



nastawgan

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WHITE RIVER 1993

Article: Michael Herman

Photos: Michael Herman and Peter Wassermann

The White River is located just north of Pukaskwa National Park and flows into the northeast corner of Lake Superior. Nothing I had read or seen about it properly prepared me for the rollercoaster ride of emotion I would experience during the 11-day trip a friend of mine and I had on this river.

Based on Ministry of Natural Resources (MNR) information and several *Nastawgan* articles (Wayne Richardson, autumn 1980; Dave Auger, spring 1984; Barry Spiegel, winter 1988), we decided to begin our trip at Sagina Lake, and end at Hattie Cove on Lake Superior — 176 km away. We also decided to start the trip on 21 June, the longest day

of the year. Many of our friends were questioning the wisdom of this decision, suggesting we wait until the end of the bug season. But I wanted to paddle the river before the water levels dropped too much, and so have the opportunity to enjoy the challenge of whitewater.

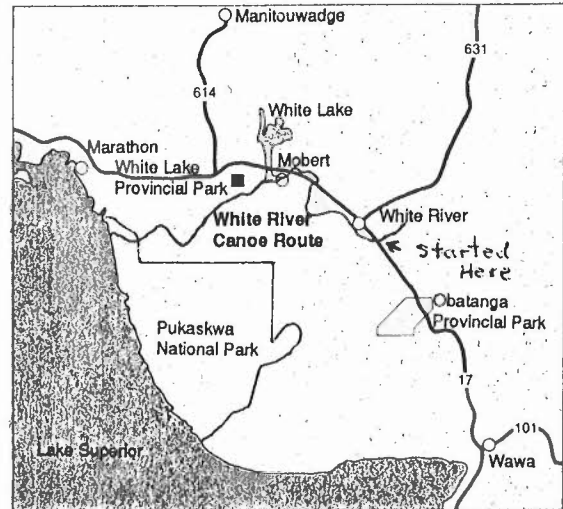
Since there were only two of us, we brought just one vehicle and paid MNR park staff \$50 to shuttle it from Hwy 17 (at the junction of Sagina Lake and White River) to Pukaskwa National Park. We believe this is the best arrangement available, both logistically and financially. (Note that at this starting point the river is called South White River.)

Day 1, 21 June It was 4:00 p.m. when we left the truck beside the highway and began our paddle across Sagina Lake. Peter was using his Mad River Courier and I had my Dagger Impulse, each of us carrying a personal pack and a food pack. Peter's canoe is designed for tripping so the packs were not a problem for him. But my playboat isn't that roomy so I moved the air bags back to make space, and this worked well. Paddling across Sagina Lake we could see a small fishing boat near the east shore. I can remember hoping that they would be the only people we'd see during our trip.

Leaving Sagina Lake the river begins as an oxbow, very twisty with one S-curve after another. At first the river is closed in and the banks are treed, largely by black spruce. However, as we got closer to Pokei Lake the terrain opened up and we paddled through a wetland bog, predominately surrounded by sweetgail and leatherleaf bushes. Due to the fact that the water level was about 60 cm higher than normal, the swollen river created unusual bays and channels. This condition made it difficult for us to find the access to Pokei Lake where we planned to camp for the night.

Fortunately, we saw a fishing boat with two men in it on the river and were able to swallow our pride and ask if they knew where the entrance was located. And we were glad we did. The fishermen were friendly Americans who invited us to enjoy a cold beer and a fish fry. After driving 10 hours in a truck and paddling four hours on the river, I couldn't think of a better offer. We spent the first night on an island in Pokei Lake enjoying the company of our new friends and answering all their questions about Ontario including: "What does GST stand for?" It was like our last send-off before the real trip began.

Day 2 We woke up early and were packed and ready to go by 7:30. We had planned to eat a light breakfast and then get going, but our hosts insisted we have breakfast with them, which we did. As we climbed into our boats they quizzed us on our trip destination. When we told them Lake Superior, their faces showed their disbelief. "You're headed to Superior in those things?" they asked. After offering warnings on the rapids and asking us repeatedly if we had any maps, they said goodbye. However, not before taking our picture, I assume to show friends back home in Michigan the "Crazy Canucks" they were certain they had met.



Almost half the day was spent paddling out of the wetland oxbow. The second part of the day was filled with exciting whitewater that rated Class III in sections. From Pokei Lake to the town of White River campsites are very few. The MNR map shows two sites and these are not great choices. We camped on a vacant lot beside the river within the town limits. The site was in a grassy clearing with a few young poplar trees. It was the best site we had seen, even though the railway passed only 150 m away. We suspected the property was private but after considering our desperation and that we would not be having a fire, we decided to stay. We both slept well, in spite of the noise made by the passing trains.

Day 3 Awoke to another sunny day which blessed us with very hot temperatures. The rapids continued to be exciting and demanded respect from start to finish. It was a very different river from the one mentioned in the journals I'd read from paddlers who travelled this river during July and August. We didn't go very far today; I believe we both wanted to stop and smell the roses. We camped at the end of the 300-metre portage shown downstream from the 64-km point on the MNR map. The site was approximately 60 m from the railway track, but we had little choice; campsites were few and far between. The location offered a great place to swim below the rapids, so before dinner we went for our first swim. Better not stay at this site though. The railway is used frequently and it's too noisy for light sleepers.

Day 4 The weather was still the same — sunny and hot. We hoped this heat would kill some of the black flies. As we paddled past the two swifts marked on the MNR map (before Hwy 17 and the 80-km point), we noticed the remains of a forest fire on river left. We camped late that day on Pakoawaga Lake. The campsite was located at the outlet, and was exposed to prevailing winds. For the first time we were able to eat dinner outside the tent, free from bugs.



Day 5 It was raining when we got up but it lasted only a couple of hours. By the time we reached Elora Lake for lunch the skies were clear and sunny. The map showed that the last rapid before White Lake could be avoided by taking a 1460-m portage. However, with water levels being high we decided to run the rapids with loaded canoes. The section was technically not difficult, mostly shallow, fast water, but there were enough large boulders in the way to make loaded boats tricky to manoeuvre. When I reached the end of the run dry and intact I decided to strip off my clothes and go for a swim. Just as I had bared myself to the open air I heard voices shouting: "Put your clothes on, you pervert!" Looking up the hill above the river I saw three boys maybe 10 years of age. So much for privacy.

That afternoon we registered our trip at the Pukaskwa Park registration booth within White Lake Provincial Park. The registration is mandatory for anyone travelling into Pukaskwa, enabling park staff to monitor visitors and ensure they return from their trips. That evening we camped on White Lake on a point west of the campsite shown before the dam on the MNR map. This was not a designated site but we felt it was more open to breezes and we hoped less bug infested. This site can be identified by the remnants of a log crib on shore and is one of the few sites I recommend.

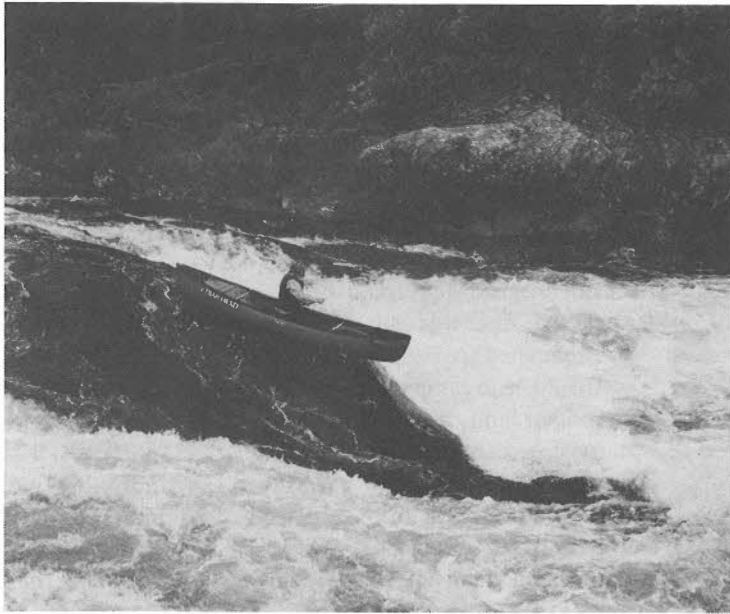
Day 6 Today we paddled under predominantly cloudy skies; the sun only showed its bright face for a brief moment. But that didn't matter to us: we saw Angler Falls. Its rugged beauty was blessing enough. I ran the rapids directly below the falls. Technically difficult to set up, the run through the canyon was a paddler's dream — big water with a mind of its own. We stopped at the first campsite following Angler Falls, and it was good we did. Soon after we had finished washing the dinner dishes, it began to rain. The wet stuff continued falling long into the night.

Day 7 Today we experienced the best whitewater I had paddled so far for this trip. There was one section of Class III with consecutive ledges, drops, and small falls that had my heart racing with excitement. The campsite located at the junction of the Oskabukuta River was not marked with a sign, and is not a favorable place during bug season. The site was overgrown and did not allow wind or sun to enter. The next two campsites past the Oskabukuta River junction were also not marked and could not be seen from the river. I suspect that since this canoe route is not maintained, the less desirable sites are becoming overgrown.

We chose to camp at the next site which might have been a logging or hunt camp years ago. If you decide to stay there you must be careful of the broken glass and the nails. The site was not clean and it was very disappointing for me, thinking we were in the "wilderness." Upon reflection, I must admit that I saw more garbage at campsites and portage trails than I had expected. Obviously this section of the river is too easily accessed by people who do not appreciate its true value.

Day 8 The sky was overcast when we started our day; we were beginning to miss the sun. It didn't take us long to reach Umbata Falls. However, we needed considerable time to complete the portage around it. The trail is actually an access road so walking was very easy. But when you are taking along two packs and a canoe, a 2240-m portage translates into an 11-km event. The portage ends at a small clearing and a bridge that crosses the river. We decided to camp there so we would be close to the falls and enjoy the cool breeze. The site also offered a great place to swim. After not having been in the water for two days, it sure felt great to be clean again.





Day 9 The sun returned today with enough intensity to make up for the time it had been absent. After breakfast we hiked the trail to Umbata Falls, and all I can say is, WOW! This childlike expression seems to communicate better than words the feelings the spectacle evokes. When I think of its origin and the time that has passed since it first began to carry water, I'm reminded how short our time here really is.

The knowledge that this falls is destined to be dammed for generating hydroelectric power saddens my heart deeply. Especially when the energy is not needed by Ontario Hydro Corporation. The only good news for this river is that Ontario Hydro isn't interested in buying power right now, so the dam construction is on hold. Hopefully the need for power will not occur before our "civilization" adopts real laws to protect the environment.

Later in the day we left Umbata Falls for the unknown. Paddling closer to Lake Superior the drop in elevation becomes more abrupt and the topography increasingly rugged. The last three rapids before Superior are actually falls, smaller in size than Umbata, but equally beautiful. We camped at a designated site on river left at the end of the Chigamiwinigan portage. From this site we were situated on a point at the base of the last rapid before Superior. The campsite was the most scenic one we had seen. The only downside to the site was the roar of the rushing water. The sound was overpowering and some may even find it too loud for sleeping during high water levels.

Day 10 The sun came back again and blessed us with its warmth and brightness. Applying sun screen each morning had been a daily ritual that must not be forgotten. After breakfast we headed out to hike the trails and walk over the suspension bridge which crosses the river. Looking down the river from the bridge I smiled as my eyes feasted on the beauty before me. This truly is gorgeous country. After walking 15 to 20 minutes on the trail we decided to return to our campsite. The bugs were simply too hungry to warrant a sweaty hike through the woods. I spent half the day playing in the rapids beside our camp, surfing waves.

Later in the afternoon we left for Lake Superior. When we glimpsed the huge lake for the first time the sight was very moving. After being able to see both shores of the river for the past 10 days it was dramatic to suddenly look out onto open water with no land in sight. We poked our way along the shore exploring nooks and crannies — some large enough for a sailboat, others just big enough for a small canoe. As we paddled my eyes searched the endlessly changing shoreline — rubble, boulders, cobblestones, sand, bed-rock cliffs. Eventually the child in me burst out accepting the challenge to climb. Not trees, but rock, bedrock, that grows out of the water and rises high into the sky. When I reached the top of the cliff I was rewarded with an unequalled view. Nothing stood between me and the horizon. The sun sparkled on the water and reflected light back toward me. It felt wonderful to be there in good health, and to be able to experience the moment.

We camped on an island approximately four kilometres from Hattie Cove. The east end of the island was green with trees and shrubs, while the west side was bare rock. It looked as if the strong west winds had pushed all the vegetation to the other side. After dinner we had our first campfire of the trip and a bug-free evening.



Day 11, 1 July Woke up to the call of loons close to our island. The weather had changed again, it was overcast and slightly cool. We knew that Hattie Cove was nearby so it didn't bother us that we got a late start on our last day. The entrance into Hattie Cove is only approximately 10 m wide and hidden in a rock cut.

Endings for me are always anticlimactic. After our gear and boats were packed and loaded in and on the truck, we filled out the registration forms to let the park staff know we had arrived safely.

Before we departed we inquired about other rivers in the area. I felt better about leaving once I had some information about the Pukaskwa and Dog rivers. At least now I had something to think about during the long drive home. A new trip.

THE CANADIAN CANOE MUSEUM

Preserving Our Canoe and Kayak Heritage

Sandy Richardson

In a very real sense the canoe connects us to Canada and being Canadian. Kirk A. Wipper

The Canadian Canoe Museum

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Including the Kanawa International Collection

Bark and skin boats are arguable the most appropriate and enduring symbols of our Canadian heritage and cultural uniqueness. They played central roles in the cultures of the original peoples, and later the French and English who colonized this land. Today, although most canoeing and kayaking is recreational, the canoe and the kayak stand as proud links to our shared history and culture, and to the land itself.

