

## journey to the notakwanon

Herb Pohl

This is Part 1 of a two part account of a solo canoe trip from Schefferville in northern Québec to Davis Inlet on the Labrador Coast in the summer of 1984. The author's route is shown on the map on page 5.

The old truck creaked and groaned as it slowly made its way toward Lake Attikamagen, following the two fingers of light which pierced the darkness. The road was in terrible condition and it required some adroit manoeuvring to avoid getting stuck. Conditions inside the cab were scarcely better; the mixture of exhaust fumes and gasoline vapour left me hanging out the window for most of the way. It took 1½ hours to traverse the 25 kilometres from Schefferville to Iron Arm, the starting point of the trip. By 1:00 o'clock the tent was set up and I crawled into my sleeping bag, well pleased with the way everything had worked out so far.

With the closing of mining operations in Schefferville, train service is now reduced to one train a week which leaves Sept Iles on Thursday morning, arrives 12 to 15 tedious hours later in Schefferville and returns to Sept Iles the following day. I had phoned the Schefferville station the previous day from the Moisie River campground and arranged for someone to drive me immediately upon arrival to Iron Arm (a part of Lake Attikamagen).

According to the records of the weather station at Schefferville there is measurable rainfall on 21 days of the month during June and July, and true to form a gentle rain was falling when I woke in the morning. I had been here on exactly the same day two years earlier with Ken Ellison (see *Nastawgan* Vol. 9, No. 3), but somehow the place looked different. Besides the cottages I remembered, there were now a number of tents set up, complete with stoves and firewood, the floors lined with spruce boughs and blankets but there wasn't a soul around.

As always at the beginning of a trip nothing seemed to be in the right place and it took several hours before everything was finally stowed away satisfactorily. Crossing Lake Attikamagen requires careful navigation; besides the many islands and peninsulas which are shown on the map, there are others which are not and it's not difficult to get confused. Once across, a short rapid leads into Mole Lake. Reputedly there is a portage from the eastern shore of Mole Lake into Fox Lake, a distance of half a kilometre, but once again I failed to find it and ended up crashing through the underbrush. I had planned to stop at Fox Lake for the day and so it was only fitting that a torrential downpour would catch me on the last portage. The rain finally stopped an hour later but a cold wind made sure that the comfort level was low until I managed to get a fire going.



Lac McNeill on the upper Rivière de Pas.

The following morning the second portage brought me over the height of the land into Québec. As so often happens in these parts "height of land" is really a misnomer as the Québec and Labrador watersheds often meet in a large expanse of boggy lowland, and portaging across simply means sloshing over a quaking substratum which is interspersed with miniature ponds and rock outcroppings. The weather for the next two days was typical for the region - cool, cloudy and frequent showers. In contrast to the last trip there was very little wind; spring had also arrived earlier than usual and these two factors combined to ensure a plentiful presence of blackflies and mosquitos. At Lac Jamin I stopped briefly to talk to a guide at the fishing camp. When I explained in the course of the conversation that I was going to cross over to the Labrador coast he recalled an older fellow passing by the previous year in the company of a young lad who was planning to go upstream all the way to the headwaters of the George River and from there to the Labrador coast. He was obviously impressed - who ever heard of anyone going upstream in a canoe?

Personally, I was more impressed with the fact that this old fellow had turned down the invitation to stay for supper (with the excuse that they were behind schedule and had to hurry on). The two people were Karl and Peter Schimek. For readers not familiar with their journey I would like to point out that they did go all the way to the headwaters of the George and, after crossing over to Labrador, descended the Kanairiktok to Snegamook Lake. And quite a trip it was too. Well, nobody asked me to stay for supper, even though it was about 5:00 p.m. And so I carried on, past the only portage on Rivière de Pas at the outflow of Lac Jamin, through several kilometres of boisterous rapids and, after spending some time looking, I settled for the day on an exposed point of land. Lots of dry firewood form an old Indian campsite, golden evening sun streaming obliquely through the treetops on the far shore, enough wind to keep the bugs under control - what more could anyone ask for? Oh yes, solitude; blessed solitude! From here to the end of the trip I never met anyone, never saw or heard a plane - just glorious, primeval wilderness.

It turned cold during the night and the steaming river generated a dense fog which limited visibility in the morning, but one could feel it was going to be a great day. The section of river I had to cover today was fast-flowing; benign rapids alternated with quiet stretches and the bouldery shoreline was scoured clean, testimony to the magnitude and force of spring breakup on the river. By late afternoon and 55 kilometres later I had reached the point where I had to leave Rivière de Pas and portage to the height of land which separates the latter from the George River. I know that Stew Coffin had used this route in 1982, as had Karl Schimek the following year, and therefore had some idea of what lay ahead. Nevertheless, the prospect of the long haul evoked mixed feelings.

Early the next morning, just in time for one of many showers, I hefted the first load onto my shoulders and slowly picked my way beside the little stream, the course of which I was to follow for the next two days. At first

the going was easy following game trails through an old burn, but for the most part it was oozing, gurgling bog, even on the hillsides. With two packs, two dufflebags and the boat I routinely triple-portage and thus traverse the same terrain five times. One would think that this provides ample opportunity to find the best route. In actual fact each route turned out to be bad, or worse. The first night found me just a little past the halfway mark, pretty well done in and very respectful of an exceptionally attentive insect population. The only lull in the onslaught by the little beasts occurred during the frequent showers. Praise be for waterproof tents, mosquito netting and a dry change of clothing.

By mid-afternoon of the second day I reached the first of several small lakes I had to traverse. Two years ago Coffin's party had camped here and even left some firewood. Much to my astonishment I also discovered the remains of old tentpoles and signs of a trapline. How would anyone come here, 175 kilometres from the nearest settlement and far from the river?

During the afternoon it had become sunny and oppressively hot, so I decided to relax for a little while with the fishing rod before going back for the last load. The lake was full of eager brook trout. When I finally set out to retrieve the last pack the shadows were getting long. Of course I knew exactly where I had left it - about halfway up a hill covered with dwarf birch and next to a spruce tree with a twin top. I spent nearly an hour looking for my twin-topped reference point among the dozens of twin-topped spruce scattered everywhere.

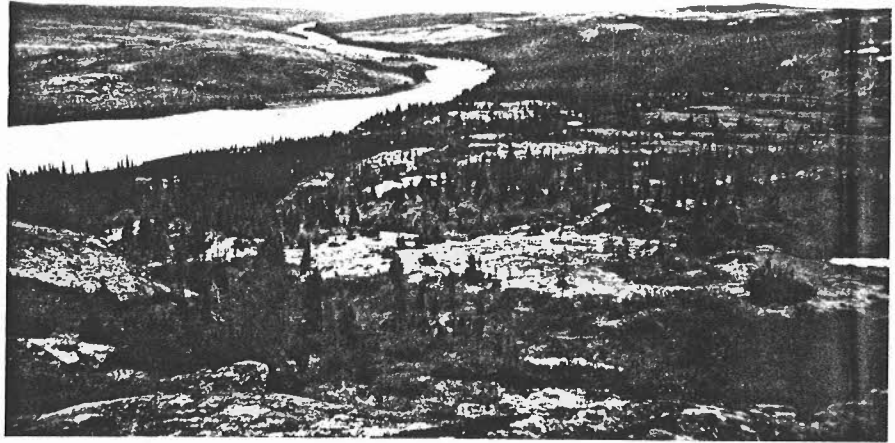
The following afternoon found me tussock-hopping across the last portage at the height of land. A momentary loss of balance or misjudgement would see me periodically disappear up to my crotch in the morass. The first time this happened the feeling of acute displeasure gave rise to an outpouring of invective, but that was long ago. Now I could see the waters which would carry me swiftly down to the George shimmering in the distance; the long traverse was behind me.

The unnamed river I was travelling on was descending over a series of ledges, boulder gardens and fantails in a broad streambed. As I rounded a bend I could see a large



Near the headwaters of Rivière de Pas, one of the many lakes which are part of the river system.

View of Riviere de Pas near the start of the long portage.



black form drop down behind the curtain of willows lining the shore. A noisy flapping of flightless wings by a flock of Canada Geese followed as they scurried for safety, and then, out of the thicket with powerful strokes flew an impressively large Golden Eagle, leaving behind the goose he had just killed. I stopped shortly thereafter as I recognized the signs which unfailingly tell that you are getting tired: the rocks in the river keep getting in your way.

At the bottom of another rockgarden I spied a narrow bit of scoured shoreline between the river and the willow thickets - home for the evening, and what an evening! The warm and steady breeze had banished all tormentors; the sun, low over the horizon, was reflected by every little ripple of water. Scraggly spruce and tamarack swayed darkly in the wind. And with it all the rushing symphony of the river cascading over a thousand rocks. Perfect bliss! Alas, there were chores to do. I quickly realized that this was goose country. Since I am a fastidious man I spent a considerable amount of time first carefully clearing a tent site and then covering each little deposit in the immediate area with a small rock. By the time I was finished the place looked like a gravel pit, a wordless testimonial to what geese do best.



The "goose country" campsite; on the way down an unnamed river to the George.

Two hours of careful dodging and a short portage around two ledges brought me to the confluence with the George River at midmorning of the following day. From here I had to track upstream, first on the George itself and then on a tributary flowing out of White Gull Lake. My boat has quite a bit of rocker and I was concerned that it might not track too well in the strong current but I needn't have worried. By evening I had covered nearly 15 kilometres and, after portaging around a strong rapids, decided to make camp.

The view from the top of the hill was unobstructed. It had taken nearly an hour to reach its bald crown from the camp two kilometres to the north. The roar of the rapids up here was reduced to a gentle murmur. Immediately to the west, the George River glistened in the evening sun and disappeared to the northwest. To the south, immense bodies of water dotted with islands nearly

filled the vast plain. Good Lord, I thought, you wouldn't want to be lost in this place. My route lay to the northeast through a maze of islands and I carefully compared the features before me to the map; and as always, it was not a perfect match. Well, I was satisfied; now back to camp and rest for the aching body.

The next morning I had about three kilometres of tracking ahead of me and it proved to be tough going. With the shoreline covered with alder and willow and the river deep and strong, I eventually decided to try my luck portaging. Even after I reached flatwater the situation didn't improve, for a strong headwind sprung up and persisted for the rest of the day. Incredible though it seemed, there was a noticeable current and even rapids in this wide island-studded body of water. After several short portages to escape windswept sections I finally emerged on White Gull Lake. The nearest campsite was still two kilometres away and when I staggered ashore after two more hours of battling the wind I was pretty well fed up with paddling. I spent the evening roaming over the gravelly plain behind the campsite. Spidery eskers reach far out into White Gull Lake and disappear below the surface. Under the grey threatening sky it looked utterly desolate and the remains of an old grave added to the feeling of isolation. Tomorrow, weather permitting, I would cross over to the far shore, just faintly visible in the distance.



White Gull Lake: several large eskers dominate the countryside, the tops showing up as strings of islands where the eskers continue across the lake.

I woke at four to the sounds of rain. Here was an excuse to stay for a day of rest, I thought. But two hours later the rain had stopped and the lake was calm and I couldn't pass up the opportunity to move. It turned out to be a most memorable day. The sun emerged and transformed bleak desolation into dazzling beauty; the lake was a mirror of the sky, and it was time to sing (I always sing when the spirit moves me.) At lunchtime I had landed on the tip of the large peninsula which juts into the lake from the north. About this time thunderheads started to billow up in the southwest, coalescing into dark centres and depositing their moisture in long trailers on their way across the lake. When one seemed to take dead aim at my position I quickly rigged up a shelter by stringing a tarpaulin over some tree limbs and waited with a feeling of quiet satisfaction for the impending deluge. It always seems to start the same way: a few faint gusts of wind, a brief patter of raindrops, followed by stronger gusts and then - a torrent of water. This one was no exception, but for once I was prepared and watched it with disdain. Unknown to me disaster was brewing overhead. A pocket of water had formed and gradually

grown to the point where its weight overpowered the design and presently a solid wall of water descended upon me.

I didn't sing for another two days.

There was more to come. When I returned after a brief reconnaissance to the nearest hill, waves were breaking on the shore. Getting off proved to be very dicey. Pushing off into the first wave half filled the boat and I found it difficult simultaneously to bail out water so I'd ride a little higher to prevent getting washed back ashore and to keep the nose into the breakers so I wouldn't get flipped. Eventually I managed to clear a point of land and from then on I was heading downwind and my troubles were over.

Well, not quite.

Looking back over my shoulder I could see another shower approach. A few minutes later it turned quite dark, the wind picked up to 40-60 km/h. The waves were running at 1-1.5 metres and I was petrified lest I get turned sideways and blown over. About every third wave picked me up and carried me along like a surfboard. And then the rains came.

What a macabre sight!

The inky black water was overlain with a pale grey haze created by the spray from the falling sheets of rain. The sky was completely obliterated and across the grey-black surface rolled the ghostly white combers of the wind-whipped breakers. Despite my precarious position I couldn't help thinking what a photograph this would make. Ever so gradually the conditions became less severe and now my concern was how I was going to land among the pounding waves on the approaching shore. Luckily a little sheltered bay presented itself. As I stepped ashore with some relief I noticed that my craft was in need of repairs. I was now on the north shore of White Gull Lake which is demarcated by a large esker running east-west from horizon to horizon. Sticking out nearly perpendicularly into the lake was a thin sliver of sand overgrown with alders which formed a natural breakwater. While the waves continued to rush the shore on the far side, the little lagoon was tranquillity itself. I wasn't the first one to discover the place; the tent-frames of a fly-in fishing camp occupied one corner of the bay. It provided a sheet of plywood which came in handy as the roof of my makeshift workshop during the periodic showers. I quickly set to work by starting a fire in front of the shelter to dry out the boat. The inner layer of fibreglass had given way with the constant flexing in the waves.

