

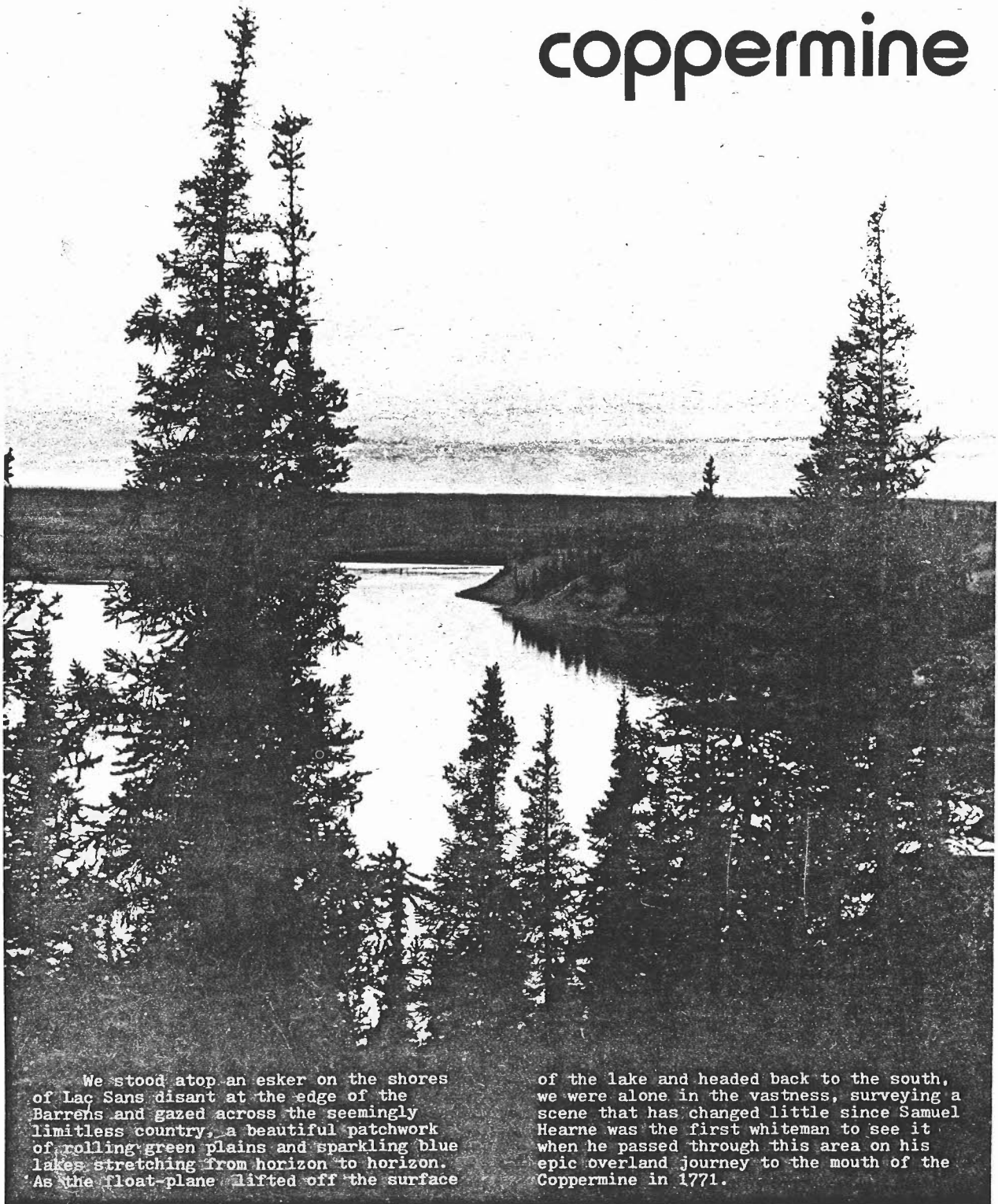


# the wilderness canoeist

volume 6 number 3

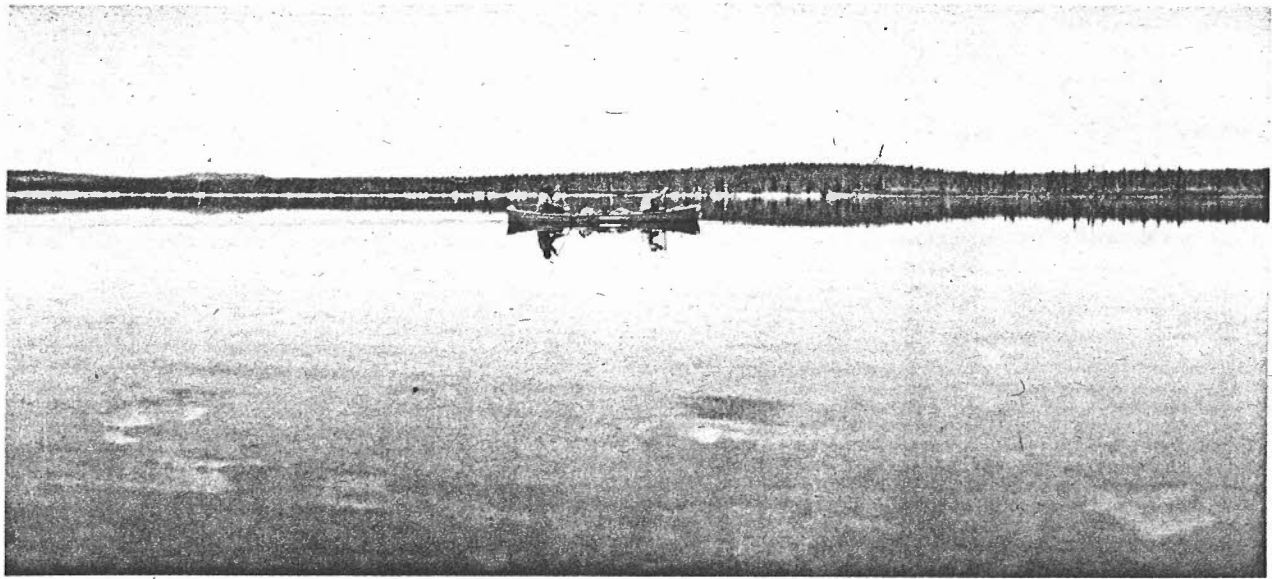
autumn 1979

## coppermine



We stood atop an esker on the shores of Lac Sans disant at the edge of the Barrens and gazed across the seemingly limitless country, a beautiful patchwork of rolling green plains and sparkling blue lakes stretching from horizon to horizon. As the float-plane lifted off the surface

of the lake and headed back to the south, we were alone in the vastness, surveying a scene that has changed little since Samuel Hearne was the first whiteman to see it when he passed through this area on his epic overland journey to the mouth of the Coppermine in 1771.



As our two canoes paddled north into the Barrens, taiga merged into tundra in an erratic fashion. Stunted spruce stubbornly clung to the sides of eskers and clustered in sheltered valleys well beyond the "tree line", ever decreasing in size and number, and eventually giving way to the grasses, sedges and mosses of the open tundra. Only dwarf birch and willow remained, clinging to life along stream banks and near the water's edge.

We worked our way through numerous small un-named lakes and connecting streams for ten days before we reached the Coppermine River, paddling, wading and dragging the canoes where possible, but often portaging. It was hot heavy work, loading and unloading, and carrying our 40-50 kg packs and canoes over boulder fields and spongy tundra or through bogs and tangled willow thickets. The weather was oppressively hot under the sixteen hours of sunlight, and with no wind hordes of blackflies and mosquitoes feasted on our sweaty bodies.



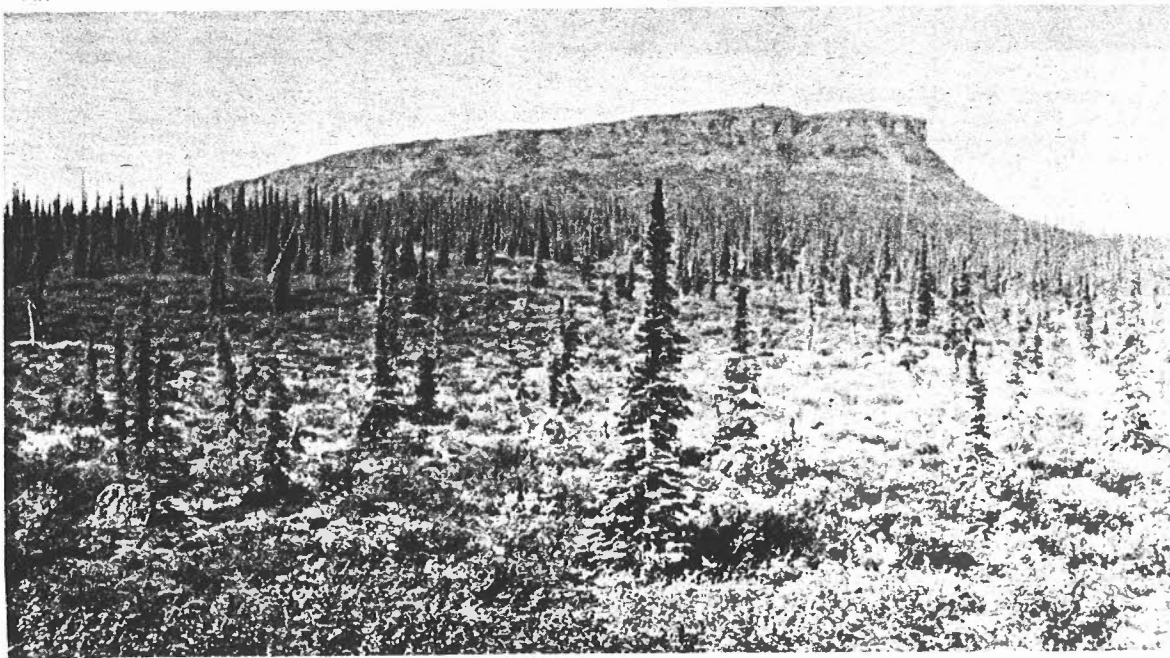
A break from the routine of portage - paddle - portage occurred about half-way through this section when, after paddling out of Warburton Bay into the main body of MacKay Lake, we found it frozen solid. We approached through twisting open leads until we reached the main ice pack, and hauled the canoes onto the solid sheet of ice. For five hours, in 30° C temperatures. We shoved and dragged our loaded canoes across the ice, often having to leap into our boats to avoid falling through patches of candle ice, until we reached the soft rotten ice near the edge and then, in ice-breaker fashion, forced our way to shore and the next portage. The situation brought to mind the experiences of Sir John Franklin, the first whiteman to canoe the Coppermine, in 1821: "We ... crossed several [frozen] lakes which lay in our course, as the ice enabled the men to drag their burdens ... with more ease than they could carry them on their backs. We were kept constantly wet by this operation, as the ice had broken near the shores of the lakes, but this was little regarded as the day was unusually warm ..."



Once we reached the Coppermine River the topography changed. We were still travelling through boulder-strewn tundra, but the flat, almost featureless land of the earlier part gave way to country that displayed more relief. Point Lake, backed by beautiful rolling hills, was one of the most scenic of the many lakes we paddled. Large rock outcroppings were common along its 125 km length, varying from smoothly sculpted grey slabs that sloped gently into the clear waters, to rugged intriguingly weathered reddish-brown cliffs, eroded in such a way that their surface resembled rotted wood. It was here also that we encountered our first arctic wolves. While we ate supper, gazing out over the smooth surface of the lake, a pair of wolves, one brown and one white, wandered into camp to inspect these strange humans. However, as soon as they realized that we were also observing them, they withdrew into the hills.

