



the wilderness canoeist

volume 7 number 1

spring 1980

isle royale



This Lake Superior island, about seventy kilometres long and seven kilometres wide, is a U.S. National Park dedicated to hiking trails and wild life preservation in a wilderness setting.

The island has been visited by Indian and white copper miners, a few fishermen, and now the backpacker and boater. Travel is solely by foot along its three-hundred kilometres of footpaths or along its shore by boat. The main island and surrounding islands consist of the rocky tops of a series of underwater ridges running from southwest to northeast. Some of the troughs provide inland lakes and narrow bays. Aspen, birch, spruce and mountain ash are dominant with sugar maple and a few pine on the highest ridges. The groundcover is unusually lush and much of the time the trails are enclosed by waist-high thimbleberry. Varied colourful fungi are a persistent distraction. The few species of animals and birds that visit the island are abundant. The surprise is not to see moose or fox. In certain areas nighttime brings wolf calls.

The usual hike is from one end to the other, from Windigo Ranger Station in the southwest to Rock Harbour Ranger Station in the northeast, or vice versa. The Lake Superior campsites are better than the inland sites. A good plan would be to hike lengthwise along a ridge, pitch an early camp, leave your backpack and then walk vertically over the ridges and troughs. The frequent high points provide vistas of craggy bluffs, bays and bush of the island, and vast colourful panoramas of the North Shore. Some campsites have a few wooden shelters that sleep about six; fires are not allowed except at the odd campsite so stoves must be taken. Only designated campsites may be used. Water must be boiled five

minutes or filters used due to a bug passed on by the wildlife. About eighteen thousand vacationers visit each year, half on foot and half on water. I would think that July and August would be people and bug infested. In September it was quiet, (apart from the jet flyway) bug free and prolific with blossoms, berries and four legged creatures. The trails are absolutely litterless, not overworn, and have boardwalks protecting the bogs from hikers' boots. The small map that the Ranger provides, supported by a few discreet signs at intersections amply assures whereabouts. Bare necessities can be purchased at Windigo or Rock Harbour (where a lodge provides the only commerce on the island).

Access to the Island is from Thunder Bay, Grand Portage, Houghton or Copper Harbour in Michigan. The boat ride can be rough and takes about four to six hours. The cost is about twenty dollars (add four dollars if you take a canoe). From Thunder Bay or Houghton you can charter a five seat seaplane for one-hundred and twenty five dollars one way. The forty minute flight allows a beautiful overview of the island before your hike.

This is a great trip off-season, one that can fit into a week vacation, is suitable for all ages and offers much for the photographer. A small group is recommended.

Rob Butler

For further information write: Isle Royale National Park, National Park Service, 87 North Ripley Street, Houghton, Michigan, 49931.

quetico

a family holiday

Bill King

For the last five Augusts, the Kings, Bill, Joan, Billy and Nelson, have had a family canoe trip. This year it was in Quetico Park, west of Lake Superior.

Our first discovery was that it is a long way, 1800 plus kilometres. This means that adequate driving time must be planned on either end depending on how many hours per day your family is prepared to drive.

We arrived about 10:30 a.m. on Sunday, August 19th, to be greeted by a real double whammy. First, all entry permits for Nym Lake entry point were gone for that day (and only four remained for the next.) Like Algonquin Park, the people at Quetico are anxious to preserve the wilderness quality of the interior by avoiding overloading of the facilities, hence, rationing. This disappointment can be avoided at a cost of two dollars by writing ahead for an entry permit reservation to: Reservations, Quetico Provincial Park, Ministry of Natural Resources, Nym Lake, Atikokan, Ont., P0T 1G0.

Second, due to the fact that my park literature was out of date, we first learned of their "can and bottle ban" at the gate. As several of our dinners revolved around a can of meat and the situation seemed a bit hard to remedy on a Sunday, we decided to chance it but we risked a healthy fine by so doing if we happened to be spot-checked. The regulation is clearly worthwhile as the difference in garbage-level between "interior" and "exterior" areas shows.

So, feeling a bit deflated, we paddled a grand total of about three-hundred metres to an exterior campsite (fortunately, very pretty) to await the morrow. From this vantage point we watched a steady stream of parties return to the entry point. The most interesting comprised two thirty foot freight canoes each jammed full of small children, all paddling like mad. They looked like a centipede swimming across a pond. After dropping off their charges, one of the leaders, we could only assume on a bet, swam at least a mile across the lake towing one of the huge canoes after him.

The family's fishing ambitions took a sudden down turn when our only lure, after surviving about four casts, went flying off into the sunset. Bill was awarded the worm-digging concession for the trip!

Our route for the next two days took us south and west through several small lakes. The predominant wildlife we encountered was other campers. One party consisted of thirty-six Americans in twelve canoes. This isn't suppose to be allowed but it's hard for the rangers to stop it when the people come separately and then meet up. The low point came at the ill-named Loneley Lake where we couldn't find an unoccupied campsite! For the next five days after that, however, we were completely on our own.

Our first three days were hot and sunny, if a trifle humid. For the next eight days we had rain every day! We thought we had been unlucky but the rangers told us this was the driest August in the last three. Quetico's literature boasts of it's low average annual rainfall but unfortunately over thirty percent of the rain falls in July and August and the dry months are January and February. Good raingear and waterproofing of equipment is an essential. We spent one day on Sturgeon Lake, wind and rainbound, but on other days were able to travel on with only occasional gnashing of teeth.



Our route was designed to follow the rivers which form the western boundary of the park. From Sturgeon Lake we followed the Maligne River to Lac La Croix and then followed in turn the Namakan and Quetico Rivers. These rivers are very scenic but, for whitewater types, are technically unsatisfying in that the great majority of the rapids are either too hard to be run (most



containing waterfalls) or too easy to provide any challenge. The beauty of the falls and the abundance of wildlife more than compensated. Firsts for us were a swimming beaver in broad daylight and two different species of eagles (bald and golden) as well as many varieties of ducks and wading birds and an extremely tame turtle.



One of our few enjoyable rapids was located on the Namakan River just beyond the Indian community. We were in the process of running this, rather gingerly due to the presence of Snake Falls just beyond, when one of the Indians brought a fishing party through in grand style using a big Starcraft with outboard motor - the advantages of local knowledge! Twin Falls on the Maligne and Snake Falls on the Namakan are particularly scenic.

We found the park map to be sometimes inaccurate in such details as the location and length of portages but we understand that there is a more recent edition. Our most enjoyable misadventure occurred on the last day when young Bill and I, as an orienteering exercise, attempted to locate a hard-to-spot portage by map and compass bearings. We were very proud of ourselves when we paddled directly to a portage trail. However, the trail seemed somewhat overgrown and didn't bring us out to the part of the lake which we had expected. It turned out to be an old disused trail of whose existence even the rangers were unaware! Going up the Quetico River gave us several opportunities to practice tracking our canoes, a skill little used by "downriver" types like ourselves.

The homeward leg of our trip was through the rock and lake country of the northern part of the park. For the most part this area seemed little used. Every so often signs of civilization would intrude such as the flag bravely flying at the shoreline of Beaverhouse Lake or the moment when, following an old disused logging chute on the Quetico River, we came upon an old rusted roadster, probably of 1920's vintage, minus all its removable parts.

Most of my trip notes for this section seem to relate to the weather. Looking at the positive side, we were at least fortunate in having good weather at opportune times like mealtimes or when breaking camp. We were also able, now that we were heading east, to take advantage of the strong westerly winds to do some canoe sailing on one or two lakes.

The intellectual low point of our trip came at the last portage on McAlpine Creek where we not only left behind Nelson's watch and my favourite rope but required



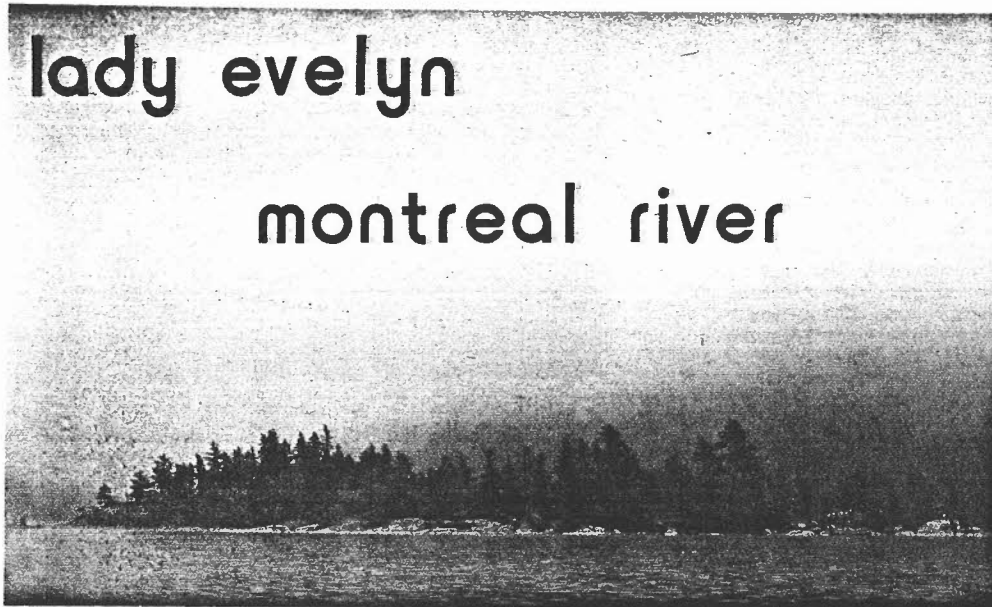
two separate trips back to get them. Moreover, we had an extra hot meal having been gyped one night when I gave up trying to light a fire in a downpour. The boys were determined to have it despite the generally sodden conditions, so one and one-half hours later - "voilà", macaroni and cheese. It's a good thing we had more time than brains.

Our last campsite was probably the loveliest of all. It was a rocky, multilevel island in Batchewaung Lake which featured natural rocky shelters, small coves and windy points projecting out into the lake. It had so many flat areas it could take an army (and probably had.) For some strange reason, considering that it was on the main access route to this section of the park, it's numerous blueberry bushes were still laden with fruit. As we sat on a rocky point that evening enjoying blueberry bannock and a beautiful sunset after an evening thunderstorm, we determined that, even if we were never able to return to Quetico ourselves, we would at least recommend it to other families seeking peace, beauty and a genuine feeling of experiencing the wilderness together.



lady evelyn

montreal river



Story: Claire Brigden

Photos: David Cox

Inspired by Hep Wilson's valuable guide, "Temagami Canoe Routes," a party of eight in four canoes slipped away from the cement ramp at Mowat's Landing late last August and headed southwest toward Lady Evelyn Lake.

It was good to feel the motion of the slurping water of the Montreal River under the canoe after a six-hour drive. We moved away from the flats toward good old rugged Precambrian Shield with brisk alacrity. Within thirty minutes we had entered canoeists' heaven with tall pines, rugged shoreline and deep dark waters. The first campsite provided all the amenities: roominess, firewood, and "The View." Organization and shakedown were "de rigueur" and there was lots of laughter and rummaging through packs that first meal, to find required items.

Since this was not a W.C.A. trip, we ran it differently and two of us sat down the previous Wednesday with four hundred dollars, eight days' menus, and wrote up three separate food lists in two hours. Armed with these we phoned in our cheese, bacon and processed meat order to a delicatessen, and then headed out to shop in two camping stores for freeze dried foods and the Dominion for the rest. (Only Dominion has Surprise Peas.) We were back and unloaded in less than two hours.

Thursday I purchased all the Knorr soups from our little local bakery and also six loaves of heavy rye bread (of different flavours) made by Annette Bakery. Great bread! Deli order ready to go.

That evening was packaging-and-packing night and six of us put the whole eight days food supply plus recipes into two packs in three and one-half hours. If, for instance, a recipe called for salt, pepper, onion flakes and a bullion cube, these were pre-measured and packaged and put in with the buklier ingredients and the rest of the menu in a small garbage bag, which was then labelled for day and meal. We kept staples like tubes of peanut butter, margarine and tea in a large strong plastic lunch pail, which we could open at any meal. One big canoe pack carried our utensils and most of the bread and other bulky items, while two large packs carried the lion's share of the food. We also had a day pack in which we kept each day's lunch, snack foods and juice crystals so that the big packs weren't touched from nine to five. (The cheese, preserved meats and bread, by the way, were individually wrapped in "J" clothes soaked in vinegar and we carried extra vinegar for re-moistening.)

This food system worked admirably with one campfire, rotating chefs and dishwashers. Each day's food was easy to find in the three labelled bags and the lunch box was always handy for honey, coffee, etc. We needed string bags in which to suspend clean dripping dishes but otherwise our kitchen was pretty streamlined. The disadvantages to this system are: 1) the menus might not suit those with dietary problems or those who are

vegetarians 2) for two or three big cook pots or a large frying pan, a wood fire with a grill is more practical than portable stoves, thus depleting the local natural resources 3) some people might prefer more independence and 4) big men eat more than small women. Therefore the fifty dollars per head would seem inequitable. The advantages are the great camaraderie which is one of the things camping is all about, and the rotation of chores with "days off." (It is great to lie there and watch others work). Anyway it worked for us, and we all had a marvellous time. I kept all the garbage, by the way, and came back with a little plastic bag containing nine small flattened cleaned tins, two pieces of tinfoil and some twist ties.

We had decided on that first night to keep the cooking simple, so one of us cooked up a big beef stew ahead of time and packed it in two large plastic milk cartons, stapled at the tops. We also had spiced and buttered french sticks of bread wrapped in tinfoil. The dessert was raw fruit and fruitcake. Someone brought carrot and celery sticks. Painless!

The next day found us portaging over the government dam into Lady Evelyn Lake and braving a brisk wind shovelling choppy waters at us from the south. We took it easy that day in consideration of those a little short on "condition" and in view of the wind, and camped on an island.

Monday took us to the beautiful eskers reaching out into the lake in long brown fingers. The wind had died completely, leaving the water oily and glistening in the hot sun. Only the cry of an occasional bird broke the silence. It was another world in the labyrinth of green-capped dunes with the water shimmering over sandy bottoms. We marvelled at the sudden transformation once we entered the fingers, where aquatic vegetation flourished all around us fenced in by the tawny sand banks. Button bush and blueberry bushes and bracken lay in their respective locations from the water's edge, and big pines and cedars stood sentinel duty in long ridges on the tops of each "finger." The old story of the manipulation of the water level by Man the Developer has seriously affected these eskers, making the edges raw from the wash of too high a water line, and the big trees topple over the banks as erosion insidiously undercuts the fringes of each dune.

We had our lunch at the eskers and then headed for Skelton Lake and set up camp on the southernmost island before exploring the river and falls at the end of the lake. The island we chose abounded in blueberries and we picked enough for meals for two days. Opposite, the shoreline rose in a mighty hill, steep and cliff-like which echoed back our shouts, and to which trees clung precariously, sometimes in patches, sometimes courageously alone, pressed against the unforgiving rock face. The island was high and alone, pressed against the unforgiving rock face. The island was high and afforded a wonderful view all around. A little rain that evening sprinkled us.

On we went the next morning past forests of cattails along the shallow edges of the lake until we came to a narrow left turn into a very big bay, very shallow everywhere and full of the dry rattling rushes, stumps, and dead trees winnowed down to hollow cylinders, useful now only for decoration or a tree swallow's nest. Up between narrow walls of black spruce and cedar and tamarack we paddled through a creek which once gurgled over big brown boulders but now, flooded enough for canoes, posed no hazard other than a sharp lookout for rocks, and careful maneuvering. This took us into Hobart Lake which graced the foot of Maple Mountain. Here we pitched camp at noon and ate while we watched others go by on their intended journeys to the mountain's summit or their descent from it. In the afternoon, while others slept, my partner and I paddled back to the big reed-clogged bay and explored other creeks and tributaries. Oh, to have been there in June, with moose browsing at the edges and marsh birds by the thousands nesting among the reeds. It must be quite a banquet for the senses, to ingest so much sound and sight and rich aroma, in the season of replenishment. Nothing in late August remained except the odd late sparrow and maturing mergansers. Silence reigned. It seemed a period of patient waiting for some unknown mysterious contingency. Breath-holding. We paddled back to camp subdued by the atmosphere of a sun-tinged land slowing its pulsebeat in acquiescence to the ever-slanting rays.

Alas, Wednesday dawned damp and heavily laden with soupy mist. Seven stalwart people paddled off after breakfast to climb Maple Mountain. Three enticing books and the hooded sky appealed to the lazy bone in me and I waved the others off. As the day wore on I made the acquaintance of a curious little mouse who filched granola, a pair of thrushes nervously flitting and hopping after cowering insects, brown creepers and nuthatches on their pest patrols up and down the trunks and limbs of trees, and a pair of very domestic-minded red squirrels bent on cleaning up all remnants of stray morsels, and not-so-innocently curiously regarding the contents of plastic bags. Even a crow payed a cursory call, but felt uneasy about that silent creature lying motionless at the tent door, and flicked off after a quick helicopter drop-and-pickup exercise.

The others slipped and plodded their way up through the wet shroud and eventual rain, triumphantly scaling the last height of the fire tower, apparently able to see patches of water and hillside here and there, and returned invigorated by the healthy exercise. They ate their money's worth that night!

Thursday we moved on through bouldery portages into Anvil Lake where we lunched on a long sandy spit which stretched almost to within touching distance of its counterpart reaching out from the opposite shore. There is a beautiful and breezy red pine camp site on this lake but we kept going and scrambled and clawed up through the lake and creek chain, each portage becoming more rugged and bouldery than its predecessor; each lake diminishing in size; each shoreline closing in with its tight ranks of black spruce, tamarack and cedar until we stood at the top of the divide on the north shore of a gem of a lake sharing its secret peace. We bedded down wherever we could find a smooth pocket or apron on this rough surface. The most exquisite mosses and lichens grew here, oversized and spongy from the frequent misting they received, and their greyness blended in with the rocks so perfectly that both enjoyed the whimsy of camouflage.

It was an oval jewel, this lake, and the next morning's dawn and heavy mist played hide and seek with it. First the tips of the spruce appeared around the rim, then were gone to be replaced by a glint of rippling water, then an island slunk into silhouette, only to slip away behind the vapour, bunching, thinning, lifting, sinking until at last the sun gained sufficient ascendancy to terminate the game and set the world about its duties of the day.

We shook out into the cold dampness and moved off for the next small lake and finally the "Big Effort." Before us lay a portage three kilometres long and we partook of a snack at the outset to add comfort to the enterprise. It was a very good trail, actually, and the footing was excellent all the way. Both we and the forest grew warm in the strengthening sun and we plodded up and over and gradually down, down, down. It took two trips to bring everything through, and lunch and frequent drinks eased the work. Finally everyone and

everything was assembled in good humour at the marge of Mendelssohn Lake where we collapsed momentarily and surveyed the mud.

The thought of cool water on burning feet finally egged us on and we squelched through muck occasionally knee deep, to load and launch the canoes in this clinging sucking mud in the shallow, marshy backwater. When we rounded the bend into the open lake a good campsite presented itself on the left, but we kept going four kilometres to the other end of the lake, and camped on pure sand. Actually, when in need of shelter from wind and wave, this would have proved a poor choice, as the cedars grew thick and close at our backs on poorly drained land and we would have been hard put to find a space for more than two tents, and would have wished for the campsite at the other end. As it was, we had a little rain but Saturday dawned fair and still and we headed into the current of Spray Creek, winding our way downstream past close intimate banks of sand or pure clay or a mddy mixture, twisting past dipping maples, muskrat holes, mink scats, clam furrows, beaver trails and all the myriad traces of the life of a stream. The creek finally opened up into a big elbow dammed by a beaver engineering masterpiece over one metre high, and on down to join the main artery of the broad Montreal.

We had left the rugged shield at our backs and to our right and all around lay the broad flat river bank which stretched away on both sides of the moving water. The big maples in their predominance attested to the rape of the coniferous forests by long-gone loggers and a lot of the romance of the previous scenery was gone with the pines, leaving only maple, birch, and aspen on this muddy foundation to flank the route, where any campsite would be almost impossible to find.

Well, never mind, a nice smooth paddle lay ahead. Hmmmnnnnnn. Our hopes were premature, for a breeze sprang up which became a veritable blow, and on the wide water it concentrated on trying to push us back upstream. We worked. Mile after mile into the face of the wind we paddled and paddled all the rest of the day, fighting the waves. Mowat's Landing hove in sight at 6:15 p.m. and a mighty sweet sight it was indeed. Here we had a parley. To camp, or not to camp, that was the question. The vote favoured a motel in Temagami, and so to Temagami we betook ourselves to fall into the booths of a Chinese restaurant and indulge!

The motel proved to be the wisest choice of the whole trip. The next morning the heavens unloaded millions of gallons of water and provided a grand display of the power of lightning, wind and rain at its peak. It was one of the biggest storms all summer, stretching from Cochrane to Barrie, and we were under the dome of its fury. On the drive home it was even necessary to pull off the road twice to spare the canoes possible damage. A great finale to a marvellous holiday with grand people and the right equipment. I'm sure we'll be reminiscing about that one to the next generation and the next after that.





news briefs

ENVIRONMENTAL CONCERNS COMMITTEE QUESTIONNAIRES

Throughout the summer the E.E.C. of Canoe Ontario circulated a questionnaire to determine what rivers were being used for canoeing and to what extent the users valued these rivers. The Conservation Committee of the WCA assisted in mailing a copy to all our Ontario members. The questionnaires have now received some initial analysis and some conclusions can be drawn. The questionnaire format and the size of the sample would not be defined as statistically rigorous. Nevertheless, some interesting findings leap out.

