

nastawgan

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quarterly journal of the wilderness canoe association



riviere chamouchouane

Have you canoed the James Bay rivers? Did you find Quebec's Dumoine River had more sheer beauty and enjoyable rapids? Then you are ready for the Riviere Chamouchouane (pronounced shamo-schwayne) in the Lac Saint-Jean area of Quebec.

A group of eight of us canoed this interesting river in early August 1983.

AUGUST 1

Since this was our seventh summer of canoe-tripping together, our organization consisted of only one meeting in June, and the occasional phone call back and forth. It still came as a mild surprise, however, to see seven paddlers with packs and paraphernalia standing in the driveway at 7:00 a.m. prepared to drive 2000 kilometres to northern Quebec.

I had rented four ABS Mohawk canoes from Rockwood Outfitters the previous Saturday and had them on my trailer ready to go. We drove all that day in a car with the trailer and a pickup truck with the gear. By 8:30 pm we were in La Tuque where we took three \$10 rooms in the St. Roch Hotel.

The trip was a revelation to all of us, as no one had been in the hinterland of Quebec before. We were used to seeing junk lying around houses and yards in northern Ontario, but Quebecers are extremely house-proud, and immaculately neat around their homes, farms and gardens. Almost everything we saw in Quebec looked more prosperous than Ontario.

AUGUST 2

We arrived at the gate to the Chibougamau Wildlife Reserve at 11:30 a.m. and paid the park fee of \$5 per day per canoe. Luckily for us we had a teacher of French in the group to act as interpreter. Another revelation for us was the overwhelming number of unilingual French speaking Quebecers we met. Outside of restaurants a working knowledge of French is imperative.

We put in at the bridge where route 167 crosses the river, having left the car at the main gate and the truck at the bridge. (This provided our only sour note on the trip. The truck was broken into while we were on the trip, and some extra equipment was stolen.)

We paddled a short distance and camped on a sandy beach, fished, swam and organized the canoes for the next day, as rapids would begin immediately.

AUGUST 3

A magnificent day, bright, sunny and filled with rapids ranging from grade I to IV. The day included the Four Mile Rapids which was a "picker" through a long rock garden. There was good current and always several choices with no need to backpaddle except to pace the open canoes in the waves in places. The Four Mile Rapids provided the only upset of the trip, resulting from a communication problem caused, no doubt, by a year's lay-off.

Today we met a group of 14 and 15 year old boys in six canoes from a summer camp. These kids belonged to the "gung-ho, faster is better" school of canoeing. As a result we were involved in several rescues over the next few days. One of their canoes had nearly as much duct tape as fibreglass.



AUGUST 4

After a storm the sky was clear and brilliant. We took time to search the bottom of the rapids for a lost paddle but to no avail, and were on the water by 10:30. The day was mostly a nice river paddle with several short grade III and IV rapids which required some scouting. The map supplied has all the rapids very accurately graded.

Just before lunch we met a group of three Quebec girls and two men on their first whitewater trip. One of the men was soloing. While we were having a shore lunch later in the day, the group paddled past us. It was difficult not to notice that the girls were all topless. Vive la France. We camped on an abandoned road next to the river and feasted on the blueberries and raspberries.

AUGUST 5

The day was spent with a well-balanced mixture of river paddling and rapids running, with a grand finale of grade I to IV rapids covering the last four kilometres, all runnable. The water was low, but with a strong current nevertheless which seemed to make backpaddling less effective than on other rivers. Lining up well in advance seemed to be the best tactic.

The river drops over 200 metres in 135 kilometres, which at times causes the landscape really to whistle by.

We camped on a sand island barely anchored to the shore at the foot of Fer-a-Cheval Rapids. That night we spent a sleepless hour or two mentally calculating the odds of being struck by lightning or drowned if the river rose as we witnessed an awesome display of pyrotechnics and a torrential downpour.

Breakfast was a form of celebrating and once again we were dry and on the water by 10.00 am under sunny skies. Our luck was holding; it only rained at night.

AUGUST 6

An excellent day of easy rapids, but the river was gradually widening and picking up more water. Earlier in the season spray covers would be needed, as it became more difficult to avoid the standing waves which by now reached up to nearly a metre in height in places.

We avoided the 750 metre postage at the Rapide de L'Engoulevent by lining on the left and then crossing over and lining and lifting on the right for 50 metres to avoid a ledge.



Just below these rapids we camped on a sand spit which looked too good to pass up, despite our experience of the previous night. By now we were very adept at camping on pure sand. The evening was clear, perfect for counting satellites.

AUGUST 7

The last full day and our only portage. This was a one kilometre hike around the impressive Chutes Chaudiere. These Chutes rival Thunderhouse Falls. The easy portage mostly follows an old road (keep left at the fork). The trees along the bank and hills had been improving as we progressed. The reserve is the scene of a vast logging operation which clear-cuts each area. Brush grows back quickly so that you do not see any completely bare areas from the river; but trucks and roads are a fairly frequent occurrence. The logger is the boss in this park.

We camped on a small, well used site beside the cross and grave of a logger about an hour's travel below the Chutes.

AUGUST 8

If we got an early start we could be at the take out point by noon. At seven the rain was sheeting down and it was my turn to make breakfast. Our meal system meant breakfast involved only a big mug of porridge, juice, toast and coffee. No frying and no wash-up. Somehow we were on the water by 9:00 am after rigging a rain sheet and getting a fire going.

We saw very little wildlife during the trip, and did not find out until later that moose are hunted in this wildlife reserve.

We arrived at the take-out near Ile Fortin at exactly noon, jogged to the main gate for our car, and drove to the start for our truck. Driving all night in shifts we were home by 8:30 am the next morning, feeling fresh after a fairly easy week.

Graham McCallum

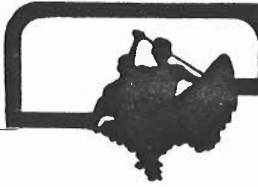
NOTES

1. Since campsites are not plentiful, a written authorization from the Reserve Superintendent is mandatory. Write one month ahead to: Superintendent, Chibaugamou Reserve, 625 Boul Sauve, Roberval Quebec, 98H-252

2. For fishing, each fisherman will need a Quebec license (\$15) and will have to pay a fee of \$4 per fishing day. Fishing is not allowed below the Chutes Chaudiere, which is a fish sanctuary.

3. For a map of the river send \$5 to: L'Aventurier Outfitters, Chicoutimi, Quebec.

4. Quebec Hydro are currently planning to dam the river. However, there is a good deal of opposition in Quebec. Enjoy the river; then add your voice to those concerned Quebecois---soon.



By David F. Pelly

Photo: Chas Altschul



Paddling through an ice field in July is one of the unique experiences offered by canoeing in the barren lands. Some summers northern trippers have encountered ice-filled lakes in mid or even late July. Last year my 51-day Kazen River expedition escaped its last ice on July 5th. But we were then only just crossing the tree line, at a latitude slightly over 61 N.

By that time, the 10th day of our trip, the ice had arrested our progress on several occasions. If one were pressed this would be a great frustration. But the wise barren lands traveller allows for a daily average of approximately 20km, a relaxed pace which makes such events as ice blockades exciting rather than annoying. My journal of June 27th, 1982 records our first encounter with a frozen lake.

"On all sides of the island where we've camped, except the lee shore, there is solid pack ice. Earlier today, in the middle of Kasba Lake, I was able to step out of the canoe onto a passing floe. Now, as a write, it is well past midnight. The sun set in the northwest about an hour ago and is now transiting just below the horizon across the northern sky, creating a beautiful rose effect over the ice. The entire end of the lake, ice-filled to the horizon, is aflame. Whether we will get off this island tomorrow is a matter of some doubt...but of little importance. There is no reason to be disturbed. We are witnessing a marvellous phenomenon."

While encamped, the shifting ice by the shore offers several advantages: a musical background rather like wind chimes; an essential ingredient for connoisseurs of drambuie on the rocks; and a ready-made ice-box for overnight preservation of freshly caught lake trout. But that same ice may well impede your progress.

Paddling in loosely packed ice is entirely possible with today's puncture-resistant canoes. Several times we were able to barge our way through, riding up on an ice floe until it cracked in two, opening a narrow passage for the canoe to penetrate another few metres. Progress was slow. And it must be remembered that the ice is a constantly shifting mass, an ever-changing danger which could conceivably block both your advance and your retreat. So a wary eye for the next lead and the wind's effect is a sound practice.

On July 1st in Ennadai Lake the ice again encircled us on a small island. We'd chosen the island to avoid going into a deep bay which, though clear at the time, could well become filled with ice and remain that way for days, trapping us. As the winds shifted, the ice pack moved past us to and fro, scraping along the very branch where we'd landed. For 36 hours we sat and watched in awe. On the evening of the second day we sensed a change in the air; so we headed to bed early. My journal for the next day describes our good fortune.

