



nastawgan

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Quarterly Journal of the Wilderness Canoe Association



HUDSON BAY TO UNGAVA BAY

A DAUGHTER-FATHER TRIP ACROSS NORTHERN QUEBEC

Article: Tija Luste

This past summer, my father and I did a 600-mile canoe trip up the coast of Hudson Bay from Kuujjuarapik, across the height of land to the Leaf River which we descended all the way, then along the coast of Ungava Bay, and finally up the Koksoak River to Kuujuaq. Although I was eager and looking forward to the experience, I was also worried — worried that my back, having been rather temperamental in recent years, would give out and I'd be useless; worried about getting into a fight with my dad (could I really spend five weeks with the person whose role in my formative years was as boss?); worried about being caught by huge tidal currents; worried about bears, icebergs, and generally worried that I wouldn't have a good time.

We left Toronto on 6 July, drove to La Grande, Quebec,

Photographs: George Luste

where we spent the night, and the next day took a short flight to Kuujjuarapik, at the mouth of the Great Whale River. Upon arrival we immediately loaded the canoe and started up the coast.

The first entry in my journal, on 10 July, reads in part: "Yesterday, our first full day of the trip and my first full day canoeing in ten years, Dad decided that he was on a roll and we paddled for 12 hours!!! My arms are very tired from fighting the wind, I'm covered in bug bites, I really need a shower, and I'm suffering from lack of sleep (the past two nights my Thermarest mattress has deflated and I've been woken up by all the mosquitoes who found their way into our tent). Goodnight."

Although I didn't write it down, I was sure that this trip

was going to be the ultimate test of my endurance and that at some point each one of my earlier worries was going to materialize.

By the beginning of the fourth week, my journal entry reads: "The rocky shoreline is quite dramatic and interesting. These last few days have been very nice — ideal, in fact. Good weather, fewer bugs, more wildlife, amazing scenery, interesting paddling, plus my stamina has increased in leaps and bounds. Today it hit me that we have only about a week left in this trip — I don't want it to end that soon."

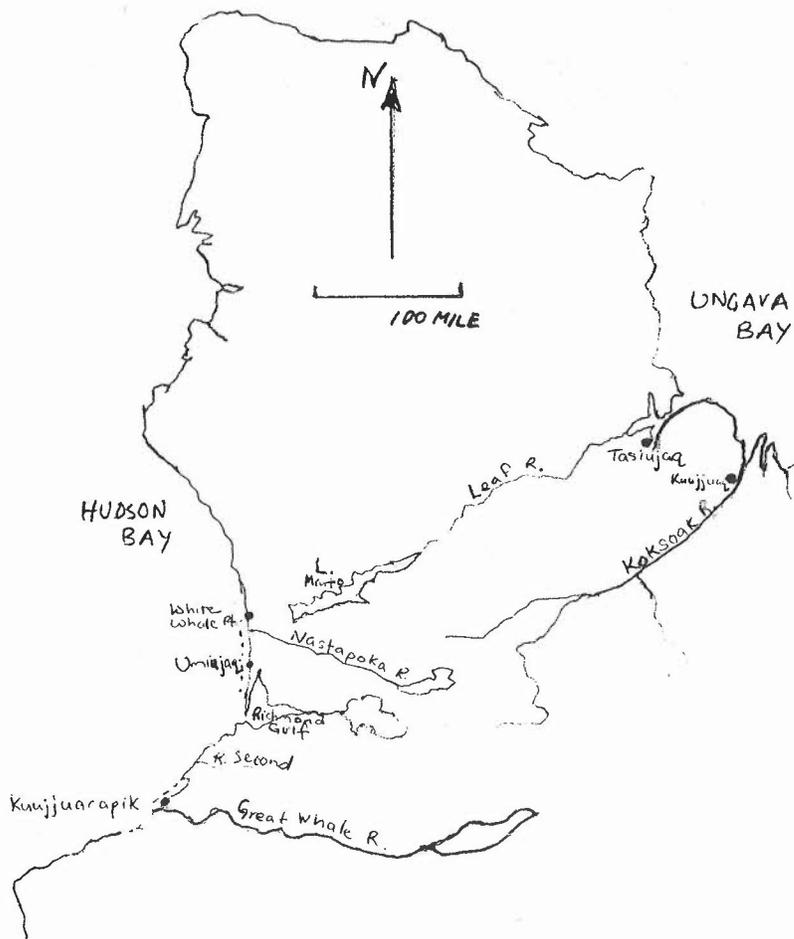
Let me tell you what happened in the interim to bring about this reversal. The trip naturally divided itself into different parts, each with very different types of paddling, portaging, scenery, and experiences.

The Hudson Bay Coast

The first day and a half, we paddled along Manitounuk Sound, sheltered by the islands to our left. On our second full day, we went through the boat opening and entered Hudson Bay proper. We set up camp at a reasonable hour, and after dinner I wrote my first journal entry. I was excited about actually being on the trip, but I wasn't having much fun, as my journal entry indicates.

Our 18' aluminum Grumman was heavy to paddle those first days, with all our gear. My dad has been using this particular canoe for over a decade, and it's been outfitted with a snap-on spray deck and various clips and velcro for attaching mugs, maps, etc. While the canoe is very heavy, it is wonderfully steady and sturdy, and when we camped it was tipped on its side to provide a windbreak. We even started the propane stove within its shelter.

The next day, 11 July, was windy, and paddling was tough. We decided to stop early at the mouth of Riviere Second. Dad patched the hole in my Thermarest, we baked shortbread in the reflector oven, and the afternoon was well spent eating, resting, and reading.



And then, all of a sudden, I started to appreciate the scenery in this beautiful part of the country. The big exposed rocks, with tiny flowers and mosses growing sheltered from the wind; the salt air; the tidal flat at the mouth of the river; the shrubby trees growing in the valley; and the ancient tent rings, up on the hill, partially covered in decades of slow-growing mosses.

Always conscious of making good time when the conditions were right, we got up in the dark the next morning, made a thermos of tea over the stove, and took it in the canoe with our breakfast. The morning was cold and drizzly, but we had our shortbread, and as we came to the mouth of the Little Whale River, we saw a few tents on shore. We landed, and had a warm lunch with Bill Doidge, a biologist with the Makivik Corporation.

After the rain eased, we paddled late, in order to reach Richmond Gulf at low tide. We were concerned that there might be a strong current as the tide emptied the Gulf, but as it turned out, we had no problems. In the morning we took a short hike inland to see the famous Richmond Gulf.

On 14 July we were windbound, and I spent most of the day sleeping. Believe it or not, my journal entry states, "I hope we can paddle tomorrow," although that may have been due more to the tent feeling claustrophobic, than any actual desire to put paddle to water so soon.



Never far from my thoughts over the next two days was the portage that we would soon be doing up the height-of-land. My father, after carefully studying the maps, had chosen the easiest-looking route, and in fact it turned out to be a route well known to the Inuit for overland journeys. As well, it was the same route described in Robert Flaherty's *The Captain's Chair*, which chronicles an overland trip in the winter of 1912.

Still, we were prepared for a three- or four-mile-long, 600-foot climb. Foremost in my mind was the fact the it was still early in the trip and we weren't eating all our food, so it looked like the weight would be heavy. We had brought food for a 31-day trip, plus five extra days.

However, we paddled on, conscientiously making good time, and thus we got up early, around 5:00 a.m., the morning after being windbound. It was 15 July, and we reached the town of Umiujaq around noon. We landed and met the mayor, Noah Inukpuk. He offered us tea, and we had a nice visit in the town hall with him and several others, including Isaac Anowak, a local outfitter, and Eliase Nuwkawalk, of the Kativik Regional Development Council. It was a very friendly visit, and as we departed, we were presented with the Umiujaq flag, something I will always treasure as a reminder of the people and life in the North.

We stopped an hour later for a late lunch, and it was lovely, breezy (read: no bugs), and sunny (read: sort of warm). What made the day was my seemingly boundless energy, from 30 hours of sleep. Even my dad commented on my cheerful, energetic mood (I didn't ask him what my mood had been like for the first six days of the trip!).

Up early again the next morning, we paddled with a strong tailwind to the Nastapoka River, where we looked for Belugas, to no avail. After paddling up to the waterfall and hiking around it, we continued along Nastapoka Sound, to White Whale Point, our final campsite on Hudson Bay.

Up the Height of Land

The next morning, 17 July, we set off on the long portage. It had rained and the ground was soft and slick. We portaged part way along a stream, (the planned route was along the small stream to its origins and through a valley that leads all the way to a small, nameless lake). Dad went scouting, and returned two hours later, informing me that we were at the wrong stream and that the one we wanted was about 500 yards over. The packs were heavy and the terrain difficult to follow, but we finally had our gear well along the planned route. We marvelled that we had missed it, since it is indeed a flat thoroughfare, with animal tracks everywhere.

We couldn't finish the portage that day, due to our slow start, so we camped and Dad went back to get the canoe. The mist was rolling into the small valley, and I was quite sure that the bears that belonged to the tracks we had seen all day were going to materialize just yards away. I retreated into the tent with my BearGuard and waited, convinced that Dad had collapsed from exhaustion or gotten lost in the thick fog. However, everything turned out fine, and the next day we reached the lake, where we flaked out on the grass for at least an hour.

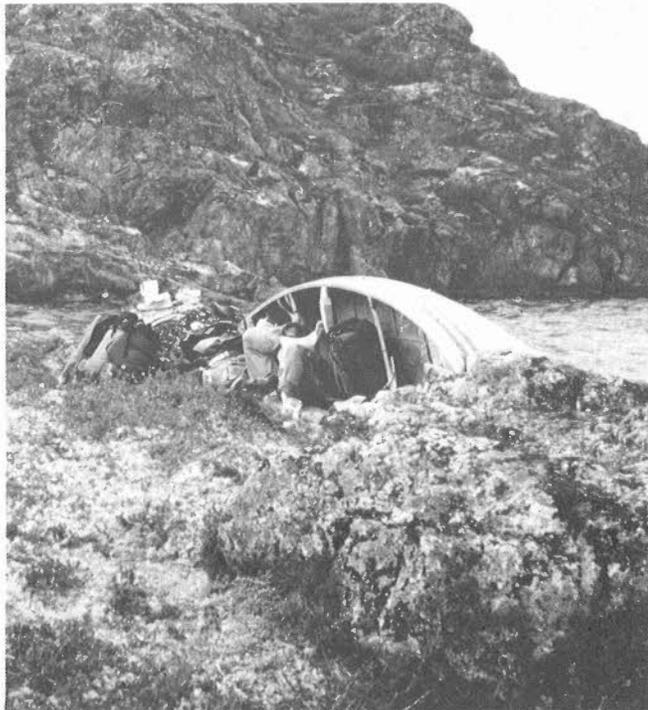


The Height of Land

There followed two days of idyllic paddling through lovely little lakes and small portages, the longest of which was only about 800 yards in length and about 30 feet up. We camped by small waterfalls, and even the bugs didn't seem to be a problem.

