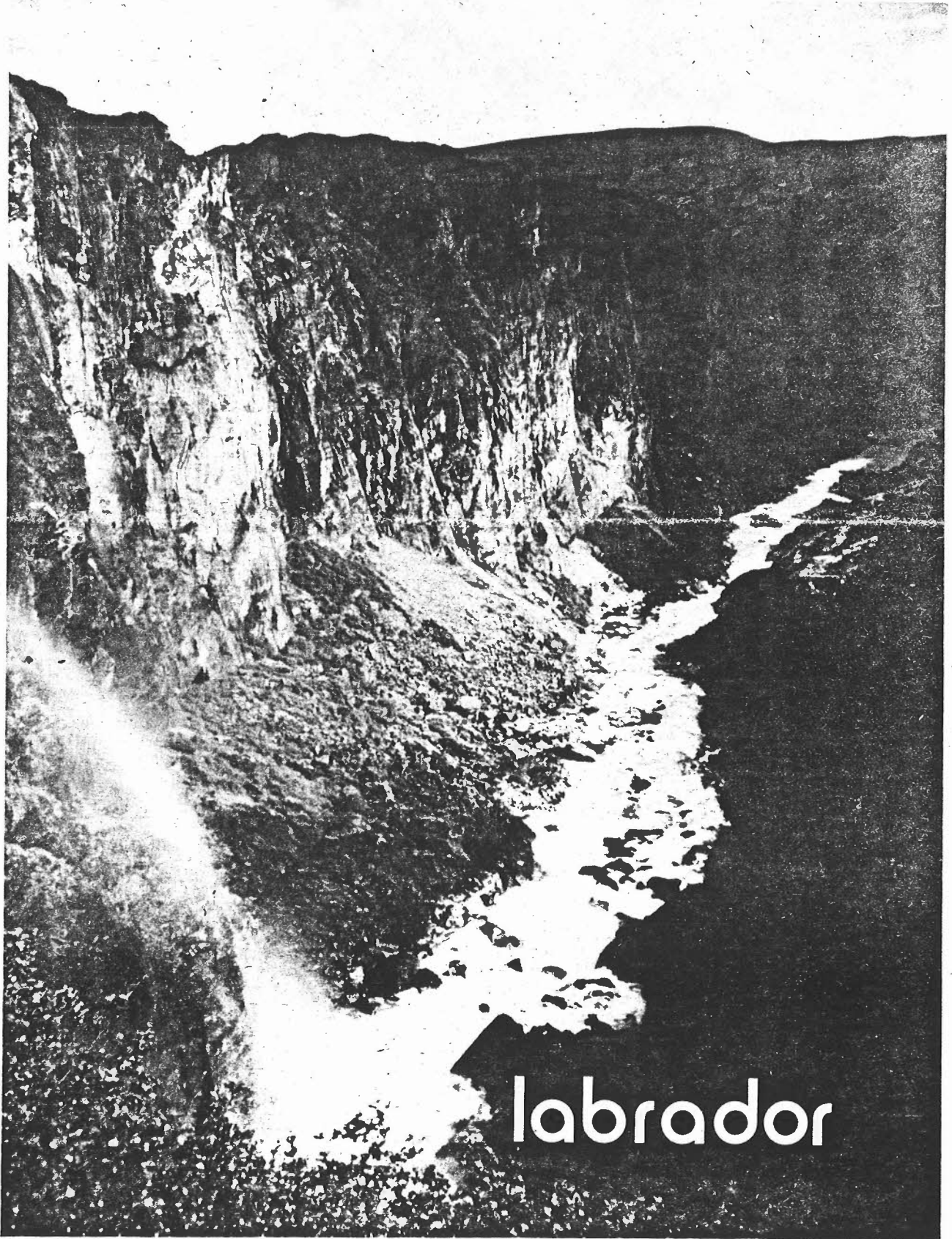




# nastawgan

autumn 1982 vol.9 no.3

quarterly journal of the wilderness canoe association



# labrador



Herb Pohl

After a gestation period of nearly three years, the big moment had finally arrived - we were standing on the shore of Lake Attikamagen, ready to begin a journey which would see us cross the height of land to the headwaters of Riviere de Pas, descend to Indian House Lake and then strike out in an easterly direction to reach the Atlantic watershed. Once back in Labrador, we'd follow the Kogaluk River to the Atlantic and make our way along the coast to the settlement of Nain.

It all started when I came across an account of Hubbard's fateful journey. I was instantly fascinated. More trips to the library followed. By the time I had finished Cabot's and Prichard's accounts of their travels a firm, but albeit unfocused, resolve had emerged. All accounts painted a picture of isolation, difficult terrain, cold, windy, and wet weather, rivers which were mostly unnavigable cataracts and, worst of all, clouds of frenzied mosquitoes and other winged instruments of torture.

The usual process ensued - the perusal of maps and airphotos, the writing of letters, the selection of gear and so on. The route decided upon included about 150 km of territory which, to our knowledge, had not been traversed before. Needless to say, this gave the trip an added dimension.

Ken Ellison and I decided to paddle solo and to stay in separate tents. While this increased the total weight we had to carry across portages significantly, we felt that it was a reasonable price to pay for the potential of independent movement and privacy; lastly, it provided some insurance in case of a mishap. By starting as early as conditions permitted, we were hoping to have a few relatively bug-free days, avoid meeting people and have the benefit of high waterlevels. So on June 26 we left Toronto on the two-day drive to Sept Iles to catch the train to Schefferville. Fourteen boring hours after leaving Sept Iles we reached our destination in darkness.

The train disgorged a surprisingly large number of passengers, luggage and assorted freight in a scene of animated confusion, while Ken and I stood around like little orphans, hoping that by some miracle someone would take pity on us and offer us transportation and shelter. Half an hour later the station was deserted and the only sound was the barking of a tethered husky who objected to our continued presence. Eventually we decided to pitch a tent on a tiny patch of moss in a sea of muck behind the station. Halfway through the night it started to rain, and the morning dawned wet and foggy - every bit as miserable as we had been led to expect.

With the help of the stationmaster we managed to secure transportation to Lake Attikamagen. As we descended the last hill which constitutes the Quebec - Labrador border, a vast expanse of water lay before us, enveloped by a convoluted shoreline and dotted with many islands, large and small; with such a vista before us, we thought that \$70 for the 30 km ride was a paltry sum indeed. Could Columbus have felt a greater sense of excitement when he set out for India?

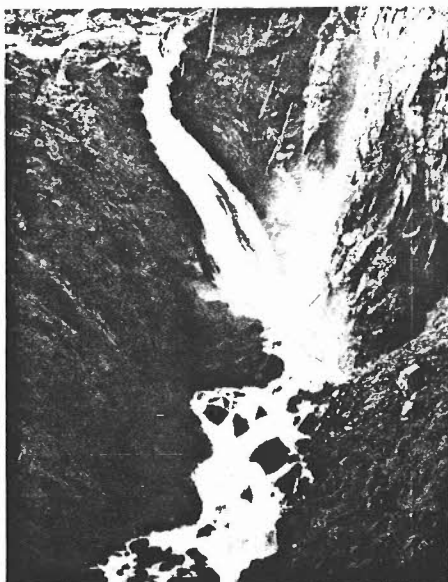
Somewhere near the horizon to the northeast we had to recross the height of land to reach the river which would transport us into territory which for me held an almost mystical quality: unreal, something that exists only in the imagination of man. We pushed off into a gentle breeze under a canopy of towering clouds. With the passing kilometres the magical quality of the enterprise seemed to evaporate. By midafternoon the temperature had dropped to near the freezing point, the towering clouds had become an amorphous grey mass, and a strong headwind whipped periodic showers across the whitecaps. It was late in the day before Ken spied a break in the shoreline vegetation which led to an Indian campsite. We quickly finished a cheerless supper and sought refuge in our sleeping bags. Rain and wet snow cloaked the shoreline in darkening grey as gusts of wind tugged at the tents - a memorable day.