"I rose this morning first at 4:00 to check the ice and wind. Then again at 5:00. The decision was clear. The wind had blown hard all night, shifting the ice slowly out of our path. So with a clear passage and the winds dropping as the sun rose, it was the moment for departure. By 6:00 we were on the water, for a most successful day of skirting the westerly packed ice."

The next few days saw us past the ice, onto other adventures which the river had to offer. But for everyone of us on that trip, and by all reports for many others of the Arctic canoeing fraternity, paddling through the summer ice — when the water temperature's about 1 C and the air's about 20 C — provided a vivid memory we'll carry with us for years ahead.

One is reminded of the early explorers' accounts. George Back drew a sketch of his men pulling the boat over Lake Aylmer in late June. Samuel Hearne talks about walking over huge frozen lakes even in summer. Thierry Mallet was halted in mid-July by a solidly frozen Yathkyed Lake. The Inuit call this lake Hikoligjuag, meaning the Great Ice-Filled One — they know whereof they speak.

Arctic Journal, by WCA member David F. Pelly, is a series of articles on various aspects of barrenlands canoeing. David F. Pelly is a freelance writer whose work has appeared in Canadian Geographic, Outdoor Canada, and North/Nord amongst others, and is author of the book EXPEDITION, An Arctic Journey Through History On George Back's River.



bird atlassing on the fawn - severn

George Fairfield

How often do you get a chance to go on a 4 week, 320 kilometre wilderness canoe trip with a good portion of your expenses paid? You would expect that canoeists faced with the increasingly high air fares would be scrambling to sign up for such a trip. Yet when Mike Cadman advertized in *Nastawgan* and several other publications for canoeists and birders to join him on a four week trip down the Fawn River to the Severn and down the Severn to Hudson Bay he was only able to get three people to go with him: Earl Fairbanks, Jim Tasker, and the author.

Perhaps many canoeists were discouraged by the lack of white water canoeing and the large amount of hiking on the muskeg that was involved. After all this was a trip to discover what species of birds nested in the remote north-west corner of Ontario. The canoeing was only a way of getting to them.

Because of the scientific value of the trip Austin Airways agreed to provide air transportation on their scheduled flights at no charge provided that there were empty seats available. In addition the James L. Baillie Memorial Fund made a generous contribution toward the expenses.

Mike planned the trip to fill in one of the remaining hard-to-get-to areas in Ontario. As Directors of the Ontario Breeding Bird Atlas Project (a joint project of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists and the Long Point Bird Observatory) Mike's job is to see that the whole province is surveyed for breeding evidence. The southern part of Ontario has been divided into ten kilometre squares with birders assigned to each square. The northern part of the province is so sparsely populated that it must be done in 100 kilometre squares with the participants merely sampling the major habitat types in each square. Our job was to sample three 100 kilometre square beginning 110 kilometres north of Big Trout Lake and ending at Fort Severn on Hudson Bay.

On June 17th, 1983 Austin Airways flew us from Sioux Lookout to the town of Big Trout Lake, where we rented two Grumman canoes. The Hudson Bay Company have a "U-Paddle" service which allows you to pick up a canoe at one of their locations and drop it off at another. Because of the expense of flying the canoes back to their point of origin the rental is high. We paid \$20.00 per canoe per day. This was our major expense but it was still less costly than having our own canoes flown in and out.

At Big Trout Lake we chartered a small float plane to fly us in to the south edge of our first block on the Fawn River. This placed us in the Hudson Bay Lowlands just north of the Precambrian Shield. We were below the heavy rapids on the Fawn. The rivers drop another 140 metres in the 320 kilometres to Hudson Bay. Most of this is made up of a steady gradient which produces a current of eight to ten kilometres per hour. Most of the rapids were covered by the high water leaving only a few rocks to avoid.

There were some fairly heavy rapids on the Severn River. I had no previous experience with very large rivers and was surprised to find that no single classification could be assigned to a rapids. When the distance across the rapids is over one kilometre you can have, for example, Class II rapids on the right bank, Class IV rapids in the centre and Class I on the left bank. If you placed you canoe correctly you could make a very fast smooth run through the rapids while a short distance away the river was dropping over ledges and piling up in large standing waves.

The only portage of the whole trip was at White Seal Rapids, 40 kilometres above Fort Severn. The portage was 1.6 kilometres long but the walking was easy along the open flood plain.

Good camp sites were rare on the Fawn and Severn Rivers. There was kilometre after kilometre of sloping clay banks, either newly eroded and muddy or covered with a dense growth of willow and alder. The top of the bank was usually flat and well drained but entailed a difficult climb from the river. The best campsites were on level areas near the mouth of tributary rivers and on the occasional low ice-scoured islands.

Firewood was plentiful except on the above-mentioned islands where the outgoing river ice had scraped off every piece of loose wood. Since these were often the only reasonable campsites we were reduced to ferrying wood across from the adjacent shoreline. On two or three occasions when dry wood was non-existent we were glad of a small Coleman stove.

Our bill of fare for the first two weeks was fairly luxurious. We had good luck with the fishing. A few casts at the mouth of an incoming stream would produce all the pickerel and pike we could eat. Jim landed a two pound speckled trout that was delicious when wrapped in foil and roasted on the grill. We had fresh vegetables

and for dessert a large slab off an enormous fruit cake prepared for us by Claire Brigden. We even had loaves of sweet and sour rye bread which we had wrapped in vinegar-soaked clothes and stored in large plastic peanut butter pails. About mid point of the trip our menu became much more restricted. The fishing fell off as the river became murky with sediment washed in from the heavily eroded banks. The fresh food ran out and we were reduced to freeze dried food. The freeze dried food was quite good when carefully prepared. Our only complaint was that the beef stew, Italian spaghetti with meat sauce and chow mein all tasted the same. We found an eight-man dinner dinner did just nicely for the four of us.

We had been warned before leaving Toronto that we would need parkas, mitts and long underwear. The day we left Toronto was one of the hottest of the summer and it took an effort of will to pack these bulky items into our already overloaded packs. We were glad we did. The weather in the Hudson Bay lowlands is one of extremes - too hot and too cold. On a hot day back on the muskeg we would curse the flies that prevented us from stripping down to our shorts. Then the north wind would rise and we would wish we had worn our long underwear.

One storm was so severe that all we could do was stay in our sleeping bags and wait it out. We were breaking camp on June 25th when the sky blackened, the wind increased to gale force the temperature dropped drastically and a lashing rain started. Fortunately our tents were still up. We could not have raised them in those conditions. We quickly threw our gear back into the tents, took a supply of gorp and crawled in to wait out the storm. We stayed in the tents for fifteen hours until the wind dropped enough to start out again. I was impressed at the ability of my old-fashioned wall tent to withstand the high wind. This episode confirmed our belief that one of the most important items of equipment on a long canoe trip is a good book.



The black flies and mosquitoes were worse than any of us had experienced before. The black flies were especially bad on the muskeg and the mosquitoes on the river banks. As we expected the black flies were worse during the day and the mosquitoes in the evening. The mosquitoes were often bunched so close on our backs, that they were crawling over each other. Mike and Jim wore head nets which they found bothersome because they interfered with their vision. Earl and I used the new bug jackets. The jackets are like parkas made of mosquito netting and treated with insect repellent. I found they were marvelous as long as the repellent lasted (about ten days). After that despite my attempts to reimpregnate the material with Muskol, I found it ineffective. In addition the netting caught on every branch I passed. (Earl does not agree with me. He was pleased with his jacket.)

What we did not anticipate was the number of horse flies we would find. They were there in swarms, and, unlike the mosquitoes and black flies would follow us out on the river. They were worse than the other insects because they ignored the fly dope and their bites were more painful.

The combination of sun and fly dope gave us a lot of discomfort. Very soon our noses and the backs of our hands were peeled and raw and our lips were cracked. This lasted throughout the trip. Aside from these complaints and a few cuts and bruises we survived very well. We ended the trip a little tougher and a little thinner.

Our mammal list was not impressive. We saw moose (two), otter, red fox, muskrat, beaver, groundhog and a red squirrel, but very few of each. We were disappointed to miss the caribou which had moved farther north a short while before our arrival. Two geologists we met in Port Severn had seen a herd of about one thousand on the shore of Hudson Bay. Our most exciting mammal observations were the timber wolves. We saw the wolves three times and heard them several more. They were noisy and rather tame. Despite our enlightened views about wolves we could not help feeling a little nervous when we were walking our compass lines and they were howling close by.

Our survey of the breeding birds can be termed a success. Since very little previous work had been done on the breeding birds of the north-west corner of Ontario almost every observation represented new information. Of special significance was our evidence of breeding of many species whose known ranges were previously thought to end far to the south.

On July 4th a canoe with two Indians passed us heading up the Severn. These were the first humans we had seen for 17 days. We had not even seen an aircraft other than odd high flying jet.

