

ugjoktok river

Herb Pohl

The pilot banked the plane steeply as he circled several times to find a safe landing spot on rockstrewn, island-studded Bonaventure Lake. Minutes later boats and gear were unloaded on a tiny island; a last wave from the cockpit and the plane roared off and disappeared over the western horizon.

So far everything had gone exceedingly well. Jim Greenacre and I had left Toronto three days earlier, driven to Sept Iles in Quebec, and boarded the weekly train to Schefferville. We had made prior arrangements with Air Schefferville for accommodation for the night and transportation to the airbase at Squaw Lake. Our plan was to start paddling down the George River to Resolution Lake, then head off in an easterly direction toward Labrador and the Ugjoktok River. For maximum independence we paddled solo and enjoyed the luxury of separate tents.

The morning of the flight dawned in cloudless glory, and the spirits further brightened when we discovered that my boat would fit inside the Single Otter which was to fly us 130 km to the nearest lake on the headwaters of the west branch of the George River. That saved us a tidy sum of money. Unlike many other carriers, Air Schefferville refuses to strap more than one canoe on the pontoons; had we not managed to squeeze the second boat inside, it would have required two flights to our put-in point. Still, with very little change from \$700 it could hardly be called cheap transportation.

For me, the start of a long wilderness trip is always accompanied by a flood of emotions. Apprehension and joyful exhilaration are curiously intermingled; this quickly gives way to a feeling of restfulness, a sense of belonging. And here it was again, amplified by the gentle breeze and the

soporific lapping of the waves on the shore, the warm June sun biting into the remnants of last winter's snow, and bird song floating down from the scraggly tamaracks.

Bonaventure Lake is not a large body of water but extremely fragmented, full of little islands and shallow bays. Even the large-scale map is at substantial variance with reality and it took us some two hours to find the outflow. The rocky stream which descended in benign rapids was populated by large numbers of trout, their backs frequently exposed above the surface. For some distance the course of the river is very close to and parallels the height of land which in a few places rises a modest ten or twenty metres above an immense waterlogged plain. Stunted black spruce and tamarack are the dominant vegetative cover, their individual forms melting into an uninterrupted dark-green carpet near the horizon. Not a single prominent feature interrupts the seemingly limitless expanse.

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Tributaries enter in boisterous fashion

By late afternoon our little stream had grown substantially. When we reached a tiny island, scraped flat and clean by spring ice and barely projecting above the water, we stopped for the day. Neither the resident beaver nor Jim seemed very enthusiastic about this decision, but with the importation of a canoe load of firewood, a homey atmosphere was quickly established and nurtured by the smells of our first supper cooking on the fire.

Early the following day we reached Elson Lake, where east and west branches of the George River combine. The event was highlighted by our first exposure to jets of the German airforce screaming past at treetop level. Because they travel at supersonic speed, there is no advance warning of their approach and the sudden eardrum-shattering explosion of noise in this tranquil setting invariably scares the daylight out of one.

The whole of the upper George is little more than one continuous lake compartmentalized by a few constrictions which are the site of usually benign rapids. Most of these are shallow, wide boulder fields which are easily negotiated. The most serious obstacle to travel is wind.

The morning of our third day, a northwesterly breeze sprang up which gradually increased to bothersome intensity. At noon we reached a spot where the river narrows as it breaks through a large esker. A brief reconnaissance revealed the presence of a large tent of a fly-in fishing camp in the bay beyond. A short discussion ensued-heads was for putting up our own tents, tails for using the existing structure. A flip of the coin, and soon a warming fire crackled in the stove and Jim was busy bug-proofing the big tent by closing off the holes in the fabric.

We spent a most wonderful sunny afternoon and evening hiking along the esker and the low hills on both sides of the river. The highlight of the day was the discovery of four teepee sites at the crest of the esker, with the stones of the central fireplaces easily recognizable.

Throughout the night the large tent flapped noisily and the sound of the waves rushing the shore continued. We were anxious to get away in the morning, yet undecided about the prudence of the undertaking. Finally, our mind was made up for us when a plane appeared on the horizon and deposited four fishermen from Schefferville. For the cost of the plane ride plus \$300 per person they had the use of the tent and a boat for the weekend.

All of a sudden the wind wasn't so bad and we got the hell out of there before somebody asked for our contribution.

Progress against the 30 - 40 km/hr headwind was slow and when we stopped for lunch on an island in Lac Lacasse we were wet and cold from the wind-borne spray. A huge fire set us right again, but once out into Resolution Lake the wind picked up and 1.2 m waves marched in columns across the wide expanse. It was time to put to shore.

The shoreline on this shallow, fragmented lake is not particularly suited to camping, but with a bit of landscaping we managed quite well. The evening was of rare quality and possessed of a paradoxical serenity despite the tumultuous waters and rush of the wind through the long, tortured tamaracks at the shore. The clouds were arranged like a giant, thick-stranded fishnet through which the sun, now nearing the horizon, sent shafts of brilliance in a constantly shifting pattern.

With conditions slightly improved the next morning, we pushed off, hoping to gain the north shore of the lake where

a prominent esker runs eastward toward Lac Raude. By the time we reached the next headland just two kilometres away, we were forced to shore once more. Sheer boredom soon had us roaming through the neighborhood. In the process we climbed a small hill near the shore. It was devoid of trees and the ground cover included a variety of grass not native to the area. Strewn everywhere were caribou antlers. Boredom vanished instantly. There were at least three generations of occupation identifiable, the oldest consisting of several longhouses, about 3.5 by 6 metres in size, with a fireplace at each end. Superimposed over one of the longhouses was the outline of a large teepee about five metres in diameter. The most recent remains were those of several smaller teepees of which fragments of tent poles were scattered about.

I was instantly reminded of Mina Hubbard's encounter with a group of Montagnais on this lake while on her journey from North West River to the mouth of the George River in 1905. In her book, A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador she writes: "I went up for a brief look at the camp on the hill. The situation was beautiful and commanded a view from end to end of Resolution Lake which extended about four miles both north and south of the point." On the map which accompanies the book she indicates the point to be approximately midway between the southern shore and the northern extremity of the lake and named it Montagnais Point. Modern mapmakers have shifted the location to the north end of Resolution Lake, but there is little doubt in my mind the actual site is the one we stumbled upon.

Sometime during the afternoon the winds moderated and we proceeded to a little bay on the northeastern shore of Resolution Lake. Here we left the George River and struck out towards Lac Raude some four kilometres to the east using a prominent esker as our portage trail. The following evening saw us camped at the foot of the esker close to the shore of the lake. While Jim was busy preparing supper - he seemed to get stuck with the task with great regularity - I hiked up a nearby range of hills to survey our kingdom for the day.

Below me the esker, like a giant snake, wound its way westward and disappeared from view in the setting sun. The shimmering waters of Resolution Lake were almost hidden by the many headlands and islands which dot its surface. To the northeast lay a range of high hills, their bare flanks gilded by the magical evening light. Leading to them and barely discernible in the dusky lowland was a string of convoluted lakes - our trail for tomorrow.

Lac Raude, through some intermediary lakes, drains into White Gull Lake and this was the route we followed. Unlike the previous year (see Nastawgan summer 1985) the latter was dead calm and every cloud was mirrored in its clear waters. Just a few kilometres north of where we entered White Gull Lake another river enters from the east in a wide and rocky stream bed. Alternately wading and paddling we ascended it until we reached the base of the hills I had observed the previous evening and then we made camp, despite Jim's assurances that he wasn't the least bit tired. Nevertheless, the light was right and the hills were beckoning.

Over the years, exploring the surroundings on foot has become an evermore important component of wilderness travel to me, such that now I find it quite absurd to rush through terrain, specially selected after months of pouring over maps, without pausing to look at it. With the tents set up, I struck out alone at first, but it was plain that Jim, who

At the mouth of the Harp River



had stayed behind to cook supper once again, had enough of the unequal division of labor, for shortly he joined me in my meanderings over the high ground.

The next day a lengthy portage into Lac Rochereau was briefly interrupted by a feeble attempt at fishing in the rapids. After losing a lure and getting the attention of the blackflies - the only time on this trip that insects appeared in numbers - we carried on, driven by a strong tailwind which persisted until we entered Lac Chapiteau several hours later. After waiting out a brief but heavy downpour, the tents were set up, the cravings of the belly satisfied, and then it was time to watch the magic of the evening light. All around us there was a rugged harshness and remoteness to the landscape which was emphasized by banks of clouds among the hills.

To get to the eastern extremity of Lac Chapiteau took most of the next morning. Up to now we had followed what I believe to be the route which the Montagnais used to travel from Resolution Lake to trade at the Hudson's Bay post in Davis Inlet on the Labrador coast (a sketch map of which is shown in Cabot's In Northern Labrador). From the east end of Lac Chapiteau the Indian route goes in a northeasterly direction through several lakes to the headwaters of the Notakwanon River, a route followed just a month after our passing by George Luste's party. To reach the Ugjoktok watershed we headed off in a southeasterly direction. Two portages brought us into Labrador waters. Our last portage of the day, while not particularly long compared to some that followed in the days to come, is not favorably remembered. It traversed a high ridge and ended in quacking bog on the edge of a small stream too shallow to navigate. It was getting late but there wasn't a campsite to be found, just bog and jagged precambrian rubble. Finally, with daylight failing, we settled for a bit of sloping ground next to the debris from a winter hunting camp.

The region east of the height of land is dominated by a range of hills with an elevation in excess of 700 m. An ancient stream, demarcated by an esker, follows the glacier-worn breach through the hills. The whole area is a mosaic of ice-scoured bedrock and sand and gravelbeds. In the morning sun it seemed all so exquisitely beautiful that I felt compelled to announce to Jim that it was my intention to stop paddling and start hiking the moment we reached the base of the highest elevations. There wasn't any discussion about it, but Jim clearly had other priorities for he kept paddling with great determination past several suggested campsites until we ended up at the outflow of the last of the lakes where south and west branches of the Ugjoktok combine to begin the descent to the coast in earnest.

On the way we had passed Border Beacon, once an extensive DEW line installation. Associated with it is a large runway and an automated weather station which are still maintained. The buildings are extensively vandalized, presumably by the natives who hunt and trap in the region in the winter, for we came across a campsite which contained not only the usual remains such as pots, pans, and clothing, but items from the station as well.

As the day progressed, a strong wind made hard work out of paddling and I was well worn when we finished setting up camp. When a brief shower interrupted proceedings I retreated into the vestibule of the tent, sat down and was instantly asleep; I woke with a start a short time later, the skies had cleared and Jim was busy 'round the campfire.

Just a kilometre below the campsite the Ugjoktok drops

into a narrow gorge in a spectacular 25-metre waterfall. About a third of the way down the tumbling waters are hurtled skyward in a giant rooster tail as they hit a rock ledge. The portage to the bottom of the gorge is short but precariously steep. While the Labrador highland, corrugated and largely barren, extends eastward at undiminished altitude, the river drops 220 m in the next 35 km in a series of strong cataracts into a narrow glacial valley.

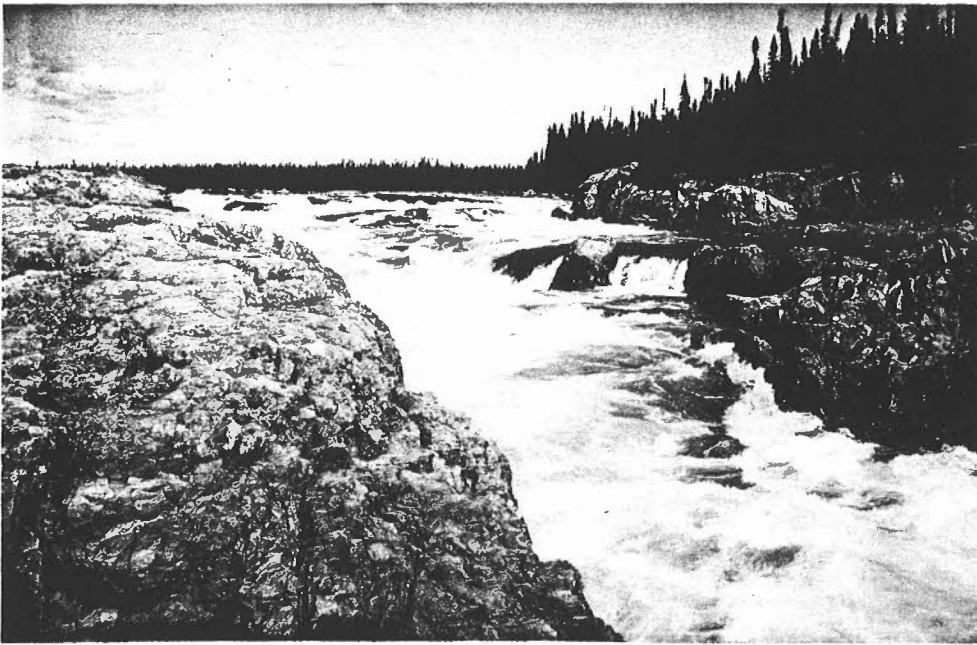
After an uncertain beginning the clouds lifted and for the next two days the sun glorified the rugged wilderness. It would be untrue to say we were constantly enraptured by the scenery, grand though it was, for a considerable amount of time was spent trudging up hill and down dale past impassable sections of river. On the third day, and halfway through yet another long portage, it started to rain. Camp that evening was set up on two huge flat-topped boulders above a little bay, the only half-decent spot around. Immediately to the north and below our campsite the river issued forth in wild confusion through a narrow gap in the rock face, slowed momentarily as it skirted the bay, and dropped over a ledge at the start of yet another rapid. The next morning we returned to high ground in mist and drizzle to retrieve our boats and had a view of the other side of Labrador - dreary, desolate, and fog-shrouded.

