



nastawgan

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Quarterly Journal of the Wilderness Canoe Association



Near Gulch Cape

KUUJJUAQ TO NAIN

Article: Tiia Luste

Photographs: George Luste

Three years ago, in the summer of 1992, my father attempted a canoe trip around the northern tip of Labrador. However, due to a very late spring and dangerous ice conditions on Ungava Bay, he and his trip partners had to change their route, portaging instead across the Torngat Mountains from Abloviak Fiord to Seven Island Bay on the Labrador side. Apparently, it was very challenging to say the least. So, when he asked me if I wanted to join him on another attempt to go around the tip I had to think a bit.

I thought for about ten minutes and decided I would be crazy not to take advantage of this once-in-a-lifetime experience. I knew it would probably be the most physically and mentally strenuous trip I had ever done, but that I would also be rewarded with the most spectacular scenery and experiences I'd ever encountered. I was not wrong. Let me tell you

a bit about this trip that took us 35 days — from 9 July to 12 August 1995 — to paddle the approximately 1,100 km from Kuujjuaq on the Koksoak River along the east coast of Ungava Bay to Port Burwell and down the northern Labrador coast to Nain, our end-point.

We did the trip with Bill Swift, a canoe manufacturer from the Algonquin Park area, and John Winters, a canoe designer. Of course, we travelled in two Winters-designed and Swift-built royalex Albanies, and they were great for stability and efficiency — particularly when compared to the aluminum Grummans my father has favored over the years and in which I learned to paddle. Without the spray covers we used we would not have been able to complete the trip. They were one-piece with two cockpits and snapped onto the full length of the canoe. The covers allowed us to paddle in

waves and windy conditions which otherwise could have swamped us. As well, they kept us warm and dry when it rained.

We flew from Montreal to Kuujjuaq. The canoes and most of our gear had been flown up a week earlier. The town of Kuujjuaq is located about 40 km up the Koksoak River, and we had to wait a few hours for the tide to come in so we could ride it out to Ungava Bay that day, 9 July. Bill Doidge, a friend who lives and works in Kuujjuaq for the Makavik Corporation, welcomed us into his home and provided us with a hot meal.

We knew that the Ungava portion of our trip would be strongly influenced by the tides, which can fluctuate about 12 m between high and low. The wait at Kuujjuaq was merely a warmup for the kinds of waiting we would experience later on the trip.



Tidal flat on Ungava Bay, near George River

UNGAVA BAY

The first two weeks were ones of excellent weather and we made good time, paddling 12 to 14 hours a day. We travelled many late evenings, watching the beautiful evening sun glinting off the wet rocks as we paddled into dusk. In fact, we were so accustomed to long days, that about six days into the trip, when it turned grey and windy at about 4 p.m. — after eight hours of paddling -- we were happily surprised when dad suggested that “if we just get to that cove over there, we can camp early.” On most trips this would have been a full day already!

The tidal schedule was with us for the initial days, with high tide in the morning in time to push off and during the evening just as we were looking for a campsite. Later in the trip, as the tidal cycle shifted, we were forced to camp at mid tide, and carry our gear a great distance over slippery seaweed-covered rocks. The tides of Ungava Bay create strong currents around the rocks, points, inlets, and fiords, shifting with the incoming and outgoing tides. Paddling around one point, we would be fighting against the current, and then we'd round the next bend and be floating down a small riffle.

We purposely started our trip two weeks later than my dad had done with his first group three years ago, and we didn't see any ice at all on Ungava Bay. Passing Abloviak Fiord, my father pointed out where he, my brother Tate, Carl Schimek, and Walter Lohaza had begun their four-day portage inland; he described how the entire area was end-to-end with ice chunks. It was difficult to imagine as I looked at the calm, glassy water.



Paddling past Abloviak Fiord, Ungava Bay

At Abloviak Fiord and certain other points along the Ungava shore, we could look eastward and see glimpses of the tops of the Torngat Mountains, their snow and ice-capped peaks showing above the horizon. They seemed quite mystical, and very far away to us.

We reached Killiniq Island, officially a part of the Northwest Territories, on 18 July, and visited Port Burwell for a few hours. Port Burwell was originally established under the name Killinek in 1902, as a Moravian mission. The Moravian church, a Protestant church established in 1457 in Bohemia, was famous for its missionary work on the Labrador coast between the late 1700s and the early 1900s.

While the Moravians had left some time ago, the town of Port Burwell wasn't completely abandoned until 1978, after a small group of native people had tried unsuccessfully to start up a co-operative. We spent some time walking around the abandoned houses and fish processing plant. One local native family was camping and hunting in the area for the summer. Other than them, and the generators which run continually for the automatic weather station on the hill top, the town is empty and quiet. Apparently, a clean-up of the debris recently took place.

We camped just around the corner from Port Burwell, and someone noted that we were truly in polar bear country. Dad had brought a shotgun as an emergency measure, with both plastic slugs as a deterrent and lead slugs in case the deterrent failed. I figured I wouldn't be much use to anyone who was in danger if I didn't know how to use the gun, so I was given a half-hour lesson by Dad and John, and I practised by firing one of the plastic slugs. It turned out that the only polar bear we saw was seen by Bill and John, swimming north as they were paddling south near Ekortarsuk Fiord.

Dad and I were behind a small island, but I gather it was an exciting bear-spotting, the animal swimming so strongly that it produced a wake.

We were surprised at the good time we were making, and we held a meeting while at Port Burwell to discuss our schedule for the rest of the trip. It was decided that we would aim for two weeks to Saglek Bay, leaving time to stop and hike around a bit to enjoy the Torngat Mountains. Too bad the forces which determine the weather weren't present at our meeting ...



Celebration at the end of McLellan Strait

The next morning, we went through McLellan Strait towards the Torngats. The Strait is quite narrow and deep with very powerful currents. We tried to time our passage for slack tide, but there wasn't really a slack tide to speak of. Instead, ribbons of current flowed both ways and a very strong windtunnel effect (against us, of course) made the five-hour paddle difficult and a bit scary. We eventually reached the Labrador Sea, with its relatively calm water, big swells, ice bergs far off the coast, and the Torngat Mountains — "home of the spirits."

LABRADOR SEA

Our first campsite on the Labrador side was on a small island called Amity Island, in a cove called Clark Harbour. Several cairns marked a small entrance into the cove, and it was perfectly calm in the cove as compared to the ferocious winds we had encountered just an hour earlier in McLellan Strait. A pair of curious harp seals watched us from just offshore as we made camp. The next day we got our first taste of what was in store for us in this phase of our trip — it started raining and we were windbound for two and a half days. The few flat grassy spots amongst the bare rock that had looked good for a tent of course turned out to be the key spots for water accumulation, and everything was getting damp. But the views of the northern Torngats were spectacular, more than making up for the frustration of being windbound. We also had prime seats on the rocky cliffs to watch icebergs of all shapes and sizes move south, carried by the Labrador Current.

Finally, we were able to move on, and we soon appreciated how deceptive scale can be when studying the landscape from the water. There were no trees for reference, only rocks, so while I might have thought we were approaching a boulder beach at the base of a cliff, instead of it taking us 20 minutes to get there, it took 45 minutes, and the "boulders" turned out to be three metres high.

Just south of Clark Harbour, somewhere in the mountains, a German weather station was set up in October 1943, the remains of which were found in the 1980s. The Germans had planned to use it to automatically transmit temperature, wind pressure, force, and direction, but the U-Boat which established the station was sunk before the war was over. For a long time no one knew the remains of the station were here in the Torngats.

The base rocks of the Torngat mountains are more than 1,000 million years old, and on top of this basement series is a younger sedimentary series of slates and quartzites. The layers of rock would later have been subjected to great stress and compression, thrown into folds, fractured, and faulted. It was through this continuous action that the mountains got





Eclipse Channel, from Collins Point

their distinctive striped look. The highest peaks are over 1,700 m high and the mountain range itself runs along the coast for 235 km.

If you are paddling this stretch of the Labrador shoreline, I would highly recommend a visit to Eclipse Harbour and Channel. We spent a day and a half there, and the mountains, streams, and valleys are stunning. By this time we were in the peak summer period, and small plants grew out of crevices, sheltered behind rocks and in small depressions in the rock — lichens, roseroot, dandelions, Arctic poppy, and saxifrage — with small fields of Arctic cotton grass growing in the valleys.

As we emerged from Eclipse Channel, we again encountered the harsh winds that characterize the sea, and we were forced to stop just south of Collins Point. It was a beautiful cove, with a beach and regular groups of caribou walking by on their way to a drinking pond. During our two and a half days windbound there we were treated to spectacular grey skies and views of the stark black mountains which rise steeply from the water. We admired the scenery, did our laundry, washed, rested, and read. By this time we had all read our own books and were trading with each other. The “library” included mystery novels, short stories, classic Eliott Merrick, and Kurt Vonnegut.

On the morning of the 28th, we got up very early at Collins Point, planning to paddle an hour to Miriam Lake for breakfast. As we were loading the canoe, Bill strained his back very badly. We pushed off anyway, but he couldn't paddle, and even the rocking of the boat caused him agony. We slowly made our way the five kilometres to Miriam Lake and camped there. We gave Bill an extra strong sleeping pill, and speculated on how long we might have to wait for him to be strong enough to paddle — it could have been up to a week, and both John and Bill had commitments at home that they were anxious to return to.

Dad, John, and I were hiking up a small mountain to pass the time and enjoy the scenery when by chance a helicopter with a group of biologists conducting a peregrine falcon survey landed on a flat grassy area to refuel about a kilometre away from us. John jogged over, and asked them if they could take a message back to Nain to send a boat up for him and Bill. They took this message and the next day, Saturday 29 July, we split up the food and gear, and left Bill and John to wait for the boat while my dad and I set off by ourselves for the final 500 km of the trip. Our two friends were eventually picked up by a boat and made it safely home.

We paddled about 35 km that day, and camped late on the south shore of Kangalasiorsvik Fiord. It felt odd and we



Paddling past Mt. Razorback

were a bit lonely with just the two of us camping compared to the four we had become accustomed to. On Sunday we stopped for lunch at the base of Mt. Razorback and after lunch paddled through the fog along the sheer south side of it to the mouth of Nachvak Fiord. Mt. Razorback is an unusual combination of rock, bluish-black in color, with great resistance to erosion from the elements. As we paddled past it, the ragged mountain rose high out of the fog, icebergs kept appearing and disappearing, and the cries of gulls echoed off the rocks. It was calm, but with gentle swells, and the misty rain fell continuously.



Blessed calm after the horrific night of wind

We started across Nachvak Fiord in the fog (Dad set his compass bearing on a peak we could occasionally see) but as we crossed the fiord, the fog began rolling out quickly. Every time I turned my head to look up the fiord, more and more mountains were visible, and I could see deeper and deeper into the fiord and discover higher and higher peaks.

We were intending to find a campsite on the opposite shore, but there were no places to stop on the steep shoreline. We were crossing the small opening of Bigelow Bay, when mighty gusts out of the bay hit us broadside — we were again experiencing a windtunnel! We fought for 20 minutes to move about 50 m, occasionally having to turn and face upwind, paddling into the bay just to keep our relative position and not be swept completely out to sea. There were a few seconds when I thought we might not make it alive. Reaching the other side, we still had to find a campsite, and the sooner the better, as we were exhausted and weak from the physical and mental strain of our battle. We landed at the only flat spot visible, but it too turned out to be in a windtunnel — a valley between two mountains. We had no choice, and started putting up the tent.

