



nastawgan

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land of the cree

"What about polar bears?", our friends asked. "Aren't you at least going to take a gun?" If the truth be known, I don't think any of the intrepid band of explorers who assembled in Craig Macdonald's living room on the evening of February 27 knew anything about how to handle polar bears. Suggestions ranged from trying to frighten them off with rescue flares to informing any ursine invaders that Craig was the trip leader and that all enquiries should be directed to him! It turned out that we would be almost as likely to see camels as polar bears at the latitude of our trip, but none of us knew that at the time.

A great deal of preliminary work had been done by Craig and Doris Macdonald before the rest of the group arrived, including the assembling of all but personal gear and the preparing of all the food. As we laid out the sleds and toboggans (okadodawbans and nabugodawbans) in the basement we wondered how all the gear was going to fit, and even more, what it would feel like to pull. Our personal gear was packed in narrow duffel bags to conform to the shape of the toboggans. The food and kitchen supplies were packed in varnished cardboard boxes, which required gentle handling but kept the snow out and lasted (although just barely) until the end of the trip. The food, of course, stayed frozen, and there was no concern about spoilage. Those pre-cooked, one-pot dinners which Doris spent so much time on were to prove their worth time and again when, tired and cold at 9 o'clock, we thanked Heaven for being able to just heat and devour.

The next challenge was to find a way to cram all the equipment into Craig's van and Jim Greenacre's station wagon for the long drive to Cochrane. The plastic toboggans demonstrated their flexibility as we bent them double to fit around the rest of the load. Somehow, everything fit. After a few last-minute purchases in Cochrane we boarded the train for Moosonee, a trip which I found every bit as dull as I remembered it to be in summer. On this trip, however, a floor show was provided when a few of the locals started a brawl, complete with flying ashtrays!

The stopover in Moosonee to await the next day's plane to Fort Albany gave us a chance to review the maps, satellite photos and itinerary for the trip. The plan was to walk from Fort Albany back to Moosonee pulling our gear, packteer style, on the sleds and toboggans. Because the unusually heavy snow conditions would make travel for any distance in the soft snow of the woods virtually impossible, we would follow the "winter road" until we could get out to the firmer footing of the shore-ice. The road was actually a snowmobile trail across what would be muskeg in summer; and while it posed its own problems of rutting and crowning, it did permit us to walk without snowshoes. We had calculated the distance at about 140 km, but received happy news that the actual road distance was 190 km. As the ten-day limit which we had allowed for the trip was fixed by the necessity of catching the train south on March 31, the demands of the daily distance would leave us little time either for rest or for side-tripping. As it turned out, all our grandiose plans for ice-fishing and trips out to the open water of the Bay had to be sacrificed.

The trip provided an opportunity to evaluate an interesting new mapping technique. The satellite photos that Jim Raffan had brought were computer composites of photos taken at varying wavelengths of light, which had the effect of showing different temperatures and conditions of vegetation as different shades on the black and white photographs. They proved to be at least as accurate as the topographic maps in predicting open or wooded areas, and as a method of following progress. Needless to say, in that country there are, with the exception of creeks, virtually no topographic features to map.

We spent Monday night comfortably tucked in at the Oblate Mission in Fort Albany, and were saddened to learn of the death of Bill Anderson, a trader and long-time resident of Fort Albany, who for many years had been a source of local knowledge for canoeists and archeologists.

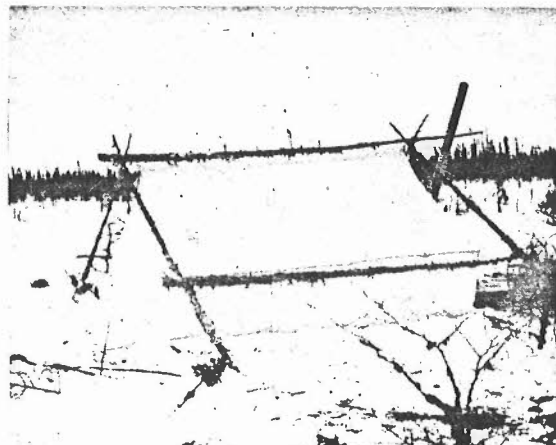
Tuesday morning dawned fair, but cold and windy, for the start of our trek. The cold may have saved us from the audience we half-expected to watch our unpractised attempts to load the sleds. After pausing for several group pictures against the background of the village of Fort Albany, we were off in earnest, hauling a little in excess of 60 kg each.

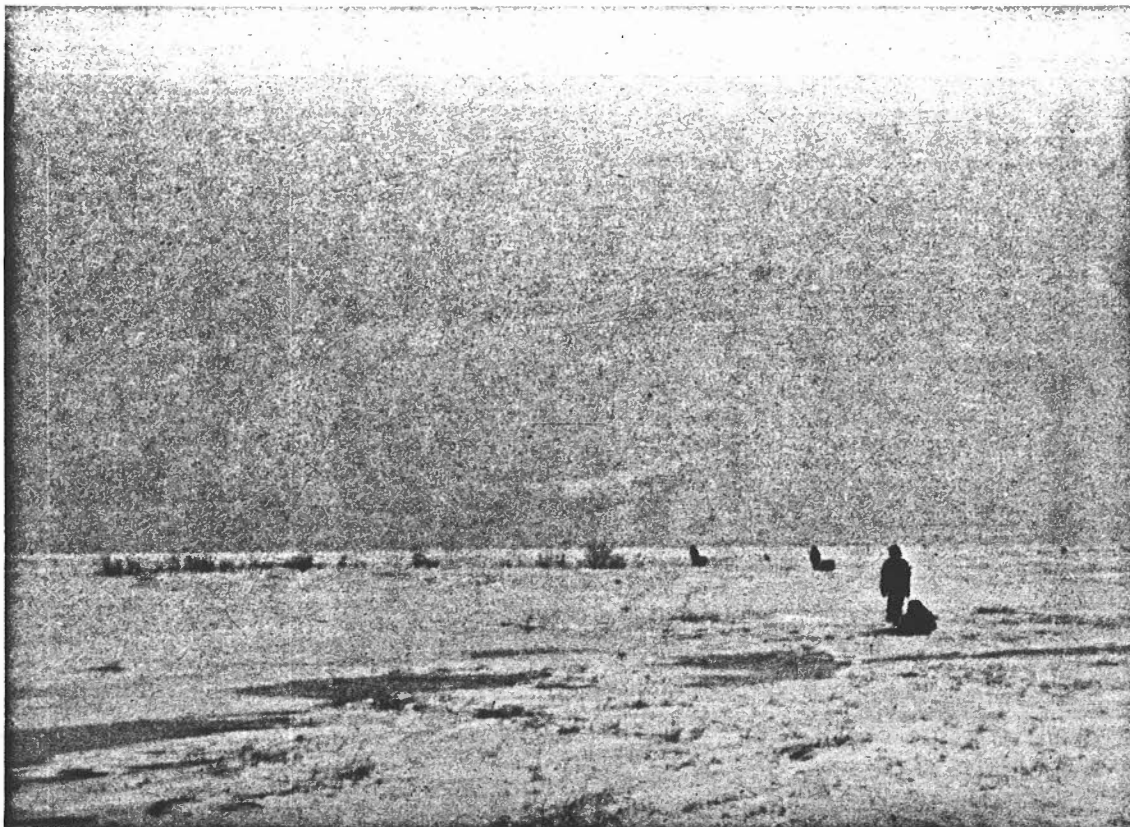
Traditional camping methods (bimadisawin) have both advantages and disadvantages. Chief among the latter is the time necessary to set up and break camp. Setting up involves cutting and trimming seven poles per tent, pitching the tent, digging out the front half of the tent down to ground level to make a firm base for the stove, assembling the stove and stovepipe, smoothing and packing down the sleeping shelf, cutting and splitting enough wood to keep the stove going overnight (about half a cord), and finally, lighting the stove and cooking dinner.



Ahh - but then the heavenly pleasure of relaxing in a tent which can be warmed to a comfortable temperature just by increasing the draft of the stove, of having a firm and flat cooking surface which can accommodate several pots at once or toast half a loaf of bread, and of having a shelter large enough that the whole party can socialize in shirt-sleeved comfort. Our set-up that first night took us over four hours from stopping to supper. "Inexperience," we said, "we'll soon get more efficient." But we were never able to reduce this time by much, despite the improved teamwork. Dinner at 9:30 tasted wonderful, but the second cup of coffee and the after dinner chat had a tough time competing with the lure of the sack.

Our morning routine was also time-consuming. One tent would host breakfast and clean up after it. The other tent would be responsible for making the lunch and filling thermos bottles with hot drinks for mug-ups on the trail. Lunches were same each day: peanut butter and jam sandwiches frozen to the consistency of granite. With the stove to clean out, the tent to strike and the gear to load and lash on the toboggans, we were never able to get away before 10:30 despite our best efforts at an early start.





The subject of water had been given much discussion. We all accepted as gospel that to melt snow for water was not only inefficient, but produced a decidedly inferior grade of water. Consequently, on the first night, Craig, who is a skillful ice-chopper, chopped for 20 minutes to get through a metre of ice so we could drink swamp water which tasted as if we had boiled our socks in it. The second night the water was more palatable, but only about 5 cm deep. On the third night there was no prospect of a campsite where liquid water could be obtained, so we reluctantly melted snow. After that we never bothered to chop! The water was excellent, particularly if strained through a J-cloth to remove the twigs and leaves. If corn snow was used, and all the spare pots put to snow-melting, sufficient quantities were obtained in little extra time.

For the next three days we followed the winter road as it cut across the point formed by the Albany River estuary, and then remained inland separated from the bay by one or two "beach-ridges" - former James Bay shorelines left stranded by the gradual elevation of the bedrock. The weather remained clear and cold. The wind blew strongly at times, but we were usually protected by trees, and were thankful that we weren't out on the Bay exposed to the full force of the gale. One or two minor cases of frostbite however, reminded us not to relax our vigilance.

The "turning-point" of our trip, literally and figuratively, came at Cockspenny Point where we decided to abandon the road in favour of the Bay. We followed a side trail that led out to a microwave tower and suddenly, as we crested a small ridge and looked down through a gap in the trees, there was nothing but white as far as the eye could see. It was a dramatic moment and Fred's comment, "Here be dragons," seemed altogether appropriate. While we would have to come back in to shore each night for shelter from the wind and for firewood, we found the going much easier on the bay-ice which was usually covered with a thin layer of snow, packed so firmly by the wind that it seemed more the consistency of sand than the kind of snow to which we are accustomed in the south. Snowshoes were unnecessary. We were fortunate both with the weather and our direction of travel; when the wind was cold it usually was a north wind, and hence at our backs. Our one thoroughly bad day - a blizzard with the snow blowing straight in our faces - was also the warmest, about -5°.

Camping on the shore of the Bay presented its problems: mainly the lack of suitable wood. The relatively young forest lacked much dead wood and we were forced on

occasion to use rather punky poplar for tent poles and to burn alder faggots. This lack of good tent poles was responsible for one of our funniest (in retrospect) contretemps. I had just drifted off to sleep when one of the scissor-poles supporting the sleeping end of the tent broke, giving me a sharp rap across the head. I woke up in a daze wondering who had whacked me and, what's more, why! One of the real dangers with a hot stove in a tent is that of fire. Fortunately, two of the boys were still dressed and were able to run out and perform heroic reconstructive measures. Unfortunately, this resulted in the stove pipe coming apart and filling the tent with smoke. This occasioned an exchange of bad language, but eventually all was put right with nothing more permanent than a candle singe on the tent wall.

If shore campsites caused their problems, there were also rewards. Our loveliest campsite by far was the night when we decided to abandon standing firewood and dig for driftwood, and so camped right in the open on a little knoll overlooking the full sweep of the Bay. First we were treated to a huge, orange harvest moon slowly rising over the Bay, and then to a magnificent display of northern lights which shimmered with an iridescent green.

To the regret of all we eventually reached the point where to follow the Bay any farther would mean a long detour around North Point, while the road cut across directly to Moosonee. But first we had to get to the road! We selected a likely looking creek, whose name translated from the Cree as Skunk Creek. It was the last creek before the road turned away from the Bay, but finding it behind the beach ridges proved more difficult than we had thought. After a number of false starts and retreats we eventually found it, and promptly dubbed ourselves with the name which has become the permanent group title: The Skunk Creek Exploration Society. We stopped for lunch half-way up Skunk Creek and felt ourselves being observed. This was a common occurrence as the road was well-travelled by people picking up supplies from Moosonee on their snowmobiles; and at least one or two a day would pass us. Although they were always elaborately indifferent to us, we were surprised that everyone we spoke to in Moosonee already knew all about our trip. I think that there was a definite feeling of protectiveness toward those crazy Southerners who hadn't heard about snowmobiles. Certainly it wasn't long after we "disappeared" from the road, to go out on the Bay, that the MNR began making daily flights which would pass low over us to check on our position. It was hard to know whether to feel insulted or reassured.