Back at the river we had barely started to paddle when we were faced with the next portage. It wasn't long - no more than a hundred metres - but well defended. Deadfalls were piled high among the boulders and intertwined throughout was a thriving stand of willows and alders. I don't know whether it was the prospect ahead or just Jim's statistical mind keeping track of everything, but as soon as he came ashore he strode purposefully up to me. With the index finger of his right hand jabbing repeatedly at his watch he explained that it had taken him exactly three minutes paddling to get here, three minutes. I've always admired the orderly and reasoned way in which Jim does everything, but the accusatorial tone of voice made me suspect that here was more than mere statistical fact.

As if to respond to Jim's concern, the river offered no further obstacles past this portage. For several kilometres it raced along over gravelbeds, past small islands, and then stopped altogether. For 35 km the river is transformed into a narrow lake with no perceptible current. Towering to a height of 200 m above the valley floor on either side of the river-lake are the dark-grey, near-vertical walls of precambrian rock. It was a most impressive sight on this drizzled day; mist frequently obscured the higher elevations, softened the contrasts, and heightened the feeling of isolation.

At suppertime we were camped at the midpoint of this quiet stretch on a spit of gravel amid the remnants of a much older occupation. The next day the sun reasserted itself and I spent all morning alternately trying to take pictures and then chasing Jim who kept at it relentlessly. By midday we had reached the first set of rapids which mark the end of the flat water. From this point onward the valley gradually widens and the vertical walls of rock are replaced by sloping boulder-strewn eskers. For the next 20 km the river rushes through a series of rapids. Periodically the boulder gardens are interrupted by rock outcroppings which give rise to scenic falls and ledge rapids. Many of the rapids are not runnable and much more time was spent portaging than paddling.

Early in this stretch Jim developed a noticeable limp



At the second last portage

which became progressively worse. At first he brushed it off as nothing but it did become the topic of a serious conversation which centered on the probable cost of helicopter transportation out of the valley. Thereafter, flying out was no longer mentioned.

Starting about halfway down this turbulent section of river, and for many kilometres beyond, a forest fire had devastated the countryside. The conflagration had burned away all organic material save the skinny skeletons of trees. Except for the scattered invasion of alders, and the odd clump of spruce which had somehow survived, the countryside was a desolate grey wasteland. On the morning of the third day of tribulations Jim took off first and I saw him make a spirited descent of yet another rapids. I thought he did a fine job of it, but when I joined him at the bottom he made it plain by mutterings and gesticulation that he was not pleased with either the amount of water in the boat nor the moisture content of his clothing.

And once again Jim's wrath paid off. We no sooner started to advance when we passed a large tributary on the left, one more rapid around a bend in the river, and then we floated out into a wide valley. In the next three hours we covered more ground than in the preceding three days. The gravelly river bottom flashed by at ten kilometres per hour, a balmy breeze banished the bugs, and for the first time on the trip I took off my shirt and soaked up the sun.

About ten kilometres above the confluence with the Harp River we finally left the burned shores behind. Here the Ugjoktok runs swiftly around islands and gravel bars. The left shoreline is demarcated by low cutbanks which offer ideal campsites on the lichen-covered ground; by contrast, massive boulder eskers, which rise to a height of 50 m, parallel the right shore. The southern horizon is dominated by the rugged peaks which ring Harp Lake.

In time we noticed an immense upwelling of dark clouds upstream. When we reached the mouth of the Harp River a sudden blast of cold air blew in from the west; it quickly increased to gale force and as we scrambled to shore the heavens opened up. For the next half hour we huddled among the alders and endured a remarkable display of elemental fury.

It had been our intention to track upstream on the Harp River to Harp Lake and spend a few days exploring the region. However, with Jim's back in rather bad shape, we thought it wise to head for the coast as quickly as possible.

Below the Harp River the mountains are left behind and give way to a lowland plain of sand and gravel into which the river has carved a much more tranquil course. In a few places the ancient bedrock protrudes and here the old boisterousness returns. On one of the few portages Jim gave me a bad scare. When he hadn't returned from the first trip after an hour over a relatively short but rough track I was concerned that something had happened to him. Eventually I set out to comb the area, all the while worried that I might not find him. An hour of search produced no sign of Jim nor his pack. Finally I returned to the starting point, a troubled man to say the least, and there he was. From my opening line, one would never suspect I was glad to see him.

A day's journey from the sea, the Ugjoktok divides into two channels which reach the ocean in separate deep inlets some 13 km apart. Parks Canada's Wild River Survey recommends the southern arm to the coast as the better option, but since the northern route provides a more

sheltered passage to Hopedale - our finishing point - we chose the latter.

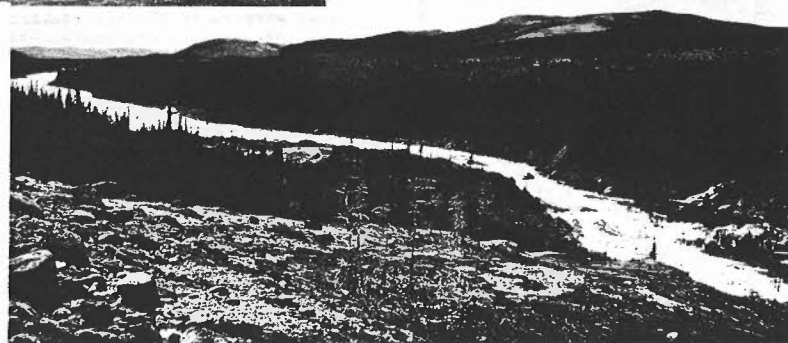
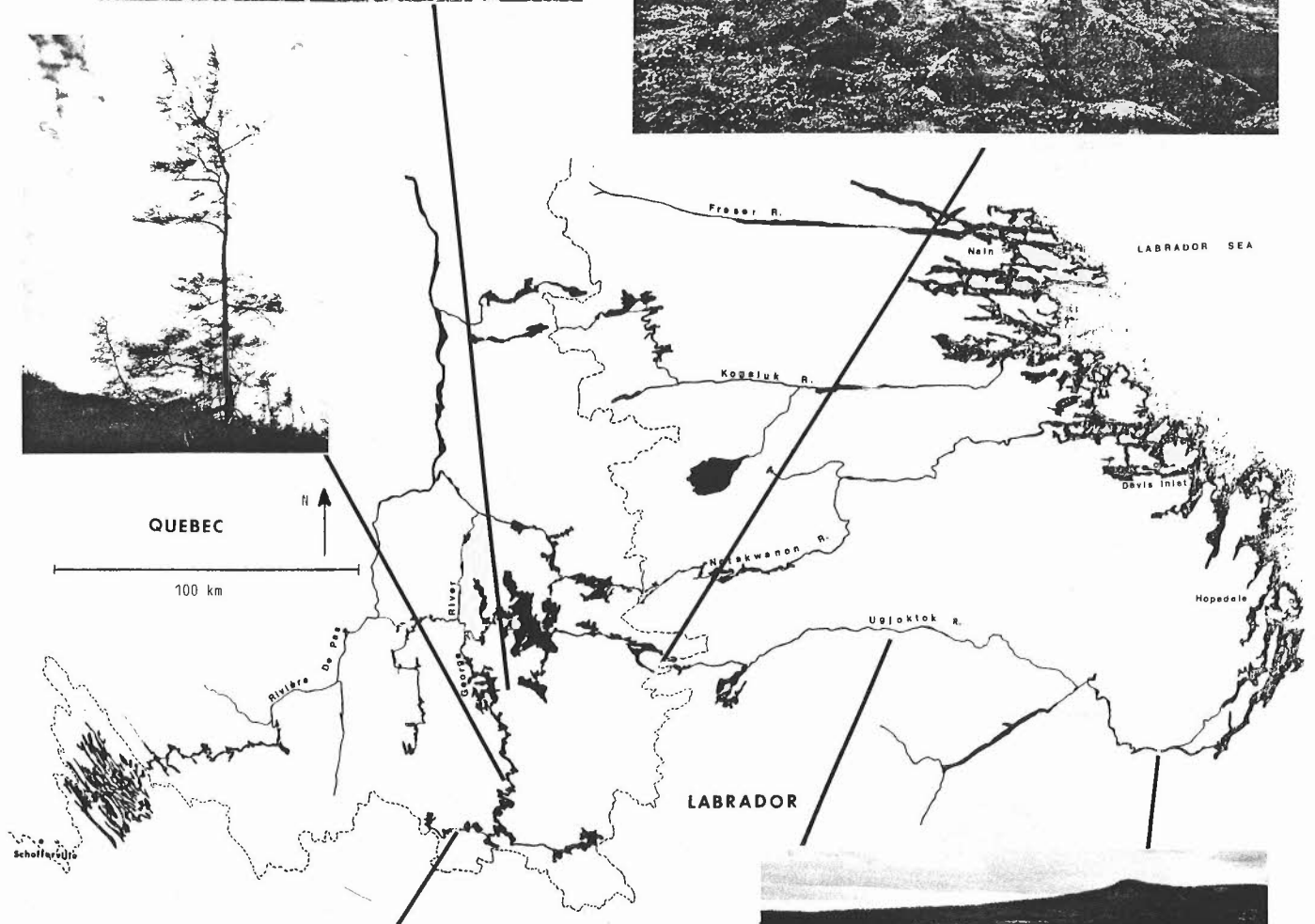
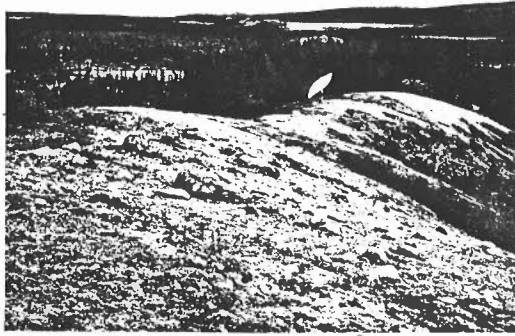
At breakfast of our last day on the river it started to rain and never let up for 24 hours. With only a minor rapid along the way it was a dreary paddle. By mid-afternoon we had reached the last obstacle - a steep, narrow gorge and waterfall followed by an interesting rapid which dissipates its force into Adlatok Bay. With Jim having difficulty just walking over the rough ground, it took us quite a while before we pushed off below the falls to run the final section.

Not more than 50 m from tidewater Jim became trapped in a hole. I watched helplessly as his canoe was jostled about, convinced that eventually man, gear, and conveyance would float out separately into the briny bay. But somehow (with great skill, he would insist) Jim managed to stay upright and after an agonizing minute or more he shot out sideways and thus escaped, with little to choose between the water levels inside and outside the boat.

By now it was seven o'clock and, swallowing our pride, we knocked at the door of the private fishing camp conveniently located right at the mouth of the river and asked for asylum. Early in the morning we left our refuge and paddled north with the outgoing tide. Upon reaching Hopedale, an Inuit community of about 500 people, we were instantly the centre of attention of a crowd of children. In due course I located Garfield Flowers, the mayor of the settlement and man of many talents, who put us up for the night and made us feel like one of the family. The next day the coastal steamer "Taverner" called in on her return trip from Nain, a rather fortunate timing for us, and carried us south.