The Canadian Canoe Museum, after a number of years of studies, planning, and preparation, is proposing to build a permanent centre in Peterborough to preserve our canoeing and kayaking heritage.

The museum will house the Kanawa International Collection, the most distinguished collection of canoes and kayaks in the world, consisting of over 600 watercraft, including wooden dugouts, cloth-covered and wooden ca-

noes, and bark and skin canoes and kayaks, as well as over 1000 related artifacts. The collection has been assembled over the past 40 years largely through the tireless efforts of Professor Kirk A. Wipper, and continues to grow through donations.

Construction planning for the museum is now underway, and the help of paddlers like ourselves is needed to see the work through to completion. The simplest and most direct way we can do this is by becoming Pioneer Members of the Canadian Canoe Museum, thus building their membership base and increasing awareness of their work. Regular memberships are a tax-deductible \$25, and the money will help ensure that our canoe and kayak heritage receives the attention and protection it deserves.

As today's canoeists and kayakers, we are the contemporary link in a long chain of paddling tradition. By supporting the Canadian Canoe Museum, we can all help in the important work of preserving that tradition. To get involved or for more information, contact The Canadian Canoe Museum, 327 Charlotte Street, Peterborough, Ontario, K9J 7C3.

(This article originally appeared in the spring-1994 issue of *Qayaq*, the newsletter of The Great Lakes Sea Kayaking Association.)

SWEDEN'S MACFIE CANOE

There is a place where the name Macfie is so well regarded in paddling circles that it has become synonymous with the very word canoe. In Europe they call kayaks canoes, so where real canoes exist they need a qualifier. In Sweden it is the "Macfie" canoe.

That's because it was Harry Macfie who early in this century introduced the canvas-covered version of the aboriginal Canadian canoe to his native Sweden. In the 18th century, Harry Macfie's grandfather emigrated to Sweden from his clan's ancestral home on the tiny Scottish isle of Colonsay. An inherited spirit of adventure lured young Harry to Canada a century ago. He discovered gold at Rat Portage (now Kenora), lived the life of a trapper and hunter among the native Ojibwa, and finally returned home and wrote about his adventures in a book titled "Wasa Wasa," Algonkian for "far away." It was printed in several languages and sold well and Harry, dressed in buckskins, became a popular figure on the Swedish lecture circuit.

Harry divided his time between writing, lecturing, and building and selling watercraft patterned on the "Peterborough" canoe he had met with in Canada. He called it a "Canadian" canoe.

Long after Harry Macfie died, the Canadian canoe is alive and well in Scandinavia. In Sweden today any vessel of that kind is usually referred to as a "Macfie" canoe.

John Macfie



ILLUSION

Perhaps the Editor's admission and apology in the last issue to Herb Pohl for the upside-down photo was a mistake. It destroyed a wonderful illusion. I thought the original composition was both imaginative and suggestive; — suggestive of an aging author seeking new perspectives, of experimenting, of shedding shackles of convention, and of exploring original, new images. Alas, it was none of these, but merely an editing mistake, in an otherwise predictable and "right-side-up is important" world. How disillusioning.

George Luste



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

The WILDERNESS CANOE ASSOCIATION is a non-profit organization made up of individuals interested in wilderness travel, mainly by canoe and kayak, but also including backpacking and winter trips on both skis and snowshoes. The club publishes a quarterly journal,

Nastawgan, to facilitate the exchange of information and ideas of interest to wilderness travellers, organizes an extensive program of trips for members, runs a few basic workshops, and is involved in environmental issues relevant to wilderness canoeing.

EDITORIAL

This issue is the first one put together on the new computer bought by the WCA for the use of the editor. It's a Compaq 633, a great machine, very fast; I'm still learning to use all the possibilities such as fax/modem, Windows, and graphics. We owe it all to Richard Culpeper, thanks to his characteristically well-prepared proposal submitted to the AGM where the vote to acquire a WCA-owned computer to replace my own (which I've used for five years) was unanimous. (My own computer, well versed in producing excellent canoeing articles, is for sale; see Products and Services.)

Although I'm not really short of material, it would be nice to get more submissions, especially notes on shorter trips as well as articles on technical subjects such as canoeing/camping equipment. We tend to think there is nothing more that many of us, "the experienced old-timers in the tripping world," can learn about the technique of travelling in the outdoors, but that is of course just so much empty air. The older we get and the more experience we acquire, the more we should recognize the shortcomings in our set ways of doing things. Besides, the WCA has many members who are relative beginners and who need all the information and support we can give them.

Sorry for all the French River stuff in this issue. It just happens to be a river that generates a lot of interest these days.



NEWS BRIEFS

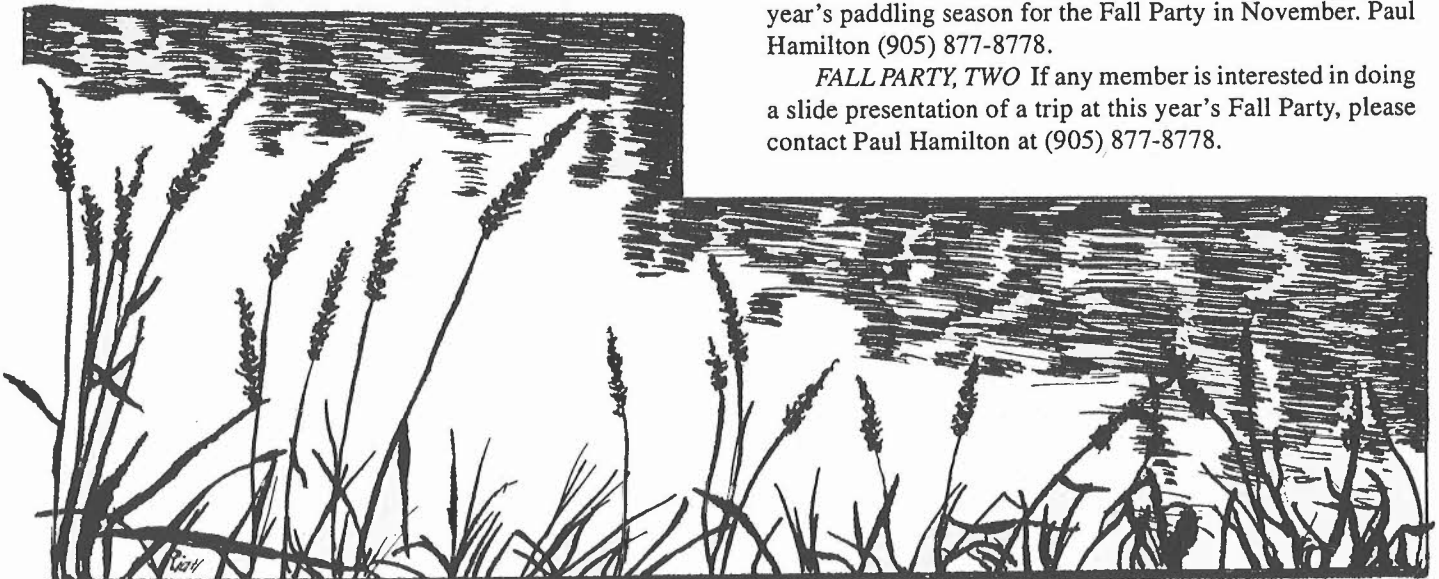
NASTAWGAN MATERIAL AND DEADLINE Articles, trip reports, book reviews, photographs, sketches, technical tips, or anything else that you think might be of interest to other readers, are needed for future issues. Submit your contributions preferably on floppy computer disks (Word-Perfect preferred, but any format is welcome) or in typewritten form; contact the editor for more information. Contributor's Guidelines are available upon request; please follow these guidelines as much as possible to increase the efficiency of the production of our journal. The deadline dates for the next two issues are:

<i>issue:</i> Autumn 1994	<i>deadline date:</i>	7 Aug. 1994
Winter 1994		23 Oct. 1994

WCA MEMBERSHIP LISTS are available to any members who wish one for personal, non-commercial use. Send a five dollar bill (no cheque, please!) to Cash Belden at the WCA postal address (see WCA Contacts on the back page).

FALL PARTY, ONE This is your chance to show off your photographic talents to your fellow canoeists. Please send any humorous or extraordinary photographic prints or slides to me or Mike Jones. We hope to create a slide show of this year's paddling season for the Fall Party in November. Paul Hamilton (905) 877-8778.

FALL PARTY, TWO If any member is interested in doing a slide presentation of a trip at this year's Fall Party, please contact Paul Hamilton at (905) 877-8778.



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 a small but high-quality group assembled at Mansfield Outdoor Centre for the AGM. Those with the wisdom to attend enjoyed a weekend of good fellowship (if poor weather) and a very interesting talk from Dr. Graeme Magor on his trans-Ellesmere and Labrador expeditions.

The 1994 edition of the Board of Directors includes new members Mike Jones and Earl Silver as well as a new Chairman, Bob Shortill, and Vice-chairman, Paul Hamilton. They are hard at work planning events for the 1994-95 year.

Although the original plans for a site for the Fall Meeting fell through, a new site will be confirmed by the time this goes to press. At this point, the smart money is betting on Bon Echo Provincial Park. Be there!

The WCA enjoyed a highly-successful presence at both the Sportsmen's Show and Canoe Expo with a number of new members joining at the shows. As these events take a lot of organizing, people willing to help out are always welcome. Call Paul Hamilton (see back page) if you have some time to donate.

On the environmental front, our fears about the impact on Algonquin Park of the closure of the Ottawa Valley rail line and the rerouting of the traffic along the line which runs through the east side of the Park have proved well founded. The matter is still under appeal but the wheels of justice are proverbially slow and uncertain. There is also a rumor that the C.P. line through Biscotasing will be another casualty of the recession. So, if you want to travel the west branch of the Spanish (with rail access), maybe you should make it this summer!

May I wish you all a happy summer's paddling. Please remember that Toni would love to hear (in writing) about your adventures, whether they take place at the north pole or North Bay!

Bill King



Photo by Bill Ness

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

AGM vote... Thanks to all the thousands of WCA members for their support and vote.

Fall Meeting... To be held at Bon Echo Provincial Park; program still being developed; details follow in separate mailing.

AGM 95... Changing venue to a one-day 'in-the-city' location. Details and timing to follow.

Trip leaders work book... Targetted for issue by this fall.

Trip waivers... We all hate them but they seem to be necessary in these litigious times. A sample copy to be included with a future mailing of *Nastawgan*.

River clean-up... The Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association has, for some years, been sponsoring a clean-up campaign and even issued trash bags. Are we, WCA members, doing our share? How about letting the editor know about your clean-up projects this year? A special section will be made available in *Nastawgan* for your reports.

No portage here... Have you noticed any no-portage signs popping up at portages? Let me know (705) 277-3538.

Bob Shortill



PARTNERS WANTED

VOYAGEUR CANOE TRIP ON FRENCH RIVER As part of my research for a book on the history of canoeing on the French River, I'm planning a very special canoe trip in an 11-metre (36-ft) Montreal canoe from Lake Nipissing (put-in at Champlain Park where the La Vase River empties into the lake) all the way down to Georgian Bay (take-out at Key River), following in the tracks of the fur-trade voyageurs and many others who paddled these waters in the 17th to 19th centuries.

The plans are still quite tentative and the following information is therefore by no means final: two-week(!) trip sometime in June 1995 (sorry, bug time); shuttle transportation and food provided by canoe outfitter who will supply two crew members to look after the participants; trip guided by myself (which means lots of time for photography as well as experiments with the big canoe such as portaging, lining, and wading, trying to find out how it was probably done in the old days); possibly there will be a few photo sessions with several paddlers dressed in period clothing; required are a maximum of ten paddlers willing and able to spend a unique and instructive two weeks combined with plenty of hard work (the boat weighs 225 kg); route selected will depend on water level; the cost of the trip will probably not be more than \$700 per person. Interested? Call Toni Harting (416) 964-2495.

ENGLISH RIVER

Article: John Winters

Photos: Glenn Spence

Caveat - I take no pictures and keep no trip notes. What follows is a written transcription of oral history with the writer's distortions, exaggerations, and prejudices in full blossom.

I don't require much in a solo trip. A good mix of river, lake, and overland travel on a route that isn't heavily used and doesn't require a lengthy car shuttle satisfies me. The English River from Highway 17 to Sandbar Lake Provincial Park southeast of Sioux Lookout in northwest Ontario appeared to meet the requirements. Somehow, between planning and execution, the solo trip became a July-1993 group trip with six of us: two solo canoes and two tandems. I, the loosely defined trip planner, assured everyone that this would be a leisurely and easy trip.

We hit the first rapid about four kilometres below the start. It looked easy to me so I ignored the portage and led the way down to a log jam that blocked our way. There was nothing for it but to bushwhack around it on the old river bed through deadfalls and over slippery rocks. A short paddle led to an unrunnable boulder garden. The portage began to look good and Glenn Spence, grumbling about poor leadership, set off to find it while I looked on the opposite side for an easy bushwhack. No portage, no easy bushwhack. The brigade lined down the left side while I led from the right. The right side was easier. As I waited at the bottom, I heard mumbling. Things like: "I thought this was supposed to be easy." "Whose idea was this?" "And this is only the beginning!" Like a good leader I ignored the grumbling.

It was good that the next few sets were runnable since the portages that our MNR trip description described so precisely didn't seem to exist. One rapid, which could be run by the solo boats but not by the larger tandems, required bushwhacking across an island after a red post that (according to the MNR) so clearly marked the landing failed to appear. John Bilyea and I played in the waves while the tandem people grunted and groaned through the tangle. Ahh! the joys of solo paddling. I ignored the grumbling from the tandem people.

We camped that night on an old logging road where it crossed the river just past a comely fall. Here the portage was deeply worn into the bush floor but well on its way to becoming overgrown. Logging trucks sang in the bush behind us, but the bugs weren't bad and there was ample room for all the tents.