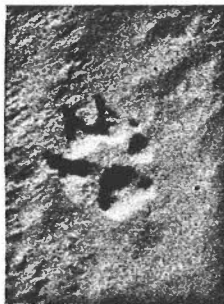
Our last day on the trail, Friday March 12, will not soon be forgotten by any of us. Our destination was Moosonee, no matter how long it took! Although we knew we were behind, we reckoned that we couldn't have more than about 25 km to go. The day was pleasantly warm, shirtsleeve-weather, and the going wasn't too bad, although in the areas of open muskeg the snow had sometimes drifted in quite deep.

The terrain alternated between frozen swamp with scattered scrub tamarac and dotted with muskeg "islands" pushed up by the frost, and wooded areas lining the banks of the numerous creeks. There was virtually no animal life, only a few small birds, and once a fisher - a very desolate area. We had been on the trail for about three hours and thought that we had covered about half the distance, when we met a snowmobile coming north. We were informed that we still had 20 km to go to Moosonee; not exactly a great lift for the spirits! We had "lunch" about 5 o'clock to break up the day, and then settled in for the long slog home.

There is something strangely exhilarating about a very intense, shared emotional or physical experience. The going seemed to become easier that night as darkness drew in; it seemed as though nature was wrapping a protective blanket around us. It was a clear night, the sky ablaze with stars, and the North had yet one parting treat for us. Gradually the shimmering green of the northern lights began again and eventually stretched in an enormous arc from horizon to horizon. As the aurora moved slowly overhead toward the south, we felt as if it were leading us on to our destination.

We rolled into Moosonee about 9:45, half-expecting to find cheering throngs lining the sidewalks, but glad to settle instead for hot showers at the Lily Pad. But rather than falling into bed, our intrepid crew sat up until 2:00 a.m. reminiscing and finishing off Raff's supply of bumbo. The enthusiasm with which breakfast was greeted the next morning must have drawn a blink even from Mrs. Ploughman who is used to northern appetites.

"How cold was it really?", our friends ask. Again fortune is on our side. Nobody had a thermometer good to more than -40° and we know it got colder than that. This leaves our vivid imaginations free to pick figures which would make Jack London or Robert Service blush! They say that all the best stories improve with time and the telling.



Story: Bill King

Photographs: Jim Raffan & Bill King

PREMIER ASKED TO EVEN SCORE BETWEEN FORESTRY AND PARKS

Conservationists from across the country, including the Wilderness Canoe Association, are calling on Premier Bill Davis to avert the crisis facing Ontario's Provincial Parks Program by placing a moratorium on Forest Management Agreement approvals until commitments to complete a park system 'catch up'.

Since April 1980 more than 10 million acres of Crown land have been signed over to major forest products companies, by the Ministry of Natural Resources, under long-term Forest Management Agreements. In a joint open letter to Premier Davis, conservationists point out that this action has jeopardized the last opportunity to create a park system to fulfill provincial policies developed with Cabinet direction in 1978.

It is not as though the left hand of the Ministry does not know what the right hand is doing.

The Ministry is allowing the forest industry wholesale access to remaining wildlands knowing full well that a complete park system can be achieved with less than 5% of Ontario's productive forest land.

Nor does the situation require the public to choose one hand over the other. Both Forest Management Agreements and a park system second to none are achievable government policies.

At present the Ministry is allowing its parks program to pay the price for the failure of past forestry policies. To date the Minister of Natural Resources, Alan Pope, has rejected all appeals to resolve this unnecessary conflict in a balanced way. The conservation coalition has therefore turned to the Premier asking him to ensure that "the reality of majority government in Ontario will speed up the completion not the dismantling of our park system" by "keeping the promise" of the 1978 parks policy.

Below is the text of the letter sent to Mr. Davis:

Dear Mr. Premier:

As representatives of Canadian conservation groups, we are writing this open letter to call public attention to the crisis facing the Provincial Parks program, and to urge your personal action to avert it.

In 1978, the Ministry of Natural Resources adopted, with Cabinet direction, a set of far-sighted policies which heralded the development of a Provincial Park system second to none. Our organizations remain committed to this goal. We are therefore deeply concerned that the opportunity to complete the park system is being undercut by the Ministry of Natural Resources, which is allowing industry large-scale access to remaining wildlands in a short-sighted bid to address the failure of past forestry policies.

Conservationists are not in principle against the forest industry in Ontario. We share the widespread concern about the wood shortage, and we want there to be a healthy, profitable industry in Ontario based on sound forest management. But this does not have to be done at the expense of parks. In fact, such a strategy does nothing to solve the long-term problems faced by the industry. It only closes the door to additional wilderness areas in Ontario.

Our concern has not resulted from any single, isolated decision but rather from a series of actions by the Ministry of Natural Resources within the short space of two years:

*Since April 1980, more than 10 million acres of Crown land have been signed over to major forest products companies under Forest Management Agreements. In only one case was there any opportunity for public review of the draft agreement and in no case was there any public explanation given of how park system proposals have been dealt with or how these Forest Management Agreements have been co-ordinated with the 1978 parks policy.

*In 1981 the park system proposals developed to fulfill the 1978 policy, and committed to public release by the Hon. J. Auld, were turned over instead to an internal review committee. Armed with criteria which allowed candidate parks to be dropped if they included areas with significant mineral, forestry or hydro potential, the committee conducted its work in private. There is still no complete roster of park proposals for public discussion, but Forest Management Agreements have gone ahead full speed.

*Your government is presently permitting logging in a candidate wilderness park, many park proposals have been considered by your officials only if mining will be permitted and the Minister has left open the possibility of logging in Quetico Provincial Park - all this despite overwhelming public opposition to such policies.

*In August 1981, the provincial park Master Planning Program was arbitrarily suspended without warning. This long established program, representing less than 1% of the total parks budget, was the foundation for all park management decisions and the principal avenue for public input to parks planning.

*Invitations to public meetings on boundary options for the proposed Ogoki-Albany Wilderness Park were issued by the Ministry and then postponed literally a day or two before they were to begin.

*Funding for the parks program has been consistently declining over the past decade relative to inflation and other Ministry programs.

These developments might not appear so ominous if there were others we could bring forward to balance the scale. But that is precisely what is missing from the Ministry's actions - a balanced commitment to all its programs.

It is true that one small park has recently been designated in Southern Ontario. It is also true that the Minister of Natural Resources has promised to improve public participation in Ministry decisions and has instituted "open houses" before Forest Management Agreements are signed. But here the good news seems to end. On the level of public participation policy, the extensive and specific proposals by our groups have yielded nothing. Similarly, our input to the latest Forest Management Agreement failed to alter, or even prompt an explanation of the discrepancy between parks proposed in the Agreement area by park planners and those finally approved by Ministry foresters.

The Ministry's reluctance to "keep the promise" of its 1978 parks policy - to balance its commitments to various land uses - is particularly distressing in light of the limited park policy requirements. According to Ministry of Natural Resources data, less than 3% of the productive forest land of this province currently lies within existing parks (where much is being logged in any case). To fully implement the 1978 parks policy, only 2% more of the productive base is required.

When we add to this observation the fact that provincial forestry operations effectively abandon each year an area at least the size of one wilderness park, it seems apparent that the success of commercial forestry in Ontario does not depend on decisions for or against parks.

As we hope you are aware, it is not only park supporters who have objected to the manner in which forestry decisions, particularly with respect to Forest Management Agreements, are being made. Many individuals and professional organizations representing commercial and other forest users have voiced parallel concerns. Our shared concerns are nowhere better recorded than in a recent memorandum signed by a Ministry of Natural Resources Regional Director. It states:

"I am extremely concerned with the direction the Forest Management Agreement program is taking across this Region. I am concerned by the apparent, almost total disregard by Main Office, Forests, for proper integrated resource management. And I am extremely concerned that the headlong rush to sign Forest Management Agreements will create conflicts which will jeopardize the past ten years of land use planning and will take the credibility of the Ministry of Natural Resources, in many of our public's eyes, to new lows."

The issue we now face is not one of choosing between Forest Management Agreements and a park system. Both are achievable government policies and the Strategic Land Use Planning program is an appropriate means to attain this objective. Rather, the issue is whether or not the Ministry will accept this reality in time. By the end of 1982 the future of Crown lands in this province is to be decided. If Forest Management Agreements continue to be signed while park proposals remain under wraps, the last opportunity we now have to protect a cross section of our natural heritage will disappear.

Realizing this possibility a number of us wrote to the Hon Alan Pope on November 5, 1981 requesting him to clarify the parks planning process and state his views on the park policy. To date no response has been received.

At this point the only position which seems open to us is that of urging you to withhold Cabinet approval for any more Forest Management Agreements until the parks planning program regains its stride, that is, until major parks have been officially committed in a public forum. We trust that you will act quickly on this urgent matter and that the reality of majority government in Ontario will speed up the completion not the dismantling of our park system.

Thank you for considering our views. We look forward to your earliest response and request the opportunity to meet with you to discuss this vital issue.

Sincerely,

Oshawa Second Marsh Defence Association
Pickering Field Naturalists
Algonquin Wildlands League
Canadian Environmental Law Association
Federation of Ontario Naturalists
Pollution Probe
Environment North
Wilderness Canoe Association
Canoe Ontario
Canadian Nature Federation
Alliance for the Lady Evelyn
Sierra Club of Ontario
National and Provincial Parks Association
of Canada



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nastawgan is an Anishinabi word meaning 'the way or route'

news briefs

MEMBERSHIP LISTS

WCA members who would like a 1982 membership list may obtain one by writing to the membership chairman. (See address on back page.) Please enclose \$3 to cover printing and mailing costs.

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE

Articles, trip reports, book reviews, equipment comments, etc. are needed for the autumn issue. We would especially like stories and photographs of member's summer trips. Please send material to the editor no later than September 3 for inclusion.

WCA CRESTS AND DECALS

The WCA crests and decals are finally ready. Crests are 2" X 4" and show the WCA logo and name in two shades of blue and white. They will cost \$3 each. The decals are 3" X 6" and match the crests in design and colour. Their cost is \$1.

Both crests and decals will be on sale at the AGM, and other WCA events. Members wishing to order by mail should send a cheque or money order payable to the Wilderness Canoe Association to: Bill King, 45 Himount Dr., Willowdale, Ontario, M2K 1X3. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope, or add 35¢ for postage.

PADDLING PARTNERS

Have you ever found yourself in the position of wanting to sign up for a canoe trip but not having a partner or canoe? A get-together is being planned sometime in the summer for those who would like to make contacts for future trips. Call Marcia Farquhar at 416-884-0208 (Richmond Hill) if you are interested. The date and location of the get-together will be determined by the response.

FAMILY CANOE TRIP

A family with 3 children (aged 8, 10, 12) is looking for another family with or without children to join them for a two-week canoe trip in northern Ontario during August. Contact Robert Knapp, R.R. 5, Owen Sound, Ontario, N4K 5N7; phone: 519-371-1255.

COPPERMINE TRIP

Mark Derry, 33 Wood St., Apt. 2103, Toronto M4Y 2P8 (416-977-8389) would like to have a third canoe team on a planned 2½ - 3 week trip starting July 30 from Point Lake.

CANOE TRIP FOOD SEMINAR

I am attempting to compile a list of good food suppliers (and good food) to give out at the Fall Meeting. If you have any sources you would like included please write Claire Smerdon, 79 Woodycrest Ave., Toronto, M4J 3A8 or phone 416-461-4249, before September 11 if possible.

PHOTOGRAPHY COURSE

The Beginner's Course in Photography for Canoeists is alive, well and clicking in Toronto. This 4-week course organized and presented by WCA member Toni Harting to teach the basics of nature photography on and near the water to the canoeist/ outdoors lover, had its start on February 17. Depending upon demand, this same course will be offered again in the future. Courses for basic and more advanced photography for canoeists are being prepared for the 1982-83 Fall and Winter seasons. More information on these courses will be given in future issues of this paper and at the WCA Fall Workshop Weekend.

EXPEDITION

David Pelly's new book Expedition, reviewed in this issue of the paper, may be purchased through the WCA, directly from the publisher. See the ad on the back page for details.

QUEBEC RIVER GUIDE & BCU HANDBOOK

Guide des Rivieres de Quebec by Gilles Fortin is out in its second edition, which is about twice the size of the old one. Unfortunately it is \$35; but college students in Quebec can get it at their college bookstores for \$12. If you have a Quebec student friend you may want to import a bundle of these books.

This information comes from Paul Sevcik of the Ottawa River Kayak & Canoe School, Box 179, Beachburg, Ontario, K0J 1C0, who is himself importing copies of the British Canoe Union Canoeing Handbook, which he will sell at cost.

WOOD-CANVAS CANOE BUILDING COURSE

Courses in wood-canvas canoe building in which each participant builds a canoe, are offered by the Outdoor Education Dept. of the Metro Toronto Separate School Board. The man who runs them, George Aquilina, 21 Daleena Dr., Don Mills (416-444-4397), also offers to repair, recanvas, or otherwise restore old wood-canvas canoes. (A 10% discount is offered to WCA members.)