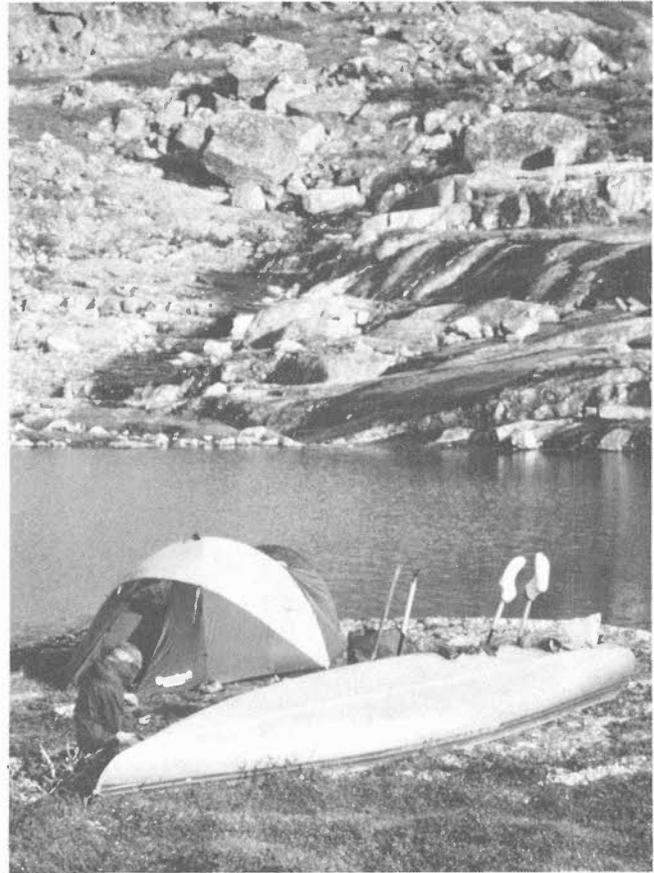
It was during those few days that I really felt we were removed from any kind of modern civilization. We saw no signs of modern Inuit, no garbage or remnants of camps. All we found were several sites of very old tent rings. We camped there, and I spent the night wondering who had slept in those places before me, and what they had been like. Those days were mystical, with the absolute quiet, and the small islands, rivers, lakes, and secret passageways we paddled through. We passed several cairns, high atop the hills.

One question which kept going through my mind during those days was: "where are all the caribou?" I had been sure that as soon as we were inland from the Inuit communities, the caribou would appear. I almost thought they must know something we didn't about these lands. Later we found out the caribou spend their summers in the Torngat Mountains, far to the east in Labrador.



Tuesday, 20 July; we were less than a day from Minto Lake, but the wind was strong, so we decided to stop early, do our laundry, and rest. However, the next day was also a full day spent in the tent. Dad was anxious, worried that we had been windbound too many days, and warned me several times that we would probably have to paddle late the next calm day to make up for lost time. "No problem," I said (it's easy to agree to these things when you've been sleeping in a warm tent, drinking tea, and resting for twenty-four hours).

We got up the following day and decided to push on, battling across several small lakes and portages, until we finally reached Minto Lake. That day marked the end of the magical and spiritual part of the trip through the still mountains and lost lakes.



Minto Lake

The 24th of July was a calm day, we paddled a steady 12 hours, and covered 30 miles. I spent the day avoiding the monotony of the open expanse of Minto Lake by watching the clouds and imagining faces in the rocky outcroppings. The landscape is strewn with small rocks and boulders, as if someone took a handful of rocks and sprinkled them all over the hills, like chocolate jimmies on a banana split.



The next day was another "make-good-time" day, as we paddled for 12 1/2 hours with a slight tailwind and made 40 miles. The only signs of civilization were an old oil drum depot, some jets up in the sky, and a few pieces of half-degraded toilet paper behind the larger rocks on shore.



The Leaf River

On 26 July we arrived at the Leaf River proper, and were welcomed by our first rapid and clouds of black flies above the water. This part of the trip was our *real* vacation, as we slept later each morning, camped early, and still made 30 or 40 miles each day. The current was strong but steady, and the rapids were easy, so we ran everything. The river slopes downward on a very obvious incline, and it is a bit disconcerting to look ahead — as if someone tilted the world just a bit to throw your perception off.

We passed a couple of fishing camps, one which was in use, and enjoyed warm hospitality, fresh fish, and conversation with the first people we had seen in over a week.

The scenery was fascinating, and very different from anything we had seen thus far. As the river cuts its way down towards sea level, the slopes and the valley walls become steeper and more imposing. The only problem is that there are few good accessible campsites, and several times we had to climb up more than 20 ft to pitch our tent.

A couple of exciting events livened up our days on the Leaf River. Once while breaking camp I was taking down the tent, and as I turned away the dome started to blow down the slope towards the fast-moving current. Luckily, Dad's eagle eye and quick reflexes saved the day, or we wouldn't have had a tent for the rest of the trip.

Another time, we were floating lazily down the river and didn't see a rapid in the distance. As the current quickly carried us towards it, we realized that we were on the wrong side for an easy run. We paddled hard, and made it halfway across the river before we went down the middle and through all the waves and white stuff. That alone wouldn't have been so bad, but the spray deck wasn't properly snapped on, and we took in quite a bit of water. As we wobbled to shore, we were grateful there hadn't been more to the rapid, because

in that case we probably would have taken a swim. The only casualty was one of Dad's socks, which had been drying on top of the deck.

While on the river, we passed the remains of a 1990 environmental monitoring station, and the mess was both disgusting and depressing. There were several empty oil drums, and a garbage pit filled with everything from pop cans to soggy rolls of toilet paper and batteries.

It was at the end of our stretch on the Leaf River that I wrote the second journal entry quoted earlier. The 31st of July was our last day on the river, and the highlight in terms of wildlife viewing was the sight of a herd of muskox — 10 of them! It seems that muskox were introduced to the area several years ago, and they have flourished.

Leaf Bay and Ungava Bay

We arrived at Leaf Lake on 2 August and detoured to Tasiujaq, both to visit the community and to phone Toronto to tell our family of our safe trip. Tasiujaq is located on a tidal flat, and we arrived at low tide, so we dragged up the river for over an hour. It was there that we first experienced *high* tides. The Hudson Bay tides had been about 6 or 8 feet, but the Leaf Lake tides were 30-40 feet, and apparently they can reach 60 feet!

On 3 August we left Tasiujaq with the tide, and made it across Leaf Lake to the opening of Leaf Passage (leading to Ungava Bay), where we were windbound for two and a half days. Those days were not particularly memorable. We slept most of the time, and read our books over again, waiting for the wind to die down.

We were able to paddle on 5 August, and we covered a solid 35 miles. We went through the 16-mile Leaf Passage with the outgoing tide, and though it was a bit spooky with the large, slow boils from the deep tidal currents, we made it alright. We were on a roll, ready to paddle all night,



energized from all our sleep, but we were stopped around 8:00 p.m. when the wind came up.

Finding campsites was much more difficult on the Ungava Bay coast, with the tide as a major constraint. One evening, waiting in the canoe as Dad scouted for a site, I must have risen at least four or five feet in about twenty minutes. It was a similar feeling to water levels rising in boat locks, but much more fascinating, since it happens without any human-engineered assistance.

I saw my first icebergs and smaller chunks of ice on Ungava Bay. They had been blown in by the three-day northeast wind and beached by the tides. We paddled all day to the distant booming noise of pieces breaking and falling off.

The Ungava Bay water appears much richer than the Hudson Bay water, with huge pieces of seaweed, many more ducks, seagulls, and Arctic terns. It is a more lively place, and at the same time, with the high tides, more menacing.

Our one near-adventure with the tide occurred as we were looking for the mouth of the Koksoak River. We paddled into an opening, and realized something wasn't quite right as the water was too low, although the land features matched our maps. After about half an hour of paddling, we entered what appeared to be a bay, and we looked around for the mouth of the river. Dad went ashore to scout and I sat in the canoe as the tide continued to go out.

By the time he returned, I was floating several feet lower, and a large part of the bay bottom

was exposed. We paddled out of there as fast as we could, and exited Baie Seche with only a few inches of water to spare. Had we been caught on the tidal flats, we would most likely have been stuck for the rest of the day.

The Koksoak to Kuujjuaq

We paddled around the point and up the river, with the incoming tide, until about 11:00 p.m., and camped behind a deserted cabin. Paddling in the dark was scary, with the moon behind us, an overcast sky, and poor visibility. The only comfort was supplied by the flickering lights from the few cabins along the shore. We stopped when it became evident that we couldn't see well enough and it wasn't safe with the tidal currents.

The next morning was beautiful and sunny for the first time since we reached Ungava Bay, and as we dragged across some shallow water and mud flats towards the middle of the river, we were excited and yet reluctant to reach Kuujjuaq.

However, even with our lazy paddling upstream with the tidal current, we reached Kuujjuaq around 1:30 p.m. on our 31st water-day. As the final perfect ending to our trip, we were met at the dock, much to our surprise, by Stas Olpinski who had been warned by his colleague, Bill Doidge, that we were on our way. We were offered a roof over our heads as well as transportation while we made arrangements to fly home.



CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

Our 20th anniversary is an opportunity to celebrate past successes and to reflect on the future. Looking back over the WCA history since 1973, it's interesting to see how closely we've followed the objectives put forward at the start. The first club newsletter was concerned about four areas: safety and adequate skills of the increasing number of canoeists, the need to constructively oppose unnecessary commercial and hydro development, the importance of communicating views and experiences among canoeists, governments and others, and the need to provide a program of practical canoeing experience.

Since then the WCA's record is pretty good on all these fronts. The outings program, which started with a modest target of two spring trips a month in 1974, ran over seventy advertised trips last year, with a menu of five on the May long weekend. It is particularly encouraging that several members continue every year to offer workshops — often overbooked — to pass on their knowledge and skills to new members, and to stress safe and responsible canoeing.

Membership is up from an average 250-300 in the seventies, to a record 660 at last count. While we don't seek numbers for their own sake, we have an increasing number of new enthusiasts to add to the core of veterans. Several of the latter continue to inspire by their undiminished appetites for arduous trips to Northern climes, and to bring back slide shows that excite admiration and even persuade some to follow in their wake.

The club's journal — accurately dubbed the "soul of the WCA" — has grown from a photocopied newsletter to a 28-page (on average) publication which goes out to members all across North America and in five other countries as well. Its content has remained the same enticing mix of trips, tips, conservation information, news and views. However, there is a marked change in the trips reported. These have expanded from predominantly local news to voyages from across the continent and beyond, reflecting the range of our interests and activities.

On conservation issues, though perhaps less active than at some times in the past, we continue to lobby for causes dear to us and to support other organizations in the increasingly complex struggles against wilderness exploitation. The lead work of individual members is crucial to this effort.

For the future, I'm certain that the joys of canoeing will continue to attract many new paddlers. With earlier retirement, perhaps a four-day week, and the ever-aging baby-boom, in twenty years the demands for recreational canoeing and pressure on the wilderness will be greater than ever. The challenges for the WCA are, I believe, to sustain and to build on our past success. As ever it is your involvement that allows this — in leading trips to your favorite creek, in putting to print your experience and views, in helping organize one of the four annual get-togethers, and in presenting constructively and strongly our case for conserving wilderness and canoeing waters. Happy paddling for the next twenty.

Duncan Taylor

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

FOREIGN CONTENT

I was distressed to see that *Nastawgan* has included an article, from one of our members, that did not cover our traditional North American trips.

Each quarter I anxiously await the stories of northern solitudes in *Nastawgan*, the immediate reading of which gives me my 'fix' until I can get out on a canoe trip myself. There is lots of media coverage of Australia and Timbuctoo which I can read at any time, but there is only one *Nastawgan*. To think, I lost four pages in the Autumn '93 *Nastawgan* to Australian Aborigines and *Eucalyptus obliqua* of what could have been a northern trip!

It would seem to me that the article about a trip in Australia is setting a precedent that will completely change the culture of *Nastawgan*. I recommend an editorial policy should be adopted that *Nastawgan* should only publish North American trips.

Trust 'the way or route' will continue to be exclusive to North America.

Rob Butler

BOARD ACTIVITIES

(This column is intended to keep WCA members up to date on the activities and decisions of their Board of Directors *occurring prior to the Nastawgan deadline.*)

Since the last report from the Board, a number of significant events have occurred.

Thanks are due to Bob Shortill for organizing an excellent Fall Meeting at Arrowhead Provincial Park. There was a very good turnout which might have been even better but for the last-minute change of venue (the others are still driving around looking for Fairy Lake!). A superb program of workshops and an evening discussion of logging practices served as a prelude to Sunday's outings in the rain. How many organizations do you know which have an outdoor program "in case of rain?"

Another program suffering from an enforced change of location was the Wine and Cheese Party. (This item presents certain challenges of tense since this report is being written prior to the event!) I'm sure it was (will be, would have been) a great success.

After investigating other sites for the '94 AGM, all of which proved either unavailable or decidedly pricey, the merits of the Mansfield Outdoor Centre reasserted themselves and a booking has been made for the weekend of 19 and 20 February (see enclosed flyer).