The next day the wind had lost none of its force, snowsqualls raced across the sky and we pursued our tasks with vigor, if for no other reason than to try to stay warm. It was a day of misadventure as we tried to find the best route across several portages; by the end of the day I had come to the conclusion that carrying gear solely by means of a tumpline is a pain in the neck. Nevertheless, after eating a substantial supper, and being warmed and dried by a comfortable fire, we went to bed rather satisfied in the knowledge that for the next 150 km everything would be downhill.

The freezing rain driven by a strong headwind made for very uncomfortable paddling the next morning, and I was grateful for my pogeys. We were now officially on the Riviere de Pas, but except for minor constrictions it continued to be lake travel, with both topography and vegetation akin to the James Bay lowlands. Finding the outflow of the various lakes, even with the aid of the map, at times seemed to be a game of hide-and-seek. A bothersome wind dogged us throughout, but the cloud-cover gradually lifted as we approached the first 'real' rapids at the end of the fourth day, and the sun came out. Halfway down the rapids a lovely campsite appeared. In twenty minutes the landscape was dotted with odds and ends hung out to dry, the tents were up, the fire going, and for a few minutes we felt like kings. Then the next shower had us scrambling, the bugs came out, and normalcy was restored.

Day five brought us to our first and only portage on this river. The sun had reappeared and reflected off the dancing waves; snowpatches gleamed brilliantly on the green, treeless hills that gained prominence with the passing kilometres. For days thereafter we found the river rushing along a recessed gravel-bed, cascading over and around boulders and intermittently, as it tired of the game, slowing to an imperceptible pace. Many of the rapids could be run on sight, but as we progressed downriver the number and the difficulty of the rapids increased.

The last night we spent on the Riviere de Pas it started to rain; all the following day a fine drizzle and low cloudcover shrouded the country and one could not escape a feeling of isolation. When we reached



Indian House Lake in midafternoon, the sense of remoteness was overpowering. The grey shadows of the surrounding hills lost their form and reappeared as the showers passed; snow-patches all around us emphasized the cold, and we huddled close to the fire that evening.

It was nearly noon the following day when ominous black clouds appeared; the wind began to ripple the surface of the calm lake, built up to worrisome gusts, and finally brought in sheets of rain. When the storm passed it was as if someone had drawn a curtain aside to reveal a brilliant mosaic of brilliant greens, blues and white, all bathed in glorious sunshine.

Three days later we were standing atop a rise in the undulating barrens looking back toward Indian House Lake for the last time. Our longest portage was almost behind us, and we were bone-weary. We had walked about 75 km in two days, and now we were straining to keep our balance in the wind. Periodically a gust of wind would have us reeling in a strage dance, and twice Ken had his canoe blown off his shoulders before we reached the shore of Lac Brisson.

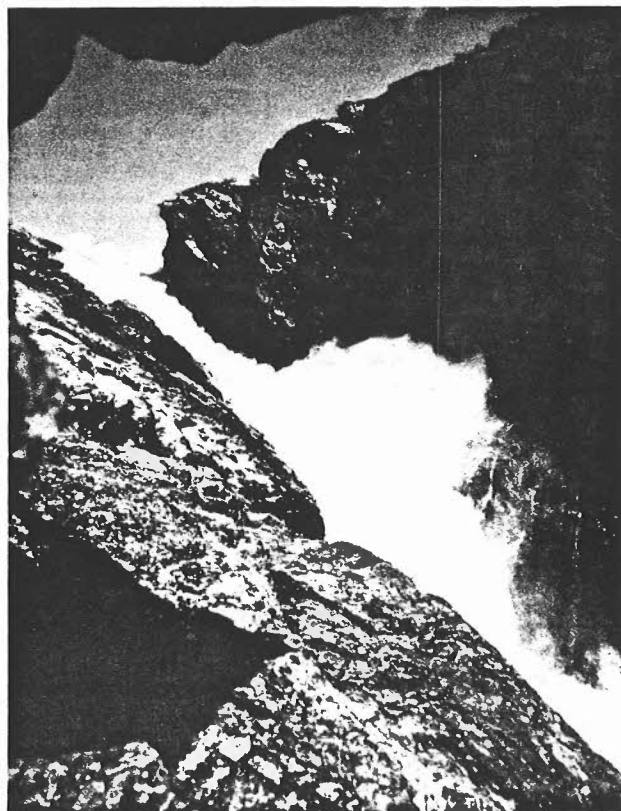
The weather had changed again, and the land on either side was partly hidden by the mist. "There are caribou over on the left shore." Ken always saw everything first; up to now we had seen only tracks, but this was quite a gathering. For kilometres the hills were alive with them, all moving in the same direction. Away up ahead a dark line across the horizon resolved itself into a tangle of antlers moving across the lake. Totally oblivious to us they plunged into the frigid waters in a steady stream and continued to the opposite shore even as we approached to within a few metres. By evening we were encamped on the last height of land, a cheerless pile of glacial rubble; our world had shrunk to a tiny circle as dense fog swallowed the surroundings. We were cold, wet and tired, yet well pleased.

After traversing a series of small inter-connected lakes the next morning, we climbed a low hill. A gravelly plain dotted with patches of bog and tiny ponds stretched to the horizon. Just below was the outflow from the last lake; 'our' creek was a shallow trickle of water which moved uncertainly in miniscule channels between scores of large and small rocks. There could be no doubt; no-one had canoed these waters before.

For the next 10 to 15 km we dragged and lifted until finally the flow had increased to navigable proportions. Paddling remained hazardous for several more days as

time and again an unseen boulder just below the surface of the shallow waters would bring us to a sudden stop. That evening the tents were aglow in the setting sun and we luxuriated beside our first fire in four days; I felt deeply moved and immensely grateful to be able to see the sights and hear the sounds of this remote and lonely land.

During the next four days we traversed a land of lakes and eskers in beautiful sunshine, with no sign of human intrusion. Scattered stands of tamarack and black spruce reappeared, and hills loomed larger as the river descended in a succession of rapids. Now we were faced with our first portage since crossing the height of land. The river drops over 300 metres within a distance of 3 km as it cascades off the Labrador plateau into the deep glacier-worn valley below. In





this age of over-used superlatives it is impossible to describe adequately the harsh beauty of the place; but we spent the first of two days there madly running around taking pictures.

The river below the foot of the steep portage rushes toward the Atlantic in the confines of a narrow, boulder-infested streambed. It was here that I had my closest brush with disaster when I was tossed around by two-metre waves which gave me a thorough wash. Downstream, Cabot Lake, usually wind-tossed, offered calm passage; and we marvelled at the clear waters which allowed us to see the shadows of our boats on the lakefloor many metres below. For the first time the temperature rose to uncomfortable levels and in the the windstill evening we sought refuge in the tents.

A short distance upstream from the rivermouth a magnificent two-step waterfall brought our freshwater journey to a close. Just below the falls we met Horace Goudie, a man who had made trapping and guiding his livelihood for close to fifty years. He made us an offer we couldn't refuse, and by the time we finally bedded down at two in the morning, we had heard many interesting tales and it was low tide in the Vodka bottle.

Voisey's Bay was an enchanting place in the morning, the calm waters alive with hundreds of guillermots. On the eastern horizon dozens of islands loomed darkly against the the sun as we headed north toward Nain through a maze of channels and past numerous rocky points. Ken was in his element; throughout the trip he had been picking away at the countryside and patiently instructing me in the rudiments of geology. Now he kept staring at every passing rock, would frequently stop and fondle a bit of debris; it soon became obvious that his canoe was settling lower into the brine.

In the afternoon, storm clouds gradually built up and a heavy downpour thoroughly soaked us before we had a chance to don our raingear. We spent the night on Labor Island - the site of an abandoned Labradorite mine - and for the first time in almost two weeks had to prepare supper in the rain. Ken lost himself in the mine tailings, and just barely had time to watch a crimson sunset.



The next morning after a dense fog lifted, we set off for Nain. We expected to cover the 18 km by noon, but a strong wind and tidal currents made for a hard day's work before we finally rounded the last point and landed, rather anticlimactically, at low tide in the mudflats next to the town's sewage outfall. The 600 km journey had taken twenty-three days; the weather had been uncommonly good. In fact, the whole trip had been blessed with good fortune. It didn't seem so, but it must have been physically demanding - we nearly finished all of our five-week supply of food and I still lost six kilograms. This is probably a good indicator of the level of excitement which prevailed throughout. For whitewater challenge, beautiful scenery and a true wilderness setting, it was outstanding.

