

tonquin in winter



The Tonquin Valley, an alpine hideaway high in the Canadian Rockies above and beyond Jasper, Alberta, is well known to hikers and trail riders in summer. The stirring beauty of this unique valley is no less enjoyable on skis in winter.

Our take-off point was Portal Creek, accessible via the same road leading to the Marmot Basin downhill ski area and about ten kilometres from town. We parked the vehicles, donned cross-country skis, shouldered our packs and set off. Today's party was led by outfitter Gord Dixon accompanied by chef, Dorothy Dixon, plus an affordable half dozen local lady and gent mountaineers who had already succumbed to the spell of the fabled Tonquin. Guide Ian Hipkins, was with me to lend encouragement and lead the way into the snows of the high country.

The trail winds and climbs an easy six-hundred and ten metres, consistent gradient for eleven kilometres to the halfway point at the top of MacArrib Pass. A prettier trail would be hard to find.

It follows along the creek at first but the high cliffs and forested slopes quickly fall away to allow a fine view from the canyon floor. Further along, the canyon effect gives way altogether to partially wooded slopes rising at a slightly steeper pitch near the pass.

We stopped for lunch, while still sheltered by clumps of evergreens then, rested somewhat, made the final upward trek above treeline to the top of the pass.

Even in this near perfect weather, it was reassuring and a pleasure to be skiing with a knowledgeable guide who not only knew terrain and snow conditions but set a comfortable pace as well.

Our descent from the pass in the tricky, flat afternoon light was made even more interesting by the heavy trail packs carried by the more seasoned mountaineers. Since all good and supplies are packed in on skis, some of the tumbles were spectacular enough in the deep snow. The terrain wasn't so steep or difficult; it was the flat light effect on the fresh snow that was weird.

Hipkins, who was leading me down, snowplowed what appeared to be a short easy slope, then instructed me to do likewise. I didn't believe such caution was necessary and proceeded to schuss it. I sailed past Ian still gathering speed into what now seemed like a featureless wall of white. I had the distinct but eerie impression that I had somehow become disembodied and was moving ever faster in a dreamlike void in the general direction of British Columbia. I purposely fell to avoid crossing the border.

Reviewing my descent, I spotted Ian looking down from half way up the slope of a wide draw. The terrain was clearly discernable now, but it sure didn't look this way from above. A short climb back up rectified the situation.

We completed our two-hundred and fifteen metre descent to the valley floor and were back in the trees again leading to Dixon's camp on the end of Amethyst Lake. The ski-in is twenty-two kilometres overall.

The Ramparts....a sheer-sided monolithic wall that rears up almost from the water's edge to the clouds above, is certainly one of the most majestic and unusual rock formations in all the Rockies. In spite of its overpowering beauty, I found it difficult to

photograph satisfactorily on my previous visit to the Tonquin Valley in summertime. We had all sorts of new ideas for this trip should the weather be good.

As we neared camp, the great rock forms loomed tantalizingly above in the falling snow and failing light of the mid-afternoon.

Dixon's Camps operate as trail's end for trail riders in the summer. The cookstove and fireplace in the main cabin were quickly fired up and within minutes we were sitting back enjoying a relaxing cup of tea prior to dinner.

You burn up a lot of zip touring the high country so you gotta have food. The Dixons are fully aware of your needs. The circular dining table is centered by a full sized glass-covered wagon wheel that revolves like a giant turntable laden with a veritable mountain of tasty staples. Fourteen superb porterhouse steaks for nine diners in addition to soup, pie and ice-cream (all this is backpacked in over the pass remember) left the skiers in a state of euphoric well-being.

One noble soul even packed in a bottle of a fine red wine which, in my estimation, indicates a deep and dedicated appreciation for the amenities of the good life regardless of circumstances.

There are five guest cabins which can accommodate a total of fourteen guests in addition to the main dining cabin. You don skis again to travel even this short distance for, without skis or snowshoes, you would sink to the waist in the deep Tonquin Valley snow. It was snowing again the next morning.

The party split up and while one group, led by Gord Dixon, packed a lunch and took off for a day-long outing along the Ramparts, Ian, Susie and I skied to Moat Lake hoping the weather would clear so we could get our Ramparts backgrouded photographs.

It continued to snow, so we just enjoyed the day skiing. Hipkins selected an easy slope and attempted to teach us the telemark turn. The telemark goes back to the early days of skiing; it's so old that it's new again. It's not as easy as it look and the falls in that deep, fluffy snow were hilarious.

Cross-country skiing in that high mountain air works up a ravenous appetite and we were famished when

we got back to camp at sundown. We came to the right place.

Dorothy Dixon, who had stayed in camp, served up a four course feast capped by blueberry pie with ice-cream that rated buckle-popping compliments to the chef. And oh yes...that same gracious and refined lady uncorked yet a second bottle of wine; it was the final touch to a great day.

Stories were told followed by Ian Hipkins detailing the items and variety of uses for the equipment carried in an alpine guide's pack. The towering mountains and remote isolation were somehow less intimidating after his talk.

There was a single hole in the sky the following morning and the sun was shining through it like judgment day. This was our last chance for the solitary skier shot backgrounded by the Ramparts...and by gosh we got it!

When you ski the Tonquin be sure to bring your camera. The weather had clouded in again when we reached the top of the pass but, while pictures were out of the question, the skiing down to Portal Creek was absolutely fantastic. The gradual grade with the trail winding down through the woods flanked by sheer walled mountains were further enhanced by the perfect ski conditions. The clouds that preempted the photography had laid down the best snow I had skied in years. Even with the climb and twenty-two kilometres of skiing, we were all sorry to see the trail end; it was that kind of day.

Tony Sloan

This is only the second winter that the Dixons have operated the Tonquin camp for cross-country skiers. My bet is that their winter season (Dec. 15-April 15) will soon be just as popular as their Tonquin Valley Pack Trips by horses in summertime.

For information, contact Gordon Dixon, P.O. Box 550, Jasper, Alberta, T0E 1E0 or telephone (403) 852-3909.

WCA ANNUAL MEETING

The annual general meeting of the WCA was held February 28 at McMaster University in Hamilton.

In addition to receiving reports from the Board of Directors, the treasurer and the various committees, the meeting ratified the amended By-Laws for the association, thus paving the way from the Board to proceed with the incorporation of the WCA.

One major piece of business dealt with was in the area of conservation. The following resolution was adopted:

"Whereas the Wilderness Canoe Association believes that:

1. there are grave deficiencies in the Strategic Land Use Plan for Northwestern Ontario (SLUP-NW), as detailed in our letter to the Minister of Natural resources;
2. there has been inadequate opportunity for public input into the SLUP-NW planning process; and
3. the background justification and data for the report has not been available to interested parties throughout Ontario;

be it resolved that the Wilderness Canoe Association recommends that government approval of SLUP-NW be withheld until such time as the quality of the document can be improved, through a thorough series of public hearings throughout Ontario accompanied by the wide circulation of SLUP-NW and the associated background documentation."

Further, it was agreed that Roger Smith would represent the WCA at a public meeting in Thunder Bay being sponsored by Environment North to focus public attention on the SLUP-NW issue. Roger will present the above resolution and outline the WCA's position at this meeting.

Finally, the members elected three directors to new two-year terms on the Board. Those elected were: David Auger, David Berthelet, and John Cross. (The members remaining on the Board in the last year of their two-year term are: Roger Bailey, Bill King, and Glenn Spence.)

Following the business meeting, Ron Read and Janet grand from the Federation of Ontario Naturalists

presented a slide show on the Ogoki-Albany Wilderness Park being proposed for northwestern Ontario by the FON and other groups including the WCA, and answered questions about the park proposal and the whole SLUP-NW process.

The evening programme included the showing of entries in the WCA slide contest and the presentation of prizes. The evening was highlighted by a talk by Ned Franks, author of *The Canoe and White Water*. Mr. Franks spoke on the work of David Thompson at age sixty-seven in surveying a route from Georgian Bay, through the Muskokas and what is now Algonquin Park, then down the Madawaska River to Ottawa, using excerpts from Thompson's journal. David Thompson was one of history's premier map-makers, and Mr. Franks proposed that a fitting tribute to this great Canadian explorer would be to consolidate all the Crown Land along the Muskoka and Madawaska Rivers into a "David Thompson Memorial Wild River Park."

Directors' Report

Following the Annual Meeting, the Board of Directors held a meeting. The following is their report. (Director's reports will be included regularly in future issues.)

The first meeting of the new board of directors was held following the general meeting on February 28. Our first duty was to elect the new executive. Dave Auger was elected chairman and Bill King, vice-chairman. Plans were then begun for the fall meeting. The dates October third and fourth were chosen and the Frost Centre was the first choice for location if it is available. The workshop format, so well received at Kandalore, will be continued. Suggested topics were: weather, plant identification, provisioning for longer canoe trips, and navigation. Roger Bailey will act as board liaison to the organizing committee. His first job will be to get a chairman and a committee (volunteers welcome!). Now that the new constitution has been adopted we will proceed with the paperwork involved in incorporation. The next directors meeting will be held in Lindsay on April twenty-fifth. (Bill King)

wanapitei

Richard Lewis

Photographs: Tom Purcell
Richard Lewis

By seven a.m., six of us (Skeets Travers, Tom Purcell, Martin Habelorn, Ivan McKeen, Gerry Kellerman and myself) had left Smiths Falls and were on our way to Lake Onaping north of Sudbury. We would spend the night there before embarking on a one hundred and eightykilometre trip that would see us travel through many lakes, creeks, swamps, change of watershed and descend the Wanapitei River to Wanapitei Lake.

The drive was nice but long with the only breaks being in Arnprior for breakfast and Mattawa for lunch. We drove to a Junior Ranger camp on the northeast shore of Wanapitei Lake where we left Tom's car. The drive to Onaping Lake Lodge was another two hours and after driving seven hundred kilometres we were glad to see a place where we could unload.

However, our desire to get to the lodge had made us postpone supper until arriving which was at seven and we were hungry to say the least. As it turned out dinner at the lodge was over and we had to drive a round trip of eighty kilometres to get a meal but it was worth it.

Of course, our thirst and built up as well as our appetites and we enjoyed a couple of rounds with our meal. With a bit of a glow on, the troop headed back to the cabin where we called it a night.

Sunday, July 27

We awoke at six a.m. to a very misty morning; in fact, you could only see a few metres out into the water. Not the best of conditions for travelling a couple of kilometres down an unknown lake.

The packing up was quickly done and breakfast at the lodge was thoroughly enjoyed - sort of a "last breakfast." It didn't take long to put away the blueberry pancakes and after a couple of cups of coffee while chatting with the owner, we were ready to leave.

The mist was starting to clear quickly as the sun was burning it off, so getting our bearings would not be a problem. Onaping Lake proper is a long lake, over fifty kilometres, but our paddle to Onaping dam in the southeast arm was only about twelve kilometres.

Conditions were ideal and the wind that we kept expecting had not shown yet. A short portage around the north side of the dam lead us to Kasakawawia Lake which was quite shallow and marshy near the shoreline. The surrounding area was very low and flat and covered mainly with red pine and spruce trees.

After six km. and a continually narrowing lake, we were forced to portage into Bennett Lake which turned out to be identical to the previous surroundings. Lunch time saw us halfway along Bennett Lake with the change in watershed coming up shortly. Our route outline pointed out that the water might be low but we had no idea of what was to come.

Another couple of kilometres along Bennett Lake and we started paddling through a swamp that eventually became totally covered with weeds and lily pads. A distinct path was no longer evident and determining where the exit that we wanted was (there were three) by the weed-free passages was impossible. Finally, this area called Kawawia Lake, became about fifteen centimetres deep in the deepest spot. We could hardly move without running aground and



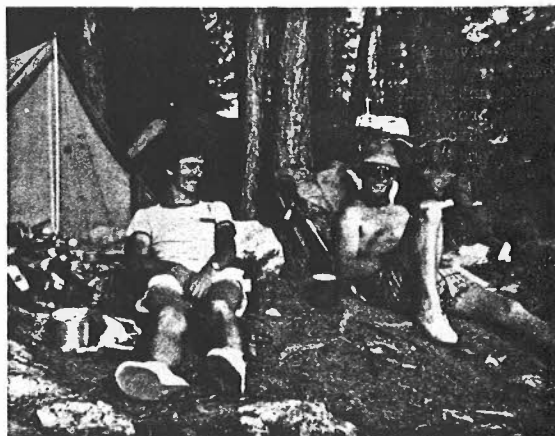
aground was stuck on muck, that was probably several metres deep while we were several hundred metres from the "shore."

We poled, with our paddles, into a semi-navigable opening that I suppose could be called a creek. The map referred to it a Friday Creek but even after a kilometre or so of poling upstream we couldn't be sure if things were getting better or worse. Well, they got worse. What little water there was soon disappeared and we were left facing a rock garden that had water flowing under it instead of through it.

The long haul through the creek bed took quite a while and we were glad to see open water again even if it was fifteen cm. deep and three metres wide. We encountered continual repetition of shallow creek and shallow lake for about five km. before having to portage into Friday Lake.

What a pleasant change. We could see for many kilometres ahead since the lake was seven km. long and ran almost straight north. The western shore was quite steep while the eastern landscape was much lower.

The wind had not been a problem all day and we were thankful as we imagined what it would have been like trying to travel the length of the lake against a head wind.



Afternoon was pretty well gone as we approached the thirty km. mark so we started looking for a suitable site for the night. About two thirds of the way up the lake on the eastern shore we found a beautiful campsite. The shore was steep but the view was great with an ideal swimming spot.

After setting up the tents, we were in the water for our first swim of the trip and it was even planned. What a refreshing dip after having spent most of the afternoon hauling and poling.

Once refreshed, our thoughts turned to food and before long we were enjoying the first of many of Skeets' delicious dishes. A satisfying meal that tended to make us lazy, but night was approaching. With cleanup taken care of, food hung up and everything away for the night, we enjoyed the evening sounds and cooling air. By nine the bugs were too much as we let them have the night to themselves.

Monday, July 28

A dull, overcast sky greeted us upon awakening Monday morning but there still was a lack of wind. After our breakfast of porridge and honey we were off to cover the remainder of Friday Lake.

A moderate portage led us into Scotia Lake which we were even more eager to complete before a breeze picked up as it was over ten km. long. The terrain was becoming more rugged and picturesque with cliffs running right to the water's edge. The water was perfectly calm and the reflection of the shoreline was like a life-size photograph - beautiful.

We were dampened by a couple of light showers before we stopped for lunch but we dried out in no time. The rest was a pleasant change from the continual paddling along the seemingly endless lake but we were soon eager to see what was at the other end.

The lake started to narrow and it was becoming more like a river - the Wanapitei. A couple of km. down the river we encountered several metres of wet, squishy, bog-like terrain preceding an old log flume. We hauled our gear and canoes through the mess but each trip turned what there was to walk on into mud. By the time we managed to get everything through we



were mud all over.

A short paddle later we approached our first white water of the trip. Both sets of rapids were easily run without incident and we found our way into Kamensia Lake which was a widening of the river that narrowed again after a couple of kilometres. As the river widened again at Kalaco Lake we were ready to pitch our tents.

We found a campsite on the eastern shore. The point was predominantly white birch with little underbrush. The shore was sandy all along the north side of the point which looked like a good swimming spot. With the camp set up we headed for a swim but were amazed at the number of large bloodsuckers around. By unanimous decision we took the canoes out to deep water and swam there.