We broke two tent poles trying to set it up in the wind, and ended up with the tent pegged down at every corner, about ten rope tie-downs coming out from the sides and top, with our packs inside to buttress the poles from bending inwards and snapping. The canoe was on its side with over 370 kg of rocks inside, to provide a bit of a wind break for the tent and keep the canoe from blowing away. All night long the tent shuddered and flapped violently, and we slept in our clothes to be ready in case the tent started shredding. I didn't sleep much, imagining that a hurricane with gale force winds was going to blow all our gear away and we'd die of exposure. Dad, of course, seemed to calmly doze off, much to my consternation.

However, the tent was still standing around us in the morning, and everything seemed more optimistic in the sunlight. It was still very windy, the wind picking up funnels

of spray off the water, so we stayed put and rested that day. Our next stretch was a paddle around Gulch Cape, a point which sticks five kilometres out into the sea, and involves a 10-km paddle around it along steep cliffs, exposed to the open sea. We would wait for optimal weather.

It was also at this site that my paddle was accidentally broken when it was knelt upon by my dad. It was an old wood paddle, used by my mother when I was a child, and used by me just a few years ago in another long trip my dad and I completed from Hudson Bay to Ungava Bay down the Leaf River. (See the story of that trip in *Nastawgan*, Winter 1993.) That paddle now holds a place of honor on my living room wall.

Early the next morning we paddled around Gulch Cape. We had to stop at noon, because it was gusting a bit and I became nervous, remembering our experience two days earlier. At our campsite we found piles of Ramah chert, tent rings, and old hearths, indicating that this spot had been used for the production of this unique type of chert. The winds had not completely died by the next day, so we settled in and waited.

Finally, the next day, 3 August, the weather was calm and we were up at 4:30 a.m., ready to paddle along the remainder of the Torngat Mountain range. We saw a whale surface just ahead of us, and I took that to be a good sign. Our goal was to reach the abandoned community of Hebron within two days.



Historic settlement of Hebron

On 5 August we reached Hebron and spent a few hours walking around the abandoned buildings and visiting the grave sites. Hebron was established as a Moravian mission in 1818, and closed in the 1960s. Most of the buildings are still standing and they leave a very distinct impression of what life must have been like for the people who came to this remote place in the early 1900s to live and work. Hebron is a designated heritage site and one entrepreneur from Nain is fixing up and winterizing a small cabin in the hope of attracting a few tourists to the area.

Although we had been officially past the Torngat Mountain range for at least a day now, I hadn't fully appreciated that we were leaving them until the next day when I saw us approaching the Kaumajet Mountains. We had our video recorder out in honor of dad's birthday, and as we paddled closer and closer to the Kaumajet Mountains I wondered if I would ever again see the Torngats, the home of the spirits, other than in photographs and on a video.

The Kaumajets are an interesting range of mountains, with only a few peaks but fascinating in shape and structure. Kaumajet means "shining top," and these mountains have a distinctive flat top. They are composed of volcanic rocks, lavas, and ashes, laid down on the older rock.

After leaving the Kaumajets, our days were fairly uneventful. Once we reached the site of the abandoned mission of Okak we camped and looked for remnants of the mission, only a few building foundations of which remain. Okak was another Moravian mission founded in 1776, and hit very hard by influenza epidemics several times. The worst epidemic was in 1918–19, when the supply ship *Harmony* brought an epidemic of the Spanish flu, and 280 of the population of 330 died within weeks. Okak was closed down and demolished shortly thereafter in 1920.



Cape Uivak, at Saglek Bay

We crossed Saglek Bay at dusk with no problems, and I felt better as each exposed crossing was completed. On 4 August we were up again early and pushed off without breakfast in order to get around Cape Uivak while it was still calm. Cape Uivak is a point with several kilometres of exposed paddling and few spots to stop in case of trouble. I was feeling quite positive by the time we stopped about three hours later in a small cove for a leisurely hearty breakfast (cream of wheat cereal and fried canned meat). We had only a few more open bays to cross and capes to paddle around before we would reach Nain.

Our good luck with the weather ran out the next day, and we were windbound for two more days just around the corner from Okak. There were no freshwater streams, and I never quite learned over those two days to enjoy the water — it was a yellow-brown color, drawn from boggy ponds, with small black flecks swimming around in it.

In exploring the land within a few kilometres of Okak, we found dozens of stone graves, comprised of piles of rocks. Apparently this is a very old and well-used grave site. Many of the graves had been disturbed, but almost all of them still contained part or all of the skeletons. We also found some former archaeological excavations and several sod houses, or illuqsuaq, including two well-preserved ones (probably built within the last 50 years). The semi-permanent illuqsuaq would have been built using sod and stone for walls with skin partitions. They varied widely in size and were lived in from October to April by between four and fifty people.

By this time, we were again on the edge of the tree line — we hadn't really seen trees since the early days of our trip. Patches of tamarack and scrubby willow dotted the mountains and the valleys were relatively thick with vegetation. We continued to see hundreds of birds, including gulls, ptarmigan, Arctic terns, puffins, and the occasional loon and falcon.

We were able to leave our windbound site in the late afternoon of 9 August, and paddled until dark, covering 20 km. It was nice to be on the move again. The next morning we were up early and paddled until we stopped for a late lunch. Again, it was good we had made the time when we could, because the wind came up once more. We didn't risk going around our final exposed point, Cape Kiglapait, and past the Kiglapait Mountains where there are few places to safely stop if the wind becomes dangerous.

The next day we paddled along the third and final mountain range, the Kiglapaits. Kiglapait means "sierra" or "saw toothed," and these mountains are partly made up of labradorite, a beautiful rock refracting blues, greens, and bronzes. My mental image of the mountains is that they were big and black, and I don't believe they made as much of an impression on me as the other two mountain ranges, probably because I was so focused on our destination. It took us about five and a half hours to reach Thalia Point, where we turned inland, saying goodbye to the Labrador Sea.

From then on we would be sheltered in Port Manvers Run, and only one day of paddling from Nain. We made good time after lunch, since the tide and wind were with us, and we camped just half a day from Nain. The next day, Saturday, 12 August, we paddled this short distance, and arrived in Nain after lunch.

Of the last 24 days of the trip, we had been windbound for a total of 12 days — an unusual length of time for the summer season. It had taken us 24 days to travel 650 km, as opposed to the eleven days to travel 450 km on the Ungava side. The weather conditions on the Labrador side had forced us to use our "extra" time originally set aside for hiking, and we had to paddle whenever the weather was good.

A freighter happened to be docked in Nain, and the captain offered us a ride to Goose Bay. We jumped at the offer. The thought of being home in Toronto within four days was appealing, and I enjoyed the hot shower I had on board the ship. But even as we rode to Goose Bay and flew to Montreal, I was already missing the vast mountains and the wide open landscapes of Northern Labrador. I'm grateful that I had the opportunity to complete such an exciting trip and that we did it safely. I've also developed a new sense of respect for the forces of nature and I plan to return to the mountains of Northern Labrador the first chance I get.



At Miriam Lake campsite



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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.

PLEASE, SUBMIT ARTICLES AND OTHER MATERIAL!!

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:

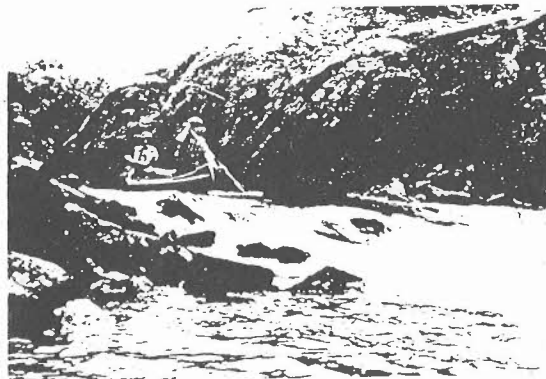
issue: Spring 1996 deadline date: 21 January 1996
Summer 1996 28 April 1996

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).

WHITEWATER SKILL-BUILDER CLINICS Start paddling next spring with a new sense of skill and competence. Develop powerful, instinctive braces that will right a capsizing canoe. Learn to execute aggressive, precise turns. For a real confidence boost, let us show you how to roll a canoe — it's not that difficult. We have a Scarborough pool available Sundays 5 to 6 p.m. from 7 January through 10 March. Cost is only \$50 per person for a whole winter of paddling fun. Limit of 20 participants. Register now to avoid disappointment. Call Bill Ness at (416) 321-3005.

CANOES FOR KIDS The salvation Army's Camp Madawaska is seeking donations of old canoes, preferably aluminum. Why not donate that old Grumman that you're not using anyway? An underprivileged youngster will gain a valuable outdoor experience as a result of your generosity. Call Captain Dirk van Duinen of the Sally Ann's at (416) 425-2111.

WCA-AGM The 1996 Winter Meeting — Annual General Meeting will take place on 10 and 11 February at the Mansfield Outdoor Centre. Details about this important meeting are presented on the inside cover.



PARTNERS WANTED

1996-Hood River, NWT Two couples in their mid 40s are looking for a third party to canoe the Hood. Time: three weeks in July. Skill level: three. Cost: \$1,800 p.p. ex. Yellowknife. Seriously interested and competent paddlers please contact Peter Mattischent at (514) 684-4667 (ev.).

Experienced tripper would like to join a group for a 3-6-week trip, summer 1996. Food expertise and competent in whitewater. Tom Elliott, (905) 648-1560, RR.1, Brantford, ON, N3T 5L4.

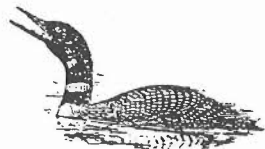


BOARD ACTIVITIES

(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.)

A number of new and ongoing initiatives have occupied the Board since the last report in the summer issue of *Nastawgan*.

The new display system donated to us by Galileo Distribution Systems promises to be much more satisfactory for use at the Sportsmen's Show and Canoe Expo. It has prompted a general revamping of our booth equipment, and a new display table and an "industrial strength" VCR are being purchased as well as new panelling for the booth. The WCA has been requested to participate in the program of workshops and pool demonstrations at the Sportsmen's Show.



The two outings scheduled last summer which were directed specifically at new members had to be cancelled due to lack of interest. Bill King or any member of the Board would be pleased to hear from any new members with suggestions for a better forum for giving newcomers a chance to get started in WCA outings, meet the "old guard," etc. The New Members Brochure has now been completed through the efforts of Richard Culpeper and Earl Silver and should soon be printed.

The Fall Meeting, organized by Herb Pohl (who is suing for \$50 million the person who started the rumor he rigged the tarp raffle) and the Wine and Cheese Evening, organized by Sharon Hackert, were both well attended and well received.

AGM '96 returns to the Mansfield Outdoor Centre on the weekend of 10 and 11 February. Mark your calendars now to attend for a *brief* business meeting and then an enjoyable weekend of nordic or alpine skiing. Preliminary planning for the Fall Meeting '96 is underway.

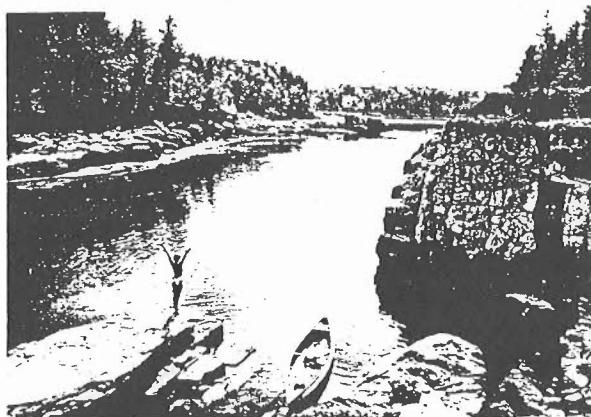
Membership in the WCA continues to grow each year. In early November the total stood at 692.