Two hours later the job was done except for the curing of the resin and I rushed eagerly to the crest of the esker. What I saw was not encouraging. Except for a bit of open water some distance to the north it was miserable black spruce bog. Far to the northwest loomed a range of barren hills, my target for tomorrow. The 1:50,000 map had shown a creek just beyond the esker making its way northward towards Leif Lake but I could see no sign of it from my vantage point.

The sound of breaking waves and the wind shaking the tent made for a poor night's sleep but the morning was glorious. As I attended to my bacon and pancakes I

listened to live entertainment - a solitary bird sitting on a weatherbeaten tree nearby kept repeating his plaintive call over and over again. I saw no reason to join him in song because for me it was a day of sloshing through the thickets. The little creek (it was there after all) was far too rocky and shallow so, except for two small lakes, it was a day of portaging. By mid-afternoon it was back to upstream work on a large river draining out of Lac Machault. Despite all the hard work I was elated. The worst of the portaging was behind, the sun was shining and the beauty of the surroundings overwhelming. By evening I was camped at a miserable bug-infested site at the bottom of the last rapids below Lac Machault and dead tired. Still, I dragged myself to the top of the nearest hill. It was well worth the effort. Far on the southwestern horizon shimmered White Gull Lake; to the north and immediately below me was the mile-long rapids, whitecaps glowing in the evening sun. To the east, Lac Machault, dotted with green islands, was sitting like a jewel amidst the bare hills. And there was silence; wonderful, palpable silence.

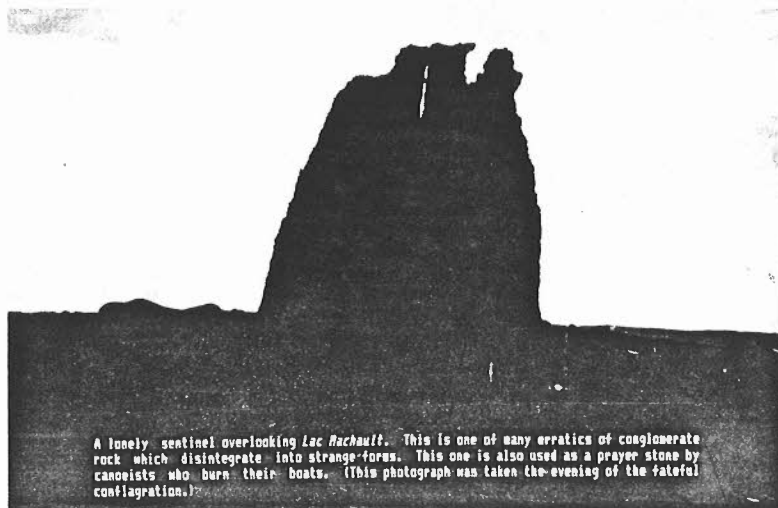
Another sun-drenched morning and not a breath of wind stirring. Lac Machault was like polished glass except for a peculiar haze on the surface - a carpet of dead blackflies, millions of them. I wasn't sorry, for there were still enough left alive, thank you very much. On the far side of the lake I had lunch at the foot of the stream which represented the outflow of a series of small lakes which would take me to the Labrador border. After a short portage I put in above a falls, into what I thought was a small lake. Instead, this and the next two "lakes" were broad, boulder-choked streambeds and the only way to get past was by lifting and wading. The current was sufficiently strong to have washed away all the small rocks between the large boulders to a depth of a metre or more as I could tell by the watermarks on my shirt. It made for slow going. After another portage I had had enough. I was too tired to bother with a campfire, all I wanted to do was boil enough water on the stove for a freeze-dried dinner and a pot of tea. I was badly overheated and longed to strip down in the safety of a tent. But before I got that far the blackflies descended on me in clouds and neither headnet nor fly dope seemed to help. In near-panic I made a little smudge fire to try to get at least some of the pests off me before retreating into the tent. To hell with supper!

A few minutes later I heard a faint crackling sound outside and instantly recognized its significance.

FIRE!

I rushed out - quite naked at this stage. The first thing I saw was thick black clouds billowing up and flames enveloping the bow of the boat. I rushed over to my ever-present pail of water and poured it on the flames, to no avail. Then I tried to smother the fire with the empty canoe-pack and at last succeeded.

What a mess! With the resin burned off, the skeleton of the boat - the roving and mat - was flapping idly in the breeze. What were my chances of walking out from here to the coast? Not very good I thought. Then another reality became more acute; the blackflies were having a field day, and I retreated into the tent. Anyway, there wasn't anything more I could do today.



A lonely sentinel overlooking Lac Machault. This is one of many erratics of conglomerate rock which disintegrate into strange forms. This one is also used as a prayer stone by canoeists who burn their boats. (This photograph was taken the evening of the fatal conflagration.)



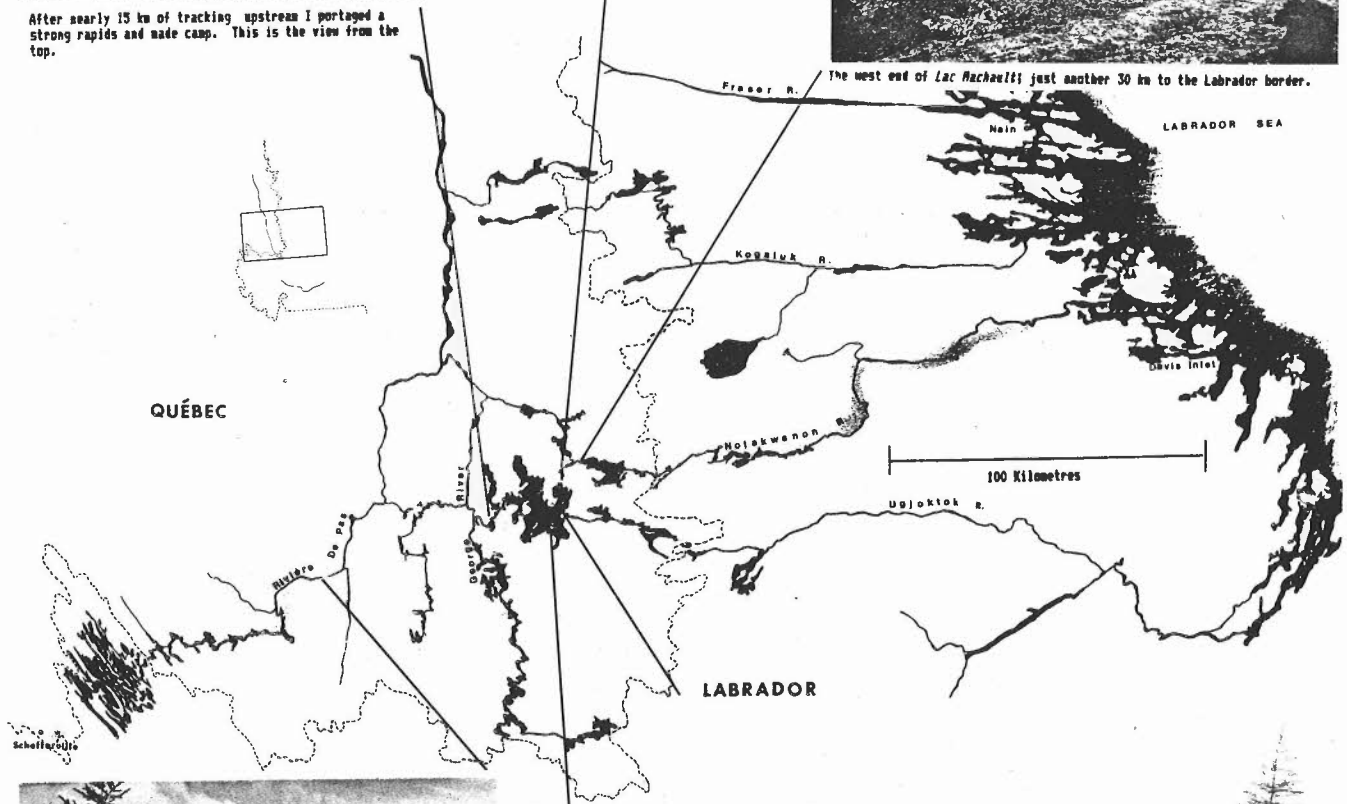
On the north shore of White Gull Lake; the narrow sliver of sand which saved my bacon.



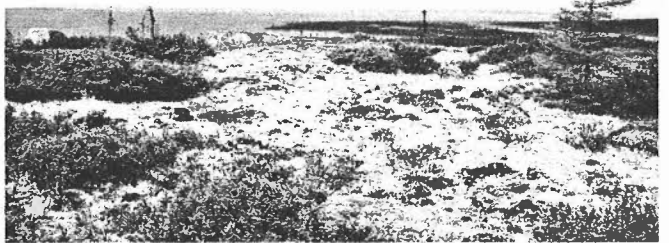
After nearly 15 km of tracking upstream I portaged a strong rapids and made camp. This is the view from the top.



The west end of Lac Machault; just another 30 km to the Labrador border.



Rivière de Pas: fast flowing, pretty and undulating country. The hills are just beginning to take shape.



Reconnoitering on top of the northern peninsula of White Gull Lake; by the time I returned to the shore the waves were rolling in.



View from the top of the esker on White Gull Lake before the last portage; it doesn't look encouraging. The hills in the background are the destination.



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

## EDITORIAL

### TIME FOR A CHANGE

With the March 1977 issue of The Wilderness Canoeist I became editor of the Wilderness Canoe Association's newsletter. That was volume 4 number 1, and eight and a half years ago. Now with the summer 1985 issue of Nastawgan, volume 12 number 2, I am retiring as editor.

During my time as editor I have tried hard to ensure that the Communications Committee not only put out a newsletter, but put out the highest quality paper that we could. Our aim has always been to produce a paper that is both informative and visually attractive, and something of which the WCA can be proud. This has meant a constant striving for improvement and has led to many changes over the past eight and a half years including: a move to longer articles, the introduction of regular columns and features, increased use of photographs, cleaner more varied lay-outs, standardized type for titles, right justified type for articles, and a new name. Whether or not we have been successful and these changes have been improvements is for others to judge. But I can say with honesty that being editor has been for me a source of enjoyment and satisfaction, and that I leave with a feeling of pride at the job we have done.

Producing our newsletter is certainly not a one-man job, but a task that takes a great deal of time and effort from many people. Over the years that I have been editor I have been privileged to have worked with a very dedicated Communications Committee, a team which has been quite stable and in most cases has been together for a long time. In alphabetical order this team has included: Barry Brown, John Cross, Jim Greenacre, Toni Harting, Bill King, Steart McLlraith, Rick Paleske, Herb Pohl, Cam Salsbury, Claire Smerdon and Lenny Winn. I owe these people more thanks than I can ever express for their invaluable advice and creative input, their unwavering support and encouragement, their tireless efforts in

typing and laying up the paper, and their consistently high quality work. It is primarily because of the calibre of this team that the job of editing has been the enjoyable and rewarding task that it has. Without these people I could never have stayed on the job so long. To all of you I offer a very sincere thank you.

In leaving I would also like to thank all those different Boards of Directors who, over the years, have given me the creative freedom and support without which a quality newsletter could never be produced. Finally, I would like to thank all those members who have so consistently supported the newsletter with contributions of the high quality articles on which it depends.

Our journal has come a long way from the original photo-copied Beaverdam, through the newsprint The Wilderness Canoeist, to the current book-stock Nastawgan. Three editors have guided this journey so far: Pete Emmorey, Roger Smith, and myself. Each of us, while continuing a tradition, has taken the paper in new directions and has put our personal stamp on it in terms of content and style. Now it is time for a new editor to take Nastawgan in yet other new directions and on to greater heights.

That new editor will be Toni Harting. In appointing Toni, who has contributed to the paper and worked on the Communications Committee for many years, the Board of Directors has, in my view, made an excellent choice to continue Nastawgan's tradition of quality. In handing the job over to Toni, I wish him well and look forward to new and exciting changes in the future. I trust that the members of the WCA and of the Board of Directors will give him the same support that you have always given me.

Sandy Richardson

## CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

For any organization to continue to thrive and grow requires persistent effort by its members. The Wilderness Canoe Association has been particularly fortunate in having had a nucleus of dedicated individuals who, by hard work and enthusiasm, have created an organization which could well serve as a model for others.

Today, on behalf of the WCA, I would like to pay tribute to one of these individuals - Sandy Richardson. Sandy was one of the half-dozen people who found the time to form the association, draft a constitution, organize an outings programme, lead trips, write and produce a short newsletter and submit briefs to various governmental agencies on conservation issues.

Eight years ago Sandy took over as editor of the newsletter. With patience and perseverance he has

steadily improved both its appearance and quality. During this time he has put up with illegible and often poorly written copy, submissions which arrived just the day of the lay up and had to be included, or no copy at all. Despite all the problems, Sandy has managed to produce a publication which has been the lifeblood of the organization and which has given us a high profile among people interested in wilderness travel and conservation of our national heritage.

This issue of Nastawgan is the last one produced under the direction of Sandy Richardson. He'll still be around of course and continue to play an active role, but this is an appropriate time to say thank you for ten years of service in the front line.

Herb Pohl

# news briefs

## INTERNATIONAL STANDARD SERIAL NUMBER

Nastawgan has been assigned ISSN 0828-1327 by the National Library of Canada. These numbers, stored with information about each publication in the International Serials Data System's central files in Paris, provide an up-to-date record of world serial publications, and facilitate the identification, location and ordering of these publications. Beginning with this issue, our ISSN number will appear in each issue of Nastawgan.

## ACROSS THE BARREN LANDS

On the 22nd of June, a small group of ambitious wilderness canoeists will start on a 1500 km trip through the Barren Lands in the North West Territories. They will put in at Selwyn Lake in northern Saskatchewan, follow the Dubawnt, Thelon, and Back Rivers, and plan to end their journey in Chantrey Inlet on the Arctic Ocean about ten weeks later. A formidable trip indeed. The people involved (four of them WCA members) are: Mike, Geoffrey, and Sean Peake (brothers), Peter Brewster, Peter Scott, and Bill King. They are seeking permission to name a remote and unnamed river they will be paddling on - a tributary of the Back - after a pioneer of Canadian wilderness canoeing, Eric Morse.

