

lower lockhart

George Luste

End of Anderson Falls canyon

27 July 1986, on the Lockhart River, NWT.

The evening supper was unusual...there was an unspoken sense of anticipation and apprehension in the air.

This was day 29 of a 950-kilometre cross-country canoe trip from northern Saskatchewan to Great Slave Lake. The campsite, on a small rise in a bay on the Lockhart River, was within sight and hearing of the heavy exit rapid from Artillery Lake. Our apprehension was stirred by the unknowns we would have to deal with in the next 30 kilometres of river. Ahead of us, in this short distance, the Lockhart, through a series of canyons, rapids, and falls, tumbles 200 m in a wild downhill charge to Charlton Bay at the eastern tip of Great Slave Lake.

It had been a gorgeous day and now it was a warm, cloudless evening...albeit somewhat buggy. The dying sun bathed the dark-blue waters of the Lockhart and the thin spruce landscape around us in a rich, golden afterglow. We sat on the mossy ground, apart and individually facing west, capturing the dying warmth of the setting sun, deep in thought. We were eating supper and again there was too much to eat. There was a personal and historical reason for this; seventeen years ago, a long, hard trip on the Dubawnt river and slim rations had left me 11 kg lighter by the time we reached Baker Lake. Ever since, I have been overcompensating when planning the food. But there was a comforting, shameless satisfaction in forcing another heavy spoonful of thick fish chowder, with large globs of tender trout, dehydrated vegetables, potato flakes, well-mixed with spices and one half kilogram of bacon and fat, into my already stuffed and bloated body. I mused on recalling Gibran's memorable words: "But what is fear of need but

need itself." While being sympathetic to this lofty view, there was however the stronger practical need to fuel our bodies for the task ahead of us. I wondered if perhaps we could excuse our excessive gluttony to an ancestral urge to overeat, a primitive fear of tomorrow's uncertain supply and eventual hunger. In any case, this self-indulgent over-eating was reassuring and very effective in dulling our apprehension for the morrow.

We had come a long way, a total of 920 kilometres with 53 portages and numerous linings or walk-ups in the last 29 days from road's end at Wollaston Lake in Saskatchewan. In the process we had changed watersheds six time, initially paddling down the historic Fond du Lac River to Black Lake, but then north across the arduous Chipman Portage and upstream on the Chipman River to Selwyn Lake on our way to the Barrrens.

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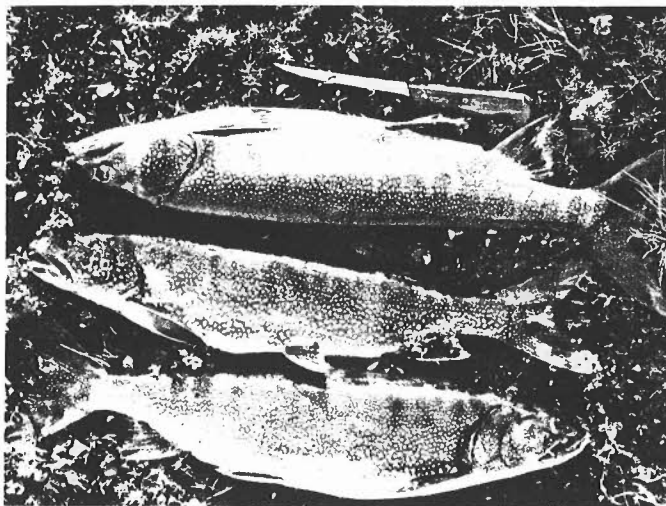
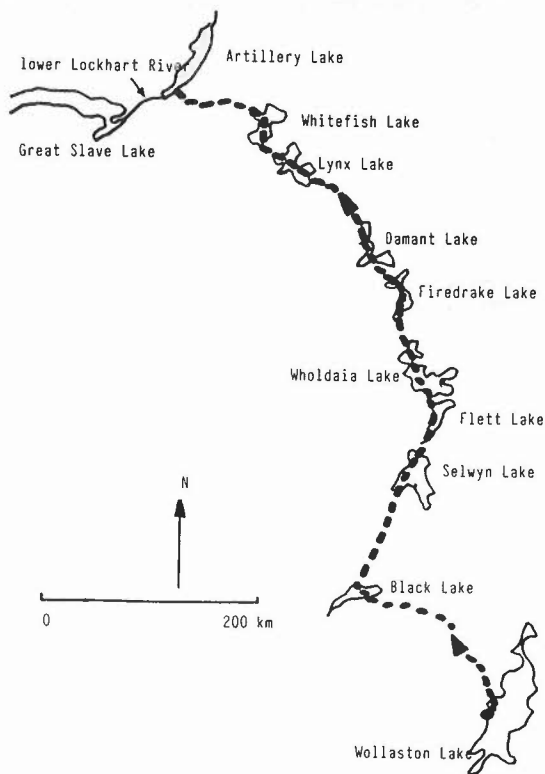
Early rapids above Anderson Falls

From Selwyn our route had taken us across the height of land to Flett and Wholdaia Lakes into the Dubawnt River watershed. The Wholdaia Lake campsite on 11 July was only five days from Black Lake. This lake brought back personal memories of a 1969 Dubawnt trip and my introduction to the unique beauty of the Barren Lands of northern Canada. From Wholdaia we again pushed upstream and north across to Firedrake Lake, and then to Damant Lake on the Elk River. Damant Lake, in the treeless Barrens, at an elevation of 375 m, is 98 m higher than Black Lake which we had left 11 days earlier. A fair uphill paddle! Years ago, in 1970, Peter Browning had travelled this same route from Stony Rapids to the Thelon headwaters on his trip to Baker Lake, and his old campsites were marked on my map. Paddling downriver on the Elk River was a welcome change but we left it too quickly, or so it seemed, to cross over to Lynx Lake and the scenic headwaters of the Thelon River. At the north end of Whitefish Lake we turned west and crossed to Sandy Lake (well named!) and the headwaters of the Snowdrift River flowing westward into the Mackenzie watershed. From the Snowdrift watershed, two long days and numerous portages took us north and west, to Artillery Lake, via the aptly named Lake of Woe.

The "we" in our canoe party consisted of Dick Irwin, a veteran canoeing colleague for the past 18 years, Walter Lohaza, a steady companion from the Notakwanon trip in Labrador last summer, my willing seventeen-year-old son Tait who was by now stronger than his father on the toughest days, and myself. For extended trips a group of four has been my long-standing preference. It is the smallest number which still provides the safety factor of a second canoe, lightens the individual loads via shared camping equipment and, in rotating the camping chores, leaves some time for private writing, photography, and hiking in the evenings. Yet, at one time or another on every trip, I would have preferred to be travelling alone, in the fashion of Herb Pohl or David De Mello. When completely alone there are no social distractions and problems, only the overwhelming presence of the wilderness and a sense of your own insignificance in the scheme of things.

After supper we carefully re-examined the details of the topographical maps and the aerial photographs on the Lockhart ahead. These were our only source of information on the river itself. There would of course be no portage trails as we were purposely avoiding the well-marked Pike's Portage bypass route around this section of the Lockhart. Since Pike's route follows a chain of lakes 10 kilometres away from the river, it does not provide easy access for viewing the Lockhart canyons. We were determined to see and experience firsthand all of this wild and isolated wilderness river. It follows that our disquieting apprehension was of course completely and totally our own doing.

What was particularly alarming and surprising to me was the very cold water and the high water level. At the end of July one did not expect to see tops of willows in the water five metres from shore. This foretold of powerful and dangerous currents, eddies, and rapids ahead. Our average descent was seven metres per kilometre,



Lake trout

Quiet stretch above Parry Falls



intimidating at normal water levels. With all this flow in the canyons and rapids, there would be little or no shoreline perches for eddying in, landing, or lining. On the other hand, we were by now trail toughened, and with about only 10 days of food remaining in our packs, we could in the worst possible case portage all 30 kilometres in five or six days.

28 July 1986

Early morning, when I awoke, Dick was already organizing his gear. This was surprising, as I was usually up first. It was overcast, chilly, and dull. For breakfast, Walter continued with yesterday's chowder and the rest of us consumed our triple portions of Red River cereal. We again discussed the option of going around via Pike's Portage but in the end elected to follow our original plan.

We carefully packed our canoes, snapped on the full-length spray covers and, with our large whitewater paddles firmly in hand, headed downriver.

For the first four kilometres, the river was wide, lakelike, and calm. A water gauge station is located at the first narrows, and the initial rapid here has a submerged ledge, which we cautiously lined and ran along the left shore. The river was about 40 yards wide (40 metres for Sandy Richardson) and out in the middle the water was ripping along like a freight train.

The next short rapids and Hanbury Falls were quickly carried and we lunched downstream of a long, large island. It showered and we hurriedly got back to the canoes. One unnamed falls and two more rapids were passed before we came to Anderson Falls. So far the portages had been easy, with passable shorelines. The river had not yet become a deep trough with canyon-like walls, and the main concern as we approached every rapid was of course the proverbial "which side?" The turbulent, fast water did not look

forgiving, and a last-minute change of mind for a quick ferry to the opposite shore was not advisable.

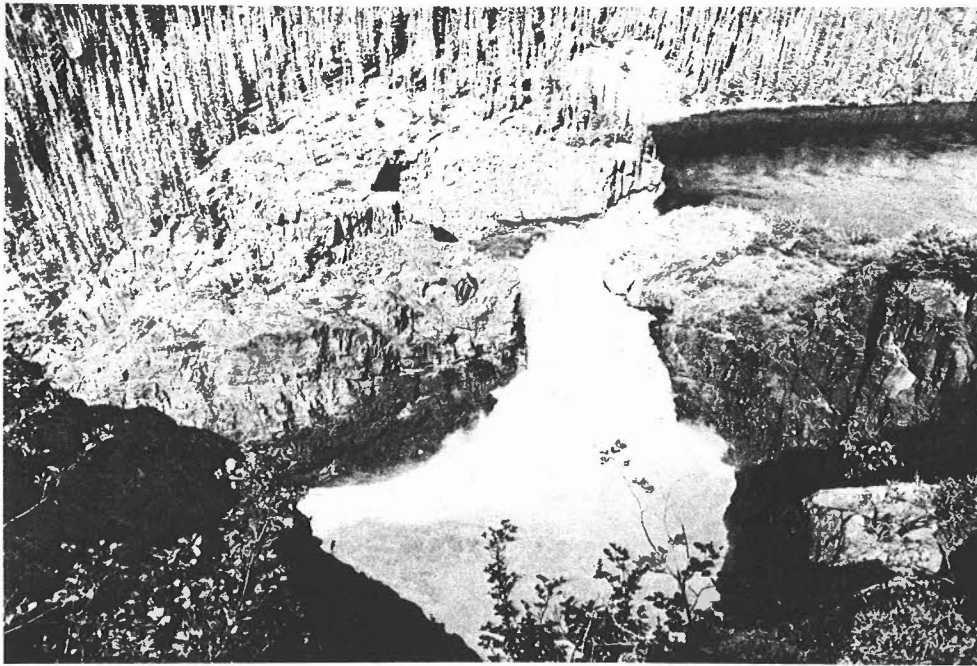
Anderson Falls is a 12-m vertical drop into a turbulent, rocky trough which then continues in a white froth beyond the falls for almost a kilometre. Fortunately for us the sun was out and the water at the lip of the falls, as it shot out into space, was a beautiful deep turquoise green. The surrounding dark brown rock vividly contrasted with the foaming white. A fantastic sight! We scouted the south shore and elected to carry up high, beyond the trees, away from the shore, only coming back down at the put-in, where the river turns to the northwest.

At the next bend we found another set of heavy but thankfully short rapids. We scrambled up a steep bank on the left to carry around. It was late and time to stop but the rugged, steep shoreline terrain did not provide any tempting campsites. We settled on a low, rocky outcrop in an expansion of the river and accepted the poorest tent sites to date, on sloping, uneven, and rough ground.