It rained in torrents the next day. We bailed furiously, ran a few pleasant rapids, and watched the slow unwinding of a dense, green shoreline. A word about the scenery. It is, if nothing else, constant. Spruce, tag alders, wetlands (politically correct word for swamp), and not much of anything else. We saw but two campsites of any size.

On Selwyn Lake we searched in vain for the "excellent campsite on the bald point" and settled for a slightly cramped but pretty site on a large rock. A word about the MNR route description. It no longer applies. Written almost twenty years

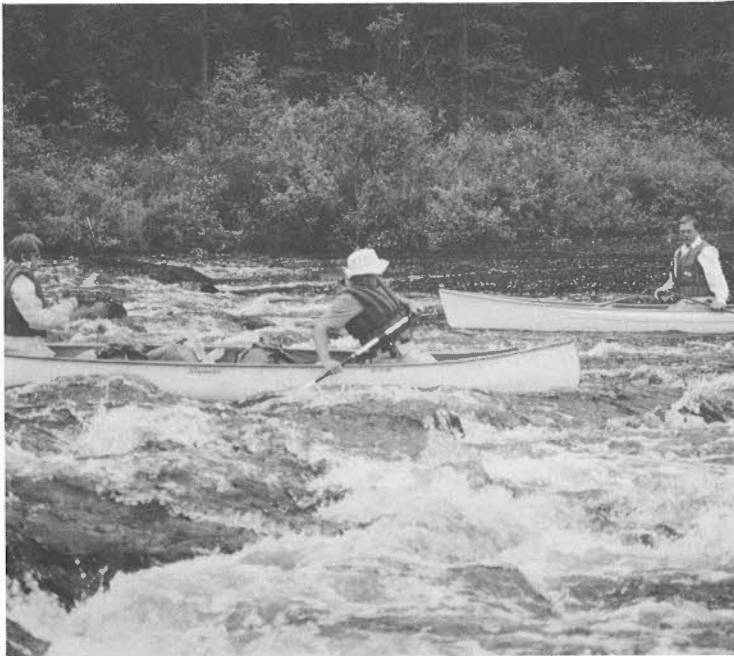
ago, things have changed, and those who rely on route descriptions will be frustrated. I chose to ignore suggestions that the leader be tarred and feathered.

The river expands after Selwyn and the scenery (to my eyes) improved. A word about navigation. There were four schools of thought in our group. The Tissots used 1:50,000 maps and Jan carefully noted our progress reporting our precise location at convenient intervals. Gerry and Glenn had the route description and 1:50,000 maps which they consulted intermittently. To them fell the job of interpreting the MNR description. John used a 1:250,000 map which he contended provided suitable detail (which, in fact, it did) for navigation purposes while retaining a sense of mystery. I carried the same scale map as John but steadfastly refused to look at it. Who needs maps anyway? It is my contention that one can find the way through deduction and common sense. Occasionally I was right.



At the foot of the trail into Mattawa Lake is a large, buggy site near an Indian burial ground. Local fishermen told us about a better site further on and there we camped in fine style. We paddled through our first large patch of wild rice the next morning and it was an almost sensual experience. The tall, slender grass would slide across the canoe and gently touch your face. Like a child who can't pass a mud puddle without jumping in I detoured to every patch and paddled slowly through. The brigade shook their heads and wondered if a sleeping bag would make a suitable strait-jacket.

The river was growing and the rapids were getting increasingly powerful, necessitating more walking. The last carry of the day was a long, wet walk along old logging roads, ending with a steep drop to the lake. I heard more grumbling and sarcasm about "easy trips." It was well into afternoon when we completed the carry. We searched in vain for a campsite. By late evening a hint of desperation set in. I stayed well ahead of the troops who were plotting revolt. Fortunately my instincts for campsites came through and an



adequate site was found in a low-lying cedar grove with a small rocky point for the fire. I set up my tent on the rock well away from the troops. Take no chances, I always say.

A fresh morning breeze carried us down Wabazikaskwi Lake (who names these things anyway?) past clear-cuts and old burns. We ran a rapid into Sowden Lake and then fought a strong head wind to a sand beach on the west shore near the river mouth. We had done the last of the runnable rapids. Where the Gulliver River joins the English the accuracy of the MNR route description improved. It advised against carrying across the island that split the river because a private lodge occupied the space. Thinking there was no harm in asking, I paddled up and made small talk. A large, surly man was frying fish over an open fire. Inside the cabin two female faces peeked through the curtains. A vague feeling of *déjà vu* gnawed at me. Had I seen something like this in Deliverance?

He acknowledged my attempts at conversation with grunts and monosyllables. The two faces in the cabin became two round little women. One looked scared as if the Mongols had recently ridden through, raping cows and pillaging women. The other looked more friendly indicating that she might have enjoyed a few Mongols. I cut to the quick. "Is that the portage over there on the right shore?" I asked, pointing to a rocky landing and a steep hill. Without looking he answered, "Yup." The friendly woman smiled. The scared one pointed to a "No Trespassing" sign. I took the hint. It wasn't such a bad portage anyway.

There being no large campsites, we split up to camp on opposite sides of the lake. Great thunderstorms boiled up, spread out, and marched past us. A glorious evening with virtually no complaining from the troops.

The next day the English returned to its original form of low banks and meanders. We reached Barrel Lake late in the afternoon. Not one campsite had we seen nor even space to cut one out of the bush. More mumbling about my planning, etc. We turned southwest and, on an island, found a delightful camp with a sand beach and ample room for our tents. A

privy with a plastic seat overlooking the lake provided a touch of luxury. The seat had blue roses on it. We had done almost no fishing but Suus had her lure snatched by something incredibly large. On the beach we found the jaw bones of a pike that established the existence of fish at least as large as the one that stole Suus's lure.

Barrel Lake was supposed to have some pictographs but we didn't find them. We did find them on Indian Lake. There, amid more modern contributions by artistic and love-sick Americans, we found a few small relics of the past. About one-third the way down Indian Lake is a long, high gravelly point. One just knew there would be a campsite on it and sure enough there was. Unfortunately, fisherman had been using it as a rendezvous. Garbage and abandoned equipment ruined the ambiance so we moved east to a virgin and prettier site.

A word about hanging packs. The Tissots carried their food in a plastic barrel affair. They left it on the ground believing that it was bear-proof. Glenn, Gerry, and John were adamant pack hangers. I waffled. Most of the time I just set the food pack on the ground near the edge of camp. On the



first night I hung it about five feet off the ground which would have done no good at all but satisfied the urge to do something. (The confirmed pack hangers hung theirs from the bridge out over the river. A bit of overkill, if you ask me.) Since we were not bothered by bears, there is no way to evaluate the various methods. On this next-to-the-last night, however, I joined the serious pack hangers. If ever there would be bears it would be here where the fishermen had scattered fish entrails.

We stayed an extra day on the point, some going off to explore, some just laying about. One evening a conference of loons formed offshore. I won't tell you how many there were because you won't believe me. They formed up into

two groups yelling back and forth like football fans. Between the groups were two officials who orchestrated the movements. After much diving and scurrying about they faded away into the sunset.

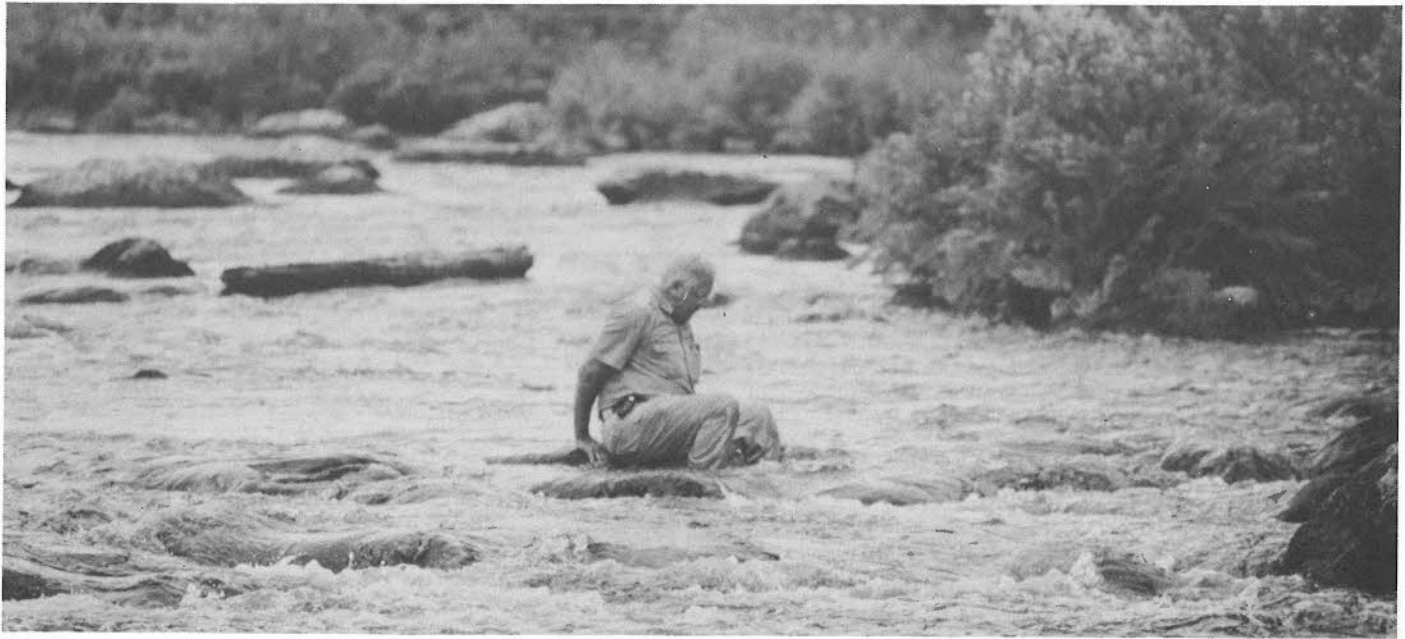
The next morning we made our way to Sandbar Lake Provincial Park and the car shuttle. We parted company there, John and I heading for Superior and some big lake paddling, Jan and Suus to their leisurely exploration of the north shore, and Glenn and Gerry to a couple of days of freedom from my draconian rule.

A qualitative judgment on a trip is perilous. What is beauty to one is a bore to another. Perhaps it is better to lay things out as they were.

There were no other canoeists but there were fishermen. According to the MNR no more than one party per year

would use the route. On the upper river the portages may have been easy if we had been able to find them. As it was, the water was high and we ran most. The occasional bushwhack is my idea of fun and that colors my opinions, but it was not a strenuous trip. Campsites are few and not always large enough for more than two tents. There was plenty of clear-cutting going on even if it wasn't always visible from the water. The fishing is supposed to be excellent. We didn't fish much so I can't say.

The owner of the English River Motel let us park for a very reasonable fee (about equal to one hour of parking in Toronto), and hopes to entice more people to use the route. To that end he has undertaken to clear some of the portages on his own accord as the MNR won't be doing it any time soon.



SUPPORT THE LOCAL ECONOMY

It is an unfortunate fact that in many parts of canoe country paddlers are regarded as cheap tightwads. Sad to say, that opinion often seems to be quite justified.

An attractive aspect of wilderness canoeing is the low cost associated with many of the trips (let's disregard for the sake of argument the high cost of flying in and out when on remote trips) compared to the fortune you can spend on a typical holiday in Acapulco. You bring your own food, camping out doesn't cost much if anything at all, no rental of boats and other equipment is required, we spend only a few bucks on car gas and little else. All fine and dandy, but it really isn't fair to the people living in the area who are trying to make a living from tourism.

And that's what most of us indeed are: tourists, temporary visitors from somewhere else, looking for an interesting "adventure" to light up our busy city lives. We say we have to preserve nature the way it is, to oppose development and increased pressure on the environment, and that's perfectly alright. But we should also realize that what we're doing far too often is just take what we want from our experience in the country without giving anything back to help the people

actually living there survive. Obviously not a healthy situation.

So next time you're going to do a short or long trip somewhere in this immense canoe country, plan on spending as much money as possible in the area you're paddling in or are passing through on your way up and back. Not only buy gas there, but also visit a restaurant, stay overnight in a motel or a commercial campsite, buy groceries and other food, load up on souvenirs for the folks back home, arrange car shuttles through the local marina where you also pay a few dollars to launch the canoe from a convenient dock, park your car in a private and guarded location where it's safe, maybe even rent canoes and paddles and other equipment from a local outfitter.

There are all kinds of ways you can leave some money behind and help the locals make a decent living. It's tough enough holding on to the dollars coming our way in these difficult times, but let's not forget that many of the people in whose "back garden" we're often paddling are to a considerable extent depending upon the dollars tourism brings in. Be wise, be nice, support the local economy!

Toni Harting

AROUND OKIKENDAWT ISLAND

A WCA outing on the Dokis section of the French River

Toni Harting

One of the nice things about canoe tripping is that often there is the opportunity to have some out-of-the-ordinary experiences. So it was on our trip on the French River early July 1993. The two memorable encounters here were with a bible group from the USA and a starving dog.