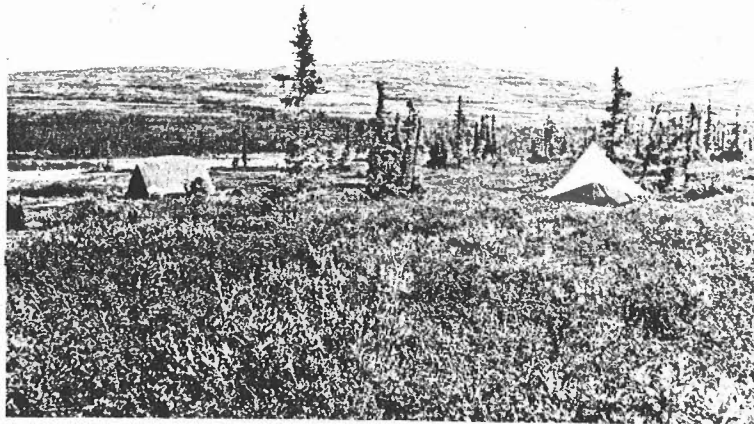
Below Point Lake we again entered trees; veritable forests of spruce lined the shores and covered the hillsides. But as we paddled north, these trees would withdraw again, first from the hilltops leaving only a fringe along the shore, then altogether, returning us to the Barrens. While they remained, however, they provided excellent habitat for moose and we sighted many along the river.

A remarkable butte named the Rocknest by the Indians dominated the horizon in Rocknest Lake, and from its flat top afforded a beautiful panoramic view of the many surrounding lakes and hills. Its rugged cliff walls were the nesting sites of numerous swallows and at least one falcon. The Rocknest signalled the end of any sizeable lakes along the Coppermine. At its base the river narrowed and the current picked up speed, and we soon entered a long series of strong rapids that required much scouting, one portage and precise manoeuvring.





As we continued downriver in the strong current, the valley deepened and the hills closed in on the river, their rugged barren peaks towering more than 500 m above the water, giving an air of majesty to the landscape. The river at first followed the range of hills to the west, but then swung north, slicing through the range in the magnificent canyon of Rocky Defile. The green waters descended between sheer cliffs of deep red basalt 60 m high, crashing off the walls in huge standing waves as the crooked channel made two right angled bends, and creating swirling whirlpools in the indentations in the rock walls. In contrast to the churning, boiling power of the water below, hawks and falcons peacefully nested on the many ledges along the cliff walls. It was a beautiful and special place, well known to the Copper Indians, and well described by Franklin: "We came to a rapid which had been the theme of discourse with the Indians for many days, and which they had described to us as impassable in canoes. The river here descends for three-quarters of a mile, in a deep, but narrow and crooked channel, which it has cut through the foot of a hill of five hundred or six hundred feet high. It is confined between perpendicular cliffs resembling stone walls, varying in height from eighty to one hundred and fifty feet ... The body of the river pent within this narrow chasm, dashed furiously round the projecting rocky columns, and discharged itself at the northern extremity in a sheet of foam."



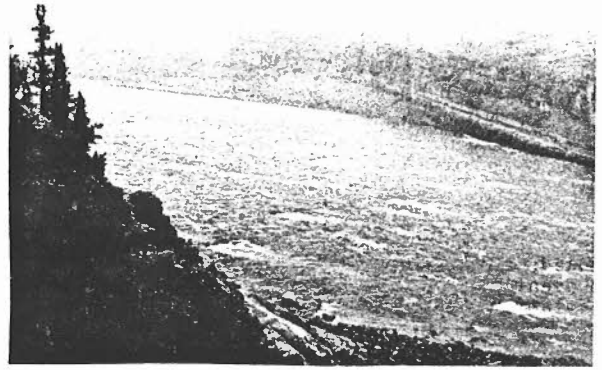
Although the fishing for lake trout and grayling had been good throughout the trip, it was here that we caught our only arctic char. This one large pink-bellied relative of the salmon, provided an ample and delicious supper for the four of us.

Below the mountains the Coppermine dropped almost 200 m in an 80 km run to the sea, forming an almost continuous succession of heavy rapids; the named ones Musk Ox, Sandstone, Escape, being only slightly wilder than the numerous others, both marked and unmarked. Cutting its way through gorges of red sandstone and grey slate, and past cliffs of white clay, the water smashed off cliffs at the outside of bends, and over shelves and boulders, setting up large standing waves that often cascaded over the gunwales of our canoes to be shed by the tightly fitting spray covers. Stopping often to scout our runs, and continually ferrying across the powerful current to run the inside of turns and thus avoid much of the turbulence, it was a demanding but exhilarating part of the trip. Again Franklin's description came to our minds: "The river, in this part, flows between high and stony cliffs, reddish slate clay rocks and shelving banks of white clay, and is full of shoals and dangerous rapids. One of these was termed Escape Rapid, both canoes having narrowly escaped foundering in its high waves... We were carried along with extraordinary rapidity shooting over large stones, upon which a single stroke would have been destructive to the canoes;... Our safety depended upon the skill and dexterity of bowmen and steersmen."



Continuing northward, the river gently swirled and boiled as it wound its way between the barren, terraced slopes of the September and Coppermine Mountains. We spent many days hiking these hills high above the tree line, and exploring beautiful hidden valleys, whose green carpet of mosses and shrubs was brightly dotted with tiny but colourful tundra flowers; willow herb, moss campion, purple saxifrage, mountain avens, cotton grass and many others that we could not identify. Compared to the earlier parts of the trip, these mountains were alive with wildlife, wolves and majestic bull caribou carrying full racks. Rough legged hawks and golden eagles watched over their still flightless young in nests on ledges in the rugged rock outcroppings, and scoured the ridges for the ever-present "sik-siks". In the evening, the sun's last rays gave a beautiful soft texture to the mountain slopes, turning the green meadows all hues of yellow and orange, and setting the hills and rock faces aglow with rich shades of red and purple.

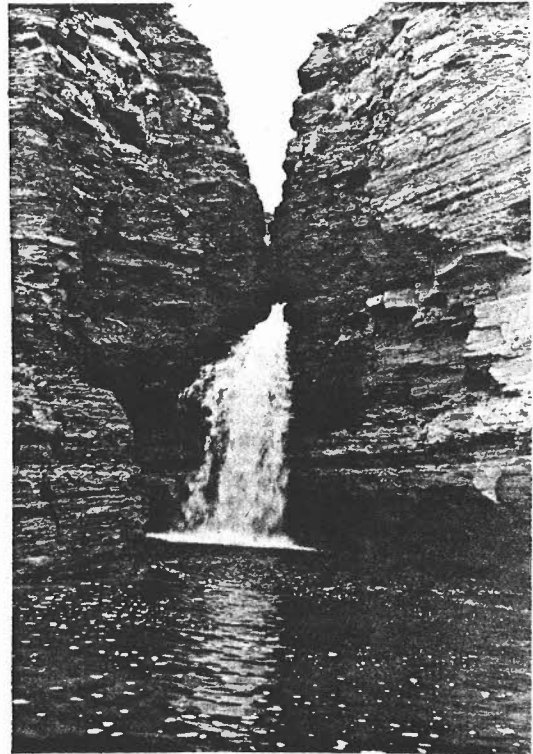




Although we came through this section in two days of cold, windy, wet weather, this detracted only little from our enjoyment. Even in the rain and mist the country was beautiful and awe-inspiring. The steep cliffs were rugged and varied, some hard and smooth, others layered and eroded. In places where streams ran out of the hills behind, waterfalls plunged over sheer walls in slender silver ribbons 50m to the river below, or cut beautifully sculpted narrow chasms through the cliff walls as the waters forced their way through to join the Coppermine.

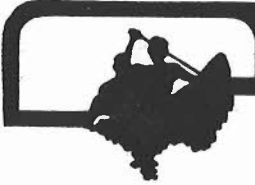
Clear skies returned and bathed us in sunlight as we came to Bloody Falls, where the river again had cut its way through the hills creating a ferocious two part rapid confined between sheer cliffs of red volcanic rock. It was here that Samuel Hearne's Chipewyan guides had massacred an entire camp of unsuspecting Eskimoes, and given the rapids its name. Camped in a grassy clearing at the end of the portage, possibly the very site of that bloody scene so long ago, we all felt a deep sense of history pervading the area.

After supper, knowing that after more than a month canoeing through the arctic wilderness, Coppermine village was now only a few hours away, we each made our separate ways up into the surrounding hills or down onto the rocks beside the thundering water for a final look across the land. There, with our private thoughts about the experience, we watched as the setting sun cast a rich, warm glow over the beautiful barren landscape; catching first the hills behind the river, then the cliffs below the falls and finally the lip of the gorge, and causing each to come alive in a moment of shimmering brightness before darkness fell and we returned silently to our tents.



Sandy Richardson





## news briefs

### NEWSLETTER ARTICLES NEEDED

This newsletter depends upon the contributions of members for its existence, and recently the flow of articles coming in has drastically slowed down! Members who enjoy reading the newsletter are urged to help out by sending in photographs of and stories about your wilderness trips, reviews of books that you have found interesting, equipment ideas or comments that you think might be of interest to other members, favourite recipes, reports of W.C.A. trips (organizers take note!), or any article of an outdoor nature that might interest other members.

Please send all contributions to the newsletter editor by November 30 for inclusion in our Winter Issue.

### BACK RIVER CANOEISTS

In 1977 David Pelly and the Pelly Lake Canoe Expedition erected a commemorative cairn and plaque on Pelly Lake along the Back River. (Wilderness Canoeist, Dec. 1977). David is interested in knowing the state of this cairn after two years, and would appreciate hearing from anyone who has canoed the Back River in 1978 or 1979. Please contact David at: "Cedar Croft", R.R. #4, Bolton, Ontario, LOP 1A0; phone (416) 832-1318.

### LONG RIVER CANOEIST CLUB

The Long River Canoeist Club has been started in England as a kind of international "pool" of canoeists who are interested in sharing information and advice. It is designed primarily for canoeists who have made trips (river, lake, or sea-way) of 150 km or longer, and is an informal postal association that facilitates the sharing of often hard to come by information about various routes. All members receive a membership list that contains details of canoe trips taken by each member, allowing members to contact each other easily. Also a newsletter is mailed out in which members can advertise positions open in expeditions, ask for information about canoeing ventures, and generally find interesting and useful information about canoeing.

Any W.C.A. members who are interested in joining this club, or who would like more detailed information, should contact: Peter Salisbury, Chairman L.R.C.C., 238 Birmingham Rd., Redditch, Worcestershire, B97 6EL, England.

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS?

If you change your address please notify the Membership Committee chairman as soon as possible to ensure that you receive your newsletter and other club mailings.

### R.C.I. LECTURES

The Royal Canadian Institute sponsors a series of lectures on natural history and natural science each year. Many of the topics will be of interest to W.C.A. members. Of special interest this Fall should be talks by Fred Breumer and Justice Thomas Berger. The lectures are held on Saturday evenings in Convocation Hall at the University of Toronto.

Complete details and a schedule of the lectures are included in the brochures enclosed with this issue of the newsletter.

### THE ART OF TERENCE SHORTT

Terence Michael Shortt was Chief Artist in the Life Science Division of the Royal Ontario Museum for over 25 years, and is considered by ornithological authorities and art critics to be one of the finest bird portraitists in the world. W.C.A. members are invited to attend a 50-year retrospective exhibition of the work of Mr. Shortt at the Galerie Dresdnere, 130 Bloor Street West, Toronto, Ontario, between September 26 and October 13. For further information call the gallery at (416) 923-4662.

### YOUTH ENCOURAGEMENT FUND

Again this year, thanks to the generosity of a number of our members, the W.C.A. was able to assist a student member in making a major wilderness canoe trip.

The Committee and the Board of Directors would like to thank all those who contributed to the fund, and thus helped our club to continue its programme of encouraging younger members, who are active in the association, to take part in wilderness activities that might otherwise be beyond their reach.