After camp was started and our tent was up, I set out along the river to scout the next two kilometres. While scouting or portaging near the water one encounters the thickest, hardest going, the heaviest growth. The additional frustration of descending, then climbing up the side canyons is somewhat dangerous and tiring, but offers the closest, best view of the river. In places, both shores rise vertically over 30 m above the river, which further on drops away in a series of wild cataracts for a solid kilometre. The sun went down as I headed back on the high ground, cross country, to camp, arriving at 11 p.m. in near darkness. I ate hurriedly as we sat around the fire in the blackness, chatting and feeling good about the first day. We had come nine kilometres and had experienced some wild and beautiful country. The Lockhart was no longer an imagined, anticipated mental anxiety, but rather now a real and demanding physical activity, which of course was far easier to deal with.

Rapids above Tyrrell Falls





Parry Falls

29 July 1986

We were fortunate to have another sunny, warm day, broken only by an occasional brief shower. It was a lazy, relaxing morning and we got away after 9 a.m. (unusually late for our trip). Below camp, at the turn, a brief stretch of the river has vertical, high canyon walls on both sides. With the sun blocked by the tall rock walls, the water looked dark black, and the moving circular wisps of surface current seemed menacing. Even a small protrusion from shore sets up a strong and possibly dangerous eddy line. Having examined this water the evening before, I confidently headed for the lip of the wild cataract ahead. We elected to carry on the left, climbing up out of the canyon to the plateau. Here it was open, easy walking. Far below us was a grand view of the canyon and the kilometre-long, white cataract. To get back to the river we slid down a very steep, willow-filled thick creek bed to the blue-green Lockhart, sparkling in the high-noon sunlight.

The next two kilometres were a relaxing float, with a strong current, and in what seems only a few minutes we arrived at Parry Falls. Here a calm pool of water drops through a south-facing keyhole exit and a 42 m vertical drop into a deep canyon below. Facing the falls on the south side is a high, towering, vertical rock face, damp and black from the spray of the falls. Again, what a spectacular, fantastic view!

We had a late lunch in this marvelous setting, near a cairn built by Henning Harmuth and Rober Schaefer in 1970 on their way from Fort Reliance to Baker Lake. They had hiked in from the Pike's Portage route. Eight other notes accompanied their original note in the cairn. Two of the eight parties had flown in and don't count as



Bushhack around Parry Falls

canoeists; this then averages to one canoe party every second year to see the falls. It seems that all had come cross country from Pike's Portage. Two of the names were familiar: Duke Watson (1970) and Cameron Hayne (1978). In 1976 I had canoed with Cameron from Schefferville to the George River and Ungava Bay. That seemed a very long time ago and so very far away.

Kodak stock must have risen on the quantity of our picture taking at that location. Unfortunately the sun was almost overhead and the bright, extreme contrast would undoubtedly wash out most of the potential magic of this wild scene. Maybe we should have camped there, enjoyed it longer, but we didn't. There still was a discomfiting remnant of a psychological need to hurry and get through.

Around Parry Falls and its canyon is the longest and hardest carry on the Lockhart. We elected for the north shore. After a strenuous haul up a high 45° bank, we set out carrying our packs. But the uneven terrain, the thick woods and the side canyons tired and befuddled us, and our progress was correspondingly slow. Wet with sweat, we left our packs on a hillside and headed back for the canoes. On this second carry we tried to find better going further inland but so doing missed our packs. Instead we found, facing us, a deep and imposing valley with impassable, vertical walls on the other side. We again were forced to turn south in the direction of the river. It was almost 6 p.m. and rapidly becoming clear to even the most determined of us that we could not complete the whole portage today. Leaving the canoe standing vertically in a tree, we headed back, searching for the packs, located them, and headed down to the river. The aerial photo shows a small sandy bay and beach in this section of the canyon. We eventually found it but the anticipated sandy beach was under more than one metre of water. The photo must have been taken in more normal summer. A campsite on a nearby rocky point however was far superior to last night's. Having to camp midway on the portage was an imagined setback, for at lunch we had assumed we would complete the whole carry today.

It was almost dark before we brought the canoes in and got a fire going. I again set out to scout the route for the carry tomorrow. By climbing a series of terraces, going cross country, cutting across the top of the "V" route taken by the Lockhart canyon, a kilometre of walking brings one to the steep descent at the runout from the last major rapid of the Perry canyon. The hardest part of these portages are undoubtedly the exhausting climbs out of the valley and then eventually back down to the river again.

I was really tired by the time I got back to camp in the semi darkness, and grateful to Dick who offered to wash the dishes, although it was my turn. I was sound asleep seconds after getting into the tent.

30 July 1986

We were up at 6 a.m. to an overcast sky. But it progressively cleared, becoming sunny and warm with continuous passing clouds and the occasional shower during the day. With the renewed vigor from seven hours of sound sleep, the two carries were quickly behind us. What seemed like the best put-in spot had a two-metre vertical drop to

Rough, trail-less portage



the water, requiring extra care in loading the canoes. The river valley had widened again, the next several drops were short and the carries easy. A series of such rapids and small falls brought us to Tyrrell Falls, which has a total drop of 26 m over several steps. I surmise that this picturesque falls must have been named after James Tyrrell, J.B.'s younger brother. In 1900, seven years after his epic journey down the Dubawnt with Joseph, James explored the region east of Great Slave Lake to Chesterfield Inlet.

Tyrrell Falls represented the last obstacle for us on the Lockhart. We took a group photograph here and leisurely examined our surroundings. The falls are broken into several main channels and continue in a series of unrunnable drops around the corner.

It was another bright sunny afternoon; at the top of the falls the striking turquoise water coloration was again evident. The full width and length of the falls was a mass of foaming white. The clouds of spray mist made close-in

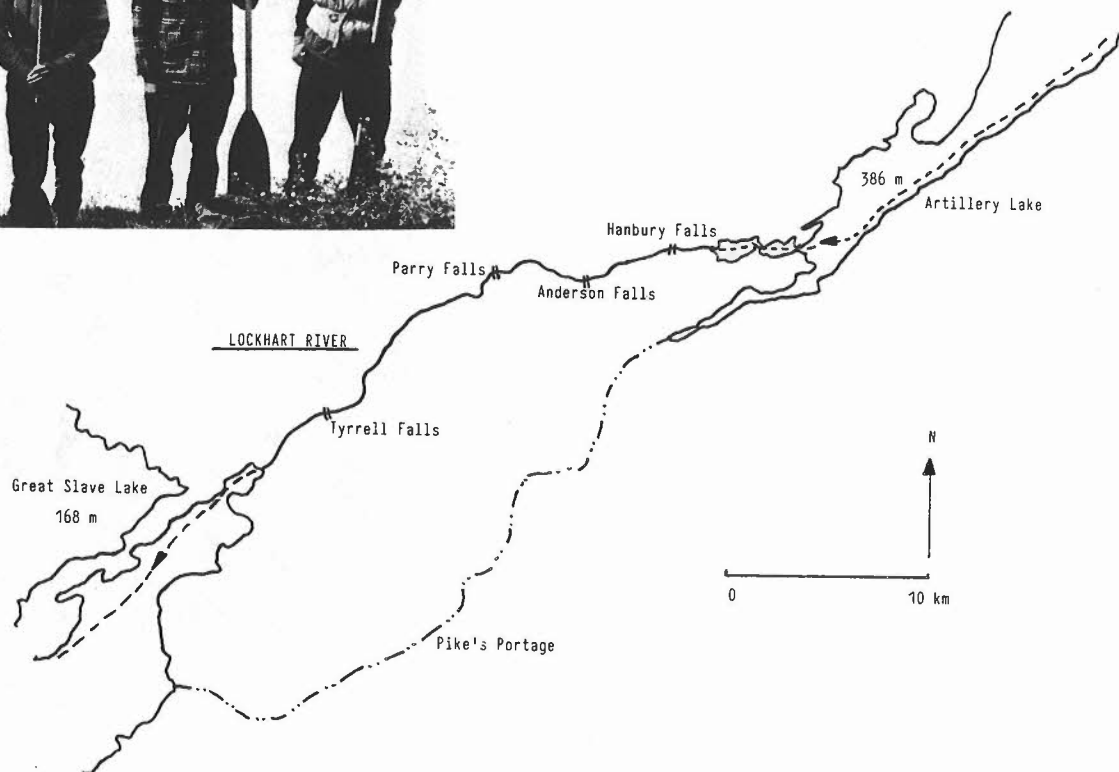
photography difficult, as the camera lens would quickly get wet. Another whole day here would have been marvelous but it was not our plan, and so we moved on to portage around it on the north side. At low water we might have been tempted to follow the river. Once more we bushwhacked, for about a kilometre, away from the river where the trees were more spaced and the ground more level. We weren't scouting prior to our first carry, and so the main problem in being out of sight of the river in the woods was the question of when to head back to it; not too early and not too late in relation to the unseen rapids. But it always seems to work out somehow. At the start of the trip with food for 40 days, our six packs were over 45 kg each. Back then it was a welcome relief to carry the 39-kg canoe. Now the roles were reversed, the canoe was again the harder load. Fortunately my son Tait was now willing to carry our 18 ft Grumman if I led the way. A welcome, albeit unfair arrangement.



At the end of the carry, we crashed through the thick shore growth one last time and stepped out on a clean, flat, granite rock shelf. Upstream was the last foaming cataract.

Resting in the warm sunshine, drinking the cold, clear water, and letting my sweat-soaked clothing dry, a peaceful and happy feeling washed over me. What a fantastic wild river. The trip was over and all was well!

Next day we paddled into Reliance and the following day at the weather station caught a Twin Otter bound for Yellowknife, with all our gear and canoes on board.



news briefs

CANADA DAY REGATTA The 1987 edition of the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association's Voyageur Cup will be taking place in Ottawa on 1 July 1987 - Canada Day. This year's Voyageur Cup will be held at the Rideau Canoe Club, and will be part of the Canada Day Regatta at Mooney's Bay in Ottawa.

The Canada Day Regatta will include not only the Voyageur Cup, Kanawa Museum historical display, Voyageur encampment, and Paddlecade-related activities, but also sprint and marathon canoe races with participants from across Canada, as well as a food service and a beer garden area. A historical Voyageur theme canoe trip with Voyageur canoes has been planned along the Rideau River from 27 to 30 June 1987.

For more information, contact the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association in Hyde Park, Ontario, phone 519-473-2109.

CELEBRATION OF WILDERNESS The Sierra Club of Ontario is planning a weekend "Celebration of Wilderness" at Camp Wana-pitei in Temagami on 5 to 7 September 1987. A number of events are planned, centred on hiking and canoeing, with guest speakers and a corn roast. A variety of accommodation will be available, from tenting to cabins, and meals will be available indoors or out. For more information, contact the Sierra Club of Ontario in Toronto, phone 416-596-7778.

WCA FALL MEETING Reserve 26 and 27 September 1987 for another great Fall Meeting. This year it will be held at the Koshlong Outdoor Centre near Haliburton, Ontario. On Saturday, learn and be entertained at a quality selection of workshops, presentations, and slide shows. On Sunday, participate in an outing and explore a local river or lake in the brilliant autumn colors. Watch the mail in August for a Fall Meeting flier and registration form.

HUMBER RIVER CANOE RACE WCA members made a good showing in the 11th running of the Humber River Canoe Race in Toronto on 4 April. In the hotly contested mixed tandem class, Howard and Trudy Sagermann were awarded second prize. Paul Barsevskis and Lynn Aird were close behind for a third-place finish.

WCA PHOTO CONTEST In February 1988, we will again have a competition for the many photographers in the WCA, novices as well as experienced ones. The four categories are: 1) wilderness, 2) wilderness and man, 3) flora, 4) fauna. This year there will be no extra category.

OPEN CANOE RACE Don't forget to attend, as participant or spectator, the Gull River Open Canoe Slalom on 12 and 13 September 1987 at the Minden Wild Water Preserve. A great opportunity to paddle, learn, see, and enjoy. For more information contact Wendy Grater at Trail Head in Toronto at 416-862-0881.

WCA FALL PARTY This popular, annual get-together, marked by happy banter, wine, cheese, other delicacies, and slide shows, will be held on Friday, 27 November 1987, again at the Casa Loma Campus of The George Brown College in Toronto. Mark this date on your calendar! Don't miss it! More details later.

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

issue	Autumn 1987	deadline date	16 August 1987
	Winter 1987		15 November 1987

WCA MEMBERSHIP LIST Membership lists are available to any members who wish one for personal, non-commercial use. Send a \$1.00 bill (no cheques, please!) to Cash Belden, 77 Huntley Street, Apt. 1116, Toronto, M4Y 2P3.