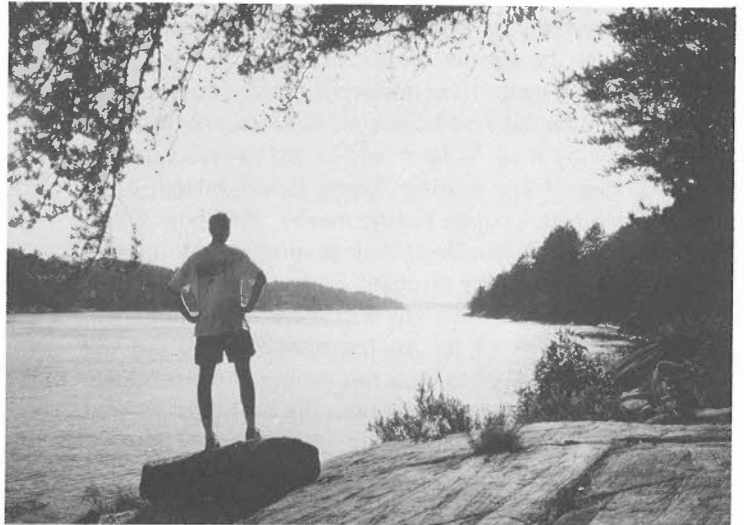
Doreen Vella had initiated this outing and the four of us soon decided upon one of the numerous trips that can be done on the extensive French River system, in this case a counter-clockwise loop down the Little French River and then back up the Main Channel. This is a very scenic trip of about 50 km, with only three portages, suitable for paddlers of all levels. The weather was fine, there were few bugs (although the deer flies could be very nasty sometimes), and we took it really easy, doing the trip in about five-and-a-half days, including one fine lay-over day.

After paying a parking and launching fee, we put in at the marina of Leonard Dokis' Riverview Cottages, located on a road just north of Dokis village on Okikendawt Island. This island is part of the Dokis First Nation (Indian Reserve, if you will) that lies astride this section of the French River.



The Little French is a beautiful piece of nature. It has very little current and offers an abundance of peace and quiet because there are fewer people here than on the main part of the French River. It gets its water from Lake Nipissing through three outlets which are, from the east: the Freeflowing Channel; the Little Chaudière Channel which is controlled by the Little Chaudière Dam; and the Hall Chute, a second, much smaller uncontrolled channel, which we ran for fun. There are several official (i.e. indicated on the French River Provincial Park map) campsites on the river. While camping on one of these we saw a bear ambling along on the opposite shore.

The Little French empties its waters into the Main Channel (Wolseley Bay) via the Five Finger Rapids which consist of several passages, making it one of the finest scenic spots of the French River system. Here we spent most of our



lay-over day, hiking in the woods, having a lazy lunch, and swimming/floating down the narrow final channel, having fun like happy, carefree children.

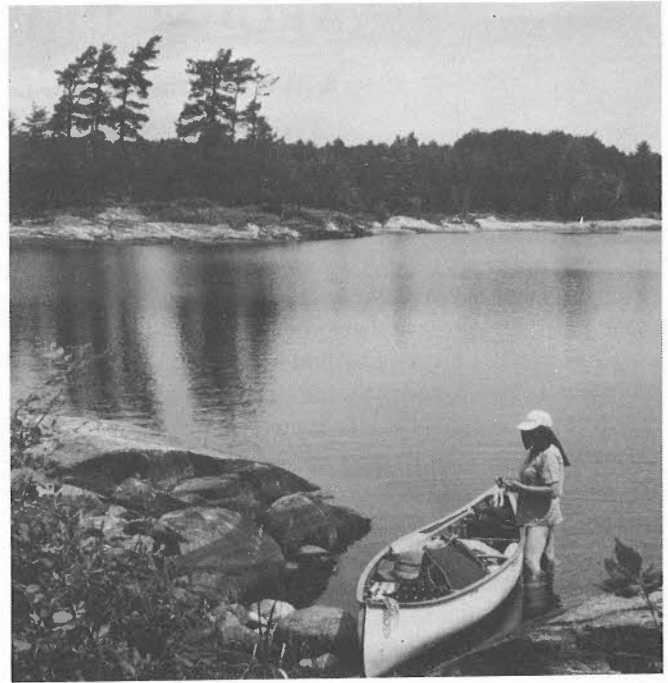
We camped for two nights on a peninsula about one kilometre south of the Five Finger Rapids. This is where we met the people of the bible camp, about 30 of them and mostly teenagers, spread out over three campsites. They invited us to an outdoor service which turned out to be a captivating, moving display of love of and respect for nature as they experienced it in their religion. There was much handclapping and singing and dancing, and everybody obviously had a very good time. We enjoyed attending the whole informal performance and cheerfully nibbled on the candies that were handed out. My agnostic mind was quite touched by the sincerity and joy the young people showed celebrating their faith.



We had originally planned to pay a one-day visit to Cedar Rapids in the North Channel, the Little/Big Pine rapids at the start of the Five Mile Rapids, and also the channel around Commanda Island. But it was warm, we were delightfully lazy, and declined to work too hard. This side trip would have to wait for another time.

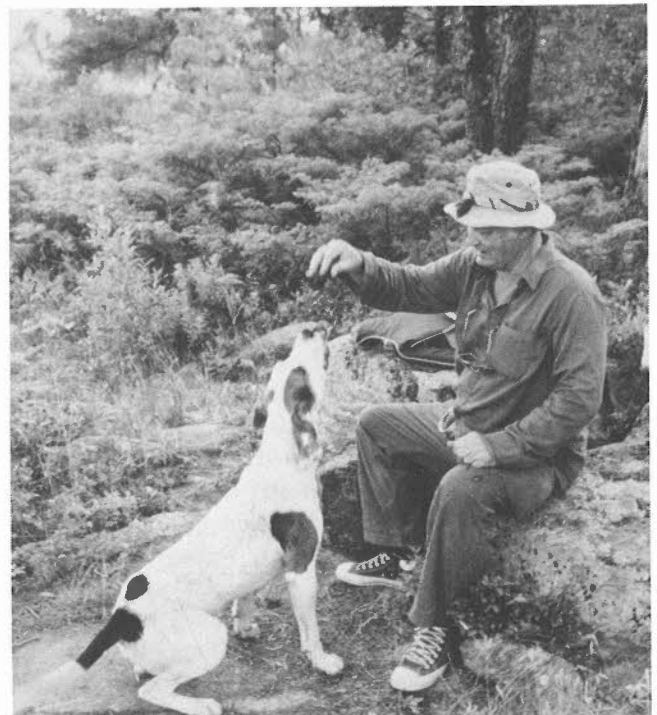
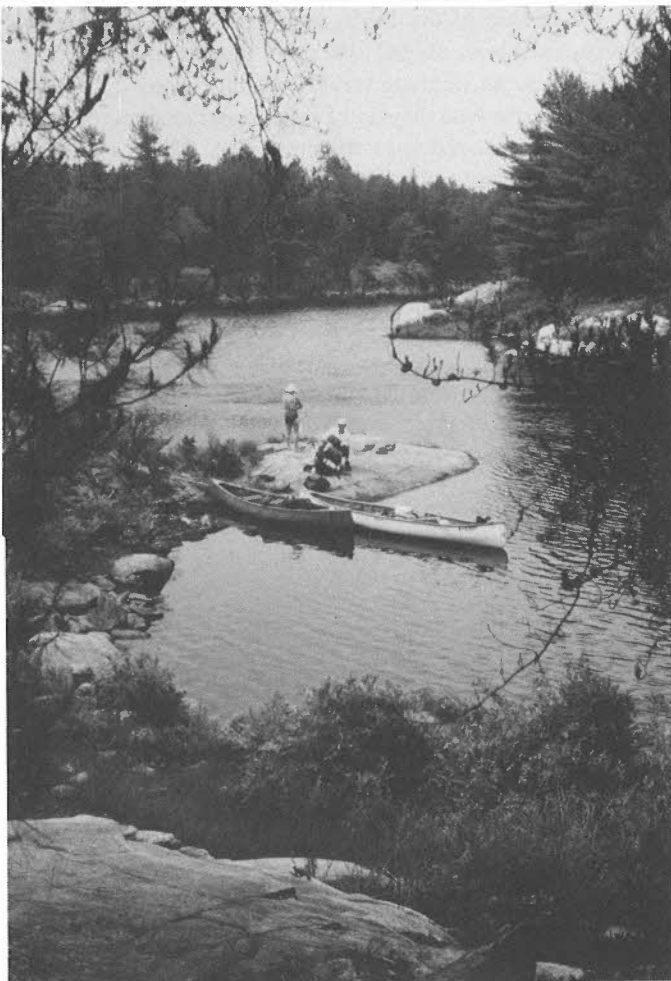
Going back up the Main Channel brought us through a stretch of the river steeped in history. Here for more than two hundred years the people of the fur trade paddled their canoes down and up the river in search of fortune, at the same time laying down the foundations of modern Canada. There is much to enjoy here. What would be the story behind the charming name Jeune Mariee (Young Bride) Island; some romantic tale with a happy ending maybe? And how would the swift water at Kelso Point look at spring break-up with large chunks of ice going through? So much to discover.

The final night of the trip was spent at an unmarked campsite just south of the Bailey bridge where the old Chaudiere Portage used to be, a fascinating and historically most significant portage that had felt the footsteps of thousands upon thousands of travellers who over the centuries had paddled on the French River. The old trail does not exist anymore; it was for the most part destroyed during the construction of the Portage Channel bypass which is controlled by the Portage Dam. There is now a new trail, south of the original one, considerably longer and more difficult because it goes over much higher ground. This 600-m portage is the longest and toughest one of the trip.



Here we had the second interesting encounter, this time with Bruce, The Starving Dog. We called him so because for some reason the name Bruce was marked several times on rocks when we approached this area. And he was starving alright; probably abandoned by somebody and now making a living scrounging off the occasional passer-by. The poor bugger ate everything we gave him, including piles of left-over bread and bannock and cheese and other stuff. At least that night he wasn't hungry.

When we left next morning Bruce followed us along the shore as best he could, howling if we went away too far away from him. When we finally had to leave our friend behind because we had to cross a bay on our way to the take-out point, we could hear his sad cries for a long time.



MORE PEE OF PADDLING

Sara Seager: PEE BOTTLE - FEMALE VERSION. It has not been without envy that I have winter-camped with men and their pee bottles. Cold winter camping is absolutely the worst time to have to leave a warm sleeping bag and venture into the frostbiting night. One especially chilly night this past winter as I stepped out into -30°C temperatures while my companion remained in his toasty sleeping bag with his pee bottle, I recalled Toni Harting's request in the winter 1993 *Nastawgan* for a female solution to this pressing problem. For those unacquainted with the female urination system, a woman trying to pee in a small bottle while half asleep is like trying to catch Niagara Falls in a bucket. Obviously not a good idea!

The most innovative and amusing solution to this predicament is the Freshette. This plastic contraption is simply an oval funnel with a long tube which can be put outside the tent or directed into a bottle. In fact the Freshette is advertised in some canoeing and outdoor magazines, and one can be ordered from there. (See the previous issue of *Nastawgan*. ed.) But, sisters beware! The Freshette bestows two crucial dangers: gravity and memory. Gravity because unless the funnel is well above the bottom of the tube, and the tube is on a constant downhill gradient, the urine will not flow out. Memory because unless kept straight out, tough plastic tends to snap back and spray everything in sight.

So, it is worthwhile to consider another option, far more simple and basic: the coffee can. Just watch out for the cold metal edges in winter! A coffee can is plenty big enough to catch the flow and while not completely watertight, can be immediately emptied outside of the tent via an outstretched arm.

My personal procedure is the most logical, especially since women may not have to empty their bladders as often

as men during the night, not being prone to the enlarged prostate/bladder causes of more frequent urination. The method is simple: no liquids starting about two hours before settling in the tent. While this can sometimes be difficult such as when trying to rehydrate after a long day of back-country skiing (voluminous perspiration and little water intake), it is so much easier to adapt to mother nature than to struggle against her. Remember that old adage: if you can't beat em, join em!

Scott Mac Adam: As a complement to using the Freshette and pee bottles mentioned in the spring issue of *Nastawgan*, I thought the readership might be interested in hearing about a line of special women's sportswear. Going under the name Zanika, the line includes panties, polypro Long Jaynes, hiking shorts, fleece pants, and wind pants. They are described as: "For women who've suffered from exposure of their personal anatomy to bugs, onlookers, and other indignities, here's a sensible solution. Designed by a woman to allow women to urinate with the discretion and comfort men take for granted, these have a unique, overlapping layer system or hidden zipper that separates when nature calls, yet is comfortable and unnoticeable for active wear."

Zanika clothing is available from: 1) Piragis Northwoods Company (The Boundary Waters Catalog, Ely, Minnesota, phone 1-800-223-6565); 2) Women in the Wilderness (566 Ottawa Avenue, St. Paul, MN 55107, phone (612) 227-2284); 3) Beyond Sportswear (P.O. Box 11943, Minneapolis, MN 55411, phone (612) 521-1429); and others. In Canada, Zanika is carried by Helene St. Arnaud, 692 Terr. Beland, LaVal, Quebec, H7X 2A4, phone (514) 689-1440. The manufacturer is Outside Interests Inc., P.O. Box 11943, Minneapolis, MN 55411, phone (612) 529-1785.