"... trudging up hill and down dale ..."





CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

Since my last report to the membership at the A.G.M., the affairs of the WCA have continued to flow without even grade I turbulence. As most of you know, our seminar on Keewatin was an outstanding success. George Luste apparently has been sufficiently rejuvenated by his summer trip in Labrador, because he is indeed organizing another meeting; see the announcement in the News Briefs section.

The Outings Committee have provided their usual interesting and varied program but, being mortal, have been unable to guarantee sufficient water to permit all the outings to take place. (Why are the meteorologists always away in Africa when you need them?) Maybe this will be known as the year that everyone went hiking.

By the time you read this, many of you will have returned from summer trips replete with happy memories and prize-winning photographs. Perhaps you would like to share them? The newsletter is just waiting for your trip report; you surely could do a lot better than the same boring guys we read about time after time! And how about the photo contest? Is yours the picture which will leave Toni Harting speechless? Don't you think it is your civic duty to enter our most entertaining photo contest?!

Lastly, don't forget those important environmental issues. Clare Muller's summer has been pretty well taken up with trying to save the Temagami wilderness, but now that she's back in town, I'm sure she would be glad to discuss your pet environmental concern. She will be even more pleased by any offer of help in researching or communicating relevant information on our natural environment.

Hope to see you at the Fall Meeting or the Fall Party.

Bill King



GOOD NEWS FROM THE SOUTH NAHANNI RIVER Ric Symmes

The Moore's cabin, centrepiece for the book Nahanni Trailhead, is a welcome point for rest and shelter between the turbulent rock gardens and the National Park. The log-book inside the cabin, which was constructed in 1978, contains a fascinating and amusing record left by the many travellers, including some famous and excentric ones, who have visited the cabin. There are tributes from Germans, French, Swiss, Danes, Norwegians, Americans, and Canadians from every Province. The Federal land lease was about to expire, the roof leaked, and so the cabin was to be demolished this year.

Letters from concerned canoeists to Nick Sibbeston, the Minister responsible for tourism in the Northwest Territories, have led to a welcome change of plans. The cabin will be saved and a workcrew will replace the roof.

Other letters have resulted in a coming federal clean-up of climbers' junk and fuel barrels at Glacier Lake. The power of the pen occasionally prevails, and governments can indeed respond sometimes, it seems.

Prairy Creek Mine, always a pollution threat to the Nahanni, has shut down. There is even talk of enlarging the National Park boundaries to protect the river. A motor boat ban has been successfully implemented.

Altogether, there are many reasons to believe that this outstanding Canadian park will remain so for some years to come. Don't miss it!

PADDLING SIBERIA Eric Walberg

What is there left after you've braved the Canadian Arctic -- the Nahanni, the Back, the Mackenzie? How about the Siberian Arctic -- the Yenesi, the Ob, the Lena?

Impossible, you might say, but believe it or not, such whitewater expeditions are in the works. The first group to negotiate the shoals of East-West whitewater exchanges is being organized by Ken Gilbertson of the University of Minnesota Outdoors Program at Duluth.

They have made contacts through their twin city, Petrozavodsk, a small city east of Leningrad. Their plans include four weeks getting to know their counterparts in Petrozavodsk and doing some of the regular sightseeing bit, followed by a month of mostly flatwater paddling in the Karelian peninsula. They are planning a group of six Americans and six Soviets.

Here in Canada, a group of mostly Outward Bound staff have organized themselves under the logo of "Paddles for Peace." Co-ordinator Bill Templeman feels this is a good way to promote a positive understanding without waiting for official government exchanges. The Canadian group plans to invite a group of Soviets here for a joint expedition in the summer of 1988 on the understanding that a joint trip in Siberia would follow in the summer of 1989.

In the USSR, whitewater travel is popular among what is called "the intelligentsia" --engineers, scientists, doctors, teachers, and other professionals -- very much like in Canada. There are clubs in Moscow and Leningrad of "Water Tourism Enthusiasts" under the aegis of the Central Tourism Clubs in those cities. Sports clubs in the larger factories (10,000+ workers) are known to organize special expeditions, usually to commemorate an anniversary.

Soviet enthusiasts either fashion rafts from tractor inner tubes and planks or use collapsable kayaks made from canvas, rubber, and wood. The North American canoe is virtually unknown in the Soviet Union, and the plastic ABS canoe -- the pride of whitewater daredevils here -- has yet to be tested in the raging torrents of the Siberian Arctic.

The reasons are first, economy and second, transportation. A raft can be built for next to nothing, and a Soviet-made kayak can be purchased for about 150 rubles -- a month's wages. Both can be packed up and carried on one's back and assembled on location. The train trip alone to the nearest access point for one's trip requires approximately five days. From there, it may be 50 km through the bush. A typical trip might cover 300-800 km and include a lot of fishing over the entire two months of the Arctic summer.

Depending on feasibility and financing, both Paddles for Peace and the Duluth-Petrozavodsk group plan to use canoes.

news briefs

NASTAWGAN TRIP INFORMATION INDEX The rich lode of data present in the combined issues of our journal Nastawgan and its predecessors Wilderness Canoeist, Beaver Dam, and Beaver Dam, is now more easily accessible to those who need to find articles containing relevant information on specific rivers, lakes, and areas as written up in the journals. This ten-page Nastawgan Trip Information Index is available to members and can be obtained by sending two dollars (bills, please, no cheques!) to the editor; see the back page for name and address.

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.

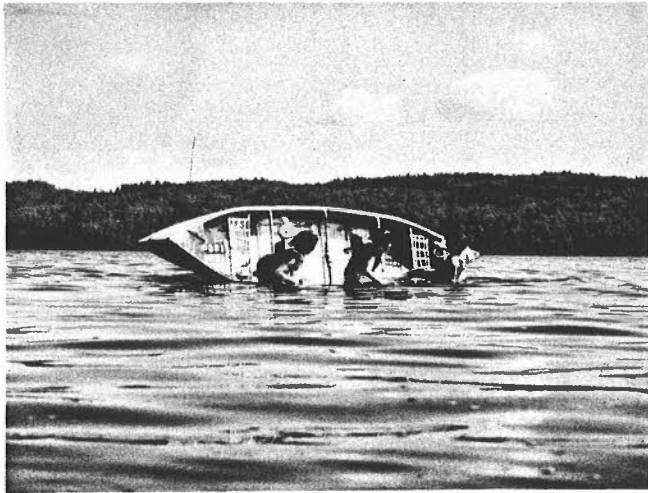
NASTAWGAN MATERIAL AND DEADLINE Articles, trip reports, book reviews, photographs, sketches, technical tips, and anything else that you think might be of interest to other members, are needed for future issues. Contributor's Guidelines are available upon request. The deadline dates for the next two issues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

<u>issue</u>	Winter 1987	<u>deadline date</u>	15 November 1987
	Spring 1988		30 January 1988

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.

SPRING ISSUE SHORTAGE Many of you will have already heard of the shortage of spring 1987 copies of Nastawgan (Vol.14, No. 1), caused by a very heavy demand at the Sportsmen's Show. As a result some late-renewing members and new members who joined after March 1987 have not received a copy of that issue. The cost of having further copies printed is prohibitive, but members who would like a facsimile (photocopied) to complete their personal collections can obtain one, free of charge, by contacting: Cash Belden, 77 Huntley Street, Apt. 1116, Toronto, M4Y 2P3, phone 416-925-3591. Members who have read their spring newsletters and do not wish to keep them permanently could recycle them to other members -- thereby saving the WCA about \$5.00 per copy -- by sending them to Cash Belden.

Bill King



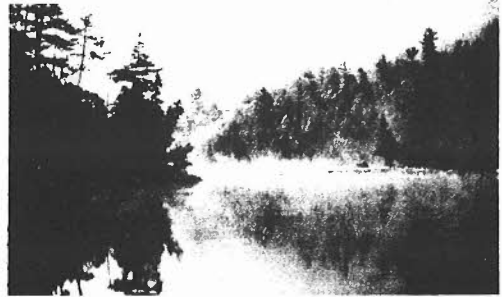
CANOEING KIDS

Photo by Bob Knapp

GULL RIVER OPEN CANOE RACES 6 SEPTEMBER Several WCA members again booked some outstanding results at these races held recently at the Minden Wild Water Preserve:

C.2 mixed	1. Lyn Aird and Paul Barsevskis
C.2 men	3. Howard Sagerman and Quan Phan
C.1 men	3. Howard Sagerman

BEAVER TALES Dr. James M. Cameron, chairman of the geography department at York University in Toronto, is conducting research on the life and activities of the beaver. He would like to hear from anyone who has had any interesting or unusual experiences to tell about this animal. If you can contribute to his research, write to him at P.O. Box 179, Kleinburg, Ontario, L0J 1C0.



DUMOINE DAWN

Photo by Al Lawton

SLIDES FOR THE WCA FALL PARTY At the Fall Party, announced elsewhere in this issue, the introductory slide show will again consist of a special presentation of slides made by WCA members on their trips, such as the organized outings. We're looking for all kinds of photographs, so lend us your slides, be part of this very successful show! Contact Ron Jasiuk (416-239-1380) or Toni Harting (416-964-2495).

"CANEXUS" CANOEING CONFERENCE Queen's University, Faculty of Education, is hosting Canexus - a conference celebrating the canoe in Canadian culture - from 20-22 November 1987. Conference highlights will be: meet leading authorities from the world of canoeing -- receive a copy of the conference papers, original articles that make a significant contribution to the literature -- enjoy the outstanding visual display featuring canoe paintings as well as canoe models -- engage in dialogue with presenters and other kindred spirits on the presentation topics. For more information contact: The Office of Continuing Education, Faculty of Education, Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, K7L 3N6.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 1988 Next year's A.G.M. will take place on 27 February at the Mono Cliffs Outdoor Education Centre near Orangeville, Ontario.



REFLECTIONS

Photo by Bob Knapp

1988 CANDIDATES FOR BOARD OF DIRECTORS Three positions on the Board of Directors will become available this spring, with elections for a two-year term to be held at the A.G.M. The office is open to all paid-up members who have reached the age of majority, or will do so within ten days of election. Candidates should notify Paul Barsevskis (416-239-2830) of their intention to run. Although nominations may be made up to the time of election, candidates are requested to declare themselves prior to the deadline of the winter issue of Nastawgan, so that they can publish a brief platform.

SYMPOSIUM IN JANUARY

The second WCA canoe and wilderness symposium will be held in Toronto on 29 and 30 January 1988.

This year's event will focus on the far northwest, including the Yukon, Alaska, and northern British Columbia. If there is time and space, some of the rivers flowing into the Mackenzie River watershed (such as the South Nahanni) will also be covered. The main emphasis will be on canoeing, but kayaking, snowshoeing, wilderness living, and other related topics will also receive attention.

If you could make a contribution, or know of somebody who might, or have any suggestions that could ensure another successful event, please contact George Luste at 139 Albany Ave., Toronto, M5R 3C5, phone 416-534-9313 (evenings or weekends). In the coming months, a more detailed program will be sent by separate mail to all WCA members.

a highway of old

Glenn Davy

The French River in Ontario has been named as one of the Heritage Rivers of Canada. In this context the river is a deserving one, the french voyageurs having travelled it each spring and fall enroute to and from the fur-heavy interior of Canada. This part of the white man's history is well documented and known to many of us in varying degrees. I wonder, though, how many of us stopped to think that the natives have been using this waterway for many thousands of years before the white fur traders even saw the shores of North America.

Ten thousand years ago the glaciers retreated from Southern Ontario leaving a land scoured clear of vegetation and soil. In its wake a great inland sea was left called Lake Algonquin. This great lake extended from Chicago to Huntsville and northward. It gradually drained through the Fossmill Outlet and the present-day Barron River to the Champlain Sea, lowering the lake level to a point roughly that we see now, with the Great Lakes as remnants. In the process of this and the glacier scourings, deep "cracks and puddles" were left, leaving natural transportation routes for any people who can travel efficiently on the water and have the ability to travel with their watercraft overland to the next waterway, seldom very far away. Enter the great nation of the Algonkian Indian with its many families. It is not known who first invented the canoe, but it may well have been the Algonkians as it seems perfectly suited to the demands the land placed upon them. Made of readily available materials (birch bark, pine gum, etc.) it will paddle straight, draws very little water for shallows, is manoeuvrable for whitewater, and light for transportability overland.