NASTAWGAN, THE BEST BOOK The Canadian Historical Association has awarded NASTAWGAN - The Canadian North by Canoe and Snowshoe the Certificate of Merit for the best book published in 1986 on the regional history of Canada's North. The book, with contributions by several WCA members and published by Betelgeuse Books, will this month be released in soft cover (\$19.95), in a full-size volume containing everything from the first, hard-cover edition (except the typos!).

WATERWALKER AT THE ROM To mark the Royal Ontario Museum's 75th anniversary, a large number of outstanding documentary films on a wide variety of subjects is being shown at the museum in Toronto during April, May, and June 1987. One of the films in this series is of special interest to anyone who has ever touched a paddle.

This "must-see" film is Bill Mason's impressive magnum opus WATERWALKER which will be shown on 25 June at 7 p.m. The feature-length masterpiece is a spectacular account of the passionate love affair between Mason and his canoe, showing his great respect for the beauty of the wild lands and wild waters of our canoe country.

The presentation at the ROM will be introduced by WCA-member Toni Harting. For more information, contact the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto at 416-586-5549.

PARTNERS AND INFORMATION WANTED

MISSINAIBI RIVER Plans are underway to paddle solo from Peterbell to Mattice on the Missinaibi River, Ontario, from 28 June through 4 July '87. If there is anyone else interested in doing that trip, please contact Peter Verbeek in Scarborough, Ontario, at 416-784-8332 (b), or 416-757-3814 (h).

HIKING DOWN UNDER If you would be interested in planning a hiking trip through Australia and New Zealand in November 1987, please call Marcia Farquhar or Dave Houseman in Richmond Hill, Ontario, at 416-884-0208.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR will only be considered for publication if the writer's identity is known to the Editor. Anonymous, unsigned letters cannot be accepted.

the wilderness of literature

by
Alan Cooke
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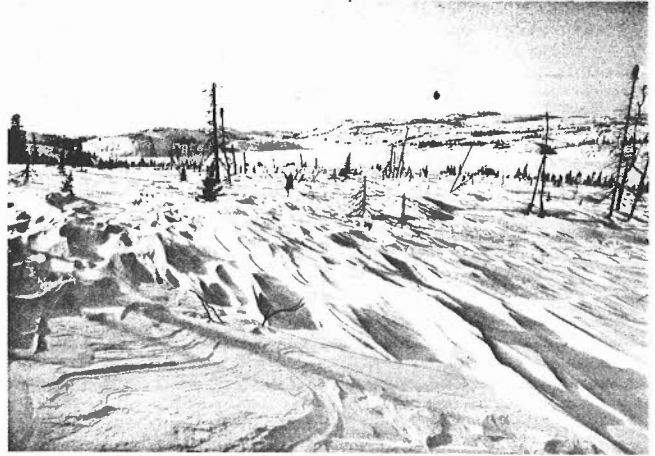
"The past has only served the few; perhaps history may serve the multitude." J.H. Plumb, The Death of the Past (London, Macmillan, 1969, p. 17).

My title has two meanings, both of them deliberate: on the one hand, it suggests that wilderness itself plays a role in the world's literature; on the other hand, it suggests that literature itself is a wilderness. My epigraph has only one meaning and it is all too plain. The past, to the extent that it is reflected in literature, has always served only the governing few, whereas history, to the extent that it is embodied in literature, might yet be made to serve the multitude.

At present, only scholars who have first-rate libraries available to them have ready access to the ever-mounting flood of published information on every subject. Their access to this information increasingly depends upon on-line data bases, and these data bases depend for their search on words in English or another language. Librarians have become managers of data bases: if you ask a question the data base cannot answer, a librarian or a data-base manager will reproach you for having asked the wrong question. I have run a great many searches of on-line data bases for information on subjects about which I have some knowledge. Without exception, these searches have been a waste of time, paper, and money. They have told me little or nothing I did not already know, and they have supplied abundant garbage I was sorry to have to pay for. I have never met a scholar who has been satisfied by an on-line search.

Now, in contrast to this worsening situation, let us suppose that intelligent, thoughtful, and careful persons had undertaken to read with the needs of scholarship in mind the broad range of literature, published and unpublished, that describes the circumpolar northern wilderness and its peoples. Suppose our readers had examined this wilderness of literature, book by book, article by article, diary by diary, letter by letter, to answer for each document the great questions: Who?, What?, When?, Where?, and Why? Let us go further and suppose their answers to these basic questions were systematically organized within a computerized bibliographical data base to which anyone with a telephone, a modem, a computer, and a question had cheap and ready access. History, to the extent that it is constituted by written documents, might then serve the multitude.

For more than 30 years, I have been associated with polar research libraries in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. During that time, I have pursued my own interests in the history of the European exploration of Canada and in the history of its Native peoples and, during that time, I have helped every other kind of scholar



to find needed information in the polar literature. It is on the basis of this long practical experience that I claim to understand better than anyone else who is not both scholar and librarian how polar information should be organized to serve the needs of scholars rather than the convenience of librarians. In September 1983, with two colleagues, I incorporated under federal charter a non-profit organization, Hochelaga Research Institute/Institut de recherche Hochelaga, to give expression to this conviction. In December 1986, Revenue Canada approved Hochelaga's application for registration as a charitable organization.

Hochelaga intends to build a polar research library and a computerized bibliographical data base to serve as index to it by taking contracts from clients who are willing to pay for better organization of the branches of polar literature useful to them. Once Hochelaga has organized the literature related to a few subjects and regions, we shall be able to demonstrate the superiority of our data base over existing data bases as a means of indexing the literature it covers, and we shall then more easily find the support required to recatalogue the rest of the circumpolar literature.

Hochelaga intends to recatalogue the circumpolar literature from a North American point of view and with an attention to detail no librarian has previously attempted. In common with the library of the Scott Polar Research Institute, University of Cambridge, and the library of the Boreal Institute for Northern Studies, University of Alberta, Hochelaga will use the Universal Decimal Classification (UDC), an elaboration of the Dewey Decimal Classification, to organize information. The UDC lends itself to computerized applications because it organizes knowledge, not alphabetically by words, but hierarchically by concepts to which decimal numbers are assigned according to a logical system. Hochelaga's data base, once it can be made available on line, will enhance the usefulness of polar holdings in any library, anywhere. Only the index to the UDC need be translated to make work based on it accessible in any language.

I said above that Hochelaga intends to build a polar research library by taking contracts from clients who are willing to pay for better organization of the branches of polar literature useful to them. If anyone here has suggestions or advice to offer in our search for support to index the literature of northern exploration, I shall welcome them. If anyone here may be willing to start this work as a volunteer, please introduce yourself to me. Thank you for your attention.

Paper read to the Wilderness Canoe Association's symposium, 30-31 January 1987, Toronto, on canoe journeys in southeastern Keewatin District.

[HOCHELAGA is the name of the Indian village on the Island of Montreal that Cartier found when he arrived in 1535. We can date the beginning of sustained communication between the Old World and the New in these latitudes from that moment.]



Look Ma: no matches!

The setting was a mild 29th of February at the Leslie M. Frost Centre near Dorset, Ontario. The participants, numbering about 100, were gathered for the 1987 AGM of the WCA.

The business meeting was surprisingly short; the reading of reports, the discussions, and the election of new board members were completed by lunchtime. Three new board members were elected for two-year terms: Marcia Farquhar, Ron Jasiuk, and John Winters. Participants spent the afternoon engaged in a variety of activities ranging from nordic skiing, to attending a seminar about snowshoes and toboggans, to planning canoe trips for the upcoming season.

The evening presentations were the highlight of the weekend. Toni Harting got the ball rolling by showing photographs submitted for the WCA Photo Contest and announcing the winners. His professional critiques made the show entertaining and informative. The audience was then treated to a presentation by Graham Rowley, an explorer of northern Canada. He spoke of his travels in 1936 by boat and dogsled in the Foxe Basin and western Baffin Island area, parts of which were unmapped at the time. Mr. Rowley painted a fascinating picture of traditional Inuit life in that part of the Arctic, based on his first-hand experience. One month after his presentation, Mr. Rowley wrote me and asked that I convey to the members of the WCA how much he and his wife Diana enjoyed their visit with us. He also mentioned that he donated the money given him to cover his expenses, to an Inuit Youth Camp at Ikpiq on Baffin Island. The final "show" of the evening was a hands-on session of fire making by Craig Macdonald. Craig drew many oohs and aahs from the spellbound audience as smoke and flames were produced without the use of matches.

Next year's AGM is scheduled for 27 February 1988 at the Mono Cliffs Outdoor Education Centre near Orangeville, Ontario. Plan to be there.

Ron Jasiuk

POKING AROUND POKER LAKE

Christine Greffe

The Time: 7 and 8 February 1987.

The Place: Paker Lake Loop, Minden, Ontario.

The Setting: a winter wonderland

Glenn Davy and I met the rest of our group -- John Winters, Stewart McIlwraith, and our organizers Cam Salsbury and Sandy Richardson -- at the Brown Owl in Minden. We had a delicious breakfast and finally stopped talking about the weekend's possible adventures after a timely suggestion from Cam that we actually do some of this stuff.

It's a good thing we left when we did because the lead car drove past the Bentshoe Lake trailhead twice before realizing 'Hey, this is it!' Then one of my ski boots tore. (It was listed as a skiing weekend.) I thanked the spirits of the bush that I had brought along my snowshoes and boots -- just in case.

When we set out, Glenn, John, and I were lugging backpacks while Sandy, Cam, and Stewart had the luxury of toboggans. The two methods of transporting our gear was the source of much debate and possible profit, the money being made by the tobogganers who figured they could make a pretty healthy buck from the backpackers by the time we reached the third portage.

The weather was perfect -- a little snow, a little cloud, and a little sun. It was a little on the warm side though (-1 to -3°C) for cold camping. We set up camp on one of the points of the big island in Cinder Lake. It was a gorgeous site with plenty of room for three tents. Stewart started chopping the ice for a water hole while the rest of us set up our homes for the night. John's tent was the ultimate in fresh-air living: very fast to set up and very large too. There were even a couple of deer beds towards the centre of the island.

After a leisurely lunch we went off to explore. We aimed for the portage at the south end of the lake that leads to a swamp and followed it until we got to an old logging road. We stayed on the road for a time until we came to the precipice of a creek valley. Real men go straight down through the boulders and trees; the rest of us decided on quiche. After much hollering back and forth we rejoined with Cam and crossed the lake to The Summit. The first descent proved spectacular with a mouthful of snow accompanying the landing. The third descent was the "piece de resistance." Stewart made telemarking look easy.

We followed the shoreline heading west toward the deer-feeding stations. There were lots of fresh tracks but I was the only one lucky enough to see one of the critters, albeit at quite a distance.



Photo by Sandy Richardson

The rest of the crew decided to continue to explore another hill, but Glenn and I opted for cutting across a gut in the island back towards camp. When we all got back, we ate supper by the light of Cam's lantern. It made for a very cozy meal and we talked into the wee hours of the winter's night.

It started snowing about 2 a.m. and when we got up we had about ten more centimetres of the white stuff on the lake. It got windier and snowier as the morning progressed, so by the time we got back to Bentshoe we were in a fairly major snowstorm. Later, we learned that the winds may have gotten up to 90 km/h. Somehow, this blizzard was more beautiful than I could ever have imagined -- especially since the wind was at our backs. Another indication of the friendly bush spirits.

I have to admit that this was the best winter camping trip I have ever taken (even though it was only my fifth). Thanks for an outstanding trip with a sensational bunch of people.

low-level flights

In January 1986, Nuclear Free North, an anti-nuclear group in Yellowknife, brought public attention to plans for low-level military flights over the Northwest Territories. The Department of National Defence (DND) admitted that the Federal Government was considering a proposal made by the United States Strategic Air Command (SAC) of NORAD to conduct low-level training runs by American B-52 bombers and Canadian CF-18 fighters on a route from Cold Lake, Alberta, to a point 160 km east of Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territories. The B-52 bombers were to play the role of hostile aircraft flying as low as 80 metres above ground level as a means of avoiding radar. The CF-18 fighters were to practice intercepting these low-flying bombers. DND stated that, although the number of aircraft involved was not known, there could be up to a maximum of twelve "flights" per day over a period of two to five days. There could be several of these exercises per year and the first one was planned for mid-June 1986.

