

Photo 3: Burning coal seam north of Fort Norman.

great slave lake to fort yukon

A CANOE TRIP MADE IN 1957

Henning F. Harmuth

Charter airplanes and canoe rentals in out-of-the-way places have made Northern Canada readily accessible to the canoeist. This was quite different a generation ago. We - meaning my wife Anna E. Harmuth-Hoene and I - lived in Ithaca, New York, and the first major problem for a canoe trip from Great Slave Lake to Fort Yukon was to reach Great Slave Lake; the second was to bring the boat back from Fort Yukon. We decided to use a folding boat, which we could carry on a train to Edmonton, Alberta, and from there on a bus on the newly opened Mackenzie Highway to Lower Hay River - now named Hay River - on Great Slave Lake. A folding boat is not well suited for long distance travel on northern waters. It cannot carry a large load, unloading and loading at a portage takes much time, and one sits too low for paddling. However, our choice was to either use a folding boat or not go at all.

The train ride from Ithaca via Toronto to Edmonton took four days. Here we bought food for eight weeks. To save space and weight we took a lot of spaghetti, rice, and powdered eggs, but no canned food. All meat was highly spiced salami or ham. The trick was to get all this with folding boat and camping equipment onto the bus. The problem was solved by my wife - young and beautiful - engaging the bus driver in a conversation while I did the loading for him.

The road from Edmonton north via Whitecourt and Valleyview had just been opened, and the bus ran three times a week via this road and the Mackenzie Highway to Great Slave Lake, requiring about 36 hours for the trip. Like all these new roads in the north it was a ribbon of mud. Its condition improved decidedly once we crossed into the Northwest Territories.

Hay River had spared no effort to live up to its new importance as the road head on Great Slave Lake. Wooden sidewalks had been installed that kept pedestrians above the mud, and a few street crossings featured wooden planks that permitted one to cross the street with a few well planned jumps. The business establishments had risen to the call of duty and done their share by sprucing up the store fronts, as shown by the barber shop in Photo 1.



Photo 1: Barber shop in Hay River in 1957.

The next morning saw us assembling our folding boat under the curious eyes of a crowd of locals. When the boat was loaded, there was no space left in it for us and we were in effect sitting on top of our load. This had the advantage that such a high position made paddling much easier, while the stability of the boat remained assured by the heavy load below us. A fairly strong east wind was blowing. We pushed off to make use of our little sail in crossing the 60 km to the outlet of Great Slave Lake. The sailing before the wind was fine, but all helpful winds soon get either too strong or they stop. This one got too strong and we had to head for shore. We found the mouth of a creek just in time to permit a wet but otherwise safe landing. From then on things went downhill.

Pitching a tent on the densely wooded shore was hard enough. As soon as it stood we realized that the mosquito net for the tent had disappeared. Our spray can with insect killer had been banged up during the bus trip, and the pressure was gone; we never again used such a spray can on our canoe trips but resorted to the old fashioned and more reliable hand pump. We had no choice but to sleep in our mosquito head nets.

The following day we reached the outlet of Great Slave Lake, snaking through the many islands just as Mackenzie had done about 170 years earlier. Of course, as soon as we were through the islands we were in Beaver Lake and had to paddle another 40 km to where the river begins in earnest just above Fort Providence.

Fort Providence in 1975 had the usual houses for police, missionary, and trader. Our first action was to buy a large mosquito bar for the tent, as well as a hand pump with plenty of insect killer.



Photo 2: Indians camping along the Mackenzie River in Fort Providence for the summer.

The Indians lived in tents along the river bank during summer (Photo 2) and retreated to log cabins at their trap lines during winter. Summer was the time to socialize and to live it up. Evening lasted till the small hours of the morning, and little activity could be noticed before noon.

West of Fort Providence the Mackenzie River flows clean and with a good velocity of 6 to 7 km/h until Fort Simpson. Here the silt-laden Liard River enters, and no clean water is seen again until the Bear River enters at Fort Norman. The 1700-odd kilometres from Hay River to Arctic Red River at the beginning of the Mackenzie Delta were quite monotonous. Below Fort Simpson the river runs at about 5 km/h. There are no seriously turbulent stretches. One's rate of progress depends primarily on the ability to sit for as many hours as possible in the boat. The country was quite empty. Wrigley featured one lone HBC trader, two school teachers, and just enough Indians to justify the presence of these three. Fort Norman was a more substantial settlement, with the impressive backdrop of Bear Mountain. The clean water of Bear River comes in here, but mixes soon with the silted water of the Mackenzie River. To the west one could see the huge plume of smoke from burning coal seams that had already been reported by Alexander Mackenzie in 1789 (Photo 3). At Norman Wells we found empty barracks from the oil project of World War II, hot water for washing, but no clean cold water for drinking. Below Norman Wells are the (Sans) Sault Rapids at the mouth of the Mountain River. Although they are reported to be quite formidable at the proper water level, we easily evaded them by keeping to the left bank of the river.

Just above Fort Good Hope one passes through the spectacular Ramparts, with limestone cliffs up to 70 m above the river. Some 35 km below Fort Good Hope one crosses the Arctic Circle. Three days later we passed the much less impressive Lower Ramparts, and by the middle of July we reached the small settlement of Arctic Red River near the beginning of the delta of the Mackenzie River.

Here we tried to find a guide to take us to the mouth of the Rat River on the west side of the delta. Our maps were from the topographic series 1:506880 (8 miles to the inch) with the last revisions made in 1943. Those maps show very well rapids and falls of interest to the canoe trade of bygone days, but the maze of channels and islands of the Mackenzie Delta, covering upward of 5000 km² was not a good place to test their reliability. We found an old Indian who had gone to the Klondike gold fields via the Rat River route 60 years earlier, but he was in no condition to go anywhere now. He made up for his physical weakness by telling the most extraordinary stories about the dangers and practically certain death awaiting us on this route. Having had previous experience with tales of oldtimers - and the awe inspired by them in the motorboating younger generation - we were not worried but enjoyed the sun of admiration shining on us.

Not being able to find a guide in Arctic Red River we had to go to the more substantial settlement of Fort McPherson on the Peel River, which shares the delta with the Mackenzie River. In principle this is not difficult since one follows the left bank all the way. However, at Point Separation the river becomes very wide and exposed to the wind from the Arctic Ocean. This is a good place to pass in absolutely calm weather.

In Fort McPherson we had no trouble finding a guide who could take us to the Rat River. We pushed off one morning, pulling our folding boat behind his large canoe with outboard motor. The western part of the Mackenzie Delta is densely wooded with conifers. Once we reached the inconspicuous mouth of the Rat River and turned upstream, the trees gave way to dense bushes. This must be the original home of the mosquitoes. They did not bother us on the water, but any attempt to land and go into the bushes brought them out in clouds. Half way between the mouth of the river and the first rapid is a sandbar - the only one - that can be used as a rest stop. By evening we reached the first rapid. Here is a large gravel area called "Destruction City" in memory of the supplies abandoned by the parties heading for the gold of the Klondike in 1896-97.

The distance from Destruction City to the height of land at McDougall Pass is only about 60 km, but one ascends about 365 m. For comparison, we had only dropped 156 m since leaving Great Slave Lake. Enough small trees

and bushes grow along the river banks to make tracking from the banks an unending problem. The swift current makes it hard to cross the river, even though it is quite narrow. One of these crossings almost cost us our boat. We managed to save everything in the nick of time, but anything not packed in plastic bags was soaking wet. Fortunately, enough firewood can be found here to dry out things. This is one of the most miserable ascents the canoeist is likely to make (Photo 4); allow ten days for this experience.



Photo 4: Tracking up the Rat River.

The mountains around McDougall pass rise to 1000 m; some had patches of snow. A portage brings one into Summit Lake, and a second portage to Little Bell River on the west side of the Continental Divide. There is a cairn in the pass.

Little Bell River has a few insignificant riffles, but there were blockages by trees that had fallen across. Even though not many trees grow here, the ones that fall are sure to block the river. One blockage just above the junction with the Bell River cost us much misery due to the accumulated driftwood, which we had to clear out in a pouring rain. Within a few hours the much larger Bell River was reached. From here to Rampart House at 141°W one enjoys a free run, first on the Bell then on the Porcupine River.

We had been travelling more than five weeks by now. Our air mattresses had long given up, their quality just was not what one can expect today. Since the ground was frozen, we had to chop branches of trees or collect driftwood every evening to provide some insulation from the cold ground. Despite this daily effort we suffered constantly from backaches and could not stand straight. Another problem was a vitamin deficiency. A daily dose of vitamin C tablets was not enough, something else was missing. We collected wild onions wherever we could find them and mixed them into the dried egg powder for breakfast. Our highly spiced salami and ham had inflamed our mouths so badly that we could not chew the stuff any longer. Instead we cut it into small bits and swallowed it directly. We never had this problem again in later years when we switched from vitamin C tablets to Tang, and from spiced to canned meat.

Despite these problems we were in good spirit and spent a few days hiking in the Richardson Mountains which rise to 1500 m and were still marked as unmapped on our map of 1943. On 27 July - my 29th birthday - we reached the first trapper's cabin on the west side of the Rocky Mountains and enjoyed a good night's sleep on a wooden platform instead of on the usual branches and driftwood. Two days later we reached the mouth of the Old Crow River.

According to the map the settlement of Old Crow should have been on the right bank of this junction, but nothing was to be seen. After a short discussion whether Old Crow was in reality above or below the junction, we decided that the Old Crow River was too swift for paddling upstream and we too lazy for tracking. Hence, the settlement would either have to be below the junction or we would have to make do without it. Sure enough, drifting downriver for less than one kilometre brought us to Old Crow.

Old Crow consisted in 1957 of an Anglican missionary with wife, a Catholic missionary from France without wife, two policemen, and perhaps twenty Indian families.



Photo 5: Schoolhouse in Old Crow.

All houses were either log cabins or log structures with a canvas roof. The schoolhouse shown in Photo 5 gives a fair impression of the state of the buildings. Cutting firewood and hauling water from the river seemed to be the main occupation during summer. The economic base was trapping in the Old Crow Flats north along the Old Crow River in winter. Once a month an airplane brought mail from Fort McPherson; twice a year a boat coming up the Porcupine River from Fort Yukon brought supplies and took the pelts out.

About 50 km below Old Crow the Porcupine crosses into Alaska. The buildings of the abandoned trading post Rampart House were still in good shape (Photo 6). For the next 50 km the river runs through the Ramparts of the Porcupine, a gorge with lots of white water. During the day the wind was blowing upriver so hard in this gorge that we could make no headway and had to shift to night travel. We had learned from various sources that this is a common state of affairs in the Ramparts of the Porcupine. It was about 10 August and the nights were dark again even though we were still some 100 km north of the Arctic Circle. It is an eerie feeling to run white water in the dark, relying more on hearing than on seeing. Since most of our food had been eaten by now, we were sitting low in our folding boat. The spray cover made us watertight. We could thus well afford to bounce over and through the waves without much concern.



Photo 6: Rampart House at the border between the Yukon and Alaska.

The remains of Stephens at the mouth of the Rapid River and of Old Rampart House at the mouth of the Salmon Trout River were passed during darkness. The Ramparts end at Howling Dog Rock. The Porcupine River widens and splits into many arms between 143°W and 144°W. Three days brought us to the ruins of Shuman House. To our surprise, we found here a mammoth tusk (Photo 7). During the last ice age, this area was not covered by ice, but it was completely surrounded by ice. Hence, it was refuge for many animals and it has become known as a rich source of their remains.

A historical note may be of interest here. John Franklin had established an astronomically fixed point at Arctic Red River. The exploration from there to the Yukon river by John Bell - in the service of the Hudson's



Photo 7: Mammoth tusk found at Shuman House.

Bay Company - was done by dead reckoning, since longitude was difficult to obtain in those days. When Alexander H. Murray built Fort Yukon in 1847, he was aware that the

post was within the Russian territory of Alaska. However, this fact was ignored until the U.S. acquired Alaska from the Russians in 1867. In 1869 Captain Charles Raymond of the U.S. Corps of Engineers ascended the Yukon River to Fort Yukon to check its longitude, which is somewhat west of 145°W. The Hudson's Bay Company was forced to retreat upriver along the Porcupine in stages until Rampart House just east of the border with Canada at 141°W was established twenty years later.

Two days beyond Shuman House the Porcupine River widened and was full of islands. The junction with the Yukon was near. Fort Yukon is located about 1 km upriver from the junction on the right bank of the Yukon River. We kept to the left bank of the Porcupine since we knew from a previous journey that the Yukon runs at 10 km/h at the junction, which makes paddling upstream impossible, and we had already done all the tracking we wanted to do on the Rat River. In the evening the silted water of the Yukon could clearly be distinguished from the clean water of the Porcupine. Another hundred metres brought us to the fast flowing waters of the Yukon. The distance from Fort McPherson to here is about 1000 kilometres.

Even though we knew better, we tried to paddle against this current. Paddling as hard as we could we just managed not to drift back. We were too tired to attempt tracking without a night's sleep. Just when we started unloading for camp, a motorboat showed up to take clean drinking water from the Porcupine to Fort Yukon. We gratefully accepted a tow for this last long kilometre.

nature

ANCIENT LEFTOVERS

One of human nature's more interesting failings is its weakness for fanciful stories about prehistoric monsters lurking in the murky depths of large lakes and rivers. All over the world people insist - without the slightest shred of real evidence - in believing in much mythical creatures as Ogopogo and the Loch Ness Monster.

The irony is that in a few places there actually are ancient forms of life inhabiting deep lakes but, by and large, people don't even know about these real relicts or pay them the attention they deserve.

Few people would suspect for example, that in Algonquin we know of not just one but five ancient creatures surviving deep down in remote Park lakes.

Now, it is true that none of these survivors is very big and they hardly qualify as "monsters", but you would be hard pressed to find another five animals that can tell us such an interesting story about the history of Algonquin.

Four of the five animals are tiny crustaceans, less than a quarter of an inch long, which feed on even smaller animals and on algae. None has a common name, but the scientific term for the one pictured here, *Mysis relicta*, refers to the fact that it is a relict, or survivor, from the last Ice Age which ended in Algonquin 11,000 years ago.

The fifth relict is a very strange looking fish, the Deepwater Sculpin, only 2 or 3 inches long, that preys on the relict crustaceans. All five of these animals live in very cold water, often over 100 feet below the surface.

The really odd thing about these dwellers of the deep is their distribution. Although the Park has plenty of cold, deep water, the four crustaceans live only in the chain of lakes beginning with Manitou and Kioshkokwi in the far northwest corner of the Park and extending down the Petawawa drainage - including Cedar, Radiant, Traverse, Grand, and a few nearby lakes as well. The Deepwater Sculpin has an even more restricted range, having been found only in Cedar Lake (and only once at that) although it is such a difficult fish to catch that it seems very likely that it occurs in some of the other lakes as well.

There are two puzzling questions about this distribution. One is the matter of how the sculpin and the crustaceans ever got into the Park in the first place since they are normally found in cold, brackish water of Arctic regions. The second question, since these animals obviously did get into Algonquin, is why they are found only in parts of two major watersheds stretching across the north side of the Park.

These questions might still be unanswered except for other investigations carried out independently by geologists. It may seem hard to believe today, but 11,000 years ago Algonquin was being uncovered by the slow, northward melting of the last glacier. To the west of the Park area, and occupying the present-day basins of Lakes Huron and Michigan (plus much surrounding land), was a huge body of water, called Lake Algonquin, formed by the melting glacier. As more and more lands was freed from the ice, Lake Algonquin had a succession of outlets, but the one that is of most interest here was uncovered when the ice melted north of Fossmill, a now abandoned station on the CN track just beyond the Park's northwest boundary. When this happened, Lake Algonquin suddenly had a new outlet, some 160 feet lower than the old one and, for two or three centuries, the forerunner of the upper Great Lakes drained east, across Lake Algonquin to the Champlain Sea, an inland arm of the Atlantic occupying the modern Ottawa and St. Lawrence valleys.

There can be little doubt that Lake Algonquin, formed from icy meltwater, was ideal habitat for our four crustaceans and the sculpin - and it seems reasonable they would also have lived in the mighty river that drained the lake. Eventually, however, the Fossmill Outlet came to an end when the retreating glacier exposed an even lower outlet for Lake Algonquin at what is now North Bay. With the termination of the river across Algonquin, the only places where the sculpin and crustaceans could survive would be in any deeper lakes that happened to be left in the abandoned river channel.

By a not so strange coincidence, the lakes where biologists have, in fact, found the five relict species surviving today lie within what geologists had earlier deduced was the Fossmill Channel. Indeed, the presence of the relicts in those lakes and their absence from similar lakes elsewhere in the Park, is strong evidence that the geologists were absolutely correct in their theory about the existence and location of the channel. By the same token, the Fossmill drainage provides a neat explanation of how the relicts got into Algonquin in the first place, and of why they are found only in the lakes stretching between the northwest and southeast corners of the Park.

Our strange little sculpin and crustaceans have been living mostly unnoticed in the depths of those northern lakes for the last 11,000 years - ancient leftovers from a long dead river that once drained the biggest lake in the world. Our relicts may not get the headlines that the Loch Ness Monster does but we think they are a lot more interesting. After all, they tell a fascinating story and nobody had to make them up.

Reprinted from The Raven, courtesy of Ministry of Natural Resources, Ontario.



Photo: Donna Barnett



August 15, 1984 - Baker Lake, N.W.T.