Upon returning, Skeets and I stopped on a sandbar to clean the inside of the canoe. Of course, we were careful not to stay in one spot too long so that the bloodsuckers couldn't attach themselves. When Ivan and Gerry came along we were laughed at for being so cautious - chicken is the word.

As Gerry got back into his canoe he noticed a bloodsucker on his toe. Ivan was in stitches by now, until he noticed the one firmly attached to his heel. Gerry's came off with the brush of his hand but Ivan's required salt. Needless to say, Skeets and I had a little chuckle.

For supper we enjoyed a superb chili and before we knew it, nightfall was upon us. The still night air was broken by the rumbling of a freight train on the nearby CN tracks. It's amazing that just when you think the train is unusually loud it continues to get louder and louder until you think it is only a few metres away.

Tuesday, July 29

What appeared to be the beginning of a beautiful day turned out to be the start of an uneventful day that we could have done without. An early start after breakfast led us to Oshawong Lake, a couple of small sets of rapids and then into Esker Lake. This was the start of the meandering Wanapitei which continued without change for hours. Ideal moose country but we didn't see a single moose the whole trip.

The latter part of the morning was spent trying to outrun a large thunderstorm but we lost and paid for it. A tremendous downpour soaked everyone but we kept going after the worst had passed.

After lunch, more of the same. There was only one campsite shown in the route outline, so we struggled on to make it before dark. The shore was low and swampy hour after hour with a covering of poplar, spruce, balsam and occasionally red and jack pine.

It was almost eight before we arrived at the campsite so after a hurried supper of spaghetti, eaten in the dark, it was time to hit the sack. Good thing anyway because the bugs were unreal in that swamp and we were glad to get away from them.



Wednesday, July 30

Wednesday morning saw us gulping down delicious pancakes under overcast skies that had a look of uncertainty about them. We continued our travels along the meandering river hoping that a moose sighting or a set of rapids would liven up the day.

By noon the skies had cleared and we stopped on a large sandbar to eat and dry out from the day before. We had made good time during the morning and could easily afford the extended lunch.

Our route outline described a thousand km. portage around a sawmill for the afternoon. Something we were not looking forward to but were eager to get over with. As we approached the area, we expected to see a log boom around each corner until finally we were at the sawmill and faced a "pull-over" over the one log on the downriver side of the log boom. Not too hard to take.

The terrain was becoming more rugged now and the river was widening and straightening out. We shot many sets of easy rapids which helped us make even better time than in the morning. By mid afternoon we came to a long stretch of rapids that ended just beyond a hydro road bridge. We set up camp next to the road and spent most of the rest of the afternoon canoeing and swimming in the rapids.

While supper was cooking, Tom took a stroll to the top of a nearby hill that had one of the hydro towers on it. He came back with a rather unique looking flower that none of us had seen before which turned out to be pale corydalis, a beautiful little flower.

Our stopping early had left us lots of time after supper to sit around and enjoy the evening. The night was clear and the dew was unusually thick, even before we retired.

Thursday, July 31

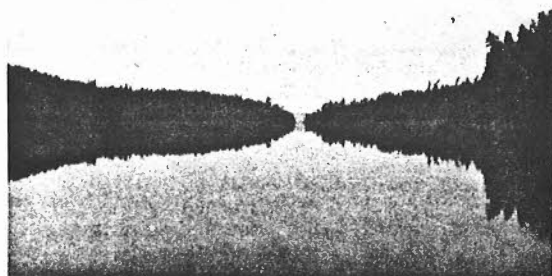
Fun was on the menu for Thursday. A beautiful day during which we ran many rapids, did lots of lining and saw some spectacular waterfalls. We encountered a large group of thirteen and fourteen year old boys that were out on a twenty day canoe trip. Quite a feat for that age group.

Just prior to lunch break Gerry slipped on a rock while getting out at a portage and cut his head above the eyebrow. There wasn't a lot of blood but it sure swelled up in a hurry. We eventually convinced him that he should let us stitch it.

So, with Skeets and I trying to keep the black flies from biting Gerry, Tom did the needle work required to freeze the area. With the brow well frozen I did the sewing while Tom assisted. We only put in two stitches but the whole affair seemed like a major operation to us. However, it went off without a hitch and from what I hear there isn't even a noticeable scar.

All of this was going on under the watchful eyes of a red-shouldered hawk as it whistled continually at us. We took advantage of the unscheduled stop and had our lunch.

Gerry seemed pretty groggy for the rest of the afternoon so we didn't push it. Upon coming to a logging road bridge we picked a flat spot nearby and called it home for the night. The fireweed along the road was very thick and exceptionally pretty as it was a lot more dense than usual. Also,



Tom, our mushroom expert, spotted a huge fly agaric (*Amanita muscaria*.) A deadly mushroom that was once used as a poison for fly-paper.

Friday, August 1

The section of river that we were on seemed to be one set of rapids after another for hours but we really enjoyed it. Ivan and Gerry tipped in an exceptionally tricky rock garden that had very fast water flowing through it. Skeets and I had made it through without any problems but looking from the bottom up we weren't sure how we had done it. Both Ivan and Gerry were scraped and banged but they survived the turbulent trip through. After that, Tom and Martin wisely lined around that section.

The rest of the morning was pretty well spent riding fast water as it meandered from bank to bank between high hills. A beautiful way to travel when all you have to do is follow the current. Looking ahead you could actually see the whole river slanting downhill as it snaked between the hills.

After things had flattened out a bit we stopped for lunch where a small trout stream entered the river. I say trout stream because the path along it back into the woods was more like a highway. It was well used but we didn't take the time to see if it had any trout left in it.

A few sets of rapids after lunch led us to a continually widening river that was approaching the northern end of Wanapitei Lake. The last six km. were tough going as we had to fight a relentless head wind.

Arrival at the Junior Ranger camp was shortly after five and we were delighted to get out of the wind. While unloading we noticed that the rangers had company in the camp. A small black bear had been treed by the curious onlookers and wasn't about to come down with the audience that it had.

Tom's car was loaded, and I mean loaded, for the drive back to pick up the truck. A trip that seemed to take forever and with the maniacs on the gravel road for the holiday weekend, we were thankful to see pavement where there was at least a center line.

The trip itself was a great experience along a route that had a lot to offer. The route is ideally suited to the novice as almost all the runnable rapids are not that difficult with the water level that we encountered.





news briefs

LADY EVELYN WILDERNESS TRIP

The Smoothwater - Lady Evelyn area of northeastern Ontario is again under siege. Although a major wilderness park has been proposed for the area in SLUP-NE, logging interests are lobbying vehemently against the park and for increased cutting commitments from the government.

The WCA, along with other groups such as the Sierra Club, the FON, the Algonquin Wildlands League and the National & Provincial Parks Assoc., are planning a canoe trip to survey the area in early July. The trip will be led by a local expert on the area, and will be about one week long. It is hoped that a few WCA members interested in preserving this area will go along on the trip, and afterwards work with members of the other groups to produce a detailed park proposal that all the groups can endorse, and to work generally with the other groups to help save this wilderness area. Anyone interested in helping out, and in the survey trip is asked to contact Sandy Richardson at 416-429-3944, as soon as possible.

WILDERNESS CANOEIST NOW IN TORONTO REFERENCE LIBRARY

A complete file of all issues of the Wilderness Canoeist (including the early Beaverdam newsletters) is now being kept by the Canadian History Department of the Central Reference Library of the Metropolitan Toronto Library Board. After cataloguing and binding, the complete file will be available to members and anyone from the general public looking for specific information from back-issues. The magazines should be on the shelves by September.

CANOE ROUTES OF ONTARIO

A new guide to canoeing in this province, Canoe Routes of Ontario, has been prepared by the Ministry of Natural Resources, and will soon be available from McClelland & Stewart. It will include the location, length, access routes and topological features of more than 100 canoe routes and 21 provincial canoe areas, route ratings, colour maps, photographs, and more. The book will sell for \$9.95, and will be available at bookstores as well as MNR Offices.

CANADIAN OUTWARD BOUND WILDERNESS SCHOOL - STAFF WANTED

The Canadian Outward Bound Wilderness School is looking for qualified wilderness educators to be part of their 1981 summer staff, May to September. The school site is in northwestern Ontario, where extended wilderness canoe tripping, rock climbing, and white water kayaking are the primary outdoor skills needed. The Outward Bound School strives for an egalitarian community where openness and shared responsibility is encouraged and fostered. Instructors will preferably have had contact with Outward Bound or similar programmes. Women are needed in leadership capacities. Anyone interested should send a resume or letter of inquiry to: Chuck Luckmann, Programme Director, C.O.B.W.S., 36 Madison Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5R 2S1.

THE GREAT CANADIAN CANOE EXPOSITION

This Exposition will be held at the York Quay, Harbourfront, Toronto, June 20-21. The 6 theme areas will be:

1. Evolution of the Canoe: where people can follow the canoe as it has progressed and changed in usage in Canadian culture.
2. Construction Techniques & Materials: where 9 craftsmen demonstrate canoe construction in birch bark, wood and canvas, kevlar, etc.
3. Canoe Safety: where Paddlecade will demonstrate.
4. Canoeing Experience: where people can be informed how they can become involved in canoeing through various clubs.
5. Films & Seminars: where people can sit down and talk with knowledgeable individuals on a variety of canoeing and related subjects, such as, wilderness medicine, canoe trip preparation, endangered areas.
6. Rendezvous Bookstore: where people can purchase maps, books, etc. related to canoeing.

Further information on the Exposition is available from Sue McGregor, Canoe Ontario, 416-429-7701 ext 223.

Volunteers are needed to help with the set-up and take-down of the displays. If you can help on either day, please contact Sue as soon as possible.

ELORA GORGE ACCESS

Access to the top of Elora Gorge can be made through the grounds of the Elora Furniture Co. The entrance gate is on the east side of the road, just south of the new bridge. Parking on the road is not allowed, however, Mr. McLean of the Elora Furniture factory has told me that he has no objections to boaters using his grounds for access. Do keep in mind that this access is on private property.

The gorge itself is very scenic. Once the Spring run-off is over, it is an excellent river for intermediates. Two good training sites are available just above and below the access point; they can be used without descending the entire gorge if you can withstand the temptation. Portaging the falls above the second bridge is recommended. A tricky chute just under the bridge is difficult to avoid, but runnable without any serious hazards below.

The Grand River Conservation Authority will allow you to park a car at the low level bridge inside the park. Keep to the right when you drive in and you will find the low level bridge.

George Haeh

DEADLINE FOR SUMMER ISSUE

Articles, trip reports, book reviews, equipment comments, or anything else that you think would be of interest to other members, are needed for the next issue. Please send material to the editor no later than May 29, for inclusion.

LETTERS

Fellow Canoeists:

We have a couple of comments and suggestions for the members of the WCA to consider:

1. For the second time in 4 years we canoed the Spanish River in the last week of August. We had been told by C.P.R. in Toronto that canoes were taken by baggage car from Sudbury to Biscotasing any day but Tuesday. When getting to Sudbury, we were told that canoes are taken only on weekends. However, in the end, after consultation with Monday's train conductor, they did consent to take the canoes. Also, C.P.R. is discontinuing the usual morning train altogether in October 1980 and apparently "The Canadian" that gets into Bisco around 2 a.m. will be the train to use in future.

We found the water level the same as 4 years ago; i.e. just sufficient and very enjoyable, but heard from others that the East Spanish was only offering bumpy, rocky rides.

2. We also found a lot of garbage and beer bottles, but noted, however, that on one campsite on Lake Biscoetasing, presumably fishermen had put up a wooden sign "Take your garbage out", and the spot was actually clean.

We would like to suggest that the WCA possibly take under consideration to print some stick-on labels saying: "PLEASE TAKE YOUR GARBAGE OUT AND BURY YOUR EXCREMENT" that could be unobtrusively put at regularly used canoe campsites by WCA members, if they so desire.

Sincerely,
Ingeborg Dodds

Editor, The Wilderness Canoeist:

I am writing to clarify the situation regarding our booklet, Wild Rivers: Northwest Mountains, referred to in the Winter, 1980 edition of the Wilderness Canoeist under the heading of 'Errors in Canoe Route Booklet'. I would be grateful if you could pass this information along to your readers.

Your report that the Northwest Mountain booklet has been recalled and that we are making every effort to locate all outstanding copies is quite correct. All holders of the booklet are requested to send their copies to Information Services, Parks Canada, Ottawa, Ontario, K1A 1G2. Meanwhile, we are preparing a revised edition of the booklet which we are trying our utmost to get out this spring.

For the information of your readers, the cause of the recall involved an error in the length and difficulty of the Natla and Keele Rivers trip. Rather than the indicated 248 km with no portages and taking 5 to 7 days, the entire trip from O'Grady Lake to Fort Norman is actually 504 km with several difficult portages, and taking some 17 to 20 days to complete. Needless to say, canoe trippers using the booklet would have got more of a trip than they had anticipated!

In closing, I would like to point out that it was through a canoeist who had done the Natla and Keele last summer, that the problems with that trip report came to our attention. We are most grateful for his interest in setting the record straight. We would equally welcome suggestions, corrections and updates from any of your readers, to ensure that only the most accurate information is being made available in our publications.

Yours sincerely,
Edward J. Will

Chief
Planning Division
ARC Branch

YUKON SUMMER

Two whitewater trips are being planned in the Yukon and western N.W.T.; in July the Olgivie & Peel Rivers, and in August the Natla & Keele Rivers. Anyone interested in either or both trips is asked to contact Penny Clarke in Toronto at 416-654-9805.

9th ANNUAL DON RIVER DAY

The 9th Annual Don River Day will be held on Saturday April 18, 1981, starting about 10:30 a.m. at Serena Gundy Park. Come and enjoy an urban canoe trip in downtown Toronto. It finishes at the exciting Harbourfront in the inner harbour. For more details call George Luste 534-9313 or Bruce Bolin 531-1847.

COPPERMINE RIVER TRIP

A group of 4 canoeists are looking for 2 more people to join them on a three week trip down the Coppermine River in July 1981. Tentative plans are to paddle from Rawalpindi Lake to the town of Coppermine. Experience with whitewater and wilderness river travel are necessary. Contact: Jay Thibert, Box 598, South River, Ontario, POA 1X0, or phone: 705-386-0039.

CANOE INSTRUCTION

While the WCA does not offer professional canoe instruction, members who would like to learn flat-water canoeing techniques, white-water canoeing techniques or canoe tripping skills from professional instructors can get a list of courses available from Canoe Ontario, 160 Vanderhoof Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M4G 4B8; telephone: 416-429-7701.

MOISIE OR NORTHERN RIVER TRIP

Two experienced canoeists are looking for 2 or 3 teams of canoeists in good physical condition and with wilderness tripping experience for a two week trip, preferably in August. The suggested destination is the Moisie River, but alternative wilderness rivers will be considered. Contact Jamie Jennings in Toronto: home: 416-967-4171, or work: 416-366-2741.

ROMAINE RIVER TRIP

A partner and possibly 1 or 2 other canoes are needed for a 3 - 5 week trip down the Romaine or one of the other rivers on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River. The trip is planned for the month of July. If interested contact Ken Ellison, 6125 Montevideo Rd, Mississauga, Ontario, L5N 2R3, or call 416-826-3120.

