



## cochrane river to eskimo point

Henning F. Harmuth and Anne B. Spragins-Harmuth

Those who like portages will love this route. We did 53 of them, but more would have been required if we had not used an ABS plastic canoe that permitted endless dragging over rocks. The route traverses the area inhabited until about 25 years ago by the southern group of inland Inuit described by F. Mowat in his book "The Desperate People" (Little, Brown: Boston, 1959). The word "desperate" rings only too true when one passes along the Henik-Padley portage route and finds signs of Inuit camps but no wildlife whatsoever, not even a duck or a goose.

The starting point is close to the northernmost point of the Cochrane River that flows from Wollaston Lake in northern Saskatchewan to Reindeer Lake in Manitoba. We chartered a float plane in Lynn Lake to the put-in. This makes the return to the car easy, since one may either fly from Eskimo Point via Churchill and Thompson back to Lynn Lake, or take the train from Churchill to Thompson and a bus from there.

An alternative starting point is Wollaston Lodge, which is reached by a horrible road from La Ronge in Saskatchewan. The return to the car is difficult. By air one has to go from Churchill to Winnipeg, Regina, Prince Albert, La Ronge, and Wollaston Village, which is on the wrong side of the lake. Alternatively, one may take the train from Churchill to Hudson Bay in Saskatchewan, the bus

to Prince Albert and La Ronge, and fly from there. In either case one must charter or hitch a ride across Wollaston Lake to Wollaston Lodge. An unpredictable ferry runs from Wollaston Village to a roadhead about 10 km south of Wollaston Lodge.

The first written report about this area is due to Samuel Hearne, who passed through it in the years 1769 to 1772 on his way from Churchill to the Coppermine River (S. Hearne, "A Journey from Prince of Wales' Fort in Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean"). In those days the area was

### IN THIS ISSUE

Cochrane River to Eskimo Point	1	Book Reviews	18
No Cabin for Morse	5	No Wolf is an Island	19
Editorial Page	6	Onaping River	20
Arctic Journal	7	Northern Georgian Bay	21
Conservation	8	WCA Photo Competition	22
Algonquin Halloween	9	On Making Good Use of Archives	22
Frederickhouse	9	Wabatong to Missanabie	23
A Wilderness First Aid Kit	10	WCA Fall Meeting	24
News Briefs	12	Nastawgan Cryptic	24
Candidates for Board of Dir.	12	Spanish River	25
Bear Country	13	WCA Trips	26
Temagami River	14	Products and Services	28
Upper Albany River	16	Where It Is	28
Austin Does it Again	17	WCA Contacts	28



Kasmere Falls

Inhabited by the Northern or Chipewyan Indians. Soon after they were wiped out, smallpox being apparently the main reason. More than a century passed before a second traveller reported about the area. J.B. Tyrell made two expeditions in 1892 and 1894 to explore the Dubawnt and the upper Kazan Rivers (J. Burr Tyrell, An expedition through the Barren Lands of northern Canada; A second expedition through the Barren Lands of northern Canada; The Geographical Journal, London, IV, 1894, 437-450 and VI, 1895, 438-448. See also the book by J. Williams Tyrell, "Across the Sub-Arctic of Canada"). The Indians had only legendary knowledge about the area by this time, but signs of their old campsites could still be found. The land was now inhabited by Inuit. They proved no more resistant to smallpox, polio, and influenza than the Indians. By 1912 the population had been decimated and when Ft. Hall was established in 1914 there were apparently few customers left for trading. An attempt to link up with the remaining Inuit by the establishment of the Windy River Trading Post at Nueltin Lake in 1924 was not much of a success either since severe starvation hit the area in 1926. The cycles of starvation and sickness are described in some detail in F. Mowat's book. Few people were left by 1958 when they were resettled in Eskimo Point.

Today, Eskimo Point has a population of about 1400. Except for a hermit at Nueltin Lake there seems to be no permanent inhabitant between Wollaston Lake and Eskimo Point. What one finds are fly-in fishing camps, as well as mining and prospecting camps. However, only the fishing camps were operating in the summer of 1986.

Our bush pilot from Lynn Lake had trouble finding the beginning of the Cochrane-Thlewiaza portage route since his aeronautical map 1:500 000 was not good enough. With the help of our topographic map 1:250 000 we managed to find the portage at the Cochrane River (14VLA4248; we use the Military Grid System shown on the map 1:250 000 to designate locations; see Nastawgan, Winter 1985). The trail is overgrown with lichen and cannot be seen from the air, but it is readily recognizable on the ground. Trees have been cut at its eastern end for a large campsite; this clearing is visible from the air. The portage is about 750 m long.

We put down on the lake on the east side of the portage on 2 July 1986. The airplane had to be unloaded in the middle of the lake since no good landing along the shore could be found. Before the last glaciation the Cochrane River used to flow north to Ft. Hall Lake. Glaciers dumped some moraines into the area, which made the Cochrane River make a sharp turn to the right and flow to Reindeer Lake. However, a series of lakes was left in the old river valley which provide an easy portage route.

The second portage from the Cochrane River at a distance of 5 km is steep but short (14VLA4452), the third is about 30 m long and comes within less than 2 km (14VLA4554). Number four is 500 m long and steep (14VLA4757), number five is short and very steep (14VLA5063). The map becomes very unreliable here. One follows the left shore after the fifth portage and sees within a few hundred meters the short sixth portage. Number seven is about 1 km away on the east side of the lake (14VLA5264); it is short but hard to find since several trails are used which keeps them all well hidden. Number eight (14VLA5367) is 500 m long and has a good portage

trail, number nine (14VLA5568) is a short portage over an esker just before the lake turns swampy. Finally, the very short portage number ten (14VLA5670) brings one into a bay of Ft. Hall Lake. There is an excellent campsite to the right where the bay opens into the lake. Note that five of the ten portages are shown on the topographic map of 1963 as "interim corrections of 1978."

At Ft. Hall Lake one enters the Thlewiaza River. The ruins of Ft. Hall are reached at the north end of Thanout Lake (14VLA6886). This little trading post comes right out of a fairy tale. Located on an esker with a beautiful view across the lake to the south, it must have been the pride of the trader.

Kasmere Falls is the next high point. The portage is 1.5 km long and hard to find. Just above the first rapid one turns left into a small bay. At its end is an opening about 2 m wide into a pond. Following the left shore one arrives at the portage trail. With one exception, this is the last portage trail before reaching Eskimo Point. One must break one's own portage trails from here on until the trees peter out along Nueltin Lake.

Just below the portage comes a runnable rapid. Kasmere Lake is reached without further difficulties. There is a fly-in fishing camp on the left shore (14VLB7300). A rapid at the outlet of Kasmere Lake is readily run.

Below Kasmere Lake the Thlewiaza River gets nasty. A long rapid without portage trail is encountered (14VLB9412). We entered on the right, crossed over to the left and sneaked behind a small island; back to the right shore we half unloaded the canoe and broke a trail through the dense brush. The canoe with half the load was dragged over the rocks. After reloading we got sucked into the haystacks at the end of the rapid and took a good load of water. The next rapid (14VLB9610) is class 5. We dragged the canoe over rocks on the left past the worst, then ran without trouble. No portage trail is visible. Apparently most canoe traffic below Kasmere Falls follows the Partridge River to Kasba Lake, which would account for the total absence of portage trails in this section. The next two rapids (14VMB0210, 14VMB0207) are class 2. A stretch of rapids follows (14VMB0608), featuring one class 6 and two class 5 rapids. Much wading, two portages, and one lift-over were required. The next rapid (14VMB1111) can be run or lined on the left, and Sandy Lake is reached.

The bottom of this lake is sandy but its shores are swamps. One can camp just before entering it and again at its outlet, but not in-between. A rapid follows that can be waded on the right (14VMB1914). Soon after comes a rapid (14VMB2014) whose upper part we ran on the right; the lower part required a short portage on the left. Just above Nahili Lake comes a boulder-type rapid about 1 km long (14VMB2923) which we waded and ran in sections.

On the east side of Nahili Lake is the only visible portage trail between Kasmere Falls and Eskimo Point (14VMB3720). One runs along the right side of the river above the rapid shown on the map to a quiet spot just where the whitewater starts. The trail is 500 m long and runs in a southeasterly direction away from the river. It is a good trail but hard to find, due to a forest fire in 1985. A few years from now, when the burnt trees begin to fall, the area will become almost impassable.

The portage brings one to Nueltin Lake. Immediately to the south is an airstrip for the fly-in fishing camp

located to the north of the portage.

Nueltin Lake means about 170 km of paddling almost straight north. Most of the route is unprotected from wind. One can do little more than paddle hard and hope for good weather. Some careful navigation is required to find the narrow spot in the middle of the lake which is a class 1 rapid (14VMB6071). Shortly after comes an outcamp of the fly-in fishing camp at the south end of Nueltin Lake. This was the last operating camp we passed before reaching Eskimo Point, but everybody was out fishing with the exception of an excited, tail-wagging dog. We camped a short distance to the north on 14 July.

Seven days were required from entrance to exit of Nueltin Lake, two of which were layover days caused by high winds. On the active days we averaged thus 35 km, which has something to do with our age (50 and 58). Two men half our age can do 50 km per day in a heavily loaded canoe on a lake.



South branch, south fork of outlet of Nueltin Lake

We took the south branch of the outlet of Nueltin Lake (14VNC0440). An island splits it into two forks. We portaged across the island close to the left fork which carries much less water than the right one. The footing was extremely poor, but we were now north of the treeline and did not have to break a trail through the brush. Two kilometres downstream comes a 1-km-long portage on the right that permits easy walking (14VNC0641). The water level in Nueltin Lake was clearly very high; at a lower level this rapid may be runnable.

At the end of the portage we met four fishermen from Minnesota who had flown in from Lynn Lake and were camped for a week close by. After trading stories for an hour we pushed off across Sealhole Lake to make use of a rare southerly wind. These were the last people we met until we reached Hudson Bay 31 days later.

The west shore of this lake is followed to its northernmost point (14VNC1269). Dragging over rocks was required occasionally. A portage of 100 m in the direction north leads to a pond. The map is unreliable in this area and the landmarks are difficult to reconcile with the map. A conspicuous mountain seen here lies on the west side of Hawk Hill Lake, while an about equally high elevation on the map to the north is completely inconspicuous. Use of the compass is a must.

From the pond one portages 1 km slightly east of north to the bend of the Kognak River. The landscape is extremely featureless. We built a 3-m-high tripod of tree trunks on a hill close to the Kognak River as a guide post. Walking is very poor: swampy areas, bushes, boulder fields. One must scout for the portage route with the best footing, not for the shortest one.

The wind soon grew too strong and we were forced to camp. Two days were needed for the 15 km to the north end of Sealhole Lake. Here begins the portage route from the Thlewiazia to the Kognak River (14VNC1655). It starts with a 200-m-long portage on the east side of an inflowing creek. The boulder-strewn creek bed was not passable despite what the map shows. A small pond is crossed and another portage of 200 m length is made on the east side of the inflowing creek. Several of the narrow spots in the lake shown north of here on the map required wading or lining. The next portage (14VNC1558) is made on the west side of the inflowing creek. By going some distance into the bay on the left we avoided portaging across bad boulders and through bushes. No more portaging or wading is required beyond this point until the watershed of the Kognak River is reached. Here one has the impression of paddling on top of the world. The surrounding land looks lower than the water level of the lake, and one gets the feeling the water may spill over any moment.

Despite the promising name Kognak River there was nothing to remind one of cognac. Black Fly River would be more appropriate, since these little devils were waiting for us at every rapid. They know one cannot run a rapid with the vision reduced by a mosquito net, and they made full use of this knowledge.

A bad debris rapid is found at the entrance to Hawk Hill Lake. We waded it on the left, which was very hard-

on the canoe. The rapid between Hawk Hill Lake and Mountain Lake could be run. A closed-down prospector camp was located at the entrance of Mountain Lake.

Below Mountain Lake comes a stretch of class 3 and 4 rapids almost 15 km long. We do not like to run class 4 rapids when alone in the wilderness, but the length of this section left us little choice. One of these rapids close to the sharp bend of the Kognak River (14VNC3095) is a death trap. The river banks are quite innocuous, but there is a ledge in the river. We spotted it because there was so much noise and so little whitewater, which is often a sign of a sudden drop. An enormous hydraulic formed below the ledge will keep a turned-over canoe and its crew until doomsday. A short portage on the right gets one around. The rapids end about 2 km further on. Ducker Lake brings a welcome respite. We celebrated here the halfway point of our trip on the 23rd day from the Cochrane River.

A closed-down gold mine is located in this stretch of rapids (14VNC2791).

A class 5 rapid comes below Ducker Lake (14VNC7086). The map shows a dot in the river, which represents a number of rocky islands that split the river into several channels. A 200 m portage on the right was made. A lift-over on the left got us around the next rapid (14VNC8180), but it could probably be run on the right. About 500 m below comes a ledge that protrudes from the left bank almost across the river. However, there is a channel on the extreme right; rock dodging is required below the ledge. Peaceful paddling follows until the Tha-anne River is reached.

The Tha-anne River has a fast current and class 1 to 2 rapids. This sounds great, but one has to go upriver! Several short wades and a crossing were required to get from the mouth of the Kognak River 3 km upriver to a wide spot with essentially no current. Then comes a 1 km stretch of wading to reach Roseblade Lake. No current was found between Roseblade Lake and South Henik Lake. An esker (14VPC0080) offers good camping in an otherwise sad surrounding. A strong current is encountered at a place where the map would not make one expect it (14VNC9589). Shortly after, a north wind started blowing, but we made it to the next esker (14VND9706), where we spent two nights.

One perfect day without wind permitted us to reach the north end of South Henik Lake and the portage to Ameto Lake, which is the beginning of the Henik-Padlei portage route (14VND9035). A fly-in fishing camp is located 5 km west of here on the north bank of the channel connecting North and South Henik Lake.

The portage to Ameto Lake is 500 m long through bushes and across muskeg. In the southern part of Ameto Lake we experienced a strong magnetic anomaly that extended into the nameless lake below the outlet (14VPD0435). The compass needle deviated by as much as 45° from the direction of the magnetic pole. Fortunately the sun was out and we could navigate with its help. The area is singularly devoid of any landmarks. There must be a substantial body of ferromagnetic ore in the vicinity.

Very little water flows out of Ameto Lake. We dragged our canoe over rocks and through willows on the right side of the outlet. This is a real bad stretch for an ABS plastic canoe; one hates to think of what it would do to a less resistant canoe.

The map shows a bay with narrow entrance at the north end of the following lake (14VPD0440), but this entrance consists of rocks without water. A portage of 100 m length leads across a neck of land. The rocks are piled up here by ice pressure which makes them appear almost impenetrable, but the going soon gets much better. One can actually camp here. Paddling across the pond one reaches the 500-m-long portage into the next lake. At its northern end (14VPD0846) starts a trickle of water that guides the traveller to Kinga Lake and Padlei. We dragged the canoe for a while but in the end we had to make a 100-m-long portage. Only 1 km further on comes another 200-m-long portage, followed by 1 km of paddling that brings one to the low point of this portage route (14VPD0848). A 1-km-long portage as bad as they come with rocks, bushes, trees, and mud - well defended by black flies - leads to a pond. At the north end of the pond is a 500-m-long portage on the right to a small pond and then a 1-km-long portage on the left to what is shown on the map as a long, narrow lake. This long lake consists in reality of a string of ponds (14VPD1049). We made six portages in this lake, from 200 m to 1 km. A real lake is reached (14VPD1555). At its outlet is a 1-km-long portage on the left; a pool is crossed to the right side, and another 1-km-long portage is made on the right. About 5 km of paddling follow to a portage of 500 m on the right (14VPD1859). A short paddle brings one to the end of this lake (14VPD1860).

Here one faces a 3-km-long portage. After some scouting and discussing we decided the best way to cope was to portage cross country for about 3 km in the direction 30° magnetic, and then head directly north through the woods to the river. If this is done correctly one needs



Padlei from the north

only about 10 minutes to penetrate the swampy woods along the riverbed to a spot on the river - or heavy water trickle - where a canoe can be launched. From here we paddled or waded about 1 km. A final portage of 500 m length on the left brought us to Kinga Lake and the end of the Henik-Padlei portage route.

If we counted correctly we did 18 portages on this route, but one may do a few more and abuse the canoe less but the body more, or one may do fewer and reverse the abused items. There may be a best way to do such taxing portage routes, but there is no good way.

Excellent camping is found at Kinga Lake, while camping is dismal at the beginning of the 3-km-long portage route, and even more so at intermediate points.

The stretch between Ameto Lake and Kinga Lake is almost totally devoid of any signs of animal life, if one excepts black flies and mosquitoes. There were a few small birds but no geese, ducks, or gulls. Leftovers of the Inuit once trading at Padlei could be found. It is a mystery what they lived on or what they traded. We ran into plenty of caribou below Heninga Lake, but no caribou could be seen here. Perhaps something in the soil makes the vegetation unpalatable to animals.

The Padlei Trading Post is located where the Maguse River enters Kinga Lake (14VPD2366). The map shows there three buildings. About 4 km east the map shows a settlement Padlei, but this is only an artifact of map making, meaning that not a trace of such a settlement can be seen. The trading post was established by the Hudson Bay Company around 1925 and abandoned around 1958. During its early days it was supplied from Hudson Bay via the Maguse River. About 60 families traded here. Two of the buildings are still maintained. We found a note saying that they had been repainted the year before and that it took a long time to find the place by helicopter; perhaps the pilot trusted the map too much.

Several rapids are shown on the map between Kinga Lake and Heninga Lake. They could all be run. This was perhaps the most enjoyable section of the whole trip. Below Heninga Lake come four class 6 rapids and one or two with rather high waves for an open canoe. The first "must" portage is 500 m long on the left (14VPD4967). A 300-m-long portage

on the left or two lift-overs on the right are required for the second rapid (14VPD5167). The third portage is around a spectacular fall, 500 m on the right (14VPD5366). At the fourth portage the river seems to disappear into a hole; a 300-m-long portage over rocks is on the left (14VPD5764). We made one more portage to avoid high waves, and we wished we had made a sixth one since we shipped a lot of water in the haystacks at the end of a rapid.

Ever since leaving Padlei we saw large numbers of caribou on their way south. Occasionally we had to dodge caribou as well as rocks in the rapids. Flocks of geese assembled in many places in preparation for the migration to warmer lands. In the morning of 13 August we had the first heavy hoar frost on the ground and on the tent. Summer was coming to an end.

When crossing the 96° meridian one enters Turquetil Lake as well as the military grid zone 15V. Careful navigation is required to find the point of land sticking out to the north (15VUU5168) around which one must paddle, since it looks quite different from the map. Once around this point navigation is easy and one gets occasionally help from the current. A problem is encountered further south on Maguse Lake (14VUU8345). The shortest route keeps to the left of the long island, but the passage shown on the map does not exist. A lift-over is required.

We found several closed-down prospector camps as well as storage sites of fuel and construction materials along Maguse Lake.

In the afternoon of 14 August a south wind began to blow that soon became too strong to proceed. For four days we were windbound. On the fifth day the wind changed to north. We were getting close to the end of our food and we decided to move on even though the wind and high waves made this a tour de force. In the evening we reached the outlet of the lake (15VVU0510), which is marked by two cabins on the south bank.

