



SIXTY DAYS IN THE LAND OF LITTLE STICKS

Part 1: Cochrane, Thlewiaza, Little Partridge, and Kazan Rivers

Article and photos: Sara Seager and Mike Wevrick.

The summer of 1994 saw me hauling hundreds of pounds of gear, my favorite canoe partner, and a physics text through the boreal forest and across the subarctic tundra of the North West Territories. On 24 June, Mike Wevrick and I left our confining city lifestyles and headed to where the road ends at Wollaston Lake in Northern Saskatchewan. From there we travelled north for 20 days down the Cochrane and Thlewiaza Rivers, up the Little Partridge River, and over the height of land to Kasba Lake. During that time we paddled wild rapids, braved forest fires, and portaged through trackless bush. We stopped at Kasba Lake Lodge to resupply for

another 40-days round trip back to Kasba Lake via the Kazan, Nowleye, and Kamilukuak River systems, and much overland travel. This article describes the first part of the trip north to Lake Angikuni.

WOLLASTON LAKE and COCHRANE RIVER (map reference 64 L)

In the beginning we were confronted by the outstretched 60 days of travel, to which we could see no end. Wollaston Lake in its 2,000 sq km also seemed endless and overwhelming to us southerners. The largest lake of my acquaintance would fit easily into one of

Wollaston's many bays or channels.

The distances to islands and across bays were exaggerated by dense haze. We debated whether this haze was from humid weather or dispersed smoke from forest fires. The air smelled faintly of smoke and the thought crossed my mind that if it were the land north of us that was burning, we were heading towards trouble. Once past the start of the Cochrane River, there is no easy alternate route to Kasba Lake. As it turned out, there were fires everywhere, which caused us trouble more than once.

The Cochrane River begins as an extension of Wollaston Lake, and soon takes on its character of lakes joined by short sections of rapids. The first set, appropriately called Bigstone Rapids (FR3022), made us think about what one boat travelling alone should call too risky. Like many northern rapids, it has high volume and large waves but little technical manoeuvring. After careful scouting, we decided to go for it. Fully loaded, Mike's Old Town Tripper is not very manoeuvrable, but it is very stable, and the spray cover he had made for it kept the waves from sloshing into it. No problem!

The next day the shores of the narrow channel we wanted to paddle through were on fire and the channel was full of smoke. Big problem! Unable to find an alternate route, we waited until the next morning. The fire had died down and we paddled through with wet T-shirts tied over our faces. As we came into Charcoal Lake (again aptly named) the shoreline was still ablaze. We rounded a point into a strong north wind and had to stop. For the next two days we were trapped on a narrow beach between the wind and the smouldering forest.

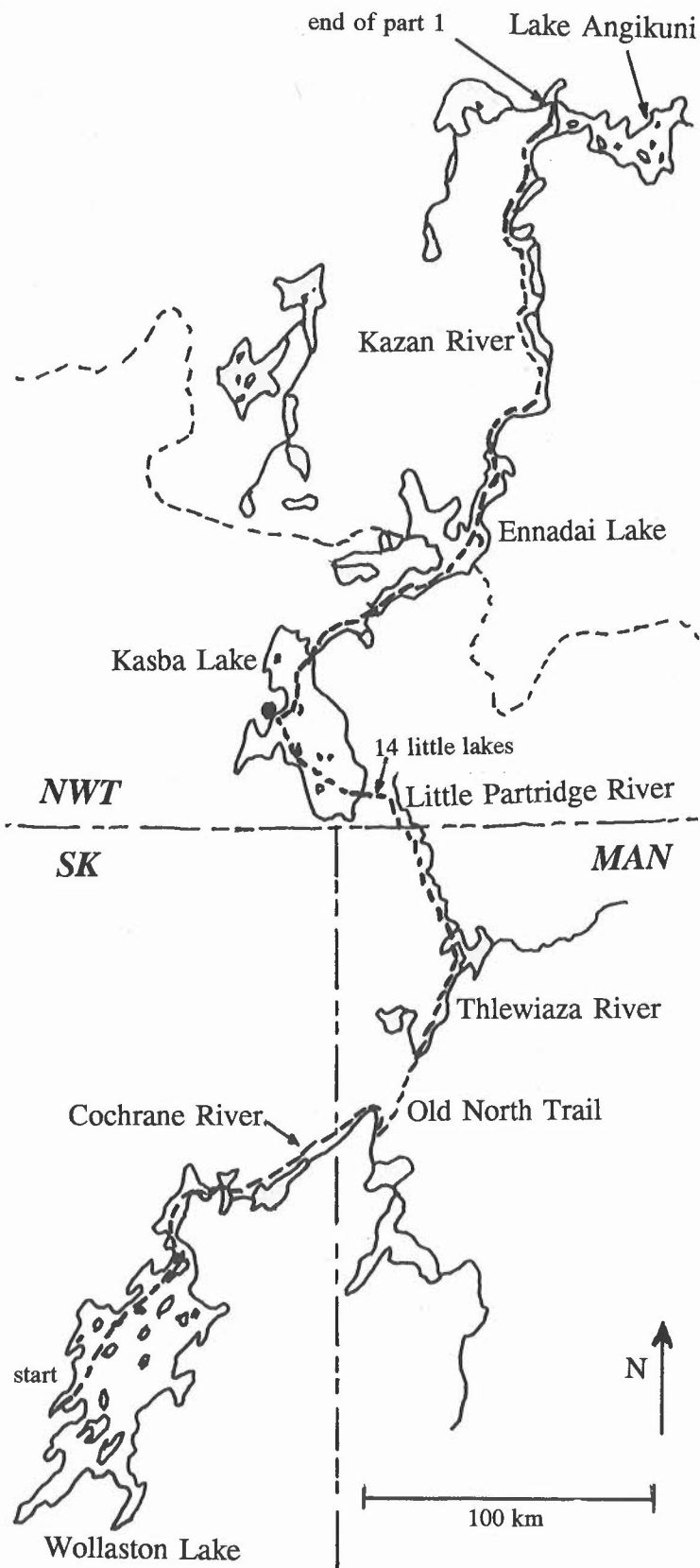
Caribou Rapids (FR 6737) is actually a set of five. The first, third, and fifth are easy. We portaged the second set, although it might be possible to sneak down the right. The fourth set is a ledge with a mandatory portage. These portages were our first of a couple of hundred to come, and we set up our pattern of portaging in two loads.

With the exception of the firebound days, we thoroughly enjoyed the river: sunny weather, exciting rapids, eskers, paddling until sunset past midnight, an otter eating a fish, and at least two loons for every lake.

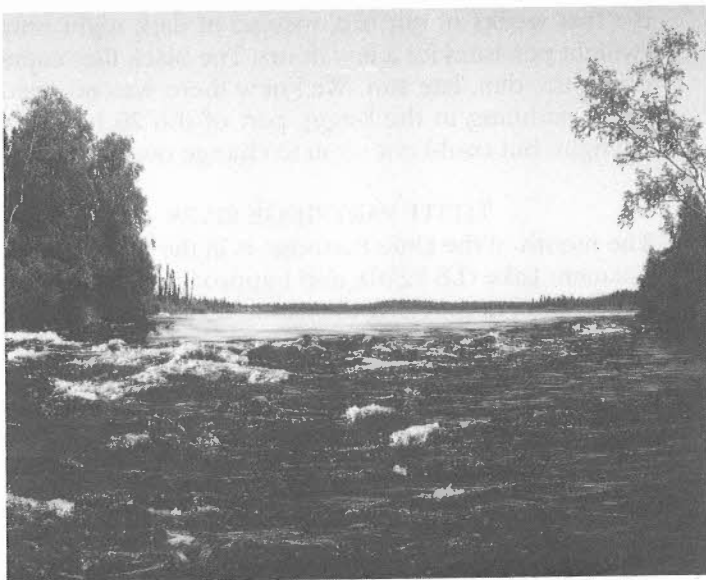
OLD NORTH TRAIL and ESKER LAKES
(map reference 64 N)

Where the Cochrane River hooks south, we searched for the start of the Old North Trail, the gateway to the north via a chain of little lakes joining the Cochrane and Thlewiazia Rivers. It was used by the Chipewyans who travelled this way between the Reindeer Lake trading post and the northern caribou grounds. It was used by all white explorers before the float plane came along.

I remembered J.B. Tyrell who in 1894 had come up the Cochrane River from Reindeer Lake. The first portage of the trail was then marked by a blazed pine. How romantic, I thought, if we could find that same pine. I knew that jack pine would probably not still be alive,



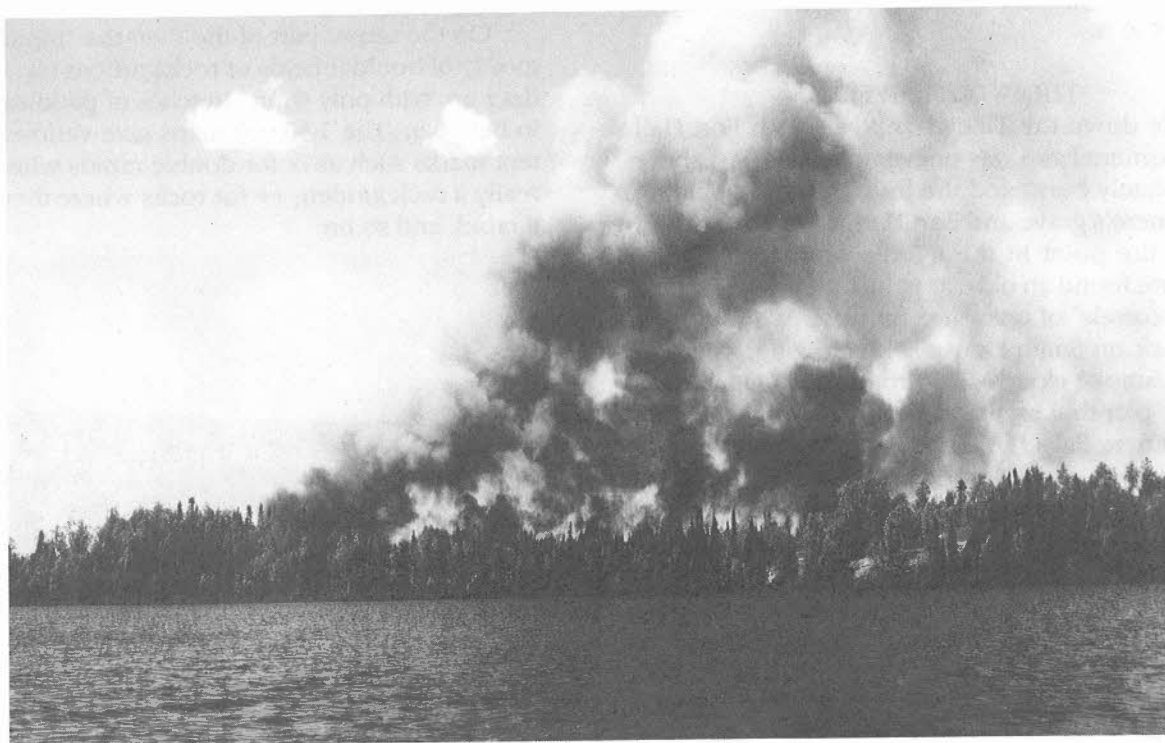
but nevertheless an old blazed pine stood at the shore. On closer inspection, it was charred from the ground to half way up by a recent fire. What a search we had for the first portage of the Old North Trail! We had been following P.G. Downes' excellent account of the region in *Sleeping Island*. He also had trouble finding the portage but finally placed it between a "long and violent rapid" and two sets of fierce rapids that he struggled up. We ran down only a pretty little class-2 rapid and two swifts requiring little effort to pole back up with our paddles. We followed a caribou trail up a sandy esker ridge. The ground was mostly freshly burnt and black. We figured the trail was burnt over, and we would just tramp around until we found the next lake, Lovell.



After following faint animal paths we wisely got out the map and compass. Ironically, the trail was exactly where it is marked on the map (LA4247), just upstream of the two little swifts, and directly across from a bay heading west. It is hidden from view from the river by bushes lining the shore, but just past the bushes is an opening, and a firepit now marks the start of the trail. Above the first hill, the trail was still completely obvious, well worn and deep, and in sharp contrast to the surrounding black, charred ground. As there was no vegetation on the tramped trail, all burning had evidently stopped at the trail's edge, leaving a sandy, depressed trail through the black wasteland. The portage ends in a 70-degree drop into Lovell Lake.

The esker lakes have been described as the prettiest part of the north. The eskers that make up the shores are covered with stately white spruce and birch trees. In places, the trees are widely spaced, and with the yellow-green moss growing in-between the appearance was, ironically, of a well manicured park.

We had warm and sunny weather to enjoy the first few lakes in a chain of eight that lead to the Thlewiaza River. I took great pleasure in the old trails and leftover junk, which told stories of a time past. At the beginning and end of trails and at old campsites we saw fire rings, tin cans, a single rubber boot, a discarded jacket. We also saw countless bones, including caribou skulls in all stages of decay, antlers, and even mouse bones. I found solace in this once well-travelled route, partly for getting to know a part of Canada's northern heritage and partly for the feeling that, while we were travelling all alone, in another sense we were not, being surrounded by memories and signs of travellers past. We had not seen anyone since Wollaston Lake, and would not until we reached Kasba Lake.



This chain of lakes was one of the most appealing places I have ever paddled, but for how long? The shores of the third lake in, Smith House Lake (LA4860), were burning before our very eyes. On the west side, just over the esker shore, was a huge, roaring fire. We saw flames erupt in the crowns of the trees followed by thick, black, curling smoke. Mike wanted to climb the esker to get a better view, but I reminded him that curiosity killed the cat.

On Blue Lake (LA5467) came a dreaded sight. We were accosted by burnt-over shores on both sides of the narrow lake. We had read about the fire at Kasmere Lake a few years ago (see *Nastawgan*, Spring 1993, p. 13). Its destruction of the historic trails and campsites deeply upset the authors. They spoke of such gloomy country, which used to be most pleasing, and so I had prepared for the worst. But it was not so bad. Many trees were still standing, although they were dead and would fall eventually. In place of the flat moss floors had grown tall grasses and bright purple fireweed. Big aspen bushes also abounded, and with this new vegetation came the promise of restoration. I was delighted that we at least saw the first few esker lakes untouched in their magnificence. In time, decades perhaps, Blue Lake and the rest will be that way again. From what we have seen, forest fires are no strangers to this area. Having an exact date for the fire did give us a calibration for regrowth in number of years after a fire.

