

Split Rock Falls

Missinaibi

In October the Sierra Club of Ontario presented a brief on the Missinaibi River to the Hon. Frank Miller, Minister of Natural Resources. The following excerpt from that brief, and the accompanying photographs of the river by George Luste, demonstrate why it is so important to all of us that the Missinaibi be preserved now.

Are clean, free flowing rivers in Ontario becoming an endangered species? It is a fact that once a river has been dammed, we cannot return it to its original beauty as a free flowing natural creation. It is also true that once a river has industrial mills and plants using chemicals, unexpected poisons like mercury, DDT, mirex and PCB become visible only after irreversible harm has been done. Once roads are built and cottages appear, it is usually too late to preserve a wilderness area. Every year the number of unpolluted free flowing rivers in Ontario grows smaller. In the past there did seem to be an infinite wilderness. There was little concern that it might be endangered. New forest and new rivers were "always" available further north. But surely today we are most aware of how a finite non-renewable resource does vanish.

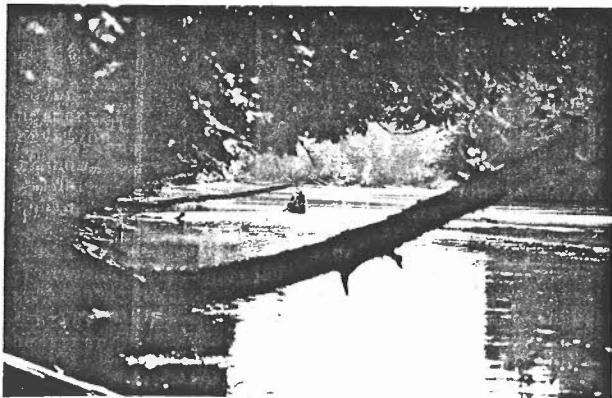


Peterbell Marsh Area

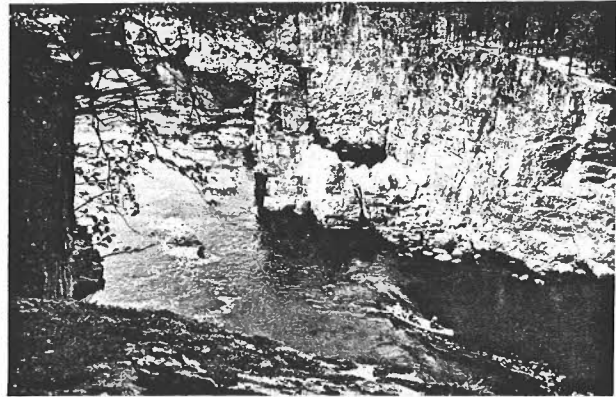
Missinaibi



Conjuring House Rock



The Placid Missinaibi



Canyon at Thunder House Falls

The Missinaibi has a rich historic past as a major fur trade route. The Hudson's Bay Company was forced by competition in 1776 to venture into the interior and build forts at Wapiscogamy, Missinaibi Lake and Brunswick Lake on the Missinaibi waterway. The more venturesome North West Company quickly built adjoining forts as the two companies struggled for advantage in the fur trade. Trade goods and furs flowed back and forth along the Missinaibi from James Bay to Michipicoten on Lake Superior and on to Sault Ste. Marie. Today the same waters see ever increasing numbers of canoeists and wilderness enthusiasts. As a river the Missinaibi has a full spectrum of physical features; from roaring cataracts and granite canyons to winding, placid waters with sleepy marshes. It is a joy to canoe this unique, varied and beautiful waterway.

Are we, in this generation, guilty of stealing resources and options from our grandchildren? To support our economic development many rivers have been harnessed. In northern Ontario, next to the Missinaibi, the Kapuskasing River supports pulp mills and dams, as do the adjoining Michipicoten, Mattagami and Abitibi Rivers. These rivers have all disappeared as wild free rivers within our lifetime. Will we leave our grandchildren any options? If they so choose, they could dam a still wild and free Missinaibi River in the future, but they cannot undo the damage if we in this generation, flood and pollute it. This irreversible nature of extinction should be of fundamental concern to everyone. This is why the conservation of the Missinaibi River as a wild river park now, with integrity of size and isolation as a wilderness preserve, must be pursued and enacted quickly.

In the short period between 1972 to 1977 the Missinaibi River has already suffered substantial losses as a wilderness retreat. Because the river has the character of a thin thread across the northern landscape, it also has a very vulnerable profile, open to damage and intrusion. Since it is so vulnerable, it will be lost if nothing is done, and done soon.



Sandy Richardson

MADAWASKA RIVER

The Ministry of Natural Resources has established a park reserve on the Crown lands along the Madawaska from Amonds Bay to Highland Falls while it continues its long range study plans on the best way to preserve the Madawaska as a recreational resource

At present the Ministry is considering the following course of action:

- 1) Closing Palmer Rapids and McPee Bay access sites to the public, keeping the sites available only for day use.
2) Closing all old access roads to the river below Amonds Bay, and barring vehicle access, permitting only water access camping at these traditional campsites.
3) Working towards a long term Provincial Park proposal on the river which will adequately preserve the river resources, while making them available to a broad cross-section of the Ontario Public.

The Conservation Committee is pleased with these steps taken by the Ministry. They follow many of the suggestions made in the W.C.A. brief to the Ministry, and hopefully will preserve the beautiful Snake Rapids section of the Madawaska for future generations of wilderness canoeists.

LAKE SUPERIOR PROVINCIAL PARK

The Conservation Committee submitted a brief to Ministry of Natural Resources commenting on the Preliminary Master Plan for Lake Superior Provincial Park. The park will be classified as a Natural Environment Park with aims of Preservation, Recreation, Heritage Appreciation, Tourism and Resource Products (!).

Our brief commented on the apparent contradictions in these aims, particularly that of harvesting Resource Products. Our opinion was that Preservation should be the primary objective and that the management be set up to ensure this. We urged that Resource Products be removed as an objective of the park, and work towards phasing out resource extraction, eventually designating all of the interior of the park as wilderness.

SPANISH RIVER

The Conservation Committee is currently working on a major brief on the Spanish River to be presented to INCO and at hearings to be held under the Environmental Assessment Act. We are working in conjunction with the FON and other conservation groups in this effort.

Our main concern is that a dam on the Spanish River would remove the last free flowing wilderness river flowing south into Lake Huron.

ELORA GORGE DEFENSE FUND

The fight to save Elora Gorge is continuing before the Ontario Municipal Board. The fight has been long and expensive and more money is needed to help cover legal expenses and the providing of expert witnesses.

Members concerned with stopping the building of a highway and bridge across the Gorge near its deepest and most scenic spot should send donations to: Elora Gorge Defense Fund, Suite 303, One Spadina Cr., Toronto, Ontario M5S 2J1.

More on Wolves in Algonquin

WOLVES NOT MAIN FACTOR

The Conservation Report speaks of the wolf population remaining constant, while the deer population is declining in Algonquin Park. The one thing I don't see mentioned here is that deer are nomadic, having nothing to tie them to any particular area but the available food supply. Since Algonquin has never been known to have a good food supply and conditions suited to deer (deer prefer more open terrain) it would seem to me a little foolish to expect the deer to stay within the invisible barriers of the park.

Killing off the wolves wouldn't bring the deer back to Algonquin and if you restocked the park with deer herds it would be wasted effort. In time, some would die of starvation while the luckier animals found their way out of the park. Luckier, until the hunters got to them.

Over the years I've been travelling through Algonquin, in all seasons, I have only seen one deer kill by wolves. This was in the winter and the unfortunate deer had run onto the ice of Cache Lake, where it stood no chance of escape. The statement "wolves do not leave the area of a deer yard, but pick steadily away at the deerherd right down until the last deer before moving on" is pure bunk. A wolf may be an intelligent animal but he has a built-in need to roam and freshen up the scent posts that mark his territory.

Several winters ago I led a group of snowshoers into a known deer yard, not too far from Algonquin Park. We found no deer but quite a lot of fresh sign and decided to try our luck at tracking several of the deer. Interesting - but we never did catch up with the deer. On the way back along the road, we passed a pickup truck with a man standing behind the tailgate, looking a bit like somebody caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Further down the road I turned back for a look - in time to see him haul out a gun and head for the deer yard. There's your "wolf", raiding the deer yard. Remember, this was

within 50 miles of Algonquin Park. God knows how many times that one individual went to that deer yard and how many deer

he killed. I've gone to the same yard for a number of years and the only wolf track I ever saw was 2 miles down the road from the deer yard. No indications of him bothering the deer.

I became interested in the wolf after my first trip or two in Algonquin, reading everything I could get my hands on about him - good and bad. The result was a lot of well-earned respect for the animal. I've seen nothing to change this opinion, in any 'almost' contact I've had with him in bush country. I've only "seen" one wild wolf and, strangely enough, this was only about 7 miles north of Uxbridge, at Toronto Field Naturalist's Jim Baillie Nature Reserve. Wolves have been heard howling up there almost every night and we talked to some of the farmers nearby, asking if they'd had a problem with the wolves attacking their stock. None, they told us, and they seemed to like the idea of having the wolves about.

Not seeing wolves, in the bush, doesn't mean they aren't there. On a snowshoe hike with a small group, over Christmas several years ago, we travelled along the old Cache Lake Trail. One of the girls got ahead of us and a wolf cut her trail, urinating beside it - as if to let us know he was aware of us and it was his territory we were in. Later on, we returned to my car in the museum parking lot. It was relatively unmarked - except for two sets of wolf tracks circling my car. I appreciated them not eating the tires. Wolf howls? Forget those organized howls and try it on a canoe trip sometime. We had wolves barking and howling from four directions, in Biggar Lake, north Algonquin.

Sure we could kill the wolves in Algonquin Park, but would it bring the deer back? Would the park ever be the same without them? Is it fair to blame them for deer wandering out of the park, to be shot by hunters? Not the way I see it. Tightening up on the hunting of deer, where deer populations are down, is common sense. We could use a little of that.

One other point I should mention here is the comparing of decline in deer population with an imbalance of nature. Because any species of animal can't or chooses not to flourish in a particular area, such as Algonquin, doesn't mean an imbalance. This comes if we attempt to restock the park artificially with deer. Incidentally, the deer population is flourishing in Killarney Park and they do have wolves there. What do the wolf killers have to say about this?

Ed O'Connor

WOLVES A FACTOR

It was almost a shock to hear a government representative stating that wolves were a factor in the declining deer herds in this area. The statement became all the more impressive when it was made by the boss of the Ministry of Natural Resources, the Hon. Frank Miller our MPP for Muskoka.

