

June 11: Day 15: 12mi

A cool, cloudy day...perfect to start the Chipman portages. The takeout for the first portage was found about 400m to the east of the Chipman River. An orange gas can marks the start. There is a grave a few meters down the trail, which is another highway. The trail is on and off muskeg until it merges with another older trail. After this it is fairly swampy. Lots of bear sign and garbage along the way and "Lake A" (following "Canoe Trip") is not the most appealing body of water but we are happy to put that 5k step behind us and to be heading due north. It is also encouraging to think of those who came before us along this historic route. We did the next 1k portage into "lake B" and then camped. Camping is scarce.

June 12: Day 16: 16mi

We spent the morning finishing up the portages into Chipman Lake. All were in good condition and easy to find as described in Peter Gregg's log. We tried to skirt lakes E and F by portaging around them on the east side, combining the last three portages into one. The trail around F was particularly bad and we paddled the boats over instead on the second time through. Camped on the river just shy of the first portage into Bompas.

June 13: Day 17:

The three portages into Bompas were less well maintained than the previous trails. On the second one we lost the trail and had to drop our packs to scout. The trail stays high on a ridge through a burn area and is sporadically marked with pink tape and wrappers. We paddled up Bompas in the sunshine and a tailwind and camped early on a gorgeous beach about 2k from the portage into Selwyn.

June 14: Day 18: 21mi

Today we began on the N end of Bompas L. Reading logs to find the 1k portage into Selwyn was confusing so we decided to travel up the Chipman river a bit to enter the small bay before the marked rapids on the 1:250. A path can be found at the east corner of the bay that leads to the superhighway portage. We paddled the eastern shore of Selwyn, battling crosswinds and so we decided to cross over to the west shore. Able to harness the wind a little and do some sailing! Our campsite was strewn with caribou fur and some bones...lots of signs of hunting earlier this spring.

June 15: Day 19: 24mi

Started off the day with a great tailwind and made it as far as Dalton Island before encountering more ice. We stopped to make some phone calls and were informed that the eastern shore of Selwyn and Flett were mostly open. Called Transwest and set the 20th as the date for our resupply. A mid-morning snack and Em's gorp kept us going until the eastern tip of Helmsworth I. before lunch. The ice is packed in north and west so we are paddling across the northern edge of Parkhurst I. to reach the eastern shore. After lunch we made a rather long bobsled run across some solid ice between Helmsworth and Parkhurst Islands. A few more drag/crashes were necessary throughout the afternoon but we had a fair bit of open water. Camped on the north tip of the second part of Parkhurst peninsula. Bugs are bad. Chili and cornbread are good and we're finally in Nunavut!

June 16: Day 20: 23mi

Paddled around the rest of the Parkhurst peninsula under overcast skies. Warm front going through. We were psyched to see that the islands around the eastern side of Parkhurst made for open water all the way to the eastern shore of Selwyn. It was cold today and rained on and off. The rain makes a heavy fog when it hits the ice...looks cool. With a bit of a tailwind we cruised up the eastern shore. After lunch the wind really picked up and switched directions making for some hard stretches. Made it to the bay near the height of land portage a bit early @5pm and camped in a nice sheltered area on a hill that had burned in the past five years. SO nice that the ice on Selwyn didn't prove to be too much of an obstacle.

June 17: Day 21: 4mi

Took a leisurely morning in our burn area campsite and then paddled to the beginning of the portage from Selwyn to Flett, marked by 2 orange gas containers. The portage is in the saddle of land, just west of the noticeable rise that is the height of land. About 2/3 through the portage we dropped our packs and cut east into the woods...there are various trails heading this way...towards the lake Goo Tue, a sacred lake to the Dene people whose waters are supposed to have healing powers. Custom requires those who visit the lake to leave an item of clothing in respect. We left a bandanna. We hiked up around the lake and up the hill, through really thick vegetation, to reach the height of land. Looking north along Flett and south towards Selwyn was beautiful. We left a note at the end of the portage for the women's expo who will be coming this way in another month. Set up camp on an island in Flett Lake, we will be resupplied tomorrow.