THE INUIT - LIFE AS IT WAS

Author/Photographer: Richard Harrington
 Publisher: Hurtig Publishers, Edmonton, 1981

Reviewed by: Sandy Richardson

Between 1947 and 1953, photographer Richard Harrington made five lengthy trips into the Canadian Arctic, travelling and living with the Inuit, when they still lived their traditional life on the land. Under harsh weather conditions that often caused his camera shutter to freeze and his film to crack, he made thousands of photographs documenting the people and their vanishing way of life. These photographs are now regarded as a priceless historical record of traditional Inuit life, and the negatives reside in the Public Archives of Canada.

For The Inuit - Life As It Was, Harrington has selected nearly 150 of these photographs. There is little text in the book except for brief explanations of some of the photographs, and short passages describing some of Harrington's experiences and feelings. The latter serve to introduce various groupings of photographs depicting: the people, life on the trail, life in camp, hunting, and relaxing. Nor is there much need for a lot of text; Harrington's photographs speak eloquently for themselves, conveying much more than words ever could.

Sensitive portraits capture the carefree joy in the faces of the young, and the experience and nobility in the lined and weathered faces of the elderly.

Photographs of the Inuit at work and play capture compellingly the hardships and joys of their traditional way of life.

But of all the superb photographs that make up this book, the most moving for me are those taken in 1950 of the Padleimut, who, due to the failure of the caribou migrations, were starving to death. These images, the last in the book, document with honesty and compassion, not only a dying people, but a dying way of life. Sad eyes stare out of gaunt faces; proud and noble people in worn and shabby clothing try to go about their normal way of life, clearly understanding their fate and stoically accepting it. There is great dignity in the starving people of these photographs, and "paradoxically, an awesome affirmation of life."

The Inuit - Life As It Was is not a coffee-table book full of pretty pictures, but a deeply moving chronicle of a way of life that is now gone forever. Harrington's black and white photographs are superbly crafted, poignant, and beautiful in the fullest and best sense of that word. They convey tenderly and honestly the courage and dignity of the Inuit, and the spirit of their traditional culture, even as that culture was dying. In the words of Lorraine Monk: "These are images you will never forget."

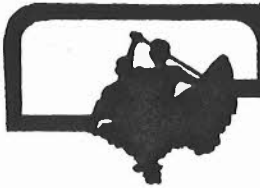
1982 SPORTSMEN'S SHOW

(Photo: Toni Harting)

A note of appreciation to all those who so freely contributed their time effort and enthusiasm towards making our participation in the Toronto Sportsmen's Show a success. Our thanks to: Jim Greenacre, Jan & Suus Tissot, George Haeh, Diana Dennis, Tom Boardman, Dave & Anneke Auger, Rob Butler, John Wilson, Norm Coombe, Betty Cook, Ralph Hart, Herb Pohl, Gary Walters, Tony Bird, Claire & Richard Smerdon, Toni Harting, John Cross, Graham Barnett, Sandy Richardson, John Drozdowski, Mike Graham-Smith, Carol Beamish,

Ted Steeves, Paula & Karl Schimek, Benjamin Wolfe, Dave McMullen, Gord Fenwick, Glenn Spence, and Kerry Wallace. Special thanks go to past Show Committee Chairman, Bill King for his timely advice and encouragement, and to Conservation Committee Chairman, Jerry Hodge for his display on Acid Rain.

Bill Ness
 Sportsmen's Show
 Committee Chairman



Jerry Hodge

PARKS IN ONTARIO- TIME FOR DECISIONS

DO IT NOW OR WAIT 20 YEARS

Right now, while you are reading this, the decisions on Ontario Provincial Parks are being decided. The documents called DLUP's (District Land Use Plans) produced by the Ministry of Natural Resources will fix master plans for almost the whole of the Province by July 15, 1982. The plans are to be in effect until the year 2000!

A clear plus in the planning is that each of the 44 Districts reporting will have to meet a select set of criteria for administering all of the facets of their work, one of which is parks. The bad news is that A) PARKS ARE AN FREELY ADMITTED LOW PRIORITY ITEM FOR MNR and B) MANY OF THE RIVERS AND PARKS WE HAVE BEEN FIGHTING FOR HAVE NOT BEEN INCLUDED IN THESE MASTER PLANS.

Background

In 1980 three regional Master Plans were put before the public. They outlined in very general terms the variety of uses to which provincial lands could be used.

SLUP's (Strategic Land Use Plans) as they were called informed each District how it was to develop its own Master Plan and asked for comment. There was lots!

We liked this and didn't like that; we had meetings and wrote letters. Unfortunately, little of what we said was heard because the DLUP's we have just received (What's 44 reports times 200 pages in pulpwood) have not incorporated many of our suggestions. That is of course very annoying. As canoeists I think there is some consensus in the Club that parks are silly when you have the countryside to travel through. They just attract people who abuse them and other people who go there and cut their feet on broken beer bottles. That also appears to be the approach taken by the Northerners of Central Ontario. According to the DLUP's Northerners don't want Parks.

However, we are here at the beginning of 20 years of development. Wouldn't it be wise to place a few special places in the bank so that development can't have all of the pie. To a resource extractor a Park is a red flag. He might be able to get in there but the strictures on his use of the land are more severe and costly. All of the parks that I have looked at in the DLUP's are on unproductive land. Where there was a conflict of usage with a park the other use always won. The Spanish and the Missinaibi show that clearly.

The reports often comment on matters without indicating there is a conflict here. WCA and other organizations have been after the Spanish as a park-no mention of a conflict of use for it (see below). Acid Rain is a special crusade for me because of its potential for devastation. Sudbury acknowledged it is a problem in its area but unlike dams and water levels seemed unaware they were expected to do something about it- no recommendations.



The Spanish

White water on the Spanish ends a Agnew Lake but it didn't used to. In 1920 the Big Eddy Dam was built by INCO to contribute to its power needs. Hydro is a key element in the smelter process for INCO. Between 1977 and 1980 INCO promoted a plan to flood up to 53 km. of the river making it virtually useless as a white water river. Without dwelling on the accessibility and quality of the Spanish to Southern Ontario, I think it is clearly one of our best canoe rivers and has over this same three year period enjoyed the status of a proposed waterway park. The Sudbury DLUP casually mentions that the Spanish river will not be used for anything until INCO decides whether they want it. The quote is tucked away on page 32 of a report totalling 248 pages in the ENERGY Section. It says

"no further disposition (of the Spanish) will occur of the surface rights of Crown lands within those areas required for either the dam or head pond whould INCO Metals Company further investigate the hydroelectric potential of that portion of the Spanish River in Venturi, Hart and Moncrieff Townships."

An epitaph, perhaps.

INCO is the largest single consumer of Hydro in the province. It used 2.0 million megawatts compared to 6.9 million for Toronto in 1979. It produces from four dams on the lower Spanish and other sites about 300,000 megawatts. The new Spanish dams would produce 45 megawatts more power. To offer this drop in the bucket at the expense of tourism and to offer it to the largest single sulphur dioxide polluter in the entire world (INCO produces 1% of the world's total of SO₂ every day) is a disgrace.

The Espanola MNR have an Option A in their DLUP which "proposes that the Spanish River be formally identified as a 'District' Canoe Route (until developed for energy purposes).

We have worked long and hard on the Spanish and we have the next couple of weeks to indicate to MNR that we still want it.

Please write to:

E.N. Arbuckle Sudbury District Office
District Manager Ministry of Natural Resources
Espanola District Box 3500
(705) 869-1330 Station "A"
Sudbury, Ontario
(before July 17) P3A 4S2

The Missinaibi

This river has been the subject of a debate about its status for at least 10 years. It has been a "proposed" waterway park for much of that time. The following is a report produced by George Luste after a visit to the DLUP open house for the Moosenee District.

There is both good news and bad news to those that hope the Missinaibi River Reserve will become an officially designated park. Park Status provides more protection than Reserve status. Therefore it is important that the full length of the Missinaibi become an Ontario park as soon as possible.

On June 12, 1982, the Kapuskasing District of the Ministry of Natural Resources held an Open House ...

The good news is that there are two options in the publication and both include a Missinaibi River Park, but not for the full length of the river. Furthermore there appear to be no visible or concerted opposition to such a park. The main reason for this lack of opposition is probably the very narrow (122m) boundary of the park and its protracted length. The limited shoreline protection does not threaten the pulpwood cutting by local timber interests. The local MNR staff continue to express strong interest and support for the Missinaibi River and this in the long run is the most important.

The present park reserve, from Missinaibi Lake to the Moose River Crossing, is about 466 km. in length. The bad news is that for both proposals presented in the Kapuskasing DLUP the last 180 km. of the river, from Thunderhouse Rapids to the Moose River are excluded from the Candidate Waterway Park. The last 180 km. would remain a Reserve, which allows for mineral exploration and, if found to be productive could lead to mining operations in the lower reaches of the river. That would certainly end its Reserve status.

In fact if exploration does discover a viable mineral deposit the attractiveness of the lower reaches of the river could end up to become seriously polluted, destroying much of the attractiveness of the Waterway Park concept. In examining the DLUP's, there has been little consideration given to recreational use. It is freely admitted in all the plans as being a low priority. It is therefore important that the Ministry hear reasoned arguments for a full length Missinaibi Waterway Park now. It could be more than 20 years before another opportunity arises to finalize a final park plan. A narrow river park 466 km long resembles a fragile silk chain. It is easily severed and it is only as useful as its weakest link. It can be easily severed by roads, compromised by polluted tributaries or mining wastes and destroyed as a wilderness experience if its continuity is not preserved.

Thus we need you to write right away to make a case for a full-length park. Write before July 15 to

The District Manager
Ministry of Natural Resources
Kapuskasing, Ontario
P5N 2W4

Add notes to the following District Managers because the Missinaibi falls inside their Districts as well:

The District Manager
MNR
34 Birch Ave
Chapleau, Ont

The District Manager
MNR
P.O. Box 190
Moosenee, Ontario

The District Manager
MNR
P.O. Box 670
Hearst, Ont.



FEDERATION OF ONTARIO NATURALISTS

MAJOR NEWS ITEMS

Wetlands

As a result of FON's campaign over the past year, the Ontario Government has taken important steps on a long road to comprehensive wetlands protection. Cabinet has committed itself to adoption of a wetlands policy, commissioned and received a task force report, now under discussion. In its submission, FON recommends:

- Prompt adoption of a comprehensive policy.
- Clear criteria (similar to zoning) defining provincially significant wetlands which would then be off-limits to destruction.
- A landowner incentive package including 50% tax rebate to remove current destruction incentive.
- That drainage schemes, the most destructive activities, be subject to the Environmental Assessment Act.

A significant spillover effect is that many municipalities and conservation authorities are already moving to protect wetlands within their jurisdictions.

Parks

At writing, Cabinet is considering transferring of Provincial Parks from the Ministry of Natural Resources to the newly created Ministry of Recreation and Tourism, a transfer advocated by FON coupled with amalgamation into a Parks Trust, as a necessary step to reinstating Parks as a government priority. A special issue of SEASONS this summer will be devoted entirely to Parks, including a naturalist's guide to the parks system.

Bird Atlas

The Breeding Bird Atlas is gearing up for another aggressive field season. Over 600 volunteers compiled breeding records for over 20% of southern Ontario in 1981. If you would like to put your bird-watching talents to enjoyable use this summer, please contact Anne Nash at the FON office.

Peregrine Survey

FON will run a survey for Peregrine Falcons in the Algonquin region. The Ministry of Natural Resources is anxious to ascertain results of efforts to re-introduce near-extinct Peregrines. Supported by the World Wildlife Fund, Elsa Wild Animal Appeal and Baillie Birdathon, the project needs volunteers. Contact Frank Longstaff at headquarters.

Bruce National Park

Parks Canada's proposal to create a new National Park on the upper Bruce Peninsula - a concept supported and long advocated by FON - is meeting a mixed reception. It is vital that Parks Canada receive strong support or the concept will die. Please write Hon. John Roberts, Minister of Environment, House of Commons, Ottawa, Ontario K1A 0H3.

New Naturalist Clubs

Two new naturalist clubs have recently been welcomed. The West Humber Naturalists, P.O. Box 147, Gormley, Ontario, L0H 1G0, and the Orillia Naturalists Club, Mrs. Muriel Sinclair, President, 106 Gerald Avenue, Orillia, Ontario, L3V 3S3.

Formed in 1931, the Federation of Ontario Naturalists was created to represent the provincial cause of wildlife and natural area protection. Its three basic purposes remain:

1. To inspire an understanding interest in natural history.
2. To foster conservation of wildlife and wild places.
3. To serve naturalists.