This afternoon I watched Anautalik head out from town across the bay toward the Thelon River, his kayak loaded with supplies, toward his family's camp up river a few kilometres, each powerful stroke of his doublebladed paddle driving him swiftly through the waves. Beyond his diminishing figure appeared three red canoes - another party of trippers in the homestretch after 500 km of the Thelon. They approached each other - kevlar facing stretched caribou skin - and passed in silence. Only a smile linked these travellers from two different worlds.

For the canoeists, it was nonetheless a crowning touch to their barren lands trip, a reminder of the heritage which flows in the waters they had travelled.

September 5, 1984 - Baker Lake

I was down by the shore in front of the Bay post this afternoon. Old Pirjuaq said to me: "Two weeks - ice here by the shore," as he gazed knowingly out across the windswept waters of Baker Lake. A cold, arctic nor'wester blew our words away. The tundra all around the settlement has turned to its autumn colours, a microcosmic duplication of Muskoka in October. There's excitement in town, as boat after boat of hunters leaves the foreshore, heading out across the lake to the migrating caribou herds on the south shore. For me, another long and happy sojourn in Baker Lake is nearly over.

I've seen the cycle of seasons from the end of last winter, through the arrival of the first flowers in late June, into the summer season when the flies take over the barrens, and then the late summer when white man's canoe trips start arriving in town, to become one of the subjects of conversation amongst the locals. But now they have all gone south - like the birds fleeing the onset of winter - carrying with them memories of an arctic summer.

It's been a change for me not being one of them, but rather standing on the sidelines with Inuit friends watching these qablunat canoeists come and go, stopping in town only long enough to have a quick look around and partake of a triumphant "pigout" at the hotel. Many camp out by the airport, anxiously awaiting their plane, and never do more than visit the craft shop in town. A few others take advantage of the opportunity to visit with the friendly people of the North, through whose land they have travelled.

One occasion I stood with a small group of older, respected Inuit hunters who had just been asked by the RCMP to help with a search and rescue mission for a missing canoe trip. These men expressed no malice or criticism, just genuine concern for fellow beings who were out on the land they know so well, whose dangers and

moods they understand. They were anxious to go to the aid of this missing canoe trip. That party of six canoeists was found enduring an early August arctic storm, with little food remaining, cold, in a great deal of discomfort, their energy low, and having virtually given up.

It is hard for us to understand why. But the truth is this happens time and time again, year after year, often to experienced canoeists. By now we've all heard and read the accounts of tragedy that came out of the North this summer - dramatic press in the South, a fact of life in the North. Living up here as much as I do, I'm getting used to hearing these tragic stories. Sometimes I find myself shaking my head in unison with the Inuit, who wish only that these summer travellers would come better prepared, with a greater respect for the power of the barrens. At the same time I never lose my perspective as a fellow canoeist, and feel continually compelled to communicate somehow the need for careful planning and thorough preparation before an expedition into the environment which the arctic wilderness provides.

To some degree the increasing statistics and my growing concern are a reflection of the greater number of canoeists who find their way north in the 1980's. The same increase has brought other changes too: canoeists find more and better services; scheduled transportation in and out of the arctic has improved; flight agents no longer balk when you ask if they'll carry a canoe; in Baker they are planning a campground for visitors (especially the several canoe trips which conclude every year here) provided with toilet and maybe even shower facilities. So perhaps it is in fact easier to canoe in the arctic now. But one must not forget that the skills and care required out on the land, away from the support systems of a technological society, have not changed.

Canoeing the barrens is a profound experience. Do it right and you'll march forever to the sound of another drummer. Do it wrong and you'll become the drowned of another summer.

Well, it's snowing outside right now. Time to take my tent down. Big caribou feast tonight over at Tulurialik's. Tomorrow morning I fly south - like the birds I guess.

Arctic Journal, by WCA Member David F. Pelly is a series of articles on various aspects of barrens canoeing. David 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.



nastawgan published by the wca editor: sandy richardson printed by bayweb

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

EDITORIAL

You will already have noticed a major change that we have introduced with this issue of Nastawgan. We are now printing on bookstock paper rather than on newsprint. This higher quality paper should give better reproduction of photographs, and text that is clearer and easier to read. And, for those of you who save your copies of the paper, these should now last longer without becoming yellow and brittle. It is an improvement that we have been looking forward to making for some time, and one which we hope will increase your enjoyment of Nastawgan.

We are also making another, albeit less noticable, change with this issue. This is a change, or rather a firming up, of our policy regarding deadlines for the submission of material for each issue.

In the past we have allowed a two-week lead time between the deadline for submissions and the lay-up date. Most people, it seems, like to leave things to the last minute; and in our case this means that we are swamped each issue with material to edit, type, proof-read and prepare for printing just before lay-up day. If everything goes smoothly we survive this, though not without putting in many late nights and suffering considerable aggravation, and the paper makes it out on time. However, if there is any hitch at all with equipment or people's other commitments, something has to give. The result is that the paper comes out late, as it did last issue, or as with this issue, it comes out without a number of articles that we simply could not get typed in time.

To avoid these problems in future, and to soothe your editor's frayed nerves, we will be moving the deadlines for the receipt of material to at least four weeks prior to the date when we plan to lay-up the paper. To help people plan ahead, we will publish deadlines, not only for the next issue, but for the next four issues in each paper. (See News Briefs.)

These deadlines are firm. Every issue it seems, a few people plead to get "important" items or articles into the paper well after the deadline. This merely exacerbates the problems of the last minute rush. While it is difficult for a volunteer editor who depends on voluntary contributions to say "no", there is really no other choice. The answer to all such pleas to include material submitted after the deadline will, in future, be a blanket no. You can save yourself, the editor, and the Communications Committee a lot of anguish and frustration by taking note of the deadlines and not asking for extensions.

Hopefully, this more businesslike approach will help us to continue to put out a high quality paper on time, with fewer hassles and frustrations. Then, the members of the Communications Committee can worry about more important matters than whether the next issue will make it out. Like the rest of you, we can worry about things like where the ideal spots for our winter camping trips would be, or our plans for next summer's wilderness adventures...

Sandy Richardson

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

Welcome to the new improved Nastawgan. Commencing with this issue, we have upgraded the paper to Number One Book Stock. The new paper, besides generally looking classier, will enable us to provide sharper print and clearer photographs. Furthermore, unlike the newsprint, it resists turning yellow with age, and the ink doesn't come off on your hands.

Unfortunately, as you probably guessed, it's also going to increase our newsletter costs. Not only is the paper itself higher priced; but, being a heavier stock, it requires more postage. We carefully weighed the higher costs against the advantages, and concluded that

our members would probably prefer to have a better-looking, more permanent newsletter.

With our current strong financial position, the WCA will be able to absorb the added expenditure for the next year without raising membership dues. At that time we will reexamine our financial situation to determine if a modest increase is required.

Both the Communications Committee and the Board hope that this most recent improvement to Nastawgan will increase the enjoyment you get from reading the paper.

Bill Ness

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Fellow WCA members:

On behalf of all the beginners and novices in the club, we would like to express our appreciation of the considerable time and effort expended by the experts in the club in leading trips and conducting workshops and training sessions of various kinds. Without their efforts, we would have much greater difficulty improving our skills and thereby enhancing our enjoyment of the

outdoors in general and canoeing in particular.

Mike Graham Smith, Jim Morris, John Downs, Bill Ness and Norm Coombe are those that we have had the pleasure of associating with but we're sure there are many others who also contribute their knowledge and experience.

Gerry Lannan
Marlene Prokop

news briefs

AN URGENT APPEAL FOR HELP

WCA at the 1985 SPORTSMEN'S SHOW

The Sportsmen's Show will be taking place in Toronto from Friday March 15 to Sunday March 24. We, the WCA, will have our customary booth there. Why not take the opportunity to join us and become involved? We do need your help in staffing the booth and we may need some extra hands to help set up and take down. If you are willing to participate in this worthwhile effort please call Gerry Lannan in Weston at 416-244-0238 or Jan Tissot in Toronto at 416-489-5032.

Since there will be insufficient time between the AGM and the Sportsmen's Show to get things organized please sign up now!

ARCTIC SLIDE SHOW AND TACK

David Pelly will be speaking and showing slides about his Arctic travels at a benefit night for the Boy Scouts of Toronto, on Tuesday, February 5 from 7 to 9 p.m. The benefit will be held in the hall of the Greek Orthodox Centre at 3125 Bayview Avenue (south of Finch) in Toronto. The admission is \$2, with all proceeds going to the Boy Scouts.

WCA CRESTS AND DECALS

Attractive crests and decals showing the WCA logo in two shades of blue and white are available to members. The crests measure 24 cm X 48 cm and cost \$3.00 each. The decals are 74 cm X 148 cm and sell for \$1.00 each.

Both crests and decals will be on sale at WCA meetings and 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.

WCA MEMBERSHIP LISTS

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



MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS

Members are reminded that your 1984 membership expires at the end of January. Avoid the rush and renew early! See back page for the membership renewal form and membership secretary's address.

LABRADOR SHOWSHOE TRIP

Pat Lewtas is planning a snowshoe trip from Lac Mistinibi (northeast of Schefferville) to Nain, Labrador. The plan is to leave Toronto on Wednesday, February 27 and return Saturday or Sunday, March 16 or 17. Cost will be approximately \$750. For more information please contact Pat at 416-961-6575 as soon as possible.

MEMBERSHIP NUMBERS

You may have noticed that the WCA has "gone computer"! Mailings have beautiful computer-generated labels (thanks to Cash Belden). You may also have noticed a number in the upper right hand corner of the label. This is your personal number by which the computer will always recognize your membership. If you use this number on membership renewals and other correspondence with the WCA, it will make the computer very happy. After all, you don't want to make the computer angry, do you?

MOVING?

If you are moving, please send your change of address notice to the club secretary Ria Harting (not to the newsletter editor) so that membership and mailing lists can be updated. It will speed things up if you include the membership number that appears in the top right corner of your mailing label with your notice.

NEWSLETTER DEADLINES

Articles, trip reports, photographs, etc. are needed for future issues. Material may be either typed or handwritten, but should be double spaced with large borders and margins. The deadlines for the next four issues of Nastawgan are:

<u>Issue</u>	<u>Deadline</u>
Spring 1985	- January 27, 1985
Summer 1985	- May 4, 1985
Autumn 1985	- August 18, 1985
Winter 1985	- November 16, 1985

No material received after the deadline date will appear in that issue, but will be held for use in a later issue if appropriate.



QUETICO SUPERIOR

1909-1984

75TH ANNIVERSARY

HISTORY OF QUETICO - SUPERIOR - III

By Shan Walshe
(Research assistance by Shirley Peruniak)

Photos courtesy Quetico Provincial Park Archives.

Claiming that the establishment of the Quetico Forest and Game Reserve in 1909 did not solve the crisis in the depletion of fish and game, Kelly Evans stated: "In 1909 the Department of Lands and Forests had placed a mere ten rangers working in pairs in the Quetico, who, for only five months of the year, had the impossible task of patrolling the reserve's 1500 square miles. The rangers keep to the larger rivers and lakes and remain in blissful ignorance of the geography of their beats and undertake or attempt but very little work. Consequently, local hunters and trappers enjoy relatively unrestricted access to Quetico's resources especially during winter." (At this time, lumber camps in the Rainy River District were hiring men at \$40/month to supply camps with moose, deer, and fish.) Evans recommended that four permanent posts of two rangers each should be established and located at strategic locations in the Quetico to facilitate patrolling.

In 1909-10 winter patrols were begun and, on January 22, 1911, Deputy Game Wardens, Robert Readman and Ephram Crawford arrested four trappers in Hunter's Island and brought them to trail in Fort William (now Thunder Bay). They paid fines with \$20 U.S. gold pieces.

To step up enforcement of game and fish regulations, the Department of Game and Fisheries appointed colonel D.D. Young as Quetico's first game warden. Ranger Bill Darby met Colonel Young at Quetico Station on the Canadian Northern Railway and paddled him to French Lake. During the summer of 1911, accompanied by rangers Robert Readman, Jack McDonald, and Bert Lock, Colonel Young took a canoe trip through Quetico. They noted signs of illegal trapping south of Quetico Lake and destroyed several trapper's shacks and traps. They also met people from the United States who had been coming to the Quetico for years. After the trip, Colonel Young said, "The Quetico Game Reserve is one of nature's most beautiful spots with nature unadorned. I consider it will be the greatest tourist recreation resort and fisherman's paradise on the Continent." Colonel Young observed that the best pine timber in the Reserve was on Eden Island and south of it.

In 1912, Colonel Young and rangers, Harry Gadd, Fred Hampshire, Milt Adams, Bob Johnston, and Stewart Campbell, built a men's quarters, two outbuildings for stores, a stable, and a small office at French Lake. All supplies were brought in from Kawene on the Canadian Northern Railway. They cleared four acres of land and had a 1-1/2 acre garden with potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbage, cauliflower, corn, peas, beans, and beets. The 1912 equipment inventory at French Lake included a pair of ponies, wagon, sleigh, building materials for a house (metallic shingles, bath tub, laundry tub, etc.).

The rangers built patrol shacks at Sturgeon Narrows, Tinsley's Point, Lac la Croix, and Eva Lake. They also built a stable at Eva Lake. They took over existing fire ranger cabins on Eden Island of Quetico Lake and at Basswood Lake. They also cut out about twenty miles of portages and made an overland trail from French Lake to Kawene.

Reminiscing about those early years, Harry Gadd of Fort Frances, who ranged at Basswood Lake along Quetico's southern border, said he used to obtain his supplies in Ely, Minnesota and then bring them over the 4 mile railroad from Fall Lake to Holst Bay of Basswood. In order to be in the good graces of the Canadian game wardens, merchants in Ely would slip a bottle of whiskey in each ranger's pack.

On one of his summer patrols, Harry came upon a man whose wife was terrified of the wilderness and wild animals. Noting that the man possessed a revolver, Harry considered confiscating it but decided against it on the grounds that it offered at least a little psychological security to the distraught woman.

Harry went out of his way to protect Indian graves from pilfering (in the grave, relatives had placed items which would help the deceased on his journey to the happy hunting grounds). At the Lac la Croix Indian Reserve he smoked the peacepipe with Chief Tom Ottetail.

Highlights of the Years 1911-13 in Ontario

1911

- Canadian Lawrence J. Burpee was appointed secretary of the International Joint Commission. Other Canadians associated with the Quetico movement were John W. Daffoe, Editor of the Winnipeg Free Press and J. Preudhomme K.C., City Solicitor of Winnipeg.
- The Quetico Improvement Company was organized with the purpose of constructing dams and slides for timber passage on the Quetico and Namakan Rivers and Bear (Bearpelt) Creek.
- E. W. Backus threatens to sue logging, companies for damming rivers flowing into Rainy River.
- Navigation Company threatens to sue Backus because of low water in Rainy River because of Backus dam at International Falls.



Quetico Rangers, 1912. (Rooney Collection)

1912

- A Canadian and U.S. field survey party started working eastward from Lake of the Woods, locating the international boundary line and installing monuments.
- Shevlin Clarke Lumber Company plans to move into Quetico, Beaverhouse, Sturgeon, and Jean Lakes to cut red and white pine.
- June 12 - "George Wall and his brother, Stanley, are striking for the tall timber to coax the little raindrops to quench the mighty fires of the Quetico Forest Reserve. Success attend them" - (LaVallee News)

- Population of Sturgeon Lake (Kawa Bay) Indian Band reduced to 12 people (ten less than year before). Two deaths and eight migrations. People depend entirely on hunting and fishing.
- Fourteen fire rangers in Quetico Forest Reserve.
- Ernest Oberholtzer has learned from the Indians that Beaverhouse Lake received its name from an immense rock bluff resembling a beaverhouse. Also that many of the Quetico pictographs were painted by a shaman (medicine man) named Amo.
- Katherine Pinkerton (author of Wilderness Wife) and her husband, Robert, are living on Steep Rock near Atikokan.

Superior National Forest

On September 19, 1912, President William H. Taft by presidential proclamation, added 380,552 acres to the Superior National Forest. At the same time, 14,455 acres were eliminated from the Forest.

Forest Guard Ed Dellman's 1913 diary provides an excellent insight into a ranger's life in Superior National Forest in the early days. Dellman's duties were fire control, telephone line construction, and canoe route improvement.

- May 16 - Arrived in Ely, met partner (Harry Chamberlain) and painted canoes in warehouse in afternoon.
- May 17 - Cleaned out storeroom in forenoon. Started for Sioux River. Got as far as Burntside Lake.
- May 29 - Failed to find portage from Korb to Clear Lake (now called Cummings) so cut out trail of our own and travel halfway across Clear Lake.
- May 21 - Travel all day in rain. Go down Sioux River to deserted lumber camp. Many windfalls in river making progress slow.
- May 25 - Worked around camp in forenoon and strung one half mile of wire in afternoon. First begin to notice mosquitoes.
- May 28 - Move camp to Devil's Cascade from Barbour's Portage. Camp in swamp. Pulled 150 lb. coils of wire across Elm Portage.
- May 29 - Awful night with skeets. Rain all morning. Take wire from Elm Portage to Pauness Lake in afternoon.
- May 30 - String wire through bog and swamp to Pauness Lake. soaking wet all day.
- June 8 - Sunday, loaf all day in peace.
- June 13 - Skeets fierce. Moved from High's Place to Jeannette Lake - made a raft and camped on an island.