One of the more major "cracks and puddles" left behind from the ice age are the present-day French and Mattawa Rivers with Lake Nippissing in the middle. These became natural waterways for members of the Algonkian nation. Artifacts and pictographs have been found along stretches of the French that suggest a long history of settlements and hunting in this area. While certainly a colorful time in history, the voyageurs were only transients in this area; and I'm not sure that their influence on the natives and the area was all that positive. The natives, on the other hand, were a part of the French's history for a much longer period of time, while leaving very little trace of their habitation. This perhaps is one of the best compliments you can pay a group living in the natural environment, given what we know today.

Our small group of two canoes started from a resort about two-thirds of the way down Wolseley Bay under changeable skies and a stiff breeze. Given that this was a long weekend, we chose to take the non-traditional route behind Commanda Island. This turned into a delightful paddle down a quiet waterway interspersed with two rapids and a deadly-looking ledge where we had lunch. Following lunch we proceeded into a stiffening breeze and glanced back at the

mob at Big Pine Rapids. Perhaps I'm funny in a way that I would rather paddle a quiet, less exciting route than compete in the big stuff with a hundred other whitewater and pseudo whitewater canoeists. This time I was doubly glad we had chosen to go beyond Blue Chute for our first night, as I'm sure the "Blue Chute Motel" would have been filled to capacity.

After exciting runs through Blue Chute and Little Parisien Rapids we camped in a small but cozy site just out of view of Little Parisien. In the meantime the rain settled in for a long stay, leaving us with damp but beautifully calm conditions for paddling the second day. Sunny and warm weather is nice, but I always find magic and peace in the muted colors and "soft" travelling conditions. The second evening was spent on a high lookout facing upstream and with the let-up of the rain we had a chance to socialize and discuss other trips we had taken. Once again I was impressed with the group's compatibility and our participants' quiet confidence and congeniality. It is such a privilege to travel with people like these. The third day saw the wind rising again so we broke camp early and did not delay in paddling the last 12 or so kilometres to highway 69.

As we paddled down the French watching the fresh, new spring greenery emerging from every point, I couldn't help but wonder at the feelings of awe and perhaps relief that the early inhabitants of this land must have felt at these same sights. Truly, this Heritage River goes back much further than the voyageur days. We are grateful to Shirley and Dean for sharing this experience with us.



THE CONSIDERABLE MERITS OF

bigamy

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

As every Algonquin visitor knows, summer is the season when most Park inhabitants are hard at work raising families. Indeed, there is a popular image of wild animals and birds arranged in traditional mother-father pairs diligently sharing in the task of feeding their hungry, growing youngsters. It's really not so different from the usual human situation, in fact, and most of us understandably assume that this must be the normal and natural way things are done in the living world.

By and large, this assumption is correct--at least among the so-called higher animals--but even here there are exceptions. The exceptional cases are highly interesting, not only in and of themselves, but for what they can teach us about the forces shaping the lives of all birds and animals.

Take for example the Spotted Sandpiper. This is the bird familiar to every Algonquin canoeist as the small lake and streamside dweller that flies out from shore at our approach calling, "weet, weet, weet," and skims over the water circling back to land with curiously stiff, flickering wing beats. Once back on shore, it blends in with the background surprisingly well. If you get a good look, you will see that it is a quite attractive, even somewhat exotic, bird with brown upperparts, a white belly with large round spots, and a dark bill with a flesh-colored base. It hunts the abundant aquatic insects found at the water's edge and has a characteristic habit of constantly teetering its body up and down on the top of its greenish-yellow legs.

Notwithstanding the Spotted Sandpiper's comical, almost toy-like appearance, however, it has a homelife that is far removed from any suggestion of childlike innocence. The Spotted Sandpiper very often indulges in bigamy and, what's even more surprising to anyone trying to find traditional human values among wild animals, it's the females, not the males, who do the "bigamizing!"

Quite typically, a female Spotted Sandpiper pairs up with a male and lays a set of eggs (almost always four) in a simple nest hidden under low vegetation close to the water. But then, instead of settling down to share in parental duties the way you would expect, the female Sandpiper quite often takes up with another male, lays a second clutch of eggs in another, nearby nest and, in extreme cases, she may even repeat the process a third time. Only with her last laid clutch does the female actually stay around to share incubation and guard duties. The previous males are all on their own, with complete responsibility for the eggs they have been left with.

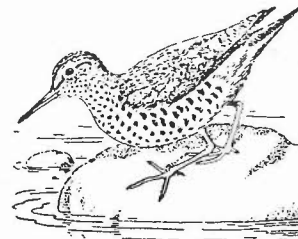
This mating system is so bizarre and so much at variance with the normal, "one faithful couple" arrangement of most birds that it raises some big questions for science. One of the very foundations of modern biology, in fact, is the idea that every organism (not just birds) must behave in such a way that its lifetime production of surviving young is maximized. Any strain of any species that fails to do this will eventually be eliminated--simply because, over time, its descendants will be drowned out by those of its more prolific neighbors.

Can we believe that the bigamist mating systems of the Spotted Sandpiper results in more surviving young than would be produced if these birds behaved more conventionally? Or, conversely, if bigamy works so well why haven't all the other birds gone over to it also?

The answers to these questions lie in the very real differences in the conditions experienced by Spotted Sandpipers and other species. Most birds have helpless young that have to be fed for weeks or even longer before they can survive on their own. What's more, even in summer it's not that easy to find enough of the right kinds of food to feed the rapidly growing young and it is often all that two parents can do--let alone one--to raise a brood to independence. For these birds (the vast majority) it makes the most sense for both adults to concentrate their efforts on just one nestful of babies--or at least just one nest at a time.

For Spotted Sandpipers, conditions are significantly different. When young Sandpipers hatch out they are able to run around (within minutes) after their parents and pick up their own food. In other words, feeding youngsters is not really a problem and about all the adults have to do is warn the young when danger approaches and try to distract predators. For these tasks, one adult is virtually as good as two and so it matters rather little if a male Spotted Sandpiper is left on his own by the female once she has laid the eggs.

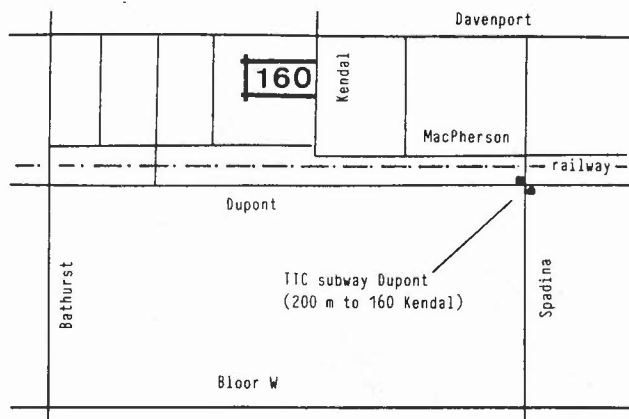
The female, on the other hand, has every reason to bail out and start over again with a second male. For one thing, food is so plentiful in Spotted Sandpiper habitat that she has little difficulty in manufacturing more eggs. And, since maximized reproduction is the name of the game, why settle for one clutch of eggs when two (or more) can be laid and hatched successfully? There is another reason as well for the female to consort with more than one male. The shoreline habitat of Spotted Sandpipers is frequently visited by nest predators such as foxes, raccoons, and minks, and the rate of nest loss is high. What a better way, then, for a female Sandpiper to improve her odds for at least some success than to put her eggs in two or more "baskets" instead of all in one?



Only one further difficulty remains. If the numbers of male and female Spotted Sandpipers are roughly the same--and this is believed to be the case--where do the extra males come from? In effect, there are no extra males but the females fight with each other to claim possession of certain area (and the handy dandy males they contain) and this results in the observed situation of one or more males available for "use" by each breeding female. The males don't have the same option available because they are smaller and weaker and end up being tied down on their eggs and unable to chase other males away.

This, then, is how the extraordinary mating system of the Spotted Sandpiper actually does make sense after all. We don't know what your personal ecological circumstances are and what particular lifestyle would therefore suit you best, but you should think about bigamy the next time you see a Spotted Sandpiper fly down a river ahead of your canoe. It may not be normal and it may be frowned upon in polite society but, gee-whiz, why let a good male go to waste--especially if your evolutionary success depends on it?

fall party



There are several parking lots in the area. Do not park on the streets.

Want to meet old canoeing friends? Want to hear some tall paddling stories and see interesting photographs? Want to find out what the WCA is all about, who its members are, and what inside information they can give you?

Then come to the WCA Fall Party (also called Slide Show Night or Wine-and-Cheese Party) on Friday evening, November 27, in the Staff Lounge of the Casa Loma Campus of George Brown College, 160 Kendal Avenue, Toronto. Non-WCA-members are also welcome.

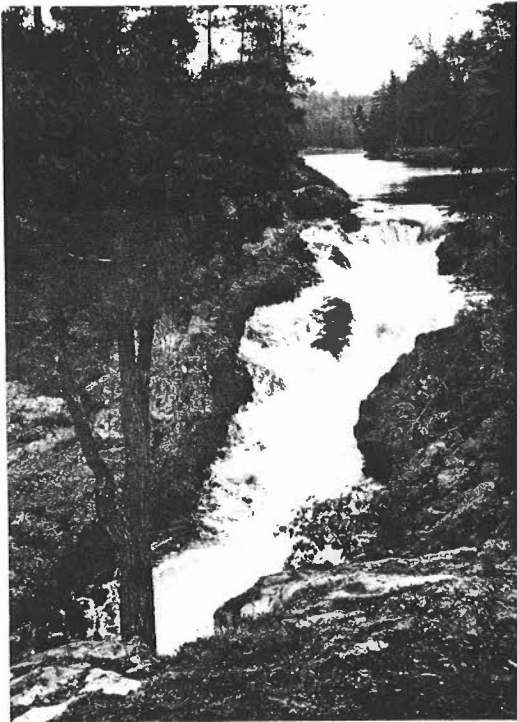
Admission, to be paid at the door, is \$5.00 per person.

Program

- 7:00-7:30 Registration and Welcome.
- 7:30-7:45 Introductory show of slides made by members at WCA outings.
- 7:45-8:30 Meet the people, enjoy the wine and cheese.
- 8:30-9:30
 - Tony Bird et al: a snowshoe trip in northern Québec from Clearwater Lake to Richmond Gulf.
 - Neal McKay and Lucie Larose: canoeing the Kogaluk River in Labrador.
 - Bob Haskett: trekking Nepal, the Annapurna Sanctuary.
- 9:30-.... Coffee and gab.



lady eve



Toni Harti

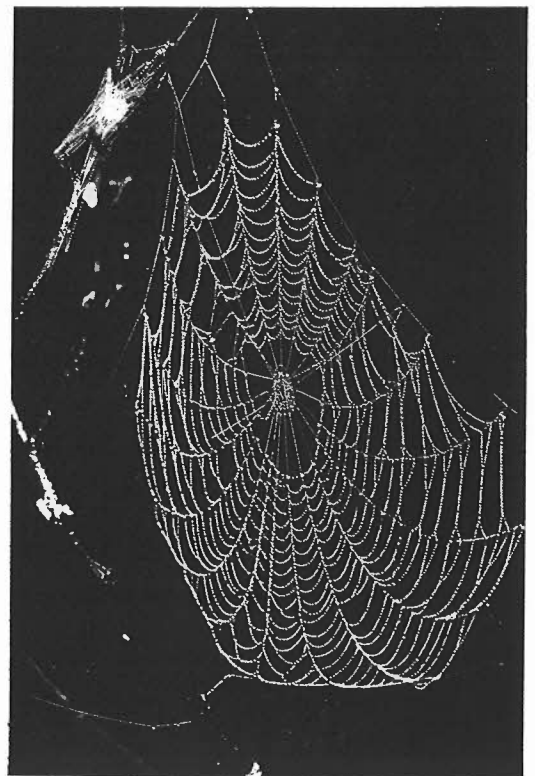
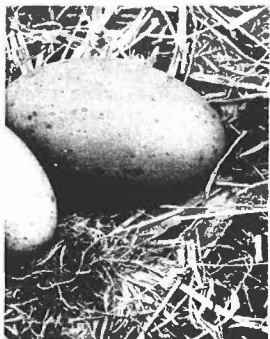




lyn river



ng



boundary waters bears

Lynn Rogers

The BWCA has relatively low fertility and, consequently, only a few kinds of bear foods. The low number of foods makes crop failures of any of them especially important to the bears. Hazelnut and berry crop failures are common due to late frosts or drought, as happened in 1985. Drought is a special problem there because of the shallow, easily desiccated soil that overlays the rock outcrops. In years of natural food scarcity, the bears are almost as quick as chipmunks to overcome their fear of us and seek our food. This article gives some background on the black bear, the only kind of bear found in the BWCA.