Mr. Miller was a guest of the Muskoka Parry Sound Hunt Camp Association meeting last Saturday. In the past when such a question was directed at a senior member of the Ministry, there was never a clear cut answer given. There has been now!

Mr. Miller, ignoring all the criticism that no doubt will come his way, admitted the wolf is a factor in the decline. He did not say the wolf was a major factor but it is one of several. The others are hunters, proper yards for feeding and dogs.

It would be foolish for one to argue the wolf did not bear any of the responsibility. It is natural for the wolf to kill deer but as the Minister implied it is foolish to assume it feeds only on the sick and old.

He admitted to the meeting that bush wolves are increasing and the Ministry must soon investigate a proper method of predator control.

Those who uphold the sanctity of the wolf will no doubt be offended. In Mr. Miller's defence, we might say there is no thought in anyone's mind about eliminating the wolf. That is the farthest thought or desire of most of us.

There are those that would like to see the wolf destroyed completely but they are as radical as those who believe the animal is an almost pet like creature and doesn't kill for food.

The balance of nature is a rather imposing argument by some. Mr. Miller reported an island in Lake Superior has for years had a consistent wolf and moose population. He says now that the balance has changed in favour of the wolf.

The biggest offender in the wolf-deer question is progress. The frontiers have been pushed back robbing nature of its right to maintain balance.

This is a world-wide problem and it's hoped we might be able to do something here that will not allow this condition to eradicate any further.

Huntsville Forester



EDITORIAL

ONE YEAR LATER

When Roger Smith decided to stand for the chairmanship of the Wilderness Canoe Association, he approached me to take over the editing of this newsletter. At that time my total experience in the field had been assisting with (perhaps getting in the way of, would be more accurate) the lay-up of two issues. With some reservations and a little prodding, I agreed to take on the task.

Believing that the newsletter is one of the strongest binding forces in an association with a membership as widely dispersed as ours, I set about trying to maintain the high standards set by previous editors. In addition to putting out a newsletter that informed members of club news, my aim was to put together an interesting and visually attractive paper, one with articles and photographs of interest to wilderness travellers of all levels of experience. Hopefully, I have been in some measure successful.

New titles were designed, headline type standardized, more varied lay-outs tried, more photographs used and many experiments tried - some with more success than others. But one year and four issues later I can say that I have learned a lot and have thoroughly enjoyed the work.

Putting together the newsletter is not, however, a one-man job, and at the end of the publishing year I would like to thank publicly all those people who have helped with the paper, and there are many.

The first group are the contributors, those people whose names you read in each issue on articles, trip reports, book reviews, photographs, drawings, etc. Without these members who take the interest and time to write material and submit it unsolicited, there would be no newsletter to edit.

There is also a second group of people whose names do not appear in the paper but who are equally important to its production, and it is this group that I would particularly like to mention. The task of typing the large amount of material for each issue has been carried out largely by four people: Lorna Brailsford, Maureen Ryan, France and Cam Salsbury. The title design, section headings and coordinated headlines are the work of Barry Brown. The lay-out, design and pasting-up of the newsletter is a three-man full day job, and most of the credit in this department goes to Tony McAuley who oversees the operation and is responsible for most of the photographic lay-outs and "special effects". Additional assistance with the lay-up has come from Barry Brown and Cam Salsbury. Finally, the mailing of copies to members is handled by Ken Brailsford, and to people on the complimentary copy list by Gord Fenwick.

To all of these people who have put so much of their time into producing The Wilderness Canoeist, the people who have really made the paper possible - thank you.

Sandy Richardson.

chairmans letter

Fellow Canoeists:

I hope that all of you had an enjoyable autumn of paddling. In some ways we were fortunate to have a high incidence of rainfall, thus swelling the rivers and providing some particularly good canoeing opportunities. Let us all hope that we have a good winter season, as well, with opportunities for a little skiing or winter camping or whatever appeals.

I would also like to take this opportunity to thank all the members of the Association who have helped out in the past months. We have many active members working on committees dealing with conservation, standards, membership, and communications as well as all those who have taken part in the outings programme either as organizers or participants. Without this help our club would cease to exist. I would particularly like to thank the executive officers for providing the necessary leadership and assistance to hold such an organization together.

It was a pleasure to meet so many members at our September general meeting at the Leslie Frost Centre in Haliburton. We successfully passed two important motions at our business meeting: one amending the constitution to recognize honorary members, and the other directing the executive to proceed with incorporation of the W.C.A. In the afternoon we were honoured by the presence of one of Canadian canoeing's elder statesmen, Nick Nickels. The evening programme was an impressive three-screen slide show presented by Jack Purchase and Rob Caldwell. The show documented their 1976 trip from Great Slave Lake up the Yellowknife River and down the Coppermine River - retracing Franklin's journey of 1820-21.

Our annual general meeting will be held in early March as outlined in the News Briefs section of this issue. I look forward to meeting many of you there.

Yours sincerely,

Roger Smith

letters to the editor

Dear Sir:

I agree with your editorial "Canoe Safety". In 7 years of canoe tripping I've yet to see anything more serious than a couple of canoeists getting dunked. With or without a lot of safety regulations that sort of thing can happen. I also think there was a good point brought up about the ones who would benefit most from required courses on canoe safety. I happen to know of one U. of T. teacher who outfits canoeists in north Algonquin, runs courses (at a profit) on canoe safety and yet once sent 3 of us out in 1 canoe with a week's provisions. To say we were overloaded would be understatement! Instead of placing canoeists into the hands of these people, with the needless regulations, I think that they could stand some investigating themselves.

One point I should mention here is that we've had some fellows along on our organization's canoe trips this year from CNIB, with sight problems, and the boys did fine. The question is what happens to people like this if tough regulations are brought in? The canoe tripping has given them a new lease on life and they don't deserve to have it taken from them. I might add that these chaps even helped with carrying the canoes over the portages. I'll trip with them anytime.

Sincerely,
Ed. O'Connor,
Environmental Experiences
Club.

news briefs

RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP NOW

Members are reminded that their current W.C.A. memberships expire at the end of January. Now is the time to renew for 1978! Please use the membership application on the back page to send your renewal to Mary Jo Cullen. Early renewal will be greatly appreciated.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Plan now to attend the W.C.A. annual general meeting. It will be held on Saturday, March 4, 1978 at McMaster University in Hamilton. Full details will be mailed out with a notice of meeting in January.

MEMBERSHIP LISTS AND CONSTITUTIONS

Copies of the W.C.A. membership list and constitution are available to members on request. Please send a self-addressed 9" x 6" envelope with 30¢ postage to the W.C.A. Postal Box.

YOUTH ENCOURAGEMENT FUND

This fund was established last year to encourage our young student members to participate in major wilderness trips and to improve their skills by attending available courses. The Y.E.F. Committee has already received a number of contributions for 1978, but needs more help if it is to repeat its successful work of last year.

Any members who are interested in helping with this significant W.C.A. programme are encouraged to send contributions to the treasurer. Cheques should be payable to the Wilderness Canoe Association, and should indicate that the money is for the Youth Encouragement Fund.

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE

Our next issue will be put together in time for the annual meeting in March. Anyone with articles, poetry, trip reports or photographs to submit, should send these to the editor no later than February 10.

MISSINAIBI SLIDE SHOW

George Luste will be presenting a slide show on the Missinaibi River for the Sierra Club in Toronto in January or February. The date has not been set yet. W.C.A. members are invited to attend what should be a most interesting and informative presentation. Those interested in attending should contact the Sierra Club (416) 366-3494, or any member of the W.C.A. executive in January for details as to time and place.

INFORMATION ON MISTASSINI RIVER

Pat Lewtas of 4 High Point Road, Don Mills, Ontario, M3B 2A4 is looking for any information on the Mistassini River in Quebec, and any routes to the headwaters of that river. Any members who could help out should contact Pat.

W.C.A. TRIP PROGRAMME

In order to improve our W.C.A. trips, the Outings Committee will be sending out a questionnaire to a broad sample of participants in 1977 W.C.A. trips. This questionnaire will ask members for their thoughts about the trips, the newsletter descriptions, safety, size, etc. and for their suggestions as to improving the trips. It is hoped that all members receiving questionnaires will take the time to fill them out and return them.

Any members who do not receive a questionnaire, but have any comments or suggestions about W.C.A. trips are encouraged to share these ideas with Dave Auger, chairman of the Outings Committee.

RESEARCH STUDY

Leslie Kroening of the University of Alberta is working on a thesis concerned with motivations for wilderness canoeing. The W.C.A. has been asked to assist in this study by supplying names of members who have taken long trips in remote areas. This has been done as accurately as our records allow.

Questionnaires will be mailed to these and other wilderness canoeists from all provinces. The results of the study should be interesting, and will be shared with all those canoeists who participate.

TEMAGAMI CHILDREN'S PROJECT

After a very rewarding summer of canoe tripping, plans are being drawn up to make the Temagami Children's Project a permanent social agency. A board of directors is being formed, and the Project will be launching a fund-raising drive this winter.

It is hoped to run a more challenging programme in 1978, with some spring canoe trips, 14-day summer trips, and fall hiking and camping programmes.

The long-range objective of the Project is to provide family camping programmes, so that families with problems can experience the intensive co-operation and sharing that are necessary for a successful canoe trip.

Members interested in the Project should contact the director, Roger Smith, at (416) 635-6689.

BACK RIVER TRIP

Any experienced canoeists interested in joining a trip on the Back River N.W.T. in the summer of 1978, please contact Bob Dion at (416) 482-6002 (leave message).

equipment

In this issue the Equipment Column presents two follow-up articles on subjects previously discussed by other writers. The first gives another member's views on the advantages and disadvantages of ABS canoes. The second, courtesy of OUTDOOR CANADA magazine, gives more information on wanigan boxes, and describes in detail how you can construct one.

TO ABS OR NOT TO ABS

Sandy Bruchovsky

Although Brian Back's article in the June 1977 edition of *The Wilderness Canoeist* was both interesting and provocative, it did not subsequently deter me from buying an ABS canoe. In the light of what was said at the time, I feel that some comment is necessary even if based only on personal observations. I lack the time and resources required for a comprehensive evaluation. However my own experience to date runs counter to some of the strongly-worded criticisms made.

First I must declare myself. Along with my bank, I now own one Mad River Royalex Explorer with an over-all length of 16 feet. My comments are based on this canoe alone.

I have no particular axe to grind as I don't represent the company nor do I sell their canoes. I'm interested in passing on a few counter-thoughts and hopefully maintaining a dialogue on ABS canoes in particular and on canoes generally.