A donation on behalf of the WCA was made to the Bonnet Plume River legal Defence Fund.

Earl Silver has sent a letter to the Coast Guard and to the Ontario Ministry of Transportation outlining the WCA's position on the registration of Class 1 watercraft (including canoes) and making several safety suggestions.

A number of the extremely attractive WCA T-shirts are still available. Members interested in buying one should contact Doug Ashton at (519) 654-0336.

Lastly, don't forget our kindly, old newsletter editor who is doing his best to keep warm close to a meagre fire, while waiting for your contributions to arrive (he promises not to burn them!).



CANDIDATES FOR BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The following is the only platform for candidates for the 1996 Board of Directors received before our publication date. Any other members who wish to run for the Board may do so by letting the Board of Directors know, or by placing their name in nomination from the floor at the AGM on 10 February 1996.

EARL SILVER

I have had the great pleasure to serve as a member of the Board of Directors for the last two years and would like to continue in this capacity for another term. Generally, what most people do as part of the re-election process is let you know what they have accomplished. I would rather focus on the fact that our results are due to the efforts of a team of people and not just one person. We have made an impact over the last few years in four significant areas. One is our undertaking to make new members feel more comfortable in joining and participating in the club. We have also supported member requests for necessary technology tools to handle production of our newsletter and membership list. In addition, we have recognized the need to invest in a new booth and associated display material in a cost-effective way. And lastly, we have been more financially pro-active in promoting worthwhile canoe-related activities in the community. In closing, I would like to publicly thank all those members who have made the "job" much easier through their generous contribution of time and energy.

PETER JAMES TURNER 1941-1995

Tragically, Peter Turner, a longtime member of the WCA, was murdered in the course of a robbery while hiking in Mexico last August. Peter will be remembered as a keen naturalist with interests in a wide variety of outdoor pursuits. A memorial scholarship has been set up at Silverthorn Collegiate in Etobicoke; contributions are welcome.

CANOEING AND WILDERNESS SYMPOSIUM: THE NEAR WILDERNESS

The eleventh Canoeing and Wilderness Symposium (sponsored by the WCA) this year has a "Near Wilderness" theme. The aim of this annual get-together is to share an appreciation of our wilderness. This takes the form of some 19 presentations from individuals who represent a broad mosaic of experiences and views. Topics include canoeing, winter travel, history, native peoples, conservation and environment. This year we will explore the wonders of the near north, in contrast to last year's emphasis on the far north.

WHEN? Friday evening, 26 January 1996, from 6:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m., and all day Saturday, 27 January, from 9:00 a.m. to 9:30 p.m.

WHERE? In Toronto, at Monarch Park Collegiate auditorium: One Hanson Street, near Coxwell and Danforth, with reserved seating for about 750.

HOW? Registration form and information should have been received by now by all names on the mailing list from: WCA Symposium, Box 211, Station P, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 2S7.

CONTACT? George Luste, (416) 534-9313 at home, (416) 531-8873 via fax, (416) 978-7132 at work.



EASTERN ONTARIO AND WESTERN QUEBEC CANOE AND KAYAK SHOW

Outdoor enthusiasts living in eastern Ontario or western Quebec are being treated to their own show on canoeing, kayaking, and sea kayaking. The show will be held at the Civic Centre in Ottawa on 22, 23, and 24 March 1996.

In addition to a wide array of equipment manufacturers there will be local outfitters and tour companies from across Canada exhibiting and answering questions about their trips — from paddling the Northwest Territories, to sea kayaking the Queen Charlotte Islands, to whitewater kayaking on the Ottawa River. A full range of speakers will be presenting slide shows and seminars throughout the weekend. The demonstration pool area will feature new equipment, test paddling opportunities, paddling skills, and workshops. Highlights will be shown from the past three Waterwalker Film and Video Festivals.

Tickets for the show are available at the door or in advance from the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association, phone (519) 473-2109/641/1261, fax (519) 473-6560.

CANOE EXPO 1996

On 12 to 14 April 1996, Canoe Ontario, (416) 426-7170, will again present its annual canoe/kayak consumer show, the Canoe Expo, as always in the Etobicoke Olympium. More information on this event will be presented in the next issue of *Nastawgan*.

THE TORONTO SPORTSMEN'S SHOW

EXHIBITION PLACE
TORONTO

8 - 17 MARCH 1996

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SPORTSMEN'S SHOW

A non-profit Corporation dedicated to Canada's outdoor heritage

THE WCA AT THE SHOWS

The WCA will once again be at the Toronto Sportsmen's Show (8-17 March 1996) and Canoe Expo (12-14 April 1996). The booth will be substantially upgraded this year thanks to a donation from Earl Silver's employer. We are looking for volunteers to man the booth at both shows. If you are interested, please call Pat or Bryan Buttigieg at (905) 831-3554.



AUX SABLES AND PORTNEUF RIVERS

Article: Graham McCallum

Photos: Jack Doherty and Dave Robinson

Shouted greetings, car doors slamming, gear being loaded, engines running, there was a lot of noise early in the morning as ten men prepared to leave our Burlington driveway for the long drive east. Finally we were off. It was 5 a.m. and this was our 19th annual canoe trip, but the first down a "red" river in Quebec. The Quebec Canoe- Camping Federation publishes a map showing all the canoeable rivers in Quebec, graded in three colors as to their ease of canoeing: green for easy, orange for medium, and red for difficult. The Aux Sables River falls into the latter category as does the Moisie River and many others. What gives the Aux Sables a "difficult" grade we were soon to find out.

We arrived in Chicoutimi at 7 p.m. and registered at the Hotel Chicoutimi on the main street. At nine the next morning we were at L'Aventurier Outfitters just down the street where Hugues, our driver and contact, was waiting with the canoes loaded on the trailer and ready to go.

An hour and a half later we were backing down a logging road to our put-in for the Aux Sables River, which begins at a hard-to-find outlet of Lake Le Marie and runs north from there. This river is colored red on the map for four very good reasons, each one a beautiful set of cascades and mini-canyons spaced at intervals along our route. Because the water level was low this year, they were all linable, with some portages.

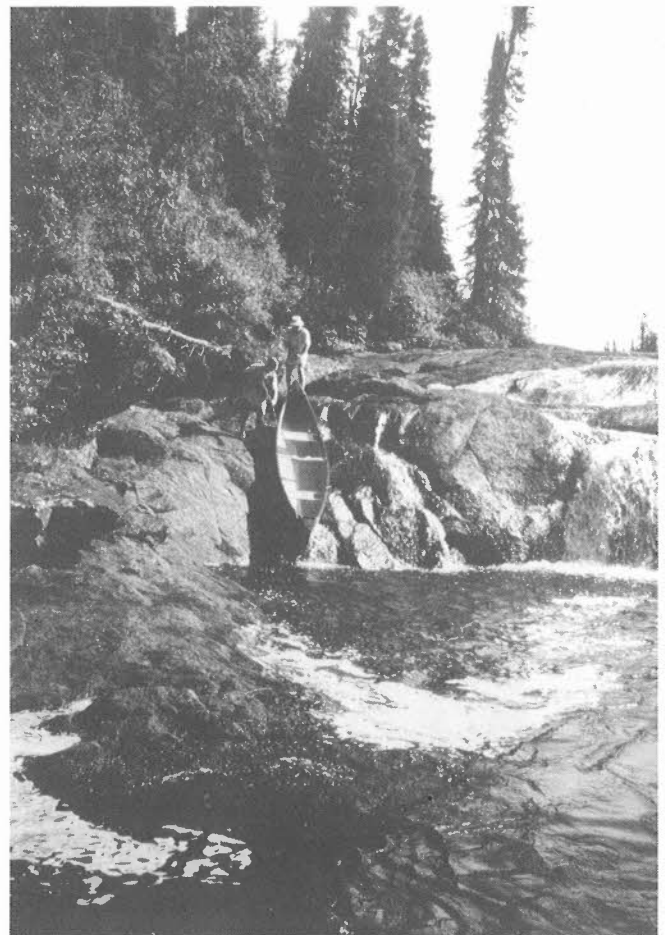
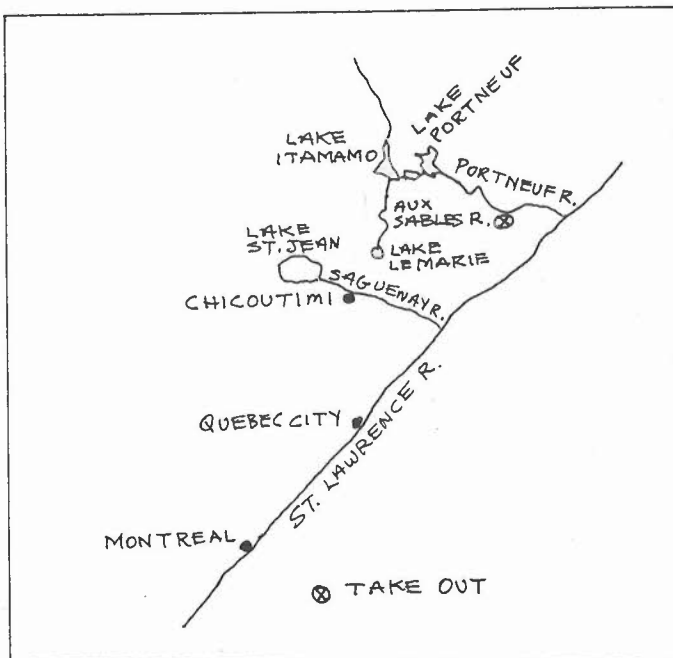
On day four we were cautiously lining down the right shore of the third canyon, mostly in the water, when we came to a dead end. The river divided, our side closed down and swept around a large, high rock and into a chute. As it was

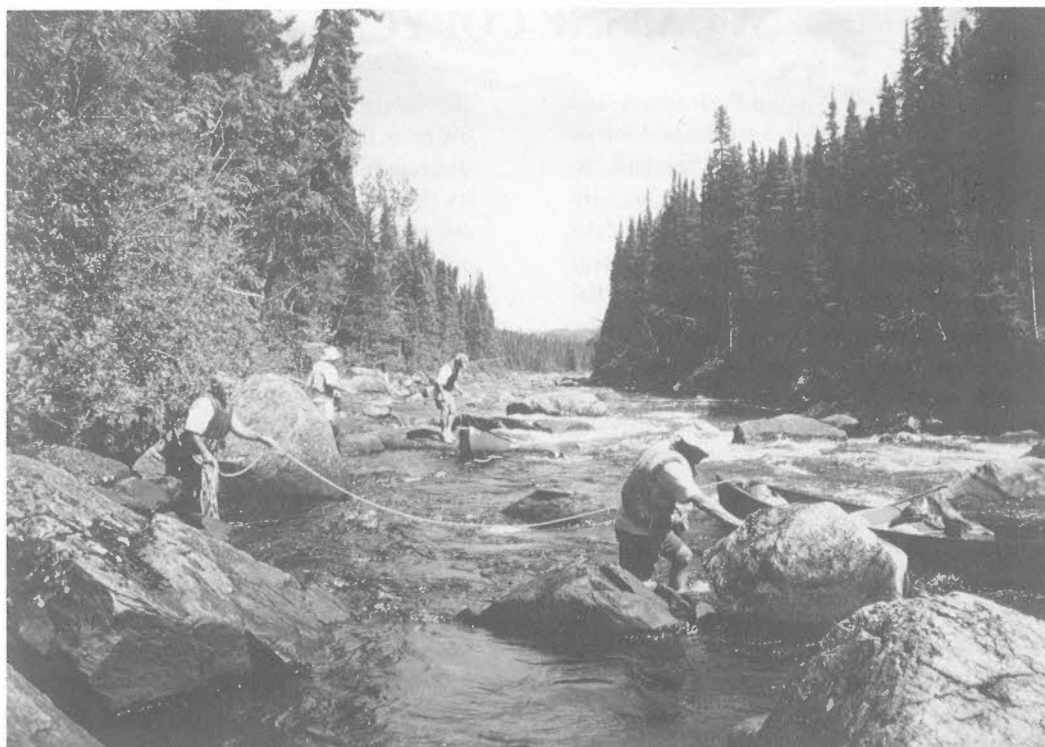
about four o'clock and the shadows were lengthening, we were too spooked to seriously consider ferrying to the other side which looked better. The only possible crossing was through a rocky, shallow section 40 m above the blender, which we didn't want to do. So, up the steep river bank we went, to thoughts of, "We've really done it this time!" It was a giant game of pick-up sticks. Trees fallen from old age or blowdowns had created an almost impenetrable mass of lumber. With some judicious pruning and a chain gang set up, we were through the 150 m in just over an hour, with the canoes sliding over the moss, often sideways, to pass between the trees. Parts of this route were over what looked like to be the original portage of long ago.