Across North America, the black bear is the bear most likely to come in contact with man because it is numerous, widespread, and it likes our food. However, attacks by blacks in campgrounds are surprisingly rare considering the amount of contact we have with them. In the BWCA, during an 18-year study of bear-human interactions, there were 18,000,000 visitor-days without a single attack, although some people became frightened when they encountered bluffing bears that wanted their food.

The few black bear attacks across other parts of North America have been mainly by males rather than by mothers with cubs. The idea that black bear mothers are likely to attack probably is based on the rare but well-publicized attacks that have occurred, the bluffing charges that they sometimes make, and the fact that grizzly mothers are so likely to attack in defense of cubs. Grizzlies live in brushy, fairly open country while black bears live in the forest where escape into trees is easier. So there has been less natural selection for defense of cubs in the black bear. Researchers in northern Minnesota commonly chase black bear family groups in order to tree the cubs and ear tag them. As of yet, mothers have done no more than bluff, even when cubs scream "Maaa" with almost human voices. More caution would be needed with dealing with grizzly families.

In many cases, black bears simply retreat quietly into cover before people even are aware that one is near. They have hearing more sensitive than man's and broad, soft foot pads for moving quietly downwind to identify the source of any unusual sounds. They can also run faster than 25 m.p.h.

The uncanny sense of smell of the black bear serves not only as an early warning system but also as a means for locating patches of food. It also helps bears determine which logs hold the ants and other insects that are their most reliable sources of fat and protein. The search for food is further aided by acute vision at close range. Black bears can even see in color. Distance vision has not yet been adequately tested for black bears.

The speed, strength, sharp claws, and large canine teeth of black bears give them the appearance of able predators. However, they obtain very little of their food by killing other mammals. Instead, they use their teeth and claws for ripping apart insect-ridden logs, tearing apart carrion, and defending themselves against other bears. The claws of the black bears are sharp and tightly curved for easy tree-climbing. Consequently, black bears have an advantage over grizzlies, deer, and wild hogs when competing for delicacies such as acorns, nuts, catkins, and fruits. The black bear holds digging to a minimum, usually limiting such work to digging dens and digging out ant hills and hornet nests. In fall, though, an occasional black bear will turn over as much as a half acre of dirt to get the nutrients stored in the tuberous roots of certain plants.

In Minnesota, grass, buds, ants, catkins, and young leaves are staples in spring until berries ripen. Then fruits become mainstays until they are destroyed by autumn frosts. Many of the fruits that bears eat grow most abundantly in and around forest openings, and bears can be found there in cool, overcast, and rainy days. But on hot, clear days black bears spend much of their time in the shade and may even enter the water to cool off.

In fall, in the hardwoods portion of the bear range of North America, acorns, beechnuts, hickory nuts, hazelnuts, apples, and other fruits are important foods. However, in the coniferous northern portion of the range, fruit and mast-producing trees are scarce, so black bears in the north turn to green vegetation after the berries are gone. However, bears are as poorly adapted as we are for digesting cellulose, and they often lose weight on a diet of greens; so bears that must subsist on vegetation usually retire to dens weeks earlier than bears that have good sources of food on which to fatten in the fall.

In the north, black bears are in dens from five to seven months each year, depending in part on local food supplies. In the south where food is available much of the year, bears den for only short periods or not at all.

Black bears usually construct their dens with entrances just large enough for them to squeeze through. Then they rake leaves, grass, and twigs into the dens for insulative beds and lie curled up with their thickly furred backs protecting them from the sub-freezing and sub-zero temperatures that penetrate the dens. Each bear sleeps alone except for mothers with cubs.

During hibernation, body temperatures of bears drop only a little (usually to between 88 and 98 degrees F. from a summer temperature of 100-101 degrees F.) but metabolic rate drops nearly in half, respiration slows to only one breath every 45 seconds or so, kidney function drops, and heart rate occasionally falls to as low as eight beats per minute. Some bears go the whole denning period without urinating, but this is more common in captivity than in the wild.

There are several misconceptions regarding the denning habits of bears. One is that bears eat a lot of roughage in the fall to purge the digestive tract and form a fecal plug that puts an end to feeding for the year. It is true that bears do ingest, perhaps accidentally, small amounts of material that they rake into their dens for beds, and it is true that bears have feces in their bowels during the winter. However, those feces form whether the bear eats roughage or nothing at all because it is formed primarily from products of the bear's own body. This is not a mysterious process. Bears apparently form feces during denning in the same way that people do during starvation. Such feces are formed from cells that slough off the inside of the digestive tract and from intestinal bacteria. Bears



Scratchboard art by Dan Metz

that den for several months usually defecate at least once during the denning period and defecate large quantities upon leaving their dens in spring.

A misconception that was prevalent among primitive people and believed by many people even today is that bears get sustenance during hibernation by sucking their paws. This idea probably arose from observations of bears licking the bottoms of their feet during the last half of the denning period when the old, calloused foot pads drop off. The soft, newly uncovered pads apparently are tender and receive quite a bit of attention.

The denning period is the time when bears give birth. Cubs usually are born in late January after a gestation period of seven months. They are conceived in June or July, but development of the embryos is limited almost entirely to the last three months of gestation. Before that time, the fertilized egg is not implanted in the uterus and is barely visible without a microscope. Consequently, it is difficult to determine whether females killed in fall hunting seasons are pregnant.

Litters are usually one to four cubs. Three is common in much of the East, and two is most common in much of the West. At birth, cubs usually weigh less than a pound and are almost naked, but by the time they toddle out of their dens with their mothers at about three months of age, they weigh

between four and seven pounds. They cannot yet run well enough to escape fleet-footed predators at that age, but they can easily climb trees with their already well-developed claws.

Even while cubs are in their dens they receive the best of care. Their mothers clean up (i.e. eat) the feces of their cubs and move into positions that make nursing easy, moving in a way that reminds one of a person doing something in his sleep. In Minnesota, mothers nurse their newborn cubs in dens for up to three months without venturing out for food or water. As a result, lactating mothers lose a third or more of their body weight during hibernation whereas other bears usually lose only 15-25 percent.

Black bear cubs suckle through the June-July mating season and prevent their mothers from coming into heat. Consequently litters usually do not overlap, and mothers devote their energy to only one litter at a time. Nursing mothers seem almost human at times; one picture that sticks vividly in my mind is of a mother sitting with her back against a tree cradling her cubs in her arms and licking the heads of the cubs nursing at her chest.

Cubs den with their mother their first winter and even help rake bedding material into the den. However, mothers may remove the bedding and rearrange it to their own liking. Cubs that are orphaned instinctively build dens by themselves and are able to survive to adulthood.

Cubs normally separate from their mothers in June of their second year. Young females usually then settle near their birthplaces and at three to eight years of age begin producing cubs. They continue to reproduce at two to four year intervals past 20 years of age. There is no known menopause in the black bear. The age at which females begin to reproduce and the amount of time between litters depend upon food supply.

Males leave their birthplaces before mating and often travel more than 100 miles before settling, but once settled they usually use the same five to ten mile diameter area for mating each year.

Males are aggressive toward each other during the June-July mating period, and encounters lead to threats, chasing, or savage battles. The scarred hides of old males are evidence of the violent contests that are fought near receptive females. (Both males and females are promiscuous.) Rival males broadcast their whereabouts to one another through the use of "bears trees" on which they scratch, bite, and rub their scent. (Female black bears seldom use "bear trees".) Messages probably reveal which males are in the area and how safe it might be to remain there. Messages tend to be ignored, however, by males on the trail of females in heat.

After the mating season, male hormone levels drop, and aggression declines. In Minnesota, mature males travel up to 125 miles outside their breeding ranges in late summer and fall and congregate at garbage dumps or other food sources.

Some females also travel far outside their territories at that time, but are less apt to go to garbage dumps. Both sexes return to their mating areas to den.

Deaths during the denning period are surprisingly infrequent. Starvation usually occurs only after bears leave their dens, and predators seldom attempt to kill bears in the confines of a den. A large bear killed a mother and yearling cubs in a den in Michigan, however, and a pack of timber wolves killed a mother and newborn cubs at a den in Minnesota.

Starvation deaths are uncommon among adults. However, 38% of 13 yearlings starved in Minnesota after drought and frost reduced natural foods several years in succession. Most mortality among cubs and yearlings is from natural causes, but more than 90% of the deaths of adults is from human-related causes, mainly gunshot. As a result very few wild bears live the 30 or more years that bears sometimes do in captivity.

Except for the occasional outsized individual, adult male bears weigh between 150 and 550 pounds and adult females weigh between 90 and 300 pounds. The term "big old sow" arises because large males sometimes are mistaken for females in late fall when their testicles are retracted into their abdomens and their scrotums are shrunken and obscured in abdominal fur. Testicles become scrotal again in early spring.

Black bears are presently found in good numbers in the BWCA and would seem to have a bright future as long as the BWCA is protected. But even in wilderness areas, bears can be adversely affected by the increasing number of recreationists. Minimum impact camping methods in the BWCA (including packing out unburnable refuse and keeping food out of reach of bears) tend to minimize the impact of people on bears. By making our food unavailable to bears, we insulate bears from the effects of our presence, help prevent needless relocations or nuisance kills, and aid in the perpetuation of black bears in the Boundary Waters.

Dr. Lynn Rogers is a black bear wildlife biologist with the Forest Service's North Central Forest Experiment Station.

The Boundary Waters Canoe Area (BWCA) is a protected area in Minnesota along the border with Ontario, south of Quetico Provincial Park. The Friends of the Boundary Waters Wilderness (1313 Fifth Street SE, Suite 327, Minneapolis, MN 55414, USA) is the only conservation organization whose sole focus is the protection and preservation of this beautiful canoe country and its surrounding, integral areas. We are grateful to the Friends for its permission to reprint this most informative article originally published in the spring/summer 1987 issue of its newsletter BWCA Wilderness News.

musquash revisited

Glenn Davy

I always get just a little nervous when I see the water being well riffled at daybreak, for this generally means a very windy day ahead. Well, "generally" turned to "specifically" the morning of 9 May as the car rocked its way to the bridge crossing, the traditional starting point of the Musquash River in Muskoka. By the time we had arrived, the breeze was substantial, and it was promising to grow throughout the day.

I have paddled the Musquash River in Ontario a number of times both solo and with others. It is a pretty river situated in the west-central area of Muskoka, draining from the Moon River about 4 km west of Bala. The main drawback to this river are the two Orillia Power and Light peaking dams (dams?) located along our route. As a result of these dams, water levels may change drastically with little or no warning. As this had been a dry spring without much snow the previous winter, the river's water level was down considerably, and with the dams being closed up for the most part, the shoreline within about 3-4 metres of the river was an unsightly floodplain. With these dams being opened and closed strictly at the whim of Orillia's power requirements, there is an obvious conflict with a good deal of the wildlife in the area, including loons whose nests stand to be flooded, and fish-spawning grounds.

Everyone was prompt which allowed us to be on the river by about 9:30. The first few kilometres the river winds considerably, with numerous cottages dotting the shoreline. Following this initial winding the Musquash opens to what must be described as an island-studded lake that is formed by the second of the two dams encountered on the route. At this point we all took a needed rest from the strong breeze

we had been battling all morning. During the afternoon we portaged the dam, ran a couple of rapids formed by the suddenly rising water, then fought our way across Gray Lake. At the western end of Gray Lake we stopped to scout the ever-changing Gray Rapids. At our current water level this is an easy grade II run, but dangerous to a canoe in the event of an upset due to the rocky conditions and the bend in the river near the end. Everyone came through successfully and in single file paddled and portaged past Gray Falls, on impressive five-metre, almost vertical drop in the river. From here it was a short distance to our camping spot at a high clear point on the north side of the river.

One of the highlights for me on any of these trips is the camaraderie that exists around camp in the evenings. This trip was especially good for that because we had a friendly and diverse group, the evening was warm, and the bugs were not out in any profusion as yet.