SILHOUETTE
Ned Teachman

To my paddle
Flows
The rhythm of my life,
The sweeps, the draws,
The circled tracing on evening waters,
The sharp staccato of repeated jabs.
They are all there
Those moods of reverie,
Etched on water by my swinging paddle.

PATH OF THE PADDLE

Author: Bill Mason
 Publisher: Van Nostrand Reinhold, 1980
 Reviewed by: Toni Harting

In every wilderness canoeist's heart, man or woman, young or old, novice or expert, lives the dream of making the perfect run through that violent, dangerous rapid, picking the exactly right channel, subtly avoiding the hidden ragged rocks, making the smoothest of smooth eddy turns. And most of us have the stories to tell and the scratched canoe bottoms to show that paddling is an art few people really master.

But fear no more. Help has arrived! Bill Mason has finally produced an incredible book that in a simple and thorough, but highly effective way discusses every important aspect of the art of canoeing on lakes, rivers and in whitewater. The subjects covered range from solo and double paddling to rapids, whitewater maneuvers, wipeouts, alternatives to running rapids, safety, types of canoes, etc.

More than six hundred and fifty photographs and diagrams are used to explain the finer points of canoeing on quiet and moving water. The hydrodynamics of straight and curved river flows are discussed in simple but adequate terms, so that the paddler in his boat can understand what the water moving under him is actually doing. As a very minor criticism one might notice that the diagrams illustrating the helical flow along the shore show this flow to have an upstream component, which in reality is not the case.

The quality of the hundreds of black and white photographs is very good, and many of the large colour photos are simply superb.

This is the ultimate book on the fine art of wilderness canoeing, and a must for all paddlers, be it novice, expert, solo paddler or family canoeist.

And Bill deserves a special pat on the back for writing it without once using the word "adrenaline."

BUILDING THE MAINE GUIDE CANOE

Author: Jerry Stelmak
 Publisher: International Mariore Publishing Co.
 Availability: Can-do Bookstore, Toronto
 Reviewed by: Ned Teachman

For anyone who has ever had the desire to build his own wood and canvas canoe, "Building the Maine Guide Canoe" is must reading. Jerry Stelmak understands wood and he conveys this understanding to the reader in a clear, organized writing style.

The book first gives an insight into the history of wooden canoe building in Maine and then describes briefly the construction of a canoe form. It is in this section of the book that the reviewer feels he could have provided more detail. For example, he provides little on the theory of canoe design. However, he does provide a method for copying an existing canoe, and for making the necessary stations for building a form.

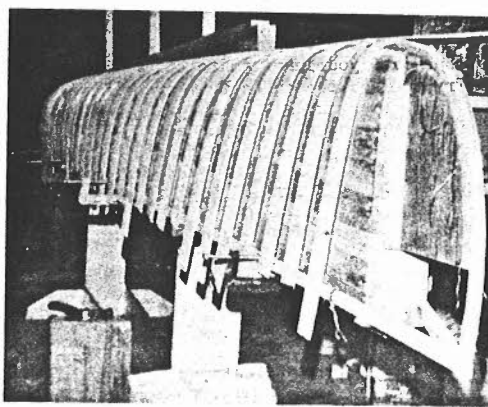
The major portion of the book is a step by step treatise on building a traditional, ribbed, canvas-covered canoe. Accompanying photographs illustrate clearly the various construction details.

The last section of the book deals with canoe repair. Members who have tucked away old, crippled canoes may wish to rejuvenate them after reading this chapter.

It is worth having the book if for no other reason than to dream on those long winter nights.

Members may be interested to know that Ned has done more than "dream on those long winter nights." He and Jim Tough have built a canoe form for a seventeen foot wood and canvas canoe. The form is an adaptation of the plans for an eighteen foot stripper by Lew Miller (available from Canoe magazine.)

The accompanying photo shows their first seventeen foot canoe ready for sheathing. It has now come off the form and they say "it looks pretty good." (Editor)



WCA PHOTO CONTEST

This year's photo contest contained nearly one hundred slides submitted by ten members. The slides were judged by WCA members Christine Bailey, Barry Brown, and Sandy Richardson.

Generally all the slides entered were technically good in terms of exposure and focus. The judges thought, however, that many of the photographers would have produced better results by considering composition more carefully. Checking the edges of the viewfinder for any distracting elements that could be eliminated, and selecting a shooting angle that would capture the drama or feeling of the picture rather than just recording a scene, would give members more dynamic pictures of their wilderness trips.

It was also noted that the "Interpretive Studies" category seemed to cause some confusion as to what should be entered. This category will either be presented with a clearer explanation or replaced in future contests.

The winning slides in each category were:

Canadian Wilderness:

"Transparent Delights" Glenn Spence (H.M.)
 "Serenity" Glenn Spence (First prize and best overall slide)

Flora:

"Wilderness Fragrance" Wib Dawson (First prize)

Fauna:

"Artic Hare" John Fallis (First prize)

Man in the Wilderness:

"Bugaboo Inspired" John Fallis (H.M.)
 "Vicegrip Sunset Blues Bard" John Fallis (First prize)

Interpretive Studies:

"Frosted Artistry" Wib Dawson (First prize)

(H.M.: Honourable Mention)

The prints that the winners received as their prizes will be on display at the WCA's booth at the Sportsman Show.

equipment

USEFUL KNOTS

John Cross

On the May Madawaska trip, we almost lost a swamped canoe over a falls because we could not attach a towing line to it to drag it inshore. There were good ropes in both it and a rescue canoe - neatly coiled up and tied to be out of the way, and hence useless for attaching in a hurry. (Actually, the canoe had already gone over one falls without damage. Tough stuff, this ABS!) Worse, if it had been a person who needed a heaving line thrown, the coil would probably not have paid out properly.

So here is the result of some experiments undertaken since. We require a way to tie up a coil of rope so that it will stay firmly attached to the thwart when we lift the canoe on repeated portages; that undoes in a moment, and with one hand when we need it for rescue; that when undone, allows the coil to pay out for throwing; that does not require the ends of the rope, so that they can remain attached to the end eyelets for frequent lining between portages; that will not snarl when there are repeated tugs on the ends possibly snagging on a passing branch. The following method seems to work.

Coil the rope over your hand and elbow with the other hand. Try to keep the coils from crossing over one another so that they pay out easily when thrown. In the picture, the end of rope coming off the top of the coil will be used to tie it to the thwart. Notice that although the tips of the rope are shown, they could just as well run out of the picture to the bow and stern. (Figure 1)

Figure 1



Figure 2



Now push this bit of rope through to the back of the coil, so that it shows up as a loop at the top and on the other side. (Figure 2)

Twist this loop over once! Notice the direction of twist. (Figure 3)

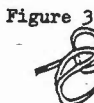


Figure 3

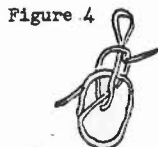


Figure 4

Make a second loop from the near side of the coil and thrust it back through the first loop. Notice that one sharp tug on the upper free rope end will pull the knot apart. (Figure 4)

It is this loop that can be used to suspend the coil from the thwart. It should have been made long enough to tie your favourite easily undone hitch - a simple overhand knot will do. And since the rope is double, it can be easily unhitched. Better yet, use a slip knot. One of the free rope ends can now be tugged without affecting the upper one that was used to made the knot. This may run to the end of the canoe as a painter. (Figure 5)

Figure 5

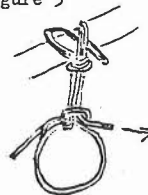
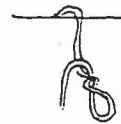


Figure 6



If you wish to put tension on both ends of the rope, with the rear free end do exactly the same hitch around the coil from the other side. You now have a second loop to tie around the thwart - or the two loops can be tied together in a bow over top of the thwart. (The old dogma about hanging on to your canoe in an upset I have found as often false as true. When your canoe goes over in the rapids and the roar from below tells you of worse things to come, naturally you scuttle ashore. Now it is no bad thing if you can take with you one end of a quickly-released, paying-out-behind-you coil, to be snubbed to a tree the instant you reach shore to halt the downward slide of your boat.)

Incidentally, for the painters, consider attaching them, not directly to the canoe eyelets, but to carabiners in the eyelets. There are all sorts of advantages to this, both on the river and while car-top carrying.

If you use rope to attach canoe to cartop, here's a useful knot we call the Watt's Hitch. The rope, secured on the far side to the rack, comes over the canoe bottom at you. You wish to attach it very tightly on this side. Grab it about at the bilge of the canoe and twist into it a loop. Twist thrice. (Figure 6)

Pull a second loop through the first. (Figure 7)

Swing the rope around the protruding end of the rack and bring it up in a third loop to put through the second. (Figure 8)

Figure 7



Figure 8



Pull hard on this third loop. If you use a round roof rack like the one shown here, you are with this pulley-knot, tripling the force you can exert on the rope over the canoe; if a less slippery rack (e.g. square) is used you only double it. Secure the third loop around the neighbouring rope with an overhand knot. You need lose no tension while tying the knot. Also, it is easy to undo.



Jerry Hodge

CONSERVATION COMMITTEE?

One of the more difficult items to handle in Conservation is the complexity of the issues involved in a wide variety of possibilities stretching from ecological disasters like Acid Rain to Strategic Land Use Planning. To be expert on any one of these areas is difficult. To write intelligently about them all is quite another matter. How much water is being polluted when an unknown quantity of waste is dumped into a lake? How much harm can Acid Rain really do? What is dioxin anyway? To us ordinary folk, the spectre of PCB's, 2,4,5-T, road salt, asbestos, sulphur dioxide, nitrogen oxides and SLUPS is a little out of the centre of normal train of thought for Tuesday. How do we determine which problem is most serious? Which needs work now? Which can wait until next month, or next year or the next generation? Are newspapers giving us the facts or are they selling papers? Is a government statement a fact or a pacifier? Can we believe a government is serious about pollution abatement when it needs economic development? Where are the right answers?

I know where the right answers are. They are in the determination of people working to provide a rich healthy and safe environment for all of us to grow in. That demands some research, some care, an ethical philosophy which includes more than just ourselves, and more than ourselves and other people, some work and some understanding of the entry points for making decisions.

What the Conservation Committee needs is some help. Because the Committee this past year has been me, with some help from Sandy Richardson I don't expect all of you to drop the newsletter immediately and rush to the phone (my phone number is on the last page) BUT I need some help in future issues, not because I'm lazy but because I like company, I'm a lousy typist, I don't have the answers to enough of those questions I mentioned earlier and we all need some of your ideas in this paper.

If there are enough of us, and I know many of you are very talented people--perhaps an article a year well researched and arising like a Phoenix from your own interests would be sufficient and terrific. Please Help, it's March and I'm tired.

SLUP NORTHWEST

The following letter is the response by John Marsh, the president of the National and Provincial Parks Assoc. about the aspect of SLUP Northwest that most upset everyone. It appears the document is a poor one compared to SLUP Northeast and organizations were given little time for public input. For those of you who have no idea what SLUP is a brief reading of the last newsletter will help. Since that is probably not really handy here it is:

SLUP is short for the STRATEGIC LAND USE PLAN. These documents were developed as 20 year plans for the use of the environments of sectors of Ontario. They vary in comprehensiveness from very complete -Northeastern Ontario- to very brief- Southern Ontario. We were unhappy with Northwest SLUP for several reasons, among them John Marsh's comments below:

Dear Mr. Auld:

I am writing on behalf of the National and Provincial Parks Association to express our concern regarding the participation process involved in the SLUP Northwest.

The process seems inadequate on three counts. 1) The documents that the public requires to comment on SLUP have not been readily available to the public; 2) the time to allow for comment is inadequate especially in view of the enormous area being planned, the release of two plans in succession and their release during the summer 3) the process of dealing with public input is unspecified- there being no commitment to summarize it for public information nor an indication of how it will be integrated into the planning process.

As you are aware much has been learned about public involvement in recent years. However, the process of public participation in SLUP planning is grossly inadequate...

If public participation in planning is to be successful, the creditability of the Ministry of Natural Resources with regard to such approaches is to be maintained, and the public's view of land use in the North heard, then the process presently provided in connection with SLUP should be improved immediately...Public hearings should be held, specifically on SLUP planning in Northern and Southern Ontario. Feedback on public concerns should be provided and the process for using public input specified...

Sincerely,
John S. Marsh

SYSTEMS, SCALE AND SEQUENCE

One of the things on my mind since I became responsible for this page has been a philosophical stance which can be used to develop the positions the WCA takes in matters of environmental damage, pollution, land use, water use, recreational needs for 8 million people, tourism, industrial development, battles with others who do not seem to share the same ethical positions we take on issues of concern.

How can a polluter pollute? How can he sleep at night knowing that he is responsible for severe damage to the environment? What ethical stance could possibly justify the continuing damage done by the INCO stacks in Sudbury? How can a government refuse to keep a promise to plant tree for tree on forested land? Is it not aware of the resource implications in 75 years of not doing so? Well, over the past couple of months I read a couple of books which have helped considerably in my understanding both of where I'm at and where the polluters are at in terms of ethics.

The breakthrough came with the Next Whole Earth Catalogue. It was published last October by Random House of Canada at \$16.00. Over the past few months I have been browsing in it with a view to providing my little library with some good stuff for bedtime reading, a little help with the Conservation column and maybe even some stuff to enlarge my feeble brain.

It's a stunning piece of work laid out in sections and representing a variety of "Tools" for living. Some of the materials are books. Some are manufacturers of varieties of equipment for living from sleeping bag kits to solar homes.

This issue of the Catalogue is dedicated to a noted biologist and philosopher called Gregory Bateson. He has written a couple of books. One is called STEPS TO AN ECOLOGY OF MIND written in 1973 and the other is called MIND AND NATURE and was written in 1979. Both books review Bateson's learnings about man and his relationship to Nature, and the exciting thing for me, explain why the modern Western Man has such a ruthless and heavyhanded approach

to the use of the land. He also suggests alternatives to our ways of thinking to assist us living more in harmony with the forces around us. Try him, you'll like him.

Another find in the Catalogue is a gentle man called E.F. Schumacher. He would like us to look at Economics in another way. Buddhist Economics for example regards work as a necessary component of the life of a person to gain our self-esteem. Buddhist Economics would not tolerate a 7% unemployment rate to buffer industry. In the book he questions the economic concept that everything must be large to be of value. The book is not surprisingly called SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL.

My third find was Kirkpatrick Sale. He's a sociologist and has written a book called HUMAN SCALE. It's quite encyclopedic covering a vast array of topics illustrating in each case that the problems shared by industries, government agencies, government programs and services are mostly about size. Another great book but a little long so I've saved it until last. Finally, for those of you who are still reading, the remainder of the article will look at these three men in reference to the topics they develop in the books.

Three themes are found in all the books and in the Next Whole Earth Catalogue as well and they relate to Systems, Scale and Size. I would just briefly like to develop these three themes to perhaps give you some more insight into the nature of ecological problems as seen by these three men.

SYSTEMS

Bateson develops the idea that we have become separated from our environment because we have failed to recognize that everything we do is done in a certain context. He tends to stare at the new car but fail to recognize it in its context, as a polluter, a user of irreplaceable natural resources, a user of raw materials far in excess of its social value. It kills in the hands of careless and inexperienced people; it is built to deteriorate; it causes us to be separated from our workplace and has created a some new environments, suburbs, shopping plazas and expressways.