On the fifth day we entered Lake Itomamo and left the Aux Sables River to continue its journey north, while we paddled east to the headwaters of the Portneuf River on Lake Portneuf. Camped for the night on this lake, on a beautiful beach with a magnificent view, we were visited by a worker from a fly-in fishing camp. He said he had worked on the lake for 10 years and we were the only canoe group that he had ever seen pass through. I think I know why.

The Portneuf River, which we now entered, is an orange river, medium difficulty, which means lots of runnable class 2's. Because of the low water, finding the best route was hard work. Often there was none, with the canoe jamming up, necessitating a quick exit and a push. This skill became highly developed as the days passed, causing an increasing number of bruises on our shins.







On day seven, we arrived at a long canyon, which the map said called for six or seven portages, plus some tough lining. An option was to take two portages, totalling 1,500 m, to avoid all this by cutting off the bend. As we looked down the canyon, we calculated that we had had enough practice portaging and lining and therefore we opted for the two long portages. This shortcut was pointed out by a friendly fly-in fisherman, who also said that the Portneuf is the best speckled trout river in Quebec, but this only confirmed our suspicions.



On day eight, we saw that the two rivers had saved the best until last. We stood at the head of the most beautiful set of cascades and mini-canyon walls that we had ever seen on any Quebec river to date. Some carries on the rocks, with short treks through the bush on passable portages, took us to the pool at the bottom, for a drop of over 30 m.

On the last day, at eight in the morning, with fly rod in hand, stood Hugues, waiting for us at the take-out, by a bridge. Working on the case of cold beer that Hugues had brought with him, we felt that we were ready for another red river. How about the Moisie next summer? The problem was, how could ten-day wonders like us navigate a river that takes at least twice that long? Maybe we could do it over two summers. Nah!, maybe not.

After two and a half hours of the dusty Quebec backwoods experience we arrived at the outfitters in Chicoutimi. And at 2:30 a.m. Saturday morning, 12 August 1995, we arrived back home. Gear sorted, shouted farewells, doors slammed, engines started, then all fell silent — until next summer.

Summary

Date: 2–11 August 1995; 7.5 paddling days, 2.5 car travelling days

Length: 115 km

Map: Fédération Québécoise du Canoe-Camping Inc., 4545, av. Pierre-De Coubertin, C.P. 1000, Succursale M, Montréal, Québec, H1V 3R2; Tél. (515) 252-3001

Outfitter: L'Aventurier; 250, rue Racine Est, C.P. 1292, Chicoutimi, Québec, G7H 5C2; Tél. (418) 545- 2251

Canoes: Mad River Freedom

Put-in: Lac Le Marie, then to Rivière Aux Sables

Take-out: 116 km up the Portneuf River from the St. Lawrence River as per the Québec Canot-Camping map

A CANINE COPYCAT?

Sooner or later, every visitor to Algonquin Park sees a Red Fox trotting along in the evening beside a roadside ditch or its eyes momentarily reflecting our headlights after dark. To most of us, foxes are pretty familiar animals and we are sure no-one has any trouble recognizing them as members of the dog family. Granted, a fox is much smaller than a timber wolf (Algonquin's only other member of the family) but the similarities between the two still seem so obvious that they hardly deserve comment.

Well, as a matter of fact, a Red Fox may look like a "dog" alright, but it sure doesn't behave like one. Instead, and in almost every detail of its lifestyle, it functions as (of all things) a perfectly good cat!

Now, a statement like this seems to contradict everyone's sense of order — cats and dogs, after all, have the reputation of being total opposites — and it certainly calls for some supporting evidence. But all you have to do, really, to see how catlike a fox actually is, is to watch one hunt. For one thing, foxes do not travel in packs or go after dangerous prey larger than themselves as do other members of the dog family. Instead, just like cats, they hunt small animals off by themselves. Such prey may not be particularly dangerous but they do present major problems. The chief one is that, if warned, they can escape very quickly, either up into trees, as with squirrels and birds, or down into burrows, as with mice and chipmunks. Foxes are therefore obliged to use a very un-doglike, but eminently catlike, technique of stealthily approaching the prey and pouncing before the danger is realized.

In the case of rodents that can be heard or scented, but not seen in thick vegetation, a fox moves very slowly, putting each front foot down ever so carefully — and sometimes lifting it up and trying in a different place. The hind feet, furthermore, are placed exactly where the front feet have been so as to minimize the chances of snapping an unseen twig or otherwise warning the prey. When it is within striking distance the fox crouches deeply and then jumps in a high, arching leap towards the intended meal. The idea is to land right on the invisible prey and pin it to the ground with the forepaws. Such leaps usually cover six feet or less, but foxes have been seen to catapult (from a standing start) for as much as 15 feet on the flat and for as much as 25 feet downhill. The precise launch trajectory is determined by the fox's uncannily acute hearing which can detect the faintest rustling of a mouse and pin-point its source to within one degree. Should the mouse move while the ballistic fox is on its way, small mid-course manoeuvres can be accomplished by violently manipulating the tail. (This, of course, is highly reminiscent of a cat's ability to right itself during a fall.)

When a fox is after squirrels or birds it uses a very different, though still very catlike, hunting technique. Such animals are less likely to be hidden by vegetation and depend on sight much more than hearing to detect danger. To hunt them successfully, a fox must be much more careful about being seen and so, when a hunt begins, it immediately crouches, belly almost touching the ground, and remains

absolutely motionless, staring intently at the prey. Whenever the prey is looking the other way, the fox slinks forward in its crouching position, only to freeze into rocklike immobility the instant the victim turns its head again. If it gets close enough, the fox streaks forward, still low to the ground, and attempts to grab the prey with its mouth at the end of a headlong, horizontal leap.

Having caught prey, a Red Fox continues to behave like a cat by occasionally "playing" with its victim, by killing it with a squeezing bite of needlelike teeth, and sometimes by temporarily caching the newly caught prey for later use.

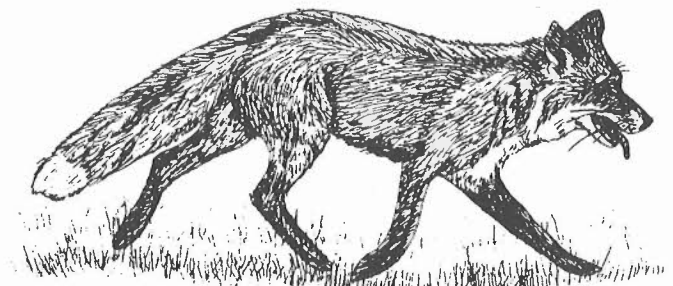
Because they use catlike techniques to hunt catlike prey we should not be surprised that foxes have evolved certain catlike anatomical features as well. For example, a fox's eye has a vertically slit pupil, just like a cat's, and also a glistening layer of connective tissue behind the retina. This increases the fox's powers of night vision by reflecting light back over the retina a second time and causes the eye to glow a dull green color. In addition, the fox has semi-retractile claws (for use in capturing mice and chipmunks) and sensitive "whiskers" on its muzzle along with similar bristles on its wrist joints. The latter enable a fox (or a cat) to determine its foot placement with the extreme sensitivity required for an absolutely silent stalk.

All these features make sense given the fox's catlike existence but we are at a bit of a loss to explain why foxes should threaten each other by standing broadside, arching their backs and raising their fur. And why do young foxes hiss and spit at danger and adults give distinctly catlike meows and high-pitched screams?

Readers whose sense of order is violated by all this catlike behavior by a supposedly respectable member of the dog family can take heart that the Red Fox is not a complete sell-out to the ways of its fellow canines. Foxes may have eyes like cats, may hunt like cats, may kill prey like cats, may display like cats, and may even sound like cats but, by all that is holy, we haven't yet had a report of a Red Fox up a tree.

It's really quite reassuring. After all, cats are cats and dogs are dogs. ... Aren't they?

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





THE LONG PORTAGE

Big tree down by the water's edge has a blaze on it. We pull in and just start carrying gear. No scouting. This has got to be the portage around the waterfall. We haven't seen it yet, and it looks like we could have canoed another 200 metres. The river looks clear as far as the next bend. But if we have learned one thing in all our years of canoeing in the Canadian North it's that, if there is a clear portage, and it's marked, and the map shows a big drop ahead, we had best be on shore.

This portage is a mean one. Climbs to a level ridge that has two downs and two ups before a long descent to the bottom of the waterfall. Total of 2410 metres. Few distances in life are measured as carefully as the distance on a portage trail.

Just one step at a time. That's the secret to getting over the portage. To tell the truth, that's the secret to a lot of goals. Keep working hard and soon what once seemed unsurmountable has been attained. Have to keep telling myself that while on the portage.

The buddies tell me they're going to make this one with "poses." It's an old voyageur word for rest stops on the trail. On long portages the voyageurs would carry the gear in stages knocking off a third or a half of the portage in a stage. Then they would go back to the start for another load, resting on the way back. Not as exhausting as trying to do the entire portage without a rest stop.

We mark our pose with an upright canoe paddle sticking out from a bag. Last person on the portage has the responsibility of moving the paddle and all the gear left. No one puts any gear down except at the pose or at the end of the portage. Dropping a bag elsewhere could mean losing the bag. Too easy to lose stuff. Too dangerous to lose stuff.

On and on. Trying not to think of the weight on my back or the distance to go. This portage is cut deep into the peat. Many moccasins, boots, and tennis shoes have been on the trail before us. On the way back for the second load will stand for while in these same footprints and let the message of the

wilderness seep in. We are all brothers in the wilderness, searching for the same thing.

Coming up to our pose. Time to make the decision. Drop the gear here and rest up going back for a second load or push on through to the end of the portage. Still feeling OK so I'm going to push through to the end. One foot in front of the other. On and on. There's the first dip from the ridge. Shoulders aching more. Second half of the portage is always tougher than the first half.

Now on the descent to the bottom of the waterfall. Into the open. A few more steps and I can place the bags next to those brought over by one of the buddies. He's laying there on a flat rock next to the last drop in the river. Breathing heavily. Going to look for a flat rock myself. Just need five minutes to recover. Maybe ten.

Everything over. Looking at the buddies. The buddies looking around. Can read their minds. They're thinking what a nice spot this is. Beautiful view, many places for the tents, enough downed wood for the fire, and the pool below the waterfall looks like a good spot for fish. All in all, a good place to camp. Seeing some longing in the eyes of the buddies. My eyes too. We all want to spend some more time here. But we can't. Too many miles yet to go and it's too early in the day to stop.

