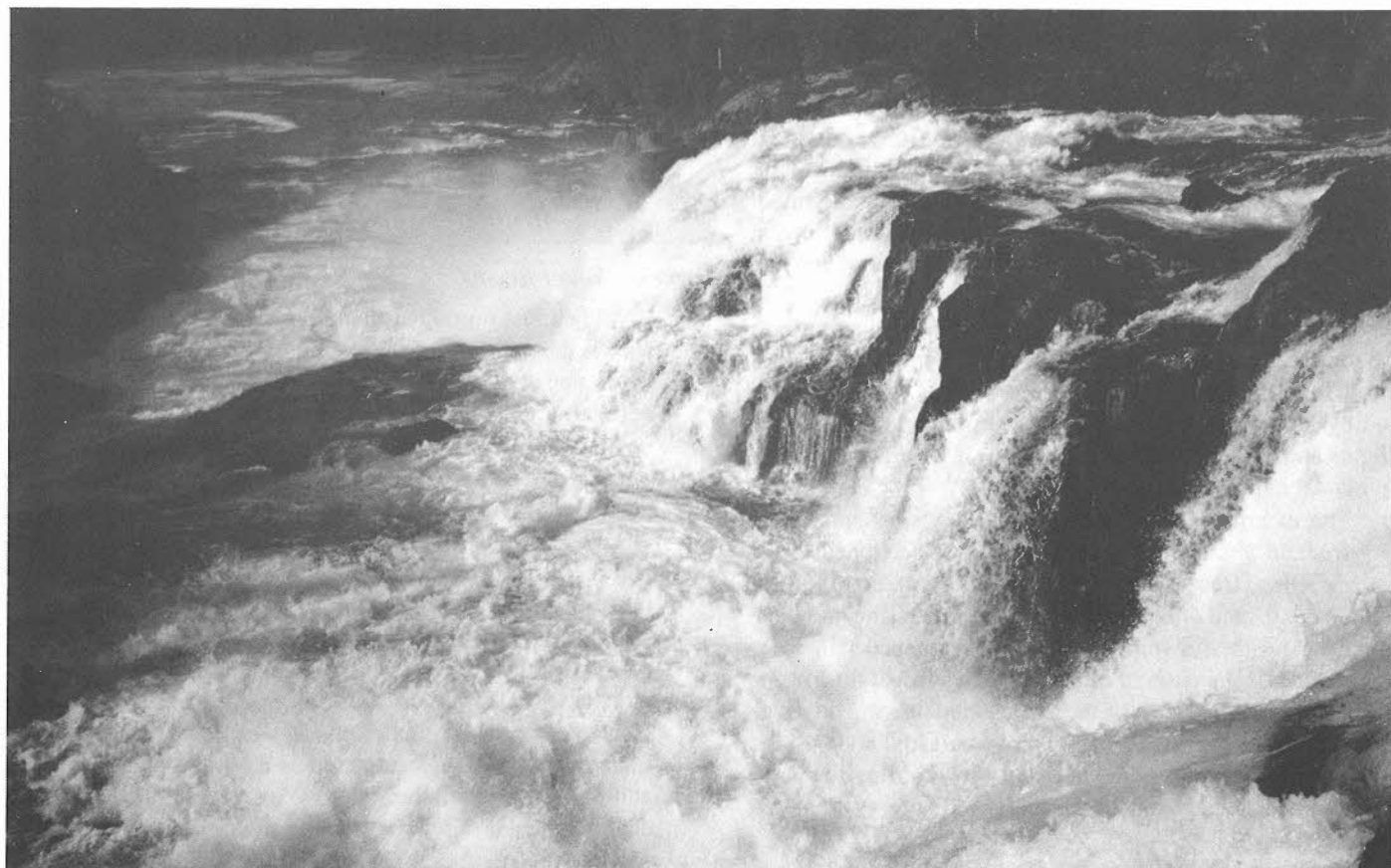




nastawgan

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Quarterly Journal of the Wilderness Canoe Association



Falls on Snare River

NORTH OF GREAT SLAVE LAKE

Part 2: Coming back

Herb Pohl

(Part 1 was presented in the Spring '95 issue.)

I had spent a great deal of time looking at maps before deciding on an overland route which would take me from the Acasta River to the Winter River headwaters at Whitewolf Lake. The plan was to leave the Acasta at a point where a poorly defined esker, running east-west, is bisected by the river. Now, with mounting excitement, I was nearing the area and worried whether I would recognize the place.

Right on cue the river widened, revealing mounds of sand and boulders beyond a little bay on the eastern shore and a narrow, shallow opening which led to a series of

interconnected ponds. This looked much better than I had dared to hope. The esker, rather than one continuous ribbon, was a series of anastomosing heaps of gravel and well-rounded rocks which separated the water into discrete entities. Spruce trees, hundreds of years old and much larger than anything I had encountered heretofore, dominated the high ground. I had actually planned to camp here and do a bit of reconnoitring, but a nervous restlessness and the ceaseless complaints of a sandpiper urged me on. Several short portages brought me to the last pond which drains into the Acasta River. By now it was too late to proceed and I reluctantly made camp on the south shore. Just behind the

tent a dark wall of rock loomed threateningly and all around there was an air of desolation. There was no evidence that anyone had ever visited the place and one could almost feel the presence of the spirits.

Progress from here would be mainly by shank's mare and in spite of fatigue I proceeded to the top of the highest hill to see what the morrow had in store. Below me the land stretched eastward in gentle undulations, hummocky bog intermixed with gravelly higher ground upon which widely scattered clumps of small spruce shared space with a profusion of low shrubs. Except for a small pond at the base of the hill I was standing on, there wasn't a sign of water anywhere. Somewhere out there was a small narrow lake which was my next target, but it was hidden from view. The only prominent landmark was a line of ragged low hills which ran from my lookout to the horizon. According to the map their alignment was south-east, but the compass insisted it was east. This was anything but reassuring and I returned to the tent a worried man.

During the night a cold wind blew in from the north. In the morning the air was sharp and clear, perfect for portaging. I found the next lake within two hours, then the next, and by late afternoon looked down on Irritation Lake. The doubts and anxiety of the previous evening were replaced by an almost euphoric sense of confidence.

The evening was warm and the campsite remarkably bug-free; an abundant supply of firewood beckoned in the form of a dead tree some distance from the tent. So off I went with my axe, clad only in socks and shoes, to bring home the bounty. And then a remarkable thing happened which reminded me of the ringing of the triangle at meal time in the bush camps. Each stroke of the axe seemed to bring out large numbers of mosquitoes, as if it were a call to dinner — and so it was. For a while I held out manfully, but finally reason won out and I raced back to the safety of the tent and put on some clothes.

The next day was spent portaging across a wild confusion of glacial debris, pockets of trees, bogs, and humps of bedrock. By mid-afternoon I was standing atop one of the high hills lining the valley of the Emile River which at this point widens into a lake. The dark shadows on the vertical rock faces beyond the far shore were in sharp contrast with the bright sand at the deep blue water's edge. Caribou were wandering about everywhere; the land radiated peace and silence and I was happy beyond words.

At the Emile River the last trees were left behind and for several days I carried on through a succession of ponds, across Rawalpindi Lake eastward to Whitewolf Lake. This was truly a barren, almost featureless, land. Most bodies of water were so shallow as to barely float the boat and full of sharp-edged rocks. Also, the transition from boggy land to water was so gradual that landing or launching the canoe was often more work than simply carrying past. Most unexpected and much appreciated was the almost total absence of mosquitoes and black-flies. The only fly in the ointment was the presence of highlevel smoke from the forest fires farther south and west which rendered the sky a peculiar shade of grey and through which the sun shone only dimly.



Esker on Winter River

The most prominent feature of the Winter River watershed is the presence of several eskers which snake across the landscape in a generally east-west orientation. Their outlines define not only the horizon but also the boundaries of many of the large lakes which cover much of the surface. Along the way I developed a decidedly hostile attitude towards the people who had produced the maps of the region. Virtually all river sections which connect adjacent lakes were impassable boulder fields through which water percolated in the most discreet way. Yet, many times the map would show a broad channel free of obstruction or, at most, a bar or two across to indicate all was not well. Every wilderness traveller is aware that maps are not always accurate, but here the discrepancies were numerous. It was below Little Martin Lake that I finally managed to run a rapid without scraping and bumping but all the way to Winter Lake the majority of drops were carries over boulder fields, with treacherous footing.

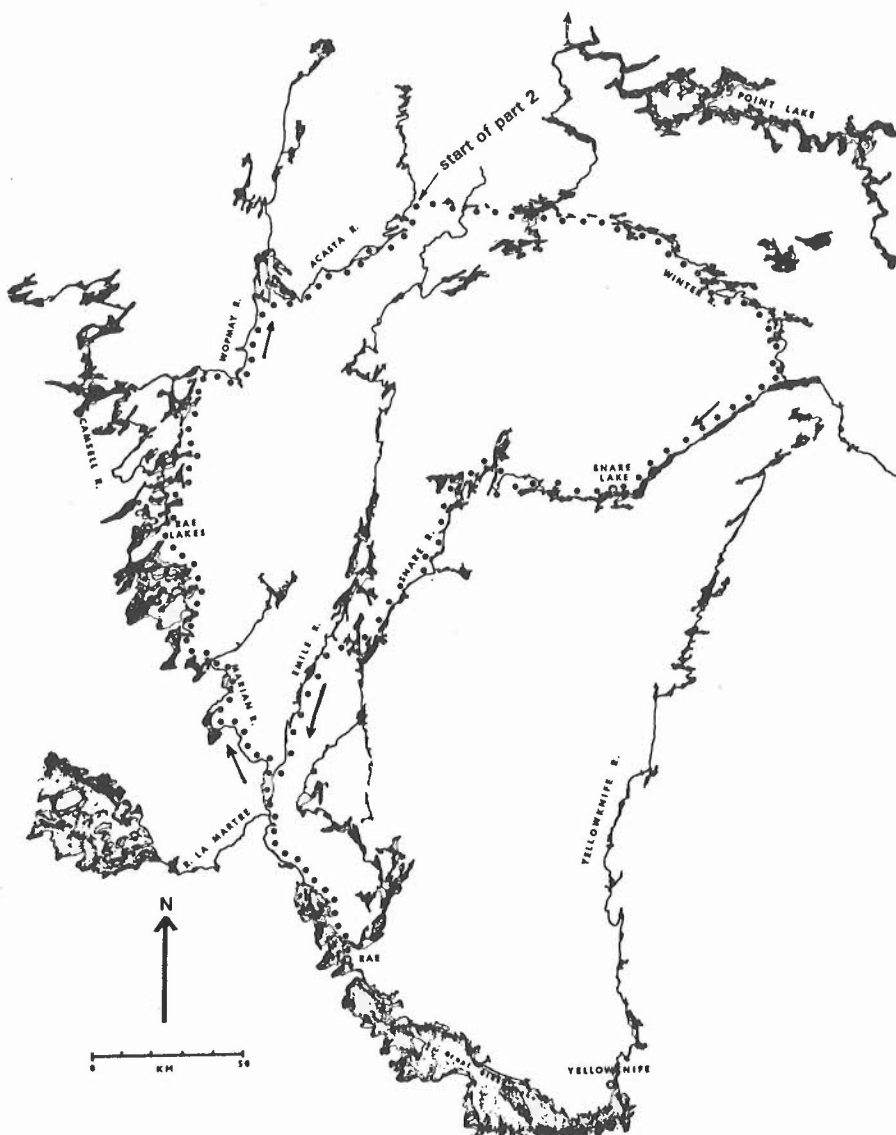


Winter River, boulder field

Perhaps it was just the realization that it was the last carry on the Winter River, but I thought that the view of Winter Lake from the top of the portage was extraordinarily beautiful. Beyond the bay into which the Winter River discharges its waters lie several small islands, little jewels of sand and stone. Scattered stands of trees dot the landscape and give it texture. Over it all, the haze of smoke put a soft dreamy focus on the scene.

Under vastly different circumstances Franklin had surveyed this landscape on his disastrous journey to the arctic ocean in 1820/21. I was now only a few kilometres from the site of his winterquarters, located on the Snare River a short distance below Winter Lake. When I put ashore in a little bay just to the north of the mouth of the river I was more than a little excited. The area is criss-crossed by many strong caribou trails which partially obscure the old portage trail, but there was no mistaking the marker on an ancient spruce, a tree which must have witnessed the comings and goings of Franklin's men. Near the end of the portage dozens of stumps of large trees, their wood still solid, show the axe marks of the voyageurs. However, except for a few scattered logs, nothing remains of the three buildings which once was Fort Enterprise. When I departed several hours later, it was with a new sense of urgency. For the first time on the trip large numbers of black flies had made their appearance. In my excitement I had ignored their persistent efforts and paid the price.