### SLIDE CONTEST

The W.C.A. will again be holding a contest for members' slides of wilderness subjects, this coming January. Full details about categories and contest rules will appear in the Winter issue. In the meantime, start sorting out those slides from your summer trips! We hope to have many more entrants this year.

### FOUND

A package of clothes, a survival kit, and a monogrammed key-case were found on the Opeongo River near the mouth of the Aylen River on the Victoria Day week-end in May. If you left these articles behind, please call Jerry Hodge in Toronto at (416) 449-9212.





THE COMPLETE LIGHT-PACK CAMPING AND TRAIL FOODS  
COOKBOOK

Author: Edwin P. Drew  
Publisher: McGraw-Hill Paperbacks  
Price: Canada \$4.95, U.S. \$3.95  
196 pages  
Reviewed by: Claire Brigden

Here is a valuable paperback with some wonderful ideas for lightening the camper's load, saving considerable expense, reducing volume, providing variety and emphasizing nutrition.

Part One gives a quick and concise outline of the performances of different camp stove fuels, the advantages of certain sizes of pots, some camp tricks (black-bottomed pots are best, even when using a camp stove, as more heat is retained), and suggests basic utensils.

Part Two concentrates on home preparation and this is where the book is so valuable. It describes the drying and preserving of raw and cooked meats, the preparation of leathers (dehydrated fruit purees), pemmican, the further preparation of store-bought bacons, the drying and compacting (grinding) of vegetables, and includes tricks for blanching, steaming, brine-dipping and a myriad of other ideas.

Part Three concerns itself with recipes and techniques in the field to shorten cooking time, add flavour and variety and simplify preparation. (Cooking times are recorded).

Part Four provides detailed lists of foods with their weight, caloric, fat, protein and carbohydrate contents.

The Appendix illustrates and discusses eighteen different kinds of one-burner stoves and their features pro and con, and lists test results of white gas, kerosine, alcohol and solid fuel units.

I like the book best for the new slant it gives on the preparation of foods AT HOME simply and cheaply, with more natural flavours, the avoidance of additives, and without the nuisance and expense of purchasing pre-packaged dehydrated and freeze-dried foods. I question, however, Mr. Drew's knowledge of nutrition, for no mention is made of vitamin loss in cooking, the deleterious effects of clarifying fats, or the degenerative alteration of the oils in nuts (especially walnuts) once shelled and exposed to air. I would also prefer to see Part One and the Appendix combined in one unit for simplification.

One must forgive Mr. Drew these two shortcomings, however, for he has indeed gone to enormous trouble to provide us with a remarkable book packed full of dandy tricks for ECONOMIZING on COST, TIME, BULK and use of FUEL. After all, what else is camp cookery all about!

## canoe trip leader certification workshops

Sponsored by Canoe Ontario and Ontario  
Recreational Canoe Association

Lennabelle Winn

As a leader of canoe trips for teenagers, I felt a responsibility to the parents of these students to authenticate my expertise in this area by attending a certification course. Of course, a certificate does not necessarily "qualify" one for the demands of leading trips. An individual can be an outstandingly good trip leader without a "piece of paper". The sponsoring organizations also realize this and stress that their certificate is in no way a license or professional document. It is merely an indication that one has attended such a course and appears in the instructors' eyes to have the necessary background and satisfactory skills and stamina to be capable of leading trips.

I would like to share with you my impressions of the course. At the outset I stress that I personally found the course to be beneficial. It is an ideal opportunity to meet and share with others who have some expertise in this area. For the experienced canoeist, this sharing is the most beneficial outcome of such a course.

The courses accept people with a range of background from the novice trip leader to the individual with many years of experience. The structure of the course was such that basic skills and knowledge were taught and/or reviewed. This allowed the novice tripper the opportunity to acquire the necessary skills and the advanced tripper to refresh some skills and to share in coaching the others. The uniqueness of the course was that with the wealth of experienced people,

the groups could complete a very physically demanding trip, an opportunity (if one wants that kind of opportunity at all) not often afforded to those who are teaching beginning canoeists.

The individuals who were instructing the session that I attended were certainly knowledgeable and willing to share their knowledge and exchange ideas. A few of the instructors, however, were slow to realize that some of the people whom they were "instructing" had been canoe-trip leading before they were born!

My main criticism of the course regards the value of the trip that was run. Since the trip's primary goal was to give the course instructors familiarization with the candidates for different levels of certification, this "gut-buster" type of trip probably serves its purpose. However, I personally know that there is a lot more to experiencing the "wilderness" than passing through it as quickly as one can. But the medium is the message, and the choice of this type of trip implied this was indeed the way to trip and an ideal to strive for. Challenging physically? Yes. Ideal? Not in my opinion.

I also expressed concern at the course for a seeming lack of awareness of ecologically sound practices. The concept of low-impact camping was ignored to a certain extent. A course for leaders seems the obvious place to influence tripping style for the next generation of campers. What a shame that this opportunity is being overlooked.

If you are leading trips and thus teaching trip-leading, I would recommend the Canoe Ontario/ORCA course as an opportunity to expand your background and to help others expand theirs.



## WCA CONSERVATION COMMITTEE REPORT JUNE 1 1979.

### LETTER FROM NEW COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN

Fellow members,

During the past two years, Sandy Richardson has provided the Conservation Committee with dedicated, able leadership. During this period, he has succeeded in accomplishing the two objectives which we determined when I was newly elected as Chairman of the Wilderness Canoe Association, namely:

- (a) to make conservation a major focus of both the association and its newsletter, and
- (b) to contact other conservation-oriented groups, and to work in harmony with them on issues of importance to our members.

I know that you will join with me in congratulating Sandy on the excellent job that he has done, in going well beyond our original expectations for the Conservation Committee. Looking back over the work that the committee has done, I find that we have participated in a number of causes in the best possible way: our voice was heard, our perspective was understood, and our feelings were reflected in the final outcome.

As the new chairman of the committee, I sincerely hope that all of us can continue the trail-blazing work that Sandy has initiated. We face a difficult period, as society adopts an insensitive attitude towards conservation and environmental issues in general. We will have to work with tact, subtlety, and patience, if we are not to lose all hope of maintaining the gains we have won, let alone of achieving new goals.

I will need the active assistance of many other members to make the conservation committee a continuing success. Your help and participation will be required in all of these areas:

- (a) reporting new concerns to the committee so that we are aware and prepared.
- (b) helping to represent our committee at meetings and forums.
- (c) writing letters and making telephone calls
- (d) achieving favourable publicity for the committee and the association.

If you feel that you would be interested in working together on these goals, then please come to the September meeting of the W.C.A., where I propose to hold a committee meeting, or contact me at my home telephone number, 1-519-433-6558, in London, Ontario.

In this first report, I will attempt to summarize our position on the various issues that are already developing, and to introduce two new concerns that I believe the members of the W.C.A. should be very much involved with:

- acid rain pollution of the lakes and rivers of Ontario, and
- dams on the Credit River near Toronto.

In general, I would like to see the W.C.A. Conservation Committee become active in all major environmental causes in Ontario, not only those that directly affect canoeists. This is related to the feeling that many members have, that the association should seek to identify more generally with the wilderness environment and its values, and not with the narrow concern of canoeing as a recreational activity. If not us, then who will speak out on these issues of vital importance? I urge you all to consider becoming more active in conservation and environmental issues, while we still have the opportunity to act.

Yours sincerely,

Roger Smith

### KILLARNEY PARK ROAD

**SITUATION:** The Ontario government has proposed to extend the Killarney secondary highway to the west, to link up again with the Trans-Canada Highway near Espanola. At present, the road is a dead-end access route to the park. A coalition of groups has been formed to oppose the road, headed by the KILLARNEY PARK ASSOCIATION of Sudbury. The main opposition comes from environmentalists and the Sudbury chamber of commerce. Proponents of the plan include local residents who need better access to schools and hospitals, and local businessmen.

**COMMITTEE POSITION:** Killarney Park is a unique monument to Ontario's wilderness heritage, especially because of its physical grandeur and its remote setting. Construction of the through road would destroy much of these attributes, without providing very significant social benefits. We urge that the government reconsider the proposal, and find alternate means of answering the legitimate concerns of area residents.

**FURTHER ACTION:** We will continue our support for the KILLARNEY PARK ASSOCIATION, and continue to correspond with their advisor, Jerome Davis. I would like to hear from any member of the association, particularly a resident of the general area, who would handle our participation in this matter directly on behalf of the committee.

### ELORA GORGE BRIDGE PROJECT

**SITUATION:** Despite a determined struggle by a wide range of people, the project to bridge part of the scenic Elora Gorge on the Grand River is still alive and healthy.

**COMMITTEE POSITION:** From my examination of the record and some correspondence, I feel that this project represents a symbol of the empire-building syndrome that seems to have overcome the Grand River Conservation Authority. Perhaps second only to Ontario Hydro as a paternalistic organization, the GRCA operates almost outside the democratic structure in Ontario, and needs to be brought under firmer control. The decision to go ahead with the bridge is the latest in a series of stubborn, questionable decisions that the GRCA has made over the past ten years.



FURTHER ACTION: In my view, the only effective opposition to the GRCA now lies with the political process at the regional or provincial level. I hope to contact a number of politicians in the region to find what support there might be for a re-definition of the role of the GRCA and conservation authorities in general. To illustrate the degree of corruption of the democratic process involved in this situation, I quote from a letter sent by the executive director of the Conservation Council of Ontario (of which the GRCA is a member through the Committee of Conservation Authority Chairmen of Ontario) to a citizens group in Elora, concerning the publication of that group's position on a dam proposed by the GRCA at nearby West Montrose:

" Since the Committee of Conservation Authority Chairmen of Ontario is one of this Council's member bodies, I would find it difficult to include in my newsletter information about a group whose purpose is to bring into question the philosophy and approach of the GRCA."

In other words, the GRCA is conservation in the region, and all opposing viewpoints are to be discounted.

This viewpoint is not acceptable to me, and since the WCA is a member of the Conservation Council of Ontario, I intend to take issue with the interpretation at the next meeting.

I urge all members who live in the region of Kitchener, Cambridge, Guelph and Brantford to become active in this important fight against an overbearing autonomous government agency.

Also, I call into question the philosophy that the GRCA best represents the conservation viewpoint in its little empire. After the flooding in 1974, I seriously doubt the credibility of such a claim.

#### OTHER PREVIOUSLY REPORTED ISSUES

Readers will be aware that the W.C.A. Conservation Committee has been active in a number of other concerns - the Spanish River, the master plan for Lake Superior Provincial Park, the environmental assessment review, and the Go Home Lake dam proposals for the Orillia power supply. All of these issues have reached a dormant phase, but the committee will continue to monitor their progress in order to re-enter the fray if required.

#### CREDIT RIVER

Apparently the Credit River Conservation Authority are interested in "improving" the Credit River by building a number of small dams to regulate stream flow and also by restructuring the one major dam in existence at Georgetown. Canoeists who appreciate the recreation potential of the river at present will not wish to see the long uninterrupted stretches of grade 11 whitewater destroyed or altered. I call upon members who live in the Halton-Peel area to become involved by forming a W.C.A. committee for the preservation of the Credit River. Please contact me if you are willing to be the active chairman of such a committee.

Incidentally, what has the CRCA been doing about the obvious spill-over from the Georgetown dump into the river?

#### ACID RAINFALL POLLUTION

My major goal in this committee chairmanship will be to involve the members of the W.C.A. in the growing outcry concerning acid rainfall. This is one of the most serious pollution problems in our area, as well as in other parts of eastern North America, northwest Europe, Japan, and the Soviet Union.

Acid rainfall is a rather inexact title for a process that begins with industrial air pollution. Sulphur dioxide (SO<sub>2</sub>) is emitted in vast quantities by large industries, power plants, and smelters, as well as in considerable net amounts by homes, automobiles and the natural environment. About 80% of all SO<sub>2</sub> pollution in North America is produced by fewer than 100 major sources, of which the single most prolific source is Sudbury (although much reduced this year).

