



nastawgan

Spring 1998 Vol. 25 No. 1

Quarterly Journal of the Wilderness Canoe Association



LAKE POGAMASING — MOGO RIVER

A Spanish River side tour

Erhard Kraus

OK, so you've paddled the Spanish River several times, love it for its wilderness feel, its symphony of whitewater and exhilarating rapids, all within half a day's drive from Toronto. But you're getting a bit tired of it, "been there, done it!" and are looking for other places. Let me suggest that you go back and do a detour that will lead you through the land beyond the river shore, a land that Grey Owl talked about in *The Men of the Last Frontier* and that you may yet explore. Consider that the native Anishnabe have lived there for centuries, travelling up and down the river to the rhythm of the seasons in order to reach the places where they would hunt and fish. Their routes are still there and with a little

extra effort you will find them. Enjoy the beauty of this back country, put the old portages to use, and reclaim the routes for the canoe, before loggers and miners claim it as theirs. Here's a sampler, which is shown on the 1:50,000 topomap Pogamasing 41-I/13.

To get to the Spanish, you could jump on the VIA train in Cartier (check the schedules, as the trains run only on alternate days) and ask to be left out at the "flume." Another way is to start from Duke Lake and paddle down the East Branch of the Spanish River as written up in *Canoeing Ontario's Rivers* by Ron Reid and Janet Grand. You could also come from further up, possibly

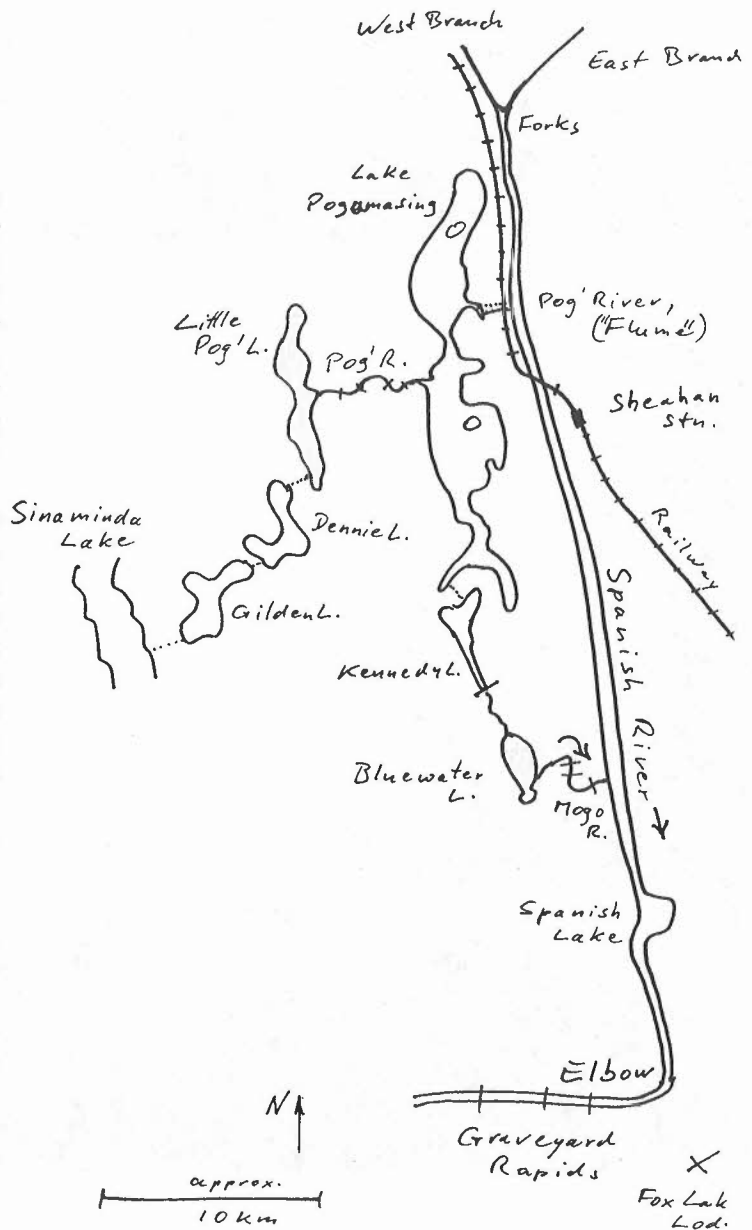
as far as Biscotasing via the West Branch.

At the flume, about 10 km below the point where the East and West Branches come together, a small river enters from the right, the Pogamasing River. Portage up the well-defined trail on the north shore for about 800 m to Pogamasing Lake, or Pog', for short. It's a pretty portage, with the old logging flume to your left, each year less recognizable for its original purpose. Carry past the little pond and then up the hill, past a rushing waterfall, and put into the lake, right at the still-maintained dam.

Pog' Lake is large, almost 20 km long, and waves can build up quickly. You will want to head south on this lake, but if you should consider a visit to the north end, there is a large campsite on Picnic Island in the northern end of the lake. Other good sites are: right at the sand spit where you entered Pog' Lake; then three kilometres south on the western side at the north shore of the bay where the Pogamasing River enters the lake; and there are a few suitable sand beaches in the middle and southern parts of the lake.

You will travel to the south, but if you have time to spare, you could make a further side trip up the Pog' River into Little Pog', Dennis, and Gilden Lakes, and then to Sinaminda Lake. I have seen moose and bald eagles on such an excursion and found it well worthwhile. Pog' itself had a Hudson's Bay post on Kingston's island but there is nothing left of its buildings. I am told they were razed when the last factor's wife had died.

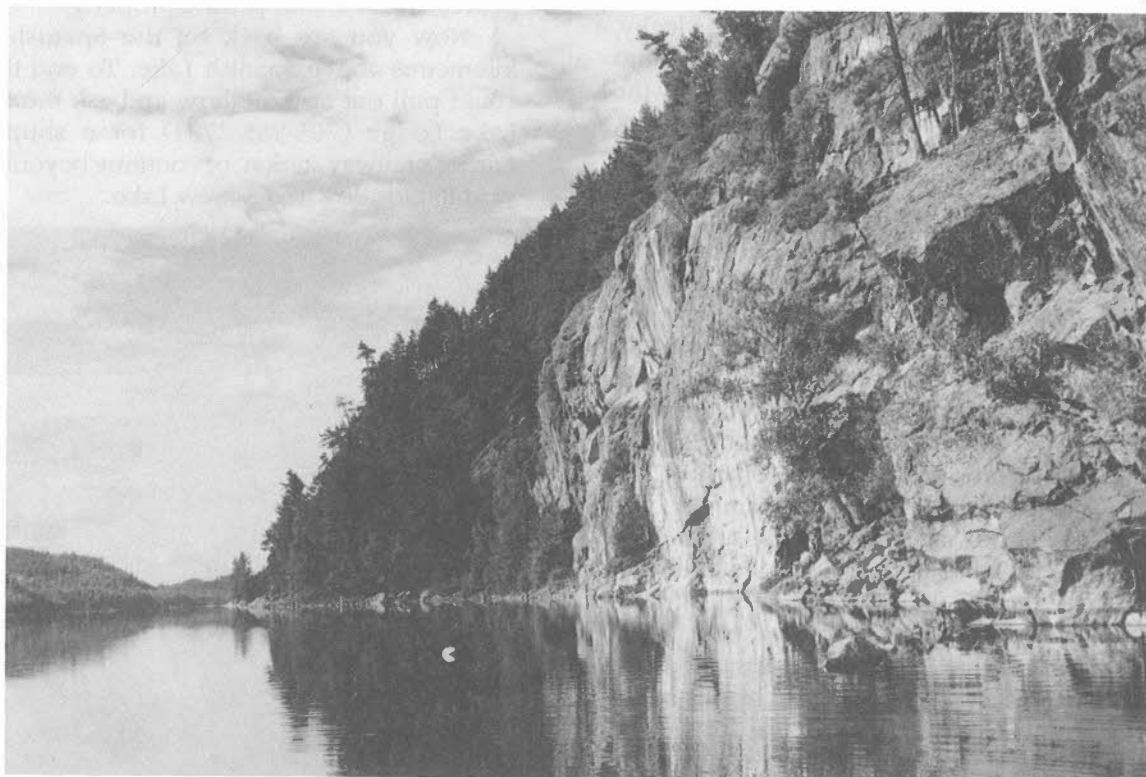
To continue your trip, head into the narrow southwest bay of Pog' Lake (called Dunlop Bay), and locate