A short distance below Fort Enterprise the Snare River enters the first of two long and narrow lakes — Roundrock and Snare — which occupy a groove in the shield rock which runs from northeast to southwest for nearly 100 km. A range of high, rugged hills dominates the southern shores; by contrast, the low northern shore is delimited by parallel running eskers of sand and gravel which offer a continuum of beautiful campsites. Sadly, there is a disturbing amount of garbage at all the most scenic spots which can only be attributed to the proximity to



the village of Snare Lakes. The latter is a permanent settlement of very recent origin and undergoing rapid expansion. At the time of my passing construction of a number of buildings was underway and a new runway had just been completed. Confronting "civilization" on a wilderness trip to me is always an unsettling experience and I wasted little time collecting my groceries and paddling on.



The Snare River below Snare Lake drops sharply into an unrunnable canyon. To bypass this section I portaged through a number of small lakes to the south of the river, a route which I believe to be identical to that taken by Eric Morse's party in 1964. The curious aspect of this route is that some of the small lakes are connected by readily recognizable old portage trails, while others show absolutely no sign of human travel. I rejoined the Snare River a short distance above Indin Lake more than a little fatigued from the exertion of the previous two days. When a nice campsite presented itself on the north shore, it was all the excuse I needed to stop for the day, even though it was barely after noon.

There is something immensely satisfying about a nice campsite and I certainly loved this one. A thick carpet of lichen covered the sandy, level ground. Ancient, widely scattered spruce provided shade from the burning sun. The sound of rapids downstream rose and faded with the halting, gentle breeze. With nary a mosquito around I stripped down for a good wash, did the laundry, attended to a leisurely supper, and finally conveyed my feelings of happiness to my journal. By then the sun was setting in the west and while the spirit was one of contentment, the body was aching for rest.

Turning in for the night is a rarely changing ritual. Some kindling and one of the two foodpacks is placed under the boat, a pot of water for breakfast is left at the fireplace. The vestibules, repositories of the rest of the gear, are left open in fair weather to allow the air to circulate and reduce condensation. I was just drifting off to sleep when I heard a scratching sound — something was at the boat. Instantly I was wide awake, sat up, and saw a dark furry head peering into the vestibule. Things happened rather fast after that. I let out a tremendous yell, the head disappeared; I unzipped the mosquito screen and looked out in time to see two cubs running away. In the same instant I felt the tent shake violently and realized that mama bear had joined me in my abode. Her interest was seemingly focused on the same foodpack which had been mutilated a few weeks earlier. Without so much as a 'may I?' she grabbed the pack and walked nonchalantly away.

The reader will recognize that this is a script straight from Hollywood: Booboo, Yogi Bear, and the picnic basket, only now it wasn't funny. I was scared and mad, and the one thing I wanted to do was fire one of my flares right up mama

bears butt but I had no such luck. The first try missed by a wide margin; the second, though closer, never worried her and by the time I had reloaded for the third time she had disappeared behind bushes some 60 – 70 metres away. Then I noticed to my considerable chagrin that one of the cubs had climbed up a small tree only a few meters away. I could just visualize mama returning angrily to claim her charge. So my third shot was aimed to speed the waif on its way. It too missed, hit the tree and ricochet onto the ground where it immediately started a fire. It only took a minute to put it out, but I dare say I was never more scared scampering about within reach of the cub and mama just a short distance away.

At this point I came to the reluctant conclusion that I had to get the hell out of there. Within minutes the canoe was loaded and I shoved off. None too soon either, for shortly thereafter the dark form of a bear emerged at the campsite, looking for seconds. By now it was almost totally dark, and with a rapid downstream blocking my way, I had nowhere to go. Fortunately for me there was a marshy bay on the opposite shore and there I sat for five shivering hours waiting for daylight.

Camp the following evening was a good distance down Indin Lake. Against all expectation I slept soundly that night, but for the rest of the trip there was a heightened awareness of one's vulnerability. In terms of calories the loss of the food-pack was not a problem. I had enough dinners left in the second pack, and plenty of bacon and pancake mix, but little else. On the positive side, I was now able to portage my gear in two trips.

The section of river between Indin and Kwejinne lakes contains a number of significant drops and is delightfully wild. In one stretch the river runs deep and slow between glacier-polished hills of bedrock which rise steeply on either side. When I drifted past here early one glorious morning, the sun's rays were streaming obliquely through the swirling mists and I was lost in the magic of the moment. In the process I nearly collided with a bear who was out for a swim. We must have noticed each other at the same instant, little more than a boat-length apart. I put on the brakes and he headed to shore where he stood up to take a look at me. It was the biggest black bear I have ever seen and I was thankful he hadn't paid me a visit at the campsite just a kilometre upstream.

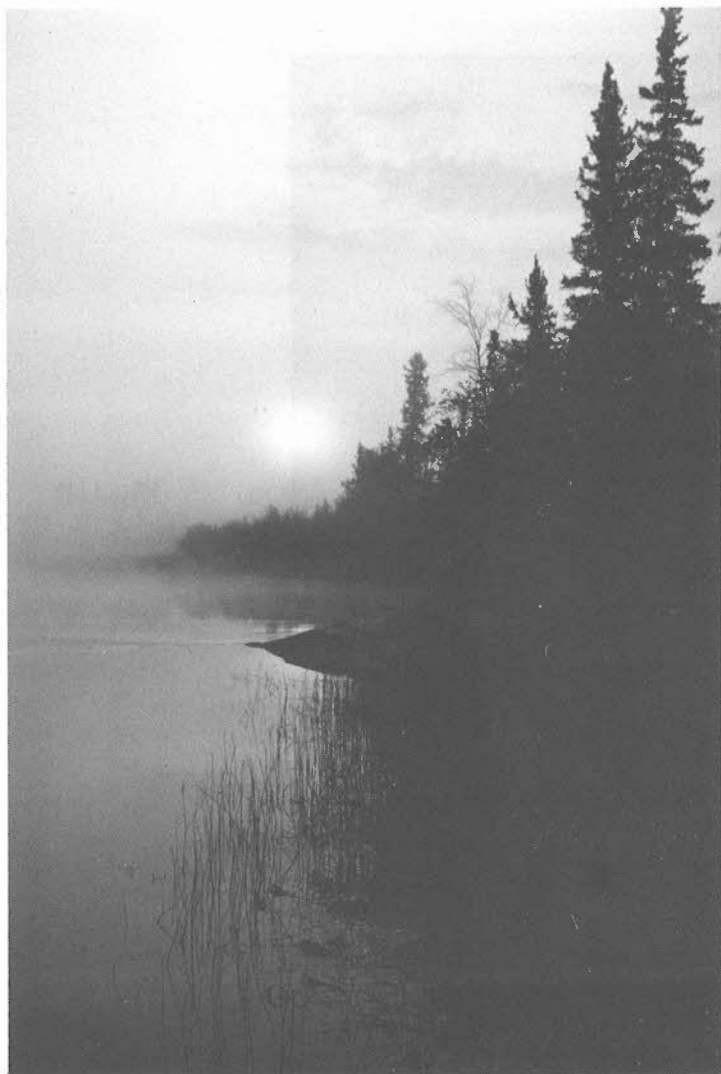


*On the last portage of the
Snare River canyon bypass*



Emile River





At Kwejinne Lake I left the Snare River and portaged to the Emile River on a trail I had used six years earlier on my way north to the Coppermine. I like small streams and the Emile fits the bill admirably. Despite its length it never seems to gain volume and offers an interesting mix of scenery. Just downstream from where I entered the watershed, the river drops 60 metres in two kilometres as it cascades over solid bedrock. To my surprise I couldn't find a portage trail but the carry through poplar and jackpine was not difficult. Below this section the river enters a region which shows little evidence of glacial abrasion; rock faces are sharp and angular and there is little gravel or sand. Stretches of flatwater and small lakes are separated by unrunnable cata-racts. Below Lac Labrish the portages around these obstructions are veritable highways and one finds many signs of human occupation. Among the latter was a deserted prospector tent. It contained a small supply of groceries including a to me highly valued commodity — tea. I absconded with a few bags, wrote a note admitting the offence and left without remorse.

Two days later I entered the Marian River and with it familiar territory. When I reached the portage where I had spent the first night on the river, the pair of wolves which had greeted me then were there again. Just to say hello I gave them my best imitation of a wolf howl and they answered in kind. For the next 20 minutes, while I carried my two loads across the trail, their melancholy chorus persisted and followed me downstream. When I reached Marian Lake a few hours later the surface of the water was like polished glass. At noon the following day I could see the steeple of the catholic church in Rae reaching above the horizon and felt like a voyageur at the end of the summer's journey. I had covered a little more than 1,100 kilometres, carried over nearly 150 portages.

I was glad it was done.



"Last Camp Island" on Marian Lake

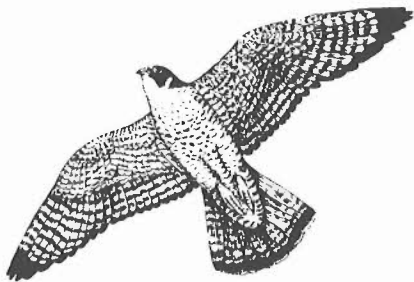
THE BOW

My turn to paddle in the bow position. Really don't mind it, especially when the map promises flat water. Today, the buddy in the stern has the responsibilities of map reading, compass bearings, and navigation. It's our way of dividing up the work. The bow paddler's main duty is to provide muscle power. In large amounts.

Often when canoeing flatwater the paddler doesn't have to concentrate every minute on the world of the canoe and its immediate surroundings. (It's flat here, the chances of tipping are small, and I can see no danger for the next two miles till the river bends out of sight.) As stroke follows stroke, the paddler can settle into a rhythm that permits the mind to wander. Cruise control for a canoeist. Paddling flatwater, the body may be confined to a canoe, but similar constraints are removed from the mind. The mind is freed to explore vistas not possible in the cities of men. A time traveller observing life awake from the grip of the ice, an explorer marvelling at the beauty of an untravelled landscape, or a hunter daydreaming of hunting trips for bison and mammoth from the long ago.

By taking turns in the bow, everyone has a chance to reach this out-of-body state. It only comes if the body is hardened to the daily routine of the wilderness paddler. First-year travellers whose muscles have not hardened, who may not be used to seating positions in a canoe, or who may not know the hours that must be logged to cover miles probably won't understand the whisperings of the mind requesting freedom to wander.

It's almost another plane of existence. Actually the mind and body are no longer tied together and can go their separate ways. The mind can step out of the body and observe from another place. Not really here in the canoe, but in some other plane of consciousness where you are aware of the warmth of the sun, the buddies paddling in other canoes, the landscape slipping by, but you are also aware of much more. Humanity's place in the natural order, the duty to not harm other life forms, the need for wilderness in modern societies. The flat stretch has emptied the mind of all that it was filled with in the city and opened it up to refilling by the wilderness experience.



Writers all talk about the strength that comes from the wilderness. Seems strange to say that, when wilderness travel requires so much effort from you. But it is true. It's almost as if the strength that was taken from you in physical labor is returned to your mind to explore realms not possible outside of the wilderness.

Late afternoon now. River has been kind to us with a whole day of flatwater to paddle. Sensed several times the mind skipping out of the body. Once to the future to see where humanity is heading. Once to the past to join a hunt for meat for the clan back at the cave. And once staying in the present watching silently from shore as our three canoes floated by.

This day in the bow has allowed time for rejuvenation. Almost fully recovered from the year in the city. Can feel it.

Still got a couple more hours of light. We've made our last stop before the night and have decided to push on a mile or two more. Back in the bow. And back on cruise control. Going to step out of the present and travel around the next bend ahead of the canoes. Just going to do a little scouting. There's been rumours of a sabertooth in the country.

Greg Went

CONTAGIOUS SYMPOSIUMS

It is spreading! That wonderful couple of days when Dr. George Luste prescribes for us our annual winter "fix"; when we can be transfixed in our seats and yet carried away down rivers, across lakes, and pulled toward the

inexorable beyond. Now, there are several new enclaves for this convalescence.

In mid-March, four of us drove from Southern Ontario to the enclave at Fairlee, Vermont, hoping we might get a booster shot at the "Third Annual Wilderness Paddlers Gathering." What a high! It didn't take long before we were all feeling the pull of the current, scouting whitewater, and sheltering from the relentless wind; then the pressure and exhaustion of poling and lining across the mountains before the flow became a trickle. Epic journeys, moving readings, sublime photography, and gripping trips engrossed us, and from such bafflingly unprepossessing folk. Yes, our yearnings were placated enough to last until the spring-run-off cure.