Mr. Back started with a list of advantages for ABS. No argument. Then he went on to evaluate major disadvantages and I quote directly:

"Complete lack of streamlining (the tire-maker is still embodied in the canoe); it doesn't knife through the water, rather it ploughs through."

"In general, we found the canoe so incredibly sluggish in the water, that this disadvantage outweighed any whitewater advantage it expounded. We roughly estimated, with other sections of Chestnuts that covered common ground with us, that we lost between 10-20% travelling distance over the same time period and with similar efforts expended."

First of all there is more than one Royalex hull shape. I understand that manufacturers have the option of buying already formed hulls from Uniroyal or of buying sheets of ABS and then vacuum forming their own hulls. This, I believe, is what Mad River, and perhaps others, do. In the process ABS appears to be amenable to fairly sophisticated hull shapes and aqua-dynamics. Initially, when ABS first came on the market, there may have been only one hull shape from one mold but manufacturers now are capable of designing and shaping their hulls.

The Mad River catalogue states that "our responsibility to the canoeist as canoe maker lies in our judgment of designs for speed, responsiveness and stability". Madison Avenue puffery from a small company in Vermont? I didn't pay much attention to this kind of claim when purchasing my canoe. But it does appear to have some basis in fact. I've been able to leave behind canoes that have never been left behind before — under conditions when all the variables except canoes have been roughly comparable. And I've got witnesses (tired ones, mind you) who will vouch for this. For me this has been an unexpected, albeit pleasant, surprise.

My own experience has been reinforced to some extent by bits and pieces of information including an article in the April, 1976 edition of *Canoe* magazine evaluating equipment used on a Back River outing. I quote — "The Mad River was probably the most satisfactory, all round boat, and despite its shorter length rode the big ones remarkably well. On the lakes, which were like small oceans, it was, by far, the easiest paddling boat". Granted that the comments apply to the Explorer in kevlar, I don't feel that they are entirely irrelevant in the context of very similar hull shapes for both the kevlar and Royalex versions. On an over-all performance basis, the kevlar would undoubtedly have the edge.

Another disadvantage:

"Without a keel, it requires unrealistic concentration to maintain a straight course, due to its oval shape."

The Mad River hull has a slight V-configuration which is supposed to perform the function of a keel and it does seem to work. Directional stability appears to be good and, to date, I cannot criticize this aspect of the canoe. An offset might be the increased possibility of snagging in very shallow riverbeds although the slip, slide and flex characteristics of ABS would compensate. On balance I would rate this a very minor drawback at the very worst — if at all.

In short it does not appear entirely fair to lump all ABS canoes into one generic category — different manufacturers can produce different ABS canoes.

If I have a complaint about the Mad River, it's the flimsy spray decks in bow and stern but I have been led to believe that the company will be substituting ABS in this application in their '78 models. Regardless I intend to communicate with the company about this.

One matter I wonder about is what material the canoe should be finished with. Mad River uses ash for trim, Old Town vinyl and ABS and Blue Hole aluminum. Esthetically wood wins hands down. Functionally and durability-wise over extended periods and under varying conditions ...?

Perhaps other *Wilderness Canoeist* readers will be encouraged to take up the gauntlet, and an exchange of ideas and experiences will expand our collective ability to evaluate canoes and materials. Undoubtedly questions could be raised and remain unresolved — but they could then be addressed to the presidents of individual canoe manufacturing companies for their first-hand comment. After all they are the experts and the ones who have to make the critical decisions in the first instance.

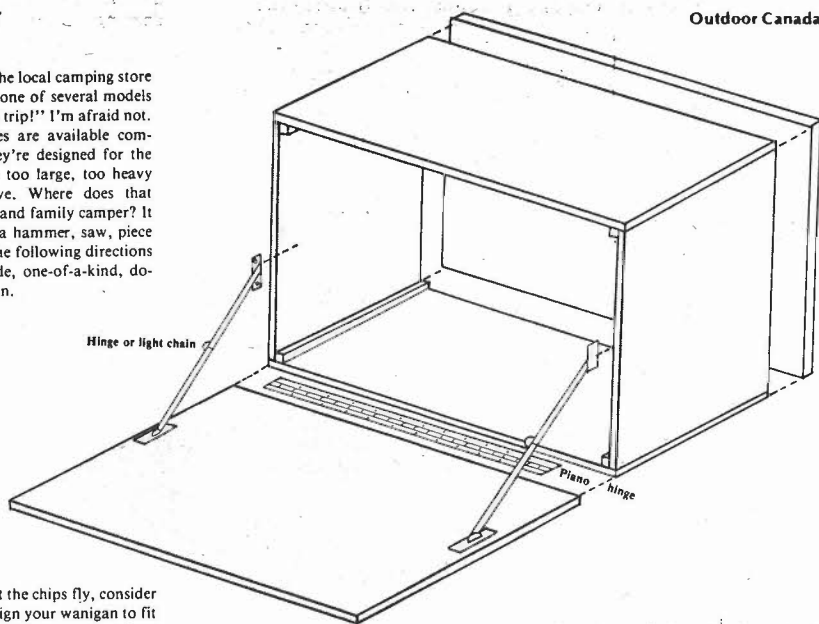
WANIGAN: PORTABLE PANTRY

My wife's first canoe trip was, to put it mildly, a memorable one. I can still picture her, perched precariously on a stump, mixing three quarts of lemonade in a two-quart container, one foot tending the scrambled eggs on a teeter-totter grill, the other keeping the toast from rolling off the canoe. Throughout the trip came little surprises: maple syrup leaking over clean socks, broken sugar bags, and a dishwashing liquid that wasn't sealed quite tightly enough. But the very last straw was the critters. Oh, she could take the raccoons, even the mice who found their way into the tightest pack for a nocturnal nibble. But the sight of a bear swatting the food pack from a tree limb was too much. "Enjoy yourself?" I meekly inquired during the ride home. My ears are still ringing from her reply. Something had to be done. She concurred. It wasn't for several weeks that we finally came across the answer. An historical text discussing the fur-trade era made reference to a food chest, and the mention of its name — *wanigan* — lit up the imaginary light bulb above my head.

Wanigan, grub box, camp kitchen, ... they're all the same: basically a chest filled with compartments and cubbyholes and fitted with a hinged lid. It provides storage, order and accessibility for utensils, pots and pans, ingredients and the thousand and one odds and ends that are part of camping. A fold-down lid provides a flat, stable work surface, a rare commodity in the woods. In the relative plenty of our day-to-day lives, we sometimes forget how important a function eating really is. A few days in the bush enhances this awareness. Any gadget that makes cooking easier can't help but make it more enjoyable. "Such a great idea," you say, "that I

can run down to the local camping store and choose from one of several models for my next canoe trip!" I'm afraid not. A few grub boxes are available commercially, but they're designed for the tailgate crowd — too large, too heavy and too expensive. Where does that leave the canoeist and family camper? It leaves them with a hammer, saw, piece of plywood and the following directions for a custom-made, one-of-a-kind, do-it-yourself wanigan.

But before you let the chips fly, consider a few points. Design your wanigan to fit your needs. We've provided specifications for two sizes, but feel free to improvise. The larger box, which measures 30 by 15 by 18 inches closed, is rather large and bulky, and would be suitable for extended camping with a larger group. This particular wanigan was designed and used by a group of high-school trippers who, in a period of four years, toted it over a thousand miles. It has received almost every abuse possible, from underwater plunges to unscheduled shortcuts down the side of steep portages. Appearance aside, it's as good as new. Fully loaded before a long trip, the wanigan would tip the scales at 60 to 70 pounds.



The smaller wanigan would make an excellent kit for a couple or small family out for a weekend or short trip. It is considerably lighter and more manageable in and out of a canoe than the larger, and holds a reasonable amount of cooking gear and accessories. Whether you use either of these plans or modify them, follow some kind of plan as you go. The large wanigan pictured was constructed of aluminum. If you have the experience and access to tools for this kind of metalworking, the method makes an indestructible finished product.

But plywood is far easier to work with and wood, to my mind, is more in keeping with the wanigan's tradition. One-quarter-inch plywood is suitable for the smaller version, but 3/8-inch stock should be used for the outside sections of the larger. You might choose to cut the worktable lid of both boxes out of 1/2-inch stock. For economy, use "good one side" interior-grade plywood and leave the less attractive side facing the inside of the box. More expensive is interior-grade hardwood veneer plywood. Or, you can go all out and plunge a few extra dollars in marine-grade mahogany or teak plywood.

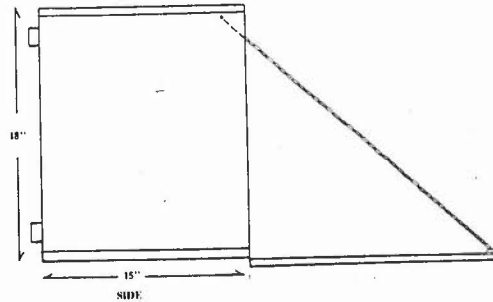
Wanigan . . .

First, cut out and assemble the sides, bottom and top. Since a rabbet, dovetail or other saw joint is difficult when working with plywood this thin, glue reinforcing battens in each corner as shown. Apply a thick ribbon of glue to the face of the battens, clamp them to the sides, and attach with brass screws countersunk flush with the plywood surface. Now apply the top and bottom in the same manner. Use a square as you go to be sure all joints are even. Attach the back, again using battens, then fit the lid to the box with a piano hinge.

When the glue has properly set, go to work on the interior. Here is where you can let your imagination loose. You might consider building narrow compartments for silverware, nesting cups and utensils; a large compartment for a set of nesting pots; and another fitted with a plastic tray for bread. Be creative! Build a compartment with enough room to hold a set of mugs without rattling, another for clean-up gear and washcloths, and still another for odds and ends such as matches, Halazone tablets or the first-aid kit. How about installing a wall-type can opener or a paper-towel dispenser? Or some compact canisters for flour, sugar, coffee, etc.? Use the same board and batten construction method as before. Fit vertical dividers first, then horizontal shelves. Two rope carrying handles at either end are a good idea.

Wanigan contents

- A. Cutlery, cutting board, whisk broom
- B., C. Misc.
- D. Cooking utensils
- E. Nesting pots, cups, collapsible water jug, room for misc.
- F., G. Misc.



You can fit a catch to secure the hinged lid, or use two rubber ropes.