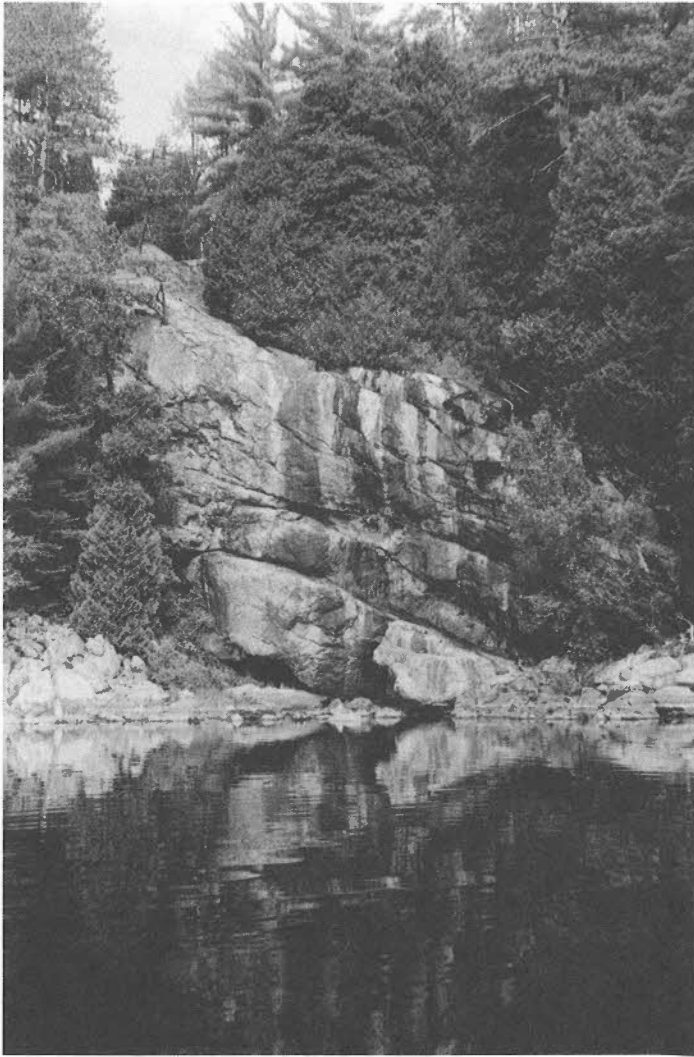




the portage on the left shore, within about 150 m from the end of the bay. It's a long but mostly level carry of about 1200 m through mature forest. Look for grouse beside the trail and moose tracks where the soil is soft. As the trail dips at its end, you are on the shore of Kennedy Lake. This lake consists of an oblong northern

end, about three kilometres in length, and a narrow southern arm, five kilometres long, filling an old geological fault. You will love its clean waters and steep cliffs. Look for loons at the first large rock face, calling and then answering their own echo as it bounces back from the wall.





The southern end of this lake is blocked by a leaky, old logging dam, and the 50-m portage takes you into a chain of small lakes without names, connected by the gentle flow of the Mogo River. If you want to camp, there is a small campsite on the eastern shore, within about 1.5 km of the Kennedy Dam. After a total of four kilometres you enter Blue Water Lake, which is surrounded by dark boreal forest on sandy and gravelly shores. There is logging activity beyond the forest wall. You may even hear the distant clank of machinery and muted engine roar from over the hill on the northwestern end.

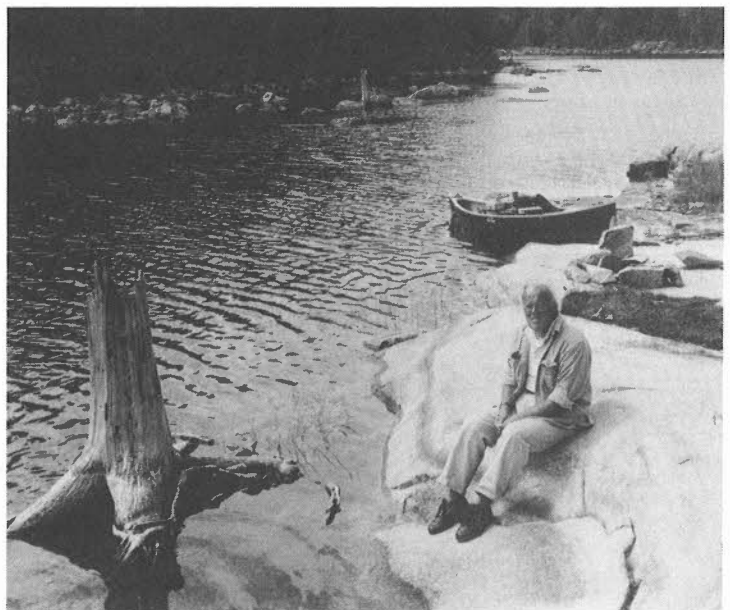
The southern end of the lake contains an anomaly you would not expect in this part of the country: a tight, circular bay that is as blue as if this were Killarney. The clear water is without weeds and, on a calm day, you can see maybe 15 m down and look at the submerged tree trunks as if you were floating in an aquarium. If you decide to swim, be ready for a shock: I have measured the water temperature at 14 C only 1.2 m from shore, in mid-August. There is a campsite right on the bay, where someone has assembled beams into a structure that seems to serve as the frame for a camp during the fall hunting season.

Just to the north of this bay the Mogo River leaves the lake, meanders past a wide marsh, and is then

blocked by a log jam that can easily be clambered across at its left side. Next, the river is squeezed by the narrowing hills on both sides; it's time to portage down towards the Spanish River. The following two portages are rough and their beginnings are hard to locate. I have talked to local folks and they confirmed that the portages were used years back. Today, where the float plane is the usual method of access to the remote lakes, there seems little use for them. I have seen no indication that anyone has been across them recently yet. But the blazes are still there and I have placed portage markers at the beginning of the first two portages. You will not be able to avoid the carry. The portage that bypasses the first waterfall starts on the right shore, right at the brink of the falls, and has a length of about 400 m. Put back into the water and paddle for about 200 m until you come to a small falls with an excellent campsite for three tents.

There is a 200-m paddle until the next portage, on the right, and you could use its start as a small campsite. The portage is about 250 m long, and ends where the creek from Loon Lake enters from the right. A one-kilometre paddle and you are at the start of the next portage. Look for the remnants of what could have been a logging dam, a pile of rocks on the right shore. The river beyond this point requires frequent lining which gets progressively worse until you are stuck in a deep valley with falls and impassable shores. It is therefore advisable to pull out at the start of this portage, on the right shore, and forsake the lining. The trail is about 1200 m long, but it has been in use lately and is easy to walk. It ends where the Mogo spills into the Spanish, in the back yard of a cabin. Remember to be polite, as you are on private property.

Now you are back on the Spanish, about six kilometres above Spanish Lake. To end the trip, you could pull out at the Elbow and ask the folks at Fox Lake Lodge (705-965-2701) for a shuttle back to Cartier's railway station, or continue beyond the Graveyard Rapids down to Agnew Lake.



DON'T LEAVE HOME WITH ALL OF IT

You searched the basement, you poked around in the garage. After gathering all your gear, you realize that you need a few items for this year's canoe trip. A couple of dry bags, a candle lantern, fuel bottle, tent pegs, and some rope.

That should do it. Well, maybe you'll take a look at those bug shirts your kids want you to get. You can hear them saying: "How can you use that awful repellent, Daddy?" Maybe they're right. Twenty summers of DEET is probably enough.

So, with a light step and thoughts of wilderness vistas, you nip downtown to the outdoor store. After all, when you pull out of the driveway you want to be sure you've got everything you need.

The day arrives. You pack up the car, tie the rented canoe to the rack, and head for the highway. As the hours roll by and the trees grow into forests, you begin to shed the stresses of urban life. Admiring the small villages that you pass, you wonder how the townsfolk survive — it must be so difficult.

Finally, you reach the last community before your turnoff. The highway is lined with small stores, including the outfitter that you called for canoe route information. You notice the rack of canoes and a sign in the window advertising bug shirts. You think about stopping, but the afternoon is drawing late. You really need to get on the water and paddle to your first campsite while there's enough light to pitch your tent and cook dinner.

A week later you land your canoe for the last time and pull it from the water. It was a beautiful trip. You feel relaxed and content. Then a small adrenaline secretion grips your stomach, breaking the spell. Tomorrow is Monday. You hurriedly pack up and head off, stopping only to fill the tank with gas.

Like a human moth, you drive steadily toward the lights and drone of the city. Scratching the bites on your neck, you think of next year's adventure. Your ability to move between urban and wilderness realms leaves you feeling smug.

Soon your trip will be reduced to a collection of

photographs. The lakes and portages will feel distant and the towns will be forgotten. In a few weeks, you'll head down to the outdoor store to get a fix. Maybe the bug jacket that you didn't buy will be on sale ...

Canoeists take pride in being self-sufficient. It is one of their great strengths — and their undoing. Living in a popular canoe-tripping district, I can report that canoeists suffer a bad reputation among the great majority of local residents.