We arrived at Fort Severn, an Indian village of some 240 people, on July 6th. We had the use of a small Ministry of Natural Resources building complete with the luxury of electric lights and a propane stove (but no running water). We had four days to wait for our flight out and these we spent looking for bird nests and other breeding evidence in the local area. We found a good patch of open tundra with typical tundra species of birds on Partridge Island at the mouth of the Severn River. We also walked out to the Hudson Bay coast. The Bay was still ice covered but with a stretch of open water between the ice and the shore line. We were disappointed in our hope of seeing whales or seals. The slope to the water's edge is so gradual and the inter-tidal zone so long that we could not distinguish anything on the water. At least we could say that we had visited Hudson Bay.

Here are a few "non-bird" things we learned about long wilderness trips:

- You may be spending some long stretches of time in your tent so make sure that you have one that is tall enough to sit up comfortably in with lots of head room
- If (like me) you snore and are up in the night with insomnia, tent alone and a good distance from your fellow travellers.
- When you want to start a wood fire in the rain use your small gas stove to light the kindling.
- Cheap rain suits melt when close to the fire.
- Give the fly dope bottle an extra twist before returning it to your pocket. Those tops have a way of unwinding themselves and dumping the contents down your leg.



I think we can claim that our trip on the Fawn and Severn Rivers was a success and not only as far as the bird survey was concerned. For four strangers to be thrown together under isolated and sometimes uncomfortable conditions and still get along as well as we did is a mark of success.



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

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

First of all, we wish to apologize to all those members who did not receive summer newsletters. We did a very careful mailing and double-checked our labels, and with a clear conscience think that we can lay the blame directly on the shoulders of the Post Office. Don't hesitate to contact anyone on the Board of Directors if you miss an issue, we will gladly send along another.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank publicly our membership chairman Tanis Mathers for the painstaking and time-consuming job she did handling the great flow of membership applications received this spring. We accept her resignation with regret, and can only marvel at the ship-shape order of all the data she has given us, all processed while she was under the pressure of her own professional career. Thank you Tanis.

As I predicted in the spring, this is the Year of Growing Pains for the WCA, and we have a record number of members. We have also offered a record number of trips, but apologize if we could not please or accommodate everyone.

I would like to take this opportunity to urge you to be patient, and to contact us with your ideas and concerns. We are trying to improve our trip format all the time and are encouraging better liaison with new members. The more club events you attend - workshops, slide nights, trips, and especially annual meetings - and

the more you contact directors or committee members, the better we can get to know you and try to serve your needs.

Richard Smerdon would like to hear from you if you have first hand knowledge of specific environmental issues.

Norm Coombe would be delighted to hear of some new spot ideal for hiking, cross-country skiing, snowshoeing or paddling. If you live in a suitable country setting, and would care to show us your "neck of the woods" for a day hike or ski, we'd be very grateful for the invitation.

As always, we welcome articles, trip reports and photos for the newsletter. Let us hear from you about your adventures.

It has been an incredible summer, and I feel that the spirit and adventures of the past months augur well for the coming events and pursuits of autumn and winter.

Hoping to see you both indoors and out in the coming season.

Claire Brigden

news briefs

WINE, CHEESE AND SLIDES

The WCA will be holding a social evening on Friday November 25 between 7:00 pm and midnight. It will be held at North Toronto Memorial Gardens, 174 Orchard View Blvd. in Toronto (1 block north of Eglinton and 2 blocks west of Yonge). There is free parking.

Coffee will be served between 7:00 and 8:00, with a slide show starting at 8:00. Following the slide show, wine and cheese will be served.

The Intrepid Seven will entertain you with slides of their canoe trip through the Okechoke Swamp in Georgia. We would like to include a couple more slide shows or movies of other trips of note taken by WCA members and friends. Each presentation should be about 30 minutes in length, unique in some way and of high quality. Please contact Claire Brigden (See WCA Contacts on the back page.) if you have a show to offer.

The cost of the evening will be \$5.00 per person. Please register on the form enclosed with this newsletter. (A few seats may be sold at the door, if there are any left.)

MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

Tanis Mathers has resigned as Membership Chairman. Until a new chairman is found, please address all membership inquiries to the WCA postal box. (See WCA Contacts on the back page.)

DRAGGED ASHORE AND TURNED OVER

After nearly a decade of publishing CHE-MUN, a quarterly newsletter on canoeing Nick Nickels, (author of Canoe Canada) has decided to call it quits. In the June 1933 issue, Nick announced sadly that, while the newsletter had "brought (him) one of the happiest experiences of (his) life...CHE-MUN can now be considered 'dragged ashore and turned over'."

The continuing recession, the increasing postal rates, and the declining business of his canoe trip planning service which generated the funds to keep CHE-MUN afloat, combined to force Nick to stop publication.

CHE-MUN (Ojibwa for canoe) provided articles of historic interest to canoeists, book reviews, information on equipment and canoe routes, but most of all it provided a forum where canoe trippers from Europe, the U.S. and Canada kept in touch and shared information on their trips and wilderness experiences. It will be sadly missed by members of the canoe tripping community.

NASTAWGAN INDEX

A continuously updated cumulative index to NASTAWGAN is now computer stored. The size of the index prohibits publication in the newsletter, but anyone interested in obtaining a print-out of the index can purchase one. See Products and Services.

Dear Sandy:

My heart leapt, my wings soared, my paddle swished; I was blessedly filled with unspeakable joy when absorbing that wonderful letter to the Editor written by Gord McIntyre and printed on page 7 of NAWTAWGAN, Summer 1983.

At last in these staid circles of our WCA, surely consisting of young, lusty, mile-gobbling, hell-for-leather trippers, a voice is heard from the wilderness, the real wilderness of Man the Predator, where one's normality, or better, one's humanity, is expressed by being a hunter rather than an observer, where fishing is the key to being natural, and where to catch fish along the way is to give the wilderness experience the spice of authenticity.

What a marvellous, gutwrenching joy to read such wonderfully profound statements as: "Like it or not, males are genetically programmed hunters; females appear to be similarly programmed to gather and to fish". And that jewel about self-caught fish being the only real meat is at least as intelligent and thought-provoking.

I can't go on; these gems of wisdom are killing me, it's too much. All I can say to Gord is: keep preaching, keep the good thoughts and ideas coming, it's just what we need in this screwed-up world of young, elite canoe trippers who want to keep all the wilderness for themselves. Millions of people think the way you do, and they shall be heard, whether the unnatural, un-predatory, non-fishing but just observing visitors in the wilderness like it or not.

Well Sandy, that's about all the cynicism I care to muster regarding McIntyre's letter. I'll just continue enjoying the outdoors in my own "unnatural" way by hunting images with my eyes and camera (at least as difficult as "real" hunting). And I'll do my best to keep my 56 year old body in good enough shape to go on hunting for many more years, not for animals, but for knowledge and understanding of the wilderness.

Despite all my criticism, I look forward to reading more of Gord's well written articles in NASTAWGAN, even though I'm not exactly one of "his kind of people". The WCA has room for different philosophies, and maybe the "normals" can teach some interesting viewpoints to the "ab-normals". Or is it perhaps the other way around?

Toni Harting

BRIEFS...

BOW PERSON WANTED — TRANS N.W.T. EXPEDITION

I am looking for a bow-person for a 1500 km 8 week canoe trip during July and August 1984. There will two main sections to the trip. The first segment will be to traverse the country between Lake Athabaska and Artillery Lake; and the second part will be to work our way over the Burnside River and down it to Bathurst Inlet on the Arctic Ocean.

We will leave Stoney Rapids on Lake Athabaska in mid to late June, 1984 (perhaps before the ice is off the lakes) and follow J.B. Tyrrell's course on his famous 1893 voyage down the Dubawnt River; however, when we reached the Dubawnt rather than follow it as Tyrrell did we will take a northwesterly course through the complex of lakes and streams, passing over the Thelon and Snowdrift Rivers, and so over the height-of-land to Artillery Lake where a food cache will be waiting for us. This segment of the trip will bring us through the tree-line. This is the country Samuel Hearne walked through on his 1771 trek in search of richness in the form of copper. We should get some good photos of the tree line in the spring and perhaps some caribou.

The second phase of the trip will take us through historic tundra country: John Franklin passed this way on his first voyage of discovery in 1820; George Back was here in 1833 on his exploratory voyage down the Great Fish River that now bears his name. We'll traverse Clinton-Colden and Alymer Lakes, the source waters of the Back River, and Samuel Hearne's Contwoyto (Rum) Lake, and so over to the Burnside River and down it to Bathurst Inlet. We are almost certain to see musk-ox on this section of the trip, and receive a lasting impression of the tundra in the fall.

This trip is being planned for one canoe, however, if there is interest another canoe can come along, either part or all of the way. Interested parties should write me a note telling me about themselves. It should be sent to David Berthelet, 107 Frament Street, Hull, J8Y 6E2.