Grateful to be out of the clutches of the wind we started downriver the following morning, but the weather had another trick in store. It started to rain, and it rained all day. This section of the Maguse River features class 3 and 4 rapids. They are not as difficult as the rapid section on the Kognak River but the rain, fogged-up



High land at the south side of the mouth of the Maguse River at low tide

eyeglasses, and the general greyness of everything visible made up for this lack of challenge by the river. In addition to blackouts and whiteouts there is also something one may call a "greyout," when a uniformly dark-grey sky makes rocks in the water almost invisible.

A severe ledge rapid at the end of a long stretch of fast water and runnable rapids almost did us in (15VVU2409). A portage of 200 m on the right seems to be the easiest way to get around, but there was not enough time to reach the right bank and we had to make a harder portage on the left. The next and last rapid is an easy lift-over on the right over flat rocks (15VVU2608). We pitched camp shortly below on 19 August, soaking wet and very miserable.

The rain stopped during the night, but nothing got dry by morning. We were only 20 km from Hudson Bay, and we decided to use our last dry clothes to reach the Bay. For once the weather had run out of tricks. We crossed the last nameless lake with a manageable north wind. The rapid at its outlet (15VVT3899) turned out to be insignificant. There are many easy rapids in this final stretch. The settlement Maguse River shown on the map is another artifact of map making. Two abandoned mission houses and two temporarily unused Inuit shelters could be seen on high ground further southeast (15VVT4491); a small lake just to the west provides drinking water here. We arrived at low tide and had to drag the canoe one to two kilometres across the tidal flats. We considered this as a final trick of fate, but when the tide returned with the wind blowing so hard that we could barely pitch the tent, we had second thoughts.

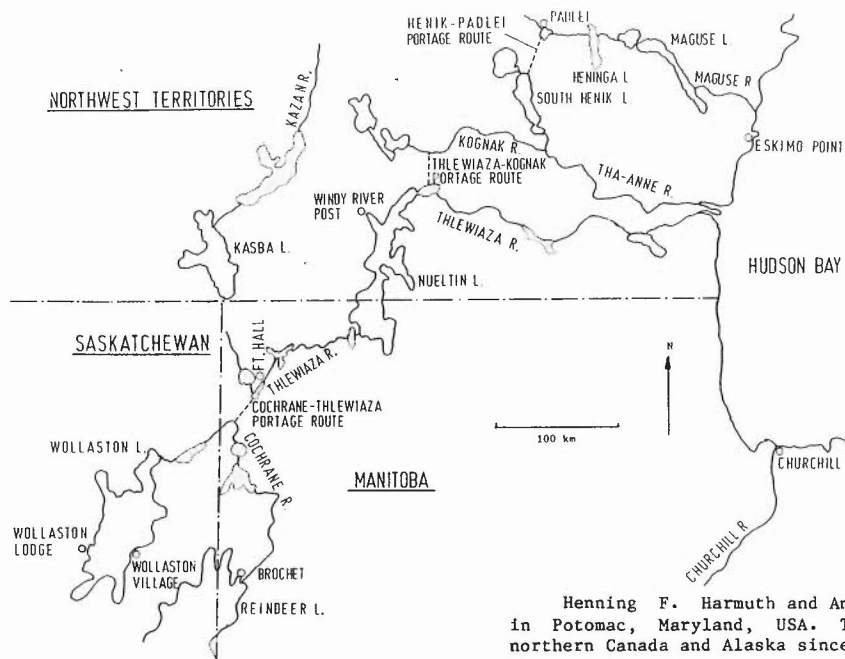
Before leaving Lynn Lake we had filed a trip plan with the RCMP. It stated that we were in trouble if we did not

show up in Eskimo Point by 20 August. It was now noon, 20 August, and we were only 20 km or four hours paddle from our destination. During the following night we could see the lights of the settlement across the waters of Hudson Bay. But we could not move as long as the wind was howling. We put our white paddles and red life vests out in a conspicuous pattern so that a search plane could spot us. Our brown tent and green canoe are hard to see from the air.

Next morning a search plane did indeed show up and found us immediately. It was evident that we were not yet on our last leg but were just waiting for better weather. However, the airplane could not land and we could not communicate. A few hours later a group of Inuit showed up on three-wheelers, Mr. Peter Mikiyogiak and two sons. They had fishing nets set further up on Maguse River, but their boat was as windbound as we were. The three-wheelers combined with an inflatable raft permitted them to service their nets without going out on Hudson Bay. We arranged that they would pick us up and take us to Eskimo Point as soon as the wind had calmed down enough for their boat. We also gave them a message for the RCMP.

The fishermen had hardly left when two more people on three-wheelers showed up. They were Roger Gilles and Einar Jorgenson of the RCMP who had transferred from airplane to three-wheeler to make sure we were indeed the overdue party. There are many good things to be experienced in Canada, but the RCMP is one of the best.

On 22 August the wind finally calmed down enough to permit the fishing boat to come across and take us to Eskimo Point, 51 days and some 800 plus kilometres since leaving the Cochrane River.



Henning F. Harmuth and Anne B. Spragins-Harmuth live in Potomac, Maryland, USA. They have been canoeing in northern Canada and Alaska since 1955.

## NO CABIN FOR MORSE

A sentence in the Autumn 1986 issue of *Nastawgan* caught my eye, with mention of my late husband, Eric, and surprised me so much that I feel I should correct the record.

In "From Reindeer to Selwyn", Dave Berthelet writes of the start of the portage from the Blondeau River over to Wollaston Lake: "This was the place, according to George Luste, that Eric Morse spent a night in a trapper's cabin several decades earlier." I suspect, and George confirms, that Eric merely mentioned the cabin as a guide to locating the rather obscure portage. Sleeping in a cabin is about the last thing Eric would do on a canoe trip.

He was there in 1957, travelling from Southend on Reindeer Lake to Stony Rapids. They were a party of six - Denis Coolican, Sigurd Olson (who was the "Bourgeois" or leader), Elliot Rodger, Omond Solandt, Tyler Thompson, and Eric. Denis' diary, printed in the *Ottawa Journal*, speaks of their harassment by mosquitoes on the way up the Blondeau and says: "we finally settled down comfortably on sandy gravel and moss amid jackpines beside an abandoned log warehouse." I can't imagine any canoeist, on a hot and buggy day, choosing to sleep in a cabin, even in less favorable camping terrain. Elliot confirms that none of the party thought of doing so.

But with Eric it went further than that. He seemed to

have a real dislike of cabins. Whenever, on a little-travelled river or lake in the north, we passed an old cabin, he had no wish to investigate it himself. Others in the party might take time to land and look inside, but Eric would wait on the water, impatient to get on. The only exception I can remember was stopping to look at the ruins of Hornby's cabin. He hated using a cabin for shelter. I recall a cold, wet night on the Petawawa, when we broke down to the extent of eating in the cabin at the foot of the Crooked Chute, and some of the party slept indoors, but not he. And in a three-day storm on Lake Winnipeg, where there was an empty cabin nearby, he only once or twice agreed to our cooking and eating there, and he was keen to be out of it as soon as possible.

Even in the depth of winter, cabins repelled him. He was skiing cross-country in the Gatineau Hills about three days a week until he was nearly eighty, but scarcely ever lunched inside a cabin. Whatever the temperature, we would sit on our skis in a sheltered spot to eat our picnic. If we happened to be near a ski-cabin we might sit outside it, using its wall as a backrest or a windbreak, but inside - no. I don't think it was claustrophobia, just that he preferred to be outside.



### EDITORIAL

The special place our club 'newsietter' has in the hearts and minds of many readers is sometimes expressed through letters of praise and criticism. We don't want to make the self-congratulatory mistake made by so many commercial magazines which have the annoying habit of regularly publishing such letters, and then only the complimenting ones, of course.

However, there are exceptions to our rule, and one of those exceptions is the Letter to the Editor gracing this page. It is so full of warmth and genuine appreciation that I couldn't resist the temptation to let our readers share it with me. On behalf of all members of the Communications Committee, who work hard and with immense enjoyment to produce a worthy Nastawgan four times a year, I say "thank you very much for your kind words" to our American friend. We really appreciate your lovely letter and hope you'll enjoy the extra-thick Winter issue of our beloved journal.

Toni Harting



### LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Thanks to a wonderfully thoughtful friend, John Wilson, I have had the pleasure of reading you club newsletter, Nastawgan, for the past three years. I enjoy the canoe tripping reports so much and tend to save the longer ones for the winter months when thoughts of canoeing and tripping are just memories or in (hopefully) the planning stages for next summer. I have enjoyed tripping for three summers in northern Ontario and plan to come back again! The articles are reminders of the exhilarating moments as well as the "tell-me-one-more-time-how-much-fun-we're-having" moments. The change in the printing paper is a nice improvement and not always knowing exactly where the rivers or areas are, I appreciate the "Where It Is" map.

I am a member of our local canoeing club - Piedmont Paddlers Canoe Club - and understand your editorial concerning the articles of the longer, tough, extended trips in faraway locations, and your not receiving trip reports of local river outings. It gets very hard to write interesting reports on the same rivers run over and over, especially in our case of only being able to run dam-controlled rivers in a season of low water, such as we experienced this past summer. We have even expanded our small newsletter to sometimes include a comment on restaurants at which to eat coming to or going home from the rivers most frequently run in our area (however, we publish monthly as opposed to your quarterly schedule). I'm glad to see, too, that your club is aware of safety and in teaching beginners correct canoeing techniques, etiquette, etc., and reminding the experienced canoeists every now and then safety is still important as a "first" on every trip.

If you ever want to go canoeing in the South - ya'll come down - we'd love to have you! And thanks for an interesting, informative newsletter. Keep up the good work! Have a good holiday season and remember to -

lean downstream,

Judy Hall

Charlotte, North Carolina

### CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

Apologies are due to the WCA for my failure to provide a Chairman's Letter for either of the last two issues of Nastawgan. Having been remiss in that respect means that I have also failed to thank our outgoing Chairman, Herb Pohl. I am somewhat mollified in my sense of failure by Herb's refusal to follow traditional retirement behavior, i.e., to sit back and gather plaudits and moss in variable proportions! He remains a director and continues to participate as actively as ever in the outings program. As his commitment to the WCA shows no sign of lessening he will doubtless continue to deserve our thanks for some time to come, and any final expression of it at this point would be premature.

From my perspective, The WCA seems to be in excellent health! Our Fall Meeting at the Minden Wild Water reserve was an outstanding success. This was due in no small measure to the superb organizing of Marcia Farquhar and her team, and the beauty of the setting, but I believe there is another factor. I think I am seeing an expansion of the "active nucleus" of the WCA to include many of the younger, newer members. This can only be a healthy trend! Our association has much to give. Members who get nothing but four issues of Nastawgan are not getting full value for their membership dollar.

One area of lack in what I perceive to be the Association's responsibility disturbs me. As Herb said a year ago, our voice in conservation concerns has grown faint. I believe this results less from a lack of concern than from difficulties of co-ordination and communication. With the common thread of interest in nature and outdoor pursuits which runs through our organization, few members will be untouched by any misgivings about the encroachments of population, of pollution, and of technology on the wilderness we hold dear.

The more energetic among us will research further and try to make our voices heard but individually we are weak. How can we contact like-minded persons or reach the membership at large? The answers are Claire Muller and Nastawgan respectively. Claire has recently volunteered to take over as co-ordinator of the "Conservation Committee." While she can contact and sometimes cajole, she cannot coerce; this is just not a one-person job! Please contact Claire if you have an area of special interest. Nastawgan reaches a wide and influential audience; we could be using it better to influence the government, the public, and each other.

One last word. By the time this issue of Nastawgan comes out you should have received a separate notification of George Luste's/WCA's Keewatin Weekend. This promises to be an exciting event with an excellent chance to learn in depth about southeastern Keewatin and to meet some of the famous names from the bibliographies. This is a "first of it's kind" for the WCA and I am particularly anxious that it should succeed so that it may become the first of many. Try to reserve that weekend from your busy schedule. See you there!

Bill King

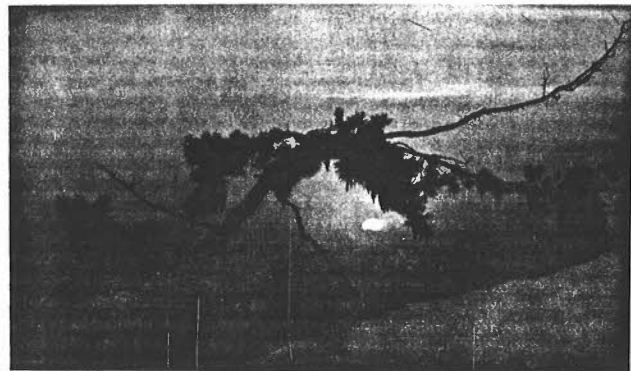




Photo taken in Wager Bay by Donna Barnett.

PAST

When the first Hudson's Bay Company schooner sailed into Wager Bay there was only a handful of Inuit families living in the area. Nevertheless, in an effort to push the fox trade deep into the Barrens in the area of the Back River, the decision was made to establish a new trading post. These extracts from the Manager's Journal illustrate life at the Post.

September 7th, 1925: "Fort Chesterfield successfully made passage through falls (rapids at the west end of Wager Bay) and came to anchor here in harbour, Tessyooyuk. Messrs. Learmouth and Thom arranged site for buildings. Mr. Thom to be in charge of post. Discharged about half of freight." September 9th, 1925: "Squally. Schooner left in a.m. All hands on house building." September 15th, 1925: "Slight snowfall on hills. Boarded up house all but roof, and floored store." October 30th, 1925: "Cold and clear with sharp wind from N. Tessyooyuk covered with ice." November 2nd, 1925: "Calm and mild. Occupied house for first time last night." November 5th, 1925: "Blizzard. First real one so far. Great deal of snow gathering around buildings." November 12th, 1925: "Drifting, N.W. All Natives now occupy igloos - last of them moved today from tents." February 3rd, 1926: "Cold and clear. Left with two sleds and Natives for Back's River or native camps in that vicinity." March 7th, 1926: "Arrived home 8 p.m. last night. Found natives after travelling all over the country (it seemed), living on the sea ice close to the mouth of Hayes River where they exist by fishing. Not one of them has ever been in this direction, but now have hopes of seeing them in spring." December 25th, 1929: "Dull and overcast, calm, snowing a little. Had all the natives in tonight, gave them a feed and presents, after which they enjoyed themselves dancing for the rest of the evening. The music was supplied by native Tommy on a five dollar accordion. Two Back's River natives - 'First time see'em Christmas' - were greatly amused and no doubt it made an effect upon them." January 13th, 1931: "Keeluk has now had a young wife bestowed upon him. She is Samson's wife's eldest girl and needless to say Keeluk is all tickled up the back - and elsewhere, I suppose." January 4th, 1933: "Natives Deaf Johnny, Angatingwak, Sutoxi, and Nowya arrived at post this evening and they all were in a sorry plight with frostbite, hunger and tiredness. The majority of their dogs had died on them through lack of food and they had but seven dogs amongst them when they arrived here. None of these natives had any foxes to trade." March 27th, 1933: "Still no signs of any natives arriving, so I guess they are getting very little fur." May 10th, 1933: "Natives Arngnawa and Nowya with wives & family arrived at post tonight 12 p.m. They bring in the same story which we have been hearing all winter - absolutely no fur in the country." August 21st, 1933: "One's glance just now is constantly straying to the mouth of the harbour, no doubt we will see the schooner hove in sight pretty soon now."

Post Script: The Fort Severn arrived on August 28th, and sailed again two days later, with the trader, his journal, and his remaining inventory embarked. The Wager Bay Post was closed. (Quotations from the Wager Inlet Post Journals B492/a/1-10 are reprinted with the permission of the Hudson's Bay Company Archives, Winnipeg, Manitoba.)

PRESENT

August 9, 1986: "Late yesterday our chartered Twin-Otter put us down on this beach along the south shore of Wager Bay, after a 90-minute flight from Rankin Inlet up the west coast of Hudson Bay. Strong northwest winds have really beat up the inlet, still too rough to permit kayaking. So we may be stuck here for awhile, in an area known for its high concentration of polar bears. I slept last night with the shotgun, loaded with slugs, only inches from my head." August 10, 1986: "Still wind-bound. Hiked up into the hills behind camp, 500 m ASL, to enjoy a spectacular view up and down the bay, and inland over rolling plains - certainly the most alluring landscape I've seen in the Keewatin. Saw several healthy-looking caribou. Two arctic wolves visited camp briefly, chiefly to satisfy their curiosity, I suspect." August 12, 1986: "Paddled some distance in our kayaks today, feeling satisfied to be underway at last. Loading and launching were novel experiences for those of us more accustomed to open canoe travel, but we managed without mishap. As we travelled, we saw polar bears along the shore which acted more like mountain goats on the steep rocky slopes, and small bands of caribou grazing on the low-lying grassy plains between the hills." August 13, 1986: "Today we visited the site of a proposed naturalist lodge and wilderness base, Sila Lodge. The construction is to begin this fall (It did! qed.) and the owners, three Inuit, expect to be open for business in the summer of 1987. It's a beautiful site, in the northwest corner of Wager Bay, which will make a perfect jumping-off point for paddling or hiking trips in the area." August 14, 1986: "So far as we know, our small party is the first group to paddle in these waters, since the Inuit who lived here, of course. The signs of old camps - tent rings, meat caches, fire pits, hunting blinds, kayak stands - are a frequent reminder of that earlier occupation. The last families left here for the coastal settlements in the 1950s. Their parents were the people who centred their lives for a brief time on the H.B.C.'s trading post in Wager Bay, which closed in 1933." August 15, 1986: "Camped now at the mouth of the Piksimanik River, a feeding ground for arctic char. Literally hundreds swim past our campsite with each turn of the tide." August 16, 1986: "On days such as this when the winds prevent travel on the water, it is a joy to take to the hills on foot. I've never visited a part of the Keewatin so suited to hiking: the vistas, the wildlife, the rolling terrain. It's late to be out on the Barrens; much of the plant life is gone though arctic heather and moss campion still abound. There's a hint of winter in the air over Wager Bay, just miles below the arctic circle." August 17, 1986: "Our last day of paddling, 25 km back to our pick-up point. Though we've not travelled far - that wasn't the idea - we have done enough to get a feeling for Wager Bay. It's simply a superb wilderness: isolated but accessible, varied yet predictable, rugged yet hospitable. I, for one, will return. There are hills left to climb."

Post Script: For information on travel possibilities in Wager Bay write to the Keewatin Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 190, Rankin Inlet, N.W.T., X0C 0G0.



## REPORT FROM THE FON REPRESENTATIVE

The Wilderness Canoe Association is a member of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists. This fall, letters were directed to our attention concerning parks in Ontario.

1. The FON is involved in an intense campaign to remove or at least restrict non-conforming uses in Ontario provincial parks. These non-conforming uses include trapping, sports hunting, mining, logging, the construction of power dams, commercial lodges, and access to power boats. The FON is encouraging individuals with similar views on the matter to write a letter to their MPP as well as the following:

The Honourable David Peterson,  
Premier of Ontario, Ontario Legislative Building, Toronto,  
Ontario, M7A 1A1;

The Honourable Vincent Kerrio, Minister of Natural Resources, 6th Floor, 99 Wellesley Street W., Toronto,  
Ontario M7A 1W3;

The Honourable Jim Bradley, the Minister of the Environment, 15th Floor, 135 St. Clair Ave. West, Toronto,  
Ontario M4V 1P5;

The Honourable Gregory Sorbara, Minister of Colleges and Universities, 13th Floor, 101 Bloor St., W., Toronto,  
Ontario M5S 1P7. (Mr. Sorbara is Chairman of the Cabinet of Regularity Committee that will be considering the non-conforming use issue.)