Out of the total of over 100 responses, the Spanish River and Algonquin Park rate the highest in terms of generating questions in feedback, with 15 responses each. The Madawaska produced 10, while the French and Killarney Park yielded six. The Missinabi, Magnetawan and the Apsley area each generated 4 responses.

One questionnaire does not mean one canoeist. For example, a group of 20 people may have completed only one questionnaire. In terms of total users, the Spanish River scored highest with 100 users; the Madawaska was next with 77, followed by Algonquin (56), Killarney (49) and the French (35).

Concerning the extent to which the canoeing experience met or exceeded expectations, once again the Spanish scored highest. 9 out of the 15 responses in the Spanish indicated that expectations were exceeded as compared with 4 out of 15 for Algonquin and 4 out of 10 for the Madawaska.

Finally, from an examination of future potential trips once again the Spanish River was selected as the one that most people indicated they planned or would like to canoe: 127 responses. The Madawaska came second with 103 followed by Algonquin (71) and the French (60).

One interesting note is that for two trips the Albany was described as the river they would most like to take, 23 responses compared with 19 for the Missinabi and 12 for the Winisk. It is interesting that so many people dreamed of canoeing the Albany and yet only one response indicated they had ever done so.

In conclusion, based on these questionnaires, Ontario canoeists seem to be clustered between 11 areas. Algonquin Park, the Spanish, the Madawaska, the French, Killarney Park, the Missinabi, the Magnetawan, the Apsley area, the Groundhog, the Gibson-MacDonald route and the Chapeau.

The Spanish River scored highest on every account, to the extent that the results look suspicious! For example, I doubt that more people canoe the Spanish than in Algonquin Park. Perhaps more Canoe Ontario active members who fill out questionnaires do so, or perhaps the impending trouble with INCO and Hydro on the Spanish resulted in a higher rate of return than expected. In any case however, the Spanish River occupies an important place in the total picture of Ontario's canoeing resources.

Two other items of note are the high percentages of kayakers who are concentrated on the Madawaska. This concentration may suggest some special status for kayaking on the Madawaska and the high dream-fantasy function played by the Albany.

The results of the questionnaire will prove useful to the Environmental Concerns Committee because of the information inherent in each questionnaire, because of the arguments we can make in terms of river popularity and finally because of the manner in which they will help us improve questionnaires.

Robin Reilly (Canoe Ontario)

MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS

Many members have not yet renewed for 1980! Your membership expired at the end of January.

Please renew immediately, or this is the last copy of the newsletter that you will receive.

YOUTH ENCOURAGEMENT FUND

This fund was created to assist our student members to participate in major wilderness trips and to attend courses to improve their canoeing or wilderness camping skills.

Thanks to the generous support of members, this fund has over the past three years assisted about 10 of our younger members to take whitewater courses and to take part in major canoeing and backpacking expeditions. The YEF Committee hopes to continue this work again this year, and invites interested members to send their contributions to the treasurer (payable to the Wilderness Canoe Association, and indicating that the money is for the Youth Encouragement Fund.)

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE

Articles, photographs (black & white or colour prints, and colour slides are all acceptable), trip reports, book reviews, equipment comments etc. are, as always, needed for our next issue. Please send material to the editor by May 15 for inclusion in the summer issue.

CANADIAN NATURE TOURS

Canadian Nature Tours offers a wide variety of outfitted trips - canoeing, backpacking, horseback riding, photography - to wilderness areas throughout North America, from the Arctic to the Baja, from Grand Manan to Vancouver Island. All trips are lead by experienced wilderness travellers and naturalists.

Canadian Nature Tours are co-sponsored by the Canadian Nature Federation and the Federation of Ontario Naturalists. The W.C.A. is a member organization of both the C.N.F. and the F.O.N., and as such all W.C.A. members are eligible to take part in these trips.

Complete details of all 1980 trips will be found in the Canadian Nature Tours brochure enclosed with this issue.

F.O.N. SUMMER CAMP

The Federation of Ontario Naturalists is reviving an old tradition this summer - their summer camp for adults. Set in a rustic lodge on the Bruce Peninsula, the camp offers many activities focusing on a variety of areas of natural history, and trips to the Dorcas Bay nature reserve and Flower Pot Island. All activities are lead by well known naturalists. The camp runs from June 29 - July 4.

Further information on the camp and F.O.N. Spring Trips may be found in the brochure enclosed with this issue. The W.C.A. is a federated club of the F.O.N., and all trips are open to W.C.A. members.

Dear Editor:

I read with great laughter the description of the French River trip in the last issue, as we went on the identical trip at the same time. We too went 2 km out

of our way down Hammerhead Bay, for which I as navigator was quite lambasted; I was delighted to hear that I have companions in misfortune so that I can explain to my comrades that it was an error made by many great paddlers.

Larry Bagnell

CANOE INSTRUCTION COURSES

Often we meet people who ask where they can obtain instruction in basic paddling techniques. Since the W.C.A. does not offer this type of service, the Outings Committee has put together the following list of organizations offering canoeing instruction to assist members looking for such instructional courses.

- 1) Georgian College,
401 Duckworth St.,
Barrie, Ontario, L4M 3X9.
705-728-1951
- 2) Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority,
5 Shoreham Drive,
Downsview, Ontario, M3N 1S4.
416-661-6600
- 3) Outdoor Education Service,
Box 428,
Postal Station 'A',
Scarborough, Ontario, M1K 5C3
416-298-0353 (Steve Magee)
- 4) Seneca College Outdoor Pursuits Centre,
Seneca College, King Campus,
R.R. #3, King City, Ontario, L0G 1K0.
416-884-9901, ext.260
- 5) St. Clair College, Thames Campus,
1001 Grand Avenue West,
Chatham, Ontario, N7M 5W4.
519-354-9100

This is certainly not a complete listing of courses available, nor is the W.C.A. specifically endorsing any of the courses listed; it is intended simply as an aid to members looking for instructional courses. (Members knowing of other organizations offering instruction are asked to give the details to the Outings Committee.)

A list is also being prepared of places where one can obtain: a) whitewater instruction, b) courses in canoe instruction, and c) organized trips on which skills are taught. Anyone interested in this information is asked to contact Claire Brigden of the Outings Committee at 416-481-4042.

WILDERNESS EMERGENCY CARE COURSE

Humber College is running (year round) an excellent first aid course called Wilderness Emergency Care. (Also a wilderness survival course which looks good, but I haven't taken it yet.) It is beefed up considerably beyond the level of most laymen's courses; St. John's certification is included, but it is by no means as difficult as the course exercises proper.

We attended 14 3-hour evening classes, a "field day" of outdoor exercises, and a cardio-pulmonary resuscitation weekend. There is a great deal of time spent on practice simulations, often outdoors. Making leg splints and spine boards out of paddles and skis was perhaps the most fun, but many other topics like snakebites, allergic reactions, heat stroke, food poisoning and epileptic seizure are covered as well. So far as I know, there is no other course like it; we had people commuting from London and Burk's Falls to take it.

(John Cross)

CANOE INSTRUCTION COURSE

The Y.M.C.A. will be offering its annual canoe instruction course, "Canoe '80", on the weekend of May 30 - June 1 at Camp Pine Crest. The director again this year is W.C.A. member Larry Bagnell. For more details and course schedule call or write Larry at the Y.M.C.A. Camping Service, 36 College St., Toronto, Ontario, M5G 1K8; 416-922-7474.

FOUND

A black toque was found on the ski trail of the Boyne River School at the Annual Meeting. Contact Jim Greenacre: 416-759-9956.

BRIEFS...

UPPER OTTAWA RIVER

Peter Healy is interested in obtaining information about canoeing the Ottawa River from the south end of Lake Temiskaming to Ottawa-Hull. How difficult a trip it is, length of portages, availability of campsites, etc. Anyone who has canoed this river and could give some first-hand information is asked to contact Peter at 102 Douglas Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5M 1G6.

FUR TRADE CANOE ROUTE

Lisa McCormick is interested in retracing the voyageurs' canoe route from Lake Nipissing to Montreal, and would like information from anyone with first-hand experience of all or any of this historic route. Anyone who can assist is asked to contact Lisa at: 39022 Byers Dr., Sterling Heights, Michigan 48078, U.S.A.

EIGHTH ANNUAL DON RIVER DAY

This annual Toronto event is being held Saturday April 19 at 10:30 a.m., starting from Serena Gundy Park (Leslie and Eglinton). Canoeists in the Metro Toronto area are invited to bring along their families (and deodorant?) and join in the fun, canoeing the most industrialized river in Canada. For further information please call George Luste at home 416-534-9313, or at work 416-978-7047.

OUTDOOR ONTARIO

As many of you may know, Outdoor Canada Magazine has started a new Outdoor Ontario section. Sheila Kaighin, editor of Outdoor Canada, has invited W.C.A. members participating in our "more interesting activities and who are capable of writing interesting, informative, 'tight' articles," to contribute material to Outdoor Ontario. She believes that many of the activities of the W.C.A. would be of interest to their Ontario readers.

She has sent along a few copies of Outdoor Canada's "Writers' and Photographers' Guidelines" which should be helpful to anyone interested; these may be obtained by contacting the newsletter editor.

SPECIALTY BOOKS

A useful source of supply for those interested in the literary-historical aspects of canoeing is Oxbow Books, Box 244, Clarkson, Mississauga, Ontario, L5J 3Y1, 416-822-9700. I obtained a number of interesting historical map facsimiles, and also an original edition of The Rob Roy on the Jordan, a classic of recreational canoeing literature.

(John Cross)

NATURE PHOTOGRAPHY SEMINAR

The Latow Photographers' Guild of Burlington is sponsoring a one-day seminar on nature photography with Leonard and Maria Zorn on Saturday April 19. Brochures are available from the newsletter editor.

RECIPES WANTED FROM WILDERNESS CANOEISTS

Anne Taylor is preparing a cookbook specifically designed with the wilderness canoeist in mind. Members are invited to send along some of your favourite recipes and packing, planning or food preparation tips for inclusion in the book. All contributions will be credited.

Please send your ideas to Anne Taylor, 44 Ralph St., Ottawa, Ontario, K1S 4A4.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please send all change of address information to the membership chairperson Paula Schimek, so that all club lists can be updated.

annual meeting

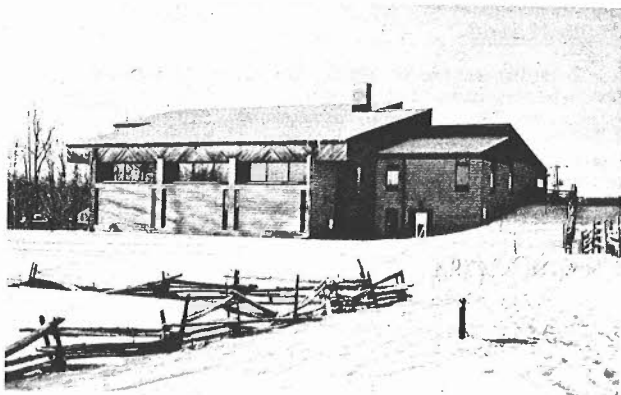
Story: Tom Boardman
Photos: Sandy Richardson

Members arrived at the Boyne River Natural Science School near Shelburne after 8:30 p.m., February 15 for the Annual General Meeting of the Wilderness Canoe Association. A duty teacher was there to familiarize them with the facilities. Once people had chosen where to "bed down", a substantial snack was laid on and the rest of the evening was spent looking around the interesting and extensive facilities. John Cross had collected a large number of 16 mm sound films on a variety of topics dealing with whitewater instruction, survival techniques, safety precautions, and slides from a number of W.C.A. trips, most particularly of the Algonquin Winter Hike organized by Craig Macdonald.

The Business meeting was called for 9:30 a.m. Saturday. There were some 35 adult members present; there seemed to be enough to occupy the children with skiing and game activities. The chairman, Herb Pohl, expressed some concern at the small number of members present. Perhaps the poor weather early on Friday or the excessive amount of flu around had something to do with this. Some explanations were given of the on-going problems associated with the constitution and incorporation. The treasurer's report was presented and an auditor appointed. Details of these and other matters discussed will be found in the official minutes of the meeting.

It appears that there will have to be an increase in fees, but not for at least another year. The election of directors is a major item of business at the Annual General Meeting, and prospective directors were given an opportunity to state their qualifications and views of the club and its philosophy. The chairman spoke for Bill King who was not present. Roger Bailey, Bill King and Glenn Spence were elected by ballot to serve two year terms. New appointments of committee chairmen and officers were announced. Claire Bridgen is the new secretary, but unfortunately was not present. Jerry Hodge will take over the Conservation Committee, and he spoke briefly on some of the positive approaches he would like to see the W.C.A. take. Other committee chairmen and officers remain the same for the coming year.

THE BOYNE RIVER NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOOL

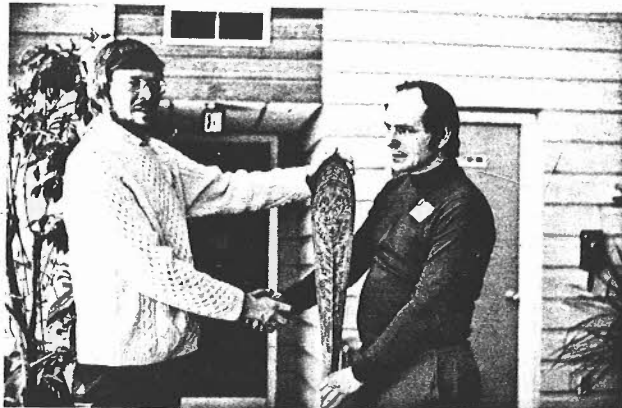


Since many of the W.C.A. members are teachers or have children in the Toronto Educational System, perhaps a brief description of this school may be of particular interest.

The concept of the school is that is an extension of the classroom into the outdoors. All grade six pupils in the Toronto system have an opportunity to spend a school week there with their class and teacher on a voluntary basis with the permission of their parents. Pupils are oriented quickly into what is expected of them and they keep the place tidy and serve and clean up at meal times. There is a staff of about twelve teachers, director and nurse along with kitchen and maintenance people.

The school is run by the former principal of the Toronto Island Natural Science School and may be

The business meeting was closed with a special presentation. Gord Fenwick, being a founding member and having resigned from office after a long and active period of participation, was presented with a beautiful paddle, hand carved by Richard Nash in the traditional Malecite Indian style, as a token of esteem.



The business meeting was kept to the time limit so that lunch was not delayed and almost everyone was able to enjoy the cross-country skiing in the afternoon.

Jim Greenacre ran the slide contest at 4 p.m. with brief comments on each slide. Almost 80 slides were entered, but fewer exhibitors took part this year than last. Comments from the judges were that the slides were of superior quality this year. Jim gave out the prizes in the various categories at the end of the showing. Sandy Richardson received the top award.

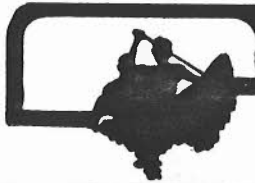
After a beef stroganoff dinner, members met in the lounge for a slide show of an "exploration" canoe trip. Cameron Hayne was introduced by John Cross and described a fascinating journey from Great Slave Lake through many lakes and rivers of the Northwest Territories covering 1100 km in seven weeks, finishing at Baker Lake and including all of the Thelon River. His show included some excellent close-up shots of muskox, wolves and large herds of caribou.

Sunday morning the weather continued to be beautiful. After breakfast there appeared to be a bit more snow and many took the opportunity to further explore the school campus and its varied ecology. The directors held a meeting in the lounge, after which Sandy Richardson made an informal presentation of his slides of the Nahanni before we had lunch and broke up to return home.

seen as a further extension and modernization of that resource centre, although separate from it. Accommodation is for about 120 students. Where feasible, other grades up to and including grade 13 can be accommodated for special projects in outdoor education.

All teachers are responsible for the general management of the programme. Many have special interests for which they assume special responsibility. There is a large school greenhouse which is used for starting plants by all teachers. There are a large number of special plants in the school that obviously someone of special expertise looks after. A bird banding station with live-traps, cages and holding areas must be under the control of a licensed bird bander. Someone has a strong interest in invertebrates since there was evidence of insect and spider study. Excellent large scale photographs are mounted in the halls indicating some person with a special interest in photography. A complete complete weather station is tucked away in one corner. Local farm equipment of historical interest is displayed. Maps and charts show of cemetery, farm, marsh and maple woods projects. A maple syrup enterprise and garden plots are close by the main buildings. There is extensive outdoor physical education equipment: "jungle gyms", climbing ropes and gymnastic apparatus. Snowshoes and cross-country skis were available. There is ample evidence that there is much material and supplies and direction to keep everybody creatively and actively occupied. Modern, up-to-date reference materials, magazines, scientific keys and other aids are available to interested students.

The whole place was scrupulously clean and tidy. The food was good and nutritious and there was lots of it. The recreational areas were pleasant and relaxing. Every teacher and parent should be aware of the special opportunities available at this school.

CANOEING WILDERNESS WATERS

Author: G. Heberton Evans
Publisher: A.S. Barnes and Co. Inc., New Jersey.
Reviewed by: John Cross

In 1978, while descending the lower Winisk River, I chanced across groups of boys from two American tripping camps whose technique impressed me considerably. Their equipment and procedures were those of yesteryear, versatile and reliable. In the miserable weather of the Hudson's Bay region, their camps were dry and comfortable; kitchen tarps, a wannigan box seat for everyone, a great reflector fireplace, huge loaves of bread baking... it seemed that if they wished, they could go on to the Arctic Ocean.

Heb Evans is a senior staff member of one of those camps, and his approach to wilderness tripping is described in two companion volumes, Canoeing Wilderness Waters and Canoe Camping. The techniques described are not suitable for everyone - cutting tent poles, for example, is not permissible in heavily used areas. The trips on which these books were conceived, however, do not go through heavily used areas, and the poles remain neatly stacked against a tree to benefit the next passer-by. The terrain in the photographs (best photographic illustrations I've seen in a canoeing book) is characteristic of what was northern Quebec before the Bourassa Blight - the Rupert and Eastmain seem to be the favourite locales.

Canoeing Wilderness Waters, then, is about wilderness canoeing specifically. The rapid-shooting sections show only loaded canoes, and present lining down, smubbing with a pole, and wading as alternatives. The strokes chapter advocates only tripping strokes (and - hurrah! - slaps down the bow rudder, beloved of summer camp standardizers). There is an unusual section on upstream canoeing, for the assumption of the book is that you will encounter everything, and must be prepared for it all. Evans' trippers stand up to scout short but unfamiliar rapids, they catch an eddy wrong way round and dump (rescue canoe in position at the bottom), and they deduce the location of portages where none is marked. (All in large photos, which perhaps explain the high cost of the book, a rather painful \$22.50). For portaging, they depend heavily on the tumpine, which is the most comfortable way to carry heavy loads, for those who learn to use it properly. So far as I know, detailed descriptions of the construction of wannigans and tumpines, repair and tying of tumpines, the techniques for lifting and carrying tumped loads have hitherto been confined to magazine articles.

It is pleasant also to see illustrated things we manage to do, one way or another, but which a little thought permits us to do more conveniently, more efficiently. How do you fish and paddle at the same time, for example? How do you stow your axe so that it's out of the way, yet instantly available? (It had better be, when you may be the first in years across that particular portage trail). Lots of us lash our paddles to portage a canoe, but Evans' modification is an improvement in comfort and speed. The sections on aluminum and fibreglass repair are adequate, though fairly standard, but the wood-and-canvas repair section is unusually extensive: we see a series of photographs of an Eastmain Indian repairing everything breakable and even recanvassing the canoe.

Some of the canoeing books flooding (a fair metaphor, I think) the shelves today convey an impression of opportunism and superficiality - as if the authors had to make their bucks while the craze was on, and did not care if their ideas were contained in better books already written. It is a relief to find a book about thoroughly time-tested, practical techniques, whose author nevertheless has something of his own to say.

I have only skimmed the companion book, Canoe Camping, which covers, in just as lavishly photographed detail, the techniques for staying warm, dry, and stuffed with hot food in any weather and, as I observed, still making it on the water by seven a.m.

BLACK FLIES AND WHITEWATER

Author: A. Tony Sloan
Publisher: McGlelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1977
Reviewed by: Sandy Richardson

To those who enjoy packing up the canoe and heading off into the northwoods for a few weeks each year, the very words "black flies and white water" conjure up visions of past canoe trips, and start them to reminiscing. In the book Black Flies and Whitewater, canoeist/author Tony Sloan shares some of his reminiscences with us.

His tales of past canoe trips encompass the wide variety of activities, sights and feelings that are the essence of the wilderness canoeing experience. We share the excitement of running whitewater on the Spillamachen in the Bugaboo Mountains of British Columbia, on the Coulonge and Black in Quebec, and finally on the Tobique in New Brunswick, where the almost-lost art of poling is still a commonly used technique of the river runner. But, as every true wilderness canoeist knows, there is much more to wilderness canoeing than merely the thrill of whitewater, and there is more to the book as well.