ODAWBAN TRAVEL EQUIPMENT

At the fall WCA meeting I will be giving out (free for asking) sets of design plans and material specification for canvas tanks to fit the 8 foot, Odawban. Tanks have proven to be a very superior way to carry equipment. They give maximum cargo protection and are very quick to load. Lashing and knot tying are eliminated. Let me assure you that this advantage is worth the use of tanks alone, as many of us know what its like to work with bare hands at -40 C. If you missed the meeting send me a stamped, self addressed envelope and I will mail this information as well. (Please phone to let me know Craig Macdonald 705-766-2855.)

DEADLINE FOR WINTER ISSUES

Articles, trip reports, photographs etc. are needed for the next issue. Material may be either typed or hand written but should be double spaced.

Please send articles to the editor no later than November 27 for inclusion in the winter issue. There will be no extensions with future issues..

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 MEMBERSHIP LIST

Membership lists are available to any members who wish one. Please send \$1 to the WCA postal Box.

Roughing it alone in the bush, conquering the challenges of the wilderness single-handed, spitting in the eye of Nature's adversities...that's for romantic beginners. Solo canoe trippers are beyond such "macho", silliness. They're at home in the outdoors and seek only harmony.

Harmony is what tripping alone is all about. It's a difficult state to describe exactly, but easily recognized when it both fills and surrounds you. It is active euphoria to those open to receive it.

Perhaps harmony is not given to all to experience. Possibly it comes with the maturity of age, and is not for the young with flowing juices and the lust for action in groups. Certainly it cannot be achieved in the distracting presence of others, but in the rare moments of solitude on such canoe trips, it can be sensed.

It won't come to any driven-by the urgency of distance to be covered or campsites to be reached, or to those who find or place themselves in demanding canoeing situations beyond their expertise. Both create such a single mindedness, there's no place for harmony to enter.

There's more to harmony than peace of mind. That's passive. Certainly there's the element of coming to terms with yourself and the attendant soul-cleansing, but harmony is active as your mind marvels at, and responds to, the sights, experiences and challenges of the passing moment.

Never will you feel more alive or throb more to the joy of being.

And harmony is more than tuning-in on Nature. It's a unique and individual recognition of your wholeness and completeness, and a sense of oneness with the natural world that surrounds.

It comes on gradually after you've crossed the first portage and left the cottages and whining outboards behind. It builds as you buck a brisk cross wind, as you thread your canoe through a maze of drowned timber and lily pads, as a great blue heron undulates aloft ahead, and job and bills and leaking faucets are things of another world.

You and your canoe become as one. However well-designed and delicately balanced, a paddle is never more than a tool for propulsion and steering. But a canoe becomes a living thing, an extension of your body, and you act as one.

In time this sense of oneness extends to include sky, wind, water, rock and living things. You become a part of them and they of you, and you belong.

It's then that you may see yourself as if through the eyes of some unseen observer, who recognizes your presence as part of the natural scheme of things. When this happens, and it eventually will, there will come a feeling of wholeness and completeness, and you've achieved harmony.

It's a wide-awake dream state that the sight of another human or man-made structure can temporarily disrupt, but not destroy, if soon left behind.

Only the return to the world of people can do that, and never entirely so, as the writing of his witnesses.

Obviously, solo tripping is not for the beginner. It's only for the veteran outdoorsman or woman who feels comfortable in the wild, and who possesses the needed bushcraft and canoeing skills, and who stays well within the limits of these skills.

A single mistake or error in judgment can bring woe - even kill you. Read the wind, water or weather wrong, decide to run rather than line down an unscouted rapid, place one foot wrong on a portage, let the axe blade bounce wrong off and unnoticed knot, pitch you tent in the wrong place...trouble, or worse.

Accept some fear, of course; even welcome it. In proper measure it's the needed spice of harmony. Behaviourists tell us that the courting of danger is essential to our well-being.



harmony

But don't over-do a good thing. Stay always within the limits of your know-how and abilities. Should you foul up, you've only yourself to blame.

"But don't you get awfully lonely?" I'm asked. "Not really," I jokingly reply. "I'm one of the most interesting people I know, and I love being with me."

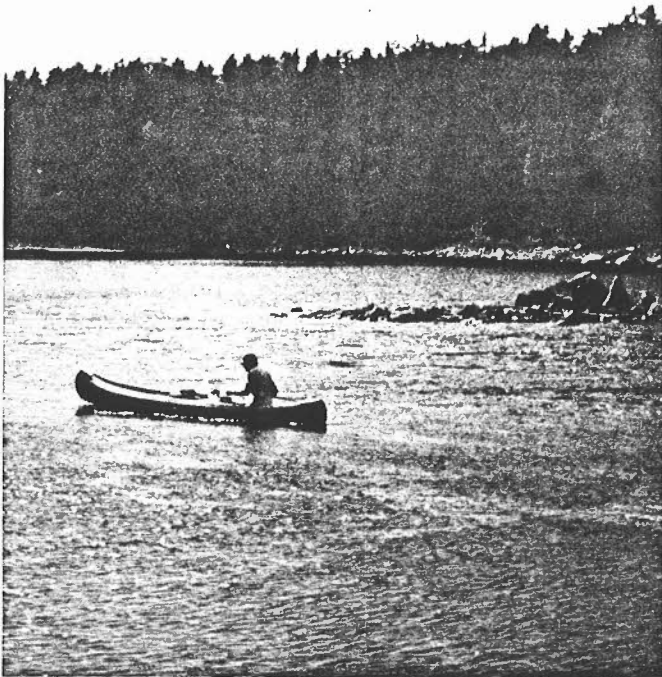
Hidden in that egotistical response is a large truth. In going it alone you really do get to meet and know yourself. And you can learn some very wonderful things through this introduction.

How can there be loneliness when you're in harmony? Well...there are times.

As the campfire's fingers of light and shadow probe the darkness, there comes unbidden from the distant past, the ancients' collective memory of the awesome and dreaded Wendigo. Time to turn in.

It's the unseen or unknown night sounds that can get to you. Something bounces off the tent fly. There are rustlings in the brush. A twig snaps. A terrified or mortally wounded snowshoe hare screams. Were those footsteps? There are times when one misses the reassuring comfort of another person's presence.

Morning comes and nothing's amiss.



Article: Gord McIntyre
Photo: Sandy Richardson

Like skunk oil, a little cold, rainy weather can go along way, but in small doses it brings pleasant miseries. There's the soothing drumming on the tent fly as the rain pours steadily down, and the need for hot, warming meals.

They're cooked on your little, single burner gas stove, or through some feat of ingenuity, over an open fire. Survival in style. Aren't you the one?

You'll mind-talk to yourself a lot. It's natural.

"That's the first white cedar I've seen. How did it get here?"

"Stupid beaver. Gave up trying to cut that one poplar; then has started on an even bigger one three feet away."

"To shoot or line? That is the question. Whether 'tis nobler to risk a dumping than a hernia..."

"How can that white pine be growing out of that crack in the rock?"

"If I were portage around that log jam, where would I be?"

"Those turkey vultures that keep circling directly overhead...Do they know something I don't?"

"That's not an over-sized squirrel. By golly, it's got to be a marten. Fisher are bigger and mink are smaller. I've seen a marten."

"Wind...How come — no matter what direction I paddle — you always manage to blow toward me?"

"Those bear and wolf droppings..., Looks like those beasts use portages same as humans. Maybe they made them first before the Indians and voyageurs. Makes sense."

"There has to be an end to this portage...doesn't there?"

As noted earlier, your mind will never be more alive than in harmony. Such is your sense of wonder, it couldn't be otherwise.

Surely you'll fish. You must play your role as a predator. Should you land a bragging lunker, you'll regret there's no one to commend your prowess, and most likely you'll return it unharmed. It, too, is a part of you, and anyway, you couldn't have eaten it all, and smaller fish are tastier. Now if you can just catch one of them.

However much food there is in your pack, you convince yourself you need to catch fish to supplement your diet with fresh meat. You're fishing for subsistence — not just recreation, and this gives your fishing another dimension and importance.

Make your solo trip the first one of the season. Use it to shake down and test old and new equipment and try new packaged foods and recipes, in preparation for future trips with friends or family.

Select a loop or circle route unless you can arrange for transportation back to your vehicle. Avoid trips on big water that can easily whitecap waves.

Sheltered waters should be your choice. Not only is your paddling speed considerably decreased when stroking alone, but wind and waves that would only be an inconvenience for two paddlers, can be a tiring challenge for the solo tripper.

A short trip, covered in easy stages over five days, is sufficient for your first solo. One of these should be a non-tripping day to allow for fishing, exploring, fiddling around, or just swaying in the breeze in your net hammock. Then again, it might be the day you have to remain ashore because of high wind.

No need here for a list of equipment and supplies. If you're truly ready to head out alone, you'll know exactly what you'll need for the trip. If you don't, stay home. You're not ready.

With a wife, husband or friend, leave a copy of your route and the phone number of the locale's nearest Ministry of Natural Resources office. Have them call there should you not return within a day or two of your promised arrival.