#### References:

- William B. Cabot; In Northern Labrador, Gorham Press, Boston, 1912.
- H. Hesketh Prichard; Through Trackless Labrador, Sturgis & Walton Co., New York, 1911.
- Dillon Wallace; The Lure of the Labrador Wild, Fleming H. Revell Co., London, 1905.



# a day on the missinaibi



It is Tuesday July 20, day ten of our trip down the upper Missinaibi. We are up at six, and after a hearty breakfast we set off to run the second half of Two Portage Falls. It's good finally to get away from the bear at that campsite, but the rapids look a little too 'interesting'. Bob and Werner have a nervous look about them, but Bill is very calm and planning all kinds of manoeuvres through the heavy stuff. I've got a few questions: "Are you sure this is a good idea? Isn't that a ledge at the bottom? Isn't the current too strong to back-ferry to the other side?" "Yes it is," replies Bill; "we'll have to forward-ferry." Great! I can see us going over the ledge backwards as all those metre high waves fill the canoe! Let's get this over with. Bill is giving last minute instructions to Bob, "Of course you can take the chicken route down the shore, but you'll miss all the fun." I'm going nuts waiting. Finally we are off. First a few easy manoeuvres in the light stuff along the shore, then eddy out and forward-ferry across to the middle. Our angle is wrong! The current being too strong to correct it, we do a spin instead and plough downstream through the high standing waves. With hard back-paddling we make it down under control. A beautiful run! We wait in an eddy for the others. We wait...and wait. Finally we paddle out a bit, in time to see them all having a wonderful time working their way through the rapids in great style.

Immediately after there is a 320 metre portage and then a short carry-over at Devil Cap Falls. The run out here is quite heavy, but fun to play in. The portaging is strenuous; I feel like just running everything.

Several ledges later (I've lost count, but it feels like seven, although the map shows only four) my nerves are getting a little stretched, our canoe is punctured, and Ted wants to know if anyone is feeling 'gopy'. Not yet, Ted. Let's get this last ledge over with, and then maybe I'll feel like eating.

On we go toward Wilson Bend, and then the dreaded Albany Rapids. Warned about Albany by a group of American paddlers we met on the drive up, I'm growing increasingly apprehensive. ("One of our boats dumped. It's a mile and a quarter long boulder field, and the

first part is very tricky. If you go for a swim it could be kind of nasty.") We have lunch on the river, drifting along through two riffles with the three canoes lightly tied together.

After another long tedious paddle, we finally hit Wilson Bend. There is no bend noticeable; there are three large rock gardens, not two as indicated on the map. Toward the end of the first, while doing a balancing act on a standing wave, Bill changes his fickle mind about the best route and sends us plunging through a big roller between two very nice tongues. The roller sucks the bow down, but with hard paddling we scramble out. Still upright, but with the canoe converted into a swimming pool, we paddle to shore and bail out, feeling shaky but happy. If this is Wilson Bend, what about Albany?

Another long stretch of flat water (too long to be between Wilson and Albany), then a creek that we can't find on the map enters from the west. Where are we?

Finally we hear the sounds of Albany. Thunderous! The river disappears at the other end of a quiet pool and rises farther down in barely visible waves. A little more than tricky I'd say! The portage is on the west side not on the east as we expected. What's wrong? After carefully consulting their maps Bob and Pete confidently inform us that this is not Albany but the Upper Beaver Rapids. Suddenly everything else falls into place. We drifted through Wilson Bend during our lunch, and that roller Bill and I went through was on Albany Rapids.

The campsite here is very small and very open and beautiful. There is only enough room for two tents so Bob and Pete camp a little farther down. Next, a luxurious swim in our private pool complete with whirlpool, and then our last supper on the Missinaibi. A beautiful, exciting day; hot, sunny, and finally perfect.

(When we arrived at Mattice the next day we discovered that the river had risen a good .5 metres since the time we were there eleven days previous. No wonder nothing looked as described by the Americans who had done the trip several weeks earlier.)



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

## news briefs

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 1983

Mark the weekend of March 4-6, 1983 on your calendar. That's the weekend we have booked the Frost Centre at Dorset for our Annual General Meeting. In addition to WCA business, there will be an interesting programme and a variety of winter outings. Details of the programme will be mailed out with the winter issue of the newsletter in December. We will be asking you to register early (by January 15), so plan now to join us at Dorset.

### ARMCHAIR CANOE OUTING

For those who can't wait for spring to experience the joys of canoeing, we invite you to join us for an evening of vicarious paddling pleasure as we screen a selection of films about canoeing. Members are invited to bring along some slides from their summer adventures to share with the group.

This event is being organized by Bill Ness on Friday January 21. If you are interested please call Bill after January 1 at 416-499-6389. There is a limit of 20 people, so call early.

### CANOE ONTARIO 1983 CALENDAR

Once again, a photo calendar has been put together by Canoe Ontario to promote the activities of its four affiliates (flat water, marathon, recreational, wild water). The 14 black and white photographs, made by WCA member Toni Harting, show many aspects of the fascinating art of paddling, from training to competition, in the wilderness and on the regatta course, humorous and serious moments in and out of the water.

The price for this very special publication, which every canoeist and kayaker will want, is only \$2.50 plus 50¢ postage and handling. To order, please contact: Canoe Ontario, 1220 Sheppard Avenue East, Toronto, M2K 2X1; or phone 416-495-4180.

### FIVE WINDS SKI TOURING CLUB

Do you enjoy the outdoors in winter, the camaraderie of a group, skiing on ungroomed wilderness trails, feeling tired but good after a day's outing, relaxing on a bus afterwards instead of driving yourself home? If you do, the Five Winds Touring Club is for you.

The Five Winds Touring Club is devoted to wilderness ski touring, with roughly 150 km of trails in a wilderness area north of Honey Harbor. Transportation between Toronto and the trails is provided each Sunday by chartered buses at close to cost. Ski parties averaging 6 people including a leader are dropped off at various trail accesses and are picked up at pre-arranged points about 6 hours later. Each group follows a suggested route, but can be flexible according to its needs and interests.

Anyone interested in the club is invited to their fall meeting on Thursday November 11 at 8 p.m. at the Toronto Board of Education Auditorium, 155 College St., Toronto; or contact: Elaine Nepstad, 487 Markham St., Toronto, M6G 2L1; phone 416-537-4397.

### 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.

### ROYAL CANADIAN INSTITUTE LECTURES

Each year the Royal Canadian Institute sponsors lectures for the general public. The current series of six lectures includes three lecture/slide presentations that will be of interest to wilderness enthusiasts:

October 30: "Northern Canada by Canoe" by George Luste

November 6: "Ontario Parks - Changing Neglect to Renewal" by Ron Reid

November 27: "The Group of Seven and Early Days at Kleinburg" by Robert McMichael

The lectures are held Saturday evenings at Convocation Hall, University of Toronto at 8:00 p.m. Admission is free. For more information call 416-979-2004 during office hours.

### SNOWSHOE TRIPS

Snowshoeing is just as much fun, and demands just as much energy as cross-country skiing, but without the hazards - like dodging trees at the bottom of slopes. With snowshoes you can penetrate much denser bush with ease, and follow animal tracks without frustration. It costs much less to get into snowshoeing than cross-country skiing. Anyone interested in impromptu, ad hoc snowshoe outings should contact Jim Greenacre anytime at 416-759-9956.

### 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.

### DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE

Articles, trip reports, book reviews, equipment comments, etc. are needed for the winter issue. We would especially like stories and photographs of members' summer trips. Please send material to the editor no later than November 26 for inclusion.

## WCA PHOTO CONTEST

The WCA is holding its annual slide contest again this year, and members are invited to enter their slides in any of the categories outlined below. Remember that this is not a contest only for 'experts' or for those who have made trips in 'exotic' places. It is for all of us who try to express photographically something of our wilderness experiences. It is not necessary to enter a lot of slides, or to enter every category. Select a few (1 or 2 would be fine) of your favourite slides that capture some of your feelings about the wilderness, and enter them in one or more of the following categories:

**CANADIAN WILDERNESS:** Photographs of wilderness scenery and landscapes, taken in Canada, that interpret the 'feeling' of the wilderness. (There should be no evidence of man in the photographs.)