We hear of the joys of bending a paddle against heavy winds on the large lakes of LeVerendrye Park, and how in such situations, being windbound need not be considered a problem but rather another way to enjoy the many moods of nature. It is too bad that so many canoeists do view wind and lakes as problems, and shy away from trips that involve much lake travel; they miss much of the total canoeing experience, as Tony Sloan points out. We also hear of the joy that the author finds in solo canoe tripping, or as he calls it, "lonefire canoeing", and of the unique experiences of saltwater canoeing along the coast of Prince Edward Island.

There are tales, some touching and others amusing, of the little things that are so much a part of wilderness canoeing - encounters with wild animals ranging from the tiny bothersome sand fly to the larger bear and moose, and a discussion of "traumas", those nagging problems of interpersonal relations that can put a real strain on extended wilderness trips. Local legends and anecdotes like the one of how an Indian views modern day voyageurs "You white men really make me scratch my head...You work like hell all year at a job you don't like so you can go on holidays and live like an Indian for two weeks." - enliven many of the tales.

While there is some practical information, such as food and equipment lists, packing tips, etc., presented in the context of the stories, this is not a "how-to" book about canoeing. Rather, it is a collection of canoeing tales told in a chatty, informal and often humorous way, that catches one man's feelings about the wilderness canoeing experience. They are feelings which most canoeists will in some measure identify with, especially so for many W.C.A. members, as a number of the tales are set in the familiar nearby region of western Quebec.

Reading Black Flies and Whitewater is like sitting on the shore of some remote northern waterway, watching the embers of the campfire die away, and listening to a long-time canoeist recount tales of past canoeing adventures. You can almost smell the wood smoke and the pine forest as you flip through the pages; and memories of your own past trips begin to drift into your mind.

dumoine

river

David Berthelet

Driftwood Provincial Park on HWY 17 could be a good base from which to start and finish a trip on the Dumoine River. It is located on the Ottawa River almost directly across from the mouth of the Dumoine making it a good place to leave a vehicle. We were planning a leisurely six day trip down from La Vérendrye Park and felt that the five dollar a day campsite fee, simply to park, was a little excessive. We ultimately left our car at the boat launch at Mackey next to HWY 17. The place is unattended but cars left there for a few days are not subject to hostile intentions.

The Beaver that services the area can only carry one canoe at a time. By bringing one of our canoes to the float plane base a couple of weeks prior to the trip so the pilot could drop it off at Dumoine Lake some time when he was in the area, a little time and money was saved. The cost of having one canoe brought in ahead was \$30, and the cost of flying four people, one canoe and assorted gear from Rapides des Joachims, Québec on the Ottawa River to Baie de L'Original on Dumoine Lake was \$115.

The Dumoine River can be done in three days making it a seemingly ideal trip for a long weekend. However, there could be problems associated with such a plan. The river is very popular and congestion could occur at some times of the year. On occasion, the air service's schedule is heavily booked and if the weather turns bad, some people might not get flown in when they had planned to. A good strategy might be to plan on getting flown in a day or two before a long weekend.



Tuesday August 28, 1979

We arrived at the float plane base just after the fog had lifted. The flight to Baie de L'Original took about 35 minutes. On our way up, we observed two other parties coming down the Dumoine. It became obvious after a few days that our pilot was keeping an eye out for his canoeists. He seemed to have the knack of knowing exactly where we'd be and repeatedly appeared from behind a hill right over us. Being watched very closely, from above, by an apparently apprehensive pilot several times a day somehow detracted from the trip.

We were dropped at 11:20 a.m. about one km below La Vérendrye Park at a fishing lodge where one of our canoes had been left for us. The fishermen there asserted that the fishing hadn't been particularly good that morning but judging from the catch they were cleaning, any fisherman would have been proud to have been associated with it.

Thanks to the glaciers which deposited generous amounts of sand in the area, Dumoine Lake is dotted with beaches. At one of these, we stopped for a short rest and a pleasant swim. Later on in the day, the weather closed in and we stopped at a campsite on Quabie Island at 4 p.m. after covering about 13 kilometers.

Wednesday August 29

The wind blew all night, and we awoke to overcast skies and a stiff breeze. It was cold, and it looked as if we were going to have rain. The bravest member got the fire going at 6:30 a.m. By 7:30 everyone was huddled around it having breakfast, and by 8 o'clock the tent was down. The kids were showing signs of improvement. They didn't have to be told to do it.

We arrived at the river at 1 p.m. and were immediately confronted by moderately challenging rapids. A few hundred meters down the river, a set of falls follows. Gentle inviting rapids precede the falls which are hidden around a bend.

Below the falls, a broken canoe was jammed up against a rock giving testimony to the fatality that occurred here about 10 days earlier. One can only wonder about the combination of circumstances which would prompt a canoeist to commit the devastating error of going into rapids without having first reconnoitered them. Perhaps inexperience and fatigue played a part. The maps do not always indicate the hazards that are encountered on a river. One set of maps we carried, which were purchased several months before the trip, indicated no obstacles at this location. The second set we picked up just before the trip had an overprint clearly showing rapids and falls.



On Lafarge Lake at about 3:30 p.m. after covering about 21 km, the weather began to close in and it became clear that it would be best if we made camp quickly. We were fortunate enough to get the fire going before the down pour. Supper was cooked to the pitter patter of rain drops on the pots which to some extent protected the fire.

Thursday August 30

We managed to be in the canoes by 8:30 a.m. No matter the effort that is made to get going in the morning, this seems to be about the earliest we are able to get started. If we ease up a little, it is 9 or 9:30 and perhaps even later before we are on our way.

We covered 6 km and portaged around two sets of falls at the lower end of Lafarge Lake by 11 a.m. Before getting back into the canoes at the end of the portage trail, we decided to take the opportunity of being on dry land to have a short snack break. We found that if we wanted to have big paddling days with the family, it was best to have two short breaks for a bite to eat (one in the late morning and one about mid afternoon) rather than to have a longer lunch break at noon. Ominous looking clouds began to roll in as we sat there and we wondered if we should take cover under the canoes. It's not always practical to stop just because it might rain, and the group decided to continue. Things cleared up somewhat and we arrived at Crooked Rapids at 2 p.m.

On the Dumoine, we found on occasion that there were two landings before a bad spot, one a respectable distance above, and one just at the lip of the falls, not always on the same side of the river. Keeping an eye out for such occurrences, we were able to save time and energy on the portages.

Crooked Rapids are made up of two sets of rapids each about 1 km in length. About 2½ hours were spent running and performing three portages on the first segment. The fast water in the second half



The river is somewhat heavily used. The woods are debauched not so much by excessive use but by poor behaviour. There is evidence of debris everywhere. Discarded packages and whatnot can be found on all the portage trails and campsites. Some effort was made to collect and burn other peoples' garbage.

A work crew has been active in the woods adjacent to Crooked Rapids. The objective of their indiscriminate hacking was not visible. They left the woods in a disorderly, dirty and offensive state. The character of the woods in this location will be significantly altered for many years to come.

Camp was made at 5:00 just below Crooked Rapids after covering a modest 13 km. A few portages and rapids have a dramatic effect on the distances we are able to cover in a day.



Friday August 31

It chilled during the night, and our expensive down bags were much appreciated. We awoke to clear skies, crisp air, a foggy river, and the promise of a great day. A pair of snow birds joined us for breakfast. They approached to rather close distances when they found that we were nonhostile and that an interesting supplement to their diet could be had for the taking.

Shortly after breaking camp, we paddled passed Little Italy, a boot shaped peninsula that juts out into the river. As we approached, a Beaver landed and a canoe was dropped off bringing the number of canoes parked on the beach to five. No canoeists were about, and it was evident that they were being put there for a party that would be flown in later.

Little Italy offers ample camping space and is a good spot to start a trip on the Dumoine. The most challenging white water follows just below, and canoeists would want to be well rested and allow themselves lots of time to perform the rigours of this section which is about 7 km in length, contains no campsites, and takes about half a day or more to do.

Under some conditions, this 7 km section could be most difficult. Because the water level we experienced was almost ideal, not too high to make the rapids too powerful and not too low to make passage difficult, we were able to run everything without having to line or portage. Scouting the rapids and working out a canoeing strategy was very time consuming and running them drained our energy. Though we did not travel far (8km), we called it a day at 3:30 p.m. at the first campsite we came across about one kilometer above Little Steel Rapids.

Having a little extra time to loaf around camp, to rest, fish and talk was worth the lost kilometers we could have travelled on the river. Two large Perch were caught at dusk. They would provide some variety to the next morning's meal.

Saturday September 1

Excellent weather conditions now and then sometimes fully compensate for the foul windy damp days that are inflicted on those that leave the comfort of civilization for a few days. Great weather, the less demanding character of the river along with the scarcity of good campsites at the end of the day kept us in the canoes until 6:00 p.m. We stopped about $3\frac{1}{2}$ km above the Grande Chute after covering about 35 km.

The current at Little Steel Rapids tends to carry things into the rollers on the left side of the river. Dexterity in the use of paddles and the effort that is associated with a little concern saw us through without event. This could be a rather difficult and perhaps dangerous spot during the spring runoff.

Big Steel Rapids which follow after a portage and some lake travel treated us to a fast ride as it snakes its way down to Mooney Lake, a place where the river widens. This area has road access and the camps of by-gone logging days can be observed there along with the addition of a few cottages.

At Mooney Lake, the Dumoine River Hunt Club maintains a campsite reserved exclusively for canoeists. We lunched there and took a swim before moving on. We didn't feel sufficiently at ease here to consider spending the night for signs reminded us that we were guests of the club, and making noise after 11 p.m. and littering was not socially accepted.

Roads greatly alter the character of the wilderness. Below Sheerway, a road roughly parallels the river for several miles. All campsites that could be found for several kilometers had road access, and primarily because it was the Saturday of a long weekend, most were occupied by tailgate campers.



That section of river between Sheerway and the Grande Chute is not a particularly delightful stretch to plan on spending a night for another reason. Here the shore of the river tends to be a little swampy at the edges, richly endowing the campsite we selected with the blood thirstiest variety of mosquito that has ever fed on us.

Sunday September 2

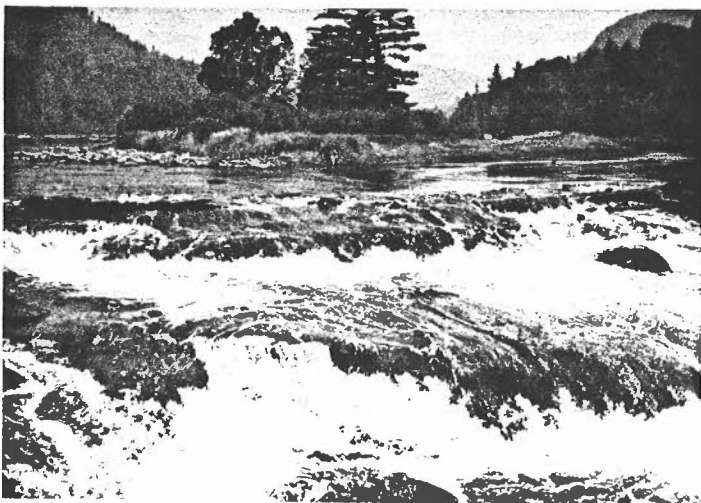
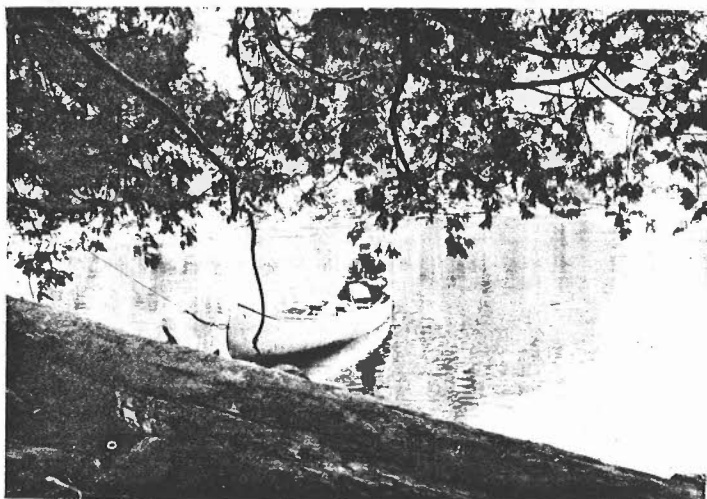
It clouded over during the night. We broke camp and had breakfast in the rain. This sort of thing is not entirely as unpleasant as it might seem. The rain did slow us down a little, but we managed to be in the canoes by 9:00 a.m. and we portaged and paddled the 35 km to Mackey on the Ottawa River mostly in the rain.

About two kilometers below the Grande Chute, signs of civilization disappeared and the wilderness was with us again. Camps, roads and bridges do something to the woods that changes its basic quality. The conveniences that man can't seem to live without have an accumulative and permanent impact on nature. The personality of the river has changed over the centuries. It certainly is not what it was before the advent of the bulldozer, what it was before the woodcutter, and what it was before the fur trader. There is some discomfort in knowing that the state of the woods will get worse with time (i.e. the forest is in a state of terminal decline), and there is nothing much we can do about it. The ravages of fire would correct itself in time and is perhaps part of the natural scheme, but a road has a permanent disruptive influence. Its presence prevents the forest from returning to its natural state.

Pine Rapids consist of 5 sets of chutes. The first two being rather easy in the water conditions of the day. The third was difficult. We were getting a bit fatigued and it was felt that it would be best to use the short portage on the right side of the river. The fourth chute involved a short carry over a rock on the right. We surmounted the fifth obstacle by passing through a hole in the ledge on the left side.

It rained intermittently throughout the day, and we finished off the day in thunder showers. We were somewhat apprehensive as we were ending the trip because we were coming out at dusk, and there was the possibility that we would become wind bound and not be able to get to our car which awaited us on the other side of the Ottawa River. Just as we got to the Ottawa, the storm, with all its wind and lightning passed, and the lull that followed permitted us to cross the lake created by Des Joachims dam.

We came out of the woods dirty, soggy, and hungry. Judging by the way people just stopped and stared at us, we must have been quite a sight. They perhaps wondered about what kind of father would do this to his family. They could not believe that we were not suffering. As soon as we changed into the clean dry clothes we had stored in the car to cope with such an eventuality, their perception of our well-being changed. A late night drive found us safely to our customary beds which were more appreciated than usual.





CONSERVATION FOR THE MIND

There is a lake near our cottage which is often frequented by cottagers to fish and picnic. It is a typical Muskoka lake set along a crack in the Canadian Shield from north to south looking more like a river than a lake and decorated with rock and pine. It has no name on the topos but is called Long Lake by the cottagers. It harbours one family of loons and on our family walks to the lake there are usually a pair of them there. They are there so often that if I don't see them I spend part of my time there looking for them.

One early morning my son, David, and I arrived at the lake with a book and a fishing pole and, as was our custom, quietly stopped at the end of the trail to warm each other to go quietly the last few paces to a rock ledge which overlooked the lake. The sun was very nearly in our faces as we peered down to the water. Sitting nearly below us were the two loons facing the sun as we were. The lake was still and the mists swirled up around them so that they seemed at times to be floating in a gilded cloud. The four of us sat quietly for a while enjoying the morning.

I felt then most strongly the same feelings I have often experienced in the wilderness, a sense of communication with something with a majesty and life of its own. But, there has always been in my mind a fuzziness about the way I feel about wilderness and about the commitment I have made to myself to be in the wilderness often. A few weeks ago I received a copy of the autumn Ontario Naturalist and in it there was an article reproducing the speech given by John Livingston at the opening of Locke House, the new FON headquarters in North York. In his talk he said with diamond clarity what I have been feeling all these years. Below you will find a portion of his talk.

"One's individual identity is composed of many and various things. At the grossest level everyone here shares identity simply because of our common institutional attachment to the FON. At a somewhat more refined level, we enjoy a shared identity in all that we know, for example, what a loon looks and sounds like. The world is full of people who don't. Also, we all share the experience of the loon. That experience is not something historic or transitory or ephemeral; it is built right into each of us, and it is a real and tangible part of each of us. That is because our experiences like our places, are us. That part of us that is the loon, we have in common.

"At yet a further level our individual identities meet and merge and mix quite inextricably through our common experience of caring about the loon... In fact, in our shared and common experience of caring about the loon we become one entity, one being. That is what bonding is all about. And the loon, remember is part of that being.

"The loon's presence in our common being, here in this room, is vivid and immediate and real. He's here; you know he's here. So when some pea-brain with a gun comes along and maims or kills a loon just for the fun of it, our response is much deeper than mere bewilderment or astonishment. The impact is felt, because the pea-brain is actually chipping away at us. Every piece of wild nature that we have experience is quite literally a part of us, and when parts of us are whittled away, we feel it. We feel it because wild nature is part of our place, our extended self, our being.

"As naturalists we share a common identity, a common place that is anything but commonplace. To be sure, in a numerical or a statistical sense we don't amount to much, but in the sense of shared experience we are limitless. And of course we are also one entity, one being, one voice, in the sense of our collective social place, our slot in the greater context of contemporary society."

For myself and for David there is a need to do our part to preserve as much of the wilderness we all have near our doorsteps as is legitimately possible so that David and his children can form bonds with earth, water and life which will give them sustenance and enrich their lives as it has been for me.

HERITAGE RIVERS

In the June, 1978 issue of the Wilderness Canoeist Prof. E. Glen Carls wrote an article called A Heritage of Wild Rivers. In it he clearly points out the increasing use of rivers for outdoor recreation and the resulting temptation of resource managers to develop wild rivers by "hardening sites" with designated camping areas, sanitation facilities and access points. There are many more people using our rivers with little experience in wilderness camping or whitewater canoeing. There is increasing pressure to regulate tripping, to have qualified trip leaders, to follow the instructions printed on permits, to camp in designated areas in limited facilities for designated lengths of time.

Since his article there have been several new developments with reference to Heritage Rivers and I believe they provide us with an opportunity to, at the very least, express our opinions and at the very most to assist with a Heritage River option for Ontario.

Parks Canada has published a policy document recently which includes a section entitled Canadian Heritage Rivers. The objective of the policy for these rivers is to:

"foster protection of outstanding examples of the major river environments of Canada in a co-operative system of Canadian Heritage Rivers, and to encourage public understanding and enjoyment of this natural heritage so as to leave it unimpaired for future generations."

The major problem of course is that the majority of rivers within easy access of Ontario population centres are already running with pollutants, surrounded with suburbs or farmlands, and have their natural courses altered for flood control, hydroelectric or industrial development. Do we have any rivers which will meet the criteria laid out in the Parks Canada policy? Here are their criteria:

1. Heritage rivers or designated sectors of rivers will be outstanding representations of the major environments of Canada with particular attention given to their role in Canadian history;
AND
2. Heritage rivers will satisfy the following physical criteria:
 - a) free of impoundments within the designated sector
AND
 - b) shorelines essentially natural
AND
 - c) the water relatively free from man-made pollutants
AND
 - d) inaccessible by road except for occasional crossings
AND
 - e) river flow sufficient to support low intensity recreational activity
AND
3. Heritage rivers and their associated lands will exist as an environmental unit so as to:
 - a) provide visitors with a natural experience by preserving the lands seen from the river surface and the shorelines as much as possible in an unaltered state
AND
 - b) adequately portray the scale, character, and themes of the river regime and associated lands
AND
 - c) ensure the ecological integrity of the river and associated lands
AND
4. Consideration will also be given to:
 - a) the degree of threat to the natural environment
AND
 - b) the geographical distribution of Canadian Heritage Rivers
AND
5. In addition to meeting the above criteria, before a river will be formally included in the Canadian system, provisions will be made for the long-term protection of Heritage Rivers through legislation, regulations, policies and management plans.

I have capitalized the AND's to draw your attention to the formidable set of criteria that a river must possess to become a candidate for the Heritage river scheme. I think they are too formidable and for Ontario at any rate there are only four rivers which meet the criteria as wild rivers. I think it is necessary for Parks Canada to modify their criteria for Ontario because many of our rivers are heritage rivers in fact if not in policy and do not meet the criteria set out here. Southern Ontario rivers, for example have been in use for hundreds of years for a variety of different purposes from transportation to lumbering, to milling, to power production, to sewage reception, to flood control. Many could qualify on historical grounds, but few if any qualify under the proposed historical and physical criteria taken together. The Humber might qualify historically but not physically and the Madawaska the reverse.

A second problem I believe warrants attention is related to the way the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources develops its canoe routes. Through the good offices of Harry Silva of the Ministry of the Environment I have had a chance to look over an environmental assessment prepared by the Ministry of Natural Resources for the development and management of canoe

routes outside of the Provincial Parks. I found the tone and substance of the report very promising with one major exception. The policy established to develop canoe routes centres around the District Manager. It is the intent of the Ministry to have District Managers develop and monitor canoe routes in their areas. From a management point of view this is a good practice but it seems to me difficult to link together local development of canoe routes with a Federal policy of Heritage rivers.

In comparing Parks Canada policy and the Canoe Routes document there seems to be a lot of similarity at least of intent. The key ideas in both are based on the preservation of the natural environment of rivers. However, the Federal government is interested in important rivers and the provincial government is focusing on local rivers. In all of this there are no specific rivers mentioned except those that appeared in the Parks Canada proposal for Wild Rivers. In that report the Ontario rivers were: the Attawapiskat, the Albany-Ogoki, the Missinabi-Moose, (a wild river park) and the Lower French. I've excluded the Severn-Fawn as being relatively inaccessible.