June 18: Day 22: resupply #1

We camped/duffed on a point just southeast of the portage, but on the east shore of the lake. It ended up being a great spot for organizational purposes. We received our ration from Transwest Airlines...they were great to work with. It was heard to talk to the same person on the phone, but everyone was really nice and very flexible with drop-off times and locations. The pilot was able to pull the plane right up to the shore. It was a great experience...we stalled the pilot, Chris, long enough to unpack everything by forcing him to have some coffee and coffee cake.

June 19: Day 23: 23mi

Today flew by. Paddled a lot and portaged just under 1k into Wholdaia. A slight tailwind was soft and sweet, encouraging our boats that are now very heavy again. We paddled up the east shore of Flett and found the portage without any

trouble. Passed by one North of 60 lodge on the northeast corner of one of the islands. The portage is located in a small bay on the most northern part of the lake and is marked by a blue tarp. The portage starts in a swampy area...hard to balance...but quickly becomes more solid and is nice and short. We paddled a few miles into Wholdaia, past another north of 60 lodge, and found a big open spot...first signs of tundra...on the west shore. Great day.

June 20: Day 24: windbound, 6mi

Paddled up Wholdaia in wind and spitting rain but when we came around a corner, the lake opened up and the waves were huge. Tried to fight them and got nowhere. Turned around and headed back to a beach. Ate lunch and decided we wouldn't be able to go anywhere so we set up camp, passed out and slept all afternoon.

June 21: Day 25: 23mi

Wholdaia to Mouth of Dubawnt. Woke up at 4:30 to sunny skies and a tail wind-wahoo! Cruised down Wholdaia, stopped and made coffee @10:30, paddled more, ate lunch, then camped at a beautiful tundra spot. A storm rolled in soon after we had set up but we missed the brunt of it. In celebration of the summer solstice we finished the rest of our whiskey for this ration, got a bit drunk, and cooked all kinds of fabulous dishes though the whiskey didn't make us the finest chefs. We crashed around 8pm and slept in!

DUBAWNT RIVER

June 22: Day 26: 17mi

We are all feeling a bit tired today, but it is awesome to be on the Dubawnt...finally! We ran a few swifts and a C1. The C1 was really shallow and very hard to tell where the deepest water was...it ended up being on RR. We are seeing more and more tundra spaces and even the places with trees look thinner. Camped along the side of the river, right after switching from the Snowbird L. map to the Boyd L. map.

June 23: Day 27: 21mi

Another beautiful but chilly day, we encountered our first real whitewater of the Dubawnt. We are following George Drought's notes and working with the 1:50's now. Really like his map system and are finding most of his descriptions about the river to be similar to what we are seeing. There were numerous swifts after we set out this morning, located any time the river narrows or flows around islands. We were a bit surprised by a swift that was considerably big and rocky at the end...it is located just after the R in River on the map. We would give it a C1+.

George writes that there is a solid C3 after a series of swifts and C1 rapids in the second to last narrowing before Hinde. We ran left of center and would say it was a C2 at most.

The last set before Hinde has a bad ledge at the top on RR. Big waves RL but straightforward line. Ate lunch on Hinde and then visited an old cabin at the west end of a long esker on the north shore of the lake. Camped on the same esker before the lake narrows again into the river. Hugest white spruce ever!

June 24: Day 28: 19mi

Ran lots of swifts this morning and one C2 that we scouted RL and ran tight RR, but slightly left of the big triangle rock. Ate lunch on a large hill and looked out over the river while we filled out Laura Beebee's surveys. More swifts in the afternoon that we didn't scout, just boat scouted. The last set into Boyd we scouted RL and ran tight RL and then center as the rapid fanned out. Camped on an esker on the SE corner of the lake after paddling into rough winds.