**FLORA:** Photographs of Canadian wild plants in their natural settings.

**FAUNA:** Photographs of Canadian wild animals in their natural settings.

**MAN IN THE WILDERNESS:** Photographs depicting man in harmony with the natural environment, capturing the essence of the wilderness experience.

### INTERPRETIVE STUDIES OF THE NATURAL ENVIRONMENT:

Photographs of an expressive or interpretive nature, portraying the drama or impact of some element from the natural environment. Photographs may be abstract, and may highlight line, form, texture, colour, or mood in the chosen subject:

### GENERAL INFORMATION:

Entries should be sent to the Photo Contest

Chairman: Barry Brown,  
1415 Overall Rd.,  
Mississauga, Ont.,  
L5J 3L7.

to be received no later than JANUARY 31, 1983.

Each slide submitted should be clearly marked with the photographer's name, and numbered. Include with your entry a sheet of paper stating name, address, phone number, and clearly indicating by number for each slide: a) the category entered, and b) the title of the slide.

An entry fee of \$3 (regardless of the number of slides entered) must also accompany your entry.

- RULES:**
1. Entries will be accepted from WCA members only.
  2. A maximum of 3 slides per category may be submitted.
  3. Slides that received prizes or honourable mentions in previous WCA contests are not eligible for entry this year.
  4. The WCA reserves the right to use prints of the winning and other selected slides for display at the WCA booth at the Sportsmen's Show, and for reproduction in this paper!

**JUDGING:** The photographs will be judged on their subject matter, interest, technical qualities, and artistic merit by a panel of judges.

**PRIZES:** The winner of each category will receive an 8" X 10" framed and mounted colour print of their winning slide.

Winners will be announced at the WCA Annual General Meeting in March, where all entries will be shown. (Entrants may pick up their slides at this meeting. For those not present, slides will be returned by mail.)

## swim down rollway

George Haeh

David Berthelet and I had teamed up for the Petawawa trip. We were working well together and ardent to run everything that looked remotely possible. Our confidence in our abilities was reinforced by the opportunity to watch great numbers of people doing the craziest things in rapids last Victoria Day weekend. This trip provides great entertainment value, although the large number of parties make campsites very difficult to find. Anybody going down this river when crowded should use extreme caution approaching the portage to Crooked Chute. There is one small eddy just above where the river curves to the right around a prominent flat rock (that makes for a nice campsite, if you don't mind everybody portaging past you" if that eddy is full of canoes belonging to a party of dimwits (of which there are several), you will have a very serious problem getting off the river before being swept over Crooked Chute. People have drowned there.

The next day began with Rollaway Rapids. David and myself both wanted to do it. George Luste ran it solo without taking any significant water aboard. I wanted to run solo, but it was David's boat; so, I reluctantly offered to sit this one out while he had the pleasure of running it solo. Had it been my boat, he would have been on the bank watching. But David wanted me to come along - Lord knows that for. I foolishly accepted his invitation. My judgement of Rollaway as "runnable" was based on my experience paddling solo; George's successful solo run reinforced that judgement. Somehow I managed to ignore George's assurance that, without a spray-cover, we were going for a swim; and my own inner voice which was saying much the same thing. Never underestimate the power of wishful thinking!

The first fifty metres of Rollaway was quite exhilarating; the waves were big and close together. We were doing a fine job of controlling the boat through the waves except that the stupid boat increasingly exhibited an unfortunate tendency to go through rather than over the waves. Not having any quiet spots or eddies where we could pull out and bail, the boat continued inexorably to fill with water until only the bow and stern decks were showing above the water. We abandoned ship. While leaving, I did a rather nasty job on my ankle because of unfam-

iliarity with the low clearance below the bow seat of the Grumman. At the time, I was more concerned with getting my foot out than I was with anything else. It took a week before I could walk normally.

Now the official advice is to get well clear of the boat. This seemed to be the place to take this advice to heart. Accordingly I swam towards the bank. But as the water flowed over the irregular bottom funnelling from pools to chutes, the current would sweep me back in front of the boat which pursued me all the way down - in spite of my strenuous efforts to stay out of its way.

David fared much better. He held on to the boat. He did not have to worry about being clonked by the boat because he was upstream of it and the water was deep. The extra floatation of the boat helped a great deal in giving him a much easier swim than I had. He was able to conserve his energy - a commodity which I squandered away very quickly.

As a result of this experience, I have been reminded that the official advice does not apply without fail in every case. In a wilderness situation, there is no scarcity of exceptions to the rules. If you happen to find yourself in the same situation, it may be advantageous to stay with the boat provided:

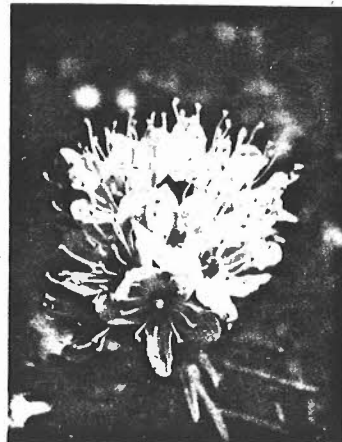
a. There is little danger of collision with rocks and getting yourself caught between them and the boat. Often in big water, the rocks are well below the surface.

b. The paddlers stay at the upstream end of the boat. The bow paddler will have to work his way to the stern.

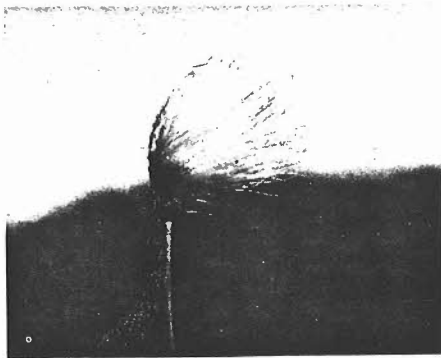
c. The boat is abandoned if there is any threat to personal safety. The benefits of this tactic are an easier swim and the opportunity to conserve your energy for where you might really need it. If you find you must get rid of the boat, you can make an excellent escape by giving the boat a good kick downstream - a much better proposition than being chased by a one tonne monster. You will also be able to assume a proper swimming posture without worrying about the boat running you over from behind. A backstroke will ease your progress while putting the boat farther away - it beats having to race the boat through the rapids when it's behind you.



# tundra

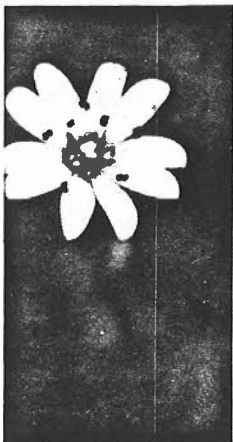
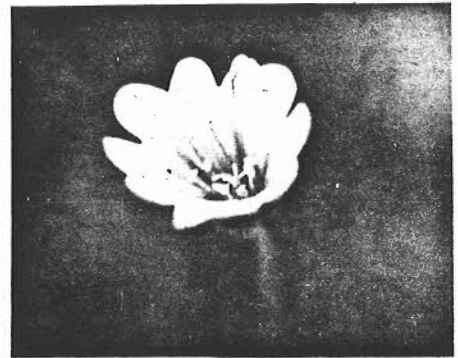






"My father, you have spoken well;  
you have told me  
that Heaven is very beautiful;  
tell me now one more thing.  
Is it more beautiful  
than the country  
of the muskox in summer,  
where sometimes  
the mist blows over the lakes,  
and sometimes  
the water is blue  
and the loons cry very often?"

Saltatha,  
Warburton Pike's Indian guide,  
talking to a priest.



Photographs: Sandy Richardson



## ONTARIO PARKS

### THE LAST ROUND

It is increasingly clear we have one last chance to make an impact on Ontario's Park System. There is a set of policies for each of the Ministry of Natural Resources' Districts in the Province about to appear before the Minister of Natural Resources at the beginning of November.