The WCA, I believe, has a certain responsibility to do what it can to foster the development of ideas which will protect rivers and to bring to public view the large part rivers have played in the history of settlement of Canada by native North Americans and by European immigrants. The idea of Heritage rivers is an exciting concept and one that deserves our support and attention. However, Southern Ontario deserves attention in this scheme for practical and historical reasons. With these ideas in mind I would like to propose a policy for the WCA on Heritage rivers which includes the following recommendations:

1. That the WCA make an effort to assist in the development of an Ontario Heritage Rivers policy
AND
2. That the WCA encourage consultation between the provincial and federal governments to establish such a policy
AND
3. That the WCA compile a list of rivers in considers suitable for inclusion in a Heritage Rivers policy
AND
4. That the WCA assist in proposing amendments to the Parks Canada Heritage Rivers criteria to make them more in keeping with the realities of the rivers of Southern Ontario.

In the environmental assessment for Canoe Routes there is a process that the public can undertake to apply for the development of a canoe route on a specific river. We have a chance publicly to respond to the canoe route assessment in March. The Conservation Committee plans to do so. If you have opinions about Heritage Rivers I would be most happy to hear from you. Send letters to the Conservation Chairman (see last page) or give me a call.

POWER TOWERS Sudbury to Thessalon?

A 230Mv power line has been in the planning stage between Sudbury and Thessalon for the past year. Committees of laymen have had access to the planning for the past six months. A look at the minutes of the meetings of the two committees point out that the groups are very heavily involved in the fine details of selecting routes and all of the factors which must be taken into account to minimize the esthetic and environmental effects of the route.

However, nowhere in the minutes could I find any reference to the proposed Thessalon Nuclear Station which is probably the next one to be built after Darlington is completed. The Thessalon plant will use the same corridors for delivering power and the 230 Mv line.

I wonder if the committees know about this possibility?

George Barnes is going to the meeting to inform the committees about the potential spectre of 5 power lines travelling through the corridor, not just one. If Thessalon is built there may be more than one corridor required, the towers would handle 500 Mv instead of 230 Mv and additional towers would have to be built to move the power south from Sudbury into the Southern Ontario grid. That's a lot of towers!

ACID RAIN AND ASAP

The Action Seminar on Acidic Precipitation (ASAP) is now history and as Roger Smith suggested in the last issue was less than satisfactory from the point of view of action. Although politicians there suggested that acid rain is "a top priority environmental issue facing us today", and that they are committed to its abatement, there is little they can do if the acidic precipitation is generated outside their jurisdictions. As a matter of fact, it is a neat political issue on which it is possible to take the environmental viewpoint without having to do very much about it. After all, its those nasty people over there that are doing this to us.

In the late 60's and early 70's the companies who generated sulphur and nitrogen oxides felt the best and cheapest way to deal with it was to dilute it. "Dilution was the solution to pollution". Tall stacks were built to disperse the pollutants more widely and reduce environmental flack at the source. For people with a view of the plant pollution was reduced. However, dilution increased the pollution far downstream from the source and in the long term has seriously increased the general damage to the environment.

Emission gases changed in the atmosphere in complex ways to form weak acids which began to travel great distances in storms. Unfortunately, Ontario collects storms from the southeast U.S. regularly and our rainfall collects in our lakes and rivers. In essence, the lakes are re-concentrating the pollutants dispersed from power stations and industries hundreds of miles away.

Northern Ontario lakes are poorly equipped to deal with the influx of acids. The limestone lakes of the South have the ability to neutralize the acids chemically but the Northern lakes are based in hard rock which dissolves in water very slowly and lacks the ability to neutralize the acids.

Critical times for acid problems in lakes are in the spring and fall when northward-directed storms are more numerous. In the spring two events converge to complicate the problem. Acid accumulated in snow during the winter hits the lake during the melt in a concentrated form producing "acid shock". The effect is to kill the eggs of insects, amphibians and fish laid in the spring. The eggs and small new-born animals are particularly susceptible to weak acids. The disrupted food chains in the lakes eventually results in the death of other aquatic organisms dependent on the affected ones for food. The ultimate effect can be

a lake devoid of life.

A central problem in solving acidic precipitation in lakes is the energy issue. Both Canada and the U.S. are attempting to get out from under the OPEC cartel's domination of energy supplies. To do so the U.S. in particular is beginning to convert some of its oil-fired plants to coal. Coal produces quite serious sulphur dioxide pollution. Ohio, for example, has eased its existing sulphur dioxide emissions limit by 400%. Ironically, Ohioans are some of our best tourists; they come up here for the fishing.

There is some evidence that sulphur dioxide particles in air can cause chronic irritation of the bronchial surfaces which, in those with other health problems, can exacerbate their condition to the point of death. Dr. Leonard Hamilton, Director of Medical Research at the Brookhaven National Laboratory in New York, suggests that 50,000 people in the U.S. die each year from diseases related to sulphur pollution.

ASAP produced a set of resolutions to get started on the problem but they were seen to be too general to be of immediate value. They are printed for your perusal here.

It is quite clear that policies to solve this problem are going to be complex and we are off to a very bad start.

ASAP RESOLUTIONS

THAT each country must immediately adopt and implement a control policy for both new and existing sources to reduce the overall atmospheric loads of sulphur and nitrogen oxides to less than 50 percent of present levels within ten years, with regular incremental reductions during that decade.

THAT national energy policies are critical to curtailing acid precipitation, with special emphasis placed on:

- energy conservation and renewable energy resource development as the highest priority;
- the use of natural and unconventional gas as a preferred substitute for oil in the transition period;
- the direct use of coal encouraged only

in utility and industrial boilers with best available control technology;

- the conversion of existing facilities from oil to coal only where the resultant emission rates will not increase.

THAT the international treaty now under negotiation by Canada and the U.S. must establish the goal of reducing transboundary and regional air pollution levels through the adoption and enforcement of stringent emission control strategies.

THAT the participants are committed to seeing that this treaty is enforced, and that a commission of citizens from both countries should be established to monitor and report publicly on each country's record of compliance.

THAT research not be a substitute for immediate control action but that investments by both countries be increased particularly with regard to the economic and other effects of acid precipitation and associated pollutants on materials, drinking water quality, crops, forests, rangelands, and aquatic ecosystems.

THAT both governments educate the general public, and especially the threatened agricultural, tourist, and forest industries, about the dangers of acid precipitation and encourage public participation in government decision-making.

THAT new emission standards must emphasize presently available control techniques, such as coal pre-washing,

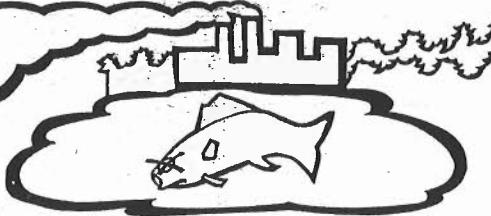
use of low-sulphur fuels, flue gas desulphurization and denitrification; and furthermore, that techniques to disperse emission in space or time, such as increased stack height and intermittent control systems should be prohibited.

THAT each country adopt special siting and control policies and standards to preserve and protect existing pristine air quality parks and wildernesses.

THAT workers can and must be protected from choosing between their jobs and a healthy environment.

THAT federal, provincial, and state governments participate in all available legal actions which will reduce sulphur and nitrogen oxide emissions and acid rain.

ACID RAIN KILLS



THE CONSERVATION COUNCIL OF ONTARIO

The following is a summary of the types of activities the Conservation Council of Ontario is involved in. During the past year and one-half there have been at least 14 committees involving at least 40 members, including the Niagara Escarpment Committee, Northern Environment, Conservator Society, Forestry, Natural Areas, Parks and one studying the Amendment to the Environmental Assessment Act.

Issues taken up at Council meetings and which resulted in letters and briefs being forwarded to Government and its Agencies included the following:

1. **The Niagara Escarpment** - opposition to the Contrakon proposal and support for the Commission and an overall plan. The Committee is once more working on the Proposed Plan put out in November 1979 and final decisions are expected to be made by the end of the summer of 1980.

2. **Forestry** - letters were sent to the Prime Minister opposing the closure of the Petawawa Forest Experimental Station and to urge the government to provide more support for Forestry research.

3. **Rural Land Use** - the Council endorsed the Soil Conservation Society's position paper "Crisis in the Countryside".

4. **Parks** - briefs were approved commenting on the new Parks Canada Policy proposals. Comments were made on the Point Pelee National Park Plan and Letters sent out opposing the proposed road through Killarney Park and requesting an environmental assessment of it.

5. **Land Use Planning** - a major brief was forwarded on Strategic Landuse Planning in North-eastern Ontario and the province was urged to subject housing proposals to the Environmental Assessment Act.

6. **Qualified support** was given in detailed comments to:

- the proposed Aggregates Act.
- the Environmental Protection Amendment dealing with spills.
- the 1978 Great Lakes Water Quality Agreement.
- the New Trees Act.
- proposed legislation on Occupier's liability and trespass to property.
- access to information (the Royal Commission on Freedom of Information and Individual Privacy).
- proposed policies for the Ministry of the Environment.
- Ontario's Conservation Authorities organizational structure.

7. **Solid Wastes** - letters were sent requesting action on returnable mild containers and for wine and liquor bottles, and opposing introduction of throwaway plastic soft drink bottles.

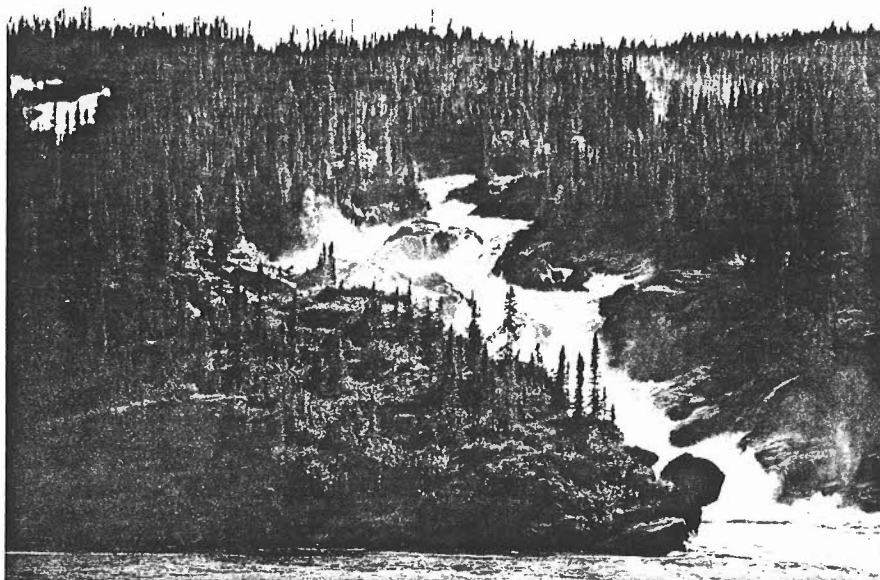
8. **Opposition** was expressed to the proposed STOLport and to harbour developments in Oshawa that would destroy the Second Marsh area.

The Council and its executive also spent considerable time in the preparation of a statement for discussion at a meeting with the Cabinet Committee on Resources Development held in October.

In February, 1979, the Council received a \$3,650 project grant for the Northern Environment Commission to develop guidelines for Northern Wilderness use. (The Woodsman's Code) and received another \$7,550 to support the council's preparation of a brief to the Commission; a copy of first reading was passed on to Jerry Hodge for those interested.

A major land use conference is being planned jointly with the Universities of Guelph and Waterloo for the late winter of 1980.

And finally, Great Lakes Tomorrow, for which the Council acts as a Canadian headquarters took strongstands on the Great Lakes winter navigation proposal and on the International Lakes Levels Study.



moisie river

Herb Pohl

Even a casual glance at the map reveals that an astoundingly large number of rivers enter the Gulf of St. Lawrence between Tadoussac and the Strait of Belle Isle. Many of them are spawned in the Quebec and Labrador highlands and drop from an altitude of approximately 550 m to sea level within a distance of 300 - 600 km. The relative isolation of the region and the steep gradient of the rivers promises exciting white water in a true wilderness setting. Deeply carved riverbeds offer the traveller an everchanging vista of mountains which are frequently shrouded in mist, and a turbulent river whose course is often punctuated by spectacular waterfalls. Shorelines are a wasteland of boulders and tangled black spruce forest, through which portaging is arduous and slow.

At least this was the picture which emerged after a winter of reading and many hours in the map library doing river profiles, trying to decide which river to choose. There was little doubt in the end that the Moisie had the most to offer: the headwaters are readily accessible both in terms of cost and time; the finishing point is near the terminus of the Quebec North Shore and Labrador Railway in Sept Iles which is the starting point of the trip into the interior; the river gradient is remarkably uniform and the rugged beauty of the river valley has been praised by many who travelled before me.

The route I chose is one of at least four by which one can reach the Moisie. The most direct way involves going by road from Wabush to the Pekans River and descending the latter to its confluence with the Moisie. The other three options involve crossing the height of land which represents the Quebec-Labrador boundary. Ruge and Davidson travelled in a westerly direction from Lake Ashuanipi to reach the Moisie watershed; Richardson, Fenwick and others crossed the height of land directly from Wabush to reach the Carheil river which is a tributary of the Pekans. My choice, and by all indications a popular one, was to start from Lac De Mille and travel south over the height of land to the Moisie.

On arrival in Sept Iles I was surprised to find a busy, modern town of 35,000 inhabitants and had some unexpected difficulty in finding the railroad station without asking for directions. Part of the reason for the difficulty was that the structure in question didn't look like a railroad station but more like a warehouse - which it was. The business of the Quebec and Labrador Railway is to bring iron-ore from Labrador to the St. Lawrence. As an incidental sideline it also serves as the main supplyline of consumer goods

to the interior. I had arrived in the middle of the hubbub which surrounds the loading of the twice-weekly passenger train, which was due to leave the following morning, and it took some time to have my canoe and gear deposited in the proper box-car and a bill of lading prepared. There were already three canoes in the car belonging to a party which also planned to descend the Moisie along the same route.

After spending the night like many other travellers in the parking lot of the station, I woke early the next morning filled with the apprehension and excitement which the beginning of a canoe trip always evokes. By 7 a.m. a large crowd was lined up waiting for the ticket office to open - miners and their families going back after a holiday, bus-loads of Indians carrying an incredible assortment of bundles, boxes and bags and, last but not least, fishermen and canoeists like myself already looking suitably grubby and all obviously excited. At this point, I met Dave Winch and Luc Farmer, two Montrealers who were also going down the Moisie and with whom, it turned out, I would paddle many miles.

It had been cloudy during the early

morning, but shortly after the train moved out, the low cloud cover lifted and revealed a countryside of rolling hills covered with birch, poplar and spruce and moist dark rock faces glistening in the sun. The first glimpse of the river at the Skatchewan (swift water) rapids was quite impressive. In pre-railway days this was the site of the dreaded six mile long "Grand Portage" over very difficult terrain which by-passed the gorge the river has carved out over tens of thousands of years. From my elevated vantage point the rapids seemed tame enough, but as events would prove, observations made from a height of 100 m or more are not the best way to assess the difficulty of rapids. The railway follows the river to the confluence with the East Branch (the Nipississ - little water) and then runs alongside the latter through increasingly mountainous territory with rocky cliffs rising almost perpendicularly for 100 m or more. As the slope of the river valley increases the river alternately foams and cascades over rock out-croppings or rests in quiet pools as it ever diminishes in size and finally disappears altogether. As we approached the tablelands, periods of sunshine gave way to wind and rain squalls; the country became flatter, the stunted black spruce trees more scattered among the low hills and reindeer moss (Cladonia) more prevalent. The railroad follows the shoreline of Lake Ashuanipi for kilometres and the whole territory seems to be drowning in immense bodies of water fed by streams which seemingly spring up full-blown and rush in one direction or another in direct contradiction to the apparent flatness of the land. By the time the train reached Lac De Mille in late afternoon a steady rain was falling and getting off the train and unloading the gear was not a high point of the trip. The people belonging to the three canoes mentioned earlier appeared to be inexperienced trippers judging by their outfit. The cheapest fibreglass canoes which could crumble in the first heavy swell, a mountain of gear including bows and arrows and the coup de grace - a pet duckling in a cardboard box.

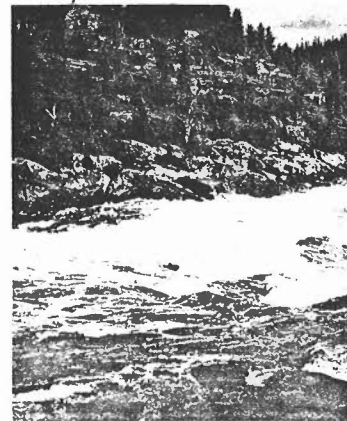
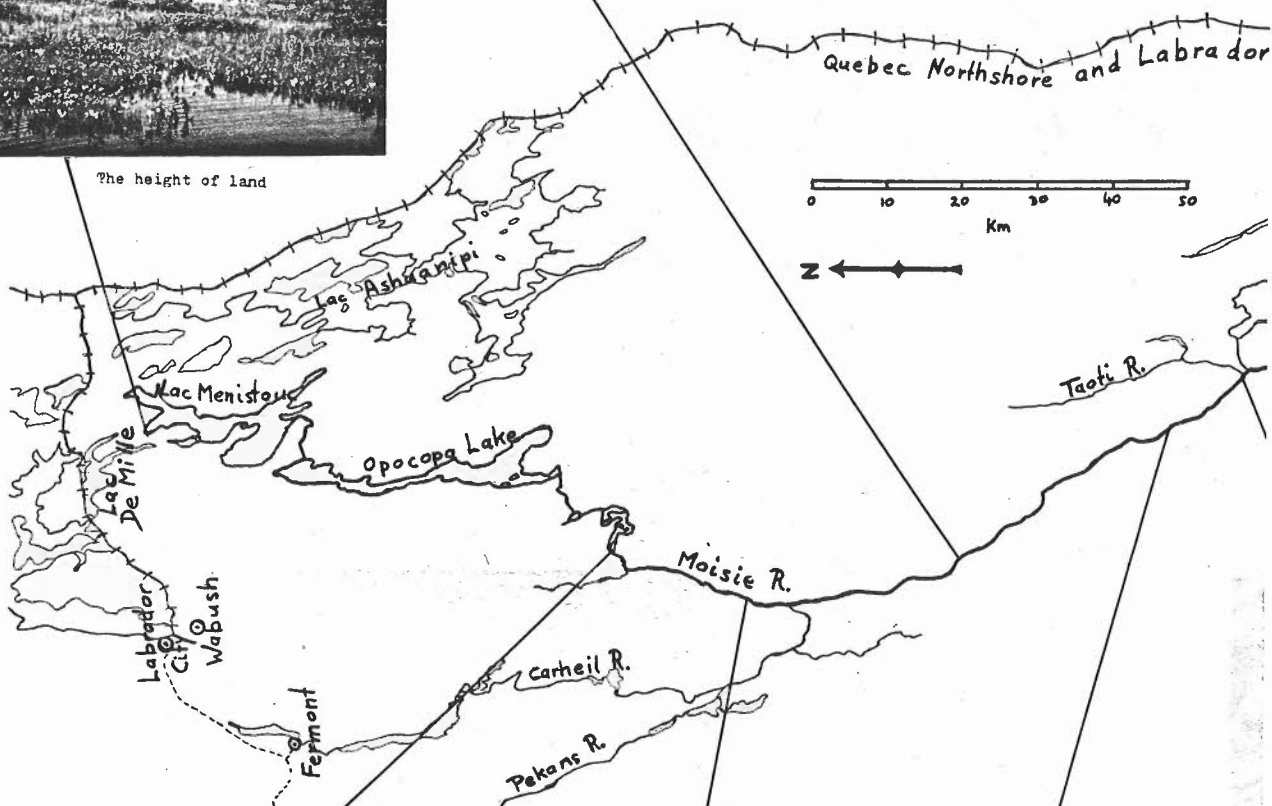
I worked very fast to get away from this scene and within five minutes started to paddle in a southerly direction across the lake. With only about an hour of daylight left I was anxious to find a campsite. A diligent search of the far shore turned up nothing, until with twilight approaching I discovered a cabin. The two Montrealers had by this time caught up with me and we lost no time heading for shore. The cabin was well equipped and well insulated, a feature I would have gladly done without. Luc and Dave decided to cook their supper on the wood stove and soon had a roaring fire going which quickly transformed the cabin into a sauna. Opening the door to allow the heat to dissipate was out of the question - the welcoming party of mosquitoes was too exuberant for our taste. It took hours for the heat to subside to the point where I could get to sleep and yet I was grateful to be inside as a heavy rain continued well into the night.

The next morning I crept out at day-break and continued to the southernmost end of Lac De Mille leaving the others fast asleep.