On the Conservation front there are a number of current issues. The environmental assessments with respect to Water Power Development and Provincial Parks are either dormant or dead, casualties, no doubt, of increasing governmental preoccupation with weightier concerns.

Canadian Pacific has applied to abandon its Ottawa Valley rail line, which is believed to be in poor condition. This would result in a great increase in rail traffic on the CN line through Algonquin Park. The Board has written to

express the WCA's concern and opposition to this proposal and to call, at a minimum, for a public hearing. Another proposal calls for a bridge across the Magnetawan River for the use of snowmobiles. The idea is to encourage the concentration of their use onto prescribed trails. The Board will be making further inquiries to ascertain, for example, how

summer ATV traffic would be controlled.

Congratulations are due to our esteemed newsletter editor on the acceptance of his "book-in-progress" on the French River by a prestigious publisher. I hope he'll still want to go canoeing with us when he's rich and famous.

See you all at the AGM.

Bill King

IN THE BEGINNING

Sandy Richardson

It was sometime in the spring of 1974, I think, during preparations for a trip on the Nahanni River, that I came across the application form in Margesson's. (Remember Margesson's, the sport store?) It was the name that attracted me: the *Wilderness Canoe Association*. It promised to be more than just a social club for weekend paddlers. I sent off my \$5 and looked forward to joining a group of serious canoeists interested in exploring our vast wilderness heritage.

In due course, I received a welcoming letter and a copy of Volume 1, Number 1 of *Beaverdam*, the Wilderness Canoe Association's "interim" newsletter. I learned that the association had been formed in late 1973 in Orillia. It had wonderfully ambitious aims encompassing education, safety, and the environment, and even bringing a test case before the courts to preserve traditional portage rights. But something was missing. Among all these lofty ideas there was almost no mention of members actually doing any wilderness canoeing. Only one club trip (already past) was listed, and no up-coming meetings. That was it; no more newsletters nor other communication followed.

Now I was not the only one who had found an application and joined up; in fact, most of my paddling buddies had as well. We were all disappointed that a club with such a fine name could be such a bust. For most of us that is as far as it would have gone, another wasted \$5. But not for Gord Fenwick. Those of you who remember Gord, know that he is not one to take anything lying down. After about six months of hearing nothing he was on the phone to the secretary, eventually forcing her to call a general meeting even though the chairman and most of the executive could not even be found. That meeting, arranged largely by Gord, was held early 1975 at Seneca College in King City.

About 25 people attended the meeting; some were folks who had joined on speculation, like ourselves, and others were canoeing friends whom Gord and I had invited. At the meeting we replaced the old executive. Gord volunteered to become chairman and I to be vice-chairman. Pat Armstrong

and Alex Stoddart from the original executive stayed on as secretary/treasurer and membership co-ordinator, respectively, and Pete Emmorey sent word that he would continue as newsletter editor, although he was not present. More important, we set a new direction for the WCA, replacing the grandiose but unrealized aims of the founders with a more practical emphasis on an activity program of member trips and regular communication through a quarterly newsletter. Before we left the meeting, we had put together a calendar of six trips for the spring, arranged for a newsletter to come out in March, and agreed to meet again in the fall to assess how things were going.

The rest, as they say, is history. Although the WCA existed on paper in 1974, the real beginning of the association we know today was at that meeting at Seneca College. The WCA has certainly grown and changed over the last two decades: our membership has increased about 26-fold; the number and range of club trips has grown as well; the newsletter has changed name (to *Beaverdam*, to *The Wilderness Canoeist*, to *Nastawgan*) and format, as well as growing in size and quality; new activities like slide shows and the annual wilderness symposium have been introduced; and we have taken on an active role in conservation issues. However, the course we set at that meeting in 1975 has remained the guiding principle behind the WCA.

In 1994, as the Wilderness Canoe Association celebrates its twentieth anniversary, it seems appropriate to look back at how it all began. And if there is one person who deserves most of the credit for making the WCA what it is today, it is Gord Fenwick. Without his drive and determination, the WCA as we know it would not exist.

(Sandy Richardson, as well as being a former vice-chairman of the WCA, is also a former editor of *Nastawgan*. Of the current WCA membership only he and Glenn Spence were present at that historic meeting at Seneca College in 1975.)

CONSERVATION

- (1) Algonquin Park could see greatly increased rail traffic if the CN/CP application to close the Ottawa Valley CP line and reroute trains to the CN line through the park are accepted. The WCA has filed a letter opposing the rerouting with the National Transportation Agency, citing concerns about noise, wildlife habitat destruction, moose kills, and spills. The agency has called for more information from the railways on their plans and actions, but no hearing has been called yet.
- (2) The 1993 Conference of the Waterpower Association

of Ontario was distressed to find that Ontario Hydro's huge generating surplus means it will not entertain any new non-utility generation proposals at present. In their words it was "like the death rattle of the hydraulic NUG industry." The MNR process for reviewing and approving waterpower development proposals is in a holding pattern for the same reason. However, a study for the Independent Power Producers' Society argues that new power will be needed in five years. The debate continues.

CANDIDATES FOR BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The following are the platforms for candidates for the 1994 Board of Directors, received before our publication date. Any other members who wish to run for the Board may do so by letting the Board of Directors know, or by placing their name in nomination from the floor at the AGM in February 1994.

HARRISON JOLLY

As a member of the WCA, I have participated in a number of club activities. I have enjoyed doing so and enjoy the people I have met. I am glad the club exists and would like to offer to help the club in any way I can.

MIKE JONES

I've been a WCA member for about eight years. I have participated in outings as a trip organizer, served on the Sportsmen's Show Committee in charge of redesigning the WCA booth, and now sit on the Outings Committee.

I want to ensure that the WCA continue to offer a varied program of outings for members to participate in, provide a forum for people interested in wilderness travel to get together and exchange information and experiences, and continue to maintain the high quality of our journal *Nastawgan*.

I have received tremendous benefit from the WCA and I look forward to contributing more to it. That's why I want to be a director.

BOB SHORTILL

I stand for re-election to the Board of your WCA because I feel I have contributions yet to make and projects not

completed. It was a pleasure to have been given the opportunity and responsibility to organize the 1993 Fall Meeting at Arrowhead Park. With your acceptance and the approval of the Board, I will volunteer to organize the 1994 Fall Meeting. A pet project that I have only just begun to get off the ground, is to build on the canoe club coalition started by Richard Culpeper, to establish a method of ensuring that canoeists have portage access on rivers that we paddle.

EARL SILVERS

I have put my name forward for consideration as a member of the Board for the very reasons that continue to impress me about our association.

First and foremost, many members continue to volunteer time to assist less experienced canoeists to improve their skills. There is an unselfish attitude of helpfulness and of sharing information about paddling techniques, rivers, and outdoor trips.

Secondly, each of us canoe for our own reasons and in a variety of ways. The WCA does not impose one approach over another, but rather is flexible to accommodate our individual styles.

Last, but not least, there is also support for environmental causes over and above the benefits to canoeing in unpolluted waters and paddling down undammed rivers.

As a seven-year member, I am now in a position to increase my contribution to the WCA with more volunteer work. I would like to put to use my creative energy, commitment, and organizational skills in order to build upon what others have fashioned.

WORLD WHITEWATER RODEO CHAMPIONSHIPS

It was quite peaceful upside-down. But I was on the water today to nail down an open-canoe hand roll, so once again I splashed and hip-snapped my way to uprightness, only to fall back into the water, pull out my paddle, and finally roll up into a driving snow storm.

The 1993 World Whitewater Rodeo took place in October on the Ocoee River in Tennessee. There were two components to the Rodeo, a modified slalom course through class 3 entrance rapids worth 30%, and wave-and-hole riding worth 70%. Ten countries competed with a total of 18 open canoeists. There were also categories for kayak, squirt kayak, C-1, and squirt C-1. The Canadian team consisted of kayakers Jeff Watson, Steve Novosan, Brad Sutton, Jillian Wright, and John Mason; Jillian and John competed in squirt kayaking as well. Also squirt kayaking was Paul Marr. The open boaters were Richard Borek and Tyler Elm from B.C. and Marc Scriver and Paul Mason from Eastern Canada. The Rodeo took place over two days although several teams had been training at the site for up to a month.

The Rodeo felt a lot like a gathering of friends for a game

of pick-up hockey: absolutely intense concentration during competition but then open camaraderie the rest of the time.

Despite the cramped roadside seating, spectator turnout was high, to watch Dale Johnson of the USA team execute two back-to-back vertical pirouettes to secure the gold medal in open canoe competition.

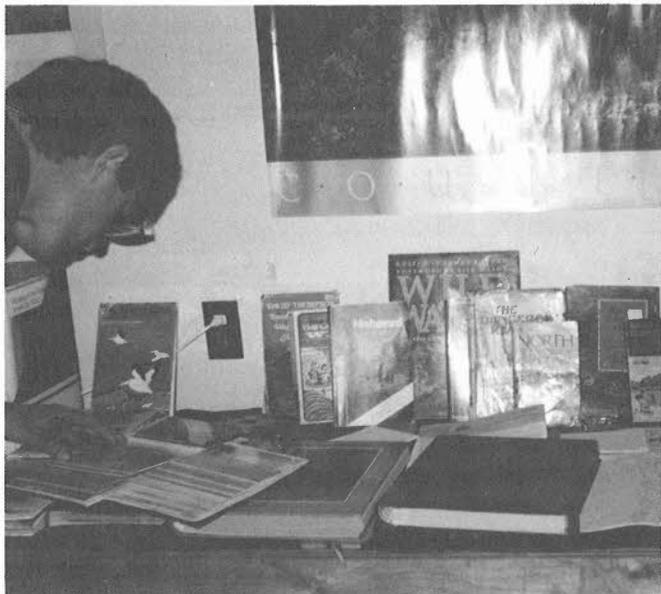
Marc Scriver of Canada won the silver with several solid runs including a backender as well as a 360 degree vertical pirouette. For myself, I gained points for variety of moves and then finally found the sweet spot in the hole for an ender that left me horizontally upside-down and airborne. When I opened my eyes it was once again quite peaceful. Oh well, time for the ol' roll up and flash a smile at the judges.

So, all you Canadian whitewater canoeists, start practising those flashy moves for the 1995 worlds which, rumor has it, may be in Germany. The rodeo circuit often has expert and intermediate categories, so beginners have a shot at winning big prizes as well as having the fun of competing. More rodeos spring up each year, so there's bound to be one close to you sometime soon.

Paul Mason

STURGEON RIVER CANOE SYMPOSIUM

Saskatchewan's first-ever wilderness canoe symposium was held 2 October 1993 at the farm of Bill and Joan Jeffery, 30 km north of Shellbrook. About 30 paddlers gathered to share experiences. Six slide presentations and one video presentation were made on the following rivers: Haultain, Cree, William, MacFarlane, lower Churchill, Waterfound — Fond du Lac (all in Saskatchewan), and the Thelon in the NWT.



Several tables covered with photo albums, books, and canoe information fairly well filled up a small pioneer log house that also served as our viewing room. Five wood-canvas canoes displayed on the lawn outside added to the nostalgic atmosphere. We concluded with a barbecue at dusk and it was evident that our gathering had been a success. Next fall we plan on an overnight campout and, anticipating a greater turnout, will look for a suitable facility in Prince Albert National Park.

Dave Bober



THE CANOEING FEARS

At the campsite. Canoes turned over and tied to a tree. Done paddling for the day. Rummaged through the personal pack and found some socks. Dry feet at last. First time since the a.m. Wet socks are hanging on a nearby tree limb. Checked to see that they don't block the view of the river. A concession to the buddies. Consideration for others is important on river trips.

Dinner's over and the dishes are washed. Watching the buddies. One fishing, one setting up his tent, and one rolling out a sleeping bag. Dark soon. Everyone doing daylight stuff before night draws us all back to the campfire. After dark, options are more limited. Write in the journal, boil water, sit, talk.

Looking at the map. Seeing what the river has in store for us tomorrow. Big waterfall 15 km downstream. No portage marked, but by the way the river bends, looks like the portage should be on the right. Map is anxiously passed from hand to hand. This late in the day and the adrenalin is starting to rise. Can see it in the eyes of the buddies.