Over the rest of the winter of 1986, this low-level military flight proposal became an important issue in the NWT, and opposition to it grew. By April 1986, most major organizations in the western NWT had protested these planned flights, including the NWT Metis Association, the Dene Nation, Nuclear Free North, Big River Travel Association, Northern Frontier Visitors Association, and the NWT Wildlife Federation.

There were many questions and concerns. What effects would there be on the land and the way of life of the people who live on it? How would wildlife along the flight path be affected, especially the caribou herds? Obviously, low-level flights were not compatible with wilderness tourism operations in the area. It was felt that these military manoeuvres would be detrimental to a rapidly expanding tourism industry which is already the second largest industry in the NWT. As one fellow put it: "You get the feeling the US military and the Canadian Government have this idea the NWT is a vast wasteland--but this is our home and workplace!"

Many pointed to the low-level NATO flights in Labrador and their reported ill effects on the environment and the native people there. A few, like myself, felt that military flights at group levels over North America's largest remaining wilderness would violate the integrity of that wild region--a wilderness that we as Canadians should cherish as one of our greatest natural treasures and be proud to be the custodians of. Some people opposed the flights on pacifist grounds; others were indignant that this proposal was made by and would be largely carried out by the military machine of a foreign power.

A common sentiment expressed from all quarters was that the North should not be used as a military testing ground without the consultation and consent of the people of the North. An environmental impact study should be conducted with public hearings; and at the very least, the Territorial Legislature, our elected representatives, should be involved in the decisionmaking process. There was also a growing uneasiness that this was just the beginning of a big military buildup in the North. In the intervening year or more since then, the Federal Government has announced plans to upgrade the North Warning System and several airfields in the NWT to act as advance bases for fighter aircraft.

Last spring, DND declared that the low-level military flights would be delayed until 1987 and that a consultant would be hired to prepare an "Initial Environmental Evaluation" on the proposed flight line. No public meetings were to be held. If severe impacts were reported by the consultant, a full-scale environmental impact study with public consultation was promised. Although DND never admitted it, a number of reliable individuals witnessed manoeuvres by military jet aircraft at very low levels east of the Slave River in the NWT and Alberta in June and August of 1986.

In December 1986, SAC finally provided the public with a brief, written proposal for its low-level flights. Up to this point, the only information for public consumption had been a few generalities provided by officials at DND. SAC proposed two low-level flight corridors, each 14.5 km (nine miles) wide and 1383 km (862 miles) in length. One slashes southwest across British Columbia beginning east of Fort Nelson, passing west of Fort St. John, east of Smithers, then to the coast south of Prince Rupert. The other corridor is aligned north-south from Great Slave Lake in the NWT to Cold Lake, Alberta. This corridor has two entries, one north of the east end of Great Slave Lake, and the other just south of and parallelling the Hanbury River. These entries converge north of Artillery Lake, then pass west of that lake, touching the eastern tip of Great Slave Lake. The corridor then angles southwest, passing about 40

km east of Snowdrift, NWT, then south along the edge of the Canadian Shield just east of the Slave River, about 40 km east of Fort Smith, NWT, and Fort Chipewyan, Alberta. The corridor continues south close to Fort McMurray, Alberta, swings into Saskatchewan near La Loche and Buffalo Narrows, then over to Cold Lake, Alberta.

The exercises are to include B-52, B-1B, and FB-111 American bombers which will fly out of several points in the United States. The bombers would be intercepted by Canadian F-4, F-15, F-16, and CF-18 fighters. The bombers would fly each 1383-km-long corridor south from Great Slave Lake and Fort Nelson, B.C., at an altitude of 100 to 150 m above ground level. The initial proposal calls for four exercises per year lasting one day each. They would occur in May-June, November-December, March and September. Two exercises would involve up to 25 bombers and 15 fighters. The other exercises would be for U.S. bombers only, and up to a maximum of 15 of them. The first exercise could begin as early as May or June 1987. A B-52 bomber has eight jet engines and is 55.9 m long with a wingspan of 55.6 m. Can you imagine what it would be like if you were unlucky enough to be under one of these machines as it rips by at 800 km/h only 100 m over your head?

Although the "Initial Environmental Evaluation" was not to include any public consultation, some very concerned northern politicians were successful in getting DND and the consultant to hastily schedule a few brief hearings in the most affected communities in the NWT. Public hearings were held in Detah, Snowdrift, Fort Resolution, and Fort Smith in January 1987. The hearings were well attended and the low-level flights were loudly protested in all four communities. All of the concerns that had been expressed by the various interest groups over the past year were reiterated.

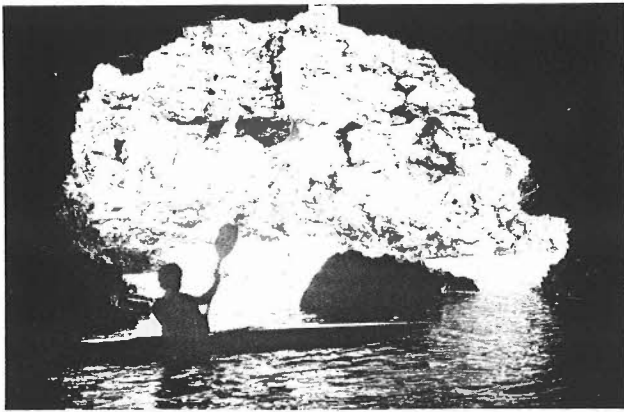
Questions were also raised about compensation in case of serious accident (including forest fires), loss of business, and the effects of noise on people and wildfire. No assurances were given regarding compensation. Many emphasized the fact that the North had nothing to gain by these flights and everything to lose. A common concern was that once the military got its foot in the door, low-level flights and other military activities would undoubtedly escalate in the years to come. We learned that there was no sunset clause on the proposal to limit the time the low-level corridor would be used. There is also no guarantee that the number of aircraft or tests will not be increased in the future. The call for a full-scale environmental impact study was also renewed.

I attended the Fort Smith hearing. The consultant expected to deal with us and our concerns in two hours, then catch the plane south to Edmonton. The crowd angrily protested this and succeeded in keeping the consultant and the DND official there all day, hearing briefs and answering questions. We were flabbergasted to learn from DND at that hearing that the proposed flight line was selected by someone at SAC Headquarters in Nebraska by his merely pulling out a map and drawing a line across it, making sure he didn't hit any town along the way. The only other consideration taken into account was the sort of terrain desired for low-level test flights. Apparently, the Canadian Wildlife Service was asked to comment on the flight line, and the only caution they expressed was to stay clear of the Peace-Athabasca Delta on the west end of Lake Athabasca.

In early March, the Legislative Assembly of the Northwest Territories unanimously passed a motion opposing the low-level military flights and demanding a full public inquiry to be held. However, the final decision belongs to the Department of National Defence. NWT Government Leader Nick Sibbeston said that hopefully the Minister of National Defence, Perrin Beatty, will see the diversity and extent from which the requests to suspend the flights are coming, and set up an inquiry. Beatty replied that ultimately it is his decision and he'll wait to see the environmental consultant's report first.

Later in March, both the Canadian Wildlife Federation and the NDP Convention in Quebec passed motions opposing these low-level military flights. At this writing (3 April 1987), the environmental consultant's report has been completed, but it has not yet been released to the public. Perrin Beatty has not announced any decision. In the meantime, Northerners and the NWT Government are demanding suspension of the flights or a full-scale environmental impact study with public hearings.

Alex M. Hall
Canoe Arctic Inc., Fort Smith, NWT



GEORGIAN BAY CAVE - Bob Knapp
(Second prize, Wilderness and Man)



YES - Richard Smerdon
(First prize, Fauna)



CARIBOU LAKE SOLITUDE - Al Lawton
(Third prize, Wilderness and Man)



FROSTY MORNING ON THE YORK RIVER - Herb Pohl
(Third prize, Wilderness)



GLACIER LILLY - Marcia Farquhar
(Second Prize, Flora)



MISTY MORNING ON THE NORMANDIN RIVER - Lucie Larose
(First prize Novice, Wilderness and Man)



NEAT SUNSET - Claire Smerdon
(Second prize Novice, Wilderness and Man)

wca photo contest



EVENING ON LAC RAUDE - Herb Pohl
(First prize, Wilderness and Man)



CARIBOU AT DENALI - Marcia Farquhar
(Second prize, Fauna)



SUNSHINE RIDGE - Stewart McIlwraith
(Second prize, Wilderness)



TRANQUIL MORNING - Marcia Farquhar
(First prize, Wilderness)



LADY SLIPPER - Marcia Farquhar
(First prize, Flora)

wolf river yukon territory

Article: Frank Krause
Photos: Chuck Denison

This is the law of the Yukon,
and ever she makes it plain:
Send not your foolish and feeble;
send me your strong and your sane.

Robert Service

The name Yukon is derived from an Indian origin meaning "great river." All the rivers in the Yukon Territory, including the Yukon River, are set in a great wilderness. One definition for wilderness is that there may be as many bears as people. Of the 25,000 humans in the Yukon Territory, half of them are in the capital of Whitehorse.

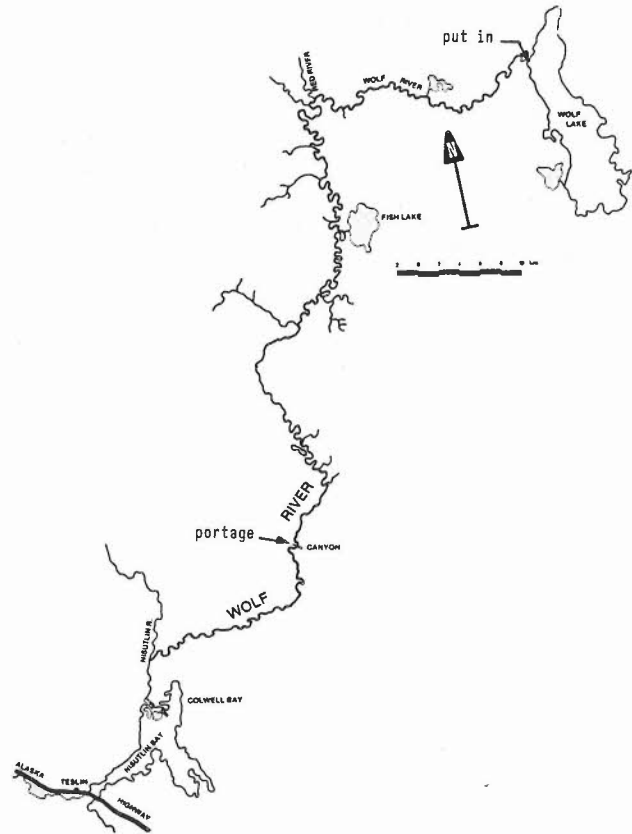
Whitehorse is the home of our good friend Dave who met Chuck and I at the airport. We loaded our gear into the back of his pick-up truck rigged with sturdy, homemade carrying racks for his red Mad River. Seeing that red canoe, I could sense an incitement for a Yukon "great river" adventure. With Dave and his wife, Brigitte, we began to compare many rivers. I reflected when Graham Barnett, a mild-mannered canoe mentor of mine, described his Yukon river choice: the Peel, the Pelly, the Ross, the Stewart, the MacMillan, the Porcupine, and the Big Salmon. We referred to a thin, bright-orange book titled "Canoe Routes, Yukon Territory," by Wright and Wright. The Wolf River became our choice for two reasons: the pre-excitement of flying onto Wolf Lake to start the trip, and the time allotment of canoeing to the town of Teslin in four to five days.

Teslin is a two-hour bus ride east of Whitehorse. The outfitter in Teslin co-operated with Coyote Air to have an ABS canoe strapped to the pilot's white and yellow Maule float plane when we arrived at his dock. The aerial view of the Wolf River gave us an immediate vista of a blue incision of river water diminutive to the expanse of dark-green coniferous forest. We also had an important view of the two canyon waterfalls about 800 m apart from each other. The first waterfall would only require a carry-over, while the second waterfall would demand the one portage of the entire canoe trip. Over the loud hum of his plane, our pilot recounted to us that the Wolf River was canoed by fewer than 30 persons a season. This heightened the anticipation of unspoiled remoteness, yet we were not in danger of being a sole canoe.