The SO<sub>2</sub> combines with water droplets in the clouds to form a weak sulphuric acid. This is then precipitated onto the surface many hundreds of kilometres downstream from the source region as "acid rain". It should be noted also that dry deposition of the sulphur dioxide is also highly injurious to plant growth, as Sudbury and other areas will demonstrate.

The major sources of acid rainfall pollution in Ontario lie to the southwest, because of our prevailing storm track from WSW to ENE across the Great Lakes. Areas such as Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland produce upwards of 60% of the acid rainfall that affects central Ontario. The Sudbury contribution is more significant in Temagami and northwestern Quebec.

Therefore, the acid rainfall problem is an international one, in that American pollution is the major source of Canadian acid rainfall. The effects in Canada are serious, however. The Ontario Ministry of the Environment reports that within ten years, many of the larger lakes in Muskoka and Haliburton will become unfit for fish stocks, and the provision of municipal water supplies will be threatened, just as it is now endangered in the Great Lakes by chemical dumping, leaching and salt buildups.

Is this an important issue, or just a fact of life that we have to live with?

In my view, the situation is very serious. If we stand back and allow the deterioration of our water to proceed, we lose in three major ways:

- we lose the relative purity of our water supply and the important place of the lake in our ecological chain
- we lose the sovereignty involved in determining the quality of life within our own boundaries
- we lose the ability to control future threats to our health and environment.

I feel that, as knowledgeable and concerned wilderness users, we have an obligation to protest strongly to all levels of government that NOTHING IS BEING DONE TO CONTROL OR REDUCE ACID RAINFALL IN ONTARIO. The problem is symptomatic of our society, in which the slow but sure deterioration of the environment is virtually ignored in favour of such non-events as "inflation" or "the falling dollar".

Twenty years ago, people in Utah and Nevada were routinely subjected to radioactive poisoning as the United States tested nuclear weapons above ground. There was "no problem".

Ten years ago, the U.S. and Canada went on a nuclear energy binge, with construction of many facilities of questionable safety. Again, there was supposed to be "no problem".

Remember that you heard it before when the powers that be tell us that there is "no problem" with acid rainfall.

I will be considering the best strategy to adopt in order to bring attention to the acid rainfall problem in Ontario, both within the WCA, and in the larger society of Ontario. Your comments and assistance will be very helpful in the next few months.

# groundhog

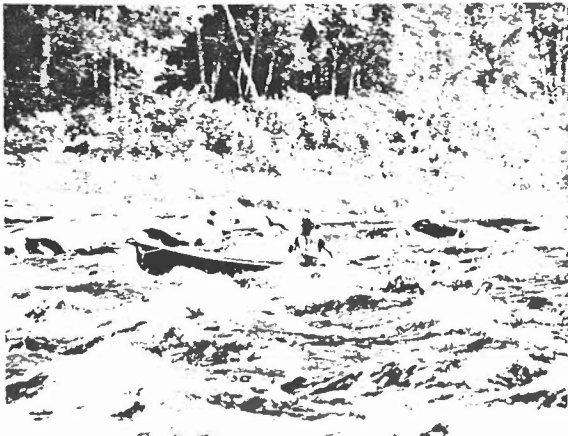
Story : Wayne  
Photos: Richard

It was the week of the oil summit, the economic summit, and another round of double-digit inflation figures from Statistics Canada. These we exchanged for a week of whitewater, blackflies and isolation. It was also the beginning of the first long weekend of the summer and the traffic was very heavy as thousands of people fled the big cities. Our group of ten was coming from all over -- Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, Welland and Niagara Falls. We gathered in Sudbury and then proceeded to Capreol where we were to catch the train the next day for the 220 km trip to the Groundhog River. Those pre-trip traditions - the rendez-vous and meal, the overnight motel stay, and the train ride, become precious components of that one week of escape we are permitted each year - as does the trip planning and anticipation which somehow manages to get one through our Ontario winters.

Saturday finally arrived and with its arrival the sun and warm weather departed. We loaded our gear and canoes onto the train in the rain - one of those cold, steady, all-day rains. Fortunately most of the day was taken up by the train trip. A washout on the line ahead had left a back-up of three freights that we had to let pass on their way south. However, the friendships that were renewed the night before continued to grow, fed by the joking and conversation with comrades and others on their way to various camps and canoe trips that are accessible only by train. Seven hours after we started, the train stopped at the trestle over the river that would be ours alone for the next seven days. And the rain had stopped too, only to be replaced by what seemed to be as many blackflies as there used to be rain drops. However, aside from the blackflies, at 4:30 p.m., June 31, we were alone on our adventure on the Groundhog river. We would see no-one for the next 7 days until our arrival at Fauquier, 185 km north on Highway 11.

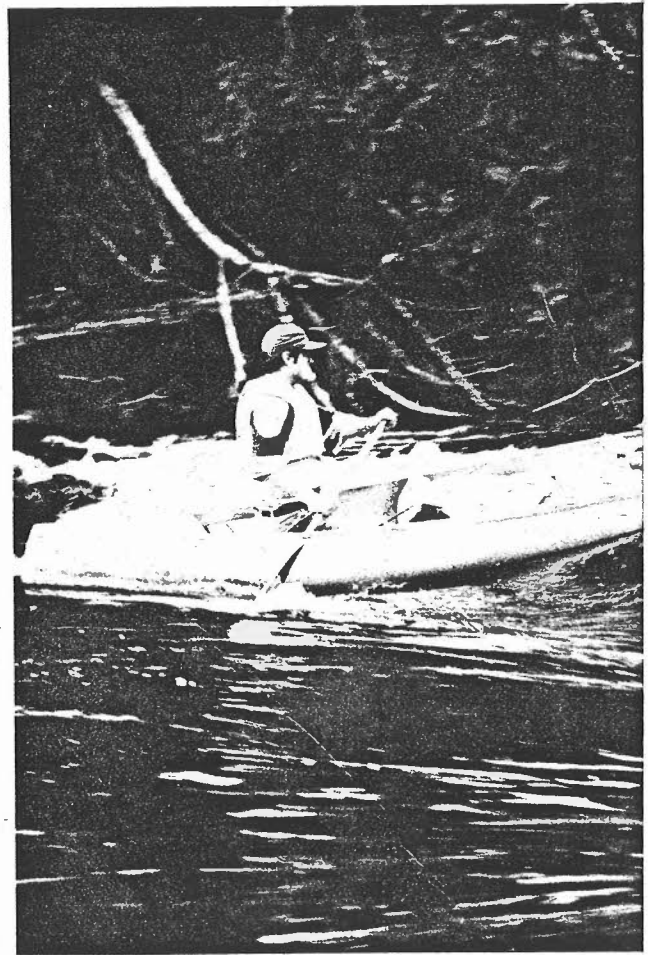
Luckily we had planned on paddling only a few kilometres this day, because the train trip had taken three hours longer than we anticipated. The river was high and dense bush came right down to the edge of the river, making campsites hard to find. But the rain had stopped, the wind was low and our spirits were high.

After only a few kilometres the first set of rapids was met. We stopped and scouted. With the water so high the standing waves were very big but the rocks were well covered. About three quarters of the way through this set of rapids, which was approximately 300 metres long, there was a ledge that had to be avoided by passing to the left. We were all a bit rusty and this set of rapids



was good practice. All passed through without incident, but the next set resulted in a minor "casualty" - the curry for our exotic Wednesday supper was soaked when one of the canoes swamped, permeating the pack with the pungent green spice. But thanks to Tupperware and the "Man from Glad" the rest of the food and equipment remained dry.

We camped shortly, giving our cold crew an opportunity to get dry and warm, and also to permit our cooks for the day a chance to prepare one of our other traditions - foil dinners or hobo packs - fresh



onions, peppers, carrots, potatoes, mushrooms and ground beef wrapped in foil and cooked on hot coals for about twenty minutes. Each year this meal seems to taste better and better, improving as the distance from civilization increases.

Day 2 was to be the most difficult of the trip, not because of rapids or portages but because of the weather. About 3 a.m. the temperature dropped and it began to rain once more. And with dawn a stiff head wind came up. It is that kind of weather that makes one realize the importance of good equipment - tent, rainsuit, sleeping bag and warm clothing.

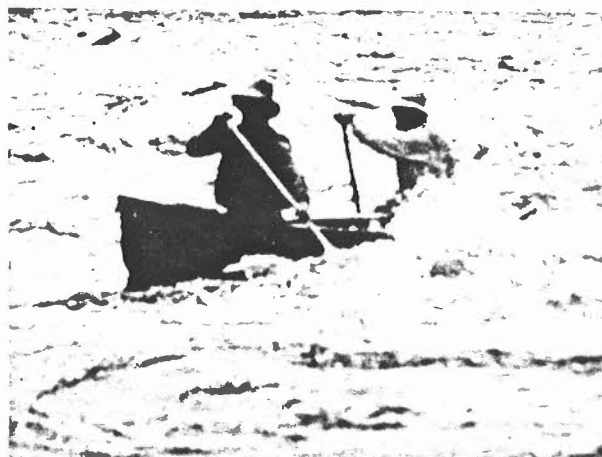
# g river

Richardson  
i Matthews

As one might expect, the day started slowly. We thought of "waiting it out" and stayed in bed hoping the rain would stop. It didn't. Finally we rolled out of bed and had a late breakfast, cooked under the shelter of the bridge at Highway 101, west of Timmins, just 12 km from our embarkation point. It was 11 a.m. by the time we really got moving on the water. The decision to move on and leave our dry shelter was made by one of those straw votes that became common by the end of the trip as a means of helping ten individuals arrive at a consensus quickly.



The kilometres went by very slowly today. Besides the wind and the rain there were two long and difficult portages around semi-waterfalls. The volume of water was great, making the falls that much more impressive. The portages were wet and slippery and one of our group fell carrying a canoe over a slippery rock. Although he could have been hurt quite badly we were fortunate and there was no injury. The rain and wind continued. Two of our number were beginning to get cold and shiver, a sure sign that it was time to stop. Our salvation came in the form of a cabin where we found some dry firewood and we were able to start a fire quickly



and warm ourselves. Supper was great - our last day of fresh meat - ham, to go with the mashed potatoes, gravy and peas. It seemed as if each set of canoeing partners tried to outdo the others in the quality of meals and snacks on their day. Having different people responsible for establishing a menu and getting and preparing the food on different days leads to delightful variety. And, food is such an important part of the trip! Thus far on our trips we have avoided the commercially prepared dried foods, preferring instead to prepackage our own, exploiting the delicatessen and settling for some meatless meals that substitute lentils for meat. One can get a host of ideas from any of the many backpacking books with excellent recipes that do not require commercial dried foods.

Things were looking up. The rain stopped and our attention turned once more to the whitewater we had been anticipating since the winter.

The whitewater arrived on Day 3, Monday, and it was accompanied by another swamping - but this time it was in an unloaded canoe. After two very difficult mandatory portages we lugged our gear 450 metres over a high granite rock and down the other side. Two canoes were lined down while the other three ran the rapids. After the earlier heavy portages and the difficulty we had carrying our gear over this stretch, we were ready for some excitement. Following a short drop at the top into a small souse hole, the river turned right and swirled and crashed over what must have been huge boulders just a few metres beneath the surface. The standing waves and several sudden drops in the next 400 metres gave us lots to remember. The 18 foot Grumman took the standing waves best - its length being a definite advantage. The shorter 16 foot Mad River Royalex canoes, which proved to be more manoeuvrable amongst the rocks, took more water, however. It was as a result of the water dumped in by the standing waves that one of the ABS canoes slowly got lower and lower in the water and finally rolled over. You become aware very quickly of the weight and force that 5-6 centimetres of water can have rolling around in the bottom of the canoe as you try to keep it upright through metre high rollers while working your way toward shore.