Compared with snowmobilers and motorboaters, they are perceived as cheap outsiders, whose only contribution is their unwarranted criticism of policies concerning resource extraction and the multiple use of public lands. As an outfitter serving canoeists and cross-country skiers, I believe that self-propelled recreationists must work to change this perception.

We're all concerned about the future of our wilderness areas. If we hope to preserve them, we need to examine our thoughts and behaviors. When you travel to canoe country, do you spend time in the local communities, talking with passers-by and shop keepers? Only by speaking with people can you learn of their concerns and needs. In turn, they'll learn of yours.

Do you purchase supplies in communities adjacent to wilderness areas? Too many recreationists arrive at their destination fully outfitted, determined to spend every minute of their time in the bush. This leaves proprietors of motels, grocery stores, hardwares, gift shops, and local attractions to conclude that self-propelled recreation is of no benefit to their community and that wild-spaces protection is unneeded.

Northern communities can't survive on selling gas, burgers, and french fries. As it stands, cutting trees and mining rock is a far more profitable use of the bush than protecting it for the likes of hikers, canoeists, and cross-country skiers.

But you can help to change that.

Francis Boyes

DAVID BERTHELET 1941-1998

On 30 January, Dave finally had to give up the fight against cancer and died peacefully in Ottawa. He was a longtime member of the WCA and over the years published in our journal several articles with often excellent photographs on his long solo trips in the far North. Dave was a dedicated and very active outdoorsman, and especially winter camping with some friends in his beloved Algonquin Park was a favorite. Memorial donations to the Trans Canada Trail or the Canadian Cancer Society would be appreciated.





CPM # 0628980

ISSN 1828-1327

Published by the Wilderness Canoe Association — Editor: Toni Harting
Nastawgan is an Anishinabi word meaning 'the way or route'

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

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

NEWS BRIEFS

NASTAWGAN MATERIAL AND DEADLINE Articles, trip reports, book reviews, photographs, sketches, technical tips, or anything else that you think might be of interest to other readers, are needed for future issues. Submit your contributions on 3 1/2 in. computer disk (WordPerfect or text files preferred, but any format is welcome), by e-mail, or in typewritten form. For more information contact the editor (address etc. see WCA Contacts on the back page). Contributor's Guidelines are available upon request; please follow these guidelines as much as possible to increase the efficiency of the production of our journal. The deadline dates for the next two issues are:

issue: Summer 1998 *deadline date:* 26 April
Autumn 1998 2 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 3 1/2 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).

MAIN CANOE SYMPOSIUM will take place at Winona Camps, Moose Pond, Bridgeton, Maine on 5-7 June 1998. Spend a weekend learning and celebrating traditional canoeing and camping at a classic woodland camp. Contact: Jerry Kocher, ph. (617) 237-1956; e-mail: Jerry-Kocher@msn.com

MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT CO-OP will be opening its new store on King Street West in Toronto late March, and in May it is scheduled to launch a new store in Edmonton.

PARTNERS WANTED

NWT TRIP Couple seeks company for 2-3 week wilderness trip in open-canoes in Canada's North West Territories or Yukon or in Alaska, summer 1998. WW II-III. Call Geoff or Val (in Holland) 011-31-33-4615527, fax 4676112 or e-mail to gandv.welch@pi.net

SUMMER 1998 Explore Kluane National Park and St. Elias Mountain Icefields, then paddle the Kluane, Donjek, White, and Yukon Rivers into Dawson. Swift class 1-2 WW skills, fully outfitted. Approx. 15 July to 6 August. Phone Jay Neilson (416) 690-4016 or Frank Knaepen (819) 689-2307 Mo-Fr hm.

DON RIVER PADDLE

Toronto and Region Conservation and the Wilderness Canoe Association invite you to our annual "Celebrate the Don" on Sunday 24 May 1998. Beginning at Serena Gundy Park (located in Sunnybrook Park just north of Eglinton Avenue East and west of Leslie Street) where registration takes place between 10 a.m. and 12:30 p.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 take-out point at Harbourfront.

Much of the route is flatwater, but there are a few stretches of mild whitewater to test your skills. The scenery varies from wild and wooded to uninspired urban, but all in all it's a very interesting trip. Buses will be on hand at the take-out point to transport all paddlers back to Serena Gundy, where you can get your car to retrieve your canoe. Be sure to bring extra warm clothes sealed in plastic. During the paddle refreshments are available. Donations to Regenerate The Don are gratefully accepted.

For more information call: Bill King (WCA) at (416) 223-4646, and Marta Soucek (TRCA) at (416) 661-6600 ext. 283.



SHOWS — SYMPOSIUM

OTTAWA PADDLESPORT AND OUTDOOR ADVENTURE SHOW

The Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association presents this show on 13, 14, and 15 March 1998 in the Aberdeen Pavilion of the Ottawa Civic Centre, 1015 Bank street, Ottawa. Some of the attractions are: paddling and outdoor equipment displays, rock climbing wall, mountain biking, slide shows, seminars, demo pool, wilderness art exposition, canoe building displays. Keynote speakers: Robert Perkins, Richard Webber, Michael Peake, Alex Ross, Kevin Callan, Becky Mason, Hap Wilson, and more. Show hours: Friday 13th from 3 p.m. to 9:30 p.m., Saturday 14th from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Sunday 15th from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Info hotline for this and other special events: (613) 269-2910 or toll-free 1-888-252-6292. Website: www.crca.ca

OUTDOOR ADVENTURE SPORTS SHOW

This show features more than 30 sports-related categories (including paddle sports), over 300 exhibitors, three days of seminars, and several interactive features such as a 50-foot demonstration pool. It will take place on 3, 4, and 5 April 1998 at the Toronto International Centre, 6900 Airport Road, Mississauga,

Ontario (corner of Airport Road and Derry Road). For more information contact: John Giroux, National Event Management, 115 Apple Creek Blvd., Suite 12, Markham, Ontario, L3R 6C9; tel. (905) 477-2677 or 1-800-891-4859; fax (905) 477-7872; e-mail: fredcox@pathcom.com Website: www.nationalevent.com

The WCA is going to be participating/exhibiting in this show at booth #707. Anyone wishing to help (wo)man the booth, especially on Friday the 3rd, please contact Paul Hamilton at (905) 877-8778 as soon as possible.

CANADIAN CANOE SYMPOSIUM

On 14, 15, and 16 August 1998, the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association presents for the first time this family event, which focusses on paddling safety, camp craft, and historical interpretation. Experience the love of canoeing, attend seminars, listen to guest speakers, participate in Voyageur canoe events, make your own paddle, watch cedar canvas canoe-building displays, see on-water canoe demonstrations by paddling experts, and trade stories about your canoe trips. Hosted by the CRCA in Merrickville on the Rideau River, 45 minutes south of Ottawa. Open to the public, camping available. For contacts see first item.

A CALL FOR RESPONSIBLE WHITEWATER CANOEING

As a participant on a number of WCA outings early last spring, I was troubled by an apparent lack of awareness concerning safe canoeing practice on the part of some club members. A number of paddlers seemed ill-prepared in terms of outfitting, knowledge, and skill.

Some canoeists had neither bailers nor whistles with them. Additionally, canoes were not always outfitted with flotation, grab loops, or painters. Throw bags, let alone other rescue equipment such as rescue knives, carabiners, webbing, and Prusiks, were not generally present.

Some canoeists wore clothing ill-suited to potential cold-water immersion. Helmets were an exception rather than the rule.

Several participants displayed marginal whitewater canoeing skills given the difficulty of rapids encountered. At times, some canoeists seemed ignorant of and oblivious to river signals.

Awareness and competency in rescue skills, particularly self rescue, were not readily apparent in a few instances.

By law, canoes must carry:

- one approved lifejacket, personal flotation device (PFD), or lifesaving cushion for each person on board;
- two paddles;
- one hand-held bailer;

— some means of making an efficient sound signal.

We are all participants in a "high-risk" sport where things can go wrong. Competency in lakewater or wilderness tripping skills cannot be equated with moving-water skills. When the risks we take canoeing whitewater are combined or compounded, we court disaster. As The American Canoe Association's River Safety Task Force has stated: "Accidents are usually the result of ignorance ... Foolhardy actions hurt the sport and kill or injure the perpetrators." I might add that the victims also compromise the safety of their rescuers.

In no way do I intend these remarks as a criticism of fellow members of the WCA. Rather, it is a call for responsible whitewater canoeing — a call for us all to ensure that we are safe, competent, and knowledgeable canoeists.