At the end of Blue Lake an overturned and decrepit motorboat lay near the portage. I carried a pack and the canoe, totalling about 110 lbs, just about my own weight, to test my upper limits of strength. The next lake (LA 5569), just north of Blue Lake, was very confusing. The 1:50,000 map is wrong so it took us a while to find the channel and portage into Fort Hall Lake. Following the right shore after the portage would have led us right to it.

THLEWIAZA RIVER

The paddle down the Thlewiaza River from Fort Hall Lake to Kasmere Lake was uneventful. The east shore was completely burnt and the historic sites, including Chief Kasmere's grave and Fort Hall, were burned and gone. On the point in the middle of Fort Hall Lake (LA6175) we found an old camp, including some wood and wire "corrals" of unknown purpose. We could see the fire back on Smith House Lake growing, from the increasing smoke clouds and strong smell. Ducks and birds were plentiful on this part of the river.

At Kasmere Falls (LA 6793) we had a little trouble finding the portage, for fear of venturing to close to the falls. Just before the drop, the river takes a sharp bend, obscuring the view and blocking the thunderous sound. A bright red gas can we took to be a marker or warning was misleading, as was a caribou trail. The portage begins in small pond on the left where the river drops over the falls. The trail was as obvious as the others, despite the major burnover three years ago.

While the portage was flat and reasonable, the

black flies made it torturous. At any time I looked down on my pants there were easily one hundred; around my face and neck were a hundred more. Behind me were a hundred more still, for whenever I turned around I was attacked. I had poured Muskol on my face, neck, shirt cuffs, and hair, to little avail. Head nets did not help because they blocked the view, and there was little I could do to swat the critters when my hands were holding up the canoe.

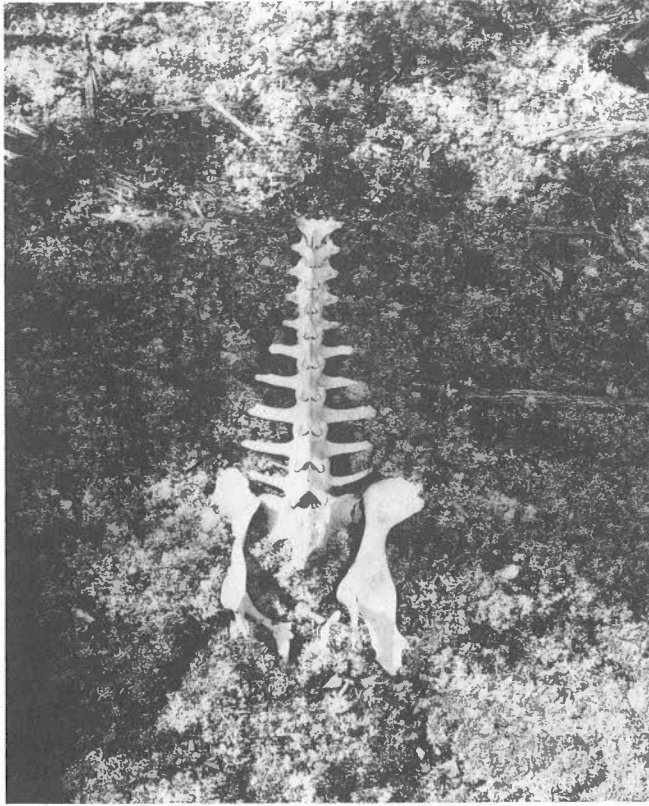
The bugs had been horrendous whenever we were off the water. We ate all of our meals in the canoe, on the water. We had 100 bagels for the first 12 days of the trip, after which Mike cooked on the Coleman stove, in the canoe. Due to the midnight sun, we had naturally fallen into a pattern of canoeing until sunset, and sleeping in the next day until the sun was high in the sky. In the first weeks of our trip, instead of dark night only twilight persisted for a few hours. The black flies came out in the dim, late sun. We knew there was no need to be paddling in the buggy part of the 20 hours of daylight, but could not seem to change our habits.

LITTLE PARTRIDGE RIVER

The mouth of the Little Partridge is in the north arm of Kasmere Lake (LB 7218), and I approached it with the expectation of dragging the canoe up its entire length. Indeed we had about 15 rapids a day to portage or line up. They are not exactly rapids, since most of them could not be run down. The lower half of the river has small lakes between the rapids, more like channels. These are shallow—knee deep at most—and bouldery narrows about 30 m wide. Some channels are quite deep, and while dragging up, I sometimes found myself slipping between the boulders up to my knees. Many channel shores are made up of boulders and rocks, making lining easy.

On the upper part of the river the "rapids" consist mostly of boulder fields or rock gardens too shallow to drag up, with only short stretches of paddleable water in between. The 1:50,000 maps give various inconsistent marks such as // for double rapids where there is really a rock garden, ++ for rocks where there is really a rapid, and so on.





The river in places surpassed my preconceptions. For example, for a few kilometres above Strachan Lake (LB 6435), the shores were grassy and sandy, and the river bottom had no rocks at all. Some sandy beaches, as well as sandy outcrops on shore, would make excellent campsites. The wildlife on the river was bountiful, with moose, otter, and many birds, including Canada geese, mergansers, ducks, arctic terns, gulls, and loons.

On any trip one is bound to have a hard day. Here is one of ours. The first shock came early in the morning. Just past McGibney Lake (LB 5946) the marked rapid was a boulder field. No water for a few hundred metres, just a pile of boulders. We were stunned. A river character like this meant we would be more or less walking to Kasba Lake, still many kilometres away.

But this frustration did not compare to the situation we found ourselves in next. Earlier in the day, as usual, we had seen distant columns of smoke, but had passed them farther back. As we came to an esker, I saw thick smoke immediately ahead but did not place it at once. When we realized the fire was dead ahead, we climbed the esker to size up the danger. Fires smoked and flamed everywhere and just as Mike concluded "I don't think we're in any real danger," KABOOM! ROAR! burst a huge new section of forest. Thick, black, curling smoke billowed up and it seemed to me the fire would be leaping across the 50-m narrows at any second. Certainly it was quickly making its way down the river shore. As we walked back to our canoe, I was totally shocked. The words "paralyzed with fear" took on a new meaning, for at one point I could hardly move.

Mike resolved to act normally, for there was nothing we could do. We were not on a lake where we could

paddle to the other side. There was no other water to portage to in this height of land area. This was not a flash fire where we should wait by the water, ready to jump in if the flames passed. In retrospect I have found no solution. We hauled everything, canoe included, up the esker, and decided to cook up three pans of bannock since the sun was still high in the sky. We camped high on the esker, 300 m from a raging fire across the river.

Having watched forest fires for two weeks, we had found a pattern: In the morning there were localized and well defined columns of smoke. As the day progressed the columns blurred out until the whole sky was hazy with dispersed smoke. Our plan was to get up at first light when the fires should be localized patches, and "burn" it up the river. After a long and restless night dawn finally came. I stepped out of the tent with my fingers crossed. It was horrible: the air was thick with smoke and I could hardly see 100 m ahead of me. What I could see across the river blazing through the dense smoke were big orange flames and I could hear their thunderous and consuming roar. It was hard to breathe so I went back into the tent and started to panic. Not in all of our time here had the fires raged all night. What would we do? Surely be asphyxiated by smoke. I slept lightly and dreamed vividly of our get-away.

When I awoke again and looked outside the morning was crystal clear! Only ground fires were smouldering, and their smoke was being blown in the opposite direction to our travel. In our whole lives we had never packed up camp as fast as on that morning. A few hours later, looking back to where we had come from, we saw huge clouds of smoke. At least the forest fires were predictable, and I was relieved; entirely, exhaustedly relieved that we had escaped in that short window. Not unscarred; I will be happy not to see a campfire for a long time.

As we travelled the last upper stretches of the Little Partridge River, nature again surpassed my preconceptions with another beautiful and sandy esker as well as a large sandy island with beaches.

ROOSEVELT LAKE TO KASBA LAKE

(map reference 65 C)

North of the river we found ourselves traversing small lakes so close together that most of the portages were up and over a hill, with the next lake instantly in sight. Need I mention most of the portages were through recently burnt-over areas? The freshly burnt areas with the ground empty and black made portaging easy but not pretty. Where the lake shores were not burnt they were very beautiful with open spruce forests and yellow caribou moss floors.

We came to Roosevelt Lake (LB5363), a very big lake for this height of land area of little lakes. A huge hill (LB5362) loomed over the shore. It was named Roosevelt Hill by Ferguson, a participant on Tyrell's trip who had been mountain climbing with Teddy Roosevelt. (George Luste told us the hill labelled Roosevelt



Hill on the map is misnamed.) The hill had sparse vegetation along the shore, a burnt-over area until half-way up and the rest was just exposed rock with boulders of various sizes. The view was stunning—a fine respite from the past few laborious and traumatic days. We could see many lakes, all very close together. A panorama of our day's travel stretched out to the south where we could see the massive smoke clouds of the fire we had escaped earlier that morning. Our view was somewhat fuzzy due to the late afternoon smoke dispersed from all of the surrounding forest fires.

From this point our route diverged from Tyrell's and of more recent travellers, since unlike those groups who were heading north to the Kazan River, we were first heading west for Kasba Lake Lodge. A series of 16 portages through 14 little lakes would bring us to Kasba Lake.

To our surprise and delight, our first portage out of Roosevelt Lake was a solid trail, marked by slashes in the trees, a well defined path with a metal plate cut with triangles at the start. This seemed to indicate we would have well marked trails all the way out to Kasba Lake, since there was only one chain of lakes leading there. Alas, we found only one more very faint and narrow caribou trail on one part of one portage. Very soon I realized the futility of searching for markers or trails—we had a good enough idea of where to portage over to the next lake. We had no need for the compass, since as before it was mostly up and over a ridge where the next lake was almost always visible from the top, and the 1:50,000 maps we carried had enough detail to choose the best route.

On the map, the route out to Kasba Lake from the height of land is from lake to little lake joined by streams. While we had expected to portage between lakes, there was no way to know in advance what the stream lines drawn on the map were in reality. So varied! Although generally dry rock beds, sometimes we would see a little, narrow, shallow stream at the beginning or end of a portage. Several times there were even bogs. The scenery was also varied: mostly open spruce forest, some areas burnt about 20 years ago and now obstructed with dead fall and huge bushes. In one place an esker rose on one side out of a deep narrow stream that we paddled for a few hundred metres, going down a couple of rocky ledges.

Despite the fascinating and intricate details of the land, portaging in 30-degree heat and numerous black flies was exhausting. Most times I could not tell the difference between carrying a 30-lb pack or the 90-lb canoe. We trudged along this way from Roosevelt Lake for two days, but it felt like a week. We toiled on down the last 1.5-km portage and then saw Kasba Lake. Finally, we reached its shores—what a vast and soothing sight! Water as far as the eye could see.

After so many days of dragging up rapids, portaging around boulder fields and between lakes, it was a momentous occasion. I wondered how Tyrell felt when he reached these shores 100 years ago. The lake had more water than all of the places combined that he had travelled through to get here. His relief must have been magnitudes more than ours, since he had only his trust in the natives that the long and weary overland journey would truly lead to such a lake. Tyrell claimed to have seen Kasba Lake from Roosevelt Hill, but no traveller has recorded that since.

Kasba Lake is a huge oval. In an island-studded bay on the western shore is Kasba Lake Lodge, where we had shipped up supplies for our next 40 days. The Lodge is an angler's paradise with world-record lake trout (45+ lb). Kasba Lake Lodge has turned part of its esker into a runway, so that a small jet lands every four days with guests and food supplies. We were shocked back to civilization by the thunderous arrival of the jet and American tourists fresh from the cities. All this at a remote fishing lodge hundreds of kilometres from any roads! There are also direct flights from Winnipeg. Despite the generous hospitality at the lodge, I was glad to get back to the solitary and simple lifestyle of a northern traveller.

KAZAN RIVER

(map reference 65D, 65 C, 65 F, and 65 K)

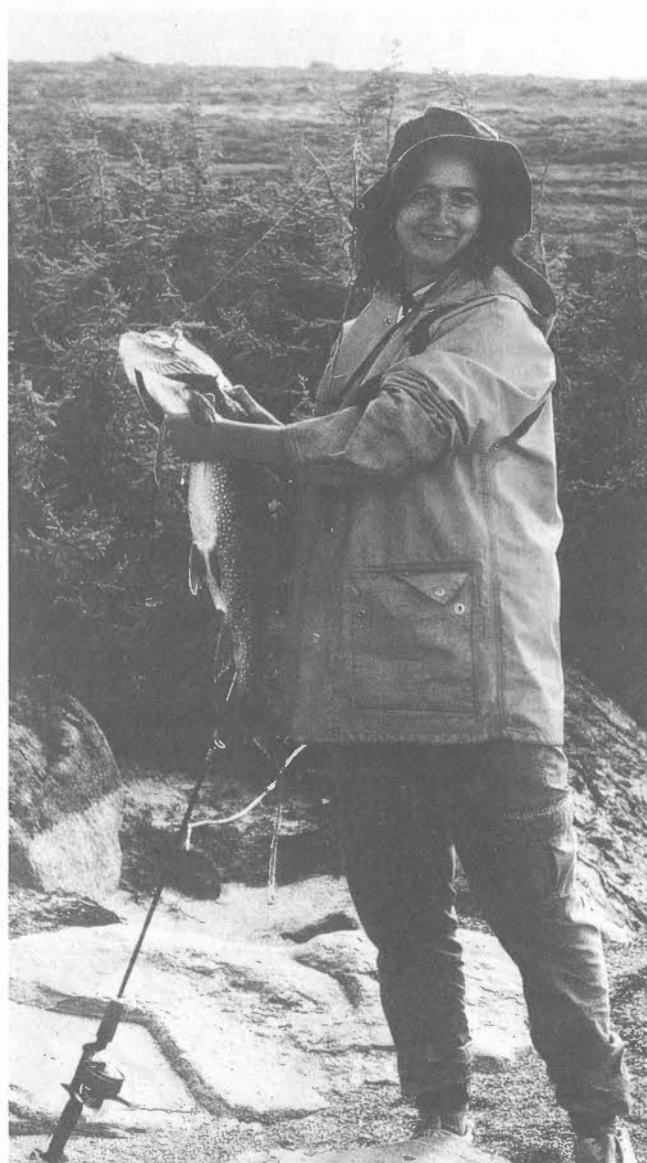
Compared to two days earlier, the circumstances of our trip had changed immeasurably. We paddled north across Kasba Lake and down the Kazan River to Lake Angikuni, with no portages the entire time.