Day 3 passed with talk of rapids run and the anticipation of more excitement tomorrow as we approached Six Mile Rapids. The Ministry of Natural Resources route description described Six Mile Rapids as being "excellent whitewater canoeing". That is a very accurate statement. The sustained drop is incredible. The need for periodic manoeuvring - eddying out

to look ahead and ferrying from side to side in order to avoid a ledge or boulder added to the excitement of the roller coaster standing waves. Six Mile Rapids actually is 10 km of almost uninterrupted whitewater. It is hard to imagine a better stretch of sustained action. Even in lower water the additional maneuvering that would be required by exposed rocks would more than compensate for the smaller standing waves and souse holes.

Day 4 also brought two other novelties - moose and trappers' cabins. We came upon the moose, a large cow and two calves, crossing the river at the end of a long stretch of rapids. The cow quickly crossed the river and disappeared into the bush just downstream from the calves. The calves, on the other hand, remained remarkably unconcerned about our presence. On all our trips in the past 10 years, this was our first opportunity to see North America's largest land mammal. We could have ended the trip right there, we were so pleased.

The first of several trappers' cabins was evidently the only one presently in use. The others had all been abandoned. We had seen signs of the trapline along the river bank - brightly coloured nylon ribbon, probably indicating where traps were located. The signs on the cabin windows asking people to leave things alone showed us that even wilderness travellers can be prone to the urban ills of vandalism. However, those cabins were a real education. The traps, the stretching boards, the homemade toboggan and skis, the old magazines and other equipment characterized a way of life totally alien to us, part-time voyageurs. The abandoned cabins gave us the extra challenge of trying to determine when they had last been used. The old magazines and pinups were the main clues. Clothing remnants, spaghetti sealed in a three quart jar, old medicine bottles and whisky bottles (one of which was half full), as well as the resident groundhogs also helped make these stops extremely interesting.

The thrill of Day 3 was followed by a tough struggle on Day 4 - calm water and a fierce head wind. However, we did achieve our targetted 25 km. Day 5 was Wednesday and signalled the arrival of Ten Mile Rapids. Ten Mile Rapids was not nearly as impressive as Six Mile Rapids had been. In low water they would probably require considerable wading - shades of the Moose River at low water, wide and shallow. However, Day 5 certainly did have its contribution toward making this a truly memorable trip. Approximately 4 km into Ten Mile Rapids, a small stream tumbled into the Groundhog from the east, almost hidden by a sharp point. It was at the mouth of this creek that we caught our fill of pickerel in just 20 minutes. Those fish made a great topper for lunch, dipped in cornbread flour!

Day 5 was also the day we were able to stop early and try running some rapids solo - something we had never done before. This trip was also the first in which we were able to run the same set of rapids several times - something we had always talked about but had never quite managed.

Day 6 was a mixture of rapids, falls and flat water. However, it provided some of the most dramatic pictures of our trip. These pictures were taken at a set of rapids where the river narrowed from almost 300 metres to less than 100. As always, we scouted the rapids from the shore, and seeing that it ended in a calm pool, decided to run in empty canoes. With the great volume of water pouring over a rocky ledge

on the left and one from the right, the only route was straight through the deep but very violent middle, where the standing waves below each ledge met. The high granite rocks on the east side of the river served as a great vantage point to watch some exciting whitewater runs.

Day 7 was Friday, our last full day on the river. The weather had finally turned hot and the headwind had disappeared. We had been wondering what had happened to those prevailing winds we thought would be assisting us throughout the trip. The river was cold and refreshing dips were needed.



Day 7 provided two more highlights on a trip that will be hard to top. A thundering waterfall provided the most spectacular scenery on a trip that was generally devoid of picturesque landscapes. Supper too was a highlight. Our gourmet outdoor chef had been trying recipes on his family for months and we gave his "last supper" of meatless chili, cheese biscuits, corn bread and apple crisp, our seal of approval. A pretty good meal for 10 men after 7 days away from civilization.

Our final day on the river was brief, giving us time to bathe, put on clean clothes and pack for the ride home on the train. The transport arrived at the bridge at Highway 11 right on schedule, to drive us the 30 km to Kapuskasing where we had our traditional post trip meal and bought supplies for our train trip back to North Bay. The friendship established in the wilderness was cemented with tales of rapids run, the adversities of rain, wind and insects, the fish that were caught and the ones that got away. Our yearly pilgrimage to the wilderness ended at North Bay where we loaded our cars, turned on the radio and journed back to our city homes, listening to the news of the oil summit, the economic summit and double-digit inflation.



# pukaskwa coastal trail

Tony Sloan

Backpackers and hikers who have heard exciting news about the new Coastal Hiking Trail along the north shore of Lake Superior have heard true tidings. If you are partial to rugged Canadian Shield country trekking, this is indeed the trail of trails.

The remote, rugged north shore terrain has everything - crescent beaches along cobalt blue bays separated by lofty forested headlands; huge causeway-like rocks negotiated by hand and toeholds; rushing rivers or placid streams that can be waded, paddled or spanned by footbridges; and campsites that only the magic of the lonely and beautiful Precambrian Shield can provide.

We overnights at the pleasant Pic Motel in Marathon, Ontario before setting out by van for the mouth of the Pic River, twenty-seven kilometres south of town. Here we boarded a motorized launch for the forty-eight kilometre run south along the coast to our starting point at Oiseau Creek. The boat ride is a nice sightseeing opportunity to view the island-studded coastline and is a pleasant prelude to what one can expect in the way of scenery on the hike back north.

Oiseau Bay is the kind of spot where you'd like to build a cabin someday. We lit a small fire for tea and lunch and then hiked up Oiseau Creek looking for likely looking fishing holes. We spotted the odd rainbow trout, but nobody scored, so we returned to the lakeshore and started back north along the coast. Park naturalist, Norm Ruttan, as leader of the outing, manned a cached canoe and proceeded to ferry our party of five hikers across Oiseau Creek. This stream could most likely be waded with little effort later in the season.

Our first test was a few kilometres of bush-whacking as the actual trail had only been completed as far as the next cove. It was a relief to emerge from the heavy going in the virgin bush and splash our faces in Superior's cool water.

After traversing the beach, we re-entered the woods at the actual start of the freshly cut trail and moved along easily among a boreal forest mix of birch, hemlock, balsam fir, white and black spruce and a few jack pine. It was ascertained that the area had been burned over in 1936. The forest, now regrown halfway to maturity, appeals to the eye of the appreciate hiker.

Frequent windfalls (downed trees) lay across the trail and were attributed to a particularly devastating storm the previous November. The late autumn or November storms that assault the north shore of Lake Superior are almost legendary from being recounted in song (Gordon Lightfoot's *Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald*) and story. Evidence of these fierce gales is easily noted all along the Coastal Trail. Sticks of pulpwood, for example, were observed high up in the narrow rocky defile leading down to Morrison Harbour. The wood, presumed to be deposited there by high waves or ice, was estimated to be ten metres or more above the presently placid level of the lake.

The heat and dense woods had a few of us nipping at our water bottles so we paused to refill and dunk our heads upon reaching Ahkik Lake. 'Ahkik' is the Ojibway word for woodland caribou and a small herd is indigenous to Pukaskwa Park.

As the day wore on, such names as Cave, Fish and Morrison Harbours were recalled as intervals of sun, sand and a cooling breeze blowing in from the limitless expanse of the great lake.

We camped at Shotwatch Cove. The scenic beauty of this spot is not to be discounted, but the name 'Shotwatch Cove' warrants a note of explanation.

A trapper once lived here and his deserted cabin still stands with door ajar back in the shelter of the woods. A few rusted artifacts are found within, depicting the lonely life of the erstwhile resident.

A curious item was discovered by park personnel when they inspected the cabin upon their arrival on site a few years ago. It was a pocket watch with a bullet hole exactly in the centre. What prompted this lonely trapper to shoot his watch? Did the inexorable passage of time in his solitary state

weigh heavily upon his mind? Did he sense the fires of youth draining away and to forestall the weariness of age, attempt to kill time? What spectres beset the introverted silence of the isolated bush-dweller? Thoughts to think about should you ever camp at Shotwatch Cove.

The intriguing Pukaskwa pits were encountered the following morning. Believed to have been constructed more than 2,000 years ago, these curious man-made depressions or excavations, in the boulder-strewn shoreline, remain a subject for speculation among archaeologists today. Did they have some religious significance or did they merely serve as shoreline shelters, perhaps with a covering of hides, to protect ancient Indian fishermen from the fierce late season storms?

Fascinating region this Pukaskwa country.

We next topped a lofty bluff and after photographing the shimmering offshore islands, proceeded to pick our way through great blocks of wave-washed rocks where the trail is marked by cairns.

The rugged rocky terrain eventually gave way to shady wooded draws leading up to treed ridges and occasional rock outcroppings frequently affording fine views of the coast. Steeper gullies followed where sparkling streams treated the thirsty hikers to refreshing draughts of clear, cold water.

We crossed the swift flowing and silted Willow River by canoe (a raft and cable are proposed for subsequent public use) and stopped for lunch where the river mouth forms a wide sand duned beach on the lakeshore.

You then walk a kilometre-long beach before the trail traverses another high headland. This is a very pretty stretch of mixed forest, where deep green moss and lichen-covered rocks vie with frequent springs, adding sparkle to the sun-dappled forest floor.

The garden-like path led down to a beaver meadow, where a pair of ring-necked ducks whistled off and a tiny marsh wren did a close-up appraisal, before flitting away into the willows.

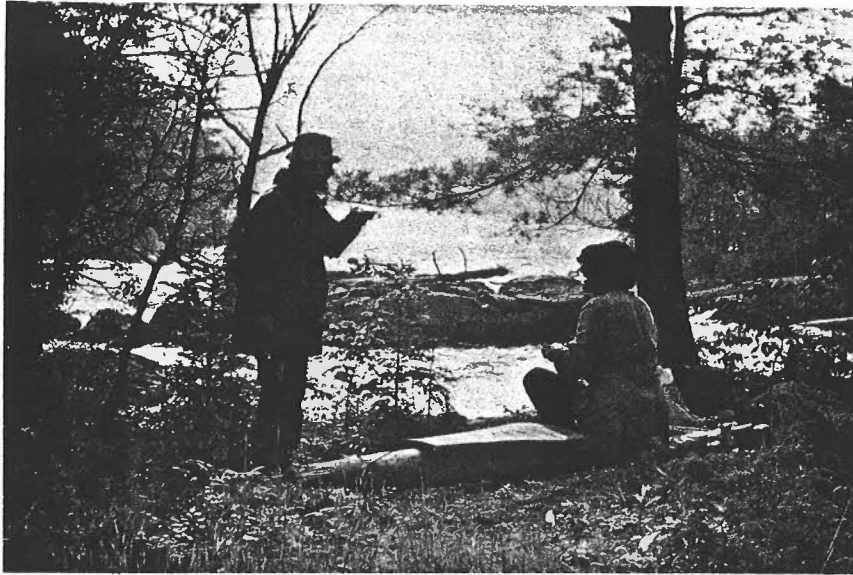
The route then climbed abruptly in stepped ascents towards the crest of a high ridge of exposed rock. The mid-afternoon heat plus the heft of my trail pack slowed my pace to a plodding climb. The crispy rock tripe (lichens) crunched under my boots and little rivulets of sweat streaked my glasses and stung my eyes. Once atop the ridge, it was time to pause and drain the last drops from my water bottle. You get about two kilometres to the litre when you climb open terrain in hot weather.

Again the trail became an easy stroll along an undulating forest pathway following the spine of the mountain with open and lofty vantage points to view the mountains beyond. A spring-fed stream replenished my water supply, even before the trail descended to skirt the shore of three separate little lakes.