Photo by Doreen Vella

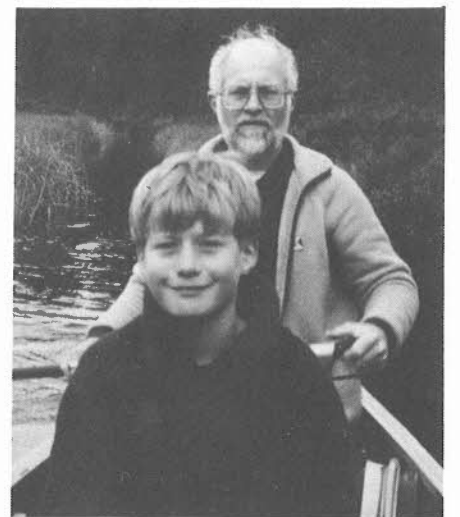
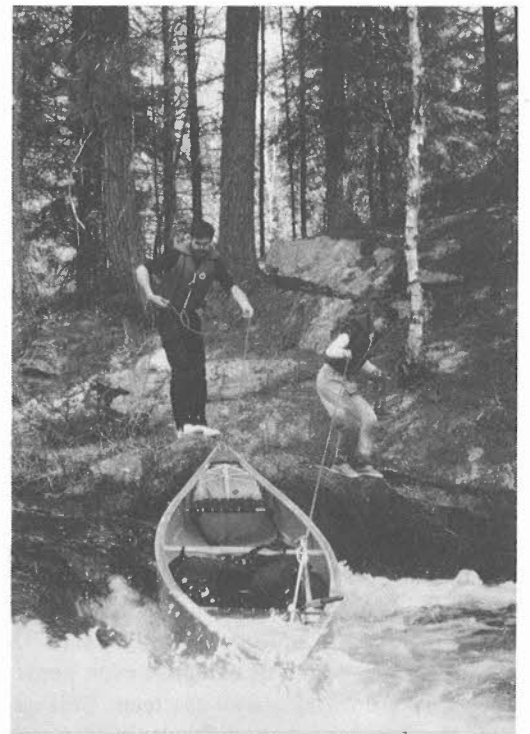


FUN AND FROLICS ON WCA OUTINGS



BILL NESS





MAGNETAWAN RIVER - NOGANOSH LAKE - ISLAND LAKE LOOP

Murray Brown

As a friend of mine passed the Still River on Hwy 69 near Britt in early August 1993, he slowed down to take a good look. "All I could see was grass," he said. "I don't think there's any water there." A phone call to the Parry Sound office of the Ministry of Natural Resources confirmed his observation. A month of no rain had made the Still unnavigable and so two weeks before starting our planned trip from Wawashkesh to Georgian Bay via Island Lake, Noganosh Lake, and the Still River, we were once more scanning the topos for another one-week canoe trip.

We wanted a trip that would challenge us both physically and mentally. We wanted to test our navigational skills on water as well as our ability to portage between two lakes where no trails existed, having only a map and compass as our guide. Hence we were five people in two canoes with one backpack each. We would do the portages, a couple of them approximately two kilometres long, in one pass. So went the original plan.

The route we finally selected left Wawashkesh as originally planned and headed north out of Bennetts Bay. With our maps in front of us we wove our way through the islands of The Top Lake. As Al, Chris, and Hans in one canoe entered the Magnetawan River, Mike and I detoured into a small bay on the north shore to check out the mouth of Farm Creek, our intended point of return. The reason this spot was marked as a rapid on the map was obvious but there was no water coming over the rocks. A short portage led us to water above this protrusion of bedrock, but not wanting to know more we returned to our canoe. About one and a half kilometres down the Magnetawan we pulled into a campsite on the north shore. Two of us started pitching tents, two building a fire and cooking supper, and one filtering water. This was our first trip together (three of us didn't even know Chris) and already we were working well as a team. This quality would help us through some more difficult situations in the days to come.



Day two was one of warm temperatures and sunshine. We portaged what rapids we had to and ran the ones we could. The water level was about one metre below winter ice levels so only a few rapids were runnable, but nearly every set yielded one or two hard-fighting smallmouth bass. Canal Rapids is a series of several short rapids set between vertical rock walls about 17 m high. We ran the first set and tried to line the second one from boulders that bordered the channel, but the current was too strong at the base of the chute, rolling the first canoe over. We managed to retrieve all our gear except one knee pad. We were in too far to turn back so the canoes and gear all had to be shuttled through the rapids in whatever manner possible. Sometimes this meant carrying canoes over huge rocks, sometimes wading with our packs on through butt-deep water. We had come looking for a challenge and we were getting a healthy dose of it.



At the last set of rapids most of the water funnelled through a two-metre-wide chute which would have been runnable except that there was a small ledge. From here the water spilled out into a pool and the granite walls dropped steeply down to a gravel beach. We lowered one canoe over the ledge with 50 metres of rope on it, put in a pack and paddle, and Chris climbed in. The current carried him down to the beach where he unloaded and we pulled the canoe back with the rope. Another pack, paddle, and fishing rod were loaded and the procedure was repeated until everything was forwarded, being careful not to risk too much equipment at one time. This was a time-consuming process but it worked.

As the day wore on we made our way down Trout Lake and further down the Mag. It was near dark when we finally stopped for the night. Hans, the Famous Swiss Chef as he became known, cooked fresh steak that was the culinary highlight of the trip and the evening was ended with a nightcap (or three or four) of whisky or schnapps.

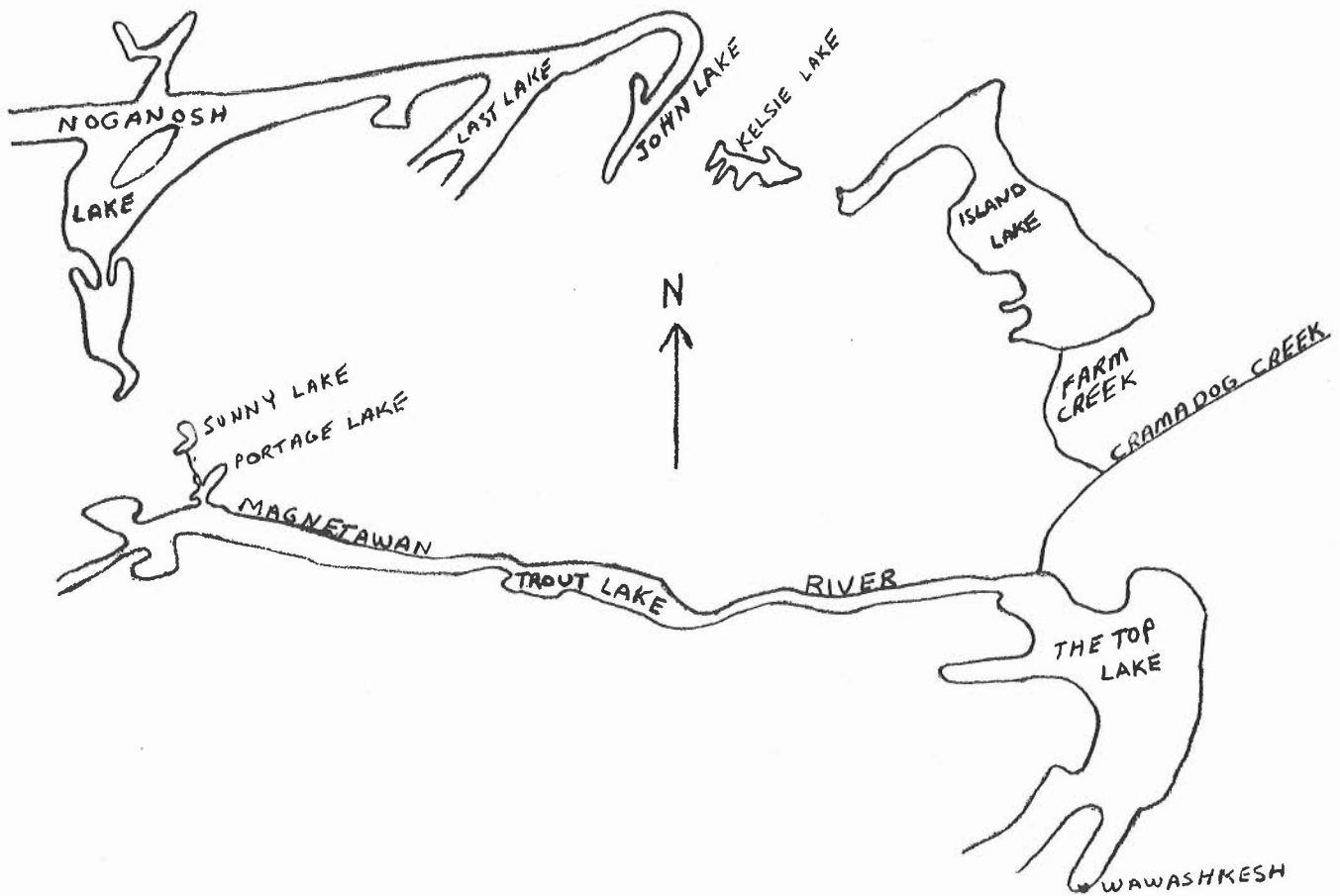
The morning of day three was spent continuing downstream past Stovepipe Rapids and then portaging north into Portage Lake. A short paddle here brought us to the trail leading to Sunny Lake. If only we had found the trail right at the start instead of part way through. At the north end of Sunny Lake we had lunch and discussed our strategy for getting into Noganosh Lake. This would be the first one of our long portages and the first one without a trail. With paddles and fishing poles tied in and our packs mounted we started off. Mike navigated, staying right on his compass bearing while the rest of us took the canoes, two under each boat. This method allowed us to take everything in one trip. Mike, not having a canoe on his head, was able to direct us around fallen trees and to areas of less-intense underbrush while still staying on course. Carrying a pack weighing about 30 kg as well as one end of a canoe through uncut bush certainly gives you a lot of respect, or should I say sympathy, for a bull moose!

We travelled for half to three quarters of a kilometre and came to a (we couldn't believe it) relatively new logging road. A short jaunt down the road we got talking to a logging crew and were told that slightly over a kilometre further on we would come to a culvert. If we'd go east for about 300 metres we would find Noganosh Lake and sure enough we did. The sound of a Timberjack sort of ruins the wilderness effect but logging roads make for much easier portaging than untravelled bush.

Paddling north on Noganosh Lake we each kept to one shore scouting for a campsite. Just over a kilometre up on the east side we found a great spot on a small pine-covered island at the entrance to a bay protruding to the east. The sunset was beautiful and a late-night fish fry added the finishing touches to a hard but successful day.

We awoke to wind and rain, but the rain quickly ended, leaving us with only wind to contend with for most of the remainder of the day. As we worked our way north we fished various bays and coves with little success. Here began the eastward part of our trip as we proceeded through Last Lake and on into John Lake. Our campsite that night was on a point of land between the main body of the lake and a bay projecting to the northwest. This was the best campsite of the trip because of its layout. We were tempted to stay an extra day, but we still had a lot of unknown territory to cover and felt it would be unwise to use our layover day at this time.

Day five was one of mostly portaging. We started at the mouth of a small, dry stream adjacent to our campsite. This was the second long portage of our trip. At first we were in very dense cover where mosses shielded everything and the dampness made footing a little bit unsure. After following the stream bed briefly we climbed sharply to the top of the bank where we could travel on sparsely treed and much drier bedrock. A short distance later the rock sloped down steeply to an open meadow of long grass. Of course this meadow was far too short and we soon found ourselves squeezing our





way between the stream which now had water and the pine trees that hugged its banks.

We put in for a short paddle across a small pond of swamp water and were soon carrying once again across the rock. Once through a small treed section we were on open rock with thin low vegetation making travel easy, but very high temperatures and the heat reflecting up off the rock made Kelsie Lake look like heaven. Once there we dropped our packs and drawers and dove in. It felt like heaven too! The trail on this last section between John Lake and Kelsie Lake is marked by small piles of stones with the top stone being somewhat rectangular and laid in the direction of travel.

The blend of exposed rock and green forest sweeping down to its shores made Kelsie Lake the jewel of the trip. Unfortunately it was not in our plans to camp here but it certainly won't be excluded from future plans. At the east end of Kelsie Lake we found a trail leading to Island Lake. I had learned of this trail in a previous issue of *Nastawgan* from an article written by John Winters. Thank you John.

Island Lake is interesting to paddle with its many bays and rock formations protruding out of the water. The bare rock hills with patchy tree cover that surround the lake add a nice change of scenery from the full-forest-to-the-shore lakes on the earlier part of the trip. This is where we took our layover day. It was spent fishing, exploring, resting, and anticipating.





The next leg of our journey would take us back to The Top Lake where we started. This was reportedly only about a four-hour jaunt but we were in low water conditions and we knew there was no flow at the other end. We all dreaded the thought of having to portage the whole distance, about three kilometres as the crow flies. For now we just enjoyed being where we were.

At the entrance to Farm Creek we were forced to take the overland route which roughly parallels the creek. The trail through the bush brought us to a clearing where we crossed the creek and cut diagonally to the southwest through long grass with no trail evident. When we once again joined the trees we were delighted to find that we also had enough water to paddle. From here Farm Creek twisted and turned endlessly until it joined Cramadog Creek and we had to lift over several beaver dams. These dams provided salvation for they were the only reason we had enough water to paddle. This area is prime moose habitat, but although we found many tracks we never saw any with hooves attached.

Cramadog Creek brought us to a series of small lakes with short portages between them. We reached the end of

Farm Creek at The Top Lake by mid afternoon, taking more than four hours but not nearly as long as we were afraid it might have. We were lucky and thankful to have been able to paddle as much as we did. We pitched our tents one final time, went to sleep to the sound of rain on the fly, and headed out early the next morning.

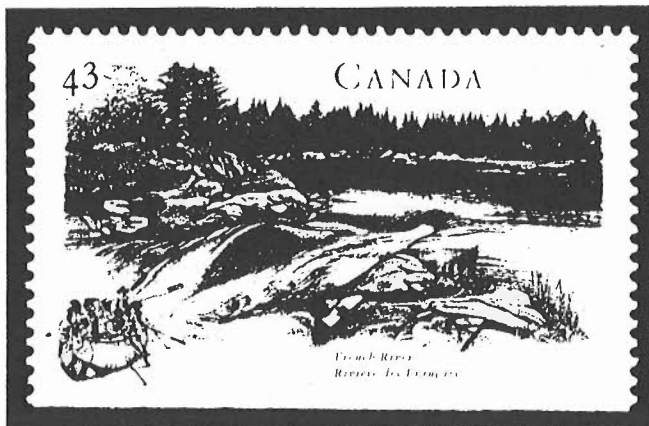
This trip was learning experience in many ways. While the absence of roads and buildings on the topographic map makes the area appear remote there wasn't a day that we didn't see other people. Bush planes make all areas very accessible and we were surprised at some of the buildings that exist in this area of limited accessibility. We expected to have to make some of our own campsites, especially on Noganosh and John lakes, but others who have travelled the area previously had the job done for us.