2. Decision was made this fall for the development of Bruce National Park. The establishment of the park requires written agreement between the provincial and federal governments. Vincent Kerrio, the Minister from MNR, is coming under considerable pressure not to sign the agreement because the park will be a non-hunting area. The FON has suggested that individuals write to Mr. Kerrio, congratulating him on the decision to establish the park and encouraging him to sign the agreement forthwith.

3. Great Lakes Power is proposing to dam the Magpie River, which flows into Lake Superior near Wawa. The scheme calls for three dams and generating plants. A local group, called Friends of the Magpie, has formed to oppose the scheme. Environmental consultants hired by the Power company are to provide a report to MNR. The FON will be reviewing the report when it is available.

Marcia Farquhar

## THE RED SQUIRREL ROAD EXTENSION

This issue is of major concern to all canoeists and those who respect wilderness preservation.

Two drafts by the MNR on the Environmental Assessment of the proposed link-up of the Red Squirrel Road with the Liskeard Lumber Road have been published. We believe them both to be biased, incomplete, in favor of lumbering, and showing a lack of real concern for the tourist, sportsman, and lover of prime wilderness.

On 14 November representatives from the Ministry held a meeting with representative of: the cottagers association (T.L.A.), the local youth camps (A.Y.C.T.L.), the Ontario Camping Association (O.C.A.), local lodge owners, the W.C.A., and the Temagami Wilderness Society (T.W.S.). It is very clear that we will have to work hard to prove that the road link-up is not advantageous. The MNR wants a quick and easy way of answering the (short-term) needs of the two lumbering companies involved. A link-up simply means that the trucks would drive a shorter distance. Going around by the Liskeard Road would not take away jobs, on the contrary, it would create them. It would not cost more to extend the Liskeard Lumber Road into the desired areas which would avoid all this controversy, but the lumber companies want a quick, easy solution. We are all asking for a proper assessment which takes into account a more accurate picture of WHO use this area and WHY, and what impact on the environment this link-up would have FOREVER.

For those of you who want a quick refresher on just what is at stake, here is the scenario: If you look at a map of the Temagami area, just trail your finger from the existing Red Squirrel Road on across the Diamond Lake portage past Wakikima Lake and joining the Liskeard Lumber Road. As the lumber trucks rumble past on these roads, day and night, at varying intervals, a great volume of noise will be heard up to 18 km away. Then add the noise, pollution, and wash from motorboats which can now invade these lakes (the wash destroys loons' nests), and further add camper vehicles, dirt bikes, garbage, and the pressure to build cottages. Goodbye wilderness in one of the finest canoeing districts in the province. Goodbye canoe routes, portages, campsites, wildlife, and scum-free lakes. Goodbye peace and solitude. Goodbye a sanctuary where man and nature can commune in harmony.

With this issue of the Red Squirrel Road extension and the support we are giving to the proposal for a national park in the Bruce Peninsula as well as Jim Greenacre's battle to obtain unobstructed canoeing down the Credit River, we NEED people to help us on the Conservation Committee. Please contact me if you want to get involved.

Claire Muller  
Conservation Chairperson

November 20, 1986.

Mr. James Hamill,  
P. O. Box 38,  
Temagami, Ontario, T0H 2H0.

Dear Mr. Hamill:

On behalf of the Wilderness Canoe Association I wanted to bring to your attention our concerns about the proposed western extension of the Red Squirrel Road and it's linkage with the Liskeard Lumber Road.

The environmental which has been carried out, seems in our opinion deficient in several respects. First it would appear that the interests of the timber companies would be almost equally served by a southward extension of the existing Liskeard Road utilizing the already cleared road allowance, those areas of Shelburne Township presently deemed "inaccessible". Avoiding the linkage with the Red Squirrel Road confers at least two major benefits. First it avoids transgressing the major canoe routes at the western end of Diamond Lake. Secondly it avoids all the evils of through traffic which we do not believe to be either easily "mitigated" or controlled. In our opinion this alternative has not been given sufficient consideration in the Delcan study.

As more and more groups using the Temagami wilderness come forward it must become apparent that research into the wilderness users side of the Temagami's equation has been quite inadequate. Not only has no attempt been made to poll the widely scattered individual users of the area, but even major organizations such as youth camps not located in the immediate geographic area but using the wilderness facilities extensively, have had no opportunity for input.

In our opinion the only means whereby a just decision can be reached, taking into account fully the interests of all concerned parties, is through the medium of a full environmental hearing.

I would be delighted to discuss our concerns with you in more detail at any time.

Thank you for your consideration.

Yours sincerely,

Bill King,  
Chairman, WCA.





# algonquin halloween

David Berthelet

Herb Pohl's trips always go well! This is not so only because of his many years of experience (no reference to his age is implied by this), but also because of the excellent company that always shows up on his expeditions. The group members converged on the Pog Lake campground within a few minutes of each other in the crisp late Halloween evening darkness. It was exceptional companionship: the remarkable Jim Greenacre, the gorgeous Chris and her well-equipped companion Glen Davey, the very warm Rob Butler, the charming David Berthelet (editorial licence by the author), and our ubiquitous leader.

Herb has his way of communicating, especially the pressing need of breaking camp at the appointed time -- he tells everyone not to be alarmed as he drives off, abandoning the group, to start the trip. Very effective indeed, for within moments breakfast was completed, the backpacks stuffed, and we were after him. This set the tempo, and by mid-morning a comment was rendered by our leader regarding the good time we were making. It was supposed to be a two-day trip, but at our rate of progress there was not going to be much left to do on the second day if the initial pace was continued. Remedial steps were taken: we stopped running over the portages, took a long leisurely lunch, and made camp early.

Algonquin Park's abundant wildlife was all around us. If the animals are not molested they lose their natural fear of people, and their presence was very much in evidence in Algonquin Park. On one portage we startled an immense bull moose, sporting an impressive rack, and his mate. They were truly grand beasts, and we were pleased that he and his companion chose to run the other way -- there was not enough room for both moose and canoes on the same single-lane portage. Our chief stated firmly that, if it was not for these magnificent animals, the portage trails we were using would long ago have been lost through lack of use.

Constant reference was made to the lack of evidence of recent human passage over the traverses. Heavy bushwhacking would have been the order of the day on our walks between the bodies of water along our route -- some portages in the Park are so long that some canoe routes are akin to backpacking with a canoe. However, relatively distinct and clear trails were encountered. I do not doubt that the animals were, in part or even largely, responsible for the excellent trail network, but I had a difficult time explaining the well-used campsites. Were the moose also responsible for these?

Other beasts of the wilderness made their presence known. A few otters were keenly aware of us. They did not scold us for intruding on their section of the creek. We could tell, however, they were displeased with our presence, and were happy to see us disappear around the next bend. A timber wolf introduced itself at about three in the morning. He approached to within an unusually close distance, just across the lake and over a little rise, and

howled several of the characteristic long, lonely utterances of his kind. Glen responded with a few of his own howls, and this put an end to the episode. The next day a beaver appeared to be shaken by our intrusion. He nervously slapped his tail and disappeared, only to reappear to give us one more look before rendering another resounding crack with his tail and disappearing for the second and final time.

Crashing over beaver dams along the way was great fun. (The reader must realize that no appreciable amount of damage was caused to either these barriers that interrupted our way, or to our delicate craft.) The technique was to take a running start and attempt to get more than one-half way across the obstruction and tilted downward before the forward momentum was lost. In this way we would stop and rest on the dam with the bow in the creek. Using the paddle as a pole, a simple shove would extricate the craft from the impediment. Not all canoes could employ this technique. The delicate cedar strip tandem boats were not entirely suited to this technique, whereas the fiberglass solo canoes were clearly superior.

These weekends are like little vacations because they are so relaxing in the sense that there is no tension between individuals and because we spend long hours in our sleeping bags. For example, in late fall when it gets dark early, we characteristically find ourselves in the sack shortly after 7 p.m. and we stay there until 6:30 a.m. or so for more than 11 wonderful hours. Fresh air, lots of exercise, copious amounts of good food, and pleasant company relax the soul. Such trips have given me some of my best memories. A good weekend like this one fortifies the individual and makes life worth living.



## FREDERICKHOUSE

Spruce is a green tear, between the blank lake  
and sky. Blood spots blacken on the stove;  
the yard is foul; a dirty porch, the bleeding  
white of new wood, badly scraped pelts, no wind.

Philip Turnor named the place after a son  
of George the third. One of that family lisped,  
none of them cared. Now north of Timmins the mist,  
the humidity bores as it does at cottages; except  
there is never any good weather here, not the way  
you want it. The lakeshore, the silky water; empty.

Traders, on nearby Devil's Island, intercepted  
furs on their way to Moose Fort. The Company  
built this hovel to stop them. Did they dance  
in the firelight there, windigo mad? I hear  
the whole business became unprofitable. Both quit.

The nineteenth century: three clerks, a 'number'  
of natives are massacred. A blue plaque says  
'the diabolical murderer Capascoos' did it.  
No permanent establishment was here again maintained,  
No cedar oozed wet and stink when crushed. Nothing  
was unpacked.

Someone lurched, in an afternoon, lurched  
and fled—the dirty snow, the foul yard; blood  
blackens on the stove—stopped and turned:  
The clearing was mute, the sky one colour.  
Scales of bark fell, left scars like new moons.  
A blunt hand rested. The place hasn't changed.

This poem by WCA member M. T. KELLY is reprinted from  
his book of poetry Country You Can't Walk In, Penumbra  
Press, 1984.

# a wilderness first aid kit

A SUBJECTIVE, HIGHLY-OPINIONATED GUIDE TO OUTDOOR HEALTH CARE

Bill King, MD

What first aid supplies do I need for a wilderness canoe trip? Where can I get them? Do I need prescription drugs? Can I modify the kit for shorter, more civilized, or winter outings? Do I really need to bother with anything?

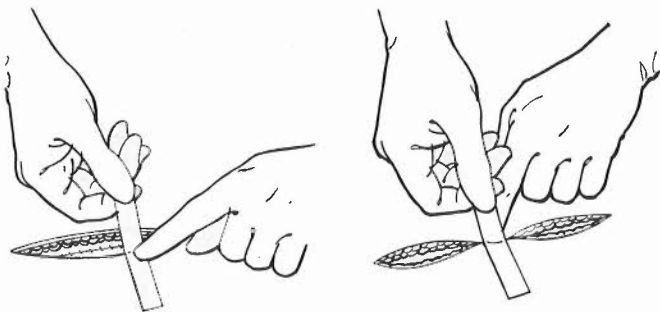
Good questions! Not all of them have right answers, so you'll have to settle for a mixture of generally-accepted principles and my personal biases (and I'm not going to tell you which is which). I'm going to speak in generalities first and then try to anticipate some problems which you could encounter and tell you how you might deal with them and what to take to be prepared.

The need for elaborate first aid supplies will vary directly with the party's need for self-sufficiency. On the Morse River trip in 1985 (see Nastawgan, Spring 1986) where there was no contact with any community for 55 days, I took an elaborate kit which fully occupied a large plastic refrigerator box and which gave me the capability of treating pretty well any condition not requiring the facilities of a hospital. On the other hand, when I go out on a day or weekend trip in southern Ontario, I must confess that I often take nothing at all.

When you're at the planning stage, try to anticipate a medical problem and ask yourself, "Can it wait until I can reach help?" If your problem is "the heartbreak of psoriasis," it probably can, but if you've broken your leg and you didn't bring any painkillers, I hope you're a lot tougher than I am.

Another thing to anticipate, if you're doing the planning of the first aid kit, is the likely medical needs of the group. Are there any diabetics, epileptics, asthmatics? Is someone allergic to Penicillin when you've just paid a fortune for a carload of it? Does anyone require a special diet or regular medication? (One hopes they would bring their own, but you never know.)

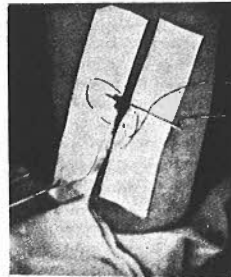
Lastly, don't settle for second best! Getting prescription drugs is inconvenient and expensive but they work. If you're cut off (pardon the expression) and you need an antibiotic or a major painkiller, you won't thank yourself for having saved money! Okay, let's get more specific. As in the past, I have used the symbol Rx to indicate that a drug requires a prescription (in most cases I will be using trade names), and an asterisk (\*) to indicate a piece of equipment for which you would be best to go to a surgical supply house (e.g., Starkman's or Doncaster Medical in Toronto, but see your local Yellow Pages or, in a smaller centre, try a pharmacy). Remember that most drugs deteriorate with time, some very quickly - ask your pharmacist.



Method of applying Steri-strip adhesive for wound closure. The strip is applied first on the skin on one side of the wound (*left*) and the edges of the wound approximated as the strip is carried across the wound and fixed to the skin of the opposite side. As many strips are used as is necessary to close the wound. (Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co.)

## CUTS

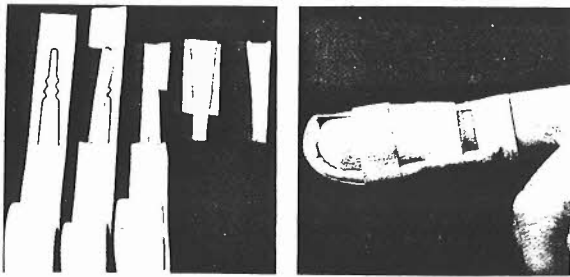
First, stop the bleeding by local pressure using the cleanest object readily available. Tourniquets and pressure points are NEVER necessary. Remember, no "peaking" for at least five minutes while pressing. Next, cleanse gently with soap and river water, or use a prepackaged swab or sponge impregnated with Betadine (non-sting). Next, repair the cut. Does it need anything other than a band-aid? Most don't. If it's over the convex side of a joint, gaping, or in a high wear-and-tear area, try to bring the skin edges together. A convenient, low-stress way of doing this is with Steri-strips, a sterile, prepacked, very tough strip-dressing which can be used to pull the skin edges together by application across the cut at frequent intervals. If you are just dying to graduate from darning socks to being a wilderness surgeon, carry sutures (they're definitely more secure). A straight needle with the thread already attached (e.g., Ethicon #622\*) is the easiest to use without instruments. Remember, you'll need scissors to cut the suture. I carry sterile rubber gloves but they take some getting used to and in a field situation are probably not much better than just washing your hands thoroughly. Local anesthetic (e.g., Xylocaine 2% plain - Rx) is a luxury for your victim but not essential. It must be injected, so you'll need a 3 cc syringe (\*) and a #22 needle (\*). It's less uncomfortable if you inject right into the cut as the skin is much more pain-sensitive than the underlying tissue. Remember, if you're going on a winter outing you'll have to take any liquid medicines, like the Xylocaine, out of your kit.



Wound suture without pain by sewing through adhesive strips attached to the lips of the wound.

## BANDAGING

1. Band-aids - the elastic type stay on better when you're active and come in a variety of sizes or in a "butterfly" shape.
2. Gauze Squares - 2" x 2" and 4" x 4" - protect and absorb, and permit air to penetrate.
3. Telfa - a non-stick, plastic-coated dressing. Good as the first layer over a burn or scrape. (Remember with burns that the tissue damage goes on after the flame is removed - get it into cold water as quickly as possible.)
4. Gauze Rolls - Kling 3" is easy to use - good for extremity bandaging and, to a lesser extent, for heads.
5. Adhesive tape - if you're not allergic, use the cloth kind, it's tougher and more versatile.
6. Tensor bandage - 4" - for use whenever pressure is desirable, e.g., a sprained ankle. It's not a substitute for a cast but does decrease swelling and provides "psychological" support.
7. Splints - a questionable item: you might be best to improvise with available materials. Aluminum splints (\*), padded on one side with foam, are good for injured fingers. Inflatable plastic splints (\*) for arm or leg are available and would be feasible to carry; I never have.
8. Slings - unnecessary. You can do perfectly well by pinning your sleeve to your jacket. So, do carry a variety of safety pins; they have many uses.



(Left) Hairpin splint. This splint is easily available and useful in immobilizing fingers. It is small, compact and molds readily to the part. (Right) Hairpin splint applied to the finger. The splint is molded to fit over the finger dressing, covering the palmar surface of the finger and the fingertip. It is held in place with a longitudinal strip of adhesive, which begins and ends on the skin and is anchored by 3 circular turns of adhesive applied in such a way that the ends lie on adhesive. In this way the dressing may be soaked without fear of its coming loose.

#### PAINKILLERS

1. ASA (325 mg) - a surprisingly potent and useful drug, good as a minor painkiller, (i.e., inadequate for anything which really hurts), good for lowering fever and for relieving inflammation (e.g., bursitis, tendonitis, etc.). For the latter purpose you should take at least six per day, preferably with meals. Not everyone's stomach can tolerate aspirin. Those who get heartburn or have a history of ulcer should substitute Tylenol (except that it has no anti-inflammatory properties).
2. Major Pain - carry one of:
  - (1) 292 (Rx) - contains ASA and codeine,
  - (2) Tylenol #3 (Rx) - Equivalent without ASA,
  - (3) Percocet (Rx) - a synthetic.
 All major painkillers constipate, so be prepared.
3. Ultra-major Pain. I carry both Dilaudid (oral) and Demeral (injectable) for the day when I have to evacuate somebody with a broken leg. Both are narcotics and carefully controlled so be sure that you go to a doctor who knows you are not a junky! (Or if you are a junky...)
4. Toothache - Oil of Cloves? I've never used it but all those Hollywood producers can't be wrong. I carry Extra Strength Orajel which ought to be potent with those ingredients!

#### GUT PROBLEMS

1. Heartburn - use Maalox (Tums, Rolaids, etc.) as needed.
2. Nausea - Gravol 50 mg oral or Gravol 100 mg suppositories (Rx) are traditional but make you drowsy. If, like me, you plan to get nauseated flying in to the starting point, you could try Transderm (Rx), a convenient, long-term anti-nauseant which is applied to the skin with an adhesive patch. (I couldn't handle the side effects.)
3. Diarrhea - carry Lomotil (Rx) or Imodium (Rx); Kaopectate works fine but is too bulky for first aid kits. But don't be in a big hurry to treat non-incapacitating, simple diarrhea. You may get...
4. Constipation - North Americans are obsessed with the daily bowel movement! Why upset your usual routine? On the other hand you may be amazed what a diet of trail mix, Red River cereal, and lentils can accomplish. If you're going solid pasta all the way, Metamucil is simple, portable, and safe for daily use. Irritant laxatives (such as Exlax, Dulcolax, etc.) should be saved for emergencies.

#### INFECTIONS

1. Local - open wounds usually require only cleaning and dressing. If you must cover them with an antibiotic goop, carry Polysporin.
2. Spreading (e.g., "blood poisoning"), or Systemic (e.g., pneumonia, urinary infection, etc.). These require an antibiotic. Carry a broad-spectrum type such as:
  - (1) Keflex (Rx) - good but expensive - not for those allergic to Penicillin,
  - (2) Tetracycline (Rx) - the cheapest - must not be given to children or pregnant women,
  - (3) Erythromycin (Rx),
  - (4) Ampicillin (Rx) - one of the Penicillin family (allergic to one, allergic to all).