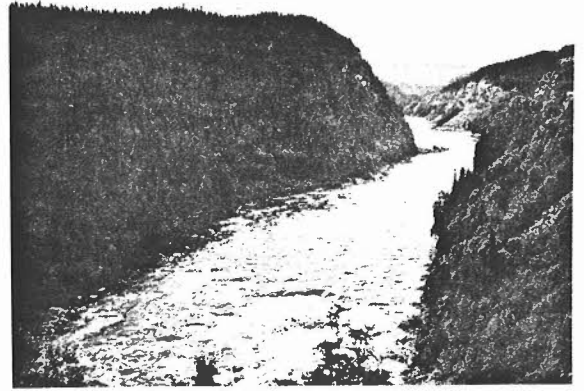




The height of land



moisie

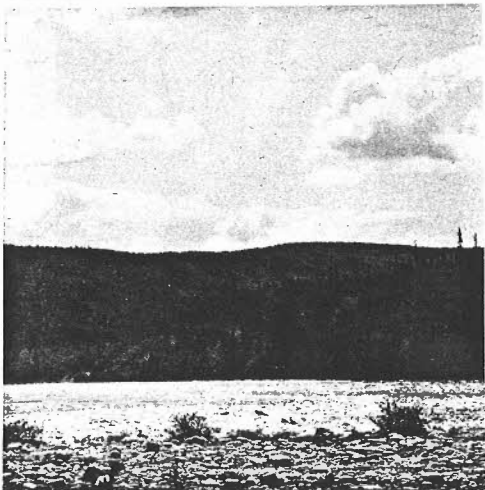


The last rapids



At the "up-and-down" Portage

The confluence of the Taoti



The few clouds which greeted the morning soon disappeared as I approached the height of land. A covering of skinny black spruce in the lowlands and scarcely any tree-cover on the low hills characterized the land. The lake runs out to a narrow spur and disappears in string-bog; the height of land is only a thin sliver of swamp, no more than 200 meters in width yet I was quite impressed by the feat of crossing over since this was a first for me. I had planned to celebrate the occasion with a hearty breakfast but the blackflies quickly convinced me that this was not the place for it.

I followed a tiny creek into Lac Ministouc, a large and shallow expanse of water and quickly became aware of a strong westerly breeze which would have made things very dicey without a spray cover. Wind, waves, sunshine and solitude make for a marvellous frame of mind, and the potentially tedious lake travel seemed much shorter than the hours it actually took to complete. Going into the mouth of the river which connects Lac Menistouc and Lake Opocopa gave me a few anxious moments as metre high waves carried me into the shallow boulder strewn narrows. While it is not so identified on the maps, I consider this to be the start of the Moisie and even here the volume of water in the river is substantial. The river empties into Lake Opocopa with a flourish - a solid grade four rapid.

Once out on the lake progress was slow and tiring against the wind and I struck the flag within four more kilometres even though there was no decent campsite to be seen. The process of clearing out some underbrush in order to set up the tent seemed to fascinate the blackflies and I had a few minutes of near-panic when the door-zipper failed to hold.

About 4 a.m. a southerly breeze sprang up and I quickly got underway lest I be wind-bound. By noon I had covered 25 km against a strong headwind and decided to put to shore. The land immediately adjacent to the route is quite featureless flatland, almost totally black spruce, with the rare incursion of larch and, even rarer, birch. The shores are lined with alder and there is considerable evidence of past forest fires which have exposed the rocky substratum.

In mid afternoon, now well fed and rested, I noticed a pitching craft approaching from the north and gaining ever so slowly against the wind and waves. When Dave and Luc pulled up alongside, we proceeded to the southern end of the lake and made camp amid the debris of an Indian hunting camp.

It rained hard for most of the night and as I set out with the big lakes behind me, rain clouds were scurrying along at incredible speed, almost at tree-top levels and now and then, giving up some of their promise. By the time I reached Lake Felix the sombre sky turned darker still and brought forth a torrential downpour which quickly gave the lie to my guaranteed 100% waterproof rainsuit. Gusts of wind which nearly overturned the canoe had me hurrying for shore to wait out this onslaught. I left this last lake two hours later in glorious sunshine to begin the descent to the St. Lawrence in earnest. Within the next 35 kilometres the river drops 200 metres and I was just a bit apprehensive. The first rapids are a challenging rock garden about 1 km in length with a 15 m elevation drop terminating in a waterfall. After a short portage this is followed by a delightful 2 km run which ends with another waterfall. During these few kilometres the terrain changes considerably, the river runs in a more defined valley and mountains loom up here and there - a precursor of things to come and for the first time poplar and jackpine made their appearance.

The next portage is well used and leads to the summit of a hill overlooking the gorge and the river below, before it descends steeply. It offers one of those views which elevate the spirit and makes one feel glad to be alive. The two Montrealers had by this time caught up with me and we decided to make camp at the foot of the portage.

The next three days proved to be the most strenuous of the trip. The river drops in a series of ledges, most of which are not negotiable and the remainder tax one's skills to the limit. The abnormally high water level meant that portages were longer than usual and many potential campsites were under water. Despite the frequent showers which made this by far the wettest trip I had ever been on, I was impressed with the scenery and often intimidated by the tremendous force and volume of the river. Gradually the river valley becomes deeper and both large and small tributaries in quick succession increase the size of the river. The largest of these is the Pekans which makes a spectacular entrance from the west

as it foams and cascades down the hillside dropping 80 metres in less than a kilometre. By the evening of the sixth day on the river we camped at the confluence of the Taoti river. It had been another long day and in the semi-darkness I settled for a pot of tea instead of supper. The weather had improved during the afternoon and now the full moon cast its silvery light on the rippling river. The rapidly cooling temperature brought about the condensation of water vapour over the river which showed up as a ribbon of fog stretching down the valley as far as the eye could see.

The next morning the dense fog which had settled in the valley was soon dispelled by beautiful sunshine. Luc and Dave soon set off down the river but I decided that it was time for a serious attempt at cleaning up and drying out. It was nearly noon before I got underway; this was the halfway point in the journey and from here on portages are much less frequent and the current uniformly strong. Within the next 15 kilometres the scenery changes substantially: the mountains rise up 200-400 metres above the narrowing valley, fingers of lighter green run up indentations in the mountainside where poplar and birch have invaded the black spruce covering, the river runs deep and dark, reflecting the steel grey rockfaces which crop up more and more prominently. After three hours of paddling I came to the top of a rapids and proceeded cautiously along the shore until the turbulence became so great that I decided to put to shore and scout. My first reaction upon looking at the boiling waves was to look for the portage but there was no evidence of one along the steep and rocky shoreline; then I noticed my companions sitting in their canoe at the bottom of the first half of the rapids. I assumed from this that the section was negotiable and despite serious misgivings decided to make the run, influenced in good part by the conviction that if other people can do it so can I. It was by far the scariest run I have ever made. The force of the water was tremendous and several times my upstream gunwale was forced down and I just barely recovered each time. Halfway down I had to traverse the river to avoid some particularly wild rollers and fear provided the additional impetus to get me across. From then on down it was luck and a high brace which I used like an outrigger which kept me from capsizing. When I joined Dave and Luc I learned that they had dumped and had only just clambered back into the canoe when I arrived on the scene. Luckily their spray cover prevented anything from falling out and other than a waterlogged camera and a lost paddle the only detrimental effect was a severe loss of confidence. At this point we were still only halfway down the rapids and Luc and I clambered down the shore to look at the rest of the problem. Compared to what was behind us it looked less demanding and we were further encouraged to try it by the great difficulty any attempt at portaging would have presented.

We had to recross the river to start the descent near the far shore and I was only halfway across when I knew I was in trouble. What looked like a small hole from the far shore was actually quite substantial, getting through it robbed me of my momentum and the current took over and carried me straight toward a house-sized boulder in the middle of the stream. Moments later I was floating in the water, the canoe beside me riding high and upside down. Fortunately I managed to get into a strong eddy almost immediately, get up on a flat rock and empty the canoe.

I spent the next two hours portaging about 100 metres down river up a nearly sheer rockface and back down the other side to the pool below the rapids. My paddle had disappeared in the waves and was not seen again and at this moment I really dreaded the thought of having to negotiate the next 200 km on this unruly river with the unfamiliar single-blade paddle. Fortunately for the next 15 km the river was fast flowing but not too turbulent thus giving me a chance to regain some confidence.

We made camp at the shore opposite the mouth of the Caopacho river in semi-darkness and I soon retired to the tent to escape the inevitable period of rain. I slept poorly that night; my fingers were very tender from nicks and bruises, but most of all I was disturbed about the lack of judgement which I had shown. After all, the outcome of my mishap could have been much more serious. The next day dawned with mist and rain alternating. We quickly broke camp and shipped out on the fast-flowing river. The valley for the next 50 km is deeply recessed and cliffs on either side intimidate the canoeist by their sheer height. A forest fire four years ago blackened the mountain sides which gives the whole region an aura of incredible desolation in the rain. Land and rockslides have left their scars, and in the semi-darkness of the previous evening it could have been the Hades I was paddling on bound for hell.

Mid-day found us at the most formidable of all portages, by-passing a narrow gap in the rock through which the river tumbles. This is now the site of a fishladder with two employees of the local Salmon club stationed here to monitor the number of salmon going upstream. Our encounter with these two lads provided a welcome excuse for an extended lunch period - the steep portage had left me totally fatigued and sopping wet with perspiration. It took another four hours to lift, line around and drag the canoes over huge boulders and finally run the navigable part of the rapids below the chute before we stopped for the night at the first of several fishing lodges along the lower Moisie. For the mere pittance of \$1500 poor fishermen are flown in here for five days of fishing. The total catch for the season had been two salmon. The poor season was blamed on the high water levels which were described as between 1.5 and 2.5 metres above normal. With no guests at the lodge the staff was glad of our company, put us up in one of the guide tents and fed us more than adequately.

The next morning saw us on the water by 7:30 a.m. and after a few customary showers the weather improved to mostly blue skies and strong winds. The river from here on in is a canoeist's dream, a nice mixture of challenge and relaxation. Miles of grade II and III rapids are separated by stretches of fast water with hardly a wave. With the exception of one grade IV which Dave and Luc ran in style, I never had to portage and was beginning to feel a little more at ease with my new paddling style. By 2:00 p.m. we reached the mouth of the Riviere a l'Eau Doree. The old Indian travel route to the Labrador highlands diverges from the Moisie at this point and leads through a series of lakes almost due north to the upper Nipississ River. We had covered nearly 60 km by this time and my aching back muscles demanded a brief rest. By five o'clock we arrived at the last falls on the river and carried our gear over the aptly named "up-and-down" portage. The shore of the basin below the falls offered a marvellous campsite, clean sand, lots of dry driftwood and most appreciated of all - sunshine. Since this was going to be our last night on the river we laid on a super supper of odds and ends to mark the occasion.



Our last day on the river began with beautiful sunshine and a feeling of regret for having rushed through the last half of the trip in such inordinate haste. There are no difficult sections between the falls and Grand Rapids. The scenery is varied as the mountains alternately constrict the river to a narrow channel of bare rock and retreat to allow it to stretch out over a wide valley. Soon the railroad appeared on our left and within another two hours we came to the first of several constrictions in the river which mark the beginning of the Grand Portage. The boils and whirlpools associated with this section take the canoe and translocate it 5 or 10 metres willy-nilly in one direction or another - which usually scares the hell out of me. A little way down Grand Rapids I decided I had enough and made the difficult ascent to the railroad tracks which parallel the river at this point and portaged 2.5 km along the river and across the bridge. At first I wasn't sure whether I had made the right decision as I watched the other canoe make it's way slowly along the shoreline, but the roar of the river below the bridge made me feel very happy to be where I was despite the long carry. A dirt road ends right at the bridge; all I needed now was a ride into town with the section crew and I could return with the car to collect my gear. I faced a serious language barrier when I tried to make my desires known to the people stationed there, but luckily Luc came to the rescue. He had crawled up the almost sheer rockface when it became obvious they could proceed no further on the river and in short order we were on our way to Sept-Îles.

coulounge river

a canoe trip of sorts

Richard Lewis

SATURDAY, JULY 28

After a big breakfast and some last minute packing, Skeets and I were ready to leave. It was 9:00 on one of those overcast mornings that makes it difficult to predict what the day has in store for you.

The trip to Davidson was uneventful but the two hour and fifteen minute drive was a little more than we had planned on. The single engine Beaver was booked for 11:00 but it was 11:15 before we even arrived at Calumet Air Services. By the time the plane was fueled and packed with the canoe tied on, it was noon and starting to rain.

Finally, everything was ready and after winning a coin toss, I took my seat next to the pilot. Even though I had flown in to start other canoe trips, all those gauges, pointers and panel instructions still looked impressive to me. Skeets, being a pilot himself, took a quick glance and then concentrated on the scenery.

After three or four circles around the small bay to warm up the engine, we lifted off - so smoothly it was difficult to tell when exactly. The haze and clouds made any distant viewing impossible but we didn't have any trouble watching the landscape directly below the plane fly by.

We didn't follow the river but took a more direct route instead, and the number of lakes visible at any one time was truly amazing. Some of them had beautiful hide-a-ways tucked back in the woods without any sign of a road. The last few minutes of the flight were over parts of the river where we saw sections of fast water, wild water and lots of logs. At the time, we had no idea just how many logs there actually were.

By 1:00 we were waving good-bye to our link with civilization from the shore of Lac Brule. Not a beautiful lake by any means -- at least not from our vantage point. The lack of mature trees certainly contributes to our impression. Anxious to get on our way, we decided to paddle to our first obstacle -- a dam -- before stopping for lunch. Our paddle to the western outlet took only a few minutes, where, with rain gear donned and during intermittent showers, our first portage was undertaken. The area was bug infested so we postponed lunch temporarily.

The portage was short but very lightly travelled if travelled at all. It certainly had not seen traffic for weeks.

The next mile of this unnamed creek leading to the Coulounge River was one big rock garden. We were able to run a couple of very short sections but ended up walking and lining for most of the way. The water was very swift and any maneuvering had to be quick and precise. At one point, we were not able to miss a large rounded boulder just under the surface but the slippery vinyl covering of the 'Oltonar Tripper' was very forgiving and the ABS plastic flexed right over the rock without any problem. We had found the previous year on the Dumoine River, that aluminum is not nearly as forgiving.

During the lining, we found it necessary to change banks in order to continue in the shallower water. This was a rather risky manoeuvre as we had to cross about 6 metres of swift, thigh-deep water with rounded, slippery boulders for footing. We quickly found that looking down, as one has a tendency to do, has a dizzying effect and can cause one to lose his balance very easily.

Finally, we came to calm water but only to find that we had entered a small log dumping area. Admittedly, we couldn't see very far ahead but there was a solid covering of logs as far as we could see. It was 3:00 and we were going to eat our packed lunch in spite of the surroundings.

There we were perched on a log, soaked from the waist down from lining, fighting off the black flies, forcing down an overdue lunch in the pouring rain wondering -- what now?

Our map indicated the logging road nearby would take us to the Coulounge River, the long way around, 4 km to be exact. Not having any choice, we started to load up for the portage when we heard a vehicle coming. Elated, I flagged down the pick-up truck and was hoping to find out how far down the creek the logs went.

Well, adding to the situation, the man and woman didn't speak a word of English. Never having given the situation any previous thought, I really floundered around for the few French words I could remember from high school. No use, we parted ways as they continued on in the direction we wished to go.

Again, we began loading up and as we were just starting out on our trek, the truck returned. By motioning, they asked if we wanted a lift. Having studied the map previously, I knew that it showed that the road went back into the bush and ended without coming to the river that we wanted so badly to see.

We graciously declined the offer by indicating that we wished to go in the other direction and that we did. After about a kilometre, it became obvious why the truck had returned so quickly. The road had been torn up to replace a culvert draining a swamp. Our luck was not about to change here as the new culvert had been lowered into place but the 5 metre wide hole in the road had not been filled in before quitting time on Friday.

Onward we trudged and eventually made it to the main dumping site for the area and there it was at last -- the Coulounge River looking innocent enough. Fortunately, we were well aware of what a river can do, particularly when coupled with inexperience and mistakes in judgment. However, it was nice to see open water again even if it did mean lowering everything over a 3 metre embankment to the swift but smooth river below.

Then we started back for our second load which included the canoe. The rain was really coming down; in fact, we were in the middle of a wild thunderstorm. A couple of times I looked around to make sure the last lightning bolt and thunder clap had not resulted in a tree falling in our direction. Just as the worst of the storm passed we were fortunate enough to surprise a cow moose and her calf feeding beside the road. As we continued to approach them, they acknowledged our presence with a stare and sauntered off down the middle of the road not really very concerned about us, but not sure enough to stay around.

The trip back with the canoe was routine. Travelling on the road made a big difference. Even though it was 4 km, it was fairly easy. We really appreciated sitting in the canoe thinking that now we would be able to stick to paddling for a while.

We were off and starting to regain that feeling of anticipation generated by each bend in the river. A few hundred yards away was a small boat, a tug I guess, used to manoeuvre logs. It was a sad sight up on the bank, that dull gray thing that looked like a tin can that had been banged and pounded repeatedly with a giant hammer.

Our spirits didn't really have a chance to rise much before we hesitated in disbelief. Beyond the next bend and in a huge bay it appeared that there were more logs. We continued to paddle and our fears were confirmed. We could see at least a kilometre and it was solid with logs. It was supper time and we had only managed a few kilometres all afternoon. After some deliberating, we decided upon setting up camp in the clearing beside the tug boat. What a desolate place.

The beach was lined with grounded logs, the clearing was deeply rutted gravel and mud while the bush consisted of a jungle of small aspens and jack pine. However, there was one spot in the gravel to pitch the tent, not flat, but the best we could do. We were both pretty discouraged with little to say. Soon the tent was up and supper was on. Maybe a hot meal would help. It did, a bit.

Conversation was obviously centered around our plight and how to deal with it. There was a logging road a few hundred metres behind us that, according to the map, ran down the west side of the river for many kilometres. A side road from our clearing gave us ready access to the main logging road.

After supper, around dusk, I heard a vehicle coming and ran to the road to see if I could stop it. Well I did, but again the man could only speak French, and I only English. I did manage to find out that the log boom we were confronted with now was 16 km long. What a staggering thought. However, I also deciphered that on Monday the loggers would transport us around the boom. So here was our home until Monday. What else could we do? We had a night cap and tucked in.

SUNDAY, JULY 29

We awoke to a very misty morning and not having any reason to arise, we stayed in our sleeping bags until mid-morning. After the mist had cleared, the day became warmer and after a large breakfast we had a swim. As boredom was starting to set in, we decided to walk along the logging road to a bridge a few kilometres away. Along the way we identified trees and flowers. Since there were not many trees the task was relatively simple. The heat was becoming unbearable and was to get worse by mid-afternoon.



Upon our return we had a light lunch, a snooze and another swim. We tried a short paddle and some fishing but we were bounded by log booms. We lazed around until supper time trying to make the best of any shade that we could find. As I sat quietly by the water, just staring at the opposite shore which was about 75 metres away, a bobcat came along for a swim. It jumped out into the water, swam around in circles and then disappeared back into the bush. When the sun finally touched the horizon, we had supper.

By now, our thoughts were on tomorrow and our hopes were that we would be on our way. We were becoming concerned about making the in excess of 150 km by Friday since we had left word that if we were not back by Friday something was wrong. We knew that Monday morning would arrive and see that we had travelled all of 5 km after almost two days.

We were ready to go as we tucked in and expected to be awakened by the noise of machinery and trucks early in the morning.

MONDAY, JULY 30

We awoke early and started right in with breakfast but there was no noise from the log dumping area. Oh well, they'll show up before breakfast is over. Not so, as there still wasn't a sound as we started to pack up. We begun discussing alternatives. There was no way that I was going to sit there and bake for another day. I was willing to walk the 16 kilometres. We were going one way or the other.

As we were just completing our packing, I heard a noise. What a beautiful sound -- a motor of some sort -- something not normally appreciated on such a trip. We loaded the canoe and headed upstream for the dumping area. Of course, we were confronted with the language barrier again. We were told that the foreman was out in the yard and that he could speak a little English. Well a little was right. After much talk, he in French and me in English, he came out with the statement that the river was full of wood. I did not need to have him tell me that after all we had been through.

Just as everything was looking hopeless, an F.B. Eddy truck drove up with someone who could speak English. He told us that we would have to go to the main camp to get permission to be driven around the log boom. The main camp was about 8 km away but we flew there along a gravel road in a truck that was ready to call it quits any minute.

With permission granted, we were finally on our way. At last, at 11:00 we were on the river. No more logs and our paddling was about to start.

We paddled for about half an hour and ran into another log jam at Cascades du Satardeau. Our slightly lifted spirits were dashed again. The portage was long and very hot. Fortunately, most of it was along an abandoned logging road.

Several sets of small rapids later, we stopped at a beautiful place at the top of Perley Chute for lunch. After lunch and a swim, we were eager to get moving. Two more portages and the rest of the day was smooth, fast water that seemed to run continuously downhill. At 6:00 we stopped for supper and had managed only 20 km. We were well behind schedule.

TUESDAY, JULY 31

A short, early morning rain had awakened us and we were up by 6:00. Since we were anxious to make up lost time, we had a quick breakfast of granola topped with freshly picked raspberries. We encountered mainly swift water all morning and by noon we had travelled 30 km. We stopped at a picturesque campsite where the Riviere de la Corneille joins the Coulonge. Although the area was in a messy state from logging crews, it was still a very scenic spot.

The afternoon was rather uneventful with a couple of short portages and a few rather easy sets of rapids. By late afternoon we were tired and after searching for a campsite for quite a while, we were forced to set up at Devil Falls.

This was probably a beautiful spot before the loggers went through. We were forced to camp in the midst of rotting logs and wood chips. It was getting late though and we were tired as we had paddled 70 km.