Good organization, super food, limited registration, and on-site warm cabin accommodation beside lake and forest created a congeniality surely akin to a Voyageur Rendezvous.

Kindred spirits in need of convalescence next year, book early and take your x-country skis. Contact Deb and Andy Williams, Hulbert Outdoor Center, Box 1031, Norwich, VT 05055.

Rob Butler



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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.

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:

issue: Autumn 1995 deadline date: 6 Aug. 1995
Winter 1995 22 Oct. 1995

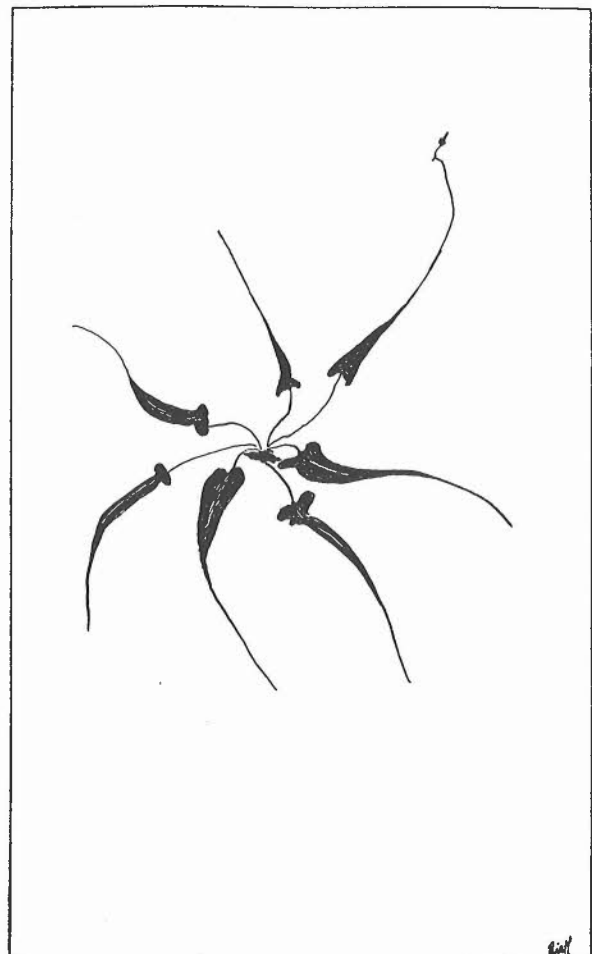
WCA MEMBERSHIP LISTS are available to any members who wish one for personal, non-commercial use. Send a five dollar bill (no cheque, please!) to Cash Belden at the WCA postal address (see WCA Contacts on the back page).



FROM THE BOARD We are considering a request by Gerry Lannan for the WCA to become involved in a dispute over mining exploration on the Bonnet Plume River. This will involve a legal battle with the Federal government. The Board feels there should be evidence of other support before making any commitments. We will be monitoring the situation on the Bonnet Plume.

HOME FOR CANOEING The Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association (CRCA) is continuing its "Home for Canoeing" campaign (Oct.91 – Oct.95) to build/purchase an

Outdoor education/Environmental Learning Centre at which the Association's office would be located. It would also serve as a centre for outdoor and environmental education, slide shows/seminars/guest speakers on canoeing/kayaking and the outdoors, a "Wall of Fame" area to pay tribute to great Canadians who have made outstanding contributions to canoeing and kayaking, a place to find information about paddling in Canada, and much more. Donations sent to the CRCA—designated for the "Home for Canoeing" campaign—will receive charitable donations tax receipts and will be recognized in perpetuity at the new "Home for Canoeing" as well as in *Kanawa Magazine*. Contact: CRCA, 1029 Hyde Park Road, Suite 5, Hyde Park, Ontario, N0M 1Z0; tel. (519) 473-2109; fax (519) 472-0768.



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.)

The Board has remained active since the last opportunity for communication with the membership at the AGM. Those who devour their *Nastawgan* right to the back page will know that our "head honchos," Bob Shortill (Chairman) and Paul Hamilton (Vice-chairman), succumbed to a fit of masochism and agreed to remain in office. The embarrassing turnout at the AGM forced the cancellation of the evening program and an appropriate letter of apology was sent to Barry Ranford who had worked hard to prepare his presentation.

Our participation in the Sportsmen's Show and Canoe Expo was quite successful with over 30 new members and many worthwhile contacts with the public. The supporting structure for our booth is old and cumbersome but a new, lighter, prefabricated booth has been donated to the WCA through the efforts of Earl Silver. The Buttigiegs, who had to substitute their own VCR when the WCA's broke down, would appreciate hearing from anyone with a line on a replacement.

Herb Pohl is, once again, organizing the fall meeting and has chosen Algonquin Park (see details elsewhere).

Sharon Hackert is planning the Wine and Cheese Party (= Fall Party). The date is Friday, 24 November, for those into early calendar marking. We expect to be moving to a new location this year, probably Metro Hall.

A rewritten version of the New Members' Brochure has been produced and outings were/are being held specifically oriented to new members.

The Board authorized a donation of \$200 on behalf of the WCA to the fund to preserve the LaVase Portages (see the article on page 9 of the Spring 1995 issue).

Have a safe and enjoyable summer and write and tell Toni Harting all about your adventures — he loves to hear from you!

Bill King

WCA NEEDS VCR

The video cassette player used by the WCA for the Sportsmen's Show, Canoe Expo, and occasionally for WCA meetings has "bitten the dust"! Would any member who has an old VCR which they would be willing to donate or who has access to a "bargoon" please contact Pat or Bryan Buttigieg at (905)-831-3554.

NEW MAILING SYSTEM

WCA members (always swift on the uptake) will not have failed to notice the new fashion in which their copy of *Nastawgan* arrived. The new system, called Canadian Publications Mail, has taken nearly a year to negotiate and has been quite an education in the workings of Canada Post. The work of sorting, bundling, and bagging by postal code, although initially complicated to learn, will, we believe, be more than offset by the elimination of the time-consuming job of stuffing and stamping. The big incentive, however, is the reduction in postal costs; we should be able to mail for about 45% of the first-class rate — no small saving with our \$600-700 quarterly mailing costs.

The lack of an envelope will mean that we can no longer include inserts, although the inside and back covers can be used for meeting notices, tear-off registrations, etc. It may also mean a lessening of protection for *Nastawgan* — we hope not. I would appreciate any members who receive a seriously damaged issue of the journal letting me know and I will see that they get another copy — the old-fashioned way.

Bill King

WCA FALL MEETING: 22-24 September 1995

Our annual get-together will be a return to Algonquin Park. The emphasis during the weekend will be on outings. Using the Whitefish Lake Group Campground as a base, participants will have a variety of paddling or hiking options on both Saturday and Sunday. Most of these outings will be adhering to a leisurely pace to allow for maximum enjoyment of the colourful surroundings. For individuals who detest structure and insist on following a personal agenda there are many opportunities to strike out alone to photograph or meditate, or to socialize with likeminded nonconformists.

Arrangements have been made for a roast beef dinner (or vegetarian alternative) on Saturday evening in Whitney. The evening will conclude with a presentation by George Luste who will talk about this summer's trip from Ungava Bay across the northern tip of Labrador to Nain. This will be his second attempt at this very difficult journey. As many of you know, his first try was dogged by unusually heavy ice conditions, which forced a change of route.

Details of the program for the weekend and registration forms will be sent by separate mail by the end of June. Any suggestions regarding the event or offers of help with the program are welcomed by the organizer: Herb Pohl, 113 - 480 Maple Ave., Burlington, ON, L7S 1M4; phone (905) 637-7632.

EXPLORING THE FRENCH RIVER DELTA

Donald H. Andersen

In my opinion, the most spectacular part of the French River is its Delta, a canoeists' Eden consisting of numerous channels reaching out into Georgian Bay with its multitude of islands. This whole area is involved with voyageur fur trade history which impacts the canoeist's sense of belonging.

That is why on my most recent trip, which took place 18–21 July 1994, I planned to become acquainted with the Old Voyageur Channel. Continuing my journey I was then going to Georgian Bay and, depending on conditions, skirt the outer islands past the Fort and Lodge channels. I planned to connect with the Inner Small Craft Passage, passing Dock Island on my way to the Outer Fox Islands, then visit Dead Island, and use the Pickerel River to return to my starting point at Hartley Bay Marina. It had come to my attention at the Marina that the water levels were higher than normal this year due to repair work being done at the Chaudière Dam upriver. Since I was paddling solo, caution was advised. However, I felt fortunate as the higher water levels would ease passage in some areas.

Maps are indispensable for navigation in this region, at least until you become familiar with its intricate and elaborate topography. I would recommend the standard 1:50,000-scale topographic maps or the new French River Provincial Park map of the same scale, and the Hydrographic Charts. And of course a compass. It always amazes me how differently reality can be portrayed on these maps but the region covered by the French River Delta and Georgian Bay is a dynamic one. I sometimes do lose patience with the maps and then go by a gut sense of where I am in the labyrinth of islands in the Bay, and it more often than not turns out all

right. But when it doesn't it's back to the maps. It is this incredible variety of land and water of the northeast part of Georgian Bay that reaches out to the canoeist's soul and spirit.

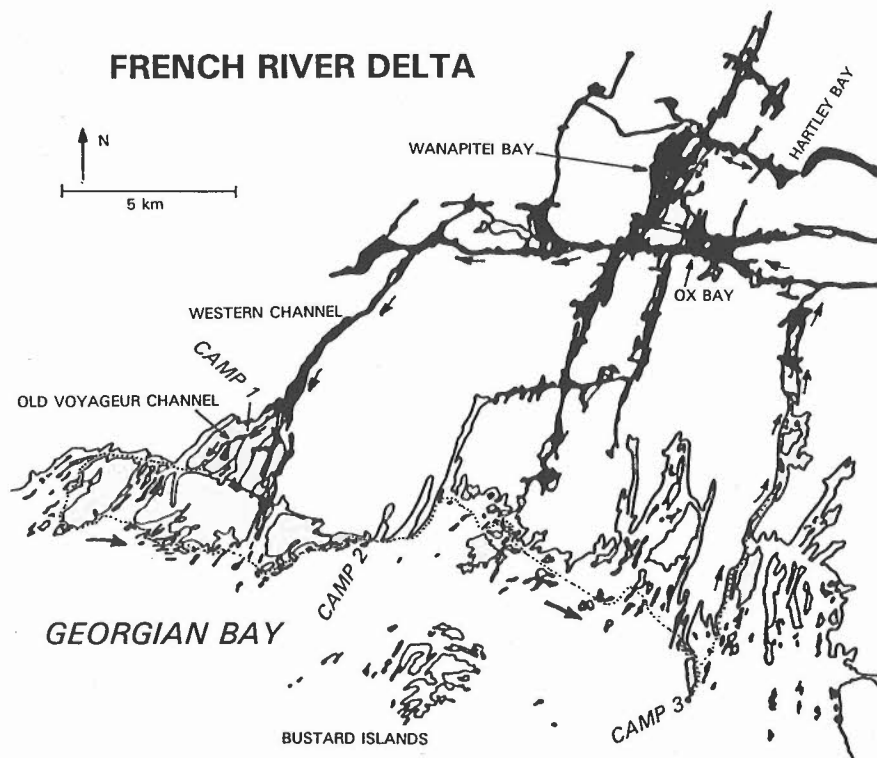
First-time visitors can start to enjoy the variety of topography in the Wanapitei Bay / Ox Bay area. They can use it as a prelude both to obtaining their navigation legs and beginning to admire the breathtaking and vivid beauty of this entire region with its gabbro and granite rocks set off with irregular relief decorated with pines. The route down the Western Channel can seem long at times as the river becomes wide in places and seems endless. I used the time well by avoiding the middle of the river and focusing on the shores' flora and fauna.

Toward the end of the first day I entered the Old Voyageur Channel, planning to overnight there. I found an old campsite near some small islands in the channel. This rocky site had a marvellous view of the river and the pines that border its jagged shoreline.

During the night I was serenaded by several species of frogs, a beaver swam nearby spanking its tail on the water, and a whippoorwill joined in the chorus several times. Travelling solo always intensifies this relationship with nature and one's immediate surroundings. The experience can strike deep into your inner being.

This area is remarkably beautiful. The features are reminiscent of a Japanese garden with carefully planted and trimmed evergreens, but this one is cultivated and pruned by the Creator. Although I could hear the sound of rapids, none were in view but the map showed that I would be encountering one the following day. This rapid turned out to be the one that was well known to the voyageurs; they called it La Petite Faucille (The Little Sickle) because it takes a sharp bend to the left. A cross marking the portage met me when I surveyed the rapid and I decided that this was a portent not to be disregarded.