Responsible whitewater canoeists are committed to improving their paddling skills and emergency preparedness. They develop rescue, first aid, emergency care, and evacuation skills. Some sources of information on safety are *Safety Resource Manual* (Canoe Ontario, 1992), *Wilderness Crisis Management* (Raffan), *River Safety Report* (The American Canoe Association), and a number of brochures available free of charge from Canoe Ontario on topics such as safe canoeing, first aid kits, repair kits, trip planning, etc.

Michael Kerwin

ARCTIC TRAVELS AND ARCTIC CULTURES I SYMPOSIUM

A sell-out crowd of 800 enthusiastic paddlers and other lovers of the outdoors thoroughly enjoyed the 18 fascinating presentations made at this annual symposium (organized by George Luste and sponsored by the WCA) on 30 and 31 January. The following presentations were made:

- | | |
|---|------------------|
| — A Long Journey to the Top of the World | Matty McNair |
| — Arctic Witnesses | Edmund Carpenter |
| — My People — the Copper Inuit | Edna Elias |
| — Eskimo Mapping and the Big Nail | Tony Baron |
| — Some Arctic Activities of Diamond Jenness | Stuart Jenness |
| — Anderson and Stewart on the Back in 1855 | Bill Barr |
| — South Knife River Trip — 1949 | Peter Croal |
| — Short Trips on Small Rivers | John McInnes |
| — Solo Wanderings in the Barrens | David Kippen |
| — Re-Birth of Kayaking in Pelly Bay | Victoria Jason |
| — Arctic Plants — Adaptation in a Harsh Environment | Page Burt |
| — Depictions of the Land in Inuit Art | Jean Blodgett |
| — Baker Lake to Hudson Bay Solo | Deborah Percival |
| — The Lure of Barrenland Canoe Travel | Barbara Burton |
| — Barrenlands — the Next 25 Years | Alex Hall |
| — Ellesmere Travels and Otto Sverdrup | Graeme Magor |
| — Exploring Greenland by Kayak | Wendy Grater |
| — Escape into Reality | Bill King |

During the various intermissions, David Hadfield performed many northern songs, accompanying himself on the guitar and sometimes assisted by a violinist friend. Next year's Symposium will be titled Arctic Travels and Arctic Cultures 2.

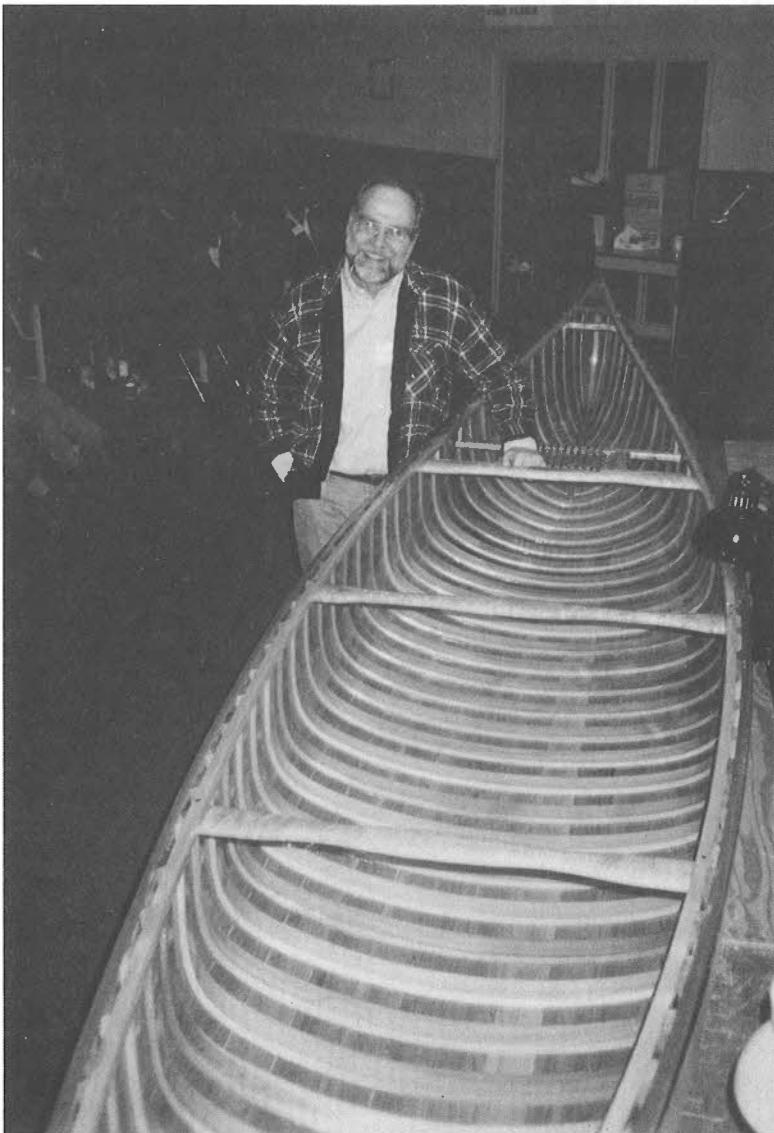


A SPECIAL EMBRACE

At the end of the Symposium on Saturday evening, an utterly flabbergasted George Luste was treated to a boisterous love-in by his 800 or so wildly cheering fans who wanted to thank him for all the good work he has done now for the 13th time. The by now famous Canoeing and Wilderness Symposium is indeed the creation of one dedicated man who, assisted by a loyal group of helpers, has managed to organize a unique annual event that plays an important role in establishing a better understanding of our environment. During the presentation, which was run by Hugh Stewart, George was presented with a set of four wooden paddles for him and his family, a book with names and letters from various contributors to the project, a \$1,500 cheque for trips to the Arctic, and, as a special surprise, a handcrafted 17-foot cedar-canvas Prospector canoe. As a token of the people's appreciation for his significant part in the continuing success of the Symposium, George's computer-wizzard sidekick, Cash Belden, received a large box of Cuban cigars. There were smiles all around and even some tears; this Symposium could not have been wrapped up in a better way.

To quote from the book with names and letters: Many thanks, George, and may the wind be at your back.





To all my Symposium friends:

It was a total surprise: unexpected, confusing, embarrassing, and overwhelming. And I must admit I did not know what to say or what to do at the close of the Symposium on Saturday evening — when Hugh Stewart and all of you presented me with a custom-made 17-foot Prospector wood-canvas canoe, paddles, and a travel certificate for \$1,500 in the Arctic.

To be honest, I am both uncomfortable about receiving such gifts and a bit of a sceptic regarding such special presentations. Doing something one values and enriches ones own life seems reward enough. It is as Shakespeare once said “twice blest” already. Is there need for more?

Yet I know it took time and considerable effort to do all this for me. And it represents a sense of generosity and gratitude on your part, which touches me and will continue to do so for a long time to come.

Even now I can visualize special moments in the future, years from now, when I am paddling this beautifully crafted canoe on some wilderness lake in the evening, blissfully enjoying being there, listening to the loons, and my gaze falls to the plaque on the thwart in front of me. It will remind me of that special circumstance when it was passed into my care. And it will recall the generous kindness from all of you that came with it. For this remembrance I am, and always will be, sincerely grateful. Thank you.

George Lusté



BATISCAN RIVER

Article: Graham McCallum Photos: Jack Doherty and Dave Robinson

At Rivière-a-Pierre, in Quebec, on a hot afternoon last August, we loaded our four rented, nearly new Mad River canoes into the baggage car of a ViaRail train. We were headed due north and scheduled to arrive at Lac Édouard, our starting point, in about two hours time. As the tracks run alongside the river for a large part of our planned trip, we had ample opportunity to study the rapids. This study was enhanced by the friendly bar steward, who had an endless supply of cold beer. By the time we reached the section of the river known as the Gates of Hell Rapids, we all agreed that they looked like a piece of cake. We should have suspected that names like this are not given out lightly in Quebec.

Due to the dry summer in this area, it immediately became obvious, that, without wheels, the canoes were in for a rough trip. The first 500 metres of the Batiscan, at the outlet from Lac Édouard, held barely enough water for a good shave. That part done and, with the help of a few colonies of industrious beavers, there was soon enough water to float us and we were off down a bubbling highway of RI's and RII's. The river gained volume and momentum by the day. You could skip the rocky start by asking the conductor to drop you off at Lac-aux-Perles.