Necessary insurance. Pray you don't have to submit a claim.

For the cautious, experienced outdoorsman, the dangers of going alone are minimal. Indeed, anywhere you're apt to trip in Ontario is only near-wilderness that is regularly overflowed by bush planes which can be signalled if you run into real trouble.

When you're sure you're ready, do trips alone. There are the rewards of self-knowledge and a renewed sense of wonder to be claimed, and the magnificent gift of harmony to be received.

They can all be yours — when you're ready.



Richard Smerdon

My thoughts for this issue have been led in four directions; garbage, sewage, road access and beavers. The beavers are an antidote to the depression caused by thinking about the first three items. In addition I feel that a reply to Gord McIntyre's letter is appropriate for this column. His letter appeared in the summer issue.

I received two impressions. The first is his apparent conviction that civilisation is a mere veneer covering man's natural instinct to kill anything that moves. Undeniably there are deranged individuals, who lacking the controlling influence of civilisation, seek to destroy whole races, whole creeds, whole species of animals and vegetables, indeed whole sections of this planet, but I don't consider myself one of them and have no ambition to become one.

I don't feel emasculated when, on occasionally seeing a moose my instinct is to reach for a camera instead of a gun. I fish when there is the opportunity to pep up my diet and often enjoy the 'hunt', but feel no disgrace in admitting that I heartily dislike the physical act of killing my supper. I use the fish population for my pleasure and gastronomic delight and leave the proving of my masculinity to activities outside the scope of conservation.

The second point of issue is more subtle. For a man to battle and overwhelm a Grizzly bear with his bare hands would demonstrate to me that he was a) nuts and b) an extraordinary and interesting member of our species and well worth being acquainted with. For a man to shoot the same bear with a high powered rifle in order to prove to himself that he is a 'man's man', demonstrates to me that he is indulging in a form of mental self abuse and is of little interest other than for psychoanalysis.

For a man to travel in and out of remote regions, utilising all his knowledge, strength and courage attracts my attention as I am attracted by anyone who can make full use of their abilities. For a one-legged man to run half way across Canada fills me with admiration. To see a blind man walking alone down a crowded city street has the same effect. To enlist the help of mechanical aids to make an otherwise unattainable goal possible is fine but if those aids encroach on the pleasures of other people, no matter what their circumstances, then it is presumptuous to suggest that they are selfish in opposing them. I am impressed by people who suit themselves to 'the wilderness' as opposed to suiting 'the wilderness' to themselves.

I may be interpreting Gord's letter erroneously but these are my reactions after reading his letter carefully.

Below are two letters concerning the misuse of one small beach on Lake Temagami. Claire and I passed that way this year and we have had our own bad experiences with the same road access where it touches Red Squirrel Lake. The road is designed for, and heavily used by logging trucks which kick up huge dust clouds as they rattle along. We were amazed at how people in campers along the road were prepared to endure this hourly dust storm. It is not surprising that people who can accept this miniature Armageddon as part of their recreation will be conscience-free in creating their own wilderness slums.

Here is the letter which Claire Brigden sent to the Temagami Lakes Association:

Dear Sirs:

I wish to report to the Temagami Lakes Association a serious and increasingly alarming problem of garbage and litter being left at and near and the sandy beach at the head of Fergusson Bay, as the direct result of access by road to this area. Many vehicular campers apparently have a total disregard for all good camping practices. Other concerned cottagers join me in alerting you, the directors of the T.L.A., to this problem and ask for your direction and action in an attempt to rectify this situation.

Yours Sincerely,

Claire Brigden,
Fred Rymers,
David Carpenter,
Bruce Hodgesson.

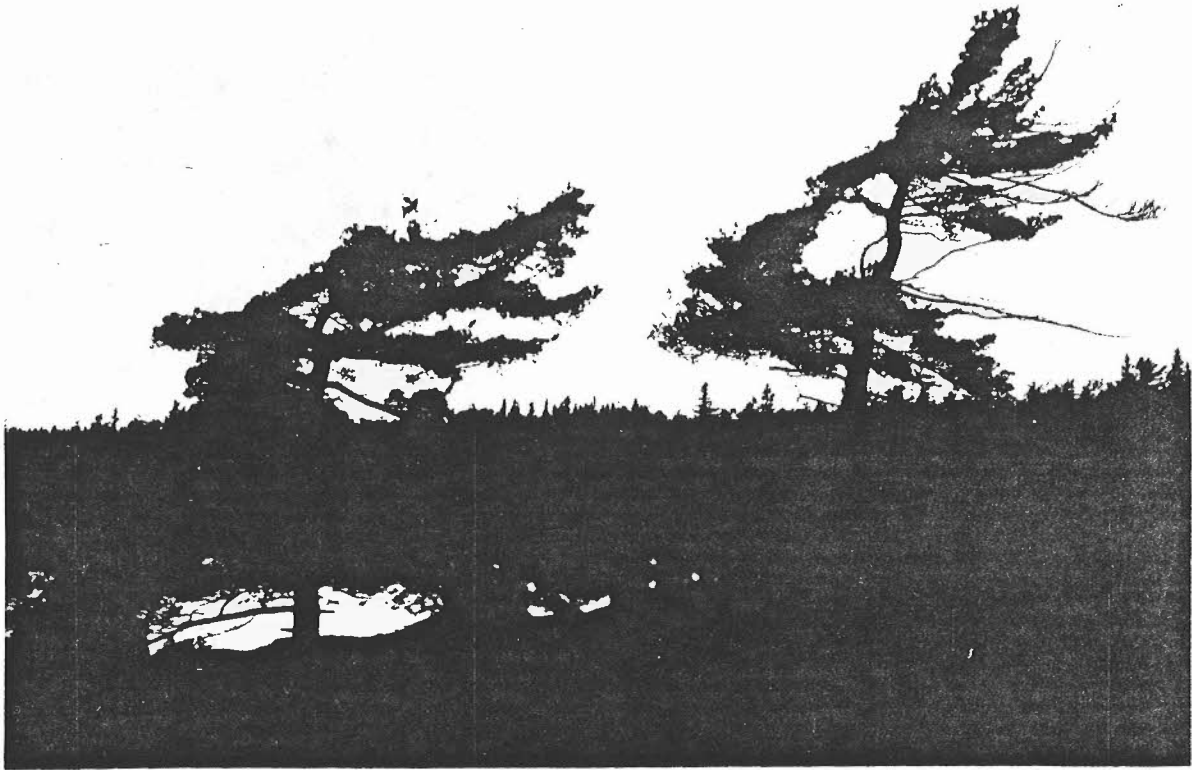
The following letter was sent to Bob McGee, District Manager of the M.N.R., Temagami by the Executive Secretary of the T.L.A.

Dear Bob:

On August 4th I visited Camp Wanapitei and was immediately shown the aftermath of an extended visit to the Sandy Inlet beach by a party of four 'big city' folk from Sudbury. They had set up their tent right on the beach astride the trail from the parking area on the Red Squirrel Lake Timber Access Road. They had dug and used a pit privy about two feet from the water's edge, a fire had been maintained about one foot from the water's edge. On departure they had made absolutely no effort to clean up after themselves. They did not disperse the fire ashes nor had they even had the decency to fill in the pit privy. Garbage was strewn all over the area of the beach, part of it consisted of a full garbage bag of fish guts. The attached letter underlines that, while this may be an extreme example, it is not an isolated one. The new privately-produced Lake Temagami mini-map indicates a minimum of sixteen tent sites on the beach at Sandy Inlet. At present these are serviced by a single, unidentified privy. While the T.L.A. realises that there are many completely unserviced campsites on water-accessible parts of Lake Temagami, we contend that these latter are used by people who travel by water and are therefore more aware of the quality of the recreational experience inherent in the uniqueness of Lake Temagami. As such, they are inclined to treat the facilities with respect. Needless to say, campsites accessible to road traffic attract an entirely different type of visitors; witness the description above. The T.L.A. believes that the beach at Sandy Inlet must be serviced with at least two additional privys. These must be clearly identified and additional signs erected directing people to pitch their tents behind the beach and remove their own litter. The area must be visited by conservation officers at least twice weekly during the summer and these officers must be prepared to prosecute violators of M.N.R. and M.O.E. regulations to say nothing of the standards of normal, human decency. We hope that these recommendations will be accommodated in your 1984 funding arrangements and await a reply at your earliest convenience.

Yours Sincerely

I would take issue with the suggestion that all road travellers are a menace and also that all water travellers are a superior breed. The major menace is the engine which gives thoughtless people the ability to move large quantities of garbage into beautiful places. It doesn't matter much whether they are attached to a car, boat or plane; they provide the same opportunity.



I remember reading that Mayor David Crombie of Toronto remarked while discussing the city traffic chaos that "Everyone has the right to go downtown, they don't necessarily have the right to take a ton and a half of steel with them."