We started our descent around 19 July. On the upper half of the river we saw one party of canoeists, knew of one who had paddled to Ennadai Lake, and later learned of one party travelling to Lake Angikuni in late August, and one travelling the length of the Kazan in July. This total of four parties does not include the others likely starting in the first three weeks of July, which shows the current popularity of the river. Because the Kazan has been written up quite often, we will mention only a few bits of information on this part of the trip.

We had been warned about the exit rapid from Kasba Lake into the Kazan (65 D: FT5718). Mallet's account in his article "Exploring the Kazan" in *The Beaver*, March 1950, says that there is a five-foot ledge in the middle of it but he admits that some of the details may have been misremembered. The rapid turns sharply around a left-hand bend, and the portage cuts the corner, so it is very hard to scout. After much crashing through bushes, we finally decided that we had seen the entire rapid, that there was no ledge, and that we could safely run it. The canoe was loaded to the gunwales, with 40 days of gear stuffed under the seats, in the bow and stern, between our legs, everywhere. Needless to say, it was not easy to manoeuvre, but we made it down safely.

A few days down the fast-flowing Kazan, the wind turned nasty and remained so for the rest of the summer. Every day, with rare exceptions, the afternoon wind became so strong as to render us windbound, since even with the current we hardly got anywhere. Our pleasure cruise turned into a frustrating struggle downstream. I later learned this was an especially windy summer in the Barren Lands.

Halfway down Ennadai Lake, we caught our first fish, a huge trout, and also crossed the treeline. We had a southwest wind, so we were able to use a tarp to sail down the lake. At the north end a storm arrived and we



were trapped in the tent for two days while the ferocious wind shook the tent, threatening to carry it away with us in it. After that we were more careful to find campsites offering better shelter, not an easy task in the Barrens.

Just past Ennadai Lake, we saw our first caribou. Though we never encountered large herds, until we got back to the treeline hardly a day went past that we did not see at least several animals.

As usual, the markings on the maps for swifts, rapids, and so on were quite unreliable. For example, at a narrows just before Dimma Lake (65 F: MD1618) there is a fairly large rapid that is not marked at all.

At Lake Angikuni we left the Kazan and the well-travelled routes with a sense of great excitement. While we had enjoyed following P.G. Downes' story and other accounts, it was far more intriguing to be visiting an area where not every rapid and bend was well documented. Our journey would all be uphill back to Kasba Lake Lodge, but along a seldom-travelled route west of the Kazan River.



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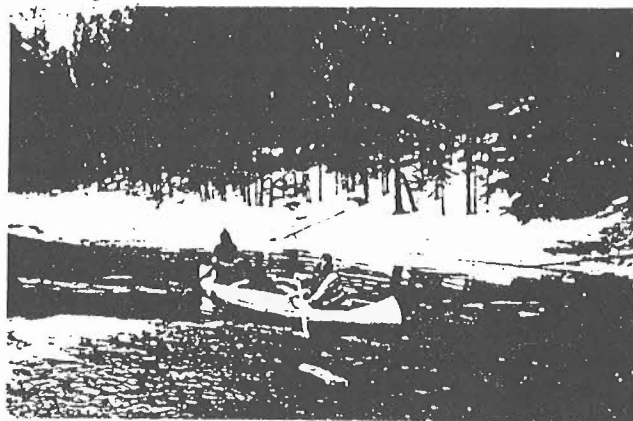
Nastawgan is an Anishinabi word meaning 'the way or route'

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

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

EDITORIAL

The Spring-1990 issue was the first one in the now familiar 8½ x 11 magazine format. Since then our journal has always used the same font for the body of text (Times). However, our typesetter, Compuflow, insists that we should change to another font that is easier to read, more aesthetically sophisticated, and more in tune with modern developments in laser-generated printing. I don't know if that is really the case, but I finally gave in and therefore from this issue on *Nastawgan* will be using new fonts, Garamond for text and Helvetica Condensed Black for the headlines. Hope you like it.



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 (WordPerfect preferred, but any format is welcome) or in typewritten form; contact the editor for more information. Contributor's Guidelines are available upon request; please follow these guidelines as much as possible to increase the efficiency of the production of our journal. The deadline dates for the next two issues are:

<i>issue:</i>	Summer 1996	<i>deadline date:</i>	28 April
	Autumn 1996		4 August

WCA MEMBERSHIP LISTS are available to any members who wish one for personal, non-commercial use. The list can be ordered as hardcopy or on a 3½ in. DD computer diskette. Send a five dollar bill (no cheque, please!) to Cash Belden at the WCA postal address (see WCA Contacts on the back page).

BOOBOOS My humble apologies for two annoying boobos in the previous issue. The author of the article Kuujuuaq to Nain on page 1 is of course Tija Luste (and not Tiia), and the author of the Labrador article on page 20 is Daniel Jenny (not Penny). Sorry, friends, old brain falling apart, eh?!

OTTAWA CANOE AND KAYAK SHOW

Canoeists, kayakers, and sea kayakers living in eastern Ontario or western Quebec will have their own show at the Civic Centre in Ottawa on 22–24 March 1996. There will be a wide array of equipment manufacturers, local, outfitters and tour companies from across the country. Many speakers will be presenting slide shows and seminars, and the pool will feature new equipment, paddling skills, and more. For more information contact the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association, phone (519) 473-2109, fax (519) 473-6560, Internet <http://www.crca.ca/>



CANOE EXPO 1996

Canoe EXPO is Canoe Ontario's annual canoe/kayak consumer show which features displays, seminars, and demonstrations for the most experienced paddler to the cottager who just likes to paddle around in the summer.

Visitors will see the Etobicoke Olympium filled with many exhibitors retailing items from outdoor wear and paddling accessories to the paddle craft themselves. Within the 50-metre swimming pool consumers can get a pre-season paddle in the latest equipment without any high-pressure sales people. The boats on display will include whitewater and recreational canoes, kayaks, and sea kayaks.

Canoe EXPO is also an educational exhibition with strong instructional, informational, and environmental aspects. It presents seminars and demonstrations from expert guides, authors, and adventurers.

The show runs from Friday 12 to Sunday 14 April 1996 at the Etobicoke Olympium in Etobicoke, Ontario. For more information contact Canoe Ontario at (416) 426-7170.

PETERBOROUGH CANOEING EXTRAVAGANZA

Trent University and the Canadian Canoe Museum are delighted to announce that on the weekend of 10–12 May 1996, Peterborough, Ontario, will host a trio of special events of national importance to the cultural heritage of all Canadians.

The first event is CANEXUS II: The Canoe in Canadian Culture, a multi-disciplinary conference dedicated to furthering the understanding of the canoe in the development of Canada's diverse cultural identities. The conference will explore such themes as: the canoe in Canadian art, writing, and the media; the canoe as a popular or spiritual symbol for English, French, and Aboriginal cultures; and the canoe as a simple but sophisticated tool with global origins.

Second, the annual Peterborough Heritage Canoe Festival takes place on the Trent-Severn Waterway, at the famous Peterborough liftlock, with three days of illustrated talks and practical demonstrations.

Finally, on Saturday afternoon, the Canadian Canoe Museum will unveil its world class collection of over 500 craft at the Grand Opening Reception of the Museum in its newly renovated conservation facilities. For the first time in the history of the collection (formerly the Kanawa International Museum) all the craft are in one place for viewing and conservation.

Following the Grand Opening, on Saturday evening, there will be a Voyageur Banquet in the Great Hall at Trent University's Champlain College. Information on any of these events is available from: Erik Hanson, c/o The Frost Centre, Trent University, Peterborough, Ontario, K9H 7B8; phone (705) 876-8433; e-mail: ehanson@trentu.ca (Courtesy *Kanawa* magazine, CRCA).

PARTNERS AND INFORMATION WANTED

WHITE RIVER One more boat wanted for 19–28 July 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.

RIVER INFORMATION (including possible upstream travel) wanted about: Ridge, Cheepay, Sesaginagow, and Kwatabohegan Rivers (located north of Highway 11, south of Albany River, west of Moosonee). Dave Gendler, 1115 Hawthorne Ave., Ypsilanti, MI, 48198, USA; phone (313) 482-0690.

CANOEING/KAYAKING PARTNERS wanted on Mondays and Tuesdays for day and overnight trips. These are my regular days off. If you also have time on these days and want to paddle, call Ross Sutherland at (613) 538-1142.

TRANSPORTATION WANTED Solo canoeist seeking shuttle from Cochrane to Longlac or Pickle Lake in the last weeks of July or the first weeks of August. If all goes as planned, my canoe and gear will already have been transported, so it would just be me huddling in the back seat, trunk, hatch, wherever. If you'll be driving along Hwy. 11 some time during this period and have room for a cost-sharing passenger, please call John Kirby, (905) 276-1718.

NEAR WILDERNESS SYMPOSIUM

"Closer to home" was the theme of this ever-popular get-together (organized by George Luste and sponsored by the WCA) that saw a sold-out house of 800 devotees enjoy 19 presentations given in Toronto on 26 and 27 January. The following presentations were made:

- Near Wilderness Perspectives Ron Reid
- A Few Words Bruce Litteljohn
- "Islands of Hope" Presentation Lori Labatt
- 100 Days Solo — Algonquin Centennial Gavin Svensson
- Near-North Canoeing Paul Chivers
- Temagami Images Hap Wilson
- Native Claims & Wilderness Fissures Gary Potts
- Algonquin Large Adult Male Bears Mike Wilton
- Wolves of Algonquin Mary & John Theberge
- Urban Wetland Tony King
- Children in the Wilderness Kathleen Henderson
- Maine's Upper St. John River David Hankins
- Rediscoveries on the Coulogne Roch Dufresne
- Fur on the French Toni Harting
- Georgian Bay Experiences Marlene Hume
- Algoma, the Group of Seven Marianne Carman
- Cottage Country Canoeing Kevin Callan
- Coastal Nova Scotia Scott Cunningham
- Allagash, a Thoreau Experience Greg Shute



CANOE ONTARIO, CRCA, ORCA EXPLAINED

CANOE ONTARIO ([416] 426-7170) is an umbrella administrative organization which helps co-ordinate the operation of Ontario's four canoeing organizations:

Ontario Canoe Sprint Racing Affiliation (OCSRA);

Ontario Marathon Canoe Racing Association (OMCRA);

Ontario Wild Water Affiliation (OWWA);

Ontario Recreational Canoeing Association (ORCA).

The first three are essentially competition based, while ORCA's primary objective is to promote safe canoeing to Ontario's recreational paddlers. Canoe Ontario supplies the four organizations with a Toronto office, a fund-raising and promotional resource, and a contact with the Ministry of Culture, Tourism and Recreation for funding reasons. Canoe Ontario has a three-person full-time staff, and a Board of Directors made up of two representatives from each affiliate and a President. Canoe Ontario owns and operates the Canoe Expo trade show.

CANADIAN RECREATIONAL CANOEING ASSOCIATION (CRCA; [519] 473-2109) promotes safe recreational canoeing across Canada. In provinces that have not developed their own canoeing programs, the CRCA provides a self-administered canoeing program for use

by that Province's paddlers. The CRCA also provides insurance to its members who have not made alternative arrangements. The CRCA's *KANAWA* magazine is a prominent communications medium for Canadian Paddlers. The CRCA provides a forum for all paddlers to meet, share dreams, resources, and challenges, and to unite paddlers across Canada.

The **ONTARIO RECREATIONAL CANOEING ASSOCIATION's** (ORCA; phone no. see Canoe Ontario) mission is to promote safe, competent, and knowledgeable recreational paddling in the Province. ORCA accomplishes its mission by:

- maintaining a state-of-the-art canoeing program: Basic, Lake Water, Moving Water, Canoe Tripping;
- ensuring there is an adequate supply of top-notch qualified instructors available to deliver its programs. This is done by facilitating provincial and regional instructor courses and instructor clinics, and overseeing the instructor accreditation process;
- facilitating the delivery of the one-day, no-cost Safe Canoeing Program in some of Ontario's Provincial Parks, which programs operate six days per week through July and August. On average about 5,000 new paddlers avail themselves of this program each year;

- providing safe canoeing information to the public through the Canoe Ontario office, through trade shows such as Canoe Expo, Toronto Sportsmen's Show, and many local shows and demonstrations;
- providing a network of knowledgeable and responsive regional representatives to serve the local needs of paddlers;
- monitoring environmental issues and providing representations where appropriate.

ORCA membership benefits include: a voice in Ontario's recreational paddling and environmental issues, access to canoeing information, courses, insurance, retailer discounts, ORCA's magazine *CANEWS*, a CRCA membership (including *KANAWA* magazine), and more.

Submitted by Eric L. Williams ([519] 396-8844, evenings), member of the Board of Directors for Canoe Ontario, Provincial Director for Ontario for the CRCA, President of ORCA.

DON RIVER PADDLE

On Sunday, 5 May 1996, The WCA and the Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority (MTRCA) are co-hosting the third annual "Paddle the Don" event. Beginning at Serena Gundy Park (located in Sunnyside Park, City of Toronto) where registration opens at 10:00 a.m., the first leg of the paddle is on the West Don River until you reach the East Branch. The trip then continues south down the Lower Don to the two take-out points at the Keating Channel and Harbourfront.

Much of the route is flatwater but there are a few stretches of mild whitewater to test your skills. The three weirs in the river can be dangerous and should be portaged; members of the WCA will be present there to assist you if necessary. The scenery varies from wild and wooded to uninspired urban, but all in all it's a very interesting trip. Busses will be on hand at both take-out points to transport all paddlers back to Serena Gundy, where you can get your car to retrieve your canoe.

Beth Williston, MTRCA; (416) 661-6600, ext. 334.