There's always the risk that weather, the big lake just downstream, or travel connections home will take more time than budgeted. Same saga every year. Food, miles, and vacation time are all tied together. I wonder if you ever get away from it.

Fifteen minutes later. The canoes are loaded and we're pushing them out into the river. We all look back with regrets at the place we just left. Wish we could stop time for a little while. Till we have had our fill of this beautiful land. At least stop time until we know, really know, this one special place.

Greg Went

WEEK OF RIVERS

Madawaska, Petawawa, Gatineau, Gens de Terre, Ottawa, Rouge

Eric Pelletier

When my wife planned to be away for July and the usual paddling buddies were all either working or saving holiday time for August, I panicked a little. Then, I remembered the Week of Rivers program offered by Madawaska Kanu Centre (MKC). They pick five big-volume rivers, they drive shuttle, they organize food, they figure out logistics. All I would have to do was show up with my gear and paddle. Here's the Mastercard number — I'm in!

Day one was spent on the Bark Lake to Mud Bay section of the **Madawaska**, which is not all that big or difficult, but it gave Dave Adler a chance to check out his seven followers, while it gave us a chance to warm up for the coming rivers. Practise in the dam outflow, get the eddies in Staircase, run the gates on Chalet, video for style on the flat stretch, then drop into the Gravel Pit hole for fun.

We loaded up the van with our light-travellers' gear (right!) and headed off to the **Petawawa** on Tuesday morning. Classic put-in discovery: Gerry and Steve had their boats and paddles, but their spray skirts, life jackets, and helmets were still drying back at MKC. They opted for the trail exploration agenda and agreed to meet us at Lovers' Rock for lunch.

The greatest move was the cross-the-chute-into-the-eddy turn at the railroad bridge, the only way to miss the rock that had broken a paddle the previous week. Lovers' Rock was another good set, with a rushing tongue turning down into a hole. Dave's surf in the hole turned into a dramatic full-hull splat on the rock before he slid back into the hole. We lent the hikers some gear to let them have a run or two down the chute, to keep them happy — we might need them to fish us out later in the week.

We were put up at OWL Rafting's base on the Ottawa river, where we had a good barbecued steak and corn-on-the-cob meal. Between John and the clothesline, the little brand-new cabin was a little worse for the wear, but otherwise, we enjoyed the outside showers and the food.

Dave enjoyed a longish drive Wednesday morning, as it gave him the opportunity to play for us several cassettes of bird calls — we figured he hoped that by the time we reached the Ottawa, we could all identify bird calls from the bottom of Phil's hole.



The **Gatineau** run was just super: long sets of manageable rapids, short steep drops of rounded rock and deep waves, stunning Gatineau scenery. Brenda was honored by our re-naming a set after her, following her "oh shit! oh shit! oh shit!" approach on the hidden rock in the before-last set (bong!). Dave had called it the last set, but we were given one last chance to redeem ourselves on one great roller coaster, in which Bob and Arnold predictably found some surfing waves (they can find surf waves in parking-lot puddles).

Canoe-Sue came along with us and amazed us by staying upright most of the time, even when most of us kayaks didn't. She had her Probe 12 just lined up right for every run and cruised through most of the bigger waves.

That evening, we found the slowest restaurant in Maniwaki, where we did eat well, even though Bob had problems with noodles in the nose. Something to do with a doubtful translation from French, it seems.

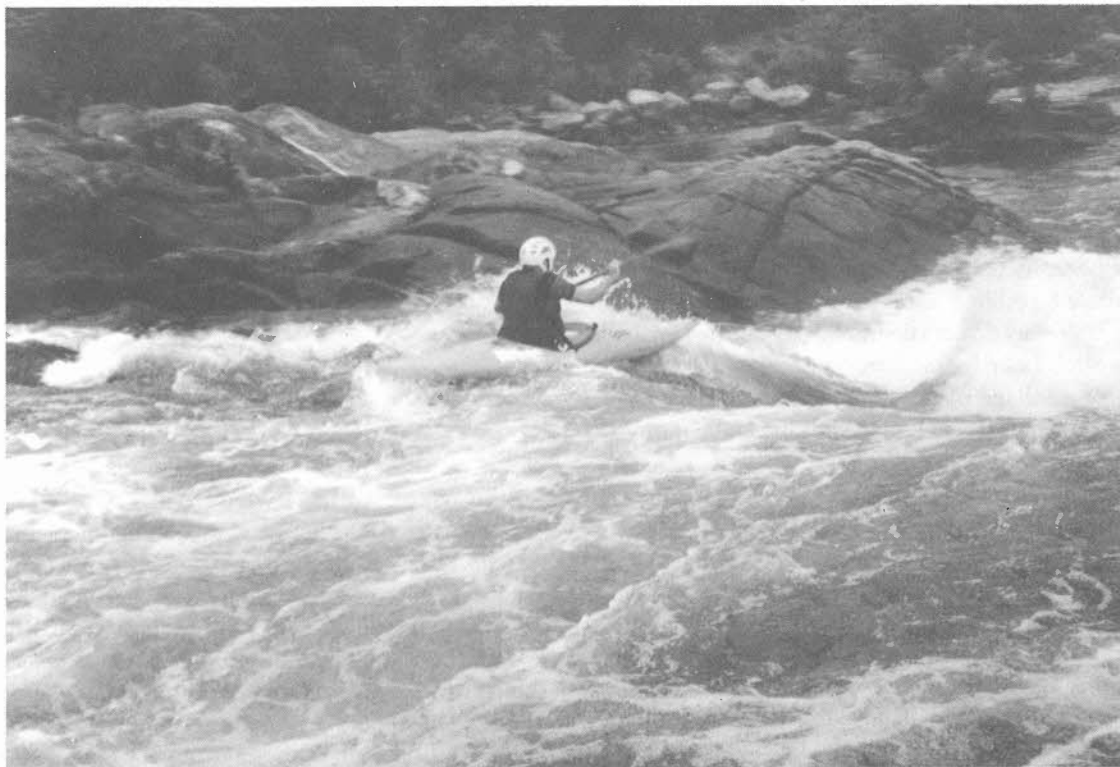
The hunting lodge we stayed for the night was, well, a hunting lodge. In the bar we met the owner, who was planning on bringing some tourists from France rafting down the **Gens de Terre**, following our group. Luc, the leader, assured me he was well trained — he had attended a four-day raft guide course. Luc also mentioned that the worst flies in the province are along the Gens de Terre, which I believed as much as you would have.

Thursday morning was bright and hot, with the previous night's clouds clearing out. We were accustomed to this pattern and had been treated to hotter weather with every passing day — we were not to be disappointed. Under a hot, muggy sky we worked our way down a steep, high-volume river. As well as Canoe-Sue, we were accompanied by Dirk Van Wijk and several OWL safety kayakers, two of whom were training for the World Cup in Germany. We knew we were in trouble when we saw them join us.

There were five portages for most of us. The steep, twisting, and vertical drops convinced us that it was time for a walk in the woods. Dave, Bob, and Arnold, of course, plunged down the bottoms of two of these sets, while Dirk ran a few of them. However, Mark, who was having a hoot in his Sleek, ran them all. Some he ran in his kayak, some in Sue's canoe, others he ran guiding the raft (much to Luc's relief). Some drops he ran twice and some in all three craft.

I put on a little show when our ledge-portage ran out just before any point where you would usually put in, below a falls. As I was at the front of the line, Dave shoved me over the ledge for a seal launch and dong! Piton, about eight inches shy of the water. I was hauled up like the beached barrel I was, and pushed down a "better" line. This time, I splashed down upside down and set up for a roll. Wait for it, I thought, wait for it.

When I tried to roll, I hit a rock. I tried again, hitting rock again, so I bailed out, caught my boat and paddle, and



looked up into the faces of Dave and the others: I was recirculating right under the ledge. With a little macrame they got me and my stuff back on the ledge. Third try, a little further up the ledge, splashed me vertically on the boil line, which I cleared upside down again, for a quick roll. The others all splashed in a little further upstream; why is it that they all, including Canoe-Sue, got in ok?

Luc had been right about the flies on the Gens de Terre — some sort of water-buffalo fly the size of your first thumb-knuckle zoomed in and carved us up all day. Never seen flies like them before and hope to never see them again.

We were spared the bird tapes on the long drive back to OWL that evening; we listened to more usual shuttle tunes. By 2 a.m. we were tucked in for another rainy night, which would precede another, even hotter day for the Ottawa.

Friday saw us run the main channel of the **Ottawa**, on which our American creek-boaters were surprised to see gazillion-gallon boils and mystery water turn downstream paddling into uphill climbs. A few of us surfed Phil's hole, which I thought was fine while I was still just surfing the little bit of Phil's on the corner. I disappointed Dave when, after getting sucked into the maw of Phil's, I failed to identify any bird calls. I had a few visions, though. ...

John was quite pleased at his right-side-up approach to Coliseum, as was I, a first for both of us. Brenda did things differently. You have probably had nightmares of this one: while you are scouting, your empty kayak drifts into view and floats right along the line you were discussing. Yup.

As we stopped for ice cream en-route for MKC, we should have known better than to fantasize. We were crunch-

ing Advil, we walked kind of strangely, and we had equipment problems. Arnold had a new paddle, my wife's Dancer had an inverted bow. But Bob convinced us that we needed just one more river: the **Rouge**. Arnold and I fell for it.

That night, it rained again, but what a storm. I lay in my aluminum-strutted tent watching the sky pulse with continuous flashes of lightning. Three bolts hit so close that I heard them before seeing them, and could smell the burnt sulphur. Trees cracking, wind howling, rain lashing down in buckets. I really regretted having read those old French Canadian folk tales, the ones with the devil and the supernatural storms, just before bed. We rolled out, bleary-eyed, at 7 a.m., leaving our friends of the week behind in a power-less camp.

We were on the water by noon, running the Seven Sisters set of the Rouge, down to the Ottawa. The way I was paddling, this was at least one river too many, but you couldn't have said the same for surfin'Bob and Arnold. I managed to do my laundry in the Washing Machine hole, but had an otherwise good run.

The Seven Sisters are seven successive falls, where the scenery is speckled by nudists. As the song goes, "Il y avait des petits, des gros, des laids, des beaux, des teutons longs, des teutons ronds" etc. The nudists hang out downstream from the falls as well, which makes lining-up your runs a little more challenging than usual.

Six days, six rivers. Too many kilometres, new paddling buddies, great food, super scenery, radical new bow on my wife's kayak. It still hurts, but I would do it again.

KAWARTHA ODYSSEY

Bob Shortill

This is the story of a five-day, over-one-hundred-kilometre solo canoe trip near Buckhorn, Ontario, made special by the twice-daily *cell-phone* contact with Frank Proctor, the host of Lindsay's CKLY Radio.

30 May Slid the boat into Lower Buckhorn Lake at the *Gallery on the Lake*, by 6:30 a.m. Phoned Frank at 6:45.

Heading east, I paddled across the glass-calm water, managing to go half-way down a dead-end bay before finally arriving at Lovesick Lake locks. Portaged around the locks and paddled past a village of deserted cottages. Arrived at the portage around the Burleigh Falls rapids in plenty of time for the 9:50 phone call to CKLY.

As I paddled out onto Stoney Lake a brisk westerly breeze popped up so I rigged a sail and whipped down the length of the lake with little effort. After extensively exploring a wrong bay, I finally found the entrance to Eels Creek. Swinging north against the current I was pleased to find the paddling easier than expected. I made camp just four kilometres south of Highway 28. While this put me about eight kilometres ahead of the planned camp, I could hear the whine of truck tires through the quite night air.