Mr. Pope, the Minister, will have before him the priorities of each of the District Managers in the Province for their areas for the next 20 years. The District Land Use Plans (DLUPs) are very comprehensive and will set a pattern for the future "development" of each District. The priorities have been available for public scrutiny during the summer at open houses held in each District. They were largely poorly attended. There is some fear that the low attendance will result in a further cut-back in the Parks which have survived a series of cut-backs in both size and number since the first plans were introduced several years ago.

The open houses presented a great deal of information often in a confusing way and, in some cases, provided the large document stating the new policies at the open house, rather than making it available beforehand so individuals could compare maps and spot potential problems buried in the text. In a few cases the document was not available at all.

It is not yet known how much the final plans have been amended since the open houses and in which direction— for parks or against parks. If previous amendments have any bearing we can expect the final draft the Minister sees will have further reductions in Parks.

The Minister is the final arbiter. He can decide whether the suspected further reductions in size will occur, whether the status quo will remain or whether the existing reductions will be cancelled. In the last newsletter I wrote briefly about the Spanish; George Luste wrote a plea for the inclusion of the Lower Missinabi; FON had a lot of concern at a recent meeting about a number of others.

### YOU CAN HELP! WRITE TO MR. POPE.

Simply ask him to include your favourite area for canoeing in a Waterway Park or your set of favourite lakes in a Wilderness Park. Tell him he has the power to generate a set of parks which will be the envy of North America and will bring him eternal thanks from Ontarians. Since both comments are true, you need not feel reluctant about them.

If you don't wish to divulge your favourite area so that it will not be trampled by Winnebagos, select one of the following and write about it.

The Spanish is being held by INCO for future possibilities of providing a power dam. The head of water required at the top of the dam would ruin the river as a white water trip.

Logging is holding up the Missinabi's Park status at the lower end. Making only the upper end of the river a Park is ridiculous.

Logging is eating away into the FON proposal for the Agoki-Albany Park. Two companies hold Timber licences for the entire park region. Lumbering in the area is very dangerous because of the cold climate. Regeneration of timber in this area would be very poor.

Or you may wish to say a word for the French. It has been declared one of Ontario's Heritage Rivers and will have some modest protection under a Joint Federal-Provincial agreement.

Other rivers to speak for include the Madawaska, the Sturgeon, the East, the Lady Evelyn area the Bustard Islands area at the mouth of the French River— or pick your second or third favourite area.

### WRITE TO

HONORABLE ALAN POPE  
MINISTER OF NATURAL RESOURCES  
QUEENS' PARK  
ONTARIO

He will be examining the DLUPs at the beginning of November.

## ENDANGERED SPACES: Will Parks Survive the 80's?

**Come and speak to the Man  
who makes the decisions !**

THE ST. LAWRENCE HALL  
King and Jarvis Streets  
TORONTO  
Tuesday, October 19  
8:00 p.m., Admission FREE

FEATURING: the Honorable Alan Pope, Minister of Natural Resources  
MODERATOR: Bruce Rogers, CBC Radio Noon  
and a Wilderness Slide Show by a prominent Ontario Photographer

245 Potential parks, six of them wilderness areas, were announced by the Minister of Natural Resources, Alan Pope in March 1982.

He also issued a challenge: unless he gets a clear message from the citizens of Ontario in support of Parks, many of these candidates will disappear forever. We are already losing the Spanish River, Lower Missinabi and parts of Ogoki — Albany. What next?

We need you to tell the Minister — the man who makes the decisions — that you value our wilderness and parks. Come out to a public meeting and help preserve Ontario's precious natural legacy.



On September 2nd. John Roberts, the Federal Minister of the Environment announced an increased amount of Federal money will be put into forest renewal. Even with the current slump in building and newsprint sales, the Minister feels that Canada must increase its production of forest products by 40% by 2000. The plan is designed to provide more jobs, to be treated as a renewable resource

rather than being "mined" as a nonrenewable commodity as it is now in many areas. Ottawa feels that the provinces are not doing their job in keeping fresh stocks of timber ready for harvest. With a government lifetime of 4 or 5 years and a mature stand development of over 100 years there is not a great deal of political pressure to plant trees. The new policy is set up to assist the Provinces with incentive dollars to keep its pulpwood in good order, while the Fed's will concentrate on direct funding for timber regeneration. The estimate of the total cost for the program is 650 million dollars per year.

## equipment

### SCOTT CANOES - ANOTHER LOOK

In the last issue we ran the article Kevlar Canoes, in which David Pelly discussed kevlar canoe construction. He dealt primarily with the construction of Scott kevlar canoes, and explained why he had selected these canoes for his six week trip in the Barrens. In this issue Claire Brigden and John Cross take another look at Scott canoes and come up with a much less favourable impression than did David Pelly. Perhaps the moral of these articles is that the decision as to what constitutes a 'good' canoe is a very personal one, in which each canoeist must, as David Pelly said, "determine his own priorities." (Ed.)

The article Kevlar Canoes by David Pelly, which mentioned only Scott canoes, may well have left an impression among some that Scott canoes are in some way the kevlar canoes. Everyone is entitled to his or her preferences - indeed, a forum to air these is one of the most useful functions of this paper (see, for example, the To ABS or not to ABS discussion in the June and December 1977 issues) - so, we would like to express our strongly negative impression of Scott canoes.

The advertising campaign mounted by Scott at the last Sportsmen's Show made much of David Pelly's selection of them for his Kazan trip, and strongly implied that they were the only canoes tough enough to make this trip. This ignores completely the history of canoe trips on that river, which (if we except the unpublished Inuit) began with Tyrrell's wood-strip flotilla, and has continued with other groups using many kinds of canoes (remember Sarvaqtuug in this paper), and all successfully.

We have noticed a number of unusual features of Scott canoe construction, and deplore them. Air-filled flotation chambers, in the Scotts used at a Temagami children's camp, were closed with plastic plugs which inevitably got lost. When the ends of the canoes were damaged, the chambers filled with water, and crippled boats staggered home to undergo major repairs. We understand that, belatedly, foam flotation has replaced air, as it did in many other brands long ago.

Until very recently, Scott made use of aluminum ribs; and short ones at that. Naturally when the hull - fibreglass or kevlar - flexed under impact (which is what it is supposed to do), the far more rigid aluminum wore away at the hull from inside and poked its way out. Last year, we finally observed Scott canoes with moulded-in glass ribs (though not in all models), which most manufacturers have been doing for years. Not everybody uses foam cores in the ribs; but they are not uncommon either.

Scott may indeed be experimenting with vinyl gunwales, as the article said; Old Town has had them for years on fibreglass, kevlar and ABS canoes. It is our impression that Scott has consistently been at the hind end of canoe development.

We will leave examination of the assumptions concerning the relevance of bending kevlar over a rod, the use of kevlar-mat-kevlar sandwich, and the value of performance figures (in in./lb. ???) to those whose suspicions of facts originating ultimately with the manufacturer have been aroused.

The Portage Store does indeed stock Scott canoes for rental. However, a staff member there told us that they do so because Scotts are the cheapest canoe with the name 'kevlar' on them. He said this as he was moving a fleet of worn-out Scotts to the worn-out-equipment-sale rack. Those inspected had cracked, as expected, along the aluminum ribs. The comparatively low price, plus the cachet of the name 'kevlar', plus an aggressive advertising campaign probably accounts for Scott's large sales. We would point out here that the largest sales of canoes on the continent are achieved by Coleman Marine (the 'stove people'); and we think their canoe to be a dismal piece of junk.

We hope that people will continue to write articles about rivers to keep clear of, ideas which failed, and equipment which stinks - as well as about their favourite trips, ideas, and equipment.

Claire Brigden and John Cross

### KEEJAB TRAIL STOVE UPDATE

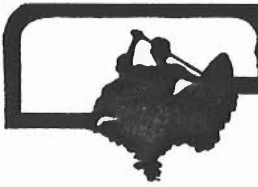
A large number of WCA members and others have received through various sources a copy of Instructions for the Keejab Trail Stove by C.K. Macdonald. In this material you will note that I have recommended against the use of synthetic materials, as a fire safety precaution, for tents heated by wood stoves. Although building codes have come out against the use of plastics in the interiors of buildings, no such regulations are in effect for the manufacture of tents or flies.