June 25: Day 29: 16mi

Lovely morning hike/coffee walk along the esker—exploring the cabin of a trapper from years ago. Found snowshoes, old traps, lots of furs...very cool. High seas on Boyd forced us to weave our way among islands to stay out of the wind. Lunch was fun but cold, the BPE made up a new game...throwing stuff at stuff. Then we all went crazy paddling. Camped on a rocky spot along the river and everyone cut their hair (or Meg cut people's hair) and the BPE had a new do!

June 26: Day 30: 25mi

Woke up to a glassy Dubawnt River unlike the stormy seas of yesterday. Our morning was full of fast moving water and some easy swifts that we scouted from the boat. The first set we needed to get out and scout was at our lunch spot. On the 1:50's it is located at about 61°45'N on the river. We ran RL at the top and both boats attempted back ferries to RR before the leftward curve, then ran RL of the big curlers on RR. Would recommend sticking far right as waves in center are big. Our heavy boats took on water.

The rest of the afternoon was more swifts, amazing section of river...you come around a corner and are in the tundra all of a sudden, or at least that was what it felt like...so beautiful. We camped near the south end of Barlow. Great day...Nina spotted an arctic wolf that ran to the shore to check us out as we passed by. Shot the gun and cleaned it today as well. Snow on the far shore.

June 27: Day 31: 24mi

The weather has been cool but sunny and we finally had very little wind to paddle in. However we have hit ice again. Nina broke the news to us this morning...hey we'll work with it. The ice is the kind that is just thick enough to be very hard to break through from the boats. Putting in a longer day we skirted the eastern shore all afternoon and were able to sneak around most of it. Got a bit "lost" between maps for a while and threw rocks at other rocks to pass the time at lunch and warm up a bit. Camped just above the rapids out of Barlow and are feasting on rice and beans. We are ready for Carey lake and whatever it might bring. Great day...Meg read the Africa book out loud as she duffed and got disoriented in the savannahs of Africa before waking up to the ice and tundra.

June 28: Day 32: 18mi

Took a coffee walk to scout the rapids out of Barlow, and ran the set with a sneak route on RR, pulling over into the eddy on RR and then running the next swift river center but cutting back right around big waves and a sleeper. Other than that we saw nothing but swifts today until Carey. Carey is still mostly ice but we were able to sneak up the southwestern shore of the lake pretty well as none of the smaller bays were frozen. Had to forego looking for the Tyrell cairn as there was too much ice to make it to the eastern shore, which we were bummed about. Spent some time hiking up hills to scout out where the most open water was. We paddled up the central peninsula, then crossed to the eastern shore where there was a little water around the islands. Really cold today even though the sun was shining—must be in the arctic, eh? From here on out we are anticipating ice through Dubawnt lake. We talked about our options briefly and barring a herd of grizzly bears blocking our path we are committed to this route and ready to take on all the ice this land can throw at us.

June 29: Day 33: 15mi

Paddled the rest of the northeast shore this morning and we are back on the Dubawnt after lots of ice crashing. We ran the first rapids out of Carey around the large island via the left channel...from the bottom you can see the right channel would be crappy to make your way through...really rocky! The top part of the rapid we ran easily on RL and caught the huge eddy on RL where the river turns the corner. We ferried across to RR before the next section and then began a very thorough scout to make sure the right side was clean all the way to the bottom as there is nowhere to eddy out before you wash out. There is a nice, very clean line tight right, missing the huge waves and big holes and sneaking by lots of little sleepers on the shore. It is really hard to scout this as you have to crash and wade through water and willows. Fun stuff. Paddled a bit of the swift water following and then camped before the start of a 1k marked set. Ice chunks were floating down the river with us, making for a few more fun obstacles!

June 30: Day 34: 25mi

Today Rick Stirr turned 53. Must be warmer where he is. Awesome to wake up this morning to the river flowing past the tent door. Took a coffee walk down the right shore, sliding along ice and snow to scout the 1k section. It is well worth scouting this as there is a significant ledge of boulders on RR at the bottom of what looks like a clean line. This is what Howie and Doug described as “death at the bottom” and noted that the ledge would have “contributed significantly to our demise.” Running far left worked great.