31 May While eating breakfast, I had the joyful experience of watching a mother deer guide her fawn down for a drink. I called Frank at CKLY and updated the listeners on my progress. The speed of the current picked up, but I was still able to paddle upstream. At Haultain on Highway 28 I portaged arguably the toughest portage of the trip. Straight up 80 m, horizontal 40 m, then down 80 m. Thankfully the portage from Eels Creek over to Big Cedar Lake was a flat and dry roadway. A very hot day.



Welcome back to cottage country. All along the shore of Big Cedar Lake there were strange signs with fluorescent, beady eyes. Beneath the eyes was the message that the *Big Cedar Lake Cottager's Association was watching*. Strange, none of the cottages seemed to be occupied. Who was watching? Couldn't find the portage from Big Cedar into Coon Lake, so hiked uphill through a cottager's yard, then bushwhacked to a narrow trail that led down to the swampy shore of Coon Lake. Another cottage lake.

At the start of the portage out of Coon, I made my second call-in of the day to CKLY. A series of rather short portages brought me into Shark Lake, and then a tiring portage into Vixen Lake. I found a picturesque campsite under a wide spruce on a ledge beside the lake. Spreading the tent out, I assembled the tent poles, then set them down to shake out the tent. Reaching down for a pole, I was shocked to find it had slipped into the lake. Skinny dipping in the five-meter-deep freezing water didn't work. Improvising like the TV character, McGiver, I slung the tent fly from the limb of a tree and then rigged the tent beneath it. I used saplings to sort of replace the missing pole.

1 June While breakfast cooked, I phoned Frank, skilfully not mentioning the lost tent pole. Drizzle started as I portaged from Vixen to Buzzard, turning to light rain as I arrived at Long Lake and then turned west. Rain drifted in thick clouds as I paddled out of the narrows from Long Lake and across Louks Lake. The only resident of the many cottages on Louks did his best to ignore me.

The rain had raised the level of the marshy stream that joins Louks with Cox Lake so the going was easy. The rain continued so I borrowed the shelter of an unoccupied cottage to heat some soup. I again strung my tent from a tree and settled in. Brilliant sunset after dinner was enjoyed from a seat on the rocky shore belying the storm to come.

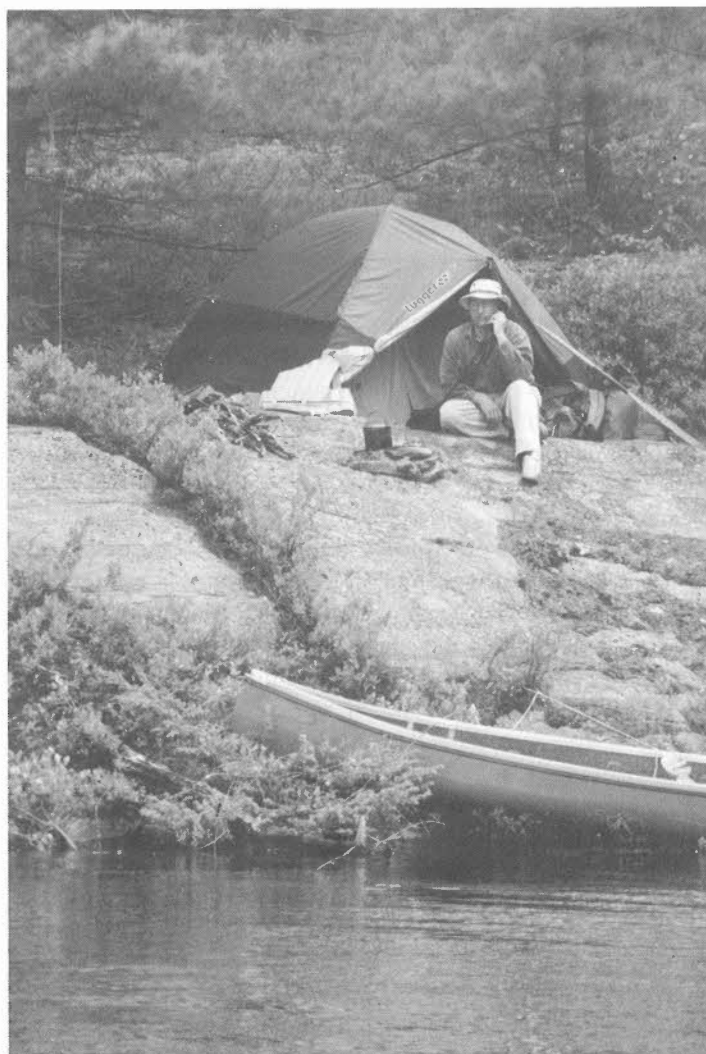


2 June Awoke sometime during the early morning to the roar of the wind, followed shortly by explosions of thunder and light. Rain dropped by the bucket load; I was afraid my flimsy tent would crumble. Newly born streams rushed past on either side. By a stroke of luck I had set the tent on what was to become a very tiny island. As dawn broke I peeked out to see a new lake getting larger by the moment and getting closer to my door. Jumping out in my undershorts, I quickly dug a drain. Great fun. I missed my phone-in while moving stuff to higher ground. Typically the rain stopped just long enough to pack everything into the canoe, then it started again. I had trouble finding the portage to Cold Lake. An Italian salute to all those that don't believe in portage signs. In many places the portage was knee-deep in water. It gushed down from every rock face in newly made water-courses.

Once out on Cold lake I was greeted by a chill west wind whipping up the grey water. As I passed a group of cottages a sweet lady took pity and invited me in for coffee and a sandwich.

Dried-out and feeling better I paddled around the head land and turned South into Mississagua Lake. Thankfully the head wind was lighter now. I would be joined on the south shore by a couple of friends.

3 June We were blessed with a wonderfully warm and sunny day. The trees were almost in full summer leaf. I've been down the Mississagua at least twice a year for the past fifteen years, but I'd never enjoyed the water this high in such warm weather. It was to be a memorable day, the rapids were a delight. In no time we were back on Buckhorn Lake and pulling the canoes out at the *Gallery on the Lake*.



CANADIAN CANOE MUSEUM

Some past and future highlights:

- ◆ Early in 1995, Outboard Marine Corporation generously offered the Canadian Canoe Museum a 100,000 sq. ft. building, part of OMC's former manufacturing site in Peterborough, which is large enough to store the entire collection of canoes. The space will also be used as an educational facility, which will complement the formal museum and activity centre still planned for Little Lake. Demolition and reconstruction of the OMC site on Monaghan Road are underway and the opening will take place in May 1996.
- ◆ All the canoes have now been moved from Camp Kandalore to Monaghan Road.
- ◆ Over \$60,000.00 in donations have been received through the generosity of individuals and the McLean Foundation.
- ◆ Firefly Books is publishing a series of calendars on the canoes in the CCM collection. The photographs were taken in September and the first calendar will be available in 1997.
- ◆ At the Toronto International Boat Show, 12-21 January 1996, the CCM will have a display as part of the Antique and Classic Boat Society's booth. Three canoes from the collection will be on display.
- ◆ During the summer of 1996 three courses will be offered at the Education and Storage facility on Monaghan Road in co-operation with Wooden Boat School. Tentative dates are: Cedar Canvas Canoe Construction (Ron Frenette, July), Lofting (Greg Rossel, July), Fine Woodstrip Canoe Construction (Ted Moores, August).

Support the Canadian Canoe Museum: Box 1664, Peterborough, Ontario, K9J 7S4; fax (705) 743-4392.

LABRADOR 1994

Daniel Penny

Our pilot let out a deep breath and finally relaxed. He had been keeping his right hand on the throttle control as we climbed to an altitude of around 2,000 feet. Leaning over he said, "We're way over gross." It made me kind of nervous; I guess we had too much gear. I had been concerned we might meet the same fate as Hubbard and as a result had packed too much grub. However, my mind was now mostly focused on the sights 2,000 feet below. It was a beautiful September afternoon, the sky was full of large cumulus clouds and the sun was downright hot for this time of year.

Labrador from the air is as beautiful as it is from the ground. Lakes and rivers are nestled around mountains and muskeg. As we approached a chain of mountains, the ground would rise until we could almost touch a peak just off our wing. The birch trees were already yellow. We tried to spot caribou but we knew we were too far south to see any of the migrating herds yet. We did spot a moose from the air, up to its stomach in a small stream, munching on water plants.

The pilot pointed to a lake up ahead. Mistinippi Lake was our destination, about 115 miles north of Goose Bay. From Mistinippi Lake we would canoe down an unnamed river to Shapio Lake, then down to the Adlatok River which flows to the Labrador Sea. Once on the Labrador Sea, we had about 20 miles of salt water to paddle to reach Hopedale where we would catch a coastal ferry back to Goose Bay. The total canoe trip was maybe 85 miles long and we had about six days to do it in.

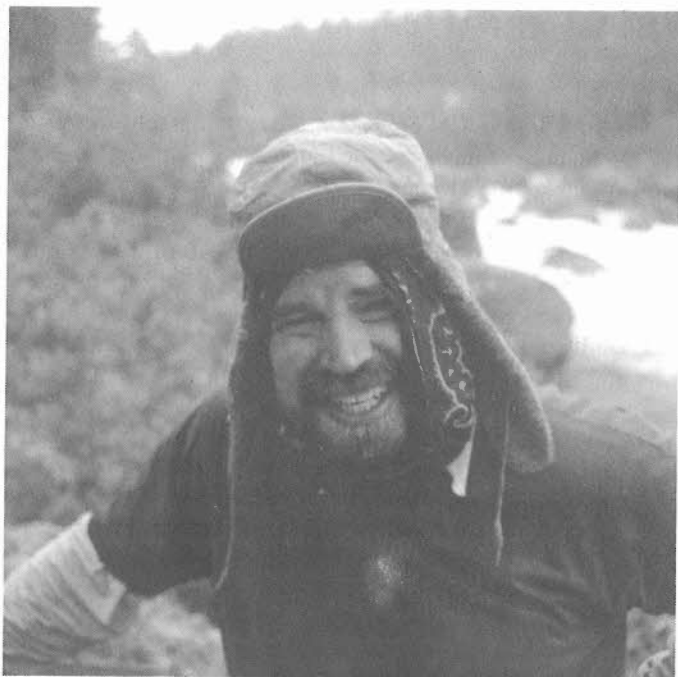
The Cessna 205 touched down and we began to unload. The canoe was untied from the pontoons and the Duluth packs were unloaded. Dave Kenyon, my canoeing partner, immediately commented that the black flies were especially ravenous and as a result there was no time for tea. We loaded

up and started north. Water levels appeared to be high. The first rapids were not too bad, we ran them on the left. They flowed into an open bay with several islands near the north shore. It was now about 5:00 p.m. and we had about two hours of light left.

We picked a small island that had enough firewood and began setting up camp. I cut lodgepoles from the dead trees on the island to support our small forester tent while Dave started a fire for dinner. The black flies were already having dinner. They were so thick you could not help inhaling them as you breathed. Fortunately, the smoky fire seemed to thin them out a little. As the sun dropped over the horizon, the temperature dropped too, and the black flies disappeared.