For a number of years, orange coloured woven polyethylene (fabrene) tarps have been in wide use as tent flies over cotton tents in geological exploration camps without a single reported accident. A major distributor has confirmed that polyethylene tarps used as tent flies in field conditions are probably no more dangerous than the traditional cotton ones. Experience has shown that the flies are more resistant to spark ignition and do not wick flame like cotton. It is believed that in the event of fire, poisonous fume inhalation and burns from molten plastic do not present the same danger for a tent fire as they do in an enclosed building.

Other advantages of fabrene flies are low cost, waterproofness and slipperyness that will shed snow. The disadvantages are bulk and stiffness, making them more difficult to pack than light canvas, production of darker tent interiors, noise in low temperature winds, and their colour which is offensive to traditionalists. Condensation does not seem to be a problem if a 10 to 15 cm space is left between the fly and the roof. Unless someone else's long experience proves otherwise, I would stick to canvas for the tent itself.

My thanks to Ned Teachman for bringing this issue to my attention. For this and other important changes and improvements in camping technique, the newest revision of this document will be available shortly. If you would like to receive a copy write to me at the Frost Centre, Dorset Ontario, POA 1E0, and enclose \$1.00 to cover the costs of mailing and copying.

Craig Macdonald



# magnetawan headwaters

John Cross

In the wake of the War of 1812 the military command of Upper Canada began a search for transportation routes to the Great Lakes which did not suffer from the strategic vulnerability of the St. Lawrence. As we all know, the old Rideau-Cataraqui canoe route was upgraded with locks to become the Rideau Canal; a powerful fort and naval base was built at Kingston, and Bytown, later Ottawa, was founded and began its climb to fame. To supply the upper lakes, particularly the Fort at Penetanguishene, four routes were available: in peacetime the Welland Canal (after 1833) and the St. Clair River; by land (Yonge Street) from Fort York to Lake Simcoe and thence by the Severn River; the Trent-Severn canoe route which was eventually made into a canal long after the passing of its strategic importance; and the well-tried, but long voyageur route over the Mattawa and French Rivers. The government sensibly enough looked for other routes between Ottawa and Georgian Bay, bearing in mind that they might facilitate settlement as well as military movement, but success eluded them. The region north of the Trent-Severn is Canadian Shield country; its rivers were useful for log drives, hydro-electric power, and pleasure canoeing, but little else. Settlement proceeded via roads and railways.

Some potential routes were checked out in the 1820's, 30's, and 40's: the Gull-Burnt-York-Madawaska, the Muskoka-Oxtongue-Madawaska, the Muskoka-Oxtongue-Petawawa, and the Magnetawan-Petawawa. All of these routes can be canoed today; in fact, in this list you will notice the names of some of our favourite rivers. The heights of land generally have well-marked trails, or paved roads, across them; only the last named route has gone unnoticed, although the lower portions of the Magnetawan and Petawawa are well known whitewater runs.

In 1835, an expedition to explore the Muskoka and Parry Sound districts sent off a party under Lieut. Baddely of the Royal Engineers to look for the headwaters of the Magnetawan and a height of land portage to a tributary of the Ottawa. An Indian they met insisted that it was an easy route, for which information he was well paid. By the time they found out otherwise, their informant was long gone and they were cold and hungry in late October, "within ten or fifteen miles of the dividing ridge" - that is, about the point where the 1982 WCA Exploring Expedition had difficulties of its own. In 1837, William Hawkins, a surveyor, completed the trip across to the Tim and Petawawa Rivers. He rejected the route as a possible canal because the headwater creeks were so tiny that in places the banks had to be cut to allow a canoe to pass. The height of the rapids and falls was also unacceptable, being about 300 m above Georgian Bay, and more above the Ottawa.

The restrictions on canal routes do not, of course, apply to lightly equipped Indian hunters passing to and from hunting and fishing grounds, so it is possible that a trans-Ontario canoe route via the Magnetawan and the Petawawa did exist. It was to find the most likely path for this route that Graham Ridelle and I drove to Algonquin Park at the end of May; though the hope of some interesting canoeing, regardless of historical associations, was an even more powerful motive. Our historical question evaded a definitive answer, but we did stumble upon an exciting, early spring, weekend canoe route. Why it has escaped attention until now I cannot think, though the shortness of its season may be

a factor. By the end of May it had dropped low enough to be fairly called uncanoeable; though for the sake of the cause, we persisted in spite of having to wade for kilometres. At the beginning of May, or in an unusually wet October, we will visit again.

A second-hand description of Hawkins' journey says that the height of land portage is only "¼ mile long". That would suggest the trail from Hambone Lake to Magnetawan Lake, both on the Algonquin Park Canoe Routes map. Viewing the airphotos of the creek which drains Magnetawan Lake, passage appears doubtful; in places the stream cannot be seen for the reeds and swamp grass. However, since Magnetawan Lake is accessible by road (a Park entrance, in fact) it should be easy to check out next spring. A second possibility, from Iagoo Lake into the headwaters of the Magnetawan main branch, appears unlikely for a similar reason.

The third possibility, although it requires a 3.5 km portage, seems the most likely since it runs between reasonably-sized stretches of the Tim and Magnetawan Rivers. It could be paddled today by anyone wishing to try a 'trans-Ontario' route, although it should be borne in mind that the early May requirement on the upper Magnetawan may rule out travel on the big rapid sections lower down.

Here is the possible route: Ascend the Tim River to Tim Lake. Continue to the 'Park Access Point', a parking lot and gravel road. Portage along the road (which surely follows the old trail) about 4.5 km southwest to the tip of an unnamed lake. Turn down an old road that descends a valley to the southeast about 1.5 km to the Magnetawan. From here down the river can be canoed. The Park access road parallels the river, and can be used to portage around falls.

We found the first part of the river swampy, with meanders, as one would expect near the height of land. All about the swampy valley were high hills, sometimes rock cliffs. These hills are an extension of the Western Uplands and are very pretty. After a high falls the river speeds up, and it is here that skilled paddlers would find exciting rapids during run-off. I believe only one ledge would be called permanently unrunnable; but the main hazard is fallen trees. So small is the river that one deadfall will block it; there is no choice of channels, poor visibility, and jungly banks, making scouting a chore. After 25 km of almost continuous rapids, the land levels off, but the paddling is still punctuated by many lift-overs to get by fallen trees.

We ended our day's run of 7 hours near Sand Lake, travelling with empty canoes. In high water, the time would be much reduced, even allowing for scouting bends, which we had no need to do in the feeble current at this time of year.

Sand Lake to Perry Lake we skipped as being obviously of no difficulty. We ran between highways 518 and 11 in less than 4 hours, and found that the river had grown healthily. (A single fallen tree was no longer enough to block the river.) Runnable rapids punctuated a generally flat, meandering, elm-banked river; there was one falls.

Although settlement is very near, most of the river is unvisited, except by the occasional fisherman; bird, beaver, and bunny sightings were frequent, and on the marshy lakelet where we stopped for lunch the first day, we came upon a moose.

It is expected that more use will be made of this route as a May whitewater run; it is hoped that someone soon will explore the creek draining Magnetawan Lake, to establish the historic canoe route.

# the great escape

Story: Herb Pohl  
Photos: Dave Berthelet

My last minute phone call turned out to be a stroke of genius. It set me on my way to Whitney to meet with Dave Berthelet and a very pleasant weekend, and spared me the thrill of a soggy Saturday in Southern Ontario where a near record 52 mm of acid rain fell on hapless Hamilton.

The put-in place, just below the dam in Whitney, was a wonderful sight in the early morning sun: two acres of land littered with canoes, packs, paddles, life-preservers and girls, good-looking girls, and very optimistically dressed considering that this was the height of the fly season.