Our pilot had flown a party of three canoes onto Wolf Lake two days previously and they were still there as the float plane set down. Six jovial Germans re-greeted the pilot and helped us disembark our canoe and gear. The plane roared off quickly and disappeared into silence. Our introductions were amusing as only two of these six Germans spoke English. They had been camping at the point where the lake drains into the river and where the fishing was plentiful...and tasty. This was affirmed by Chuck's immediate catching of two graylings for supper. We agreed to begin the canoe trip with our new wilderness partners the next morning.

The whitewater canoeing was continuous on our first day. The sky was bright blue and the air temperature was warm for late August. The water sparkled in the sun, creating a ride on a river of endless glistening gems...the best Grade II and III canoeing of my life! My memory of that one day was the catalyst for setting this adventure in print. The skill required for that day must be credited to the practice sessions back in Ontario at Palmer's Rapids led by Paul Graham and Jim Morris, and on the French River led by Howie Sagerman and Rob Cepella. The teamwork that Chuck and I shared on Day One of our trip became the basis of our grandest whitewater experience. All four canoes did well. There were no "dumps."

The other canoeists chose their campsite before the junction of the Red River, but we preferred higher ground just below the Red River junction. Tall pines were ideal to hang up our packs, and the view of the red evening sky with black-silhouetted spruce across the river was most satisfying. The campfire complimented a reading from "Songs of a Sourdough" by Robert Service, a balladeer who lived in the Yukon for eight years soon after the Gold Rush:



Map from: Canoe Routes, Yukon Territory; Wright and Wright.



Bear paw imprints

This is the law of the Yukon,
 and ever she makes it plain:
 Send not your foolish and feeble;
 send me your strong and your sane.
 Send me the best of your breeding,
 lend me your chosen ones;
 Them will I take to my bosom,
 them will I call my sons.

The second day was flatwater. This provided a balance as the previous day had been all whitewater. Our fellow canoeists had not caught up with us and yet they had camped only half an hour behind us the night before. We would have preferred their presence, especially when we discovered huge imprints of bear paws that afternoon. Wisely, our camp was set up further downriver near a stand of older aspens which had the height to allow us to string up our packs.

The third day was also flatwater, but with majestic views of a mountain range to the southwest. At midnight, a porcupine rattled around the tent and canoe. Its presence enhanced our uneasiness of a possible bear encounter, and heightened our concern of not sighting the other canoes for two days.

On the fourth morning, we shivered through a dazzling but heavy frost which was melted away by a sunny day. This was the important day to find the exact location of the portage. Firstly, we were to watch for the tributary, Canyon Creek, flowing in from the left, and to immediately shore up on the right bank. Yes, the Wolf River turns 90° to the right at Canyon Creek and drops over a two-metre falls. The river then zigs to the left and zags to the right in a small canyon, making it impossible to view down river. We carried-over and set up the canoe for the 800 metres of backpaddling to the next waterfall and its 400-metre portage.

A decision was made to wait for the other three canoes to warn them of the perpendicular surprise. During the wait, Chuck investigated the existence of a path to the next waterfall, and found nothing but more huge bear paw imprints. After three hours, our international voyageurs stormed in with appreciative "danke shoens." They explained that their absence was due to simply getting started late each day because of the preparation of big breakfasts. We agreed to camp at the next waterfall as it was getting late in the day.

After the carry-over of their canoes, we were set to peel off in succession. We had to remember to keep to the right side of the river to see the beginning of the portage trail. Our canoe was the second one to peel off. The current was swift and powerful; huge boulders were everywhere. The water became faster, louder, and foreboding. The two canoes behind us had passed ahead of us, but I was more concerned about safety than racing. Water slapped over the gunwales. I still recall our frantic words:

"This is Grade IV!"
 "Backpaddle, Chuck, backpaddle!"
 "Frank, we're too far left."

This stretch of water certainly didn't appear that wild from the plane four days earlier.



Canyon waterfalls

Our canoe was the last one to discover what misfortunes had happened to the others at the second canyon waterfall. Although we had worked our canoe safely through the boulder garden, we were on the wrong side for the portage trail. One other canoe was also there, hung up on a boulder. The remaining two canoes had their problems too. One was swamped in the large pool above a five-metre falls. The other went over the falls...with one of the canoeists! Disbelief! We prayed for his safety. By the time we peered over the falls, the capsized canoe had floated downriver with the hapless canoeist swimming after it, disappearing around a bend in the river. Some time later we were relieved when the runaway canoe was recovered and when the soaked foursome on the portage side started the necessary campfire. The four of us on the wrong bank could not get to them. We had to struggle our canoes up a cliff and in the dark set up tents so we could try to rest for regrouping next day. We could only be thankful that all eight of us were together for the roughest section of the Wolf River.

The next day it was the fifth day of our trip, which meant Chuck and I had to be in Teslin. The others needed more time to dry out.

We confirmed their spirit was strong and departed from our wilderness partners. Although there was more fast water after the canyon, the river ended in the wider, marshy Nisutlin River and Nisutlin Bay which is connected to Teslin Lake. At the town of Teslin, the bay is spanned by a long, seven-sectioned silver bridge of the Alaska Highway. We saw that bridge loom larger and larger for the last two hours of our canoe trip -- a canoe trip that introduced eight more "sons" to the law of the Yukon.

Send me the best of your breeding,
 lend me your chosen ones;
 Them will I take to my bosom,
 them will I call my sons.

ergonomics and paddles

[I admit defeat, temporarily; John Winters has for now won the battle to stop implementation of the metric system. Although it is our editorial policy to use the far more logical metric system in Nastawgan, John's story is so chock-full of good old imperial ounces and pounds and inches that I didn't even try to change it to metric. But remember, dear contributors, metric is the inevitable system of the future, and Nastawgan will continue to use it as much as possible.

Editor.]

John Winters

Last year, near the end of an arduous day of paddling, a pain began creeping across my shoulders. "Product of a profligate lifestyle and old age," diagnosed my friend in the stern. Knowing the former to be untrue and unwilling to accept the latter, I blamed it on some obscure problem with my paddle. Never mind that I had been using the same paddle without complaint for years; vanity would accept no other explanation. So, the remainder of the trip was spent mentally designing a new and improved paddle that would power my canoe with such grace and efficiency as to make a mockery of headwinds and waves.

At home, I dug out enough scrap wood to build a few prototypes. They looked good, were light and, most importantly, the pains didn't reappear. I began to feel a warm glow of success. What could I do if I really knew what I was doing? That thought led to a crash course in something called Ergonomics, which is the study of man's relationship with his tools and workplace or, to put it simply, how to get the most work with the least effort. You should be warned that what you will read may contradict much of what you take for granted or swear by about paddles. It can't be helped. Science has a perverse disdain for opinion and tradition. Anyway, it won't hurt you more than it hurt me to trash my prototypes and try again. This time after reading the directions.

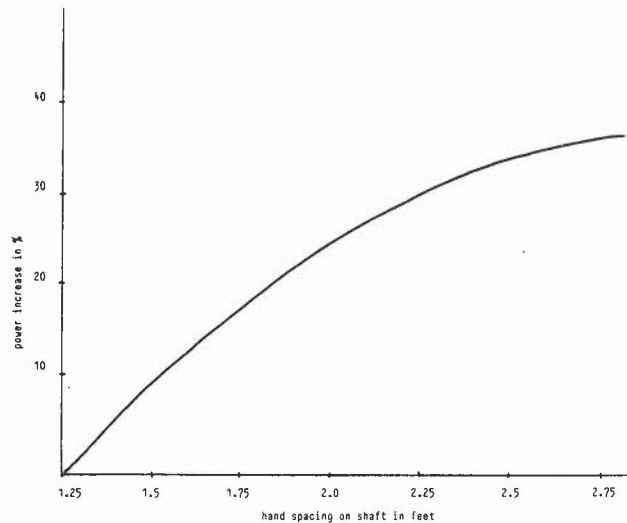
For our purposes, the canoe is the workplace, the paddle is the tool, and the work we are doing is moving the workplace from one location to another through the action of the paddle against the water. The paddle action can be reduced to two basic components: a power phase which begins as the paddle enters the water and ends just before it is drawn out, and the recovery phase in which the paddle is lifted and brought forward to restart the cycle.

The recovery phase offers no direct contribution to propulsion as all effort is directed toward lifting and carrying the paddle forward. On average, the paddle is lifted 8" during recovery and at a rate of 30 strokes per minute with a 2-pound paddle .0013 horsepower is expended. This doesn't sound like a lot, but it is 5% of the power required to propel a typical 16' canoe at 5 km/h. The 10,800 strokes taken during a six-hour day and the resultant 21,600 pounds of paddle lifted are more dramatic if slightly misleading figures. It is apparent then that lightness is a virtue, but how light is "light." In the USA, where all things are possible at outrageous prices, there are paddles as light as 11 ounces and 18 to 22 ounces are common in commercially available models. A survey of paddles in a Toronto canoe boutique turned up an average of 28 ounces and the lightest at 23 ounces. My own homemade versions run from 16 to 20 ounces so there is obviously room for improvement. How suitable such paddles are for whitewater remains to be seen but my experience is that they are satisfactory; the only one to have failed being the lightest model.

Light weight is not the only consideration. The paddle must fit the user. In a lengthy and expensive government study, a man named Darcus determined that fatigue is reduced when the muscles in use most nearly conform to their positions during normal repose. The hand, for instance, normally takes on a curved attitude that nicely fits around a 1½" diameter rod. (Women are about 10% smaller.) While this is an average figure, the variations are small, and it appears the 1 3/8" to 1 5/8" paddle grips would fit the bulk of the population. Because the hand likes to curve, the "T" grip seems to be best, as the traditional style straightens the fingers. An interesting point is that the wrist loses flexibility as the grip becomes smaller. You can demonstrate this to yourself if you allow your hand to hang loosely at 90° to the forearm and then slowly close the hand to form a fist. You will note that the wrist starts to straighten as you close the hand, and it takes conscious effort to force it back to the original position. This explains why some paddles are more tiring than others when doing steering strokes that require a large degree of wrist flexure. Since most of the ergonomic studies were concerned only with simple push/pull operations, there is no indication that another shape would be better for operations peculiar to canoeing. There is also no indication that shaping the grip is better and the studies recommend simple parallel-sided grips.

The same criteria for diameter applies to shafts that applies to grips. A 1½" shaft seems awfully large, but an old paddle that I had always liked but discarded for aesthetic reasons had that size shaft and a fat, albeit traditional grip. Maybe my body was telling me that the paddle was right and that my aesthetic judgement was flawed.

A more contentious issue may be the length of the paddle. Every book on canoeing has some form of formula, usually having something to do with the distance from the ground to your nose or some other body part. The proper method has to do with the distance from the shoulder to the waterline while you are paddling. To determine this, scientists have pushed, poked, and prodded thousands of people to discover how the body works best. Among their findings is that the arm pushes best when it operates directly opposite the shoulder. If the arm operates across the body as it does during the paddling or if it angles up or down, there are substantial losses in power and endurance. The greatest pull (when seated) is generated when the hand is 9" above seat level. This means, for maximum push and pull the hands should be 15" apart for the so called "average" male. Obviously there is something wrong here and it has to do with leverage. If we were to place our hands in the "ideal" position and apply forces of 10 pounds at both grip and shaft, the total force exerted at the tip of a 54" paddle would be 6.6 pounds. The loss in power is due to the unfavorable leverage. If the hands are moved to 30" apart there would be a 25% loss in pulling power due to the inefficient arm attitude, but there would be a 170% increase in power at the tip. The graph shows the relationship between power and hand position and compensates for the shorter travel of the tip due to the change in lever length and other factors. In actual practice these figures would vary considerably due to the power contribution from body trunk rotation and from paddling style.



Since the most efficient position for the upper hand is opposite the shoulder, it is apparent that the paddle shaft need only be so long as to reach from the shoulder to the water level plus enough shaft to assure full immersion of the paddle blade. (More on this later.) It will also be obvious that the seat height plays an important role, since the variations in seats is substantial. A random sampling turned up a 6" difference between lowest and highest seats. Those who kneel will have different requirements as well. Note that the blade length does not enter into the calculation because it has no effect on the body/tool interface. To establish the proper paddle length then, you must measure the distance from your shoulder to the waterline while seated in the canoe. What do you do if you paddle a variety of canoes? The very thought is enough to bring tears of joy to the paddle manufacturer's eyes.