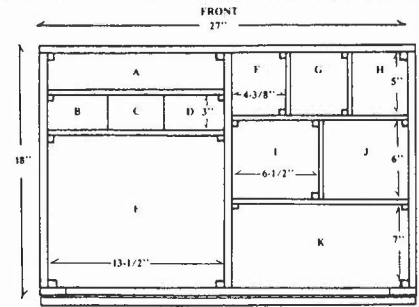
If you fit any drawers into the wanigan, use rope handles which won't interfere when you try to cram other items into the box. You can go rustic and practical or ornate and ingenious. We've seen bare wooden chests, fold-up, fold-down, portable *cordon bleus* and everything in between.

When the last divider and shelf has been fitted and the glue has dried, sand

everything thoroughly, rounding all sharp corners and rough edges. Give the entire box three liberal coats of enamel paint or exterior-grade polyurethane. Carrying straps can be attached in one of several ways, the simplest being directly to the back panel of the wanigan. The load will ride a little easier, though, if you first install two 30-inch 1 by 2's, as shown, to put a little breathing space between you and the solid board. A tumpline also makes things easier on a portage trail but, let's

face it, the wanigan will always be a heavy, awkward load.

Now come all the wanigan's permanent residents: waterproof matches, first-aid kit, pots, a candle stub, some extra rope, tea bags, scouring pads, and a year's supply of tropical chocolate. Now all that "junk" is neat and secure. No more mess, no more nocturnal visits from Mother Nature. It might just be enough incentive to lure my wife back into the wilds. Maybe, if I promise to carry it . . .



- H. Aluminum foil, misc.
- I. Survival and first aid kit
- J. Clean-up kit
- K. Large nesting plastic trays for food, mixing bowl, plates

mississagi river

Stewart Gendron

After spending the weekend before regaining form on the Big Pine, Grande Feausille and Little Parisienne Rapids on the French River, we were ready for the Mississagi. Once the country of Grey Owl and a host of long gone river-men, who have been captured for all time in his writings.

On September 24 our two canoes put in on the upper reaches of the Spanish River to start what has become an annual fall expedition. The goal was 225 km west, over the height of land and down the Mississagi nearly to Blind River.

Although the trip began in brilliant sunshine, the uncharacteristic 1977 weather soon returned with warm nights and incessant rain. In all, four evenings were spent under a tarp or dodging rain drops.

The whitewater, particularly on the stretch of river flowing into Rocky Island Lake, was challenging and, although not as difficult as

expected, gave the group a good workout. The long stretch of river after Aubrey Falls, with its long steady downgrade, gave us an exciting ride which more than made up for the absence of major rapids. It would be quite a trip in the Spring.

The Aubrey Falls portage alone was worth the trip; we portaged over a narrow foot bridge 30 m above a river. Our early morning 25 km dash across a calm Rocky Island Lake had all the stage props for a Frances Hopkins' painting of voyageurs on Lake Superior, with limited visibility and fog banks sliding by.

In summary the trip was well worth making. It is not particularly arduous and serves well as a good wilderness trip for introducing first-time whitewater paddlers to the necessary techniques. The rapids could be described as challenging although not overly demanding. Needless to say the scenery is spectacular.

wanapitei project trip

Doug Rumbolt

It was a cloudy Saturday when a group of 8 of us set out for Camp Wanapitei. We arrived just in time to eat left-overs for supper, then put up our tents and spent the night there. The next day after lunch we set out for Maple Mountain some 30 km away. Even though the water was calm, we canoed only about 10 km before we set up camp in a rocky inlet.

The next day was going to be hard so we tried to get a good night's sleep. The next day after two portages and 8 km paddling against the wind, we reached Sucker Gut Lake. After supper when everyone else had gone to sleep, I lay awake listening to the lonesome sound of a loon. The next day was clear and warm so it made canoeing to the bottom of Maple Mountain easy.

After we beached the 4 canoes we began our hike up the 600 m mountain which is one of the

highest peaks in Ontario. It took us an hour of hiking through mud and over rocks to reach the top, where we climbed the look-out tower. It took me about 5 minutes before I was able to look out the windows! From the tower we saw the lakes we had canoed and many others in the distance. After lunch we set off to the bottom and canoed back to Sucker Gut Inlet.

When the fifth and final day of the trip arrived we set off for Wanapitei again. That day was the shortest but it seemed the longest as the canoeing was mainly across lakes with the wind against us.

After the canoes were docked and our baggage packed, the time came for us to fly out to Temagami, where we would catch a bus home. When we were up in the plane and clear from brush, the trucks and cars looked like tays. The ride ended soon and we caught our bus and left for home. The trip was over, but it was fun.

Lost in Black S

Bruce & M



(This log of the Rogers' canoe trip in Northwestern Ontario indicates the importance of careful navigation on a wilderness canoe trip — even on documented routes.)

We had been planning an August canoe trip in the Patricia and Lac Seul regions up near Red Lake for nearly a year since we had first heard proposals for a park in the Atikaki area as an extension of Manitoba's Whiteshell.

We found out how important it is to stick with your maps and trust your compass once in the bush. In a provincial park like Algonquin the park map may be enough but off the beaten path you are on your own.

Studying the 'top' maps in early spring we decided on a trip south of Red Lake. With 1:50 000 charts from Ottawa we measured distances and checked the route for portages and rapids. With protractor and pencil we marked magnetic headings on the maps, compensating for the westerly deviation with the old reminder, "east is least, west is best." We subtracted the magnetic deviation shown on the maps so the compass and marked headings would agree on where magnetic north was.

We phoned the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources office at Red Lake to find out about about the fire hazard. We found we could build open fires and we were sent a typed description of a journey in the area by summer employees a few years ago.

In the last week of July the food was prepared: whole grain pancake and bannock mix, jerky made of small strips of wine soaked beef, dry-smoked slab bacon, some freeze dried vegetables and dried fruit. Our bed roll was ready to go strapped on an aluminum British army pack frame. Wrapped in a tarp it held our tent, two down bags, foam mats and a sheet of water-proofing plastic. It weighed about 40 pounds.

Our Duluth pack held our food, cooking pots, first aid and repair kits. With axe and folding saw it hefted at over eighty pounds.

We began our daily log as we drove north from Toronto toward the route of the voyageurs.

JULY 30

2100 - Whiterock provincial campground, supper of steak and corn, surrounded by new forest of spruce, jack pine, birch and poplar. Once an important fur trade area with a local Hudson Bay Company fort and trade post. We travelled 630 miles today.

JULY 31

Raining, foggy and cool. By early evening we're north of Highway 17 on Highway 105.

2130 - tent up and billy tea at Pakwash Provincial Park.

AUGUST 1

0855 - Wind west, 10 km - sunny - north on Pakwash Lake - hard paddling in deep troughs.

1230 - Osprey soaring over the Chukuni River at Dixie Creek

1550 - Portage at Hwy 105 (north to Red Lake), rapids on right of lower falls. Steep climb up to road and trail through bush to clearing and ruins of old lodge. Down bank into reeds and slippery clay.

1750 - through second portage, tricky footing over rocks of dry stream bed to right of rapids ... old portage up bank impassable with many deadfalls ... see bald eagle ... otter raises head mid river to watch us.

2115 - through portage three, tent up and supper ready at Snow-show rapids portage. Fishermen here have had good luck. Mosquitos bad. To sleep to the sound of the water over the dam and the regular "who, who" of a Great Horned Owl.

AUGUST 2

0600 - Clear skies, beautiful sunrise. Today we continue on Chukuni River.

1045 - into Two Island Lake.

1300 - Lunch on rock shelf north east end of long island on entering Gullrock Lake. Hard, tiring paddle of about two miles per hour in heavy wind and chop. Through to Keg Lake after very difficult portage through many deadfalls and marsh by 1700. Back for canoe and bed roll.

2020 - supper started on island we dub "Boot Island" to the sound of complaining gulls, whose night roost we've invaded. Light rain falling.

AUGUST 3

0730 - Boots, socks and pants drying in wind and sun while we eat breakfast. Chorus of crows and gulls.

0945 - Into the Chukuni River again. Hard paddling into brisk west wind (Keewadin). We see otters, loons, herons, mergansers and mallards.

1115 - rest stop about a mile east of Red Lake, two miles east of the town. Saw deer on river bank, lots of Kingfishers.

1410 - Town of Red Lake - hot and sunny ... Indian kids from Friendship Centre diving for beer bottles off government dock. Meet Mennonite missionary Dave Burkholder who has worked and lived with Indians much further north for fifteen years.

1445 - lunch on dock ... busy; aircraft on floats everywhere.

1530 - Leave Red Lake after picking up some fresh food.

1830 - after hard paddle into brisk west wind we camp on small island about two miles west of Provincial government depot and fire tower where we saw large helicopter deliver a boat in a sling.

AUGUST 4

0630 - Off without breakfast to try to beat the wind. We will change our heading from 262° to 237° still going west on Red Lake. There is a chilly breeze but nothing like the winds that slowed our progress and exhausted us yesterday.

0815 - through the Fisher Islands.

0930 - On portage to Parker Lake we meet Junior Rangers (girls) at breakfast, tents pitched mid portage. They tell us we will probably meet another Junior Ranger crew cutting and clearing portages on our route from Upper Medicinestone Lake through the Rainfall River area, south to Longlegged Lake. It is news we're glad to hear as some portages haven't been used for years and need axe and saw work before we can carry canoe and packs through. We have our late breakfast at end of portage: bannock, bacon, and tea.

1130 - raining now. Wherever we go we seem to be bucking strong headwinds, working hard for every mile. Two bald eagles over Parker Lake. Storms all around us ... occluded warm front clearly visible to

north east, with cumulus and cumulo-nimbus building over it from northwest.

1530 - Lunch at first narrows in Medicinestone River, winds brisk from SSW.

1830 - Through first portage by trapper's cabin ... raining steadily and heavily.

1920 - End second portage and to end of beautiful Lac Ducharme. Lovely waterfall at portage. Saw beaver slap his tail. First full sun today.

2100 - Finish first trip over portage to Tack Lake. Five trips each for us on four portages - Ministry notes mention only three and none of the passages where we had to line the canoe, but the river is beautiful.

1055 - Finally camped on rock ledge on an island in Tack Lake and in our bags after cold supper of figs, Swiss cheese and nutritious Logan bread. Through the tent screen we watch dancing northern lights and listen to a concert by two resident loons.

AUGUST 5

0630 - beautiful sunrise as mist rises off Tack Lake under heavy overcast.

1145 - Through Medicinestone River and portage to Medicinestone Lake. More old trappers' cabins en route. The forest is mostly black spruce with some poplar and jack pine. Light rain.