We quickly set up camp and called it home for the night. There wasn't much fuss over supper and we were glad to slip into our sleeping bags.



WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1

The morning saw us maintaining a slower pace than the day before. The current was not nearly as strong and neither were we. In the early afternoon we met a crew of loggers at Gallinotes Rapids where they were clearing what we thought was a huge log jam. What we saw was a jam 10 m high and over 30 m wide across the river.

The crew, in the middle of a break, invited us over for a cup of tea and to our surprise some of the eight could speak English. We were told that they had been there for three months breaking up that jam which had been hundreds of metres wider than what we saw and a half a kilometre long.

In the conversation, the loggers asked if we were going to stop at Jim's Paradise where there was cold beer and hot meals. Since it was only a few kilometres away on Jim's Lake, we were anxious to hear more. Apparently, after a short portage and a kilometre paddle to Jim's Lake, we would find a lodge that catered to fishermen using the logging roads as access to their favourite spots. Not really knowing what to expect, we decided that a hot supper would be worth a small detour and off we went.

The lodge was situated on a beautiful site with a scenic view of the lake. The lodge itself was nice and for a place so far from anywhere it was actually busy. The atmosphere of the lodge was very friendly and the people were interesting to talk with, and we had a great meal.

We decided to spend the night, of course, and were offered lodging in a large tepee that was set up in the yard. We accepted and set up for bed time with the thought of getting an early start to finish the balance of the trip the next day. We still had about 50 km left to Grange Chute where we would have to call the Air Service to pick us up. It was impossible to canoe the balance of the river to the Ottawa because of logs, of course, for the mill at the mouth of the river.

In the evening, we met a man who used to be a logger on the river before it was so accessible by road and he had some fascinating stories to tell. He claimed that the logs, that were cut during the winter and placed on the ice, were herded down the river by a crew of 70 men. Starting with the spring break-up they would follow the logs all the way down to the mill. This trip took as long as three months and all supplies were transported from the beginning including food and even cast iron wood burning stoves.

The crews travelled in large dory-like boats which had to be portaged as well. We saw evidence of this as there were wide paths cleared out around the portages and each had logs for a base over which the boats had to be dragged. We also saw several campsites where the groups of 70 had spent some time. It was obvious that they had never heard of 'no trace camping'.

I wondered about bugs at that time of the year and was told that it was quite common to be waist deep in freezing water with snow falling one day and the next to be covered with grease that had been sprayed with DDT to keep the bugs off.

We tucked in early in the hope of getting away at dawn but we spent the night swatting mosquitoes as the tepee was without floor or netting over the door opening.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1

Well we awoke early but our energetic ideas had evaporated in the night. While lying in the tepee watching the overcast skies outside, the rain came and came. We had been very lucky as far as rain was concerned throughout the trip but today we were going to get what we had missed. The steady downpour was just as strong at 9:00 so we decided to go into the lodge and have breakfast as we waited for the clouds to drain themselves. While we were putting away a meal of bacon and eggs, the tepee blew down. By the time we got out to our gear everything was thoroughly soaked.

That was the last straw. We agreed to hitch a ride out to our truck, come back to get the gear and call it a trip. While finishing breakfast we met a group of four fishermen that had come in the night before. We were not the only ones with hard luck as the fishermen had driven from Ottawa the night before and were heading into their secret lake when a frost plug let go in one of the trucks. Fortunately, they were near the lodge and were able to spend the night there.

The owner of the lodge temporarily installed the old frost plug and three of the four fishermen had decided to end the trip before they encountered further difficulties at a less hospitable place. The road out of that place was a real challenge. When we finally arrived at Calumet Air Services my truck was a welcome sight but I wasn't looking forward to driving back down that logging road twice more.

By late afternoon we were packed and on our way out. We stopped at the Black River Inn, an old converted house had the large living-room turned into a pub while the adjacent dining room had a pool table.

We had a beer and listened to a couple of locals play guitar and sing while the kids of the area played pool. We sat around and talked with them for a while and when we were about to leave the guitar player bought us a round and proceeded to give us a lesson in moose calling. Another unusual experience to be added to our list on this so-called canoe trip. In another couple of hours, we were on pavement and heading home.

The whole ordeal was not exactly what I consider to be an ideal canoe trip but in reflection it was fun experience. One of the joys of canoe tripping -- you just never know what will happen next or where you will end up tomorrow.



load limits and stability and more thoughts on timiskoming

by John Cross

Hmm, Sportsmen's Show time is coming around again. I must remember to pick up a load of manufacturers' brochures, to see what they're offering us this year. "The Radisson canoe is specially designed with the fur poacher in mind. Fast, for escaping French (or English) fur company officials, it also has a large carrying capacity: 1200 lbs. of furs and a small cannon to fire over the stern at whichever side you sold out last".

Only few makers are willing to tell you what each model doesn't do well, for the most part, if you're doing a quick shopping tour of brochures, you have to wade through claims that "this model is fast, manoeuvrable, seaworthy, stable, good in white water, carries large loads", etc., but you can also find a few precise figures given: the length, width, height, and, usually, "safe load capacity". What does this last mean? Not so long ago, and with some makers yet, the capacity figure of a canoe was made up to suit the maker's gall level that day and the presumed gullibility of the market. However, some sort of consistency has now worked its way in, and most of the better canoe makers produce a figure, which, if not very accurate, is at least objective, by any tester, and derived by the same formula as that used by their brother manufacturers. This is the "six-inch freeboard capacity".

Ever since Archimedes, playing in a swamped canoe, discovered the principle of flotation, and drifted over a falls shouting "Eureka!", it has been known that adding extra weight to a canoe causes it to sink a distance sufficient to displace that same weight of water. Now if we examine, say, the Woodstream catalogue, we see two racing models, 18' long by 2' wide, so let's estimate the plan area as 24 sq. ft. The "Charger" has sides 3" higher than the "Champion", so its volume is 6 cu. ft. more...um...water is 62½ lb./cu. ft...so the bigger boat should have 375 lb. extra capacity, if loaded to the same freeboard. Sure enough, their capacities are given as 695 and 1080 lb. But stop! 1080 lb., can we believe that? A narrow, racing canoe, safe to carry six or seven of us? Even if we lie down on the floor? No, something must be rotten in the safe capacity formula.

Naturally, building the sides 3" higher gives a canoe x lb. more 6" freeboard-capacity for the catalogue. So place the two canoes, loaded to capacity, side by side on a windy lake, one drawing 5½", and the other - still with its 6" above the water, of course - drawing ... 8½". A roller comes from astern - which canoe does it grip more tightly, slew around more awkwardly? Which responds more sluggishly as the sternsman tries to keep it from wallowing in a trough? Perhaps a better way to measure capacity would be the weight required to sink the boat to some standard draught? Four inches, perhaps? But then the high-sided canoe, which does have some safety advantage over its shallow companion, would be discriminated against. Pat Moore plays safe by giving both figures: an "efficient capacity", which is probably the load when the boat draws 4" (and which looks more realistic to me), and the 6" freeboard capacity, so that his canoes will not appear to suffer in comparison with others.

Perhaps that is the best we can reasonably expect in the brochure - now scrutinize the little plates you see installed on some canoes and motorboats. Here we see given a "capacity" (755 lb. for the Grumman 17') and a "persons capacity" (675 lb.). It is quite reasonable to limit an all-persons load more severely than another - the passengers centre of gravity is higher than that of the general load. As soon as we say "centre of gravity", however, we are dealing with a concept very different from weight, and our boat is differently affected.

Suppose we are interested only in rolling (about a longitudinal axis) for the moment, and our canoe is evenly trimmed fore-and-aft, so we can imagine all the bits of boat, paddler, and packs projected onto a flat cross-sectional plate at the middle (very convenient in a two-dimensional newsletter). The

centre of gravity (c. of g.) is the point at which each bit of mass is exactly balanced by an equal bit on the opposite side of the c. of g. and equally far away OR a bit twice as heavy and half as far away OR etc. In other words, the c. of g. is a sort of "average position" of all the stuff in the boat. If we drove a pin through the imaginary plate, the plate would rotate freely, with no tendency to hang one particular side down. From the point of view of the little gnome at the c. of g., then, the canoe could just as well be upside down - gravity alone does not right it.

Now imagine another c. of g., this time for all the water displaced by the portion of the boat below the water-line - call this the centre of buoyancy. Through this point we can imagine the force acting which supports the craft, to balance the equal and opposite force of gravity through the c. of g. On flat water (the conditions in which "load capacity" figures are presumably gathered) the forces through both points are in line and the boat remains upright. (Fig. 1) Now suppose we mischievously tip the boat by hand. If the boat is properly ballasted, the c. of g. will be low, and move very little in this experiment, while the centre of buoyancy (c. of b.) will scoot over to the side ahead of it. The resulting pair of unaligned forces ("a couple", in "engineerese", whose size depends on both the forces and their distance apart) tend to rotate the boat back upright. (Fig. 2)

If the canoe in Fig. 2 had been tipped over far enough, notice that the c. of g. would have passed over the c. of b., and the couple would then have tipped the canoe yet farther. By that point, however, the gunwale would already have been under water, so we can consider this canoe properly ballasted. Now consider a canoe loaded like King Arthur's horse Concord in Monty Python and the Holy Grail: the c. of g. is so high (Fig. 3) that a slight tilt brings it past the c. of b., and the canoe can not but roll over. Watch your 220 lb. friends try to gunwale-bob on a 60 lb. canoe! How can the poor little thing help but scuttle out from under them?

The classic case of high c. of g. was the 17th-century Swedish battleship Vasa. It seems that a firm of Dutch designers, fearful of Swedish naval power (though they were still at peace with Sweden), devised a cunning scheme to soak up Swedish time and defence budget money (some of which went to the designers of course), but present the Swedes in the end with a dud. They snaffled the contract and designed a ship whose c. of g. was so high (due to heavy upper works, sails, guns, etc.) that it could not do otherwise than roll over at the slightest tilt (which, soon after its launching, it proceeded to do). The Swedes could have lowered the c. of g. by ballasting with rocks in the bilges - but only with such a weight as would have brought the lower gunports below the waterline!

Naturally, shifting the cargo, and hence the c. of g., over to one side makes the canoe - any canoe - liable to immediate capsize. One would have thought this was well known, so it is strange to find it presented as a revelation in a curious "report" which appeared in the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association newsletter, "Kanawa".

Each canoeing accident, it seems, is followed by a spate of explanations by "experts" (remember "...there are all sorts of other waterways which are much

safer (than Lake Timiskaming).", he said. "There are depths of 700 feet in the lake ..." - Toronto Star, June 15, 1978), and the Timiskaming disaster was no exception. One brief was presented to the coroner after the inquest was over, and was published (in part) in Kanawa #2 (where the authors' claims to fame are said to be an "Advanced Canoe Instructor Certificate" and an "Intermediate Canoe Instructor Certificate" - nice to know they've passed their standards!). It is a fairly good example of what happens when people with little notion of experimental technique seek the crown of "researchers".

The report questions - quite legitimately - the stability and capacity of the Selkirk canoe. However, the authors do not seem to know what a control group is (despite years of Crest commercials); they make no mention of side-by-side tests done with other canoes - an important procedure for showing up flaws in technique. In Test #1, they seek to simulate the effect of a single paddler sitting over to one side - by stacking 150 lb. of concrete blocks above the gunwale, on one side. Suppose that single-paddler-on-one-gunwale is considered a configuration in which a canoe ought to stay upright, and suppose further that your mind is not clear enough today to see the difference between a flexible-human-body-with-a-built-in-balance-mechanism and a load of bricks - ask yourself: would your canoe pass this test? Would any canoe on the water today (except perhaps freighters) be pronounced safe? (no ballast in the bilges, of course).

Again, from Test #7, we learn that, when swamped, the Selkirk will not support a 180 lb. man standing upright in it - it sinks five feet. Neither will your life jacket support you standing upright out of water! (The test was conducted on Shuswap Lake, 1978, not the Sea of Galilee 30AD.) Like the Selkirk canoe, or any other canoe, it lets you sink, displacing water until you no longer weigh 180 lb. Had the Advanced Canoe Instructor lain in the water, hanging on to the gunwale (and who ever dreamed of doing otherwise?) he would have found that the Selkirk supported the 10 lb. of him out of water (or whatever it is his head weighs).

(Test #8, though not a quantitative test of stability, is another piece of buffoonery: the Selkirk, it seems, is too heavy to perform a canoe-over-canoe rescue on. Makers of Montreal and North replicas - do your canoes pass this test?)

Test #3 and 4 were more sensible ideas; although "wallowed badly" and "sluggish" are subjective descriptions, they do give us a hint of the canoe's performance, loaded. However, we do learn one objective fact: a Selkirk loaded with 2000 lb. (its advertised capacity) has 10" freeboard (hence 8" draft). According to the inquest, the canoes at the time of the accident were carrying about 1100 lb., and had a freeboard of 12½" (drew 5½") (Globe and Mail, June 29). Most of us have probably had occasion to describe a canoe to our friends as "sluggish" at one time or another, though our audience would have understood in comparison to what. Stability is a characteristic of a boat that can be quantified (naval architects are concerned with the response of their designs under different c. of g. positions), and some sort of experimental test for canoes might be useful, provided it were well enough thought through not to make our fat, flat, stable Grummans out as death-traps.

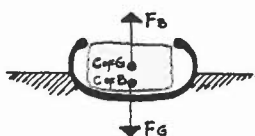


Fig. 1

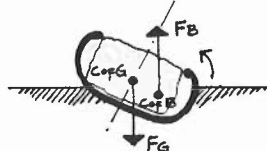


Fig. 2

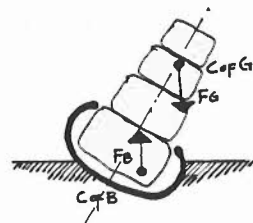


Fig. 3

Strangely enough, there was one characteristic of canoe performance intimately connected to the way in which it is loaded, easy to experiment with, quite possibly (from what I can extract from press reports) of cardinal importance in understanding the Timiskaming disaster, and which is mentioned in neither the coroner's report, nor in such portions of the testimony as were quoted in the papers nor in the report on the Selkirk canoe just mentioned. I refer to the period of roll, to which so much attention is paid in cases of ship capsize.

Given that a violent encounter with a wave has tipped the canoe until its c. of g. has passed over its c. of b., and there is now a capsizing moment, how quickly will the canoe respond? If the load is spread out a great deal (imagine, say, our 200 pounder gunwale bobbing with a pack load of 400 lbs.), then the canoe will roll reluctantly, and perhaps the wave will pass under and right it before it capsizes. On the other hand, once on its way to tip, it stops equally reluctantly. Whether it survives depends on the timing of the wave: if it is perfectly synchronized with the characteristic motion of the boat, even a small wave can have devastating effects a big ocean swell could not match.

Notice that we are here speaking of something entirely independent of both the total weight and the average height of the weight (c. of g.); this is the average dispersal of the weight about its c. of g. You can experiment with your own body on the high bar: same weight, same average height but you spin so much faster when you tuck, don't you.

Loading two heavy packs side by side should change the period slightly from what it was when they were loaded along the centre line, even though the c. of g. is at the same height in both cases.

So to each possible loading, there corresponds a wave, not necessarily large, which treats the canoe particularly viciously. Like a child pumping a swing, the wave gently rocks the canoe at exactly the moment it is recovering from the previous wave; so the rolling builds up and up in short order. Even a heavy load might make for greater safety; however, we usually do not have much flexibility in our loading (apart from fore-and-aft trim), so when the canoe begins to behave like a bucking bronco, we must either go ashore or turn the bow at an angle to the waves and keep it there. Of course, it is precisely when control of the heading is most difficult.

How much information can we sift from the vague reports on what exactly happened on Lake Timiskaming? "He (the sternsman) had been steering a large canoe for the first time... he had been having difficulty steering... all morning and had had to order boys on one side of the canoe to backpaddle at various times in order to stop it from drifting off course... the canoe turned broadside..." The canoe just sat there parallel to the waves as if she were anchored... (Was the canoe badly trimmed? Fore-and-aft weight placement can affect steering in a wind, as we've all experienced. Or - here's a thought - the paddlers were mostly forward and the packs mostly aft, so even if the boat were level, the axis of roll would be inclined up from back to front: how does this affect steering? We

don't have enough data.) "The canoe was tipped over slowly by approximately 16 inch waves after it had turned broadside" (All quotations from the Globe & Mail, June 30). What does he mean, "slowly"? It appears from other testimony (says a spectator at the inquest) that the canoe rocked several times, each time more violently, and shipped more water each time. By attempting to compensate, and overdoing it, the boys may have increased the rolling set up by the waves. Our speculations must stop here for dearth of evidence, but we would do well to pay attention to weight placement in our own canoes, and to its interaction with whatever wind and waves are sent our way.

I deliberately turn my canoe broadside to the waves - with artificially induced rocking with the knees, this can be the driest way to cross a lake - but only when the timing of the waves is right! (that is to say, not right: out of step with my period of roll). The "safe load" is not the point here - what I'm doing with it is safe, but under a slight change of period, could easily not be. We make our progress safe by paying attention to what we are doing - or not, as the case may be.

We can establish our own load limits by cautious practice. Before buying, we had best try the boat out, in rough water if possible, and loaded with real packs and people instead of concrete blocks. To maximum capacity figures, we may take the approach suggested by We-no-nah Canoes: "We publish no maximum capacity figures... they are largely irrelevant, and often exaggerated... the canoe will tell you if it doesn't like what you are doing to it."

wca photo contest

This year seventy-eight slides were entered in the WCA Photo Contest. They were judged by Betty Greenacre and Jean Warrington from the Toronto Guild for Colour Photography, who awarded fifteen Honourable Mentions as well as a top slide in each category.

The judges explained their selection of winning slides, and commented in general on the quality of entries: "We chose slides which we felt gave the best interpretation of the category, were well exposed, and exhibited good composition. On the whole, all slides submitted were of good quality."

The winning slides in each category as selected by the judges were as follows:



CANADIAN WILDERNESS

- "Morning Magic" Barry Brown H.M.
- "Moisie Memories" John Fallis H.M.
- "Evening, Coppermine River" Sandy Richardson H.M.
- "Solitude" Carol Thwaites H.M.
- "High Plateau" Barry Brown First Place

FLORA

- "Mushroom" Christine Bailey H.M.
- "The Meadow" Barry Brown H.M.
- "Mountain Avens" Sandy Richardson H.M.
- "Cotton Grass" Sandy Richardson First Place

FAUNA

- "Common Loon" Christine Bailey H.M.
- "Young Big-Horned Sheep" Christine Bailey H.M.
- "What's This I Hear?" Herb Pohl H.M.
- "Young Rough-Legged Hawks" Sandy Richardson H.M.
- "Near the Lake" Barry Brown First Place

MAN IN THE WILDERNESS

- "North Slope" Barry Brown H.M.
- "Reflections of a Caribou" John Fallis H.M.
- "Coppermine Campsite" Sandy Richardson H.M.
- "Stream Crossing" Sandy Richardson First Place and Best Overall Slide

INTERPRETIVE STUDIES

- "Edge of Dawn" Barry Brown H.M.
- "Ice Web" Barry Brown First Place

(H.M.: Honourable Mention)

All entries were shown at the annual meeting in February, where prizes were presented to the winners. Prints of many of the winning entries are on display in the WCA booth at the Sportsmen's Show.

We will be holding the contest again next year, but announcing it in the Fall issue to allow plenty of time to sort out your best slides. It is hoped that many more members will enter slides next year.

in search of winter

Story: Steward McIlwraith

Photographs: Steward McIlwraith
Sandy Richardson



On Friday December 28, four WCA members, Ken Brailsford, Rick Paleske, Sandy Richardson, and Stewart McIlwraith, headed north with hopes of finding snow and getting in some winter camping. Spending the night in a modest motel near South River, we made final preparations, packing and slicing bacon. (Ken and I decided to purchase two pounds of unsliced bacon, persuaded by the cheaper price and greater quantity of lean pork compared to the sliced "Kiss of Orange" bacon brought in by our late-arriving Globe and Mail cryptic crossword courier, Dave Auger. To our amazement, our choice was very tasty indeed, and the whiskey-jacks at our campsite appreciated the find.)

We arose to a crisp sunny morning and headed off to Lake Wahwashkesh. Along the way we stopped to check the ice conditions on a roadside lake, confirming our information that they were safe. Unfortunately we did not have enough snow to ski, so we would be walking.

Reaching Lake Wahwashkesh we found that it was still open in the narrows, but this was easily detoured by following thick ribbons of ice over the frozen main part of the lake to the opposite shore. From there we followed Sucker Creek and then headed overland to an old logging road when the thin ice in the long marsh grasses along the creek made the going too difficult.

Along this overgrown trail we came across a picturesque ice formation covering a slowly draining puddle, creating glimmering lines along successive stages of the water level.

With the sun getting low we decided to camp on Wolf Lake where we found great snowless summer-like campsites without the demeriting bugs. We pitched camp on the south end of the lake, back among the trees to shelter us from the wind. As the night grew older, so did the lake or so it sounded, creaking and groaning as the ice expanded, giving an eerie atmosphere to the place.



The second day brought more sun and the group of us set off to meet the fifth party member, Dave Auger, who was planning to join us that day. We split up into two groups to cover both the creek and logging road routes, but neither group met Dave. We returned to the cars and found no sign of him, but a phone call to Lindsay confirmed that he had left. We assumed that he might have gone to another starting point where he would not have to cross the ice alone, but make an overland journey to connect with the logging road.