When the conservationists protested the building of tall smoke stacks to punch sulphur laden smoke up into the continent's wind patterns did even they forecast Acid Rain? Who would have suspected the environment of Ontario could be polluted by smoke stacks in Sudbury, Georgia and Ohio? Bateson keeps us looking at the context of our decisions. He pushes us to look at the connections between things. He is in good company. Rachel Carson's SILENT SPRING, John Storer's THE WEB OF LIFE and many other authors have been telling us for years that all living things form systems which interact with the nonliving systems like watersheds, wind patterns, geological formations and sunlight. We know all about it.

Why are we then unable to do anything about the problems we face in our societies? According to Bateson the problems come from our presuppositions that Western Man has about the world in general. Bateson suggests that there is a strange gap in our thinking about the world which separates systems into parts. Rather than seeing the world as a single system we tend to break it down into components like car parts and deal with each individually. Without looking at the results of one part impinging on another we lose a sense of the whole system, lose touch with our animal roots and wonder what's the matter.

SCALE

There is a continual tendency in organizations to increase the size and separate the parts into smaller and smaller subsections. Schumacher argues elegantly for a consideration of size as a factor in decision making. There are ample evidences in his book and in Sale's book that large is not nearly so beautiful as Imperial Oil would like us to believe. He feels the economies of scale should be looked at more carefully, that many factors are left out of the economics which should be included. He argues that work and the dignity of work, the environment and the protection

of the environment should be worked into the Corporate equations, not because it's necessarily good for society at large but also good for the company. The reading is easy and persuasive. It is as equally hard on Socialist modes as on Capitalists. It gets things into perspective.

SEQUENCE

The last topic is as natural as the seasons of the year. It is simply that things follow other things. Schumacher argues that the

new ideas developed by thinkers of one generation become the priorities of the second generation, the driving forces of the third generation and the tools and instruments through which our world is experienced by the fourth generation.

We know what can happen as a result of a misuse of the environment by a polluter, but are we aware that our ideas too are carried forward into the future to become the grist for future to tool up their economies and to set their priorities. Shouldn't we be a little careful about our own philosophical stances, our ideas. We are determining the future.

SHUTTING DOWN THE SPANISH

Last summer a number of canoeists planning to canoe the Spanish River arrived to find that INCO had closed the control dams on Biscotasi Lake, reducing the flow in the river to a mere trickle and making canoeing impossible. The canoeists were forced to return home, or hurriedly change their plans and head off to another river.

Needless to say, this situation caused a great deal of concern among canoeists. One such concerned canoeist, Jim Greenacre, wrote to INCO for an explanation. Following are Jim's letter to INCO and INCO's response:

C.F. Baird, President
Box 44
First Canadian Place
Toronto
M5X 1C4

Dear Mr. Baird

Some canoeing acquaintances have just told me about how in August of this year they had planned to canoe down the Spanish River.

However, on arriving at Biscotasi they were informed, by the local population that your company, International Nickel Company of Canada Limited, had closed the dam at the exit of Lake Biscotasi and had dried up the river, making canoeing impossible.

Is this true? If so, I am interested in learning under what authority a public corporation has the power to dry up a major recreational river.

Yours truly,
S. James Greenacre



Dear Mr. Greenacre:

At Mr. Baird's request I am replying to your letter of October second expressing concern over actions by Inco in closing the control dams on Biscotasi Lake during August of this year and questioning the authority under which such action was carried out.

Let me begin by providing a little history of the Spanish River, a drainage system of some 5200 square miles reporting to the North channel of Lake Huron.

During the early years of this century several generating stations were constructed on the Spanish River by a paper company at Espanola in 1903, and at High Falls by Inco in 1905, in order to provide electrical power to satisfy the residential and industrial demands of the area. The High Falls station was expanded in 1917 and a second station at Big Eddy (which incidentally created Lake Agnew — an important recreational lake in the area) was constructed by Inco in 1920.

In spite of the large drainage area, actual flow in the Spanish River varied considerably with very low flows recorded during the dry summer months. Storage dams were constructed on the upper reaches of the river basin to hold spring run-off waters in reserve for augmenting low flow periods and to reduce flooding conditions during the spring run-off. Under Water Power Lease agreements issued by what is now the Ministry of Natural Resources, some eleven storage dams are maintained and operated by Inco for the purpose of regulating spring run-off. The storage dams have created several large lakes, the largest of which, Biscotasi Lake, has attracted a sizeable summer cottage population and several commercial tourist operators. Thus, operation of the control dams on Biscotasi Lake must balance both the needs of the lake residents and the summer low flow demands of the Spanish River.

In a normal year we release one billion cubic feet of water in August from six storage lakes we control above the Biscotasi Dams, which increases the flow at our hydroelectric plants from 350 cubic feet per second to 700 cubic feet per second. This additional flow enables Inco to increase power generation during the dry period and at the same time assists the river users.

This year, however, we encountered problems with two dams rebuilt in the past two years on Canoe and Frechette Lakes (which discharge into Biscotasi Lake), necessitating the early drainage of these storage areas. This early loss of water combined with one of the lowest spring run-offs on our records, resulted in problems in maintaining the Biscotasi Lake level. By early July the level of Biscotasi Lake had dropped four inches below its normal seasonal elevation and as a result our operators closed the three control dams from July 31 to August 20th. We apologize for the inconvenience that this may have caused the canoeists, however, we also have an obligation to the users of Biscotasi Lake, which sometimes conflicts with both the river users and the downstream demands.

Obviously elimination of the Biscotasi control dams would serve no purpose as it would both eliminate the spring run-off storage and virtually wipe out the lake. In our maintenance and operation of the control dams on the Spanish River system, for over half a century we have attempted to balance the interests of all concerned. As you indicated, however, it is not possible to satisfy all interests at all times.

Yours truly,
Charles Ferguson
Director
Environmental Affairs



kakadu

Sandra Coombe

About four hours out of Darwin in the rugged northern territory of Australia lies Kakadu National Park. Hidden beneath its powerful, often threatening, exterior there lie paradises unequalled by anything I have encountered. I spent a week in this magnificent place, hiking up its river beds, climbing its rock faces, and exploring its caves. I left feeling I had only experienced a taste of the delights available to the adventuresome wilderness enthusiast.

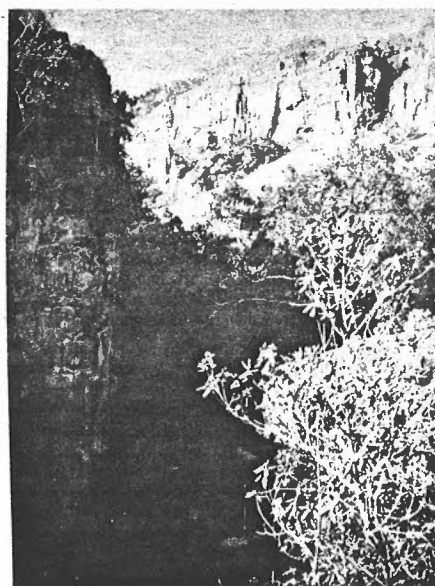
Our adventure commenced on a Friday afternoon in mid-September. In subtropical northern Australia there are two distinct seasons. The dry (May to October), and the wet which is marked by monsoons and high humidity. Our expedition took place at the end of the dry season. At this time water levels are very low and the land shrivelled to a veritable desert. We packed our four-wheel drive with all the essentials. A small "fridge" for a cooler was packed with the makings of unequalled culinary feasts, ice, and water. Also included were camping utensils, fly screens, bug spray and, of course, for the drinkers in the party the ubiquitous Aussie "Tinnie."

Gorging ourselves on dried fruit and billy tea, we set off. Sue and myself in the front and in the back, preparing for an exotic tropical sunburn, was John (a misplaced Yank from Michigan.) Our first stop was South Alligator River. In the tradition of an Aussie outback roadhouse, South Alligator supports a bar, a dingy restaurant and some questionable accommodation. We stopped here after three hours of monotonous driving. I find that living in Australia has changed my concept of distance dramatically. Drives of five to six hours are not blinked at and this three hour jaunt isn't worth mentioning. Our fearless leader, John, felt that ten minutes was long enough here. We pushed on to "Micks camp" where we hoped to check in with the park ranger before setting up camp at Jim Jim river crossing. Mick wasn't about so we began setting up camp in the descending twilight.

Our first night's camp brought a few surprises. That long awaited wash in the river was not to be had. Signs warning of crocodiles deterred our hygienic intentions. Recently purchased army surplus fly nets turned out to be moth eaten relics of 1942 vintage.

A few punctures appeared in the air-mattress of our leader. My sympathy was not appreciated as I snuggled into a corner of my four-person tent on a newly acquired air mattress. My ill equipped companions named my tent "the mansion."

We woke at five-thirty a.m. to the dawn chorus of a host of tropical fauna. At six-thirty they were joined by the mechanical chorus of heavy trucks, road graders and other choice bits of road building equipment. As we packed up the "4WD" we couldn't



help feeling slightly elated. We were to leave all this to spend one blissful week in the depths of oblivion. Mick came round at about eight-thirty and offered to lead us to the proper crossroads. We accepted gratefully, realizing that his aboriginal knowledge of the area would be far more useful than our questionable orienteering skills and a week-old

track left by a previous friend and camper. I took the back seat and was unexcited by the prospect of three hours of dust, gum trees and pandanus palms. The monotony was broken by the occasional kangaroo, brumli (wild horse) or buffalo. Not to mention adventures at Ten Mile Creek crossing.

Being forewarned about this particular crossing we approached it with some trepidation. After three attempts we found ourselves well and truly bogged. Not in mud, water or snow but in a riverbed of sand. For a full hour we dug, layed tracks and drove. A doubly frustrating experience as it was to happen again on the way back out!

Our labours were rewarded shortly afterwards. Up ahead loomed the escarpment. Shortly after sighting the escarpment we came upon our campsite on the wet season riverbed of South Jim Jim. The water here was cool, almost crystal clear and teeming with tropical fish. The area was shaded by magnificent paper bark trees rising majestically into the cloudless sky. After a quick dip we set up camp and then headed up a dry creek bed to hopefully begin to fulfill the purpose of our trip. We had been commissioned by the parks department to search for and record sightings of aboriginal rock art in the area known as "Graveside Gorge." Our first afternoon was successful as not fifty metres from our campsite we found a rock ledge that had been a canvas for some ancient aboriginal painter. This sighting gave an indication of how lasting the art of these indigenous peoples is. This particular ledge spends a better part of the year immersed in water, and yet the art remains clearly visible some hundreds of years later.

Once back at camp we used the remaining hours swimming, cooking and preparing for the next day's hike. Our plan was to head up to the escarpment and follow along its base. Realizing the rugged terrain would make the hike tiring and difficult we decided to retire early.



Our second day commenced with a traditional Canadian breakfast of pancakes and maple syrup. Suitably fortified we headed off towards the escarpment. The going was rugged and very dry. An hour of hiking through dry scrub brought us to the base of the escarpment. And here the real exercise began. The rest of the day was spent searching the rock ledges and hiking along steep, often treacherous terrain. Our efforts were rewarded as we made several sightings and found numerous unique caves and rock formations.

We returned to camp at two p.m. The heat of the tropical midday sun and a diminishing water supply forced an early end to the day. We arrived at base camp hot and tired. Shortly after our arrival, the tranquility was broken by the clatter of a helicopter. It landed not fifty metres from our camp and from it emerged George Chuloupka, local non-aboriginal expert on rock art. He came to say hello and make sure we had arrived safely. Another bonus of his visit was a helicopter ride over the area we were to study. The views were breathtaking and our appetites were whetted for the adventures of the following days.

We headed up-river the next morning. An hour of pleasant walking beneath the shade of paperbarks brought us to the beginning of the actual gorge area. The hiking then became increasingly difficult as we were confronted by jagged rock faces and rough scrub. The exertion was all worthwhile as every turn of the river brought breathtaking scenes of rock pools, waterfalls and tropical vegetation. Boulders of grandiose proportions covered the river bed, indicative

of the great force of water which rages through the gorge each wet season.

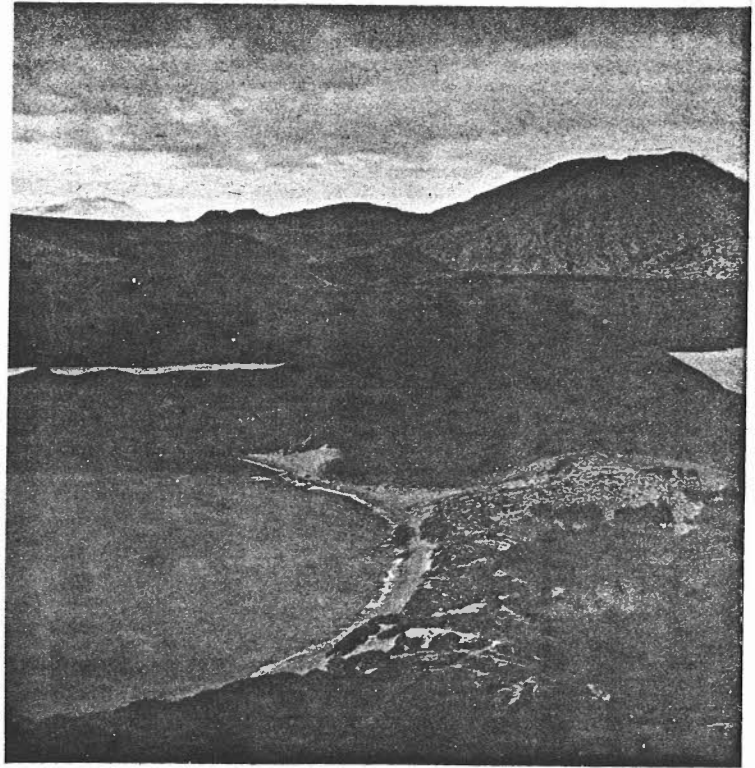
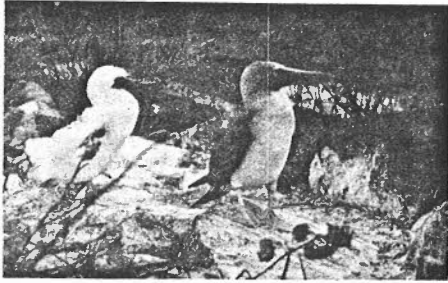
We continued our hike upstream for about two hours. We were halted by an impressive waterfall of over thirty-five metres. This spot I will remember as my paradise. A beautiful tiered waterfall, a huge crystal clear rock pool and an array of tropical plants and flowers. Unfortunately it was not possible to continue our search past the waterfalls as we did not have the means to carry our equipment over the surrounding cliffs. I personally made the climb as I was inquisitive to find what lay "on the other side." Twenty minutes of climbing brought me to the crest of the waterfall. Here I witnessed a continuation of this oasis. We left this paradise regretfully, feeling rather awed and quite special, as it is doubtful that many have been there.

The following day, in terms of rock art, was very successful. We discovered over thirteen sights. We spent the better part of the day climbing (stumbling is probably more apt) over sharp rock and scrub. Countless times we climbed up unbearably hot rock to an overhang or cave for some indication of ancient aboriginal inhabitants. More often than not our efforts were in vain. About mid-day, we saw ahead rich green foliage which could mean only one thing - water. We were pleasantly surprised to find a beautiful tropical gorge. It was supported by underground streams and one tiny waterfall which trickled from the face of bare rock. In the air fluttered countless butterflies. The area was thus dubbed "Butterfly Canyon." We remained here for a little more than an hour, enjoying the shade, the rest and of course, the water. We foolishly hiked through the remainder of the day, and returned to camp overtired and short-tempered.