The same philosophy can be applied to the bush. We saw our share of garbage and unsuitable toilet arrangements on trips in places only accessibly by canoe. We returned to Toronto to find the beaches closed through pollution, City Hall making inane excuses after dumping thousands of additional gallons of raw sewage into the lake and Ontario Hydro tying itself in knots trying to explain its nuclear problems. How can one small beach receive its rightful attention when surrounded by this massive carelessness? I think that we should follow the example of these letters and plague the authorities with detailed reports of pollution, however small, so they at least have to keep replying.

I hope to include one such reply in the next issue.

With reference to the above, here is a reprint of the M.N.R. ACCESS ROADS POLICY FROM THEIR LAND USE GUIDELINES.

- Access roads will be built to stimulate development and use of Ontario's natural resources.
- Access roads' plans will take into account tourism requirements for isolation, the needs of the mining and forest resources industries, outdoor recreation opportunities for residents of Ontario and, transportation routes for remote communities.
- Access roads' plan will be developed on a long-term basis and will be subject to public consultation.
- Plans will take into account the requirement (if any) for public access.
- Roads will be classified as permanent or temporary based on intended use.
- Temporary roads will be physically "decommissioned" when intended uses are fulfilled.
- Access roads may be closed temporarily or seasonally to the public for resource management and/or public safety reasons.
- Alignment of roads will be planned:
 - i) to avoid lake access,
 - ii) to provide controlled access, or
 - iii) to provide public access consistent with the intended purpose of the roads.

We have the following Ministry publications in our possession and can, of course, make them available.

"Environment Update" published by Environment Canada

"Parkscan" published by Parks Canada Information Division

Assorted news release & publications from the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources

Reports from The Nature Conservancy of Canada

Ontario Hydro- "Environmental Assessment Summary for Ontario Hydro's Hammer Transformer Station to Mississagi Transformer Station"

We also have Environment Canada's "Citizen's Guide 1982" - a sort of who's who & what's what in Environment Canada on a regional basis. Regional directors & managers, publications, how to get funding, Environment Canada's Mandate.

We have the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources Land Use Guidelines for the following districts:

Alymer	Cornwall
Blind River	Espanola
Bracebridge	Napanee
Carleton Place	Wawa

and we are in the process of acquiring the rest.

Finally I come to the promised beaver. It is a little bizarre that the previously mentioned Red Squirrel Lake provided us with hours of enjoyment playing with the beaver this year. We had excellent chances of observing them and this led to considerable discussion and surmise as to how much effect their increase or demise would have on the routes we travelled. I propose to look into their con- and de-structive influence, their habits and present population situation for the next issue. I would be pleased to receive some input from anyone with an hour or two available to share their knowledge.

If you live in Toronto, any snippet for conservation can be read onto our tape machine at 461-4249. In fact you have 60 undisturbed minutes to report on anything appropriate, which might be easier than writing it down and mailing it.

wannigan

Richard Snerdon

It's magic. What is a box which opens at the top, contains a kitchen, a first aid room, photographic equipment, dining essentials, bathroom paraphernalia and a larder laden with food for four days? It can be sat on, eaten off, used as a food preparation counter and, best of all, it can be carried over a kilometre, without stopping, by your wife. It is indeed, a wannigan. This article is being written on trip, the best place as the subject is present. The paper I am writing on stays flat and clean in the wannigan; Claire is passing an hour of a hot afternoon carving adventures on its lid. The advantages of it in camp are so overwhelming that one wonders why everyone doesn't have one even if they don't have a canoe.

The problem seems to be that people can't imagine carrying them or, having tried to once, have hated it so much that the mere mention makes them ache. As I said, Claire carries it.

There is only one way to move it any distance and that is with a tumpline. The photograph illustrates how this is done and note should be taken that it is high on her back. Tump it too low and it bites you just above the buttocks. Claire claims that she prefers carrying it to the canoe pack as it is more 'alive'. It moves with the back and shoulders and lets you rock-hop without the sapping downward thumps of a heavy pack. (I find that the canoe is likewise easy to carry with its springy centre thwart and, even though it's a tubby 85-90 pounds when a bit damp, is preferable to the pack at 65 pounds.) The wannigan weighs 70 pounds when fully loaded.

Carrying with just a tump on the head requires a well developed set of neck muscles, preferably of the shorter variety. This is why the serfs and peasants who carried things were always hanged and the nobility, who didn't, were properly beheaded. Carrying with a tump on the head is the most ancient and prevailing method of portering.

Consider etchings of nineteenth century explorers leading hundreds of porters burdened down with all the bizarre goods which were thought necessary to maintain elegant exploration. They remained comparatively



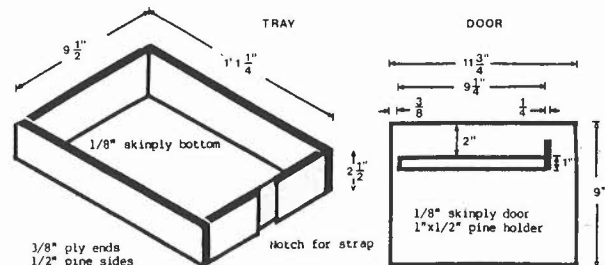
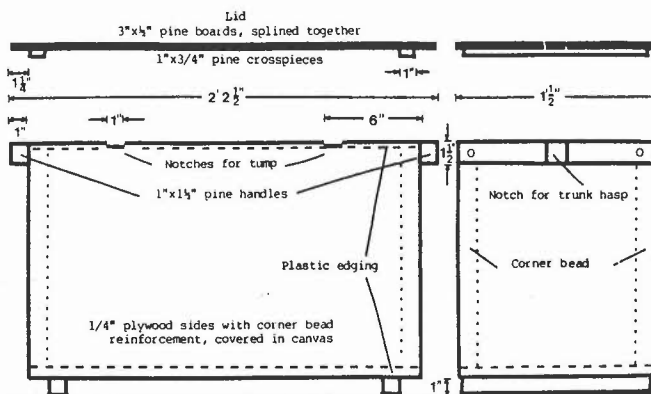
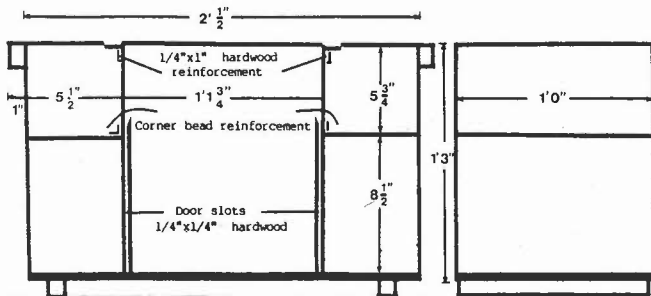
cheerful because they used their heads to overcome the angles of their unwieldy burdens which defied any other form of manual transportation. The incredible Sherpas of Nepal still carry base equipment up the mountains this way. If you're a peasant with the head of a 19th century native and the heart of Sherpa you will just love a wannigan.

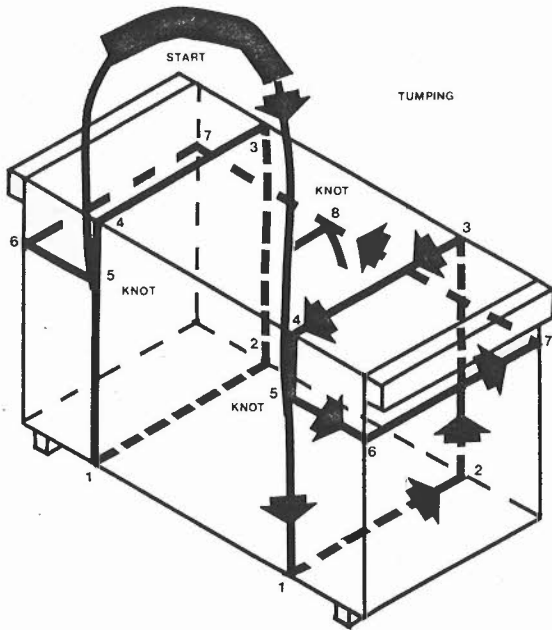
As I said at the beginning, it's a box which opens at the top. A heavy duty cardboard carton, properly tumped up, would constitute a simple wannigan, but it would be a mere container compared to the convenient gem which careful design can produce. There is no such thing as the definitive wannigan but there is the ultimate one for you. We have tripped ours for five years and the only change we have made is to add 4 short aluminum poles for the top to sit on. These not only makes the table a better height but also allows forgotten items to be extracted without having to balance a laden top.

Here's a list of criteria which we followed when designing ours, along with the method of physical design. The creative process requires a good deal of even tempered compromise or the result can be splitting of the partnership, a visit to the divorce court or, worst of all, no wannigan.