3. Urinary Infections - use one of the above antibiotics. If you're prone to recurrent urinary infection, carry Pyridium (Rx). It doesn't treat the infection but is great for putting out the flames! Warning - it turns the urine red.
4. Vaginal infections - may require specific therapy depending on type. Betadine suppositories (Rx) are a good place to start. Try not to leave any kind of suppositories in direct sun - they melt.
5. Abscess (infected cyst, etc.) - very painful. Usually requires drainage rather than an antibiotic. Hot compresses may help them to "point." Generously nick the overlying skin (often surprisingly insensitive) with a #11 scalpel blade (\*) at the point of maximum fluctuance. If someone jams a finger and has a throbbing clot under the nail, the point of the scalpel blade can also be used to drill a small hole through the overlying nail; there are few more grateful patients!

#### FOR SKIN CARE

1. Vaseline - very good for wind protection in potential frostbite situations.
2. Moisturizing cream, any kind - very important for soft hand types like myself; the combination of cold, wet, and rough usage is murder!
3. Sun Protection - any good sunblocking cream (e.g., Presun) with at least 5% PABA. You should also carry a PABA - containing lip gel (many brands).
4. Rashes - most itchy rashes will eventually go away if kept scrupulously clean and dry. However, you could make yourself very popular with a small tube of cortisone - containing cream such as Betnovate (Rx). The exceptions are fungal infections such as athlete's foot, crotch-rot. If you have a history of problems of this sort, carry Tinactin.
5. Blisters - treat 'em with moleskin before they occur. If you get one, leave it intact if you can.

#### RESPIRATORY PROBLEMS

1. Allergies -
  - (1) Antihistamines (e.g., Chlor-Tripolon, Rx) - good for any kind of allergy but make you drowsy.
  - (2) Decongestants (e.g., Sudafed) - can be combined with antihistamine (e.g., Actifed).
  - (3) Anakit (Rx) - for real emergencies (asthma, throat swelling, etc.). Contains a ready-to-inject syringe of adrenalin and antihistamine tablet. Carry one if any of your party have a history of bad allergic reactions.
2. Colds - a decongestant at bedtime can make for a much better night's sleep.
3. Cough - go ahead and cough.
4. Asthma - the newer inhalers such as Ventolin (Rx) deliver medicine right to the bronchial tree and are easy to carry. Anyone with an asthmatic problem should have his own.
5. Pneumonia - tough to tell. If you've got a cough associated with a fever assume it's infective and treat with your antibiotic.

#### EYES

1. Foreign Body (sand, blackfly, etc.) - flush with lots of water or, if you can see the object, you can often snag it with the end of a wet Q-tip.
2. "Red Eye" (infection?) - if discharging, treat with Cortisporin Ophthalmic (Rx).

#### EARS - (infection)

1. External (discharge in ear canal) - can use Cortisporin as above.
2. Internal (earache and fever) - use your antibiotic and decongestant.

#### ODDS AND ENDS

1. Water Purification:
  - (1) Halazone tablets (more convenient), or
  - (2) Javex 2 - 4 drops per litre (cheaper).
 I must confess that I have never used either but maybe I've just been lucky.
2. Vitamins - suit yourself; you're not likely to overdose but most modern trail foods are, as they say, "madly mineralized and vibrant with vitamins."

How do you keep track of all this stuff? I still haven't found any better "take-along" than Bill Forgey's "Wilderness Medicine." The author really knows his stuff, both wilderness and medicine, although I wish he'd left out the "non-prescription" drug list.

Let's you think that you'll need a second canoe, let me assure you that all of this fits nicely into the top of a Duluth pack. Just make sure you grab the other pack and run off down the portage!  
Enjoy in good health.

# news briefs

WCA AT THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW The 1987 Sportsmen's Show will be taking place from Friday, 13 March, to Sunday, 22 March. As usual, the WCA will be there with an interesting and educational presentation. Help will be needed to staff the booth as well as set it up and take it down. This is an excellent opportunity for members to take part in an important WCA function. All those willing to assist are asked to call Enid Weiner in Don Mills, Ontario at 416-444-3162.

FRIENDS OF THE STIKINE Those who attended the WCA Fall Meeting in September and saw the Stikine River movie might be interested in knowing that a very active group of people under the name of "Friends of the Stikine" have been and are fighting to preserve the Stikine River and its surroundings. Further information, and perhaps the striking Stikine River poster, can be obtained by writing: Friends of the Stikine, 1405 Doran Road, North Vancouver, B.C., V7K 1N1; phone 604-985-4659.

WCA FALL PARTY One hundred and twenty-six members and friends of the WCA enjoyed another Fall (wine-and-cheese) Party at George Brown College in Toronto on the 28th of November. Special thanks to Toni Harting, Michael Peake, and Bob Haskett for providing such excellent entertainment. We're always looking for good slide show productions for future events. Please contact any member of the Board of Directors if you have a suggestion.

Joan King

SLIDE SHOW The 3rd Aurora Venturer Co. will present a Yukon-Alaska slide show by Gail Vickars on Friday, 16 January 1987 at 7:30 p.m. in the Aurora United Church, 58 Yonge Street, Aurora, Ontario. Cost is \$2.00 per person, \$1.00 for senior citizens and those under 12 years of age. For more information contact Gail Vickars in Newmarket, Ontario, 416-895-9976.

## CANDIDATES FOR BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The following are the platforms of candidates for the 1987 Board of Directors, received before our publication date. Any other members who wish to run for the Board may do so by letting the Board of Directors know, or by placing their name in nomination from the floor at the AGM in February.

### TONY BIRD

I am standing for the Board of Directors because I think it is the responsibility of all active members, at some time or other, to help with the administrative tasks which need to be done.

I have been a member of the WCA for nine years and for the past three years have been a member of the Outings Committee. I like the way the WCA is organized and its affairs are conducted and therefore consider myself to be the conservative candidate. However, some evolution is necessary and this makes me cognizant of the need to listen to the concerns of members both old and new.

### MARCIA FARQUHAR

Serving on the Board of Directors for the past two years has not yet worn me out, so I would enjoy another "tour of duty." I have worked for the association as: Vice Chairperson of the WCA, Chairperson of the planning committee for the Fall Meeting at Minden, hot line contact, WCA rep to the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, co-ordinator of a workshop on safety for the 1986 Annual General Meeting, co-author of safety article for Nastawgan, trip leader, member of the Outings Committee, and I have staffed the WCA booth at the Sportsmen's Show.

If re-elected to the Board, I would continue to promote the availability of skill development workshops for members, low impact camping, and would keep an eye on club expenditures.

### RON JASIUK

During my four years as a member, the WCA has been a source of good friends, memorable experiences, and proudly acquired skills and knowledge. My role in the club has

NASTAWGAN MATERIAL AND DEADLINE Articles, trip reports, book reviews, photographs, sketches, technical tips, or anything else that you think would be of interest to other readers, are needed for future issues. Contributor's Guidelines are available upon request. The deadline dates for the next two issues are:

issue	Spring 1987	deadline date	31 January 1987
	Summer 1987		4 May 1987

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL This yearly ritual is of course central to the survival of our organization. A renewal form is enclosed with this issue of the newsletter. Our Membership Secretary is Paula Schimek; her address and phone number are given on the back page of Nastawgan.

WCA ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING The 1987 AGM will be held on 27 February - 1 March in the Frost Centre, south of Dorset, Ontario. See the enclosed information sheet.

NAME CHANGE Through the magic of marriage, long-time member Claire Brigden will now only respond to the name Claire Muller, under which name she has taken on the duties of Conservation Chairperson. See the back page for her address and phone number.

WILD WATERS BOOK A beautiful pictures-and-essays book on canoeing several great Canadian rivers has been published recently by Key Porter Books in Toronto. This delightful creation, which includes contributions by several WCA members and which is called WILD WATERS, is now available in bookstores.

WCA FALL MEETING 1987 Paul Barsevskis is forming a committee to organize the 1987 Fall Meeting. Anyone who would like to get involved should call Paul in Toronto at 416-239-2830.

WCA MEMBERSHIP LISTS Membership lists are available to any members who wish one for personal, non-commercial use. Send a one-dollar bill (no cheques, please!) to: Cash Bel-den, 77 Huntley Street, Apt. 1116, Toronto, M4Y 2P3.

evolved from a faceless name on a mailing sticker to trip participant, to trip organizer, and to co-ordinator of an AGM. I now feel well qualified and strongly committed to participate in the running of this club.

My belief is that the Board of Directors has two main areas of responsibility. One, is to help run the organization in a way that maximizes the benefits to the members. A diverse outings program, workshops, social events, and Nastawgan are key components in this area. Two, to assume a leadership role in such areas as developing environmental and safety ethics within the club. As a Board of Directors member I would also like to promote greater active involvement by the members at large. My conviction is that there is a wealth of knowledge, skills, and capable bodies out there.

The WCA is a unique club in that it is large enough to support a publication such as Nastawgan and small enough that any member can take part in its organization and management. I would like to take part in the organization and management of the WCA.

### JOHN WINTERS

The WCA serves a diverse and eclectic membership whose activities range from quiet flatwater floats to ambitious northern expeditions. There are members who are whitewater enthusiasts and those who think whitewater only good for photographs. Many do their tripping in groups yet there are others, like myself, who are of more solitary nature.

I believe the continuing success of the WCA is due to the recognition of this diversity and the resistance to "over-organize" the organization and thereby omit, offend, or overburden some of its membership. Specifically, we have resisted the temptation to become a school for paddlers, nor have we become a strictly whitewater club, nor have we become a champion of environmental issues except where they represented a clear and present threat to our activities. While these are important areas of interest and concern, they are well served by organizations such as The Sierra Club, FON, ORCA, and many others far better suited to such special interests. The WCA has prospered by not getting sidetracked by divisive and burdensome issues. I believe we should continue on that course.

It is also my belief that more and bigger is not necessarily better and that the quality of our programs will assure our continued success rather than expansion to suit some undefined goal of membership. As a director, it would be my intention to pursue a course of improvement tempered by stability.

# bear country

Marcia Farquhar

Back in 1970, I made a promise to return to the beauty of Glacier National Park in northern Montana and to explore its twin, Watertown National Park in southern Alberta. In the spring of 1986, the opportunity arose to join a group of three people who planned a two-week backpacking trip in the area.

There was just one problem. As avid a mountain person I might have aspired to be, I had to confess to muscles that were far more practised in whitewater canoeing than in mountain hiking. I wondered if I would be able to keep up with the group. My companions were three strapping males with great legs. There I was, a determined but petite female with strong arms but legs that were, well, passable on a portage trail.

I suppose a good strategy for women in my predicament is, "If you cannot keep up with them, why bother trying!" Indeed, as the trip unfolded I found greater and greater pleasure in taking a slow, easy pace, one that not only enabled me to catch my breath (frequently), but provided time to identify and photograph the profusion of wildflowers that were in bloom.

Our itinerary began in Watertown National Park where we set up a basecamp in the city campground beside Watertown Lake. The location was not exactly wilderness camping but afforded the luxury of hot showers and cooking shelters complete with wood stoves and a sink. Ground squirrels were everywhere and if a bag of gorp was left lying around, even in a pack, a squirrel convention materialized. The campsite also provided our first bear sitting high on the hillside 800 metres away.

From the town, we were able to go on a number of day hikes as well as an overnight backpacking trip to Twin Lakes. It was here that we first experienced the real joy of being in a park where hunting is prohibited. Three deer, one of which was a male with full antlers, kept wandering around the campsite. While it is hard to imagine deer in the woods being pests, our friends were constantly snooping around trying to find something to lick, nibble, or steal. One doe became particularly mischievous and ran into our kitchen area, grabbed the first thing she could find, and ran off. No doubt the sight must have looked like a cut from a slapstick cartoon - several campers chasing a quick-footed doe, a bag of dish towels hanging from her mouth.

Later that evening, I wandered up the trail to the sister of Twin Lakes and sat down on a rock to enjoy the tranquillity. There was movement down at the bottom of the trail and two moose appeared, a male and a female. I sat motionless for almost an hour watching them feed in the lake and wander through the woods.

What a feeling it was to be so close to the wildlife, to watch them, not behind bars in a zoo, but to have them near, practically walking with you through the woods. Yet this was but an anomaly - one of the few places where animals could share the land with homo sapiens without the shadow of being hunted.

The delight of being at one with nature was to continue throughout the trip. So much wildlife was seen, mountain sheep, goats, coyote, and bear, the latter of which provided the most adrenaline-raising experiences. We were off on a day hike to Crypt Lake, an area accessible by boat. At this point three of us were hiking together (an unusual occurrence). Two of us stopped to identify some wildflowers, while the third person walked on ahead. Suddenly our companion came running back down the path shouting, "A bear, I just saw a huge black bear!!" Running away from a bear is not good strategy; like many animals, they view a moving object as something to chase. We were in luck, the bear had apparently been more interested in his mid-morning snack grass than a good run.



Our next bear sighting was more hair-raising. We had backpacked into Lake Francis in Glacier National Park. On the first morning of our stay, the early light provided so many photographic possibilities, I walked down the trail to the lake around five minutes away. Standing by the water's edge, I turned and looked behind me. There, munching on some vegetation was a young 90-kg grizzly about 10 metres from me. The two remaining frames of film on my camera were quickly dispatched and I concentrated on a strategy to deal with the situation.

My first concern was whether the bear was young enough to still have a mother in near range. If so, I was in big trouble. The bear stood between me and the trail. On my other side was the frigid glacial lake. Dense, almost impenetrable bush lined the water's edge at the end of the small beach on which I stood. There was no place to go.

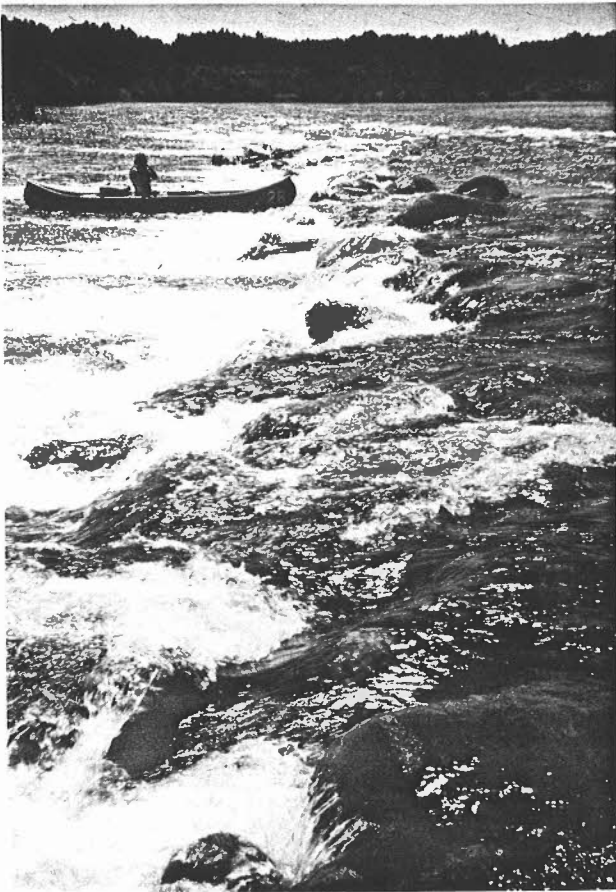
Bear information guides suggest moving your arms in the air so that the bear can see you and know where you are. This I did while speaking to the animal. It turned towards me, squinted, sniffed the air, let out a snort-like noise and bolted, three to five metres. It then moved nearer and nearer in what appeared to be an attempt to investigate me. When there were only about four metres between the two of us, I decided this was too close for comfort. I blew my whistle as loud as possible three times, hoping at the same time to give an SOS signal to my companions. And in the same stern voice I have used effectively with my 36-kg dog, I gave halt commands to this inquisitive creature. The strategy worked; the bear stopped, turned, and walked off past the trail along the beach. In slow motion, I walked toward the trail and started to ascend to the campsite.



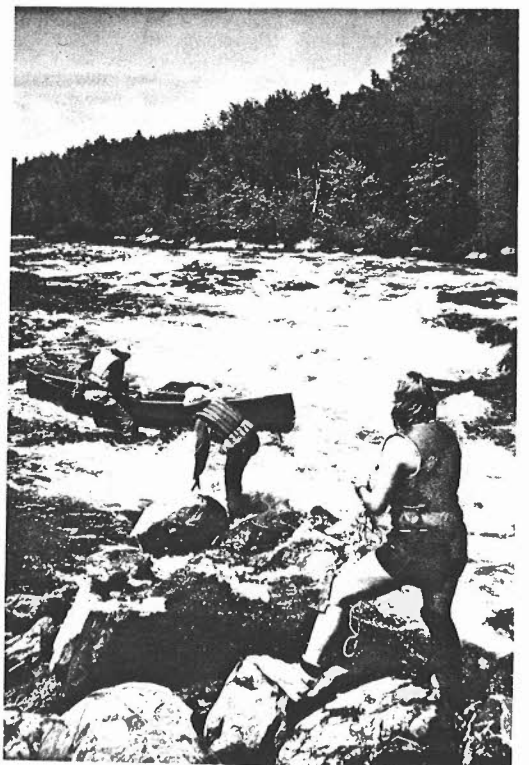
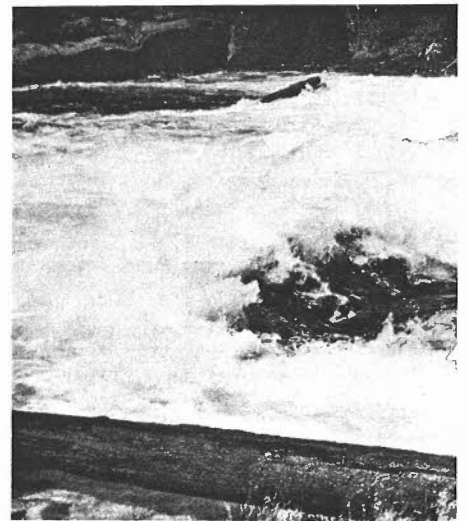
But hardly had I gone a few steps when, in glancing back, there was the sight of a furry face and light-colored claws following up the trail. The trail was quite narrow at this point, cutting less than 75-cm path through the dense thickets. Once again I applied the whistle-and-halt routine, and once again my friend turned and went the other way for a short time.

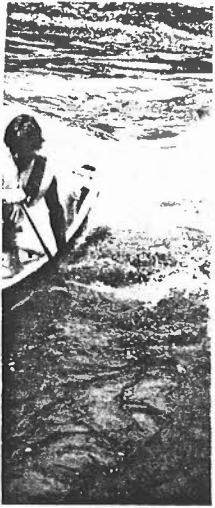
With all the calm and nonchalance I could muster, I walked into camp and said to the trip leader, "There is a grizzly cub following me." The evidence soon strolled alongside of our tent. It took a concerted effort of pot banging to make this curious fellow decide to move on. A half hour later, there was still no sign of the bear, and the one member of our party who had climbed a tree returned to ground level.

Although the encounter had an element of danger, I cannot honestly say that I felt threatened at any time. In many ways the bear's curiosity reminded me of our own attempts to approach the deer and goats we had seen earlier on the trip. Overall, the opportunity to be so close to the wildlife, the moose, the deer, the goats was a wonderful experience I will not forget. And this, above all, is what I remember most in thinking back of the trip. If only there was more opportunity for people to be so close to the wildlife, to share their world, and walk among them. But as long as man persists in hunting, this fantasy will only be possible in protected areas like Glacier and Watertown Parks.