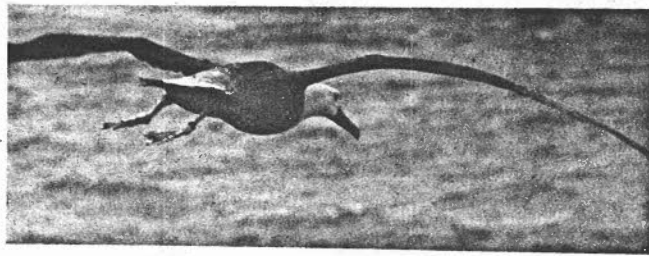
A night's sleep and a good breakfast failed to counteract the physical exhaustion accumulated over the previous days. We reluctantly followed John as he set out to cover the west arm of the river. The morning's exercise proved to be futile. A few pointed hints were made and our leader declared the afternoon a holiday. We also decided to shift camp Thursday morning.

After a feast of fresh fish, sauteed in butter, pancakes, eggs, bacon and various assorted leftovers we packed up camp and set off. Back to Darwin. I felt satisfied with the week's accomplishments but saddened to think that I would never experience the raw beauties of this land again. I took with me merely photographs and memories and the inner satisfaction that I had experienced a magic described only as Kakadu.

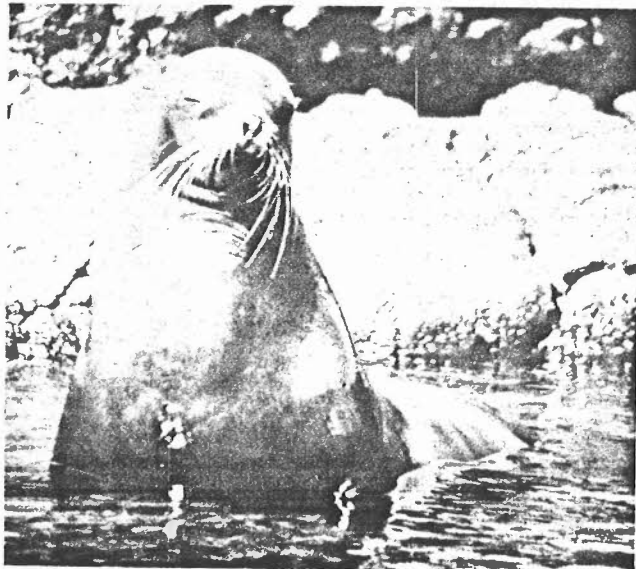




the galapagos



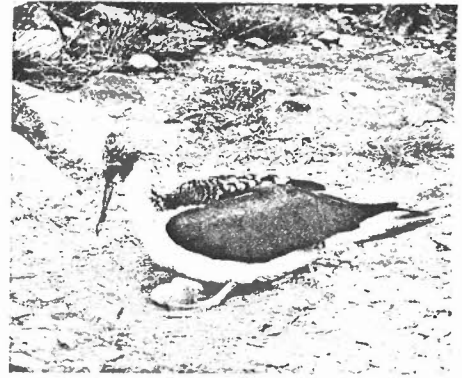
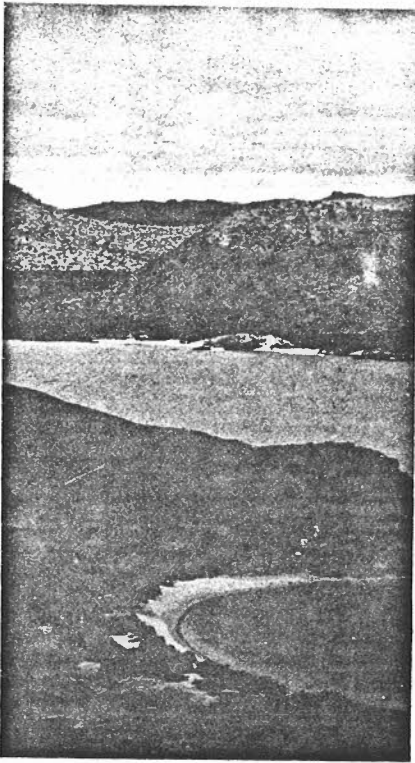
Albatross.



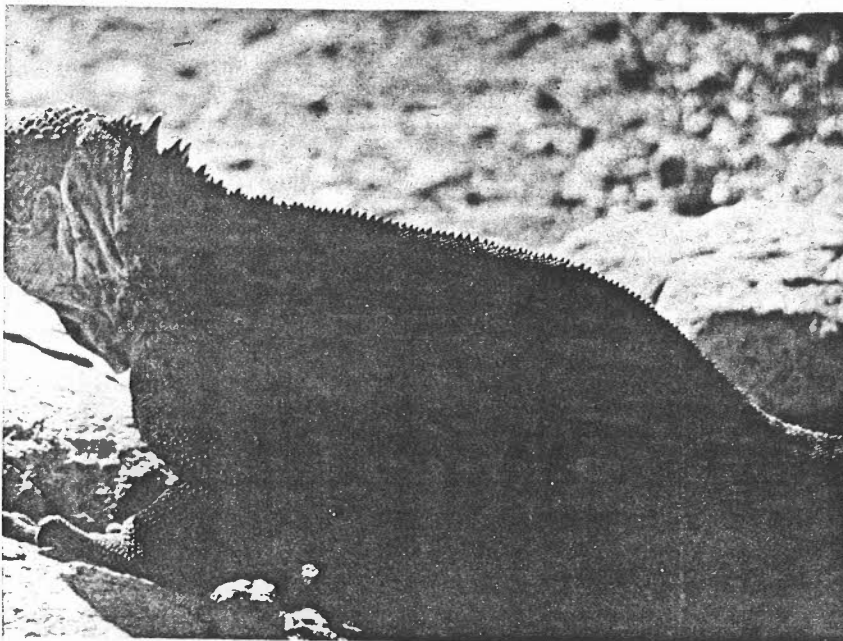
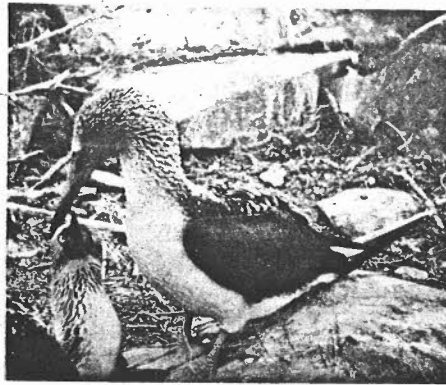
Fur Seal.



Land Iguana.



Blue-footed Boobie



Photography: Diane O'Rielly

petawawa

Story Richard Lewis

Photos: Tom Purcell
Richard Lewis

Our annual Victoria Day weekend canoe trip was underway on Friday shortly after lunch with the five hour drive to Lake Traverse in the northeastern section of Algonquin Park being fairly routine.

We left one vehicle in the crowded parking area at Lake McManus and loaded the six of us, three canoes and all our gear into a Suburban for the drive to Lake Traverse. Of course, this necessitated leaving the back doors open to accommodate the third canoe so everything was covered in a thick film of dust, including our nostrils and lungs.

Near the National Research Council's radio observatory, we were fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of a deer bounding off into the woods and a short distance further a fox scurried up the side of a sand dune by the side of the road. The surrounding area had been logged to the point of being barren sandy soil without any vegetation to speak of.

As we drove and drove along that dusty road with no sign of our starting point, it appeared as though our estimate of gasoline consumption might have been low as the gauge hovered around the one-quarter mark and we still had to get back to Petawawa in a couple of days on what was left. Finally, we arrived at the parking area for the access point to Lake Traverse and eagerly unloaded in a very short time. The parking area was just as full as the one at Lake McManus but we managed to find a spot where the truck would be out of the way for the duration of the trip.

The area seemed well used, not only by canoeists, but by fishermen and loggers. Of course, the logs were hauled out by trucks now as the last logging drive along the river was in 1945. During those days about one-hundred and fifty men would drive logs from the upper Nipissing River to the Ottawa taking from April to September to cover the 250 kilometres. What a task!

What was left of the day was beautiful and warm for that time of year. We paddled along Lake Traverse, passing the remnants of Turtle Lodge, and after about an hour we made camp on an island at the eastern end of the lake. A beautiful stie under a canopy of jackpine.

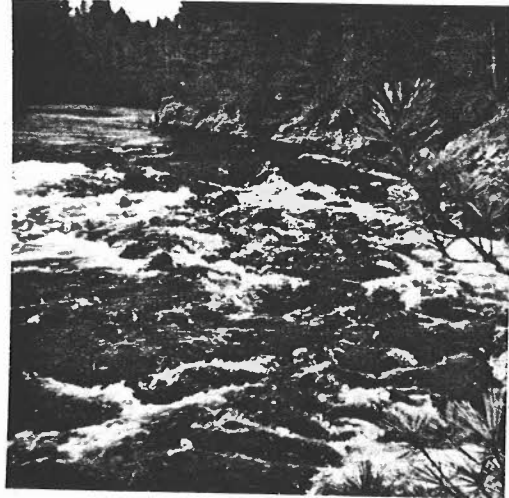


After supper, the evening air cooled rapidly but it was nice not to have to contend with the bugs that would infest the area later in the season. The evening was enhanced by several flocks of geese making their way northward and as darkness fell the visions gave way to the sounds of beaver tails slapping the calm water and the reverberating call of the loons echoing through the stillness. A nice lullaby for our first night out.

Saturday morning saw a group of shivering bodies up early to face what promised to be a bright sunny day. After hurriedly downing our breakfast, we were on the way anxious to get some whitewater under our belts. Before long, we were presented with Big Thompson and Little Thompson Rapids. There was a lot of water moving through Big Thompson and we elected to portage. The portage was a nice scenic walk along the south side of the river where the ground was quite wet in spots but the wild flowers were plentiful as we saw many red trilliums, great spurred violets and an abundance of trailing arbutus.

Little Thompson was smaller but with the fastest water smashing against a rock abutment before it was deflected into the main channel we decided to walk around it. After our gear was portaged, one canoe decided to try the run and came within inches of being forced into the rock face. But they made it. Too close for me.

A short paddle later we encountered Grillade Rapids which was an enjoyable run and got the adrenalin flowing



for future sets. After a couple of short easy runs we came upon Crooked Chute - a very deceiving set of rapids. The first several hundred metres appear very innocent with just fast flowing water. However, the water subtly gets faster and faster until all of a sudden there is a sharp turn in the river and visibility is zero. There is no sound of impending danger but a slight mist can be seen in the air around the corner.

Fortunately, we approached the whole set of rapids by edging our way along the shore for the first several hundred metres even though the river was just fast flowing. Due to our precautions, we were able to stop and scout the corner but anyone canoeing down the center of the seemingly harmless fast water would not have time to make it safely to the shore as the river picks up speed at an alarming rate.

Being swept into this section would lead to the surprise of rounding the corner and facing a five metre waterfall with a very rough set of rapids beyond it. It was obvious why this section had claimed one life this year and has been the site of many near misses as evidenced by the remnants of various canoes in the pool at the bottom of the stretch of rapids.



After portaging the last part of the Crooked Chute, we stopped for lunch on the shore of the small lake at the base of the rapids. The clearing in this area was ideal for spending an hour or so enjoying lunch and the surroundings.

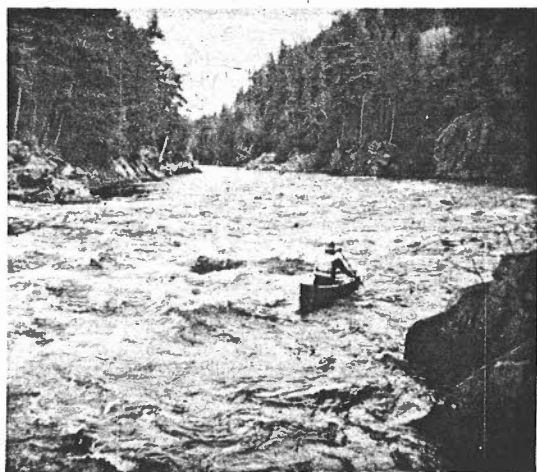
The afternoon started off with an enjoyable paddle for a couple of miles before arriving at Rollway Rapids. This was another set of rapids that appears easy at first but with the high water volume such was not the case. With our gear portaged, we scouted the set and found a kilometre of very swift rapids with unavoidable standing waves that would swamp any open canoe before it was a third of the way down. Having to contend with the remaining two thirds capsized in that cold water was not an inviting challenge. Although one member of the group wanted to give it a try, he was finally convinced that it would be suicidal.

On our return trip for the canoes we viewed the bronze cross erected in memory of Blair Fraser by his fellow Voyageurs. Blair Fraser was a journalist who was a member of the distinguished group that called themselves the Voyageurs. The group was noted for its many trips along old voyageur routes during the fifties and sixties and the trips included such individuals as Pierre Elliot Trudeau, author Sigurd Olson and Eric Morse.

Apparently a missed portage sign led to an attempt at running Rollway's huge standing waves but the inevitable swamping of the canoe combined with the cold May waters and the length of the rapids took their toll. We silently viewed the rapids from the monument site for a few minutes and after pondering such a predicament we were glad to be on the portage.

We portaged two-thirds of the rapids, flushing a woodcock in the process, and ran the last section which was considerably more manageable. Much to our surprise we saw large ice slabs still clinging to the rocks in the lower gorge as the sun had been unable to reach the ledges.

With mostly portaging behind us we were getting eager to try some whitewater that would be challenging but not overly risky. Then came The Natch - a fifty to one-hundred metre high gorge that was several hundred metres long and consisted of two main drops. Acting like mountain goats, we carried our gear along the short but very rugged portage trail. Lugging the canoes along the same route would have been a formidable task but we decided to give the Natch a try on the water. The standing waves were quite high but the consequences of dumping were minimal as both drops had large pools at the bottom of the relatively short runs.



The choice of spots for running was very limited due to large rocks so one...two... three...we all went through the same spot with the third canoe making a solo attempt. The first drop was no problem. Then, about a hundred metres later came the second drop and again one...two...three...but this time it was one... two...three upside down as we all tried to climb the same standing wave which proved to be too high or our skills inadequate. I like to think the wave was too high, but honestly feel we would have made it had we tried again. However, a swim in cold May waters does not exactly encourage one to stay and play in the rapids, especially when the sun is rapidly sinking.



We were helped out by another group that had spent the day playing in the Natch, but I don't think it was by choice as one of their Grumman canoes was badly smashed with the stern seat completely gone. It turned out that two of the group had attempted the previous set (Rollway Rapids) and after swamping had luckily been able to escape with only a smashed canoe.

Few people realize the effect that cold water can initially have on the body. The involuntary gasping for breath that the shock causes can make a person gasp in water without being able to stop. Being dumped is one thing but not being able to control when you take a breath is unhealthy to say the least.

Well we were soaked, except for one, and cold so we started to search for a campsite for the night. The gorge gradually diminished but not before it had displayed an amazingly picturesque paddle to the start of the two mile long Schooner Rapids. Not a particularly difficult run but a fun 'pick as you go' set that ended in a large clearing where we made camp next to a power line maintenance road.