Then the roar of the upper falls on the White River was heard. The White is a spectacularly wild in this area and is crossed by a suitably terrifying suspension-type footbridge erected in 1977. Suspended an estimated seventy metres above the river, the bridge is located at the head of a sheer-sided canyon and offers a fascinating view of the longest stretch of the wildest water I have ever seen. Great pictures are to be had from the midpoint of the bridge, either up or down river, but unless you have a very stable tummy, it's no place to switch lenses or change film.

We camped that night on a pleasant little island already occupied by a flightless but nimble-footed Canada goose. After fishing away the morning hours in the swirls and rapids of the White River, we were picked up at noon and boated back to Pic River and the end of the road.

In retrospect, a quote from the Parks Canada brochure on Pukaskwa Park seems to say it all, "a remote and unyielding wilderness where man is and forever will be only a visitor."



## a june bummel on the lower madawaska

Story: Dennis Shimeld

Photos: Sandy Richardson

"...We rose, and leaning over the low stone parapet, watched the dancing lights upon the soft, dark river.

'It has been a pleasant Bummel, on the whole, said Harris; 'I shall be glad to get back, and yet I am sorry it is over, if you understand me.'

'What is a "Bummel"?' said George.

'How would you translate it?'

'A "Bummel", I explained, 'I should describe as a journey, long or short, without an end; the only thing regulating it being the necessity of getting back within a given time to the point from which one started.'..."

The trip was billed as a solo trip, "for advanced canoeists with whitewater skills". With such assembled expertise it was with some interest that I viewed the six other canoes. Would I see at last the "ultimate" in canoes? A canoe lean and lithe, with flare, designed for responsiveness and ease of paddling. Here would be that fine hull, formed to glide effortlessly through moving water, able to turn on a dime, to dodge and sideslip between the roosters, haystacks and sousé holes..."THE" canoe the experts use.

No, there surely wouldn't be any decorative curved-end profiles, nor reinforced tumblehome. No imitation birch bark, nor barge-type flat bottoms. No three-inch flat keels, nor three-keel 'meat platters'. Well, I have news for you, fellow paddlers! They were all there - even a "Y-stern" that could dodge nimbly arc-end forward! Verily, in the hands of the experts, anything that floats, goes. By Sunday I was convinced that my trip-mates could have done equally well paddling dustbin lids with coal shovels. As for myself, I had the deepest freeboard I could lay my hands on, fourteen inches down the center - and believe me, I was glad of it!

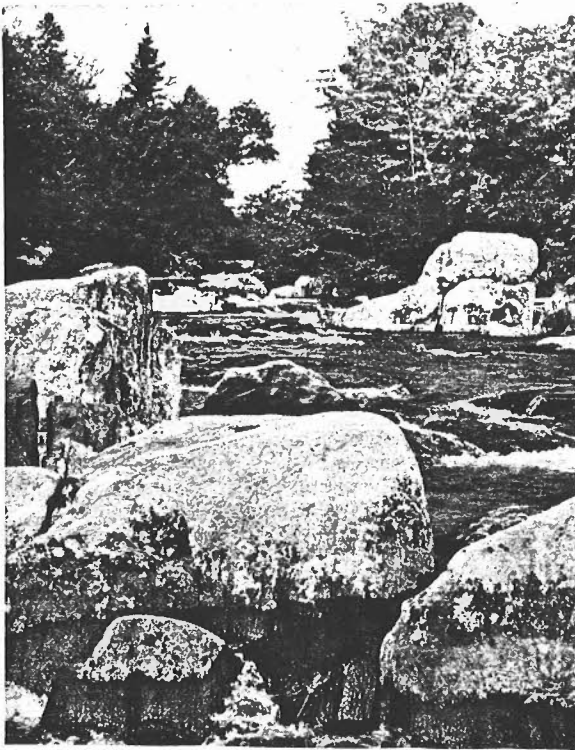
Apart from all these well-timed draws, cool backferries and dog-leg manoeuvres, the river has many sights to offer the weekend traveller. There was that Grumman painted all black, death-black, with a customized 'kandy-colored tangerine-flake' flaming bow; and the matching ensemble - white crash helmets!! "That-a-way to go, Charlie; down-river; straight DOWN!!"

By the afternoon, George was showing his neighbourly spirit, paddling madly into the dashing foam to practise yet another canoe-over-canoe rescue. I saw him do it twice, then...and you won't believe this... the girl scrambled in, and made the bow seat, and faced bow, while her six-foot-three blond Dionysius chested the gunwale, made the stern seat, and faced stern. Dripping water, he dug in his paddle and bawled over his shoulder: "Let's go, dummy. Face front!"

For sure, there are sights to see on the lower Madawaska, ever since C. Franks published his book and, pithily, said it all:

"...This seventeen-mile stretch can be run at any time it is free of ice, from early spring to late November. The rapids range from grade II to grade IV. Slate Falls, which has a rating of IV to VI, can be portaged on the right. (We did.) All the rest of the rapids can be run by open canoes, although some involve a strong risk of swamping. (Charlie did.) ...As many as twenty or thirty parties will sometimes canoe this stretch on a summer weekend, and the river is big enough,..."





Well, maybe the river still is, but for how much longer? There was that party from Ontario Hydro running the river... Could it be that they know something we don't?....

For a June weekend, the bugs were not that bad. In any case, we had our secret weapon - Jim. Armchair tripping aficionados will surely remember Davidson and Ruggie's fly decoy strategem. Guess who was our 'collector' - Jim! I don't know what it was about him, but those bugs loved him, and they never left him! Believe me, Jim's the man to have in any tripping party.

While Jim specialized in the small fry, Lenny went after bigger things, all of three-and-a-half inches long. They had six legs and mandibles that were quite frightening. The first one crawled out of a crack and quickly disrupted Lenny's attention from

her day-book. Being fairly mobile, he was the subject of some experimentation in land and water locomotion, but we never did find out that he breathed by drawing water into his rectum through the anus, and then by expelling it became 'jet' propelled. Lenny made sure he had the correct number of terga and began to sketch him. (I have called him a "he", Lenny, because I never did find "her" ovipositor.) Anyway, he was a good fellow: order, Odonata, suborder, Anisoptera; a dragonfly nymph - a black fly and mosquito larvae eater.

Shoo-bug jackets were also in evidence. However, the real coup de grace for the bugs came when Sandy lit up his twenty-cent cigarillos! Poor bugs..! Being attacked on all fronts, they never had a chance.

Night life on the lower Madawaska was more low-key and relaxing than the daytime sights and activities. There was easy conversation, and moonlit-rapids watching - and for Glenn, patient waiting. There he stood, and crouched, with camera and tripod at the ready, but would the moon ever come out from behind that cloud... and the next... and the next...!!

Many thanks, Sandy and Cam, for a well-planned and memorable "Rummel", for (with apologies to Jerome K. Jerome) "...we nodded and smiled to many as we passed; with some we stopped and talked awhile; and with a few we (paddled) a little way. We were much interested, and often a little tired. But on the whole we had a (very) pleasant time, and were sorry when 'twas over...!"

#### References:

- Jerome K. Jerome, Three Men in a Boat (to say nothing of the dog) and Three Men on the Rummel, (London, Dent; Everyman's Library, #118; p. 353).
- C.E.S. Franks, The Canoe and Whitewater (from essential to sport), (Toronto, U. of T. Press, 1977; p. 181).
- D.J. Borror & R.E. White, A Field Guide to the Insects of American North of Mexico, (Boston, Houghton Mifflin; Peterson Field Guide #19; pp. 68, 69, 30.).

## algonquin

Story: Claire Brigden

Karl Schirek organized a very successful six-canoe trip around the Rock Lake, Louisa, Lawrence, Harness and Head Lake circuit, traversing the Head-Madawaska confluence and finishing at Lake of Two Rivers in Algonquin Park.

Apart from a rather fatiguing 2,900 metre portage into Lake Louisa, the whole route is to be recommended to any who haven't tried this paddle-portage two-day trip. Several beaver dams on Head Creek, some of which could be "run", added spice to the flat water trip, and a small rapid on the Madawaska River was a first for some participants.

Trees were leafing out in spring finery, trout lily, dutchman's breeches and red trillium garlanded the way, toads and spring peepers entertained in nocturnal chorus, and vultures and hawks patrolled the airways.

It was good to be back in loon and merganser country again, to smell the cedar and hemlock after night rains, to admire anew lacy tamarack, budding alder, last year's brittle cattails (bleached by sun and snow), and follow Peter Schirek's eager

finger as he pointed out an American bittern poised in mid-step in the reeds, head and long beak pointing skyward, perfectly camouflaged by stance and dun feathers against the vegetation.

Watching a mink bravely completing a lake swim in the still-cold water and crawling ashore with a hot meal in its mouth for the awaiting young, was a very privileged sight, and on the same morning spotting a red-tailed hawk on a similar mission, heading to some skyscraping roost with a mouse in its talons, reinforced the meaning of the whole wilderness magic of balance and counter-balance.

We had congenial company, aged 14 to 67, clean, well-cleared portages, good camp site, magnificent scenery, ample river water and a perfectly proportioned route for a pleasant and exhilarating two-day paddle in spring.

Yes, the Black Fly-Agglomeration was building up reinforcements all day Saturday and by Sunday noon had unsheathed in earnest blood-letting weapons, but we came away in the nick of time, rich in the memories of nature's beauty and man's camaraderie.

With our canoe securely strapped to the pontoon of the Cessna 185, Pat and I took off from Agnew Lake about noon Friday, and after a fascinating flight over bush country marked with numerous small lakes, the pilot set us down forty minutes and one-hundred air kilometres later in a small bay at the little village of Biscotasing. We had a three hour wait for the rest of the party to arrive. The road from Sudbury had proven much rougher than anticipated. We had time to tour the village, inspect the well-stocked general store, and watch a couple of trains go through.

At 4:30 p.m. our four canoes were underway, with Jan and Suus Tissot, Bill and Joan King and their two sons Bill Jr. and Nelson. After a two-hour paddle up Lake Biscotasing, we made camp on a small island just before rounding the big bend.

Next morning, after paddling round the bend to the south end of the lake, we reached the river and stopped for lunch at a one-metre falls. The complex set of rapids a kilometre or so further looked formidable and we quickly agreed a portage was the wisest choice.

We reached our next campsite in the late afternoon, on a cliff where the river drops over one metre after flowing through a gorge. Preparing for bed that evening, we glanced at the light cloud formation and wondered about Jan's prediction that we were in for an all-day rain tomorrow. Half-way through the night it came; thunder, lightning, and a heavy downpour.

The rain continued through most of the next day. About noon, at the mouth of Snake River, we saw a fishermen's cabin perched invitingly on a height of ground. None too keen about the prospects of another wet camp-out, we decided to investigate. The cabin was unlocked and unoccupied. The guest log told us this was Shooting Star Camp - Lost Channel. One look at the wood-burning stove and the bunk beds and we voted to stay and dry out.

In the morning our spirits lifted as we watched the clouds slowly disappear and the sun break through. A few kilometres downstream we stopped at the fishing lodge at the mouth of Sinker creek, hoping to meet the owner of the cabin and express our appreciation, but were disappointed at finding him absent.

Just before Lebell Lake we scouted along the left shore to examine a tricky-looking three-hundred metre rapids ending in a small pool, followed by another set at a sharp bend in the river. Crossing the river, we went through the channel on the far right, stopped in the little pool for another look,

then through the last set around the bend into Lebell Lake.

After three more portages, we canoed a tricky set of rapids at an S-bend in the river about four kilometres below the Forks of the Spanish. The eddy after the first drop surprised us with its speed and power, and there were some tense moments as we entered it and exited before running to the next bend.

We camped that night on a sandy, grassy shore and the next day enjoyed many kilometres of almost continuous swifts and rapids without portages. One of the finest parts of the river, really a canoeist's dream.

At Spanish Lake we pitched our tents at a lovely split-level campsite on a pine, rock point. Agreeing that we had earned a rest, we stayed two nights, spending a beautiful, sunny Wednesday just loafing and enjoying the wilderness scene.