There are, as usual, some exceptional circumstances that don't lend themselves to purely objective analysis. Solo and whitewater paddlers who look upon their skill as art forms would never tolerate such rigid regimentation and would rather choose their paddles by "feel" or by consulting chicken entrails.

Blades are not directly related to an ergonomic study but there are some points worth mentioning. The first concerns flexibility. We have all seen the "Old Pro Paddler" pressing the paddle blade to the ground and mumbling something about "too soft" or "too stiff." To the uninitiated it looks like magic and it probably is, since there is no evidence to suggest that flexibility is either good or bad beyond the obviously bad blades that are so flexible that they vibrate during the stroke. Vibration indicates excessive and irregular water flow across the blade, which is inefficient as well as distracting. If there is flexibility in the blade it should gradually decrease from a maximum just above the tip to a minimum as the blade joins the shaft. This provides the lightest paddle consistent with good strength and will serve for bashing frogs but is less good for clearing channels through rock gardens.

Earlier I mentioned that the shaft should be long enough to assure complete immersion of the blade. This means adding 2" to your shoulder-to-waterline measurement and should be adequate to prevent ventilation of the blade. Bill Riviere in his book "The Open Canoe" calls it "cavitation" which isn't the case. Cavitation is the outgassing of water under extremely low pressures. Ventilation is the vertical migration of air down the edges of the paddle into areas of moderately low pressure. The difference is important if only because the cure for one is not the same as for the other. Usually, full immersion solves the ventilation. It takes a Ph.D. to solve cavitation. Some very narrow or highly cambered blades may ventilate despite your efforts. If so, the only cure short of reaching for your credit card is drastic surgery.

Is any of this of value to you? It could be. If your hands get numb and tingly after a few hours of paddling, it could be that the grip or shaft is too small or improperly shaped. If your shoulders are sore at the end of a moderate day's paddle, it could be that your paddle is too light or too long. The important lesson is to listen to your body. If it hurts or is uncomfortable, something is wrong and it may not be old age so much as poor tool design.



FRESHWATER SAGA

Memoirs of a lifetime of wilderness canoeing in Canada

Author: Eric W. Morse
Publisher: University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1987
Reviewed by: Toni Harting

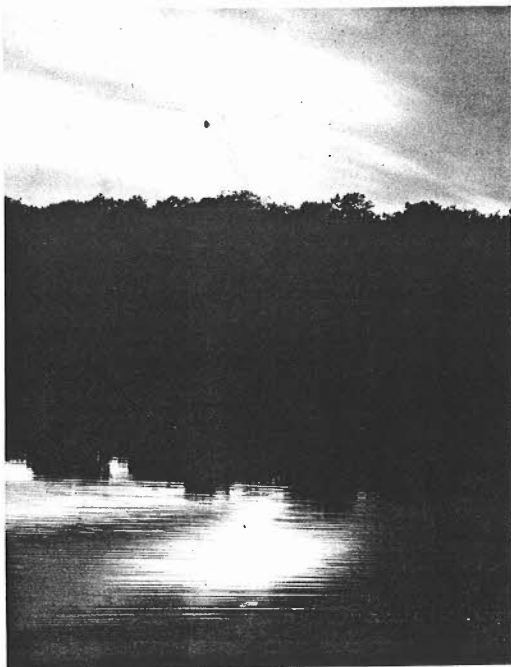
Already as a young boy, the author of this remarkable book was a devoted canoeist, exploring the rivers and lakes of southern Ontario's Haliburton region.

Starting quite late in life, when he was already in his late 40s, and continuing into his early 70s, Eric Morse made numerous canoe trips in the remote regions of the Canadian Shield and beyond.

In the last years of his long life, which ended peacefully in April 1986, Morse wrote a highly detailed and informative account of many of these voyages of discovery.

Eric Morse's final book is an impressive, human story of the canoeing life of an extraordinary man in the process of fulfilling his dreams.

Freshwater Saga is an important and inspiring book that will be read and re-read by every recreational paddler who has ever fallen under the irresistible spell of wilderness canoeing.



PICTURESQUE

Photo by Karina Spence

ARCTIC DREAMS

Imagination and Desire in a Northern Landscape

Author: Barry Lopez
Publisher: Collier Macmillan, Toronto, 1986 (\$33.95)
Reviewed by: Sandy Richardson

Arctic Dreams is monumental in its scope. It is an attempt to come to terms both mentally and physically with the Arctic, to comprehend the land itself and the various perceptions and understandings people have of it.

These intriguing questions seem to Barry Lopez to run deeper than other Arctic issues, and to underlie any consideration of them. And in pursuit of answers he travelled extensively through the Arctic with people of widely differing backgrounds and outlooks.

In Arctic Dreams Lopez draws upon his own experiences during these travels, accounts of early Arctic explorers, and recent scientific studies, to describe in fascinating detail nearly every facet of the north, including the landscape, ice and icebergs, the habits of the wildlife, and the history of Arctic exploration and settlement.

What he discovered was that all these people assessed the land very differently. "All of it, all that the land is and evokes, its acutal meaning as well as its metaphorical reverberations, was and is understood differently."

As Barry Lopez searches for meaning and understanding, he takes the reader on a wonderful, metaphysical journey through the Arctic of the imagination. Interesting ideas and new insights excite the mind as he muses on subjects as diverse as the quality of Arctic light, the sensations of the seasons, the importance of hunting, the roles of language and culture in shaping our understanding of landscape, and "how to live a moral and compassionate existence."

Arctic Dreams is a marvellous and thought-provoking book, written in a beautifully lyrical style that is almost poetic. At its heart is a simple, abiding belief that "it is possible to live wisely on the land, and to live well."

CRY WOLF!

Authors: Robert Hunter and Paul Watson
Publisher: Shepherds of the Earth Publications, Vancouver, 1985
Reviewed by: Dave Houseman

This book tells the story of the first struggles to stop the shooting of wolves in British Columbia by the Provincial Government. The insights of how the press is always concerned with a catchy headline to sell a newspaper, combined with a well-written, factual story about wolves makes this a gripping book.



THE RED SQUIRREL ROAD STORY CONTINUED

The conservation searchlight is still beamed on the Temagami area in Ontario, and like a good TV "soap," the plot thickens.

There may be ROADS and HIGHROADS, but who would dream of SKYROADS encroaching on this wilderness? Some years ago the Canadian Federal Government gave approval for the U.S. Air Force to make use of certain "air corridors" for practice manoeuvres, but it wasn't until this spring that the Americans decided to re-activate their prerogative. Where did they decide to practice? You guessed it - from North Bay right over Temagami and the Lady Evelyn-Smoothwater Park. These flights were scheduled to start on 8 March over a path 14.5 kilometres (nine miles) wide, with B-52 Bombers screaming along at 250 knots at the 132-metres (400-feet) level, and if hills loomed ahead, all the more fun, because then the planes could skim the trees. F-111Bs, CF-18s, and B-12s would all be getting into the act as well. The noise level would have been beyond belief, indeed beyond endurance. It took four weeks of advocacy, press conferences, and pressures brought to bear on Federal and Provincial politicians by the Temagami Wilderness Society to stop the whole exercise.

Now back to terra firma - roads, roads, and inroads. Let us shift our attention slightly southwest of the Red Squirrel Road to a new threat, equally devastating, i.e., the Obabika Lake Road. This is a recently constructed lumber road running up from the south (just west of Obabika Lake) and terminating at the Obabika River. The Ministry of Natural Resources has approved a seven-kilometre extension of this road, the first segment TO BE BUILT THIS SUMMER, and half of the cost (\$136,000) is being granted by the Government of Ontario. Once the whole seven-kilometre extension is completed, it will be a cinch to link this up with the Liskeard Lumber Road from the northwest and the Red Squirrel Road from the northeast, circumventing the very strip of proposed Red Squirrel Road extension now under assessment. The whole business is a fait accompli.

Added to these facts, two other discoveries have been made: (1) down to the south, a 400-m access road has been

discovered which opens up the hitherto secluded and very beautiful Cross Lake; (2) up north, a bush road (off the Liskeard Lumber Road) known as the Trethewey Lake Access Road, allows snowmobiles, ATVs, and motor boats into the Trethewey Lake area in the Lady Evelyn-Smoothwater Park, where it is ILLEGAL to take motorized vehicles.

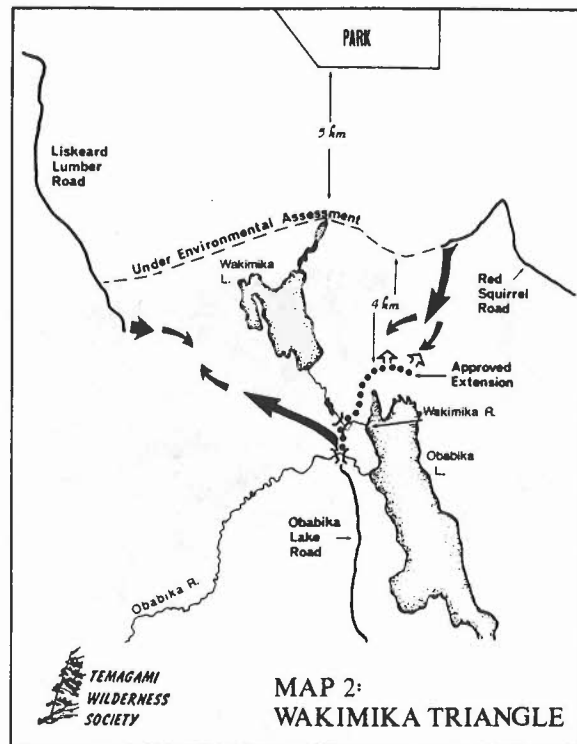
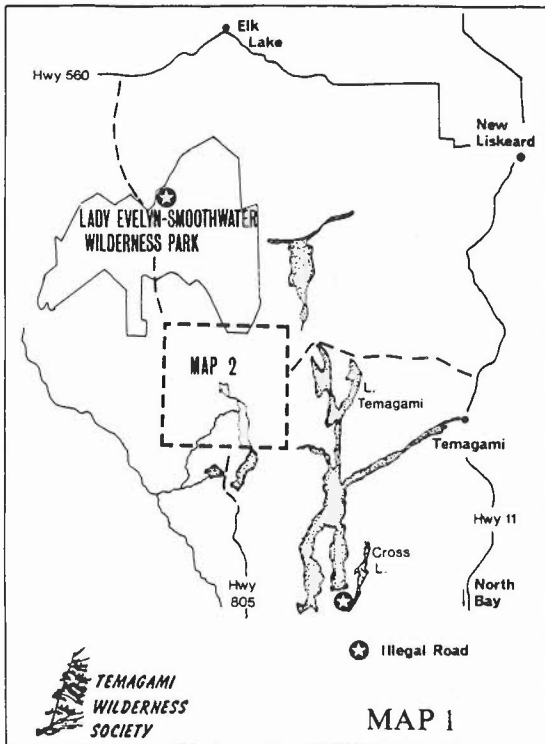
On 2 May 1987 in the Toronto Star, Margaret Atwood (one of Canada's foremost authors) spoke out against the invasion and destruction of this Temagami wilderness. She wrote, "If you total the area, it will do three things. First, the people who come to fish won't come any more because it won't be secluded. Second, the hunters won't come there any more, and third, the people who go there for the beautiful scenery won't go because it won't be beautiful any more... Somehow one kind of livelihood is being given priority over another kind, which doesn't seem fair." She also pointed out that building logging roads in Temagami (near where she was raised) will undermine the area's growing tourist industry which already draws visitors from as far away as Europe.

Margaret Atwood is writing a personal letter on this issue to David Peterson, Premier of Ontario. All of you readers can help too. Will you take 15 minutes and direct a very short letter to: Hon. James Bradley, Minister of the Environment, 135 St. Clair Ave. W., Toronto, Ontario, M4V 1P5, asking him for an ASSESSMENT of the Obabika Lake Road extension. I cannot emphasize strongly enough how much influence such direct requests have upon ministerial policy. PLEASE. PLEASE.