Camp was set up quickly and we were changed and looking forward to a hot meal. The day was cooling off as night approached and we spent the evening enjoying our customary nightcap as we swapped stories and picked constellations out of the clear skies. The still night air was broken only by the rushing of the river, a couple of whippoorwills and the mating call and flight of a nearby woodcock. We soon felt the effects of the day's activities and called it a night, anxious to see what tomorrow would bring.

Upon rising Sunday it was evident that it was to be one of those days that is not enjoyed but endured instead. It was so overcast it was almost dark and a cold rain pelted us continually throughout breakfast and the breaking of camp. By the time we got on the river we were getting used to the drizzle and intermittent downpours. The next several miles were very quiet and sullen. Five Mile Rapids broke the spell about half way to McManus Lake as we had a long exciting run which seemed to make us oblivious to the conditions.

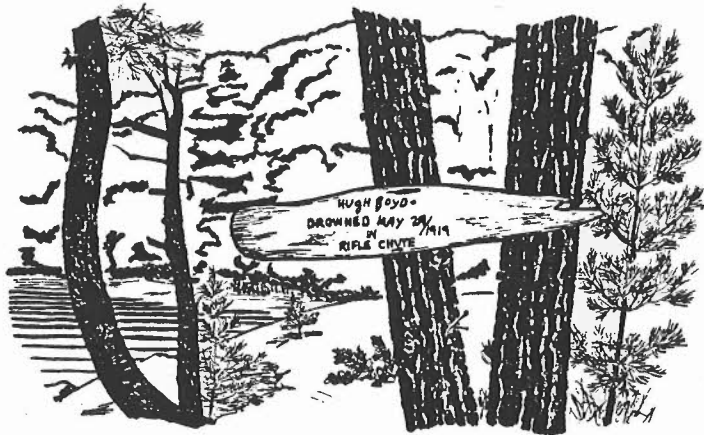
Once past this set of rapids, it was obvious that we had to keep paddling at a good pace just to keep warm. The constant stroking during the next couple of hours eventually became mechanical and the only interruptions to the routine were the flights of startled American Mergansers as we surprised them by our intrusion.

Finally, the take-out point was within sight and we were grateful. Fortunately a scout troop had a large canvas canopy set up over a fire where we enjoyed hot soup before beginning the trip to get the other vehicle. A much appreciated gesture as we were tired, soaked and cold.

On the return shuttle a couple of moose were spotted crossing the road that was now a mud path instead of the dusty route we had travelled initially. Well our gas supply held out and we had another enjoyable trip logged to the credit of the group and discussion on the way home centered around our next trip.

the madawaska - is it safe yet ?

Jim MacLachlan



Safe for paddlers? Yes, but of course that depends on the paddlers, their skill, preparedness and judgement. By its nature, the Madawaska is one of the most forgiving whitewater rivers. The rapids are typically short drops followed by quiet pools. A "swim" in a rapid resulting from a mistake or misjudgement is short and recovery is easy from the pool below. With our lifejackets, helmets (for kayakists) and wet-suits for cold water, a swim may be quite an innocuous event - even fun!

Our regard for safety has come a long way since the days of the log drives on the river. Many men who worked on the drives in the last century and beginning of this century could not even swim. If they slipped off a log into the water, it was only the quick action of their buddies that could save them - being fished out of the water on the end of a pike pole. But even the ability to swim wasn't always sufficient, not in cold, turbulent, rock and log strewn rapids.

One of the hazards men on the drives faced was in breaking log jams. If in the effort of "cutting away a jam", it gave way before the daring lumberman had a chance to scramble over the sticks to shore, he could be crushed in the crashing cascade that ensued. Tragedy on the drives was common. Inscriptions on the rock shore or signs on trees marked where disaster struck. Sometimes, if the body was found, the burial took place along the river - graves soon to be forgotten.

Along the Madawaska, evidence reminding us of those days still exists. Many a paddler has stopped after the labours of portage to inspect the numerous rock inscriptions at Slate Falls. Further upstream at Rifle Chute, the sixth drop of Snake Rapids, paddlers scouting the drop from the left shore may remember a sign nailed to a pine tree overlooking the chute. The sign was a old blade of an oar used on a pointer, the boat used by log drivers. On it was inscribed: "Hugh Boyd. Drowned May 29, 1919 in Rifle Chute." Authentic or a hoax? The death certificate for Hugh Boyd records Renfrew as the place of death but the registration date is June 4, 1919, five days after the date of death. The delay could have been in getting out from the river. Hugh Boyd was only seventeen years ten months old, rather young but an age not atypical for river drivers. It has been said that only young men could withstand the rigors of a drive which sometimes included wading in ice-cold water for hours or long days spent in wet clothing.

Very few men who worked on the drives on the Madawaska are still around today. But one veteran at a youthful eight-two years of age is Verner Eldon Pell. Vern worked for a firm called Ferguson and Finley on a drive in 1920. As far as he can recall, his crew was the only one driving on the river that year and fortunately there were no deaths. He recalls his foreman, Jim Taylor, pointing out where a man was lost on the drive the year before. Recollections of sixty-one years ago may be somewhat dimmed, but he thinks the drowning occurred in the Snake Rapids section. He has a photograph of the spot. Unfortunately not enough of the shoreline shows to positively identify the location as Rifle Chute.

The sign at Rifle Chute is but a memory now. Sometime last summer it disappeared. Was the value of this historical artifact even appreciated by the person who removed it? One can only speculate on the circumstances of its disappearance but it is certainly gone now. Gone for good. A painful loss to those who care about the Madawaska.

The Madawaska River between Palmer Rapids and Griffith is destined to become a Waterway Park. Status as a park will help save it from the threats of hydraulic generation, private development and logging. But certainly one of the threats to the river is from the river users themselves. Overuse and misuse is taking its toll on the river's natural, almost wilderness character. The deterioration and desecration becomes more poignant with the fate of the sign at Rifle Chute.

Can park management effectively arrest further deterioration? How much responsibility falls on the shoulders of canoeists to encourage a sense of care and stewardship within their ranks for "their" river?

Is the Madawaska safe from paddlers? Refretfully, not yet.

Jim MacLachlan is both a WCA member and a member of the Canoe Ontario Environmental Concerns Committee. This article is reprinted with permission from the Canoe Ontario Newsletter.



barron river

Herb Pohl

We set off Friday in mid-afternoon to escape the Thanksgiving weekend rush and with a keen sense of anticipation looked ahead to a perfect fall outing. It was one of those circumstances where you just know you can't miss. It had rained for nearly two weeks straight and a change in the weather was consequently inescapable. This prognosis was further strengthened by the weather forecast for overcast skies, occasional showers Saturday and rain thereafter.

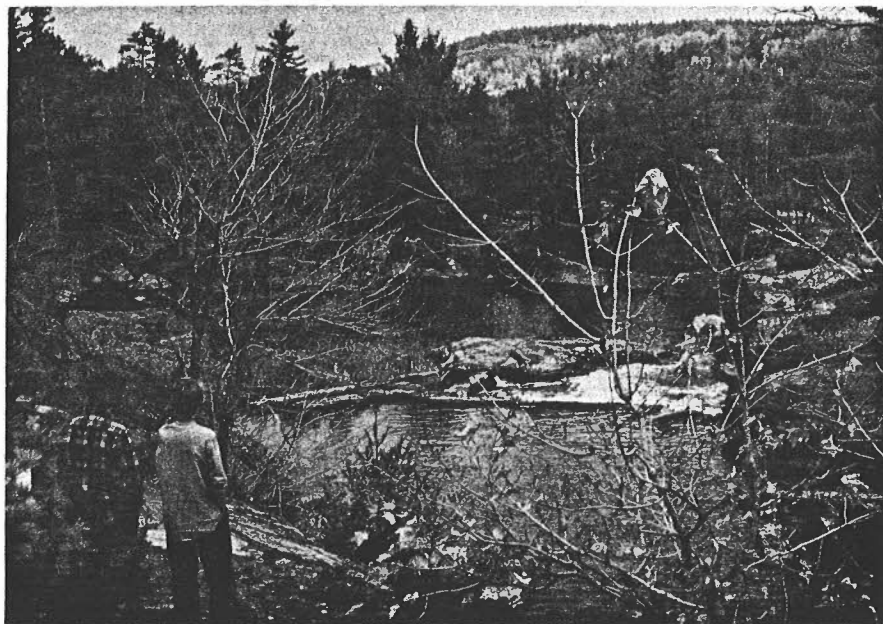
As we drove through Toronto, the sun was shining on thousands of other vehicles whose owners were all pre-occupied like ourselves with getting out before the evening rush. Four-and-a-half hours later we stopped in Combermere for a belated supper. The air had grown cold and the stars were sparkling frostily when we stopped for the night in Barry's Bay. The morning might provide us with an opportunity to get some nice pictures - hoar frost, autumn leaves, morning sun. And in a euphoric state equally attributable to the prospect ahead and Pierogy and Pelsener UrQuelle I fell from consciousness.

By ten o'clock we had loaded the canoes and slipped away from Achray under overcast skies with the intention of covering the forty kilometres to the bypass just outside Petawawa in two days. Dave Berthelot was paddling solo in a battle-scarred Grumman. Practicing his strokes with the double blade, he kept reminding the rest of us that he was entirely on his own and said it in such a way that it was difficult not to recognize the hardship this represented. Nevertheless he was normally in the lead, which just goes to show what determination can do.

The Barron river starts from the south-east corner of Grand Lake. After a few bends it drops over a low dam, winds its way among barely submerged rocks and quickly gets swallowed up again by Stratton Lake.

Within half an hour the usual transformation had taken place. The sombre mood of the party - not revelling at the prospect of a wet and dreary weekend ahead - had given way to a feeling of quiet satisfaction. A few patches of blue opened up overhead and rays of sunlight played over our domain, making the yellow of the birches and poplars stand out brilliantly against the dark background of pines and spruce.

It was enough to change our minds - we'd camp early and take three days to make our way downstream, leisurely and totally self-indulgent. It was going to be a fine weekend. By one o'clock the tents were pitched at the northern extremity of Stratton Lake. We were tucked in cozily among the rocks just close enough together to know the following morning who did and who didn't snore. The weather looked downright promising at this stage and so off we went exploring.



I woke in darkness to the steady drumming of rain on the roof. Something had gone wrong - could our experts be right about the weather after all? The thought could not be dismissed entirely. An hour's drive brought us to Pembroke and an early breakfast and shortly after eight, three of the four canoe crews were assembled at the old bridge over the Petawawa river to be joined in a while by the captain of the fourth canoe who had patiently waited "at the only bridge" several kilometres upstream for nearly an hour.

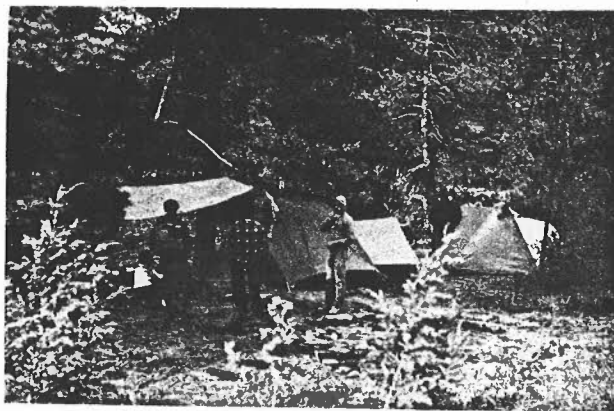
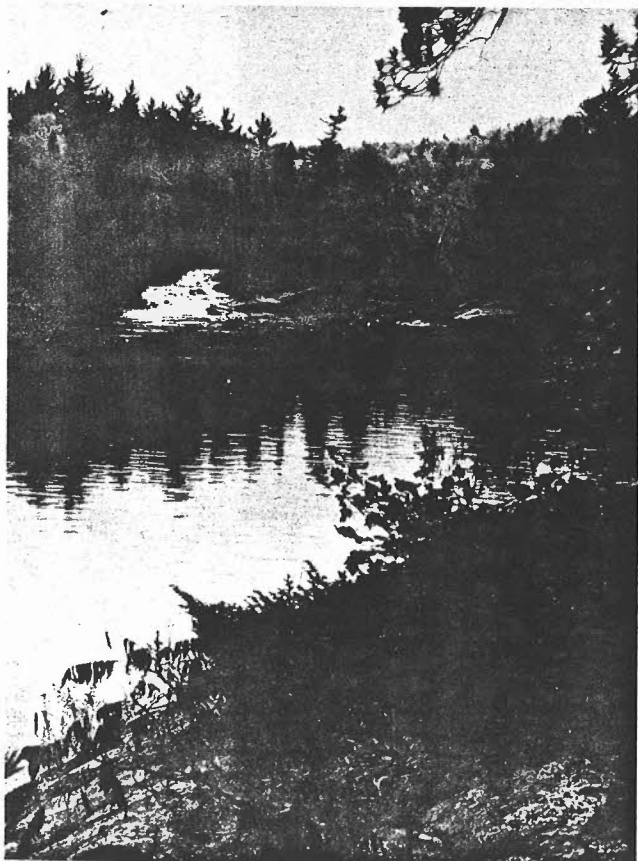
Right next to the campsite one arm of the Barron rushes and swirls around deadfalls and rock ledges, drops into pools and finally cascades twenty metres into a pond where its waters are joined by the other half of the stream which tumbles from the opposite side in equally spectacular fashion into the basin below. We had worked our way downstream for about an hour, absorbing the sights and the sounds when we became aware of a new note. A grumbling sound came intermittently from the direction of the camp, dark storm clouds billowed up over the rocky landscape and it was clearly time to beat a hasty retreat.



We didn't quite make it in time. Lightning streaked across the sky, quickly followed by the rumbling of thunder and when we were almost within sight of the camp the sky burst open. With it a cold westerly wind blew in off the lake and as the temperature dropped so did the enjoyment level.

In circumstances like this it's good to have a man like Rob Butler around, who loves to play with matches. In no time at all he had a strong fire going and provided hot water for the rest of the soggy crowd to be transformed into tea, hot chocolate, soup. (It's marvellous how members in this organization insist on diversity.) Well, one thing leads to another and by the time we hung up the food packs in the evening they seemed noticeably smaller. In the morning a fine misty rain crept perio-

dically across the lake, as it had done all night, and every tree and shrub was dripping with moisture. The plan was to portage the canoes past a series of cataracts before breakfast. Since our campsite was somewhat removed from the regular route, we had to bushwack nearly a kilometre to get past the obstructions to High Falls Lake. This exposure to the Canadian Shield was not favourably received by everyone. There were pointed comments along the way which left one with the impression that the route followed by the organizer was perhaps a trifle difficult - and needlessly so. To one member of the party it brought back memories of the descent from the Pekans to the Moisie while another confessed to being "totally exhausted" at the end of it all. I thought it was all a bit overplayed.



Over the next three portages however, I became more and more distressed myself. Carrying this borrowed canoe of mine, which at first was merely uncomfortable, became progressively more painful. No matter what I did, it wouldn't sit properly on my shoulders. It took a week before the tenderness in my neck subsided and I swore I'd quite canoeing altogether before I'd take an abomination such as this out on another trip. To make matters worse Dave single-portaged pack and canoe with disgusting ease.

The last of these portages brought us back to the river at Brigham Lake and after a short run we made lunch at Brigham Chute where several Whiskey Jacks kept us entertained in return for a few handouts. By now the weather was changing in rapid succession from showers to sunshine and back to showers again.