This idyllic scenario changed abruptly as we began the ten-kilometre Gates of Hell section. This run is a mix of RIII's and RIV's with enough ledges interspersed



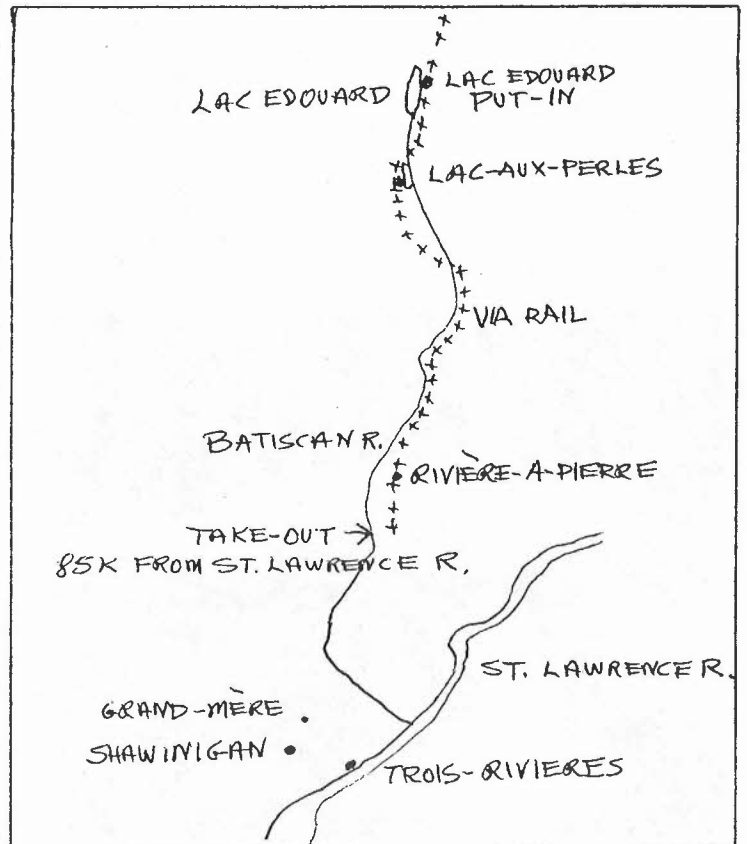


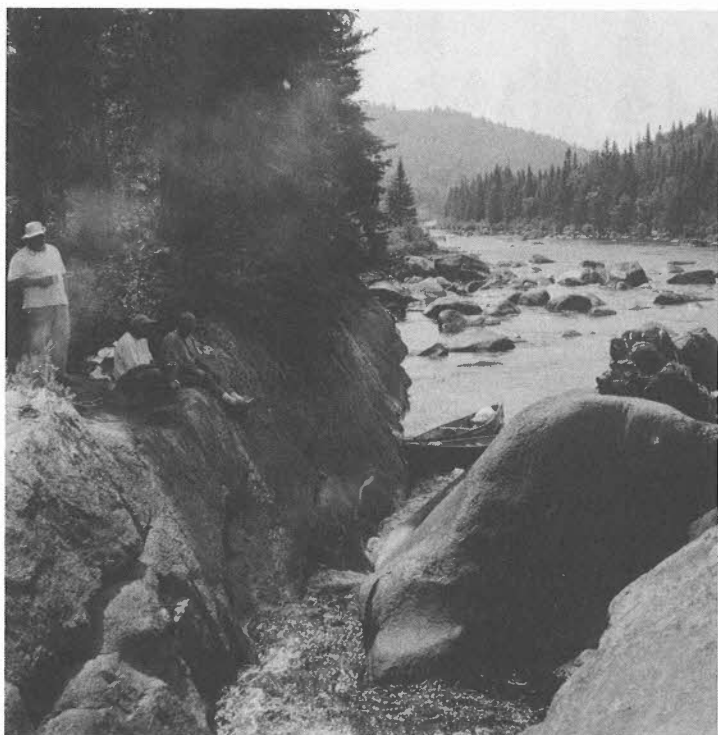
to make sure that the river has got your full attention. Is this the same river that we saw from the train? The weather now changed to a steady, cold, misty drizzle, creating a foreboding atmosphere. Luckily, no train came past full of warm, dry passengers. I could almost hear them saying: "What are those fools doing, walking down that river in the rain?"

Cautious by nature and underinsured, we slowly and carefully lined our way down the first set of rapids. The rocks were like greased bowling balls. As we were nearing the end of this turmoil, the last paddler slipped, fell, and dropped his lining rope. We watched in fascination as the canoe rolled slightly, filled with water, headed out to midstream, and straddled a rock amidships, breaking the yoke and doing a number on the gunwale and side.

I think it was at that moment that I heard a faint creaking sound, as if a gate was being opened that had not been opened in a long time. Perhaps it was just my imagination, so the thought was dismissed in the flurry of activity involved in the rescue.

The Gates of Hell closed finally at the end of the ten kilometres but not before two more rescues in mid-stream had to be performed due to upsets. The trip ended in a soggy pull to the take-out. With a final burst of energy, we portaged up the embankment, through someone's backyard, and changed on their front lawn. Nobody was home. Then, a runner collected the shuttle





car, which had been left with a total stranger who had been mowing his lawn near the river further down. His bank was too steep to get up.

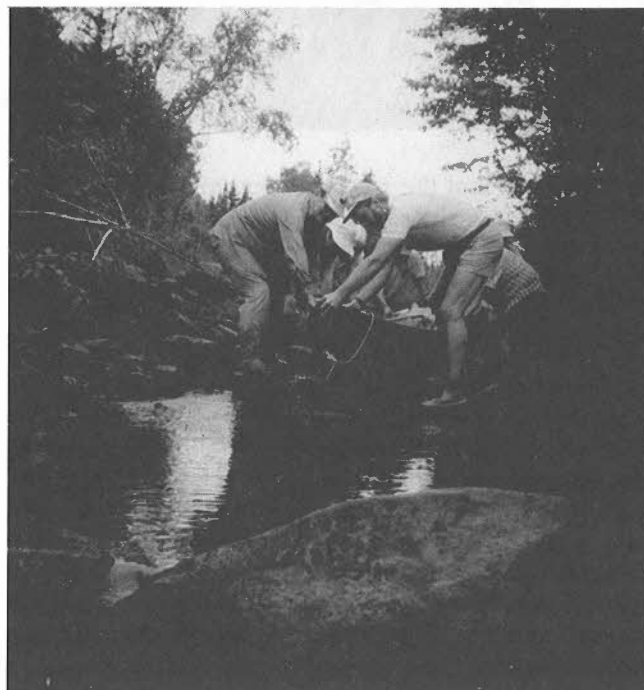
Returning to the familiar bar at the superb Le Florès Auberge where we had stayed the night on the way up, we tried to predict our reception at L'Aventurier upon returning their now no-longer-pristine canoes. These were due at noon the next day. Since it was my credit card the \$1600 deposit was on, I took a keen interest in this conversation. If the inspection on return was as detailed as on the pick-up, we were doomed. Each canoe had warranted an individual form and any scratches and blemishes were carefully drawn on it. The clerk's last job must have been with a car rental.



With ten minutes to go before the deadline, we entered L'Aventurier's store in downtown Montreal feeling like school-boys heading for the principal's office. The same clerk came out to the back alley where the canoes were. He had the same forms and proceeded to go over each canoe, just as carefully as before. We remained silent. The canoes now looked nothing like the forms. After what seemed like an eternity, the clerk said that with the low water conditions, the damage was all normal, except the yoke. He said that these were on sale and we would be charged \$14.21, including installation. He also said the sides, gunwales, and gouges would all be taken care of with a heat gun. We didn't stick around to ask him how you do this.

With my Visa deposit slip firmly in hand, we headed for the patio bar across St. Catherines Street. We had to sit down somewhere. We then toasted L'Aventurier, thinking, "Man, these Quebecers are tough paddlers; for them to call a canoe damaged, it must have to come back in a duffel bag!" What a great outfit and a very pleasant end to a joy of a river trip.

P.S. If getting a group together is not your bag, you can go with Bill Pollock of Tuckamor Trips, (819) 326-3602. His six-day trip costs \$590 (1997).



If you go:
 Trip length: 105 km, 6 days.
 Elevation drop: 180 m.
 ViaRail: passengers, \$15; canoe, \$35.
 Canoe rental: L'Aventurier, Montreal (514) 849-4100:
 \$25 per day.
 Le Florès Auberge in Grand Mère (819) 538-9340.
 Fishing licence: \$16.
 River map: Québécoise du Canot-Camping, Montreal
 (514) 252-3001: \$15.