Quite quickly and down river, the sounds of more rapids were heard. The maps didn't reveal anything although the contour lines were close together. It turned out to be a narrow chute about 100 metres long, one of the more impressive sights in the Delta. The channel goes through a tight passage of solid rock; the water is swift and I rated it a class-one rapid. The sides of the channel go up at a steep 45-degree angle, and rise about 15 metres above the water. This section is not easily portaged, so prudent planning is needed. This is probably the part the voyageurs called La Dalle (Rain Gutter) although it is sometimes placed in the beginning of the Old Voyageur Channel where the channel also narrows. My ride down the fast water was unforgettable; it's not a run for beginners or the faint of heart.





A few hundred metres further on I was going west on the Cross Channel which reportedly has the best fishing in the area. This channel eventually connects with Georgian Bay. Careful map reading will show a through-channel at the south end of Green Island that ends on the Fort Channel and Georgian Bay itself. The waters of the Big Bay can grab your canoe like channel waters cannot. The vastness draws the eye and mind to the thin line where sky and water meet. In July the Bay can lay there in front of you without a ripple. Add a cloudless, blue dome and crystal-clear, azure waters and you will wonder which of your realities is the most genuine. Sincere serenity calls you to distant islands that are just over the horizon. Experienced canoeists close their ears to this siren song by remembering darker and harsher seas. Fog banks and storms can quickly overtake the unwary. Best to keep a watchful eye.

I rigged my canoe for bigger water in Fort Channel. The weather was good and the wind-water conditions acceptable. I made the crossing of the channel looking for Bottle Island and, further on, the planned second night on Whitefish Bay. This area is noted for its many lovely islands, shoals, and clear water.

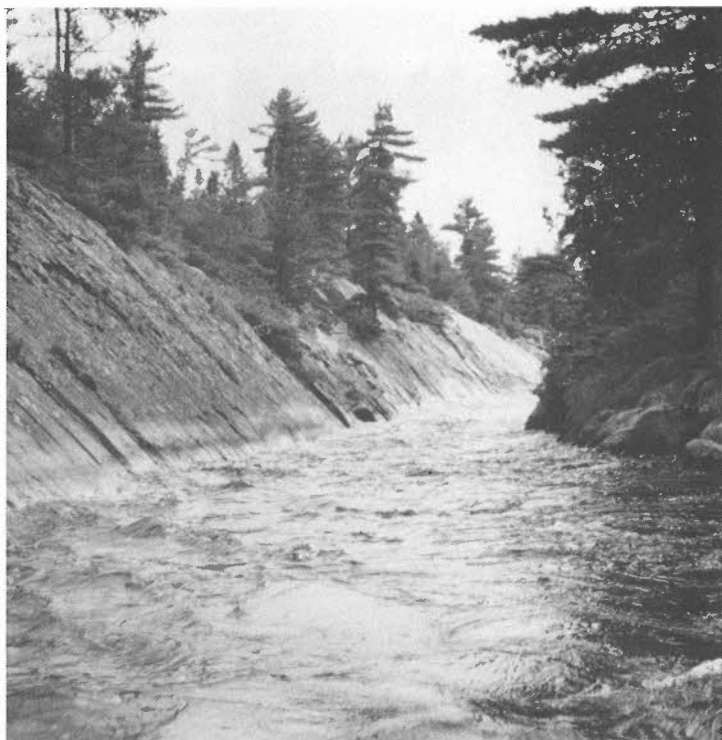
It was about lunch time and I was looking for a place to stop. In the distance I noticed an irregular shape on an island, moving. Not expecting to see anyone on these outer island and rocks I investigated further. Sometimes bears will swim out to these parts in search of blueberries to eat. As I got to the island I met Bill and Veronica from Seattle who were making a two-year trip by kayak through the Great Lakes, down the East Coast of the States, transferring to Baja, and then up the West Coast to Seattle.

They were going in my direction and the remainder of that day we paddled together crossing Lodge Channel and

Bad River Channel. Their Mariner sea kayaks were well suited for this type of water and they quickly outdistanced me. After taking a sheltered course through the Finger Boards, I left them at the eastern end of the Cross Channel and spent the night on a very pretty, flat, sheltered, secluded island near Whitefish Bay. At 8:30 that night I was surprised by some canoeists who came by, exploring the Cross Channel area for Indian vestiges. They provided some background information on the Old Voyageur Channel and a description of a nearby Indian campsite.

During the night the winds increased and larger waves were forecasted. The third day did indeed start with a wind that was just within my manageable range. As I left the sheltered bay of my overnight I noticed that there was a group of five canoes nearby that turned out to be scouts. There is a large scout canoe facility in Ox Bay and during the summer months you will most likely see a group of them somewhere. This specific group was map reading and planning so I left them and started out into the Bay. They soon caught up with me and passed going in the direction I was headed. My plan to cross the Main Channel Bay was changed due to rough conditions. So the scouts and I took a sheltered course and after the crossing near Sabine Island we parted.

That day was exhausting as the winds were coming from the south off the lake. I modified my route to take advantage of the protection of the Outer Fox Islands. This island grouping is very charming with camping sites offering splendid views of the Bay. While among the Outer Fox Islands, I came upon a black bear swimming between them. This was a rare sight and I followed the animal to the shore it was headed for. The bear was definitely eager to feast on the profusion of blueberries these islands offer and it did not pay any attention to me. I took a few photographs and made a mental note to take precautions at my next campsite.



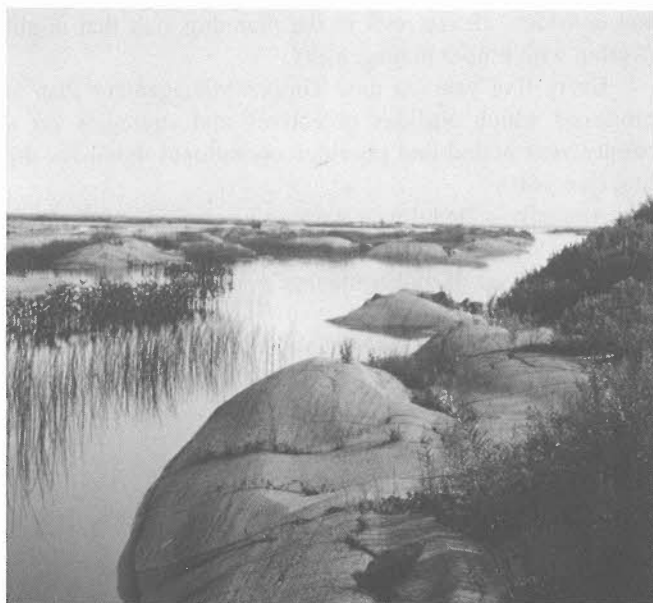


My goal for the day was Dead Island but the crossing of waters south of Fox Island proved to be on the outer edge of my capabilities. However, I did keep the water out of my canoe which on this trip was a Mad River Malecite rigged for solo tripping. After the crossing I discerningly looked for a more sheltered course with map reading revealing a way to get quite close to the Dead Island Channel that had white caps liberally dispersed in it. As I approached the last island near this channel I notice two figures waving their arms at me. They were Bill and Veronica, the couple from Seattle I had met the day before. We were astonished that we met

again given the number of islands that are in the area. Bill said that they were stopped by the wind and waves and had decided to set up camp until the wind subsided. He expressed some hesitancy about negotiating the Dead Island Channel and the three of us investigated the possibilities, deciding upon the safest approach.

Meanwhile we noticed that some other canoeists had emerged from a small bay just north of us. While Bill and Veronica broke camp, I investigated and found that there was a portage leading to the next bay, avoiding the Dead Island Channel. I informed the others of this additional option but





it was decided that we could make the crossing by water. As Bill loaded his kayak, Veronica let out a yell: "a snake, it has diamond shapes on it!" It is well known that the area has the Massasauga rattlesnake as a resident. Bill joked that he was going to put it in Veronica's sleeping bag that night.

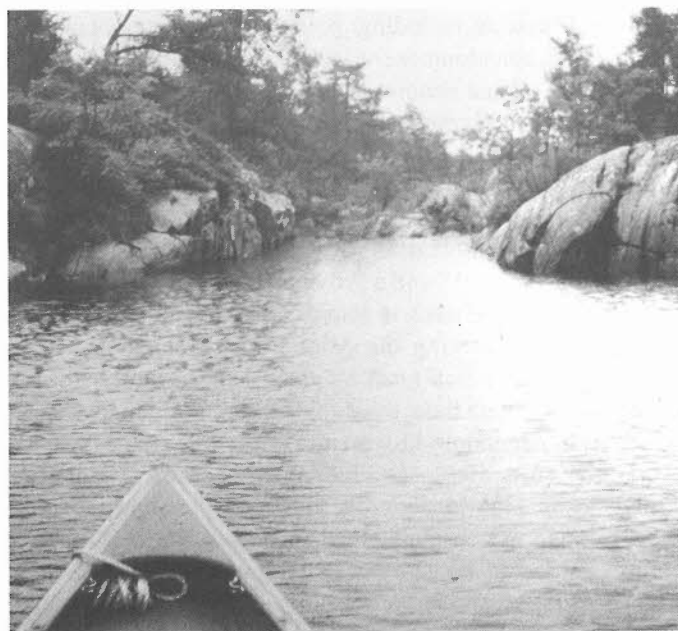
As chance would have it, the wind subsided as we paddled out to the shoals on the south part of the island. As we entered the Dead Island Channel, the waves that were about one metre high were challenging and fun. I said goodbye for the second time and headed for my favorite spot on Dead Island to spend the night.

The southern part of Dead Island offers a sweeping view of the Bustard Islands and points south. The Key Harbour lights blink on and off in the western distance. During the night a ferocious thunderstorm kept me awake most of the night making me wonder if my tent would be blown away. I have encountered these storms during my stays on islands in the area before and preparation is the solution to feeling secure.

To me one of the canoeist's greatest experiences in this area is to become lost and disoriented in the labyrinth of islands, rocks, and channels, being buffeted by the Bay's winds, or enmeshed in one of its fog banks, being forced to set up camp on a craggy, poorly protected spot, and then to confront a storm such as this one where sleep is hard to find and you wake up in the morning in a humbled condition. It is at this time that the canoeist can grasp the awareness of the Almighty and have a sense of being one with creation, part of the real sense of belonging to something greater than the polish of "civilization." During these times, with confident expectations, the canoeist knows that the Bay can present softer, more leisurely days of blue sky and grand vistas. Experienced trippers know such encounters are all too brief, and the fleeting experience propels them on to newer and more isolated country. The reality becomes a dream, an eternal memory that can be preserved by being passed on to the young, the interested, and the devoted.

On the fourth day the storm had not completely passed and it rained all day. My trip up the Pickerel River was

uneventful but the constantly changing width of the channel from expansive to very narrow brightened the moisture-filled, sombre day. Only canoeists and people fishing would be out in a day like this. I portaged the rapids midway up the river, picking and eating blueberries on the way. As I got on the water again, I met several groups of canoeists heading south, among them another collection of scouts. This group was not of the map-reading type that had distinguished themselves earlier at the mouth of the Main Channel. Canoe paddles were going in all directions, so I gave them plenty of room remembering that we are all in the process of learning. The water above the rapids was more than one metre higher than normal and this took some adjustment in navigating because the usual features known to me were submerged.



As I approached Ox Bay, motivation set in. I switched to a bent-shaft paddle and increased my stroke rate substantially, arriving at the Marina in record time.

As usual, I was treated like royalty by the Marina staff but in particular by the 12-year-old owner's nephew who was all eyes and ears, wanting to learn everything about my trip. He wouldn't be dissuaded and followed me all over the place. I recognized a little bit of myself in him when long ago I saw some canoeists heading out and down a long, remote lake. It was a sight that drew me deep onto a tradition of the Native Peoples — solitary places and the canoe.

This was a very impressive, action-packed adventure intensified by the good fortune of elevated water levels at the time of my trip. While much of the historic attention is paid to Recollet Falls on the Main Channel of the river just west of Highway 69, and rightly so, to me the Old Voyageur Channel offers the canoeist a far more intimate experience of Canadian heritage. It is a good idea to check on conditions before trying to take the voyageur route between the Western Channel and the Cross Channel. Any trip in this section of the French River will produce a most memorable tour. There is a whole host of secluded bays to be discovered and explored where solitude can be obtained. There are many more trips to be made by me in the wonderful Delta.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

I am writing in response to an article written by James Greenacre, entitled *Senior "Criminals,"* which was published in the winter 1994 issue (Vol.21, No.4) of *Nastawgan*.

I feel the need to clarify some of the details outlined by Mr. Greenacre, in order that your readers have a better understanding and broader perspective of the forest management practices in Algonquin Provincial Park and the policies and issues governing Provincial Park use.