In the following section of river we spotted a musk oxen walking along the hills, as we pulled over to investigate further we watched a herd of 20 musk oxen make their way out of the scrub and we watched them graze for a long time before they became aware of us and all grouped up before tearing across the tundra away from us. Huge, fascinating creatures...we felt so lucky to see them.

One swift, easy, and the next section runs through a beautiful gorge with high, rocky hills...you can run easy RR. This is an awesome section of river. The last rapid before Markham we went right around the small island and then ferried to RR to skirt the huge, incredibly green waves.

No doubt...there is ice on Markham. Camped early and explored the vast tundra around us, marveling at the ice covered lake at the end of June. Summer is not fast in coming around here...in fact we feel like spring is just happening and leaves are beginning to peek out on the bushes. Little pink flowers dot the ground.

July 1: Day 35: 12mi

Happy July 1st! We skirted the rest of the ice on Markham, went through the short section of river to Nicholson...no rapids between the two lakes and barely any current. Both Markham and Nicholson are definitely frozen...no water here! Super COLD today. Clouds, icy rain, wind...not July weather. Ran around a lot to stay warm. But we celebrated Canada day with a fabulous chocolate cake with chocolate frosting.

July 2: Day 36: 10mi

Paddled the rest of the shoreline of Nicholson this morning, nope it didn't unfreeze over night. Then this afternoon we paddled the first set on the Dubawnt out of the lakes. It was a two-parter, the first we ran river center, catching the eddy on RR and then running tight right around the corner as there was a monstrous boat-eating hole on RL. We camped early, above a longer set that is a double S-turn with big cliffs on one side. We took an awesome hike to the top of the cliff and were able to scout a little bit for tomorrow. Absolutely beautiful but really cold and cloudy again today. The weather has not been informed that it is in fact July.

July 3: Day 37: 30mi

S-turn: we had scouted the night before on a long hike to the top of the ridge. Waves were big...ran RR hugging the shore until the last turn where we started heading center aggressively are there are HUGE waves, I mean REALLY big, on the far right that you want to be well away from.

After that there are mostly swifts until a large left turn. Through the turn the current is moving FAST and we were scouting around each corner just to be safe. Take the right channel where a thin island splits the river, there is one hole in the RR channel and we ferried across from the left shore and dropped down just below the hole.

There are swifts in the narrows until another island splits the river and both channels make sharp right turns. The first channel you encounter is definitely the easier one with a hole on RL but a good shot down RR...it is a sharp turn so be ready. The second channel looks like it has some nasty curling waves, we actually went back up the river to take the first channel.

After that there is just fast water until the marked rapids on the 1:50's. This rapid has two parts...the first part is easily run on RR and is the beginning of the sweeping left turn described by Bill Layman. We camped in between the sets as the second part is nastier. Beautiful spot right next to the rapids, ice and snow on the far shore, and trout for dinner caught in an eddy below the rapids.

July 4: Day 38: 18mi

Coffee walk this morning to scout the rapids. Lots of holes and such, but overall there is a straightforward line down RR between a hole on the left and a hole just off the right shore. Watch out for the sleeper in the line. We portaged a few packs to run with lighter boats and have a bit more freeboard. Big waves, Nina and Beth narrowly missed the hole, but we could have run loaded.

The next set is just around the bend. We took a line far RR, just off the eddyline, but there are multiple ways to run this. Karen and I took a huge wave in the bow but it was FUN! Coming into Dubawnt lake was a bit overwhelming—a huge expanse of ICE. We made some ground bobsledding and were pleasantly surprised by tons of water in a southwest bay.

We were set to celebrate the fourth when a huge black storm cloud blew in, flattening our camp and almost relieving us of our boats...they were blown end over end down the shore before we saved them from the expanse of Dubawnt lake. We battened down the hatches and cooked pizza in the vestibule.

July 5: Day 39: 17mi

Traveled up the west shore of Dubawnt after a morning of logistical organization and phone calls. Portaged 1mi across a peninsula to OPEN WATER. Paddled up the shore through some islands. We are so amazed at the amount of open water...but then again, it doesn't take much water to impress us.