LEE

William F. Hosford

Anyone who has paddled into strong headwinds has experienced a longing for a bit of lee that the shore ahead offers. When the wind blows off a cliff or over a dense growth of trees there is a back eddy near the cliff or trees with the wind blowing toward the shore. At some point further from the shore, the wind divides and here the horizontal velocity is zero. Still further away from shore the wind speed increases and approaches its unperturbed speed.

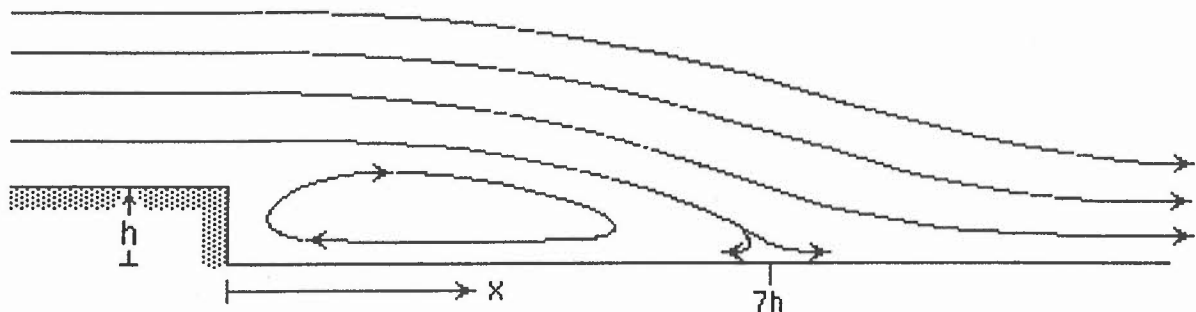
I have often wondered how near a shore one has to be to experience the lee. Recently I became aware of a technical paper* which appears to be significant. It is convenient to express the speed of the wind as a fraction of its value very far from shore, v/v_0 , and the distance from the cliff, x , in terms of the cliff height, h .

The relative velocity, v/v_0 , is zero at the stagnation point $x \approx 7h$ and increases with increasing distance from the shore. Of course, the wind pattern will be somewhat different if the cliff is not exactly vertical, but I expect it is not too different.

One simple way of estimating the ratio of x to h from a canoe is to extend one's arm with clenched fist towards the shore. When the fist appears as large as the cliff, $x \approx 7h$. (This is exact if one's fist is four inches high and one's arm is 28 inches long.)

* Neto, A. S., D. Grand, O. Métais, and M. Lesieur. "A Numerical Investigation of the Coherent Vortices in Turbulence Behind a Backward-Facing Step" *J. Fluid Mechanics* vol. 256 (1993) pp. 1-25.

The author wishes to thank Walter Debler of the Mechanical Engineering Department at the University of Michigan for his help.



A SUMMER SECRET

Eight women on the Spanish River.

Anne Patterson

It is winter now and the air has taken on a bite. Summer green turned to yellow and then the snow fell. At work, I still hear colleagues lament sadly about the summer and how it was a disappointment for them. "It was over too quickly," they moan. "We had a trip planned but one of the kids got sick," sighs another. The comments are real and I do sympathize for I too have had spoiled vacations and plans that didn't work out.

When I enter discussions such as this, I listen with empathy, but I try very hard to hide that smile that creeps over my face. It is a quiet grin that just overcomes me and my eyes light up despite my efforts to conceal them. You see, I have had a secret for over 15 years that has *never* let me down. It is shared guardedly each summer with a few other like-minded souls. The secret is called a canoe trip.

Last summer's excursion was a trip down the Spanish River, a whitewater route about two hours northwest of Sudbury. Seven other women and I managed to escape for eight days in early July.

Trip preparations began in May with route selection and participant recruiting. Calls went out to friends and it did not take long to fill this trip. The next phase was menu planning, equipment sorting, and food shopping. All the jobs were divided up amongst the group members. We had all done this before, so the planning, although detailed, was handled efficiently. The collective talents in this group are powerful and there was no job that couldn't be handled by someone.

This particular group of women have all canoed before. Some are old buddies, and a few have just met for the first time. We are all professional working women who have taken the time out of busy schedules to be together. Six are in their forties, and two are in their fifties. Most of us are single, two are married, and two are divorced. Men were never an issue, they simply were not invited. I felt privileged to be a part of such a competent and skilled group. All share a sense of adventure and a deep love of the wilderness and that is all that really matters.

The first day of July arrived and we were driven to our starting point at Duke Lake. It was Canada Day, so it felt appropriate when one woman pulled out four small flags and attached them to each canoe. A spontaneous round of 'O Canada' began. Nobody heard us belt out this tune as we were now all alone, eight women singing on the shore of a beautiful small lake. The magic had already begun.

Within an hour, a silence abruptly descended over us. This transformation still surprises me, how quickly it can happen. Perhaps it was the rhythm of paddling that calmed the soul so suddenly. Perhaps it was the scenery that enveloped you. As one woman later said,

just 'being there' was powerful enough. In no time at all we were captured again by the beauty of this river. We also knew that our masters for the next few days would be headwinds, rain, bugs, whitewater, and our energy levels. At that moment however, the conditions were ideal and we enjoyed everything.

One woman decided to shave an 'S' in the back of an already short hair cut. She described it as a controlled act of defiance and urban rejection. "It will grow," she said, "and it is fun for a few days to leave behind your other life." The 'S' represented the Spanish, but as it turned out, it became a symbol for many other words that characterized the trip.

We paddled daily, aware that we must progress some 140 km to our take-out spot. We didn't feel rushed however, and the five coffee addicts in the group had time to enjoy this passion twice each morning. We also took the time to get out the binoculars and view more closely the wildlife that appeared occasionally. We saw loons, geese, ducks, and shore birds daily. A keen eye even spotted a bear den along the shore. We gingerly treaded towards it, noting the huge paw prints in the sand.

We passed high cliffs that made us wonder about the Indians that used to live there. The winds rustled pines on rock outcroppings making a sound that will always haunt me. The days were all like this, a wondrous brush of the elements at their summer softest.

Sometimes we entered a section of whitewater and the adrenaline flowed. Although all accomplished flatwater paddlers, our prior whitewater skills coming into this trip ranged from experienced to novice. The more proficient ones helped out the rest and all were touched by the caring and learning that was going on. There are several sets of rapids on the Spanish that require some attention. We pulled over and scouted them first, carefully planning a route as a group. Sometimes we laughed at the bottom of the set as our best-laid plans did not work out, but somehow we managed to get by with what we called 'wing-it mode.' Safety was all that mattered. A few times we experienced pure bliss when a certain route worked out the way it had been indented. It is a special feeling when you and your partner become one for a few moments.

One canoe dumped on day five and a sense of urgency and concern came over all of us. Suddenly my canoe partner and I spotted four packs of various sizes floating down the river towards us. A quick rescue ensued and all were recovered. The two who went over appeared shortly, tentative grins on their faces. They were not hurt, just a little wet and a lot wiser for the experience. The group collectively sighed and was thankful nothing more adverse had happened. We had

passed one group earlier who were quick to point out a smashed canoe. It can happen to those who do not respect the river and its power.

There was a joyfulness to this group, and a special spontaneity. We sang daily and made up funny lyrics if the real ones were forgotten. I usually don't sing, but I enjoyed this craziness and the lack of rules that were evident. Once a hat blew off as a gust funnelled up the river. We never did find that hat, despite a brave group effort. However, another one was spotted that same day and the woman wore it the rest of the trip. It suited her better anyway.

The mosquitoes were bad this year and we learned how to eat food with nets over our heads, laughing and cursing at the same time. One lunch we discovered a perfect pool of water beside descending rock ledges. Within seconds, all of us were stripped naked, swimming and squealing like children. We saw only two other groups in eight days, so we felt like the river was ours. Such privacy is so rare and so rich.

Our most arduous day dawned on day six as we had three back-to-back portages. At that point, the river was just too dangerous to run. We groaned and braced ourselves for the tasks ahead. Our canoes weighed about 70 pounds each and we had several packs that were in the forty-pound range. All had to be carried about 200 metres over rugged terrain that cared nothing for urban softness. Feet were plastered with mud, legs were attacked by bugs and branches. A few of us slipped on the wet rocks resulting in bruises. Nobody complained though, as we knew that portaging was the one price you must pay to canoe. Despite these annoyances, there was an underlying sense of accomplishment and satisfaction that I have never been able to explain properly to non-canoeists. I just shrug and realize that the portaging component is only one more part of the secret that makes me smile.

The trip ended on day eight as we leisurely pulled into a resort on Lake Agnew. Just prior to that we had found a perfect beach and had spontaneously basked there for a very long lunch. It was obvious that nobody wanted to leave. As we age, this group of women wonder how many more trips we can manage. On this

trip we all noticed more gray hairs, more daily aches, and a record number of back braces.

We all saw that the 'S' was still visible on the woman's head. As the trip unfolded, it became an appropriate emblem for us all. To me, the trip was all about many 'S's: Spanish, sharing, synergy, special, spontaneity, silliness, silence, and summer. It was also about a secret and that smile that creeps over you when you recall the trip.

We parted and went about our separate ways, resuming our professional lives in different cities. I have spoken with all of them since the trip, and you can feel that smile in their voices, whenever they refer to the Spanish. It is clear that within all of us, there lies an invincible summer.

Anne Patterson lives and works in the Kitchener/Waterloo area and likes to canoe whenever she can. She is willing to share canoe/route information with any like-minded souls that have e-mail. You can reach her at: loonanne@mgl.ca.

TRIP INFORMATION

Distance The Spanish is 140 km from Duke Lake to Lake Agnew following the east branch. Lake Agnew is a 5-km drive off the main Highway 17 west of Sudbury.

Time allowed Take a minimum of five days for the trip, more if you want to be a bit more leisurely; we did it in seven.

Canoes Take proper river canoes. We rented ours from Adventure Guide, 180 King St. S in Waterloo. They can assist you in selection.

Driving Allow six hours (with pit stops) to get from Kitchener-Waterloo to Webwood, or your shuttle spot. We stayed at the local motel in Webwood the night before the trip. There are other put-in spots besides Duke Lake that are further south, thus avoiding some lake paddling.

Car Shuttle Make arrangements with an outfitter to get dropped off at Duke Lake and have a car waiting at Agnew Lake when you finish. We used Bill Stewart in Webwood. The drive from Webwood to Duke Lake was two hours. It is on a good paved road.



Letter to the editor

We left the 1993 WCA Canoe Symposium inebriated on tales of adventure in the High Arctic. We left the 1996 WCA Canoe Symposium full of disappointment and disgust. How could something that was so good have gotten so bad?

We went expecting to hear of trips in the Near North. Instead we got dumped on by political activists and authors trying to sell their book. When did the WCA become a platform for minorities to voice their displeasure with our democratic government?

How many slides of sunsets do we need to see? We've all been there. We've all seen them first hand. We've all taken our own pictures. Granted, some of the photography was quite good, but if I want to look at pretty pictures with music in the background, I'll put on my Walkman and check out the postcard display at the local souvenir shop.

We didn't stay to the end. We'd had enough. We noticed that others had too. Get your compass out, George. You've lost your way.

Murray Brown

reply ...

Dear Murray,

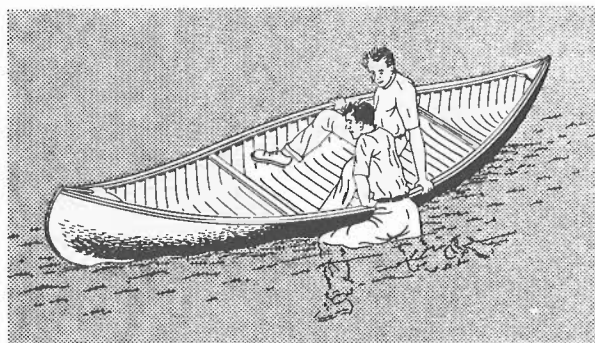
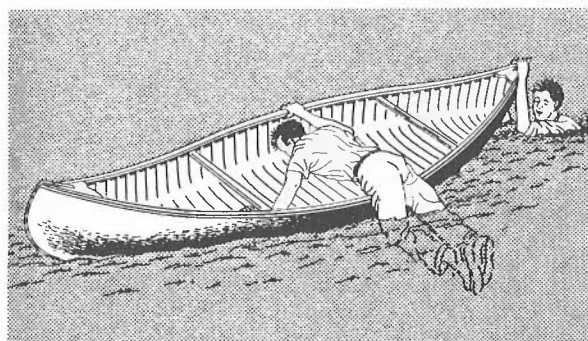
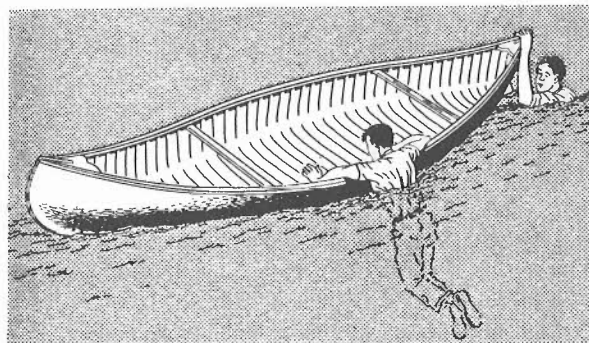
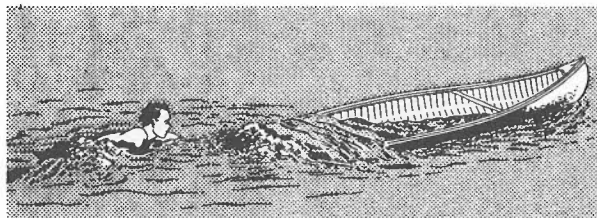
Over the past eleven years, after every symposium gathering, I have been conscious of how I might have improved the program if I could do it over again. This year was no exception. But of course it is a once-only event and I have no second chance. Every presenter is free to express themselves as they wish. Sometimes I can and do offer suggestions to speakers beforehand, but I have no intention of trying to orchestrate what and how each individual performs.

I am troubled by your reference to "platform for minorities" and the suggestion that we exclude them from our programs. I will not do that. Everyone is welcome, as are authors and political activists.

I disagree that our annual event should be "inebriated on tales of adventure in the High Arctic." It has to be much more than that suggests. If it isn't, than I have truly failed. There is a much broader perspective on the natural world and wilderness — and what canoeing is all about for me. That is what these gatherings are meant to explore and discover. To illustrate: for me Tony King's words and images this year on the swamp near his urban home were among the most powerful I have ever experienced in the past eleven years. Perhaps for you that was not so. So be it.