Logging roads in Algonquin Provincial Park may be travelled by the public by foot only and not by vehicle, unless authorized by the Park Superintendent for research, maintenance, timber operations, compliance monitoring and compassionate purposes. Public vehicular access is not permitted for several reasons, including: potential dangers associated with logging, abandonment or lack of maintenance of roads, the potential of lost people, and to maintain the separation of the multi-use segments of the Park (i.e. recreation and logging). As well, the use of a road network to access the interior of a park detracts from the wilderness experience.

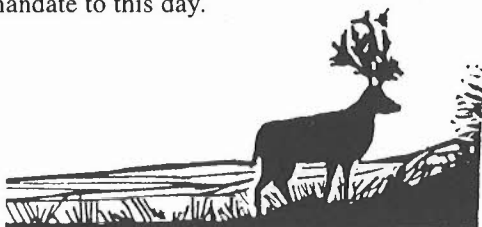
Signage on these roads is standardized and are clearly marked with a combination of a stop sign, gate, red dots signifying "No Entry," and a Provincial Park sign. Gates are not generally closed when in active use by logging operators. The practice of locking the gates is being implemented, although consideration must be given to the Golden Lake Band members who have the right to exercise their aboriginal rights in Algonquin Provincial Park.

Public road use to get into interior lakes also goes directly against the concept of a wilderness camping experience. Limited use on maintained sections of these roads is only permitted to access the 29 interior access points in Algonquin Provincial Park for canoe tripping and backpacking.

The Park has over 1,600 kilometres of interconnecting canoe routes and hiking trails, which allow campers to travel either a circle route or from access point to access point.

To avoid public confusion, the only roads displayed on the Canoe Routes of Algonquin Provincial Park map are those on which vehicular access is permitted. The "... hundreds of kilometres of logging ..." are not demarcated for the simple reason that the map is designed to show the various lakes, canoe routes, portages, campsites, points of interest, regulations, and camping tips, and to provide an overall source of information to all legal Park users.

Logging in Algonquin Provincial Park began before the 7,600 square kilometre land base became designated as a Park in 1893. Park designation was to allow for a continual timber supply, to provide protection to wildlife and fisheries habitat, as well as preserve the environment. This remains the mandate to this day.

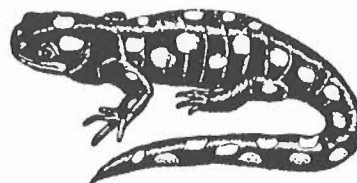


The Timber Management Planning Process recognizes and considers all interests in the planning area that might overlap with timber management.

Every five years, a new Timber Management Plan is produced which outlines objectives and strategies for a twenty year period and provides operational detail for the first five years.

Annually, schedules of work to be carried out during a particular year are also required.

The purpose of timber management planning is to organize the activities of harvest, renewal, and the maintenance of the forest to ensure the availability of forest products.



It is the policy of the Ministry of Natural Resources to recognize and take into account other resource values in addition to timber values when making decisions. The goal for Algonquin Park is to provide continuing opportunities for a diversity of low intensity recreational, wilderness and natural environment experiences, and, within this constraint, to contribute to the economic life of the region. In other words, protection and recreation values come before logging interests.

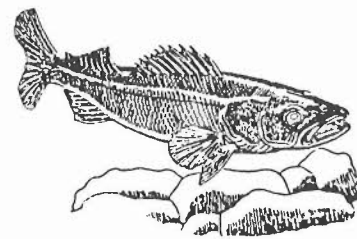
Formal opportunities are provided at various stages in the planning process for participation of other government ministries and agencies, interest groups, or individuals. These opportunities allow organizations or individuals to supply information, identify concerns, comment on proposals, and determine to what extent their comments were considered in decisions regarding identified areas of concerns.

Specifically for the Algonquin park Timber Management Plan, notices in newspapers (local area as well as Toronto (Toronto Star) and Ottawa (Ottawa Citizen)) invited the public to participate at the public Information Centres. Information Centres have been held in Huntsville, Toronto, Algonquin Park Visitor Centre, Mattawa, Pembroke, and Barry's Bay. Over 700 persons have attended.

Recreational use of the Park can be maintained in tandem with timber operations, but protection of Park values also depends on user compliance. Hopefully a better understanding of Park values and the regulations designed to protect them will be the end result.

Thank you for this opportunity.

G.E. Martelle
Park Superintendent and
District Manager
Algonquin Park District



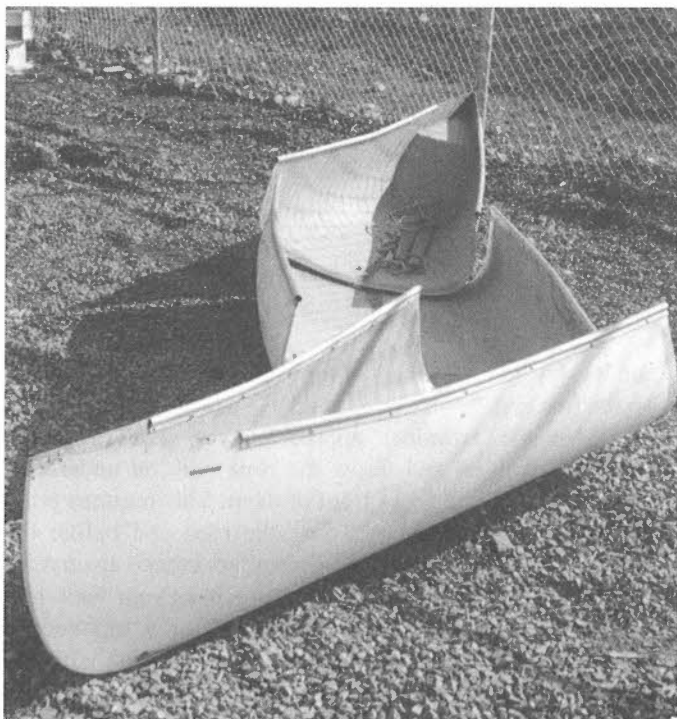
SP: THE STORY OF A CANOE

Peter Verbeek

A number of years ago, Cash Belden, the renowned custodian of our computer records, decided that he wanted a modular canoe. A canoe that could be separated into three parts that could be nested one inside the other and then stored in the back of his pick-up truck. The idea was that upon reaching the start of a canoe trip, Cash would bolt the three pieces together, proceed on his canoe trip and at the end of the trip, he would reverse the process.

Cash went to a maker of quality canoes and asked him to make such a modular canoe for him. This canoe maker took one of his canoes, cut it into three pieces and then tried to make bulkheads for each piece. Unfortunately, it did not work out very well. After spending considerable time on it he decided he couldn't do the job and sent Cash his deposit back.

Early in 1993 I had been looking for a cheap "one-way" canoe that I could use to make a trip on the Barrens and then leave it there at the end of my trip. One day, when I passed not too far from the well-known maker of quality canoes, I decided to go and see if he had something that I could use. After looking through his yard, I was about to leave when he mentioned the cut-up canoe. I had a look at it and decided that I could fix it up so that it would satisfy my needs.



I brought her home and started to put her together again. As the aluminum gunnels had been cut, I mounted a 12' wooden reinforcing gunnel under it on both sides and also installed a 12' wooden stiffener along the bottom. I gave the butt joints two layers of fibreglass and resin both inside and outside. I installed an old yoke and an old canoe seat, a small deck at the front and the back, and a tape along the sides for



holding the centre cover. Then I tried the canoe out in some whitewater. She did very well and I became quite confident that she would be able to carry me down the Coppermine River that year.

In July 1993, I drove with SP on top from Toronto to Yellowknife, where I met my companions. They did not entirely share my confidence in her (see Spring '94 issue). Old SP took a pounding in the whitewater of the Coppermine

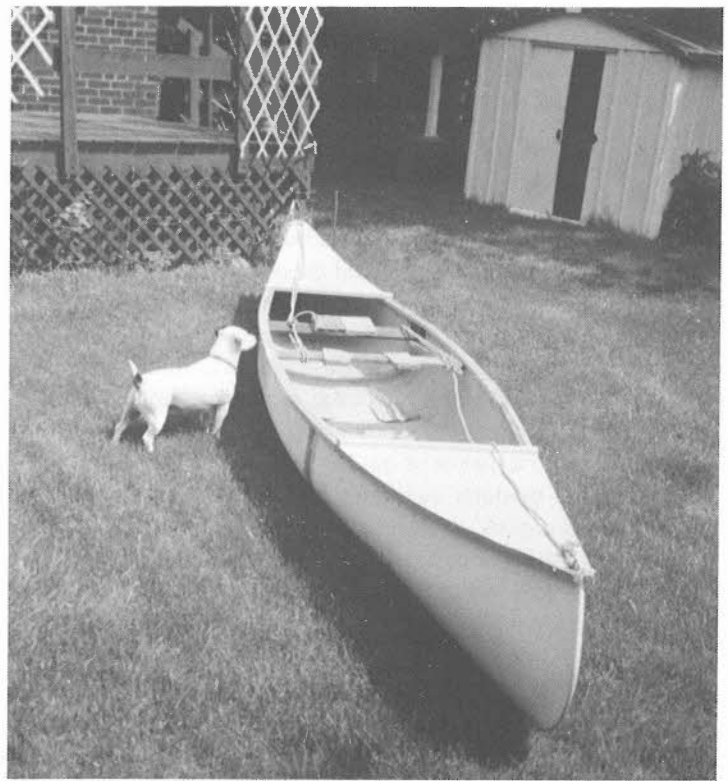


but she held together right to the end. I had intended to leave her in Coppermine at the end of the trip but nobody was interested in her and I found out that I could bring her back to Yellowknife for next to nothing if I cut her up again, which I did. We nested the three canoes of our party all together and got them back to Yellowknife for the price of flying out one canoe. There I loaded the three pieces of SP onto my car and drove back to Toronto.

I decided that SP had one more trip in her and proceeded to strip off her old gunnels and all the additional resin I had put on in the spring. Then I reconnected the three pieces, overlapping the joints, riveting the joints for additional strength, and fibreglassing the seams twice, both inside and outside. SP was 4" shorter now and had a little more rocker. I put on new gunnels and a 4' deck front and back. I improvised another seat and another yoke. In the spring of 1994, I tried out the reborn SP in whitewater and she came through with flying colors.

In July of 1994, I again drove to Yellowknife. This time I canoed the Thelon from Whitefish Lake to Baker Lake, a distance of about 970 kilometres (see Winter 1994 issue). The cost of flying SP from Baker Lake to Yellowknife was prohibitive so I donated SP to the Anglican church. I had mixed feelings about leaving her; she had carried me on two rivers, over nearly 1600 kilometres. I stood for a time beside her, taking in her now familiar lines, mentally thanking her, before finally turning away to go to the airstrip.

Nearly a week later, Rob Butler (our esteemed treasurer) saw her sitting on a komatuk beside the Anglican church. I am sure she will serve others as well as she served me. Thank you SP, I'll always remember you.



P.S. SP let me know that she is lonely for company of her own kind. If you are aware of another canoe that I can fix up to take to her, please let me know. My address is 24 Romulus Drive, Scarborough, Ont., M1K 4C2; tel. (416) 757-3814.

THROWBAGS by Jim Morris

TYPES OF BAGS

There are two types of throwbags currently in use by open boaters. The first and most common one is fifty to seventy-five feet of three-eighths polypropylene floating rope in a nylon bag with a drawstring at the top of the bag and a floating base of plywood or rigid foam at the bottom. It is used by groups in typical Southern Ontario pool-and-drop rivers.

The second bag, similar to the first but one hundred feet long, is used on extended large river trips where there is continuous water flow and it is as important to rescue the canoe as it is to rescue the paddlers.

On training courses, or just when practising in a difficult set of rapids, a safety station should be set up below the danger point with a good eddy below the rescuer. It is very important that this site be selected with the safety of the rescuer in mind. It should be a flat area with good footing and ideally have a large rock or ledge between the rescuer and the river to use as a foot brace to prevent him or her from being pulled into the river. Loosen the neck of the throwbag

and loosely coil 10-15 feet of rope in front of you, then stand on the free end.

When the 'swimmer' approaches you shout "rope" to get their attention and throw the rope with an underhand motion to land slightly in front of them. This requires practice. Immediately after throwing the rope and before the swimmer grabs it, sit down with your feet braced against the rock in front of you and pass the rope over your back in a climbers 'belay' position. Be prepared for a tremendous shock as the weight of the swimmer combined with the pressure of the current hit you. Let the rope pass through your hands as you gradually take up the strain rather than grabbing it to a sudden stop; this latter move would only result in severe rope burn.

The swimmer should grab the rope and hold it close to the chest. They should already be on their back with feet pointing downstream; if not, get into that position. Be prepared to be submarined (pulled under water with the first shock and strain of stopping); after a few moments your life

jacket will lift the back of your head clear of the water.