Top-quality equipment is of paramount importance on a trip such as this. It's no fun having to sew your pack back together. If you are in doubt before you leave you'd better go shopping. Always carry a set of maps in each boat. We almost lost one set when our canoe rolled in the rapids; we would have been in bad shape if we'd really lost them and didn't have another set. Finally, choose your partners carefully. When personalities clash you need someone whose attitude can take the edge off for the whole group. Whistling works great. Always travel with a Hans.

FRENCH RIVER STAMP

On 22 April, five new Canada Post stamps commemorating Canadian Fur Trade Rivers were issued, including one of the French River. I'm proud to report that the French River stamp is based on a photograph my wife Ria and I made somewhere at the western-most Voyageur Channel (I set up the shot and she pushed the button while I portaged our canoe; the man/canoe image was not used in the final design) during one of my trips on the French to do research for my book on the river. The stamps are available in booklets of ten, two of each of the five rivers included. A special first day cover has also been issued.

Toni Harting



COMMEMORATIVE BILL MASON STAMP

The late Bill Mason was a Canadian recognized at home and internationally as a canoeist, environmentalist, artist, film maker, photographer, and public speaker. His inspiring legacy of books, films, and paintings remains the standard of excellence in communicating the wilderness canoeing experience.

I have submitted the name of Bill Mason to the Stamp Advisory Committee of the Canada Post Corporation for commemoration on a Canadian postage stamp.

But ... submitting his name is only a first step and I would like to solicit the help of all WCA members in making this endeavor possible.

I would like you to write a letter to the members of the Committee and let them know that you are aware of my efforts and support commemorating Bill Mason on a Canadian postage stamp. Those letters would carry much weight with the Committee in their decision-making process.

The Committee's address is: National Philatelic Centre, Stamp Advisory Committee, 75 Saint Ninian Street, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, B2G 2R8.

With your support I feel that we can be successful in making this commemoration of Bill Mason a reality.

Wayne Bagley (519) 255-1081

THE RESISTANCE OF CANOES

William Hosford and Stuart Cohen

How much force is required to propel a canoe? How fast can a canoe be paddled in open water? How much difference is there between canoes? These questions interested us.

A couple we know, after having paddled a standard 17-ft Grumman for years, decided to buy another canoe. During a trial paddle in a Mad River Explorer, the husband remarked to his wife in the bow that they were really going fast. She replied, "Oh no! When we go fast it makes a lot of noise up here." Of course, she was referring to the noise made by the Grumman's bow wave (which was much bigger than the Explorer's bow wave). We have also observed that on long trips, some canoes seem to get ahead and others lag behind even when the stronger paddlers are in the slower canoes. These observations lead us to make tests to measure the differences in resistance.

We tested three canoes. One was a 16.5-ft Mad River Explorer and the other two were standard 17-ft Grummans. (One of these was relatively new and had a smooth hull and the other was very banged up from several thousand miles of whitewater canoeing.)

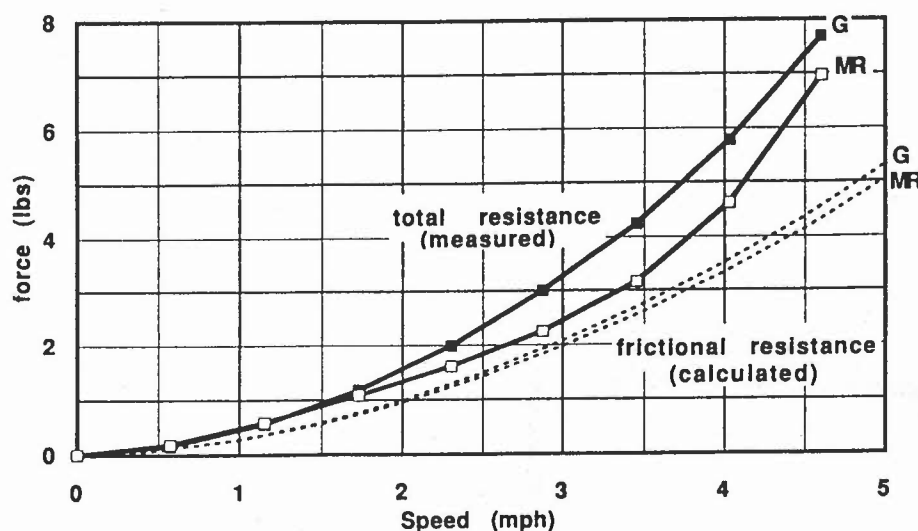
The tests were made in the Naval Tow Tank at The University of Michigan. This pool is about 360 ft long and 22 ft wide. The canoes were attached to a car which spanned the pool and could be driven at a constant speed while the force required to tow the canoe was being measured. Each canoe was loaded with 500 pounds, evenly distributed so that the canoe remained level. The 500 lbs was chosen to simulate the load on an extended trip (e.g. two 190-lbs persons with 120 lbs of gear). Tests were made at different speeds. The finite size of the pool caused a little additional drag so the forces were corrected to what they would be in open water. The first graph shows how the resistance (force) varied with speed for two of the canoes (the battered Grumman and the

Mad River). The measurements for the "new" Grumman were almost identical to those for the "battered" one. (The measured drag of the battered one was about 2% higher which is probably within experimental accuracy.)

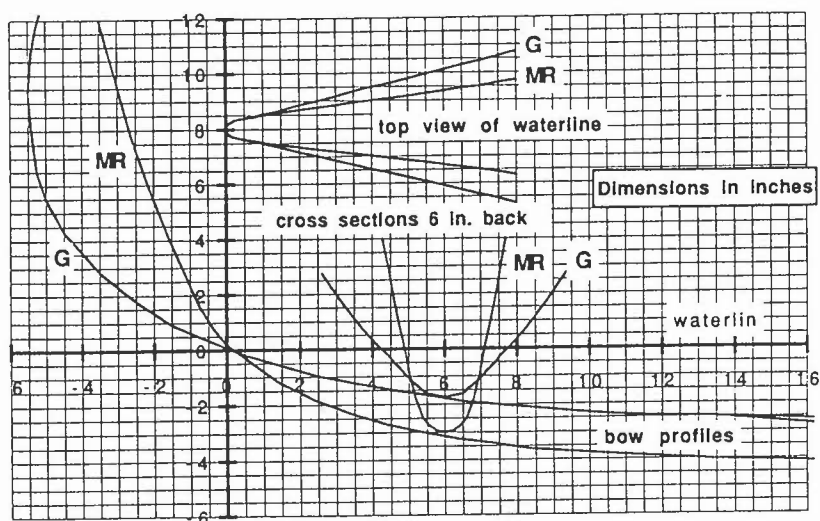
A large fraction of the drag is frictional resistance which can be calculated from the wetted area, velocity, and length of the canoe, and the density and viscosity of water. The graph shows that the calculated frictional resistance is nearly the same for the two canoes. The difference between the measured drag and the frictional resistance is called the residual resistance and is largely due to the wave-making characteristics.

There are several significant features of the results. One is that, as expected, the drag force increases rapidly as the speed is increased, being almost proportional to the square of the speed. [Power, which is the rate of spending energy, increases with the cube of the speed, so doubling the speed requires increasing the power by eight times.] Increasing the speed from two to four miles per hour requires four times the force. Realistically two people cannot paddle with an average force of more than about five pounds for a sustained period, so a sustained speed greater than 3.5 to 4 mph is unrealistic. Extra effort does not buy much additional speed.

The difference in hull shapes of the Grumman and Mad River canoes has significant influence. For the same force (e.g. three pounds) the Mad River canoe goes about 17% faster. This is in rough accord with our observations on Lake Superior where after about one hour of paddling, one canoe would have to wait about 10 minutes for the other to catch up. The reason for the difference is primarily in the shape of the bow. The shapes of the bows near the waterline are shown in the second plot. The Grumman, which is patterned after the classic wood-and-canvas and even older birch-bark ca-



Measured total resistance and calculated frictional resistance of the canoes. The 17 ft. Grumman aluminum canoe is indicated by G and the 16 1/2 Mad River Explorer Kevlar canoe by MR.



The profiles of the canoes. The Mad River design has a much sharper bow than the Grumman.

noes, enters the water very shallowly. The bow of the Explorer, on the other hand, reminds one of a ship. It is quite steep as viewed from the side, but very sharp as viewed from above. It appears to cut the water rather than ride up on it. This difference is reflected by the height of the bow wave and the amount of noise it makes. The bows of most canoes are similar to one or the other of these. The principal exception seems to be ABS canoes which fall between them, probably because the ABS sheets cannot be formed with features as sharp as fibreglass or Kevlar.

The fact that the difference between the “new” and “beat-up” Grummans was negligible indicates that the smoothness of the surface is relatively unimportant, unlike the overall shape. The effect of the stern shape was not tested, but at these low speeds, this effect is expected to be small.

The residual resistance depends on the hull shape. Energy expended in forming the bow waves is the major factor in the residual resistance and there is a large difference between the residual resistances of the two hulls. The length is also important; the longer the canoe, the lower the residual resistance. This surprises some people, but it is well known

to naval architects that the drag of a ship is inversely proportional to the square root of its length. The longer the wetted waterline, the less the wave drag. Other things being equal, the residual drag force of a 16-ft canoe is 3% greater than that of a 17-ft canoe. The much longer canoes of the voyageurs (*canot du maitre*, about 36 ft long, and the *canot du nord*, about 25 ft long) would have a much lower residual resistance.

It should not be concluded from our tests that the shape of the Explorer is better than that of the Grumman. It does offer considerably lower resistance in flat still water and we suspect also in waves. However, the Grumman shape is probably more manoeuvrable, a feature of great advantage in rapids. The trim (forward-backward distribution of load) would also affect the results. The question addressed was the effect of hull shape on the force necessary to propel a canoe with level trim in a straight line.

(We wish to acknowledge the assistance of the Ship Hydrodynamics Laboratory at the University of Michigan.)

RIVER TOURING GUIDES

The number, but above all the quality, of guide books giving pertinent and useful information on the abundance of Canadian tripping rivers is steadily increasing. Nick Coomber of the Canadian Heritage Rivers System graciously supplied us with the latest of the crop, five booklets in several languages presenting up-to-date and accurate descriptions of first-class canoeing rivers located in various National Parks. The booklets are printed on waterproof paper and can be obtained by contacting the National Parks concerned.

ATHABASCA RIVER in Jasper NP (in English and French); Jasper National Park, P.O. Box 10, Jasper, AB, T0E 1E0; (403) 852-6161.

NORTH SASKATCHEWAN RIVER in Banff NP (E and F); Banff National Park, Box 900, Banff, AB, T0L 0C0; (403) 762-1500.

KICKING HORSE RIVER in Yoho NP (in E and F); Yoho National Park, Box 99, Field, BC, V0A 1G0; (604) 343-6324.

SOUTH NAHANNI RIVER in Nahanni NP Reserve (in E and F and German); Nahanni National Park Reserve, Bag 300, Fort Simpson, NWT, X0E 0N0; (403) 695-3151.

FLAT RIVER in Nahanni NP Reserve (in E); Nahanni National Park Reserve, Bag 300, Fort Simpson, NWT, X0E 0N0; (403) 695-3151.

PETAWAWA RESCUE

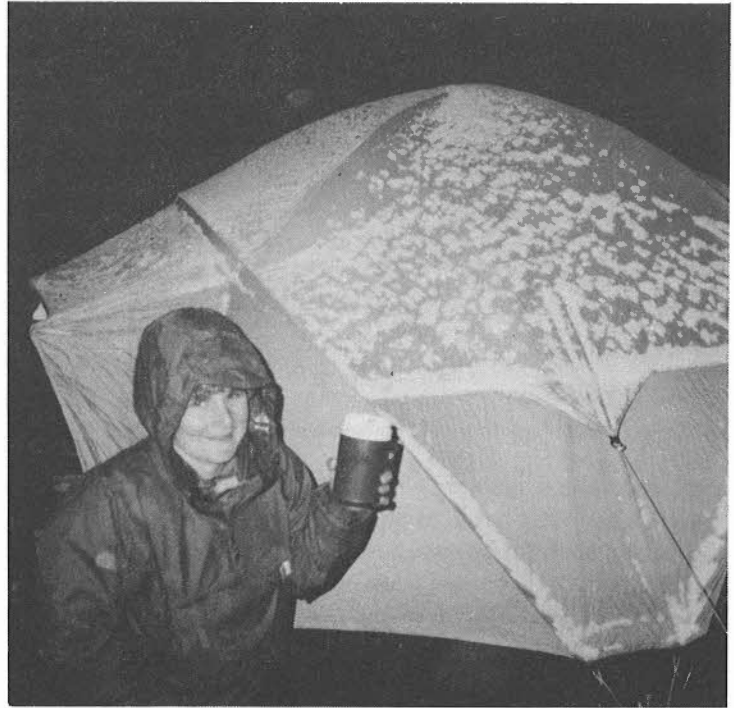
Bryan Buttigieg

It was a typical Thanksgiving weekend run on the Petawawa, that alluring river in eastern Algonquin park: a small group of WCA members enjoying one of the last paddles of the year, watching summer drift away. Large snowflakes fell as we went down Rollway Rapids; frost and light snow covered our campsite each morning. But we were quite comfortable, always dry in the campsites, warm and well-fed.

The second night we camped at Whitson Lake. In the morning it would be a short paddle to the cars at the McManus Lake take-out. We ate pumpkin pie courtesy of Anne and Earl while enjoying the campfire. At one point we thought we heard a wolf howl, followed by voices. Perhaps it was the group we had seen the first night, looking for a campsite just before dusk. We thought they were really pushing it this time, as it had been dark for quite some time by then.