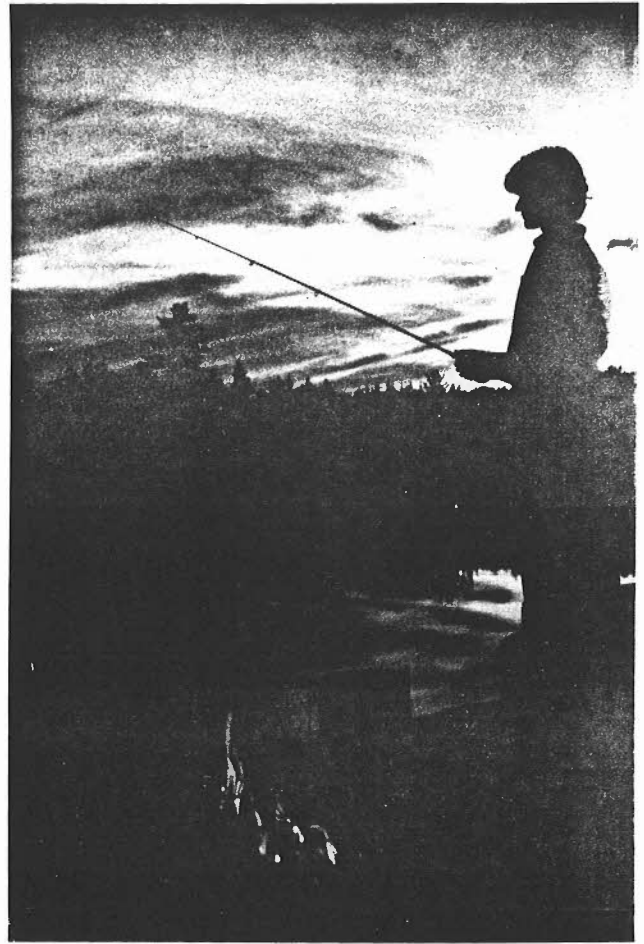


temag

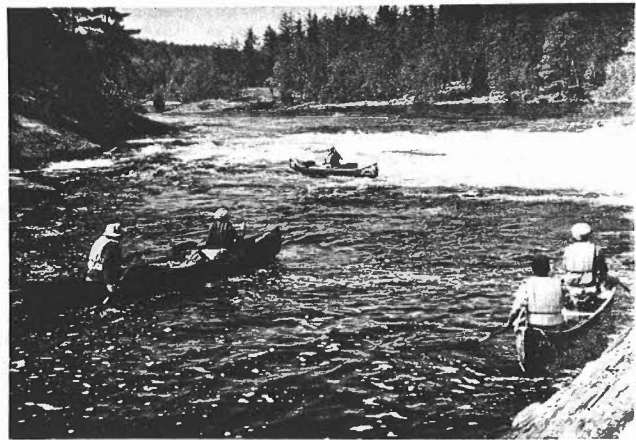
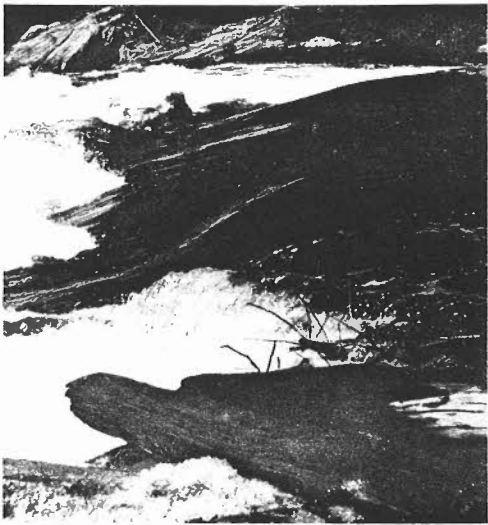




Toni Harting



# gami river



# upper albany river

Suus Tissot  
Pickle Lake, Monday, 1 September 1986

We are waiting for the canoes! We have been waiting since Friday afternoon and will have to wait till at least Wednesday when at the earliest our two canoes may arrive from Fort Hope. That is where we left them behind inside the airport gate. We are also shipping two of our packs by air freight and with some luck these may arrive this afternoon.

After a month of canoeing we seem to be in tune with the North, we flow along and make the best of things. The hyper and impatient attitude of the big city has worn off. We are quite relaxed and happily camping at Kinsmen's Park near Pickle Lake Airport. And while waiting for our canoes and packs, this seems a good time to write something about our trip.

The Upper Albany trip starts at Sioux Lookout and works its way through endless lakes, over the height of land, into the Albany river system and ends at Fort Hope. It is a 500 km trip through a system of lakes and rivers. The main water bodies are: Hooker, St. Raphael, Churchill, Pashkokogan, Miminiska, and Petawanga lakes, and the Marchington, the Miniss, the Pashkokogan, and the Albany rivers. Our trip took 24 days, from 4 to 28 August.

On 1 August Jim Greenacre, my husband Jan, and I met in Ojibway Provincial Park near Sioux Lookout. The next day Jim and Jan did the car-shuttle to Pickle Lake, a 500-km round trip through unbroken forests. The road is good but very lonely, just right to get into the mood for a wilderness trip. On Sunday we picked up Doreen Vella at the railroad station in Dryden; she had taken the train from Toronto to save time. It is a 27-hour overnight trip. Doreen was very much looking forward to her first long wilderness trip. Next morning we repacked and got organized. Jan shuttled people, canoes, and packs to the Frog Rapids, 3 km southwest of Sioux Lookout, where we put in. Jim and Doreen set out in an unscratched Kevlar Bluewater canoe and Jan and I in our similar but more experienced model.

Glad to finally be on the water, we paddled and paddled, 4 km/h! We thought we made good time but after the halfway point we didn't think too much of that tempo. By then we easily paddled 6 km/h. We just got better at it, stronger, more relaxed, and more in tune with nature. On our trip we encountered challenge after challenge, whether it was the monotony of paddling long large lakes, struggling with strong side winds, low water which made reaching portages and launching difficult, or hard-to-find campsites. These challenges are part of wilderness canoeing and we took it all in our stride. It was great that the four of us got along so well and over the weeks got to know each other better. Yes, we had a good time!

Jan had obtained a route description from MNR. This listed 39 portages with details about locations, landing and launching sites, and length of portages. He bought the maps (scales 1:50 000 and 1:250 000) and planned the trip, working out a flexible schedule. It was to be a relaxed trip with five days of paddling followed by a rest day. The plan was to travel about 25 km per paddling day, which Jan figured wouldn't be too hard with the prevailing winds at our backs across the lakes and currents down the rivers. Shortly before we left Toronto Jan checked the waterlevel with the Ministry in Sioux Lookout which reported it as being normal.

Well, not all things worked out as we had hoped for. Our trip turned out to be far from relaxed, especially during the first two weeks. But we stayed more or less with



our schedule and enjoyed our planned rest days. It didn't take us long to realize that the water level was very low, and as we later learned the lowest in six years! This caused problems at the take-out and put-in spots at the portages. A lot of hard work was involved which was very time consuming. Low water added several portages to the trip as well. Wading through mud and climbing over boulders all became part of the fun. The portages themselves are excellent, well-used trails which are easy to walk. However, finding the portages wasn't always that easy and again at times quite time consuming. Obviously, several portages had been rerouted and when the route description mentioned left we sometimes found it on the right. At times we had to scout both sides of the river even up to a distance of one half kilometre from the rapid. Some of the directions on the Ministry's description refer to deadfalls, beaver dams, and other transient landmarks. We found this a questionable practice because several of these features had disappeared.

After fourteen days we reached the Albany River and we all looked forward to paddling with the current. The river in that stretch is about 400 m wide, with reeds and patches of wild rice, roundish rocks, and clear water instead of greenish water which we had encountered earlier.



Once on the Albany another problem popped up which was also related to the low water level. We often didn't know if we had reached the main rapid or had come to a section of pre-rapids. There simply were many more rapids than were marked on the map or listed on the information sheet. These rapids were bouldery with low water through which you had to manoeuvre very carefully. Scouting was done usually by standing up in the canoe. One day we followed five ducks through a rapid till they suddenly disappeared. We quickly eddied out. Jim, who was behind us, landed and scouted. Over the roar of the rapid he pointed out that most of the water went over a big ledge but he figured we could run a small chute close to the right hand side. And so we did. Mostly we got through without problems. Once a Mohawk paddle was lost but luckily it was spotted and retrieved. (A warning: these paddles seem to have the same color as the water and are hard to spot. A brightly colored strip on the shaft is recommended.)



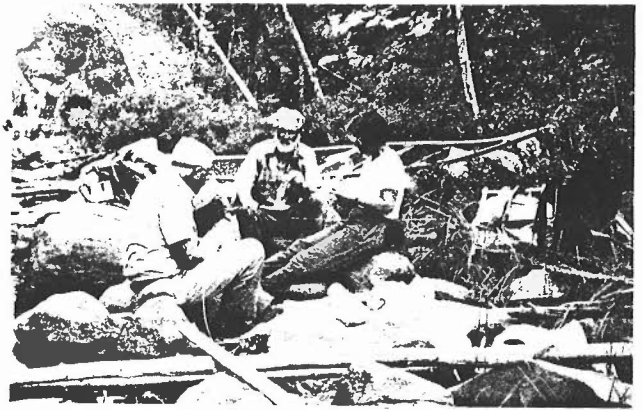


Campsites were hard to find. At first it seemed to us that every lake would have one suitable camp spot where inevitably a fishing cabin had been built. Because of very thin topsoil, trees are easily blown over. Although the forest may appear open, trees are lying criss-cross all over the place making camping very difficult or impossible. Along the banks grow thick stands of alders; away from the shore poplar, jack pine, spruce, and some birch take over. Some lakes we paddled, like St. Raphael Lake, had steep sloping rock banks which were not suitable for camping. On the other hand, some stretches of river, like the Marchington, had marshy sections or claybanks where one simply couldn't land. The first two weeks we often spent 1½ to 2 hours looking for a campsite. But once we would find an open spot we usually had no problems fitting in our three tents. We used rocks as often as pegs to pitch the tents. Lucky as we were, nearly all campsites turned out to be very nice. Sleeping on the moss was quite a treat, soft and comfortable, but sometimes we had to be content with sand which is unyielding.

The weather was mostly windy with beautiful blue skies and cumulus clouds. The last week was cold and we even became hail-bound for the night 5½ km from Fort Hope. Most of the rain occurred overnight. The river turned colder but still felt like a warm bath in the cold air. Swimming, however, was no longer a pleasure.

On our trip we met four canoeing parties, a power boat almost every day, and once a taxiing float plane. After two weeks we crossed under the bridge of Hwy 599 where we passed several lodges. The area is not that lonely.

We saw tracks of numerous animals: moose, bear, wolf, fox, deer, caribou, etc. But we only saw moose twice, and once a bear which was swimming across a rapid. Beaver lodges seemed to be all over and we saw beavers regularly. We also had a curious otter visit us at one of the campsites. Bald eagles, ospreys, blue herons, and loons were a common sight. Although it was an exception to see fish jump, there were plenty of them and we fished



successfully. Jim had a surprise when he cleaned a pike and found an undigested mouse in its stomach. Insects rarely bothered us but at some campsites they caused us to retreat to bed early.

We arrived on Thursday 24 August, in Fort Hope, just in time for a good breakfast in the restaurant. The Chief gave us permission to camp at the Point, a few minutes walk from the village, and at night we were part of a tent city with six tents. In the evening we enjoyed a popcorn party with the other eight canoeists who had paddled to Fort Hope.

Friday morning we had to check in at 11 o'clock at the airport. We were to leave with the noon flight for Pickle Lake, and our canoes and two of our packs would follow in the afternoon. Everything had been booked a month before with Austin Airways. However problems did arise.

In the following story Jim Greenacre will tell what happened.

---

The problems only started when the paddling was over.

## austin does it again

Jim Greenacre

GOD! WE ARE TRAPPED BY A COMPANY OF "DON'T KNOW"-S, but more about that later.

Before finalizing the dates of our trip on the Albany River (see previous report), we checked with Austin Airways as to what day we could have our two canoes flown out from Fort Hope to Pickle Lake. On the 27th, Wednesday, we were told. However, as both myself and the Tissots had had previous bad experiences with Austin, we decided to double-check with them the day before we started paddling at Sioux Lookout. We phoned them and were told, "No, the canoes could not be flown out on Wednesday, but would have to wait until Friday's freight plane." We changed our plans. We also asked about payment, cash, cheque, or credit card. "No problem with Visa," we were told.

We paddled into Fort Hope early Thursday morning and, after a substantial reasonably priced breakfast in the band restaurant, we checked with Austin's agent, a local young woman, regarding flights out. No change; we'd go on the scheduled flight and our canoes on the freight. Shall we do the documentation now and get the canoes here at the landing strip? Not necessary, we were told, lots of time Friday, as the freight plane doesn't come until the afternoon.

Friday morning we had our gear and canoes outside the small wood hut which serves as an office at Fort Hope airport, long before the agent showed up. When she arrived we were informed that our canoes would not go out that day. The freight plane had flown in at 7:30 a.m. with only five minutes prior notice before landing. This was true because I was there at the landing strip with my gear and canoe and saw a D.C. 3 land, drop off a few small packages, and then take off.

When will our canoes be flown out? She didn't know. Who does know? Phone Pickle Lake and find out. Pickle Lake didn't know. We were trapped, by an organization of "don't know"-s.

In the meantime the scheduled passenger flight had arrived and the captain was getting fidgety, he wanted us aboard and we still didn't have our tickets. Documentation completed, we offered VISA. No VISA accepted here. No cheques either. Cash only. We didn't have enough cash. The captain interjected, "you should know that the North is a cash only domain." I blasted the captain with all my pent-up frustrations with Austin Airways. The captain then redeemed himself by phoning someone; I heard him say that he was going to fly us out, that he would accept full responsibility for us, and we could settle payment in

Pickle Lake. If it hadn't been for the captain's initiative we could still be in Fort Hope, trying to raise the cash. No trouble with VISA in Pickle Lake.

"What about are canoes?" we asked Austin's Pickle Lake manager. "There is a freight plane out there now picking up canoes at Lansdown House, Webequie, and possibly Fort Hope, but no one knows for sure. Come back this evening," we were told.

We watched the plane land. It had canoes on board, but not ours. The plane had been to Fort Hope, we were told, but it was too windy to land. "Come back tomorrow." We got the "don't know" run-around Saturday and Sunday. Monday, being a holiday, we didn't bother going out to the airport.

As a result of Austin Airways' inefficient ground staff, I had to drive my paddling companion Doreen to Dryden to get the train back to Toronto so that she could be at work on Tuesday. This was a 720 km round trip.

Monday afternoon a local man engaged us in conversation. (Pickle Lake is a community where, if they see strangers two days in a row, they wonder who and what you are.) We told him about the two canoes still in Fort Hope. He was puzzled. "I am a pilot with Austin Airways and on Friday afternoon on a return charter flight I flew low over Fort Hope with an empty D.C. 3. If I had been informed I could easily have landed and picked up your canoes." This confirmed our suspicions about the "too windy to land" story we had been told on Friday.

Tuesday morning more evasive answers from Austin. We walked over to the Air Manitoba office to see if they could help. Yes, they had a plane leaving for Fort Hope in thirty minutes and no problem to fly out our canoes. We told the pilot where we had been instructed to leave the canoes at Fort Hope, just inside the chain link fence at the landing strip. They returned, minus canoes. The canoes were nowhere in sight. We had informed Austin ground staff about our arrangements with Air Manitoba, even received a credit note from them, but they hadn't bothered to phone their agent in Fort Hope to tell her of the new arrangements.

Back to Austin. they didn't know where the canoes were and didn't appear to be too concerned. We suggested they phone their agent in Fort Hope. The answer: "The agent had been informed on FRIDAY that the canoes would not be picked up until Wednesday, so she had them moved to a safer location in the MT and C hangar." Those b-----ds in Pickle Lake had been stringing us along for five days!

Wednesday evening we finally got our canoes, a total of seven days later than we had originally been promised.

CANOEING ONTARIO'S RIVERS

Authors: Ron Reid and Janet Grand  
Publisher: Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver/Toronto,  
1985 (\$14.95)

Reviewed by: Sandy Richardson

Canoeing Ontario's Rivers is a refreshing departure from run-of-the-mill canoeing guides. Authors Ron Reid and Janet Grand have tried to go beyond the usual "portage here...run on the left" type of guide, to create a book that will broaden readers' canoeing horizons.

They note in the introduction that while thousands of people canoe in Ontario each year, all too many flock only to the well-known and familiar canoe routes, unaware of the "tremendous diversity of alternatives" available. Worse, most canoeists miss an essential part of the wilderness experience by failing to look beyond the lakes and rivers they are paddling, returning home "with little appreciation of the ecological and historical significance of the landscape (they) have traversed."

Reid and Grand blame both these unfortunate situations on "lack of knowledge, and the prohibitive time and effort required to seek it out." Thus they have tried in Canoeing Ontario's Rivers to assemble information about lesser-known canoe routes, along with notes on their history and ecology, into an accessible form. It is the authors' hope that this book will prompt canoeists "to try something different, beyond the well-trodden paths of the canoeing masses," and will bring to readers "a new sense of understanding of their trips."

The book describes sixteen rivers in five geographic regions, each of which has a section devoted to it: "Pioneers and Pastures" - the farm country of southern Ontario, "Big Pine Country" - the old logging areas of central Ontario, "Land of Grey Owl" - the region north of Lake Huron, "Trails of Early Traders" - fur trade routes of northeastern Ontario, and "Northward to the Coast" - the arctic watershed. Each of these sections contains a brief introduction about the region, three or four chapters each describing in detail a river that the authors consider to be "as representative as possible," and a short final chapter suggesting a few other rivers of interest in the region, along with sources of information about them.

The chapters describing the rivers begin with a brief introduction indicating why the particular route was included, followed by an outline of the ecology of the river system, a sketch of the history of the surrounding area, and a route description. A line map (intended for use in conjunction with topographic maps) complements the route description, indicating the locations of many of the points of interest. The text is illustrated with contemporary and historical photographs, and Hap Wilson's line drawings.

What makes Canoeing Ontario's Rivers refreshing is the approach the authors have taken in describing these rivers. What one finds here is not merely the technical facts about rapids, portages, and campsites of the usual canoeing guide, but a wealth of information about noteworthy flora and fauna and points of scenic and historic interest along each route. These river descriptions make it clear that a canoe trip can be a much more rewarding experience than simply getting from the top of a river to the bottom safely. By emphasizing the ecological, historical, and aesthetic aspects of the rivers, Reid and Grand have lifted this guide above the mundane and created delightful stories about their rivers that bring them to life for the reader.

In terms of the goals set by the authors, this book clearly is successful in offering readers the opportunity to gain "a new sense of understanding of their trips." Whether or not this opportunity will be realized will ultimately depend upon whether the canoeists who read the book care enough to heed the message.