1445 - Brisk SW wind forced us to tack west but we crossed Medicinestone Lake quickly once we took wind on our rear starboard side. Then we searched for two and a half hours for the portage to Upper Medicinestone Lake. It was east of the river linking the lakes, not west or "right" as incorrectly advised in the Ministry of Natural Resources notes. Our heading was precisely correct all along. We should not have heeded their advice and wasted so much time.

1525 - Portage was an easy quarter mile. Strong west wind as we head 249° to narrows. By sunset we have followed heading changes 220° then 197° to small sand beach in bay at south west end of Upper Medicinestone Lake. We camp on point across bay. We have not seen or heard another human being today. In spite of misdirections, uncleared portages and almost constant headwinds we now have our average up to ten miles per day.

AUGUST 6

0600 - Cool grey dawn with winds from south and light rain. This morning we cross the little bay for the mile long portage that starts us on the Rainfall River system.

pruce Country

itzi Rogers

0900 - Hard wet work uphill (45°) into a little pond and our next portage which is freshly blazed and a mile long.

1345 - We launch again on small lake and find Junior Rangers at what should be our next portage. (As we paddled up to their campsite they were shouting, "Go back, go back!" and laughing. We soon found out why.) They have blazed the portages behind us but are now lost. While we check maps a helicopter arrives to take them out after three days of vainly searching for a portage that doesn't exist.

1415 - We have lunch alone on the pretty rock shore of this unnamed lake west of Upper Medicinestone Lake. We should have checked compass while on those portages because the Rainfall River is south, not west. We foolishly trusted the portages, the ministry notes about where they began and the new blazes cut by the helpful but misguided Junior Rangers. Our own maps and compass would have revealed the error if only we had stopped and checked!

1800 - Ministry chopper is back with pilot and three employees aboard. They will fly us out of our *coul de sac*! Their public relations courtesy will put us back on route and schedule. To backtrack and find our correct route would have added two days to our journey so the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources is quickly forgiven for its part in leading us astray.



1830 - They have dropped us on rocks at SE end of Longlegged Lake. We've paddled to nearby island, put up tent and started supper. Bad weather all around us so we bed down.

AUGUST 7

0600 - Overcast. We determine precise position and then chart rest of trip very carefully, marking headings on every river bend and even portages. Lesson learned! A coven of vultures "clinks" farewell.

0900 - We're across the bay and into Longlegged River. Five portages, three carry-overs and some deft canoe handling and we are into unobstructed river - and more river - apparently endless.

1400 - Lunch near falls - very pretty. We have run only two small chutes. Portage number 19 in the Ministry notes was missing so we cut our own - hard work and slow. We saw one broken up canoe on rocks by one set of rapids.

1845 - Into another untitled lake after an arduous day; eleven miles and lots of carrying. We saw ducks (common goldeneye, mergansers and mallards) and mink on the river.



TRAPPERS CABIN

Some beaver dams en route. It rained heavily and got very cold from 1600 to 1700. But sunset is beautiful as we look out on this lake, fringed with wild rice and alive with birds.

AUGUST 8

0805 - Up in fog. We don't leave camp until almost ten but we're through first portage of day by steep falls by noon. Lots of ducks along the way. Beautiful river but previous travellers have left garbage everywhere - major American and Canadian beer brands, meat tins, bean tins and oil cans.

1445 - Through portage by third waterfall and having lunch in the hot sun six and a half miles from Wilcox Lake. Mother and three young otters approached our canoe and gave us snorting challenge, craning their necks aggressively. All portage paths good.

1815 - Camp on south shore, Wilcox Lake, a regular bird sanctuary with mud flats full of snipe, ducks and herons and early migrating shore birds. Over eighteen miles and three portages today and we passed mile 100. It is overcast and windy again.

AUGUST 9

0930 - We are off in light wind under overcast sky. It is fairly warm and rain is likely. Terns are always swooping around and making a racket.

1400 - On point half way along Wegg Lake we stop for lunch. River has been very wide and we've come ten miles through the English River, across Goose Lake, into the river again and then into Wegg Lake. We saw another bald eagle and a deer swam the river ahead of us just as we entered this lake. Wind up again now from SW. Bannocks for lunch and cold tea in the rain. Turkey vulture is putting on a soaring display. Across Wegg Lake we had to fight to hold course and avoid swamping in big rollers. Canoeing is a way to get wet; slipping into the water while loading or unloading, waves splashing into the canoe, or the rain (all three today). We surveyed Barnston Rapids to left of island in the middle. The government's notes said simply, "bypass". We went left and had to fight up swifts until current to strong. We pulled into an eddy and then portaged a hundred yards over the rocks and started out across Barnston Lake.

1800 - It was hard work and risky coming across the lake with a high wind at our backs. We camp on point across narrows from village of Lower Manitou Falls. Four *canots du nord* just went by crewed by young teenagers working a long day just like voyageurs. They are heading for Winnipeg from Ear Falls. We saw four of their canoes this morning on Wilcox Lake.

1900 - Strong winds from WSW as we eat supper. We are well sheltered in trees behind rock ledge.

AUGUST 10

At Lower Manitou Falls below the hydro dam we asked for advice on the location of the portage. One man tried to help and said we could paddle into the bay at the left of the dam. As we approached the dam water was suddenly released so we

beat a hasty retreat and unloaded earlier for a longer walk. We saw three bald eagles on opposite shore of the river. We had some difficulty getting over the protective log boom above the dam but with Mitzi's efficient organization we were through by 1030. Winds pushed us east on the English River. There is no portage at Upper Manitou Falls or at the entrance to Camping Lake in spite of government advice to portage around a log chute. Hard work in treacherous winds from WSW as the Chukuni River is very wide and offers little protection. Heavy rain and fierce winds battered us all afternoon.

There was a fabulous rainbow in the narrows. At Pakwash Lake we were tired, wet and cold and pitched our tent behind an old log cabin as the wind threatened to tear the fly off. We did 18 miles today under worst conditions yet. Cold supper and early into our bags.

AUGUST 11

0745 - We are off without breakfast but winds are already very high. Hard work up the west side of the lake past Cabin Bay. We try for islands for protection but cannot make it and are forced east across the lake for another idle day, windbound.

1100 - We are making brunch and drying clothes. Only four miles from trip's end but winds continue unabated. No way we could make it.

2300 - We have packed as much as we can for an early morning start before the winds get up with the sun.

AUGUST 12

0500 - We are on the water. Dark clouds are building from the SW. Rain. Swells growing. It is hard work to stay on course and to keep the canoe from swinging and swamping.

0630 - We are ashore at Pakwash Provincial Park and not a moment too soon. It has been a beautiful sunrise but now the wind is really up in full force. If we had left just an hour later we would have been forced ashore, windbound for another day.

The impact of our canoe trip is tremendous now that it is over. Bad weather dominated but the most memorable experience was our flight in the Ministry of Natural Resources helicopter with our canoe across our laps and sticking out the open doors on either side.

And we learned something important about canoeing from that; when it comes right down to it you can't blame anyone else if you get lost. It is your responsibility to use your maps and compass.

If you had all the time in the world and lots of food you could afford to get lost for a day or two and then backtrack to find out where you had gone wrong. We had food and time and we would have corrected our error. But then we would have missed the exciting courtesy ride.

So, for a lesson learned about the importance of precise navigation and for a free ride in a big chopper, we are grateful to a band of pretty Junior Rangers and the Ministry of Natural Resources for helping to lead us astray.

Pelly Lake Expedition

David Pelly (Copyright 1977)

The Back River is a challenge. Its powerful current flows down the longest river in the Barren Lands. It spills swiftly across the Northwest Territories some 800 km into the Arctic Ocean. Ideal for a remote and adventurous canoe trip.

Running through boiling rapids and swirling whitewater - exciting, impelling but dangerous. Gliding over serenely beautiful lakes - isolated and perfectly natural. Battling incessant winds and swarms of blackflies. Trudging miles of unbeaten portage, laden with the weight of life's supplies. All this was part of our 670 km long expedition to Lake Pelly.

On July 16 we were set down on MacKay Lake 320 km northeast of Yellowknife. The pilot of that Twin Otter was the last human being we would see for the next month. Four adventurers alone in the wilderness, bonded together by a single purpose: to meet the challenge of this unforgiving environment. We were ready. Careful preparation and the benefit of experience balanced well against the severe arctic weather, the raging currents, the desolate tundra, the long hours of paddling, and the isolation.

A unified team, we faced all obstacles. The cold temperatures (below 5°C most nights), frequent high winds, complete absence of trees, blackflies, mosquitoes, rain ... none of it could detract from the ultimate enjoyment. The sense of accomplishment and unique experience were unbeatable. Hundreds of caribou, arctic wolves, muskoxen, huge flocks of geese, and the spectacular flora of the North are sights which few Canadians ever have occasion to enjoy.

The experiences with wildlife were unforgettable. Mid-way in the trip we sat atop a ridge and watched a herd of over 120 caribou quietly grazing in the valley below. A magnificent and compelling sight. Stalking towards them, my brother and I crept to within 15 m of the lead bucks. Their majestic antlers formed a once-in-a-lifetime picture against the horizon. Another time, spotting a smaller herd, we sat down silently in the grass. In 10 minutes we were surrounded by 93 grazing caribou, paying us no heed. And yet the slightest motion could frighten the entire herd into flight. At one campsite, beside a well-used migration path, we witnessed over 200 caribou crossing the river, as they gathered for the winter move to the tree-line, 300 km to the south.

That night we had our favourite meal - fresh Lake Trout. Two hours from lake to pan!

One afternoon, in the space of a few hours, we stirred well over 200 geese into flight. As each formation V-ed its way off to safety beyond the river bank, we could not help but feel like intruders. But we were deliberately harmless.

The muskoxen seemed to recognise this. Slow to react, one 320 kg beast stood staring at us as we beached our canoe only a few metres from the bush he was devouring. Finally, with a hefty snort, his powerful legs propelled him up the bank and away. We watched him lumber across the open tundra.

Across the Barren Land we traced Captain George Back's exploration route through seemingly endless wilderness. The occasional hill of only 50 m afforded a superb view in any direction over the generally flat country. Along the river, boulder-strewn shores alternated with large sweeping sand beaches. The most common terrain, yet uniquely northern, was the rolling pasture land, green from a myriad of mosses and grasses, but always dotted with a multitude of wild flowers. We identified 30 species during the month: from a few stray dandelions to orchids to mountain avens (the floral emblem of the N.W.T.).