Highlights of the Years 1911 to 1913 in Minnesota

1911

- Minnesota Forest Service was established and William T. Cox appointed director. Inspected railroad locomotives for ash pan and spark-arresting devices to prevent forest fires.
- U.S. Forest Service had cabin at Lower Basswood Falls called Crooked Lake Guard Station.

1912

- U.S. Forest Service purchases launch with 3-1/2 H.P. engine for Lac la Croix and constructs living quarters, boathouse, and tramway. Ranger Brownell will be in charge with rangers Clarke, St. Marie, Dunn and six labourers.
- Game Warden James finds dynamite to be used for fishing at Pipestone Falls.
- In Superior National Forest 572 wolves were killed in three months.
- Two caribou scalps were seized by the Minnesota Game Commissioner.



Author Shan Walshe is the Quetico Park Naturalist, a position he has held for the past 14 years, and knows the Quetico-Superior area like the back of his hand. He is the author of the recently published book: Plants of Quetico and the Ontario Shield. Shirley Peruniak is the Park Historian and is also very knowledgeable about the Quetico-Superior area from first hand experience. She has researched and written extensively on the cultural aspects of Quetico Park.

This is the fourth of a series of articles on Quetico and the Quetico-Superior 75th Anniversary.



One of many scenic waterfalls in Quetico Provincial Park.

albany river

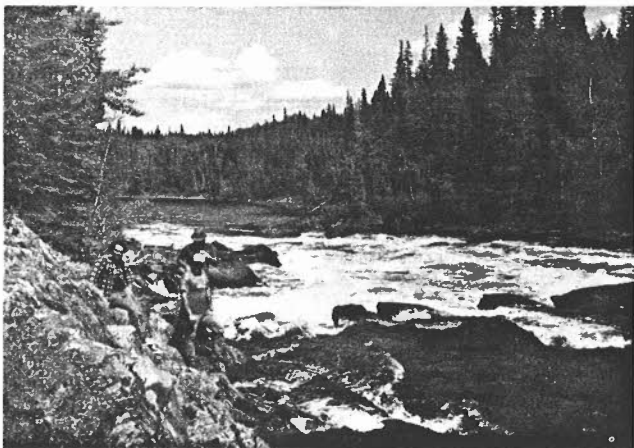
Osnaburgh Lake to Fort Hope

June 17 was warm with the sun shining as I and three fellow adventurers launched two Old Town canoes from Highway 599 into Osnaburgh Lake. We paddled to the main channel of the Albany River. There we camped, grilled steaks, relaxed and enjoyed the scenery.

June 18, we were up at 5:30. It was cool and partly cloudy. We broke camp and were on our way down the Albany. We experienced seven rapids; one had to be portaged. Kagami Falls was our second portage of the day, the first being 30 chains and the latter 20 chains. We set up camp at Kagami Falls. We changed into dry clothes. Our others were wet from the rain and rapids. We managed to start a camp fire in the rain, then we had an enjoyable meal and let the Falls sing us to sleep.

June 19, we were up at 7:30; sun shining; a beautiful morning. A lot of wet gear to dry. Breakfast of Albany pickerel, broke camp at 11:15. Canoeed 25 kilometres, mostly flat water, three sets of rapids, one portage. Made camp on south shore of the Albany, went swimming. Fish for supper, Norther Pike. Bugs bad, tired, going to bed early.

June 20, was a beautiful morning. Had breakfast and started paddling. Run a long section of rapids, one portage, a small lift over with gear in canoe. Mischkow River flows in from South increasing the power of the Albany which by now has four paddlers spell-bound. Made camp, caught a 14 lb. Northern from camp shore. Released him, too much meat for us to eat.



June 21, up at 6:00; beautiful morning. Paddled a few rapids, lots of flat water. Pushing hard, excited about seeing upper Eskwaka Falls. We found a beautiful view along the Fall and made camp. Fishing good below falls. Swimming great in turbulent water pockets, off main flow of falls.

June 22, another beautiful day. Broke camp slowly, hated to leave Eskwaka Falls. What a beautiful spot. Going 3 kilometres down river to Snake Falls and spend a day. Found a nice campsite below Snake Falls.

June 23, partly cloudy, rain early morning. Cleared off in the afternoon. Spent the whole day fishing, swimming, relaxing.

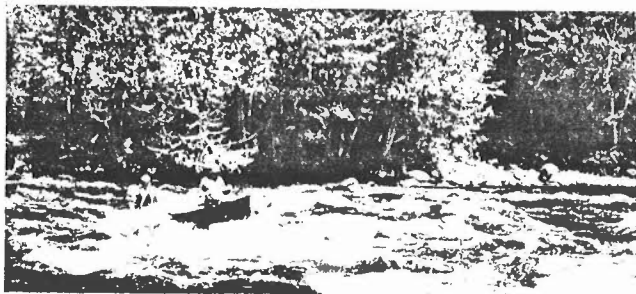
June 24, beautiful morning, up early and paddling. Wind in our favour, made good time across Miminiska Lake. Stopped at Miminiska Falls to fish, caught enough for supper. Portaged falls and ran rapids below. Got camp up just before a rain, which was followed by a rainbow.



June 25, up early, beautiful morning. Started paddling across Petawanga Lake. The wind was in our favour so we rigged tent fly sails and sailed to the rapids between Petawanga and Kawitos Lakes. Portaged gear and after lengthy deliberation decided to run the rapids, a decision which gave us a chance to practise our whitewater rescue techniques. Famous last words, "I think we can make it; it's your boat you decide." No one was hurt, canoe a little damaged. Thanks Old Town for Oltanar; it is unbelievably strong. Made camp at the first stop we found and got out of wet clothes and into a hot meal. Rain sent us to bed early, where we listened to the surf on Lake Kawitos until we fell asleep.

June 26, calm, sun shining, blue sky dotted with white fluffy clouds. The lake was so calm that it mirrored the sky, conjuring us into a state of serene tranquility. No one talked; just paddling and reflecting, this being our last day on the river. Slowly the calm was disrupted by the distant rumbling of rapids, our last rapids. We portaged gear and decided to run the rapids, one more whitewater ride on the Albany. Both canoes took on a lot of water but made it safely to our portaged gear, where we emptied canoes and continued down the Albany to the mouth of the Embonnet river and up to Fort Hope. The end of our wilderness adventure.





The size and power of the Albany was impressive from the start and with each influent became more so, making rapids long, wide and dangerous. Water levels were high which made for some exciting white water and quiet water. The Albany being so big is strongly affected by the wind. Bless those tail winds. The portages are easy and well marked. There are five water falls, Eskwaka Falls being the most impressive. All except Snake Falls are mandatory portages. Thank you Canada and WCA for all your hospitality and help.

Larry Flesch

WCA PHOTO AND SNAPSHOT CONTEST

Once again the WCA is holding a photo competition, but this time with some important differences compared to the contests held in previous years. To accommodate varying levels of photographic expertise, two classes (Novice and Experienced) are available to the competitor. Now, not only the serious amateur photographer, but also the occasional snapshotter has the opportunity to find recognition for his or her photographic efforts. All forms of photographs are accepted: slides as well as prints, colour as well as black and white. Anything goes as long as it is a wilderness photograph that fits the chosen category of which there are five in each of the two classes.

So, have a good look at your photo collection, dig up the shots that you particularly like, and enter them in this unique contest, which is for all of us who try to express photographically something of our wilderness experiences. Each photograph you enter means a chance at getting published in a place of honour in Nastawgan.

CLASSES

Make an honest appraisal of your photographic efforts and select the class you think you belong in:

Novice: the relatively inexperienced, occasional, three rolls a year, shooting just for the family album snapshotter.

Experienced: the serious amateur who has a fair to good knowledge of photographic technique and practices and for whom photography is an important hobby. (If you cannot decide which class to enter, then you should consider yourself Experienced.)

CATEGORIES

It is obviously not possible to have enough categories to cover all aspects of wilderness photography. In this contest there are therefore only five categories which are the same in each class. The four permanent categories (1 to 4) will be used in all contests we hope to hold regularly in the coming years, whereas the additional category (5) will change for each contest.

1. **Wilderness:** scenery, landscapes, sunrises/sets, mood shots, close ups, etc., that interpret the "feeling" of the wilderness. There should be no evidence of man in the photographs.
2. **Wilderness and Man:** as in category 1, but with man in harmony with the natural environment.
3. **Flora:** wild plants in their natural settings.
4. **Fauna:** wild animals in their natural settings.
5. **Canoeing Action:** showing the spirit, enjoyment, and hard work paddling, running rapids, lining, tracking, portaging, broaching rocks, going down falls, etc., all in the process of happening.

CONTEST RULES

1. Entries will be accepted from WCA members only.
2. Not eligible for entry are: photographs that received prizes or honourable mentions in previous WCA contests, photographs made by the panel of judges, and photographs by professional or semiprofessional photographers.
3. All photographs must have been taken in Canada by the competitor him/herself.
4. Any kind of photograph is acceptable: colour as well as black and white, slides as well as prints (minimum print size 5 x 7 in., maximum 11 x 14 in., border or no border, unmounted or mounted but maximum 11 x 14 in., no mats or frames.)
5. Each entrant may enter photographs in only one of the two classes.
6. A maximum of three photographs per category may be submitted; you may enter as many of the six categories in your class as you want.
7. The WCA reserves the right to use any of the photographs entered in this competition for reproduction in Nastawgan, and to have duplicates made for the purpose of WCA promotion.

HOW TO ENTER

- a. Select a maximum of three photographs per category in your class.
- b. Each photograph submitted should be numbered and clearly marked with the photographer's name. Include with your entry a sheet of paper stating your name/address/phone and the class in which you enter, and indicate by number for each photograph the category entered and the title of the photograph.
- c. Include with your entry a cheque for \$3.00 (made out to the WCA Photo Contest 1985), regardless of the number of photographs entered.
- d. Pack everything in a strong box or between two sheets of cardboard in a sturdy envelope marked "photographs", and send or deliver to the photo contest chairman: Toni Harting, 7 Walmer Road, Apt. 902, Toronto, M5R 2W8; to be received no later than February 1, 1985.

JUDGING will be performed by a panel of experienced photographers who will look for content, spontaneity, originality, feeling of wilderness, joy of photography, and technical qualities (Experienced class only). During the scoring the judges will not be aware of the title of the photograph or the name of its maker.

PRIZES: The winner of each category in both classes will receive a certificate in recognition of his or her achievement. Honourable mention will also be given if deemed appropriate. All winning photographs and a selection from the other entries will be published in Nastawgan. Winners will be announced at the WCA Annual General Meeting in March 1985, where selected entries will be shown and constructive comments will be given by the judges on many of the photographs.

RETURN OF PHOTOS: Entrants may pick up their photographs at the AGM. For those not present, photographs can be picked up at the contest chairman's home or they will be returned by mail. (Please indicate with your entry how you would like to have your photographs returned.)

bird atlassing on the winisk

George Fairfield

Field work for the Breeding Bird Atlas of Ontario is providing marvelous opportunities for canoeists who know their birds to participate in wilderness canoe trips at a very reasonable cost. Austin Airways is providing reduced air fare, the Ministry of Natural Resources is allowing participants to fly at no cost where seats are available, and the James L. Baillie Memorial Fund is giving grants to offset the cost of food and transportation.

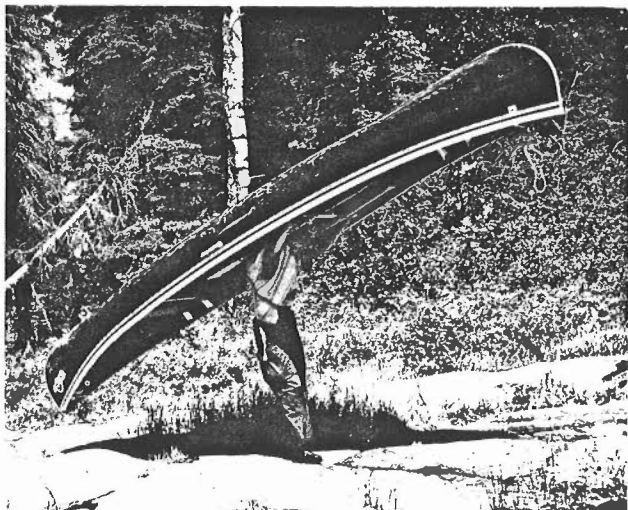
In July 1984, our "Atlassing" group - Jim and Pat Woodford, Paul D. Smith, and the writer - took advantage of this opportunity to take a 432 kilometre canoe trip on the Winisk River from Webequie on Winisk Lake to Winisk on Hudson Bay.

Our two canoes, four people, and one month's supplies were piled into and onto a very much overloaded Aspin station wagon and driven the 2000 kilometres from Toronto to Pickle Lake. At Pickle Lake we boarded an Austin Airways Hawker Sidley 748 and flew the 240 kilometres to the Indian village of Webequie.

It was late afternoon when we arrived at Webequie and there was a heavy swell on Winisk Lake. We held back our enthusiasm to begin wilderness camping and found a rather muddy, messy campsite in the village. This was just as well as it gave us an opportunity to buy some Indian crafts and to make a few last minute purchases at the Hudson's Bay store.

Our first working area was the northeast corner of Winisk Lake and there we established our pattern of surveying the shorelines by canoe and the back country by walking (staggering) through the bush and bogs on compass bearings. Our first day's work was rewarded with the finding of nests of osprey and common loon and the sightings of such northern specialties as spruce grouse blackbacked, threetoed woodpecker and gray jay.

On July 6 we started down the Winisk River proper. The first 160 kilometres are on the Precambrian Shield and so are characterized by a good deal of fast water and some heavy rapids. Since Winisk, near the mouth of the river, was the first place we could expect to get help if we got into trouble we had intended to portage most of the rapids. However, where the river ran in several channels, finding the portages proved to be very difficult. The portages were not marked. (We later found remnants of the portage signs which had been ripped off the trees and thrown back in the bush.) The result was that we portaged where we could, lined or walked the canoes through the worst places and ran the rest.



Until we had eaten most of our food the canoes were heavily loaded and not very manoeuvrable. Nonetheless, with a lot of back paddling and ferrying back and forth to pick the best channels, we completed the trip with no one dumping. At one place Jim and I got into a bad situation and would have had to swim except for the heavy load in the bottom of the canoe. We went over a steep ledge at a 45 degree angle. The canoe started to roll and the writer was on his way out when the heavy packs in the bottom of the deep Miller canoe flipped us back up like one of those weighted, airfilled punching toys.

Lining and walking the canoes on the upper Winisk was hazardous. The river bottom and shoreline are made up of enormous boulders. A slip off a rock puts you in over your waist and opens the danger of getting your legs trapped between the rocks. However, we struggled through with a few bruises and many good soakings.

Once we got below Tashka Rapids we were on the Hudson Bay Lowland and faced 200 kilometres of easy going with a few rapids and a good current. However, our progress was slowed somewhat by frequent headwinds from the north.

On the night of July 23, the wind increased to gale force and kept us pinned down in our tents all the next day. My tent was set on an open shingle and after four hours the ropes broke, some of the tabs tore off and I spent the remainder of the night under a flattened tent. The next morning I added heavier ropes, piled on some large boulders, raised the tent and spent the day reading a fat novel.

It was only when we returned home that we learned that this storm had taken the lives of four canoeists crossing James Bay from Fort Albany to Moosonee.

The day after the storm the wind went around to the south. We lashed the canoes together for a catamaran and sailed forty kilometres that day.

Seventy kilometres above Winisk the river cuts its bed down to the sedimentary rock. This provided us with kilometre after kilometre of easy rapids and high white limestone cliffs. The river was wide and shallow and the bow people had to keep a sharp eye out for rocks. My canoe is so battlescarred a few more scrapes made little difference, but the Woodford's new Scott canoe now provides a record of every rock they failed to miss.

For the most part our progress on the river was slow. The purpose of the trip was not to set speed records but rather to provide new information on breeding-bird populations of the country we were passing through. Many hours were spent searching the willows along the riverbank for sparrows and warblers, tramping the gravel bars for tern and gull nests and walking compass lines back into the bogs and fens for shorebirds and other wetland nesters.

We recorded breeding evidence for some 102 species. Because of the lateness of our trip, much of the evidence was in the form of adult birds carrying food to their young, sightings of young birds out of the nest, or the sound of male birds singing on territory.

Some of the more interesting finds were: the first record of Bohemian Waxwings feeding fledged young in Ontario, (a first nest is still to be found), the first nest (with two large young) of a redtailed hawk in the Hudson Bay Lowland, and a family group of little gulls, a species not previously recorded as a Northern Ontario breeder. A surprise observation was a single wandering turkey vulture above the shore of Hudson Bay.

Large mammals were very scarce. No wolves, no bears and only one moose. We chased a magnificent bull caribou along the shore of the river for five minutes trying to get close enough for a photo. He easily outdistanced us and the trotted off into the bush.

After three weeks in tents and twenty one different camp sites we were pleased to take advantage of the Ministry of Natural Resources' facilities near Winisk. The Ministry has utilized one of the buildings in a deserted Armed Forces base across the river from the Indian village and three kilometres inland. Ken Woods, the director of Polar Bear Provincial Park saw to it that we were comfortably settled before he took off on a polar bear tagging expedition.