WINTER TRIP IN THE OKEFENOKEE SWAMP

Claire Muller

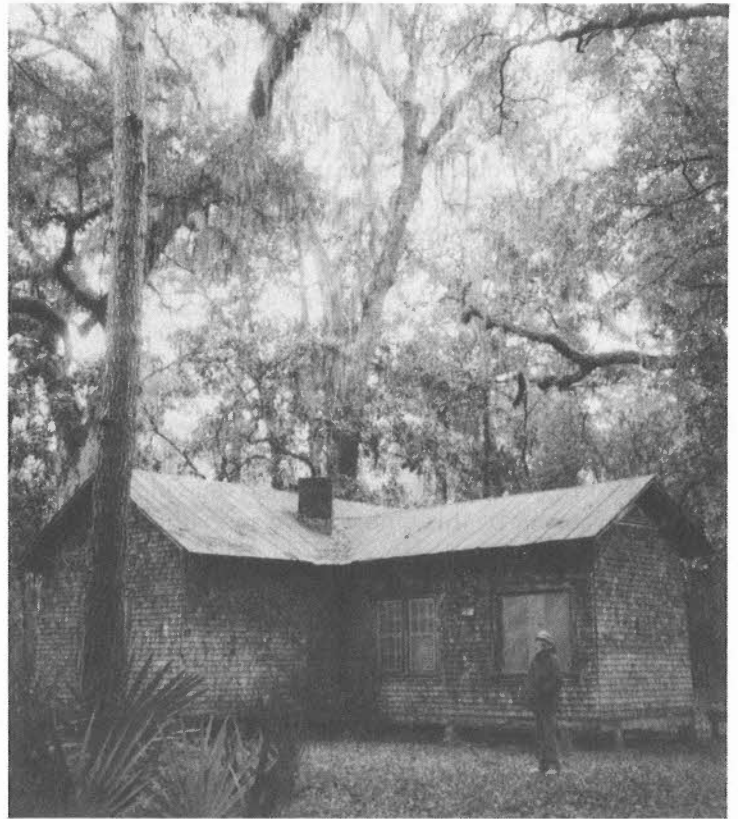
In pre-Pleistocene times, part of the Atlantic had a bowl-shaped depression in it 40 miles long and 20 miles wide near what is now the southeast coast of the USA. As the land rose, Georgia and Florida appeared, flat limestone land forms covered with sand, and the basin was now trapped inland. Rainwater gradually replaced the saline ocean water pouring out through the St. Mary River to the southeast and the Suwanee River to the southwest. Soggy vegetation flourished, acres and acres of it, in the shallow waters, dying and then floating to the surface as vast mats of southern bog plants broken by the 23 islands there, all but nine small.

For the first white settlers it was an eerie and scary place where a man might get lost or die of starvation. But the native peoples knew it and prospered because they studied the region and canoed in it and knew how and where to hunt, fish, and gather vegetable foods. They called this water-logged place Okefenokee, Trembling Earth, and understood that on top of the boggy mats of vegetation the whole carpet undulated when you walked on it. They knew vast mats would break off and drift across a canoe trail, blocking it entirely. And they knew that most of the Swamp was only about three feet deep, so they didn't fear it as did the white man.

Today the whole area is a National Wildlife Refuge. My husband and I canoed the water trails there in February 1997. For me it was a fourth trip in the Okefenokee, a chance to refresh memories of familiar haunts and learn more about this rich wildlife reserve.

We made our reservations a good month in advance and arrived at the Administration Office to pick up our registration permits to put in the window of our camper. (These permits can be mailed out but we chose to pay our fee on arrival, being late in applying.) That night we stayed in a commercial campground and the next morning retraced our steps four miles north through Folkston and then 13 miles more to the Kingfisher Landing Road which led us west two miles to the entrance parking lot, arriving there at eight o'clock. By 9:15 we had taken the canoe off the top of the camper, loaded up, put on the spray cover (intermittent rain and drizzle was forecast), locked the camper, and headed out on our five-day canoe trip. (A start no later than 10 a.m. is recommended.)

Spray cover when the water is only three feet deep? Yes, indeed. It was cold, windy, and raining off and on, and the cover was a great comfort all day. The water trail was well marked with signposts and we paddled today's twelve miles through clear stretches, through ponds filled with water plants, (water lilies and golden club), fought our way through tunnels of overhanging shrubbery, negotiated twists and turns, ploughed on against the wind, ate lunch in the canoe, cursed the



cold (10°C) and intermittent drizzle, and finally reached our destination at the first "chicki" at Maul Hammock about 4 p.m., frightening a flock of black vultures who had hoped to roost on the chicki roof.

Each chicki is about 25 feet square with a wooden floor and a good roof covering about half the area. There is also a short boardwalk to a Johnny-On-The-Spot-type pump-out toilet. As the weather cleared with the fading light, great white herons settled in the roost across the bay and the vegetation shone in the rays of the setting sun. We had passed many species of waterplants, shrubby trees, lichens, and mosses on this our first day, but had not dared to dally in the raw, wet wind.

Day two heralded a whole month of fabulous weather. We cooked Red River cereal and made toast and coffee on our trusty two-burner Coleman gasoline stove, packed away the spray cover and rain gear, and pushed off into the sunshine on the ten-mile leg to the next chicki. Ibises fed in the "prairies" consisting of various grasses and water-plants, straw-colored in death on top but showing the first green spikes emerging in the thick tangles at the waterline. We passed "hammocks" of cypress which looked like wooded islands, but all is deception here as everything, except for a few sand islands, has its feet in the watery bed of the swamp.

Sandhill cranes flew over, bugling with their characteristic calls. We began to spot alligators in muddy flats, and red-shouldered hawks and vultures sailed overhead. There were no shrub tunnels that day and we could look out over a vast panorama of open waters or water trails, prairie vegetation, and distant trees or fantasy "islands" of cypress. We had time to examine yellow jessamine, water-oak, flowering dogwood, hazel alder, yellow star-grass, pipewort, hooded pitcher plant (*Sarracenia minor*), and floating bladderwort. Small birds began to appear, the overwinterers and the first of the spring migrants.

We passed Sapling Prairie and Bird Lake and had lunch at a small shelter at Dinner Pond. Here it was ideal to wade in rubber boots through a foot of tea-colored water on a narrow sausage-shaped island and examine Spanish moss and spiders and new buds. The current in the swamp was evident by this time as it flowed at first almost imperceptibly toward the Suwanee, gently trailing underwater grasses.

Just past Bigwater "Lake" we reached our chicki. It was much warmer by this time and we sunbathed and ate, entertained by squirrels, a barred owl, and more small birds.

Day three took us through different water vegetation and we saw the odd remnant nest of a colony of the water rats who, in the previous summer, had built spheres of grasses about the size of soccer balls, which could be reached by underwater entrances. (These little fellows are cousins to our muskrats.) A glittering two- to three-mile paddle, up-current now as we headed east again, brought us to Floyd's Island, through a high-arching tunnel of greenery. We landed amidst pines, oaks, sweet-bays, and magnolias in a sequestered, silent woodland pool and felt good to have terra firma underfoot and to be able to stretch our legs at last.

We were at the very southern tip of Floyd's and the carry-over was only about a few hundred feet across the island. The island itself is close to three miles long and banana-shaped. The single trail is a wide, smooth path with dappled sun percolating through the high canopy. Dry leaves rustled underfoot and very small white-tailed deer drifted by, birds sang, and an armadillo trotted away in the palmettos.

We pitched our tent on the veranda of the only pioneer building in the Swamp, a sturdy two-room cabin with a fireplace, built about 1913 or so. Over it towered two live oaks, immense trees still shedding their small oval leaves and beautifully festooned with Spanish moss and bromeliads.

After lunch we took the path through the island, discovering traces of the old railway line which had been laid in the lumber days when the pond cypress and bald cypress were felled in their thousands. It led through trees and underbrush to an open field of palmetto where small animal tracks and animal scats could be spotted. It is the high point on the island, about three feet above the water level and we wondered whether

the white sand was ever flooded.

Back near the cabin, the railway bed had cut through a hump in the sand — an old Indian grave sacrificed to "progress" — which made me feel very sad. Like the other islands, Floyd's is a lovely place, harboring much wildlife: snakes, frogs, salamanders, bob-cats, raccoons, deer, mice, shrews, possums, moles, bats, foxes, skunks, rabbits, and brother bruin. Most of them are invisible unless one stays a while.

Day four saw us pack our canoe, rather sadly, and push off from a lovely sun-dappled pool through a beckoning tunnel of slim trees. It was long and very beautiful with the sun filtering through in bright flickering splashes, and here we met the highlight of our trip, a family of otters. They were marvelous, plunging ahead and then popping up and chattering at us about five feet in front of the canoe, and then plunging on again. The telltale trails of bubbles marked their courses, and we were in their company for about half a mile. We had seen bubble trails and otter earlier, but never so close.

Then suddenly the water trail opened out into prairies and ponds again and we covered eight miles to our last chicki at Bluff Lake, having traversed Half-Moon Lake on the way. Here we had a seemingly endless sweep of grasses and hammocks and a wide water channel, where Pogo's pal Albert the Alligator visited us, looking for meaty handouts. We adhered to the rules, of course, "Don't feed the wildlife!" and Bobby Coon also went unrewarded. Mocking birds and robins called and a lone ibis poked about in the bog just beyond some higher grasses. This was our last night so we took special note of the firmament, free of haze, a brilliance of twinkling lights, breathtaking and achingly beautiful.