A dusting of snow covered the tents the next morning. Wet shoes had to be thawed before they could be worn. As we cooked the warmest, most filling breakfast we could create, we heard voices again. This time a man and two young boys walked into our campsite. Wearing only light clothing, they had just inadvertently spent the cold night under the stars. Apparently the day before, the man had wanted to show the boys a moose. They had paddled a short way from the McManus Lake parking lot, followed a trail, and promptly got completely lost.

As we provided spare toques, gloves, and a warm breakfast we learned that our visitors had only expected to be out for a few hours in the afternoon. They had become so lost, however, that they could not even believe they were on the same river they had started on. Only rediscovering the river late in the day, they began following it upstream hoping it



would take them close to their starting point (actually thinking they were walking downstream as they were misled by the wind blowing on the surface of the lake). They had seen our campfire the night before and had decided to try to reach us in the morning. It was their calls we must have heard, but it was too dark by then to try to walk to our site.

We paddled back to the parking lot with an extra person in each canoe. An unusual ending to the 1993 paddling season.



REVIEWS

THE RUN OF THE RIVER, Portraits of Eleven British Columbia Rivers, by Mark Hume, published by New Star Books, Vancouver, 1992, softcover, 215 pages, with bibliography and index, \$14.95.

Reviewed by Bryan Buttigieg.

"There are 60 primary watersheds on Vancouver Island that are larger than 5000 hectares. Of these, only seven are unlogged: the Megin, Moyeha, Sydney, Power, Nasparti, East and Klaskish.

"Remember those names, for they are the last."

This is a book about the other watersheds on Vancouver Island and the rest of British Columbia, the ones that have been logged and otherwise affected by human activity. Through a detailed examination of eleven rivers in British Columbia, Mark Hume explains the extensive harm that has been caused to countless habitats in the province. Focusing primarily on the effect of human development on fish ecology, the writer presents an essentially sad portrait of ecosystems harmed, often irreparably, usually through carelessness and lack of foresight rather than evil design. In many ways it is even sadder to realize that lack of care and ignorance could cause so much harm, especially when the knowledge to adopt less harmful behavior could have been acquired before rather than after the damage was done.

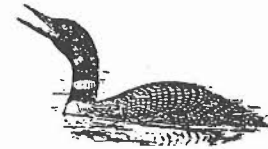
Hume's writing is at its best when he describes the joy of fishing a properly functioning river. His love of the rivers and the life they support shows through in the care with which he describes the intricate lifecycles of some of their inhabitants, such as the steelhead of the Thompson River. But even with the hope provided by the selfless acts of some local communities to improve habitats, the message remains bleak. Sadder than hearing Hume's message perhaps, would be for the rest of us to fail to realize the loss that has already occurred. In learning what has happened and how, maybe we will in turn be better equipped to each do our own small part to preserve the wilderness in our backyards. After all, it is these same rivers that we look to for our own wilderness encounters.



CAMPSITE MEMORIES, True Tales from Wild Places, by Cliff Jacobson, published by ICS Books, Merrillville, IN, 1994, softcover, 153 pages, CDN\$ 13.95, US\$ 9.99.

Reviewed by Toni Harting.

It is as if you actually hear him talk, this Cliff the story teller, when you read what he has to say about all kinds of happenings in the outdoors. His writing style is so relaxed and pleasant that it is indeed as if you are part of a group of campers sitting around the fire listening to this 'wise young man' weaving his little tales of magic. From the Introduction: "The stories in this book are all true. Most begin with a dream and a conscientious study of maps and logistics. There's a mixture of humor, joy, sadness, tragedy and testable morality — plus the essence of 'wildness' and the fulfillment of dreams." Keep on dreaming, Cliff, and may you always find the opportunity to tell us about them.



AT HOME IN THE WILDERNESS; Book One: Tactics for Camp and Portage, by Beth and Dave Buckley, published by Ashford Outdoor Media, 6478 Ashford Hollow Road, West Valley, NY 14171-9612, USA; 1994, softcover, 102 pages, US\$9.95. (Special offer for WCA members: US\$10.00 delivered to USA; CDN\$14.50 delivered to Canada.)

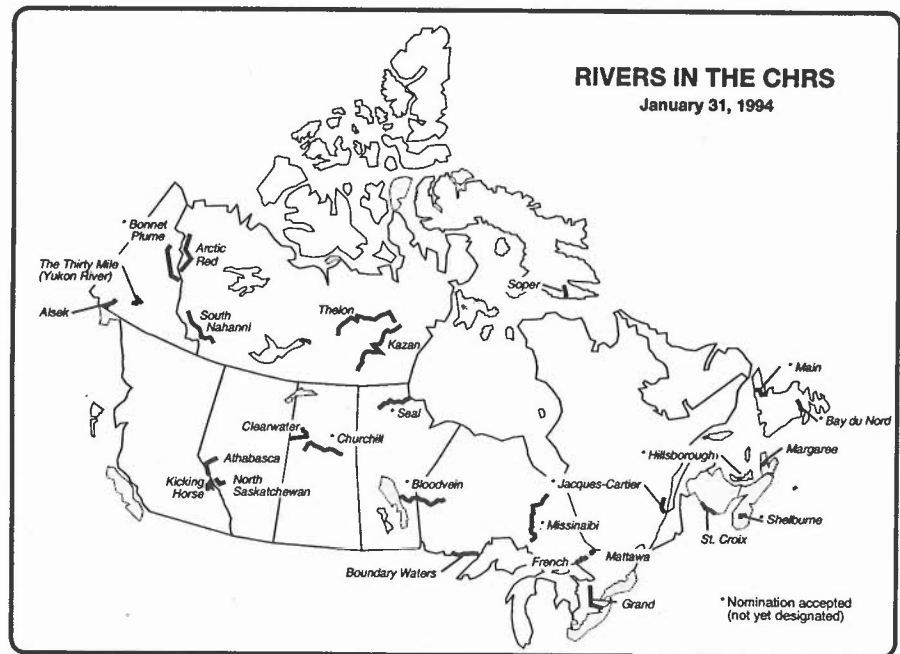
Reviewed by Toni Harting.

I could have saved myself a lot of trouble if I would have had this book when I started out canoeing years ago. We all tend to make the same kinds of mistake when we try the first tentative steps in a new direction, and it's not always easy to find good advice. The Buckleys, an "on-the-road-to-fame" wife-and-husband team making their living in the demanding field of outdoor education, have done an excellent job of helping us overcome many of the problems waiting for us in canoe country. Beginner or seasoned old-timer, everybody can benefit greatly from the numerous tips on equipment and gear presented in this book.

The subjects dealt with are: bears, boots and clothing, campfires, Dryfly, firewood, hypothermia, knots, portaging, staying dry, pre-trip planning and conditioning. A typical Buckley touch is that the book is dedicated to their great friend Lucas, the beloved dog companion on many of their more than eighty wilderness canoe trips. This is the first volume in a series of three, maybe more, books they are planning to produce presenting "solid how-to information for canoeists," about making us feel at home in the wilderness. If the next books are as good as this one, we are in for a treat.



Le Réseau
de rivières
du patrimoine
canadien



Twenty-seven rivers are now included in the CHRS, totalling almost 6000 km in length. Seventeen of these rivers, totalling over 3700 km, have been formally designated, following the tabling of management plans with the Canadian Heritage Rivers Board. The plans detail how the heritage values of these rivers will be preserved.

Designated Rivers

River	Province/Territory (Park ¹)	Designation Date	Length
French	Ontario (French River P.P.)	Feb. 1986	110 km
Alesk	Yukon (Kluane N.P. Reserve)	Feb. 1986	90 km
S. Nahanni	Northwest Territories (Nahanni N.P. Reserve)	Jan. 1987	300km
Clearwater	Saskatchewan (Clearwater R.P.P.)	June 1987	187 km
Bloodvein ³	Manitoba (Atikaki P.P.)	June 1987	200 km
Mattawa	Ontario (Mattawa River P.P. and Samuel de Champlain P.P.)	Jan. 1988	33 km
Athabasca ⁴	Alberta (Jasper N.P.)	Jan. 1989	168 km
N. Saskatchewan ⁴	Alberta (Banff N.P.)	Jan. 1989	49 km
Kicking Horse ⁴	British Columbia (Yoho N.P.)	Jan. 1989	67 km
Kazan	Northwest Territories	July 1990	615 km
Thelon	Northwest Territories	July 1990	545 km
St. Croix	New Brunswick	Jan. 1991	185 km
Yukon (30 Mile)	Yukon	Jan. 1991	48 km
Seal	Manitoba	June 1992	260 km
Soper ²	Northwest Territories	June 1992	108 km
Arctic Red	Northwest Territories	Sept 1993	450 km
Grand	Ontario	Jan. 1994	290 km
Total			3705 km

Nominated Rivers

River	Province/Territory (Park ¹)	Anticipated Designation Date	Length
Jacques-Cartier ⁴	Québec (Jacques-Cartier P.P.)	Jan. 1996	128 km
Main	Newfoundland	Jan. 1995	57 km
Missinaibi	Ontario (Missinaibi P.P.)	June 1995	426 km
Margaree ³	Nova Scotia	June 1995	120 km
Bloodvein ³	Ontario (Woodland Caribou P.P.)	June 1995	106 km
Bay du Nord	Newfoundland (Bay du Nord Wilderness Reserve)	June 1995	75 km
Bonnet Plume	Yukon	Jan. 1996	350 km
Shelburne	Nova Scotia	Jan. 1996	53 km
Boundary Waters	Ontario (La Verendrye/Quetico P.P./Middle Falls)	June 1996	250 km
Churchill	Saskatchewan	June 1996	487 km
Hillsborough	Prince Edward Island	Jan. 1997	45 km
Total			2097 km

¹ P.P. denotes provincial park; N.P. denotes national park
² Length of main stem of river, excluding nominated tributaries.
³ Bloodvein River has been nominated in two sections, by Manitoba and Ontario.
⁴ Only the upper section of the river is located in the Park.

WCA TRIPS

For questions, suggestions, or anything else related to the WCA Trips, contact any of the members of the Outings Committee: Bill Ness (416) 321-3005; Ken Coburn (416) 767-5845; Mike Jones (905) 270-3256; Ann Dixie (416) 486-7402.

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

1-10 July **TEMAGAMI**

Richard Todd, (819) 827-3175 (h), (613) 990-4760 (w); call now.

A flatwater trip including Obabika Lake and River, Wakima, Temagami, Diamond and Lady Evelyn lakes and several others. Some moderate portages. Limit four canoes.

1-5 July **RAIN LAKE AND GRASSY BAY LOOP**

Doreen Vella, (416) 285-1322; book immediately.

Five days of glorious canoeing and camping in the western region of Algonquin Park. Wildlife abounds. An easy trip, longest portage only 925 metres. Limit three canoes.

9 July **MOORE FALLS, HEAD LAKE LOOP**

Rob Butler, (416) 487-2282; book immediately.

This trip, just south of Minden, will take us through several scenic lakes and across some interesting portages. Suitable for fit novices who don't mind portaging. A short car shuttle will be necessary. Limit three boats.

16-17 July **TEMAGAMI LAKES**

Richard Culpeper, (705) 671-3343; book immediately.

If you are new to the WCA, or even new to paddling, then come join fellow WCA and Sudbury Canoe Club members on a joint exploratory trip. We'll spend a relaxing and sociable weekend making new friends while poking about in the western Temagami Lakes region. Limit six canoes.

23-24 July **LOWER MADAWASKA RIVER**

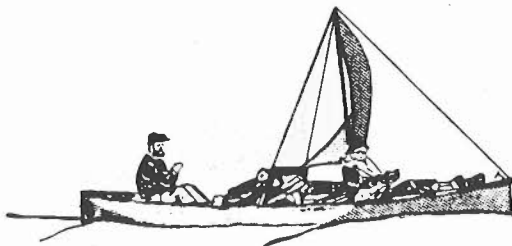
Tim Gill, (416) 447-2063; book immediately.

We will be doing the classic Latchford Bridge to Griffith run. Even at mid-summer levels, there are some challenging rapids and great play spots. A fine family river trip for novices. The river is pool-and-drop with flat sections in between. All rapids can be easily portaged. Limit five boats.

24-30 July **LA VÉRENDRYE PARK**

Gerry O'Farrell, (519) 822-8886; book immediately.

La Vérendrye Park in western Québec lies to the north of the headwaters of the Dumoine and Coulonge rivers. It is a maze of lakes and rivers, very similar to the Temagami area. Join us for this five-day excursion through a chain of lakes. The trip is suitable for confident novice canoe trippers who can maintain a pace of 25-30 kilometres a day on the water. Limit four canoes.



30 July - 1 Aug. **OTTAWA RIVER**

John and Sharon Hackert (416) 438-7672; book before 22 July.

The two channels of the Ottawa, the Middle and the Main, will be run Saturday and Sunday respectively. Monday's run will depend on the survivors. We will scout most rapids. The Ottawa is a high-volume river with several serious rapids. Come prepared to frolic in this whitewater playground and camp on the most beautiful spot on the river. Proper equipment including helmets and fully outfitted boats are mandatory. Limit five canoes. Participants must have solid intermediate or better whitewater skills.

6-7 August **PALMER RAPIDS RIVER RESCUE CLINIC**

Bill Ness (416) 321-3005, Roger and Sandy Harris, Ken Coburn, Ann Dixie, Mike Jones; book immediately.

This clinic, which covers a variety of rescue techniques, is sponsored by the WCA Outings Committee. Rope-handling skills, rescue equipment, boat recovery, and rescue organization will be discussed and demonstrated. Bring all your rescue equipment. Advance reading of the book "River Rescue" by Slim Ray is recommended. All paddlers welcome.