The rescuer should then look out for a safe eddy and judge the length of rope and the arc the swimmer is taking to make sure that they reach the eddy and do not drive into any dangers such as rocks or holes on that arc. If possible adjust the length of the rope to do this.

If the first attempt at throwing the bag does not succeed, do not waste time trying to restuff the bag. The water remaining in the bag will give it enough weight to try another throw. If you want to restuff the throwbag, open the throat completely, pass the rope over one shoulder, and stuff the rope in loosely making sure not to get any kinks in the rope. This is much easier with two people.

On large river trips where there are continuous rapids

and few eddies, an adaptation to the throwbag shown me by Paul Mason works well. The rope should be 100 feet long and the bag should have a carabineer fastened to the loop at the bottom of the bag so that the open end of the biner is always ready for use. Each canoe must have a rather large and open grab loop at both bow and stern. When a capsize happens the rescue canoe comes up close with the swamped boat and the carabineer is snapped into the grab loop. The rescuer takes one turn of the rope around a seat thwart and kneels on the loose end; if the rescue boat becomes endangered, simply taking your weight off the rope will free you from the swamped boat. The rescuing canoe then paddles to a safe eddy towing the other canoe, and the rescue can safely be completed from the shore.



THROWBAGS ON THE NAHANNI

We were doing the Little Nahanni on a Trailhead trip with Paul Mason leading. He had instructed us on an interesting use of our throwbags and a rescue procedure well worth knowing and practising by any group doing big rivers with continuous current and few eddies.

All canoes are equipped with large grab loops both bow and stern. The throwbag has a carabineer permanently taped to the bottom of the bag so that the open end of the biner is always available. If this is not done the carabineer can turn so that the closed end is forward, not ready in an emergency.

As another useful technique the stern paddlers have the tail end of a fifty foot painter tucked into, but not tied to, the belt in their lifejacket. The painter is coiled neatly under a bungee cord on the rear deck. In the event of a dump, the stern paddler falls out pulling the painter with him. When the rescue boat reaches them it can grab the painter, catching the swimmer and the canoe simultaneously.

Both of these strategies were put into use on a number of occasions. The most dramatic one was in the first canyon of the Little Nahanni. It has continuous whitewater, few eddies, and steep shorelines. One canoe dumped and Paul immediately raced to rescue it. He snagged the grab loop

with his throwbag, secured it around the thwart, and after ensuring that the swimmers were safely pulled up across the spraydecks of other canoes, towed the swamped canoe to shore. He jumped out but because of the steep bank and strong current was pulled into the river losing his grip on the throwrope.

Three other canoes then took up the rescue. The first boat grabbed the rope and controlled the boat by back-paddling as much as possible. The second crew assisted by positioning themselves on the outside of the swamped boat to keep nudging it into the slower current at the shoreline. The third canoe raced almost a mile downstream until they found a large eddy and pulled into it, setting up a safe rescue station. When the first boat with the tow line saw them it raced ahead of the dumped boat to give the tow line to the rescuer on shore.

This is obviously a complicated procedure requiring skilful paddlers and good teamwork. Any group going on an extended trip on big northern rivers may find it worthwhile practising. Try dumping at the top of Palmer Rapids and see if you can complete this rescue before reaching the bottom.

THE SAKATAWI CANOE ROUTE

Pete Imeson

David Morin was shaking his head: "No, the first part of the route doesn't exist any more; I've tried to find it twice. Its all overgrown." David was in his booth at the Canoe Expo in April last year. As an outfitter who specializes in the canoe routes around Chapleau his advice is usually excellent. The MNR parks department weren't much better. Yes, they had a route description, but no, they didn't know anyone who had run it in the last few years. They referred me to Greg Switek at Grey Owl camps in Biscotasing. Greg was one of many local people we sought out. Jeff had tracked down a hydro worker who lived in Bisco and travelled around checking water levels for Hydro. We also spoke to a trapper and a couple of "fly-in" outfitters. No one could remember anyone running this route for years. No one had seen it.

We found out why when we arrived in the area, and drove the 100-km Sultan/Ramsey private logging road. The Sakatawi route is an old one that connects Biscotasi Lake with Horwood Lake and the Groundhog River which runs north all the way to James Bay. Biscotasi Lake is important as the start of several major routes, for both trippers and, in the past, for Indians, fur traders, and others. The Spanish and the Mississagi rivers are two well-known routes that run from Biscotasi south to the North Channel of Lake Huron.

The Sakatawi route crosses the height-of-land between the Atlantic and Arctic watersheds, and it was this part of the route that had disappeared. The logging road roughly follows the height-of-land contour. As we drove along it became apparent that the whole area had been clear-cut for kilometres in all directions. Most of it had been replanted (single species, planted in rows, what the MNR calls "a forest" and I call a tree farm). Obviously no one had canoed the route while the forestry operations were going on and the long portage over the height-of-land would have been obliterated by the machinery turning our wilderness into tomorrow's newspaper.



We had been told that a snowmobile club had done some trail clearing in preparation for winter, so when we found a trail crossing the road that looked recently cleared we assumed it was the local snowmobilers'.

We had left our hometown Windsor early on a Saturday morning and driven up to Wakami Park. Next morning we drove to the village of Biscotasing, for several years the home of Grey Owl, and for a while a rip-roaring frontier town. Now it is a sleepy little place with 20 permanent residents who live more than 80 km by logging road from the nearest town. Bisco is a railroad town and in the past most people arrived by train.

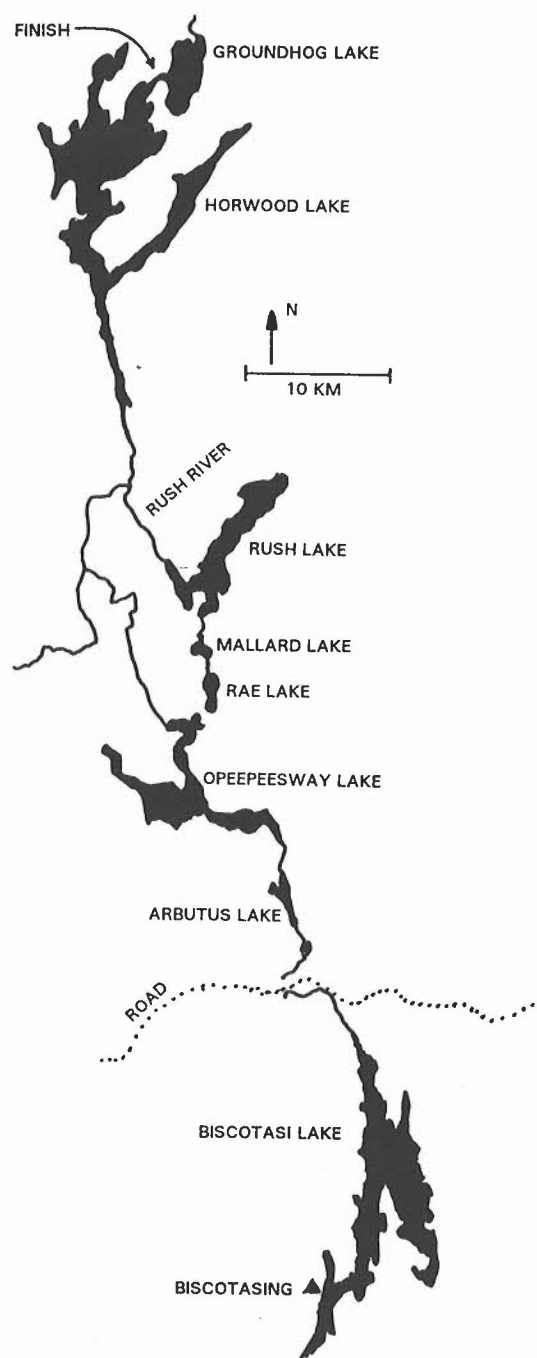
We spent our first night camped on a small island in the harbor area, as there is no campsite in the village. Jeff and I ran the car shuttle to Horwood Lake while Pam and the kids explored and swam. The next morning, Monday, we finally set off, still not sure exactly what we would find. We paddled north up Bisco Lake for 20 km, passing Grey Owl Bay and Grey Owl Island. It was cold and windy and the kids paddled hard through whitecaps and occasional rain. We finally found the small island at the end of the lake that we had been told was the only campsite in the area since the shoreline was all marsh at this point. We were off the mouth of Alcona Creek, about two kilometres from tomorrow's run up Bisco Creek.

On Tuesday morning I woke to heavy mist. The island was so small the tents were really close together and I stumbled through a tangle of guy ropes to reach the kitchen area. As I made coffee I could see the sun trying to break through. Great photo opportunities here! By 9 o'clock we were ready to set off, under a clear blue sky. It was going to be a beautiful day.

We paddled the few kilometres into Bisco Creek, which twists and turns, becoming smaller and smaller. At times it was so shallow we hopped out and walked through the marsh grass, towing the loaded canoes. When it seemed the creek was too narrow to go any further we found red flagging tape on a tree: the portage, and it had been cleared.

There were in fact two portages. Jeff followed an old logging trail and came out on the main logging road. The rest of us followed the flagging tape along a new trail laid out through a tree plantation. We ended up at a beaver pond. On the other side we could see the main logging road. We reformed the group, crossed the road, walked down a short trail (the one we had seen while driving) to a small lake and decided to camp on some flat rocks across the lake. It was only 3:30 p.m. but that last portage was about 2.5 km long, and we had walked it twice. The campsite was covered in blueberries. In fact we ate bucketfuls of blueberries on this trip.

Next morning we crossed the lake and found another 2.4-km portage. This one was very old, and had also been cleared recently. The trail was clearly visible as a depression in the ground; it must have been used for thousands of years. It ran alongside a stream and so had avoided being obliterated by the logging work. The riddle of the portage clearers was finally solved. Near the end of the portage we found an MNR registration book. A crew of Junior rangers had gone through just 10 days before us. (I often wonder if that was in response to my calls to the MNR.)



We came out into Dismal Lake and stopped for lunch. Those two long portages had taken us across the height-of-land and we were now heading north. The rivers should get bigger and wider. We paddled on towards Arbutus Lake, dragged over a couple of shallow spots, and found the next portage, 300 metres. NOT cleared! What had happened to our ranger crew? This portage had thick brush, about three metres high; but the old trail was visible in the ground. It was really hard to get the canoes through the thicket, but we finally came out into a shallow area above a beaver dam and had to "rock and roll" the boats to get through the mud. One blessing: the cool weather was keeping the insects down.

Finally we paddled out into the clear, deep waters of Arbutus Lake. Beautiful scenery. Found the river at the north end of the lake and paddled on, making two small portages.



Both were badly overgrown, but easier than the last one. As evening approached we paddled out into the east arm of Opeepeesway Lake. A sandy beach across the lake beckoned and we paddled over, arriving as a thunderstorm hit. It was short and we got the tents and tarps up and made supper. As the storm clouds broke up, the setting sun gave us spectacular views down this big lake. Like the other big lakes on this trip Opeepeesway offered dramatic scenery, lots of sandy beaches, and no crowds.

Next morning we awoke to the sound of heavy rain. We had thought of having a lay-over day here as it was such a pretty spot but the weather changed our minds. The kids were

damp and complaining of cold, wet feet. We packed up and headed down the lake. The rain stopped and the wind came up. We paddled hard across large open bays with the wind on our stern quarter, which seemed to make steering difficult. After about nine kilometres we neared the peninsula where the map showed the "ghost" town of Jerome. We let the wind blow us the last kilometre, landing just before the town site. Walking up the old road we came to the tower of a mine.

Several local people were camped around the site and they told us the mine was a gold mine that closed in 1989, so it was not so old. All the houses had been removed and a fence surrounds the ventilation shaft, which is full of water and 500 metres deep. The wind was still blowing hard from the north and that was the way we had to go so we decided to camp. We paddled around the peninsula to the sheltered side and found another nice beach campsite. The wind was blowing the clouds away and we had another spectacular sunset. A campfire dried everyone's clothes and the kids enjoyed exploring the old townsite.

Next morning was gorgeous. A clear, blue sky and cool, fresh, pine-scented northern air. Since the old townsite allowed access here, we knew the last part of the route had seen more use. We paddled north and found the portage at the end of the lake. It actually had a sign. An old plywood one, but a sign nonetheless. The trail was covered with a carpet of small weeds but no heavy brush. Again the trail was old and clear but it certainly does not get much use. Half-way along this portage we came to a logging road and had to step back as huge trucks roared by. Looking up and down the road you could see logging operations going on in both directions. The loggers had left a "corridor" of bush for canoeists to walk through.



