

I noticed two things about this lake right away. It has a wonderful, scenic splendor, being ringed with steep hills and cliffs. But even more striking was the water, of a very dark, almost ebony green color and at least ten degrees colder than Dunlop. These facts combined to give it a very menacing feeling, especially under the quickly darkening skies, and I immediately regretted leaving my wet suit at home.

This is a big lake and as I had to cross it in a northerly direction, the strengthening east wind was going to cause some problems. To cross, I had to traverse two long east/west arms that were now being whipped into whitecaps by the wind. The only way to do this was to head into the wind at about a 45-degree angle, quartering into the waves until I was halfway across, and then turning and running with them at my rear quarter until I was safely at the shelter of the first point of land. There is a campsite on this point that could be used if conditions were to prevent the next, and widest crossing.

Paddling around past this point, my destination for today soon came into view — the stream from Hyphen Lake that tumbles down the hillside in a fall that can be seen from all the way across the lake. This second crossing is about twice as wide as the first and had to be made in the same manner. It is amazing how a situation like this is able to focus the mind so completely — there is no time for sightseeing as the bow must be kept at the proper angle to the wind and cannot be allowed to be blown down-wind allowing the waves to hit the boat broadside and possibly swamp it. Alone out on this big, whitecap-covered lake, I felt very small and the slowly nearing waterfall was a comforting sight. I landed at the talus at

the bottom of the fall and got out for a look around. I also now had an understanding as to why the Pope kisses the ground upon deplaning.

The Ministry info sheet talks of a good camping site here, but I was hard-pressed to find it. The site is small and boulder-strewn and there is room for only one tent. There was also the stink of something dead that wafted by from time to time. I looked for the source with no luck and decide that it was likely a dead spawned-out fish hidden in the jumble of rocks at the bottom of the falls. At the edge of the campsite there is a portage trail heading up the hill to Hyphen Lake and after setting up camp, I took a walk up for a look-see. This trail accesses a series of lakes that join up with Flack Lake or that can be travelled in a loop, returning here after two or three days. The trail is short but very steep and I was glad I was not going to have to haul my boat and gear up the hill this trip.

The weather was quickly deteriorating and by 5 p.m. a cold mist descended that was half fog, half rain and I hurriedly made supper under the shelter of a tree. A fire would have been nice but there was a ministry imposed fire restriction in place, so I retreated to the shelter of my tent to read and do some writing. After a few hours the wind had not let up and I drifted off to sleep, hearing the patter of rain on the tent fly. I wasn't expecting much from the weather tomorrow.

**Tuesday** I was not disappointed. Morning dawned with the wind howling down the lake from the east even stronger than yesterday and, for the time being at least, I wasn't going anywhere. The wind, while blowing in the right direction, was kicking up half-metre waves and that,