## WCA MEMBERS WIN GOLD

In the Great Humber River Canoe Race (April 6), two members came first in their respective classes. Howard Sagerman was fastest in the White Water C-1 class with a time of 52.07 minutes for the 13 km course. Howard also won this class last year.

Jim Greenacre was first in the Open Canoe C-1 class with a time of 58.30 minutes. In previous years Jim has had two seconds and three thirds.

Paul Barsevski and Joanne Hale were fourth in the Open Canoe Mixed C-2 class with Mike and Diane Wills close behind in sixth place.

## WCA FALL PARTY

This annual get-together, marked by happy banter, wine, cheese, and slide shows, will be held on Friday, November 29, 1985, again at The George Brown College in Toronto. More details later.

## 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>
Autumn 1985	--	August 18, 1985
Winter 1985	--	November 17, 1985
Spring 1986	--	January 26, 1986
Summer 1986	--	May 4, 1986

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

## FON MEMBERSHIPS

The Federation of Ontario Naturalists is looking for new members. They are offering half price membership to members of federated clubs (including WCA): individual \$12.50, family \$15.00. The FON is a worthwhile cause and needs our support to try to preserve our disappearing wildlife and wilderness. Contact Federation of Ontario Naturalists, 355 Lesmill Rd., Don Mills, Ontario, M3B 2W8, phone 416-444-8419, or the WCA's FON-representative: Gail Vickars at 416-895-9976.

## WCA FALL MEETING

On the weekend of September 28-29 we will be holding our annual Fall Meeting. This year we will return to the Koshlong Outdoor Centre in Haliburton to enjoy this event. Book this date and review the enclosed material for more information. Hope to see you there.

canoetoon

by paul mason



SO THAT WAS STAIRCASE RAPIDS EH ?

## BRIEFS...

### THE WORLD OF ROBERT BATEMAN

The most exciting publishing event of 1985 will be the release in October of The World of Robert Bateman, an entirely new selection of 85 full-colour paintings by the well-known Canadian naturalist and artist Robert Bateman. The artists' commentaries on his paintings show Bateman's skills as a naturalist and give the reader a fascinating insight into how a Bateman painting is created.

The Nature Canada Bookshop is offering a pre-publication discount for copies reserved by September 15th. For orders placed by September 15th the cost will be \$45.00, with no postage and handling charge. After September 15th our price will be \$45.00, plus a postage and handling charge of \$4.00. The suggested retail price is \$50.00.

As a member of a Canadian Nature Federation affiliate you can reserve a copy by sending a cheque or money order for \$45.00 payable to Nature Canada Bookshop; or a Visa/Mastercard number and expiry date. Mail by September 15th to Nature Canada Bookshop, 75 Albert Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1P 6G1. Please indicate that you are a member of a CNF affiliated organization.

### 1985 CHRISTMAS AND ANNUAL CATALOGUES

The Nature Canada Bookshop's 1985 fall selection will be an outstanding collection of books, calendars, Christmas cards, binoculars and many other gifts for naturalists. If you would like to receive a copy of our 1985 colour Christmas catalogue and our 1985/86 40-page book catalogue, please write to Nature Canada Bookshop, 75 Albert Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1P 6G1 by August 15th, indicating that you are a member of a CNF affiliated organization. We will include your name as part of our mailing of the Bookshop's fall selection in September.

### 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 51 mm x 102 mm and cost \$3.00 each. The decals are 76 mm x 152 mm 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.

### WHITEWATER RACE FOR OPEN CANOES

Want to see some really great wild water paddling, or preferably participate? Then visit the annual Open Canoe Whitewater Slalom on the Gull River near Minden, Ontario. This race provides an excellent opportunity to improve your knowledge of how to run rapids, and will be held September 7 and 8, 1985 at the Minden Wild Water preserve. For more information contact: Canoe Ontario, 1220 Sheppard Ave. East, Willowdale, Ontario, M2K 2X1, 416-495-4180.

### WCA PHOTO CONTEST 1986

Remember when you're out there this year paddling, hiking, camping, enjoying yourself, to make photographs for next year's WCA Photo Contest. The four permanent categories are: 1. Wilderness, 2. Wilderness and Man, 3. Flora, 4. Fauna; and the extra category is: Child(ren) and Wilderness Canoeing. Keep your cameras clicking.

### QUETICO PARK VOLUNTEER PROGRAMME

Ontario's Ministry of Natural Resources is now entering the second year of its Quetico Provincial Park volunteer programme. This programme gives volunteers a chance to help preserve the magnificent wilderness of Quetico Park, working on special projects the park needs help with.

The projects vary widely from working in the wilderness, collecting information on canoe routes, portages and campsites, to photography, art and research. Volunteers will receive the required training that will enable them to participate effectively in long or short term work projects.

If you are interested in becoming a Quetico Wilderness Volunteer, write or call for more information: Brian Morris, Volunteer Co-ordinator, Ministry of Natural Resources, 108 Saturn Avenue, Atikokan, Ontario, P0T 1C0. Telephone: 807-597-6971.

### WCA MEMBERSHIP LISTS

Membership lists are available to any members who wish one for personal, non-commercial use. Please send \$1.00 to: Cash Belden, 77 Huntley St. Apt. 1116, Toronto, M4Y 2P3.

### NASTAWGAN: THE BOOK

In November 1985 an interesting non-fiction book will be published by Betelgeuse Books: Nastawgan: the Canadian North by Canoe and Snowshoe. This is a collection of fourteen historical essays focusing on different aspects of wilderness travel in the shifting Canadian North, edited by Bruce Hodgins and Margaret Hobbs. The WCA has consented to the use of the name Nastawgan and is pleased to endorse this important book.

Betelgeuse invites all WCA members having some artistic capability to contribute to the success of the project by submitting artwork in the form of small, simple, black and white, pen and ink line-drawings, to be used as fillers, end-of-chapter markers, etc. You can select any subject related to wilderness travel by land or water, summer or winter. No complicated full-page drawings, please, just simple line-drawings of paddles, canoes, snowshoes, animals, paddling and camping scenes, etc.

For more information contact Betelgeuse Books, PO Box 1334, Station B, Weston, Ontario, M9L 2W9. The rigidly fixed deadline for the material to be received by Betelgeuse is July 30, 1985. Sorry, no payment, but loads of glory!

T.H.

### CANOETOONS

Paul Mason's "Canoeoons", the canoeing cartoons that you have seen in Nastawgan, are available as greeting cards from Trail Head, at both their Ottawa and Toronto stores.

### IT'S THE LAW

Did you know the Small Vessel Equipment Regulations apply to all canoes? Every canoe must carry:

- a) two paddles (even if you paddle solo)
- b) one approved lifejacket, PFD or lifesaving cushion for each person
- c) a bailer
- d) a sound signaling device (e.g. a whistle).



## SPORTSMEN'S SHOW

Thank you all who made our Sportsmen's Show booth a success this year. Fifty members volunteered their time, talent and energy. From the reports I have received I understand that all enjoyed working together and dealing with the public. Unfortunately we could not accommodate those who phoned in at the last minute.

Claire and Richard Smerdon designed and constructed our booth and did a marvellous job. The cooking fire model and display of different kinds of wood generated much interest.

Since last year we have tried to improve the booth and better represent what the WCA is all about. We concentrated on a main theme and made a trip-board listing all our spring trips. A pamphlet was available outlining the WCA.

In past years the main expense has been equipment rental. To reduce future rental costs we acquired some basic equipment including a folding table. Richard and Claire have made the backdrop of fireproof draperies, the

trip-board and other signs. We rented this year the projector setup and 2 chairs. It may be worthwhile to buy also this equipment so in the future the cost for our booth would be minimal.

Altogether I feel we accomplished what we set out to do at the Sportsmen's Show: publicize the WCA, and involve as many members as we could. The results were good. We talked to a great many people about wilderness canoeing. More than 40 new members joined.

Thank you all who helped. A special thanks to Richard and Claire Smerdon who worked so hard and to Ted Steeves who is storing all the equipment for the booth. Also thanks to Gerry Lannan who helped me with the organization of the booth and who will be in charge next year. If you have any suggestions for 1986 please contact him. (Gerry's phone number is: 416-244-0238.)



Report: Jan Tissot  
Photo: Toni Harting

### REFLECTIONS ON THE WCA BOOTH AT THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW

Concerns have been raised recently, at both the Annual Meeting and at Directors' Meetings, about the cost and value of the WCA's participation in the Sportsmen's Show in Toronto. The following reflections and thoughts are a response to these concerns from Jan Tissot who has chaired our Sportsmen's Show Committee for a number of years.

Over the past twelve years our presence at the Sportsmen's Show has given us a great deal of contact with the general public. The booth was initially set up to focus on canoeing and to attract new members. In the third issue of Beaverdam, a predecessor of Nastawgan, it was commented that the membership doubled to more than 100 members. In keeping with the requirement of the Sportsmen's Show Organization to have an attractive, well-designed and informative display, our booth gradually evolved to become more sophisticated.

We can be proud that the WCA can muster so much talent and enthusiasm to present a booth like ours. The results speak for themselves. Today we are at the Sportsmen's Show to focus on canoeing and to attract new members. But our mandate is also to draw attention to environmental issues and conservation measures. The image of the booth reflects this. In our special way, we contribute to environmental protection, and communicate this to the general public. Because of this unique blend of activity and publicity the WCA has become a respected

voice in conservation circles. Both Nastawgan and our booth at the Sportsmen's Show are in large part responsible for this image.

If we want to continue this image we have to be prepared not only to put our best effort into it but also to be willing to fund the booth. With most of the permanent display items acquired, the cost of the booth should decrease significantly.

The WCA is lucky to have this golden opportunity at the Sportsmen's Show. Most of our members made their first contact with the WCA at our booth. Let us not forget that a Club needs new blood on a continuing basis.

I feel we should express our thanks to the Sportsmen's Show Organization and I hope that our relationship with the show will continue for many years.

Jan Tissot

MASTER CANOE BUILDER

Author: Nick Nickels  
 Publisher: Nick Nickels, Lakefield, 1985 (\$10.00)

Reviewed by: Sandy Richardson

Lakefield, in the Kawartha Lake region of Ontario, is the home of modern wooden canoe design and manufacturing techniques. Here, in the 1850's, shipwright Thomas Gordon developed methods of constructing cedar strip canoes, and founded the Gordon Canoe Company. Other innovative local craftsmen soon adapted and further developed Gordon's techniques and opened their own shops throughout the region. Their Kawartha crafted cedar canoes became famous world-wide, used by everyone from cottagers to arctic explorers.

For sixty years these canoe shops in the Gtonabee River Valley made the area the "Detroit" of world canoe building, with peak production coming at the end of the Victorian era. With the second World War, however, new materials began to replace wood in the manufacture of canoes. One by one the old Kawartha canoe shops closed and the master craftsmen disappeared. Today only one lone builder remains, 78 year old Walter Walker, still plying his trade in the village of Lakefield.

Master Canoe Builder, by Nick Nickels, the former editor/publisher of CHE-MUN and the author of numerous canoeing books including Canoe Canada, is the story of Walter Walker, the last of the Kawartha canoe craftsmen, and the long and proud canoe building tradition of which he is a part. In the first part of the book we meet Walker, visit the shop where he has worked alone since 1967, and watch as the master craftsman builds a sixteen foot cedar plank canoe on a century old Gordon mould, a process that takes eight days. The second part of the book briefly traces the history of canoe building in the Kawartha region from prehistoric times to the present, concentrating on the modern era that began with Thomas Gordon in 1856.

The book is well illustrated with sketches, reproductions of old advertisements and company logos, historical photographs, and photos of Walter Walker at work, all nicely done in sepia tones. Master Canoe Builder is more than just a story about a canoe builder; it is a celebration of craftsmanship in an age of mass-production, and of a one hundred and thirty-five year tradition of canoe building in the Kawarthas, an era that sadly will soon come to an end when Walker hangs up his tools for the last time. This is a book that will be of interest to canoe connoisseurs and collectors, to anyone interested in canoe design and construction, and to all canoeists who have any feeling for history and the proud tradition we share each time we put paddle to water.

MANAGEMENT OF WILDERNESS AND ENVIRONMENTAL EMERGENCIES

Edited by: Paul S. Auerbach, M.D.  
 Edward C. Geehr, M.D.  
 (with 33 authors)  
 Publisher: Collier MacMillan, Canada, 1983 (\$104.50)

Reviewed by: Bill King, M.D.

I recently came across a new medical textbook intended, in the editor's words, "for emergency and primary care physicians, to provide a body of knowledge concerned with the interactions between people and the natural environment."

It is much more comprehensive than anything else in the field. It has, among others, chapters on altitude illnesses, hypothermia and other cold injuries, heat illnesses, wilderness rescue, ski injuries, diving and barotrauma, drowning and near-drowning, hazardous marine animals, mammalian bites, insect toxins, reptile toxins, plant toxins, burns, inhalation injuries and lightning injuries.

The writing style is usually clear and the layout and illustrations are excellent. While in places the "medicalese" could be daunting, the writing is sufficiently clear to be quite comprehensible to the interested layman.

I'm not suggesting that this book belongs on the bookshelf of every wilderness enthusiast - the price of medical texts alone should deter that! For the matter, I don't think it belongs on the bookshelf of the average doctor. However, I do think it is worth knowing about as a reference source as it covers the field better than anything in my acquaintance. I found that in skimming through it I learned a lot, even about some areas I thought I knew well.