July 6: Day 40: 14mi

We really think we went farther than this because we went in and out of every freaking bay that ever existed on this lake. However, the shore of this lake is wonderful...huge and rocky and unlike anything we have ever seen. Up close and personal for sure!

July 7: Day 41: DUFF

This morning began as a "sleep in" morning but when we woke up at 12:15pm we just gave up and thought since it was so nasty and cold and rainy that we would happily keep sleeping away the day. Many of our books were finished today as the rain poured.

July 8: Day 42: 20mi

The rain greeted us again this morning. Lots of fog and very cold rain. We paddled and bobsledded our way along the magnificent shore, felt like we were in Ireland or something. At lunch the sun came out and we talked to Phil Halley who told us our updates were working! Good news as we have had some trouble working that out. The afternoon held more paddling and bobsledding and a few cool thunderstorms. We made a goal and met it today (something Laura's surveys asked about). We rock.

July 9: Day 43: 21mi

The ice is melting! This is fortunate for more room to paddle in, but is numbering our bobsledding days. The sun was out and we tried dragging the boats over a peninsula instead of taking everything out of the boats and portaging. It worked but was slow going over a short distance and took all five of us to haul one boat through the marshy ground. Saw a musk ox skull buried in the marsh. Choked ice on the northern shore of Dubawnt forced us to drag on snow along the shore instead of trying to fight our way over large ice chunks. We apparently camped near a grizzly den, but we didn't know it at the time...despite the fish tails in the water...and we saw no bears.

July 10: Day 44: 16mi

An exciting day, full of new systems of travel and new friends. The morning was really foggy and we made our way slowly around a new kind of ice that is like large ice bergs, all floating together and impossible to move through. Either you go up and over or you attempt to push the ice out of the way, into more ice. We finished lots of food at lunch and decided that the best way to deal with the ice conditions was to harness ourselves up to the boats and walk, dragging the boats behind us, over 7 miles of ice down the shore of the long peninsula before Outlet bay. Our system worked quite well and it was nice to walk for a change. Halfway through we spotted the plane we had been watching for over the past few days and made radio contact. Meg talked to them on 122.8 and they flew over waving...we were psyched to talk to them and they told us they were flying our food in to the lodge. Can't wait to get that new food. They told us they would fly back and let us know the ice conditions, but we didn't see them again.

July 11: Day 45: 15mi

We camped last night at the end of the big peninsula sticking out of the north shore—we are at the entrance to Outlet bay! Great site on bedrock from which we could see open water along the shore of the island to the east. We paddled the water as far as we could but it ended up being packed in and hard to travel...lots of fighting and lining to make distance...so we ended up portaging over the island to avoid what we thought would be lots more packed up ice. The portage was longer and harder than it looked, and really buggy. Oh well. We cruised through the afternoon with a lot of wind and plenty open water. We camped at a lovely beach on the long, central island in Outlet bay on the northern shore. Watched a huge storm roll past us from beginning to end and Nina made a great coffee cake for desert/breakfast. Great Day!

July 12: Day 46: 10mi

Another day of dragging the boats on semi-stable sheets of ice. Most of the ice was candle ice and was quite flexible under our feet and boats. We have maybe become a little too accustomed to walking on ice as we are jumping over leads and walking over really black ice. We crossed over to the eastern most island in Outlet bay where the cabins are marked—it really is the Tukto lodge outpost that is marked there. The ice let us take the southern route around the island and we made it to the camp in the early afternoon. The people at the camp (Stan, Mike, Cory and Aggie and Bob, the owner) were INCREDIBLE to say the

very least. We got our re-supply, spent the night, rinsed off in their shower before dinner, fished up some HUGE lake trout and were sad to say goodbye.

July 13: Day 47: 9mi

We only made it a few miles up the eastern shore of Outlet bay and had to camp because we were up so late the night before fishing, motorboating over the ice and drinking hot cocoa at the lodge. So good to sleep...necessary!