We carried on and the sound rapidly faded. Finally we came out into Rae Lake, one of three small lakes joined by marshy creeks. The first creek was the worst, very similar to Bisco Creek. Narrow and winding, we had to climb out and drag the canoes for a few hundred metres. Lots of small beaver dams in this section so we were in and out of the boats every few minutes. We finally came out into Mallard Lake and found the next two creeks were easy. They were, in fact, marshes with plenty of water so we could paddle through the long grass. We came out into Rush Lake, another huge lake with rocky shores and sandy beaches. Paddled across the southern end of the lake and into the Rush river. The route description showed a campsite here, but as usual it was off by a couple of kilometres. When we found it, the site turned out to be very pleasant. Tons of blueberries, nice views. We had supper and made blueberry bannock until late at night.

Next morning Jeff and I were up at 6:30 making coffee when we heard a yipping sound. This was followed by the drawn-out, unmistakable howl of a wolf. Over the next hour we heard them several times. Young and old. Possibly two groups calling to one another.

We had a quiet breakfast and set off. Today we had rapids to run! This short section of the Rush River has two or three sets of rapids. Three of us ran one set; we all portaged the next one (a waterfall) and we ran two swifts. The Rush River joins the Woman River and we paddled on towards Horwood Lake. These rivers are very attractive. Wide, deep, and fairly fast, with good well-worn trails around the rapids, which become steeper and more violent as you approach Horwood Lake, with rocky pine-covered hillsides. The weather was now great, sunny and cool.

The last portages avoid a kilometre of violent waterfalls as the Woman River tumbles into Horwood Lake. We had a 200-m walk, then a paddle upstream on a little side creek to an old lumber camp which was almost completely overgrown, then a 600-m walk to the lake. The view as you paddle away from the portage is dramatic. Horwood at this point is a long narrow lake with very high, steep hillsides covered in jackpine. The headlands fade away into the distance. It was hard to hear each other because the roar of the falls was deafening. We climbed up the rocks to see the last two sets of falls and then paddled down the lake to find a campsite. I was amazed to find a little piece of flat ground at the end of an old trail. The ideal spot. Two kilometres from the falls and we could still hear them clearly.

Next day we set off paddling but after a couple of hours we switched to plan B: sail power. We pulled into a little bay and with Jeff providing directions the three canoes were lashed together, two masts were rigged, and a cooking tarp hung for a sail. We paddled back out into the open water and hoped for wind. As the lake opened out it blew stronger and stronger until our trimaran was flying along. The kids lay back on the packs and enjoyed the sun, the wind, and the feeling of speed. We sailed for 20 kilometres arriving at the take out at 3:30 p.m. Horwood is another very attractive, island-studded lake.

We stacked the canoes on Jeff's trailer, piled into his van and drove the short distance to Ivanhoe Provincial Park for a hot shower and a restaurant supper. In seven days we had travelled 120 kilometres on a canoe route that is now open again.

(Courtesy of *The Muddy Waters Newsletter*, published by the Windsor-Essex County Canoe Club.)



A WIN FOR WABAKIMI WILDERNESS

John Ankenman

A wonderful opportunity to preserve a large area of Ontario's boreal forest has recently been pushed closer to realization. On 12 April, Ontario's Premier, Bob Rae, and the Minister of Natural Resources, Howard Hampton, announced that Wabakimi Provincial Park will be expanded to a total of 891,500 hectares (2,203,000 acres). When Wabakimi, located 300 kilometres north of Thunder Bay, was first created in 1983, it covered an area of 155,000 hectares (383,005 acres).

The announcement was the result of two and a half years' work by the Wabakimi Park Boundary Committee that was formed to reach a consensus on the size and configuration of an expanded park. It was feared that the original park was not big enough to sustain the resident woodland caribou once the surrounding boreal forests were rendered uninhabitable by clearcut logging. Representatives of logging and mining companies, hunting and fishing businesses, First Nations, and other local residents as well as wilderness conservation and recreation groups were included on the Boundary Committee.

In 1880, woodland caribou were found in Ontario as far south as Algonquin Park. Since then, they have been relentlessly pushed further and further north by human industry. Now, except for isolated populations in Pukaskwa National Park, Michipicoten Island, and the Black Bay Peninsula area, the southern limit of the caribou's range in Ontario coincides with the Wabakimi Provincial Park area.

Because woodland caribou need undisturbed, mature boreal forests to survive, the Ministry of National Resources (MNR) has proposed increasing the size allowed for clearcuts in caribou territory. They hope that by changing to a pattern of large clearcuts separated by large tracts of uncut land, instead of a system of smaller but more numerous clearcuts, the caribou will be able to survive while logging continues around them. When the time comes for the forests originally left uncut to be logged, the MNR predicts that the caribou will move back onto the land that was cut but subsequently regenerated.

This is a very risky plan. The MNR is gambling on its ability to predict the quantity and quality of land needed to be left uncut to provide for the caribou's complex needs. Yet caribou have been observed to avoid land that seems, to humans at least, to be perfectly suited for them. Also, the

MNR is speculating that caribou will be able to re-establish themselves on previously clearcut land. This has never happened in the past.

Another problem for the caribou are the roads that will be built to bring in equipment to the logging areas and to transport wood out. Studies have shown that where roads have been built, caribou (and other animals) become vulnerable to vehicular accidents, increased legal and illegal hunting, and stress caused by the increased use of ATVs and snowmobiles.

The risks involved in the MNR's plan made the largest possible expansion of Wabakimi essential. Also essential was the inclusion of habitat that had been identified as critical for the survival of the caribou.

Congratulations are due to Mr. Hampton and his staff for addressing the risks that future logging poses to the caribou and the other fauna and flora of the Wabakimi Park area. If timber management in the region fails to provide for caribou, there is a good chance that caribou will still survive within the expanded park. Much of the critical caribou habitat that had been identified by the Boundary Committee has been incorporated into the new Wabakimi.

For those who enjoy wilderness canoeing, the park expansion will greatly enhance the opportunity for excellent tripping. Wabakimi Park, according to Bruce Petersen of Environment North, is a "spectacular area of beautiful land with wonderful canoe routes and excellent whitewater opportunities." An increase in tourism to Wabakimi is expected as word spreads of its many magnificent features.

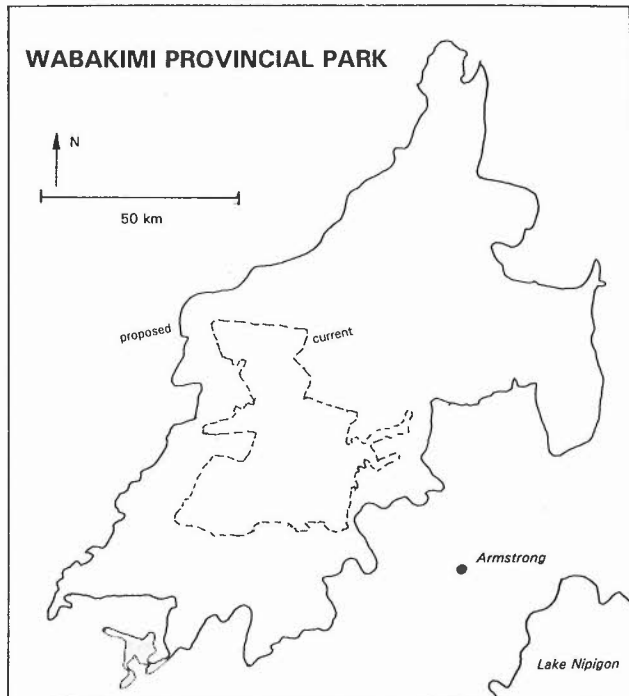
Because tourism is expected to play a more important role in the economy of the region, forest-fire suppression will be continued, although ideally some fires should be



Woodland caribou

Credit: Tim Timmermann

allowed to burn in limited areas. Fire is an important agent of boreal forest regeneration; it breaks open the cones of jack pine and black spruce and frees their seeds for propagation.



Logging, mining, and hydro-electric development will not be allowed anywhere in the park. This will not result in mill closures as the local mills have enough wood from other sources to continue operating. Land that was considered to have the best potential for the mining industry, or that already had existing mineral claims, has been, for the most part, left out of the new park. As well, the local First Nations community will maintain their right to hunt, fish, and trap within the new park and the local hunting and fishing camps will continue to operate.

To realize the great potential that an expanded Wabakimi Park promises, a group of dedicated people have worked extremely hard for the past two and a half years. The work, however, is not yet finished. Over the next several months, wilderness advocates, members of the local First Nations community, and logging and mining executives will be consulted by the Ontario government so that details of the new park can be finalized. These details include the confirmation of the park boundary and the assignment of park classifications to specific areas. The government anticipates that final regulation will take place in early 1996. The day this regulation occurs will certainly be special for all who care about wild places and the life they support.

(John Ankenman volunteers for the Wildlands League, a nature advocacy organization.)

I was wind
Rippling water
To the shore

I was the budding leaf
New this year
To the lake to the trail

I was the sun
Yellow canoe traversing the lake
East to west

I was a day in June: in my canoe
I was a day in June

Larry Everson



REVIEWS

NORTHERN NURSE, by Elliott Merrick, republished by Nimbus Publishing Ltd., Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1994, softcover, 311 pages, \$16.95.

Reviewed by Ria Harting.

First published in 1942, this book tells the story of Kate Austen, a nurse at the Grenfell Mission in Labrador in the late 1920s and early 1930s. This reprinted edition now places the book in the "biography / women's studies" category. While it certainly deals with an admirable woman who provided a wide variety of medical care to the inhabitants of the Northwest River area of Labrador, it also paints a great picture of the country itself and the way in which the inhabitants made a living off this land, their mode of transportation, camping, etc. It is an eloquent description of Labrador's isolation from the rest of the world, the resulting self-reliance and creativity, as well as the effects of the harsh climate and the hard work on the bodies of everyone who tried to extract a living from nature. Labrador continues to call canoeists because of its isolation; but 60 to 70 years ago it must have been so much closer to heaven or hell.

A SNOW WALKER'S COMPANION, by Garrett and Alexandra Conover, published by Ragged Mountain Press, Camden, Main, 1995, softcover, 238 pages, US\$19.95.

Reviewed by Herb Pohl.

Even though there has been a noticeable increase in the number of people who venture out with tents, skis, and

snowshoes to spend a few days out of doors in the winter, most individuals regard such endeavours as masochism in action. The notion that one can go on extended trips anywhere south of the tree-line and be perfectly comfortable (most of the time) seems far-fetched hyperbole. Well, the Conovers have produced a book which describes the requirements of comfortable winter travel in considerable detail.

As with Garrett Conover's first book, "Beyond the Paddle," the attention to detail is beyond reproach. The topics covered include clothing and footwear, provisioning, equipment such as snowshoes, stoves, tents, and toboggans, even a chapter on "Caring for mind and body." The authors are not content to suggest specific solutions but go to great lengths to explain why they favor a specific component. With 14 years of outfitting experience behind them their choices merit consideration. The reader quickly discovers that the authors prefer natural products rather than high-tech synthetics: wood, leather, cotton, down, and wool instead of plastic, rubber, nylon, and synthetic fills. Because some of the products they favor are difficult to find or outlandishly expensive, the authors have included detailed plans and descriptions on the manufacture of tents, moccasins, mitts, and anoraks as well as an index of sources of materials.

The best aspect of this book, however, is the reading of it. The writing is not only clear and straightforward on the practical aspects, but it is telling a story. It's the story of two people who love the outdoors in winter, and who want to open the eyes of others to the beauty and excitement which is there waiting to be experienced — in comfort.

PARK RANGERS TO THE RESCUE

In mid January, after spending five days in the bush of Algonquin Park with temperatures in the minus 25 C range, I found myself stranded in the parking lot of the Minnesing Ski Trails with a truck engine which refused to start.

My companions drove me to Newlake campground, the nearest telephone, and after several false starts with a computerized telephone I finally contacted a service station in Whitney and requested that a mechanic and service truck be sent out. They didn't have one. They only sold gasoline. However, the gentleman said he would relay my message to a full-service garage.

I returned to Minnesing parking lot where there is a large log cabin with a wood-burning stove, courtesy of the Park Authorities. I lit the stove, stretched out comfortably on a large bench seat, and settled down to wait for the service truck.

Two hours later a park ranger arrived. Park Headquarters at the east gate had received a message that someone had stranded at Minnesing and needed gasoline. The ranger had

brought me some; but gasoline wasn't my problem, I had a tankful of it. The ranger was on his way to Huntsville but would stop at the west gate office and inform the east gate staff of my true situation.

Half an hour later a second park ranger arrived to check that the first ranger had been able to get me on my way. I explained the situation. He immediately used his mobile telephone to contact Mochulla Auto Service in Whitney who said they would be there in 30 minutes.