SEA OF SLAUGHTER

Author: Farley Mowat  
 Publisher: McClelland & Stewart, 1984 (\$24.95)

Reviewed by: Chris Winter (Conservation Council of Ontario)

Rarely is an emotional outburst so well researched. Sea of Slaughter is not only a four-hundred page tirade against a history of human greed and the wanton destruction of entire species in the name of economic gain, it is also a history book, pure and simple; one which should be on the reading list for every Canadian history course. It never will be - not in this century at least - because it smacks too much of the truth.

If Mowat's anger at human injustice against nature runs into controversy, it will likely be because of another human emotion: guilt. Guilt is best accepted from a distance. We will readily accept the mistakes of past generations and of other cultures, yet we are slow to realize and accept our own.

Mowat has painstakingly collected all available data, from the accounts of early explorers to the most recent population estimates, of the systematic harvesting to near extinction of ten of the world's endangered species. Not content to remain within the historical context, he insists on drawing parallels with conventional arguments for wildlife management, as voiced by the Department of Fisheries, the Canadian Wildlife Service, the Canadian Wildlife Federation and others. The crime was one of attitude, and that same attitude towards nature exists still today.

It is the extrapolation of guilt which makes Sea of Slaughter a relevant and important book for Ontario, indeed for all of North America as well as the Maritimes. Little effort is required to continue drawing parallels between marine resources and our Great Lakes, wetland areas and forests. Our society's predilection for a resource management approach over an ecosystem approach is representative of an attitude towards nature little changed from that of our ancestors. While we may all agree that our ancestors made grievous errors, it's doubtful we could achieve the same consensus on our current ability to manage our interaction with nature. With a remarkable clarity of vision, Farley Mowat shows us not only the errors of our past, but also provides us with a reminder of the distance we have yet to travel.



Photo: Oskar V. Dungen



It's spring. I know it is. Despite the snow that lingers outside my rural Ontario schoolhouse as I write this. So 'tis the time when we look ahead to another season of canoeing. It's tempting for me to scribe another dose of warning for all those heading north. But the point's been made on this page ... and a hundred others. So instead of looking forward, let me look back. At the risk of over-personalizing just this one instalment, I shall give you an overview of how this canoeist spent the off-season. Canoeing and my interests in the Arctic are becoming a full-time avocation.

"January 29, Ottawa - Over lunch at the Rideau Club today I listened to Eric Morse reminisce about his early wilderness trips. There's a scheme afoot to name a heretofore untraveller river in the central Barrens after Eric. One catch though - the bureaucratic folks in charge of placenames for Canada say a natural feature can only be named for someone dead and gone. Morse River sounds good to him, alright, and he's honoured by the suggestion. BUT, Eric asserts, he's not about to co-operate.

"January 30, Toronto - Lunch meetings become a way of life after awhile. Today it was soup and sandwiches with Kevin McNamee, Programme Director of the National and Provincial Parks Association of Canada. Our discussion focused on one key issue - the timely establishment of National Parks. The question is how do we best protect our country's northern wilderness areas? When is a National Park necessary? To what extent is the wilderness inherently protected by distance, difficulty, and danger (a trilogy borrowed from Eric Morse)? Can the premature creation of a Park induce damage to the environment, not protection of it? They are weighty questions. [I recommend the NPPAC to anyone who wishes to exercise a voice on these issues; write: NPPAC, Suite 313, 69 Sherbourne St., Toronto, M5A 3X7 or telephone: 416-366-3494.]

"In 1974 the formation of Nahanni National Park was timely protection of an eroding wilderness. But on the other hand, consider the proposal to make a park around Wager Bay in the Keewatin. How many people go there now? National Park status might put it on the map, so to speak. Then what will happen?

"February 5, Toronto - Spoke to a large gathering of Boy Scouts and their friends this evening. I was pleased to note a few WCA faces in the audience of about 200. A crowd like that, on a stormy winter night, makes one realize what fascination the Arctic holds for many Canadians. In the middle of my talk it occurred to me what an appropriate motto those fellows have for barren lands canoeing. "Be Prepared" - that about sums it up, for someone who wants to enjoy a safe trip across the Barrens.

"February 8, Beaulieu - The editorial committee of a new book, on the Canadian North and wilderness travel, met chez moi today. A number of fine outdoorsmen, writers,

and historians are involved in the project as authors of individual chapters. It should make a significant contribution to the literature. I'm proud to be involved. [Watch for more on this here.]

"February 20, Toronto - Lunched today with a representative of the York Board of Education. He wants me to address the Borough's history, geography, and social studies teachers at their next professional development conference. The idea is to stimulate them. My subject will be the Arctic, principally history. What pleases me about this is that someone in the education system has recognized that there is some truly interesting stuff to be drawn from Canada's past. The explorers - most of whose names are now forgotten - who trekked through our northern latitudes left exciting tales behind. And the land itself is enchanting. I hope this means that the next generation of graduates from the York Board of Education (and by extension its counterparts across the nation) is going to have a better appreciation for their country's history and physical geography than I had at the end of school. I'm optimistic.

"February 21, Beaulieu - Operation Raleigh Canada gave birth today, in this quiet country setting. After months of gestation the first concrete plans were laid for a Canadian phase. This is to be an expedition of about 24 youths from countries around the world. We'll spend two months in the Arctic, much of it travelling (in smaller groups) by canoe across the Barrens. With the help of experienced canoeists Jim Raffan and Mark Cote - and others yet to be recruited - I look forward to providing an instructive and testing experience."

And so continues my journal, which never seems to be far from the Arctic even when I am a couple of thousand miles removed. By the time you read this I'll be back up North, watching the birds arrive and the snow leave, and waiting for the water to open just enough along the shore so my canoe can skirt the ice.

As this is the last submission I shall be sending to the familiar Dufresne address (and that's not because I've run out of words) I want to send this one contributor's bouquet to our retiring editor. His labour has been fundamental to the consistent standard exhibited over many years in our WCA journal, an excellence which many small clubs and associations must envy. Personally I have benefited from his encouragement, patience, trust, and advice. Thank you Sandy, for a job well done.

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Arctic Journal, by WCA member David F. Pelly, is a regular column featuring articles on various aspects of barren lands 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.



DISCOVERING - Glenn Spence



# wca photo



ROCK SHEEP - Gail Vickers

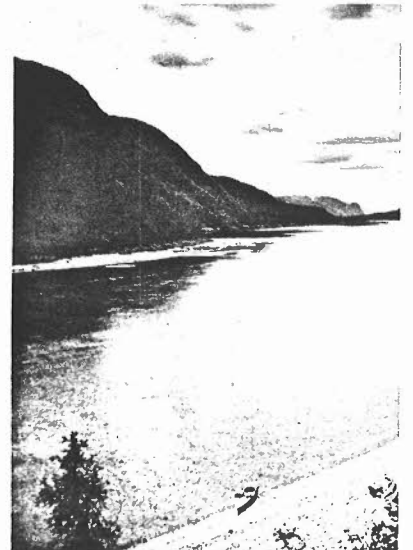
These are some of the photographs entered in our last contest. The first-prize winners have been presented in the spring 1985 issue of Nastawgan.



DUMOINE RIVER - Ken Reeves



REEDS - Tony Bird





REFLECTIONS - Dave Berthelet



CLARKE'S NUTCRACKER - Glenn Spence

# contest



MAGNETAWAN RIVER - John Bigham



KOGALUK RIVER - Herb Pohl



PORTAGE - Tony Bird

# QUETICO SUPERIOR

## 1909-1984

### 75<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY

#### HISTORY OF QUETICO - SUPERIOR - V

by Shan Walshe  
(Research Assistance by Shirley Peruniak)

Photos courtesy Quetico Provincial Park Archives

When the first superintendent of Quetico Park, A. J. McDonald, left to join the Ontario Forestry Branch (forest-fire protection), he was replaced by his half-brother, Hugh McDonald, who ran the Park from February, 1917 until his resignation in April, 1925. The following notes, taken from Quetico Annual Reports, rangers' diaries, Fort Frances Times, Ely Miner, Tweedsmuir History, etc., outline the highlights of that era.

#### 1917

- Cut telephone line from Kawene Railway Station to Quetico Park Headquarters at French Lake.
- Overnight cabins erected on Kawnipi and Lac la Croix.
- Heavy hail in August destroyed roofs of cabins on Eden Island of Quetico Lake and Burntside Lake.
- Built boathouse at French Lake for gasoline-powered boat. Built shelter hut and small stable at Kawene.
- Fires in southwest section of Quetico destroy timber.
- 50 ft-high wooden fire tower erected on high hill 3/4 mile from French Lake Headquarters. Eight more towers under construction.
- Lumbering operations very brisk in southwest corner of Quetico.
- A fire on Eden Island close to ranger cabin was caused by sparks from stove-pipe. Fifty acres of large red and white pine were burned.
- The "Keenora" steamship's time had come on the Lake of the Woods-Fort Frances run and her owners shipped her to Lake Winnipeg.
- An Indian sniper, named Balljantyne of the 8th Battalion, before being wounded, was reported to have killed more than 50 Germans, the majority of whom were snipers.

#### 1918

- Hugh McDonald told to turn over fire-fighting equipment to Bill Darby of the Ontario Forestry Branch.
- Import slip from Canada Customs - paint, white lead, tar, nails, coffee pot, axe, stove pipes, dressed white pine lumber - total cost, \$12.60!!

January 3, 1918

- "There has been a heavy exodus of horses and men from our fair city to work at the lumbering operations of Shevlin Clarke. All hitting the trail with their "galluses" round their nags' necks and their "Sunday-go-to-meeting" sox in a packsack round their necks and they do say as how they never had such board before." (La Vallee).

June, 1918

- Tom Rawn given licence to use gill net in Pickerel Lake.
- 1918 fur sales in New York - highest beaver - \$30, Russian sable (fisher) - \$236, Hudson Bay sable (martens) - \$62, weasel - \$3.

- Mrs. J. A. Mathieu will be in the Red Cross Room on Wednesday and will show anyone interested in knitting socks for the soldiers how to knit two socks at the same time on one set of needles.

June 30, 1918

- E. W. Backus robbed of bonds and stocks worth \$26,000, jewelry, and personal papers while a guest at Bottle Creek, Michigan Sanatorium for treatment.

July 25, 1918

- "Honourable J. A. Mathieu appears to be the pet of the populace and the father of his people. He is ably supplemented in his political and patriotic career by his gracious lady. They truly are a combination hard to beat."

July, 1918

- Note to Hugh McDonald from the Commissioner of Customs, Ottawa: "You obtained goods in Winton, Minnesota for use in Quetico Park and are charged with having smuggled these goods into Canada".

- The 141st "Bull Moose" Battalion, commanded by Colonel D. C. McKenzie, wish to take a pair of beavers (one black and one albino) to England to present to the King as "The First Canadian Engineers".

October 17, 1918

- More than 1,000 people are dead following forest fires in Minnesota.

October 24, 1918

- Ontario is confronted by an epidemic of influenza which will in all probability affect more than half the population. Schools, churches, theatres and pool rooms ordered closed in Fort Frances. (Out of 1,600 Indians in Thunder Bay District, 60 died of flu by January 23, 1918.)

October 31, 1918

- The British capture 9,000 German prisoners and over 200 artillery pieces in three days of fighting.

October, 1918

- "Owing to the gradual decay of the dam on the Dawson Trail at the outlet of Pickerel Lake built about fifty years ago, I found it necessary to build a dam on Deux Rivieres, one of our main canoe routes, the water having become so low that it was nearly impassable." (Hugh McDonald).

November 11, 1918

- World War I Armistice.

November 21, 1918

- Deputy Minister asks if it would be practical or prudent, without detriment to Quetico, to take a quantity of fur this year as beaver are increasing.

1919

January, 1919

- Ranger Harry MacKenzie dies of influenza at Cabin 16 on Basswood Lake.
- Shevlin Clarke operating five lumber camps in Park mostly near Quetico and Beaverhouse Lakes.
- Perley Holmes and B. V. Holmes seek commercial fishing licences for Long (Cirrus) Lake and Quetico Lake.
- Ten park rangers on staff.
- Moose very numerous.
- Permission received to trap beaver and other fur in Quetico.
- \$195 collected in 1919 for Quetico fishing and guiding licences.

September, 1919

- Edward, Prince of Wales, four valets, ten British noblemen and 43 Indian Guides under Jack McKirdy of Thunder Bay went speckled trout fishing at Orient Bay. Jack had to 'chew out' a British admiral after a guide came to him in alarm saying he was bound to tip the canoe over the way he walked around and carried on. The Admiral said, "The guides, they are nervous, aren't they?"

1920

- E. W. Backus proposes dams on boundary waters.
- Extensive logging in west portion of Quetico.
- 24 horses hauled steam gator into Beaverhouse Lake. A bird scared horses while they were being fed at noon at Dinner Lake and they all ran away and broke harness. Had to round them up and return to Flanders to have harness repaired.
- Fisherman's shack on Emerald Island used between 1920 and 1930 by Louis Struve of Mine Centre.
- Bass discovered in small lake south of Quetico Lake. This is farthest north that bass have been recorded.
- Sigurd Olson made his first trip into Quetico-Winton-Basswood-Sucker-Birch-Knife-Saganaga-Kawnipi-Agnes-Sunday-Basswood.
- Some of 1920 Quetico staff were George Mudge, Ted Dettbarn, Bob Oggelstein, Gunder Graves, Jeff Seeley.
- House of Commons approved agreement between Canada and the United States, regulating levels of Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake, May 6.
- After World War I, many U.S. and Canadian citizens became concerned at the destruction of the wilderness character of Minnesota and Ontario by industry. The U.S. formed the Quetico-Superior Council to defend and extend the roadless wilderness areas along the boundary waters. Many Canadians joined the Quetico-Superior Council as a Canadian Advisory Committee.
- 100 bears taken this year in Quetico.

- Conversation with a bush pilot in 1920

Citizen: "Doc Smith says the baby in at Sturgeon Lake needs cow's milk."  
 Pilot: "What makes you think we're running a dairy?"  
 Citizen: "Well, we're getting a cow in on Tuesday night's train."  
 Pilot: "What do you want us to do - fly the cow in?"  
 Citizen: "We'll pay you for it, whatever it's worth!"  
 Pilot: "A cow? A live cow? Sure, we can take her if Doc will give her a hypo!"