At the third set of the Graveyard Rapids we had our only difficulty. The last canoe turned too sharply into the eddy below a rock island and was flipped over by the strong upstream current. The occupants landed safely on the rock, but were unable to hold their canoe against the strong current. With the Big Graveyard Falls only two-hundred metres downstream, the tension was high as one of the waiting canoes made a grab for it and missed. The second one was successful and the canoe was towed to shore.

We camped at the falls and later that afternoon watched the FON group come through the rapids. They were no sooner out of the water than another group of three canoes arrived. The second of these swamped in the heavy waves. The occupants swam to shore, but only the quick action of a team from the FON group in assisting with the rescue, saved the canoe from going over the waterfall. The third canoe was lined through the rapids with two small boys in it, neither of whom was wearing a life jacket! This was an example of a group unprepared for this kind of river, their canoes unsuited to whitewater. We marvelled that they had survived this far.

One more camp. Then, after crossing the lake against a strong headwind we arrived late Saturday morning at Agnew Lake Lodge. While Bill and Nelson, Jan and Suus flew back to Bisco to pick up their cars, the rest of us spent a couple of hours at the lodge reminiscing over the trip and doing some "post mortems". We heard the disheartening news that engineering consultants are still making studies of the river and that Inco now plans two dams which would flood out the river all the way up to Spanish Lake. We hope this tragic destruction of a beautiful river can be prevented, so that canoeists will always be able to experience this great wilderness area.

## spanish river

George Barnes

The Spanish River Express was conceived as a three day weekend on the Spanish River. My scheduled vacation would not find the river at a reasonable water level and the three days were the most time I could spare. Indispensable to this concept was the use of an airplane to get to a point two and a half days paddling from our cars. One of the conveniences of this approach is having all your cars waiting at the return point.

Unable to book an early Saturday morning departure, I opted to fly in Friday evening and make camp at one of the finer campsites on the river. In the rush to get on the plane before darkness prevented flying, I left behind the stove gas. This fact was discovered the next morning. (Also, if anybody finds a set of keys by the cabin half-way down the west side of Spanish Lake, I should like to have them back.) Leaving stove gas behind automatically guarantees rain, and we had more than enough of it.

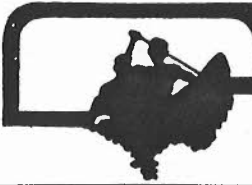
From Spanish Lake we ran a kilometre or two of rapid in the growing darkness, spotting a black bear on the way. No difficulty, the rapids were fairly easy and unerring navigation brought us directly to the campsite where we spent a leisurely morning looking for wood, building a fire, and cooking breakfast while waiting for the other two canoes to arrive.

The next day was spent running many riffles in good fast current and lazy paddling until we came to the Graveyard Rapids and two short portages. It seems that the people who were ahead of us, on the floatplane bookings, were also ahead of us on the campsite selection. Following a wet dinner and a wet breakfast, Sunday we embarked on a wet day's paddle. The last big rapid we lined (a euphemism for wading) on the right-hand side, and ran the easy part. At the bottom, I looked up at the center chute and said that it was runnable - a steep and difficult Grade III bouncing over a gravelly bed of boulders - strictly for experts. The least experienced crew immediately said that they would have followed me down if I had attempted it. Fellow organizers, watch the example you set!

The Spanish is an excellent river for canoe trippers without extensive whitewater experience. The nasty stuff is pretty obvious and therefore easy to avoid and there are several kilometres of easy rapids to get one used to the feel of whitewater.

Lloyd Poulton is the proprietor of Agnew Lake Lodge and Air Service. Talking with him about Inco's plans to dam the river, he informed me that Inco has owned water-power rights to the river since the turn of the century. There is no other land-tenure on the Spanish that has priority over Inco's rights. This seems to imply that stopping Inco from building more dams on the river could be interpreted by Inco as a form of expropriation. Preserving this river could be very difficult.





If you want to get out into the wilds to enjoy some Indian Summer weather, see the beauty of the forest in the fall, meet other members, and share tales of summer trips, or take a last fling at white water - all without those bothersome bugs - here is our fall schedule of trips. Some fall outings were announced in the summer issue and are repeated here. We are also listing some winter outings to permit early planning by organizers and participants alike.

Some of our outings are designated "exploratory" to indicate that the organizer has not personally travelled the route previously. Participants should note that this potentially increases the level of difficulty of the trip for all concerned.

We again remind you that our trip organizers are just that - organizers - they are not outfitters, guides, or instructors, but people who have volunteered to organize an outing and share the experience with you. Each participant is responsible for his/her own transportation, equipment and safety while on the trip.

### FALL TRIPS

#### October 6 - October 7 MAGNETAWAN RIVER

organizer: Ken Ellison 416-826-3120  
book immediately

This will be a 30 km trip from Ahmic Lake to Wahwashkesh Lake with twelve sets of rapids of various degrees of intensity. Advanced white-water skills are required. Limit 4 canoes.

#### October 6 - October 8 KILLARNEY CANOE TRIP

organizer: George Barnes 416-489-6077 (R)  
416-928-1258 (B)

book as soon as possible

This trip in the beautiful Killarney area will follow a course to be determined by discussion among the participants and may include some hiking. Suitable for beginners. Limit 4 canoes.

#### October 6 - October 8 MADAWASKA RIVER SOLO TRIP

organizer: Glenn Davy 416-621-9037  
book by Sept. 8

Another chance to run the beautiful and exciting Snake Rapids solo. An opportunity to sharpen paddling skills and experience the river a new way. (Canoists will be paired for camping to avoid needless duplication of equipment.) For advanced canoeists with whitewater skills. Limit of 4 canoes.



#### October 13 - October 15 SPANISH RIVER

organizers: Bill Kipkie & Stewart Gendron  
705-692-9261

book before September 30

An interesting section of a beautiful river, north-west of Sudbury. Suitable for intermediates or better. Limit 4 canoes.

#### October 14 FALL MEETING ACTIVITIES

book at the fall general meeting of the WCA

The following three activities will take place in conjunction with our annual fall general meeting to be held this year at Wildwood Lodge, near Wiarton. Full details will be available from the organizers at the meeting. In the event that any of these trips have too many participants we will endeavour to arrange more trips.

#### RANKIN RIVER OUTING (Roger Bailey)

A relaxing paddle into marshy wildlife preserves on the Rankin River.

#### BRUCE PENINSULA HIKE (Karl Schimek)

This will be an easy one day hike of about 20 km from Half Way Dump to Cabot Head along the Niagara Escarpment near Wiarton.

#### PHOTOGRAPHERS' DELIGHT (Sandy Richardson)

A photographic ramble to scenic caves overlooking Georgian Bay.

#### October 20 NORTH PICKERING HIKING TRAIL

organizer: Bill King 416-223-4646  
book before Oct. 6

This will be an easy-going day hike of about 12 km on a trail very near the outskirts of Metropolitan Toronto. There is easy automobile access to both ends. Come on out and enjoy the fall colours. Limit 10 hikers.

#### October 20 SAUGEEN RIVER

organizer: Howard Wickett 416-827-0383  
assistant: Ken Riepert 416-845-3608  
book before Oct. 6

The Saugeen from Durham to Hanover is an exciting trip for intermediates; a little white water, and many natural hazards which require precise manoeuvring in the fast current. Adequate calm stretches to get rested up for the next challenge. Approximately 20 km without portaging. Limit 6 canoes.

October 20 - October 21 BACKPACKING IN ALGONQUIN

organizer: Herb Pohl 416-637-7632  
book before Oct. 7

We will be hiking the small loop of the Western Upland Trail, approximately 35 km. Saturday will be strenuous so plan on travelling as light as possible. Easy going on Sunday. Limit 6 hikers.



October 20 - October 21 ALGONQUIN PARK

organizer: Ken Ellison 416-826-3120  
book before Oct. 7

This will be an exploratory trip from Achray to Squirrel Rapid, a distance of about 30 km with six to eight rapids. Scenery is beautiful with spectacular cliffs. Intermediate skills required. Limit 4 canoes.

October 28 UPPER CREDIT RIVER

organizer: Jim Greenacre 416-759-9956  
book between Sept. 30 and Oct. 14

A one day trip in the area immediately to the north-west of Metropolitan Toronto. Suitable for novices with basic canoeing experience. Limit 6 canoes.

October 27 - October 28 MUSQUASH RIVER

organizer: Glenn Davy 416-621-9037  
book between Sept. 29 and Oct. 13

A pleasant 25 km run in Muskoka for novice canoeists or solo paddlers with some experience. Cool weather camping experience would be an asset. Limit 4 canoes.

November 3 SOUTH MUSKOKA RIVER

organizer: Karl Schimek 416-222-3720 (R)  
416-439-6788 (B)  
book between Oct. 6 and Oct. 20

This 25 km run between Baysville and Mathias Dam has only a few portages and no rapids. Suitable for novices. Limit 6 canoes.

## WINTER TRIPS

December 22 - December 31 WINTER CAMPING ON LAKE SUPERIOR

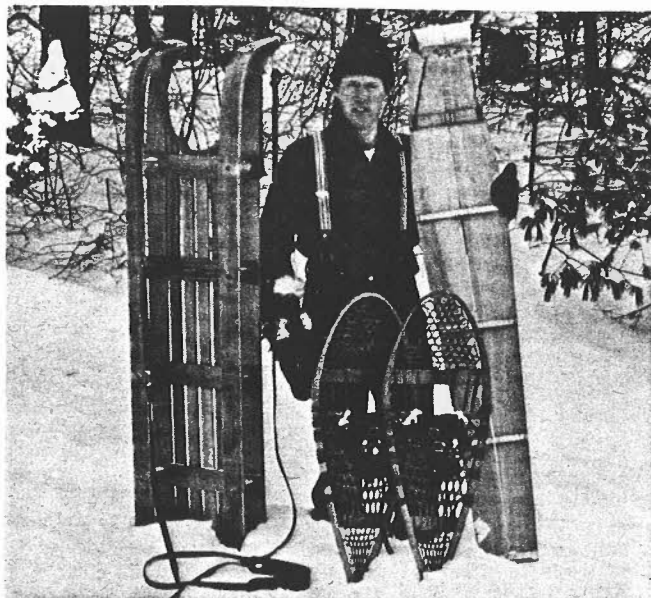
organizer: Glenn Davy 416-621-9037  
book during the month of November

This will be an exploratory trip in Lake Superior Provincial Park over the Christmas Holiday. The exact route and details will be determined by discussion among the participants. Suitable for experienced winter campers. Limit 4 people.

December 29 - December 31 SNOW SHOEING IN QUEBEC

organizer: Dave Berthelet 819-771-4170 (R)  
613-996-0153 (B)  
book during the month of November

This will be a strenuous snowshoe trip of 20 km (10 km breaking fresh trail) to a cabin in the Quebec forest north of Pembroke. Overnight accommodation will be in this cabin and the organizer will endeavour to lay in provisions before snow falls to avoid the necessity of heavy packs. This will nevertheless not be an easy trip and is recommended for those with previous experience and plenty of endurance. Limit 4 people.



February 2 - February 6 WINTER CAMPING

organizer: Craig MacDonald 705-766-2885

I am planning a snowshoe expedition crossing Algonquin Provincial Park, using native Ojibwa techniques and equipment. This will be a rare opportunity for W.C.A. members to learn at first hand the ancient skills of Bibonosheewin (wintering) as they have been practiced by generations of native people living in the wilderness. All camping gear (i.e. trail toboggans, wall tent, stove, cookware, etc.) will be supplied by me. Food costs will be shared. Participants will be responsible for their own personal clothing, footwear, sleeping bag, ground sheet, insulating pads, and snowshoes. Extensive winter camping experience will not be required as the group size will be limited, to permit individual instruction covering the necessary skills, en route.