The book is less successful in achieving its other goal of encouraging canoeists "to try something different." The sixteen rivers described here offer little that is new or different. All but three are Ministry of Natural Resources canoe routes documented in the 1981 publication Canoe Routes of Ontario; and these three are the relatively well-known Credit and Black Rivers in the south, and the Kesagami, now a Provincial Wilderness Park, in the

northeast. Hardly what one would describe as "different" or "beyond the well-trodden paths of the canoeing masses." Further, the book simply does not do justice to the rivers of northwestern Ontario (albeit a shortcoming that is acknowledged by the authors). In fact, no rivers west of Lake Nipigon or north of the Albany are included. Perhaps it is too much to expect both breadth and depth from a single book.

While readers who pick up this book hoping to find new and relatively untravelled canoe routes will likely be disappointed, readers looking for information that will help them get more out of their canoe trips should be more than pleased. Limitations in scope notwithstanding, Canoeing Ontario's Rivers is an intelligent and thoughtful canoeing guide that will make interesting reading for canoe trippers who desire a deeper understanding of the land they paddle through.

TO THE LAST DROP: CANADA AND THE WORLD'S WATER CRISIS

Author: Michael Keating  
Publisher: Macmillan of Canada, Toronto, 1986  
(\$26.95)

Reviewed by: Michael McMurtry

Michael Keating, Globe and Mail environment writer and WCA member, is to be congratulated for bringing the present water crisis to public attention. In this ambitious book he sets out to describe the extent to which our lives depend on water and how we are threatening water supplies with pollution and other abuses. It seems particularly timely in light of the recent discharge of toxic chemicals into the Rhine River.

Topics covered in this book include the hydrologic cycle, sources of pollution, types of pollution, the Great Lakes, toxic rain, cancers in fish, and the safety of drinking water. Keating also discusses factors affecting water supply, such as climate change, water diversions, and ownership of water. Finally, he describes what is currently being done about water problems and suggests what the reader can do to help.

In a style which is clear and direct, Keating provides a valuable outline of the issues and an abundance of facts. For example, Canadians are second only to Americans in daily per capita usage of water. On average we use 4100 litres per day, a figure which includes the water that industry and agriculture use on our behalf. About 7% or 285 litres per day of that is for personal use. Although To the Last Drop is packed with such figures, it is aimed at the non-technical reader; those looking for documentation of primary sources will not find it here. I think that a list of references could have been provided for each chapter without impairing the readability of the book.

I appreciate most the chapters on water diversions. The number of diversions already in place in North America and the further number in an advanced stage of planning are astounding. Described in detail here is engineer Thomas Kierans' "Grand Canal" plan to turn James Bay into a vast reservoir of fresh water which would then be pumped over the Canadian Shield to users in the South. A reading of these chapters should provide at least a partial antidote to the unqualified development ethic expressed in Robert Bourassa's Power to the North, reviewed in the Spring 1986 issue of Nastawgan.

As Keating points out, the opportunity to drink uncontaminated water from a wilderness river will become increasingly rare unless we can reverse the present trend towards degradation of our water. While industry and government have been negligent in doing their part to prevent water pollution, Keating emphasizes that the driving force behind the growth in pollution is the consumer who buys more and more synthetic products without questioning the side effects. We therefore have a responsibility not only to voice our concerns about water issues, but also to curb our appetite as consumers.

# no wolf is an island

Of all the wild animals visitors to Algonquin Park hope to see, there cannot be much doubt that the wolf is the one which best embodies the idea of wild independence. After all, here is a creature famous in fact and legend for its intelligence and strength, its complex social system, and the exemplary extended care it gives to its young. It has no natural enemies, can travel tirelessly day and night, and of course is a feared hunter whose mournful howls still send shivers down our spines. When all is said and done, no other animal comes close in our human perception to matching the wolf's mastery of its rugged wilderness environment.

And yet, something isn't quite right. If wolves are so totally in command of their own destiny, why are they so rare? Here in Algonquin very few campers ever get to see a wolf and even hearing one is always an unusual and memorable event. We believe, in fact, that there are only 100 to 200 wolves in all of the 7600 square kilometres of Algonquin and the reason is not at all obvious. With so much going for the wolf, especially in a protected area like the Park, you would think wolves would be more successful.

Now, we are far from the first to wonder about the scarcity of wolves. Early researchers, including those who studied Algonquin's wolves 25 years ago, spent a lot of time wrestling with this fundamental question. And, an even more puzzling problem they had to face was that after 1958, when the rangers stopped killing 50-60 wolves in the Park every year, the population did not go up. It stayed the same!

A possible explanation for these mysteries came when the researchers examined the limited information then available and discovered that wolves never seemed to exceed a density of one wolf per 10 square miles. This suggested that there was an upper limit to wolf numbers that was imposed by the wolves themselves. The advantage of such a system, so the argument went, was that, by limiting their numbers to a level below that which the environment would support, wolves would never run the risk of eating themselves out of house and home. This idea of voluntary population control in wolves became quite popular -- partly because of the evidence, but also, we suspect, because it fitted in quite nicely with the widespread picture of the wolf as a truly independent, wild spirit in full control of its own fate.

As often happens in science, however, the first attempt at explaining a difficult problem doesn't work out and so it was in this case. For one thing, it is hard to see how reproductive restraint could ever evolve in wolves or any other animal. Cheaters (who left as many young as they possibly could) would always be rewarded by leaving

more descendants than would be left by individuals who "played by the rules." More importantly, as more information was gathered from different wolf studies across North America, it began to become clear that the idea of a special upper limit on wolf numbers was a myth. As a matter of fact, even among stable wolf populations free from hunting and trapping, the differences were enormous. Some areas had densities almost twenty times as great as others. (One stable population had one wolf per 24 square km. and another had one for every 375 square km.) Obviously, the idea of wolf numbers being limited by voluntary restraint is difficult to reconcile with such enormous differences. This was especially so when the researchers discovered that the areas with 20 times more wolves also had 20 times more available prey.

It seemed, therefore, that however low wolf numbers might be, the limits were not adhered to out of enlightened self-interest on the part of the wolves, but were imposed on the wolves by the local food resources after all.

Further support for this idea came from an examination of wolf populations that were not stable, but were actually increasing. Where there were many prey individuals (deer, moose, or caribou) for every wolf present, the wolves increased rapidly. It didn't matter at all if the wolves were already abundant. If there was lots to eat they would still increase -- and keep on increasing, but at a slower and slower rate until their numbers reached a level where they were in balance with the prey available to support them.

This seems straightforward enough but it still doesn't answer the second question faced by the researchers -- namely, why there was no increase in the Algonquin wolf population after 1958, the year in which Park wolves were finally given protection. Up until then rangers had, on average, removed 20% of the population every fall and winter. It was only common sense to think that this kind of pressure must have been controlling wolf numbers and that, when the pressure was taken off, the wolves would increase.

The explanation for their actual failure to increase lies with the production of pups. When wolves are in balance with their prey, the number of pups is rather low -- only 15 to 30% of the fall population. This is much less than you would expect since a typical pack of five to seven wolves can potentially double in size when it produces a litter of about the same number of pups each spring. The reason pups don't survive very well over the summer in a stable wolf population is that the adults, who are in balance with their prey, are hard-pressed to find enough food for their young.

This all changes, however, when man steps in and removes part of the wolf population. Then there is more prey available for each surviving wolf, they have less difficulty finding food, and they can produce more surviving pups. In fact, the best information available now indicates that a wolf population can sustain a kill of up to about 40% every year and still not decrease.

To give a concrete example of what we mean here, suppose there were 100 wolves in an area one fall and that rangers killed 40 of them. The 60 remaining wolves would find food conditions so good the following summer that they would be able to produce 40 surviving pups and we would be back up to the same number (100) we started with when the

"control program" began a year earlier. When you remember that Park rangers in the old days managed to kill only about 20% of the wolves in Algonquin every year (not 40%), it is obvious that the wolves were having no trouble at all in keeping up. All the rangers were doing was stimulating a higher production of pups and killing a lot of wolves that were going to die soon anyway. To have had any real effect on the Park wolf population they would have had to more than double their efforts.

And, when the killing of wolves was stopped, all it meant was that the 100 wolves of our previous example would have dropped back to 80 or so during the hard times of winter (instead of 60) and then given birth to a more normal number of surviving pups (about 20) the following summer to once again produce the same fall population of 100 wolves.

This explains why neither the killing of wolves in Algonquin, nor its cessation in 1958 had any significant effect on Park wolf numbers. It should not be inferred, however, that an untouched wolf population will always stay at the same level. In fact, the recent history of Algonquin's wolves is a good demonstration of the contrary. Although our figures are not precise, no-one has any doubt that the Park has many fewer wolves now than it did 25 years ago. That is, wolves are rarer in 1985, after a quarter century of protection, than they were in the days when rangers were doing their best to get rid of them!

In view of all the new evidence that wolf numbers are controlled by the food supply, it is reasonable to suspect that the prey available to our wolves must have decreased since 1958. Back then, in fact, the Park abounded with deer and had few moose, whereas now it has the highest moose population in Ontario and deer are quite scarce.

It could be that Park wolves have declined simply because the total amount of moose flesh out there is less than the amount of deer flesh available in the old days. Or, it could very well be that our rather small race of wolves is less able to tackle moose than deer.

Whatever the exact reason, the decline of our wolves in the face of a changing prey base once again points out the startling fact that the wolf is far from the free spirit we often imagine. In reality, its fortunes are controlled in an uncannily precise, mathematical way by the food supply. The wolf may be Algonquin's supreme predator but it is no more free of ecological chains than the lowliest mouse or flower.

# onaping river

I do a fair bit of canoeing, usually on such rivers as the Magnetawan, Spanish, etc. Until this summer, I had considered myself unusually fortunate in the fact that I had never spilled or broken up a canoe amidst a rapid. However, on the Onaping River northwest of Sudbury, Ontario, my record met an abrupt end. Although my life was never really in danger, my rented canoe was pinned against a rock and required significant efforts to free it. It was quite an experience, and doesn't it all seem to take place in split-seconds?

I later wrote what had been going through my mind as the incident unrolled. It is written in a style similar to Margaret Laurence's, using no quotation marks and my personal thoughts starting with a hyphen.

I later wrote down what had been going through my mind as the incident unrolled. It is written in a style similar to Margaret Laurence's, using no quotation marks and my personal thoughts starting with a hyphen.

John Barker

ONAPING RIVER, 2 JULY 1986 .....

.....John Barker, Don Cross, Bob Shortill

Another Shortill hot spot, eh?  
Why, John?

Swifts, slow water, and lakes. I thought you promised us whitewater.

- I shouldn't poke him like that. We all agree that last year's Spanish River was the best yet, and the bottom half of that was all swifts. Oh well, keep him on his toes.

We're not done yet.

- true. The Ministry map shows rapids and falls ahead. Davidson and Ruge say in their book that they've never seen a rapids or falls marked on a Canadian map that didn't deserve the title. We'll see.

- some swifts. I'm impressed at how this Jensen canoe handles, even if it is an eggshell. Jesus, it scratches easily. But I suppose I started the first day treating it like a Coleman canoe, and the Coleman it ain't. But the sucker moves along. Although paddling solo, I've kept up with Shortill and Don in their Scott kevlar. Well..... they've eased up, too.

Time for lunch. Hitch canoes and we'll drift.

How's the Jensen?

Fair. Trading the food pack for the Coleman stove was a good move. I probably gained a thirty pound advantage in the bargain, and I'm not having as much trouble keeping up with you guys.

We're not easing up as much as we did yesterday, either.

Yeah, it scoots well.

I was just saying to Don how you seem to be manoeuvring that solo canoe far better than I've ever see you work your Coleman. How come?

Different lines. Different keel. Different attitude -- I can't bounce off the rocks.

- enjoy poking me about bouncing off the rocks, don't you? I like my Coleman. It slides nicely, it costs zero upkeep -- Christ, I even left it outside last winter -- and it only cost me \$275. And it's not that heavy on the portages -- light compared to that Scott fibreglass .... I'm being too hostile; he meant it as a compliment.

Cheese?

Thanks.

Nice touch with the salami.

Yeah, and at a cut-rate price.

So, how many more miles today, Don?

Well, the different maps say we've got several more significant rapids, two falls, and one four-slash rapids.

How was that last lift-over shown?

As a two-slash -- significant. I don't think we'll be out today.

- another night on the trail. Well, I've slept better on this trip than any other. But I think rain is in the forecast.

Time to hit the trail.

Yup, see you downriver. Hey, this works well with you guys going first and checking the rapids. My keel appreciates it.

- this is a rented canoe. If it was mine, I'd eagerly go first.

- that last one was tricky. But that little trick of leaning the canoe up on the left side allows me to go through gaps that are incredibly small. Just push down with the left knee, and it's just like James Bond did with a car in one of his films -- up on one side and zip through the gap -- it doesn't take as much room.

- We'll try first, John, and pull up on the right.

Okay.

- can see the still water at the bottom, so it's okay to run. No significant drop at any one spot. I can see a general trail -- yeah, they're starting left -- they'll probably go centre and then right while rounding the corner.

Looks tough at the end.

- they can't hear me. They're busy. Probably can't hear me over the river. I can see a good path until the end. All the rocks seem together. Yup, they're stepping out. They'll lift over that last rock ledge.

Any path through?

- gees, Don's pointing between those two rocks. I know I'm okay to there, but he's obviously got a better view. Well, I can always hop out like they did if I don't like it when I get there. Here goes.

- so far, so good. Just like I planned. But I don't like those two rocks. It's too much of a turn in this current, and it's too narrow. Well, I can always adjust narrow, just do the old 'Bond lift.'

- oh, my gawd, I'll never make that. It's wide enough, but the cross-current's too fast. Don's realized this, 'cause he's getting ready to give me a shove. Ouch! That was a hard hit! And now my bow's stuck up on the rock. I'm tilting -- "Never get downstream of a canoe" -- old lesson -- I'll step out upstream -- Oh, for Christ's sake, I've dropped the upstream gunwale. The water's got in.

Get out, John, get out!!

I am. I'm ok. Lift dammit!

- we've got to get the stern up. The whole canoe's under water, open side upstream, keel against a rock. Shortill, what the hell are you doing -- putting on a life jacket -- get in here and pull!!! We've got to get this stern up! Rented canoe. Never again.

Maybe a log to pry it.

There's one. No, it's too short.

We don't have time, this sucker's an eggshell. It'll be gone by the time we get back.

- if it's not already. I can't believe it's still together. Shit, I'll be taking it back to the outfitter's in a bag. rented canoe. Never again.

Lift, lift!!

No use. Can't budge it.

What about piling rocks upstream, to deflect the water flow into the canoe?

- gees, here I am in water up to my -- where'd my life jacket go? My god, it came off. Am I ok? Yup. Wow. Better go easier before this becomes a medical emergency too. I'll pull the damn thing loose.

Don, your feet clear?

Yeah.

- there. Whew, I've never pulled that hard. Ouch. My groin hurts.

It's free! He did it!

Flip it over! Catch the air! Good! It's free!

Woe, you did it.

- ouch. My groin hurts.

Bob's in our canoe. He'll collect the stuff.

It's free?

Yeah. Boy, I didn't know if we were going to get that out.

Neither did I, Don.

- rented canoe. How much duct tape do I have?

For some funny reason, I knew at the top that I should step out where you guys did.

I thought so, too, but you have a narrower canoe. Plus, I thought you were asking me where the best route was, as though you were committed to shooting the whole thing.

Ah well, nothing important wrecked.

- rented canoe. Bod's got it floating, anyway. Hope he finds my sleeping bag. Going to be a wet night. God, I feel abashed. I see blue, so he's got my pack. Close call.

# northern georgian bay

Herb Pohl

The swirling mist was rising from the river and dissipated into the air. It was a sombre morning; remnants of the autumn colors were still noticeable here and there, but most of the trees near the water's edge were bare.

We carried our gear the short distance to the edge of the quiet bay where Highway 637 crosses the Wanapitei River, and pushed off from the frost-covered shore. Dave Berthelet and I had earlier completed a short car-shuttle and now we were on our way down the Wanapitei, south of Sudbury, Ontario.

The uncertain morning gave way to a brilliantly sunlit day; the stark monotony of the first few kilometres changed with the appearance of a few riffles as the river made its way through outcroppings of the Canadian Shield. We had a lot of ground to cover and so wasted little time. Lunch was celebrated with a huge fire - to make tea and dry Dave who was baptized in the bottom swell of a rapids.

On we went into a steady breeze to the French River. The occasional shotgun blast reminded us that this was hunting season and fearless nimrods were battling with ducks and geese. Ah, the French River; what a perfectly wonderful spectacle in the afternoon sun. With the exception of an occasional powerboat we had the river to ourselves. There are few cottages on the lower reaches of the river, and as the sun neared the horizon we became aware that decent campsites are even fewer.

As luck would have it, a small sheltered sandy bay appeared. Well used it was, or abused, depending on your frame of mind. Civilization had visited this place before; besides beer bottles and other trash there were old engines, beds, an edger, and other paraphernalia of the lumber business. When one is tired at the end of a long day, perspectives change and we took no offence. After all, there was ample space to pitch the tents, there was firewood and reasonable shelter from the wind.

In the fading light of the evening we settled down to supper beside a warming fire, well pleased with ourselves and the day. Dave produced a flagon of Drambuie, the contents of which, when combined with freshly-brewed strong coffee and ingested, produces a state of euphoria which is wholly satisfying.



As the evening progressed, the sky became more and more overcast, the wind picked up, and the temperature rose. Clearly, a change in the weather was imminent. During the night it rained intermittently.

Just a kilometre downstream from our camp the western channel of the French River splits into several arms. The most westerly of these is identified (wrongly) on the maps as the Voyageur Channel. It provides the most sheltered passage into Georgian Bay and is also the shortest route to Collins Inlet, our next destination. We found the entrance to the channel completely blocked off by a spur of granite. A short lift-over gave access to a narrow passageway which twisted back and forth among tree-covered rocky ridges; very pretty country even on a dull day.



Within an hour we reached the end of the channel. For some time now we had been aware of a dull, rumbling sound up ahead. It gradually increased in intensity as we approached Georgian Bay. It was only when we left the shelter of the last islands that we realized how strong the wind was blowing. Waves were crashing and swirling over shoals, sending spray into the air and creating strange and unpredictable patterns. We picked our way as carefully as possible but it was dicey, and when a particularly nasty wave peeled off part of Dave's spray cover there was just a hint of concern as he yelled in my direction: "We shouldn't be out here, you know!"

At Point Grondine we stopped for lunch and, realizing we could not safely proceed any further, decided to avoid the most exposed part of the shoreline by portaging into a deep bay on the west side of the peninsula. The execution of this clever plan turned out to be somewhat more difficult than its conception. By a strange coincidence, the many surface grooves in the precambrian rock were running more or less perpendicular to our course. Not surprisingly, beavers seemed to have recognized the water storage potential of these grooves. Over the course of many years the low spots acquired vegetative cover such as alders, bullrushes, and other waterloving plants.

Through this we pushed on, up and down, alternating short advances with pack and canoe. The whole exercise had its humorous moments when one or the other would get a foot caught just at the instant when the canoe was pushed to disequilibrium by a protruding alder, or when a seemingly solid tussock at a water channel would collapse underfoot. Strangely though, it always seemed a lot funnier when it happened to Dave.

After four hours there was still no sign of open water and with darkness falling we settled on a campsite near an old beaverdam. Soon a generous fire dispelled the gloom and we proceeded with the serious business of cooking supper using the rich, brown soup from the pond as a base. Dave has cooking supper down to a fine art. He boils a pot of water to which he adds macaroni and a large quartered onion or two. Several minutes later he adds the cheese and stirs. I have been out with Dave many times, the ritual never changes. Now I know there are people who will say that you can't cook macaroni in several minutes. Well, that's the trick Dave uses. You see, that way he can process a much larger quantity of macaroni. He does sometimes complain of heartburn; I suspect it's due to post-ingestive swelling.