1921

- HS2L flying boats, used during World War I for submarine patrols, were purchased from the United States by the Ontario Forestry Branch for forest fire detection.

- Shelter cabins built on Windigoostigwar and Baptism Lakes.
- "It is not the wish of the Department of Lands, Forests and Mines to do any trapping in Quetico this year."
- Speckled trout planted in Eva and French Lakes.
- "We had ten rangers during the year whose duty was to patrol, repair and build cabins, cut trails, roads, etc. The rangers work in twos and the cabins are built, so that, at the end of their respective sections, every alternate cabin serves the rangers of two or more sections." (From Hugh McDonald's annual report).
- J. A. Mathieu resigns from Shevlin Clarke and takes over Border Lakes Lumber Company on the shore of Rainy Lake near Fort Frances. He reorganized it and modernized it under the name of J. A. Mathieu Ltd. It operated continuously from 1922 to 1954 during which time it produced and processed 800 million B. F. of lumber.
- Camp Windigo, established by Dr. Sprague of Chicago and Professor Buck of Gransell College, Iowa on Baril Lake 1914 sold to Mr. W. L. Childs, physical instructor of New Frier High School, Kenilworth, Illinois (suburb of Chicago) and partner J. Beach Craigen, instructor of music at Chicago University. Henceforth, it will be known as Camp Owakonze.
- "A tree will make a million matches. One match will destroy a million trees."
- The Dominion government has arranged for a dirigible capable of carrying eight passengers besides the engineer and pilot. Airdrome will be 170 feet by 70 feet wide and 70 feet high. Airship will be 130 feet long with a speed of 70 m.p.h. to provide rapid communication between Fort Frances, Kenora, and Winnipeg. A far cry from the day of the dog sled when it took 6 or 7 days from Fort Frances to Kenora.
- Reports are that survey of the whole of the vast timber resources of the Quetico from the International Boundary line to the Shevlin Clarke limits is being made.



Canoe on Jean Lake, Quetico Provincial Park.

Wild Animals Captured by Superintendent of Quetico Park

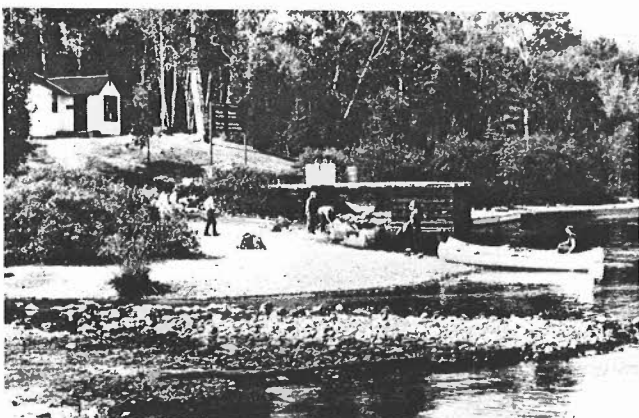
September, 1921

To capture alive and ship to Toronto a live deer, a porcupine and a beaver on seven days' notice is some feat even for an experienced woodsman. This is what was accomplished by Mr. H. McDonald, the Superintendent of Quetico Forest Reserve. The Ontario Government wished to secure some representative specimens for Toronto Exhibition and probably without any idea of the magnitude of the task gave Mr. McDonald only seven days to gather a collection. Although realizing that the time was far from sufficient to get much of an exhibit, Mr. McDonald and his assistants went to work. A beaver was asked for, so a trap was set near a beaver dam. To prevent a beaver from liberating himself from a trap the trapper must either make his set so as to drown the beaver or else use a

spring pole to hoist him clear out of the water. A continuous watch had to be kept on the trap so as to liberate the captive and avoid injury. One A.M., while leaving the set to obtain breakfast, two deer were observed out on a point jutting out into the lake. Mr. McDonald sent his assistant to play dog and drive the deer into the water, while he in the canoe kept them from swimming ashore. After getting the deer in the water the other had to walk a mile to get a rope and another canoe. Mr. McDonald alone in his canoe paddled alongside the buck and grabbed him by the horn in such a way as to keep the deer from using his feet as a pile driver. There followed some interesting moments. A deer, unlike a moose, is a perfect demon in the water and in the fierce struggle he managed to swing the canoe across his back and swamped the canoe. However, the doe was captured and although fighting her captivity, was successfully crated and expressed east. While the struggle with the deer was on, Mr. Beaver took the opportunity to investigate the trap. When the men returned a full grown specimen was hanging in the air by one leg. In the struggle incident to his capture the leg of the beaver was broken. Dr. William Thompson of Chicago, who is camping close to the reserve, was communicated with by telephone. He agreed to come over and offer his professional services. An anesthetic was administered and the broken leg amputated above the break and the skin properly sewn. Within an hour of the operation, the beaver was contentedly munching on poplar bark.

October, 1921

- "I would respectfully draw your attention to the number of tourists who enter the Park from the American side compared with what enters from the Canadian side. The result is that money spent by these tourists is spent with American merchants instead of Canadians, as we would desire. I would respectfully recommend that every inducement and convenience be offered to intending tourists to enter the Park from the Canadian side, so that their provisions and outfits might be purchased in Canada." (Hugh McDonald's annual report).



Canada Customs Office at Prairie Portage Ranger Station, Quetico Provincial Park.

- "Partridge are so numerous at French Lake. I have counted thirty-eight in the door-yard on one occasion."

1922

- Ranger Harry Stubbs of Quetico Park staff was drowned in Pickeral Lake. While his companion, Bob Ogglestein, prepared camp, Ranger Stubbs took the canoe to get a fish for supper. As he did not return in the A.M., Ranger Ogglestein became alarmed and as he had no canoe, he started for Headquarters on foot, arriving there about 7:30 in the evening. The capsized canoe was found next morning by Superintendent McDonald and Mr. J. Kolberg. The body has not yet been found. (May 13).

- Fur-bearing animals, deer and partridge are very numerous, but the moose apparently have moved to recent burns for fresh feeding grounds.

Lakes and Islands of Quetico and Rainy Lake are an Asset

"What are we doing to preserve this region in its primitive natural beauty? Already the cold calculating

hand of commercialism is reaching forth to despoil its beauty...Three feet of a raise of water in Rainy Lake will make inaccessible marshes of many of its shores - waterline of dead and dying trees...what are the few paltry horsepower (if any) to accrue to the wheels of industry when compared with the great heritage of a national park unexcelled on the American continent." (From Minneapolis Tribune, October 26).

Modern man still yearns for the untouched wilderness - the more complex civilization becomes - the more artificial it grows - the more pronounced is the desire, for a couple of weeks a year at least, to cut loose from it all and to live the kind of life that was lived in the woods 300 years ago. Partly because in seeking a vacation we desire the most extreme of contrasts from our official lives, and partly because there lurks within most of us an atavistic desire to return to the life which for thousands of years our ancestors had lived, the untouched wilds hold an especially compelling grip upon our imaginations.

Wolves in woods so famished they are busy prowling around houses and buildings of settlers and others living throughout the District. At Atikokan this week a curious experience happened to Hugh McDonald and Thomas Rawn. These two gentlemen drove with a team out to one of the marshes to get a load of hay which was stacked last fall and on the way home passed a wolf trap containing poisoned meat. Mr. Wolf was there enjoying a meal and so intent that he did not notice Thomas Rawn as he slipped up behind him and gave him a few good hard raps on the head. Mr. Rawn picked the body up and threw it on a load of hay. It was with considerable surprise Mr. Rawn later felt some sharp teeth pierce one of his shoes. The wolf had come to life and then made a dash for liberty. Mr. Rawn had no gun along but later secured his rifle and went after the wolf and finally secured it!

1923

October, 1923

- The great white way has been transferred from Broadway to Quetico Forest Reserve. The Shevlin Clarke Company has just completed installation of two up-to-date electric plants at their camps. Camp 1 and 2 have been the fortunate ones to have these modern features placed in the bush. A. F. Scott, Supervisory Electrician for Pioneer Builders Ltd., has just returned after turning on the juice much to the delight of the men. Reading lights have not as yet been installed at head of each bed, but at that, the improvement is rather conspicuous. The equipment is a one and a half kilowatt Fairbanks Morse plant with storage batteries. The charging is done by a gasoline engine. This is just another improvement inaugurated by this Company to improve the conditions for their men in the woods.

Items of Interest from Quetico Forest Camps One and Two:

On last Thursday the famous Bill Wright started in the direction of Camp 2 from 15 with a team of Roans. Dan McLeod went along as assistant pilot. A dispute over which was the right blaze to take arose. Finally Dan told Bill he could go to blazes and started on his own road. He got to camp after swimming a creek about the time supper was over. Bill says it was a fine night and he hated to spend it under the blankets. He bivouaced on a ridge, enjoying the music of the spherés. Bill explained the necessity for allowing the team to cool down after a heavy trip.

The bullcook was asking how to clean the electric lamps at Camp 1. He was given the necessary explanation but still mystified exclaimed, "How the \*!/\*/\*# do you get inside?" Mr. McQuaid, our butcher, no longer disputes the high price of beef. Baldy was directing the slaughter of four head of cattle. Result - three broken butcher knives, one broken steel, one empty box of shells, four ruined cow hides, one sore back, two sore shins and an unsympathetic audience.

1924

August, 1924

- Quetico Park fire rangers engaged in the construction of a telephone line from a point on Agnes Lake to Prairie Portage where the line will tie in with the Minnesota Forest Service line that runs from Prairie Portage to the Fernberg Lookout and then to Ely.



- The Ontario Forestry Branch also maintains daily airplane patrol over the entire Quetico Park.
- Fire Ranger, Paddy Ryan, was testing the first fire pump ever used in Rainy River District when a jet of water from the fire hose hit and demolished a small mound of earth. Much to Paddy's surprise, about 200 or 300 birch bark Indian scrolls were unearthed by the force of the water.

Letter from J. A. Mathieu to Minister of Lands and Forests

"Just off hand, I can't see any particular benefit in making a treaty between U.S.A. and Canada, which would create an International Park - part of which would lie in Ontario and part in Minnesota. I can see a good deal of benefit in having close cooperation between the Minnesota authorities and the Ontario authorities and between Superintendents and the Rangers in these two Parks. There is at present good feelings and cooperation in that respect which I think could be widened and which would work out to the benefit which naturally accrues from Park areas."

--Carl Anderson of Minneapolis came to Atikokan to hunt timber wolves wearing a leather suit and helmet with 2-1/2" steel spikes about 2" apart covering the suit. This plus a small axe with a 26" handle were his only weapons. He set out for Steep Rock Lake, full of enthusiasm. Week after week he waited and none came, in spite of him acting as a wounded deer and an injured rabbit. The wolves kept a set of three hills of good hard Laurentian bedrock continually between themselves and the spiky leather suit. Finally, Joe Gordon, an old-time trapper came with two large wolves taken with poisoned bait and Mr. Anderson had his picture taken with them for a story in the Minneapolis newspaper.

A laugh is just like music  
It freshens up the day  
It tips the peaks of life with light  
And drives the clouds away

The soul grows glad that hears it  
And feels its courage strong  
A laugh is just like sunshine  
For cheering folks along

Anonymous

1925

In March, 1925, Hugh McDonald resigns as superintendent of Quetico Park due to allegations he spent the Quetico fishing and guiding licence revenue, (\$1,200.00) on booze.

Notes from the Superior National Forest 1917 - 1924

Superior National Forest Supervisors

Leslie Brownell 1917 - 1919.  
Calvin Dahlgren 1919 - 1924.  
1919 - 12,750 visitors to Superior National Forest  
1920 - Highways proposed into interior of Superior National Forest.

1922

Hugo Sundling was a forest guard and lookout in Superior National Forest in 1922. One could go from Two Harbors to Grand Marais only by boat and had to walk north from Grand Marais with packsacks over tote roads and trails. In 1922, he spent time in a wooden fire lookout tower 30 feet high. If the telephone line didn't work, the first priority was to hit the trail to find the break or where the line was grounded. Moose took delight in getting tangled up in the wire. It was a thrill to be repairing the line and have someone along the line make a ring when one had hold of the wires. The resulting shock was a good one.

1923

1923 - A bad fire year in Superior National Forest. Excerpt from "A Pioneer Minnesota Game Warden" by Joseph Brickner:

"On October 10, Bill Hanson and I embarked on our first wilderness patrol trip by canoe along the Canadian Border. We paddled leisurely, inspecting beaver house areas on the way, pulling up traps whenever we found them. Each night we made camp at a different lake. Several days out, however, I came down with a miserable cold and was quite ill when we entered Frazier Lake and approached John Ek's trapping cabin.

As we pulled up at Ek's landing, we could see that the sauna (bathhouse) fire was lit. John Ek had a guest, Lindsay Lindsay, a neighbouring trapper in the forest wilderness. The two had come together for the Saturday night sauna. I practically was carried by Bill from the canoe into the cabin. John and Cully laid me on a table and quickly decided on my treatment - a sauna for the flu.

With some misgivings I took my first sauna, or Finnish steam bath, in which small compartments of a boxlike hut are filled with steam generated by the splashing of water or fireheated rocks. When I was well steamed, John Ek took me back to the cabin and gave me a thorough massage. With that, I was rolled in a blanket and placed in a bunk. This trapper's medicinal therapy did the trick, and Bill and I were able to continue our canoeing.

We resumed our trek eastward, enjoying some wonderful Indian summer weather but also paddling through days of wet snow. At Little Saganaga Lake we visit Olaf Harri, another isolated trapper, who treated us to the typical forest hospitality.