These gatherings are meant to be an exploration of discovery about the natural world in the broadest sense possible, and thus I am not offended by the suggestion that I have "lost my way." I am lost, as are you. Accepting being lost is the prerequisite for discovery. The "search" for a way home is all there is.

George Luste



SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT ON HUMMINGBIRDS

With some justification we modern human beings pride ourselves on the knowledge we have accumulated about the world around us. Over the years we have probed more and more deeply into the inner workings of nature and have managed to considerably roll back our original total ignorance. Nowadays we can look back at the craziest ideas once held to be fact by the most eminent of scholars and smile at how far we have come in our understanding. For example, everyone at one time "knew" that swallows spent the winter in the mud of lake and river bottoms. Similarly, hummingbirds obviously had to migrate each spring and fall in the back feathers of geese or eagles because such small birds could not possibly travel to Central America under their own power.

The only problem with taking a condescending attitude toward such "silly" old notions is that we all too easily forget that our ancestors didn't have the benefit of all our recently conducted research. Besides, even if they are right, our modern ideas often sound as crazy as the ones they have replaced.

Take for example the case of hummingbirds. No one seriously believes any more that they hitchhike north and south each year but modern work has shown that our hummers really do depend on other, totally unrelated birds for survival.

We realize, for anyone who has watched a hummingbird pugnaciously defending a patch of flowers these days or kept a hummingbird feeder back home, that this idea may be a little hard to swallow. Hummingbirds appear to detest even themselves, not to mention other bird species. In fact, they violently attack and harass almost any other creature, whether insect, mammal, larger bird, or different hummer, that dares to encroach on their turf. And then too, their well-known specialization on nectar feeding (only occasionally supplemented with small insects) would seem to remove the need for any kind of relationship with, or dependence on, some other kind of bird.

In our part of the world, however, there is a problem with the standard, flower-feeding way of life for hummingbirds. Algonquin Park may have lots of nectar-rich Fireweed and Jewelweed available these days (and riverside stands of Cardinal-flower on the east side) but for much of the season suitable flowers are scarce or altogether absent.

How does a hummingbird, which arrives back in May, survive, let alone raise young, before the appearance of usable flowers in July? There simply aren't any good sources of nectar out there until then. It turns out that what saves the day for hummingbirds in the critical, early part of the season is tree sap. It may not be nectar, technically speaking, but sap has a sugar content (15-20%) remarkably similar to that of the nectar secreted by typical hummingbird flowers. There is also incomparably more sap than flower nectar out in the Algonquin woods even at the peak of the summer flowering season. The only problem, of course, is how a minuscule, fragile bundle of feathers like a hummingbird can gain access to the supply.

It does so by visiting holes drilled in tree trunks by the Yellow-bellied Sapsucker, the common local member of the woodpecker family that specializes in the practice of drinking tree sap. People have known for a long time that hummingbirds frequently visit active sapsucker trees but only recently has it been learned just how close and important the relationship is for hummingbirds.

First came the realization that tree sap was indeed an

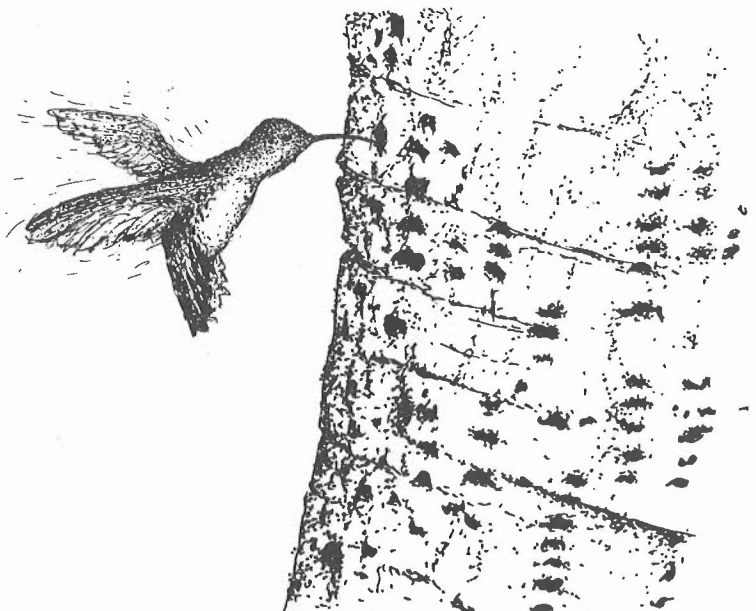
excellent nutritional substitute for flower nectar. Then came a study of female hummingbirds which, in every case, built their nests within a few seconds' flight of a sapsucker tree and which, during incubation, apparently depended entirely on the sap they were able to obtain there. Added to these findings was the recognition that hummingbirds in North America are invariably found only as far north as sapsuckers and that hummers come back in the spring only three to four weeks after sapsuckers do. This happens to be the time it usually takes sapsuckers to stimulate a copious flow of sap from one or more trees on their territory. Finally, there have been several observations of hummingbirds closely following both foraging and flying sapsuckers for long periods--the strong suggestion being that hummingbirds recognize their unintentional benefactors and follow them around to locate their feeding trees.

Most authorities now believe hummingbirds simply would not occur in Algonquin Park and other northern parts of their range if it weren't for sapsuckers. It may sound crazy that hummingbirds would depend on a kind of woodpecker for survival but the facts strongly indicate just that.

So the next time you hear someone repeating the old idea that hummingbirds hitch rides on the backs of larger birds tell them that they just haven't been keeping up. Then proceed to reveal the depth of your ornithological understanding to your adoring friends and acquaintances and set them on the path of true enlightenment. "Hummingbirds," you should declare solemnly, "hitchhike through life, not with geese or eagles, but with sapsuckers."

We're sure everyone will be impressed.

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



BURNSIDE RIVER

A journey by canoe from Lake Kathawachaga to Bathurst Inlet undertaken in the summer of 1995 to appreciate arctic nature and follow explorers' routes.

Jillaine and Adrian Horst-Farrar

We are Canadians living in Switzerland and do a wilderness canoe trip each year. After one year of planning and many years of reading about the area and its explorers, we set off for the Burnside River in the North West Territories.

On 10 July 1995 we arrived in Yellowknife at 10:15 p.m. and spent the night at a bed-and-breakfast place where we repacked our gear into packs suitable for canoeing. Finally we went to bed at about 1:30 a.m. Next morning we headed off to the Bathurst Arctic Services main office where we were briefed on our destination area and fitted out with a 17-foot Old Town canoe, splash cover, paddles, and life vests.

After packing everything in and on the plane, we took off and headed north. As we approached Con-woyto Lake we saw the ice still covering it. "No problem," we thought "Kathawachaga Lake is smaller and the ice will be gone by now." No such luck. Our pilot said that there was no way he could land on the tiny bit of break-up. He ended up landing at the end of the lake, about 20 km north of where we had hoped to start our trip.

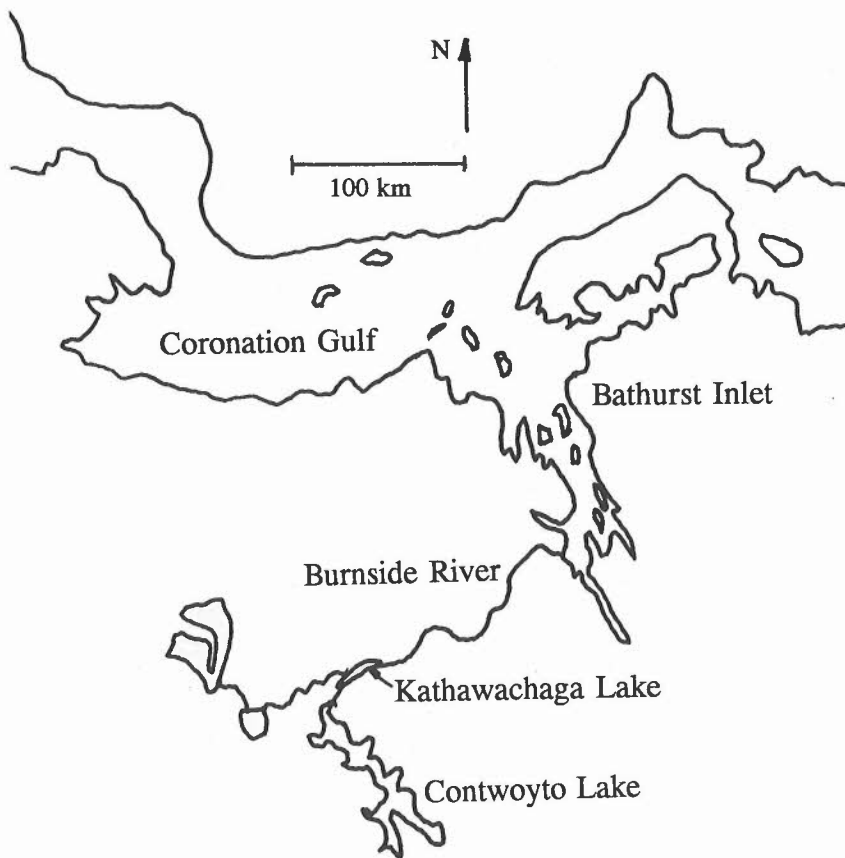
After unloading the plane, we presented the man with a bar of Swiss chocolate and shared our lunch with him. He saw "good fishing" marked on the map near to where we had landed and off he went to get his dinner. About 20 minutes later he arrived back with his catch, got in his plane, and taxied an amazingly short distance before taking off just above our heads.

Since we had gained a day by not canoeing the whole lake, we stayed at our drop-off point for two nights. After hiking over to an old Inuit grave, we found human bones, remains of a dog sled, and a tin cup cluttering the hillside. An Inuit apparently lost his dog team and starved to death. It must have been a gruelling death.

We started 13 July by eating a new, but certainly not better, flavor of Instant Oatmeal, which tasted like "overzapped" fruitloops. After loading our gear into the canoe and mounting the splash cover, we finally set out on our trip. It took seven hours of paddling against the wind to reach the Nadlok area.

The next day we paddled over to Nadlok Island. Nadlok means "crossing place of the deer" in the Inuit language. Bryan Gordon of the Canadian Museum of Civilization in Hull, Quebec, researched the area in 1986 and found it to be the only Inuit site to span the transition between the Thule and the Copper Inuit in the Western Arctic. The condition of the antler dwellings seemed to have deteriorated since he took the last photos of them. Gordon responded to our request for information on Nadlok by sending us various documents and asking us to photograph and report on the antler dwellings he and his team had rebuilt ten years ago. He wanted to see how they had stood up over the years. We took lots of photos with the hope of providing some kind of accurate documentation.





After we had had enough of the swarming black flies and arctic terns swooping down to just miss our heads, we headed back to our mainland campsite. We scrounged enough dead willow and drift wood to make a small fire, thoroughly enjoying the arctic char that Adrian caught. Arctic char has now become my favorite fish.

On 15 July we saw an arctic fox with a beautifully marked face, as well as a group of 26 caribou. We portaged two of the Bellanca Rapids and ran the third. Found a campsite on a ridge beside some sand dunes beautifully dotted with pink dwarfed fireweed and purple lupine flowers. What a great sleep we had.

Next morning we hiked up the hill and scanned the area for any signs of wildlife. No luck, but we did get a spectacular panorama of the Burnside River and surrounding area. Later we headed back down to make dinner, which is a fairly time-consuming process on our stove. I was preparing dinner with my back to the sand dune when Adrian yelled that a wolf was behind me. I swung around and sure enough there was an arctic wolf not more than two metres away from me. Our first reaction was to make noise so he would leave, but then as he was actually departing I realized that I wanted a photo of him, so off I went to the tent to grab the camera. I zoomed in on him, praying that our new camera had been a good investment. If only I had had the camera with me strung around my neck, but then who thinks they'll have a wolf just wander up behind them.

We bathed in the icy cold river today. I had a headache for about three hours after that episode. Any grizzly in the area would have been scared off at the sound of my roar as the icy water hit my head and skin! It's nice to be clean, but cleanliness seems to attract bugs. As long as we had the usual sweaty outdoor arctic odor combined with a lot of bug juice we were practically ignored by the mosquitoes and black flies. Mind you, we didn't get too close to one another either.

On 17 July we had a sand storm. The howling wind picked up the sand and whirled it in all directions. We couldn't open our eyes for the longest time, the sand just grated against them, until finally the tears flushed the grains out.

We met two Albertans today, paddling into "our" campsite on their yellow rubber raft. We had really hoped

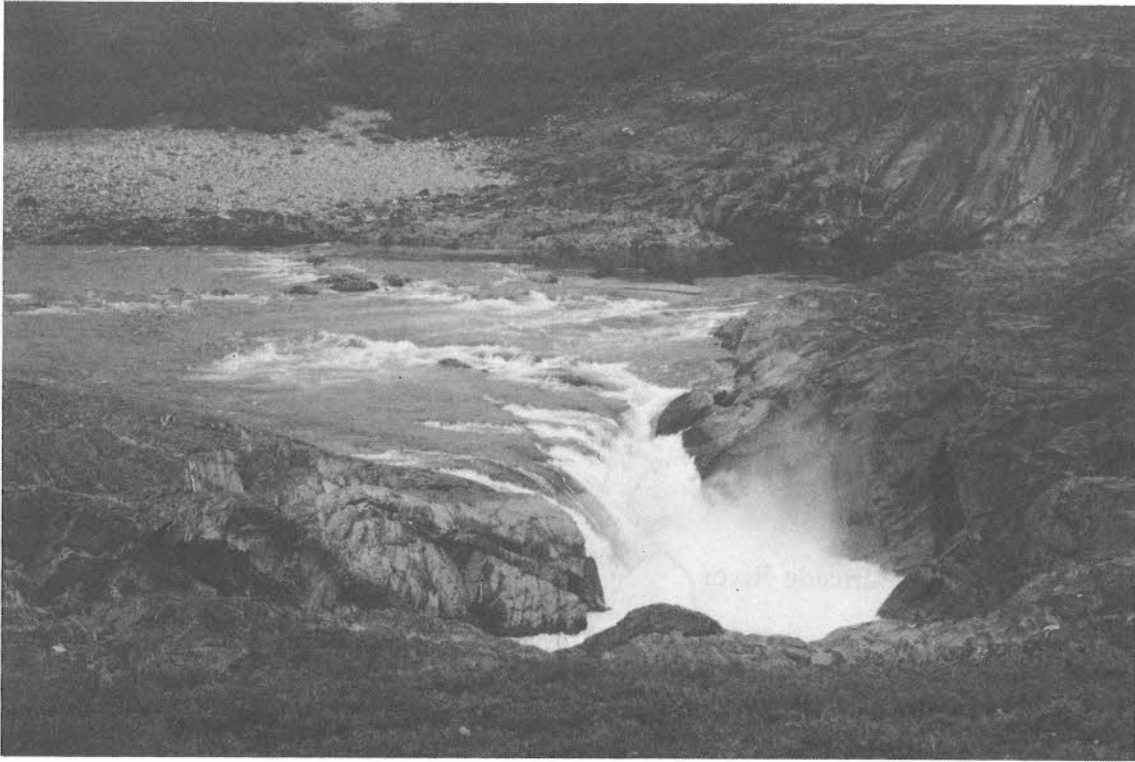
we wouldn't meet anyone, but admitted over evening tea that if we had to meet someone we were glad it was them. They spotted the wolf den located in the area; the wolf had been near us the entire time. A network of holes must have allowed him to enter from all sides of his den in the sand hill. We respected the wolf's space and he respected ours.