FON is vital because it tackles broad issues which no individual or club alone could effectively address. Current examples include:

- Acid Rain
- Endangered Species
- Provincial Wetland Protection
- Completion of the Provincial
- Niagara Escarpment Protection Park System

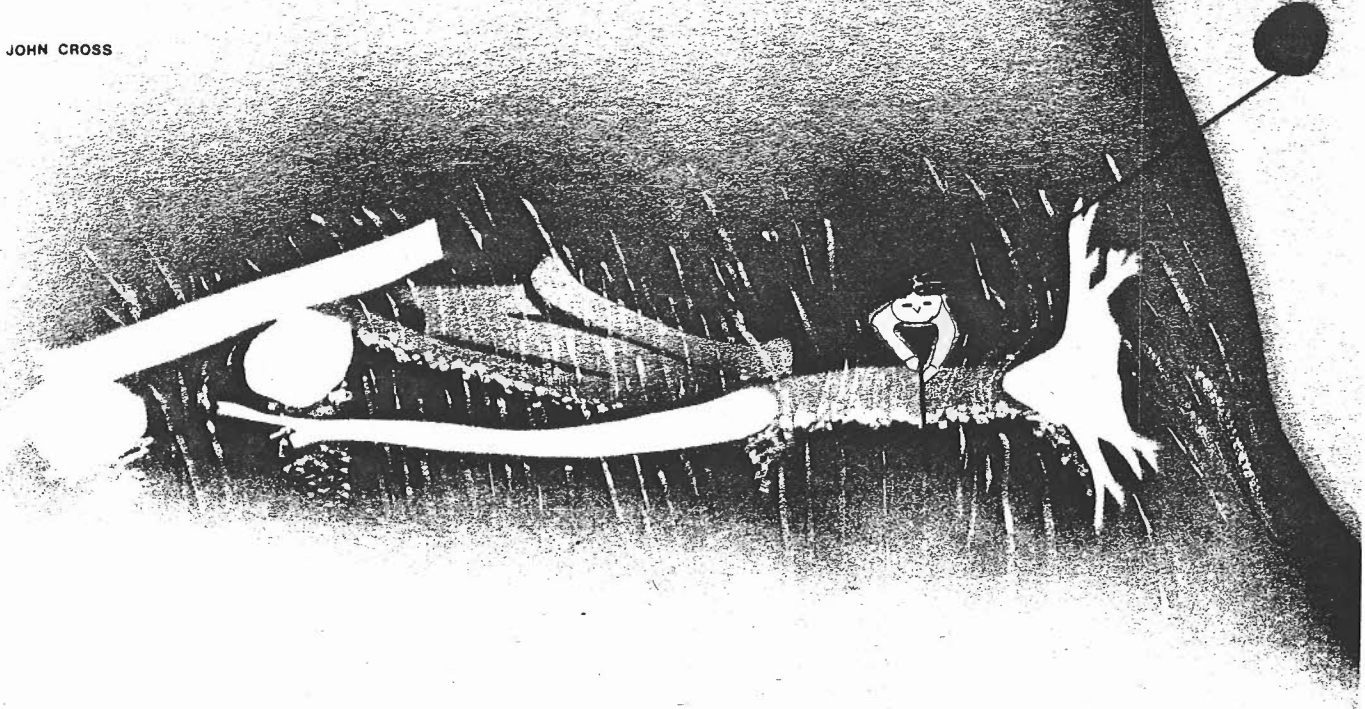
FON's mandate is provincial and its focus must be upon conservation matters and programmes of provincial significance. Individual clubs, like yours, are of crucial importance to build interest in nature locally and to address important conservation causes locally. Upon issues of national significance, we are, in turn, represented by the Canadian Nature Federation.

To tackle these purposes, FON operates a substantial series of programmes. These include:

- Environmental programme: Current priorities are listed above.
- Nature Reserves: FON owns 7 and works to secure areas directly and indirectly.
- SEASONS magazine: Ontario's finest natural history magazine.
- Canadian Nature Tours: Introducing Canada's finest natural areas.
- Membership outing and workshops: supplementing the outings states of many clubs.
- Education and Youth: now focussing upon production of a wetlands education kit.
- Special Publications: Public educational pamphlets, Sounds of Nature recordings, etc.
- Bookshop: best in print materials on natural history and conservation.
- Local Club Creation: to promote local natural history interests.
- Membership: to lend effectiveness to environmental policies.
- Ornithological Records Committee: maintaining provincial records.
- Displays and Exhibits: both travelling units and major shows.

an unusual canoe rescue

JOHN CROSS



The correct choice of a weekend to run the Amable Du Fond River is always chancy; within a few weeks of the spring flood, during which the river must be considered dangerous, the dam is shut down and the river drops to a trickle. Mid-May this year was a fortunate choice in many respects: Samuel de Champlain Park, the preferred site for camping, was free of yahoos; the black flies, though present, were displaying novices' hesitation in setting about their business; the water, though cool, was not dangerously chill; and the water level was ... just right? That is a matter of opinion.

All the crews were practised in white water and with each other; most of us had been down the river several times. Besides, our fairly frequent spring paddles have encouraged a taste for stronger fare. So the discovery that the river was higher than we'd seen it before did not scare us off, but hinted at a healthy caution on what are usually run-on-sight rapids.

The second falls down the river is followed by a splendid set of rapids, over a kilometre long. Now such delightfully long sets are very much to be wished for, but they do introduce an extra danger of their own in high water: though there be no single ledge or wave beyond one's skill to negotiate, the accumulation of many little splashes of water, prolonged without the relief of an eddy in which to stop and empty, can finally sink a canoe. We knew where the most difficult ledges were: midway down the set, at just about the most frustrating point to scout, where a jog in the river screens the view from upstream and down, and a dense jungly growth impedes walking and blocks the view. Nevertheless, we pushed through and observed how high were the waves, how deep the holes, and how contrary the suitable channels. After devising a strategy, we then considered what would happen if it failed, and decided there was no danger to life (though quite a bit to the canoes).

Tony and I went first, backpaddling hard to reduce splashing, and dropped down the long stretch below the falls; swept around a bend to the right, swinging wide to avoid the inside-bend shallows; ferried right to hit a narrow gap between the shore rocks and centre curlers (shipped a lapful of water on that one); reversed direction to ferry left like mad as the river snaked left and the current piled up and over a huge boulder on the outside shore; found ourselves almost backwards; spun about just in time to slip through the edge of the boulder's backwash (shipped some more); and should have gone for shore immediately, while we still had maneuverability. We hung on our course two standing waves too long, and shipped far too much water; turned for shore and, though sinking, used what momentum we had to drive towards safety. A small boulder finally tipped us over, but a few strokes took us to shore, where we immediately emptied the canoe and poised ourselves for any rescue that might be required. Although the worst was behind, several hundred metres of rapids remained, and we were afraid that the others, too, would find the string of high waves here too much.

Mark and Graham Ridelle soon came in sight, taking water over the bow and heading across to where we were. They just made it without sinking. Graham Barnett and Jim were not so fortunate: they were too full to maneuver, grounded several times on rocks, and were finally deflected down the far shore, into the channel behind an island which was blocked by logs.

We could do nothing but watch as the canoe inevitably bumped broadside into the log jam, tipped upstream, and was sucked down by the current rushing under the jam. Graham thinks that if they had immediately leaped out onto the logs, they could have saved the canoe, but we always seem to think of these things about 6 seconds too late. The canoe sank completely and was pinned

open end upstream. Graham and Jim were perched on the great elm which had fallen across the channel and started the pileup of logs.

Strong though the current was at this point, the waves were moderate enough that the rest of us could ferry across to the alder clump that formed an island in mid-river. The far channel was quite shallow for half its width - we could wade in safety - and even the deepest portion, near the left river bank, could be waded with care and a strong bracing pole. The great tree had fallen from the left bank, ripping up a tangle of roots and earth; its upper had locked about some boulders at the head of the alder island; more logs had piled up, each locking another in place; and finally Graham's Grumman had clamped itself on, the latest addition to the pile of debris which in time could have altered the course of the river.

Time enough now to see that we should have got out of the wave train earlier; that Graham and Jim should have exited into a left-bank eddy; that failing that, they should have hopped out on a shallow rock above the jam or run themselves aground on the alder island; but our mental occupation now was a different set of problems: could the canoe be recovered at all? We weren't going away without a good try at it. How long could we spend on it? All this day and all the next - the highway was a short distance away - if this turned into an engineering weekend, so be it.

Along a squared timber jammed against the elm tree, Jim and I tugged at the canoe - it didn't budge. We recovered the painters still tied to the bow and stern shackles, to haul with more people, but it was soon apparent that the shackles would give way before the river did. Jim recovered the bow painter for use as a lifeline, should further operations require it. We all tried our hands with levers under the bow. It was apparent that the dead wood readily available from the jam was too weak to shift the canoe, although we were able to dislodge some of the smaller rubbish from the jam and send it bumping downstream. We considered an expedition to the shore to search for stronger - even live - levers, but Graham dissented. He had helped repair the twisted flattened shape that had been my canoe before a rescue involving unbalanced stresses, and he feared a similar fate for his canoe. At present, as far as we could see through the rushing water, the canoe, though sunk, was supported by logs at all points, and had not been deformed.

Another approach to the salvage began to take shape. It appeared that the elm tree was the key to the shale jam: if it was raised, lowered, or shifter, might not the whole jam, including the canoe, disperse? And could we not dash out into the shallows and snatch it on its way downstream? We unlocked the upper fork of the elm from behind a boulder and all heaved it downstream. The tree didn't budge. Its lower fork was securely locked above the boulder and underneath a logpile, its main trunk across the channel swelled into the mass of roots and earth on the left bank. Now if only the lower fork could be freed, surely the current would wrench the trunk around, parallel to the stream, spilling the debris and canoe free.

Someone recalled the man working on his house a mile upstream - and the idea took shape. He was building a log house - so of course he would have a big saw. Back to the bank we ferried.

Mr. Kovacs lives in Kiosk, where he earns his living by hauling logs with his own "skidder". His new house, which has been slowly rising above the falls for the last four years, is being built by him alone, on summer weekends. He lent us a

huge 1-man, 2-handed crosscut saw with the words, "It's rusty, but still sharp. Take good care of it - it's an antique."

Though the lower fork was under water, we could easily reach it, and delighted to see how quickly the big saw chewed through it. But when it snapped, we waited in vain for the collapse of the jam. We lifted and heaved - the square timber and other logs floated under it and then stuck. The bow of the canoe rose out of the water, the stern sank and was half washed under the tree, and locked the timber against the bottom as firmly as ever. We had disarranged the jam, but not moved it. A third fork of the elm tree could now be seen, deeper in the water, more firmly locked, and bowing under pressure of current, canoe, and debris.

Graham was now disposed to attack the main trunk near the other shore. The trunk was about 2' thick, the water waist deep and very fast, but the jam uncomplicated by forked branches and rocks. Jim and Mark belayed him with a lifeline to the far shore and from time to time relieved him. The water foamed up around the sawyer and pressed against the saw blade but the 2" teeth on the old saw bit quickly into the trunk.

For Graham R., Tony, and me on the island, time seemed to pass slowly, and from time to time we essayed another forceful shift on the elm branches. However, the stern of the canoe seemed to have been sucked partly under the tree, so that we had to wait on the breaking of the log. The rubbish made a convenient catwalk to get out to the canoe and inspect progress, but it might threaten our legs when the mass gave way. On the hillside above, where an old road made a natural gallery, the Hills brothers (who had wisely portaged) were joined by Mr. Kovacs who had come to see how his saw was making out. In the stream, it seemed to be binding; and I shouted to Graham that he should cut on the upstream side, so that as the log gave way, the crack would open wider. He insisted that the log was bending downstream; the downstream side was the one to cut on. This proved to be the case; the sticking of the saw was simply caused by water pressure on the blade.

Three hours after we had begun our run, the tree gave out a muffled crack, and began to swing downstream, while the stump, still fastened to the roots and freed of its weight, tilted skywards. I ran out along the square timber, grabbed the canoe bow, and hauled it out before it could get away. Graham R. climbed out along the trunk to free the painter, day packs, and bailing scoops which had become tangled in the jam. (There's a lesson here involving use of slipknots and release buckles.) Mark splash-out after a stray day pack. Jim caught the thrown painter and hauled the new-emptied canoe across the channel.