Fresh mushrooms, abundant on the tundra, provided a welcome supplement to our routine diet of dehydrated food. Lightweight, tasty and easy to use, the only drawback to this dried food was its lack of freshness. Within 2 weeks we were all craving for the taste of a fresh tomatoe,

some raspberries or corn-on-the-cob, all at the height of their season back in the civilized world we had left behind. One daily reminder we had of civilization's treats was the afternoon "chocolate break". Many times the instant energy provided kept us going against arduous weather.

The weather was a matter of major concern to us. Cold nights were commonplace. During the day conditions varied a great deal. On two occasions it was warm enough to permit "shirts-off". More often we faced cold winds, usually out of the north, frequently carrying with them rain showers, heavy clouds and, once, a hail storm.

To meet these natural challenges of our environment we packed a lot of special equipment: foul weather clothing, arctic sleeping bags, a strong waterproof tent etc. Many times we reflected on the relatively terrible hardships endured by our predecessors, the explorers of former centuries without the benefits of our modern technology.

The weather was not the only natural phenomenon unique to the north. For most of the trip we had no darkness. Though the sun set about 11 pm, it traversed the northern sky just below the horizon, providing ample light by which to read. The lack of trees or contour in the land made the estimation of distance very difficult. One time having picked out a distant island, we paddled toward it, only to find that it was but a few hundred metres off. The expansive sky above seemed abnormally open and bright. The many glacial deposits of sandy gravel ridged into eskers running along side the river. The glorious, prolonged sunsets. The prolific fish. The clear, deliciously cold but foreboding water. The tundra, soft and damp here, clumped and difficult to walk on there, hard and rocky elsewhere. It was a world of new experiences.

A superb canoe trip indeed, but one with a difference. Not only the challenge and thrill of complete wilderness living, but also the opportunity to trace through some early history. This awesome arctic river provided it all. Capt. George Back of the Royal Navy first explored the area in 1833-34. It now bears his name. On July 21, 1977 we rediscovered the source of his river at Sussex Lake. Following through Back's journal enroute, noting his comments on passing landmarks, reliving in spirit his arduous conditions, gave all four modern voyageurs a genuine sense of the past.

Back, like most northern explorers of his day, received the indispensable support of the Hudson's Bay Company. Early last century their trading posts were scattered across the undeveloped west. They provided supplies for his journey and several crew members for his voyageurs' bateaux. To recognize this assistance, he named a large lake on his route after the current HBC Governor, Sir John Henry Pelly, Baronet. Sir John also served on the managing committee of Back's expedition. His influence on Canadian history penetrates into various spheres: our political boundaries, population settlements, northern exploration, and early commercial enterprises.

The opportunity to visit Lake Pelly commemorating this historic figure created a unique sensation for the members of the 1977 Pelly Lake Expedition. The final destination was a peninsula extending from the north shore into the expansive lake. From our vantage in the canoe the water disappeared over the horizon. The peninsula itself became a familiar spot. At its base it was nearly 30 m above the water level of the lake. From there it sloped through 3 km of undulations to a sharply pointed and rocky prominence. Most of the land around was the rolling green pasture favoured by the muskoxen and caribou. Both were in evidence around our campsite. Inland on the peninsula the ground was firm and mossy. Upon a small rise we built a cairn with rocks gathered from the beach. Its 2 m height stood erect against the horizon, atop the promontory which crosses the field of vision of any voyageur paddling down the lake.

On August 13 the pick-up plane arrived. The sensation of relief, completion and excitement amongst the entire party was indescribable. On the plane was my father, ready for his day in Pelly Lake. He brought with him the commemorative plaque which we were to place on the cairn.

Before long we stood beside the cairn, the bronze plaque glinting in the first sunshine we had seen in four days. We all experienced a sense of pride as we read:

SIR JOHN HENRY PELLY, BARONET
MARCH 31, 1777 - AUGUST 13, 1852

TO RECOGNISE AN HISTORICAL CONTRIBUTION
TO DEVELOPING CANADA IN HIS ROLE AS
GOVERNOR, HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, 1822 - 1852

ERECTED AUGUST 13, 1977 BY
THE PELLY LAKE CANOE EXPEDITION:

DAVID F. PELLY BRIAN G. PELLY
THOMAS A. MAWHINNEY PETER W. DION

The grassy plains fell away as we climbed. The cairn stood out proudly, solitarily overlooking the clear blue lake. Some small patches of ice shone inland to the northwest. The pilot headed up the Back River toward Yellowknife. A single buck caribou, grazing on the peninsula, barely noticed our departure from his land.

The expedition had fully met the anticipations accumulated over 5 years of building expectations during the long and detailed planning. There was a real sense of accomplishment. The feeling will never leave me.

David Pelly is currently working on putting together material for a book which will combine his adventures of 1977 with the historical perspectives of Sir John Pelly and the HBC. This book, which it is hoped will bring to more Canadians an awareness and appreciation both of their environment and their history, should be ready for publication in 1978. Although the details are yet to be finalized, the Wilderness Canoe Assoc. is planning to co-sponsor the book, in conjunction with a private foundation.

Soon we were away, homeward bound, memories fixed forever. The hours of paddling, the excitement, the danger and the isolation were all over.

autumn touches superior

Gord Fenwick

The leaves were brightly tinged with reds, yellows, and greens, signalling the early arrival of Fall, as the train carried our family up the scenic Agawa Canyon. Rock walls and hills rose many metres above us, while below the winding Agawa River sparkled in the bright sun as it flowed over falls and rapids on its way to Lake Superior. We were headed into the interior of Lake Superior Provincial Park to canoe the Sand River.

The train stopped for us near the exit of the Sand River from Sand Lake, and we unloaded our canoe and gear and carried them down to the water. The train vanished quickly around a bend and we were alone. With map and compass we headed across the lake into a stiff breeze.

After canoeing shallow stream-like sections linking three lakes, we avoided a portage by running a shallow chute, then wading and walking the empty canoe through a rock strewn narrows. Shallow, narrow rock gardens continued, and after half an hour of shoving and pulling the canoe over and between wet rocks no end was in sight. With darkness fast approaching we retraced our steps to the top of the portage and carried 500 m to a good campsite on a small pond. As darkness fell we had camp set up and spaghetti and coffee boiling merrily on our small stoves.

Next morning we prepared a late and leisurely breakfast while our daughter Lisa jumped from rock to rock in the stream bed and tried some fishing. By noon we were on our way, leaving the pond to the family of mergansers that had been swimming about since our arrival.

Working down river we had a fair number of portages, but found time to try some fishing and in short order had two fair sized trout. The overcast sky was threatening rain as we moved through a quiet and beautiful section of river about 5 m wide. There were numerous fallen trees but always a way had been cleared for a canoe to squeeze by.

We were able to run many of the rapids avoiding most of the well-marked portages. The evening mist was rising off the water as we finally found a campsite in a thick stand of Jack Pine that provided good protection from the night's heavy rain and wind.

After a feast of blueberry muffins we set forth on a clearing day and camped early beside a small waterfall where we relaxed and set out our damp sleeping bags and clothes to dry. All night warm south winds lashed the tent.



The river had picked up more water from its many tributaries and all the rain. We had many beautiful swift runs down the narrow winding river. The banks showed signs of moose, muskrat, beaver and otter. Two Canada Jays flew up scolding noisily until our passing canoe flushed a hawk from their nest, while Blue Jays continued to call back and forth across the river.

Shortly after portaging Calvin Falls we were hit with more rain. Even with rain gear we were soon soaked and paddled swiftly to keep warm. Three more short portages brought us to a pleasant campsite at the brink of Lady Evelyn Falls, where we had an early and filling supper, and Lisa read her mother to sleep.

Pancakes, mixed with thimbleberries and blueberries, were frying by 6:30 and we were off to an early start - portaging about 1.5 km around the impressive cascading splendor of Lady Evelyn Falls. We paddled many kilometres of fast current and intermittent rapids, as welcomed sun shone through large gaps between fluffy white clouds. At one point we manoeuvred cautiously down a tricky run to reach the quiet waters below, coming out at the base of a 60 m rock wall rising straight up from the river's edge.

We had lunch on the portage around another immense cascading falls. A rapid and another falls brought us to a gravel road that led to a scenic look-out where we could see the Sand making its last 35 m plunge of foaming white fury before its power abated in the waters of Lake Superior.

Travelling through the scenic country painted with the colours of Fall was a tremendous experience. This was one of the most enjoyable wilderness trips that we have taken.

Outward Bound School

The following articles describe the Canadian Outward Bound Wilderness School through the eyes of an instructor at the school, and a student who took the course.

Yu Jin Pak

As whitewater and wilderness canoeists well know, the ability to assess situations and make critical judgements is a prime requirement of the sport - it can mean the difference between life and death in some situations. The capacity for judgement, however, is not only a requirement for potentially dangerous activities; it is also the pre-condition for living as a mature human being in all life situations. Our educational system, which should ideally foster such a capacity, is failing drastically as pointed out by numerous educational and social theorists (Illich, Fromm, Holt, Glasser, Silberman, etc.). Instead, by professionalizing judgement, by being paternalistic and custodial, it is producing immature and consumeristic students often incapable of critical judgement and effective action.

In sharp contrast to this custodial North American educational context, the Outward Bound Schools (8 in N. America with some 300 adaptive programs) offer intensive short term (eg. 25 days) courses in which students (aged 14-60) progressively learn to make judgements and be responsible unto themselves, while in challenging wilderness exploratory media. During the past summer, instead of doing my usual northern canoe trip, I worked as an instructor for the Canadian Outward Bound Wilderness School near Lake Nipigon. This school, in its second year of operation, uses wilderness canoeing as its primary learning context with rock climbing, whitewater kayaking, first aid and rescue, initiative games, ropes course, environmental awareness, group discussions, community service, wilderness solo, etc., as program contents designed to evoke a depth of personal response from each student. The most concrete example in which students are called upon to exercise their often dormant

capacity for judgement is the 4-day unassisted final expedition near the end of the course. Through a process of progressive emancipation from the instructors to the students, by the end of the course, are prepared to undertake and assume responsibility for their own expedition. For many students, newly acquainted with the wilderness, and only aware of their resources for cooperative leadership as a vague hypothesis rather than a reality, this can be a revealing experience.

This process of emancipation does not mean an abdication of instructor responsibility, however, as some would choose to interpret. The Outward Bound School instructors abide by a strict safety code; but this is predicated on a deep but realistic respect for the autonomy of the student.