It's the big fear. The buddies know the portage trail will start right at the lip of the big drop. You see, no one carries one metre further than they have to. The buddies have been there before.

Thought of other fears that occur on wilderness canoe trips.

1. Getting across the big lake. An equation of too little boat and too much water.
2. The blue-green wall of water about to fold over the canoe as seen from the bow seat. Rapids are always more difficult than the scout from shore indicates. High confidence levels go with high ground.
3. Running out of matches. Cold fear charging up the spine just thinking that it could happen. Compensated for by putting matches in waterproof containers in every pack. Additional matches carried in the shirt pocket at all times. Overcompensation, according to the buddies, but they've never run out.
4. Forgetting something on the equipment and food list. Items checked off as they are packed. Left side of the brain always worried that something on the list will not be in the pack. Constant re-checking and repacking to make sure that all the list is there. Can't ever put that fear away.
5. The trip cancellation. Probably the worst fear. Not getting to go. Need a wilderness canoe trip every year to keep sanity questions from being raised too often. Barely hanging on as it is. As the start of the trip gets closer, this fear builds. An orchestra peaking out. It's a long fall off the cliff of the trip does not come of.

Money and plastic are not the answer to canoeing fears. Don't know what the answer is. Twenty years of wilderness canoeing and still not close to finding it.

Maybe facing the fears is what keeps you coming back.
Greg Went

FROM IQALUIT TO LAKE HARBOUR ON SKIS

Dave Hoyle

In the spring of 1991, I explored the southern tip of Baffin Island by skiing from Iqaluit to Lake Harbour. My 160-km solo trip crossed the Meta Incognita Peninsula and followed the Soper River. I chose this area for several reasons: there was an established trail, there was the potential of seeing the caribou herds as they migrated north, but foremost there was excellent access in and out of Iqaluit making it the cheapest destination in the Eastern Arctic.

It is always a strange transition to leave the wet weather of Southern Ontario and to be shocked back into winter on Baffin Island. It was -25C, but sunny, as I stepped off the plane in Iqaluit on 5 April. My departure from town was very unceremonious: I dropped off a letter with the RCMP outlining my itinerary, and headed off down a back road toward the bay.

Apparently I had not chosen the most convenient route, because I found myself trying to make my way through the huge blocks of ice that had been thrown up by the tides. After much struggling through snow banks, I was relieved to find a hard-packed snow surface on the bay. This was ideal for travelling with a sled in tow.

It was late in the day and I was nowhere near the shore, so I set up the tent out on the open bay. As the sun set, the wind dropped and it became quite comfortable out on the ice. Only the occasional roar of a jet overhead reminded me that I was still very close to civilization.

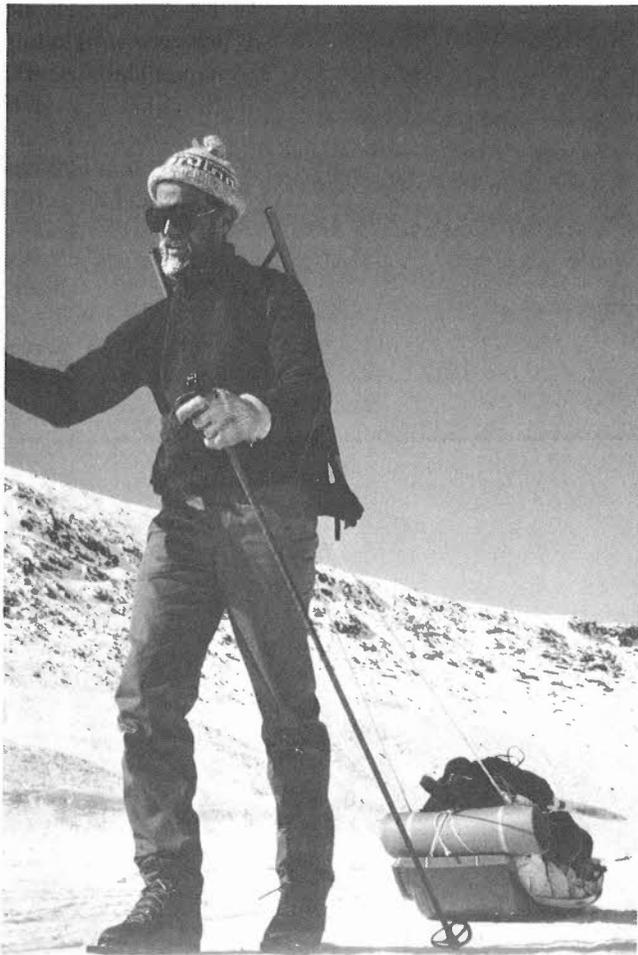
I awoke the next morning to find the tent brightly lit by the sun, but it was still desperately cold at -32C. I found the grand scale of the featureless open bay frustrating, as little progress was evident despite my constant efforts. After seven



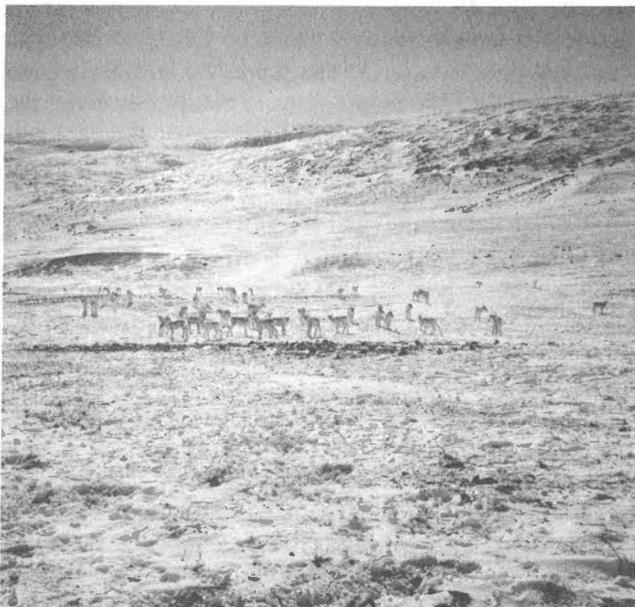
hours, I approached the far shore and saw the cut in the large hills where the Armshaw River enters the bay and where, hopefully, the trail would start.

The second day I worked my way through the channel between the small islands and the shore, which was again filled with huge blocks of ice. Eventually I got to the river and was relieved to find some faint snowmobile tracks. The route took some interesting twists and offered a pleasant change in scenery with large rounded hills in the background and high shear cliffs at the sides of the river.

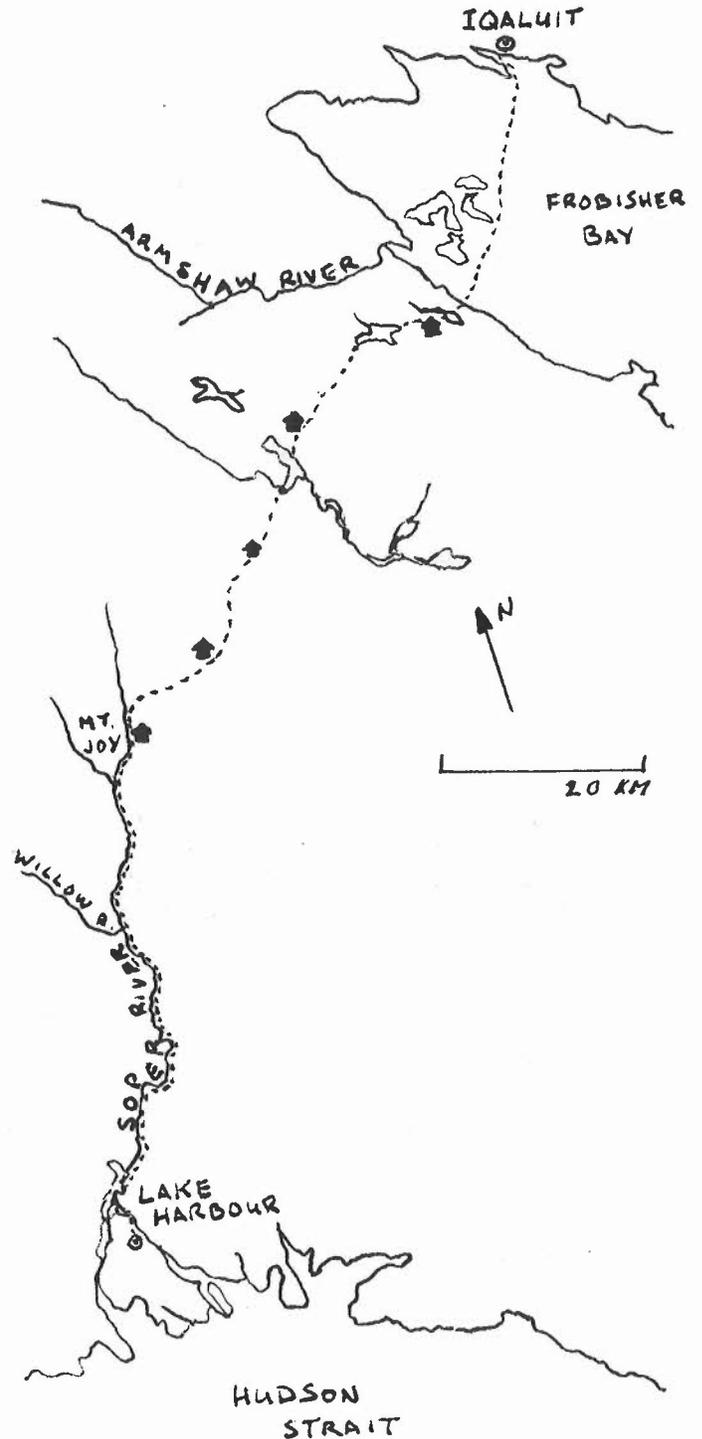




In the late afternoon, I met up with the first people I had seen in two days. They were from Iqaluit out for a Sunday drive, and informed me that I was not on the trail to Lake Harbour, but instead on a trail to Armshaw Lake. I could have found my way over to the main trail, but was grateful for their offer of a ride to the first cabin on the Lake Harbour Trail.



The cabin was surprisingly cold despite its compactness. My little naphtha stove warmed it slightly. However, the walls were far from airtight so the sound of the wind through the cracks added to the chilled atmosphere. (This was the only cabin I stayed in during the trip, as I found my tent much more comfortable.) I ventured outside later that night to see an excellent display of northern lights in the pitch-black sky.



The next morning was another beautiful sunny day with brisk wind coming off the hills. I climbed up the 30-degree slope for about 500 metres; this was the first step up to the plateau of the peninsula. The wind dropped as I approached the top where I stopped to take in the impressive view of Frobisher Bay to the east. The landscape became a very manageable scale with landmarks that were easily achievable. After progressing through the rolling hills for most of the day, I came to a narrow canyon for the final climb to the plateau. The canyon narrowed and curved wildly in places and would have been an excellent bobsled run, but unfortunately it presented me with one long climb. The top of the plateau is 900 metres above sea level most of which I had climbed that day.

Early on the fourth day, I passed the second cabin on the crest of the plateau. On top of the plateau the landscape had become one continuous snow-covered field. The expanse of white was broken only by some narrow snowmobile tracks and the occasional inukshuk marking the trail. The next two days were a solitude of unchanging scenery and overcast skies. In several places, there were tracks where caribou had wandered inquisitively up to the trail; however, despite searching the horizon with binoculars, I saw none.

At one point on the plateau, several snowmobile tracks split off and headed south. Following my instincts, I proceeded west, and was relieved to find the fourth cabin over the crest of the next hill. I realized how dependant I was on man-made features to guide me through the treeless landscape. The wind began to blow up into a barrenland howl, but fortunately it was from the northeast and at my back. If the conditions had been less favorable the plateau would have become quite a challenge to cross. Late in the day, I began a gradual descent off the plateau, and decided to set up the tent for the night to save the main portion of the downhill run to the Soper River for the morning.