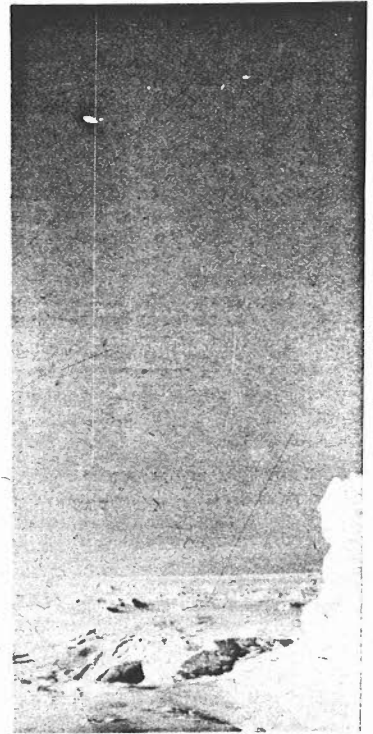
On a warm day, with no gear at stake, no fear of drowning, and a highway near at hand, a canoe rescue can be an interesting variant to a trip: not one we seek, but memorable in retrospect. Graham's surmise about the safety of his canoe was correct: there was no damage whatever. We ran to the bottom of the rapids without difficulty, gratefully returned the saw, and continued on our route with more caution than ever. In fact, the remainder of the day was exciting but not alarming, and Sunday, on which the dam had obviously been closed, felt somewhat anticlimactic.

The value of a saw has been expressed before, in connection with removing obstacles before a run is attempted. For clearing this jam, we were merely lucky that a larger saw than we could have carried with us was available. We must continue to observe the instruction to ship captains for dealing with a lee shore in a hurricane: "(1) Never allow your vessel to be caught in this predicament...".



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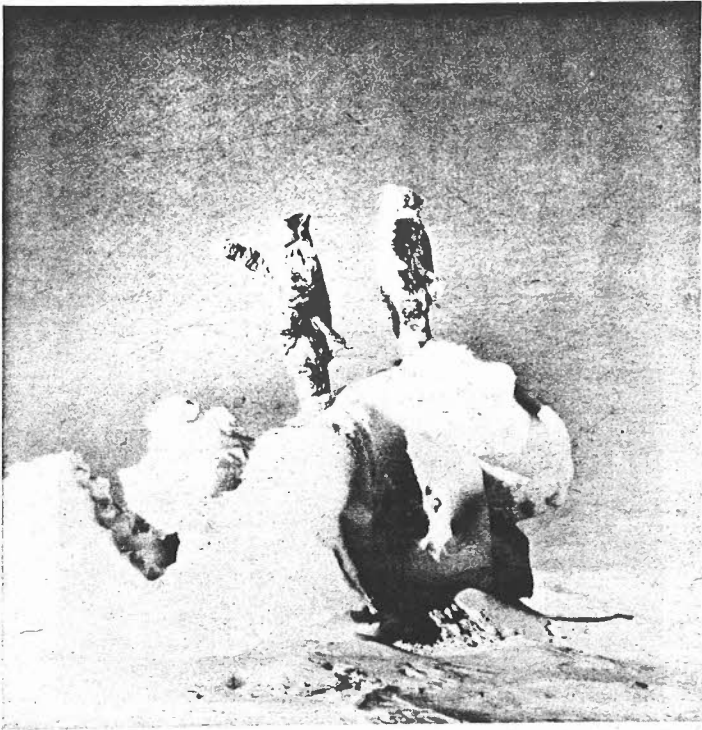
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12

life as it was

Photographs by Richard Harrington,

from the book The Inuit - Life As It Was (Hurtig)



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kevlar canoes

David F. Pelly

"Our philosophy is that if we're the first to improve, then we lead the market. So we're constantly looking for improvements."

When Bill Scott spoke these words to me we were sitting in a New Liskeard coffee shop, 500 km north of Toronto, just around the corner from the small factory which turns out nearly 2,000 canoes a year. Mid-Canada Fiberglass Ltd. sells more fibreglass canoes in Ontario than any other manufacturer, and beats all the competition in kevlar for the entire Canadian market. That's an impressive record. As I listened to Scott's determined but sincere words, describing the operation, I began to understand the success.

When he and his partner, Jerry Shepherdson, started in 1965, they both had been working as pattern-makers. So from the beginning the emphasis has been on design. That hasn't changed. Shepherdson spends most of his time working on design improvements - little things you might not notice at first, like a new shape for the bow cap, and major items like the current experiments with vinyl gunwales.

Over a year ago I set out to buy some canoes. They had to be good. I'm organizing a six week trip in the Barrens for this coming summer. With eight people, four of them novices, I need four canoes that are equal to the test. Like so many before me I was faced with the dilemma of choosing where I wished to sit on the material spectrum which balances strength, weight, and cost. After many hours of discussion with many of the manufacturers I had made my decision. Which brings me back to why I travelled all night on the train to visit New Liskeard - a town where the biggest event in recent months was the opening of its first McDonalds!

I won't discuss the comparative merits of the different materials. It's been said before, in these pages and elsewhere. But I will share what I've learned about kevlar canoe construction.

The lay-up man putting in the kevlar fabric after the mould has been sprayed with vinyl ester resin.



Pre-cut pieces of the fabric are laid down the length of the canoe.

Kevlar, a Du Pont trademark, is an aramid fibre that looks something like fibreglass. In fact it's more resistant to elongation, has a lower density, and is only slightly more difficult to work with. In the early days (the first kevlar canoe in Canada was only built in 1974; Scott's been at it since 1975) there were problems. Problems with resins. Problems with delamination between layers of the hull construction. Problems with shape retention and reinforcement. But where there are problems, good designers find solutions.

To counter delamination, the manufacturers tried alternate layers of kevlar and fibreglass mat. It worked. The standard Scott canoe, I discovered, consists of three layers of hand layed-up cloth: kevlar on both the outside and inside, with a layer of fibreglass mat sandwiched in the middle. My special arctic canoes will have an extra layer of each material on the bottom. This willingness to custom modify the product to my specific needs was a great advantage - in this case the bottom will have extra strength, and the unit's weight is still under thirty-two kilograms (70 pounds).

The resins too have improved, and recent news from the resin suppliers suggests that major advances are just around the corner. Polyester resin, the standard fare with a fibreglass canoe, just didn't work with kevlar. It fragmented. Polyester resin tended to shrink when used with kevlar, causing delamination. So most manufacturers have gone to different grades of vinyl ester resin, though on a custom basis you can also get the even tougher epoxy resin. Dow Chemical did some tests on the resins. Whereas polyester resin cracked with a force of 16 in./lb., vinyl ester resin withstood the test to 57 in./lb. The grade of vinyl ester resin used by Scott, according to Dow, is capable of 5% elongation. "In addition to greatly improved toughness, this new resin exhibits several other unique properties such as low exotherm, high bond strength, and reduced shrinkage," read the Dow report. So the extra toughness accredited to kevlar canoes is not just in the fabric; the resin used is considerably stronger too.

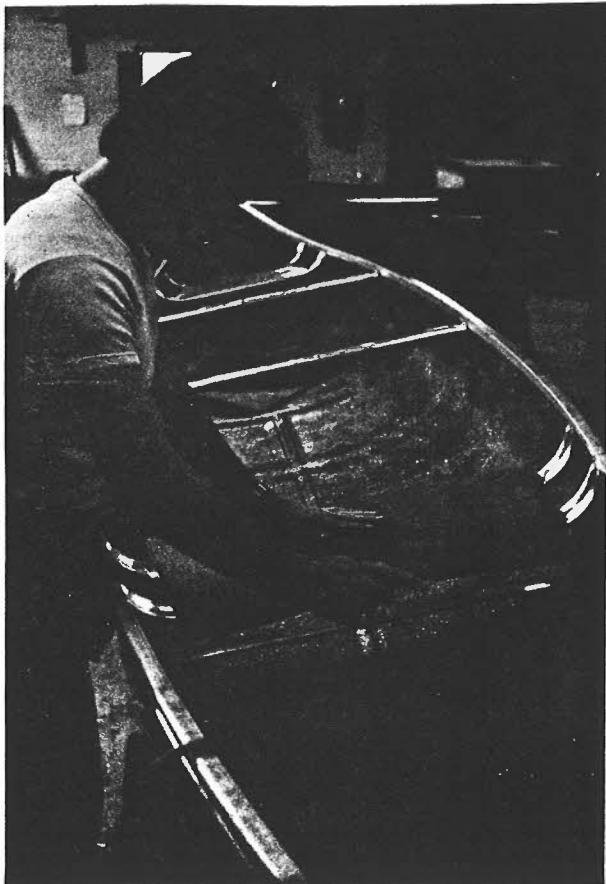
Perhaps the biggest problem to deal with was the matter of reinforcing the hull in order to retain the required shape without making the body too rigid. Here's where the manufacturers differ most. For some years Scott has been using aluminum tubing as ribs moulded right into the hull laminate. In the kevlar canoes this occasionally caused problems, because as the material elongated to absorb shocks, the ribs might be permitted to pop out at one end. Some rigidity was needed, but not quite that offered by the aluminum. So the designers went to work. And this development is the most exciting step in canoe construction in years. Enter Klege cell. It feels like a brittle, cellular foam. When encased in the hull laminate, it provides just the right amount of rigidity. It is also flatter and less obtrusive than the former aluminum ribs. With this development, my only reservation about kevlar canoes was eliminated. Many of Ontario's outfitters agree with me. Killarney Lodge, Algonquin Outfitters, and the Portage Sotre are all using Scott kevlar canoes.

It has been suggested by some of these users in the rental business that kevlar outlasts their fibreglass canoes by three years to one, even with the rough treatment and low maintenance they inevitably receive.

"I really don't believe there's another canoe on the market, in the same material (glass or kevlar), that has the quality of ours," claimed Bill Scott, not boastfully but with confidence.

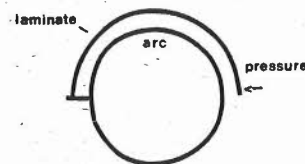
Why might they be so good? If you look at hulls closely you can see the difference the mould makes. The degree of perfection in the curve down the side is a tell-tale. This year alone Scott will spend \$20,000 on moulds, - makings, maintaining, and redesigning them. That's the difference.

Final assembly of gunwales, stem pieces, seats and thwarts, is all done by the same man, to ensure each canoe is properly finished. This process alone takes half a day.



Klege Cell ribs are moulded into the laminate to add rigidity to the kevlar hull.

One big question remains in many minds. What is the real difference between kevlar and fibreglass? It's lighter, yes, and stronger. But how? More resistant to impact. More likely to "bounce back." Not so likely to fatigue with the passing years. More resistant to abrasion. Less likely to rip if punctured, which in turn is less likely. Consider this comparison. Take a sheet of each laminate (kevlar with vinyl ester resin and fibreglass with polyester resin) and bend them over an arc as in the diagram, applying pressure as indicated.



Fact No. One: The kevlar will require more pressure to bend it to the same position over an arc of given radius.

Fact No. Two: As you continue the pressure, reducing the radius of the arc, the fibreglass will fail, or break, first.

As I watched the skilled hands of the lay-up men carefully smooth the resin-saturated kevlar fabric into the mould, having learned the design theory behind the canoe now under construction, my confidence continued to grow. I needed a tough canoe. This was the one.

Not only did Scott customize the canoes with the extra layers of laminate. I also had the seats widened to extend right to either gunwale. The height of some seats was adjusted to accommodate individual tastes. Extra rivets were used in all the joints to provide the insurance we might need.

So we are ready. I am confident that we have canoes equal to the environment of the Barrens. And thrown in with the deal I've learned something about canoe construction.

Kevlar, ABS, fibreglass, or aluminum? The argument will continue for many years to come. And each canoeist must determine his own priorities. I've settled on Scott Kevlars.

Photos by David F. Pelly

*Kevlar is a registered trademark of DuPont of Canada Ltd.

kitchenbox

Toni Harting

Every camper-canoeist is always searching for a convenient and efficient method to pack and carry the cooking utensils needed to feed the hungry paddlers on a trip.

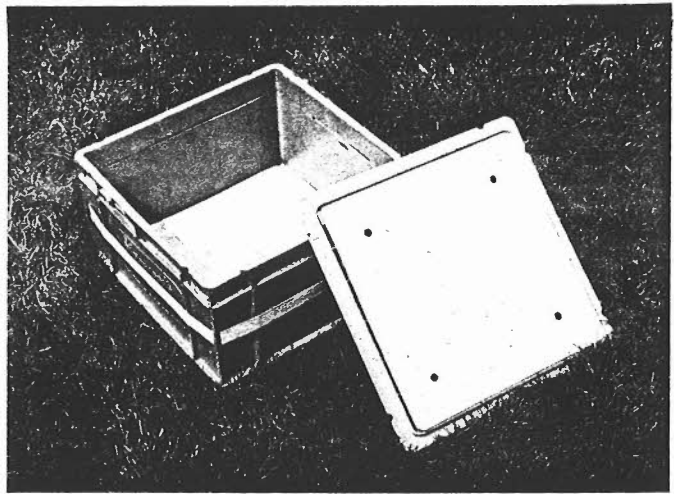
Some years ago we finally ended our search by designing and constructing a simple box that has now served us very well on numerous trips down northern rivers and lakes. This box also proved to be highly practical on shorter, less demanding outings such as car-camping weekends in provincial parks, and even the occasional picnic in a city park.