We were up before dawn the next morning. It was the start of a day I will never forget, one of the tough portages. The map showed about one mile of rapids with steep banks on both sides. We stopped at the head of the rapids and knew this would be a killer. We carried the heavy packs the first few hundred yards to an area that could be lined. There were downed trees everywhere and getting our packs over these trees was brutal, also because we were out of condition. The shore of the river was strewn with large boulders and the volume of water made lining almost as difficult as portaging. At a bend in the river we had to cross to the other side because of the volume of water piling up. Crossing was no picnic. The last half mile was a series of small waterfalls and hydraulics which we could not line. The black flies were having a field day on our faces; my left eye was almost swollen shut.

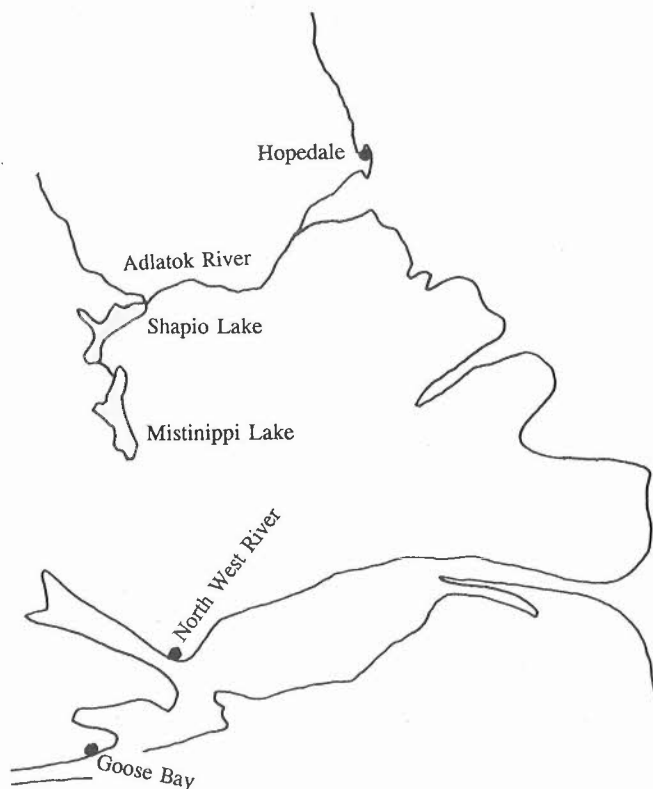
We collapsed dead tired and rested for an hour before setting up camp. The last quarter mile of the portage was completed the next morning. It took us one day of back-



breaking, sweat-drenched labor, while constantly tormented by black flies, to complete this one-mile section of dense, steep bush without portage trails.

Once through the canyon of hell the normal September Labrador weather kicked in. Temperatures dropped and the bugs thinned out. The scenery below the canyon was spectacular even though it rained a good part of the time. The fall foliage painted the sides of the mountains that lined both sides of the river. We also saw many dead lemmings floating in the river.

It was a long paddle to the north end of Shapio Lake as we were still recovering from yesterday's ordeal. A steady head wind from the north made progress very slow but we were just glad to be paddling. It had been raining off and on throughout the day. As we beached the canoe I noticed the absence of any tracks in the sand. We made our first carry to



The next set of rapids flowed into the Adlatok River. The rapids appeared to be about three-quarters of a mile long creating an impressive series of waterfalls. Unfortunately it was an overcast day and pictures could not capture the beauty of the falls. There was no marked portage trail, however, there were caribou trails (and scats) everywhere. Our first carry meandered around the low caribou trails and ended in heavy undergrowth with lots of blow-downs. After a mug-up we tried the high ground that appeared to be the best option. It was basically level ground with a steep downhill grade at the end.

We were now on the Adlatok River, which is much wider than the rivers we had just been paddling and not as pretty. A white wolf spotted on the beach was the high point of the day. We stopped to investigate but could not stay long as I was getting very chilled. We endured a drizzling rain

the campsite. Upon returning for the second load, we now discovered wolf tracks in the sand beside the canoe. We had missed spotting the wolf, perhaps by only seconds.

This was the first fall canoe trip where we utilized a small light-weight tent with a sheet-metal stove. We would normally use only a 10'x10' tarp for a shelter. It is impressive how one can be almost totally exhausted and then be revived by a hot meal and a warm tent. Another bonus was having warm, dry clothes to start each day. It made an arduous trip much more enjoyable.

The portage out of Shapio Lake was well marked and maintained. There was a camp located on the north shore of Shapio and the owners appeared to use this trail rather heavily.



throughout the day and I needed to keep moving to stay warm. We made an additional 15 miles before making camp in a location where Dave spotted a blaze mark on a tree. The temperature remained about 40 degrees F. I was chilled and looked forward to a warm, dry tent. The extra weight of a canvas tent and stove was well worth the extra carry on the portages, especially this time of year.



We overtook them later in the afternoon during the last series of portages on the Adlatok at an impressive canyon where the river narrows considerably. We had to portage over on the left side, not too difficult but it was rather steep. After the first set of rapids, we set up camp high on a ridge, overlooking the canyon. It had been another very hard day, complicated by wet firewood of poor quality. Fortunately, we had saved enough dry firewood from lunch to get a fire going in our stove. We gorged ourselves on beans and rice and basked in the warmth of the tent.

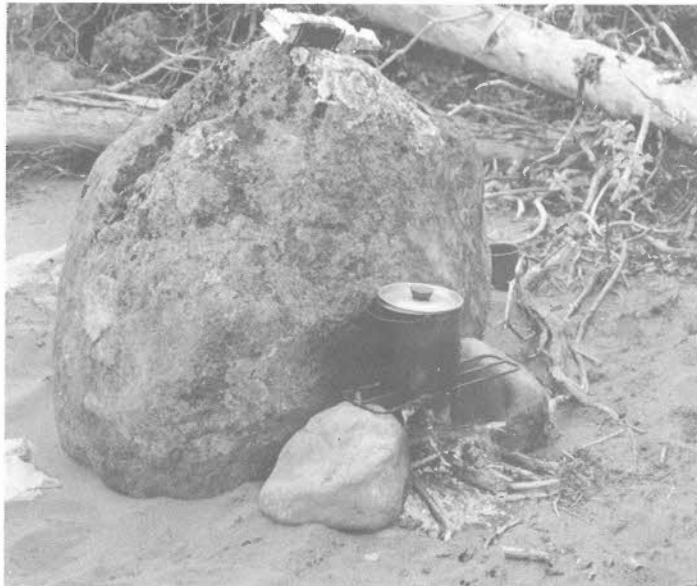
As usual we were up early. We lined the next series of rapids below the canyon on the left side and ran the last set, taking in a lot of water. We probably should have lined the last set. It is dangerous to take chances out here and we should have had a spray skirt on our canoe.

We were now in Adlatok Bay and the going was slow because of a head wind. The bay was beautiful and that more than made up for the extra work. We had to stop about midday because the wind really picked up and the sea got too rough. Good time for tea. We had company too. Three local husky/malamutes had been following us on the shore and were now vying for our attention. The female was in heat and would flirt with a young male pup, much to the dismay of the older male.

About 5:00 p.m. the wind died down enough that we could continue our trip. We paddled until well after dark, although there was no moon to give us light to see clearly where we were going. I was getting nervous about taking a wrong turn and being stranded too far from shore. We camped somewhere under a tarp.

Next morning the sea was as smooth as glass. We had about 15 miles to go and were concerned the winds would become too strong. There was one place in our journey where we had to cross from an island back to the shoreline. We were about half way across a three-mile open stretch of sea when a whale surfaced about 15 feet behind our canoe and blew. It then dove under our canoe. I was praying the whale wouldn't want to play 'toss the red canoe,' but it surfaced off to our right, well out of harm's way.

We made good time and paddled into Hopedale about 11:30 a.m. Dave and I had a lot of good memories to think about on our return back to Pennsylvania. It was clearly the hardest and best trip we had ever done.

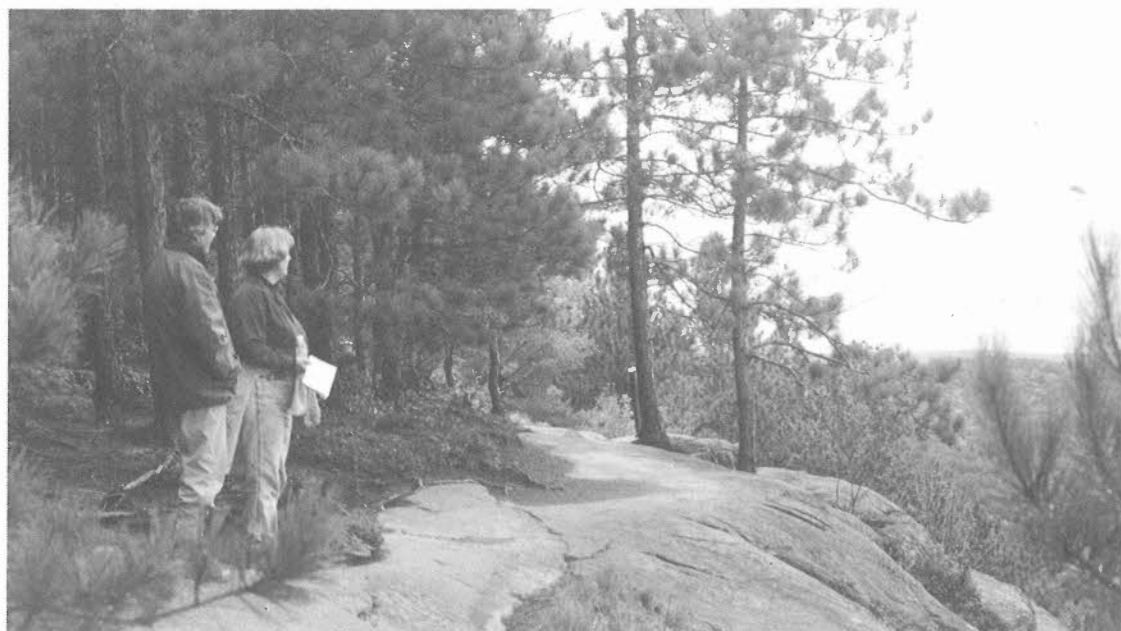




FALL MEETING

23–24 September 1995

Photos by
Glenn Spence



REVIEWS

TRUE NORTH, by Elliott Merrick, originally published by C. Scribner's Sons, 1933; reprinted by Univ. of Nebraska Press, Bison Book, 1989, softcover, 353 pages, US\$9.95. Reviewed by Ria Harting.

In this book Merrick eloquently describes his journeys during the early 1930s in Labrador, his longing for nature and its realities, showing us the stark beauty of Labrador. He realizes that he prefers mud to cement sidewalks, water out of a bucket to water out of a faucet, the breeze and the sunshine, a suit of rags, a vista that includes no house, no man. *True North* looks back on a time where one kept warm by hard work, tea, and comradeship, where hardships were part of everyday life, where illness meant no food unless one's far-away neighbors were aware of the situation, where most of people's reactions were immediately measurable, where wrong decisions could result in death, where one had to be alert to stay alive. The people Merrick met and travelled with seem larger than life, perhaps due to Merrick's unfailingly kind and well-written observations. Very highly recommended reading.

ELORA GORGE, A Visitor's Guide, by Kenneth Hewitt, published by Stoddart / Boston Mills Press, Toronto, 1995, softcover, 72 pages, CDN\$14.95, US\$11.95. Reviewed by Toni Harting.

The many canoeists and kayakers who regularly paddle the Elora Gorge will thoroughly enjoy this most informative little book. It presents a large amount of interesting background information on this popular section of the Grand River. The geology and topography of the gorge are discussed as well as the lower part of Irvine Creek; it is well illustrated with many diagrams and photographs.