One of the high points of the trip was the period after we reached Winisk. We had a fiveday wait for the aircraft that was to take us back to Pickle Lake. The time was well spent exploring the subarctic environment between the camp and Hudson Bay. The strip of tundra that follows the coast of Hudson Bay is only three to five kilometres wide in the Winisk area but it provided such Arctic species as whimbrel, golden plover, and Smith's longspur plus many wild flowers characteristic of Canada's tundra.

A few final remarks are best set out in point form:

Bugs: The mosquitoes, black flies, and horse flies were not nearly as bad as usual. This was a "One Muskoll Bottle Trip" compared to last year's "Four Muskoll Bottle Trip" on the Fawn Severn. Head nets and bug jackets were not needed. The mostly cool weather allowed us to keep well covered up.



Food: Pat Woodford proved to be an excellent food planner and campfire cook. She had each day's food separately packaged. There was no danger therefore of running out of food before the end of the trip. The emphasis was on freeze dried but included a good quantity of dried beef prepared by Paul Smith. Fishing was poor and provided only two meals of pike and pickerel. We wrapped rye bread in vinegar soaked cloths and tightly sealed them in large peanut butter pails. This provided fresh bread for lunches for over half the trip.

Campsites: Though we found few formal campsites there was no problem in finding good places to camp. These fell into four types:

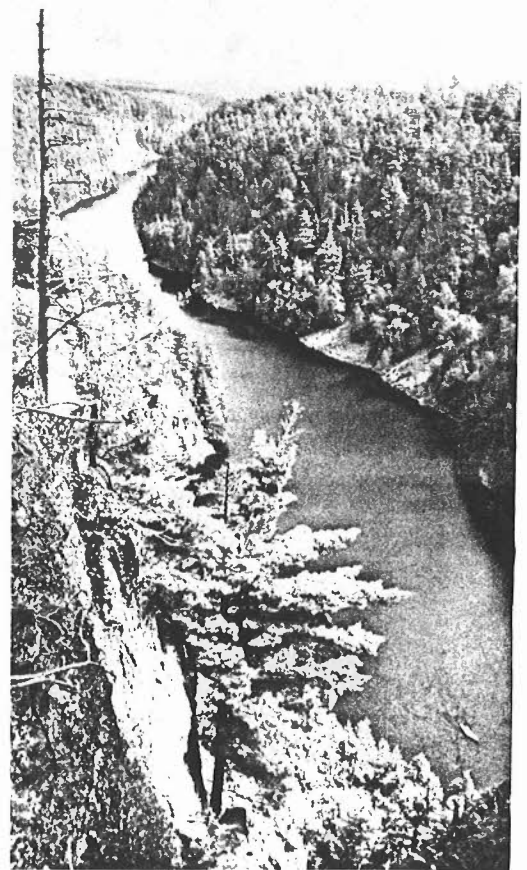
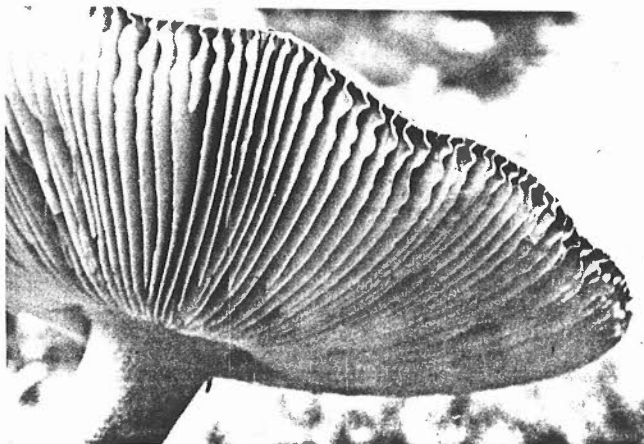
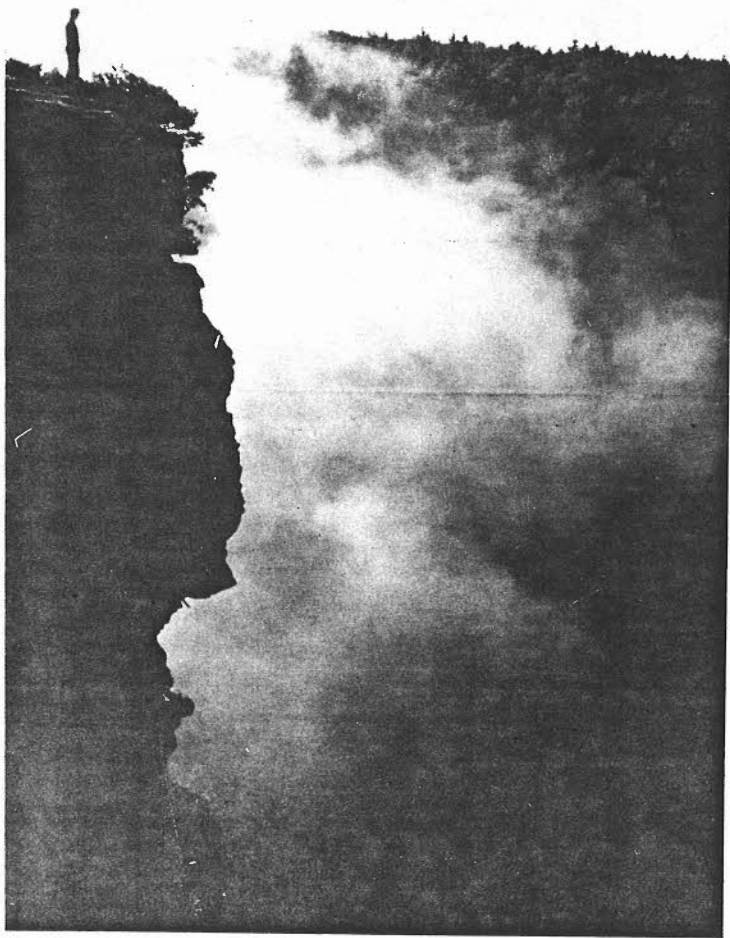
1. Rocky points and islands (on the Shield country).
2. Flat grassy benches along the river banks.
3. Gravel bars and points.
4. On the deep moss under spruce trees above the river banks.

Firewood: There was no shortage of firewood, although on rainy days we had to split a log to get dry kindling. We were very glad of the axe. We found the old fashioned wooden matches in waterproof containers to be the best. We tried the new "Waterproof" matches from Australia. There was not enough wood in them to burn long enough to light the tinder. They could only be struck on the stinking surface on the side of the box and it soon became damp and useless. Jim's little primus stove was a great help on very stormy days.

Rain Gear: Nothing is perfect. The rubberized cloth was good if you were not active, but sweated up on the inside when paddling. My new Gortex outfit let the air through and did not accumulate moisture on the inner surface. However when standing around in a downpour the rain quickly soaked right through the material.

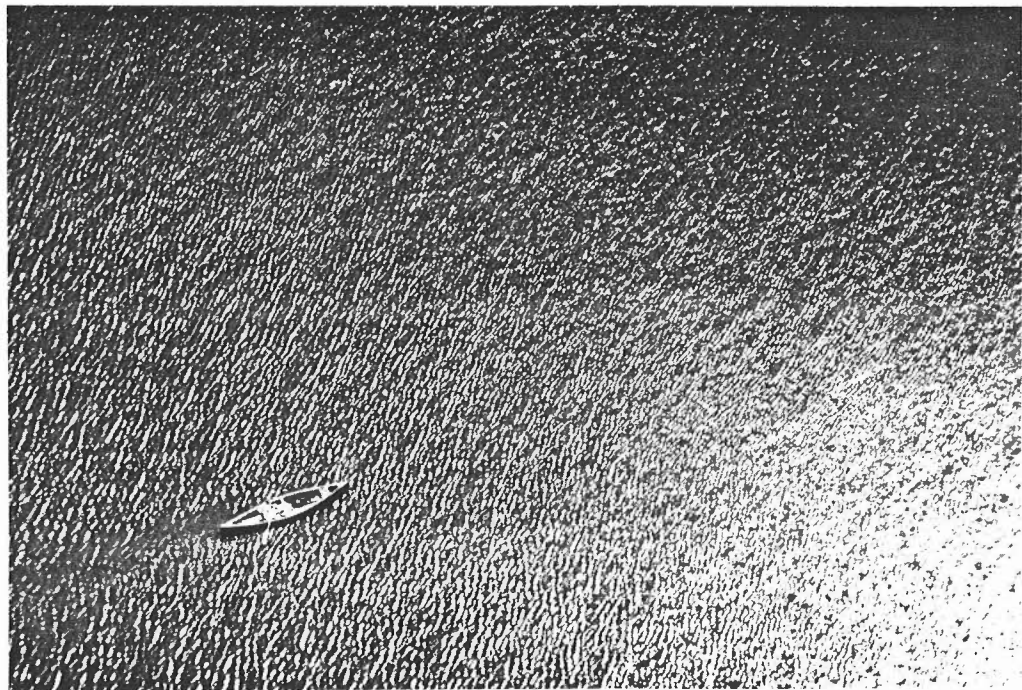
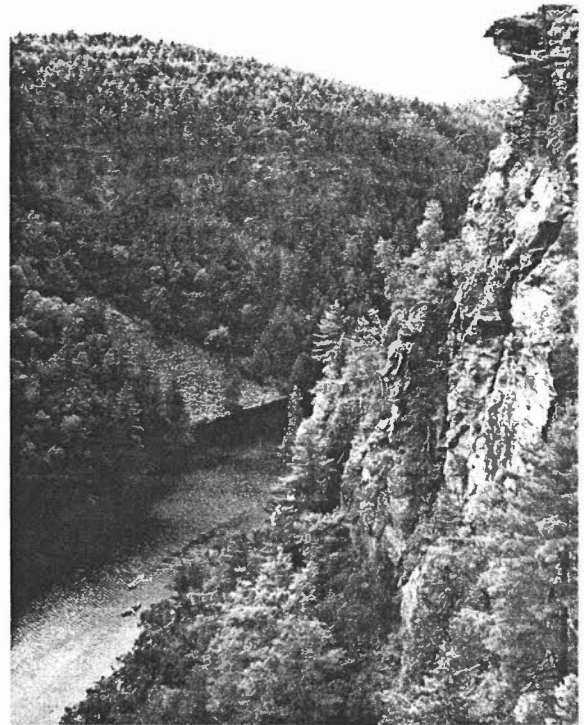
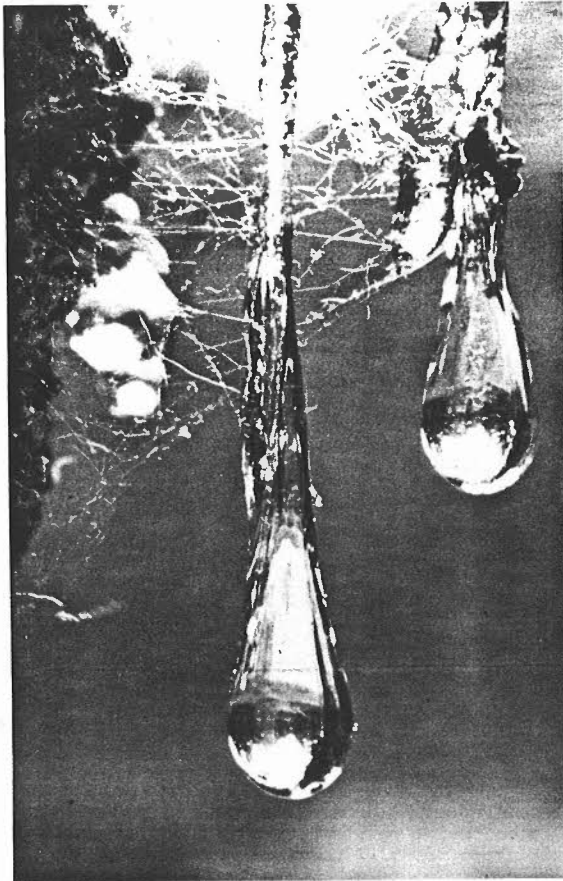
The trip was a great success. Much information was gathered on the breeding ranges of the birds, the participants learned a good deal about wilderness travel, and all came away determined to try other rivers in the near future.

barrc



on river

Photographs by Toni Harting



yukon again

Gail Vickers

July 23, 1984 was the beginning of yet another hot summer day in Newmarket, Ontario, but we weren't sticking around for it. Almost on schedule, we headed north. My sister Laurel, her cat, Pinswip, and her boyfriend John in their car; my aunt Harriett, sister Verity, her cat Penny, and I in my car were going to visit another sister Dawn, and her family (and cat) in the Yukon.

Highways 400, 69, and 17 were as usual heavy with traffic. The heat soon became unbearable, especially for the cats. We stopped at the Spanish River where I stood Penny in the river and dipped water over her with my hands. She appreciated being cooler. To escape the constant tourist traffic, we turned north at the town of Iron Bridge onto highway 129. This is a quieter, pretty route with plenty of steep hills and colourful wildflowers, such as daisies and fireweed, in bloom.

South of Wawa, on the Trans Canada Highway, we took a sidetrip into Magpie Falls. It was fascinating whitewater but definitely not runnable. Fun to watch, though. Then on to Hattie Cove Campground in Pukaskwa National Park for a chance to rest and cool off in Lake Superior. Too cool for some, so John and I were the only ones who went in swimming. However we did all walk along the beach which included scrambling over any rocks that were in our way. Except for the hungry bugs, it's a nice campground with showers.

Hungry bugs? Manitoba was at least twice as bad, especially the mosquitoes. We spent a few hours in Portage La Prairie while John repaired their car. Pinswip was so fed up with the heat and travelling, he headed for the nearest house. Fortunately no one was home.

Continuing on we drove northwest on the Yellowhead Highway, an interesting route with more hills than Highway #1. Fields of bright yellow rapeseed coloured the countryside from Manitoba on into B.C. There were also many grain elevators and some old Greek Orthodox Churches. The North Saskatchewan River, often in view, added interest. In Saskatchewan we drove into a beautiful sunset.

West of Edmonton, Alberta, we turned north taking another pretty route along highways 43, 34, and 2. Occasionally, far away in the distance, we could see the snow capped peaks of the Rockies. It was exciting to see them again! We ran into our first rainstorm which cooled at all. The fireweed and foxtail grass along the side of the road, were lovely, especially when picking up the colour of the setting sun through the dust. These plants also helped us to see the edge of the road when the visibility was poor or nil. The sun rises and sets almost north at that time of year. Dust from vehicles hovered over the road as there was little or no wind to move it. The view, when we could see it, was beautiful - mountains in the distance, lakes and rivers visible through the trees. Laurel and John, who were ahead, saw an owl, an eagle, and a crossfox.

We arrived in Little Salmon Village exactly a week after we'd left Newmarket. It was sure great to be with Dawn and her family, again. John and I were the only drivers in our group so appreciated not having to drive for awhile.

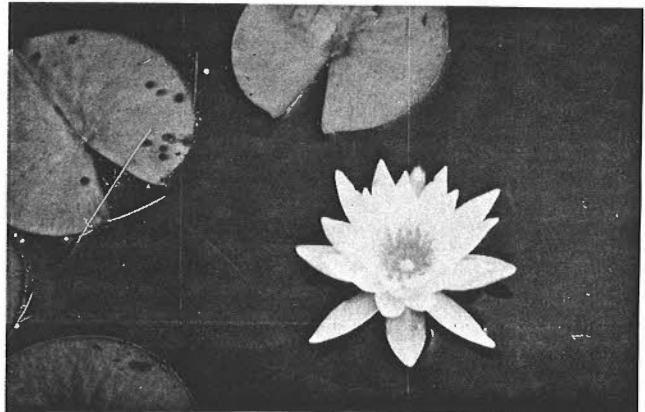
The next few days were spent cleaning up, resting, visiting, and helping Dawn keep a smoke fire going under the drying salmon (the weather was still hot). I washed my hair in the Yukon River but won't suggest anyone else try as the water's a little cold. The next day we all washed in Little salmon Creek where the water is slightly warmer.

This is a fish camp. Not many people, if any, live here permanently anymore. There are a few cabins and some of the old ones are being restored. Otherwise, while the salmon are running, people live in tents and set nets in eddies along the river. It used to be an Indian Village (Kutchin tribe), but two epidemics wiped out so many of the population that the survivors moved down river to Carmacks.

One evening some of us went with Wilfred, Dawn's husband, in his motorboat up the Yukon River to help him check his fish net. It's a very fascinating, fast flowing river, about 15 km/hr. Laurel and John saw a floating rock - a rock which had been drawn up from the bottom by the strong current. Cold air from the river cooled us off from the still constant heat. There were only a couple of salmon in the net but they sure tasted good later when cooked over an open fire. Commercial fishing down river at Dawson City and in Alaska Greatly deplete the amount of fish.

Instead of dust to contend with, we now had the much finer white ash. According to an article by Jane Gaffin in Yukon Indian News, "1,250 years ago a layer of white volcanic ash coated a third of the southern Yukon, or some 125,000 square miles...The source of the ash may be buried under the Klutlan Glacier in the St. Elias range in eastern Alaska."

After a few days, we moved to Dawn and Wilfred's cabin on Frenchman's Lake, north of Little Salmon us off for a while, then it was back to being too hot - as it had been all across the country.