The contraption, which we have given the superbly original and amazingly accurate name of "The Kitchenbox", is constructed from the square, plastic milk-carton crates that can be seen all over the country. They can be obtained for free, or at the most a few dollars, from many milk-food-convenience-supermarket type stores. These crates are not only very strong indeed, they are also light in weight, and the plastic material can be easily worked using regular home tools such as saw, drill, and file.

Two crates are needed to make a complete kitchenbox. The one for the box itself should have sidewalls with a closed surface, except for the opening near the top of each wall forming the lifting handles of the crate. The box cover is made from the second crate.

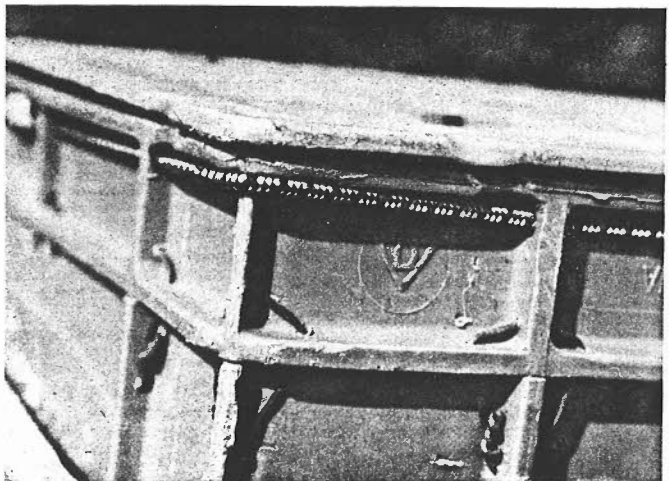
Because we wanted our kitchenbox to be small enough to fit in the Duluth food-pack, we cut a 10 cm wide horizontal strip out of the four walls of the crate. This way the four handle-openings were also eliminated. The two parts of the crate now left over (the bottom box and the top rim) were securely tied together using strong copper wire, resulting in an 18 cm deep box without any openings in the sides.

The cover for the kitchenbox was made by cutting the bottom off the second crate and placing it on top of the main box. Because the milk-carton crates are designed to be stacked



on top of each other, a good fit between cover and main box is guaranteed. A sheet of Formica arborite was secured to the inside of the cover by four bolts, thus not only making a cover without any holes in it, but also a very useful cutting board. A second sheet of arborite was placed upon the inside bottom of the main box. We then had a box that was closed on all four sides as well as top and bottom, making it impossible for small items such as forks and spoons to fall out.

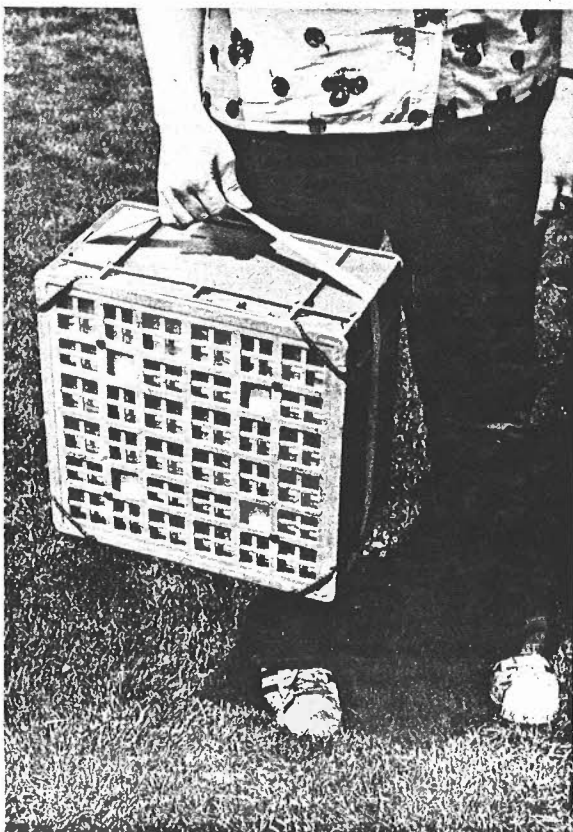
To keep the cover securely on the box, a length of rubber shock cord was laced all around the box through holes drilled into the vertical ribs on the outside of the four walls, and tied together. By lifting the cord at each corner and placing it on top of the cover, a very convenient and safe way of keeping the cover on the box is used. Small grooves filed in the top rim of the main box and the rim of the cover keep the elastic cord from slipping out of place.



To carry the kitchenbox, a length of 2½ cm wide strap was laced through slots drilled and filed in the vertical ribs on the four corners of the main box. The strap goes all around the box, which can therefore be picked up and carried in any position.

We now have a cheap, strong, conveniently sized box (outside dimensions 35 x 35 x 20 cm) that weighs only 2.3 kg, and which is also completely unaffected by water and weather, hot or cold. Because the box has no metal locks, handles, or hinges, no dangerously sharp things are sticking out of it. A very important wilderness-canoeing advantage is the ease with which the kitchenbox can be opened and closed, even with wet, cold, gloved hands.

The Kitchenbox will surely remain for years to come among our most treasured camping gear, packing all the pots-pans-spoons-forks-cups-rags-butane stove-food for the day-etc., that we take along on our trips. All we still need to do is find a somewhat more classy name for this trusted companion.





upper moira

John Cross

The Lower Moira, as all know, is a pleasant spring outing, its difficulty varying with the section chosen (between Tweed and Belleville) and the water level. The water arrives from three main sources: the Skootamata, Black, and Upper Moira itself. In view of the popularity of the first two, it is surprising that the Upper Moira has not been more thoroughly explored; in fact, we had never heard of it being run, so were obliged to treat it as a scouting run. The nature of the terrain could be fairly surmised from the fact that it lies between Beaver Creek and the Black River, both famous for their exciting drops. The volume, however, is smaller than either, and may account for the Upper Moira's unpopularity.

We, at least, had been assured of an adequate volume of flow by the Conservation Authorities, who, during the spring runoff, monitor the three tributaries constantly from gauges placed near Hwy. 7. For April 24-25 weekend, the flows were: Skoot, 2000 CFS; Black, 1300; Upper Moira, 1000. Since we had observed the flow in the Moira from bridges the year before, at a time when it was 300 CFS, we realized that, this year, rock dodging was not to be one of our worries. Wave and water-fall dodging conceivably might be.

In the interests of knowledge, we set out to cover as much distance as possible: from the picnic grounds north of Bannockburn on Hwy. 62 to Hwy. 7. The resulting paddle (by a small party of practised canoe teams in empty canoes) lasted 8½ hrs. Future trips to this river might wish to start even higher up - at Wolf Lake, say - but break the distance into two days. The middle section, where the break would probably be, is farming country, well-provided with bridges and road access. Although excellent camping country is to be found, it is mostly near the upper and lower ends, so that a canoe-camping weekend is probably not the best plan.

Starting from Wolf Lake would add several kilometres of marshy country - very pleasant paddling in the high-water, pre-bug season - and the steep cataracts section which corresponds to Mt. Fenwick on Beaver Creek. A shorter day trip which takes in many rapids and the best scenery would start at the County Road II bridge west of Fox Corners.

Our day began on a small section, probably shallow in a few weeks, which nevertheless threw up enough waves to limber up our ferrying faculties. There were a few falls, all with short portages, but the impression which remains is of short, steep ledges, sometimes requiring hair-raising manoeuvres, but mercifully over soon. Dave and I were particularly impressed by the efficacy of a downstream lean, when, owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding with some turbulence, we were propelled broadside into a huge standing wave with a breaking top; one's instinct is to shy away from such monsters, which response, given the steep-surface-hugging tendencies of the flat-bottomed Grumman, will produce inevitably an upstream upset; there was nothing for it but to lean almost horizontally into the wave, though its breaking crest soaked us from head to foot.

The river meandered back and forth, sometimes overflowing its banks into marsh, elm forest, or farmer's field, sometimes plunging into woods, which, being too rough for agricultural clearing, hinted to us that rapids were ahead. Sometimes, the flooding was merely amusing, permitting us to take short-cuts through the elm swamp to avoid long meanders, but on one occasion, it got us lost.

It became apparent to us that a certain line of elm trees was the riverbank, but which bank? Water, followed by more elms, stretched on either side. The left channel appeared more wooded - possibly blocked by down timber, so into the larger right hand channel we steered, the current whisking us along. As we progressed, the depth decreased, the plants below were obviously grass, so we realized we were in a farmer's field. Where had the current gone to? Dispersed, bit by bit, into the flooded woods, obviously - so there was no guarantee that the depth would continue to float our canoes. It seemed shorter to complete the circuit of the field, back to the line of elms through which we could surely paddle back to the river. But as we approached, we saw that high, dry land had intervened, now where had the river got to? (I know now, from a study of airphotos, that what we now thought was the river was in fact an old slough; we had already been well off course when we made our "wrong" choice of channels).

In hope of avoiding a portage, we wandered off to the right, paddled over a barbed wire fence into the woods, and headed... where? Left was the way to the river, straight ahead was deepest, and a clearing with the ripple of wind? current? appeared over on the right. Over another fence... out of the forest, into a bushy meeting place of many bodies of water: a lake? (or field?), a channel? (or flooded road?), ... and, Dave insisted over my objections, a glimpse of the river - through a bit more bush, to be sure. Luckily, it was - luckily, because Bob, who had been behind us and had lost touch, might now be ahead, racing to catch up. He wasn't. We had been much too casual about sticking in sight.

Below Malone, the river became woody again; fine granite outcrops edged the river, pine forest shut us in, and the drops showed an uncomfortable tendency to come in high falls, often soundless surprises appearing suddenly around a bend, bounded by canyon walls whose appearance will be familiar to connoisseurs of the Crowe and Beaver Cr. Pressured by the sinking sun, we refused to agonize over a doubtful rapid; if it looked troublesome, we carried. Down past the dams at the lower end... a portage through the ruins of an abandoned mine and processing plant... through the last haystacks with now practised ease... we slid, about sunset, to Hwy. 7, where flood waters had overflowed a plot of land with a "For Sale" sign on it, which now appeared to be in mid-stream.

"Look, John," said Graham, "there's a river for sale. Want to buy it?"

salmon-moira

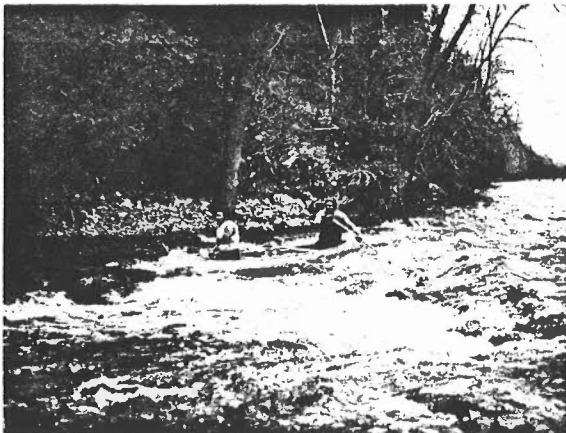
Story: Glenn Davy
Photos: Glenn Spence

It was readily apparent to all concerned, even those of us who had never seen the Moira before, that the river was in high flood. As a group of us stood on the bridge that spanned the Lost Channel section of the river we could feel the power of the rushing current just a couple of metres below, all the while wondering if our selected route out from the trees would enable us to successfully negotiate the very large standing waves found only a few metres from our put in point. It wasn't until the last canoe made it through in fine shape that everyone felt completely relaxed, and the trip was on.



This was the second day of the two-day annual Glenn Spence "hooray it's Spring again" celebration canoeing weekend. Because of the large number of canoes taking part in the weekend sojourn we had divided into two groups for the two days. Glenn took the short trip on this day and left the longer run from Lost Channel on down in the very capable hands of Sandy Richardson, who was kindly volunteered as "suborganizer" along with his most competent partner Kevin Banting.

Following the short but rather turbulent rapid at the starting point, we proceeded through a fairly long section of fast flowing current with nothing in the way of rapids. The river curved and wound its way through gently rolling farmland and cottage country, providing us with pleasant, relaxing scenery and giving us a chance to become accustomed to having a moving river beneath us again before reaching any major whitewater. This



stretch to Chisolm's Mill was interrupted by one very scenic but ferocious looking rapid. There was much discussion and pondering among members scouting it from the island as to the best route until Bill and Joan King ran down the middle in about the only calm spot there was and made it look easy. The rest of us were through shortly and we all then proceeded on our way.

The dam at Chisolm's Mill was portaged and then the excitement began. We were immediately into some good sized waves requiring a moderate amount of manoeuvring to miss the really large haystacks. Good back ferrying skills were definitely an asset. At the bottom of the first rapid below the dam we stopped for a quick lunch, but due to the cool temperatures we pushed on without too much delay. From that point on it was almost continuous rapids with large 1 to 1.5 metre haystacks, curlers, and rollers. There was little or no rock dodging involved with such deep water, however the extremely strong current, tight hairpin turns, and powerful (at times vicious) eddies meant that one had to read the water very quickly and decide on a course of action well ahead of time. While we did have one canoe overturn, it was on the whole a very successful run. There were of course, members on this trip who had run this type of water many times, and it showed; but equally as obvious was the fact that there were people there who had not run this type of river up to now and their ability to adapt and learn quickly without losing their cool in tight situations was very inspiring.