Next day, 18 July, we saw numerous sik-siks, arctic ground squirrels. I got a bit carried away with my picture taking and used a whole roll of film on them. There had better be at least one good photo of those adorable creatures.

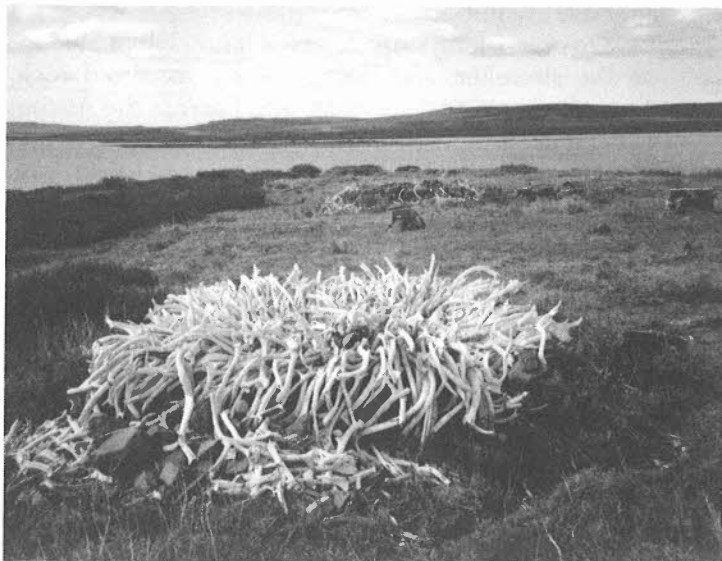
On one bailing stop we saw a large slab of blue ice on the shoreline and near it was a fossilised rock. Perfectly formed leaves were lined across the bottom of the rock. It was a mesmerising moment to see something so exquisite that had been preserved for so long.

We got drenched today. Without our rain suits we would have been soaked to the bone and freezing instead of just freezing. It sure pays to buy quality gear. It took us two hours to find a site which resembled anything remotely close to a campsite. That moss really soaks up the rain.

On 19 July we paddled 20 km in the pouring rain; where is the Arctic sun when you need it? Plenty unmarked rapids were on the menu for today. We were able to find some channels through the whitewater to minimize our water intake. That sure pleased Adrian up in the bow.



Next day, as we paddled down the river, and it really did go *downhill*, we saw what looked like a black rock. And then it moved. "Jillaine, our first muskox," Adrian whispered excitedly to me. Seconds later we spotted the second muskox. We paddled over and climbed up the hill. Heeding the warnings of Boyd Warner we were careful not to get too close; neither of us wanted to get charged. But we did get some good photo opportunities just the same. Adrian claimed that the arctic loon we saw this morning was a good omen, because shortly after our encounter with the muskoxen we saw a grizzly bear. Granted, it was a fair distance away, but it was a grizzly. We awed at its tremendous size and then wasted no time in continuing down the river.

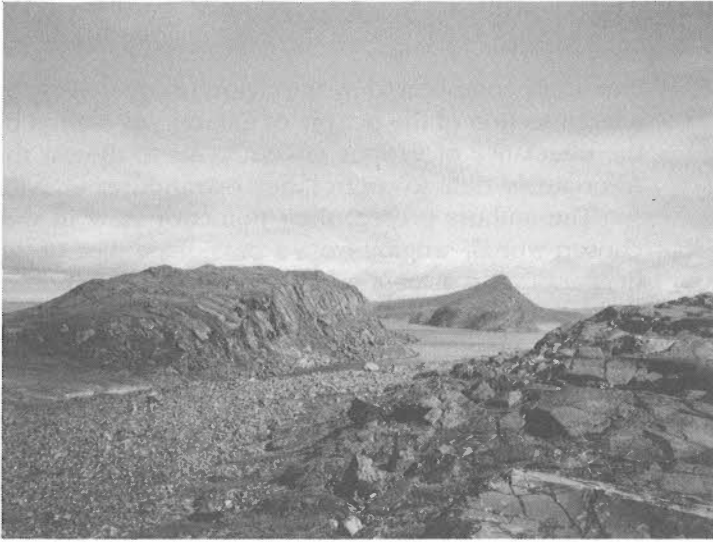


Today we crossed the Arctic Circle.

On the 21st we canoed right into a storm. Blue skies were behind us and ahead of us, but we were in the middle of the storm area and just couldn't get out of it. Finally we found a spot to camp and put up the tent in the hail, had a cup of soup, and crawled into our sleeping bags to get warm, not getting out until the next morning, not even for dinner.

Next morning, a monstrous breakfast compensated for our lost meal last night. When we took to the river we found out that there were many rapids not marked on the map. The unmarked rapids were more challenging than the marked ones, but we experienced no difficulties. We still ended up bailing a lot and on one of our bailing stops we saw a grizzly up close. That motivated us to keep paddling, even with a few centimetres of water still left in the canoe. We didn't even stop long enough to take a picture, which seems a shame, but at the time our only concern was getting out of this territory.

While unpacking our gear we noticed that one of the waterproof bags had leaked. It probably didn't get rolled down enough. The really infuriating part was that it was my sleeping bag that got wet. Not that I would have wished a wet sleeping bag on my bow paddler, alias husband, but something less important could have got wet. Even the food bag getting soaked would have posed no problems because it was all double bagged. To say the least I was not a very happy camper. Adrian hung the wet clothes and bag over the rocks and even offered to swap bags with me. Luckily for both of us my bag dried out enough to sleep in it. Still, it was a really thoughtful gesture.



On 23 July the whitewater was at its best, the waves leaping up above our heads. It was challenging, but we were able to keep the canoe under control. Just after the extreme whitewater episode we spotted 22 muskoxen. We also located the gravel exit for the Burnside Falls portage, and then camped on the windiest and wettest spot possible.

The next two days we labored on the ominous portage, five kilometres each way if you walked straight through the swampy areas. We went around the really bad parts, so we chalked up close to 40 km by the time we had walked it seven times. We did the canoe on our second trip and this turned out to be a terrific decision because we weren't too exhausted yet. Adrian solo portaged the canoe while I led the way carrying a 30-kg pack. We saw a red fox carrying a sik-sik in its jaws.

At the end of the portage Adrian remarked with great emotion that he felt he had earned his Canadian

citizenship today. While I was nursing my swollen feet, I kept thinking that the portage we had just completed must have been tougher than army recruit training.

The 26th of July was supposed to be a day of relaxation, but we decided that we couldn't be so close to the Burnside Falls and then not hike in to see them. We were not disappointed; the falls were as magnificent as we had imagined them. It also proved to our feet and backs that the portage really was necessary. The night was bitterly cold, only registering -5°C on our thermometer, but the wind chill made it seem even colder.

The next morning it took us $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours to get up, devour breakfast, and pack the canoe, a well-established morning routine. Off we headed in the direction of Bathurst Inlet, which we had seen from the hill, seemingly close but still quite a few paddle strokes away.

We paddled in at low tide, which was unfortunate because we had to do a bit of dragging on the sand bars. Nevertheless, we made it in to Bathurst Inlet and were immediately welcomed by Glenn and Trish Warner from Bathurst Inlet Lodge who made us feel at home. The food at the lodge was delicious and the comfortable chesterfield was a treat after 17 days of sitting on nature's chairs. In the evening the resident naturalist showed a video on Inuit culture for the guests and we were invited to join in. It was very informative. Everyone in the community was friendly and helpful.

On 28 July we went for a hike on a route suggested last night; it was here that we saw our first willow ptarmigan. The scenery was spectacular and the Inuit food cache and trap sites proved most interesting. We flew back to Yellowknife in the late afternoon.

The 200 km of paddling, 40 km of portaging, magnificent scenery, and enchanting wildlife have made this a trip we will never forget.



REVIEWS

THELON, A River Sanctuary, by David Pelly, published by the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association (1029 Hyde Park Rd., Suite 5, Hyde Park, ON, N0M 1Z0), 1996, softcover, 202 pages, CDN\$26.95, US\$24.95.

Reviewed by Toni Harting.

This book makes me itch. All over. My hands itch for the feel of my paddle. My feet itch for the touch of the rocks over which to portage my canoe. My belly itches for the taste of freeze-dried food. And even my skin itches for the bite of the dreaded bugs. But above all it's my brain that itches with a relentless desire to get up and go north, visit Pelly's beloved Thelon, the greatest of Barrenlands rivers, and experience for myself what he so eloquently writes about. His book is not the usual river tripping guide filled with information on rapids and falls and portages, how to get there and what to do. It is much more, it tells about the soul of the river, what happened in the past and what is happening now, what makes the river so special.

Pelly presents a rich tapestry of historical information on the Thelon. He has done an impressive amount of research, evident from the twelve-page bibliography included in the book, as well as the many old and new photographs in color and black and white and the ten fine maps. This is a book for all lovers of the North, anybody yearning for endless views and lonely lands; a book for all of us, whether we plan to visit the river or stay home and just read. In the meantime, until I can get there myself, I'll keep scratching.

NOTE: David Pelly is presenting a series of slide shows based on his Thelon River book. The Ottawa presentation will take place on 23 March at the Ottawa Canoe and Kayak Show, and the date of the Toronto show is 25 March (at the Mountain Equipment Coop, [416] 363-0122). More shows are planned over much of Canada. For information contact the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association, phone (519) 473-2109, fax (519) 473-6560, Internet <http://www.crca.ca/>

ON THE LAND, Confronting the Challenges to Aboriginal Self-Determination in Northern Quebec & Labrador, edited by Bruce W. Hodgins and Kerry A. Cannon, published by Betelgeuse Books (#193 - 55 McCaul Street, Toronto, M5T 2W7), 1995, softcover, 165 pages, \$14.95.

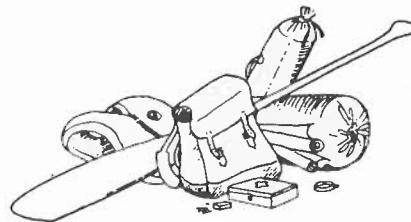
Reviewed by Toni Harting.

The seven essays in this book are modified versions of lectures delivered at the 1995 Trent University Northern Lectures series. These studies concern a vast region the Aboriginal inhabitants of which (Inuit, Cree, and Innu) are undergoing tremendous changes made in-

creasingly complicated by the claims to sovereignty by a large section of the people of Quebec, as well as by the reluctance of various governments to discuss the Aboriginals' right to control their own future.

The authors present their points of view in well chosen words, ranging from a passionate plea of understanding to a lengthy and excellent discussion of issues concerning self-determination. The book presents a good number of references as well as an index and four large maps.

On the Land is a very important book that should be studied by anyone concerned with the place and rights of the Aboriginal peoples in modern Canada, especially now that the issue of Quebec sovereignty is becoming of crucial importance.



A DEATH ON THE BARRENS, by George James Grinnell, published by Northern Books, Toronto, (phone/fax [416] 531-8873), 1996, softcover, 334 pages, \$25.00.

Reviewed by Toni Harting.

On 14 September 1955, 36-year-old Art Moffatt died of hypothermia following a canoeing accident on the Dubawnt River in the Northwest Territories. One of the five survivors of the clumsily organized and executed trip was the author of this book who for more than forty years struggled to get his thoughts and memories onto paper. The result is a strangely fascinating book that takes the reader on two different but closely intertwined stories: the account of the disastrous canoe trip and the long battle the author had to fight to overcome his personal demons. Both stories are very well told in a direct and effective style, filled with reflections on people and events in the author's life.

The main thread in the book is provided by the words of a young man, Grinnell, describing events happening on a most unusual canoe trip through a country few outsiders had ever seen. It gives us a good example of how not to run a trip, certainly not in the inhospitable Barrenlands. As far as the parallel story of Grinnell's struggle is concerned, there is much to disagree with in what he writes about his ideas and opinions; it is not a book that endears the writer to the reader. But it is honest, warts and all, and makes compelling reading. Grinnell's trials now appear to be over, he has finally found peace.

EMPTYING THE BAGS

Back home. Another wilderness canoe trip has taken place. Duffel bags placed in the garage because usually there's not a whole lot of time between returning home and returning to work. Should have more time for reflection of the magnificent country so recently travelled in, but life in big cities does not seem to permit it.

Every day after work spend an hour or two cleaning, repairing, and packing away the gear. Placed in the permanent spot assigned to it. To wait for the next canoe trip. Really enjoy this after work time puttering in the garage. Allows still fresh memories of a Canadian canoe trip to come flooding back. Can't help but smile when they do.

With any sort of luck and a small amount of procrastination, you can prolong the unpacking so that it takes three to four weeks. Keeps the memory of the wilderness trip with you longer.

To tell the truth, by stretching out both the planning and packing stage and the unpacking and storing stage, you can get three good months out of one canoe trip. Might be just enough to keep you from going over the edge when dealing with city life.

Wife asks, "What do you do all that time in the garage?" Don't know how to answer her. Can I tell her that I'm afraid to let go of the trip? That I'm worried that this past trip might be the last one? Should I tell her of my fears that the wilderness is shrinking so fast that it might be gone before my children can enjoy it? Can't

face those questions so I tell her that I'm just putting away the camping gear.