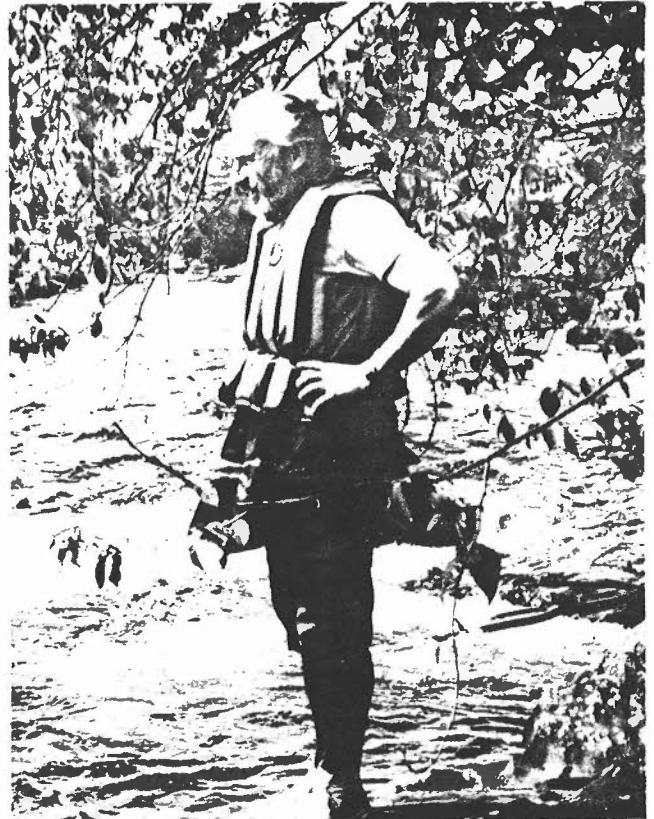
We skillfully manoeuvred our canoes through this obstacle course to the water's edge, but just before we departed, curiosity got the best of me and I enquired of the young lady next to me, "Where are you off to?" "The Madawaska," she answered brightly.

Well, that set our minds at ease, for here was confirmation that we were in the right place. But still I wasn't satisfied, "I mean where do you expect to finish?" "Oh, I don't know," she smiled at my mistake, and yet seemed somehow pleased. "You see I'm not the leader."

Lead on blind faith.

What a difference five weeks can make. On May 2 we had plied the same waters with the flow rate at 5200 cu. ft./sec.; now it was down to barely one tenth of that volume, and what had been an angry and intimidating roar was now a gentle murmur; a pleasant pastoral scene, the sun's reflection dancing on the waves, all peace and restoration.

I was impressed with Dave's handling of his tub - sorry, canoe; taking turns at going first, we could observe each other's approach and style, and thoroughly enjoyed the rapids. Lunch at High Chute and on again. As we approached the rapids above the Falls I suggested to the organizer that perhaps we should put to shore, but he mumbled something in his beard and kept on going. Now, I should point out to readers not familiar with the place that the river at this point cascades over a series of ledges, each one higher than the one before it and the last one fully five metres in height. The steep rapids preceding these ledges terminate against a solid stone wall which forces the water to change direction abruptly and flow in a tight 180 turn around this obstruction. The turbulence is considerable and I had always considered it off limits.



To my discomfiture Dave calmly disappeared from view in the rocky confine; I was worried, an upset here could have serious consequences. Just before I reached the critical point of no return Dave's head appeared above the rocks, a satisfied smile on his face. Now he wanted to see how the old man would make out. In an instant I plunged down and around the rock wall - not smiling at this juncture I may add - out at the bottom and now in full exhilaration past two more ledges and to shore. After a short portage around the last two drops we came upon the remains of a canoe - a sobering example of the price for not making it.

All along Dave had expressed an interest in my boat, how easily it seemed to glide through the water, and by comparison how much more effort he had to expend. Nothing would do until I finally agreed to switch.

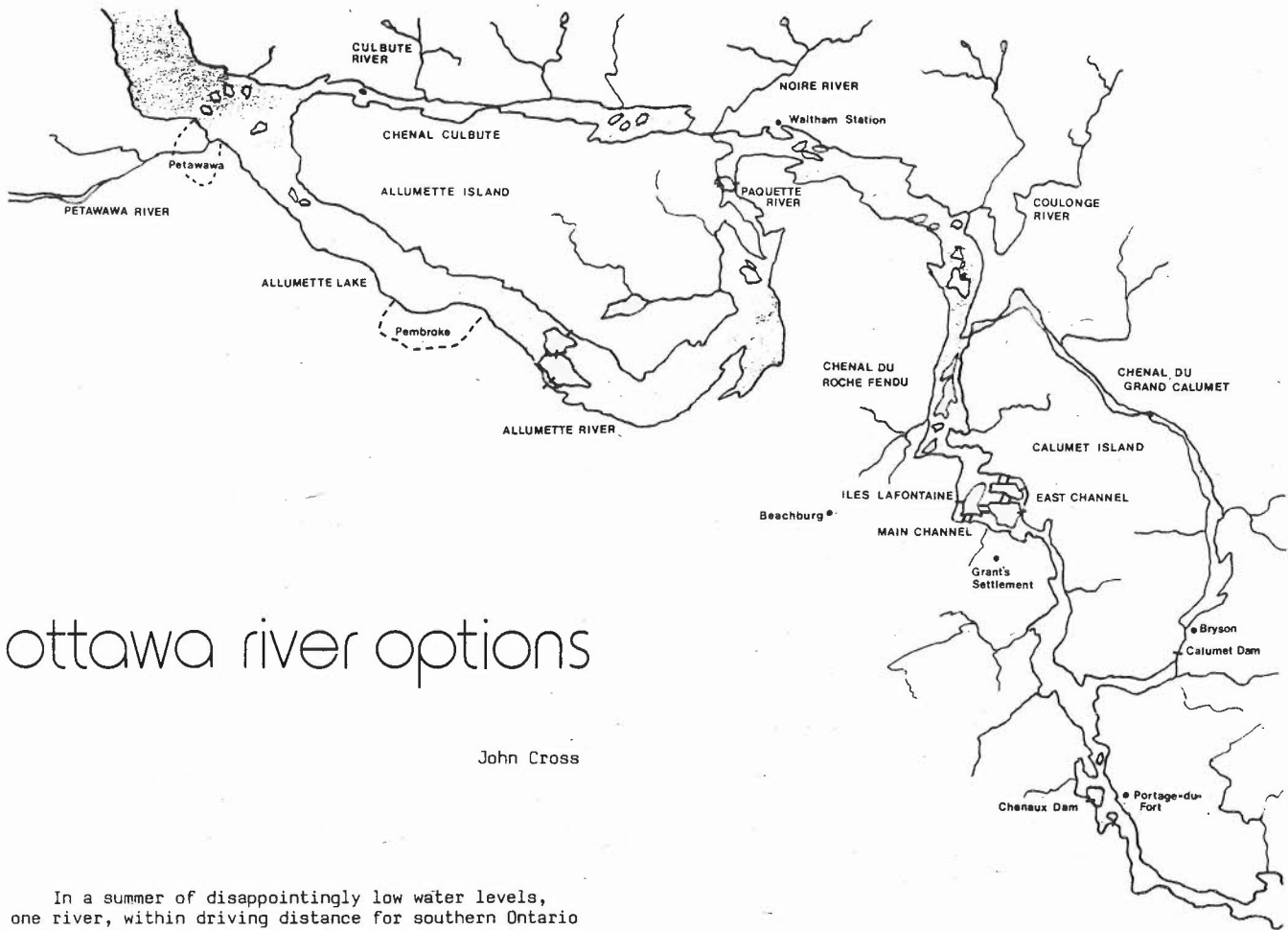
By 6 o'clock we were well into a leisurely supper and a wideranging discussion on the merits of long summer trips. "You know," said Dave confidentially as he leaned back against a tree and sampled a spoonful of supper from his nearly full two-quart saucepan, "it's strange, when I'm sitting in the office all day I come home absolutely ravenous." After a long pause during which the contents of the saucepan noticeably shrank he continued, "But when I'm out on a trip and work hard, I'm not hungry!" Another pause followed during which I became aware of the sound of metal scraping on metal. "Perhaps I could make this pudding for dessert."

The next morning Dave gave another demonstration of his strange malady as we cooked breakfast, while a fresh breeze kept the flies under control. By 9 o'clock we were heading down Shall Lake into the face of a steady breeze.