On Mora Lake, however, we encountered trappers of a different type - outlaws. As we appeared on this lake, two men in a canoe ahead of us paddled furiously for the beach, jumped out, and ran into the woods. We found both beaver and traps in the canoe. After a short search, we came across a trapping camp hidden in the cove of a small island. Confiscating everything we could carry in the seized canoe, we went on with our patrol. Our discovery of the outlaws proved an unexpected delight to Bill Hanson. He was virtually out of Peerless, and among the outlaw's supplies were twelve bags of it.

"To the victor belongs the spoils," piped Bill, dropping the prize tobacco into his own packsack.

We never did catch the two culprits, but they must have had a long, unpleasant walk out of the forest without their canoe and equipment."

1924

Leo Chosa, Minnesota game warden, took Miss Ruth O'Brien, a teacher at Duluth Central High School and 6 others on a winter trip into Superior National Forest. He took them to a cabin on Evergreen Island in Basswood Lake and visited Jeff Seeley, a Canadian forest ranger. They slept in tents at 30 below. Unpleasantly rigorous for a vacation? - not at all! Everyone came back to Duluth feeling rested and gloriously healthy from the unsullied whiteness of mid-winter.

Leo Chosa claims the dwindling moose population may be due to a "strange malady" (probably blind staggers contracted from growing numbers of white-tailed deer).



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 sixth of a series of articles on Quetico and the Quetico-Superior 75th Anniversary.

# travelling quetico

Sally Burns

We beached the Grumman and stepped out on a small gravelly landing at the downstream side of the portage into Tanner Lake. I stooped and picked up a taconite scraper left by an Indian many years ago. Looking out across the current at a small bare rock island Shirley said, "I think it was right here that John Tanner was shot. He was taking his two daughters back to Sault Ste. Marie to have them go to the Indian school there, but his wife hired a man to kill him." Shirley and I were on our way up the Maligne River on the first day of a canoe trip from Lac La Croix to Nym Lake.

A good part of this route is part of the historic fur trade route and Shirley is just the person to travel with if you are at all interested in the history of Quetico Park. After our trip I had gone to the library and taken out Edwin James' Thirty Years of Indian Captivity of John Tanner. As a boy of 9 years John Tanner was captured and adopted by the Indians. On page 270 of this book I came to the description of the scene that Shirley had described to me on the portage into Tanner Lake - named for the man who was shot there.

"The young man kept along before us and at a little distance until at about 10 o'clock, when at turning a point at a difficult and rapid part of the river, and gaining a view of a considerable reach above, I was surprised that I could see neither him nor his canoe.

"At this place the river is about eighty yards wide, and there is, about ten yards from the point before mentioned, a small island of naked rock. I had taken off my coat, and I was with great effort pushing up my canoe against the powerful current which compelled me to keep very near the shore, when the discharge of a gun at my side arrested my progress. I heard a bullet whistle past my head, and felt my side touched at the same instant that the paddle fell from my right hand, and the hand itself dropped powerless to my side...the current being too powerful for me took my canoe on the other side and threw it on the small rocky island before mentioned...When I came to myself again I was alone on the island and the canoe and my daughters was just going out of sight in the river below." (From Edwin James' Thirty Years of Indian Captivity of John Tanner; p. 270.)

Tanner, although severely wounded survived the ambush and was rescued by a fur brigade canoe which took him to the Rainy Lake trading house where he recovered. This incident took place in July or August of 1823 - exactly 161 years ago. The current is still strong in the Maligne, the little rocky island sticks up in the middle of the river, and Indian artifacts are still found on the portages.

We continued on our way in Tanner Lake. This was Friday. On Wednesday, Dale Flieler had flown us in on the Park Run and on Thursday we had made a visit to the Reserve and to Handburg's resort. At both places Shirley and Joe were greeted as old friends. Shirley visited with various friends at the Reserve while Joe and I sat in the sun on Andy Jourdain's dock with Andy and two of his grandchildren. Andy is a former chief of the band. We talked a little about the proposed access road that could greatly change life at this little village. About half of the population of 250 is children and alcohol is banned on the Reserve.

When we returned to the station in the pelting rain squall Vera was still taking care of business. After supper Joe offered to motor us down to Picture Rock as it was too rough and rainy to paddle. It was good to see the pipe smoker and the La Croix moose again. Joe and Vera had made our La Croix visit very enjoyable.

So now at 11 in the morning we had a good start up the Maligne. Joe had driven us up to Twin Falls, helped us over the portage and advised us to take the first swift on the left. We then put on a demonstration of how not to paddle up a swift. Wet to the knees and back in the canoe again we finally turned to wave good-bye to Joe who was standing on the portage in his red rain suit waiting to see if we still knew which way was upstream. I was glad I couldn't hear him laughing!

There were a few more swifts which we managed nicely by sneaking up by the shore. Then we did the short

portage into Tanner Lake and there we met two canoes coming downstream. Bob Asselin was in the stern of one. For years as a teacher Bob took his summers to run the J.R. programme when it was all boys, and the camp was a collection of plywood structures right on Highway 11 opposite the French Lake entrance.

Upriver from Tanner the river became narrower, and deeper with more riffles and swifts. These graduated to larger rapids with three portages. All along the river had been big white pines, lots of Great Blue Heron, an osprey, warblers, mergansers and cedar waxwings. As we paddled into Sturgeon and left the roar of the fast water behind we spotted the first eagle of the trip.

Next morning we awoke to a hot, still sunny day. We explored up the east side of Sturgeon, looking at an old logging camp site, and then landed at the site of the old Sturgeon Headquarters where Art Madsen had lived. Hanging from a tree was a section of the telephone line that Shirley said was laid out in the 1920's. It stretched from French Lake to various locations in the Park. It was originally installed for Fire employees and was then used by Park employees. We found the old dump, cabin foundations and a two man broad-saw, minus the handles which we decided we'd bring out. I cursed that thing on Deux Rivieres portage.

We checked the Sandspit for artifacts and found only two chippings, had lunch in the Sturgeon Narrows past Scripture Island and then made camp early on an island at the south end of Sturgeon Narrows. I hid from the sun for awhile but before supper we headed south to explore Heron Bay and Fred Lake. Shirley is editing a new edition of the book Canoe Trails Through Quetico written by an old friend of hers, Keith Denis who died not long ago. In the new edition she wants to be able to be sure of her landmarks and portages etc. so she was thrilled to find that when we paddled into Heron Bay we could look the whole length of the bay to see an enormous white boulder - probably 4 or 5 metres high - standing alone on a shallow reef. It marked the entrance to Fred Lake like a shining signpost.

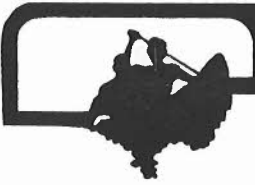
As we headed back to camp we paddled past a steep rock slope and my attention was drawn by a scuttling, scabbling form that was careening down this very steep rock at an amazing rate. 'Galloping groundhog' was my first thought but then I realized that it was a big snapper who had probably started in search of a nesting spot but had to turn around as the steepness of the slope made climbing impossible. She hit the water with a great splash and disappeared.

The next morning we woke up to rain and paddled up the rest of Sturgeon Narrows where we saw two adult bald eagles, and one immature one that sat in the top of a spruce tree squeaking and looking helpless. Shirley said it was early for this year's young to be out of the nest. We paddled up the channel to Russell just to ride the current down and also because it's one of my favourite spots.

Over at Sturgeon cabin we regarded the cabin and boathouse with dismay. It's sad to see old friends go. There are Rangers' names on the boathouse dating back to 1944. Lots of these names spark my memory to stories that Shirley has told about the old rangers, to faces in the old photo collection; and then there are names from before and during the time I was on Portage Crew. The cabin was built in 1931 as a Fire Ranger's Cabin and most of the logs are still sound, although the roofs were dynamited off some time this year.

We paddled up Deux Rivieres Creek listening to bird songs and hoping in vain to see a moose. We took the re-routed Deux Rivieres portage and re-christened it Deux Montagnes.

We were looking at rock paintings on Dore when we struck up a conversation with a young couple from Indiana camped on the nearby island. They had come up Deux Rivieres Creek ahead of us and had seen a bull and a cow moose. They had a pair of Doberman Pinschers with them and the man said that as he arrived at Dore Lake carrying the canoe, he noticed that the black animal walking a few feet from him was not his dog, but a bear "four times bigger than my dawg Groucho". They had been glad to camp on the island.



#### ACID RAIN AND THE FUTURE OF FORESTS

"It takes quite a while to study a phenomenon such as this, to document it and then the time it takes to publish it is in the order of six months to a year. So in the two years since we more or less have seen this (spruce dieback) no papers have been published, so that we're looking at a lag time of perhaps three years to get this information out before the scientific community and generally accepted..." (Arthur Johnson, University of Pennsylvania)

Those who attended the Nov. 30, 1983 meeting of Council may recall the above quote from the slide show on acid rain screened at that meeting. At the time of the interview in 1981, Dr. Johnson was researching the effect of acid rain on Red Spruce on Camel's Hump, Vermont. He had been able to demonstrate a noticeable reduction in growth and was trying to pinpoint the exact cause. The results of his research are now published in the Environmental Science and Technology article, "Acid Deposition and Forest Decline" (Vol. 17, No. 7, 1983).

The task of finding conclusive evidence on the effects of acid rain and other pollutants is, unfortunately, becoming easier. As the European forests in particular are showing signs of rapid decline, it is becoming increasingly evident that acidity from man-made sources is impacting on the natural environment. Scientists, such as West Germany's Dr. Bernhard Ulrich, have been able to identify areas where a significant dieback has occurred, but to identify the root cause is a far more complex problem.

Gradually, however, the evidence is beginning to come forward. The March Worldwatch Paper, "Air Pollution, Acid Rain and the Future of the Forests", by Sandra Postel (No. 58), is an excellent review of the current literature on forest decline, its economic impact and the prospects for reducing emissions of sulphur dioxide and other pollutants: "A comprehensive look at worldwide forest damage reveals multiple pollutants - including acid-forming sulfates and nitrates, gaseous sulfur dioxide, ozone, and heavy metals - that acting alone or together place forests under severe stress. Needles and leaves yellow and drop prematurely from branches, tree crowns progressively thin and, ultimately, trees die. Even trees that show no visible sign of damage may be declining in growth and productivity. Moreover, acid rain's tendency to leach nutrients from sensitive soils may undermine the health and productivity of forests long into the future. Taken together, these direct and indirect effects threaten not only future wood supplies but the integrity of whole ecosystems on which society depends.

"North Americans must travel to isolated mountain peaks in the eastern U.S. to see the kind of massive tree disease and death now spreading throughout central Europe. The loss of West Germany's woodlands is now a potent political and emotional issue among the nation's citizenry. 'Waldsterben' - literally forest death - is now a household word. A survey in the summer of 1983 showed that West Germans were more concerned about the

fate of their forests than about Pershing missiles to be placed on their land later that year. Environmental scientists in Poland and Czechoslovakia warn that forests may become wastelands if plans for increased burning of their high-sulfur coal go unchecked.

"Although scientists cannot yet fully explain how this forest destruction is occurring, air pollutants and acid rain are apparently stressing sensitive forests beyond their ability to cope. Weakened by air pollutants, acidic and impoverished soils, or toxic metals, trees lose their resistance to natural events such as drought, insect attacks, and frost. In some cases the pollutants alone cause injury or growth declines. The mechanisms are complex and may take decades of additional research to fully understand. But this growing body of circumstantial evidence is one more telling sign that fossil-fuel combustion has ecological limits, and that society will pay a price for overstepping them." (Worldwatch Paper No. 58, pp. 6,7.)

#### LEARNING TO LIVE WITH ACID RAIN

This summer, the Ontario Ministry of the Environment will drop about 150 metric tonnes of pulverized lime into Trout Lake near North Bay. It's part of a 5-year study being carried out for the ministry by Booth Aquatic Research of Toronto. Last year, in a similar experiment, the pH of Bowland Lake, 70 km north of Sudbury, was raised from 4.9 to 6.8.

The purpose for the study is to provide scientists with biological as well as chemical information on the effects of liming. Tom Brydges, of Environment Ontario's Acidic Precipitation in Ontario Study, is quoted in the Winter '83-84 edition of the Ministry's magazine, Legacy, as saying: "We hope that this experiment will put us in a position to be able to use the liming tool ourselves, and to allow a cottage association to use it in an environmentally safe manner."

Whether or not cottage associations can afford to bear the costs of liming lakes remains to be seen. The lime to be used in Trout Lake will be extremely fine grained (about 4 microns), which will prevent it from settling too fast. As with Bowland Lake, it will be dropped by plane at a cost of about \$500 each trip. In total, the entire operation is expected to cost \$70,000 to \$75,000.

Factors influencing the cost for any given lake include: lake size, the existing degrees of acidity and accessibility. For this reason the actual cost varies. Cottage associations could reduce the cost significantly by using more labour intensive methods and a cheaper grade of lime, or by only partially liming their lake, but this would also reduce its effectiveness.

For the moment, the best bet for most associations appears to be to wait and see how the Ministry reacts to the results of the study and what kind of liming programs they will propose in the future.

Reprinted from Ontario Conservation News, Vol. 11, No. 6, courtesy of The Conservation Council of Ontario.

travelling quetico...

We camped on an island that night too, in Pickerel Lake out from Pine Portage. We had camped on little islands every night because Shirley thinks they are more bear-proof. We had set up our tent when I called Shirley over to see some ant-hills that had been ripped open by a very big, black paw. I don't think it helped her to sleep very soundly but nobody bothered us that night. I went to sleep thinking about the barges of settlers who, heading west along the Dawson Trail, had been towed past our island by the old steamer that is to this day still rotting on the Pickerel Lake shore at Pine Portage. Shirley had taken pictures of the old boiler and when I asked her to date these artifacts she said that in 1876 the Dawson Route had been rendered obsolete by a railway from Duluth that ran westward to the Assisiboine River. In 1903 a timber cruiser commented on seeing barges and steamers where they had been left to rot at the end of the portages - as they still are today.