The success of these courses, while ranging from minimal to life changing, usually occur by way of the students awakening to the awareness of their own critical faculties and strengths. By actively responding with mind and body to the call of numerous intense situations, students learn to define themselves more by the realistic evidence of their own judgements and acts than by institutional categories. In short they gain a taste of that authentic liberty which is grounded on human beings defining themselves by their own meaningful acts.

The aims of the W.C.A., in conclusion, seem to be essentially akin to those of the Outward Bound School. If my perception is correct, and I am inclined to believe that it is, the meaning of the W.C.A. lies in our desire as wilderness canoeists for the freedom to define ourselves by our own meaningful acts in the face of a presumptuous society that would try to define us - for us.

(For further information on the Canadian Outward Bound Wilderness School contact the school at P.O. Box 1644, Kingston, Ontario; or Yu Jin at 77 Albany Ave., Toronto, Ontario, (416) 531-0713)



Allen Cunningham

"To Serve, To Strive, and Not To Yield."

This is the motto of the Outward Bound Wilderness School where I was a student this past summer.

Being from Toronto, the thought of spending 25 days in Ontario's wilderness did not sound too pleasing to me at first. I had no previous experience in canoeing or other wilderness activities. The school taught me many things about the outdoors; canoeing and rock climbing came easily to me, where as I had trouble learning the basic skills of kayaking.

The school is one where all the activities are new experiences for almost everyone - as was the case for me. Everything that was done was a challenge, and the activities were set up in such a way that we learned everything as individuals. The groups (or Brigades, as they are called) did everything as a group, and the instructors were there to provide guidance only.

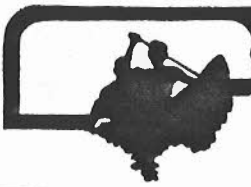
The course had many things to offer, all of which were both challenging and most enjoyable. Our Brigade of 7 people spent a day kayaking. Only one person had had any previous experience in the sport. We had a lot of fun running the rapids, and tipping over was not that bad, instead we learned from our mistakes. We spent two days rock climbing, which was for me the most challenging and exciting activity at the school. Our Brigade split up, and while one group rappelled down the side of the 50 m cliffs, the others were in the process of climbing back up the rock face.

The major part of the course was a 14 day wilderness canoe trip. The Brigade as a group did everything that was needed to make the trip take place. We planned our route, planned the food supplies, and packed together. The route turned out to be quite strenuous, and we had to put in long and hard days nearly every day.

During the trip each member of the Brigade spent 3 days alone on a Solo where we had to do everything for ourselves with a minimum of equipment and supplies. It also gave us plenty of time to think. For the final 4 days our instructors left us on our own (following about a day behind) to find our own way and complete the trip ourselves. Our group got along together pretty well, and in the end the trip was a huge success.

The Outward Bound School is for anyone over the age of 16. I found that it was a great opportunity to meet a lot of terrific people and to do a lot of wonderful, new and challenging things.





rivière mattawa

Cam & France Salsbury

À la fin d'octobre, sous un brouillard blanc très épais, nous sommes arrivés au nord du parc Algonquin au parc Provincial Champlain. Nous étions sur la rivière Mattawa pour retracer la vieille route que les voyageurs ont pris pour faire la traite des fourrures.

Après un bon déjeuner aux oeufs et au bacon, nous avons conduit jusqu'au point de départ sur la côte sud du lac de la truite. La brume était si épaisse que nous ne pouvions pratiquement pas voir d'une île à l'autre. Sur la rivière, avec prudence, nous ramions tout en longeant la rive, et tout droit vers le lac de la tortue.

Finalement vers 1:00 heure de l'après-midi la brume a disparue pour nous laisser voir une ravissante colline, sous le ciel bleu. On aurait dit que nous avions choisi la plus belle fin de semaine de l'automne pour cette expédition! Avec enthousiasme, de nouveau, nous avons ramé à la grandeur du lac, traversant "portage de la mauvaise musique" du lac Robichaud et de là, nous avons traverser "portage pin de musique" jusqu'au lac Talon, où nous avons passé la nuit.

Nous étions bien surpris de voir que le camp que nous avions prévu était déjà occupé, à ce temps-ci de l'année, mais nous avons trouvé un autre endroit très acceptable, de l'autre côté du lac, et nous nous sommes dépêchés de s'installer avant le couché du soleil.

Le feu de camp et le repas chaud étaient particulièrement les bienvenus, juste avant de s'être installer pour la nuit.

Le lendemain matin, nous n'étions pas surpris d'être accueilli par l'épaisse brume, et nous sommes repartis sur le lac en tâtonnant notre chemin, nous avons passé la chute Talon et le lac Pimisi. Dépassé ce point, la rivière rétrécit encore en ayant plusieurs petits rapides, lesquels nous étions capable de surmonter sans difficultés. Encore, le brouillard s'est élevé pour nous laisser voir une autre belle journée, et nous sommes arrivés à destination, au parc Champlain.

La fin de semaine était très agréable et nous étions heureux de refaire le chemin que les voyageurs avaient découvert. C'était une très belle fin de semaine d'automne et d'isolation.

madawaska river

Stewart McIlwraith

Three weeks of near steady rain had raised the river level considerably, creating new standing waves in many of the narrow sections, and making many rapids more tricky than usual. Fortunately for our five canoes the weather was quite warm on the first day, as a couple of teams took unexpected swims.

We camped at one of the many beautiful sites along the Snake Rapids as the weather settled into an all night rain. It cleared at dawn as we got up to a welcome breakfast.

Much colder weather the second day called for more caution in running the rapids. As we finished the trip we were greeted by the first crystalline snow of winter. The steadily deteriorating weather did not dampen our spirits however, and we had a thoroughly enjoyable and exciting trip down the Madawaska.

wildcat route

Jim Greenacre

The trip had a limit of 4 canoes, and at one time we had a full compliment. However, one canoe dropped out; the trip organizer lost his partner just before take-off day; and due to a communication mix-up the other crew thought the trip was cancelled. So, only one canoe started.

We headed north Friday evening and pitched our tent in a roadside park on the edge of Halls Lake. It was a beautiful clear night, clean crisp air and stars crystal bright.

We awoke to a cold biting wind and grey ominous clouds. Another hour and a half of driving, a quick instant breakfast, and we were on our way down Bear Lake. A dozen paddle strokes later it started to rain. Passing through the narrows from Bear into Kawagama Lake we encountered stiff head winds forming white-caps on the waves. We quartered into the waves and took on only the odd splash. On every lake we encountered those energy absorbing head-winds.

Our route took us through Kawagama, Slipper, Havelock, a number of unnamed lakes into South Wildcat Lake, and involved 10 portages in all, from 100 to 800 m in length, totalling 4300 m. All the trails were clearly marked, but were in shocking condition from all the rain. Low spots were filled with water and slopes were like miniature streams. Fallen leaves made the footing extremely slippery.

We paddled across South Wildcat to the next portage and as it was now after 4:30 we began looking for a campsite, especially since it was not going to be easy to start a fire in the

incessant rain. The spot where the portage began was not the best of sites, so we walked over the trail to Wildcat Lake looking for something better. We found nothing, so headed back and set up camp. With a full stomach of hot beef stew, washed down with hot chocolate, and a change into nice dry clothes, we crawled into our snug warm sleeping bags and fell asleep almost immediately. It was 11 hours later before we stirred to the sound of strong winds and heavy rain hitting the tent fly.

Rather than spend time trying to light a fire, we had a cold breakfast, broke camp and started the day with the easy carry to Wildcat Lake, followed by another short portage into Cross Corner Lake. It was here that we made a mistake in navigation and found ourselves travelling down river in white water. Checking our maps we realized that we were heading down the Hollow River which at this point drops 45 m in about 1 km. We had to bushwhack back upstream to the lake. The correct route was upstream on the Hollow, with lift-overs at several beaver dams.

A 1600 m portage from Gibson Marsh took us into Dividing Lake. The portage sign said, "Follow the old lumber road.", but all we found was a barely discernable, hard to follow, one man track. Two more portages later and it was mid-afternoon and we were bucking headwinds as we paddled down Rockaway heading for the big one - a 2.5 km carry into Kimball Lake. It took us 45 minutes to complete the carry. More headwinds and whitecaps, and darkness was almost upon us.

It was dark by the time we completed the wide well defined portage over to Bear Lake where we were greeted by the twinkling lights of lakeside cottages. A short paddle to the opposite side, following the shoreline, until we found the dock we had started from. The rain soaked trip was over, in two days instead of the scheduled three.

If this was the winter that you were going to try cross-country skiing, or test your new warm sleeping bag, then come out and enjoy the quiet beauty of a snowy winter day with us. Our winter schedule offers a variety of activities - from cross-country skiing for novices to a 4 day winter camping expedition for experienced campers. As usual we have tried to keep the trips small and informal.

If you are interested in any trip, please call the organizer for full details at least two but not more than four weeks before the trip.

This gives everyone a fair chance to participate.

Also, please remember that the trip organizers are not paid professionals, but fellow members volunteering their time to help put a trip together. On all trips, each participant is responsible for his/her own transportation, equipment, and safety. If you have transportation and equipment but no partner, or if you have no facilities, do not hesitate to call the trip organizer. He will attempt to match you up with a suitable person among the others contacting him. Good luck!

DECEMBER 27-30: KILLARNEY WILDERNESS CAMPING

Organizer: Sandy Richardson (416) 429-3944
Assistant: Cam Salsbury

A four day expedition into the rugged and beautiful interior of Killarney Park, for experienced winter campers. From a base camp, we will explore some of the many remote lakes and ridges of the La Cloche Mountains. (Due to the difficult terrain, it is recommended that all participants come equipped with snowshoes as well as skis.) Limit of 6 people.



JANUARY 14: PICTURES IN THE PARK

Organizer: Tony Paton (416) 833-6380
Assistant: Barry Brown

A leisurely day of cross-country skiing and photography in Algonquin Park. Those without cameras will also enjoy the day in the wilderness. Limit of 8 people.

JANUARY 21: SKIING THE GANARASKA FOREST

Organizers: Dave & Anneke Auger (705) 324-9359

This trip is for families and newcomers to cross-country skiing. We will stick to the 2 short trails (5 and 7 km) on this outing. These trails lead through a beautiful pine forest and provide some scenic vistas too. No limit; we will break up into smaller groups if necessary. So bring the whole family along.



JANUARY 29: COLBORNE CROSS-COUNTRY SKI TRIP

Organizer: Glenn Spence (416) 355-3506

This is a novice trip over fairly flat terrain. The distance is flexible; from 1 to 15 km. Come out and try this tremendous sport with us. Limit of 10 people.