With the rounding of the last bend I was sorry to see the trip come to an end, but felt satisfied at the accomplishment of a good day's paddle. I'm sure that I speak for all participants when I say thanks to Glenn and Gerri Spence for all the hospitality and trouble that they went to in making the weekend a most successful "Spring celebration".

Once again, this trip proved to be quite popular, with nine canoes and one kayak taking part. We divided into two groups in order to minimize our impact upon the environment.

The weather warmed up a bit for us on Saturday even though the occasional drizzle fell upon us. The water level on the Salmon was a bit higher than last year, which made for a fairly good run. We certainly did not have to worry about bottoming out.

Dave, who had done quite a bit of kayaking in BC's mountainous rivers was looking for something more challenging than what he had seen in Southern Ontario so far. Therefore, when he saw the large haystacks below the Forest Mills' dam, it was very tempting. He had the proper equipment which included a wet suit and a helmet. Unfortunately, the second large haystack conceals a rock, which caused, upon impact, Dave's skirt to pop, thereby allowing his kayak to fill up when he rolled. After two bends in the river, Dave was out. He had a cut finger, the kayak was damaged a wee bit, and he had temporarily lost his paddle. However, no serious damaged occurred, and we carried on.

We stopped soon afterwards, and had a leisurely stroll around Buttermilk Falls. It is certainly Southern Ontario locale.

The new dam at Lonsdale necessitates a liftover on the right (north) side. Beware of the south side since it is a weir dam which could have keepers in high water. By the way, two new (replacement) dams will be going in at Forest Mills. I hope they will not change our spring canoeing conditions.

All-in-all, we had a very good trip on the Salmon.

On Sunday, we divided into two different groups again. One started at Lost Channel (organized by Sandy). The other group started at Chisholm (organized by myself). Both groups intended to end at Latta.

The weather turned bitterly cold. The high winds combined with temperatures of just above freezing produced extra hazards for us. These were demonstrated all too realistically to my son and myself later on.

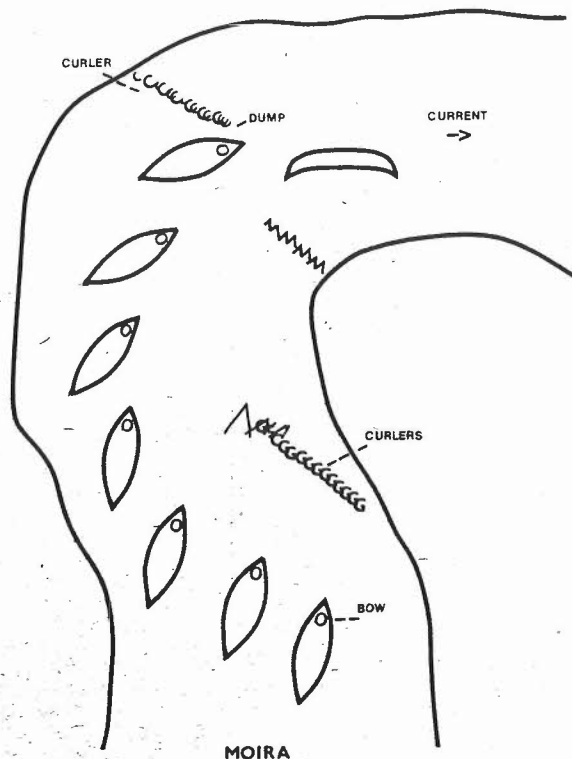
It was surprising to me that the Salmon's water level was only a little higher than last year while the Moira's was considerably higher than last year. Unfortunately, I forgot about this during our crisis further on down the river.

The very high winds were causing problems for Joe who was paddling solo. Even Cameron and myself were blown into a 360 by the wind. This makes you respect Mother Nature.

The trip was going very well overall since we were taking very little water while practising our backpaddling techniques.

We entered the stretch of the river where the scuttle caves are located. (See diagram.) We had to avoid the large curlers on the right. This we did by backferrying to the left. Here is where I made a tactical error. I had forgotten that the water level was much higher, so therefore, should not have gone so far to the left, because then we had to set back hard to the right in order to avoid a large curler on our left, where the river takes a 90° turn to the right. Our efforts failed because the current was too strong. We were drawn towards the curler. Cameron, thought it was time for some drastic measures. He decided that a crossdraw was needed in order to get more leverage, thereby causing us to avoid the curler. Just as he did this, we entered the curler. In essence then, he was actually leaning upstream as we hit the curler. Thus, as most of you know, when you lean upstream, over you go. It is

difficult to estimate how long we were in the frigid waters. I suppose it was from five to ten minutes. When we finally got out, our fellow trip members (Joe, Nadine, Duncan, and Dave) rushed to our assistance. Cameron had entered the first stages of hypothermia (violent shivering) almost immediately.



Duncan and Dave had to open our pack and then they got Cameron into dry clothes. The hypothermia prevented Cameron from doing these things for himself. Since, I have more beef on my frame, I was not so badly off, but my speech was somewhat slurred. With our dry clothes on, and Cameron in the two sleeping bags, some body heat was restored.

Paddling in Southern Ontario in springtime does have some advantages. At this stretch in the river, where we were recovering, there were some houses across the river. We then paddled across the river seeking assistance. The homeowners were kind enough to let Cameron and I go inside, while Dave paddled quickly the last mile or so, to Latta to get our shuttle car.

In retrospect, we should always learn from our mistakes. It had been about four years since my last dump. You begin to over-estimate your abilities. In preparation for this trip, I begrudgingly packed extra clothing and a sleeping bag. I didn't really need it, because I had done the Salmon dozens of times and this stretch of the Moira three times. However, since I had some new people on the trip, I thought that I should take them. Definitely then, we should never over-estimate our abilities nor should we underestimate the strength of the river.

Also, for a decade now, I have debated about buying a wet-suit. I still haven't, but maybe I should stop procrastinating!

It is a nice feeling to paddle alone or with just a partner. I am sure a lot of us have experienced this. But I was glad we were not alone on this cold, spring day. Our paddling companions were super. They acted very competently and quickly.

Our Sunday trip ended prematurely, but fortunately everyone was alright.

maitland-bayfield

Story: John Cross
Photo: Bill Ness

Mid-April continued to qualify as winter on the Canadian Shield, so canoeing continued on the southern rivers where frozen lakes were not to be anticipated. Herb arranged the weather to accommodate us perfectly when we ran the most interesting sections of Huron County's two whitewater rivers.

Although spectacularly high ice abrasion, clumps of grass well up in the bushes, and uprooted elms showed that the flood (2 weeks before, probably) could be frighteningly violent, the incipient summer had dropped the Bayfield to a manageable level. It had been saved from dropping to low by the previous week's rain, which was fortunate, for at low water, the Bayfield appears to be little more than a creek. We found the run fast and pleasant, with a little rock-dodging and, of more importance, sweeper-evasion. "Rapids", in the sense of rapid water, were almost continuous, though they did not always place demands on our manoeuvring technique. At flood, there would have been some danger of heavy currents running unwary canoeists into the forest to an unpleasant fate; now, the river was still high enough to rush in multiple channels in among the willow groves. What sweepers might lurk in the side channels we could not see, so we kept to the main bed. I was reminded of Algernon Blackwood's canoeing horror story (did you know there were such?) The Willows, in which the travellers are warned that he who takes the side channels among the willows may never return. The gloomy sky overhanging the towering cuts through glacial moraines, and the mist rising off the snow in the more sheltered parts of the forest, added to the air of mystery about the river. A mystery of another kind was provided by the group on the bank near the bottom of the river; fishing (OK) and playing a huge portable stereo fit to frighten the fish. Why do they go out there? What do they get out of it? Perhaps what the inhabitants of the trailer park near Bayfield do, who are packed together more tightly than they would be in the city.

Due to the policy of closing Conservation Areas and provincial Parks in the off season, we were unable to find anywhere to camp, and so, in a rising wind off Lake Huron and dropping temperatures, we repaired to a motel. From a battery of cooking stoves spread over tables and boxes, there issued the aroma of (a) perked coffee (Schimeks') and (b) Melita-filtered coffee (Ness-cafe):

Mike Graham-Smith

My morning drive across country got me to our meeting place in Clinton with ten minutes to spare but no one was there except Herb Pohl who was quietly ruminating. He had already been there for over an hour, had looked at both rivers and found an excellent coffee shop and bakery.

By the time I returned from my second breakfast, the stragglers had arrived with John Cross' battered and resurrected Grumman on the roof.

The fine morning had become overcast, the car shuffle was completed, and the "Pundits" confirmed that the Bayfield was indeed high.

If you have thought you had to put up with the instant stuff on trips, maybe you should take another look at your coffee-making outdoor technique.

The much larger Maitland was so full of water that it might have looked intimidating under the cloud of the day before; fortunately the bright sunlight made the wide, foaming standing waves sparkle most attractively. The Maitland below Bernmillar drops over a series of limestone ledges, which tend to generate waves (and sometimes back-washes), across the width of the river; consequently the side of the river one hugs must be chosen with care, and frequently changed with a powerful ferry. An almost-across-the-river falls is broken at the side by a stone chute down which two canoes ran, two lined, and around which two elected to portage. Lower down, we had to race across the river to reach the gentler insides of bends, since the outsides presented not only huge waves, not only criss-crossing wave patterns (the reflected waves from the walls meeting the ledge-generated rollers), but also sheer cliffs, necessitating a long swim in the inevitable event of a dump. This is probably what happened to a local couple whom we observed climbing along a waterside ledge to safety; we heard afterwards that their canoe, wedged under the ice at the mouth of the river, was recovered by Norm Coombe's WA trip.

Taking good care not to be caught in such an unpleasant predicament, we ran down without mishap to Lake Huron to discover the bay jammed with ice. From a canoeist's eye view, it appeared to extend to the horizon (in fact, only a mile or two) so we enjoyed posing as if at the Arctic Ocean.



There was plenty of water in it - we had no problems with shallows - just rocks to dodge and sweepers to avoid. We found one tree right across the channel and had to lift around it.

The river has cut quite a deep gorge and apart from one tightly packed trailer park there were not many signs of human habitation. In some places the banks were still eroding and you could see more than 30 metres clear of vegetation except for the odd tree stuck part way down.

There were birds, a few fishermen and one canoe coming upstream near the take out point. There was the odd truck cab in the river and John Cross' comment about people tossing their junk into the river was overheard and the riposte came across the water "Some people canoe down the river in theirs!"

It was a very pleasant trip, but it was over by 2:15 pm - some 5 hours after the start and that included a leisurely lunch. One group decided to head for a Motel while the others were going to camp at the Benmiller Conservation Area. The Conservation Area was closed, so the convoy set out for Point Farms Provincial Park, only to find that it was sealed up just as firmly.

Undaunted, our bearded leader set out once again until we saw a motel with a familiar red Volkswagen van in the parking lot with two green canoes on the roof. Reunited! By the time the lights went out that night we had spent more time discussing topics past and future than we had paddling the Bayfield River.

The next morning, at a very gentlemanly hour, we set out for the Maitland. It was fine and dry. The sky was blue but the wind was blowing and it was not as warm as it looked. The car shuffle was completed and we set out on the Maitland which was also high and wide. There was lots of water and we had to pick a course that skirted the waves.

One big ledge was a 1 - 2 metre waterfall right across the river, except for a chute on the right. Two ran it solo while the rest lined or carried around. The carry was a very steep, wooded, thirty foot bank which was not

very inviting. Those that lined found that they had to take water in an awkward eddy right at the end of the chute.

The lunch stop this time was on a shingle island - but no one told the lead canoe until they had gone by. There was just time for them to catch the eddy below the island and struggle back upstream. The lunch stop used on earlier Maitland trips was under water.

Another difficult section that required much scouting was a right hand bend where the river narrowed and a series of rocks and ledges forced you out towards the edge of the main-stream. A strong backferry brought you back to calmer water. As this section ended and the river curled away to the left, it formed a small but strong eddy near the right bank. Those hugging the bank too closely, suddenly found that they were on the wrong side of the sheer line and the bow kicked over to the right and impaled the bank.

Our Maitland trip ended with a paddle down to the mouth of the river which was choked with ice blocks a foot thick above the water. The ice was very crumbly and disintegrated underfoot nearly pitching John Cross into the water. We finally sat in the sun on the boat ramp by the marina and drank Karl Schimek's coffee as fast as he could perk it.

Words by: Sandra Whittall

To be sung to "Dark as a Dungeon"

Chorus:

We're going up the Kipawa, down the Dumoine
A titch low on water, a titch long on air
We've got pull-ups, portages, and rapids to run
Going up the Kipawa, down the Dumoine.