The sixth day was sunny and perfect for the downhill ski. The 500-metre drop was a nice change from pulling the sled across the plateau. I crashed a few times when the sled overtook me, but eventually got to the bottom in one piece. There, on the banks of the river, I saw my first group of caribou. Their behavior was quite bizarre. Instead of running away from me, they raced toward my path, stopped, looked, and ran off. I wasn't sure of their strategy, but if I had been a hunter they would not have stood a chance. I could see



groups of caribou moving in lines high up on the slopes to the plateau. Down on the flood plain there were large herds of up to fifty animals.

The fifth cabin stood up on a gravel bank across the river from the rounded but towering Mount Joy. It was the cleanest and nicest of the cabins, with a tattered Canadian flag fluttering on a pole outside. At this point, the weather was so nice that the schedule didn't seem to matter. Reaching the Soper River was a psychological hurdle, even though I still had two days to go.

Late in the day, I reached Willow River where I found the small stunted willow trees it was named after. The trees are the northern-most stand on Baffin Island with their nearest neighbors growing 300 km to the south in Northern Quebec. Unfortunately, the caribou did not show much respect for their significance and had chewed off much of the bark and the tips of the branches.

The next morning, I arose to find a covering of fresh, damp snow on the tent. The trail rapidly became a faint shadow on the dull-white surface as the snow accumulated. The valley continued to fill in with fog and snow which made the day a visual write-off. I was fortunate that this decline in the weather occurred at this point in the trip. I could have been easily stranded up on the plateau without the valley to follow.



Caribou continued to stalk up to the banks overhanging the river to get a closer look at me. They grazed continuously, although I'm not sure on what. There didn't seem to be any vegetation on the gravelly surface beneath the snow. The caribou did, however, leave their mark. When boiling up snow for water that night, I found it contained a sprinkling of white caribou hair (and probably other deposits).

On the eighth day, the weather cleared up and produced the cold, clear conditions that had been typical for most of the trip. The large hills, which had curtained the river, were now in the distance as the river meandered across the flood plain to the Hudson Strait ahead. It was Saturday, and as the morning progressed I met several snowmobiles from the town out for a drive in the country. After crossing Soper Lake, the trail veered to the left leading to two small hills, and as I rounded a turn there was the tiny hamlet of Lake Harbour.

In town, I found my way to the RCMP office and met Vern White, the local constable. We chatted about my trip and he asked where I would be staying in town, adding that I was always welcome to the "lock-up." The main store in town, "the Co-op," had added some hotel rooms to its building, but at \$125 a night it was a little expensive. There were not many choices in town and since there was a blizzard starting, I took up Vern's offer and spent the next two nights in the Lake Harbour Jail. Later Constable White jokingly said that if I could have been charged with something I would have been eligible for free meals and a free flight back to Iqaluit, plus I would have created a little employment for his part-time jail guard. The benefits were tempting, but I decided to keep my record clean.

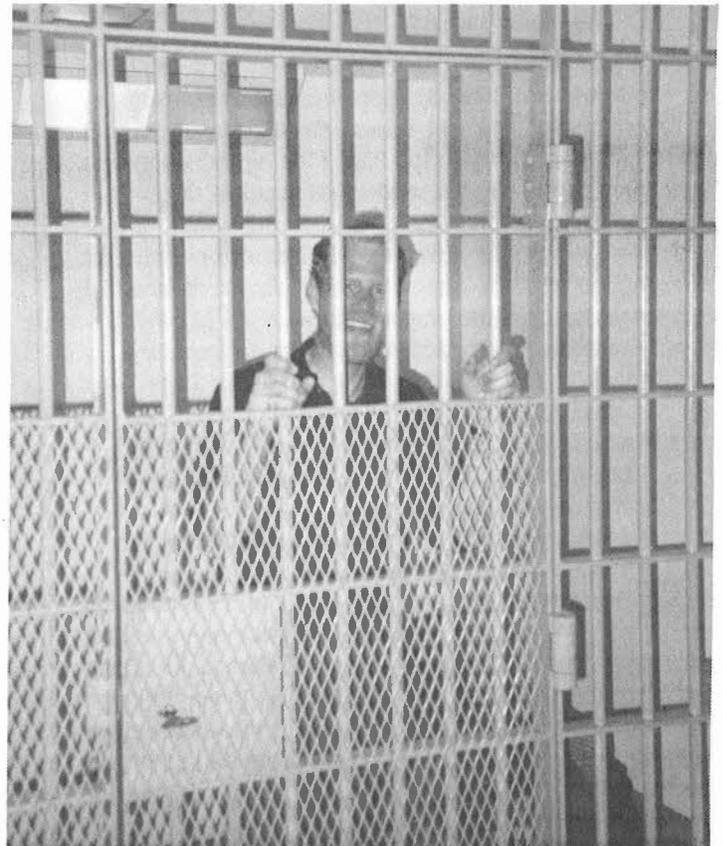
My plane was scheduled to leave for Iqaluit at 3:00 p.m. on Monday. At 2:30, when I checked-in, I realized I was the only passenger at the airport. The ticket agent indicated the flight was still on and processed my baggage and ticket. Then, as if almost expected, a call came in to notify us that the flight was cancelled until later the next day due to the weather in Iqaluit. Such is the nature of flying in the North. Unfortunately the airlines of the South are not so flexible when it comes to connecting flights; as I discussed the situation with the airline I began to realize my non-transferable ticket was going to make my return journey very expensive.

After a few phone calls around town, I was put in touch with Pitsuluk Pudlac who, after some negotiating, agreed to take me into Iqaluit the next morning. For the reasonable price of \$200 we would leave at 5:00 a.m. in order to catch my 12:30 p.m. flight. (Later I learned that his additional motive for the trip was to buy lottery tickets on a pick-up truck.)

The trip back was an adventure in itself; I have never been so cold or banged around. The wooden komatik I rode offered no suspension and at three places along the trail it flipped over, scattering both the contents and myself over the ice. As we raced along the open stretches I gained a full appreciation of the effects of wind chill.

Near the third cabin, on the top of the plateau, the driver stopped suddenly and pointed down to large tracks beside the trail. Much to my disbelief there were the meandering prints of a polar bear. Although we couldn't see any further evidence on the horizon it gave me pause to think that I had been skiing nonchalantly down this same trail days before. (This was very unusual behavior for a polar bear to be so far from the sea ice.) A little further, the snowmobile started to overheat, but in true northern fashion Pitsuluk took things apart and after a short while managed to get the engine going again. As we approached Iqaluit we ran headlong into the minor hurricane which had closed the airport for the past 24 hours. But somehow, frozen and dazed we arrived at the airport in time.

A few hours later the weather cleared and the plane took off from Iqaluit. I looked out over the trail below. It all appeared so easy, the gently rolling hills and another bright sunny day. I found myself dozing off to sleep. It had been an exhausting but very satisfying adventure.



QUETICO WILDERNESS PARK UNDER ATTACK

The Friends of Quetico have been joined by the Quetico Foundation, the Wildlands League, the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, and the Friends of the Boundary Waters Canoe Area in their opposition to a recent agreement between the province of Ontario and the Lac La Croix First Nation.

The deal — which was initialled by the Minister of Natural Resources, Howard Hampton, but has not yet (at our publication date, ed.) been approved by the Ontario government — would give the First Nation continued motorized guiding privileges within the park.

Herewith is the (slightly edited) text of a letter forwarded by the five groups to Hampton:

The Federation of Ontario Naturalists, the Quetico Foundation, the Friends of Quetico, the Wildlands League and the Friends of the Boundary Waters are extremely concerned about the tentative agreement between the Provincial Government and the Lac La Croix Band which has apparently been signed *behind closed doors*. This agreement appears to ignore public input on commercial motorized access which the government solicited in an expensive and time-consuming process two years ago.

While there was some attempt to brief individual groups on the agreement, these cannot be characterized as public consultation since they consisted of a very general overview without details or maps, and with a very brief opportunity to examine text. Such briefings, in most cases done by an outside mediator, do not in our view fulfill even the minimal requirements of consultation: full information, timestudy this information, and the opportunity to present counter views.

As a part of this new underground way of doing business, the Minister of Natural Resources and the Minister of the Environment have just rushed through an exemption order which is contrary to the Park Plan, ignores previous public input and places the wilderness status of the Park in jeopardy.

Without any public notice the Minister of Environment has exempted from the requirements of the Environmental Assessment Act the following activities:

- a) extending motorized boat and canoe access by the Lac La Croix First Nation to Cirrus Lake, Jean Lake and Conk Lake, and
- b) extending aircraft access to Cirrus Lake by the Lac La Croix First Nations and providing an aircraft landing location, boats and canoe caches, dock and associated activities and facilities on Cirrus Lake for that purpose.

Justification for the exemption refers to the exemption order being in "the public interest" and goes on to make a series of points, all of which are open to challenge. The Band itself accepts that motorized guiding has a very limited future and that exclusive pursuit of this is what has limited economic opportunity. The Band is no longer "isolated" and there are now a number of opportunities for alternative income, if the government is willing to ensure long term

support and the Band is prepared to take charge of its own future. The public good will not be served by the "timely expansion of guiding opportunities."

The exemption order also denies that "guiding activities... will cause undue harm to the Park." This is a statement the Ministry of Natural Resources is in no position to uphold, as there is almost no baseline data on the fisheries in the Park, or the effects of motorboat and aircraft traffic on water quality and wildlife. An attempt to involve the Band in a creel census this summer failed to provide usable data. Oddly there is no mention of the wilderness status of the Park. Wilderness is a rare and fragile commodity which is easily destroyed. The possible harm to the wilderness values of the Park was apparently of no concern to those issuing the exemption.

As for the terms of the agreement itself, all the groups signing this letter have been firm in their support for increased economic opportunity for the Band which must involve a long-term shift away from motorized guiding. We have supported an assured annual income, possibly from park gate receipts. We have supported a training centre, a youth camp, an entry station at Lac La Croix and the integration of the Band into the supervision and management of the Park as trained staff and interpreters. We have supported a speedy move to some sort of co-management area on the land south of the Namakan to protect Lac La Croix's flank. We also support any business venture which would enhance wilderness experience such as canoe outfitting. But we will not support increased commercial motorized access to this Park.

We have also accepted that for those few older band members for whom motorized guiding is a way of life, there must be some time in any agreement for adjustments to be made and alternatives developed. But our role is to defend for its own sake the tiny remnants of wilderness. Therefore, we cannot accept an agreement with no sunset clause which expands a use which will jeopardize this value. More than a third of the Park will now be open to potential motorboat and floatplane use, and the possibility of boat caches and docks. Not only is there no time frame in the proposal, the exemption order also has a clause which leaves its effective time to the discretion of the Minister, "or on such later date as the Minister of the Environment and Energy may specify in a letter to the Minister of Natural Resources."

We know from past experience how, even with a specific phase-out time, existing non-conforming uses tend to become permanent.

For some strange reason the Band was urged by the negotiator to include two lakes, Basswood and Crooked, which are on the U.S. border with the Boundary Water Canoe Area. Like Quetico, it is also a wilderness area. There is no motorized use permitted on Crooked and two-thirds of the international boundary section of Basswood is closed to motors. The inclusion of these two lakes will almost certainly revive the anti-wilderness lobby south of the border and oblige the Friends of the Boundary Waters to relive the

old struggles. Recently they won a legal battle which eliminated truck portages from this area. This took more than a decade of intensive lobbying.

Kevin Proescholdt, Executive Director of the Friends of the Boundary Waters, has made numerous attempts to get a personal meeting with you to discuss the Lac La Croix situation. On July 28, 1993, a scheduled meeting with you on this very issue was abruptly cancelled, even though it had been arranged more than a week earlier.

The agreement and the exemption order both display a blatant disregard for the results of public consultation and for the wilderness itself which can have only negative effects:

1. It will devalue the Park as a resource for all, including the Band.
2. It will almost certainly jeopardize the proposed Global Watch Centre. The two-year feasibility study which is about to be released recognized that the unique wilderness qualities of Quetico Provincial Park are the basis for its viability. Any erosion of these attributes will put the future of the Centre in question and bring the loss of a wide variety of economic and educational opportunities to both Atikokan and the Band.
3. It will almost certainly create problems for the Boundary Waters and invite more cross border incidents which the province does not have the jurisdictional authority to deal with.
4. The Government's secretiveness and disregard for past public consultation will adversely affect the Band which has, up to now, enjoyed a high degree of public sympathy and support.
5. With this proposal more than a third of the Park has been removed from remote wilderness status for the foreseeable future. The government must ensure that an equivalent area adjacent to the

Park remains remote until such time as that portion of Quetico is returned to full wilderness status.