Next day we made a leisurely paddle up Pickerel Narrows to Batchewaung Bay and camped on an island where we found lots of chert chippings and flakes marking a former Indian site. We set up camp and swam, stayed out of the sun for awhile, then headed due south over three portages to MacAlpine Lake. Shirley wanted to check this route for Canoe Trails. The third portage was long with a suicidal trail down a waterfall somewhere in the middle. We got back to our camp about 10 minutes ahead of a thunderstorm. That night we went to sleep listening to the Barred Owl call.

That was our last night out and Batchewaung Portage brought us back to families and the present day realities, physically strengthened and mentally refreshed after a trip through Quetico and some of its past.

Reprinted from Distant Voices, courtesy of the Ministry of Natural Resources of Ontario.

# canoe transportation

Jan & Suus Tissot

## TRIALS & TRIBULATIONS

In the fall of 1983 Bill and Joan King and we started planning a trip down the Winisk river from Webequie to Winisk. Since we were not keen on driving we planned to go by train and plane. We hoped to rent canoes, however we soon found this to be impossible. On the Hudson's Bay Co. map we discovered that Winisk has no H.B.C. store anymore. This ruled out using H.B.C. canoes. The Webequie Indian Band rents canoes but only as a package deal with guides. So we had no choice and had to use our own canoes.

At first it seemed so simple. We planned to go by train to Nakina and fly from there to Webequie on Winisk Lake. However when we got to the details the plans became more and more difficult to execute. We found that commercial travel off the beaten path became an obstacle course of the first magnitude.

Accurate information was very difficult to come by. Summer schedules on the train would not be available until April. Austin Airways made frequent changes: major equipment changes, route segments were abandoned or reinstated, time tables and flight frequencies were changed according to their loads on short notice. It was necessary to phone regularly to keep abreast of all these changes.

We would like to share with you the basic pattern which became clear from all the frustrations we encountered.

The train (VIA Rail) is not encouraging. At Union Station in Toronto nobody (information, tickets, baggage) will give a straight answer as to whether or not one can take a canoe as checked baggage out of Toronto. (Returning to Toronto causes no problem. After arrival one simply portages the canoe out of the station). VIA Rail and O.N.R. Stations in other cities will check-in canoes, however there is a 16 ft. limit on Dayliners. Also not all trains take checked baggage and transfers can not always be made between nearby stations (e.g. when changing trains from Sudbury to Capreol no checked baggage can be taken) therefore no canoes.

To ship a canoe as freight is made pretty well impossible as C.N.R. and C.P.R. regulations are (probably rightly so for fear of damage) that a canoe be packed in straw and wrapped in burlap; the canoe is then "cubed" and "weighs" 2000 lbs. And this is what one pays for regardless of its actual weight. Delivery cannot be guaranteed for any particular date and a trip from Toronto to Thunder Bay would take about two to three

weeks, maybe more. It seems that a trip like that would be hard on the canoe and certainly expensive and nerve wracking for the owner who will be wondering when and in what condition his canoe will arrive.

To move a canoe by truck is similarly an expensive proposition. Again the canoe is cubed and it costs about \$300 for a trip from Toronto to Thunder Bay (1400 km). When one gets farther away from Toronto prices tend to drop. Thunder Bay to Pickle Lake (600 km) costs only \$50 per canoe. Most trucking companies operate out of large terminals and connections with other companies can be made easily. Delivery is much better than by train and is usually guaranteed in about three to four days.

Canoe transport by airplane has its own "ups and downs". If scheduled freight or passenger services can be used, the cost is quite reasonable. A canoe ticket is usually less than a passenger ticket. Obviously the size of the aircraft is crucial. However sometimes the only way in or out is by chartered aircraft. This can become quite expensive especially over larger distances since the return flight has to be paid for as well. To be able to share a plane chartered by someone else is sheer luck and cheaper. The larger the aircraft the more expensive the charter but one should then consider the larger capacity and the greater distance that can be covered.



The choice of airplane often depends on the distance to be travelled and the type of airport (water or land; runways or natural terrain).

Wheeled aircraft can only take canoes inside. A Twin Otter is the smallest plane which can accommodate a canoe inside. The most often used aircraft are a DC 3, a HS 748 or a plane of a similar size. These planes can transport a party of about 12 people with their gear and canoes.

Almost all float planes can transport one canoe on the pontoons. Because of the drag, the weight of the canoe is equivalent to 300 lbs. and the payload inside the plane must be reduced by this amount. To have two canoes tied on to the floats is sometimes done. This is an absolute NO-NO under Transport Canada regulations!

Reservations for a canoe cannot normally be made on scheduled flights, but in the North if you let the operator know well in advance he will try to accommodate you by making cargo space (removal of chairs). One is never sure until the last moment.

And how did we get up with canoes and gear to Webequie and down again from Winisk to Toronto?

Three weeks before our trip started we drove with two canoes to Pickle Lake and dropped these off at Austin Airways. The weekly flight to Webequie was on Thursday and since our canoes were not perishable or an emergency load three weeks had to be allowed. Apparently the canoes were flown in on the first flight and transferred by truck the 8 kilometres to the village. We found our canoes back at the dock near the Hudson Bay store. The cost was about \$50 for one canoe plus tied-in gear (paddles, life jackets, ropes).

We had planned to fly Air Canada to Thunder Bay on the first morning flight out of Toronto, and continue on Austin Airways arriving in Webequie about noon. However the Austin Airways schedule changed at the last minute and this meant we would miss the connection by about half an hour. So it took us two days to reach Webequie.

Flying out from Winisk was well organized, we thought. We had bought our tickets in Thunder Bay for the weekly flight on Tuesday to Moosonee and advised Austin Airways of the canoes. But we were in for a surprise when, on the way up to Webequie, the captain casually remarked that the flight on which we had booked had changed to a Monday flight as of the day before. He promised to change our reservations and we had no problem with our return flight. Cost per canoe was \$157.

From Moosonee we took the regular (slow) train to Cochrane where we changed to the over-night train to Toronto. Canoe charges were \$70.

Travel in the North is full of potential pitfalls. However careful planning can eliminate most surprises, and those that still occur are part of Wilderness canoeing.

# black river

## LAUNCHING SITES AND TRIPS

C.N.H Wilson

Canoeists and kayakers often spend a lot of time looking for good launching sites. It is suggested, therefore, that short articles along the following lines would be useful. The idea is to report the locations, date and characteristics of the place in question so that members know what sort of water is available.

### BLACK RIVER TRIP, MARCH 31, 1985

**Launch site:** The southern Highway 169 bridge across the Black river near Washago. This bridge has a centre buttress and launching is easy on either side, with ample space to park the car.

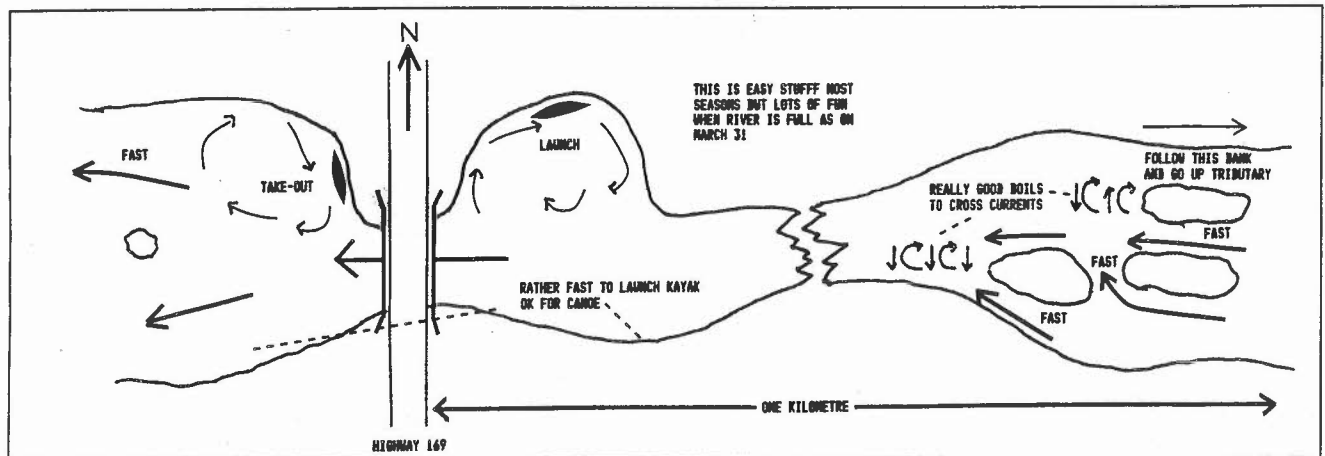
**Weather and conditions:** Sunny, moderate N.W. wind, temperature 0° to +1° Celsius. River banks still covered with snow. Lakes Couchiching and Simcoe still covered with ice. Some ice floats in the river. River very full (within 2 metres of parapet).

**Boat used:** 16' x 22' vee bottom flatwater kayak with rudder. This is a fast open-water boat, very exciting on a deep river in full flood. Technique differs from whitewater craft. When going up fast water, sluices and rapids, a straight course must be maintained relative to the current. Once deflected, recovery is difficult because the boat will not spin around. Offsetting advantage is high speed upstream which gives ample opportunity for exploring the full potential of fast stretches. With a rudder, one must remember the reverse effect when travelling backwards.

**The trip:** Paddled upstream 1 km to the three islands (see diagram), and enjoyed weaving in and out between them through complex currents, boils, cross-eddies and rapids. Great for studying hydraulics and helical swirls. Repeated downstream runs at top speed (about 13 km/h plus current of 8 km/h) compensated for hot work going up.

On the north bank of the river near the three islands there is a tributary which links back with the main stream 1.8 km further up. This creek was very full. Large yellow birch, maple and other hardwoods, plus waterfowl, makes for a beautiful ascent, completely unspoiled. But care was needed with one major sweeper, extending right across except for a narrow gap near the south bank. Going upstream means you know what to expect on the way down. There is no need to get out on the bank in the deep, slushy snow where tracking a canoe would be tough. The river is too deep to pole, so it's better to paddle.

**Conclusion:** A place where one can spend a day fooling around on the water. Also an excellent place for taking out after a trip down the Head (e.g. launch near Sebright), or to head downstream towards Washago.



## WCA ANNUAL MEETING

Tom and Isabel Boardman

Members started arriving at the Leslie M. Frost Natural Resources Centre in Dorset Friday afternoon. A few settled into comfortable quarters in the old wing early; some helped Craig Macdonald set up the winter tent display; a few took advantage of the opportunity to cross-country ski and then found restaurants around Dorset for supper. Bill King started the registration in the lounge and by the time of the evening slide show and snack about 60 members were in residence. Marcia Farquhar showed slides.

Some were up bright and early, exploring the property before breakfast. The bird feeders were alive with unusual finch species. Craig Macdonald's winter camp display attracted members throughout the weekend. At 9:30 a.m. the business meeting started with the chairman Bill Ness and the directors on stage, and moved along quickly, following the printed agenda.

The election of new officers and new business had to be deferred to the afternoon session. Marcia Farquhar, Bill Ness and Herb Pohl were successful candidates for office; Herb is the new chairman. Howard Sayles has been appointed auditor for the next fiscal year. Sandy Richardson is stepping down as editor of Nastawgan, our

quarterly journal. Toni Harting will be taking it over. The business meeting adjourned at 2:15 p.m. and the rest of the afternoon was left for outdoor enjoyment.

After supper the club met for a new approach to the photography contest, commented on by Toni Harting with lots of tips for experienced and novice photographers. The winners were announced at this time. Dick Irwin presented a movie of the Stikine River trip, 1984, in which Sandy Richardson and George Luste featured prominently. Dick commented during the presentation and answered questions from the floor. Sandy's slides completed the presentation of this Stikine River adventure. The evening snack included a surprise, a WCA 10th anniversary cake, courtesy of Glenn Spence.

After Sunday breakfast, Bill King announced there would be six trip leaders heading out into the snow, either on snowshoes or skis. Some to Algonquin, others to the Ganaraska Trail; and many stayed on the Frost Centre property to hike, snowshoe and take pictures, returning at noon for another excellent meal.

Thanks to Bill King for organizing a most successful winter weekend outing as well as the rest of the officers for accomplishing the necessary business to keep the WCA functioning.



## a spring pot-pourri

SALMON - MOIRA

Our annual trip down these two fine rivers was conducted on April 20 and 21 under perfect weather conditions. We do not want to complain, but it actually became too warm for our two groups of paddlers.

One always wonders what one can write about each year, when one has organized this trip for so many years. However, our participants always manage to provide our story-teller with some new "racey" data. Do you remember that crew last year that had trouble with their alarm clock? Well, Team Coleman did much better this year, but they were still late. Moral: one should always estimate one's travelling time accurately, so that one can arrive at one's destination safely. One driver never did arrive at our starting-point. We were concerned that something had happened. However, as we found out later, the two participants did not communicate too well, since one person arrived 24 hours late. Moral: one should give instructions in one's mother tongue.

After all this, we were able to put into the water. As mentioned before, the conditions were superb, which meant that we covered the distance in record time. Just before lunch, we met up with our partnerless person. Team Bluewater picked up the hitchhiking canoeist who completed the trip with us.

At our destination several of us discussed the permutations and combinations of going back up and canoeing some part of the Salmon again. After much negotiating, which rivalled anything that could have been conducted at the United Nations, Team Mad River finally decided upon THE game plan, and off they went.

Saturday's paddling worked up a good appetite. Fortunately, we had a good supply of chili and French bread at home, which helped to fight off the "hungries". After much pleading on the part of our participants, I relented and showed my South Nahanni slides again. However, Team Coleman sneaked out the door before the showing! But justice triumphed the next morning as will be related later. They should have stayed for the slides.

The next morning we decided to put in on the Moira just above Lost Channel. Everyone arrived promptly at our starting-point except Team Coleman. The little bearded guy decided to take the scenic route. Moral: if one has a topographic map, then one might as well use it.