At the Alaska Highway we stopped to put plastic headlight covers on my car, a precaution which is cheaper than buying new headlights. I wouldn't have recognized Fort St. John, B.C. As I remember, in 1973, when Dawn and I drove up for the first time, there was a supermarket, hardware store, a few motels and that was where the pavement ended. Now the highway bypasses the town which, from the outskirts, looks like any other suburban town. The pavement continues to Fort Nelson, B.C. and in bits and pieces after that, to Whitehorse. They were paving all of it and perhaps by now it's finished. What wasn't paved is a small reminder of what the road was like 11 years ago. On the first stretch of gravel I received the first crack on my windshield from a construction truck. Shortly after, John had a tire blow out. We usually drove with our windows open, preferring to be dusted instead of fried.

People thought the road was bad now. They couldn't imagine what it was like before, 1500 km of dust. You ate it, breathed it (some people covered their mouths with a wet cloth); it found its way into every little corner of all your gear and vehicle; you felt dirty all the time. If, by chance it rained, you'd be sliding down a slippery mud road curving around a mountain. More thrilling than any roller coaster. There were some advantages, though. Only the hardy and foolish went up. In the winter, when the road was frozen solid, it was better than slick pavement.

At Muncho Lake, a group of rock sheep, licking salt off the side of the road, posed nicely for photographs. Farther on at one of the campgrounds, a black bear was dining at the garbage bins. He was more wary of having his picture taken. We parked our food laden cars at the other end of the site, by the river. Foolishly we left the window open as we planned on staying by the cars. We didn't. Soon we were out of sight of the cars and I realized someone should go back, which I did, taking

Penny, on her leash, with me. Well someone else had been keeping an eye on our cars and was at John's car. Penny froze. There was no way I could even budge her. I wasn't going to jeopardize her life by either picking her up or leaving her so I called John, who came and scared the black bear away.

Finally the Yukon. Farther than I'd figured, though, as they've moved the border from Contact Creek to Watson Lake. We turned north onto the Campbell Highway - a good gravel road. In fact the gravel was so good that this time when a stone from a passing van hit my windshield, Harriett had glass in her lap. Later we patched the shattered area with duct tape, adding to the passenger's view. There was less traffic here, then eventually none. Village. Laurel and John pitched their tent behind the cabin; I pitched down by the lake. The others slept in the two story log cabin. The running water was in a creek a kilometre or so up the road. Water from the lake needed to be strained to remove the bugs. It was good for washing and swimming, though. We were often in swimming to keep cool. Someone later told us that the temperature had been about 35°C. The shore where we were was shallow and weedy. I discovered it also had tiny bloodsuckers. Sometimes we'd hear an Artic Loon calling or see it in the distance. Another time, Dawn and I were tramping through the bush to an old, abandoned cabin and found a few lingering artic raspberries.

One evening John, Laurel and I were talking by the lake. We noticed a dark object in the water, just off shore. It looked like the head and shoulders of a grizzly bear, watching us. Perhaps it was a log we hadn't noticed earlier? It wasn't there the following morning. Dawn asked now the dog, chained there had reacted. Laurel remembered he had growled, then was silent - the way he would react to a bear being nearby. There was a grizzly living in the area. That same night Laurel and John heard wolves howling as a pack passed by, close behind their tent. Occasionally some of the horses which Dawn and Wilfred owned, would come in for a visit as well as some salt and oats. They are branded and allowed to roam free unless needed for packing or riding. Each horse has a bell around its neck, hopefully to scare off wild animals.

On Friday, August 10, Penny and I picked up Marcia and her friend at the Whitehorse airport. We stocked up on groceries at one of the local supermarkets. The prices were steep, yet even higher in the smaller communities. We drove back up to Frenchman's Lake, spent the night there, then started off on our journey the next day. The weather had turned cooler a few days before, with rain off and on.

Frenchman Lake Road isn't the best road at anytime. It's even worse when it rains. The first few obstacles went smoothly - the bridge with an approach of birch logs, the bed of round, smooth rock going up the side of a hill, which pounded the car's bottom and slid it towards the edge of the narrow ledge. Sometimes vehicles got stuck here. By now I'd learned to drive down that road with one tire on the grass in the middle and the other going over the little trees growing along the edge. My car isn't as wide as the trucks which usually use the road and eventually we became stuck in the mud. We finally managed to get out by laying a corduroy road - lengthwise. A change of pace for the two just arrived from Toronto for a holiday.

The Klondike Highway was treacherous. Here there was traffic. The mud was slick and slippery. There were plenty of hills and curves. Fortunately we now had three drivers so we could take turns.

The Dempster Highway, from the Klondike to Inuvik, NWT, was completed in 1978. It is 721 km from start to finish. The sun came out before we started on this highway, enabling us to see the mountains with fresh snow on their peaks. It was so beautiful! The weather was cooler, though. Sometimes below freezing. I was sure glad I'd taken my old parka along. The road varied between trees and tundra. Some of the trees were black and white spruce, tamarack, poplar, birch, willow, and dwarf birch. Wildlife which crossed our path included a porcupine, artic squirrels or marmots, a red backed vole (which Penny wanted to eat), ptarmigans, different kinds of sandpipers and ducks.

One night we camped in a mountain pass. The ice on the floor of the outhouse was about an inch thick. In the morning the mountains, us and the other people

staying there, were covered with snow. Later, when we drove back through that area, it was raining.

It was thrilling for all of us to stand at the sign identifying the Artic Circle! Then it was into the Northwest Territories for the first time in our lives. The gravel highway still was sometimes on tundra, sometimes in trees, sometimes in mountains. A car ferry took us and others across the Peel River. Marcia and I thought this would be a good river to canoe someday.

The town of Fort McPherson was muddy. We couldn't find the gas station but we did find a cosy restaurant where Marcia and I splurged \$2.00 on showers.

Artic Red River was a picturesque community. There we crossed the mighty Mackenzie River on another car ferry. At one of the crossings, the maintenance crew rearranged the road so that a large camper, which was having trouble getting through the mud, could board.

I was surprised at the area around Inuvik. There were more trees, hills and mountains in the background, than I'd expected. The sun came out, giving a feeling of warmth. There was a plane flying to Tuktoyaktuk on the Artic Ocean but the price was more than we were willing to pay. It sure would have been great to see beluga whales in the wild, though. Some of the ladies in town were wearing their colourful native dresses. It was impressive to see them live, not just in brochures. It was also amazing to have come so far and still be in our own country, using the same currency. The sun set at midnight.

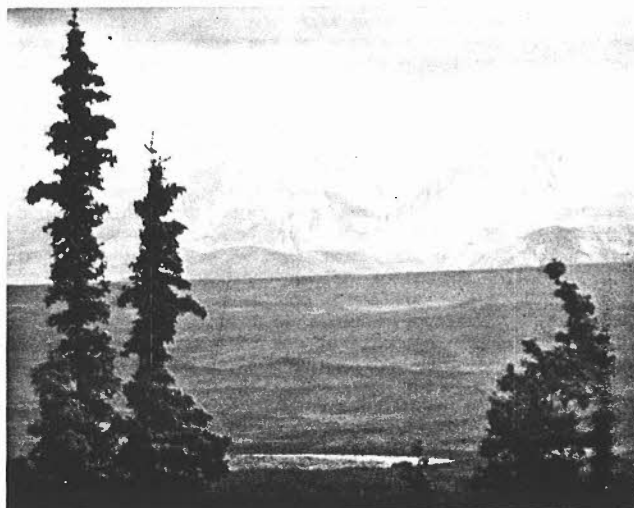
The weather, driving back down the Dempster, was more overcast and rainy than on the way up. Still very pretty, despite the slippery, muddy roads. There was construction on the southern part of the highway and we were far enough south now that it was dark for awhile, at night. It was overwhelming to have a multitude of monstrous Caterpillar earthmovers, with their lights on coming at us in the dark.

The next day we had our first ruined tire. We were carrying two spares, so there still was an extra tire in case we needed one. Gas stations and service stations are few and far between in some areas.

In Dawson City the weather turned hot again. We drove to the top of the Dome, a high hill north of the town, to see the view of the surrounding mountains and the mess left by the dredges during the gold rush. Later we toured the dredge on Bonanza Creek. It was huge and ugly.

Historically, Dawson City is an interesting place. Some of the old buildings are being restored. Others, which have been left since the gold rush days, are shabby and tipsy because the builders didn't take the permafrost into consideration. They certainly have character, though. The cabin which Robert Service lived in while he was there, is still in good condition. Someone recited his poems outside, a couple of times a day. The reciter was that good that we were in the audience twice.

We crossed the Yukon River on the car ferry and continued on the road known as "Top of the World Highway" into Alaska. Again it was hot and dusty.



another missinaibi report

Jim Greenacre

Just about every experienced tripper I know in the WCA has canoed the Upper Missinaibi River from Missinaibi community to Mattice on highway 11. Over the years there have been many reports written up in Nastawgan, so late in June I decided to go and experience the historic voyageur route.

Normally I prepare for such a trip by reading old reports and any material available from government sources and marking off on the topographical maps the route, suitably marked where contour lines cross the river, and distances to be travelled every five km. I only just managed to get the eight 1:50,000 maps the day before I was due to leave so had to skip map marking. The book Canoe Routes of Ontario was the only reference material I had and it only gives limited information (eg. 236 km/10-12 days/28 portages/longest portage 1.6 km). I also knew that members Mike Graham-Smith and Milton Lamb had done this trip paddling solo in 12 days. I put together a grub stake for 14 days just in case I was wind bound on Missinaibi Lake or Brunswick Lake.

I drove to Hearst and caught an early morning train to the community of Missinaibi, located on Dog Lake.

Day One

On the train I met with six fishermen from the Niagara region who were planning to canoe from Peterbell to Mattice in 8-9 days. Their cottage-type canoes in the baggage car were loaded with a mixed assortment of gear; frame backpacks, duffel bags, canoe packs, cooler, and many green plastic garbage bags filled with cans of beer. They got off the train at Oba to make the connection to Peterbell. They were already into their beer supply and as the train pulled out of Oba I saw them offering a beer to the Station Master.

The train arrived in Missinaibi at noon and I scouted the lake front for a launching spot. I asked for and got permission from the general store owner to use their boat dock located behind the store. I bought a bag of mint candies to show goodwill.

After lunch I launched and started paddling in near perfect canoeing weather, bright sunlight with a very gentle breeze on my back. The "Height of Land" portage from Dog Lake into Crooked Lake was not like any other height of land portage I have encountered. It was flat, dead flat, where as other height of land crossings have all been up, up, up and then down, down into the new watershed. It was short, only a few hundred metres and swampy.

As I approached the crook in Crooked Lake, a group of seven canoes, some with 3 paddlers, were pulling away from the shore. Except for the two trip leaders, young women in their early twenties, the rest of the group were young Americans 16-18 years old. They were just starting a trip to Mattice and were from a summer camp located in the Wawa area. One young man, about 18 years old, looked like he had just stepped out of a "Cowboy and Indian" western movie. He was stripped to the waist, wore some black bracelets on one arm above the elbow and his hair cut, wow! His head was completely shaven except for a narrow, stubby, 5 cm strip from the centre forehead over the top and down to the nape of his neck. I didn't have nerve enough to paddle closer to see if he was wearing a leather buckskin loin cloth.

On the distant right hand a shore of Crooked Lake I saw a black spot and, as always, immediately thought black bear. However it remained in the one spot so I continued on my present course. A few minutes later I thought I saw a small brown rock close to the black spot move, so altered course to investigate. The black spot turned out to be the rear end of a moose standing stationary in the water and the brown object was her calf, a delightful light golden brown colour just like those cuddly toy teddy bears one sees in the stores at Christmas. I drifted as close as I have ever been to a moose. The calf was the first one to realize I was there and moved closer to its mother. The cow then lazily turned her head, saw me, and took off like a shot, crashing noisily into the bush, her calf close behind. This was the first of five mature moose I saw on this trip, three of them with young calves.

The Missinaibi Portage into Missinaibi Lake was a

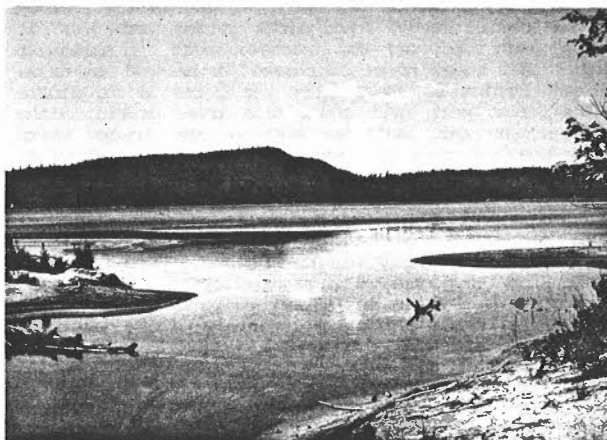
carbon copy of the "Height of Land" portage, short, flat, and easy. A registration box is located at the end of the portage. It was now just after seven o'clock so I looked for a campsite. The first spot I investigated proved unsuitable but crossing the end of a small bay I saw, halfway down, a clean white rock on the shoreline with tall mature pines behind it. The rock was perfect for a cooking fire and in among the pines was a flat spot just large enough for my two-man tent. One of the advantages of tripping solo is that you don't have to find large campsites. Distance travelled today: 34.5 km.

Day Two

I slept late (7:00 am) but took time to enjoy my scheduled breakfast of double smoked back bacon with scrambled eggs and three cups of tea. The last cup as I cleaned up my fire pit. The rocks I dropped back into the lake and the ashes I swept into the water. The only sign left was a black smudge on the white surface of the rock. Nine thirty and I was on my way.

As I cleared Red Granit Point I saw a group of canoes strung out in front of me. Some appeared to be just leaving a campsite. They were headed for Fairy Point. The lead canoes stopped close to the rock face which rises vertically from the water. I joined them. There are some very faint pictographs on the rock face. The group was twelve naturalists on a seven day trip to Peterbell lead by Christine and John Yip, both members of WCA.

The breeze, which was from the S.W. had caused a surface swell and as it bounced back off the rock face of Fairy Point I got a choppy ride around the point. Ahead, as far as the distant horizon, stretched the southern arm of Missinaibi Lake leading into Barclay Bay which is simply a widening of the lake. In the distance I saw two small dots and occasionally the flash of a paddle as the blade reflected the sun - two more canoes. Their pace was slow and I soon overtook them. They were two middle aged couples and judging by their style of paddling not experienced canoeists. I chatted with them as I stroked alongside. Americans on a 14 day trip to Mattice. They had driven to Dog Lake and were paying a local person \$100 to do the car shuffle for them. They asked me if I was going over to see the "falls" but not knowing which "falls" they were referring to I gave a non-committal reply. Later I saw on the topo map that a falls is indicated at the mouth of the Little Missinaibi River but I was now well passed the river outlet and had no intention of turning back.



Another dot on the horizon, this time a white one, quickly materialized into a power boat. Power boats on an interior lake in a Provincial Park? It was manned by four men in dark green shirts and work pants and had two small flags on short masts. Could be park rangers on a tour of inspection. During the next two hours several more power boats, all headed in the same direction, travelled down the lake. They couldn't all be rangers; I wondered where they were coming from. One even slowed down so that the passenger could take pictures of me.

While having lunch on the north end of a small island I turned the map over to the next section of the

lake and realized where all the power boats were coming from. A gravel road comes right into the park to a campsite on the eastern side of the lake. There are obviously no restrictions on power boats in the park.

The map shows the beginning of the river as being quite wide where it leaves a small bay located at the top N.E. corner of the lake. I paddled into the bay and the shoreline appeared to be a continuous mass of tall reeds and grasses, with no sign of the river outlet. I turned around and followed the north shoreline for about 15 minutes and still no sign of the river. Where was the river? It had to be in the bay so I retraced my course and this time paddled deep into the bay and there it was, a narrow channel cutting a path through the reeds.

The water level in the river was high but there wasn't much of a current. Two kilometres and I encountered the first rapid, Quittagene, a single slash on the map with no portage indicated. I scouted from the canoe; hardly a grade one with the route obvious and a few small standing waves which were easily avoided. Two more kilometres and Cedar Rapids, a double slash on the map and no portage marked. A little more difficult with some backferrying and larger waves to run.

About 1 kilometre below Cedar Rapid I found what I call a hunter's camp a small fire pit on an open rock with room for one, maybe two tents and made camp. A mass of deadfalls surrounded the site on three sides. Distance travelled today: 42 km.



Day Three

Just before noon after an uneventful morning of steady paddling, I rounded a bend in the river and saw, high up on the left bank, the remains of a derelict brick building. A few metres downstream was a high, substantial, steel beam bridge. Where could I be? I didn't recall seeing any roads or lumber trails marked on the map in this area. I landed and inspected the ruins, speculating as to what they had been used for. My guess was for some sort of power house. I walked to the bridge and much to my surprise found a double track railway line. A well used line at that because the rails were polished bright by many wheels running on them. Then I took a look at my map and realized this was Peterbell on the main CN line. There were a few small buildings in sight and one solid, poured concrete blockhouse that looked like a pillbox built by the army and intended to house a machine gun crew defending the bridge. There was no door, just a bare opening. This I think is the waiting room where paddle weary canoeists have to take shelter while waiting for the next train out.

As I pushed off from shore I heard a distant rumble and realized a train was approaching the river crossing. I let the canoe drift and waited, and waited, and waited, the sound getting ever louder until finally with a tremendous roar the first of three powerful diesel locomotives appeared on the bridge. It was a freight train. The engineer saw me and gave two loud blasts on the horn. The train disappeared into the forest and soon silence settled back onto Peterbell swamp.