July 14: Day 48: 15mi

We left Dubawnt lake today with favorable tailwinds...the ice we had seen the day before was already melting significantly...there must be a time when the lake does unfreeze. The series of rapids up to the canyon was fun...so great to be back on a moving river!

We ran everything tight RR except for the last set before the canyon proper. At that set we ran RL but then made our way back right to take out RR before the big ledges on the right side. All the whitewater was fairly straightforward but we were being cautious and scouted everything since we were heavily loaded again.

We took out at a small cairn on RR. Bill had lined around the corner but it looked big and fairly risky to continue...not to mention the huge musk ox standing sentinel along the river's edge. We portaged to the sandy esker near the end of the canyon...well worth the patience to get there. Great hiking and beautiful views. The musk ox only followed us for a while.

July 15: Day 49: DUFF

Hung out at the canyon...cinnamon rolls, yoga and ridiculous winds filled a wonderful day of rest.

July 16: Day 50: 11mi

We portaged out of camp and carried past the cairn marking the first put in to a ledge that looked like a promising spot from which to paddle. Caught a 15lb lake trout and took pictures for Tukto lodge. The wind died down a little after lunch and we were able to paddle into the roaring north wind across Grant lake. We stopped in order to camp at canoe point and after dinner we took a hike up the hill. You can see for miles up there and it is a beautiful spot...looking north along the Dubawnt is cool. However, if you camp right at the point and decide to walk from there you will have to ford the river at one point to get there as the esker drops into the water and comes out again. Despite the cold we ended up stripping off our bottom layers and wading across.

July 17: Day 51: 26mi

Making miles again, wahoo! We woke to a still calm and loads of mosquitoes. The first rapid we ran RR at the top and then right of center at the bottom. There are big holes to the left and center that are hard to see from above. The next set is long and bouldery. We snuck around the right shore the whole way and lined around two small ledges. Picking lines through the sleepers took a long time and we ate lunch at the end.

On the next stretch of river none of the marked rapids were anything but swifts. Uksujuriaqq rapids are HUGE and beautiful...Ledge City we called it following Doug and Howie. We ran the top on the right side a small island, taking out to line around two small ledges. The next two ledges are a bit more crazy and we portaged around both of them. Supposedly these can be lined but it looked like something that would be ridiculous to attempt at this water level. From the last ledge the rapids are just a wide bouldery maze...we think we picked a line along the right shore around the islands following the deepest channel we could find. It was hard to tell where we were, but we went downstream until we hit Wharton lake, which had crazy big ice chunks on it...practically glaciers, that you could hear crash into the lake with huge rumbles. Caribou walking on the ice.

July 18: Day 52: 24mi

Wharton was really calm this morning as we enjoyed breakfast under the tundra tarp. We followed the eastern shore, which was free of ice and enjoyed lunch on the raised beaches. As we approached the islands and the large white mountain the navigation got a bit tricky but as Bill says, "follow the eastern shore and take a right at the white mountain," which would eventually get you to the outlet of the river. The first set out of Wharton we ran RR at the top and as it curved to the left we moved RL...it is just big waves but we again had the added obstacle of floating ice chunks and had to time our moves to coincide with the ice floating down the river. Meg and Nina had to do some back paddling to stay behind a huge chunk that had broken up all across the river.

We took the northern channel into Marjorie. There is some current along the way and it is fun and quick. We camped after a small island with hash marks on either side before the river narrows for good. A few small swifts and an attack from an angry seagull and we were in bed.

July 19: Day 53: 22mi

This was one of my favorite parts of the Dubawnt—gorgeous and fast moving. There are some swifts and boulder fields that need to be negotiated, but no big deal. One ledge on RL and one on RR with a clean chute down the center. It is after the river really starts to pick up and cliffs on RR signal the sharp right bend in the river...this is where the ledges are. After that are the boulder fields. Coming into Marjorie the wind was strong but we pushed through the headwind and made it to the esker before Moffat Rapids. We camped there intending to portage out in the morning. You would want to be on RR if you wanted to line...RL is pretty intense. Lots of rainbows and a golden eagle.