What do I do in the garage? Holding a blackened pot brings back memories of the meals cooked over the campfire. Still smelling of soot and smoke. Needs a good scouring inside and out. Putting an edge on the fillet knife dulled by contact with too many fishbones. Refilling the match container with future fires. Working in the tackle box is worth a week by itself. Sharpening hooks on all the lures, restringing reels, and making new steel leaders.

Three weeks after the trip has ended and I'm down to the last duffel bag. Can hardly remember what is in it. It holds the grill, the folding saw, the tube with the fishing poles, a half dozen empty Nalgene bottles, and the trash bag. Trash bag is very light. Dumped it out on the driveway. It contains some crumpled aluminum foil and 14 cans scorched in the campfire and stomped flat. Some of the cans still have ashes in them. A gift from the spruce trees of the Canadian north. Decided to spread the ashes in the flower bed. Like to know that both myself and the flowers have been revitalized by the trip to the Canadian north.

The cans are destined for the weekly trash pickup. But not today. I want to keep them and the trip for just a little while longer.

Greg Went

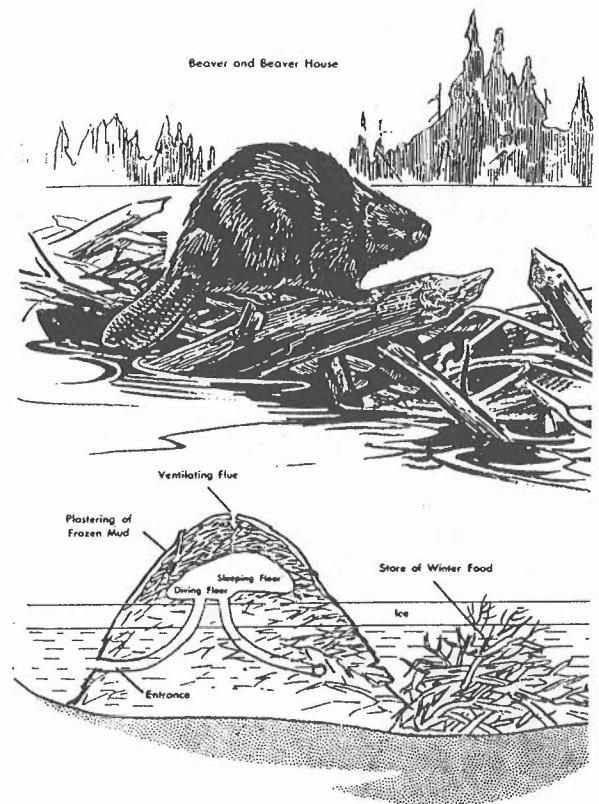
IT TAKES A LONG TIME...

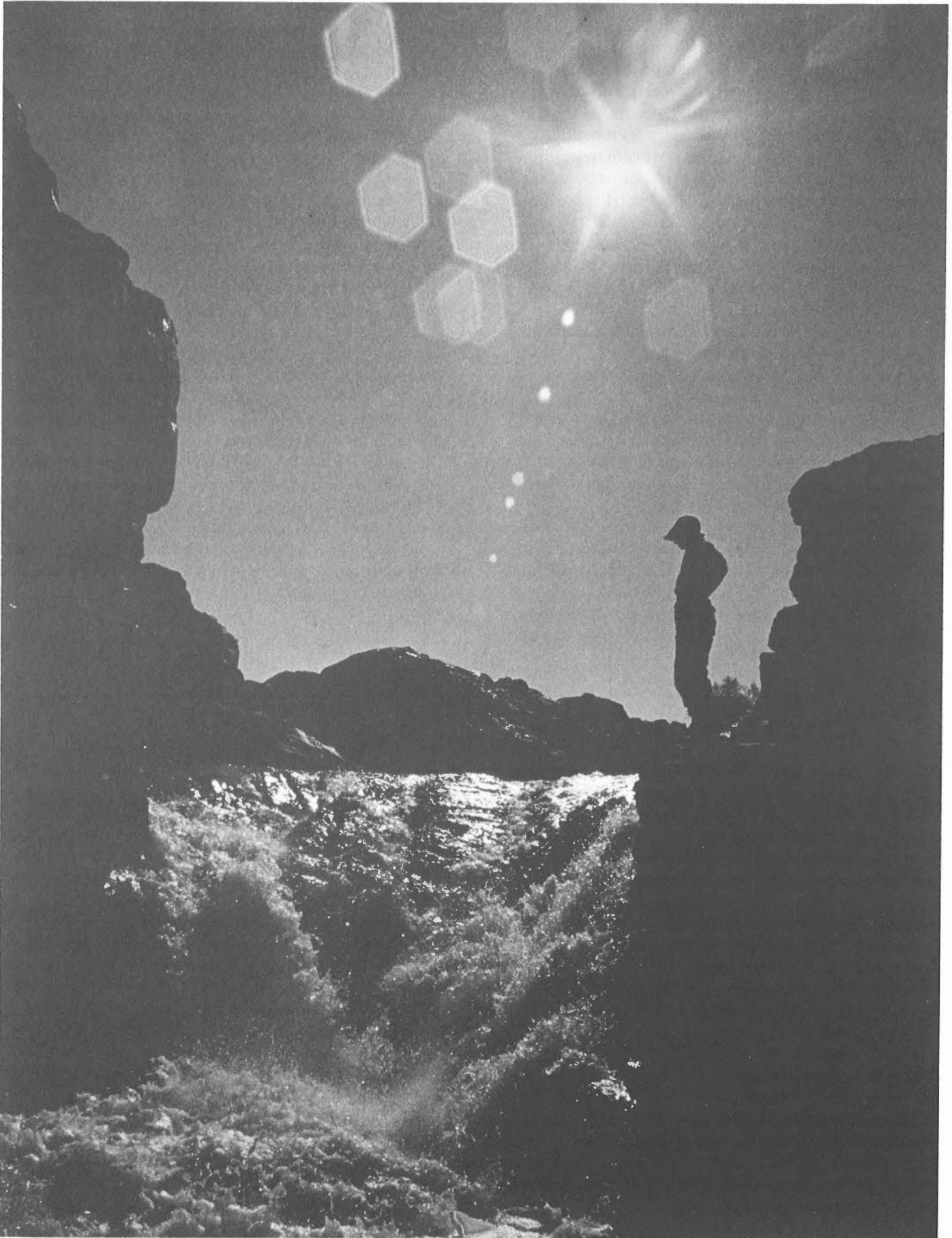
We've all noticed litter along the trail, and most of us pick up other people's castaways, packing them out to preserve the beauty of an area. The stuff people casually discard doesn't go away for a long, long time. Here's information from the U.S. Forest Service on how long some litter lasts in the environment:

- plastic film container: 20–30 years
- aluminum cans and tabs: 80–100 years
- glass bottles: 1,000,000 years
- plastic bags: 10–20 years
- plastic-coated paper: 5 years
- nylon fabric: 30–40 years
- rubber boot sole: 50–80 years
- leather: up to 50 years
- wool socks: 1–5 years
- cigarette butts: 1–5 years
- orange and banana peels: 2–5 weeks

You see how it can pile up if we don't do our part and someone else's as well.

Courtesy George Lepp, *Outdoor Photographer*, September 1989.





Missinaibi River, Thunderhouse Falls, second drop

Photo: Toni Harting

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.

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.

24 or 31 March **LITTLE ROUGE WATERSLIDE**

George Haeh, (416) 465-2292, book before 17 March.

At Steeles Avenue, the Little Rouge is much less of a drop below the tableland than the Rouge. The Little Rouge runs almost a straight course to Sheppard while the Rouge meanders profusely. At Sheppard, both rivers have the same elevation. So while the Rouge offers near continuous Grade 1 and 2 whitewater at a leisurely controlled pace, the Little Rouge is a high speed incessant grade 2 without easy places to stop. To add to the fun, sweepers on this river have a nasty habit of sitting exactly where the river insists on taking you at high speed.

To give you an idea of how fast this river is, I have run from Steeles to Sheppard in less than 45 minutes. Thermal protection is very attractive on this river, but far more important is the ability to read water at high speed from your boat (there's next to nowhere to stop), anticipate hazards, especially sweepers, and avoid them. For the boater of ability, this is one fantastic river. Fanatics may even do it again. This trip is extremely dependent on water level. We may divert to the Rouge, or we may choose to run the Rouge after the Little Rouge. If demand warrants, an extra section might be run. Limit four canoes.

30-31 March **LOWER MAITLAND RIVER**

Herb Pohl, (905) 637-7632, book immediately.

After a hiatus of several years, we return to Southwestern Ontario's finest spring whitewater river. Saturday is a warm-up on the gentle upper stretch from Auburn to Benmiller. This section offers many swifts that novices with moving-water experience will enjoy. Participants can stay Saturday night at local motels, there is no camping on the river. On Sunday we will

proceed from Benmiller to Goderich. Here the river is wide with continuous grade 1-3 rapids. As a capsized would result in a long swim in icy water, this part of the trip is restricted to strong intermediate paddlers. Limit five canoes.

31 March **LOWER CREDIT RIVER**

Barry Godden, (416) 440-4208, book before 24 March.

Streetsville to the golf course. Cold, fast-moving water. Although the levels should be dropping, the Credit can still provide some challenges. Intermediate paddlers in properly equipped boats. Wetsuits or drysuits required. Limit six canoes.

31 March **UPPER CREDIT RIVER**

Paul and Diane Hamilton, (905) 877-8778, book before 24 March.

An early paddle from Ingleside to Glen Williams. The river will be fast and cold with some swifts. This is a very attractive section of the Credit, making for a good spring paddle. Canoeists should be prepared for wet, cool conditions. Alternative date if the river hasn't yet broken up on 6 April. Limit six canoes.

31 March **UPPER SALMON RIVER**

Steve Bernet, (519) 837-8774, book before 24 March.

This trip could provide the whole spring canoeing experience. If the lake is frozen the start is a hike/wade. Experienced whitewater paddlers in fully outfitted boats must be prepared for the unexpected. Limit six boats.

14 April **UPPER AND LOWER BLACK RIVER**

Del Dako, (416) 421-2108, or Steve Lukasko, book before 6 April.

From Cooper to Highway 7. This river offers strenuous paddling through a series of demanding rapids. The rapids will be scouted from our boats as much as possible. Participants must have fully outfitted boats and be comfortable paddling class-3 rapids. Limit five canoes with advanced paddlers.

20-21 April **BEAVER CREEK, UPPER BLACK**

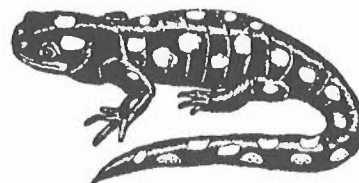
Barry Godden, (416) 440-4208, book before 14 April.

Saturday's run follows Beaver Creek down to Fiddler's Rapids. Sunday the Upper Black River. Both of these require advanced paddling skills. Limit five canoes, properly outfitted for cold whitewater, drysuits or wetsuits required.

20-21 April **SALMON AND MOIRA RIVERS**

Glenn Spence, (613) 475-4176, book before 12 April.

Just north of Belleville these two rivers offer exciting whitewater and fine scenery. The Salmon is the more gentle one but has some ledges to practise your skills. The Moira has larger rapids, possibly up to class 3. This is one of Southern Ontario's finest spring rivers. Intermediate paddlers welcome. Limit six canoes.



21 April HUMBER RIVER CLEAN-UP

Lee Benson, (416) 767-4596, book before 15 April.

Paddle up the Humber in the company of breakwater gulls, cleaning up on the way, with a free float back. Garbage will be offloaded at a site convenient for disposal. Limit six canoes.

27 April SPRING WORKOUT IN THE "NEAR WILDERNESS"

Rob Butler, (416) 487-2282, book before 22 April.

This trip will take us from Moore's Falls on Highway 35 to Head Lake on Highway 503. Ten hours of paddling and portaging for the gung-ho. Limit four canoes.

27-28 April MISSISSAGUA RIVER, EELS CREEK

Bill Ness, (416) 321-3005, book before 17 April.

On Saturday we will paddle the Mississagua which is a classic pool-and-drop run. The river is a series of class 1 to class 3 rapids separated by flat sections, and some scenic falls (class 4-5). All major rapids can be easily portaged making the trip suitable for intermediates. The next day we will run Eels Creek, which is similar to the Mississagua but narrower. Paddlers must be able to manoeuvre well in fast water as sweepers are always a potential hazard. 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.

28 April BLACK RIVER (WASHAGO)

Bill King, (416) 223-4646, book before 14 April.

This trip will take us down the Black River from Cooper's Falls to Washago. For the most part, the Black flows along gently with a few easy rapids. The outing is suitable for novices and families who are equipped for cold weather. Limit eight canoes.

4 May WILLOW CREEK

Mike Jones, (905) 270-3256, book before 24 April.

Novice paddlers are welcome to participate in this scenic trip on a gentle river. Limit five canoes

4-5 May UPPER MADAWASKA - OPEONGO RIVER

Sharon and John Hackert, (416) 438-7672, book before 25 April.

A repetition of last weekend's fun and games

5 May MOIRA RIVER

Bill Ness, (416) 321-3005, book before 28 April.

By early May the level on the Moira is usually just right for experienced, enthusiastic novices who want to begin paddling intermediate-level rivers. There are some excellent play spots at this level to challenge the newcomer and delight the veteran whitewater paddler. Limit six canoes.

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.

11-12 May WAHWASHKESH LOOP

Paul and Diane Hamilton, (905) 877-8778, book before 1 May.

Come see the trilliums. Starting from the marina on Top Lake, we will paddle into the Magnetawan River to just below the Graves Rapids. From there we will eventually paddle into Kashegaba Lake and through a series of lakes and portages find our way back to Wahwashkesh Lake (the big lake). A reasonable two-day trip suitable for experienced novices with some knowledge of whitewater (as getting to the portage around Canal Rapids may be tricky at high water level). Be prepared for cold weather. Limit three canoes.

Yellow Warbler
Length 5 inches



12 May DRAG RIVER

Paul Wilcox, (905) 778-0308, book before 5 May.