Verses:

Now a lake, now a river, a marsh, or a creek
The Rivière Kipawa winds for a week
Through the night Turner's waterfall pounds into
spray
In Red Pine the moose munches lilies all day

Raise a toast to the menus, the finest we've seen
Home baking, fresh berries, wine with the cuisine
There's a new gourmet masterpiece served
every night
Devoured by the crew with gourmand appetite

When you want to unwind, do whatever you wish
At sunrise, some rise to feed lures to the fish
You can sew up a lawn chair and read at your ease
Or string up a hammock and swing in the breeze

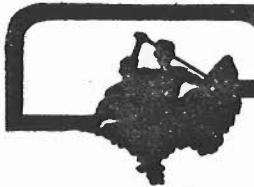
Our progress is rapid all down the Dumoine
The lining is risky, the running is fun
If you slip in the current, remember the cry
"We're golden, keep going, keep the gunwales
up high!"

Date, bruises, sore muscles, we've plenty of
those
Our bodies can take it; we'll bandage our clothes
When the Ottawa hills show the ending is near
We'll know how to do it in nine days next year

kipawa & dumoine

a paddling song





July (1 or 2)-4 FARM CREEK, ISLAND LAKE,
AND BETOND

organizer: John Cross 416-487-0678
book before June 23

Farm Creek, flowing into Lake Waweshkesh, looked quite sizeable last year at its mouth. We will attempt to ascend it to Island Lake and work through many other lakes back to the Magnetawan River. This region is very little travelled, so where we go will depend on what we find. There will undoubtedly be some bush-whacking portages. Although the canoeing will be mostly flatwater, advanced tripping and portaging skills will be needed, as usual on exploratory trips. We will also scout out possible winter campsites and routes to extend the usual Sucker Creek - Canal Rapids New Years trip. No more than four canoes.

July 10 - 11 ANSTRUTHER LAKE LOOP

organizer: Joyce Peterson 416-694-1398
book between June 23 and 30

This relaxing two-day trip takes you through nine scenic lakes north of Peterborough. Suitable for novices. Limit 4 canoes.

July 17 - 18 MADAWASKA UPSTREAM

organizer: John Cross 416-487-0678
book before July 10

The upper Madawaska, which we usually run down from Whitney, should take on a difficult aspect approached from below. The secret of comfortable canoeing is to use poling or lining wherever possible to avoid portaging. Some whitewater experience is needed to avoid running the rapids (backwards, unexpectedly). Limit 4 canoes.

July 24 - 25 WHITewater PRACTICE SESSION
(AUMOND'S RAPIDS - MADAWASKA)

organizer: George Haeh 416-962-2951 (R)
416-968-0989 (B)
book between June 19 and 30

A weekend devoted to absolute essentials: reading the water, the low brace, team-work, the back-ferry. The time and location offer warm water for the swimmers, and a set of rapids with a wide variety of situations and challenges. Suitable for canoeists with white water experience. The available time will not permit teaching basic strokes. Limit 4 canoes.

July 31, August 1-2 OTTAWA RIVER RAPIDS

organizer: John Cross 416-487-0678
book by July 24

In addition to the raft tours' route, there are many other channels and rapids in the vicinity of Allunette and Calumet Islands on the Ottawa River. We will explore them all, running where possible. Intermediate to advanced whitewater skills required. Limit 4 canoes

August 7-8 KAWARTHA LAKES REGION

Organizer: Jack McGinty 416-281-4519
book between July 26th and 30th

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

August 14-15 MAGNETAWAN CANYON AND
BEYOND JUNGLE HIKE

Organizer: John Cross 416-487-0678
book by August 8

A jungle hike is one away from prepared hiking trails, in which the participants expect to pass over any obstacles which present themselves. In this case, access to the attractive, open rock country north of the Magnetawan River, which is little travelled, will depend on our readiness to cross the river by swimming or temporary raft. We will deal with any long, narrow lakes in the same way, to explore country with potential as canoeing, hiking, and winter camping territory.

August: SPANISH RIVER EXPLORATION

Organizer: Claire Brigden 416-481-4042
Contact before the end of June.

The trip will be scheduled for the second or third week in August, the details can be decided by the participants. It is intended as a one-week excursion with some prejudice toward observing the natural world around us. Suitable for intermediates. Limit 3 canoes.

August 28-29 LONG LAKE AREA PORTAGE AND
SWAMP CRAWL

Organizer: John Cross 416-487-0678
book by August 21

West of Hwy 28 is a section of country in which small lakes and swamps lie in hollows in the relatively open Canadian Shield. It made pleasant winter tripping: now to see what it's like in summer. Inevitably, there will be a lot of carrying, but we should have the lakes to ourselves. For novices in good shape. Limit: 4 canoes.

September 4-6 SCHYAN RIVER EXPLORATORY TRIP

Organizer: David Berthelet 819-771-4170 res.
613-593-6671 off.

book: Week of August 15

The plan is to take the new Eddy logging road up to the Foran L. area, to work our way over to the Noir R. and then at a suitable point, to bushwack our way over to Schyan L. and hence down the Schyan R. to the town of Deep R.

Suitable for harty gung-ho types with banged up old canoes that can be dragged down the Schyan rock bed should the river be unnavigable due to low water levels. Limit: 4 canoes.

September 4-6 MATTAWA RIVER

Organizer: Bill Ness 416-499-6389
book August 16-29

The Mattawa River formed a key link in the Voyageurs' Highway, connecting the Ottawa River and Lake Huron drainage systems. Follow this historic waterway on this relaxing 3 day trip which combines lake and river travel.

Suitable for novices. Limit: 5 canoes.

September 11-12 EEL'S CREEK EXPLORATORY
WEEKEND

Organizer: John Cross 416-487-0678
book by September 4.

We will explore the possibility of Upper Eel's Creek (Eel's Lake to Apsley.) as a spring canoe route. The odd log or obstruction may have to be removed. Suitable for novices in good shape. Limit 4 canoes.

September 18 FLORA GORGE

Organizer: George Haeh, 416-962-2951 home
968-0989 bus.

book August 23 to September 3.

A short but highly scenic paddle down the Gorge with usually easy white-water. If the weather is good, we might run it twice. Lunch at the Cafe Flore or other tourist trap after the trip.

Level: Intermediate. Note that you had better be a good intermediate if the river is flowing at 1200 cfs, like it was last year. Limit 6 canoes.

September 18-19 BURLEY-HARVEY RECREATIONAL ZONE.

Organizer: Glenn Spence 416-355-3506
book September 1-11

This trip offers 35km of canoeing through lakes, along creeks, with the unforgettable experiences of liftovers of beaver dams, and portages. There is no whitewater. Participants must be prepared for single trip portaging.

Level: novice Limit: 4 canoes.

September 19. MOORE FALLS LOOP

Organizer: Rob Butler 416-487-2282
book between September 7th and 15th.

The trip will follow the gull, Moore, Black, Sheldon, Cooney, Victoria and Lutterworth Lakes loop near Minden. The water is flat, the portages are down, and up, and are all less than 1.5km in length. Fall colours will be at their best. Suitable for novices or better, in good physical condition. Limit 4 canoes.

WILDERNESS CANOE ASSOCIATION FALL MEETING

October 2-3

The fall meeting, organized by Glenn (Moose) Spence, will be held at Koshlong Outdoor Centre (Haliburton Hockey Haven) again. Members are reminded not to forget their canoes and/or hiking gear for the entire day of various outings to be held on the Sunday. Please refer to the flyer in this issue of the newsletter for a list of the outings.

equipment

CANOE CHECK LIST

Glenn Spence

Needs depend upon the length and time of your trip. Remember, the portages! Only take what is necessary. Carefully waterproof everything that would be damaged if they got wet. Never let your sleeping bag get wet! Do not take duplicate equipment when one of an item would be enough, e.g. canoe repair kit.

Essentials:

two sets of clothing (wet and dry) sweater, jacket
one bowl
one spoon
one fork
one thermal cup
flashlight (spare bulb and batteries)
compass
belt knife
small towel
matches (on person and in pack)
garbage bags (carry spares)
small plastic bags
first aid kit and book
duct tape
canoe repair kit
provisions (well planned menus, re-pack foods)
"Gerry" tubes
Maps (laminated or in case)
whistle (orienteering type)
insect repellent
sleeping bag
closed cell mattress
tent
hat
toiletries (bio-gradable soap, toothbrush and paste, body cream, so. pads, tissues, toilet paper)
pots, oven mitt, flipper, "curcly kate"
rain suit
spare pair of footwear
juice container
packs
spare shoe laces
large rubber bands

Optional

sunglasses
bathing suit
small candles
camera and film
saw
axe (not hatchet)
sharpening stone
binoculars
gloves
elastic band for eyeglasses
trowel (to dig sanitary pit)
spray cover
plastic buckets (for food)
knee pads
reflector oven
flares
head net

Desirable

stove (one burner)
fuel
emergency fishing line
tent fly
sewing kits (for packs, clothes)

Miscellaneous

car ownership
driver's license
insurance (car, OHIP, Blue Cross)
money, charge cards(?), etc.

Canoe Accessories

bailer (attached to thwart)
painters (15' lakes; 50' wilderness rivers)
three paddles (minimum)
elastics
lifejackets



products and services

Bluewater Canoes:

Lightweight Kevlar-S-glass, fibreglass, and nylon canoes made with vinyl ester and epoxy resins. Blue-water spraycovers made from coated, waterproof nylon to fit any canoe. Also, this year we will be manufacturing, under licence, a few of Eugene Jensen's designs. Long distance canoeists will be particularly interested in the extremely sleek 18'6" Whitewater II model. For further information contact Rockwood Outfitters, 45 Speedvale Ave. E., Guelph, Ont., N1H 1J2. Phone (519) 824-1415.

Coleman Craft Canoes:

Coleman Craft Canoes, of hand-layed-up fibreglass, 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.

Scott Canoes:

Complete line of Canadian-made fibreglass and Kevlar canoes is available at special discount prices to WCA members. For information contact David Pelly at 416-749-2176 during business hours.

Expedition:

David Pelly's new book Expedition, recounting both Captain George Back's explorations of Canada's Barrens in 1834 and David's own retracing of this route in 1977, can be ordered directly from the publisher. Send \$19.95 plus \$1.55 for mailing to: Betelgeuse Books, P.O. Box 1334, Station B, Weston, Ontario, M9L 2W9. (If you use this order form, the WCA will receive a commission on each sale.)

Please send ___ copies of Expedition to:

Name: _____

Address _____

Grumman Canoe Yoke

An almost new Grumman portage yoke for sale
Contact John Cross: 416-487-0678

Canoe for sale

14ft. Chestnut for sale. Completely restored with new hardwood trim and new canvas; weighs about 55 lbs. Asking \$850. or trade-in of restorable wreck.

Contact: Clark Hill,
153 Meadowbank Rd.
Newmarket Ontario
416-898-2517 (h)
416-925-3311 ext. 4573 (b)

Canoe for sale

15 ft. Lakefield Canvas Lightweight (Kiowa Model). It has been recanvased a few years ago and is in excellent shape. Asking \$400. Contact B. Danielkiewicz

156 Sanford Ave. S.
Hamilton Ontario L8M 2G9
416-529-8923

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 Yonge St., Toronto.
Rockwood Outfitters, 45 Speedvale Ave. E., Guelph.

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

Headwaters

Our rustic base camp on Anamanipissing Lake near Temagami is open for general guests in the spring and fall (24th of May weekend to July 1 and Labour Day to Thanksgiving). An ideal location to spend a few quiet days with friends or family, paddling, hiking, sketching, taking pictures, reading and enjoying the natural environment.

For rates and details contact: Carin or Hugh Stewart, Headwaters, Box 288W, Temagami, Ontario, POH 2H0, (705) 569-3522.

Camera Bags:

Waterproof rubber bags for cameras, etc. Stronger than plastic. Has sling straps. Call John Cross (416-487-0678), 29 Crestview Rd., Toronto, M5H 1H5

wca contacts

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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

Graham Barnett
106 Strathnairn Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.
M6M 2T1
416-654-9805

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

Dave Berthelet
107 Froment St.
Hull, Québec
819-771-4170

Dave Auger
65 Peel St.,
Lindsay, Ont.
K9V 3M5
705-324-9359

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

OUTINGS

Norm Coombe,
24 Kentish Cres.,
Agincourt, Ont.
M1S 2Z4
416-293-8036

CONSERVATION

Jerry Hodge
48 Glenholme Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.
M6H 3A9
416-654-2279

YOUTH ENCOURAGEMENT FUND

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

TREASURER

Rob Butler
47 Collin Ave.,
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 Nastawgan, 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 1982.

Notes: -This membership will expire January 31, 1983.
-Please send completed form and cheque (payable to the Wilderness
Canoe Association) to the membership committee chairman.

NEWSLETTER EDITOR

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

SECRETARY

Claire Smerdon,
79 Woodycrest Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.
M4J 3A8
416-461-4249

MEMBERSHIP

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