Right on time a tow truck arrived. The mechanic quickly solved the problem by installing a new set of spark plugs and in 20 minutes I was on my way home, thanks, mainly, to those two Algonquin Park rangers.

Jim Greenacre



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; Mike Jones (905) 270-3256; Ann Dixie (416) 486-7402; Tim Gill (416) 447-2063.

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

19-24 June **NORTH SHORE GEORGIAN BAY**

Gerry O'Farrell, (519) 822-8886, book before 5 June.

This trip will take us from Killarney to Highway 69. We will be exploring the Bustard Islands and anything else that looks interesting. Novices welcome.

24-25 June **LOWER MADAWASKA RIVER**

Tim Gill, (416) 447-2063, book before 15 June.

From Latchford Bridge to Griffith via one of our finest pool-and-drop rivers. We will be camping on the river. An exiting whitewater weekend for intermediate paddlers with suitably outfitted boats. All the rapids can be portaged. Limit six canoes.

24-25 June **FRANKLIN ISLAND**

Doug Ashton, (519) 654-0336, book before 16 June.

Franklin Island is a large crown-land island located on Georgian Bay near Parry Sound. The area offers exceptional scenery, open campsites, opportunities for exploration, and interesting waterways. We will meet early Saturday morning and put in at Snug Harbour. Weather conditions will dictate our ability to paddle around the island; however, there is an inland waterway that will allow access to and from the island if the conditions are unco-operative. Participants should be comfortable paddling in large, open water. Limit four canoes.

30 June-3 July **TIM RIVER**

Howard Sales, (416) 921-5321, book immediately.

Four days on the Tim River. A flatwater trip for those whose hunting instincts are tuned to viewing antiquities and searching out old ranger cabins. Those of more aggressive nature may participate in a vegetarian bow hunt for savage mushrooms. Limit three canoes.

8 July **MINDEN WILD WATER PRESERVE**

Steve Bernet, (519) 837-8774, book immediately.

The Gull at Minden is a man-made whitewater course that can challenge the most experienced canoeist (if there is any water left this year). If there is high water this is a serious test of skills; however, those who wish to practise basic moving-water manoeuvres can paddle in the run-off at the bottom of the course. Limit six canoes or other portable rigid watercraft. Helmets are required.

16 July **MINDEN WILD WATER PRESERVE**

Tom and Cindy Lemieux, (905) 648-6581, book immediately.

Mid-summer water levels can be exciting on the Gull. A trip for intermediate or experienced paddlers. Come out for a day of refreshing challenge and enjoyable company. Many new friends to be made. Helmets are required.

29-30 July **RIVER RESCUE CLINIC PALMER RAPIDS**

Bill Ness and WCA Outings Committee, (416) 321-3005, book immediately.

This clinic covers a variety of river rescue techniques and is

sponsored by the 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 a book on river rescue techniques is recommended. All paddlers welcome.

5-7 August **OTTAWA RIVER**

John and Sharon Hackert, (416) 438-7672, book before 31 July.

We are fortunate to have access to the most beautiful private campsite on the river, right where we take out. On Saturday we will paddle the Middle Channel; on Sunday the Main Channel; and Monday the Middle again. Suitable for paddlers with intermediate whitewater skills who are prepared to portage if they choose to. We will scout most rapids. Boat floatation and helmets required. Limit six canoes.

12-13 August **MINDEN WILD WATER PRESERVE**

Tim Gill, (416) 447-2063, book before 4 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 experienced 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 practise their moving-water technique. Limit six boats.

1-4 September **SPANISH RIVER WEEKEND**

Jay Neilson, (705) 744-1325, or Tim Gill, (416) 447-2063, book before 21 August.

We will run from Cartier on Highway 144 to McKerron on Highway 17. Cartier is 40 minutes north of Sudbury. This should be a beautiful trip with no bugs. Limit six boats with intermediate paddlers.

2-4 September **OTTAWA RIVER**

John and Sharon Hackert, (416) 438-7672, book before 28 August.

See previous description. Wetsuits recommended.

10 September **BURNT RIVER**

Bill Ness, (416) 321-3005, book before 3 September.

Between Kinmount and the village of Burnt River, the Burnt is a placid stretch of water with a few small riffles 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 an excellent family outing. Limit six canoes.

23-24 September **WCA FALL MEETING ALGONQUIN PARK**

See details elsewhere in this issue.

1 October **BLACK LAKE LOOP**

Rob Butler, (416) 487-2282, call before 22 September.

A lake-and-portage trip from Raven Lake, north of Dorset on Highway 35. Ten lakes, 10 portages for canoeists who like to travel. Fit novices welcome. Limit three canoes.

14-16 October AGAWA CANYON

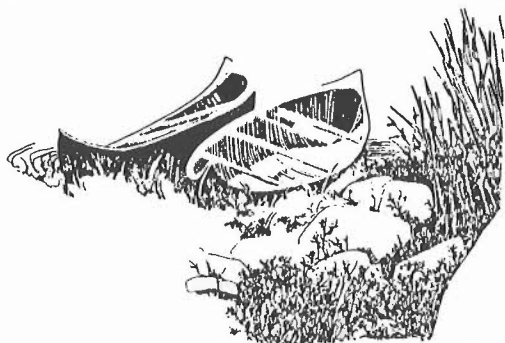
Jay Neilson, (705) 744-1325, or Tim Gill, (416) 447-2063, book before 1 October.

The Lake Superior hardwood hills will be ablaze with color. We will meet in Sault Sainte Marie and take the 09:40 a.m. train to Eaton, then paddle down the Agawa River Canyon to Lake Superior. Hiking the Lake Superior cliffs is recommended if a longer stay is possible.

15 October GRAND RIVER

Mike Jones, (905) 270-3256, book before 9 October.

From Cambridge to Paris the Grand has some good current and a few riffles, fine fall scenery, no bugs, and views of the hikers and cyclists on the walking trail above. Limit six boats.

**DON RIVER DAY**

Sunday, the 7th of May, was every bit as beautiful for Toronto's Don River Day as last year's weather was miserable. Participants, who numbered between 200 and 300, enjoyed bright sunshine, moderate temperatures, and a light southeast wind.

Starting at Serena Gundy Park between 10:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m., most took about two to three hours to paddle either to Harbourfront or to the earlier take-out point at the Keating Channel. The water level, at least during the "golden period" from 9:30 to 1:30, was just right. The change brought about by the opening and closing of the G. Ross Lord Dam at Finch Ave. was quite dramatic, although it took the extra water four hours to get down to Serena Gundy Park.

The safety crews stationed at the three weirs, who had to wait until everyone else went past, had to content with much lower water. My apologies to them and we'll try to do better next year. Most of these volunteers were WCA members and their expertise made the day much safer for the participants. My thanks and that of the MTRCA to all of them.

Mark your calendars for '96 (you'd better set aside *all* of the Sundays just to be on the safe side) — we'll probably be doing it again.

Bill King

21 October ELORA GORGE

Roger and Sandy Harris, (416) 323-3603, book before 1 October.

The water can rise again in the fall and we could be in for a fun day of whitewater play. The water should still be warm. Trip is suitable for enthusiastic intermediate paddlers or better who have properly outfitted whitewater canoes. Helmets should be worn. Limit eight boats.

29 October DAY HIKE GIBSON RIVER AREA

Tony Bird, (416) 466-0172, book before 25 October.

A one-day hike on the Five Winds Ski Trails, located in the rugged Canadian Shield terrain of the Gibson River area. The hike should take approximately eight hours.

PARTNERS WANTED**FAMILY TRIP IN KILLARNEY 2-9 AUGUST**

For the past three years, we have been taking our boys, now aged five and seven, for easy canoe trips in Killarney Park. Last year we spent five days in the interior and this year we plan on six. The trips have been wonderful experiences for all of us, and after much reflection we've decided that only one thing could improve them: the company of another family.

If you have a family and you'd like to explore the possibility of joining us this summer, why not get in touch so we can begin discussing? Richard Todd, 68 Chemin des Pins, RR.3, Wakefield, PQ, J0X 3G0; phone/fax (819) 827-3175; Internet: Todd.Richard@istc.ca.

TEMAGAMI FLATWATER 19-27 AUGUST

Exact route to be determined but will probably include the northeast arm of Lake Temagami, Kokoko Lake, the northwest and southwest arms, Gull Lake, Cross Lake, and some points to the southeast. Some portaging. Much of the route will be new for the leader. Limit eight people. Contact Richard Todd, see above.

MISSINAIBI RIVER

A party planning a trip on the Missinaibi River from Missanabi to Mattice is looking for two more participants to make up a full crew of eight. The trip runs from 14 July to 2 August 1995. For more information contact Ray or Sandy Henderson at (905) 873-0736.

WHITE RIVER

One more boat wanted for 19-27 August trip on White River; five days on the river ending in Pukaskwa National Park followed by hike on the Coastal Trail. Call Bill Stevenson, (416) 925-0017 (evenings).



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.

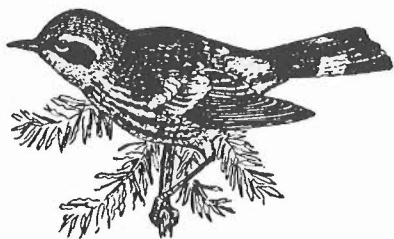
DISCOUNTS ON TRIPPING SUPPLIES WCA members who present a membership card will receive a 10-percent discount on many non-sale times at:

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.



CANOES WANTED Used ABS canoes, tandem or solo; should be in good condition. Outfitted for whitewater is preferred but not essential. Please call: Wayne Gignac at (905) 278-4719, John Hislop at (905) 627-3280, John Rudolph at (905) 648-3343.

CLASSIC SOLO CANOE COURSES Two lessons totalling four hours instructed by Becky Mason at Meech Lake, basic or advanced. Maximum three per class. All equipment provided. Fee \$60. Contact Box 126, RR#1, Chelsea, PQ, J0X 1N0; tel. (819) 827-4159.

IMPROVE YOUR MOVING WATER PADDLING SKILLS The Grand Canoe School runs ORCA accredited moving water classes in the Guelph area as well as wilderness trips in Algonquin Park. For a brochure, please phone (519) 763-3394 or (416) 440-4208, or write to: The Grand Canoe School, 17A-218 Silvercreek Parkway N., Suite #101, Guelph, Ontario, N1H 8E8.

ALGONQUIN CANOE & KAYAK ON GEORGIAN BAY We now have a second store in Waubausheene on Highway 69 which will have tons of canoe and kayaks for sale or rent. Also in stock will be a selection of paddles, lifejackets, and other related paddling accessories. This location is very convenient for folks on their way north to



French River, Killarney, and Lake Superior paddling areas. Call or write: (705) 538-0881; Highway 69, General Delivery, Waubausheene, Ont., L0K 2C0.

WILDERNESS ADVENTURE PROGRAMS are offered by Beth and Dave Buckley who present 30-minute slide presentations on several places they have visited such as the Mountain, Taltson, and Clearwater rivers as well as Algonquin Park and the Yukon. To arrange a presentation for your group or event, write or call the Buckleys at: Ashford Outdoor Media, 6478 Ashford Hollow Road, West Valley, NY 14171-9612, USA; phone (716) 942-6631.

NORTHERN BOOKS Used, scarce, and select new books on northern, arctica, Canadiana, wilderness, and canoeing topics. Write for new free catalog #13, Northern Books, Box 211, Station P, Toronto, ON, M5S 2S7, or call (416) 531-8873 and leave a message.

NASHWAAK PADDLES High-performance cruising paddles by Nashwaak, in black cherry. Quality guaranteed. Blade design based on historic, native deepwater paddles. Omer Stringer-style carved grip. Call, fax, or write for free information package: Jeff Solway, Nashwaak Paddles, 23 Marchmount Road, Toronto, M6G 2A8; tel. (416) 537-5582; fax (416) 530-4317.



WILL THIS SOON BE THE ONLY WAY TO HEAR NATURE'S MUSIC?

CANOETOONS
PAUL MASON

Where it is ...



... in this issue

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. North of Great Slave Lake (2) | 10. French River Delta | 24. Reviews |
| 7. The Bow | 14. Letter to the Editor | 24. Park Rangers to the Rescue |
| 7. Contagious Symposiums | 15. SP: the Story of a Canoe | 25. WCA Trips |
| 8. News Briefs | 16. Throwbags | 26. Don River Days |
| 9. Board Activities | 18. Sakatawi Canoe Route | 26. Partners Wanted |
| 9. WCA Needs VCR | 22. Wabakimi Wilderness | 27. Products and Services |
| 9. New Mailing System | 23. Poem | 27. Canoetoon |

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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* (for non-residents US \$25 or US \$35). 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.