13-21 August **GEORGIAN BAY**

Richard Todd, (819) 827-3175 (h), (613) 990-4760 (w); call now.

From French River or Key River to Snug Harbour. Weather permitting, we will spend three days exploring the McCoy Islands and the nearby Minks. This will be a conservative trip suitable for paddlers with sound basic skills and reasonable stamina.

20-22 August **FLATWATER CAMPING TRIP**

Howard Sayles, (416) 921-5321 (answering machine); book now.

Route to be determined by group. Suitable for novices with some tripping experience. Limit four boats.

20-21 August **MINDEN WILDWATER PRESERVE**

Tim Gill (416) 447-2063; book before 13 August.

This man-made, world-class whitewater course on the Gull River provides some of the best summer whitewater in central Ontario. The course is technically demanding and suitable only for solid intermediate or advanced paddlers with properly outfitted whitewater boats. Helmets are required. Participants are cautioned that capsizing and swimming could result in serious personal injury and damage to your boat. However, for those with the requisite skills, the Gull provides some truly exhilarating paddling. As well, the bottom of the course can be safely used by novices to build their skills. Limit six boats.

3-5 September **OTTAWA RIVER**

John and Sharon Hackert (416) 438-7672; book before 30 August. See description for 6-8 August.

10-11 September **NUNIKANI LOOP**

Bryan and Pat Buttigieg (905) 831-3554; book before 26 August.

This will be a short overnight loop through four lakes in the Leslie Frost Forest Reserve. We have not paddled this route before but the map promises short, easy portages in an area described by Eric Morse as Haliburton's "accessible wilderness." Suitable for novices. Limit five canoes.

11 September **BURNT RIVER**

Bill Ness (416) 321-3005; book before 4 September.

Between Kinmount and the village of Burnt River, the Burnt is a placid stretch of water with a few small ripples, and a couple

of larger scenic drops which are easily portaged. By this time of year there should be few bugs, but the water should still be warm enough for swimming. This leisurely Sunday paddle makes a fine family outing. Limit six canoes.

17-18 September LOWER MADAWASKA

Roger and Sandy Harris, (416) 323-3603; book before 10 September.

A change is as good as a rest. A camping trip with some rapids to play in. All rapids can be portaged. Newcomers to the pack invited. Howl under the full moon. Lycanthropes welcome. Limit six "werepaddlers."

18 September ELORA GORGE

Dave Sharp (519) 621-1370; book before 11 September.

The Gorge at this time of year provides a great place for novice to intermediate paddlers to spend a day practising their whitewater

skills in the numerous Class I to II rapids. Limit six canoes.

1-2 October FALL HIKING IN ALGONQUIN

Doreen Vella, (416) 285-1322; book before 16 September.

On Saturday we will hike the 11-km Mizzy Lake Trail and on Sunday the 7.5-km Track and Tower Trail. Easy hiking and bug-free conditions. Both routes are easily accessible from Highway 60. Overnight camping will be at the Mew Lake campground. No limit, "The more the merrier!"

16 October GRAND RIVER

Mike Jones, (905) 270-3256; book before 7 October.

Gently moving water, mooing cows, and fall colors at their finest. Bounding deer. Rain aplenty. Suitable for the family. Limit five canoes.

WILDERNESS PARK EVALUATION

Last year, a University of Guelph questionnaire was distributed throughout the summer to wilderness provincial park users. Much of the survey was prepared to determine a cost/benefit relationship between traditional wilderness use and resource extraction.

In trying to establish the value of wilderness parks, the survey designer, Dr. Kimberly Rollins, chose to focus on *willingness to pay* questions, such as whether or not I would be willing to pay an extra \$200 to do my trip if I were to encounter twice as many people at portages.

Unfortunately, *willingness to pay* valuation is inappropriate when looking at disruptions to the present use of wilderness parks. For example, on all the surveys which I reviewed, I found that I was consistently answering "no," I would not be willing to pay significantly more for my trip. This implies that I do not highly value wilderness parks, which could not be further from the truth.

If we are trying to assign a value to something to which we traditionally have rights, but are in risk of losing, such as wilderness in wilderness provincial parks, then we should be asking questions based on *willingness to accept*, not *willingness to pay*. Quite simply, for wilderness paddlers, *willingness to pay* questions may lead to a low valuation of wilderness, but *willingness to accept* questions may lead to a high valuation of wilderness.

Part of the difference between *willingness to pay* and *willingness to accept* valuations can be found in non-use values, such as existence value. Asking how much I would pay to enjoy wilderness does not address how important the existence of wilderness is to me. Dr. Rollins' survey touches on existence value, but only briefly when compared to the *willingness to pay* questions.

Over repeated attempts, Dr. Rollins has not been available to comment on the survey design, and has chosen not to return calls. Since the survey seems a bit skewed to me, and since I have not been able to discuss my concerns with its author, I must question the survey, the analysis that will be based upon it, and ultimately the influence it will have on Ministry of Natural Resources' decisions which will affect the future of our wilderness provincial parks.

Richard Culpeper

THE START

At the put-in. Warm sun welcoming us back to the Canadian north after a year's absence. Four of us floating in loaded canoes just off shore. The lake is calm and gentle swells are lifting and dropping the canoes in place.

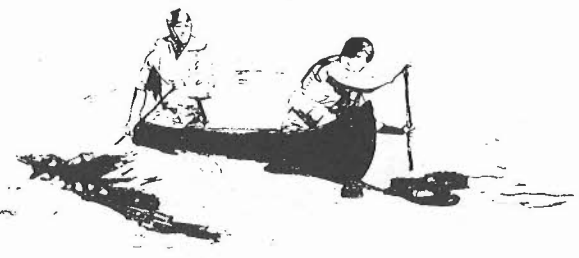
Sights and sounds seem to last forever. Been floating for awhile, but can still hear the scrape of the last rock as the canoes were nosed off the shallows and into the lake. The dust cloud from the car disappearing around a curve in the road still hanging in the air. The car being shuttled to a different time zone, latitude, province. Hopefully to meet us 24 days from now.

The silence goes on for several minutes. Each of us lost in thought that another wilderness canoe trip is happening. Have learned the hard way to never take the next trip for granted. Too many obstacles can occur in the space of a year to prevent it.

No one wants to break the reverie. A bump against the gunwales draws me back. The buddy has reached for his paddle. Looking at the one laying across my lap. Reaching for it is like reaching for the hand of a good friend not often seen. Willingly. Gladly. Happily. The hands move automatically to the canoeing position on the paddle shaft. Many hours in that position have turned the movement into instinct. The paddle is dry to the touch. A year since it last paddled in the wilderness. Pause for a moment before the paddle enters the water. After the first stroke pull the paddle out of the water and watch the drops fall back into the lake.

The baptism is over. Another wilderness canoe trip has begun.

Greg Went



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.

CANOE FOR SALE 16 ft Mad River Explorer in good condition with vinyl gunwales, thigh straps, Teal yoke, bow and stern air bags. Never holed or wrapped. \$850. Paul Hamilton, (905) 877-8778.

CANOE FOR SALE Red 14-ft LaFabre cedar strip solo trapper canoe, circa '69, made in Quebec, restored and recanvassed '93 by Wilderness Workshop Canoes. Collector's item, \$1300. Mark Boekelman, (416) 620-4256.

COMPUTER FOR SALE Excellent IBM compatible 286, 40 MB hard drive, 640 K memory, monochrome 14" monitor, enhanced 101-key keyboard, floppy disks slots 3.5 and 5 1/4, some software DOS 3.3 and WP4.2 (essential files only), parallel and serial ports, mouse. Ready to go. This beloved computer is in superb condition and has five years unique wilderness canoeing experience helping the editor put *Nastawgan* together. Perfect machine for financially challenged students and writers who don't need memory-eating Windows and graphic capabilities. Was \$2100 new, now only \$350. Toni Harting, (416) 964-2495.

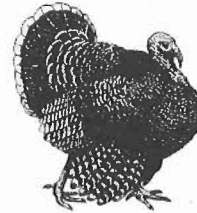
PADDLING IN NEW BRUNSWICK Excellent sea kayaking as well as river/lake paddling possible. Ask for 1994 New Brunswick Outdoor Adventure Guide; phone (506) 453-8757, fax (506) 453-7127.

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.

OUTER PLACES All-Season Wilderness Adventures. Winter skiing/camping packages, whitewater canoe instruction courses, and completely outfitted customized wilderness canoe trips anywhere in Ontario and Quebec from two days to several weeks. For more information, contact Dale Miner at OUTER PLACES, 15 Cheston Road, Toronto, M4S 2X4; phone (416) 489-2067.

WILDERNESS EXPERIENCE is offering canoe trips, a wilderness retreat, and an ORCA instructor certification course. Trips are 8 days in length and each one has a specific theme including: Yoga in Killarney in May, Native culture and history (Temagami) in August, a wilderness retreat at a remote location on the Magnetawan River, and fall colors in Algonquin Park. Group size is small. We take time to enjoy the beautiful setting through which we travel. For more information and a brochure (printed on 100% tree-free paper) contact Reuben at 44 Park Hill Road, Toronto, M6C 3N1; phone (416) 782-4589.

FRENCH RIVER DELTA ACCESS POINTS The region west of Hwy 69, called the Delta, can be accessed for short or long canoe trips through several commercial establishments that offer, for a small fee, guarded car parking and convenient launching facilities. Two of these giving direct access to the Delta are: Hartley Bay House and Marina (705) 857-2038, at the end of the Hartley Bay Road; and Smith Marine (705) 857-2722, just west of the Hwy 69 bridge over the Pickereil River. Two more, located on the Main Channel just east of Hwy 69 and giving access to the Delta via Recollet Falls (which has to be portaged) are: Schell's Camp (705) 857-2031, and French River Supply Post (705) 857-2128.



TURKEY JERKY A new approach to an old and established way of carrying concentrated food on trips: jerky made from turkey meat, which means no processed red meat. Charqui Chef turkey jerky uses only the breast portion of the turkey and therefore contains less than 3% fat, is high in protein (60%), has 56 cal per 20 g serving, is more easily digested than beef, and contains no chemical preservatives. Simuva Foods Inc., 2482 Yonge Street, Suite 45005, Toronto, M4P 3E3; (416) 481-3616; fax (416) 481-3599.

CAMPING MATTRESS The "Canadian Shield" Dual Foam Camping Mattress is a 2.5-cm-thick sandwich of six layers of material that provides comfort and support without having to be inflated. It combines various densities of foam (open cell and closed cell) with a radiant heat reflector for extra warmth. The sleeping surface is a brushed polyester fabric that prevents slipping, is soft and warm to the touch, and wicks away moisture. A semipermeable membrane protects the open-cell foam, resisting water and dirt ingress. Other features include a bottom layer made from waterproof nylon; two straps to hold the pad tightly rolled, also holding a pillow when needed; grommets in all four corners to join two pads. Size 145x55x2.5 cm; weight 1095 g; color black. Retail \$89.95. Lifetime warranty. Expedition Leader Inc., 76 Houghton Ave. South, Hamilton, ON, L8K 2M8; phone 1-800-410-WOLF.



Where it is ...



... in this issue

- | | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. White River 1993 | 8. English River | 21. River Touring Guides |
| 5. Canadian Canoe Museum | 10. Support Local Economy | 22. Petawawa Rescue |
| 5. Sweden's Macfie Canoe | 11. Around Okikendawt Island | 23. Reviews |
| 5. Illusion | 13. More Pee of Paddling | 24. Canadian Heritage Rivers ... |
| 6. Editorial | 14. Fun and Frolics ... | 25. WCA Trips |
| 6. News Briefs | 16. Magnetawan ... Loop | 26. Wilderness Parks Evaluation |
| 7. Board Activities | 19. French River Stamp | 26. The Start |
| 7. Chairman's Notes | 19. Bill Mason Stamp | 27. Products and Services |
| 7. Partners Wanted | 20. Resistance of Canoes | 27. Canoetoon |

<p>WCA Postal Address: Cathy Grim P.O. Box 48022 Oshawa, Ont. Davisville Postal Outlet (905) 655-3485 1881 Yonge St. Toronto, Ontario M4S 3C6</p> <p>BOARD OF DIRECTORS: Duncan Taylor Toronto, Ont. (416) 368-9748</p> <p>Bob Shortill (Chairman) 2 Hamilton Dr. Bethany, Ont., L0A 1A0 (705) 277-3538</p> <p>Paul Hamilton (Vice Chair.) Earl Silver Georgetown, Ont. (905) 877-8778</p>	<p>WCA Contacts</p> <p>SECRETARY Bill King 45 Hi Mount Drive Willowdale, Ontario M2K 1X3 (416) 223-4646</p> <p>INFORMATION Herb Pohl 480 Maple Ave., #113 Burlington, Ontario L7S 1M4 (905) 637-7632</p>	<p>WCA TRIPS Bill Ness 194 Placentia Blvd. Scarborough, Ont., M1S 4H4 (416) 321-3005</p> <p>JOURNAL EDITOR Toni Harting 7 Walmer Road, Apt. 902 Toronto, Ontario M5R 2W8 (416) 964-2495</p> <p>TREASURER Rob Butler Toronto, Ontario (416) 487-2282</p>	<p>MEMBERSHIP Linda Lane Elora, Ontario (519) 846-2586</p> <p>COMPUTER RECORDS Cash Belden Toronto, Ontario (416) 925-3591</p> <p>CONSERVATION Richard Culpeper 160 Wembley Drive Sudbury, Ontario P3E 1N2 (705) 671-3343</p>
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Wilderness Canoe Association

membership application

I enclose a cheque for CDN \$25 (single) or CDN \$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): _____

Address: _____

City: _____ Prov. _____

New member Member # if renewal: _____

Single Family

Phone Number(s):

() _____ (h)

() _____ (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.