The Drag River flows through some surprisingly wild areas of Haliburton County. It can be a fun run with grade 1 and 2 rapids and lots of swifts. Just before the end of the trip we will portage around a beautiful set of falls called The Three Brothers. A fitting end to a fun spring trip. Suitable for experienced novices. Limit five canoes. If water levels are low we will switch to the Burnt River.

12 May HIKE OR CANOE THE WYE MARSH

Doreen Vella, (416) 264-2265, book before 5 May.

A day trip for anyone who would enjoy a pleasant spring outing in a wildlife centre near Midland. Whether we hike or canoe will be determined by participants. Limit four canoes.

18-19 May AGAWA RIVER

Frank Knaapen, (705) 776-2653 (weekends), or Jay Neilson, (705) 945-3018 (wk), book soon.

This is a beautiful scenic river in Lake Superior Provincial Park with some rapids for intermediates and experts. Portaging all rapids can be done. Anyone also wanting to stay for the Sand River trip (23-26 May) might consider running the Goulais River in mid-week, which has a 10-km repeat run of excellent rapids.

18-20 May ISLAND LAKE LOOP

John Winters, (705) 382-2057, book before 10 May.

This is my annual spring trip to Island Lake, this time via a portage on an old logging road north of the Canal Rapids. One long muddy portage. Last summer a new beaver dam at the outlet from Island Lake lowered levels in Farm Creek causing difficulty in shallow sections. Not a trip for the unenthusiastic. Limit four 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.

23-26 May SAND RIVER

Frank Knaapen, (705) 776-2653 (weekends), or Jay Neilson, (705) 945-3018 (wk), book soon.

This Lake Superior Provincial Park river is an aggressive whitewater river with many class 1-2 rapids and not much time to scout them. The route is well maintained with portages. We leave Frater on Thursday, 23 May, 1:30 p.m. by train.

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.

1-2 June FRANKLIN ISLAND

Doug Ashton, (519) 654-0336, before 24 May.

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.

1-2 June CANOEING IN THE BURLEIGH-HARVEY RECREATION ZONE

Glenn Spence, (613) 475-4176, book before 24 May.

This area offers numerous lake and river routes suitable for novice paddlers, who can portage efficiently. The exact route will be determined by the participants, limit five canoes.

1-2 June CROWE RIVER

Bob Shortill, (705) 277-3538, book before 24 May

Low water let us down last year, so let's try again. This is an exploratory trip for the organizer. The Crowe begins north of Apsley and flows south. We will pick it up near Lesswade where the current quickens and winds through some pretty country. Once past a couple of small lakes the character changes and we should encounter numerous runnable rapids. Many of them seem to have bends half way down. Falls appear in unexpected places so scouting is essential. Fortunately most obstacles can be passed by well-trodden, if rugged trails. Campsites are scarce and small, therefore the trip should be restricted to 3-4 tents. We will meet at Havelock and arrange the car shuttle between Lesswade and Cordova Lake. Wet suits not essential. Limit five canoes.

8-10 June PETAWAWA RIVER

Tim Gill, (416) 447-2063, book before 1 June.

A thrilling whitewater run for experienced paddlers. Lake Traverse to Lake McManus through some of the most challenging rapids or portages on the river. Limit five canoes.

15-16 June WHITEWATER COURSE AT PALMER RAPIDS

Hugh Valliant, (416) 699-3464 (evenings), book before 14 May. Assisted by Anmarie Forsyth, Jim Morris, and Debbie Sutton.

Due to the course's immense popularity, it was filled up within the first week for the last several years. Those wishing to register should phone IMMEDIATELY. There is a possibility, as in previous years, that a second course will be arranged. We will meet at Palmer Rapids on the Madawaska River for an exciting and instructional weekend. The emphasis of the course is on the strokes and techniques necessary to safely negotiate a set of rapids. Palmer Rapids is considered class 2. In this controlled and structured environment where the pace is slow, there will be plenty of time to practise and perfect your strokes. You will learn how to control a canoe in moving water so that you can go where you want to go (most of the time). The river will no longer control your canoe (all of the time). To feed your hungry appetites there will be a group BBQ on Saturday night featuring a real salad, a real steak, and real potatoes using real charcoal. A deposit of \$24 is required to secure your spot on the roster. Open to experienced flatwater, novice or beginning whitewater paddlers. Preference will be given to those who need it. Friends are more than welcome to the Saturday night's festivities. Limit eight canoes.

22-23 June LOWER MADAWASKA

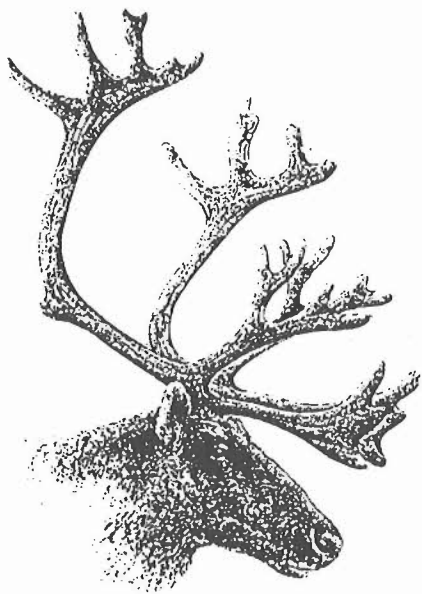
Tim Gill, (416) 447-2063, book before 12 June.

From Latchford Bridge to Griffith, a pool-and-drop run with an overnight camp on the river. Suitable for intermediate or experienced novices (all drops can be portaged). Limit six canoes

22-23 June BUZZARD AND VIXEN LAKES

Bob Shortill, (705) 277-3538, book before 15 June.

The frequency of paddling visitors to these ruggedly beautiful, granite-ringed lakes just north of Peterborough has increased significantly over the past few years. While this means that more folks are enjoying the pleasure of the land, it also means they are overstressing campsites. This is a flatwater trip with two short and flat portages. We will explore the beauty of the lakes, and place some thunder boxes (toilets) at some of the more heavily used campsites. The plan is to have several plastic barrels that will have been cut in half to do the job. Need 6-8 WCA paddlers that want to help ensure we have clean campsites. Paddling skills not important but enthusiasm and concern for the environment a must. A bit of digging to set in the thunder boxes, then off for exploring, fishing, or relaxing in the sun. Limit five canoes.

**25 June - 1 July LA VÉRENDRYE**

Richard Todd, (819) 827-3175, book soon.

La Vérendrye in Québec is similar in size and scope to the Temagami area, though a little flatter and sandier. The exact route of this flatwater trip will be determined shortly before the start and will probably start at Le Domaine and involve the lakes and rivers to the west. The trip will be fairly easy with some long paddling days and several easy portages. We will meet at my place in Wakefield, Québec, on the evening of 25 June, where we'll have a picnic supper and a campout in my backyard. We will leave early on the morning of the 26th so that we can put in well before noon. Limit eight people.

29 June - 1 July FRENCH RIVER OR LOWER MADAWASKA RIVER

Hugh Valliant (416) 699-3464 (evenings), book before 14 June. Assisted by Anmarie Forsyth, Jim Morris, and Debbie Sutton.

This is a continuation of the Palmer Rapids weekend, an excellent opportunity to practise and further refine and hone your whitewater skills in more challenging rapids. The location of the course will depend upon summer water levels. Suitable for novice or beginning whitewater paddlers. Preference will be given to those who attended the Palmer Rapids weekend. Limit ten canoes.



28 July - 4 August (or 4-11 August - date flexible)

LAKE SUPERIOR, PUKASKWA TO WAWA

Gerry O'Farrell, (519) 822-8886, book as soon as possible.

A one-week trip along the scenic north shore of Superior. At least one day will be spent hiking. Book immediately so we can get together for planning. Limit four boats. Suitable for competent intermediates.

3-5 August OTTAWA RIVER

John and Sharon Hackert, (416) 438-7672, book before 25 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.

17-25 August GEORGIAN BAY

Richard Todd, (819) 827-5059, book soon.

Following the successful Georgian Bay trips of the last three seasons, this trip will carry on to Killarney Park and culminate in the hike to one of the highest points in La Cloche Mountains. There will be some portaging involved, and paddlers must have sound basic skills and an adequate canoe for the Georgian Bay portion of the trip. Limit 9 people.

24-25 August MISSISSAGUA RIVER

Bob Shortill, (705) 277-3538, book before 17 August.

Definitely not a whitewater trip. Wet suits and float bags are not required. However, this trip should appeal to whitewater enthusiasts. We will attempt to repair/rebuild two of the old rock rubble dams. These dams were built by the loggers to help them push the logs down the river to the saw mills near Buckhorn. These old dams still play a very important role in maintaining water levels in some parts of the river. But with every surge of the spring melt more of the rocks get pushed away. This is truly a picturesque little bit of river that is quite close to Toronto and well worth the effort to maintain. We went through in the fall putting up portage signs, cleaning campsites, and opening up portages. Come out and have fun throwing a few rocks around. A real rock-and-roll experience. Limit five canoes.

31 Aug. - 2 Sep. OTTAWA RIVER

John and Sharon Hackert, (416) 438-7672, book before 22 August.

See previous description. Wet suits recommended.

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.

FON TRIPS As a service to members, the Federation of Ontario Naturalists offers a set of fully outfitted canoe trips every summer. Our leaders provide a special blend of outdoor and natural history knowledge. The routes for 1996 include the Spanish, the White, Missinaibi headwaters, and the Teslin/Yukon. Join the FON and join us on the water. FON, 355 Lesmill Road, Don Mills, Ontario, M3B 2W8; phone (416) 444-8419; fax (416) 444-9866.

CANOE TRIPS are offered this summer by Paddle Quest Canada Ltd. for corporate team building adventures or for any one of a number of our exciting yet relaxing 3 or 4 day canoe trips for individuals. Paddle with fellow Paddle Quest trippers on the historic French River (5-7 July), the "moose-filled" Algonquin Park North Tea loop (6-9 August), or view the splendor of the Barron River (12-15 August). All you need bring is your personal gear and a willingness to stop and "smell the pines." For a brochure contact us at: phone (905) 953-1777; fax (905) 853-1460; e-mail jgarvin@mailserv.interhop.net.

FOR SALE 16' cedar strip / canvas covered canoe built on Chestnut design, dark ash trim on gunnels and decks, only two seasons old, hand laid, beautiful to look at, great on the water; has been used for tripping. Cost \$1500 (new \$2500). Also a 16' Albacore sailboat, great for training or sailing around the cottage, all rigging/hardware included, trailer available. Cost \$1200 firm, trailer extra. Call Bob or Carol at (905) 607-7540.

FOR SALE Bergans Baby Carrier almost new condition \$75 (new \$120). Children's lifejackets high quality, comfortable, USCG approved, legstraps keep your kid's head well above the water; 1 small 30-50 pounds, 1 medium 50-90 pounds, each \$20 (new over \$40). Also two children's MEC pile jackets and High-Gear rain jacket, \$8 each. George Haeh, phone (416) 465-2292 (h) and (416) 733-6506 (w); fax (416) 229-6471; e-mail George_Haeh@torho.xc.xerox.com.

CANOE FOR SALE Kevlar, Mad River, Malecite, blue-grey color, light weight 50 lb, fast, some minor scratches but like-new condition, includes yolk, \$900. Because of shallow V-bottom, canoe paddles better tandem than solo. Bob Burton, Box 1417, Bracebridge, Ont., P1L 1V5; phone (705) 645-5979 or (705) 769-3258 (both evenings).

CANOE FOR SALE 17.5' cedar strip/epoxy canoe, Redbird design, excellent tripper, ash and maple trim, lightly used, \$1,600.00. Will Bartlett, Dorchester, Ont., phone (519) 268-3701 (evenings).

CANOE FOR SALE Almost brand-new cedar and canvas canoe, built in the only school-related class in Toronto, both babich seats and hand-woven cane, 16 ft long with hand-carved

ash yoke. Also: well-built solo canoe, from stripper solo design constructed from Kevlar and Fibreglass, completely refinished, best for tripping and whitewater, 15 ft long. Call or write: Douglas Niles, 1767 Sir Monty's Dr., Mississauga, Ont., L5N 4R6, phone (905) 826-7868.

BIRDING AND BOTANY TOURS Small group excursions to Pelee Island, Algonquin, Moosonee, and Grand Manan Island. Also Galapagos and Belize. Call George Bryant at Natural History Tours, 1-800-371-7779, or (416) 223-6922 in Toronto.

FRENCH RIVER MAP The new and improved edition of the 1:50,000-scale map is now available, printed on water-proof/tearproof paper. Sales of the map — which costs \$14.00 (including tax) plus postage and handling — are primarily made through the Friends of French River Heritage Park, P.O. Box 142, Copper Cliff, Ont., P0M 1N0. I have a few maps available in Toronto for direct sale at \$14.00 when picked up or \$16.00 by mail; Toni Harting, (416) 964-2495.

CANOE SCHOOL Improve your canoe and kayak paddling skills. The Grand Canoe School runs ORCA accredited moving water and flat water canoe classes as well as OWWA accredited kayak courses, all in the Guelph area. The school also offers wilderness canoe trips throughout Ontario. 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, Ont., N1H 8E8.

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.

MADAWASKA CANOEING Paddle Opeongo and Madawaska Rivers in 16 ft ABS or 17 ft aluminum canoes, taxi service available. Camp located on Highway 60, 4 km east of village of Madawaska, at the junction of Opeongo and Madawaska Rivers just before they enter Bark lake. Barkwick Camp, Box 100, Madawaska, Ont., K0J 2C0; phone (613) 637-5541.

TEMAGAMI Smoothwater Outfitters offers unique trips and courses, including Full Moon Canoe Trip, Storytelling Canoe Trip, Women's Quest by Canoe, Bush Survival and Primitive Skills. Also ORCA Canoe Tripping levels 1, 2, and 3 and Advanced Wilderness First Aid. For artists we have a line of art, craft, photo, and music workshops. We also specialize in canoe outfitting with our own line of dehydrated gourmet trip food. For our '96 brochure, contact Smoothwater Outfitters, Box 40, Temagami, ON, P0H 2H0; phone (705) 569-3539; fax (705) 569-2710.

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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: _____

New member Member # if renewal: _____

Name(s): _____

Single Family

Address: _____

Phone Number(s):
 (_____) _____ (h)

City: _____ Prov. _____

(_____) _____ (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.