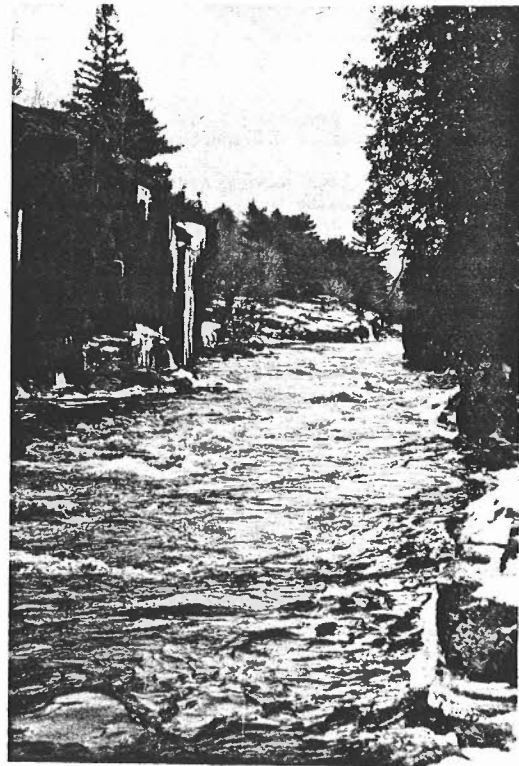
We returned to camp leaving messages in the snow and spelled out in stones on the ice of ponds to direct him to our campsite; but Dave did not appear.

The next morning we met Dave following our trail a short distance from our campsite, and a quiet feeling of relief spread over the group when he appeared and told how after making a wrong turn, his car had become stuck in the snow and delayed his departure. Good old reliable Dave had not forgotten to bring along the

cryptic crossword, which provided the evening's entertainment for the word wizards in the group.

We escorted Dave to our camp, then made our way over glistening beaver ponds to the Magnetawan River to see the chasm of Canal Rapids. Returning via the old logging road Ken, our resident forester, introduced us to the spearmint taste of Yellow Birch and furthered our education by showing us the many varieties of the birch family.

The last sunset of the decade painted the sky with magnificent hues of purple and crimson, a fitting end for the last day of the seventies.



The seventies turned into the snowy eighties while we slept. New Year's Day brought another exploratory trip to the picturesque gorge on the Magnetawan River. The thin covering of snow on the bare lake ice gave an amazing solid look compared to the insecurity one felt walking over ice he could see through.

Wednesday came and it was time to pack and return home. It had not been like our usual winter camps, more like cold weather backpacking, but was none-the-less a very enjoyable and restful stay. The sun was shining again, and it did not take us long to return to our cars by following Sucker Creek. Along the way Sandy unfortunately encountered some thin ice along the edge of the creek and broke through getting his feet wet. However, a quick change of footwear solved the problem. A little lunch and we were soon on our ways home working on the day's new cryptic crossword picked up at a restaurant.



bimadisawin

Story: John Cross

Photography: Graham Barnett
Jim Greenacre

"This," said Jim, preparing to eat his stew in the thirty-five degree comfort of a spacious tent, "is the good life."

To Niel, who had been working over the hot stove for some time, it was a little too good. "Can somebody open the door a little?" Since the outside air at night varied between minus fifteen and minus thirty, the "airing out" had the desired effect.

After our candlelight banquet, eaten in shirt-sleeved comfort, we could look forward to an evening of relaxed talk and tea, followed by a warm and serene preparation for bed. If we woke up in the night with an urge to visit the bushes, we did not, as on other trips, cover in our bags wondering if we could hold on until morning. In the morning, we could take from the tent clothesline warm, dry socks and boot-liners; our sleeping bags would be hung up to dry out what little condensation had formed overnight, while we were enjoying hot, buttered toast for breakfast.

This civilized mode of existence is the invention of the "savage red man" as the old accounts say, who knew well enough how to live, work, and I might add, sew up the crotch in one's pants, for extended periods in cold climates.

Heated tents provide a margin for accident, illness, unexpected delays, or even the ordinary operations of everyday life (washing, drying, repairing, relaxing), which cannot be carried on in the manner of a constant adventure. Backpacking heavy loads through the soft, deep snow and ever climbing up and descending from the Canadian shield is not an efficient way to travel. Thus for loads of over ten kilograms, toboggan or sled hauling was virtually universal as the mode of travel. Our five day trip across Algonquin Park was organized by Craig as a short introduction to native travel methods and "bimadisawin", the good life of comfort combined with mobility results.

Certainly, we were blessed with a very gentle introduction: snow conditions this winter had not been conducive to snowshoe training, so most of our ankles and legs were probably sadly out of shape when we started across the lake from Bear Trail Lodge at

Whitney. However Algonquin Park was itself not heavily snowed in so that we walked across to Haliburton in our boots without once having to break out a snowshoe track for the sleds and toboggans. Since we followed canoe routes, most travel was along smooth and lightly snow-covered lakes; extreme effort was reserved, as in summer, for the portages. Walking easily across Galeary Lake, then, with only a light tug from the

toboggan sliding behind, was occasion for reflecting on how much more pleasant this was than lugging a pack about on one's back - even if the said pack had contained only a doghouse tent and cold-camp gear, instead of the large tents and woodburning stoves of the good life.

There was a price to be paid, though, for camp comfort, which we discovered when we set up at the end of the day - several hours of heavy work. The eight of us slept in two large wall tents, each about ten to fifteen kilograms of lightweight cotton, each of which required a clear, de-debrised, level site, four shear legs, a ridge-pole, two side poles (all poles five to six metres long and strong), ten metres or so of weights for the sod cloth, two big skids for the stove, a line of pickets to keep the wall from blowing against the stove, a stovepipe support pole - and after we'd cut all that to enable the setup to proceed, there was still a full night's supply of firewood to find, haul, cut, and split. Conservationists will be relieved to know that we used only dead wood, and left our poles stacked against trees the next day, for the benefit of any future users of the site. (Not that there are likely to be any. The ideal site in winter is well-enclosed by wind-breaking trees and next to a big tangle of dead timber. Swamps with standing drowned trees are known for that reason as "packeteers' paradises". Winter sites are exactly the sort of site one would avoid in the summer.)

It was well after dark when we gathered in Craig's tent for supper. Seated on duffels, logs, or ensolite, shoveling in the rich, meaty stew, we had cause for satisfaction that the inside temperature was not bound to follow the outside temperature down. Then to bed: I found I'd drawn the tree-root, while Jim punched the innocent, defenceless snow to shape it to his liking. Silence fell, broken only from time to time throughout the night by a clang and flurry of curses as whoever was stoking the stove dropped the lid.

On Sunday, blazingly sunlit like all the days, we used the railway embankment to pass an open section of the Madawaska River, had lunch the *wrong* way (exposed to the wind off the lake without protection) on the shores of Rock Lake, and went on to climb our first long portage to Lake Louisa. Though we had been tightly bundled up out on the lake, we quickly found it necessary to stow our coats aboard the "b-da-bans:" ascending the steeper portages turned out to be much harder than with a canoe, and it was sometimes necessary to two or three hand them up. If this had been a normal

winter, no doubt many of the obstacles would have been deep under snow, and many of the hollows filled in (and perhaps some of us would have got 'mal de raquette' breaking trail). However, in that case we would have had to rely solely on the 'habugodabwan' (toboggan or flat sleigh) which alone have deep snow capabilities and which are narrow, too narrow to carry the oval airtight stove or larger tent and hence to accommodate four of us. The unusually fine travel conditions permitted the use of two 'bkadodabwan' (sleighs with runners), which being wider, could easily transport the bulkier gear. After negotiating fallen logs, small creeks, glare ice, a logging road, after losing Jim's camera in the snow (found the next day), and after discovering that the elaborate arrangement of string, tape, and wire designed to hold Grant's axe-slashed boot together would need renewing after every extreme strain like this one, we arrived at Louisa.

Tired though our legs might be, we had still to face the three-hour labour of camp setup; however, as H. Kephart says in his classic *Camping and Woodcraft*, "A man can stand almost any hardship by day, and be none the worse for it, provided he gets a comfortable night's rest." I did notice, though, that as time went on and we adjusted to the rhythms of this kind of travel, every chore, whether hill climbing or woodcutting, began to seem easier; the fourth day, easily the most difficult in terms of work done, did not feel so. Some similar process can be seen at work in acclimatization to tump line portaging; people will not believe they can carry their own weight or more without difficulty because the first time they try it, it is hard. Our reward for work was a sleep so sound and comfortable that we several times almost let the fire go out (in our tent, that is. In the other one, Craig in his summer sleeping bag was sure to wake up at the drop of the thermometer.)



On Monday, we corrected our mistake of the day before by having lunch the right way: the tarpauline, stretched between two trees between the wind and the fire, created a back-draught which whirled the fire's heat into a toasty-warm alcove. Monday was also distinguished by the breaking of one toboggan (fortunately the smallest) in a collision with a pair of legs, and both axe handles, thus forcing Craig to chop out water holes with an unhandy splinter-handled "hatchet". We passed through North Grace and Lemon Lakes to McGarvey Lake. Although animal tracks were plentiful, we never actually saw their makers; we came closest to it at McGarvey where Jim, Rob, and Graham heard "HEAVY BREATHING" outside the tent. An asthmatic moose? A lovesick Sasquatch? We'll never know.

Those who have been across the portages from Little Coon Lake to Dividing Lake or Whatnot Lake in summer may recall with nostalgia the number of contour lines you were required to cross. From Galeary to Whatnot Lake we had climbed about one-hundred and fifty metres in total. Now in the course of five kilometres of portages, we had to do about twice that, up and down. There are several techniques for keeping a fragile "o-da-ban" loaded with equipment, from eloping on a downhill slope to a fate worse than death. You can throw the hauling tump line in its path to slow it up with the friction of the leather. You can walk behind, holding the tump like reins. You can have your partner tug on a trailing cord, both to brake it and to help steer. As the last resort, you can lower it on a rope from the top of the hill while the rest of the team, spaced up and down the slope, pass it from hand to hand. ("Wait a second! I've



got to the glare ice. Ok, I'm down. Now hand me the... Whoops, hold it.") Remember, too, that rocks over which you can step while carrying a canoe would scrape off the bottom of an "o-da-ban" so they must be somehow avoided. On the other hand, winter tripping provides you with a few respites. Next time you do those portages, notice the number of hills you wouldn't have to climb if you could walk around them, through a swamp.

Animal tracks had been plentiful throughout the park. The record of otters hopping along the shore, wolves playing up and down the bank, moose lying down for a rest, fox, squirrel, and mouse, shortly before we came along were plain to see. ("Akela, did you see what I just saw? Heah, noisy jerks, they'll scare all the game. There ought to be a law.") Now suddenly, at Dividing Lake on the Park boundary, there was a sharp falling

off in the number of tracks, except for those of one species, 'snowmobilis audibillis,' which appeared for the first time. (Those dumb beasts aren't so dumb!)

The hill between Dividing and Rockaway Lakes is the home of some of the few remaining giant white pine in Ontario. Nearly all their siblings floated downriver in lumber rafts a century ago. Although they are scattered among mature hardwoods, they can be seen clearly from a distance standing head, shoulders, and tummy above the rest. Apparently, the lumber company which held this particular fief went bankrupt just before they were due to cut down this stand. Think of the gnashing of teeth there must have been among the stockholders. A stand of white pine...just standing, doing no good to anybody!

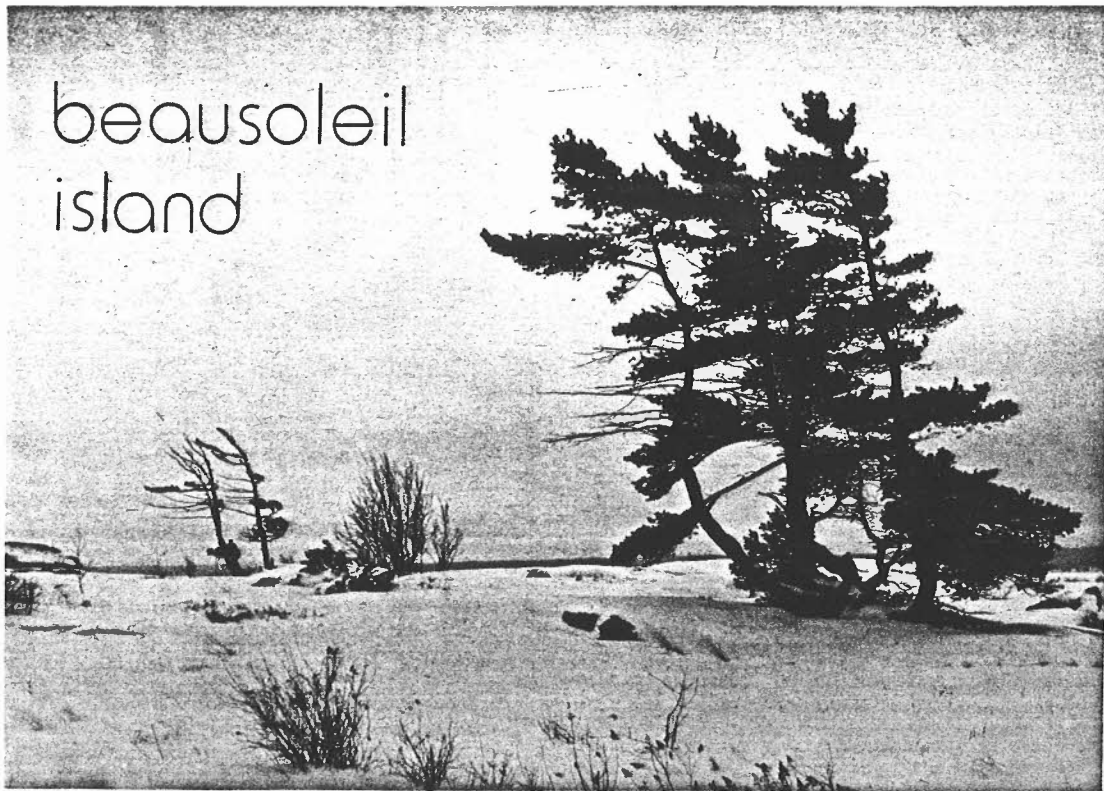
Our final dinner was a banquet of delicious beaver meat, which Craig had parboiled before the trip to remove most of the grease. The result rather resembles turkey dark meat. We had, in fact, been gobbling tons of rich food throughout the trip, water shortage being the one irritant, and then only if we forgot to fill a canteen and keep it in a warm place until needed after a portage.

Wednesday saw us moving quickly along snowmobile trails to the trip's end at Livingstone Lodge. We had one difficult portage to descend, the Golden Staircase from Rockaway Lake, which required us to line the "o-da-ban" down bow and stern in a manner reminiscent of canoe lining. After we had reached Kimball Lake and were eating lunch, a lady from a nearby cottage drove over to visit us on her snowmobile and to offer us water from the cottage well. She was very impressed to learn that we had just walked across Algonquin Park, but saw no incongruity in offering to drive us over to the well (about a hundred metres away).

Having had a sample of the good life in winter camping, we heard our thoughts reflected best in the question Graham put to Jim: "When are you going to start working on your own trail toboggan?"



beausoleil island



Story: Dennis Shimeld

Photographs: Sandy Richardson

"... If you came this way,
Taking any route, starting from anywhere,
At any time or at any season,
It would always be the same: you would have to
Put off sense and notion..."
T.S. Eliot, "Little Gidding"

"...Leisure is not the attitude of mind of those who actively intervene, but of those who are open to everything; not of those who grab and grab hold, but of those who leave the reins loose and who are free and easy themselves — almost like a man falling asleep, for one can only fall asleep by 'letting oneself go'. No one who looks to leisure simply to restore his working powers will ever discover the fruit of leisure; he will never know the quickening that follows, almost as though from some deep sleep."

Josef Pieper, "Leisure, The Basis of Culture"

The sun was shining, the air was brisk, and the snow lay all around: a huge white blanket — white, clean white, sparkling under the sun. We had set out from the shore and were out in the middle of Beausoleil Bay, the shoreline a distant haze and water lapping some centimeters under our feet. We plodded steadily on. "Plodded?" Well, would you call it "skiing" under a thirty kilogram pack? (That is all of sixty-five pounds for those of you who are pre-metric graduates.)

Under the snow was a layer of ice, but just how thick we didn't know. Big Dog channel was not being used, and certainly no one was prepared to put their trust on the ice of the main channel. The sun shone, and patches of snow wetted into slush. We plodded on and on... and sweated and sweated...

"Keep to the marked route," they told us at the Park Headquarters, "you'll be alright there — but anywhere else, it's your own risk." A marked route across the bay? Yes, we were on it. Posts standing up in the ice stretched away into the distance. On top of the posts, flags fluttered and red reflectors glinted in the sunlight; and in case you might run off "the highway" in a white-out, along either boundary small evergreen trees and branches "greened" darkly here and there against the snow.

This was the ice highway running from the Park Headquarters at Honey Harbour to the main depot on Beausoleil Island. And traffic? On yes. From time to time snowmobilers thundered by, helmetted and visored, right hands raised in greeting, or in amazement at seeing people skiing out there. Usually in family groups, sometimes with trailers of kids, friends or grandparents, and occasionally on twin-track truck-size machines, the snowmobilers headed south to "snowmobile land"; the southern part of Beausoleil Island, one of the last refuges of the Eastern Massasauga rattlesnake and a snowmobiler's paradise.

We turned off north into Treasure Bay and up into the northern part of the island where peace and stillness reign. Here the trails are narrow and the brush closes in. Here the snowmobilers never come. Each to their own... We crossed the island and the sun still shone.

Do not be misled by the National Park map. Though useful, it's scale is inaccurate. The island itself is no more than nine kilometers from north to south — and we skied all of nine kilometers before settling on a campsite. "Is it sheltered enough?" "No, too exposed. Look at the lean of those trees away from the prevailing wind." "What about here under this tree?" "No, too far from the water." "WATER!? So, melt snow." — the choice of a campsite always leads to some interesting discussions.

Well, there was water. Only a few feet away, right along the shoreline, which gave us pause to wonder just how thick the ice was over the bay. Anyway, after the tents were up and we had snacked, there seemed a lot more ice than water and off we skied, without those heavy packs, around and out into the bay, looking for all those "touristy" things to do like climbing-all-the-steps-to-the-top-of-the-lighthouse to see the-view-that-that-was-not-there-when-we-got-there. The clouds had come in and the sun had gone down.

With the sun down and the temperature dropping fast, supper of hot stew was pleasant ... and hot chocolate... and more hot chocolate. But what goes in has also to come out. The possibility of having to emerge from a sleeping bag at three o'clock in the morning out into a many-degrees-below-freezing temperature worried three of us, though not Sandy! He sat there drinking hot chocolate by the mugful as the clouds thickened up and the moon misted over. He had an edge on us — could it be the camera tripod with hollow legs...?

While everyone else burrowed into down sleeping bags and slept wrapped up in their woolies — scarves, sweaters, socks, you name it — as the temperature plummeted down to twenty degrees below Celsius, Dennis experimented with a summer-weight sleeping bag in the NUDE. "Silly fool!" — ah, but he had a vapour barrier sleeping bag liner.

Well, these vapour barrier liners work. (Otherwise, someone else would have written this.) With a sleeping bag rated for no more than a few degrees below freezing (-4° Celsius) and the temperature outside below minus twenty, there was Dennis in the nude not freezing to death. Like the ad says:

... "with only seven ounces of extra weight now you can add twenty degrees of warmth to your sleeping bag and eliminate dampness build-up in the bag... Comfortable conditions in 'our vapour barrier sleeping bag liner' will be seventy degrees Fahrenheit with seventy-five percent humidity, about what you would find in the shade of a palm tree in Honolulu..."

— With Dennis dreaming of... (Editor's note: The beach girls weren't mentioned in the ad., Dennis!)

So, it is true, then. However, as your family physician might say "...there may be some slight side effects."

At seventy-five percent humidity you had better consider what to sleep in. If you would wear anything at all, you might be advised to wear a swimsuit for, when you awake in the morning, your "PJs" will be sopping wet. Okay, sleep in the nude... However, sleeping in the nude in a "double-coated-reflective-aluminized-ultra-light-one-point-two-ounce-ripstop-nylon" bag may be unmatched for efficiency but is not everyone's cup of tea. I guess I can only describe the feeling to those with imagination as something like being a snake in a snake-skin, just at the point of shedding it!

A second slight side effect, I suppose, could have something to do with love. The "double-coated-reflective-aluminized-ultra-light-one-point-two-ounce-ripstop-nylon" has an unbelievable snuggling effect. Moist, and loving, it wraps itself all around you. Just try it and you, too, can find out how intimate aluminized nylon can love you. (No, Geraldine, it's not quite like satin bedsheets...!)

Another side effect would probably be obvious to a balloonist, but it wasn't so obvious to me prior to the experiment. This, I shall term the "bellow's effect." Once closetted in your "double-coated-reflective-aluminized-ultra-light-one-point-two-ounce-ripstop-nylon" bag, however tightly you nearly throttle yourself with the drawstring closure at the neck, every little move, turn or twist causes the air to rush IN and OUT... Twitch your little toe, and your ear nearly gets blown off. Wiggle anything else, and the cool minus twenty degree draught down the back of your spine can send you into...hysterics!