Sunday saw us breaking camp at a fairly easy pace and taking our time at the falls. We were returning the same way we came down the previous day and this, coupled with the sunny, warm, and calm conditions, allowed us to look at things we might have missed on Saturday. I spent as much time as I thought I could get away with photographing the beautiful trilliums which were out in full bloom. Time was marching on, however, and we found ourselves back at the starting point all too soon.

It had been a good weekend, revisiting the Musquash. "Thank you" to all the participants who made it so enjoyable.

fun and follies on flatwater

Elizabeth Bonello

I met Perry many months ago. We were skating around and around with all the other beginners in our skating class.

As we got to know one another, Perry told us about two friends of his - canoeing enthusiasts he called them - Doug and Lisa. They were, he assured us (even in the heart of that winter storm that had kept most of our class at home), planning their summer wilderness adventures.

It was because of these tales that I joined the WCA and it was on Perry's advice that I enrolled in the Flatwater Canoe Course.

For me, the course began early Friday afternoon at the U-Haul centre on Kingston Road. I must admit to being apprehensive while watching my new car getting fitted with a weighty metal roofrack and a large green canoe, but a sense of adventure and excitement overpowered me as I drove up to Doug and Lisa's and saw a street filled with canoe-laden vehicles.

That evening, both Doug's display of the latest in canoe fashion (designed for comfort and active wear) as well as Bill's lesson on the historic/modern canoe (which he constantly referred to as a boat) appealed to my fashion instinct and my love for history. I was convinced: this was the sport for me!

Saturday turned out to be a beautifully bright day. The sun shone intensely throughout the afternoon. We practiced drawing and prying and decided that, contrary to presently-held theory, the J-stroke was truly intended to turn the canoe in circles and not to keep the canoe in a straight line.

Later, when our leaders put a course of buoys together for us to paddle over, we realized how much manoeuvrability we had learned. With that exercise we experienced the satisfaction of success. I remember leaving the obstacle course contentedly to paddle about quietly. Nearby, my reflection in the water paddled alongside of me. The calmness of the water had worn off onto me and, had I not been so crisply burnt, I wouldn't have disembarked so readily. On that red-hot Saturday, I learned the importance of protecting myself from the sun. Sleep came quickly that Saturday night - so did Sunday morning.

It was still dark when I started up my car and headed west along highway 401. I left extra early, in anticipation of the construction and traffic in the west end of the city. To my surprise there was none! What a pleasure driving was when the highway was abandoned and no one was around to slow down my pace. As usual, I did manage to get lost, but it was comforting to find two other canoe-bearing cars from our group to be lost with.



I quickly realized that travelling to the meeting place and getting lost, on what seemed like well-laid-out roads, was just another part of the canoeing experience. Of all the places to get lost, the Poker Lake area seemed the loveliest. The lumpy, mud-puddled road was so completely shaded by the branches of the overhanging trees that rarely could a beam of light peak through. Upon our arrival in one corner of the forest, a deer elegantly raised herself and, with a most graceful conceit, she turned her white bottom to us and leapt away. The sight of that little bottom bobbing up and down is still with me now.

I drove down that road over miniature wooden bridges that seemed too fragile to support my car, and the thought that I had unexpectedly entered Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken" overwhelmed me.

It was over an hour later that we spotted our leader's car and were escorted, like lost children, to the unloading zone. By this time, the rain had let up and we were ready to face danger.

Taking a canoe off a small car may not seem dangerous to most canoeists, but for the two women who, on Saturday, had dropped their canoe between two parked cars (without hitting either one I might add) the task seemed ominous. Once that feat had been handled, we were truly set to paddle.

On Sunday, the sun shone gently upon us, but the mosquitoes attacked with vengeance. Needless to say, I was unprepared for their ferocity.

Being lost, damp, and mosquito-bitten can seriously detract from one's enjoyment, but all was quickly forgotten once we started paddling through Cinder Lake. The water was quiet and calming; the rain had stopped. We were finally on our way.



As we paddled, my partner told me that at a canoeing seminar she had attended, many canoeists spoke of why they pursued the sport. I remember thinking how strange it was that one man started canoeing to get away from people and the city, while another man spoke of his canoeing experiences as opportunities to meet and get close to people. Today, I can understand how this sport can satisfy both these radically different expectations. On Sunday we were on our own - first two of us in a canoe - sometimes many minutes passed without a word being spoken. The other seven canoes were never more than a shout away but, curiously, no one raised their voices to communicate. During those moments we were on our own.

Yet, at each portage and over lunch and for many moments during the day, we were part of a larger group. The portages were the worst. We struggled with our heavy loads and learned we could cope better if we linked ourselves with another twosome. The men and the experienced canoeists worked the hardest. With each portage the canoes got heavier and we became weaker. The mosquitoes were cruel indeed. If it hadn't been for those portages, we would have never experienced that closeness.

Lunch was a welcome relief. We all stretched out on a rock beside the water after what we thought was our longest portage. The largeness of the group and the smallness of the rock forced us together. One very touching moment took place during the lunch break when Bill read the account of the last struggle fought by the St. John's boys on Lake Timiskaming in Ontario in their fatal accident. It was particularly moving for me because I knew that at that same moment that Bill was reading the account of the accident, a memorial service was being held by the parents, teachers, and friends of St. John's for their boys who were lost.

After lunch there were more portages and as our energy grew thin a familiar flag on Cinder Lake signalled to us that we had come full circle. Once again the rain started falling, prompting us to reload our cars quickly and get on our way. A long, wet drive, a hamburger joint, and a good night's sleep brought our weekend to its finale.

An while I sit here with my Nastawgan close by, eagerly preparing for another canoe trip (before the water freezes and it's time to put on my skates again), I know that next time I go canoeing I'll avoid the U-Haul people who scratched my car when they took off the roof racks and charged me an extra day's rental after telling me I could bring back the canoe any time on Monday.

The next time I go I'll also be prepared for the sun, the rain, the mosquitoes, getting lost, the hard work, catching the deer by surprise, the fun, the excitement, the friendship, the closeness, and the feeling of having gotten away from it all.

university (dog) river

Is it possible to find a one-week canoe trip within easy access that is still a true wilderness experience? The University River comes close to it.

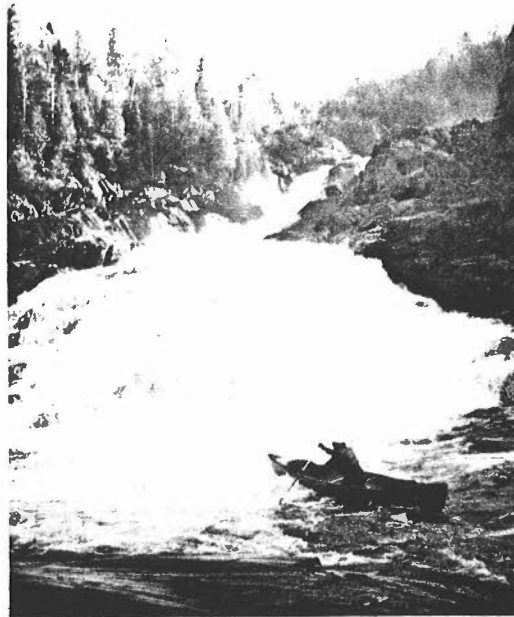
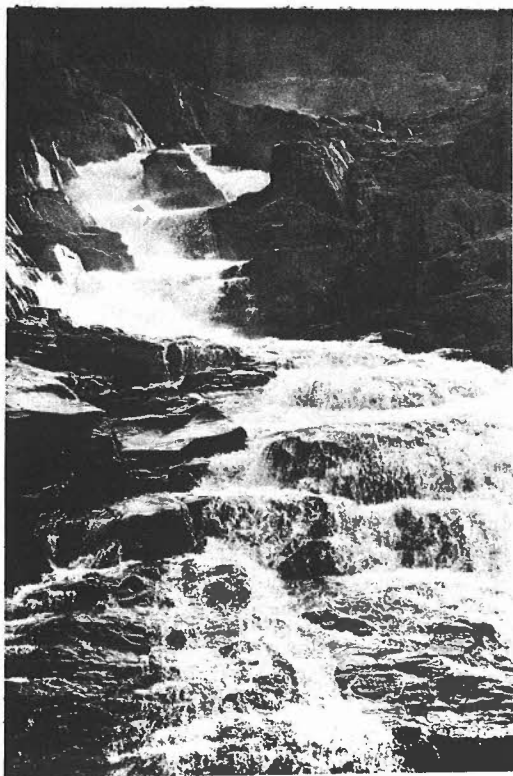
In the last week of May, six WCA members set out to experience this river that flows from Obatanga Provincial Park, north of Wawa, to Lake Superior. Strangely enough there seemed to be little information available and we wondered why this waterway would appear to be so seldom travelled. This exploratory nature added a very positive dimension to our trip.



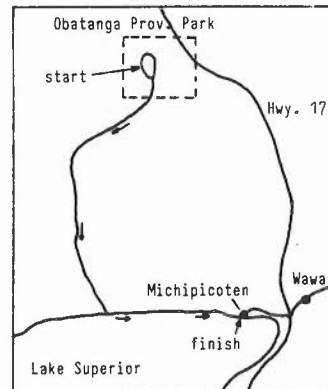
On that note, it would not be proper here to recount in detail the rapids, waterfalls, canyons, portages, and campsites. It is best that the river tell its own story to those of you who will venture down it next.

The University is of the pool-and-drop variety, so that with normal water levels there is relatively little chance of getting into trouble. Nevertheless, this is not a place for novice whitewater paddlers. In fact, in high water it is easy to speculate that some of the sections could be quite treacherous.

The last half of May is probably the best time to paddle this river. Water levels should be reasonable and the bugs bearable. Our group was on the water for six days, the last two spent leisurely, poking about the shore of Lake Superior. It would be wise to build contingency days into a schedule because of the high probability of being windbound on the lake.



That's all that I'm going to tell you. Should you come and explore the University, you will never forget the sight of Denison Falls, a multi-tiered cataract so spectacular in the rays of the evening sun. You will also never forget Lake Superior, this inland sea whose frigid waters can be so soothing and at the same time so foreboding. Happy paddling!



Article: Paul Barsevskis
Photographs: Paul Barsevskis, Simon Rivers-Moore.
Participants: Paul Barsevskis, Chris Dalziel, Peter Dalziel, Shirley Dodman, Simon Rivers-Moore, Dee Simpson.

RIVER RESCUE

Authors: Les Bechdel and Slim Ray
 Publisher: Appalachian Mountain Club, Boston, 1985.
 (\$10.00)
 Reviewed by: Toni Harting

Finally a no-nonsense book, written and illustrated by experts, about performing rescue operations in wild water, a book that should be seriously studied by all safety-

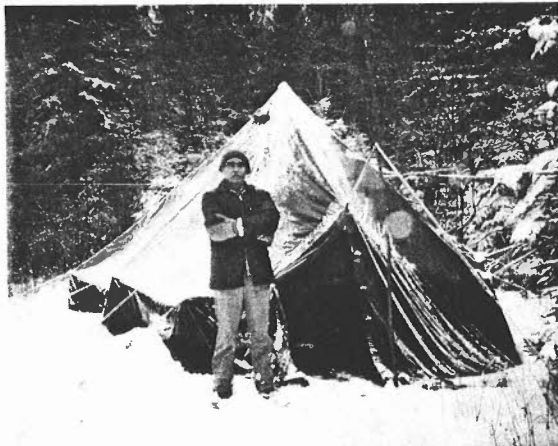
conscious paddlers. This reasonably-priced work, filled with excellent photographs and drawings, presents an impressive amount of information on river rescue for kayakers, rafters, and open-canoe paddlers. Many subjects are treated: river sense -- equipment -- self-rescue -- rescue by rope -- boat-based rescue -- entrapments and extrications -- vertical rescue -- organization for rescue -- patient care and evacuation -- the professionals. Definitely a must-have book for wilderness canoeists.

of winter and wolves

Robert Lams

In the spring of 1984, I had the privilege and immense pleasure of meeting Mr. R.D. Lawrence.

It took a lot of courage on my part to go unannounced to the very remote place where he lives, southwest of Algonquin Park, after reading introductions in his books which mention his rather secluded life. I had doubts about my being welcome there. Well, welcome I was! Mr. Lawrence is a naturalist and biologist who has written many books about wildlife. If you haven't had the pleasure of reading any of his books yet, I strongly suggest you get one; after reading it you will want the others!