For 12 kilometres the river picked its way through the swamp to a portage around Swamp Rapid. Another portage at Deadwood Rapid and it was time to look for a campsite. The river splits at Allan Island and the map shows that Allan Falls are on the L channel, a sure portage, whereas the right channel only shows minor

rapids which might be runnable. I opted for the right. However, before I got to the rapids I saw a campsite similar to last night's camp and set up my tent. Distance travelled today: 42 km.

Day Four

After breakfast I fitted a make-shift spray cover to the front of the canoe. It was a piece of 6 mil. clear plastic brought back from the Thelon River trip and secured it to the canoe with duct tape. (How on earth did canoeists manage before duct tape came along.) The rapids just downstream of the campsite were runnable.

Next came Wavy Rapid with the map indicating a portage on the left bank. There was a portage sign on the right and an obvious landing so I went for it. I carried my two packs through first and found a group of French Canadians from the Hull/Ottawa area camped at the bottom of the trail. They were enjoying a lay-over day and had just finished breakfast. I joined them for a coffee. "Was I going to run the rapid?" they asked. Wavy Rapid is a short sharp chute with haystacks at the bottom. I answered "Yes" as I was anxious to try out my spray cover. The first three or four waves offered no choice, I had to run them but the rest could be avoided by going into an eddy on the right. The spray cover worked and the audience was duly impressed with how little water (3-4 litres) I had taken on.

Greenhill Portage starts well above the rapids with the map showing them as being a kilometre long, stretching around a long slow bend in the river. The rapids are difficult to scout as the portage trail leaves the river and goes inland cutting across the bend in the river. The two packs I took through first (this took about 30 minutes) and returned for the canoe. The perfect weather changed and it started to rain just as I got back to the canoe. My rain wear was in one of the packs but I expected to stay dry with a canoe on my shoulders. Not so. The trail is so overgrown with brush that I was soon soaked from the hips down. It took me longer to go through with the canoe, yet the canoe by itself was a lot lighter load. The Missinaibi River Park ends at the beginning of Greenhill Portage and there is a registration book for those who wish to use it. A comment in the register puzzled me. It simply read, "A good place to rope". I later learned that the writer meant the rapids were easy to "line".

During the course of the afternoon I portaged Calf Rapid and St. Peter Rapid and aimed for Split Rock Falls where I expected to find a good campsite. There is a spacious campsite located right above the narrow crack in the solid rock where this mighty river compresses and tortures itself to squeeze through, landing many metres below with a resounding roar. The campsite was messy with the fire pit buried under a heap of empty food cans. I decided not to stay. The next most likely spot would be Thunder Falls, some 11 kilometres downstream. It was now six o'clock so I expected to be there no later than seven-thirty.

As I pulled away from the base of Split Rock Falls the sky told me that a storm was in the offing and shortly thereafter I heard distant thunder. I was paddling into the storm and periodically had to take shelter under the protecting bows of huge cedar trees which formed a solid wall on both banks of the river. These delays were irksome but by putting a little more effort into my paddling I made up some of the lost time.

There was no campsite at the top of the portage and it was now after seven thirty. "There must be a site at the other end. I'll take the packs through, the canoe can wait until tomorrow morning", I thought. There was no obvious camp at the bottom. I explored the immediate vicinity but with no success. Then I looked across the pool at the base of the falls and over on the other side saw an open, cathedral like area under tall mature cedar trees - the campsite. Now I had to go back for the canoe. I got the tent up, just managing to beat another rain storm and cook supper on my stove under the tent canopy. With the over-cast sky, the thick overhead foliage of the trees, the vast network of exposed cedar tree roots and the dull roar of Thunder Falls, it was a gloomy and eerie location. Further inspection of the site in the bright sunlight of next morning revealed a remarkably clean campsite, almost as if it hadn't been used for some time. Distance travelled today: 29 km.

Day Five

I wrote up yesterday's log and got a late start,

10:00 a.m. A look at the map indicated that the next 38 kilometres would be uninterrupted flat water unless I took the portage over to Brunswick Lake. I had read somewhere that Brunswick Lake was well worth the effort of the 1.6 km portage and I also remembered that the Hudson's Bay Company had once had a depo located on the lake and that it was interesting to visit. I decided to go the lake route. I estimated my time to the portage and started paddling.

Checking my watch I figured I should start looking for the portage in about 15 minutes. A few minutes later my eye caught sight of something that was out of place in this environment, a 50 cm square of grey weathered board nailed to a tree. There was a landing spot on the river bank. Investigation revealed a small campsite hidden by the older bushes that crowd the river bank and also the familiar yellow, triangular portage sign which was obscured by foliage. There is a well defined trail leading out of the camp. Someone, a small person judging by the size, has abandoned an almost new, beautiful, black leather, calf high boot. I picked it up and found a hole burnt in the toe. I mused on how it happened - could have drying them too close to the fire, or perhaps they fell asleep with their feet in the fire. There was a good black lace in it so I removed it and stuffed it in my pocket.

I shouldered the large pack, the 27 kilo one, and start the portage. The first 150/200 metres the footing was good and then the trail deteriorated. Last night's rain had made it greasy and slippery, gradually turning it into ankle deep and then calf deep black, slimy goo. For a short distance the trail rose over a rocky area and the footing was good but it soon reverted back to the slimy goo condition. There were sections 80/100 metres long where the muck was knee deep and each step was an effort to extract the foot. There were odd abandoned socks along the trail and God only knows how many shoes lie buried beneath the surface. The thickest deepest muck is right at the end when you are in sight of open water. The portage ends in a marsh. It took fifty minutes to complete this first trip and now I had to return to get the small pack and canoe.

While lashing the paddles to make a yoke I stumbled on something in the thick grass. It was the companion to the boot with the burnt toe. I retrieved another good lace. If the boots had been my size I'd have kept them too as I am confident I could have sewn in a neat leather patch to repair the burn. I cut myself a staff to help me over the portage.

It had started to rain but this time I had my rain coat with me. I was almost through on my second trip and my big pack was in view when my left leg went down and down and down, "God, would it ever bottom out?" It did, with the knee cap almost out of sight. Before taking the next step I tested the depth of the muck with the staff and it was about calf deep. It took two attempts before the right leg freed itself. Now to get the left leg out. I transferred my weight to the right leg and pulled on the left, and pulled, and pulled, but nothing happened except my right foot sank in deeper. I tried working the trapped leg back and forth to create a hole but the muck quickly oozed back to fill the cavity. I tried again using the staff for additional leverage. The leg still refused to budge. Heavens, would this be the end of me, trapped in an Ontario bog? It could not be, not after the lucky escapes I experienced in the Far East during the war. And that incident two years ago when tripping with member Graham Barnett in the Barren Lands. How long would it be before the next group of canoeists came through? One more try but this time I put the canoe down and using it as support on one side and the staff on the other I gave a mighty, prolonged heave. Slowly, slowly, ever so slowly, the leg begins to move and with a final tug the ooze let go, making a loud gurgling sound. I untied the bow painter and dragged the canoe over the last twenty metres to the open water. From first sighting of the portage to completion had taken just over three hours. Brunswick Lake had better be good.

As I paddled out of the marsh onto the open water of the lake a weak sun struggled to shine through the now thinning clouds. The shoreline was steep and rocky with a few black spruce struggling to survive. It was pretty, reminiscent of "shield" country in the Muskoka and Haliburton areas of the Province. I was relaxed and enjoying the easy, effortless forward motion of paddling when I picked up a faint sniff of something - smoke. I could see a long stretch of shore but there was no sign of a fire. Minutes later I got another whiff and there was no doubt, it was smoke. Somewhere ahead, perhaps beyond that distant point, someone had a fire. It took

about twenty minutes to reach the point and as I cleared it I saw at the far end of a shallow bay a white canoe with a sole occupant, a fisherman and on shore smoke was rising and being blown downwind towards me. There were two more canoes tied up on shore and more people moving about.

I was greeted with a great deal of surprise. The group was the six fishermen whom I had met on the train from Hearst. They had been here two days at a well established campsite where previous campers, most likely hunters, had put up a rough but permanent framework to which tarps could be tied for wind and rain protection. There was a large fire, tea was brewing and one member was busy frying some recently caught fish. I was invited to stay and accepted as it was now four thirty and the weather, with the wind from the east was once more closing in. We chatted and sipped hot tea. The tea had a different taste as if something had been added. (It had been spiced with gin.) All the beer had been consumed long ago and now they were down to their last two litre bag of gin. Some members produced little bags of tobacco and rolled themselves a "joint". Just after six o'clock they all took off to go fishing for supper. About an hour later they returned with approximately 24 choice pickerel. The small ones and some pike had all been returned to the lake. I was plied with generous portions of fish that were battered and crumbed, before frying.

Two of the group were on their first canoe-fishing trip and I got the impression it was not to their liking. They had experienced some difficulty on some of the rapids and one canoe had suffered some damage. It was being held together with duct tape. They were hoping to get some more permanent repairs at a lodge which they said was located at the northern end of the lake.

Before turning in for the night I followed normal procedure and hung my food pack from a tree. It occurred to me later that I need not have bothered. What self-respecting bear would bother with my oatmeal, spaghetti, macaroni, instant potatoes etc, when all around the camp were fish heads and fish offals along with some whole fish which were being saved for breakfast. My new found companions did, however, clean up the site next morning. Distance travelled today: 16 km.

Day Six

It had rained most of the night and as the strong wind was still from E.N.E. it promised to be a miserable day with tough paddling into the wind. I bade the group farewell and left them cleaning up the mess before they themselves left.

Progress was slow as I worked my way up the lake battling the wind which was hitting the starboard bow at a slight angle with the occasional whitecap breaking onto the spray cover. The rain made it even more uncomfortable. My rain wear, bought cheap at a Goodwill Services outlet, was a brilliant orange, button down the front coat, as supplied to policemen and crossing guards. It works well and really keeps out the rain providing you are standing up. But how many of us can paddle a canoe in rough waters standing up? When sitting down the rain dripped through the opening in the lap region and very soon I was wet from the crotch down.

Fifteen kilometres and two and a half hours later I rounded a point and saw a Canadian flag flying high from a tall staff, blown straight out and rigid by the strong wind. In among the trees I saw the lodge, a solid looking log structure. I did not intend to stop but as I paddled across a sheltered bay in front of the lodge a young woman came out of the lodge and down to the beach and waved me in. She steadied the bow of the canoe as I painfully extracted my legs and feet from under the seat. Old age was creeping up on me. She led me up to the lodge and I was greeted by the owner/operator of the establishment. Did I want some coffee? You bet I did.

His wife joined us in the living/dining room and we talked. There were no guests at this time. A group had left the previous day and the next party were not due until tomorrow. I told him of the six fishermen who were behind me and how they hoped he could make some permanent fibreglass repairs to a canoe. I had a second cup of coffee and the lady asked if I would like to stay for lunch. There was some hot soup on the stove in the kitchen. I declined, I had to get moving because if I didn't I would be tempted to stay over. As I was about to leave the fishermen arrived and made their way

straight to another, much smaller, building. I joined them. This was the bunk house and at the far end a large pot bellied stove was radiating warmth and comfort. They huddled around it talking to the owner. They had already decided this was as far as they were going today. Tonight they would sleep in the bunk house and dine at the lodge. I was again tempted, and again resisted and immediately left. WCA members don't stop at lodges just because it is cold, wet and windy outside!

Three more kilometres and I cleared Brunswick Lake and now entered the Brunswick River where the trees offered some protection from the wind. I was day dreaming of better weather to come, warm sunny days with the breeze on my back, when I suddenly realized that the character of the river had changed. The banks were steeper, the river had narrowed almost to a gorge and there was a strong current. Instinctively I went into a back paddle as the river made a sharp right turn. Cautiously I rounded the bend staying in the centre to give me the option of a quick back ferry to either side. Around the bend there was a small rapid, a single open V with some grade 1 standing waves. However, there was a problem. A large log stretching right across the river and 5-10 cm above the water, had the passage completely blocked. A very hazardous situation.

There was a narrow passage between the end of the log and the left bank but a fairly recently fallen strainer, the branches above water still had leaves on them, was lodged a short canoe length below the opening effectively blocking off the line of escape. On the right a rock ledge jutted out from the bank. I back ferried to the right, landed on the ledge and walked the canoe through a maze of rocks to clear water. Anyone coming around that bend unprepared could find themselves in a dangerous situation. The rapid is not shown on the map.

Two kilometres below this rapid the map shows a dry weather road and bridge crossing the river. The lodge owner had warned me that I would have to portage around the old wood structure bridge that had collapsed into the river. There was a portage sign on the left but no sign of a trail. I landed and with the large pack bushwhacked through the alders for about 30 metres and came out into a man made clearing. Heavy construction equipment had been in here. The clearing went off to the left so I took the path of least resistance for about 100 metres and then saw the road and a new bridge.

The wind out in the open was bone chilling and I began to shiver, though it was not that uncontrollable shivering which is an early warning of hypothermia. Nevertheless, why take chances, so I looked for a spot to erect my tent. Easier said than done as the entire area was rain soaked clay with large areas underwater. I crossed the bridge and off to the side of the road about 250 or 300 metres from the bridge I saw a spot that looked a little drier than most. The near tent peg was in a pool of water. I settled in for the evening, cooking supper on the stove under the tent canopy. Every tent needs a canopy for situations like this where wet garments can be removed and left outside the tent. Distance travelled today: 29 km.

Day Seven

It had stopped raining though the sky was still overcast and heavy with grey cloud. The wind had subsided a good deal and was backing around to the N.W. which meant that good weather should soon be returning. The two tent poles had both sunk into the ground a good 15 cm. The rear pole came out minus its plastic end cap so I had to dig it out. The tent pegs I had to wash in one of the many pools of water that still dotted the area.

A half hour of brisk paddling and I reached the junction of the Brunswick and Missinaibi Rivers. Before lunch three falls, Pond, Devil Gap and Devil Shoepack, all had to be portaged. Due to a misleading portage I found myself back on the water above Shoepack Falls. Shoepack is a ledge right across the river with only a moderate current (It reminded me of the weirs encountered on the Humber River in Toronto.) so I was able to backferry over to the right where a break in the ledge allowed me to run through without a mishap.

There were five sets of long rapids, all runnable, before the junction with the Mattawitchewan was reached. Where the water of the two rivers join there was a distinct demarcation. The Missinaibi water had a dark bluish tinge whereas the Mattawitchewan was reddish brown. It was several kilometres before the two waters

had completely blended. Albany Rapids starts where the two rivers join and is about 3 km long. However, because of the high water level, they were washed out and I paddled over the top of them. There were some boils and surface turbulence.

Camp seven was the best site of all. It was shown on the map, located where a dry weather road and a cart track met at the river. Road building machinery had at sometime in the past cut a gradual access down through the high river bank. The flat area above the river had been cleared and there was ample room for many campers. I had the whole campsite to myself. I doubt very much if it gets much use as there was no garbage to be seen, except for one spent shotgun shell in the firepit. It was a beautiful warm evening with a brilliant red sunset and the promise that tomorrow morning I would be awakened by a bright sunrise shining into the tent door. From my campsite I could gaze upon long stretches of river in both directions. What a contrast to my previous night's camp, all mud and pools of water. It felt good just to be here, alone in the still of the summer evening. I sat over the fire long after darkness had fallen, feeding it just enough wood to keep it flickering. Distance travelled today: 38 km.

Day Eight

I was awake just before the sun rose above the tree tops on the east side of the river. There were a few wispy clouds and the tent fly and grass were damp with a mild dew. I lingered over the bacon and scrambled eggs and enjoyed a third cup of strong, sweet coffee while I waited for the sun to dry off the tent fly. Today I would finish at Mattice in time to catch the five o'clock bus to Hearst and retrieve my car.

There were three rapids and one falls between here and Mattice. Small Beaver Rapid was a definite portage but Big Beaver I was able to run. Sharp Rock Rapid I also ran. Glass Falls was a portage on the right which ended in a bay with a white sandy beach. A delightful spot except for the garbage strewn all over the beach. Power boats can come up river from Mattice to this spot which probably accounts for the garbage. It was only noon so I had lots of time to complete the last 14 kilometres. I had an early lunch at two fifteen and I was pulling the canoe up the steep river bank right under the highway bridge. A good place to leave the canoe and packs out of sight while I took the bus to Hearst. I found out later that had I continued for a hundred or more metres I could have had a lot easier landing and left my gear in the community centre. Distance travelled today: 32 km.

I was exploring Mattice when I heard my name being called. Two young men in a pick up truck with a canoe on a trailer were beckoning me over; I recognized them. They were two of the fishermen I had last seen at the lodge on Brunswick Lake. "How did you get here?" I asked, "I don't see how you could have passed me on the river." "We didn't," came the reply, "we had a mishap and came out by road." "Don't tell me, I know what happened. You went under a log jam on the Brunswick River." I was right. They had been swept under the log and had lost a lot of gear, fishing rods, tackle boxes, spade, saw, all lying loose in the bottom of the canoe. Their packs were recovered 400 metres down stream. One of them had suffered a damaged knee. When they got to the bridge where I had camped they decided to call it quits and wait either for a possible lift out or until their companions who were continuing on the river, came in to get them. They had managed to get a lift out with someone from Kapuskasing who had been to Brunswick Lake for the fishing. They were now waiting for their friends to paddle out. They kindly offered to drive me to Hearst and I accepted. I left them in the tavern in Mattice where I had bought them a couple of beer for driving me to Hearst.