Temagami is the last large wilderness south of the 50th parallel. The two highest peaks in Ontario are here. It boasts the world's only source of nearly extinct Aurora Trout. It has Canada's largest system of interconnecting lakes. It embraces magnificent stands of red and white pine. It encompasses archeological sites, pictographs, over 1,300 traditional aboriginal trails (many of which we use today with our canoes), and much, much more.

The triangle of proposed roads around Wakimika Lake will determine the whole fate of Temagami. Help us fight these dangerous developments; become a member of the Temagami Wilderness Society (see back page of *Nastawgan*), and please write to Jim Bradley TODAY.

Claire Muller



Once upon a time, it was a general practice and usual policy to leave buffers of uncut forest along rivers and lakes in Northern Ontario. While cutting to water sometimes occurred on very small lakes, it was the exception rather than the rule, and loggers usually maintained some sort of no-cut zone.

Then, due to increased timber demands, and increasing conflicts between the timber and tourism industries, the Ministry of Natural Resource (MNR) codified a new and more explicit set of rules called the Affleck Guidelines. First implemented about eight years ago, these guidelines eliminated the older lakeshore 120 m "donut" concept in favor of what were called Modified Management Areas (MMAs). In theory, this meant that after careful analysis, and consultation with wildlife, fisheries, and tourism interests, a careful prescription was developed to modify usual harvesting techniques. In reality, shortages of manpower and commitment seemed to lead to a further erosion (pun intended) of shoreline buffers. In a further semantic erosion, MMAs have been renamed "Areas of Concern."

One group of affected users, the Northern Ontario Tourist Outfitters Association (NOTO), lobbied persistently and vociferously against this threat to their lodges and fly-in outposts. As a result, they (and the forest

industry) were the only stakeholders invited to participate in a series of eight workshops held in North Bay, Timmins, Sault Ste. Marie, and Dryden by MNR and MTR (Tourism and Recreation). The outcome of this process is MNR's just-published "Timber Management Guidelines for the Protection of Tourism Values." Even on most 'tourism' lakes, it is made clear in this document that some cutting to water will occur.

Alternately, other users can attempt to establish 'no-cut' or 'modified-harvest' lakes or rivershores through the 20.5 and 1-year timber management and operating plans if they attend those district meetings, and if they can convince the unit forester and district manager of the validity of their concerns: the burden of proof or persuasion is now clearly on those who would attempt to establish or maintain shoreline buffers.

The bottom line? Where 120 m buffers were once the rule, and cutting to water the exception, now the reverse is true. And very few Southern Ontario conservationists or recreationalists seem to know much about these low-key, but profound policy changes. Want to know more? Contact the Federation of Ontario Naturalists (FON) in Toronto at 444-8419.

Bruce Hyer
Environment North

Reprinted from Network News, courtesy of the Ontario Environment Network.

kipawa: forgotten canoe routes

Gordon Hommes

The mildew growing inside Gwen's rainsuit said it all. Never had any of us been subjected to such persistent and ubiquitous rain. Of the five weeks we spent exploring the waterways of Kipawa and Temagami, adjoining areas in Quebec and Ontario, respectively, fully three weeks were spent wet. Dry weather rarely lasted more than one day and never more than two. As a result, none of our party of six was overly surprised when the travelling companion proliferating in Gwen's shell was revealed.

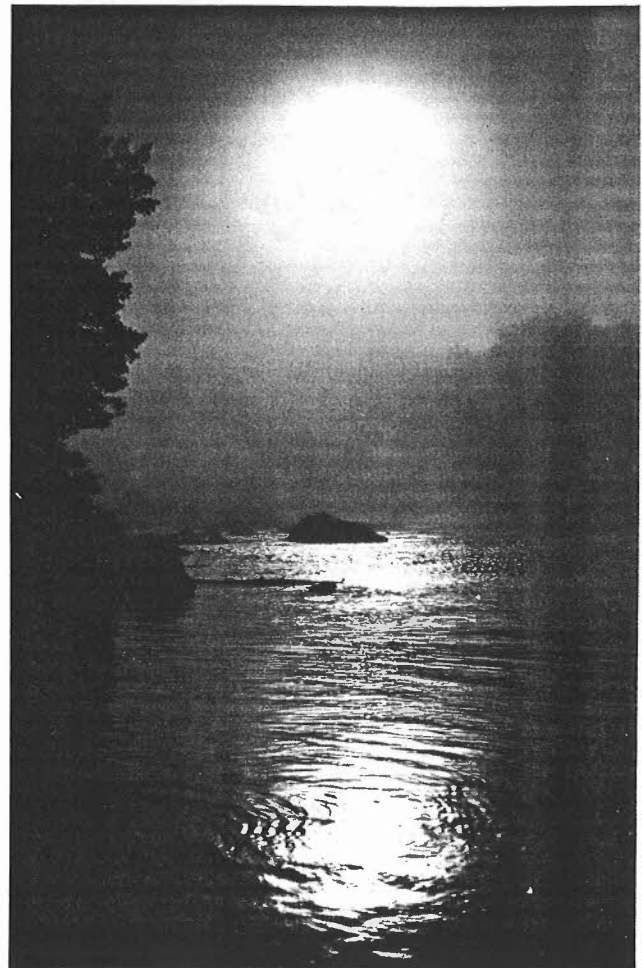
Much has been written on Temagami as canoe country, but the same cannot be said of Kipawa. Lying between the murky waters of Lake Temiskaming and La Verendrye Provincial Park, 120 km to the east, the Kipawa region is no doubt overshadowed by the outstanding canoe-tripping areas around it, such as Temagami, Algonquin, and La Verendrye. What makes Kipawa unique to the wilderness paddler is the extreme diversity of its physical geography. Take a look at a general map of the region and you will likely be attracted to the vortex of lakes southwest of Lac Saseginaga. Here lies a distortion of land and water uncommon even for the Canadian Shield. You will also notice the sheer amount of area covered by water, both in the form of very large, interconnecting lakes, and of small, obscure lakes and creeks, seemingly in the middle of nowhere. It was these features, viewed from a map, plus the strange lack of route descriptions, that inspired into me an interest in Kipawa long before I set paddle to her waters.

The six of us put in at the village of Kipawa, Quebec, located on a massive, spider-shaped lake with the same name. To be sure, those first two days of travel along the Kipawa-Grindstone chain were less than ideal. Despite the scenic vistas provided by these large lakes, the constant buzzing of float planes and motorboats left us with a poor first impression. Perhaps this was why we had heard so little of canoe tripping in this area!

Our fears of Kipawa being a land of fishermen and internal combustion ended with the first portage of the Pants-Pommeroy chain. It took me at least half an hour to find that meager trail, but I loved every minute of it, knowing that we were entering the domain of the canoe. I should state that the 1:50,000 scale maps of the region show few portages, so navigation between bodies of water is mainly a matter of logic, common sense, and trial and error -- in that order. We found that if a route looked even remotely reasonable, there would be at least the hint of an ancient portage. This rule of thumb that holds true throughout the North also holds true in Kipawa.

Our course took us up sprawling Lac Saseginaga with its crystal-clear waters and islands of spruce, down the moody Cerise River to Lac Ostaboningué, and back to Lac Saseginaga via a remote chain of lakes between Lac Crooks and Lac Des Six Illes. Travelling through these latter lakes proved to be one of the trip's highlights. Here was a set of lakes that from all indications had not been

travelled for many years. The nearly invisible portages were so overgrown with brush and buried in deadfalls that our axe was almost never in a pack. For all of this effort we were rewarded with stark islands of metamorphic rock and towering stands of virgin red pines at Lac Six Milles, as well as a feeling of true remoteness -- an experience becoming ever more scarce in the near North where the landscape seems to either be in the process of being exploited in the name of economics or "loved to death" from recreational over-use.

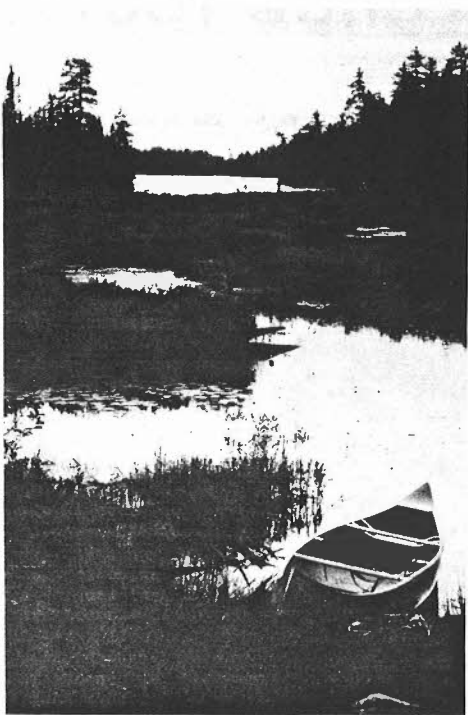


Kipawa river

Kipawa, as a region, is neither untracked nor protected wilderness. Rather, it is a complex of roadless areas separated by a loose net of logging roads. The Quebec government has designated roughly half the area as the Kipawa Provincial Reserve, but apart from a thin no-cut zone along major lakes and rivers, the reserve seems to be in essence just some lines on a politician's map. Fortunately, for the time being, clear-cuts and the rumble of logging trucks are seldom encountered by the canoeist.

Continuing on, we ascended the Lescot River via Lac Ogascanan, bypassing several lovely falls and rapids, to Lac Lescot and Lac Ross. From here our mode of travel changed temporarily as we portaged four kilometres on a logging road to Lac a la Truite where, on day 11, we received our first food drop. It was here while frying fresh chicken in a wild downpour that we dubbed ourselves "The Green Tarp Gang," a fitting name, as we had spent so much of our on-land time under my 3 x 3.6 m green tarp.

Leaving Lac a la Truite, an excellent put-in site despite the long drive getting there, we portaged eastward into the headwaters of the Ruisseau Brazeau at Lac Babinet. The map gave us the impression that this would be a slow, meandering stream for many kilometres. In fact, those meanders held a surprising gradient. We shot down a continuous riffle under a canopy of tag alders for about five kilometres, the stream never being more than five metres wide. Now I know what it's like to be a log in a logging chute! In its lower reaches, the Ruisseau Brazeau becomes a classic Shield river with violent rapids and falls, interrupted by occasional small lakes and ponds. A number of short but difficult portages must be negotiated here, but a few sets can be lined.



Upper part of Kipawa River

At Lac aux Foins the waters of the Ruisseau Brazeau merge with those of the Kipawa River where one can travel eastward into La Verendrye Provincial Park or downstream to eventually reach the Kipawa-Grindstone chain via Lac Watson and Lac des Loups. A scenic short-cut by-passes the latter lakes by following the Ruisseau Bog up to Lac Divide (which flows into two watersheds) and down the Whitepine River to the Kipawa River below Elliot Rapids. But this would eliminate some fun whitewater runs.

The Kipawa River instills in the canoe tripper a sense of regional history, a haunting kinship with the past. The French voyageurs did not travel through here on their way west into the Pays d'en Haut, nor do the sheer rock faces along these waterways hold the red ochre of Indian pictographs. Yet, the thick stumps in the deep forest; the crumbling cabins, built in dove-tail fashion; and the traces of forgotten trails reveal a colorful heritage of logging, trapping, and native culture.

At Turner Rapids, actually a major falls on the Kipawa River above Lac Sairs, we spent a rest day. The rain didn't keep us from enjoying the beauty of this place, so we swan in the pool between the upper and lower falls and fished in the waters below. Pike and walleye are the major gamefish here, but many of the deeper lakes also contain lake trout.



Second Indian Portage Lake

Travelling back down the sprawling Kipawa-Grindstone chain brought images of what much of Temagami will be like if the Red Squirrel Road extension is approved. We paddled nearly 50 kilometres one day to avoid the stench of rotting fish on campsites, and the constant buzzing of motorboats.

At Hunter's Point Lake we found a tiny Indian settlement with an abandoned fishing lodge and a weather-beaten, old church. We then ascended to the outlet of Lac Ostaboningué, and thence over a difficult bushwack route west to Baie du Huard (Loon Bay) on Lac Kipawa. The bushwack route took the better part of two days to complete via Lac Line, Lac Caribou, and Lac Moose. By logic, the route should have had portage trails but we found none. Ah, the pleasures of crashing a 17' canoe through a steaming forest...!