Now, I don't want to give the wrong impression, because vapour barrier sleeping bag liners really do work — after all, I have proved it — and for some people, apparently, side effects don't exist. So, to these people, all you winter campers out there, are you listening? THE DEAL OF A LIFETIME...A special offer for you only:

ONE double-coated-reflective-aluminized-ultra-light-one-point-two-ounce-ripstop-nylon VAPOUR BARRIER SLEEPING BAG LINER powdered with perfumed talc (new) SWEET HONESTY....AN ULTRA EXPERIENCE — one, only only, special \$29.99...



The next morning it was snowing, and the cold was raw; or maybe after a night's simulation of life under "the shade of a palm tree in Honolulu" I just felt the cold more! We breakfasted, with lots of hot drink, and decided to recross the island and leave our heavy packs at Treasure Bay and spend the rest of the day, before heading back across the ice to the cars, in exploring the north east part of the island. Was there a chapel at Chapel Point? Did sandpipers nest in Sandpiper Bay? Were there red cedars at Red Cedar Point — or fairies in Fairy Lake?

Here the silence of the woods under the heavy free-falling eddying snowflakes made all the packing, effort and sweating worthwhile, and I, at least, experienced "...the quickening that follows, almost as though from some deep sleep."





Again this spring we are offering a wide variety of canoeing and wilderness experiences from which, it is hoped, everyone can select something to his taste. We have tried to keep trips small and informal in order to enhance the wilderness experience as well as for safety reasons. Also for environmental reasons we are encouraging members to cook on portable stoves rather than using campfires (especially on the Madawaska River where environmental damage has been particularly severe).

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

Our trip guidelines, safety rules, and river rating system are included again this year in the spring issue, and everyone is asked to read these carefully before participating in an outing. Also please remember that the trip organizers are not paid professionals, but fellow members volunteering their time to help put a trip together, and that each participant is responsible for his own transportation, equipment, and safety. (Trip organizers will, however, endeavour to match up people who may be missing either equipment or transportation.)

We sincerely hope that all of you will have a safe and enjoyable season of canoeing and wilderness experience.

April 4 HUMBER RIVER

organizer: Norm Coombe 416-293-8036
416-751-2812
assistant: Jim Greenacre 416-759-9956
book between Mar. 15 and Apr. 1

A one-day trip with lunch on the river suitable for intermediates. The river rating depends on water levels with the first part of the trip being grade I and the second grade II and III. We may pull out before beginning the second part. Precise details will be settled by the organizer at the time depending on the conditions. Limit 6 canoes.

April 6 LOWER CREDIT RIVER

organizer: Ken Ellison 416-826-3120
book between Mar. 8 and 15

A 10 km trip down the wild lower section from Streetsville to the lakeshore. Many long and rough sections can be expected if high water conditions prevail. This day trip is suitable for advanced canoeists. Limit 4 canoes.



April 5 UPPER CREDIT RIVER

organizer: Ken Ellison 416-826-3120
book between Mar. 8 and 15

This 20 km trip will be run down the easier upper section of the river south of Terra Cotta. High water conditions may provide a number of exciting rapids suitable for intermediate canoeists or better. Limit 4 canoes.

April 12-13 MOIRA RIVER - SALMON RIVER

organizer: George Barnes 416-489-6077
book between Mar. 24 and Apr. 10

This trip is complimentary to the one listed below but will be longer and more demanding. The Salmon trip will be covering a longer section of the river and the Moira trip will be the organizer's first and therefore exploratory. Suitable for advanced canoeists. Limit 4 canoes.

April 12 - 13 SALMON RIVER - MOIRA RIVER

organizer: Glenn Spence 416-355-3506
book between Mar 24 and Apr. 10

These rivers are in the Belleville - Marysville area. This is a good weekend for paddlers to get back into the "white water habit". Good scenery, good paddling, and short portages will be on tap for this weekend. The Salmon in high water offers a consistent gradient and numerous limestone rapids with strong current and large standing waves, while the Moira has many flat sections interspersed with steep drops that require precise manoeuvring. Participants will be able to camp at a local conservation area. Participants must sign up for the entire weekend. Suitable for intermediates. Limit 5 canoes.

April 19 CREDIT RIVER

organizer: Jim Greenacre 416-659-9956
book between March 8 and 24

This trip will take place on the easier, upper section of the river. It is suitable for intermediates with basic canoeing experience who would like to run easy fast water sections with small choppy waves. Limit 6 canoes.

April 19 - 20 BEAVER CREEK

organizer: Gord Fenwick 416-431-3343
book between March 24 and April 4

This river runs south towards Marmora through mainly wilderness area. There is a variety of scenery in addition to many rapids. The trip includes overnight camping and is suitable for advanced canoeists. Limit 4 canoes.

April 20 LOWER BLACK RIVER

organizer: Bill King 416-223-4646
book between Mar. 31 and Apr. 14

A gentle day trip through pretty countryside near Washago. At high water there will be at least one portage and some areas with moderate sized waves. Suitable for families and beginners with some sense of adventure. Trip time is about 4 hours. Limit 6 canoes.

April 26 MAITLAND RIVER - SOLO

organizers: Sandy Richardson 416-429-3944
Glenn Davy 416-621-4037
book between Apr. 4 and 18

A challenging solo-run down the lower Maitland for advanced white-water canoeists. This section runs through a scenic limestone gorge in a nearly continuous succession of rapids requiring much scouting and precise control. Limit 4 canoes.

April 26 ANSTRUTHER LAKE LOOP

organizer: Rob Butler 416-487-2282
book between Apr. 7 and 21

A 28 km one-day loop involving lake travel in the area north of Peterborough. An early conditioner for the coming season. Suitable for novice or better in good physical shape. Limit 4 canoes.

May 3 - 4 MADAWASKA RIVER

organizer: Ken Ellison 416-826-3120
book between Apr. 7 and 14

A white water trip down the traditional Snake Rapids section from Latchford to Griffith. The chosen date will put the trip at a time of high water causing many difficult rapids. Portages exist around all rapids and can be used if water conditions are too high. Suitable for advanced canoeists. To minimize environmental impact we will be cooking on portable stoves. Limit 4 canoes.

May 10 - 11 UPPER MADAWASKA RIVER

organizer: Ken Ellison 416-826-3120
book between Apr. 19 and 26

An exciting white water trip on the upper Madawaska River from Whitney to Madawaska near the southern border of Algonquin Park. The 27 km section will provide many long and rough rapids many of which are grade IV. Few marked portages exist around the rapids, consequently high portaging, lining and canoeing skills are a necessity. Since it is an exploratory trip for the organizer it is rated for expert white water canoeists only. Limit 4 canoes.



May 10 - 11 ALGONQUIN PARK LAKE LOOP

organizer: Herb Pohl 416-637-7632
book any time up to May 5

The trip will set out from the Portage Store on Canoe Lake. The farthest point on the 35 km circle route will be Sunbeam Lake. There are a number of portages but none very long (the longest is 750m). The leisurely pace should make this suitable as a shakedown cruise for more ambitious journeys later on. The key word is "few": few bugs, people, leaves, miles (sorry Sandy, kilometres) and perhaps degrees (°C). The organizer is familiar with part of the route only. Nevertheless, no difficulties are anticipated for novice canoeists unless it blows up a storm. Limit 4 canoes.

May 10 - 17 UPPER STURGEON RIVER

organizer: Bill King 416-223-4646
book between Mar. 31 and Apr. 21

Note that the dates listed above are dependant on the weather conditions. This will be a seven-day (approx.) trip on the Sturgeon from its headwaters to the Manitou River timed (as mentioned) as early as possible after breakup to combine high water and minimal flies. We will drive to Wawiashtashi Lake and fly from there to the headwaters. This is reputed to be a very scenic river with lots of white water. Ample time should be available for such side trips as climbing Ishpatina Ridge (the highest point in Ontario). Because this is an exploratory trip for the organizer participants should have advanced skills. Limit 3 canoes.

May 17 - 19 PETAWAWA RIVER

organizers: George Luste 416-534-9313
Joe Keleher 416-675-5800 (B)
705-436-1300 (R)

book between April 19 and May 6

In the north-east part of Algonquin Park at the edge of the precambrian shield, this scenic river flows past 100m high cliffs with challenging rapids and quiet lakes. Limit 6 canoes.

May 17 - 19 FRENCH - PICKEREL MOUTH

organizer: John Cross 416-487-0678
book between Apr. 19 and May 3

A circle route in the spectacular maze of islands and channels at the many mouths of the French and Pickerel rivers. The route will vary slightly depending on the Georgian Bay weather, but is not a difficult trip. Suitable for novices. Limit 4 canoes.

May 17 - 19 ALGONQUIN PARK

organizer: Gord Fenwick 416-431-3343
book between Apr. 14 and 30

A trip with a variety of aspects such as lake travel, portaging in one trip, river travel with its various aspects including the running of many rapids. The exact route chosen will depend to some degree on the water levels that occur this spring. The trip will be physically demanding, with the opportunity to see the first rays of dawn and the beautiful star filled sky throughout the night. Suitable for advanced canoeists. Limit 4 canoes.

May 17 - 18 LOWER SAUGEEN RIVER

organizer: Ken Riepert 416-845-3608
book between Apr. 20 and May 4

Fast water, grade I and the occasional grade II rapid, tight corners and fallen trees will make this overnight camping trip very interesting for intermediates. We will cover about 80 km without portaging. Upon leaving Walkerton the river takes on the appearance of a wild northern river, cutting through glacial deposits forming banks 30 m high or more with ever changing shoreline from high sandy banks to dense woodland. This is an exploratory trip for the organizer and because of the anticipated high water it is suitable for intermediate canoeists. Limit 6 canoes.

May 19 UPPER SAUGEEN RIVER

organizer: Ken Riepert 416-845-3608
book between Apr. 20 and May 4

On Monday we will run with empty canoes the Saugeen from Durham to Hanover, an exciting trip for intermediates, a little whitewater and natural hazards which require precise manoeuvring in the fast current. Approximately 30 km without portaging. Limit 6 canoes.

May 24 - 25 AMABLE DU FOND RIVER

organizer: George Barnes 416-489-6077
book between May 12 and 22

The Amable du Fond runs north from Kiosk. It alternates long, slow stretches with steep kilometre-long bouldery rapids. Hidden portage entrances conceal themselves just above awesome waterfalls. The Petawawa River could be considered as a good warm-up to this river. Suitable for advanced canoeists. Limit 5 canoes.

May 24 - 25 OPEONGO - MADAWASKA RIVERS

organizer: John Cross 416-487-0678
book between Apr. 26 and May 10

Two empty-canoe whitewater days on the Opeongo and Upper Madawaska near Whitney. The upper Madawaska is a difficult run with many rocks, steep gradient, and continuous rapids. The Opeongo may be easier if the water level is not too high. Suitable for advanced canoeists. Limit 4 canoes.

May 31 - June 1 MADAWASKA RIVER - SOLO

organizers: Sandy Richardson 416-429-3944
Cam Salsbury 416-498-8660
book between May 3 and 17

A chance to run the beautiful and exciting Snake Rapids in a unique way - each member of the group will paddle solo. It should provide an opportunity to improve our paddling skills, and experience the river in a new way. Suitable for advanced canoeists with white water skills. To minimize environmental impact we will cook on portable stoves and limit the trip to 4 canoes.



June 7 BURNT RIVER (near Kinmount)

organizers: Dave and Anneke Auger 705-324-9359
book between May 15 and 30

The lower Burnt River abounds with rugged scenery and scenic waterfalls. This 15 km trip has a few stretches of runnable white water and two 1000 m portages. Suitable for novices with some canoeing experience. Limit 5 canoes.

June 21 - 22 WHITEWATER WORKSHOP: MADAWASKA RIVER

organizer: Bob Morgan 416-649-3760
book between May 30 and June 10

This two-day workshop at Palmer Rapids will focus on an exchange between some of the more experienced WCA members and anyone wishing to improve his whitewater skills. It will include sessions on whitewater safety, canoe rescue and solo techniques. This workshop is ORCA sanctioned and participants who so desire may obtain level I and level II moving water certificates. Camping information will be provided. Bring your musical instruments along for a Saturday evening sing-song. Any experienced member willing to help with the instructing please contact the organizer as soon as possible.

SUMMER TRIP

We are also listing the following longer summer trip early in order to allow members to arrange vacations and other plans early.

July 26 - Aug. 2 WANAPITEI RIVER

organizer: Richard Lewis 613-283-7020
book between June 1 and June 30

This trip involves travelling through several lakes at the headwaters of the Wanapitei River with the last half of the 190 km being spent descending the river itself. Experience in wilderness travel and moving water would be beneficial as the last 50 km contain 31 sets of rapids. Limit 4 canoes. Suitable for advanced canoeists.

guidelines for wca trips

1. Trip information will be circulated in the newsletter prior to WCA trips.
2. All trips must have a minimum impact on the environment. To ensure this, trips organizers will limit:
 - a) the number of canoes (or participants) permitted on the trip,
 - b) the type of equipment and supplies used for camping.
3. Participants must register with the organizer at least two weeks (but not more than four) prior to the trip. This is necessary:
 - a) for participants to get detailed information about meeting places, times, changes of plan etc. (It is suggested that organizers send out written information),
 - b) to avoid having too large a group,
 - c) to screen participants as to skill, if necessary.
4. Food, transportation, canoes, camping equipment, partners, etc. are the responsibility of each participant. (In some cases, however, the organizers may be able to assist in these areas; particularly the pairing of partners.)
5. Participants are responsible for their own safety at all times, and must sign a waiver from. (Organizers should return completed waivers to the Outings Committee to be kept on file.)
6. Organizers reserve the right to:
 - a) exclude participants based on experience level,
 - b) determine paddlers' positions in canoes by experience;
 - c) exclude any canoe deemed "unsafe" for any particular trip.
7. In the event of any dumping or other potentially dangerous situation occurring on a trip, the organizer and participants involved will fill out a Mishap Report to be sent to the Outings Committee, immediately after the trip.
8. Lone paddlers and / or Kayaks are permitted on trips at the discretion of the organizer.
9. Non-members are permitted to participate in only two trips.
10. Organizers should write a brief description of the trip (or arrange to have this done) and send it to the newsletter editor as soon as possible after the trip.

trip ratings

In order to avoid confusion over the level of difficulty of WCA canoe trips each newsletter description will state the level of experience required. The following international river rating system, advocated by the Canadian White Water Affiliation, should serve as a guide.

CLASS	DESCRIPTION	MINIMUM EXPERIENCE REQUIRED
	<u>Very Easy</u> : moving water with no rapids, some small riffles, and wide passages.	Beginner (with some instruction)
I	<u>Easy</u> : some small rapids with small waves and few obstacles. Correct courses easy to recognize. River speed is less than hard backpaddling speed.	Novice (beginner with some practice)
II	<u>Medium</u> : frequent but unobstructed rapids. Passages easy to recognize. River speed occasionally exceeds hard backpaddling speed.	Intermediate
III	<u>Difficult</u> : numerous rapids, large waves, and many obstacles requiring precise maneuvering. Courses not easy to recognize. Current speed usually less than forward paddling speed. General limit for open canoes.	Advanced
IV	<u>Very Difficult</u> : long rapids with irregular waves, boulders directly in current, strong eddies and cross-currents. Scouting and fast precise maneuvering is mandatory. Courses difficult to recognize. Current speed often exceeds fast forward paddling speed.	Expert
V-VI	<u>Exceedingly Difficult</u> : very strong current, extreme turbulence, big drops, steep gradients, many obstacles. <u>Limit of navigability</u> !	Team of Experts in covered canoe)

NOTE: This rating system is flexible, and just a rough guide. It is not based exclusively on the above descriptions. Factors such as remoteness, water temperature, river width, etc. can make a river more or less difficult, and vary the level of skill required. Further, a river may change its rating drastically depending upon the time of year. Finally, a stretch of river may be classed as easy, but may contain rapids of any grade which may influence the overall rating of the trip very little.

Lake trips cannot be so readily rated for difficulty. Generally, lake trips are suitable for beginners; however, strong winds on a large lake can be dangerous for any canoeist, no matter what his experience.

THE RATING OF TRIPS IS THE DECISION OF THE ORGANIZER.

canoe safety rules

(These rules are to be applied at the discretion of the trip organizers.)

- 1.) Paddlers will not be allowed on any trip without:
 - i) a flotation jacket that can be worn while paddling,
 - ii) a "safe" canoe (minimum length 15 ft for 2 paddlers),
 - iii) lining ropes (at least 25 ft) on bow and stern.
- 2.) Paddlers should always bring:
 - i) spare clothing, well waterproofed,
 - ii) extra food,
 - iii) matches in waterproof container.
- 3.) The signals used on WCA river trips should be known ahead of time.
- 4.) On rivers, canoes should maintain a definite order. Each boat is responsible for the one behind, giving signals after finishing any rapid, and positioning itself below the rapid ready to assist in case of trouble. Always keep the canoe behind in sight.
- 5.) Canoes should keep well spaced in rapids. Do not enter a rapid until the preceding canoe has successfully completed its run and signalled.
- 6.) The organizers' decisions on all trips are final.

SIGNALS



difficult - use own judgment



danger - do not run



all clear - with caution

products and services

Spray Covers:

Custom Made for any canoe from waterproof nylon.
Contact ROCKWOOD OUTFITTERS, 15 Speedvale Ave. E.,
Guelph, Ontario, N1H 1J2. Telephone (519) 824-1415.

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 Olsen 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: Nick Nickels, Box 479, Lakefield, Ont., K0L 2H0.

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.

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.

Canoe Wanted:

Used Grumman canoe in decent condition. Prefer seventeen foot but will consider other lengths. Write a note with description of canoe, price and your phone number to Craig Peters, 30 Graywood Ct., Kitchener, Ont., N2E 1W3.

Bluewater Canoes:

Lightweight Kevlar, fiberglass and nylon canoes made with super vinylester or epoxy resins. This year we also have a new sixteen foot whitewater canoe. As well, we have an excellent line of canoes - Mad River, Nova Craft, Woodstream - and canoeing supplies. ROCKWOOD OUTFITTERS, 14 Speedvale Ave. E., Guelph, Ontario, N1H 1J2. Phone (519) 824-1415.

Canoe for Sale:

A sixteen foot cedar-glass canoe, handcrafted by Greg Cowan of Blue Vale, Ontario. A fast, responsive canoe. Excellent condition; little used. Approximately seventy pounds. Asking \$460. Contact Bob MacLellan in Toronto at (416) 488-9346.

Canoe for Sale:

Mad River ABS Explorer canoe, sixteen foot. Excellent condition. Contact: Amy Lewtas, 4 High Point Road, Don Mills, Ontario, M3B 2A4. Phone (416) 447-3858.

Wanapitei:

An extensive organized canoe tripping program for novice to expert. We canoe the Winisk, Missinaibi, Churchill, Dumoine, Lady Evelyn, Spanish and more for as little as \$175 a week. Wanapitei also has a youth camp for youngsters eight to eighteen, teaching the traditions of the Canadian wilderness with skill: swimming, canoeing, river work, life saving, map reading, wilderness baking, and so forth. Write Bruce Hodgins, director, Dept. L, 7 Engleburn Palce, Peterborough, Ontario, K9H 1C4 or phone Toronto 928-9504 or Ottawa 232-7825.

wca contacts

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Herb Pohl (Chairman),
480 Maple Avenue,
Apartment 113,
Burlington, Ont.
L7S 1M4
416-637-7632

Dave Auger (Vice-Chairman)
65 Peel Street,
Lindsay, Ont.
K9V 3M5
705-324-9359

Barry Brown,
1415 Everall Road,
Mississauga, Ont.
L5J 3L7
416-823-1079

Roger Bailey,
R.R. #2,
Port Elgin, Ont.
N0H 2C0
519-832-5211

Bill King,
45 Rimount Dr.,
Willowdale, Ont.
M2K 1X3
416-223-4646

Glenn Spence,
Box 755,
Colborne, Ont.
K0K 1S0
416-355-3506

SECRETARY

Claire Brigden,
58 Eastbourne Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.
M5P 2G2
416-481-4042

W.C.A. POSTAL ADDRESS

Box 901,
Postal Station A,
Scarborough, Ont.
M1K 5E4

TREASURER

Rob Butler,
47 Colin Avenue,
Toronto, Ont.
M5P 2B8
416-487-2282

OUTINGS

Cam Salsbury,
70-3 Castlebury Cres.,
Willowdale, Ont.
M2H 1W8
416-498-8660

CONSERVATION

Jerry Hodge,
46 Camwood Cres.,
Don Mills, Ont.
M3A 3L4
416-449-9212

NEWSLETTER EDITOR

Sandy Richardson,
5 Dufresne Cr.,
Apt. 2705,
Don Mills, Ont.
M3C 1B8
416-429-3944

YOUTH ENCOURAGEMENT FUND

Cam Salsbury,
70-3 Castlebury Cres.,
Willowdale, Ont.
M2H 1W8
416-498-8660

MEMBERSHIP

Paula Schimek,
139 Goulding Ave.,
Willowdale, Ont.
M2M 1L5
416-222-3720

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 1980.

Notes: -This membership will expire January 31, 1981.
-Please send completed form and cheque (payable to the Wilderness
Canoe Association) to the membership committee chairman.