I was just leaving McDonald's in Kapuskasing when in came two WCA members, George Luste and Sandy Richardson our newsletter editor. They were on their way to British Columbia to canoe the very remote Stikine River, but were temporarily delayed in Kapuskasing with car problems. I wished them speedy repairs and a pleasant trip and started home.

The river sections of the trip, I found, were monotonous. The landscape was predominately flat and the horizon was the tree tops, as seen from the river. No hills or rocky shorelines like we have in "shield" country to relieve the visual monotony of the tree top horizon.



FRENCH RIVER WATERWAY PARK: BUSINESS AS USUAL

Receiving the M.N.R.'s proposals for a French River Waterway Park only a few days before the due date for submissions, Mike Willis, Jim Greenacre, and I scrambled to prepare the WCA response given below.

Just how, you may ask, will park designation affect the river? To use their own words:

Park management would generally be consistent with provincial policies for waterway parks. The main emphasis would be on protecting the river's heritage and recreational resources, and on developing and managing waterway recreation opportunities to complement the accommodation and facilities which tourist operators and cottagers provide. The French River would remain much as it is today.

Well, actually the French will only look the same if you suffer from extreme myopia since:

Crown lands may be disposed of only where:

- existing commercial tourist operations wish to expand
- new commercial tourist operations are proposed which would complement park objectives.
- holders of exploratory licences of occupation apply for mining leases consistent with the terms and conditions attached to those licences,
- essential public services (such as road, rail, and utility crossings) require additional lands,
- and, in all cases, park heritage values are not unduly impaired.

Furthermore, to protect the interests of persons who have built on the river's floodplain from potential flood damage to their properties, studies involving diverting flow, building weirs, and widening or deepening constricted sections are in progress. The deleterious effects that such measures could have on the river's environment are obvious.

How will paddlers benefit from the proposed park? Basically they won't. Perhaps this is because "canoe trippers are a separate market group making little use of private or commercial facilities."

We urge you to obtain a copy of the complete document and let the M.N.R. know how you feel about their proposals. Write to:

Mr. John Simpson,
District Manager,
Ministry of Natural Resources,
Box 3500, Station A,
Sudbury, Ont.
P3A 4S2

Bill Ness

The following is the WCA's Position Paper on the Proposed French River Candidate Provincial Waterway Park Management Plan.

The French River is widely recognized as a waterway of national historical and cultural significance, as well as possessing a singular natural beauty; and the Wilderness Canoe Association is pleased to see it nominated as a candidate provincial waterway park and Canadian Heritage River. Its judicious management as a provincial park can preserve its values in perpetuity for the people of Canada, and concurrently benefit the local tourist economy.

While we are in agreement with the overall thrust of the management proposals, there are four specific aspects to which we must take exception.

1. Disregard for the Significance of Recreational Canoeing on the French River.

The heritage value of the French river stems solely from its intimate association with the fur trade, and every year youth groups, outdoors clubs, and individual canoeists paddle along it hoping to capture a glimpse of the river as Champlain, Mackenzie, and countless nameless voyageurs knew it. We believe that a management strategy that will provide opportunities for and foster this recreational pursuit is essential to the realization of the waterway's true worth.

Consequently, this organization finds it appalling that the sixteen page proposal contains only one short paragraph on page 6 pertaining to current recreational usage by canoeists, and this merely and assertion that "...the river has not been widely promoted... (and) ...there is no definite information on how many canoeists travel the French River..."

The following is a list of the M.N.R. canoe route publications which either include portions of the French or access it:

French River
Restoule - Upper French River Loop
Dokis Loop
Meroer Lake - Little French River Loop
Wolf and Pickerel Rivers
Pickerel River Loop

In addition, there is a description of the French River route in Parks Canada's Wild rivers: Southwestern Quebec and Eastern Ontario, and in Eric Morse's classic Fur Trade Routes of Canada/ Then and Now.

As well as being a major canoe route, the French River's Five Mile Rapids contain one of the few easily accessible stretches of good whitewater within a weekend's drive of southern Ontario's urban centres that is canoeable all season long. Canoe clubs, individual paddlers, and at least one commercial outfitter (Voyageur Canoe School of Millbrook, Ont.) utilize it for whitewater instruction and practice throughout the summer.

Indeed it is surprising that the local tourist industry has not capitalized on the area's excellent canoeing by providing such services as quality outfitting, canoeing instruction, and shuttling of equipment.

2. Flood Control

While the WCA is sympathetic to the concerns of those persons who have erected buildings or other structures on the river's floodplain, we believe that proposals for "...removing obstructions in the main channel, widening or deepening narrow stretches of the main channel, and building weirs..." are a negation of the proposed park goal:

to protect the outstanding landscapes, natural features, and historical resources of French River Provincial Park and to provide high quality recreational and educational experiences in the park.

Such alterations would destroy the Five Mile Rapids, the most scenic and historically significant section on the upper river, to the extent that much of the river's historic and esthetic appeal and recreational value would be irretrievably lost.

If a discreet diversion of flood peaks into secondary channels could be achieved without altering the normal flow or morphology of the main river, protection of riparian occupants would be achieved without compromising park goals.

However, if plans to restructure the river are to proceed, whether or not a provincial park is to be established, the WCA would have to regretfully request Parks Canada to consider rejection of the French as a Canadian Heritage River on the grounds that its integrity as a natural waterway of heritage significance has been so damaged as to render it ineligible.

3. Mineral Management.

Given the area's recognized low potential in valuable minerals, its fragile ecology, and the miniscule area of land bordering the river that is affected, it remains a puzzle to us why anyone would seriously consider allowing mineral exploitation and extraction, which would surely be ruinous to the values the park proposes to preserve.

4. Recreational Management.

While we wholeheartedly endorse the concept of restricting camping to designated sites, and limiting use to prevent overcrowding and degradation of the environment, prohibition of cans and bottles does not appear to be a feasible option on this river. To be equitable and nondiscriminatory it would have to be applied across the board to cottagers and resort operators as well as parties of canoeists; that is, unless one makes the dubious assumption that back country visitors travelling by canoe litter, while those based in cottages or resorts do not. A better solution in our estimation would be public education, combined with regular maintenance and strict enforcement of park regulations against littering and damage to park property.

We have received a letter from the M.N.R. District Manager assuring us that "the options that are currently being looked at in terms of alterations to the channel to assist in flood control are relatively minor in nature...and do not involve or affect the Five Mile Rapids." Members will be kept informed of developments.

MADAWASKA RIVER PROVINCIAL PARK: COTTAGERS NIX PARK

This summer the M.N.R. released its preliminary management plan for the Madawaska. Jim Greenacre, Jim Morris, Mike Willis, and I received the proposals for the WCA; and our conclusion was that the Ministry is essentially on the right track. Their initial suggestion of altering the rapids to improve the whitewater has been withdrawn due to paddlers' protests.

A major problem now looms, however, regarding the establishment of a campground at Negeek Lake, upstream from Palmers Rapids. A small number of cottage owners are vehemently opposed to sharing the spot with a public campground. In order to increase their political clout, they are trying to persuade the locals that the park will greatly restrict their use of the river, and are circulating a petition to have it cancelled.

If you want to see the Madawaska protected, we ask you to send a letter to the M.N.R., telling them how important this river and its preservation is to you. It only takes five minutes, and they need your support. Write today to:

Bert Haas
Manager
Pembroke District
Ministry of Natural Resources
Pembroke, Ontario
K8A 6X4

Bill Ness

(The WCA's Position Paper on the Madawaska River Provincial Park Management Plan may be obtained by contacting the Conservation Committee.)

INTERNATIONAL CANOE TOUR FESTIVAL

The following article appeared in the Temagami Times, Fall, 1984.

Sponsored by the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association, 5000 participants and spectators from North America and Europe are expected to descend upon the north eastern region of Ontario between May and September of 1985, with the heaviest concentration in August.

The Festival portion of the Tour will take place between August 2nd and 5th, in Finlayson Point Provincial Park and other areas in the Town of Temagami. There will be campfires, Indian craft displays, canoeing demonstrations and clinics, a marathon canoe race, and a voyageur paddlecade. The grand finale will be a voyageur costume ball at the Temagami Community Arena in Temagami North.

The Canoe Tour segment is aimed at promoting canoe tripping in over 40,000 square miles of northeastern Ontario, bordering James Bay to the north and Algonquin Park to the south, Thessalon to the east and Lake Temiskaming to the west.

The canoe routes accessible to participants are fully documented in a reference book available to the canoeists and to authorized area outfitters.

Many of the canoeists are to be outfitted by local canoe trip supply depots, which will attempt to co-ordinate the dispersal of participants, to prevent canoe route saturation. Canoe route maps will be supplied to ~~the~~ who request them.

Concerns aired by local and provincial canoeing associations are: that the canoe routes must be diversified and use regulated, to avoid undue pressure on the more popular routes, which could have a negative impact on the area's tenuous ecological balance and on established youth camps regularly using these water ways, campsites and portages; that the wilderness can be dangerous to the uninitiated and, hence, the CRCA should launch some kind of topography awareness campaign; and that no agency has so far stepped in to provide increased trail maintenance and garbage clean-up.

We conclude from this that the organisers have realised that their earlier proposals were akin to putting an elephant in a doll's house and have scaled their participatory goals down to reasonable proportions. We are pleased to note that the centre of events is to be a provincial park equipped to handle gatherings of this nature. We will continue to monitor the event but will concentrate on the other potentially disastrous plans suggested for the district.

Richard Smerdon

THE TORONTO SPORTSMEN'S SHOW

EXHIBITION PLACE
TORONTO

MARCH 15 - MARCH 24, 1985

Come on down and see us!

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SPORTSMEN'S SHOW

A non-profit Corporation dedicated to Canada's outdoor heritage

the ultimate canoeing experience

Article: Claire Bridgen
Photo: George Fairfield

I cycled over to George Fairfield's and we loaded all our gear into his big station wagon for what I expected would be the all out canoeing experience of my life. I was greatly excited as we drove off. After sundry stops for essentials, and having traversed the route which he knew so well, we finally parked the car at a suitable place, changed conveyances, and travelled on. "Rafts" of oldsquaw ducks rose before us and skimmed the dark waters to alight at safer distances. Eventually we stopped and changed modes of transportation yet again. Eagerly we moved closer to our "jumping off" place, and finally reached a certain tree on a certain sandy rise, and there lay the canoe.

It was remarkable boat. Apple green without and rimmed with a band of battered aluminum, it lay shackled to the base of a maple. George undid its leash and we dragged it forth. I noticed a hole in the outer shell of fibreglass at the end of the keel, and wondered how much water lay between the layers. We turned it over and shook out the heavy "life" cushions (which I suspected might sink like stones) and two very sad looking paddles, the varnish long gone, and a nasty split right down the middle of one. Red fabric seats (having seen better days) spanned the gunwales, and a thin aluminum thwart held the centre bulge of the boat in check. I looked out at the dark waters and down at this somewhat spent craft, forbiddingly shallow and decrepit. (The canoe must have been all of 12 feet 6 inches long, and looked only about 8 inches deep.) The November waters, so very cold, conjured up spectres of news headlines, "Couple Lost To Hypothermia In Reckless Canoeing Misadventure." We picked the canoe up and lugged all 65-70 lbs. of it to the water's edge, loaded it with gear, and shoved off.

It only took a moment to adjust ourselves, and settle into that fast even pace engendered by excitement and a lifetime of familiarity with the easy rhythm of the paddle. We were away!

Ninety seconds and 20 metres later, we had reached our destination I stepped out on Mugg's Island, and helped George ashore. We looked back over the Toronto skyline dimming in the late afternoon sun, our trusty Ward's Island ferry recrossing to its berth on the mainland and our dusty bicycles now shackled to the very tree against which the canoe had been so recently attached, across on Centre Island.

It was good to arrive. We hid the canoe in the bushes, as apparently the Harbour Police, thinking such lone craft purloined, are apt to tow loose canoes away for safekeeping, under false presumptions.

The little birdbanding trailer stood well back from the shore, hidden among the trees, and George successfully twirled the combination lock to let us in. "Toronto Bird Observatory". Boy! Talk about prestige!

Losing no time, as it was already 5:30 p.m., we went around unfurling the mist nets which were strung between poles at various sites on the Observatory property. There were about 28 nets in all, but we undid only about 20 of them. The sun was setting quickly and the sky alive with fire above, reflecting from wispy clouds. On the Toronto skyline, buildings shone crimson, gold and bronze, like footlights and a three quarter moon hung in the wings in anticipation of its centre stage role in the Theatre of Night, its lopsided face suggestive of left-sided mumps or rightsided facial paralysis. We worked fast, but could not beat the inevitability of sunset, and the houselights faded leaving us to the pallor of a great tragic/comic mime.

Finally, as all the nets wafted eerily in the stiff southeast breeze like giant spider webs, we heard a shout, and George hurried over to ferry across the channel the two young gentlemen Shawn and Geoff, who were to complete our human compliment. It was good to see them, and we sat in the trailer swapping stories of past birding adventures. A Coleman lantern hung overhead and a two burner stove met our kitchen needs. The birdbanding desk with all its paraphernalia took up one end of the trailer, a bunk bed at the other, and everything else was crowded between, strung up, stacked or piled somewhere.



About 9:30 we went out on our first check, with miner's lamps strapped on our heads, and worked back and forth, turning our heads so that the beams of light caught the glint of mesh, looking carefully for the harvest the nets might bring. Nothing. "Too early." "Wind should be northerly". "Migration poor this year - too warm". Back to the trailer.

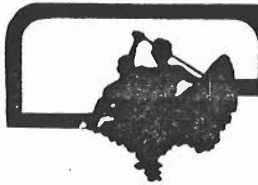
By this time we had worked out a "shift system" in which two people would sleep and two go out on hourly prowls of three hours each shift. (It didn't work out that way, but at least we had a plan). Looking around at the one bunk bed, one chair and one foldout cot, and thinking of snores and a hissing Coleman lamp, I picked up my sleeping bag, tiny air mattress and air pillow, and opted for room in the gloom.

It was glorious. The ceiling in the great Theatre was star studded, the moon had conjured up a great mystical shaft of light which crept into every corner of the audience of trees and grasses, and the orchestrated breeze rustled the maples and oaks. The entertainment on centre stage had now shifted from the moon to the Toronto skyline, an electrifying play of sparkling jewelled lights: diamonds, pearls, rubies, emeralds and sapphires, quietly brilliantly still or tirelessly dancing in an unrivalled eagerness to please. I fell asleep with the sweet fragrance of late fall vegetation wafting to my nostrils, and George had to shout me awake for the shift change.

It wasn't until after 2:00 a.m. that Shawn and Geoff came in with the first catches, and we all huddled around the very birds for which night nets are set out - Saw whet owls. Picture, if you can a kitten about five days old, with feathered pelt instead of fur, and a sharp beak instead of pink gums. These two little fellows were a handful of soft, soft, feathers with big gold rimmed eyes. When one pushed back the temporal feathers, ear holes were revealed which seemed as big as dimes, with muscles designed to expand or contract them. On the legs, the feathers extended right down over the birds' claws, and both beaks and claws were black scimiters, meant for business. We banded these two, and put them away in soft bags until morning to avoid repeat netting. Back to the sleeping bags.

By 5:30 a.m. the night's vigil was considered over, with three Saw whet owls accounted for (an average haul this autumn, although in a good year 40 birds might be netted on a peak night) and we refurled the nets, gathering them into long dark bands tied with string at intervals to hold them in place.

Packed up and away by 7:00, with dirty grey office buildings silhouetted against a cloudy sky, like some drab street after the theatre has closed. Canada geese honked derisively as we pedalled past them to the ferry, and the first drops of rain augured a different type of show to come. George drove me right to my door, windshield wipers swiping frantically at Nature's tears. I ran the bicycle quickly into the basement, bid him goodbye, and headed up to bed. It was great to snuggle down at 8:30 a.m. as the rain lashed outside, but my mind went drifting back to sleeping bags and moonlight and perfumed south winds, and I knew, (weather permitting) where my preferences really lay.



winter trips

January 13 CROSS COUNTRY SKIING IN RICHMOND HILL AREA

Organizer: Marcia Farquar 416-884-0208
Book before January 10

An afternoon of cross-country skiing in the Richmond Hill area (or ice skating if there is not sufficient snow). Afterwards we will sit in front of the fire and swap canoeing tales.

January 18 ARMCHAIR OUTING

Organizer: Bill Ness 416-499-6389
Book after January 1

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 your favourite films about canoeing. Participants are invited to bring along some slides from their summer adventures to share with the group. There is a limit of 20 people, so call early.

January 19-20 BON ECHO PROVINCIAL PARK

Organizer: Howard Sayles 416-921-5321
Book before January 14

We will snowshoe (or hike) the trails and camp out en route in this beautiful historic park situated on the Canadian shield. The trails rise onto plateaus overlooking a chain of small lakes and offer superb views of the surrounding country. Participants should have a warm sleeping bag, snowshoes and a backpack or toboggan.

January 27 SNOWSHOEING-HORSESHOE VALLEY

Organizer: Jim Greenacre 416-759-9956
Book after January 13

The Horseshoe Valley area, north of Barrie and adjacent to the ski resort, offers a variety of terrain providing excellent snowshoeing; wide clear paths under stately deciduous trees, open grasslands and narrow trails through dense spruce and pine bush. Car pool will be arranged.