Just below the chute the river enters a deep canyon. Sheer rock faces rise up to a hundred metres on either side, intimidating the traveller in this narrow confine. Within another two kilometres the cliffs gradually diminish in height and recede while the river widens to lake-like proportions for most of the rest of the way to its confluence with the Petawawa. In mid-afternoon we passed through Squirrel Rapids and with it out of the Park.



A cold wind hurried us along and for a considerable distance our search for a campsite turned up nothing but "no trespass" signs. Eventually, just as we were getting a bit concerned, we discovered a nice spot and with it contentment - a level tent site, full stomach, waterproof tent and warm sleeping bag; what more can anyone ask for? Oh, no bugs!

Overnight the wind had picked up, carrying before it a few forlorn snowflakes and we came to the reluctant conclusion that summer must be over. With the following breeze it didn't take us long to make our way out of the Barron and into the Petawawa where we were hurried along by the wind-whipped waves. At this point we were sailing along in flight formation, Dave just a few metres to the left and the two Butlers to the right. Our canoe didn't have a lot of freeboard and every once in a while a bit of wave would creep over the gunwale. Between that and Dave's reassuring "Don't worry, I'll save you" I had the feeling my bowman was getting a bit nervous.

We were interrupted in our flight by a strong rapids which was portaged over an old, now obviously disused trail. I thought it rather ironic that the portages upstream looked like mini-highways and here was one which had returned to its primeval state, almost within sight of town. One more rapids, through which we nursed the canoe with the greatest of care - we really didn't want to get wet at this stage - and in twenty minutes we were back at the car.

noire - coulounge

George Haeh

Diana agreed to write this report and then used her feminine wiles to get me to do it for her. So here goes...

We arrived at the public campground in Pembroke at some terrible hour of the morning. (Future seekers of this campsite should be informed that it is on highway seventeen on the north side of the town.) Saturday we drove up to the Noire River Hotel where we left our cars and began our Quebec Back Road Experience. We bounced and jolted up to Dave Berthelet's fishing camp and practiced in the local rapid where I demonstrated the folly of the upstream brace. It was a fine

Paradise was extremely overcrowded and rather noisy. Apparently camping is free - courtesy of the tavern profits. The interior decor of the tavern is walls covered with money! The Road Repair/Rehabilitation Fund to be exact. Folks write their name on bills and glue them to the walls, ceiling, rafters, etc. Anybody want to quote fire insurance for the place?

The Coulouge is heavily used for logging drives. Log jams do not improve a rapids; in fact, they make them a good deal more dangerous. The logs seem to have an evil intelligence in the way they manage to plug up all the easy routes. One of the portages was blocked by logs and made things rather difficult. After running the first ledge on the left and thoroughly scaring myself, I saw a much better way down on the right, but the logs made proper scouting virtually impossible. It would be well worth calling the E.B. Eddy mill in Fort Coulouge to find out when the river is clean.



day for a swim. Our sacrifices seemed to propitiate the river gods for the remainder of the weekend. The water level was high. Two rapids at the top were honest Class IV's. The bottom qualifies as a mild waterfall in my book; it was a three metre drop down an angle of some thirty degrees with a room-size hole on one side. Eventually we returned to the hotel and waited a very long time while Dave's truck was retrieved - part of the Quebec Back Road Experience. After dropping my car at the take-out on the Coulouge, we drove up to Jim's Lake Paradise in the dark - the ultimate in Quebec Back Road Experiences.

In spite of the logs, the river was quite enjoyable and scenic. Towards the lower end of the trip, cottages and motor boats were working their way up the river as it passed through farmland. At the take-out, it only took thirty minutes to figure out how to hot-wire my car. The lost time was made up on the infamous road back to Jim's Lake Paradise where the Renault's superior suspension put the four-wheel drive to shame. However the lower ground clearance resulted in a few scrapes of the floorpan. A better deal than the oilpan or brake lines. The Quebec Back Road Experience could have been worse.

return to the north-west passage

John Cross

Since last spring's confusion over our whereabouts on Dickey Creek had been somewhat alleviated by a study of the topos, we decided to once again search for the route to secluded Big Burnt Lake, but this time over winter trails. It was apparent that where the Trans-Amazon Highway appears on the map to pass over its umpteenth bridge, there is in fact nothing but an enlarged swamp passing over the Trans-Amazon Highway. Last trip, we had accordingly overshot one of our objectives - the junction of Dickey Creek (cascading down from Big Burnt) and its crocodile-infested tributary.

The approach to our target area was lengthened on Saturday morning by the need not to take Gord's van farther in than it could be sure of getting out - which is not very far on the icy, hilly, curvey Tangamong Lake road. However, we were soon able to descend from the road to the flat surface of Troutling Bay. Penny, Gord, and I were backpacking while Jim wisely towed his gear on a toboggan. Travel was fairly rapid, first on the lakes, then on the logging road which is as it turned out, a major (i.e. government funded) snowmobile trail. This we held to until we were opposite the upper end of Big Burnt where we descended about three o'clock to camp.

Camp was in a sheltered spot with good wood - next to a swamp since we had elected to use tarp-lean-tos with front heating fires this weekend. Our lean-to was set up back to the wind, so that an eddy in its lee whirled some of the warm air from the fire in to us. It was particularly pleasant to dine without needing to wear parks and feel the heat beating on our faces as we prepared for bed. The night-light from the fire was also welcome, particularly when enhanced by the glow of an orange tarp. However, we made several mistakes in the layout of our camp so that we did not make full use of the fire's heat; fortunately, it was a mild weekend. We benefited at first from a backwall reflector of snow but it soon melted. A high wall of really large logs should have replaced it, not only for the heat reflection but to help carry the smoke away from the shelter. Better still, had it been available, would have been a rock face. Since the wind was shifty and sometimes sneaked around the side of the sheltering hillock, an extended side wing on our lean-to would have greatly improved the heating, particularly when the wind swung around permanently by ninety degrees in the night. Lastly, in our eagerness to get the fire burning quickly, we collected mostly small wood and neglected the big fire-keepers

which would have warmed us all night.

One precaution we did not neglect was sparkcovers over our vulnerable nylon sleeping bags: in Penny's case a wool blanket, in mine a ratty old bedsheet. We also, quite correctly, brought stoves to supplement the fire. In approachability, constancy, and sootlessness, they are much to be preferred for cooking. However, we overlooked one supper-speeding operation: a trip to the nearby creek to look for thin spots which would have saved us the bother of melting snow. (We found them next day.)

In the morning, we hiked a short distance up Dickey Creek to the beaver pond and beyond...watch for a Gord Fenwick spring canoe trip, route guaranteed brand new. Although we saw no animals but squirrels, there were tracks in plenty, including those of a deer who cleverly kept changing sides of the creek to avoid the outsides of the bends - an example we followed. Also interesting were several other access holes in the ice, kept open we supposed by frequent use.

Instead of returning by snowmobile trail, we decided to explore the most direct route from the south end of Big Burnt, where the undiscovered canoe route might run. The descent to the junction with Tomahawk Creek is steep - in many places, almost a cliff - and from forty to eighty metres high, so we were taking a risk of being stuck a few metres from our objective but with miles of roundabout to travel. Fortunately, the hillside is broken here and there by negotiable slopes, so by lunchtime we were down on the creek, looking over the cascades down the cliff part which we would have to portage our canoes - up? (Gord: "That slope doesn't look too bad over there... and the trees aren't too dense...")

After lunch, we set out up Tomahawk Creek, looking for the canoe put-in point from the road that had eluded us last time. That is, I set out, well ahead of the others, out of sight, in fact...without a pole to thump the ice...with a heavy backpack...and, fortunately, the water was only thigh deep, and the bottom, though slimy, sulphur-smelling sludge, was not so gluey as to entrap my snowshoes, and the temperature was just below freezing, and I was wearing wool...so we did not have to re-enact To Build a Fire. Also, the crocodiles weren't biting.

So, with the secrets of Dickey Creek revealed, we retraced the roads and lakes to the shoveled-out bay in the snowbank where we'd left Gord's van.

winter canoe trips

John Cross

These two trips were arranged at the last moment over the phone - and it couldn't very well have been otherwise. I mean, who could foresee that February 21-22 was going to be a canoeing weekend?

Saturday's run, on Oakville Creek, did not get off until three p.m., partly because a concession road, that would have shortened the car shuffle, was signed "Road Closed." We found out why when we reached the place on the river where it crossed. Ice had jammed up against the bridge and mangled the road surface. That was our first portage.

Fortunately, the current was rapid and the standing waves avoidable, so that we slid into Oakville (after coming all the way from Base Line Road or Eglington) with the last of the daylight. By the time the canoes were on the cars it was dark. We had had two portages around ice jams and our stopping point was forced on us by a huge ice jam, perhaps a mile long, that began just below Old Mill Road in Oakville.

Sunday was spent by the crews of at least nine canoes on the Humber which was completely ice-free. From Steeles to St. Phillips Road, the gradient was fairly slight. We spent our time chasing ducks and the occasional stray piece of ice and observing the interesting effects of erosion on the city parkland. (What a lot of picnic tables seem to end up in the river.) Below St. Phillips, we found many high standing waves to avoid and two dams to portage. This was interesting work and it is to be hoped that the many Sunday strollers who watched (and the cyclists who gave chase) did not suppose that because they saw someone do it, they ought to try it. Some of the dams give very little warning of their position ahead. We took out at Dundas, below which, it appears there are several dams but no white water.

On the way home, we discussed the possibility of going skiing the next weekend.

guidelines for wca trips

1. The Outings Committee shall arrange a schedule of appropriate wilderness trips organized by unpaid volunteers from the membership of the WCA, to be published in the newsletter.
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 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



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.

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.

There has been some debate concerning expected water levels this spring. We have made no attempt to predict the weather but have tried to rate trips according to what could

reasonably be expected in a "normal" spring. The actual difficulty of a river can vary considerably with water level.

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 - 5 SALMON RIVER - MOIRA RIVER

organizer: Glenn Spence 416-355-3506
book before April 2

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 maneuvering. Participants will be able to camp at a local conservation area, and must sign up for the entire weekend. Suitable for intermediates. Limit 5 canoes.

April 5 HUMBER RIVER

organizer: Norm Coombe 416-293-8036 (H)
416-751-2812 (B)
book before April 3

This will be a fast moving trip for intermediates or novices accompanied by intermediate canoeists to cover the Humber from Rowntree Mills Park to Dundas Street. Difficulty depends on water levels. Limit 4 canoes.

April 4 UPPER CREDIT RIVER

organizer: Ken Ellison 416-826-3120
book before March 28

This 20km 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 intermediates. Limit 5 canoes.

April 5 LOWER CREDIT RIVER

organizer: Ken Ellison 416-826-3120
book before March 28

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

April 11 - 12 DICKEY CREEK - BEAVER CREEK

organizer: John Cross 416-487-0678
book as soon as possible

This will be a potentially rigorous exploratory trip on the upper reaches of Dickey Creek and Beaver Creek. A whitewater trip, suitable for advanced canoeists. Limit 3 canoes.

April 12 UPPER CREDIT RIVER

organizer: Jim Greenacre 416-759-9956
book between March 27 and April 4

A second chance for those who were unable to get on the earlier Credit River trip. See April 4 trip description. Suitable for intermediates. Limit 5 canoes.

April 17 - 19 BILINGUAL EXCHANGE TRIP:
BEAVER CREEK AND CROWE RIVER

organizer: Gord Fenwick 416-431-3343
assistants: Dave Berthelet 819-771-4170
John Cross 416-487-0678
book between March 23 and April 1

This 3-day trip on the Easter weekend will be the first part of an exchange between the WCA and Amis d'Eau de Varennes from Québec. We will be running three separate trips limited to four canoes each (2 from the WCA and 2 from Amis d'Eau) all in the Beaver Creek, Crowe River watersheds, located 250 km from Toronto and 400 km from Montreal. Each group will make a three day trip through a wilderness area including camping with no road access. The rivers involve many rapids and considerable portaging. Participants should be intermediate or experienced canoeists and prepared to portage in a single trip.

This trip will be run as a bilingual trip with participants speaking both French and English at various times throughout the trip. There will be a return canoe trip organized by Club Amis d'Eau de Varennes in Québec near the end of June.

Book for both of these trips by phoning Gord Fenwick, between March 23 and April 1.



April 25 ANSTRUTHER LAKE LOOP

organizer: Rob Butler 416-487-2282
book between April 14 and 22

This will be a 28 km one-day loop involving nine scenic lakes north of Peterborough, off highway 28. Suitable for novice or better in good physical shape. Limit 4 canoes.

April 26 HEAD and BLACK RIVERS

organizer: Bill Ness 416-755-5784
book between March 30 and April 13

This will be a leisurely day trip starting on the Head River, northeast of Sebright. From the Head's confluence with the Black we will continue downstream to just east of Washago. These rivers feature some good, short drops with moderate sized waves separates by enough flat water to give you time to relax between runs. Suitable for intermediates or better. Limit 4 canoes.

April 26 LOWER BLACK RIVER

organizer: Bill King 416-223-4646
book between March 30 and April 20

This will be an easy 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 intermediates. Limit 6 canoes. Trip time about 4 hours.

May 2 COON LAKE to LONG LAKE

organizer: Bill Ness 416-755-5784
book between April 6 and 20

This outing will be a 28 km exploratory paddle through a chain of small lakes between Burleigh Falls and Apsley. A great way to get in shape for the coming season. Suitable for novices or better in good physical condition with good portaging skills. Limit 4 canoes.

May 3 LOWER SAUGEEN RIVER

organizer: Roger Bailey 519-832-5211
book between April 5 and 30

From Saugeen Bluffs Conservation Area near Paisley to Denny's Dam just above Southampton this trip is perfect for novices and families. There are no portages, good current and a few easy rapids to give one a taste of white water. Limit 6 canoes.

May 2 - 3 MADAWASKA RIVER

organizer: Ken Ellison 416-826-3120
book between April 18 and 25

A whitewater trip down the traditional Snake Rapids from Latchford Bridge 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. To minimize environmental impact we will be cooking on portable stoves. Limit 4 canoes.

May 2 - 3 BONNECHERE - MADAWASKA

organizer: John Cross 416-487-0678
book between now and April 23

This outing will consist of two one-day trips. The portion of the Bonnechere in Algonquin Park includes a very steep section which is exciting but unforgiving (narrow river). We have done it before, but a different water level may surprise us. The upper Madawaska near Whitney is an old favourite (see listing next weekend). The date may have to be changed if the water levels do strange things. Suitable for advanced canoeists. Limit 4 canoes.

May 9 - 10 UPPER MADAWASKA RIVER

organizer: Ken Ellison 416-826-3120
book between April 18 and 25

This is an exciting white water trip on the 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 3. Few marked portages exist around the rapids, consequently high canoeing skills are a necessity. Suitable for advanced canoeists with white water experience. Limit 4 canoes.

May 9 - 10 BLACK and SKOOTAMATA RIVERS

organizer: John Cross 416-487-0678
book between April 15 and 30

The Black River is one of the less well known members of a set of whitewater rivers dropping off the Canadian Shield to the Trent. It should have much the same gradient as its neighbours, Beaver Creek and the Skootamata, but since it is new to the organizer, participants should be able to make quick decisions in the face of unexpected difficulties. Depending on the water levels, the date may change. Suitable for advanced paddlers. Limit 4 canoes.

