy morning greets us and we paddle on the inside of any island we can find. There is considerable surf along the long beach leading up to the mouth of the Pic River where we find a log boom and tug. We visit the old lumbering camp area and chat with some parks people and loggers. It seems we are witnessing the last summer of log running on the Pic River. Apparently two days ago, on Saturday, was the official Pukaskwa Park opening day. We sign in at the park registry booth and pick up some pamphlets. Then back to the canoe and a troublesome wind from the southwest. In crossing Hattie Cove and rounding Campbell Point we encounter the roughtest water so far and thus head into shore. A few of the waves were breaking, many were close to breaking and with our course perpendicular to the wind, it was best to stop. We paddle to the far east end of Playter Harbour and stop in a tiny cove on the Pukaskwa Coastal Hiking Trail. With a small day pack, Tija and I set out south on the trail for Chigamiwinigum Falls and the swinging bridge over the White River. It is a grand spot and we spend an hour there before heading back and camp. Less than 8 kilometres for the day.

Day 13: Tuesday, July 12

Windbound! After a paddle to the mouth of Playter Harbour, we encounter a rough, intimidating sea of whitecaps and camp for the day. More washing, writing, sunbathing, shortbread baking and so on.

Day 14: Wednesday, July 13

Sun and wind. A fretful night, as the loud surf seemed undiminished to my ears whenever I awoke. I get up at 3 am and look around. At 4 am Tija obediently gets up and at 4:50 am we paddle away in the dark, very cautiously feeling our way along, close to shore. Again a headwind opposes us and we use every island we can for cover. At Fish Harbour we meet the Bruce Trail group of Jean Smith, Kip, Doug and Certa. Then on to Oiseau Bay and its sandy paradise. The beauty and the wind convice us to stop here. Lunch, more socializing with our hiking friends and later with the sail boaters anchoring here for the night. Twenty-four kilometres for the day - less than 32 for the less 3 days.

Day 15: Thursday July 14

A sunny grand day. Heavy rain in the night. Paddling by 6 am, heading south along this wild, primitive wilderness. Many of the hills along the shore are 250 to 300 metres above us. There is a slight head wind, but it diminishes as time goes on. We visit some bays; I am in continual awe of our surroundings.