July 20: Day 54: 24mi

We ran the end of Moffat rapids on RL. There is a small cabin on RL before the river widens but we didn't check it out. Lots of paddling into the wind today...so cold you really couldn't stop moving. A pair of wolves checked us out at lunch. Cool. When the river narrows it is magnificent—high sandy banks on either side. The river is trucking through here and there are three sets of rapids/swifts with bigger waves: run RR, RL, RR...no scouting needed. We pushed on to the gates, which are awesome. The last 14k of the river took us three hours.

July 21: Day 55: 11mi

We portaged the gates and ran the bottom portion RL. It looked possible to run them but the nasty weather told us portaging was the best option and we headed out of camp and put in down the cliff...kinda fun. We cruised to the delta where it is shallow, and followed RR in the delta before cutting across the shortest and deepest route we could find to get to the Thelon! We are mighty sad to leave the Dubawnt, it has treated us so well, but we are excited for the next step. We slept hard and fast once we got to camp.

THELON

July 22: Day 56: 28mi

We paddled to end of Beverly and into Aberdeen. We took a break at TL at the mouth of the Tibelik as we wanted to see this river the guys had so much trouble with. Couldn't really tell how much water was in it, but it did seem shallow and quite sandy. The Thelon has such a different landscape already...so much sand! We paddled on into ice-free Aberdeen (we were beginning to wonder if any lakes unfroze up here) in the afternoon. Another pair of wolves checked us out at lunch today!

July 23: Day 57: 22mi

We paddled the northern shore of Aberdeen and through Koangok narrows today with a nice tailwind. We tried to sail in the afternoon, with some success.

July 24: Day 58: 21mi

We've come to understand that when the wind chooses a direction up here it maintains it for a while—days at a time. We paddled the northern shore of Aberdeen again, with a great southwesterly tailwind. The weather was constantly changing and unpredictable all day, but kind enough to get us to the end of Pequetuaz hill—a beautiful run of elevation.

July 25: Day 59: 25mi

Today we had relatively calm winds from the north/northwest with scattered rain showers. We cruised through the stretch between Aberdeen and Schultz and we are camped about two miles before Schultz. We saw a caribou and a couple big and beautiful inukshuks right at the end of Aberdeen. Great country, lots of elevation and blue ridges stretching out to the horizon.

July 26: Day 60: 8mi

Wind again from the northwest carried us into Schultz quickly. We stopped just before the abandoned fishing camp to hike around the ridges, and quickly decided we had to stay there taking pictures, and exploring. Beth and Emily found a “hot tub” that really wasn't that hot at the top of the ridge. Big potential for grizzly dens here and a geologists heaven.

July 27: Day 61: 28mi

Woke up with the sun at 3:30 am and it wasn't dark but we did see the sun rise above Schultz which was incredible! We moved quickly and quietly along the northern shore, stopping for breakfast around 7 and throwing some rocks at lunch. Very simple navigation and we made it to camp around 5:30 or so. The rain finally let up a little bit and we are looking forward to our last day on Schultz and the Thelon tomorrow. Horrible black beans for dinner...oops.

July 28: Day 62: 22mi

Woke up to calm waters to cross the last bay on Schultz. We stopped at a cabin on RL just before the current picked up. There was trash everywhere and the cabin appeared to have been used very recently. The first rapid as you make the turn southeast is really straightforward RR. We scouted Aleksektok...big holes! We stayed RR the entire way, avoiding most of the big waves and moving TIGHT right around the hole on the right. The waves before the slight right-bend and the hole are really big although they don't look it from the shore. Karen and Emily back paddled before the bend to slow down before running past the hole, which helped a lot. We ate lunch in the first eddy on the right...below the cross. Just after that eddy the current picks up and the waves are deceiving—they are crazy! Just be ready to paddle like you were on the ocean! Biggest waves we have ever paddled. Within 30 minutes we were at the point where the creek starting the watershed comes in and we began portaging up the right side of the creek.

MEADOWBANK