LIST OF CRITERIA

- 1) With reference to proposed carrier, what is to be the maximum weight? (Ours is 70 lb.)
- 2) With reference to canoe, what is the maximum size? (Ours fits just in front of the stern thwart and is convenient to Claire who is both steering and in charge.)
- 3) With reference to the rigours of your usual trips, how strong does it have to be? (Claire once flipped ours right over head to the rocks and neither it nor the eggs were damaged. She was O.K. as well.)
- 4) What pieces of equipment would you like to get out of a soft pack and into a box?
- 5) Are you good at making things?
- 6) If answer to 5) is no, do you know anyone who is who owes you favour?
- 7) If the answer to 6) is no, can you afford to make your sketches and get one custom built?
- 8) If the answer to 7) is no, use a cardboard box until will have the opportunity to save my life and I'll make you one from gratitude. Claire might help me, or never forgive you.





DESIGN

The bigger the wannigan, the more will be its net weight. If you decide you only want one to weigh 40 lbs. gross, don't make it so big that it weighs 20 lbs. empty. That would be like building an aeroplane that will only fly with half a person and no fuel in it. If it's to fit against the stern thwart like yours, the width will be determined by the curve of the canoe ribs. If it gets too wide it will sit up on the ribs and probably fall over forwards. The height is simply a question of how much you feel comfortable with sitting up above the gunwales. To come up with the maximum breadth you have to consider the carrier's gut. Big gut, bigger breadth etc. You have to create an equilibrium, so keep this dimension reasonable or start a beer habit.

When you've messed about trying to sort out the curves of your canoe with a tape measure and found that your waistline gives you unlimited scope, take your cardboard carton to your canoe and cut the box about until it fits in a good looking manner where you want it to. Take a quantity of bricks equal to the intended gross weight and put them in a box, taping it securely. If you haven't got a leather tump, take any old piece of rope and 'tump' it up. Protect your head with a towel and get a mate to lift this thing into the carrying position. If it feels even averagely O.K. then you're in business because the finished item with a leather tump will be 100% better. You will now have achieved your own shape and stage 2 can begin.

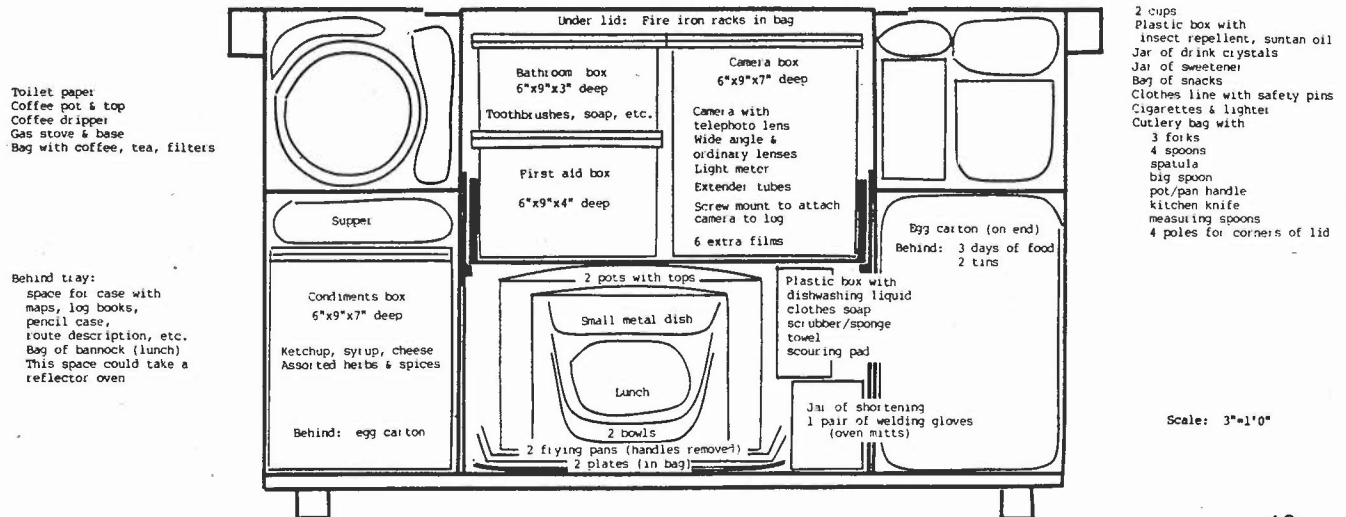
Stage 2 makes stage 1 look easy. You have achieved the optimum size to fit your canoe and you now have to convince all the selected items to fit in it. They won't at first but, if you keep at it, that aluminum pot will take on a unique shape which will fit just fine. Have all the real items available. To decide that the easy way is to buy an 8 3/4" frypan later is to doom yourself

to the discovery that, if such a thing ever existed, it surely won't when the wannigan is built. It doesn't have to be all fitted out. The camps use a wooden box with a lid held down by a couple of bent nails. Sometimes they have a Deluxe version with a lift out tray but mostly it's just the box. All the items inside are left to fight for their own niche, the most often used things always winning the bottom corner.

Tying the tump over the lid makes access a pain as you have to keep releasing it to get in. The subsequent re-tumping can be vastly different from your previously chosen length. Our solution is to tump under the lid which means that once it's tied it stays tied. Getting anything out, like the camera when wildlife appears, needs only the release of two trunk hasps. The drawings show our dimensions. All materials can be purchased at a building supply centre. Everything is reinforced for strength. Metal corner beads are pop-riveted on and the top and bottom edges are finished with plastic panel strips. The outer cover is canvas fixed to the wood with white glue. The glue is applied liberally to the wood, the canvas is placed over it and then rubbed down with a wet cloth. This draws the glue into the fabric and gives a bonded, water resistant finish. Our top is 1/2" pine expressly for Claire to carve but it could be plywood.

The rope handles make loading and unloading easier on the canoe and eliminate the temptation to haul on the tump. The inside is finished with three coats of polyurethane.

The final test of a good wannigan is the degree to which you fall in love with it. I handle ours softly and tenderly even though, like some other things I hold dear, it was responsible for dumping me in the river. Our relationship is deep and lasting and I hope this article may produce at least one similar extra-marital tango.





THE KEEWAYDIN WAY

Author: Brian Back
Publisher: Keewaydin Camp
205 pages, \$20

Reviewed by: Claire Brigden

For history buffs with a canoeing bent, here is a rewarding book fresh off the press that traces the 90 year story of Camp Keewaydin, the oldest canoe-tripping camp in North America. It relates the camp's explorations into new canoeing territories and the effects of the evolution of the canoe itself on their canoe-tripping programme.

For the general reader, The Keewaydin Way is a fascinating story of one man's dream, its emergence, development and continuing influence today, and of the interrelationships of the people who moulded that dream.

We are carried back to the beginnings of recreational canoeing, and learn of the manufacture and design of canoes before the turn of the century. We learn too of the life styles of early guides -lumbermen and Indians - and of the direct influence these men had upon camp policy. We read of Camp Keewaydin shifting its headquarters from its original Maine location to Lake Temagami. We follow the development of better food supplies, and learn of the traditions of the wannigan and tumpline, of camp ceremonies, and of canoe-tripping standards. And threading its way throughout the story is the camp's spirit of "helping the other fellow".

This is a tale of tradition, of physical challenge, of moulding character, of caring about an institution, and of the preservation of a way of life virtually unchanged in 90 years of canoe-tripping out of this summer camp for boys.

Brian Back has spent 5 years researching the material for this book. He has interviewed senior Keewaydin men with long memories, has sprinkled the book liberally with excellent and nostalgic pictures of the way it used to be (only the clothing styles seem to have changed), and has collaborated very successfully with Hap Wilson on the now familiar maps and sketches which are Hap's hallmarks.

Mr. Back's writing style generates excitement. It is as though one were just catching up on the latest news of what happened yesterday. Diary excerpts - such as those from the first Hudson Bay trips - heighten the feeling still further.

The reader will be fascinated to read about the changes in Temagami, about trail-blazing expeditions on the Mattawa, Albany, Abitibi and Rupert rivers and on James Bay to the Belcher Islands, and about the new Outpost north of Savant Lake.

The Keewaydin Way is a story of boys and men and canoes, not participating in sports or campcrafts or evening "activities", but getting out into the wilderness for up to 6 weeks at a stretch, running rapids, portaging, braving wind-swept lakes and fishing from rocks at the end of a good day's paddling.

Camp Keewaydin has been doing for 90 years what members of the WCA are doing now. I think you'll want to read about it.

This book is available from Keewaydin Camp Ltd., 4242 Brookdale St., Jackson, Mississippi 39206, U.S.A., or 40 Poplar Plains Cr., Toronto, Ontario M4V 1E8.