On the day of our second food drop at the village of Laniel, a morning paddle of 17 km awaited us in metre-high, quartering waves. From Laniel, located at the extreme western end of Lac Kipawa, a series of four portages (three, if you avoid a pond) leads to the Ottawa River at Lac Temiskaming. Known as the Indian Portages, they avoid a route down the dangerous Kipawa River below Laniel. The last of these trails is two kilometres long, drops 100 m, and can be confusing. Pay attention. I have a friend who was lost here for six hours once.

At the trail terminus at Lac Temiskaming is a nice campsite. If it is late in the day, or if there is a wind blowing, stay put. There are almost no campsites northward to the Montreal River (16 km), and Lac Temiskaming is no place to paddle on a windy day. From Lac Temiskaming, the Temagami region is attained by either ascending the Mattabichuan River to the Lake Temagami area, or the Montreal River to Lady Evelyn Lake. Both routes are dam infested.

Route planning in Kipawa is limited only by your imagination. It is possible to paddle for several days without ever having to portage your gear. It is also possible to spend the same time travelling less than 10 km a day on the remote waterways between the "inland seas." Access to Kipawa is not as limitless. The best places to start and end a canoe trip are the villages of Kipawa, Laniel, and Belleterre. Lac a la Truite is also a good possibility, but any other options would likely require an up-to-date, local road map and a 4-wheel-drive truck.

Of the five weeks we spent paddling the waters of Kipawa and Temagami, three were spent in Kipawa. During that time we saw only three other groups of canoe trippers, and two of those were from the same youth camp based in New York. Why then is the area neglected by canoeists? Apart from the expansive, motorized lakes of the lower Kipawa River, the region is ideal for wilderness canoeing (although I don't recommend combining Kipawa with Temagami on a canoe trip). Perhaps it is the lack of written trail guides, cleared portages, and established campsites that are a deterrent. Perhaps it is the rain...



12 July BURNT RIVER
Organizer: Bill Ness 416-499-6389
Book before 6 July.

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

25-26 July CAMPING AND CANOEING WEEKEND
Organizers: Marlene and Gerry Lannan 705-636-7419
Book before 23 June or after 14 July.

Come for a weekend of flatwater paddling, swimming, horseshoe pitching, slides and movies on the beautiful Magnetawan River, 40 km north of Huntsville.

25-26 July (27 optional) MADAWASKA RIVER
Organizer: Bill Ness 416-499-6389
Book before 13 July.

One of the few rivers in southern Ontario with enough volume to have good whitewater paddling all season long, the Madawaska makes a delightful summer weekend river trip. Come along with us to soak up the sun and play in the rapids as we work our way from Latchford Bridge down to Griffith. For those who still aren't satiated, we can go back up to Palmer Rapids to play on the Monday after the hordes have left. Suitable for novices. Limit six canoes.

25 July-3 August SEAKAYAKING LAKE SUPERIOR
Organizer: Randy Berg 519-537-5066
Book before 16 July.

We will paddle the north shore of Lake Superior from Silver Islet to Rossport. The trip will be approximately 30 km long, and there will be lots of time to explore the shoreline. Limit six boats.

1-3 August OTTAWA RIVER
Organizer: Duncan Taylor 416-368-9748
Book before 25 July.

A weekend of running/portaging the challenging rapids on the Ottawa River. Suitable for intermediate whitewater canoeists who are looking to improve their skills. Limit four canoes.

1-3 August FRENCH RIVER
Organizer: Gary Walters 416-466-0172
Book before 25 July.

We will set up camp in the vicinity of Blue Chute and spend the weekend playing in the rapids and exploring the area. Since, at press time, I will be moving and thus without a phone, to sign up for this trip call Tony Bird at the above number. Suitable for intermediate whitewater paddlers.

5 August POKER LAKE LOOP
Organizer: Doug Ashton 416-291-5416
Book before 24 July.

This will be a mid-week flatwater trip in a very scenic area of Haliburton. The pace will be easy; there will be a few short portages and plenty of time for a swim. Suitable for beginners. Limit six canoes.

8-9 August PALMER RAPIDS WHITEWATER WEEKEND
Organizer: Jeff Lane 519-837-3815
Book before 27 July.

Just a lazy August weekend at Palmer Rapids on the Madawaska River. Whitewater paddlers from novice to experienced will find interesting spots to play. Bring along the family. Non-paddlers will enjoy swimming and sunbathing on the beach. Limit eight canoes.

16 August MINDEN WILD WATER PLAYDAY
Organizer: Bill Ness 416-499-6389
Book before 10 August.

The rapids on this man-made whitewater course are technically challenging and provide a great way for skilled intermediates to get some experience in difficult rapids. The run-out can be used to advantage by novices for perfecting their ferries and eddy turns. Limit six canoes.

22-23 August MADAWASKA RIVER
Organizer: Jim Morris 416-793-3088
Book before 15 August.

After a warm-up on Saturday morning at Palmer Rapids, we will do the car shuttle and then proceed to run the Snake Rapids section of the Madawaska River. Suitable for intermediates and novice whitewater paddlers with some experience. Limit four canoes.

5-7 September LOWER MAGNETAWAN RIVER
Organizer: Mike Graham-Smith 316-877-7829
Book before 24 August.

This trip will take us into the Magnetawan via Harris Lake. We will travel upstream to visit scenic Canal Rapids, and then head downriver to just below Thirty Dollar Rapids where a portage will take us back into Harris Lake. Our route will allow us to enjoy this beautiful section of river while avoiding the horrendous car shuttle usually associated with it. Suitable for novices who are capable of paddling a long day and doing a couple of one-kilometre-plus portages. Limit five canoes.

5-7 September BICYCLING IN THE ADIRONDACKS
Organizer: David Berthelet 819-771-4170
Book between 17 and 20 August.

A three-day 300 to 500 km roundabout is contemplated. Participants should be equipped to carry a tent and sleeping bag along with food. Limit four cyclists.

5-7 September ALGONQUIN PARK
Organizer: Jim Greenacre 416-759-9956
Book after 25 August.

Early Saturday morning we will start at Smoke Lake and head for Big Porcupine Lake to set up camp. Sunday, for those requiring something strenuous, we will do a loop with many portages, carrying only a light day pack and returning to our base camp site. Monday we will leisurely paddle back to our starting point. Suitable for anyone capable of holding a paddle. Limit four canoes.

13 September ELORA GORGE
Organizer: Dave Sharp 519-621-5599
Book before 9 September.

A leisurely day trip through the scenic Elora Gorge, water levels permitting. Suitable for novices with some experience who would enjoy playing in rapids. Limit six canoes.

19-20 September NORTH TEA LAKE - THREE MILE LAKE LOOP
Organizer: John Winters 705-382-2293
Book before 5 September.

Nice, pleasant trip in the north end of Algonquin Park after the hordes have passed. Participants can drive up Friday night and camp in the organizer's lower forty. Suitable for novices who don't mind a 2.5 km portage. Limit three canoes.

19-20 September HIKING IN THE ADIRONDACKS
Organizer: David Berthelet 819-771-4170
Book after 7 September.

An overnight hike in the Blue Mountain Lake area is planned. Limit four hikers.

20 September MISSISSAGUA RIVER
Organizer: Bill Ness 416-499-6389
Book before 14 September.

This trip will follow the Mississauga River from its source in Mississauga Lake south to Buckhorn Lake. The autumn colors and the river's scenic chutes and falls should make this a memorable outing. Bring your camera. Suitable for intermediate paddlers. Limit six canoes.

3-4 October FARM CREEK - ISLAND LAKE EXPLORATION
Organizer: John Winters 705-382-2293
Book before 26 September.

Exploratory trip into the region north of Lake Wahwashkesh and the Magnetawan River. The organizer knows nothing about the area, so participants should be prepared for anything. Participants can drive up Friday night and camp in the organizer's lower forty to allow an early start Saturday. Limit three canoes.

4 October ELORA GORGE
Organizer: Rob Cepella 416-925-8243
Book before 21 September.

The Elora Gorge on the Grand River provides an excellent location for budding whitewater enthusiasts to practice their manoeuvres. This outing is ideal for those who have had basic whitewater training and need more practical experience. Limit six canoes.

10-12 October ALGONQUIN PARK
Organizer: Herb Pohl 416-637-7632
Book before 25 September.

The trip starts at Ackray on the east side of Algonquin Park. We will paddle and portage into Greenleaf Lake and explore the surrounding area which is very photogenic. The trip requires considerable portaging, so only fit individuals should consider it. Limit four canoes.

products and services

TEMAGAMI WILDERNESS SOCIETY Stop the Red Squirrel Road extension. Join the Temagami Wilderness Society, membership fee \$15.00 per year. Donations above this MOST GRATEFULLY received. Write: The Temagami Wilderness Society, 204 Wedgewood 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, KOA 2W0, or phone Jim or Pam Baldaro at 613-826-3094.

CANOE FOR SALE 17 ft Jensen Tripper, built by Rockwood Outfitters in spring 1986, extra-heavy-duty nylon/kevlar/airax composite lay-up, wood trim. It is a stable, deep, easy-to-paddle canoe well suited to extended tripping and lake travel. Used one trip, no whitewater. Good condition. Price \$1,000.00 firm. Contact Tim Connor in Cambridge, Ontario at 519-621-8113.

KAYAKS FOR SALE One "River Runner" 13 ft Royalex plastic kayak with paddle, skeg, and spray skirt. Used only four times. \$350.00. One 13 ft fibreglass river kayak with paddle and spray skirt. \$300.00. Both in excellent condition. Contact Jane at 416-372-5278.

CANOE FOR SALE 14 ft cedar strip and canvas, reconditioned with new canvas and aeroplane dope. Asking \$995.00. Contact Numidia in Acton, Ont. at 519-853-1679.

SENIORS FOR NATURE CANOE CLUB We are looking for active canoeists - over 55 years old - interested in canoe day trips on weekdays. Write to 355 Lesmill Road, Don Mills, Ontario, M3B 2W3, or phone 416-766-8076 or 416-493-1477.

NORTHERN WILDERNESS OUTFITTERS Our small, independent canoe outfitter company can provide a base camp and departure point for your trips, and we can outfit any group who do not have their complete equipment. WCA members are offered a 10% discount. Contact NWT at Box 89, South River, Ontario, POA 1X0, phone 705-474-3272.

VALLEY VENTURES CANOE TRIPS Specializing in trips on the Dumoine and Petawawa Rivers; also trips on upper and lower Madawaska, Fildegrand, Opeongo, Maganasipi, Mattawa, and Barren Rivers and others. Custom trips and qualified instruction available. Canoe rental service, canoe taxi service. Dealer for canoes, paddles, supplies. Non-commercial trip schedule: 1988, Nahanni, Flat, Mountain, Thelon/Hanbury, Moisie; 1989, Back; 1990, Hood. Contact Don Smith at Box 1115, Deep River, Ontario, KOJ 1P0, phone 613-584-3973.

NOVA CRAFT CANOES This season, we are offering special prices to all canoe club members with extra special savings for group orders. We will allow a 10% discount off the list price for individual card-carrying members of any Ontario canoe club, and a special 25% discount for group orders of five or more canoes. Contact NCT at 235A Exeter Road, London, Ontario, N6L 1A4, phone 519-652-3649.

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.

BLUEWATER AND JENSEN CANOES. A wide variety of traditional and modern designs in sophisticated layups. Take a look at our new airax composites, lighter and stronger and available in the S-glass-kevlar and nylon-kevlar layups. All the models are available for try-out and rental. Contact: Rockwood Outfitters, 699 Speedvale Ave. W., Guelph, Ontario, N1K 1E6, phone 519-824-1415.

WILDERNESS BOUND CANOE COURSES Our ORCA Moving Water Levels I and II courses are among the best in the Province and have been designed to suit both novice and skilled paddlers alike and bring them carefully step by step to understand moving water and handle it confidently. For more information on these weekend courses and to receive a free brochure, contact George Drought, Wilderness Bound, 43 Brodick Street, Hamilton, Ont., L8S 3E3, phone 416-528-0059.

where it is



The approximate location of some of the places mentioned in this issue are shown by page numbers:

Lockhart River	1	Wolf River	12
Poker Lake	8	Temagami	16
(Low-level flights)	9	Kipawa	17

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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 *Nastausan*, 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.