May 9 - 10 ALGONQUIN PARK LAKE TRIP

organizer: Karl Schimek 416-222-3720
book between April 13 and 16

This will be a twenty to twenty-five kilometer flat water trip through Algonquin Park from Rain Lake to Misty Lake suitable for the physically fit novice. Portages are of medium length. Limit 4 canoes.

May 16 - 18 YORK RIVER - MADAWASKA RIVER

organizer: Herb Pohl 416-637-7632
book between April 18 and May 2

A 100 km paddle from Bancroft to Griffith. The first two days involve running a few rapids but will be mostly flat water including about 10 km through the bird sanctuary at Conroy's Marsh. The last day will take us from approximately the dam above Palmer's Rapids to Griffith which includes the popular Snake Rapids. At the higher water levels at this time of the year this can be a demanding stretch of water. Consequently, less accomplished participants may instead opt to paddle from Conroy's Marsh through Negeek Lake upstream to Combermere. The organizer is not familiar with the first 50 km of the trip but does not expect any problems for borderline intermediates on the York. The same cannot be said for the Madawaska which at this time runs not only high, but cold as well. Limit of 4 canoes.

May 16 - 18 PETAWAWA RIVER

organizer: Joe Keleher 705-436-1300 (H)
416-675-5800 (B)
book between April 18 and May 3

In the north-east part of Algonquin Park at the edge of the Precambrian Shield, this scenic river flows 55 km past 100 m high cliffs with challenging rapids and quiet lakes. Suitable for advanced canoeists. Limit 4 canoes.

May 16 - 18 OPEONGO, UPPER and LOWER MADAWASKA

organizer: Graham Barnett 416-654-9805
book between April 27 and May 12

Three challenging, empty-canoe white-water days on the Opeongo and upper Madawaska near Whitney. Then the beautiful and exciting Snake Rapids section of the lower Madawaska. The upper Madawaska is a difficult run with many rocks, steep gradients, and continuous rapids. The Opeongo may be a little easier if the water level is not too high. Suitable for advanced canoeists. Limit 4 canoes.

May 16 - 18 KILLARNEY PARK

organizer: Roger Bailey 519-832-5211
book between April 5 and 30

Killarney Park is a beautiful area of white quartzite ridges and clear blue lakes ideal for good canoeing and hiking. We will paddle in to an interior lake on Saturday and then on Sunday climb Silver Peak (elevation 550 m) for a scenic panorama of the whole park. The trip involves lake travel; however there are about 2 km of portages and off trail hiking on the climb to the peak. Suitable for physically fit novices. Limit 4 canoes.

May 30 - 31 UPPER MAGNETAWAN

organizer: Bob Almack 416-481-3778 (H)
416-751-8351 (B)
book between May 11 and 20

This is a 30 km trip from Ahmic Lake to Wahwashkesh Lake with ten or twelve sets of short and challenging rapids which can be easily portaged if water levels are too high. Good camp sites are scarce and the river is lightly travelled despite its scenic beauty. Suitable for intermediate paddlers. Limit 4 canoes.

June 6 - 7 LOWER OXTONGUE RIVER - BIG EAST RIVER

organizer: John Cross 416-487-0678
book between May 13 and 28

The lower Oxtongue is wilder than the more familiar Algonquin Park section. Because of the almost continuous rapids this section is often used by kayakers. The Big East is said to have a little whitewater, but both are exploring trips for the organizer. Suitable for advanced canoeists. Limit 4 canoes.

June 6 EEL'S CREEK PADDLE TO HIGH FALLS

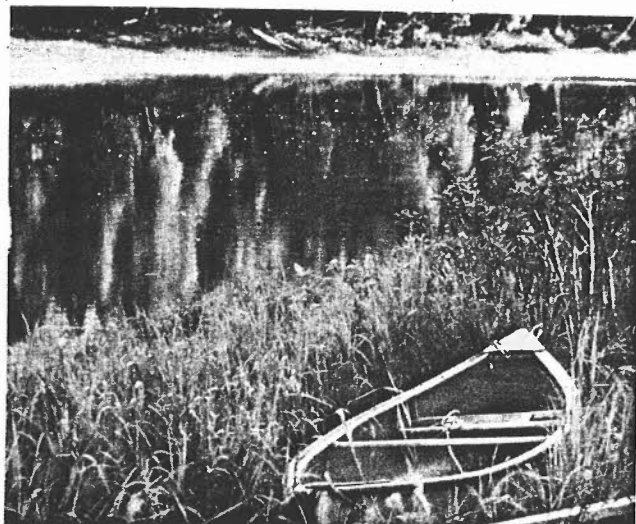
organizers: Dave and Anneke Auger 705-324-9359
book between May 15 and 29

The lower section of Eel's Creek from Haultain to Stoney Lake provides a scenic canoe trip with a few sections of easily runnable rapids. A stop at High Falls is a rugged highlight of this trip. Low water may necessitate some wading. Total trip time is 4 - 5 hours. Suitable for novices. Limit 5 canoes.

June 13 - 14 LITTLE EAST LAKE

organizer: Isabel Boardman 416-483-7496

This is a Nature Outing with emphasis on bog plants, birds and other forms of wildlife. Participants will camp beside Vankoughnet - Carnarvon Road on Friday night and start out early on Saturday morning, for 2 days of nature study via short easy paddle and portage. Limit 4 canoes.



June 13 - 14 MAGNETAWAN RIVER TRIP

organizer: Karl Schimek 416-222-3720
book between May 11 and 15

From Ahmic Lake to Wawashkesh Lake on the upper Magnetawan, this trip is suitable for intermediates with some white water experience. There are some portages. Limit 4 canoes.

June 20 - 21 KAWARTHA LAKES REGION

organizer: Jack McGinty 416-281-4519
book between June 5 and 15

A leisurely two-day trip in the beautiful Long Lake - Big Cedar Lake area. Seven lakes with six portages (three each day) ranging from 500 m up to 1000 m long. Suitable for novices. Limit 5 canoes.

June 27 - 28 MAGNETAWAN RIVER AREA

organizer: John Cross 416-487-0678
book between May 30 and June 13

The Wawashkesh, Magnetawan Canyon, Kashegaba Creek loop includes some of the most beautiful scenery on the Magnetawan. There are also some exciting rapids, a beaver infested creek, an isolated lake, and an historic railway. Suitable for intermediates. Limit 4 canoes.

LONGER TRIPS

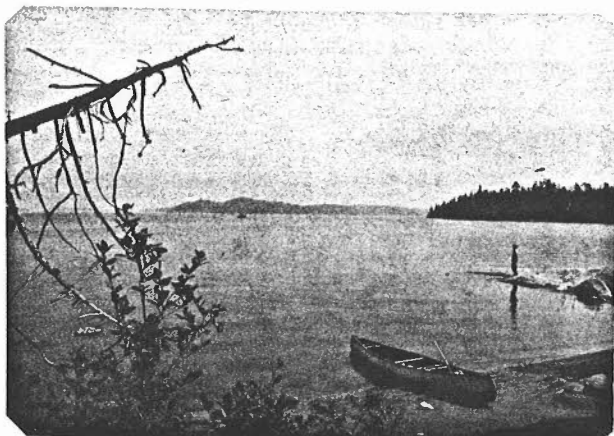
We are also listing the following longer trips. Early planning for these is essential for both the organizer and the participants who may have to arrange vacation and other plans early.

May 14 - May 31 OTOSKWIN AND ATTAWAPISKAT RIVERS

organizer: Ralph Hart 416-823-9040 (B)
416-278-2144 (H)

inquire as soon as possible

This is an 800 km canoe trip, commencing near Pickle Lake and terminating at Attawapiskat on James Bay. It is a long and demanding trip through picturesque and varied scenery with extensive whitewater. For further information please contact the organizer as soon as possible.



May 23 - May 28 SPANISH RIVER

organizer: Ken Ellison 416-826-3120
book between May 9 and May 15

This trip is designed to take advantage of high water conditions and no bugs along the beautiful Spanish River. The trip will be approximately 4-5 days long with plenty of time to enjoy the whitewater and the scenery. The trip will start from Biscotasing and end at Agnew Lake. Since high water is expected the trip is recommended for intermediates with a considerable amount of whitewater experience, or advanced canoeists. Limit 4 canoes.

May WHITewater TOUR

organizers: Cameron Hayne 416-924-6989
Penny Clarke 416-654-9805
Kris Inwood 416-967-3370

book as soon as possible

Instead of several rivers on successive weekends this trip will remain in central Ontario for ten days or more in the middle of May. Included may be sections of the following rivers: Skootamata, Bonnechere, Opeongo, Missisauga, Black, Pel's Creek, Madawaska, etc.

The exact dates and sequence of rivers will depend on the interests and abilities of trip members. Intermediate to advanced skill in open canoe whitewater is suggested; patient kayakers are welcome. It will be possible to participate in only one part of the trip. For example, single cars might meet us for a weekend or some other portion of the trip. No more than 5 canoes at any one time. Those interested in the trip will meet to put together the itinerary.

July 25 - August 1 DUMOINE RIVER

organizer: Bill Ness 416-755-5784
book as soon as possible

Parks Canada's Wild Rivers Surveys describes the Dumoine as displaying "all the characteristics of a wild river-tumbling waterfalls, rolling rapids and long chutes on its way to the Ottawa River". From Rolphton on the Ottawa River we will be flying in to Lac Laforge to begin our trip. Ample time will be available for us to fully enjoy this beautiful river as we work our way back down to its mouth. Suitable for advanced paddlers. Limit 3 canoes.

July - August UNIVERSITY RIVER

organizer: John Cross 416-487-0678

This trip will last between one and two weeks at a time to be arranged in the summer. There are some beautiful photos of this river in Bill Mason's book. The MNR says it can't be done! So it is likely to involve some tough rapids and portaging. The river is on the north shore of Lake Superior. Suitable for advanced canoeists.

wca contacts

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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

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

Bill King (Vice-Chairman)
45 Himount Dr.,
Willowdale, Ont.
M2K 1X3
416-223-4646

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

John Cross
29 Crestview Rd.,
Toronto, Ont.
M5N 1H5
416-487-0678

Dave Berthelet,
107 Froment St.,
Hull, Qué.
J8Y 6E2

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

YOUTH ENCOURAGEMENT FUND

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

TREASURER

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

W.C.A. POSTAL ADDRESS

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

WILDERNESS CANOE ASSOCIATION MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

I enclose a cheque for \$10 — student under 18
\$20 — adult
\$30 — family

for membership in the

WILDERNESS CANOE ASSOCIATION. I understand that this entitles me/us to receive The Wilderness Canoeist, to vote 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 1981.

Notes: -This membership will expire January 31, 1982.

-Please send completed form and cheque (payable to the Wilderness Canoe Association) to the membership committee chairman.

NEWSLETTER EDITOR

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

SECRETARY

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

MEMBERSHIP

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

products and services

ABS Canoe Wanted:

A sixteen foot ABS canoe (preferably Blue Hole or Mad River) in good condition wanted for whitewater work. Contact Jamie Jennings in Toronto, 416 967-4171.

Canoe for Sale:

Mad River Explorer, sixteen foot, ABS Royalex. Dealer price \$825 - asking \$550. Please contact Don Revell, 10 Tunbridge Cresc., Grimsby, Ontario, L3M 2V9. Phone 416 945-5333.

Canoe for Sale:

Sixteen foot, four inch cedar and canvas tripping canoe in excellent condition. Beam thirty-six inch, depth amidship fourteen and a half inch, depth at bow twenty inch, weight sixty-five pounds. Carrying yoke. Round bottomed and fine entry. Price five-hundred dollars. Contact: Ned Teachman, Box 293, Port Sydney, Ontario, P08 1L0. Phone 705 385-2532.

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.

Margesson's Sports Ltd.:

A complete camp and canoe shop. During the summer of 1981 the staff at Margesson's are pleased to offer the following products:
Canoes: ABS Royalex, Aluminum, Kevlar and Fibreglass from Old Towne, Grumman, Scott and York River, respectively;

Kayaks: Scott K1 medium volume in Kevlar and glass, River Runner high volume in roto-molded plastic;

Paddles: Grey Owl bent shafts, Grassmere, Clement and Nimbus;

Accessories: From camera to sto-float bags, canoe paint to reversible canoe vests, PFD's to pogies (open palmed paddling mitts).

Our complete line of 4-season campwear features Gore-Tex from The North Face and Far West, and Bukflex and W-1 sweaters from Peter Storm. Our packs, bags and tents are from Black Ice, Lowe, Kelty, Camp Trails/Eureka and many more. Please write, drop in for a visit, or call us: 17 Adelaide St. E. (at Yonge) in Toronto, phone 416-366-2741.

Sale:

Some new and used canoes, paddles, lifejackets, etc. One day only - Saturday April 11, nine a.m. to five p.m. For more information contact Rockwood Outfitters, 45 Speedvale Ave. E., Guelph, Ontario, 519 824-1415.

Spray Covers:

Custom made for any canoe from waterproof nylon. Contact Rockwood Outfitters, 45 Speedvale Ave. E., Guelph, Ontario N1H 1J2. Phone 519 824-1415.

Bluewater Canoes:

Lightweight Kevlar-S-glass, fibreglass, and nylon canoes made with epoxy and vinylester resins. As well, we have an excellent line of canoes - Mad River, Nova Craft, Woodstream, Bluewater Royalex - and canoeing supplies. Rockwood Outfitters, 45 Speedvale Ave. E., Guelph, Ontario N1H 1J2. Phone 519 824-1415.

Agnew Lake Air Service Ltd.

Agnew Lake Air Service, with its base located on the Spanish River, is available to assist the canoe enthusiast or wilderness traveller who may be considering a trip in this scenic area. Our two aircraft (Cessna 185's) are capable of transporting your canoe, party and gear to drop-off points on the Spanish River, Mississagi River, or any lake in the district. This means of travel will save you considerable time and provide you with a more flexible route than would other methods of transportation. Experience these true wilderness rivers in their natural state soon. For more information please contact: Gerry Sauder or Glenn Davy, Agnew Lake Air Service, P.O. Box 126-B, Webbwood, Ontario, P0P 2G0, phone 705 896-1981. Safe canoeing!

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.

Laminating:

For plastic laminating for your maps, identification cards, posters, etc., contact Albion Plastic Laminating, 611A Mount Pleasant Rd., Toronto, 416 488-2672. Open Mon.-Fri., 9-4:30. Excellent work at reasonable prices using three mil plastic. All orders ready within about five days. Large widths. Your maps durable and waterproof for years.

Leather Repairs:

For leather repairs of all kinds to backpacks, binocular cases, snowshoe bindings, etc., contact Richvale Saddlery, 58 Edgar Ave., Thornhill, Ontario, 416 889-2949.

Scott Canoes:

Complete line of Canadian-made fibreglass and Kevlar canoes are available at a special discount to WCA members. For more information, contact Dave Pelley, 416 749-0132, during business hours.

Second Souffle Canoe Trips:

Fly in canoe trips in the wild areas of northern Quebec. Two canoe trips are planned on rivers Capitachouane and Nestacano. These trips are available for an all-inclusive fare. For further information contact Second Souffle, 8347 St. Urbain, Montreal, H2P 2P2. Phone 514 739-1054.

Trippers:

Rentals of exceptional quality canoe and trail equipment. Cannondale tents, Lowe Alpine Systems backpacks, Mad River and Bluewater canoes. For information and reservations call Tripper's at 416 489-4378, Toronto.