Day five led us back toward our starting point, for we had made a big loop of water trails. We passed Flag Lake and Duck Lake and Elder Lake (really just ponds in size) and again met the long finger of the man-made, raised, sandy railway bed heavily overgrown with pines, oaks, and hurrah bushes. The sand had obviously been dredged up, for the water here flows over deep, dark sand for over a mile.

This is the place where very tall yellow-flowered pitcher plants, *Sarracenia flava*, are easily spotted, but of course in February all is dormant except for new shoots just emerging.

It was hard to pack up. We wanted to go around again, but loaded our camper and rumbled off through the gates, back through Folkston to our campground four miles south of the town. Here we had time to explore and we strolled downhill to the banks of the St. Mary's River and watched kingfishers do their thing. Vultures rocked past on their huge wings and small birds flitted about.

The next morning we drove back past the administration building to the museum and spent a long time choosing books for ourselves and the grandchildren and gazing out on the Suwanee Canal entrance, a

man-made folly nearly twenty miles long, given up after an abortive attempt at the turn of the century to drain this lovely place.

Then we drove the 67 miles south and around to the west side of the Okefenokee and camped at Stephen Foster State Park, inside the Refuge, for the next three weeks. Here we canoed, walked, and cycled. The spring migration had started by this time and my binoculars picked out white-eyed vireos, warblers, thrushes, thrashers, wrens, kinglets, and others. Hawks were floating overhead and turkey vultures were joining their black indigenous cousins.

The Okefenokee has an annual rhythm. Full water-shed in the spring, lush growth breeding wildlife, and balmy to hot days. From May to August it is hot; mosquitoes and other insects hum and pester. The Swamp water level drops at least two feet and sometimes everything is bone dry, except the channels (made by alligators), which include the wider ones on which we paddled, and some of the lakes. This is fire time. Lightning strikes and about every thirty years the swamp really burns. All the old vegetation mats are consumed and the choked channels open again. In 1955 fires raged in three to six separate episodes and the humans living just outside the Swamp had to vacate. The whole Swamp is closed to visitors in summer.

The Army Engineers were called in and, instead of assisting the rhythm of the swamp, they bulldozed and shovelled a sand dike five miles long across the beginning of the Suwanee River. Ever since, the rhythm has been disrupted. We cycled to the dike, called a sill, and paddled along it and saw the spillways. Now there is talk that these may be opened to implement a strategy of slowly lowering water levels to allow the Okefenokee to recover.

Down at that end at present, mistletoe runs rampant over the trees and shrubs, and the water is too deep everywhere. Wildlife cannot live there properly and, except for some birds, the place has an eerie quality — no ground floor vegetation, just tree trunks. By October most migrant birds have gone, trees are changing color, and the Swamp prepares for the three-month “winter” with overnight temperatures mostly giving just a touch of frost, but occasionally reaching as low as -8°C .



One day we paddled over to Billy's Island, the second largest in the Swamp, to explore the site of one of the old logging camps. About 600 people had lived there, with streets, a school, church, etc., while men built rail lines on trestles into the Swamp, took out the big trees, then dismantled the rail lines and moved them to the next sites. There was a big Indian burial mound not far from the place where the village had been.

Just as at a site about a mile from the Refuge Museum, red cockaded woodpeckers live on Billy's Island in the longleaf pines, but they are not common and I couldn't find them. I brought home cones and needles from those pines. The cones are a foot tall and the needles fourteen inches long. The woodpeckers not only make nest holes but gouge the trees beneath the nests to start the sap running and discourage their archenemies, snakes, from climbing up to pilfer eggs and young.

We bought more books at the Stephen Foster Park store and saw more red-shouldered hawks and learned the difference between pond cypress and bald cypress. At the waterline the pond cypress resemble large elephant's feet, while the bald cypress have their buttresses flaring out to support their giant mass. Almost all of the big ones are gone of course, huge monsters six feet in diameter with their fine growth rings, so close together they must be seen with a magnifying glass. How about one to two inches of growth in a hundred years!

At Stephen Foster you can use your own canoe (or rent a tub) but you must sign in and out (8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.). If you want to camp overnight at Nixon's Hammock or at the Sill, you must get a permit from the National Refuge office. Overnighting from Stephen Foster isn't really necessary. There are only four possible routes: Billy's Island, Minnie's Lake, Mixon's Hammock, and the Sill, all of which can be paddled to and back in a day.

When I visited the Swamp some years ago in the fall the spiders had come into their own constructing huge webs across the channel. Bushes hung heavy with September flowers and autumn berries. Birds were flying south and alligators, who had lain sluggish in winter and who had roared and mated and sunned on every muddy mat in April, now lazed about and sank out of sight.

Alligators? Remarkable creatures! Except for a nestsite with guarding female they will not bother a man wading through the Swamp. A stout stick with which to tap them on the nose is all the visitor needs in daytime, and even at night by flashlight he is quite safe in the water with the animals, as he can see the reflecting eyes of the inquisitive ones and admonish them to “be off.” Warning! Crocodiles, which live on the Gulf side of the Everglades, are a different matter. VERY different.

We loved it all — hated to leave. I could have lived there like people did in the past, with my canoe and

binoculars and a rod and gun, but those days are gone. The beauty of the water plants, the flowers in their seasons, the big trees, rustling leaves, fungi, wasps and striped paper-wasps' nests, tiny lightning-fast lizards, bats at night, lichens on tree trunks — orange, cream, grey, red — armadillo holes, snakes basking in paths of sunlight, the big birds, egrets, herons, storks, cranes coming and going about their daily business, ducks rising suddenly from pond shallows, fruits, nuts, berries and tuberous roots, and the great basin of water itself.

If you go:

1) Refuge bookings are usually 60 days in advance, to

the day exactly, but in winter the rule is not so stringent. Peak months (March and especially April) are almost impossible to book. Phone at 7:30 a.m., the first call through gets the booking. My advice is to try for a week in February and any part of September. Office hours are 7:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. Monday to Friday. Phone (912) 496-3331, or write: Okefenokee National Wildlife Refuge, Route 2, Box 3330, Folkston, Georgia, 31537, USA.

2) State Park Office hours are 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. every day. Phone (912) 637-5274, or write: Stephen Foster State Park, Route 1, Box 131, Fargo, Georgia, 31631, USA.



REVIEW

ARCTIC CAIRN NOTES, Canoeists' Reflections on the Hanbury, Thelon, and Kazan Rivers, published by Betelgeuse Books, 193 — 55 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont., M5T 2W7, 1997, 237 pages, \$16.95 softcover.

Reviewed by George Drought.

When I stood beside the cairn at Helen Falls on the Hanbury River in 1995, I knew that David Pelly had removed the notes, for safekeeping, to Baker Lake. I also knew that he had made a copy to replace them. There was the container which held some notes, to which we naturally appended our own. But the copy that Pelly had made was missing. We were disappointed. Now he has published a small book of these notes. For Arctic travellers or people interested in Arctic

travel these notes are fascinating. They reveal something of the "voyagers" on both the Hanbury-Thelon and the Kazan Rivers. They also reveal and talk of some truly amazing summer travels.

Pelly has done a good job of assembling these notes, which must have been a very difficult task. Their condition, when he removed them for safekeeping, was terrible. This problem has been overcome to a great extent and he has made interpretive notes where they are hard or impossible to read. In addition Pelly has included two short but excellent introductions to each of the rivers. He has made some excellent comments about archaeological sites and has indexed the contributors for easy reference. Certainly this book is a must for the libraries of serious canoeists and travellers.

Letter to the Editor

FRONT FERRIES — THE REST OF THE STORY

It is with humble regret that I have been drawn into the debate stirred up in the article "Dangerous Advice Caution" in the Winter-1977 *Nastawgan*, which was a critique of "Nahanni Reflections" in the Autumn issue. While criticism is healthy and welcomed, this one crosses the line of civility when such words as unskilled, ignorant, and unable are hurled at any person and in this instance at Ms. Neilson. While the article gives a good rendition of a front ferry, which can be gleaned from most instructional canoeing books, it does not justify the occasion. How do I know this? I was there, I am the other person, the one in the stern of the tandem canoe with Ms. Neilson. So, for the record the reader should know the rest of the story.

I have complete aerial photo coverage of Nahanni National Park at a scale of 1:60,000, taken on 1 July 1974. Even at this scale one can view the waves of Fourth Canyon. Also, my collection includes September 1975 photos at a scale of 1:36,000. Regrettably the key pictures of Virginia Falls area have gone astray. Seeing white waves at such a height did cause me to wonder if there was a whirling maelstrom in Fourth Canyon. However, after reading a number of articles and books about the Nahanni and conversing with people who have run the river, we were informed that this was not the case. With such assurance we decided to run the river solo in July 1996.