JANUARY 29-30: LONG LAKE - WINTER CAMPING

Organizer: Gord Fenwick (416) 431-3343

This trip in the Long Lake canoe area offers an excellent chance for intermediate to experienced winter campers to ski, snowshoe, camp out and experience the joys of the wilderness in winter. Careful preparation and planning are essential. Limit of 8 people.

FEBRUARY 11-12: HIGH FALLS - WINTER CAMPING

Organizer: Cam Salsbury (416) 445-9017
Assistant: Sandy Richardson

A trip designed to introduce the novice to the joys of winter camping. A relatively short trek over gentle terrain will bring us to High Falls on Eel's Creek where we will set up a base camp. From there we will explore the surrounding country on skis and snowshoes. Limit of 6 people.

FEBRUARY 4-5: ELACK LAKE - WINTER CAMPING

Organizer: Finn Hansen (416) 922-0151

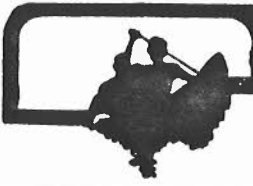
A good summer canoe route, this area offers an interesting trip for winter enthusiasts too. Participants may use skis or snowshoes on this 16 km route. Suitable for novices. Limit of 8 people.



FEBRUARY 19: SKIING IN THE KAWARTHAS

Organizer: Dave Auger (705) 324-9359

This intermediate trip will follow part of the route used for the annual Apsley to Buckhorn Kawartha Ski Tour. The trail takes you over a varied terrain; from lakes and marshes to rugged rocky stretches. Distance is about 18 km. Limit of 8 people.



TOM THOMSON: THE SILENCE AND THE STORM

by Harold Town and David P. Silcox

(Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1977.)

Reviewed by Jamie Benidickson

For sixty years the national curiosity about Tom Thomson has centred on the circumstances of his unexplained mid-summer death in the waters of Canoe Lake. And although seasoned Ontario wilderness canoeists and veterans of the primary school art gallery tour might recognize a handful of his major works including The West Wind and The Jack Pine, what further evidence could we produce to support the firmly held conviction that Thomson was prevented only by his early death from achieving a lasting international reputation for his unique vision of the Canadian northland? For this surely is the substance of a legend that had weathered the passing decades more successfully than the Grey Owl story until Donald Smith and Lovat Dickson restored the faded image of our most famous English Indian a few years ago.

In Tom Thomson: The Silence and the Storm authors David Silcox and Harold Town acknowledge this legend only as a backdrop for a splendid book whose focus is the art itself. "There is a great deal written about how he died; our purpose is to show what he lived for."

Born near Clairmont, Ontario, in 1877, Thomson grew up in the Georgian Bay region near Leith, although his devotion to the northern landscape of Georgian Bay and Algonquin Park appears to have developed only in the final years of his life. From the Canadian Business College in Chatham, Thomson travelled to Seattle where he worked for a number of photo-engraving firms before returning to Canada to continue with related employment. By 1908 he was working for Grip Limited in Toronto where

he met a number of men including J.E.H. MacDonald and H.B. Jackson who would significantly influence his artistic development. It was "Ben" Jackson who introduced Thomson to Algonquin Park in 1912.

In the next few years Thompson frequented Algonquin on sketching trips. He worked as a guide fire fighter and in 1916 as a forest ranger. By canoe he travelled extensively throughout the park and between Algonquin and Georgian Bay. He also paddled in the Mississagi Forest Reserve and at one time planned a Rupert River trip to James Bay. Town and Silcox make the point that as an artist Thompson had a canoeist's perspective "where the horizon is low and emphasizes the shape of surrounding shorelines and the immensity of the sky gives one a feeling of cowering in a vast space."

Thomson was in his mid-thirties before he took up painting in a serious way, yet he evolved at an extraordinary rate. Silcox and Town devote a good deal of attention to the style of their subject's painting. Although Thomson was without formal training, he rapidly acquired information and insights into technique from many sources including A.Y. Jackson, MacDonald, Harris and Lismer. "What he had the power to do was to blend these diverse elements in the crucible of his own creative vision." That creative power is fully illustrated in Michael Neill's nearly two hundred colour photographs which reveal new insights into the light and colour and form of the Canadian landscape as Thomson experienced it.

The Silence and the Storm is as successful as any book is ever likely to be in lifting our appreciation of Tom Thomson from the depths of Canoe Lake to a more rational plane. That, in itself, is no mean achievement. But as the authors ultimately conclude, Thomson is also legitimately seen as the spiritual leader of an important group of artists. As woodsman and guide, he also plays a crucial symbolic role in helping to sustain the continuity of the wilderness tradition in Canada.

canoe ontario annual meeting

Jim Greenacre

Canoe Ontario held its Annual Meeting at Camp Kandalor, south of Dorset in September.

The activities started Friday evening with a talk on Eskimo Kayaks by David Zimmerly of the National Museum of Man. Mr. Zimmerly has done a great deal of research throughout the Arctic, collecting data and producing drawings of the many regional variations of the kayak. He had slides showing one of the few remaining native craftsmen building a "Hoopers Bay Region" kayak. He also had brought this kayak with him for our inspection.

Saturday morning the three affiliates - Flatwater, Whitewater, Recreational - held their separate meetings. The W.C.A. was well represented with about 7 members at the O.R.C.A. meeting. However, attendance in general at this meeting was very much down from last year, and many executive and committee positions went unfilled. King Baker of the W.C.A. was re-elected as a recreational director to Canoe Ontario.

A great deal of discussion went on at the O.R.C.A. meeting about Standards, Certification, the National Canoe Instructors Schools and Canoe Tripping Workshops. O.R.C.A. has applied for funding for the latter in 1978. A motion was passed to have the executive look into "certification" and what it means, and to have limitations clearly stated on any "certificates" given out by O.R.C.A. run courses.

Saturday afternoon was devoted to the Annual Meeting of Canoe Ontario. The budget and funding

were the major items of business. Budget figures for 1977-78 are in the area of \$85,000, most coming from government sources, and only about \$ 2,000 being generated directly from members. Indications were that government funding would be cut next year leaving Canoe Ontario to raise more on their own or cut services.

Guest speakers Saturday evening were Dave Findlay and Roger Parsons, former managers of the national Flatwater and Whitewater Teams. Both men showed interesting movies of their respective interests, and demonstrated their total dedication to their sports.

Sunday morning John Simpson of the M.N.R. described the process by which government policy and regulations relating to park management are derived. This was followed by a number of small workshops such as "No Trace Camping" which were held indoors due to inclement weather. We did go down to the waterfront, however, for demonstrations of Flatwater Racing, Wildwater strokes, and some trick canoeing with open canoes.

The final speaker was C.E.S. Franks of Queen's University whose topic was "Canoeing and the Law". Professor Franks had many interesting comments about Navigable waters, river beds, property owners' rights relating to ownership of lakeshore and riverside properties and the rights of way of canoeists.

In all it was an interesting and informative weekend.

products and services

Coleman Craft Canoes are now available in fiber-glass, fiberglass & polypropylene, and fiberglass & Kevlar, in 12' 8", 14' 8", and 16' L.O.A. (available with laker-type keel or shallow keel for river use). Custom made and sold only at our shop. Maximum production is limited to 100 per year. Please phone if you are interested in viewing films of our canoes and discussing their features. Bill Coleman, Galt; (519) 623-1804/1894. Shop located at 333 Dundas St. (Hwy. 8), Galt, Ont.

Wilderness Camping: Subscribe to this stimulating and entertaining magazine through the WCA. You'll receive a year-round cache of ideas for self-propelled wilderness enthusiasts, with feature articles and columns about canoeing, backpacking, ski-touring and snowshoeing; and you'll help out your club at the same time. (We receive \$2 for each new subscription and \$1 for each renewal.) Send \$6.95, payable to Wilderness Camping, your name and address to: Subscription, c/o the WCA Postal Box.

Discounts on Camping Supplies: WCA members who present a membership card will receive 10% discounts on many non-sale items at:

MARGESSON'S, 17 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.

DON BELL SPORTS, 164 Front St., Trenton.

A. B. C. SPORTS, 552 Yonge St., Toronto.

(Members should check at each store to find out what items are discounted.)

wca contacts

W.C.A. POSTAL ADDRESS

Box 901,
Postal Station A,
Scarborough, Ontario,
M1K 5E4

CHAIRMAN

Roger Smith,
715 Finch Ave. W.,
Apt. 905
Downsview, Ontario
M3H 4X7
(416) 635-6689

VICE-CHAIRMAN

Tom Roach,
Box 1093,
Peterborough, Ontario
K9J 7H4
(705) 742-4336

SECRETARY

Maureen Ryan,
735 William Street,
London, Ontario,
N5Y 2R5,
(519) 433-6558

TREASURER

Glenn Spence,
P.O. Box 121,
Colborne, Ontario
(416) 355-3506

PAST CHAIRMAN

Gord Fenwick,
140 Porchester Drive,
Scarborough, Ontario
M1J 2R7
(416) 431-3343

NEWSLETTER EDITOR

Sandy Richardson,
5 Dufresne Ct., Apt. 2705,
Don Mills, Ontario,
M3C 1B8
(416) 429-3944

MEMBERSHIP

Mary Jo Cullen,
122 Robert Street,
Toronto, Ontario,
M5S 2K3

OUTINGS

Dave Auger,
65 Peel St.,
Lindsay, Ontario,
K9V 3M5
(705) 324-9359

YOUTH ENCOURAGEMENT FUND

Cam Salsbury,
65 Wynford Heights Cr.,
Apt. 915,
Don Mills, Ont.
(416) 445-9017

STANDARDS

King Baker,
R.R. #2
Newcastle, Ontario
(416) 987-4608

CONSERVATION

Sandy Richardson,
5 Dufresne Ct., Apt. 2705,
Don Mills, Ontario,
M3C 1B8
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WILDERNESS CANOE ASSOCIATION

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

I enclose a cheque for: \$5.00 — student under 18
\$8.00 — full time student
\$10.00 — single membership
\$12.00 — family membership

for membership in the WILDERNESS CANOE ASSOCIATION, which entitles me to receive The Wilderness Canoeist, and gives me the opportunity to participate in W.C.A. outings and meetings.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PHONE: _____

NEW: _____ RENEWAL: _____ (1978)

Other Information:

Canoe Trips Taken: _____

Interested in serving on committees? _____

How did you hear about the W.C.A.? _____

Please send completed form and cheque (payable to the Wilderness Canoe Association) to:

Mary Jo Cullen, 122 Robert St., Toronto, Ont. M5S 2K3

Membership expires January 31, 1979