VOYAGES, Canada's Heritage Rivers, by Lynn E. Noel (editor) and Hap Wilson (maps and illustrations), produced by QLF/Atlantic Centre for the Environment, published by Breakwater, St. John's, 1995, softcover, 207 pages, \$34.95. Reviewed by Toni Harting.

This book was commissioned by the Canadian Heritage Rivers Board on the occasion of the 10th anniversary of the Canadian Heritage Rivers System in 1994. It celebrates the diversity of the 27 rivers nominated to the CHRS during that decade by offering a collection of stories about them as well as factual information that will be welcomed by anyone interested in the role rivers play in the Canadian outdoors. As Don Gibson, National Manager of the CHRS Program,

writes: "The rivers in this book are more than flowing water, each has a story to tell and each represents an important part of our Canadian heritage and identity. These rivers are the threads that bind this nation ..."

Voyages is indeed a welcome, well illustrated, and informative addition to the growing library of publications on our precious river system. A book of this scope and containing such a large amount of data from many sources is unfortunately often not free from annoying mistakes, which might have been avoided by stricter control. For instance, the bottom figure on page 133 does not depict the *Prairie des Français* on the French River, but probably a spot on the rocky coast of Lake Superior.

GOING INSIDE, A Couple's Journey of Renewal into the North, by Alan S. Kesselheim, published by McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 1995, hardcover, 282 pages, CDN\$28.99, US\$22.95.

Reviewed by Toni Harting.

Trying to solve marital problems by undertaking a 2,000-mile, 13-month canoe trip is not everybody's idea of common sense. But that is just what the writer and his spouse did. They started at Grande Cache on the Smoky River in Alberta, paddled to Lake Athabasca where they wintered in a cabin on the south shore, continued the following year from Kasba Lake down a string of lakes paralleling the Kazan River, and then the Kazan itself to Baker Lake. Kesselheim presents us with a fascinating tale of adventure in some of Canada's impressive scenery, and combines it with a view of the difficulties the two people have in their relationship. He is a keen observer and writes sensitive descriptions of what he sees and hears on the trip. It would have been an improvement if the book had included a few more maps and better photographs, but it is nevertheless an absorbing story of an unusual adventure.



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.

26 Dec.-2 Jan. **ALGONQUIN PARK WINTER CAMPING**

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

Full-moonlit-night winter camping in heated winter tent. Limited space available, so book early. Warm winter sleeping bag essential. Snowshoe or ski during the day. Other dates available 6-7 Jan., 3-4 Feb., and 2-3 March.

24 Jan. **WEDNESDAY SKI DAY**

Rob Butler, (416) 487-2282, book before 15 Jan.

Skiing on the 5 Winds marked ski trails near the Gibson River west of Highway 69. These trails are not groomed and cover rugged terrain. Limit six cross-country skiers with considerable stamina.

3-4 February **WINTER CAMPING IN ALGONQUIN PARK**

Herb Pohl, (905) 637-7632, book before 5 January.

This outing is intended for people with little or no winter camping experience. The organizer will provide a tent equipped with a woodburning stove. It can accommodate four people in a snug fit. Participants must have a sleeping bag which is adequate to -20C, snowshoes and/or skis, and a toboggan adequate to carry not only their own gear but some of the communal outfit as well (stove, tent, pots, food, etc.). It is the intention to set up camp within a 2-3-hour walking distance from the highway, but it must be understood that even this moderate physical demand can be strenuous for the unfit. Limit three persons.



10-11 Feb. **ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**

See announcement on inside cover about this important meeting at the Mansfield Outdoor Centre.

24-25 Feb. **SKI BRUCE PENINSULA**

Bob Knap, (519) 371-1255, book before 14 Feb.

Ski and explore Cape Croker area of the Bruce Peninsula. Accommodation in log cabin 500 metres from the highway by ski. Outdoor sauna. Pot luck supper. Limit six.

25 Feb. **OAKVILLE CREEK**

Harrison Jolly, (905) 689-1733, book before 18 Feb.

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



3 March **LOWER CREDIT**

Steve Lukasko, (416) 487-2282, book before 25 Feb.

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

10 March **BRONTE CREEK**

Harrison Jolly, (905) 689-1733, book before 3 March.

A narrow creek, similar to Oakville Creek. Cold water, tight manoeuvring and the possibility of sweepers blocking the river. Experienced canoeists in outfitted boats. Limit six canoes.

17 March **IRVINE CREEK, ELORA GORGE**

Harrison Jolly, (905) 689-1733, book before 11 March.

Irvine Creek is an "Alpine style" introduction to Elora Gorge. If the creek is navigable, it will be fast and require precise control by experienced paddlers. Elora Gorge can reach extremely high levels early in the season. This is a trip for advanced whitewater canoeists with properly equipped boats and wet or dry suits. Assuming that there is water it will be fast and extremely cold. There are few exit spots once the trip is begun and the narrower sections have very large waves and holes. Limit four canoes.

24 March OAKVILLE CREEK

Mike Jones, (905) 270-3256, book before 17 March.

Water levels are always unpredictable; a late thaw or heavy rain mean high fast water, early thaw and no rain make for a shallow run. Plan for fast, cold water and possible sweepers. Oakville Creek can be a long day's paddling if the conditions are bad. Put-in and take-out depend on weather. Limit six canoes.

27-28 April UPPER MADAWASKA — OPEONGO RIVERS

Sharon and John Hackert, (416) 438-7672, book before 18 April.

The Upper Madawaska River is one of Southern Ontario's most challenging whitewater runs. In high water there are large waves and the ledges always require caution. Rapids may reach class 4 and some portaging is always required. An upset can result in a long, unpleasant swim. However, the difficulties can produce a truly exhilarating day for experienced, properly equipped canoeists.

The Opeongo River is different in character from the pool-and-drop run of the day before. The river contains long sections of swift water that require continuous attention. Limit six experienced canoes with equally experienced paddlers.

5 May GIBSON RIVER, HUNGRY BAY

Tony Bird, (416) 466-0172, book before 28 April.

Scenic country makes this Georgian Bay river a great spring paddle. The river is not severe although wind can be a problem on the lake sections. The route will be approximately 30 km long: up the Gibson River from Gibson Lake, a portage across to Lost Channel, and returning via Pretty Channel and Hungry Bay. This is essentially a flatwater trip suitable for fit intermediate paddlers. Limit four canoes.

11-12 May INTERMEDIATE WHITEWATER CLINIC

Sharon and John Hackert, (416) 438-7672, book before 3 May.

A chance to practise and enhance your solo or tandem whitewater skills in the company of experienced paddlers. The Palmer Rapids section of the Madawaska provides the ideal learning situation with a variety of challenges and a large pool at the bottom of the rapids to collect your thoughts or belongings. Good camping right by the river maximizes paddling opportunities. Boats should be outfitted for whitewater with floatation; dry suits or wet suits are very useful, particularly if paddlers are testing their skills. Limit six canoes.

11-12 May UPPER MAGNETAWAN

Tim Gill, (416) 447-2063, book before 3 May.

An exciting whitewater weekend on the Magnetawan, from Ahmic Lake to Wahwashkesh Lake. The upper section contains a series of grade 2-3 rapids and some falls that must be portaged. Cold-water equipment and floatation advantageous. Fit intermediate whitewater paddlers should enjoy the challenge of this historic waterway. Limit five canoes.

18-20 May FRENCH RIVER

Sharon and John Hackert, (416) 438-7672, book before 10 May.

A long weekend of whitewater fun with a base camp near Blue Chute. This is an excellent opportunity for intermediate paddlers to continue the skills building of the previous workshop at Palmer Rapids. The French River here has three major rapids that can be run repeatedly. Large regular waves in Blue Chute make for great surfing, and the series of ledges and eddies in Big Pine and Upper (=Little) Parisien Rapids can challenge your technique. Limit six canoes.

25-26 May PALMER RAPIDS, LOWER MADAWASKA RIVER

Tim Gill, (416) 447-2063, book before 18 May.

A day of whitewater play at Palmer Rapids and a day running the Lower Madawaska. As mentioned above, Palmer is a great place to practise your whitewater technique in relative comfort. The Lower Madawaska is a pool-and-drop section of river with several rapids separated by flatwater stretches. All rapids can be portaged. Limit six canoes.



Tyler Ashton, age 3 1/2, future Board member

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.



CANOE WANTED Beaten-up or well-used 14 or 16 foot wood-canvas canoe, suitable for rebuilding/recovering. Peterboro or Chestnut preferred but not essential. Please contact Merrilyn Lindsay, 2111 Montreal Road, Unit 98, Gloucester, ON, K1J 8M8; phone (613) 749-3264.

E.P.I.R.B. The Emergency Position Indicating Radio Beacon is a valuable addition to equipment taken on remote trips. This is a "MINI-B," a compact Class-B EPIRB like the ones used by Blackfeather and other outfitters-guides. The battery will not need to be replaced until May 2001. The cost new is over \$500. For sale now at \$400. Call Bruce Callum, (613) 761-1648, evenings.

SUITS FOR SALE KOKATAT dry suit, brand new, medium size, purple/red colors, \$250 (was \$492). BARE wet suit, excellent condition, Farmer John pants + jacket, size 12, blue/black colors (black inside), \$100. BARE wet suit, excellent condition, Farmer John pants + jacket, medium size, pants black one side, fuchsia the other, jacket blue/black, \$100. Marlies & Dieter Schoenefeld, Sudbury, ON, (705) 522-3058.

WANAPITEI TRIPS Enjoy the wonders of Baffin Island by canoe — paddle the SOPER RIVER with Wanapitei this summer. Novice to experienced canoe trippers will find this trip unique and memorable. The easy rapids and relaxed pace provide much opportunity to hike the lush "barrenland" environment of the Soper Valley. Write to Wanapitei for information on this or other canoe trips.

In addition to providing canoe trip holidays for adults Wanapitei is also internationally recognized as Canada's youth canoe tripping experts. Write for information on our WILDERNESS TRAINING PROGRAMS for 16 to 19 year olds or our YOUTH CANOE CAMP for children ages 7 to 15. Shawn Hodgins, Wanapitei Wilderness Centre, 393 Water Street #14, Peterborough, ON, K9H 3L7; tel. (705) 745-8314; fax 745-4971.

FREE PADDLING CATALOG Canoeing, kayaking, and sea kayaking guidebooks, maps, videos, instructional manuals, calendars, magazines, and much more. For a free Paddling Catalog contact the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association, 1029 Hyde Park Rd., Suite 5, Hyde Park, Ontario N0M 1Z0; phone (519) 473-2109/641-1261; fax (519) 473-6560; E-mail crca@publix.empath.on.ca.

HERITAGE RIVERS CALENDAR Plan your next adventure with the full-color, large-format 1996 Canadian Heritage Rivers Calendar — produced by the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association in co-operation with the Canadian Heritage Rivers System. Thirteen of Canada's most spectacular Heritage Rivers are featured with a short description of each river. Cost \$10.95 plus \$2.00 p&h and 7% GST. Contact the CRCA, see previous item.



CANOE TOONS
PAUL MASON

Where it is ...



... in this issue

1. Kuujuaq to Nain
8. News Briefs
8. Partners Wanted
9. Board Activities
9. Candidates for Board of Directors
9. Peter James Turner

10. Canoeing and Wilderness Symposium
10. Ottawa Canoe Show
10. Toronto Sportsmen's Show
10. Canoe Expo
11. Aux Sables and Portneuf Rivers
14. Canine Copycat?
15. Long Portage

16. Week of Rivers
18. Kawartha Odyssey
19. Canadian Canoe Museum
20. Labrador 1994
24. Reviews
25. WCA Trips
27. Products and Services
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.