The drizzle of Sunday evening gave way to a steady rainfall during the night which had stopped, mercifully, by morning. We were up in semi-darkness for there was still a lot of territory to cover. The bay, we discovered, was only three hundred metres from the campsite, so, a half hour after breaking camp we launched our canoes and proceeded into Beaverstone Bay and on into Collins Inlet. At the mouth of the Mahzenazing River we turned upstream.

Neither of us had ever paddled these waters before and we were prepared for some wading and tracking to get to Mahzenazing Lake. It was a pleasant surprise, therefore, to find only flatwater and three short portages on this very scenic section of the trip.

Shortly after three p.m. we huffed and puffed our way up the steep incline from the north end of Mahzenazing Lake to Highway 637 and Dave's van. The trip had just the right ingredients to make it memorable: beautiful scenery, hard work, some excitement, and good company.

# wca photo contest

Following a year's absence the WCA photo contest returns this year with something for every type of photographer. There are two levels of entry for the competition, Novice and Experienced, because we realize that while many canoeists take photos some are more serious about it than others. Our contest is open to all forms of photographic expression, whether you shoot slides, color prints, or black and white. Anything goes, providing it fits one of the five categories described below. (Note: there are five categories for each class - Novice and Experienced.)

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

## CLASSES

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

**Novice:** the relatively inexperienced, occasional, a few-rolls-a-year, shooting-just-for-the-family-album snaphooter.

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

## CATEGORIES

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

1. **Wilderness:** scenery, landscapes, sunrises/sets, mood shots, close ups, etc., that interpret the "feeling" of the wilderness. There should be no evidence of man in the photographs.

2. **Wilderness and Man:** as in category 1, but with man in harmony with the natural environment.

3. **Flora:** wild plants in their natural settings.

4. **Fauna:** wild animals in their natural settings.

5. **Kids and Canoeing:** Children, whether seasoned trippers or going for their first solo paddle.

## CONTEST RULES

1. Entries will be accepted from WCA members only.

2. **Not** eligible for entry are: photographs that received prizes or honorable mentions in previous WCA contests, photographs made by the panel of judges, and photographs by professional or semiprofessional photographers.

3. All photographs must have been taken by the competitor him/herself.

4. Any kind of photograph is acceptable: color as well as black and white, slides as well as prints (minimum print size 5 x 7 in., maximum 11 x 14 in., border or no border, unmounted or mounted but maximum 11 x 14 in., no mats or frames.)

5. Each entrant may enter photographs in only one of the two classes.

6. A maximum of three photographs per category may be submitted; you may enter as many of the five categories in your class as you want.

7. The WCA reserves the right to use any of the photographs entered in this competition for reproduction in Nastawgan, and to have duplicates made for the purpose of WCA promotion.

## HOW TO ENTER

a. Select a maximum of three photographs per category in your class.

b. Each photograph submitted should be numbered and clearly marked with the photographer's name. Include with your entry a sheet of paper stating your name/address/phone and the class in which you enter, and indicate by number for each photograph the category entered and the title of the photograph.

c. Include with your entry a cheque for \$3.00 (made out to the WCA Photo Contest 1987), regardless of the number of photographs entered.

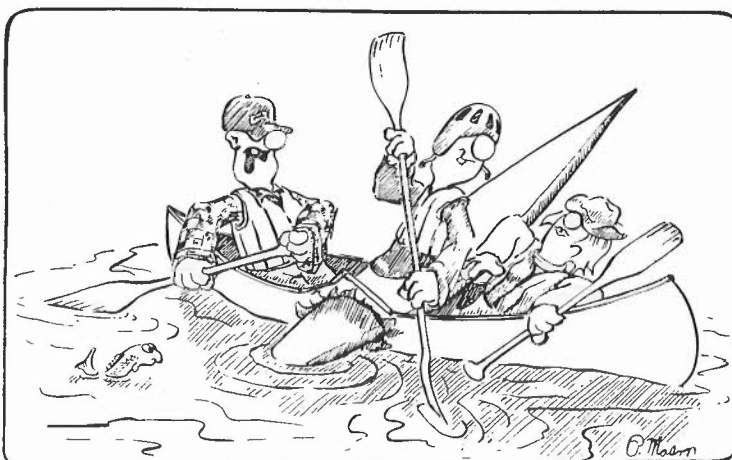
d. Pack everything in a strong box or between two sheets of cardboard in a sturdy envelope marked "photographs," and send or deliver to the photo contest chairman: Michael Peake, c/o The Toronto Sun, 333 King St. E., Toronto M5A 3X5, to be received no later than 1 February 1987.

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

**PRIZES:** The winner of each category in both classes will receive a certificate in recognition of his or her achievement. Honorable mention will also be given if deemed appropriate. All winning photographs and a selection from the other entries will be published in Nastawgan. Winners will be announced at the WCA Annual General Meeting in February 1987, where selected entries will be shown and constructive comments will be given on many of the photographs.

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

**CANOETOONS**  
PAUL MASON



A FRIEND OF YOURS ?

# wabatong to missanabie

Peter Verbeek

This year I planned to do the Upper Missinaibi River from Missinaibi to Mattice. I had studied the trip report that Jim Greenacre had written (see *Nastawgan*, Winter 84), and felt ready for it. Although I had indicated in a previous issue of *Nastawgan* that I planned to do the trip, I received very few enquiries so that my partner and I decided to go by ourselves. Then, at the last moment, my partner also begged off. Since my heart was set on the trip, I decided to emulate Jim Greenacre and go by myself. That's when the problem started.

The train trip from Hearst to Missanabie requires a transfer at Franz. But the train schedule showed that the train from Franz to Missanabie departed ten minutes before the train from Hearst arrived at Franz. What to do?

I decided to start my trip at Wabatong, a spot on the map at Mile 206 on the Algoma Central Railway. At that point, the train passes along the edge of Lake Wabatongushi, which is upstream from Dog Lake where Missanabie is located. It would add 45 km to my trip but would avoid the uncertainty of a missed train connection.

The train trip to Wabatong was uneventful, but the stop at Oba was interesting, because almost everyone got off the train to get coffee or cold beer at the general store.

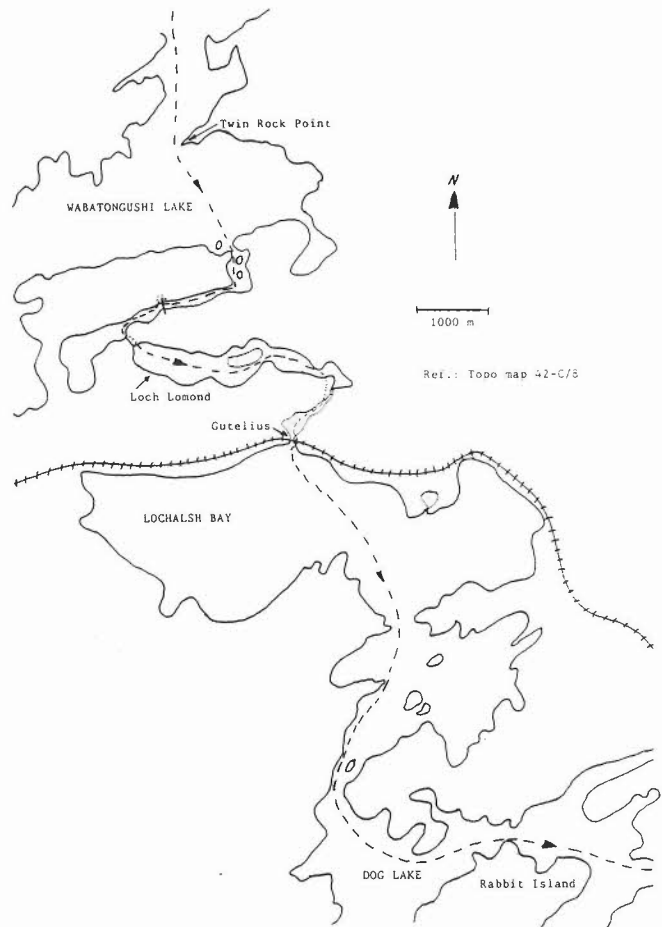
Upon arrival at Wabatong, I got the canoe ready by taping plastic covers to the front and the back. I had brought double-blade paddles to make it easier on the long stretches and planned to use my regular paddle in whitewater. This arrangement worked out very well, but I was thankful for the plastic covers which caught a lot of the drops falling off the blades of the paddle.

I headed south on Wabatongushi Lake into a strong headwind and after about 20 km I made camp on a little peninsula. The next day I continued and, passing Twin Rock Point, headed for the channel that drains the lake (see Topo map 42C/8). About 1.5 km from the start of the channel there is a dam which controls the water level in the lake. The portage trail is on the right, in good condition, fairly flat and about 200 m long.



After paddling through a narrows and turning left, there was the next portage. It is about 100 m long, on the left of the river draining the lake, fairly flat but with a number of boulders and deadfalls. On the other side of the river is a campsite where seven or eight people were camped when I passed by.

I then paddled about 3 km east on Loch Lomond where I found the next portage on the right in a little bay, before a small headland behind which is the river outlet. It is about 350 m long and very rough and overgrown, with



many deadfalls. I had to get my machete and open it up before I could take my canoe through. It bypasses a rapid near the lake; the remaining rapids can be run with ease. I found out later that the locals use another, much longer portage, which bypasses all the rapids.

The last portage is at Gutelius, where the train passes over the river. It is on the left, in good condition, and about 150 m long. There is a good campsite at this location, big enough for two or three tents, and with a nice beach on Lochalsh Bay.

From there to Missanabie, it was an uneventful paddle. I camped at the northeast point of Rabbit Island where there is ample space for several tents. The next day I started my trip on the Upper Missinaibi River, but that route has already been described by a number of others, so I'll leave it at this.

One observation on this route is that it is in a southerly direction, so that you may have to battle the prevailing southwest winds, which I had to do. It is, however, a viable way to start a trip on the Upper Missinaibi River. (Or to end it; see *Nastawgan*, Summer 1980; Editor.)

## ON MAKING GOOD USE OF THE ARCHIVES

Save those back issues of *Nastawgan*! No, I'm not selling a genuine imitation plastic binder with a year's supply of silverfish spray. I can, however, make a good case for hanging on to your old issues of our newsletter. My own are randomly filed in piles on the floor of the attic where they are handy for casual browsing but not so handy for finding a particular article. I once had them in proper order and sort of indexed until I lost the index and spilled the box. Now, to find anything specific, I must browse through at least half to find what I am looking for. Therein lies the beauty of my non-system.

While searching out information on the Albany River I stumbled across an article in the Winter 1982 issue by Bill King about the Chiniguchi River north of Sudbury, Ontario. If it hadn't been near Thanksgiving and if I still hadn't decided where we would go for our annual escape from turkey-induced indigestion, I probably wouldn't have given

it much thought. But it sounded so good it couldn't be passed up.

Picture sheer rock faces rising from crystal-clear lakes. Real honest to goodness waterfalls. Postcard-quality campsites. Best of all, picture it with only one canoe - yours. It was like Killarney sans white quartzite. As if that weren't enough, there were pictographs to be seen which have not yet been defaced by the bush pigs. Mind you, the area is alive with people in the summer (a fact related to us with ill-disguised rancor by a cottager we met at the landing), but spring and fall can provide a healthy dose of solitude that is still within reasonable driving distance even for those held captive in the south. Access to the Chiniguchi is via the Kukagami Lake Road off Highway 17 just west of Callum. The access point itself is at the south end of Matagamasi Lake. Topo map 41 - I/15 covers the area.

So, thanks *Nastawgan* and thanks Kings. It was a good Thanksgiving despite the rain.

John Winters

# WCA FALL MEETING



Herb Pohl

The last weekend of September brought out record numbers to the annual Fall Meeting at the Minden Wild Water Preserve. No doubt organizers are asking themselves: was it the location, the fall colors, the advertised workshops and outings? Was it the low cost, or do WCA members just naturally prefer camping to staying in lodges or dormitories?

Whatever the answer, on Saturday morning a large number of cars with canoes strapped to their roofs were neatly arranged like an honor guard for still more arrivals who joined the assembled throng. The weather forecast had obviously deterred no-one from showing up and indeed we were fortunate that the predicted drizzle never materialized.

For those who have never been to the Minden Wild Water Preserve, the property adjoins a section of the Gull River at a point where the latter is naturally boisterous as it descends from one lake to another. Man-made modifications have considerably increased the level of difficulty of the rapids, so that now they represent a challenge to even the most jaded of paddlers. As it turned out, with the high water levels further adding to the difficulty, trying to run the rapids was more a swimming than a paddling exercise for some of the intrepid members. The spacious grounds include campsites, a large parking area, a picnic shelter, and the main building complete with a well-equipped kitchen and large dining room. The latter was the scene of earnest and animated discussion on Friday evening as members recounted the summer's adventures well into the night.

One of the heartening aspects of WCA meetings, in this age of conformity, is the continuing individuality of members. One finds a wider selection of equipment than any Sportmen's Show ever provided. If anyone wanted to discuss the merits of specific tents or canoes, sleeping bags, or rain gear, the opportunities were endless. Still, one notices trends over the years. It's quite striking to see the increase in ABS and the decrease in aluminum and fiberglass canoes. Equally noticeable is the current popularity of dome tents.

Saturday dawned grey and unfriendly, but with the exception of a few sprinkles the predicted rains held off. The morning's program included seminars on "map and compass," given jointly by Rob Cepella and Howie Sagermann; and "waterproofing," by Jim Greenacre. At the same time a group of novices joined Jim Morris in a whitewater training session while the more advanced paddlers were coached by Ted Wayman.

After lunch the seminar on "river rescue" complete with a demonstration of rescue methods was energetically conducted by Bill Ness. Budding photographers were roaming through the colorful woods under the tutelage of Toni Harting in search of that elusive prize-winning composition, while the history buffs joined Dave Auger on a sightseeing tour of the Kanawa Canoe Museum. Totally undetected was the disappearance of Herb Pohl who, with two other misanthropes, enjoyed a day's paddle through the neighboring lakes.

While the attention of most members was focussed on one of these activities, another group of volunteers was busy preparing the evening's repast, not an easy chore when the facilities are cramped and more than a hundred mouths have to be fed. That they succeeded admirably was shown by the applause they earned from the assembled throng. Not content with that, some members amplified their appreciation by repeatedly reappearing at the buffet counter.

Karen Mikoliew started the evening session with the presentation of token of appreciation to the instructors of the whitewater workshops held during the summer. The highlight of the evening was the showing of the film "Hell and High Water" which was produced by WCA member Dee Simpson. The film depicts the remarkable feat of the first descent of the Great Canyon of the Stikine in northern B.C. by whitewater raft and kayak. The photography is absolutely first rate and manages to capture not only the natural beauty of the region but the drama and excitement inherent in a venture of this kind. The narrative is factual and informative, and devoid of the hype so often found in lesser productions.

After the showing of several more films the crowd gradually dispersed but some die-hards wouldn't settle into their sleeping bags until well after midnight.

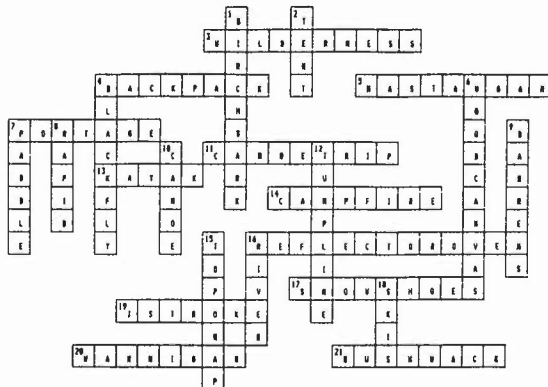
It was still dusky on Sunday morning when the first risers started to cook breakfast. For the majority this was a day for canoeing, and starting at 8:00 a.m. the exodus to various destinations began.

The meeting has to rank as one of the most successful ever staged and credit must go to Marcia Farquhar and her group of hardworking volunteers who did such an excellent job.

## NASTAWGAN CRYPTIC

The response to our Nastawgan Cryptic published in the Summer 1986 issue was not exactly overwhelming; only four brave souls submitted the fruits of their intellectual labors: Dave Auger, Rob Cepella, Bill King, and Mike McMurtry. Through the generosity of Wendy Grater of Trail Head in Toronto all four will receive a \$20 gift certificate.

### CRYPTIC SOLUTIONS





# spanish river

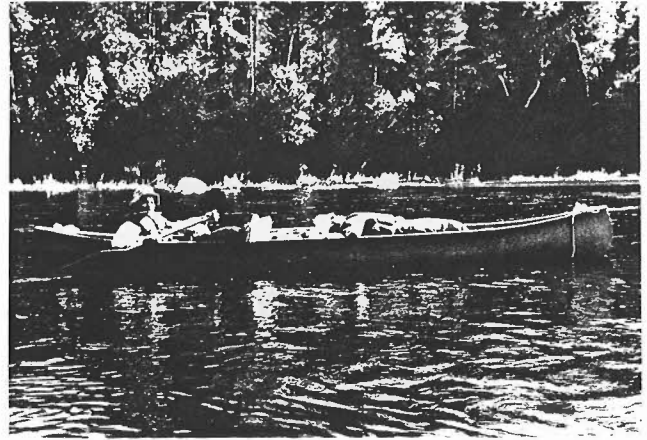
Gerry Lannan

One regularly hears the Spanish River spoken of as a river to introduce the outdoor enthusiast to the excitement of whitewater canoeing. It indeed is such a river, but it can also challenge the experienced whitewater traveller. When the four of us, the Browns and the Lannans, ran the river in mid-August, we met a father and son from Virginia making, respectively, their 6th and 3rd trip. On each trip they had found it different, with changing water levels giving them variety to test the limits of their skills.



For the novice canoeist there is the thrill of running many miles of "swifts" and walking relatively easy and well-travelled portages around rapids. Those between novice and expert have a large choice of rapids from which they can select those that match their skill and experience.

The choices for starting points are usually either Duke Lake on the East Branch or Biscotasing dam on the West Branch, with Agnew Lake the usual destination. Duke Lake can be reached by road with a car shuttle of at least 200 km from end point to start point, or by air in about 40 minutes. Biscotasing can be reached by rail from Sudbury, or by air in about 45 minutes. If you should choose rail be absolutely certain to get the correct information as to the days of the week that canoes are carried, and the times. I received different quotes by phoning Toronto and Sudbury and I don't know which one was correct. On the suggestion of fellow club members we flew to Biscotasing dam with Agnew Lake Air Services. We felt that the price of \$251.00 per couple including canoe and gear was quite reasonable compared with the cost and travel time of rail or road. We were also impressed with the casual, friendly, efficient assistance of owner Gerry Sauder who gave us information on water levels, etc.



I understand that the 40 km or so from Duke Lake to the junction with the West Branch is a very easy section with only two portages (or none if the water level is O.K.). The 50 km or so from Biscotasing dam to this junction has many runnable rapids and/or portages depending on your skill level.