Although the trip is well within the physical capabilities of the average W.C.A. member, participants will be asked to undertake, on their own, some long distance snowshoe walks shortly before the trip, so that they will be able to sustain at least seven hours of snowshoeing per day without excessive fatigue. If poor travel conditions prevail, the trip will be reduced to a Saturday-Sunday overnight in the vicinity of the Frost Centre, Dorset.

This venture is not meant to be a "sleep in the snowbank" or "cold tent" routine. On our travels we will enjoy the traditional life style known to generations of native people as the Bimadisawin (good life). Despite temperatures which may drop to -40°C you will be surprised by the high level of camp comfort that can be achieved from the all night warmth of an Indian style stove and the freedom of a large tent. You will learn the secrets of long distance snowshoe travel as practiced by Indians and northern woodsmen, which permit totally self-sustained trips of more than a month's duration without re-supply or the use of dogs. Limit 4 participants.

# to temagami by canoe from near toronto

Bruce Hodgins

David Taylor was probably the first person to trip to Temagami from the settled portions of what is now the Golden Horseshoe of Southern Ontario. He was undoubtedly the first white person to undertake a survey of Northeastern Ontario that was not done in connection with the fur trade. He canoed in the summer of 1837 from Holland Landing, north of Toronto to Temagami via Lake Simcoe, Penetang, Georgian Bay and the French, Sturgeon and Temagami Rivers. He returned via the Matabitchewan, Lake Temiskaming, the Mattawa and French Rivers and Georgian Bay. He began canoeing on July 27, reached Lake Temagami on September 1 and got back to Penetang on October 1, having canoed about 600 miles.

All this was done under the authority of the Upper Canadian Legislature. He was, in fact, only one of three surveyors checking different routes to determine "the practicability of making a navigable communication between the Ottawa and Huron." Needless to say, he did not find the Temagami route practicable. His account and that of the other two surveyors is found in the "Report of the Commissioners on the Survey of the Ottawa River" tabled in the Legislature in 1839. Thus, while many Upper Canadians prepared for Rebellion or to put down Rebellion, David Taylor set off north for what he called "Lake Tamagaminque."

Taylor resided in Kingston. Probably he was a junior British officer in the Royal Engineers, the unit which under Colonel By had just completed building the Rideau Canal. Under orders, Taylor arrived in Toronto with "six barrels of pork, and nine of biscuits, one tent etc." and reported for final instructions from the colonial government. Sent north up Yonge Street to Holland Landing, he found the canoes finished

but the "paint not dry". He secured the services of a canoe man, Louis Tupas, "at three pounds fifteen shillings per month, with the promise, if he behaved well, and exerted himself, something was to be added when our exploring should cease." After "peas, axes, and sundry small articles" were obtained in nearby Newmarket, the group including all three surveyors, embarked at 5:30 a.m. July 27, in three canoes on the Holland River. From Lake Simcoe they portaged over to the Nottawasaga River, descended it to Georgian Bay, paddled north out to Christian Island then into Penetanguishene where they tried unsuccessfully to get more men. A "cedar canoe" was, however, purchased for two pounds fifteen shillings.

Into the islands north of Penetang, the first surveyor (David Thompson, the former fur trader and veteran-western explorer) set off up the Muskogoh or Muskoka to the north-east. Off the Shawanaga River, the second did likewise. On August 10 Taylor observed the LaCloche Mountains on the North Shore and the next day reached an island near the eastern mouth of the French River. They had to pay an Indian five shillings to show them the mouth of the French River and the HBC post where they were received with "much kindness". The local manager procured him an Indian guide and stored provisions for his return trip. Taylor also abandoned the Penetang cedar canoe which was too heavy for portages. The guide was paid 2s. 6d. per day and furnished a small bark canoe to carry the "provisions and stores" to Lake Nipissing.

The two canoes left the post on August 14 and reached the Lake on August 19. The next day they reached the HBC post, then they proceeded eastward and withstood a ferocious wind and thunder storm which the guide said was so typical of Nipissing that crossing open water was "dreaded".

They entered the Sturgeon River and soon portaged 35 foot Sturgeon Falls, three-and-a-half miles upstream, and Sand Falls, up another seven miles amid huge cedars. The next day they passed Smoke Falls and proceeded upstream to "the Forks", that is the mouth of what is now called the Temagami River at River Valley. Up the "East Branch" (the Temagami River), he found the water, in late August, often very shallow, the land "principally granite", "craggy and broken", the forests pine and white cedar plus "ash, beach, birch, and larch, of an inferior growth," not suitable for agriculture. Clearly "good land" to Taylor was land capable of being farmed. After ascending the first major rapids and then the "nine mile rapid" even the pine was now "small, being about four and a half rings to the inch." Passing through Red Cedar they finally reached Cross Lake (which was called Lake Traverse) and then the 20 feet chute which he decided to name Tamagaminque Falls. After ascending small four foot rapids they then entered into "Lake Tamagaminque" in the afternoon of September 1.

Taylor was not at all impressed with the route as a suitable communication and over to the LaVase and on to link between the Ottawa and Huron. There were 19 portages between Nipissing and Temagami, many hard ones necessitating the use of ropes and dragging the canoes on the shore, and no soil fit for agriculture existed. To the north and north-west he estimated from the Indians that the land was even "worse." That night they stayed at the winter post of the HBC on the east side of Temagami Island. He found Temagami waters "deep and beautifully clear", abounding in fish, those caught in summer being mainly "black bass, carp, jack." After September 20 until freeze up, trout and whitefish were caught in great numbers by use of gill nets. Beaver, otter, mink, muskrat and

deer were caught and "sometimes moose". He was impressed that the lake flowed both to the Nipissing and the Ottawa, but seemed to think that the latter outlet was via the Matabitchewan. Taylor stayed at the HBC post for two nights and then struck out up the North-east Arm only to be wind bound by mid-afternoon.

On September 4 he left Lake Temagami from the head of the North-east Arm, passing by a portage into "a small lake" (Caribou) linked to Temagami, crossing that lake and portaging into another small lake and portaging out of it into "Fire Lake" (Cassels or WhiteBear), a lake whose shoreline had just been ravaged by fire. At the south of Fire they took a quarter mile carry to avoid a 22 foot fall into Wapoose (Rabbit) Lake. Here he noted red pine of considerable size. Descending the Matabitchewan, he reached the HBC post on Temiskamingue. The trip took two and a half days after leaving Temagami.

From Temiskaming, Taylor descended the Ottawa to the Mattawa, up it to the LaVase and on to Nipissing. He discharged his special Indian guide at the HBC post where he received great hospitality, and descended the French back to Georgian Bay. On October 1 he reached Penetang. He then auctioned off his remaining stores and provisions and proceeded to Toronto (probably by coach), arriving there on October 6. He wrote his report in Kingston.

It would be thirty years before another official party was in the Temagami area and later before the Lake itself was charted. An excellent copy of David Taylor's peculiar early map is in the Archives of the Temagami Lakes Association.

This article by WCA member Bruce Hodgins originally appeared in Temagami Times and is reprinted here with permission.

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### WILDERNESS CANOE ASSOCIATION MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

I enclose a Cheque for \$10 \_\_\_ student under 18  
\$15 \_\_\_ adult  
\$20 \_\_\_ family

for membership in the  
WILDERNESS CANOE ASSOCIATION. I understand that this entitles me/us to  
receive The Wilderness Canoeist, to vote (two votes per family member-  
ship) at meetings of the Association, and gives me/us the opportunity  
to participate in W.C.A. outings and activities.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ phone \_\_\_\_\_

Please check one of the following: ( ) new member application  
( ) renewal for 1979.

Notes: -This membership will expire January 31, 1980.  
-Please send completed form and cheque (payable to the Wilderness  
Canoe Association) to the membership committee chairman.

## AN EASIER WAY TO PORTAGE ?

Lennabelle Winn

For those of us who prefer lake travel to river travel or prefer portaging to running a set of rapids beyond the safe parameters of the trip we are on portaging can, occasionally, become tiresome.

In his book Wilderness Canoeing and Camping, Cliff Jacobson gives credit to a friend of his for developing a piece of equipment that serves a purpose similar to that of a tump line. But, in my opinion, it is much more comfortable and versatile than a tump. Following the directions given in his book, I constructed this "head piece" and have used it with comfort soloing various weights and types of canoes. I've loaned it to a six-foot man and a five-foot-one-half-inch woman, both of whom found the "head

piece" comfortable and thus, with it, easier to solo-carry a canoe.

This "head piece" can be sewn by machine in about ten minutes. The cost is minimal as it requires only a small piece of heavy canvas and two pieces of heavy rubber which can be purchased at an automotive supply for seventy-nine cents apiece. It fits onto any canoe that has drainage space between the outwale and inwale. Small holes can be drilled through a solid aluminum gunwale (as I have done for a canoe).

If you want to lighten your load when soloing a canoe, the instructions for this "head tump" may be found in Mr. Jacobson's book, or I will be happy to send you more detailed instructions. Write to L. A. Winn, 495 Glengarry Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5M 1E9. (It would be nice if you used a commemorative stamp on your envelope). Please include a self-addressed stamped envelope in which I'll return detailed instructions.

# products and services

### Need Help! Where To Get Packs Repaired????

Has anyone out there found a good person to repair canoe packs? I have tried several tent and canvas repair companies and several different shoemakers in Toronto with unsatisfactory results. If you know of someone who does a good job, I'd appreciate your sharing this "find". Please write L.A. Winn, 495 Glengarry Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5M 1E9. Thanks!

### Camping Equipment For Sale:

One Northface St. Elias tent (\$200); one eighteen-foot Crumman canoe with shoe-keel (\$300); one EMS Dhaulagiri winter sleeping bag (\$140); one Keltly Tioga (\$80) and one Jensen Pack XL (\$80). Contact Bob Davis, R.R. #1, Haliburton, Ontario, K0M 1S0. Phone (705) 754-2216.

### Coleman Craft Canoes:

Coleman Craft Canoes, of hand-layed-up fiberglass, are available in 12'8", 14'8", and 16' L.O.A., with either a lake 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: (519) 623-1804/1894. Shop located at 333 Dundas St. (Hwy. 8), Cambridge (Galt), Ontario.

### Wilderness Medicine:

In this handbook by William W. Forgey, M.D., are diagnosed from an instant-reference clinical index, sicknesses and injuries encountered in the bush by the canoeist, backpacker, climber, and cross-country skier. Medical treatment from "A" (abdominal pains) to "Y" (yellow fever) using two different self-assembled, multifunctional medical kits, is explained. Previews of the handbook acclaimed by Calvin Rutstrum, Sigurd Olson and other prestigious outdoor authorities/authors.

Published by Indiana Camp Supply Inc., June 1979. Format 5 1/2" X 8 1/2"; 124 pages; 20 line drawings; paperback; \$7.50. Order from the Canadian distributor: Mick Nickels, Box 479, Lakefield, Ont., K0L 2H0.

### Canoe For Sale:


Eighteen-and-a-half-foot cedar strip U.S.C.A. Marathon Cruiser design. New. Fiberglass exterior and interior. Weight 72 #. A fast, responsive canoe. Asking \$750. Call Wib Dawson, Selkirk, Ont., (416) 776-2584.

### Discounts on Camping Supplies:

WCA members who present a membership card will receive ten percent 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 Young St., Toronto.  
Rockwood Outfitters, 15 Speedvale Ave. E., Guelph.

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



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### Mad River Canoes:

Mad River Canoes will be available again this year from Rockwood Outfitters, in particular the Kevlar and Royalex Explorers. We have some Royalex Explorers for rent. As well, we handle an assortment of other excellent lines of fiberglass and Kevlar canoes such as Bluewater, Nova Craft and Woodstream. Come up and see us in Guelph. ROCKWOOD OUTFITTERS, 15 Speedvale Ave. E., Guelph, Ontario, N1H 1J2. Telephone (519) 824-1415.

### Spray Covers:

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