Mr. Lawrence

I have been canoeing and winter camping on crown land surrounding his property since then, almost on a regular basis. It is my December 1986 winter trip there that I want to relate to you.

I had been lucky the previous year getting there before the snow, giving me a chance to set into a comfortable camp before it came next day. Well, this year no such luck! Unloading my station wagon onto the sled, after a long drive of three and a half hours in freezing rain, felt like fun, until I tried to pull away!

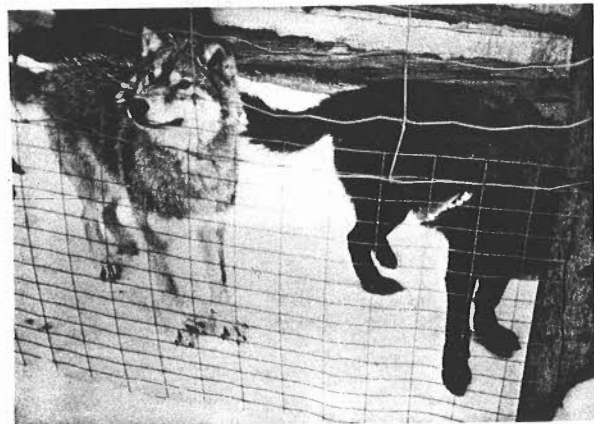
Mr. Lawrence had been watching me all along with a smile on his face; by then I knew why. Being the nice person that he is, he decided to interfere out of compassion. He then showed me how to load the sled and what amount should go on it in order to pull off without too much effort.

Getting to the clearing where I was to set up was relatively easy but then I realized that I had 0.6 m of snow on an area of about fifteen square metres to clear. Here again, without hesitation, Mr. Lawrence reached for the shovel he had brought along expecting this. Within approximately two hours, I was all set. Bags unpacked, wood stove going, just in time as night was coming down fast. A pot of water to boil on the stove, and minutes later a very welcome and needed meal was ready.

Once in my sleeping bag, I was looking forward to a restful, peaceful, undisturbed night. Mr. Lawrence has two beautiful wolves, which he brought back as puppies from a trip in the Yukon. At 3:00 in the morning those two beautiful wolves decided to start a concert, to be supported within seconds by some other wolves in the area. Even though

I had heard them on previous trips, I could not help getting "goose pimples." The sound of those wolves howling is always fascinating; it really makes you fully aware of the wilderness that surrounds you. Mr. Lawrence's purpose of having those wolves is not only out of love for them (which is a strong one), but also to study them. I do believe that Mr. Lawrence at present is the most qualified man as to the habits, biology, and behavior of "canis lupus." He had a couple of them years back, which he eventually set free after ensuring their ability to survive on their own in the wild. See: Secret Go The Wolves.

Should you be interested in knowing more about Taiga and Tundra, his two present wolves, Mr. Lawrence has just published a book titled: In Praise Of Wolves. It is a very educative narration about several wolves in Michigan and also about his two babies (don't smile, you'd love them too if you knew them).



Taiga and Tundra

Waking up around 7:00 next morning, I wondered for a while what to do: stay in a warm sleeping bag until July, or get up and freeze while my stove, which had died during the night, generated enough heat to bring the inside temperature from -20°C to +20°C. Well, the later being really the only choice, I got up as fast as I could, put birch bark in the stove - collected the night before along with enough wood to start - and minutes later a much-needed beef consommeé was ready. Feeling warmer, all dressed up, snowshoes on, I was then all set for my daily exploration of the woods. After snowing most of the night the sky had now cleared and was a beautiful azure-blue.

I had noticed the year before a large number of deer tracks in an area near the river, where they most likely went to drink. I therefore decided to head in that direction in the hope of finding some again. The fresh snow was literally covered with hoof prints to such an extent that I almost expected to be stampeded anytime, but I unfortunately didn't even see one deer. I was also looking for moose tracks, having seen some droppings there in the fall. No moose tracks in sight, either. I had by that time developed an appetite for lunch, having skipped breakfast because I had been so anxious to go. After putting down my pack I searched for dead wood to boil water, which was all I

needed, for my trail meals consist only of vacuum-sealed dinners, wrapped in their own silver foil pouch in which they can be heated. Thus one avoids the need for plates and pans, and most importantly, dishwashing!

Sitting there, enjoying the stillness of the forest, looking at the pine trees covered with immaculate white, the stress of city life vanished so intensely that I could feel it leave my body. The powers of nature were at work again! I came to wonder what it would be like to live here. An inner feeling seems to crave for it, and yet reason or rather conditioning keeps dragging us back toward what seems to be the rational way of life. I guess after years in the city we do get brainwashed, thinking there cannot be any other way. It would take courage to erase a standard of living, which we seem to depend on, in order to start a new and certainly different way of life, that would be so beneficial to our mental wellbeing, not to mention physical health. Well, maybe some day!

It was almost two thirty and I had to go on, for night would come fast. The river that crosses Mr. Lawrence's property meanders toward a ravishing little lake surrounded by pines where I felt I might have a chance to see more tracks. I was anxiously looking for wolf imprints after hearing them during the night. I knew that they were somewhere around that lake. The freshly fallen snow was very powdery, thus making walking around on snowshoes quite trying. The stillness of the woods around me had such an effect upon me that I came to forget about the hardship I was experiencing. Most people might call this hardship an unnecessary burden; however, they ought to try it at least once and feel the immense pleasure one gets out of it. After going half-way around the lake, at last I found them! Two sets of wolf tracks about 10 cm wide. I wondered why I couldn't find more. Perhaps the wind had erased the others, for the animals must have walked there, they certainly did not fly! After taking a few pictures, my heart still drumming, almost as pleased as if I had seen the wolves themselves, I decided to set off for camp. Approximately eight, maybe 10 km for the first day, is about as much as my out-of-shape carcass could take. Bet I will not hear the wolves tonight!

Back at the tent, I pondered the idea of spending one night in a lean-to in order to "catch" a glimpse of the

wolves, although I was quite aware that it would be highly unlikely: they are very man-wary. Being so exhausted, it would have to be another night. So, a quick dinner, stove replenished, and I was "down" for the night.

The next few days I concentrated on basically the same idea: tracking down wildlife, camera in hand, cruising for hours, longer every day as my physical endurance increased. I did come close to a couple of opportunities for a good picture of a deer, but not being much of a "Lawrence" yet, I failed. I know this sounds so close to the fisherman story! But after all, spending one week there I was bound to catch something. Speaking of catching something, it nearly turned out to be a bad cold for on my last night the fire died around 2:00 in the morning. Thinking of leaving next day, I had not bothered to gather anymore wood and for this I am still sorry.

The cold awoke me, the wind was blowing with such an arrogant determination that it finally made its way into the tent. With an outside temperature of -40°C, it took little time to bring the inside to the same temperature. My efforts to control the situation by burning the little bit of birch bark and wood I had left where to no avail; not even enough to boil water for a most longed-for, piping-hot cup of coffee! With the wind hurling into the tent, my propane lamp at one point went crashing to the ground; the glass was still in one piece but the mantle had crumbled. Of course, no spare one! Furthermore; not having checked my flashlight before the trip: dead batteries!

I was then condemned to spend the rest of the night in the dark. I tried to fall back to sleep, but the shivering would not allow it. The longest night ever!

I started packing as soon as the faintest light appeared. After dragging back my sled to Mr. Lawrence's place, the color was slowly coming back to my face. Mr. Lawrence, who fortunately is an early riser, greeted me with that so welcome coffee. Hearing of my near-disastrous adventure, that smile of his came back on his face. I am still not sure if it was out of sympathy, or that he was pleased to see me gain more winter camping experience the hard way.

However, I did gain, and I have more than ever the desire to repeat this "epic."

hymne national

DU CLUB DES AMIS D'EAU DE VARENNES

Ah, qu'ils font de la peine,
Les pauvres Amis d'eau:
Ils mangent que des graines,
Ils boivent que de l'eau.

Moniteurs, monitrices
Nous crient: "Dépêchez-vous!"
Ah, mon Dieu, que c'est triste!
Les Amis d'eau, c'est nous!

Dans les mouches, les moustiques,
Il faut aller camper.
C'est toujours mois qu'ils piquent:
Ils ont leurs préférés.

Pour placer toutes les tentes,
Va falloir débrousser:
Dans les bouses, dans les swampes,
C'est là qu'on doit se coucher!

Et du bois à la tonne
Faut aller ramasser:
Les chefs, i'se la coulent bonne.
Nous autres, on doit trimer.

Quand on fait nos cravates,
Le jour d'l'initiation,
Les moniteurs, i'sacrent
Pour la réparation.

Quand su' l'moule on s'démène
Pour faire nos canots,
La résine se déchaîne,
Pis là, t'es gelé ben gros...

Le dimanche et les fêtes,
Il faut avironner:
On est tous comme des bêtes,
Sans jamais s'arrêter.

Tôt levé le matin
Pour faire la Jacques Cartier,
Ou bien la Mattawin:
Tu t' f'ras laver les pieds!

En roulant vers la Diable,
Comme un mulet chargé,
Ton char s'enlise dans le sable:
Te v'là bien arrangé!

En route sur la Rouge
Avec nos rabaskas.
Bloqués, y a rien qui bouge:
Dans les roches, tu passes pas.

Arrivé au portage,
Sentier ou pas sentier,
Même si t'as ton voyage,
T'as pas raison d'chiâler.

On va gratter les rocher
Et s' maganer les pieds,
De l'eau dans les galoches
Et les fesses bien mouillées!

Bras fatigués, tête vide,
Encoeuré, tout en sueur,
T'as sauté des rapides:
Le v'là, ton vrai bonheur!

Pour satisfaire ton vice
D'aviron, de canot,
T'oublies tout, sans malice,
Et vive les Amis d'eau!

Premier air: "A la claire fontaine," mais plus rapide.

Refrain: Ça fait un mois qu' j'avironne.
Quand c'est qu'on va s'arrêter?

Deuxieme air: "Malbrough s'en va t'en guerre"

Refrain (au lieu de "Mironton, mironten, mirontaine"):
Les deux pieds, les deux mains dans la bouette!

This hilarious contribution from our Québec paddling friends is reproduced here courtesy of La Résine Déchainée, the newsletter of Le Club des Amis d'Eau de Varennes.

Composition 1984-85: Robert Bergeron
Guy Boisvert
René Minot
et autres complices

Aucun doit réservé.



THE RED SQUIRREL ROAD STORY CONTINUED

In a capsule: if the Red Squirrel Road and/or the Obabika Lake Road is/are extended, thus linking up with the Liskeard Lumber Road, it will provide easy access to the Temagami Lakes and environs, creating noise, pollution, and extensive clear-cut areas. After the lumbering is finished, the roads will remain, giving easy access to motor boats, motorized vehicles of all kinds and, eventually, the potential to develop "cottage country." Those of us who want some wilderness left oppose the Ministry of Natural Resources' policy to allow this course of events to take place.

The issue of roads vs. wilderness is on everyone's lips here in Temagami. The local people fight to hang on to the lifestyle they know - lumbering and mining. But some of the lumbering is already uneconomical and Milne Lumber Co. is already being subsidized with tax payers' money. If they can't get at the timber around these lakes, Milne expects to fold before this periodical goes to press. Sherman Iron Mine has about five years to run and then it too will close. As I write, a little plane drones back and forth across Lake Temagami and Temagami Island, trailing a bullet-shaped object on a wire. It has been up there for two days now - back and forth, back and forth, hoping to pick up readings of copper, silver, nickel, or gold. On the far side of Temagami Island from where I write, the old Temagami Copper Mine lies silent - a raw scar on the land, with great slag heaps grey and ugly defacing the landscape. Behind these lakes the great lumbering scars of clear cutting also mar the landscape. Sherman Mine has destroyed forever two or three beautiful little lakes which supported fish, mink, wildflowers, and thirsty animals. They are grey slag ponds now - the dirty dishwater of hard-rock open-pit mining.

Overhead a broad-winged hawk flaps across my sheltered bay and a red-eyed vireo calls. The wild flag has four big seed pods in a damp place on the shore and I hope nothing will disturb their taking root. An old crayfish scuttles from one hiding place to another, aware of my presence. White foam floats in from the lake in chunks like miniature icebergs, attesting to the frothy force of last night's wave action. Red pines sway majestically in the breeze and aspens rustle behind the cedars. Loons are gathering in "rafts" of 8 - 12 out on the lake, following an inborn instinct. Bracken has turned yellow overnight and the sun sets earlier. The plane is further away now and the peace and order return.