Anyone planning a trip would be well advised to read the Spanish River chapter in the book by Ron Reid and Janet Grand, "Canoeing Ontario's Rivers." We found it very helpful, particularly the notations regarding portages and whether they were on the right or the left of the river. Ron and Janet suggest allowing five days for the trip. It can certainly be done in five days without difficulty, but for a more relaxing trip with time for swimming, bird watching, wildflower appreciation, etc., I would suggest much longer, possibly eight days or even more. One note for those who wish to do it in five: do not be overly concerned if your first two days (on the West Branch) are much below your calculated average - you will make it up on the "swifts."

There is supposedly an abundance of campsites but we must have missed many of them. However, those we did find were very good; we swam, fished, and relaxed in the sun. With only one night of rain, six days of beautiful sunshine, and good companions, it was a great week.

## THE TORONTO SPORTSMEN'S SHOW

EXHIBITION PLACE  
TORONTO

13 - 22 MARCH 1987

*Come on down and see us!*

A CANADIAN NATIONAL



SPORTSMEN'S SHOW

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



10-11 January ALGONQUIN PARK  
 Organizer: Herb Pohl 416-637-7632  
 Book before 31 December.

We will set up camp a few kilometres from Highway 60 (the exact location will depend on conditions), and spend the weekend exploring, on skis or snowshoes, the surrounding area. Limit five people.

17 January SNOWSHOEING  
 Organizers: Ron Jasiuk and Ann Mowm 416-239-1380  
 Book before 9 January.

Bobcats or bust. On snowshoes we would like to explore an area that is suitable habitat for bobcats. Our intention is to scout the area for animal tracks and follow any that look interesting. Be forewarned that the possibility of seeing cats is very low. Location is yet to be decided.

18 January SNOWSHOEING  
 Organizer: Jim Greenacre 416-759-9956  
 Book immediately.

We will most likely go to the snowbelt area north of Barrie with driving time kept to a minimum. Pace will be leisurely to accommodate those members who may be experiencing the joys of snowshoeing for the first time. Car pool will be organized.

24-25 January BRUCE PENINSULA  
 Organizer: Bob Knapp 519-371-1255  
 Book between 4 and 18 January.

Accommodation will be in a heated log cabin nestled in the woods one half kilometre from a ploughed road and nineteen kilometres northeast of Warton. During the weekend, participants will be able to ski or snowshoe in some of the prettiest woods in Ontario. Suitable for anyone who likes to experience winter wilderness but with the convenience of a cabin. Saturday there will be a potluck supper. Limit eight participants.

31 Jan.-1 Feb. WINTER CAMPING IN ALGONQUIN PARK  
 Organizer: David Berthelet 819-771-4170  
 Book between 20 and 24 January.

The spacious ridgepole tent and the comfort-inducing stove will have been cached at a good spot in the woods north of Highway 60 in readiness for the weekend. The plan calls for the group to ski to the campsite early-Saturday morning and, after the tent has been erected, to spend the remainder of the weekend exploring long-forgotten reaches of Algonquin Park. Two rigorous days of cross-country skiing are anticipated. Limit five trippers.

6 February MOVIE NIGHT  
 Organizers: Lisa and Doug Ashton 416-291-5416  
 Book before 3 February.

Join us for an evening of canoeing films from Bill Mason's famous flics to whitewater rescues. The location of this relaxing event will be in Scarborough. Participants (max. 20) are encouraged to bring tall stories and photos of their summer trips.

7 February FIVE WINDS TRAILS SKIING  
 Organizer: Bill Ness 416-499-6389  
 Book between 18 January and 1 February.

This outing will take us into the area west of Gravenhurst for a day on the scenic Five Winds ski trails. Our trip will be especially oriented towards novice skiers who are interested in learning off-trail skiing. We will move along at a moderate pace over an easy section of trail to provide participants with ample opportunity to learn and practise those techniques that are necessary for travelling through the bush on skis. Suitable for novices in reasonable physical condition. Limited to ten participants.

7-8 February POKER LAKE SKI/BACKPACKING  
 Organizers: Sandy Richardson 416-429-3944  
 Cam Salsbury 416-498-8660  
 Book before 30 January.

Join us on an exploratory ski/backpacking trip through typical Canadian Shield landscape of bare rock ridges and forests of hemlock, white pine, and mixed hardwood on the Poker Lake canoe route in Haliburton. Lumbered and burnt over several times in the past two centuries, this area contains a number of relics of the more recent logging operations, including the ruins of an old logging camp. The entire area is Crown land, and no cottage development detracts from the natural setting. Travelling on skis with lightweight camping equipment, we will follow lakes and portage trails and set up an early camp that will leave us ample time to explore and photograph the region and simply enjoy the quiet beauty of the bush in winter. The trip should be suitable for anyone in reasonable physical condition and with some experience in cross-country skiing while wearing a backpack. Limit six people.



8 February SNOWSHOEING  
 Organizer: Jim Greenacre 416-759-9956  
 Book between 26 January and 5 February.

The Sugarbush area of the Simcoe County Forest north of Barrie offers a wide variety of terrain from mature deciduous forest and cultivated man-made coniferous forest to open farmland. This area is in the heart of the snowbelt so we can be assured of deep snow. The pace can be leisurely to suit the condition and experience of the participants. Car pool will be organized.

13-15 February ALGONQUIN PARK OFF-TRAIL SKIING  
 Organizer: Karl Schimek 416-222-3720  
 Book before 30 January.

Come on a moderately strenuous backpacking ski trip. We will try to reach Opeongo Lake via Hailstorm Creek. Participants should have previous experience in off-trail skiing. Limit four skiers.

14-15 February WINTER WEEKEND  
 Organizers: Marlene and Gerry Lannan 705-636-7419  
 Book before 18 January.

Enjoy an out-of-the-ordinary winter weekend at the Lannan's home in Kearny, Ontario, north of Huntsville: cross-country skiing, skating, snowshoeing, slide shows, and more. Bring your slides, sleeping bag, and \$15.00 per person for food. There is room indoors for maximum ten people.

21-22 February SKIING AND CAMPING IN ALGONQUIN PARK  
 Organizer: David Berthelet 819-771-4170  
 Book between 9 and 13 February.

A weekend of cross-country skiing is planned in Algonquin Park just off Highway 60. Base camp, a heated ridgepole tent, will be located at a good spot from which the group will explore new country. Limit five trippers.

21-22 February FIVE WINDS TRAILS LIGHTWEIGHT CAMPING  
 Organizer: Paul Barsevskis 416-239-2830  
 Book before 17 February.

Skiing with backpacks we will explore the Five Winds trails south of Parry Sound. Participants should be reasonably fit and experienced in back-country skiing. Limit six people.



7-8 March ALGONQUIN PARK SKI TOUR  
Organizer: Tony Bird 416-466-0172  
Book before 3 March.

March usually offers the best conditions for off-trail skiing. On this trip we will start at Cache Lake and ski a loop to the south generally following lakes and portage trails, and camping on Saturday night. The precise route will depend on snow and weather conditions. Participants should be able to ski two full days with a pack. Limit four skiers.

8 March GRAND RIVER  
Organizer: Herb Pohl 416-637-7632  
Book between 25 February and 4 March.

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

11-15 March ADIRONDACKS SKI TOUR  
Organizer: Karl Schimek 416-222-3720  
Book before 28 February.

Participate in my annual spring ski tour in the high peak region of the Adirondacks. We will set up camp at Marcy Dam and ski the Marcy, the Algonquin, and the Olympic ski trails. To a certain extent I am flexible on the dates of this trip. Suitable for experienced touring skiers who can skisteepe terrain. Limit four skiers.

14-15 March SKIING AND CAMPING IN ALGONQUIN PARK  
Organizer: David Berthelet 819-771-4170  
Book between 2 and 6 March.

The possibility of a crust would extend our excursion into hitherto unknown depths of the Park. Base camp, our famous, well-used ridgepole tent, will likely have been moved to another interesting spot in the Park. Limit of five trippers.



14 March LOWER CREDIT RIVER  
Organizer: Rob Cepella 416-630-9765  
Book between 7 and 10 March.

Constant rapids from Streetsville on down; the lower Credit provides an exciting early whitewater run, not far from the Metro Toronto region, for experienced paddlers. Limit five canoes.

15 March OAKVILLE CREEK  
Organizer: Paul Barsevskis 416-239-2830  
Book before 12 March.

This river offers fast water, turbulence, a few ledge rapids, and the possibility of obstructed channels. Experienced whitewater paddlers only. Limit five canoes.

15 March UPPER CREDIT RIVER  
Organizer: Gary Walters 416-743-4628  
Book before 12 March.

At this time of year the upper Credit offers fast currents, tight bends, riffles, small waves, and COLD water. Suitable for teams where at least one partner has intermediate whitewater skills, and for those who have taken a basic whitewater training course. Limit six canoes.

21 March OAKVILLE CREEK  
Organizer: Howard Sagermann 416-282-9570  
Book between 14 and 18 March.

This river offers fast water, turbulence, a few ledge rapids, and the possibility of obstructed channels. Experienced whitewater paddlers only. Limit five canoes.

22 March CREDIT AND HUNBER RIVERS  
Organizer: Duncan Taylor 416-368-9748  
Book before 17 March.

With constant rapids from Streetsville on down, the lower Credit provides an exciting early whitewater run. This will be followed, conditions permitting, by a trip on the scenic Hunber from Highway 401 to Dundas Street, which may include some challenging stretches if the water is high. Suitable for intermediates and novices with some experience. Limit five canoes.

28 March BRONTE CREEK  
Organizer: Herb Pohl 416-637-7632  
Book before 25 March.

At high water levels the Bronte Creek can be tricky because of the possibility of obstructed channels as well as substantial turbulence. Consequently only experienced paddlers should consider this outing. Limit five canoes.

29 March UPPER CREDIT RIVER  
Organizer: Mike Graham-Smith 416-877-7829  
Book before 23 March.

The upper Credit from Inglewood to Glen Williams has developed a deserved reputation as the best early spring novice whitewater run in the Toronto area. Its continuous moderate current, numerous riffles, and forgiving rapids make it an ideal learning experience for novices with basic whitewater skills. Limit six canoes.

4 April UPPER CREDIT RIVER  
Organizer: Jim Morris 416-793-2088  
Book before 27 March.

A leisurely trip on fast water will give us a chance to review and practise our basic whitewater techniques before taking our chances on bigger water. Some coaching will be given but, because of cold temperature, this trip is not really suitable for absolute beginners. Limit six canoes.

5 April LOWER CREDIT RIVER  
Organizer: Jim Morris 416-793-2088  
Book before 27 March.

If your appetite is whetted by Saturday's excursion or if you're ready for bigger water, leave your canoe on the car overnight and, with newly discovered confidence, run the much more challenging lower Credit from Streetsville. Sunday's trip is suitable for intermediates and whitewater-trained novices, preferably with intermediate partners. Not a beginner's trip! Limit six canoes.

4-5 April BIGHEAD AND SYDENHAM RIVERS  
Organizer: Bob Knapp 519-371-1255  
Book before 29 March.

The Bighead River just south of Meaford is very picturesque and unspoiled with sharp turns around many clay banks. The Sydenham River is fast moving with continuous rapids for a kilometre just south of Owen Sound. Because of the narrowness of the river and the various shallow areas, manoeuvring must be precise.

Both of these rivers can be run more than once. They are only suitable in high water and thus are seldom paddled. Participants may stay at my house in Owen Sound on Saturday night. For experienced paddlers only. Limit six canoes. Solo canoes and kayaks welcome.

11 April ELORA GORGE  
Organizer: Rob Cepella 416-630-9765  
Book between 1 and 7 April.

The Elora Gorge at this time of year should have high, cold water and offer challenging whitewater for experienced paddlers. Limit five canoes.

11-12 April MAITLAND RIVER  
Organizer: Herb Pohl 416-637-7632  
Book before 1 April.

On Saturday we will put in just below Wingham and have a leisurely float to a take-out point above Benmiller. Because all the land along the river is privately owned, we will stay the night in a motel in Clinton and complete the remainder of the trip on Sunday. Participants are free to sign up for either Saturday or Sunday only, with preference given to weekenders. Saturday is suitable for novices; Sunday requires at least intermediate skill level. Limit six canoes.

12 April GRAND RIVER  
Organizer: Dave Sharp 519-621-5599  
Book before 6 April.

We will start at Cambridge and, depending on the water level, will take out either in Paris or Brantford. This is a flatwater trip with fast current and a few riffles. It is an ideal river trip for novice moving water paddlers. Limit six canoes.

#### INFORMATION WANTED

If anyone should have a pattern for a Parafoil kite, to be used as a sail, please let me know where it can be obtained, or how I can get a copy of the pattern. Please contact Peter Verbeek in Scarborough, 416-757-3814.

# products and services

**TEMAGAMI WILDERNESS SOCIETY** Stop the Red Squirrel Road extension. Join the Temagami Wilderness Society, membership fee \$10.00 per year. Donations above this MOST GRATEFULLY received. Write: The Temagami Wilderness Society, 204 Wedgwood Dr., Willowdale, Ontario, M2M 2H9.

**CLIPPER CANOES** Clipper canoes from Western Canoeing Inc. are now available to Ontario canoeists. There are 22 models to choose from including solo, touring, racing, and whitewater models. A variety of fibreglass and kevlar lay-ups with wood or aluminum trim make for an excellent selection. Also, excellent prices on wood paddles from Grassmere and Clements and a variety of paddling equipment. Full consulting services for wilderness tripping available on request.

For more information, as well as a copy of Canoe Magazine's 'water test' on the 17½ ft Tripper model, write: Canoeing Canadian Waters, Box 608, Osgoode, Ontario, K0A 2W0, or phone Jim or Pam Baldaro at 613-826-3094.

**RIVER RESCUE WORKSHOPS** The Madawaska Kanu Camp is offering two river rescue workshops in 1987. With the help of specialized slides and films, the course covers a lot of ground with emphasis on practical manoeuvres.

Starting with pre-trip preparation, equipment, river safety, the accident and its management, learn and practise Z-drags, Telfer lowers, tag lines, snag tags, Tyroleans, and a multitude of knots to assist in the de-pinning of canoes, foot entrapments, and various other situations.

Dirk Van Wijk will co-ordinate these clinics on 9-10 May and 5-6 September 1987. For more information and a free brochure, contact: Madawaska Kanu Camp, 2 Iuna Court, Don Mills, Ontario, M3A 3L1, phone 416-447-8845.

**DISCOUNTS ON CAMPING SUPPLIES** WCA members who present a membership card will receive a ten percent discount on many non-sale items at:

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

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

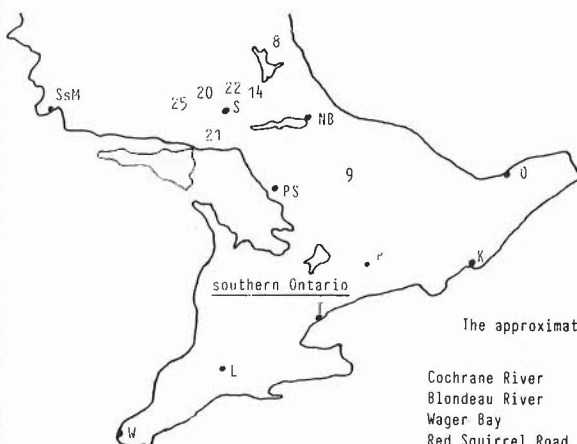
**REDWING CANOES** Custom designed and built canoes for any purpose from any material. All at prices below comparable stock canoes. Call or write for a quotation. We also have a good stock of superlight paddles laminated from ash and cedar with epoxy/glass reinforcing. They weigh less than 630 grams (21 oz.) and at \$35 are the best paddle buy around. **REDWING CANOES**, Box 283, Burk's Falls, Ontario, POA 1C0, phone 705-382-2293.

**FOR SALE** NordHus cross-country winter camping sled, 1.8 m long, complete with rigid pole, hip and shoulder pulling harness, fibreglass body, and nylon cover. Contact Pat Lewtas in Toronto at 416-961-6575.

**ALGONQUIN NORDIC SKI TOURING** Cross-country skiing in Algonquin Park from a comfortable lodge. Deer sightings common. Dormitory accommodation, limited shower facilities compensated for by hot tub and sauna, followed by either dunking in the lake or rolling in the snow! Price of \$100.58 includes Ontario tax and seven meals, starting on Friday evening, 13 February and ending Sunday, 15 February. Headlamps provided for 2 km ski from parking lot to lodge. Gear moved by snowmobile. Ownership has changed so I cannot guarantee food quality. But the company will be the usual great WCA crowd.

Book before 15 January by calling Joan Etheridge at home (416-825-4061) after 5 January, unless you want to call me in Austria! Mail cheques to me at 2262 Marine Drive, Oakville, Ontario. L6L 1C1.

## where it is



The approximate location of some of the places mentioned in this issue are shown by page number.

Cochrane River	1	Algonquin Park	9	Onaping River	20	Spanish River	25
Blondeau River	5	Watertown N. P.	13	Northern Georgian Bay	21		
Wager Bay	7	Temagami River	14	Chiniguchi River	22		
Red Squirrel Road	8	Upper Albany River	16	Wabaton	23		

## wca contacts

**W.C.A. POSTAL ADDRESS**  
P.O. Box 496  
Postal Station K  
Toronto, Ont.  
M4P 2G9

**SECRETARY**  
Ria Harting  
7 Walmer Road, Apt. 902  
Toronto, Ont.  
M5R 2W8  
416-964-2495

**CONSERVATION**  
Claire Muller  
204 Wedgwood Dr.  
Willowdale, Ont.  
M2M 2H9  
416-225-9303

**NEWSLETTER EDITOR**  
Toni Harting  
7 Walmer Road, Apt. 902  
Toronto, Ont.  
M5R 2W8  
416-964-2495

**TREASURER**  
Rob Butler  
47 Collin Ave.  
Toronto, Ont.  
M5P 2B8  
416-487-2282

**OUTINGS**  
Tony Bird  
199 Glebeholme Blvd.  
Toronto, Ont.  
M4J 1S8  
416-466-0172

**TRIP HOT-LINE**  
Marcia Farquhar  
187 Mill Str.  
Richmond Hill, Ont.  
L4C 4B1  
416-884-0208

**COMPUTER**  
Cash Belden  
77 Huntley Str., Apt. 1116  
Toronto, Ont.  
M4Y 2P3  
416- 925-3591

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

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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

Marcia Farquhar (Vice-Chairman)  
187 Mill Street  
Richmond Hill, Ont.  
L4C 4B1  
416-884-0208

Bill Ness  
1 Chester Le Blvd.  
Unit 6  
Scarborough, Ont.  
M1W 2M7  
416-499-6389

Herb Pohl  
480 Maple Ave., Apt. 113  
Burlington, Ont.  
L7S 1M4  
416-637-7632

Paul Barsevskis  
21 Avonhurst Rd.  
Islington, Ont.  
M9A 2G7  
416-239-2830

Stewart McIlwraith  
38 Rhydown Ave.  
Scarborough, Ont.  
M1N 2E1  
416-698-1519

### WILDERNESS CANOE ASSOCIATION MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

I enclose a cheque for \$15 \_\_\_ student under 18  
\$25 \_\_\_ adult  
\$35 \_\_\_ family

for membership in the Wilderness Canoe Association.  
I understand that this entitles me/us to receive **MATERIAL**, 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 1986.

**Notes:** -This membership will expire January 31, 1987.  
-Please send completed form and cheque (payable to the Wilderness Canoe Association) to the membership committee chairman.