January 26-27 SNOWSHOEING WEEKEND

Organizer: Gary Walters 416-743-4628
Book between January 7 and 11

This weekend will consist of a day outing on Saturday in the Dorset area, and a morning outing in the Muskoka area on Sunday. Saturday evening will be spent at a cottage near Dorset. Snowshoes can be provided by the organizer, and some winter sleeping bags are available if you want to tent outside Saturday night. Limit 8 people. Suitable for novices

February 2 - February 10 LAKE SUPERIOR PARK SNOWSHOE EXPEDITION

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

I am planning a snowshoe expedition crossing a large section of Lake Superior Provincial Park using traditional techniques including Indian style tent stoves and odawbans. We will travel north on the Algoma Central Railway from Sault Ste. Marie through the Agawa Canyon to Mile 136½ at Sand Lake. From here we will snowshoe down the Sand River then westward through several watersheds to our destiny on the Trans-Canada Hwy. 17. To ensure high quality outfitting, all food and equipment will be supplied by myself. Participants will only be responsible for their personal clothing, foam pad and snowshoes. All costs will be shared. On the evening of Friday February 1, we will rendezvous at my home to complete packing and loading. Seven days will be spent on the trail.

This trip promises great scenery, plenty of snow (highest snowfall area of Ontario) and excellent opportunities for ice fishing in the more inaccessible lakes. Lake Superior Provincial Park is ideally suited to recreational snowshoe camping and our route will be a pioneering attempt to explore some of this potential. With a small commitment to pre-conditioning on snowshoes, this adventure is well within the physical capability of most WCA members. Extensive winter camping skills are not required as instruction covering the necessary skills will be given en route. A great trip!

February 2-3 DRAG LAKE POTPOURRI

Organizer: Bob MacLelland 416-488-9346
Book between January 20 and 26

Winter variety at our cottage on beautiful Drag Lake near Huntsville. We will ski and/or snowshoe 5km packing in our supplies on toboggans. Once settled in, we will explore this scenic area on skis or snowshoes. The cottage will provide shelter, woodstove heat and comfortable sleeping quarters. Limit 6 participants.

February 9-10 LIGHTWEIGHT CAMPING IN BUCKHORN AREA

Organizers: Sandy Richardson 416-429-3944
Cam Salsbury 416-498-8660
Book before February 1

Come on an exploratory ski-backpacking trip with us into a scenic wilderness area of numerous small lakes, rocky ridges and open bush, and winter home of many deer. Travelling with light-weight equipment we will bushwack in and set up a campsite, leaving ample time to explore and photograph the area, and simply enjoy the clean, quiet beauty of the bush in winter.

Suitable for anyone in reasonable physical condition, and with some experience cross-country skiing while wearing a backpack. Limit 6 people.

February 10 YORK REGION FOREST SNOWSHOEING

Organizer: Jim Greenacre 416-759-9956
Book after February 3

York Region Forest on highway 48 is within easy driving distance of Toronto and has great possibilities for snowshoeing so lets go exploring.

February 15-17 ALGONQUIN PARK WEEKEND

Organizer: Jim Greenacre 416-759-9956
Book immediately

The organizer has booked a winterized housekeeping cottage on Oxtongue Lake for the week-end, Friday evening until noon Sunday. We will snowshoe and/or cross-country ski Saturday and Sunday and will enjoy a log fire in the evenings. Accommodation cost will be about \$20.00 per person. Organizer will arrange a communal menu on a cost share basis. Limit 8 people (A \$15.00 deposit, payable to the organizer, will secure your place.)

February 17 SNOWSHOEING ON THE BRUCE TRAIL

Organizer: Bill King 416-233-4646
Book before February 12

A one day trip snowshoeing on the Bruce Trail. The location will be determined by the participants.

February 23-24 ALGONQUIN PARK

Organizer: Herb Pohl 416-637-7632
Book before February 13

The organizer plans to use snowshoes and toboggan to invade the territory north of Highway 60 in the Pog Lake region. At the present time the intention is to use a

lean-to with camp-fire type of set-up just a few kilometres away from the road. Most of the weekend will be spent exploring the neighbourhood burdened only with a compass, map and a light (snack-) pack. Generally speaking the trip will be tailored to conditions and the preference of the moderately fit participants. Limit 6 participants.

February 22-24 ALGONQUIN NORDIC SKI CENTRE

Organizer: Joan Etheridge 416-885-8808
Book between January 10 and 20

Either hut-to-hut or lodge-based cross-country skiing is available on this trip in the SE corner of Algonquin Park. Huts are insulated tents with wooden floors, wood-burning stoves and bunk beds. A guide is provided for hut-to-hut trips. The lodge has dormitory accommodation with limited shower facilities plus a hot tub and sauna. Bring your own sleeping bag. On Friday night everyone stays in the lodge, which is a 2km ski from the parking lot--headlamps are provided. This trip is suitable for all levels of skier except complete beginners.

Cost for weekend, including seven home-cooked, tasty meals, is: lodge \$89 or hut-to-hut \$124.



March 1-3 WINTER CAMPING WEEKEND

Organizer: Gary Walters 743-4628
Book between February 18 and 22

A trip in the Bracebridge area in which you can try out light-weight winter camping with the security of large group tents and tent stoves on site if needed. This trip will have a very leisurely pace with lots of time for exploration of the area. Some equipment is available from organizer. Limit 8 people. Suitable for novices.

March 2-3 ALGONQUIN PARK CROSS COUNTRY SKI TOURING

Organizer: Karl Schimek 416-222-3270 (res.)
416-439-6788 (bus.)
Book before February 25

This will be a moderately strenuous trip. The distance covered will depend on snow conditions. We will follow regular canoe routes travelling through Tom Thompson Lake north of Highway 60 and possibly returning following old logging roads and the old railway. Suitable for experienced ski tourers. Limit 4 skiers.

March 2-3 WINTER CAMPING IN ALGONQUIN PARK

Organizer: Dave Berthelet 819-771-4170 (res.)
613-993-6671 (bus.)
Book before February 20

The Sunday Lake area of Algonquin Park has great cross-country terrain with a large number of trails to explore. The tent will likely be set up a week in advance. This would permit those of us that wished to ski the 6 kilometres into the tent on the Friday evening in the dark. A full weekend of exploring is anticipated. Limit: Six hearty medium to advanced skiers.

canoeing

March 23 OAKVILLE CREEK--BRONTE CREEK

Organizer: Mark Riddell 416-827-0939 (bus.)
Book after March 17

These rivers offer fast water, turbulence, a few ledge rapids and the possibility of obstructed channels. The water will be cold so the trip will be limited to experienced white-water canoeists. The date may be changed depending on water levels. Limit 5 canoes.

March 24 CREDIT AND HUMBER RIVERS

Organizer: Duncan Taylor 416-368-9748
Book after March 3

A fun run on the almost continuous rapids of the lower Credit will be followed by a trip on the Humber from 401 to Dundas Street. A scenic area and, in spring, the possibility of some exciting sections of whitewater. Suitable for intermediates and those novices who have taken whitewater training. Limit 5 canoes.

March 30 OAKVILLE CREEK

Organizer: Howard Sagermann 416-282-9570
Book before March 26

If water levels are high Oakville Creek offers a fairly challenging run. Intermediate or better. Limit 5 canoes.

March 31 UPPER CREDIT RIVER

Organizer: Jim Greenacre 416-759-9956
Book between March 18 and 25

The Credit River between Inglewood and Glen Williams at this time of the year offers fast current, tight bends, riffles, small waves and cold water. It gives us the opportunity to ease into the whitewater season without exposing us to more hazardous situations. Suitable for teams where at least one partner has intermediate whitewater skills and for those who have taken a basic whitewater training course. Limit 6 canoes.

April 7 UPPER CREDIT RIVER

Organizer: Mike Graham Smith 416-877-7829
Book after March 10

The Upper Credit with its many swifts, gentle rapids and rocks is a pleasant challenging spring run. Location will depend on conditions. Suitable for intermediates and trained novices. A great warm-up for more challenging runs later in the spring. Limit 6 canoes.

April 13-14 BAYFIELD CREEK--MAITLAND RIVER

Organizer: Herb Dohl 416-637-7632
Book between March 26 and April 9

The Maitland at high water level can be both intimidating and exhilarating. Ledge rapids give rise to large standing waves which requires strong back paddling to avoid swamping. A spraycover is an asset but not essential.

The upper Bayfield is a narrow, fast flowing stream with tight turns: the possibility of sweepers obstructing progress exists. The lower section is akin to the Maitland before Benmillar. Limit 4 canoes.

April 14

GRAND RIVER

Organizer: Jim Greenacre 416-759-9956
Book between April 1 and 8

The Grand River below the Elora Gorge during spring run off offers fast water, wide channels, riffles and no portages as it traverses agricultural land and rural areas. The river banks in many sections are heavily wooded with abundant wildlife. Suitable for novices who can control their canoe in fast moving water. Limit 6 canoes.

April 20-21

SALMON—MOIRA RIVERS

Organizer: Glenn Spence 416-355-3506
Book between April 7 and 14

Once again the redoubtable Glenn Spence invites intermediate paddlers to the Belleville-Marysville area. Good scenery, good paddling and short portages will be on tap. The Salmon in high water offers a consistent gradient and numerous limestone rapids with strong current and large standing waves, while the Moira has many flat sections interspersed with steep drops that require precise maneuvering. Participants may camp in the organizer's backyard. Limit 5 canoes.

April 20-21

CROWE RIVER—BEAVER CREEK

Organizer: Tony Bird 416-466-0172
Book before April 15

These two rivers, located north of Highway 7 east of Havelock, can offer interesting and challenging runs for intermediate canoeists. The rapids are generally short, usually consisting of drops and, at this time of year, large standing waves. The run on the Crowe on Saturday will be a long day, followed by a shorter trip on Beaver Creek on Sunday. Limit 4 canoes.

April 21

SPRING CLINIC ON THE UPPER CREDIT

Organizer: Jim Morris 416-793-2088
Book after April 1

A leisurely trip on interesting fast moving water that will give us an opportunity to review and practice whitewater techniques before challenging more difficult spring rivers. Water will be too cold for beginners, but those who took whitewater workshops and others interested in improving their technique will find it an enjoyable day. Limit 6 canoes.

CANDIDATES FOR BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The following are the platforms of candidates for the 1985 Board of Directors, received before our publication deadline. Any other members who wish to run for the Board may do so by letting the Board of Directors know or by placing their name in nomination from the floor of the AGM in March.

BILL NESS

Two years go fast when you're having fun, and being a bit of a masochist I would be willing to stand for re-election.

I think we have currently a healthy and well-run organization that publishes an attractive and informative newsletter; runs an extensive, varied and well-received outings programme; and has developed an active presence in conservation affairs. Our present task is to maintain our course, while exercising sound budgetary control to enable the club to continue to provide high quality services to our membership for a reasonable fee.

HERB POHL

Over the years, the WCA has been instrumental in my pursuit of outdoor adventures. First of all through the provision of the regular outing programme, a programme which allowed me to choose from a variety of trips without having to worry about the organizational details. And flowing from this, through contact with other trip participants, the camaraderie of common experience and friendship. All along, my association with other members has been, and continues to be, a learning experience. I believe this to be true for all individuals who participate in WCA activities. The value of WCA to its members lies in this mutualism of common enrichment.

I learned many years ago that for every credit entry in a ledger, there has to be a debit entered somewhere to balance the books. Having made a credit entry in my WCA ledger, I am now willing to make a debit entry to balance the account. There is more to this story of course; I am standing for re-election not only to indicate my willingness to continue to do a share of the work, but also because I want to be able to influence future decisions.

What concerns me is that we do not move in a direction where hand-holding of less experienced or less adventuresome members by the more experienced becomes a policy of the WCA. Teaching and learning is a natural, even unavoidable, byproduct of participation, as is the acquisition of greater self-confidence. I am all in favour of urging members to become more experienced by participation in the outings programme.

I am also concerned that we don't try to accomplish too much by getting involved in too many causes, however worthwhile each may be in its own right. It tends to dilute the effort and leads to an excessive workload for those carrying the ball. If you agree with these sentiments, I hope you will support my candidacy.

MARCIA FAROCHAR

When I first joined the WCA, four years ago, I could hardly stern in flat water let alone attempt rapids. But over the years, through the assistance, patience and help of club members, my skill level has grown so that I can manoeuvre comfortably in whitewater.

As a member of the Board of Directors, I would promote the kind of responsiveness and encouragement to new members that I received. As well, it is my belief that the club is a dynamic organization which should maintain a solid base of traditional activities, while being open to new ideas from the membership. I also feel that as a group venturing into natural areas, we should provide to the membership helpful suggestions on low (environmental) impact tripping.

I have served the club as trip hot-line contact person for several years, became a member of the outings committee this past year, and would welcome the opportunity to serve on the Board.

CLAIRE SMERDON

Over the past ten years the WCA has grown from a small group of friends to over three hundred members of differing abilities and interests with the common bond of wilderness canoeing. I would hope to develop further the opportunities for members to meet and canoe together.

With this in mind, I would propose the following:

1. A simple questionnaire could be devised asking members to indicate their particular areas of interest. This would be of enormous help to committees in search of new blood and to the board in planning club activities.
2. The necessary machinery should be set in motion to provide all members with a membership list as early in the year as possible.
3. I propose the formation of a "Special Events Committee" to organise more informal, non-paddling gatherings. These would include 'armchair canoe trips', lectures, informal slide shows and trip-log presentations, equipment and technical seminars. This committee could give assistance to organisers of A.G.M.'s and Fall Meetings and would work in conjunction with the Outings Committee to maintain WCA activities throughout the year.

I have been a member of the WCA for eight years with involvement as secretary, with the Communications Committee (Nastawgan), the Sportsmen's Show, the Conservation Committee and as an organiser of seminars and canoe trips for the Fall Meeting. I found that it took me several years to feel that I knew and was known by the WCA well enough to offer my services in these areas. I would hope to make it easier for others to do the same.

products and services

Canoe For Sale:

Vintage canoe. 16 ft. red Peterborough bought in 1930's. Fully reconditioned with new canvas, gunwales, and caned seats. Asking \$1100. Contact Rhona Shaw, RR # 4, Perth, Ont., K7H 3C6. Phone: 613-267-1563.

Canoe for Sale:

"Cold Water Canoe", canvas covered, cedar strip, 15'6" length. About 9 years old, needs reconditioning. Reasonable. Call Bill Hollinshead, 705-484-5183.

Kayak for Sale:

Hydra "Taurus" rotomolded kayak, whitewater play-boat. Used one season. Best offer. Contact Del Dako: 416-421-2108

Bluewater Canoes:

New this year! We have a few models available in an ultra-lightweight vacuum bagged honeycomb-Kevlar laminate. Jensen has designed for us a new 17' tripping canoe, rather bulky by Jensen Standards, but with a higher profile and larger capacity. Barry Leslie has designed a new touring Kayak. Please visit us in our new shop. Rockwood Outfitters, 699 Speedvale Ave., West, Buelph, Ontario, N1K 1E6. Phone 519-824-1415.

Rockwood Outfitters offers a 10% discount to WCA members on merchandise and rentals.

Coleman Craft Canoes:

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

High Performance Products:

Ian McCall Sales Inc. distributes a range of exotic boatbuilding materials such as Kevlar Fabrics and tapes, graphite tapes, epoxy resins and adhesives, and Nomex structural foam: as well as hand and machine tools used in the reinforced plastics industry. Small sales to the individual builder a speciality. Contact Ian McCall at 12 Bromley Crescent, Islington, Ont. M9A 3X3, telephone 416-233-1871.

Lost and Found:

A brown peaked cap was left behind after the WCA Wine and Cheese night. If you lost this hat, please contact Claire Brigden: 416-481-4042

Odawban Winter Travel Equipment:

Explore Canada's wilderness using proven methods for comfortable winter travel. Fully equipped tent stove units: \$230; trail tobaggans: \$100; trail sleds: \$130; canoe sleds: \$75 (1 used canoe sled: \$50 each); canvas tanks for tobaggans \$75. Instructions included. Contact: Craig Macdonald, Frost Centre, Dorset, Ontario, POA 1E0; phone: 705-766-2885.

Res-Q-Tos Rescue Bags:

Members can purchase a high quality rescue throw bag directly from the manufacturer at substantial savings. Made with brightly coloured 2800 lb. test polypropylene rope in a heavy-duty weighted nylon bag, the 50 foot model costs \$24.95 and the 75 foot model sells for \$29.95, plus tax. Contact Sydney Carlyle of Barrett - Carlyle Enterprises, 28 Livingston Rd., Unit 33, Scarborough, Ontario, M1E 4S5; telephone 416-266-1039.

Leather Repairs:

For leather repairs of all kinds to backpacks, binocular cases, snowshoe bindings etc., contact Baker's Harness, Langstaff Rd. W., (just east of Dufferin, first main road north of Hwy #7), Maple Ont., L0J 1E0. Phone 416-886-0163.

The Sportman's Shop:

For Hiking, Camping, Working or Recreation. We are The Sportman's Shop, and are offering your club a 10% discount on any purchase at our store. (Please have proof of membership.) The Sportman's Shop, 2467 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario. Phone 416-481-5169.

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, 699 Speedvale Ave. W., Guelph.
The Sportman's Shop, 2476 Yonge St., Toronto.

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

wca contacts

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W.C.A. POSTAL ADDRESS

P. O. Box 496,
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M4P 2G7

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 Newsletter, 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 membership application
☐ renewal for 1985.

Notes: This membership will expire January 31, 1986.

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