Collectively, our organizations represent a wide spectrum of public opinion and a large membership with considerable influence. We are committed to the survival of Quetico as a wilderness area, and we are committed to just treatment for the Band. But this agreement and the exemption order fail both the Park and the Band. Rather than giving us hope that motor use will disappear in a reasonable time from the Park and the Band move on to a different and more broadly based future, it appears to entrench motorized guiding as a necessity for the Band. It also sets up potential confrontation both within the Park and on its boundaries. And it leaves groups such as ours feeling that we have been abused by a process which, having started by being open and cooperative, has ended in concealment and misrepresentation.

The concerns we express are heart-felt as is our commitment to defend the wilderness values of the Park. We would welcome the opportunity to hear at first hand your response to our concerns.

The letter was signed by Susan Armstrong for the Friends of Quetico, Kevin Proescholdt for the Friends of the Boundary Waters, Marion Taylor for the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, Matthew Gaasenbeek for the Quetico Foundation, and Kevin Kavanagh for the Wildlands League.

Voice your concern to: Mr. Howard Hampton, Minister of Natural Resources, 64 Whitney Block, Room 6301, 99 Wellesley Street West, Toronto, Ontario M7A 1W3; and to: The Hon. Bob Rae, Premier, Government of Ontario, Legislative Buildings, Queen's Park, Toronto, Ontario M7A 1A1.

(Submitted by Jim Greenacre.)

THE PROCESS

It's December and it's started again. The car that will carry us north next summer is sitting silently in the garage, but the mind that plans the trip is anything but idle. The process takes on a familiar pattern. We already know what, but with whom, where, and for how long? The hardest question to answer is where. God has imparted upon us His gift of the Canadian Shield. It is there to be loved as we respectfully pass through it on our periodical pilgrimage, but deciding just where to pass through can sometimes take longer and be more challenging than the trip itself.

The mind drifts back to past excursions. A narrow winding river. Too winding, and virtually no current, but the lake at the end of it was worth the effort. Wildflowers discovered while gathering firewood, and bear droppings too. Water as smooth as glass under a full moon. The cry of the loon, the smack of a beaver's tail, the excitement of children discovering a totally new world. A sheltered cove with a sandy beach perfect for swimming. Well, maybe not. Let's just call it Leech Beach and find another spot to swim.

Back to the future. Road maps, park maps, topographic

maps. I thought we had another one. Maybe it was someone else's. That area would surely grant us solitude but it looks like there would be too much whitewater. We must take some training courses this year. It will shorten the time available for tripping but if we are to take longer and more remote trips in the future, then we will need that skill and ability. We can't even consider going to the Arctic without being able to run rapids that are much bigger than what we can do now. Hopefully we can afford an Arctic trip within a few years. Better take some courses soon so we can practise and build the skills we need.

Home again. Trip planning would be much quicker if we could keep our mind on the task at hand. But the past and the future all seem to be a part of the process. Relive the past. Fantasize the future. It takes longer, but it adds to the enjoyment.

It's late. We'll try again another night. Good thing we have all winter.

Murray Brown

THE KANAIRIKTOK RIVER

Herb Pohl

The pilot sounded exasperated: "I can't put down here, my friend; there is no water."

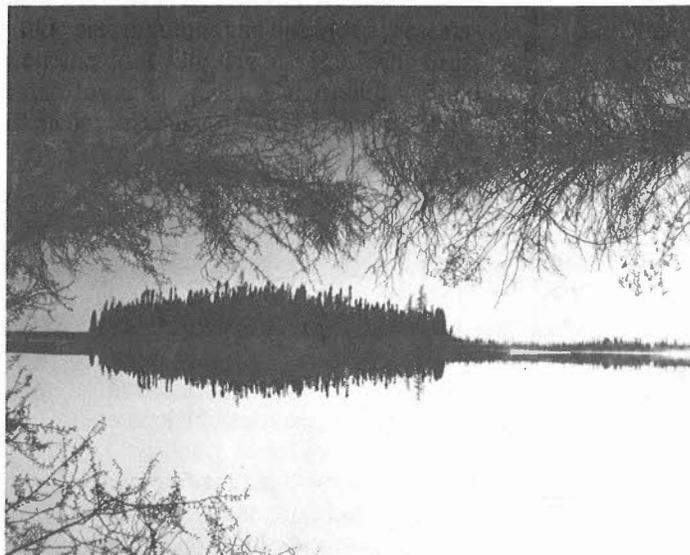
We were circling above Knox Lake, some 85 km east of Schefferville. Like most lakes near the watershed which defines the boundary between Quebec and Labrador it is populated by legions of boulders which lie in ambush in the shallow waters.

"I'll have to put you down in the middle of the lake."

After several minutes of searching for a safe place to land, the Cessna touched down with a resounding jolt. I was sure we had struck something in the water and was relieved to find it was only a sloppy landing. Within minutes I was alone on a vast expanse of water, the shore only a thin line of tamaracks and black spruce. I unsuccessfully tried to pinpoint my position on the map.

It was an absolutely glorious day. A mild breeze out of the northwest was not sufficient to disturb the surface of the lake which, like a giant mirror, reflected the wide expanse of sky. After the noisy plane ride the silence at first seemed absolute, giving way with time to the gentle sounds of undisturbed nature. Once again I felt the sense of spiritual homecoming which seems to mark the beginning of every wilderness trip.

My immediate objective in this July 1992 trip was to reach the headwaters of the Kanairiktok River. This would set me on an easterly course and require two crossings of the height of land. I was determined to start at a leisurely pace in order to avoid the second- and third-day blahs incurred on previous trips. In this endeavor I was looking forward to a portage-free day, for all the interconnected lakes I had to traverse were shown as having the same elevation. Alas, by afternoon I was struggling through the willows to by-pass a lively rapid and strong current before making an early camp on Crossroads Lake.



It seems that on every trip, no matter how carefully I prepare, an item or two gets left behind. This time it was the cutlery. And so, before embarking on supper, I whittled away an hour and produced what to me was recognizable as a spoon. The next two days were spent working my way slowly upstream through a maze of channels and over the height of land to the western arm of the George River headwaters. In spite of the sunny, windstill weather, which made this journey a trip through mirror images, mosquitoes and black flies were virtually absent. It was an unexpected opportunity to allow large parts of the anatomy to get sunburned and I took full advantage of it. The late spring had pushed back not only the emergence of insects but plant-growth as well — willows and alders at the waters edge had barely begun to bud and the tamaracks were still bare.



The region drained by the headwaters of the George River is a huge waterlogged plain. The underlying precambrian shield is almost totally buried beneath poorly worked glacial till and large lakes and string bogs take up much of the surface area. On the way down the western arm of the George River toward Lake Elson, and nearing the end of the day, I spurned the little island Jim Greenacre and I had camped on in 1986 (*Nastawgan* vol. 14, #3; Autumn 1987); it was now even smaller and less attractive. Later I spent hours making a worse site habitable. Campsites in the region tend to be on the soggy side and several times I had to build little platforms of brush to ensure a dry tent floor.

The last body of water on the Quebec side before re-crossing into Labrador is Lac Juillet. To reach it required tracking up the east arm of the George River, a task which was not appreciated either in anticipation or execution. The dense vegetation along the shore forces the traveller to stay in the river, stumbling and sliding among the slippery rocks in the rapids. When I gained the shore of Lac Juillet it was with a sense of exultation. The morning sun had transformed the lake into liquid silver. The backlit, bare hills beyond the far shore rose darkly into the pale cloudless sky. To the northeast the large expanse of water merged with the sky on the limitless horizon. The sandy southern shore arched away toward an esker which disappeared into the low hills. It was time for a stroll in the countryside.

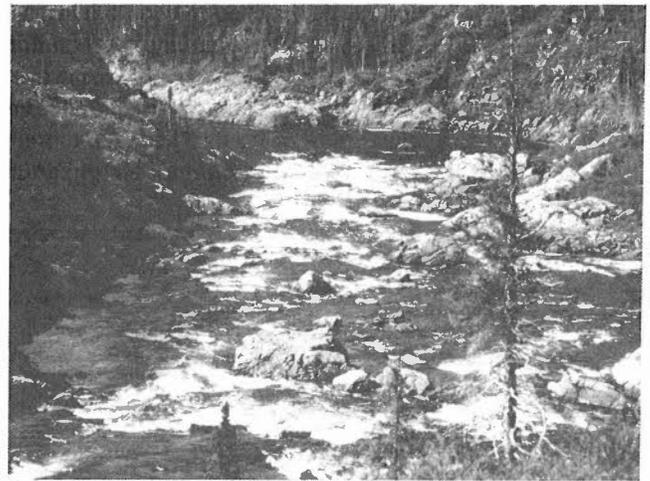
When one reads the account of Mina Hubbard in her famous book, *A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador*, one is left with the impression that this whole region was home to large numbers of caribou. This is certainly not the case today. The old game trails are now overgrown and scarcely recognizable, nor are there any but the most rare signs of man. With the exception of birds, which are numerous and varied, the land seems empty and untouched.



After a day of paddling across Lac Juillet, a body of water which is really several lakes strung together by short sections of flowing water, I re-entered Labrador by traversing the marshy height-of-land to Kenney Lake. The latter is scattered over a very large area. The deep bays, narrow channels, and numerous islands mask the true extent of water. It's visually pleasing with a backdrop of snow-covered mountains to the north, and teeming with fish. One could easily have spent a day or two in quiet contemplation here except for the scourge of the Labrador skies: the low-level training flights of supersonic fighter planes stationed in Goose Bay. How I would like to have the Prime Minister and members of the cabinet subjected to the scream, swoosh, and sonic booms of these instruments of destruction in their backyards.

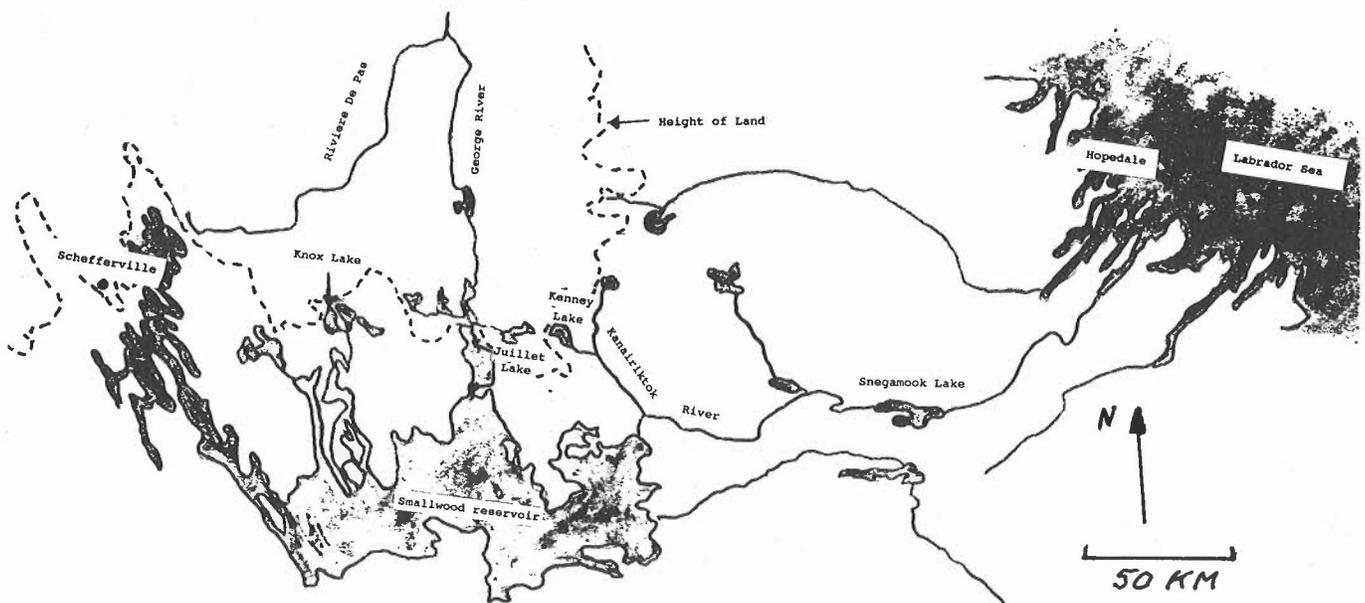
Two days later I was standing on a rocky hill. Below me the Labrador plateau rolled away to the east in gentle undulations, kilometres of abraded rock, low spots filled with detritus, and all covered with a thin veneer of vegetation. Just a short distance away the tributary I was travelling on joined the Kanairiktok in a foaming cascade of whitewater — the first of several portages over the next two days.