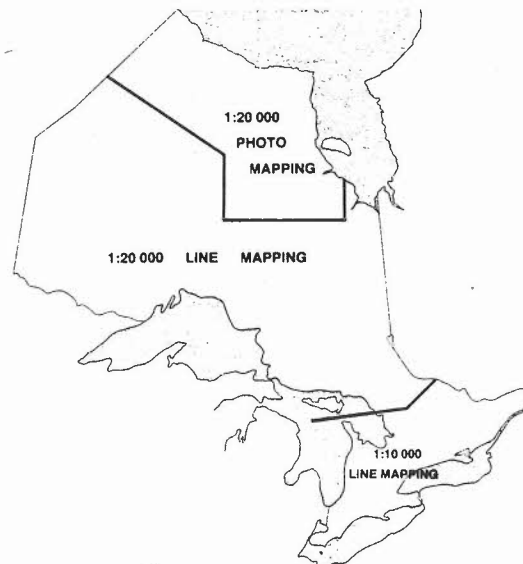
ONTARIO BASIC MAPPING PROGRAM

Toni Harting

Every wilderness paddler is of course an enthusiastic user of well-known topographic maps published by the Federal Department of Energy, Mines and Resources. These trusted green 1:50 000 scale maps, and other maps from the same source, have guided numerous parties through the wilds of Canada, providing the inquisitive traveller with the vital information on "where to go and how to get there".

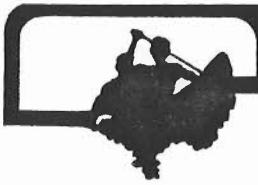
However, for the canoeist interested in tripping the waters of Ontario, another excellent map system is now available that provides a very useful supplement to the existing 1:50 000 topo maps. This is the Ontario Basic Mapping Program, established by the Provincial Ministry of Natural Resources to make available topographic maps at scales 1:10 000 and 1:20 000 eventually covering the whole of Ontario. The 1:10 000 scale maps (with 5 metre contours) will be provided for all of Southern Ontario, and the 1:20 000 scale maps (with 10 metre contours) will cover all of Northern Ontario. Much mapping work remains to be done, especially in the Northern part of the Province, but the many OBM maps already available contain a wealth of detailed information (even beaver dams are included) that lightens the heart of the curious paddler.

The OBM maps are uncoloured and measure 50 cm x 50 cm. They can be bought (for \$2.00 plus tax) directly at the counter in the Map Room (room 1640), Whitney Block, Queen's Park, Toronto, or they can be ordered by mail by writing to:



Ministry of Natural Resources
Public Service Centre
Parliament Buildings
Toronto
M7A 1W3

An information leaflet and Index Maps are available free of charge.



October 7-10 Petawawa River

Organizers Herb Pohl 416-637-7632
Book immediately

This 4 day 120 km trip will start just outside the Algonquin Park boundary at Wendigo Lake. We'll make our way to Radiant Lake and then follow the Petawawa to its confluence with the Ottawa River. The scenery is terrific, the rapids are challenging and the portages physically demanding. The organizer is not familiar with the first 40 km of the trip; because of this and the physical demands, advanced trippers are invited. Limit 4 canoes.

October 9 Burnt River

Organizer: Dave McMullen 416-766-9643
Book immediately.

We will canoe a 20 km section of the Burnt River starting at Kinmount, ending at Burnt River. Slow moving water with some portaging and a few easy rapids. Suitable for novices. Limit 5 canoes.

October 15/16 Western Uplands Trail Hike

Organizer: Herb Pohl 416-637-7632
Book immediately

The perfect time of year for hiking - no bugs, invigorating cool mornings, good visibility with most leaves gone and good opportunities for pictures. We'll do the small loop or just bushwack. Limit 6 people.

October 15-16 MAPS & COMPASS FOR CANOEISTS

Organizers: Howard Sagermann 416-282-9570
Rob Cepella 416-925-8243
Book immediately

This two-part session will be an introduction to the use of maps and compass. A preliminary seminar will be held indoors on October 12, followed by a weekend practical session in the Georgian Bay area (map 31 D/13). Limit 8 people.

October 15-16 FRENCH RIVER

Organizer: George Luste 416-534-9313
Book immediately

Georgous scenery, no bugs and if mother nature gives us some rain, many challenging but forgiving rapids. We will trip from Wolseley Bay to Highway 69. Suitable for intermediates and beginners who have taken an organized whitewater training course. Limit 4 canoes.

October 22 GRAND RIVER

Organizer Ann Snow 416-487-8933
Book between October 7 and 15

An easy going trip through gentle farmland with stately groves of cedars along the shores. Suitable for beginners and family groups. Limit 6 canoes.



November 13 FIVE WINDS SKI TRAILS HIKE

Organizer Bill Ness 416-499-6389
Book between October 23 and November 6

This will be a day hike along some of the Five Winds Trails north of Honey Harbour. Autumn weather should make for a pleasant outing. It will be a great conditioner for upcoming ski and snowshoe trips. Limit 8 hikers.

December 27 to January 1 CHRISTMAS WEEK CAMPING TRIP

Organizer David Berthelet Home 819-771-4170
Office 613-593-6671
Book before November 25

We will drive into the historic Noire River country, and then walk out on snowshoes pulling tobaggans. We will bring along a wall tent and a stove; and plan on having 15 kilometre days. The greater part of the trip will be on canoe routes (mostly lakes and a few kilometres on the Noire River) and ancient logging trails. Some heavy bushwacking could be involved.

The precise nature of the trip will depend on the winter. If the ice is not safe and/or there is too much slush on the lakes, we'll have to alter our plan which could mean setting up a permanent camp in a good spot and exploring the country on a day-tripping basis from this fixed spot. (Participants should come along on a shakedown trip on the weekend of December 10-11.)

March 3-5, 1984 A CHEEMAUN ODAWBAN (CANOE SLED) TRIP S.W. OF DORSET ONT.

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

This unique adventure will take us into a little known gem of Southern Ontario wilderness. We will be using the traditional Indian canoe sled approach to overcome several technical challenges involving dangerous ice and difficult snow conditions. Our route is novel and will include scenic lake and river travel as well as an interesting overland winter snowshoe trail. I will supply the food and winter camping gear, canoe sleds to fit your canoe, poles and overnight accomodation on Fri March 2 at my house. You will bring a canoe (sorry no wood canvas or birch bark canoes unless you bring a set of pistawagan (canoe slats) to protect your hull from sharp ice), personal floatation device, Deluth pack, sleeping bag, foam pad and snowshoes. Food and supply costs will be shared. Swimming ability and white water canoeing competence are essential. All the other necessary skills will be taught en route. However some traditional winter camping experience and pre-trip conditioning would be helpful. A maximum of six participants will allow close supervision to ensure safety. This promises to be an exciting trip and a fantastic opportunity to learn more about travel during this beautiful but difficult time of year.

products and services

Backpacks for Sale:

Two frame packs, one Cannondale and one Jan-Sport. Both in excellent condition. Contact Mr. Davy in Toronto at 416-231-8042. (Please call before 9:00 p.m.)

Discounts on Camping Supplies:

WCA members who present a membership card will receive ten percent discounts on many nonsale items at:

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.

Nastawgan Index:

A cumulative index to NASTAWGAN (and its forerunners), from 1974 updated to the current issue, is available for \$5.00. (The index is computer stored, and special searches for articles on various topics, trips, etc. are also available.) Contact Sandy Richardson, 5 Dufresne Cr., Apt. 2705, Don Mills, Ontario, M3C 1B8.

Canoe Wanted:

Used Grumman aluminum 17' standard. Contact Dave Berthelet, 107 Froment St., Hull, Quebec, J8Y 6E2; phone 819-771-4170.

Goolak Store Now Open

Further to the announcement in the previous issue of NASTAWGAN, the Goolak Backwoods Co-op has now opened a store in Toronto where it displays and sells its outdoors equipment. The store is located at 68 Scollard St, just a few metres West of Bay Street.

Scott Canoes:

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

Bluewater canoes:

Lightweight Kevlar-G-glass, fibreglass, and nylon canoes made with vinylester and epoxy resins. Bluewater 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 fiber-glass, 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: 519-623-1804/1849. Shop located at 333 Dundas St. (Hwy. 8), Cambridge (Galt), Ontario.

Red Onion Canoe:

Light weight cedar, redwood or pine strip canoes, cane seats, wooden gunwales with draw slots, with or without keel, almost flat bottom for stability, slight rocker for manoeverability, or custom made to your design. Also, all types of wood & canvas canoes repaired or recanvassed. Write Helen James, 155 Col. Danforth Trail, West Hill, Ontario, M1C 1P8 or phone 416-282-1974.

wca contacts

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416-461-4249

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 1983.

Notes: -This membership will expire January 31, 1984.
-Please send completed form and cheque (payable to the Wilderness
Canoe Association) to the membership committee chairman.

OUTINGS

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

CANOE ROUTES

John Cross,
138 Wellesley St. E.,
Apartment 6,
Toronto, Ont.
M4Y 1J1
416-925-0029

YOUTH ENCOURAGEMENT FUND

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

TRIP HOT LINE

Marcia Farquhar,
187 Mill St.,
Richmond Hill, Ont.
L4C 4B1
416-884-0208

MEMBERSHIP

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M4P 2G9

W.C.A. POSTAL ADDRESS

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