Unfortunately, two other parties were putting in at the same time as we did. This caused a local farmer to become quite upset about all the vehicles parked by the roadside. He said that there was some crown land on the west side of the river where we could park. We will check that out next year. He also stated that his cattle suffered injuries from stepping on broken beer bottles. I just don't see how he could think that canoeists would be throwing around beer bottles on a Sunday morning. Obviously, it must have been locals.

Our paddle was just super, as was Saturday's. Everybody did extremely well and we had no "unplanned dumps". It is great to see everyone's skill-levels improving by getting out there and practising. Moral: one should enjoy our great country by paddling our waterways!

We had a great time and we hope to see you again next year!

Glenn Spence / Team Grumman

THE SMERDON SEMINARS

The three seminars presented in April by Claire and Richard were most instructive and well attended (8 to 14 people per evening). The Smerdon's detailed knowledge of canoeing and camping in the Temagami region of northern Ontario is impressive indeed, and they succeeded admirably in communicating much useful information to the eager, question-asking audience. This is an excellent way to share with others one's experience and knowledge of various aspects of wilderness canoeing. Claire's and Richard's efforts are therefore very much appreciated and should inspire others to follow their example.

Toni Harting

HEAD AND BLACK RIVERS

This May 5 trip surely was one for testing rain gear. And we had it in all shapes and colours as the paddlers of 7 canoes and 2 kayaks set off down the Head east from Sebright. It rained or drizzled most of the time; only when paddling could one stay reasonably warm. Bill Ness' group left first and finished lunch just in time to say "hi and bye" to Bob Haskett's group, who were much more creative in rigging up canoe shelters to lunch under.

The rapids and chutes were fun and not really difficult, even for the less experienced members. On the last run, through the 100 m long "canyon" a short distance from the take-out point on Highway 169 near Washago, everybody successfully dodged the few large standing waves which make this short stretch of whitewater look more dangerous than it really is at the present water level.

It was a leisurely day, albeit soggy. The river was high, the swallows very lively, and no one managed to dump.

Wini Stoddart

UPPER CREDIT RIVER

Last year, at about the same time, the canoe trip on this part of the river was very enjoyable - sunny, warm and scenic. But weather conditions can differ greatly from year to year and this March 31 trip, although scenic and pretty, was something else indeed. Our trip-leader, Jim Greenacre, said these were the worst conditions he'd ever canoeed in.

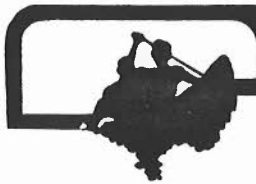
We paddled in two groups with 5 canoes each, a total of 17 people. The water was higher than last year and flowing fast. Rain, sometimes light, sometimes heavy, continued throughout the trip, freezing as it landed, if not before. Occasionally the wind was so strong that the solo canoeists found it difficult to stay on course despite the strong current. Canoes, life jackets, people, trees, surrounding countryside and just about everything was covered with ice. Changing position wasn't easy as the gunwales of the canoes were also sheathed in ice. Water in the bottom of the canoe was cold with chunks of ice floating around. One of the solo paddlers pointed to his spare paddle with icicles hanging from it. The odd time we had to get out of our canoes proved walking to be more difficult than paddling as everything was so slippery.

There wasn't much evidence of people as we passed by a trailer court and other homes. Only a couple of cars stopped briefly to watch us. The wildlife didn't seem to mind the weather, though. We startled or saw ducks, sandpipers, a couple of kingfishers, a heron and other birds.

Someone mentioned that it was great to be on the water again, despite the conditions. He was right. If only we could have been warm.

It certainly was a unique trip.

Gail Vickers



Early July

WHITewater PRACTICE WEEKEND  
AUMOND'S RAPIDS - MADAWASKA RIVER

Organizer: George Haeh 416-465-2292  
Book immediately.

A weekend devoted to the whitewater essentials: water reading, bracing, ferries, and teamwork. The time and location offer warm weather for the swimmers, and a set of rapids with a wide variety of situations and challenges. Suitable for canoeists with some whitewater experience. The available time will not permit teaching basic strokes. Limit 4 canoes.

July 13-14

HARRIS LAKE LOOP

Organizers: Diane and Mike Wills 416-293-9067  
Book between June 24 and July 5.

We will meet early on Saturday morning to complete a loop from Harris Lake up the south channel and back down the main channel of the Magnetawan River. The main channel of this river contains Three Snye and Thirty Dollar Rapids. This trip is suitable for novice and intermediate paddlers who are prepared for 20 km days and portages which range from 100 to 1400 metres. Limit 4 canoes.

July 13-14

WOLF AND PICKEREL RIVERS

Organizers: Jan and Suus Tissot 416-489-5032  
Book between June 15 and July 7.

A 51 km circular flatwater river trip, very suitable for fit beginners and novices wishing tripping experience and who are prepared to paddle a full day. A scenic trip with only one portage. Participants will meet Friday evening at Grundy Park. The organizers will provide guidance and arrange a pre-trip meeting if desired. Limit 3 canoes.

July 20-21

KAWARTHA LAKES

Organizer: Bob MacLellan 416-488-9346  
Book between July 7 and 13.

The Long Lake / Big Cedar Lake loop offers a leisurely two day trip through a series of small pristine lakes with some portaging, and time for swimming. Limit 4 canoes.

July 21

MINDEN WILD WATER PRESERVE

Organizer: Bill Ness 416-499-6389  
Book after July 7.

Join us for a casual day of fun on a man-made whitewater course on the Gull River. We'll run the course, play in the chutes and eddies, and enjoy a picnic lunch together. The rapid is technically challenging and provides a great way for skilled intermediates to get some experience in difficult whitewater, while the bottom end and the run-out can be used to advantage by novices for perfecting their ferries and eddy turns. Limit 6 canoes.

August 3-5

OTTAWA RIVER

Organizer: Duncan Taylor 416-368-9748  
Book anytime.

Intermediate and advanced canoeists can test their mettle against the heavy water of the mighty Ottawa. We will camp on the river and run alternate routes as water levels and raft traffic will permit. Limit 5 canoes.

August 18

BURNT RIVER

Organizer: Bill Ness 416-499-6389  
Book between July 28 and August 11.

On this leisurely-paced day-trip we will follow the Burnt from Kinnmount down to the village of Burnt River as it placidly winds its way through attractive mixed forest, and here and there spills over ledges, adding a little whitewater excitement to our day. Suitable for novices. Limit 6 canoes.

August 31-September 2 MAGNETAWAN RIVER - HARRIS LAKE LOOP

Organizer: Mike Graham-Smith 416-877-7829  
Book before August 22.

This loop will include a very scenic part of the Magnetawan River. Suitable for novice and intermediate paddlers who are prepared for portaging. Limit 4 canoes.

August 31-September 2

SOUTH GEORGIAN BAY LAKES

Organizer: Jim Greenacre 416-759-9956  
Book between August 19 and 24.

A leisurely, bug-free, flat-water loop through the beautiful lakes south-west of Parry Sound. The organizer will supply breakfasts and suppers on a cost-share basis. Suitable for beginners capable of paddling up to 18 km per day with a few portages. Limit 4 canoes.

September 15

MOORE FALLS LOOP

Organizer: Rob Butler 416-487-2282  
Book between September 1 and 10.

This trip will follow the Gull River, Moore, Black, Sheldon, Cooney, Victoria and Lutterworth Lakes near Minden. The longest portage is 1.5 km. This is a flatwater trip suitable for canoeists in reasonably good physical condition. Limit 4 canoes.

September 15

ELORA GEORGE

Organizer: Mike Graham-Smith 416-877-7829  
Book between August 18 and September 8.

Beautiful Elora George provides an excellent location for whitewater practice. A good outing for those who have taken whitewater training this spring and summer. Suitable for whitewater novices and intermediates. Limit 5 canoes.

September 22

MISSISSAGUA RIVER

Organizer: Bill Ness 416-499-6389  
Book between September 1 and 15.

This trip will follow the Mississagua River from its source in Mississagua Lake south to Buckhorn Lake. The autumn colours in combinations with the river's scenic chutes and falls should make this a memorable outing. Bring your camera. Suitable for intermediates. Limit 5 canoes.

October 7-10

HIKING IN KILLARNEY

Organizers: Diane and Mike Wills 416-293-9067  
Book between September 23 and 30.

This is a mid-week outing planned to take advantage of limited use and the early fall colours. The route selected will depend on the group's wishes with a preference for walking the ridges around O.S.A. Lake. Much of the hiking will be with full packs and the pace will allow time for photography and individual interests.

October 12-14

ALGONQUIN PARK

Organizer: Jim Greenacre 416-759-9956  
Book between October 1 and 6.

On Saturday we will start at Smoke Lake, paddle south and set up camp at Big Porcupine Lake. Sunday, if we feel energetic, we can do a strenuous loop carrying only a light day pack and return to the same campsite. Alternatively, Sunday can be spent exploring the bays, crooks and crannies of Big Porcupine and Bonnechere Lakes. Monday we paddle back to our starting point. Suitable for beginners. Limit 4 canoes.

# products and services

**ABS CANOE FOR SALE:** 18 ft. Mad River Explorer, shallow-arch hull, with vinyl rails; suitable for extended and northern trips. Excellent condition, used on one NWT trip with good results. Currently in Sioux Lookout, Ontario; will ship. Replacement value approx. \$1600; asking \$1050 or best offer, or trade. Contact Jamie Jennings in Toronto: res. 416-537-5868, wk. 416-654-3011.

**CANOE FOR SALE:** Voyageur Nor'wester river canoe: length 17', depth 16", beam 35". High capacity. Hand-laid fibreglass, oak and ash trim. Good condition. Asking \$325. Contact Roger Key in Aurora: 416-727-2957.

**CANOE FOR SALE:** Vintage Chestnut 14' cedar canvas canoe; needs reconditioning. Asking \$500. Contact Joan MacLean in Elora: 519-846-5805.

**CANOE WANTED:** Used wooden 17 ft. Chestnut Prospector, any condition. Contact Allan in Toronto: 416-964-6627.

**COLEMAN CRAFT CANOES:** Coleman Craft canoes, of hand-layed-up fibreglass, are available in 12'8", 14'8" and 16' L.O.A., with either a lake keel or shallow keel for river use. Custom made and sold only at our shop. Maximum production is limited to 100 per year. Please phone if you are interested in viewing films of our canoes and discussing their features. Bill Coleman: 519-623-1804/1849. Shop located at 333 Dundas St. (Highway 8), Cambridge (Galt), Ontario.

**THE SPORTSMAN'S SHOP:** For Hiking, Camping, Working or Recreation. We are The Sportsman's Shop, and are offering your club a 10% discount on any purchase at our store. (Please have proof of membership.) The Sportsman's Shop, 2476 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario. Phone 416-481-5169.

**MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT CO-OP:** Mountain Equipment Co-op, a Vancouver-based, member-owned co-operative with over 100,000 members, has opened a new store in Toronto. We specialize in quality equipment at very reasonable prices, and have expanded our line to include more canoeing equipment for our eastern store. You must be a member of the co-operative to purchase from us. A lifetime membership costs only \$5, which is usually recovered by the savings on you first purchase. Our new store is located at 675 Yonge Street (at Charles St., south of Bloor), 2nd Floor, M4Y 2B2. Phone: 416-964-7909.

**MASTER CANOE BUILDER:** Nick Nickels' new book MASTER CANOE BUILDER, about canoe builder Walter Walker and the glorious history of wooden canoe building in the Kawarthas (reviewed in this issue), is available by ordering directly from the author. The cost is \$10 postage paid. Send to: Nick Nickels, Canoe Canada, Lakefield, Ontario, K0L 2H0.

**THE URBAN PADDLER KAYAK SCHOOL:** For those who would like to learn to kayak, The Urban Paddler offers courses on weekday evenings in Toronto, and weekends on whitewater for the months of June, July and August. Courses include instruction, lectures, films, kayaks, kayak accessories and food. Cost is \$120. For more information call The Urban Paddler in Toronto at 416-924-9798. (Sponsored by the Summer Youth Venture Programme.)

**QUETICO PHOTO-CANOE TRIPS:** One of the finest canoeing-areas in North America, Quetico Provincial Park, is highlighted in a new service offered by John and Martha Stradiotto, a freelance writing and photography team from Atikokan, Ontario. Together they published a comprehensive guide to Ontario's national and provincial parks, entitled Discovering Ontario's Parks. They have travelled through Quetico's wilderness in all seasons. During their seven-day PHOTO-CANOE TRIPS, basic canoeing and 35 mm photography skills will be reviewed with personal attention made possible by limiting group size to five participants. Indian pictographs, spectacular waterfalls, and historic fur trade routes are of special interest in this tour. The leisurely pace of these trips is well-suited to the needs of aspiring nature photographers. The cost of \$315.00 (US) includes all meals, camping gear, park permits, transportation to park entry points, guides and photographic assistance.

For more information write: John and Martha Stradiotto, Box 593, Atikokan, Ontario, P0T 1C0.

**BLUEWATER CANOES:** Solitude - the evocative name of one of Jensen's solo canoes. We hope to be making it by the summer of this year in very light-weight airex-cored fibreglass and kevlar versions. In addition we have purchased Canadian and Cruiser molds from Woodstream; these molds will also be available in fibreglass and airex-cored kevlar. Please visit us in Guelph and try out these and other Bluewater and Jensen canoes. Rockwood Outfitters, 699 Speedvale Ave. West, Guelph, Ontario, N1K 1E6, phone: 519-824-1415.

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

**DISCOUNTS ON CAMPING SUPPLIES:** WCA members who present a membership card will receive a ten per cent discount on many nonsale items at:

A.B.C. Sports, 552 Yonge St., Toronto,  
Rockwood Outfitters, 699 Speedvale Ave. West, Guelph,  
The Sportsman's Shop, 2476 Yonge St., Toronto.

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

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### 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 Nastaman, 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.