In contrast to the valleys of the more northerly rivers in Labrador, which have been gouged out of solid bedrock by glacial action, the valley of the Kanairiktok is entirely the product of post-glacial erosion. It begins as a shallow boulder-lined depression through which the stream runs an uncertain course. Over a span of thirty kilometres, during which the river loses between four and six metres per



kilometre in altitude, the valley becomes a narrow canyon more than 150 m deep before it assumes an easterly course through hills of alluvial depositions. The almost continuous rapids in the canyon demand precise manoeuvring between closely spaced boulders and strong backpaddling to slow the action.

Despite my best efforts, I had to dig out the patching kit early on and thereafter proceeded with more than the usual amount of apprehension for one is keenly aware that losing the boat in this part of the country lowers the chances of survival of a solo traveller considerably. At one point, faced with a nasty stretch of water confined between vertical rock walls, I took to high ground. The portage up to the rim of the canyon through an old burn was easier than anticipated. Still, by the time the third load was back at the water's edge a half kilometre downstream, it was time to look for a campsite. In spite of a willingness to settle for something marginal I couldn't find a flat spot large enough to pitch my tent; I ended up lugging my gear back up to level high ground and spent an uneasy night. During the afternoon a cold front had passed through with a bit of rain, fierce gusts of wind and a noticeable drop in temperature. It was -7C in the morning and the landscape was covered with hoarfrost.



Once past the canyon, the river continues to race along a wide, gravelly streambed, slows as it runs in braided channels through sand- and gravelbars, past the cutbanks of old riverbeds, sometimes wide and shallow, sometimes narrow and deep. There is a profound change in the landscape. The outer limits of the valley are the sides of a huge trough of precambrian rock. The alluvial deposits which once nearly filled this basin have been gradually carried downstream so that now the river's course all the way to the sea wends its way through beds of gravel and sand. Occasionally the river's flow is obstructed by outcroppings of shield rock over which the waters tumble in sheer falls or intimidating rapids. Except where forest fires have ravaged the land, the whole domain is covered by dense boreal forest, a nearly impenetrable barrier to cross-country travel and a serious impediment to exploration on foot. Even short excursions required considerable effort in return for little photographic reward.

As soon as I left the canyon of the Kanairiktok behind, the weather began to deteriorate. Dark clouds gathered in ever more ominous patterns and strong gusts of wind signalled the end of the travelling day. Within an hour I was comfortably ensconced in the vestibule of the tent and cooking supper while torrents of water lashed my abode.

And then things took a turn for the worse.

Mosquitoes began to appear in astonishing numbers. Hundreds perished in the flame and formed a ring of corpses around the stove, but more kept coming. A glance into the tent revealed the genesis of a small lake in the middle of the floor. While I hastily unzipped the screen to attend to this problem and save the sleeping bag from drowning, clouds of mosquitoes resolutely took up residence in the inner sanctum.

Some two hours later, with the tent re-pitched, the tent floor reasonably dry and most of the intruders eliminated, a shortlived sense of equanimity had returned. Shortlived because soon stretch receptors reminded me of the limits of my fluid storage system.

Hmmm, what to do?

I had no intention of venturing outside again and fight another battle with intruders and so cast about for suitable alternatives. And then I noticed the plastic bag which until recently contained my supper. Eureka!

I have since been told by several experienced individuals that they are well acquainted with the fluid transfer method I was so proud to discover. I guess it's proof that I am a slow learner. Unfortunately the learning process still wasn't quite complete. Several nights later while happily

practising the new technique I was slow to notice that the fluid level in the bag remained remarkably constant throughout the operation. Henceforth the last task of the evening involved testing a plastic bag for fluid retention capability.

The storm blew itself out overnight, but for several days the clouds remained low and darkly threatening above the river. Like a fringed curtain on a window they provided a somber frame through which one could glimpse a succession of rocky hills along the northern shore. The pale color of lichen which covered their flanks gave the hills a luminous quality reminiscent of paintings by Rembrandt.

I was nearing Snegamook Lake, the only substantial body of water along the river's course, when the sun returned. It was only mid-afternoon but fatigue had me looking for a campsite. Up ahead I spotted sandbars extending from both shores, a welcome prospect after kilometres of dense bush and marshy ground. As I drew near I noticed a large black bear patrolling the southern shore. He was the centre of attention of two wolves who occupied the north shore — at least until they spotted me. As I drifted along near the



shore, trying to decide on a course of action, the wolves kept pace with me at the edge of the water not more than ten metres away. It seemed like a good opportunity for a picture. Alas, the noise created when I opened the camera case startled them and they withdrew far enough to spoil the chance of a close-up.

With some apprehension — I am a confirmed coward at heart — I went ashore, put up the tent, and soon had a campfire going, at which point I felt a little more at ease, for all the while the wolves kept a close watch. Periodically during the evening and several times during the night they serenaded me with their melancholy howls. In spite of the beautiful physical setting I wasted little time breaking camp in the morning. Only when I was back on the water did I realize that my departure was watched not by two, but seven wolves. Further downstream I was to witness the chilling spectacle of a pack of wolves pursuing a caribou. Mother nature is a remorseless lady.



The Kanairiktok below Snegamook Lake is characterized by a number of rapids and falls. There are no portage- or even game-trails, but in many instances bare bedrock along the edge of the water affords an easy passage. The last few kilometres are particularly striking. The influence of the cold current of the Labrador Sea can be seen in a diminution of the lush vegetative cover, and the rocky hilltops are bare of trees. Just above tide water the river plunges a total of more than forty metres in two tremendous cataraacts before it is swallowed by the sea.

The Labrador coast can be a very inhospitable place, but I was fortunate. A troubling breeze kept me ashore, but since it was a glorious sunny day I spent hours roaming the high ground. The 65-km passage from the mouth of the river to Hopedale is not only a visual delight but leads past many places of ancient as well as more recent human occupation. Less well appreciated was having to wait four days in Hopedale for the arrival of the coastal ferry to take me to Goose Bay.



A FALL CLASSIC: ALGONQUIN PARK

Marvin Gunderman

It never ceases to amaze me that on every canoe trip I embark on I learn something interesting or new. The WCA trip from Tim Lake to Magnetawan Lake on 2-3 October fortified this conviction.

The trip organizer, Herb Pohl, described the outing as "suitable for the determined geriatric set." Knowing Herb, my wife, Laurie, and I were concerned about whether we could keep pace with the very experienced group we were going to paddle with: Herb Pohl; Rita, Bill, and Jamie Ness; and Shirley and Jim Williams. Our concerns were founded. We were eating wake the entire trip. Oh well, at least the others had a chance to rest while they waited for us.

Thanks to the graciousness of Marlene and Gerry Lannan, our group met and slept at the picturesque Lannan abode in Kearney on the eve of 1 October. The next morning, a high-energy breakfast of bacon, eggs, and toast readied us for the arduous task ahead. After a one-hour car shuttle between the Tim River and Magnetawan Lake access points we were ready to paddle. It was 10:00 a.m.

A light drizzle stayed with us as we paddled the Tim River to Tim Lake. Weatherwise, this would prove to be an interesting day. The drizzle gave way to strong, cool winds, then sunshine, then rain, and then finally, hail. As we left Tim Lake and paddled the serpentine Tim River, I was awe-struck by the beauty: the gorgeous colors of the leaves contrasting with the greys of a crisp fall sky. It almost made me forget that we were falling rapidly behind the others.

As often happens when one is saddled with a male ego, temporary insanity ensues. I wanted to go faster. The need to close the gap became paramount in importance. Not surprisingly, as with most actions originating in the brainstem, the move was a disaster. We embedded our bow in the bank at least three times before Laurie had enough of my stupidity and told me so. Yes, I am a slave to testosterone. Consequently, we slowed our pace, enjoyed the river and scenery and much to my surprise arrived at the "killer portage" only a couple of minutes behind the rest.

I know many of you are snickering, but a 1.3-km portage is a major hurdle for us greenhorns. We took two packs first and then returned for the canoe and the last pack. I made it two-thirds of the way before my torturous yoke numbed my shoulders with pain. The wonderful character of many of the WCA members was evident throughout this trip and epitomized by Bill Ness who offered to take our canoe the final distance to Queer Lake. I was happy to hear Bill complain about my yoke after about 10 steps.



Finally, after battling strong winds and dragging the canoe through shallow water (with a liberal amount of cussing, of course), we were escorted by Herb to our "reserved" peninsula site on Queer Lake (a group of WCA members had arrived a day earlier and picked this enormous site).





Everyone knows how satisfying it is to get settled after a good day's paddle. The comfort of a campfire after a hot meal and varied conversation with interesting people is what makes a group trip so enjoyable. But alas, after six hours of paddling and a long portage, most adventurers retired to bed at 8:00 p.m. A few of us roasted a sausage in the fire as a nightcap to get us through what would prove to be a cold night's sleep.



Early Sunday morning we awoke to the sound of a light rain on the tent. As I was preparing breakfast in the vestibule, I heard Herb laugh as he unzipped his tent. Evidently, the "rain" I had heard was actually snow! About two centimetres had fallen overnight and turned our surroundings into a winter wonderland.

After a delicious bacon-and-pancake breakfast, we packed up and set off on our return journey amidst swirling snowflakes the size of dimes. This was the nicest time of the weekend, the snow-covered conifers contrasting with the brilliant colors of the deciduous trees and the brisk, cold wind sweeping over the dark lake. These experiences leave me with lasting impressions. I often recall these wonderful memories long after the trip is over.

The Sunday paddle was easy and enjoyable. Four short portages broke up the monotony of paddling over Little Trout, Butt, and Hambone lakes. We arrived at Magnetawan Lake at 1:30 p.m.

I learned four things on this trip: (1) paddle slowly (preferably with short, wide paddle blades) in shallow, winding rivers like the Tim; (2) make sure your yoke is comfortable and padded; (3) buy excellent quality sleeping bags (they must be able to keep a woman warm); and (4) get involved with the WCA by going on an outing or two. It's the best way to meet interesting people who share similar outdoor philosophies and to glean finely honed canoeing, packing, and equipment tips.

PEE BOTTLE

Herb Pohl's graphic description of a possible solution to an often 'pressing' problem (see his article on the Kanairiktok River in this issue) touches a sensitive subject that is too often ignored in polite outdoors literature: the Pee and Poo of Paddling. The use of a plastic bag, at least by men, obviously can help to lighten the load, but also poses some grave dangers because of the rather flimsy material and the possibility of leaks.

For years I have therefore successfully used a one-litre, wide-mouth, plastic Nalgene bottle, without any problems at all. Sturdy, spill-proof, easy to clean, simple to use even in the dark, my beloved Pee Bottle has now given me numerous moments of quiet relief, the cold and the rain and the bugs outside be damned.

But what about women, how can they take care of this problem when the need arises? Is there a female WCA member out there who can shed some light on this issue and offer practical advice from the female point of view?