The Opeongo turned out to be lower than we would have liked to see and choosing the proper line in the rapids to escape the many rocks demanded constant attention. At the same time it assured that we could do the whole trip without stepping out of the canoes. Well, that was almost not true. Running a tricky spot a few kilometres below Victoria Lake my craft ended up sideways on top of a ledge, and after teetering a few agonizing moments plopped into the backwash below; two strokes and I was in the clear. The performance had an electrifying effect on Dave; he had never seen anything like this, "What a boat!"

I think this was the final push needed to decide the issue. Will Dave get a new boat? He already has three canoes, but only one wife and she doesn't know what he has decided, and will she understand? I'll find out next year when we'll get together again on these two rivers.

10  
20  
30



# ottawa river options

John Cross

In a summer of disappointingly low water levels, one river, within driving distance for southern Ontario weekenders, remained guaranteed to provide exciting haystacks, whirlpools and boils. The Ottawa is, after all, one of the largest rivers in the country; and in the vicinity of Pembroke splits into several channels, each with its own advantages at different water levels. Unfortunately, the whitewater thrills and scenic beauties have attracted THE PUBLIC in vast and increasing numbers.

Three rafting companies run daily tours through the "main channel" of the Chenal du Rocher Fendu, and one of them through a lesser channel. We estimated that one of the companies rides over 200 people per day in 15-paddler rafts. The raft outfits seem to be conscious of an obligation to leave the river banks relatively undisturbed, and confine themselves to particular launch and lunch spots (the latter with tarpaulin shelters, barbecues, etc.). At least three companies use the Calumet Rapids for canoe and kayak training; a helicopter (!?!?) now runs "Wilderness Whitewater Tours", buzzing annoyingly overhead. No doubt seeing a trend, one farmer has opened (recently, by the new sign) a riding stable on part of his land, and a "Whitewater Wilderness Tent and Trailer Park" on another part (invisible from the whitewater, I'm happy to say).

Amidst intrusive civilization, it is a delicate matter finding a suitable campsite. Riverside Park, in Pembroke, where we spent Friday night, was a disaster — beer-sodden idiots and blasts from radios keeping us from sleep. A picnic ground near Waltham Station was infested with poison ivy (although they may kill it by next year). In the end, we relaxed at a beautiful site on the Ottawa just below the main channel rapids; it is owned by a local farmer who allows the kayakers and rafters to take out nearby. Neither of these groups seemed interested in camping there; the rafters have a farm of their own and the kayakers, I suspect, used motels.

There are many fine sites among the channels of the Iles Lafontaine, though in low water, the number of such backwaters that remain navigable is reduced. The main routs are becoming increasingly popular with canoe and kayak campers.

Part of our purpose on the August long weekend was to investigate the many different rapids in the region. At Petawawa the Ottawa divides into two channels about Allumette Island: Culbute Channel in the north and Allumette Channel in the south. Culbute Channel contains several sets of rapids, one of which is

described in Bill Mason's book as the scene of a scary incident during a fur-trade canoe run, but we could not fit it into our schedule. According to Eric Morse, the southern channel was used by the voyageur canoes. Near Pembroke, this channel is itself broken into four: Moffat's Canal, used on the ascent (we didn't check it); a second channel which was dry for us; Lost Channel, scouted from the cliff top by us, which appeared by far the most exciting, though hazardous in spots; and Rapides des Allumettes, which were run down by the voyageurs and us. At low water they are extremely easy, but at high water might be a challenge, when Lost Channel becomes too alarming. Just before the foot of Allumette Island are several more rapids, all of which were easy.

After being joined by the Noire and Coulonge Rivers (themselves worthwhile canoe trips), the Ottawa splits again; this time about Calumet Island. Because the drop was concentrated in a few falls, the voyageurs used the northern Chenal du Grand Calumet, whose falls have now been drowned by the Bryson Dam. The Chenal du Rocher Fendu, to the south, thunders down among a labyrinth, the Iles Lafontaine, and will be the object of our return trip. I counted at least 7 rapid-filled channels we could not take due to the low water; these will provide exploring opportunities for some time to come. The 'French' or easternmost, channel was interesting, but the main, or southernmost, had the largest rapids. In high water the main channel is frightening because of the immense power of the water, its whirlpools, keeper waves, and inadequate intervals for rescue between rapids. At low water, in warm weather, it was possible to pick 'safe' risks, where the probability of an upset was counterbalanced by the unlikelihood of serious consequences. Five upsets were followed almost immediately by canoe-over-canoe rescues, with no lost equipment.

If we looked after our equipment, the hundreds of whooping rafters were not so careful, with the result that the river banks are becoming littered with lost paddles. We came away four paddles richer than we arrived. Impecunious paddlers — and the Mohawk Paddle Company — must bless rafters.



October 9-11 ALGONQUIN PARK LOOP

Organizer: Herb Pohl 416-637-7632  
Book between September 23 and 30

Starting at Kiosk in the northern tip of Algonquin, this route leads through 9 lakes and covers a distance of 40 km, including 10 km of portaging. The organizer is not familiar with the territory and wants to use this outing to assess the winter camping potential of the area. Suitable for novices in good physical condition. Limit 4 canoes.

October 31 COON LAKE TO LONG LAKE

Organizer: Bill Ness 416-499-6389  
Book between October 11 and 24

This trip will involve a 28 km paddle through a chain of small lakes in the Burley Falls - Apsley area. There will be a total of 3.5 km of portages, but none is difficult. Suitable for novices in good physical condition and with good portaging skills. Limit 4 canoes.



November 21 MUSKOKA AREA HIKE

Organizer: Bill Ness 416-499-6389  
Book between November 1 and 14

This will be a day-hike along some of the Five Winds Wilderness Ski Trails north of Honey Harbor. Good scenery, absence of bugs, and brisk autumn weather should make for a pleasant outing. It will be a great conditioner for upcoming ski and snowshoe trips. Limit 8 hikers.

January 15 GIBSON RIVER CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING

Organizer: Rob Butler 416-487-2282  
Book between January 4 and 13

Ski in rugged, sparsely treed wilderness on ungrooved trails, following some of the Five Winds trails in the Gibson River - McCrae Lake region. Suitable for intermediate skiers. Limit 6 skiers.



February 16-27 LAND OF THE MONTAGNAIS

Organizer: Craig Macdonald 705-766-2885  
Book as soon as possible

I am planning a unique snowshoe expedition, re-tracing an ancient Jesuit-Montagnais snowshoe trail spanning Laurentide and Vallée de la Jacques- Cartier Parks, using traditional techniques including Indian style tent stoves and sleds. To ensure high quality outfitting, necessary for a trip of this calibre, all food and equipment will be supplied by myself. Participants will only be responsible for their personal clothing, foam pad, sleeping bag and snowshoes. All transportation, food and supply costs will be shared as in last year's James Bay trip. Transportation will be by my vehicle and one other personal vehicle.

We will be travelling for 7 days through some of the most beautiful mountain terrain in Eastern Canada. Park officials have confirmed that we will likely have most of the route to ourselves, as the area is virtually unvisited in winter.

This exciting venture will present an unparalleled opportunity to learn a wide range of technical skills. We will be challenged by river ice-travel, the by-pass of dangerous rapids, cross-country bush travel, possibly -40° weather and soft powder snow in places up to 2 metres deep, and large hill climbs and elevation losses - in one spot a 'cliff-like' descent of over 400 vertical metres.

To prevent this trip from being inordinately strenuous, we will be reducing our food and equipment weight to make it easier on the hills. Participants will be asked to undertake on their own some pre-trip snowshoe conditioning so that they will be able to sustain at least 7 hours of snowshoeing per day without excessive fatigue

Extensive winter camping experience will not be required, as instruction covering the necessary skills will be given en-route. Any WCA member in reasonably good shape, and who is willing to make a serious commitment to pre-trip conditioning could make this trip. Limit 5 persons.

# 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)

## Odawban Winter Travel Equipment

Explore the routes of the voyageurs and native trappers using their proven methods for comfortable winter travel. Fully equipped tent stove units sell for \$229 and Indian style trail toboggans with high performance synthetic bases for \$98. Both items come with detailed instructions for beginners and experts alike. Contact Craig MacDonald: 705-766-2885.

## 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)  
26 Warren Road,  
Toronto, Ont.  
M4V 2R5  
416-961-7465

Graham Barnett  
106 Strathairn 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 Colin 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