The local people in the towns cry: "Save your wilderness all you like, but save it somewhere else!" There is nowhere else. To the north beyond the Ishpatina Ridge the land flattens out, cut by a few rivers. To the east lies Lake Temiskaming and Quebec. Below the Martin River it is endless forest. Within those boundaries lie the jewels - the lakes, waterways amidst the rocks and trees, waterways which are linked together by portages and rivers and creeks and ponds. We can experience the wilderness via these waterways. Every day, all summer I've seen canoes going by, sometimes one, sometimes six, equipped with food and gear. Canoes in Cross Lake, canoes at the landing, canoes on portages, canoes on Diamond Lake, canoeists asking questions, and



Photo by Lucie Larose

maybe canoeists finding answers. There are fishing boats too, small parties of eager people hoping for a reward.

There are a few precious sandy beaches here. There are three bogs I know of, wonderful bogs of sphagnum moss, water arum, labrador tea, bog rosemary, and pitcher plants. Tennessee warblers nest there and tamarack are successful residents.

Obabika Lake is a special place to the Native People. They go there for spiritual inspiration, atonement, and enrichment. It is their cathedral if you like, the walls decorated with ancient rock painting. This summer, Obabika Lake's magic is spoiled by the drone of motor boats - the roads are creeping ever nearer. North of Obabika some wonderful stands of mighty white and red pine have been found, and to walk beneath these giants is to walk in spiritual places where one may reverse one's spiritual self.

As you may know, Margaret Atwood has spoken with most senior politicians and Robert Bateman has also communicated with Ministers and the Premier.

The roads are "on hold" at the moment. With the election fever mounting towards 10 September, the issue here has become a Provincial and party issue. It is on Cabinet agendas and people's note pads and is hot press. We cannot slacken our pressure for one instant or we could lose it all. We need to preserve this Temagami district, this homeland of the Bear Island Clan of Ojibway, this haven for loons and merlin and aurora trout and moose and deer and bear and lynx and marten and mink and pine and pitcher plant.

The Temagami Wilderness Society remains in the forefront to preserve this area. Join it, donate to it, and give it your support. Temagami is our South Moresby of Ontario. Help!

Claire Muller



Photo by Richard Smerdon

As this issue of Nastawgan goes to print (20 Sep.), the Milne Lumber Co. is clear-cutting between Gull Lake and Lake Temagami, and will haul across the latter to Temagami town.

When I drove on the 30-km Red Squirrel Road early September, extensive cutting had been done on both sides. It was a wasteland -- naked, ugly, raw, and very upsetting to see. Chain saws whine and roar east of Angus Lake -- you can hear them from the highway -- and logging trucks rumble by like tumbrels. Clear-cutting is destroying everything. Where will it end?

C.M.



10-12 October GEORGIAN BAY SEA KAYAKING
 Organizer: Sandy Richardson 416-429-3944
 Book before 4 October.

Experience another kind of wilderness: the open waters of the Great Lakes. We will explore the sparkling waters, rugged shorelines, and rocky islands of Georgian Bay in the craft best suited to paddling our inland seas -- the sea kayak. Our pace will be leisurely, with plenty of time for photography and simply enjoying the fall colors. Limit four kayaks.

17 October HIKING IN NORTH PICKERING
 Organizer: Diane Wills 416-267-2876
 Book before 12 October.

An easy 12-14 km hike on the Seaton Trail which is located in the Duffin Creek valley a short ride from Toronto. Bring the whole family and your lunch.

18 October LONG POINT PROVINCIAL PARK
 Organizer: Randy Berg 519-537-5066
 Book before 13 October.

The focus of this leisurely-paced 20-km paddle will be on observing wildlife and on photography. The fall colors at the height of the fall migration should make for an interesting day. Suitable for novices. Limit four canoes.

18 October BURNT RIVER
 Organizer: Bill Ness 416-499-6389
 Book immediately.

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.

24-25 October OXTONGUE RIVER
 Organizer: Karl Schimek 416-222-3720
 Book before 16 October.

We will start near the Tea Lake dam and finish at Highway 35. The upper Oxtongue is flat water with some short portages around falls. The lower Oxtongue has a number of runnable rapids which are suitable for intermediate paddlers. Limit four canoes.

26 October EAST RIVER
 Organizer: Karl Schimek 416-222-3720
 Book before 16 October.

This day trip between Distress Dam and Williamsport Road on the East River is about 14 km long and has one portage. Suitable for intermediate paddlers. Limit four canoes.

31 October LOWER EELS CREEK
 Organizer: Marcia Farquhar 416-884-0208
 Book before 12 October.

This will be a short, leisurely, flat-water day trip on a very scenic section of Eels Creek, starting at Haultain and going down to Stony Lake. It's an excellent outing for naturalists and photographers. Suitable for anyone capable of holding a paddle. Limit six canoes.

1 November MOORE FALLS TO HEAD LAKE
 Organizer: Rob Butler 416-487-2822
 Book before 27 October.

This will be a trip from Moore Falls on Highway 35 to Head Lake via Victoria Lake. It's apparently possible to paddle/portage down Head Creek to Head Lake, so let's try! There will be a short car shuttle. Limit three canoes.

7 November HOCKLEY VALLEY HIKE
 Organizers: Ron Jasiuk and Ann Moun 416-239-1380
 Book before 2 November.

The Hockley Valley area is Bruce Trail country and provides many scenic vistas with its abundant ups and downs. Some vigor is required from participants who should bring a lunch. The organizers are both knowledgeable naturalists which will make it an interesting outing for those wanting to learn more about the natural environment.

7-8 November BLACK LAKE LOOP
 Organizer: Glenn Davy 519-941-5527
 Book before 2 November.

A loop that may be done at any time of the year, this trip travels through some cottage country and a good number of more remote lakes in the Haliburton region. At this time of year, a few lingering colors will be in evidence, while most of the bush will be open allowing for the possibility of deer and other wildlife sightings. Bring your camera. Limit four canoes; novices with portaging skills, soloists welcome.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Photo by Glenn Spence

14-15 November ALGONQUIN PARK
 Organizer: Glenn Davy 519-941-5527
 Book before 7 November.

With Algonquin getting ready for the winter season we may expect almost any weather condition. This trip will take us south from the Cache Lake access point on one of two possible routes, the exact route to be determined at a later date. The trip will not be hard paced, so bring your camera. Limit four canoes. Suitable for novices with portaging and cold-weather camping skills.

15 November HIKING THE FIVE WINDS TRAILS
 Organizer: Paul Barsevskis 416-239-2830
 Book before 10 November.

Come and join us for a day of hiking on the Five Winds ski trails located in the Gibson River area near Highway 69. This is attractive Canadian Shield country which should be ideal for a late fall hike.

28-29 November GUNN LAKE LOOP
 Organizer: Glenn Davy 519-941-5527
 Book before 21 November.

This trip in the Haliburton area will possibly be a photographer's dream because we may run into at least snow. It will take us through some small lakes, so we may be breaking ice, and indeed run the canoes along the ice in some locations. This trip is therefore rated for advanced canoeists only; soloists welcome. Limit four canoes.

5-6 December ALGONQUIN HIKE
 Organizer: Tony Bird 416-466-0172
 Book before 30 November.

Algonquin Park at this time of year should have a thin covering of snow. We will be able to hike through a winter landscape without the hard work of breaking trail through deep snow. This will be an overnight hike in the vicinity of the Western Uplands Trail.

5-6 December POKER LAKE LOOP
 Organizer: Glenn Davy 519-941-5527
 Book before 28 November.

This trip is designed to capture the transition from fall to winter; its destination is Cinder Lake if the lakes are still passable by canoe. If not, we will base camp at Bentshoe Lake and set out on snowshoes. Advanced canoeists only; soloists welcome. Limit six trippers.

19-20 December HALIBURTON WINTER TRIP
 Organizer: Glenn Davy 519-941-5527
 Book before 12 December.

We will attempt to snowshoe (mandatory), hauling our odawbans or carrying our backpack, in a bushwhacking trip to Crane Lake, or further afield if we are able, on the Poker Lake loop. We must be prepared for any weather in terms of equipment and attitude. There will be plenty of time for photography. If conditions are too poor for travelling loaded, we may base camp at Bentshoe Lake and day hike, but conditions will have to be very bad for this. Limit six trippers.

1-3 January ALGONQUIN PARK WINTER CAMPING
 Organizer: Dave Berthelet 819-771-4170
 613-995-9554 (bus.)

Book between 7 and 11 December. We will be camping in a heated ridgepole tent which will ensure comfort for the group. The first day we will pull the tent into a good spot using toboggans and snowshoes. A good weekend of cross-country skiing in hitherto unknown reaches of the Park is contemplated.

16-17 January SKIING IN ALGONQUIN PARK
 Organizer: Dave Berthelet 819-771-4170
 613-995-9554 (bus.)

The tent will have been left erected in a good location for the winter. We will ski to it with our backpacks early Saturday morning. A weekend of exploring new country is planned.

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.

BOOKLET: CANOEING IN ONTARIO This quite useful little publication is available through the Ministry of Natural Resources Public Information Centre, Room 1640, Whitney Block, 99 Wellesley Str. West, Toronto, M7A 1W3.

CANOE FOR SALE 16 ft Peterborough "Champlain" canoe, high end model number 1434, serial number 9854; cedar plank, canvas covered, hardwood trim, everything original, excellent condition. Price \$1,000.00. Contact George Gammage, 9 Cornell Crescent, London, Ontario, N5V 1N2; phone 519-453-6568.

CANOE FOR SALE 17½ ft Royalex Blue Hole Galt-designed river touring canoe. Red with oak trim; excellent condition. Contact Bill Ness in Toronto at 416-499-6389.

THE ADVENTURE ATTIC Specializing in many items useful to wilderness canoeists, such as: tents, backpacks, stoves, sleeping bags, containers, etc. Located at 1485 Main Street West, Hamilton, Ontario, phone 416-528-3397.

COMPANY FOR SALE Due to health reasons, Rockwood Outfitters is for sale. Dave Gilbert would like to sell it as an ongoing concern, complete with inventory, trained staff, technology, etc. Anyone interested in an ownership position in any form in this business, please contact Dave Gilbert at Rockwood Outfitters in Guelph at 519-824-1415, or at home at 519-822-0414.

LANGFORD CANOES The Langford beaver logo has been gracing canoe decks throughout North America for over 40 years. The name has earned a position at the top as a craft built for dependability and beauty. The distinctive shapes of the 32 different models have remained unchanged over the years. There is a style to suit everyone, from the big workhorse on Hudson Bay to the docile twelve-foot flyweight for that peaceful stream. For more information, contact Langford Canoes, Box 58, Dorset, Ontario, POA 1E0, phone 705-766-2447.

THE KANAWA MUSEUM is asking all canoeing enthusiasts to band together to preserve this priceless collection of watercraft, by assisting financially in the relocation of the museum to a new fireproof location. Donations should be sent to: Kanawa Museum, Box 457, Station R, Toronto, M4G 4E1.

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.

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.

This **PRODUCTS AND SERVICES** section is available, free of charge and on a first come / first serve basis, to members as well as non-members for their announcements regarding items for sale, special products, discounts, services, courses, etc. Contact the editor if more information is required.

where it is

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

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wca contacts

W.C.A. POSTAL ADDRESS

P.O. Box 496
Postal Station K
Toronto, Ont.
M4P 2G9

SECRETARY

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

CONSERVATION

Claire Muller
204 Wedgewood Dr.
Willowdale, Ont.
M2M 2H9
416-225-9303

NEWSLETTER EDITOR

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

TREASURER

Rob Butler
47 Colin Ave.
Toronto, Ont.
M5P 2B8
416-487-2282

OUTINGS

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

TRIP HOT-LINE

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

COMPUTER

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

MEMBERSHIP

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

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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

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

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

Stewart McIlwraith
1850 Victoria Park Ave. #403
Scarborough, Ont.
M1R 1T1
416-752-0816

John Winters
Box 283
Burks Falls, Ont.
POA 1C0
705-382-2293

Ron Jasiuk
350 The East Mall, Apt. 707
Toronto, Ont.
M9B 3Z7
416-239-1380

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 Haslamian, 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 1987.

Notes: -This membership will expire January 31, 1988.

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