Toni Harting

REVIEWS

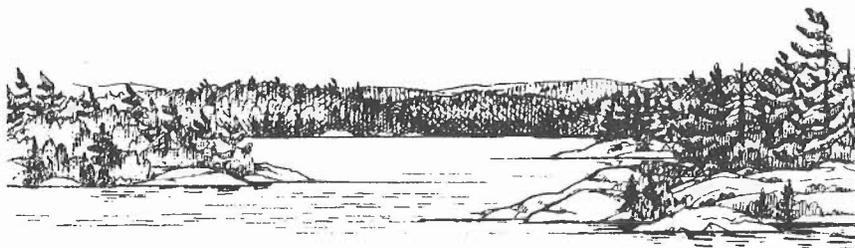
The following three books are canoeing guides to many splendid tripping rivers and lakes in the Ontario/Quebec area bordered roughly by Georgian Bay in the west, the Ottawa River watershed in the north and east, and the Kawarthas in the south. The profusely illustrated books present a wealth of often highly detailed information on the rivers and lakes, including numerous maps indicating routes, rapids, falls, campsites, access points, and more. (Toni Harting)

COTTAGE COUNTRY CANOE ROUTES, by Kevin Callan, published by Stoddart, Toronto, 1993, cardcover, 96 pages, \$19.95. Georgian Bay: Beausoleil Island, McCrae Lake, Massasauga Wildlands. Muskoka: Black River, South Branch Muskoka River. Haliburton Highlands: Leslie M. Frost Centre, Black Lake Loop, Rockaway and Dividing Lakes, Poker Lake Loop, Burnt River System. The Kawarthas: Kawartha Highlands Park, Serpentine Lake

Loop, Long Lake Loop, Shark Lake, Eels Creek, Mississauga River.

PETAWAWA RIVER, Whitewater Guide Algonquin Park, by George Drought, published by The Friends of Algonquin Park, P.O. Box 248, Whitney, ON, K0J 2M0; 1993, cardcover, 81 pages, \$5.95. A detailed study of this famous river at various water levels, from Cedar Lake to Lake McManus.

RIVERS OF THE UPPER OTTAWA VALLEY, by Hap Wilson, published by the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association, 1029 Hyde Park Rd., Suite 5, Hyde Park, ON, N0M 1Z0, cardcover, 112 pages, \$18.95. Montreal, Makobe, Lady Evelyn, Mattawa, Ottawa, Petawawa, Barron, Dumoine, Kipawa, Noire, Coulonge rivers.



COULONGE/NOIRE RIVERS

Hap Wilson's book *Rivers of the Upper Ottawa Valley* describes in detail the rapids and other pertinent details of the Coulonge and Noire rivers. The only information which I can add that may be of value (\$\$) to you concerns the dreaded car shuttle.

An organization called Ki-Nature [(819) 648-2282 or (819) 648-2307] will drive you in using their truck for \$1.00 per kilometre, both ways. The total cost from Ft. Coulonge to Mile 135 on the Coulonge (Map 5) was \$400.00. The other option is to fly in using Bradley Air Service; they will arrange to have your car delivered at the time and place you designate. This would have been more expensive for our party of five people and less convenient as we were out early.

We left our cars on the left-hand side of the river just above Grand Chute and made a gratuitous payment to the owner of the property. Ki-Nature advised us that most people leave their vehicles at the Golf Course in Ft. Coulonge where there is a charge of \$5.00 per day.

The first night we stayed at Motel Andre [(819) 683-2830] in Ft. Coulonge. The price was very reasonable and the kitchen opened for breakfast at 6:00 a.m.

The Coulonge is an easy paddle through class I and II rapids with lots of evidence of logging and hunting.

Shirley Dodman

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WCA TRIPS

Remember that WCA trips may have an element of danger and that the ultimate responsibility for your safety is your own.

1-2 January **WINTER CAMPING IN ALGONQUIN PARK**
Howard Sayles, (416) 921-5321, book before 21 December.

Winter camping in a warm tent with a wood-burning stove. Winter sleeping bag essential. Limit three tents.

15-16 January **WILDCAT LOOP**
Karl Schimek, (705) 487-0172, book before 8 January. Call before 9:00 p.m.

This will be an overnight trip on skis. We will start at Livingston Lodge and return to the same point. A moderately strenuous outing for the intermediate ski tourist. Limit four skiers.

29-30 January **WINTER CAMPING IN ALGONQUIN**
Howard Sayles, (416) 921-5321, book before 21 January.

Winter camping in organizer's warm tent with a wood-burning stove. Winter sleeping bag a must. Limit three tents.

20 February **SNOWSHOE IN SIMCOE COUNTY FOREST**
Jim Greenacre, (416) 759-9956, book before 17 February.

A day of snowshoeing in the Sugar Bush area of Simcoe County Forest, located in the "Snow Belt" north of Barrie. A wide variety of terrain from mature deciduous forest, cultivated coniferous stands, and open grassland. The pace can be leisurely to suit the conditions, the experience of the participants, and the aching bones of the organizer.

20 February **WCA 1994 AGM TELEMARCK CLINIC**
Richard Culpeper, (705) 671-3343, (705) 674-5873, fax/modem (705) 671-2581.

If you love to wander the hills in the winter, but get tired of slipping off cliffs and landing in trees, you might wish to practise turning in a controlled lift-area setting. This is one of the few ways to develop the technique requisite for remote-access vertical skiing. Call for a list of shops from whom you can rent "tele" gear for the day.

26-27 February **WINTER CAMPING IN ALGONQUIN**
Howard Sayles, (416) 921-5321, book before 20 February.

Winter camping in organizer's warm tent with a wood-burning stove. Winter sleeping bag a must. Limit three tents.

27 February **KILLARNEY HIGH**
Richard Culpeper, (705) 671-3343, (705) 674-5873, fax/modem (705) 671-2581.

Fantastic scenery in Ontario's most rugged wilderness park. We'll free heel up the Baie Fine Trail to the slot between Gulch Hill and the Killarney Ridge, climb and traverse the ridge, and descend back to the trail near George Lake. The snow is not dependable on top of the South La Cloche range, so bring your old bush beaters. This outing is suitable for skiers of all abilities using telemark or sturdy cross-country gear, but you must be physically fit, for it is a long, hard day in inaccessible terrain.

4-6 March **ALGONQUIN PARK WINTER CAMP**
Herb Pohl, (905) 637-7632, book before 15 February.

The organizer plans to snowshoe to a site some two to three hours from the highway and set up a base camp. The rest of the time will be spent exploring the adjacent countryside on skis or snowshoes before returning to our starting point via a different route. A heated prospector tent will be available for communal meals, to dry

wet garments, and to provide a comfortable setting for conversation. Participants must be prepared to sleep in their own shelter. Limit six reasonably fit campers.

6 March **LOWER CREDIT RIVER**
Steve Bernet, (519) 837-8774, book before 1 March.

The Credit from Streetsville down is normally running high in this season. The water is cold and can be unexpectedly tricky. Experienced cold-water paddlers able to manoeuvre in fast water and who have properly outfitted boats are welcome. Limit five canoes.

13 March **ELORA GORGE**
Steve Bernet, (519) 837-8774, book before 6 March.

Survivors from the previous weekend are invited to take their friends on a similarly cold trip down the Elora Gorge. Wet or dry suits and fully outfitted boats essential. If the water levels are unsuitable, the trip may be changed to the Credit, see 6 March. Limit five canoes.

26 March **OAKVILLE CREEK**
Mike Jones, (905) 270-3256, book before 20 March.

Narrow and winding, this is a run that requires accurate manoeuvring on swiftly moving water. Put-in and take-out will be determined by prevailing conditions. This can be a long day paddling and has been known to be a cold and wet trip. Limit five canoes or kayaks. C1s accepted.

27 March **LOWER CREDIT RIVER**
Duncan Taylor, (416) 368-9748(H), (416) 327-1400(W), book before 20 March.

The traditional Lower Credit run, from Streetsville to the golf course. Cold, fast-moving water. Experienced paddlers in properly equipped boats. Wet suits required. Limit six canoes.

10 April **GRAND RIVER**
Dave Sharp, (519) 621-5599, book before 4 April.

A gentle flatwater trip starting at Cambridge and, depending on water levels, ending at Paris or Brantford. An excellent trip for novice moving-water paddlers. Limit six canoes.

May **RIVER AUX SABLES RENDEZVOUS**
Richard Culpeper, (705) 671-3343, (705) 674-5873, fax/modem (705) 671-2581.

Victoria Day Weekend 1994. The WCA, in conjunction with other paddling clubs and organizations, has been trying to protect the River Aux Sables, near Massey, from small hydro development. If you enjoy serious wild water (III-IV) and lovely scenery, you should attend. Canyon of the Aux Sables trips will be guided daily.

15 May **ELORA GORGE**
Dave Sharp, (519) 621-5599, book before 8 May.

The "Gorge" can have high water levels and the temperature will still be cold. Properly equipped experienced whitewater paddlers are welcome to try their skills at Elora. Limit five canoes.



PRODUCTS AND SERVICES

This PRODUCTS AND SERVICES section is available, free of charge and on a first-come, first-served 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.

DISCOUNTS ON TRIPPING SUPPLIES WCA members who present a membership card will receive a 10 percent discount on many non-sale times at:

- ABC Sports, 552 Yonge Street, Toronto,
- Algonquin Outfitters, RR#1, Oxtongue Lake, Dwight, Ontario,
- Rockwood Outfitters, 669 Speedvale Ave. West, Guelph, Ontario,
- Suntrail Outfitters, 100 Spence Str. (Hwy. 70), Hepworth, Ontario.

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

FOR SALE solo play boat, red kevlar whitesell by Western Canoeing; outfitted with Perception saddle and adjustable Yakima foot pegs; good entry-level boat; very easy to roll, fast, consistent stability; \$500; Paul Mason at (819) 827-4035.

NORTHERN BOOKS Used, scarce, and select new books on northern, arctica, Canadiana, wilderness, and canoeing topics. Write for new free catalog #10, Northern Books, Box 211, Station P, Toronto, ON, M5S 2S7, or call (416) 531-8873 and leave a message.

KANAWA MAGAZINE is published quarterly by the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association. It is Canada's only magazine on canoeing, kayaking, and sea kayaking, providing paddling enthusiasts with a wide variety of trip destinations, environmental issues, campfire recipes, paddling events to attend, boat repair information, book reviews, heritage features, and an extensive mail order section. For a discounted membership contact the CRCA, 1029 Hyde Park Rd., Suite 5, Hyde Park, ON, N0M 1Z0; phone (519) 473-2109; fax (519) 473-6560.



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FAMILY TRIP IN KILLARNEY

For the last two years, we have taken our two boys, now aged four and six, for easy canoe trips in Killarney Park. Last summer we spent two days car camping and five days in the interior. The trips were wonderful experiences for all of us, and after much reflection we've decided that only one thing could improve them: the company of another family.

If you have a family, and you'd like to explore the possibility of joining us next summer, why not write so we can begin discussing it? Richard Todd at 4, Chemin des Pins, Cascades, Chelsea, Quebec J0X 3G0; phone/fax (819) 827-3175, CompuServe 76357,3360.

SUMMER TRIP

I'm up for a long canoe trip in the summer of '94, but need a group to trip with. I have lots of experience, especially food. Tom Elliott, RR 1, Brantford, ON, N3T 5L4, phone (905) 648-1560.

KAZAN TRIP

Wanted: two canoeists to join us on the Kazan River, starting early July 1994, for five or six weeks. Bob Weekes, (705) 687-2002.

CANOE TOONS

PAUL MASON



Where it is ...



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Wilderness Canoe Association

membership application

I enclose a cheque for \$25 (single) or \$35 (family) for membership in the *Wilderness Canoe Association*. I understand that this gives me/us the opportunity to participate in WCA trips and activities, and entitles me/us to receive *Nastawgan* and to vote at meetings of the Association. I also understand that WCA trips may have an element of danger and that the ultimate responsibility for the member's safety is his/her own.

PRINT CLEARLY! Date: _____

Name(s): _____

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City: _____ Prov. _____

New member Member # if renewal: _____

Single Family

Phone Number(s):
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() _____ (w)

* This membership is valid for one year. Postal Code: _____ Ext. _____

* Send completed form and cheque, payable to the WILDERNESS CANOE ASSOCIATION, to the membership secretary at the WCA postal address.