Our flight in was with sightseeing tourists. This gave us an eagle's view of all the rapids along the Nahanni. Our opinion of the river was that it was flooded, fast, and nasty in places. Once on the water, we measured the river flow and found it lowered 6–8 inches daily.

How Fourth Canyon could be run was a favorite topic with just about every person we met along the river, yet no one had written about it. We sought council from the park ranger at Rabbit Kettle Lake. One person flew out at this location after learning about the conditions downriver, despite having endured the rapids from Moose Ponds. The conclusion was that the river was not normal these days. Knowing that a front ferry was needed below Virginia Falls, we practised it often and discussed what should be done if it failed, if we dumped, if we got separated, and other such safety matters.

On arriving at Virginia Falls we were informed, by those that had seen it, that two canoes had dumped on the outside curve, before the cliff. Their front ferry had failed, their cross-river had failed, and they had to be rescued. I risk sounding sexist and offending some people, yet I must say what can only be gleaned from Ms. Neilson's article: we were told that the bow people in the swamped canoes were women. Hence the opinion offered by Ms. Neilson on another method of crossing a big river.

From a vantage point, I was able to appraise two parties starting their run of the canyon. On all occasions the canoes had difficulty entering the fast outside curve current. All lost their angle immediately and only those that regained the angle did the front ferry. Even then they

lost distance to the fast current, despite strong paddling. Of the seven canoes only four did a front ferry and the others did an "aim for the other shore" crossing.

Now it would be our turn. But before we left we obtained instructions from a Nahanni Wilderness Adventures guide who was running the river for the 25th time. He does both types of crossings. As well we were to do the run with an East German couple; he being a former trainer of their Olympic Team. (Hum, I never asked if they were skilled). Circumstances prevented this pairing from happening. Nevertheless, we all agreed to do the front ferry, and failing that to do the "aim for the other shore" crossing, but at all cost stay away from the hell-roaring waves never the cliff.

Upon completion of our portage we found that there was no classic eddy for our canoe to rest in. Instead we had to tie up among the pounding waves along the shore in an eddy fit for a small kayak. So much for gaining momentum, punching through the eddy line, and doing a ferry as taught in classes. Instead we had to try a shallow entry (see Bill Mason's *Song of the Paddle* for details on this manoeuvre). As to what happened next, please read Ms. Neilson's article. Now, receiving instructions for a canoe with air bags is great but one should also learn with a heavily laden canoe. And, always practise when things do not go by the book. Finally, do take river rescue training as offered by such people as the Hackerts.

What the reader should also be aware of when doing an "aim for the other shore" crossing is that both people could have their paddles on the downriver side as this gives you a better lean and more control — as was done by Ms. Neilson. This is much like going at an angle to a strong wind when crossing a lake. We crossed with enough time for me to take off my glasses and dry them off before we reached the inside curve. We did not need to be rescued, we did not get stranded; what more can you ask.

As a final note, for those keeping score, we met the East German couple later and they crossed the river the same way we did. Is the above information evidence of Ms. Neilson's and my skill? Heavens no, as we both have been dunked often enough. We just went with the occasion. The tendencies of currents, the effects of different volumes of water moving at various speeds, and a thousand other technical details — knowledge of these things is what distinguishes the whitewater person. All these qualities of balance, judgement, and quickness, along with tough endurance and physical strength, constitute the essential equipment of the paddler on the heavy whitewater.

There is a deep "water sense" that comes along with experience, and to some people more than to others.

Frank Knaapen

MIRANDA'S FIRST TRIP

Don Haig

For the last few years, my granddaughter, Miranda, has listened intently to stories of adventure from my solo canoe trips, while we both waited impatiently for her to be old enough to go along. Last summer she turned five and we agreed that we had waited long enough. A trip to McCrae Lake near the Georgian Bay coast north across the bay from Midland would be the perfect start. This is our story.

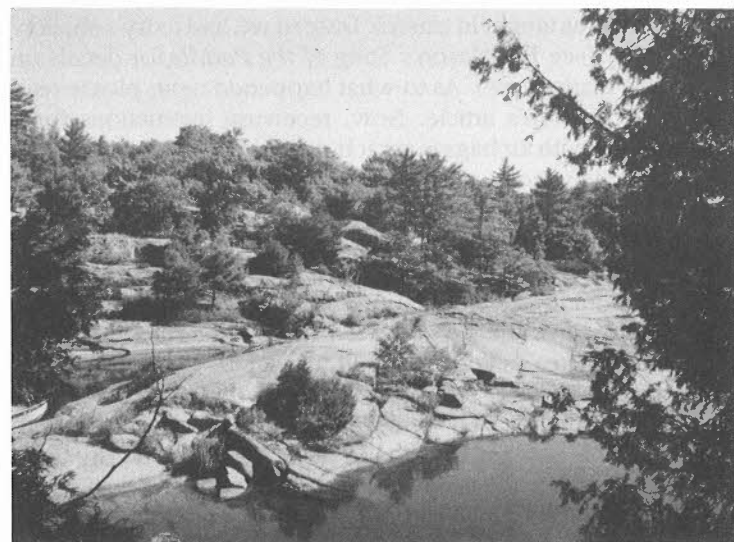
Miss "M" did not want to go canoeing. Miss "M" hasn't wanted to go canoeing for about a month. She used to be excited about our upcoming canoe trip but suddenly changed. As near as I can figure out, she has been taken out on a lake in a speedboat, bounced around, soaked by some big waves, and generally had the bejesus scared out of her. She has always been a little timid. It would take patience and determination on my part to help her over this new-found fear of boats.



A bit of wiggling to get the boat free of the mud and we were off. Thirty seconds into the trip and there was ... silence — 30 more seconds and there was ... sniff ... "where's my paddow?" I knew from past experience that this would happen. Despite what you may think, I was not being a cold-hearted bastard for making her get into *that* boat.

By the time we had finished the portage around a very pretty falls into McCrae Lake, she was downright cocky about the fact that she was now a canoeist. It wasn't to last.

After I loaded the boat up, I put her in and then started to push the boat off the soft clay and manoeuvre it into position so that I could get in too. This panicked her and she came shooting out of the boat in a flash, blissfully unaware that she couldn't walk on water. As I yanked her out, the sobbing started with renewed vigor, but since it was warm and sunny, I fired her into the boat and we headed off.



When I picked her up, I lied and told her that this was just a camping trip. On the drive, I gradually introduced her to the idea that a "short" trip in the canoe might be required to get to the campsite. "Okay, but I'm not going in the boat," was her response. When we got to the put-in and I started taking the boat off the truck, the reality of the situation hit her and she started crying — pathetic, heart wrenching, blubbering sobs. It took us (me) about an hour to eat lunch and get everything carried down the 200-metre trail to the water. I had to carry everything myself. She wouldn't even touch her paddle or gear because to touch them would be to admit that she was going to use them. She refused to eat, because to eat she would have to stop crying and since she had decided to cry herself to death — well, you understand. As I put her in the boat she even stepped it up a notch. I was beginning to really admire her staying power. I asked if she wanted her paddle and she wailed a "NOOOOOO!"



Once out on the lake, it was quite windy. Miss "M" was wet and getting cold so we didn't go very far before we stopped at a beautiful campsite that we found near the end of a small bay. I carried her and the gear up from the lake, peeled her wet clothes off, and wrapped her in a blanket to warm up. She was so cute sitting there all bundled up, eyes as big as saucers, as she surveyed our new home. Once she was warm, I put dry clothes on her and we then busied ourselves setting up camp.

We pitched the tent, hung the wet clothes up to dry, explored, took pictures, hunted firewood, fished, toasted marshmallows, and generally had a great time. We finished the day watching the fire burn down to glowing embers.

It was 10 p.m. and time to be off to bed. The hypnotic effect of the fire, combined with all the day's activities, had produced two very tired campers. Miranda was already drifting off to sleep as I tucked her into her bag, and was out cold before I had finished wiggling into mine. It was only minutes before I joined her in slumberland.

The next morning was perfect. The sun was shining, the water was like glass with a fine mist rising from its surface. After a leisurely breakfast, we packed up and got ready to go. Miss "M" wanted to go straight back, no doubt to minimize the time spent in that treacherous boat. I wanted to paddle up the lake and do some exploring. What to do? The answer was obvious — lie to the kid. After all, she doesn't know how to read a compass. We started off and once again she settled right down and was soon paddling enthusiastically. I was really surprised at how much propulsion I was actually getting out of her.

We paddled up the lake for about an hour until we came to the outlet where the lake drains into Georgian Bay. We emptied the boat and I carried it the 10 metres past a little chute. We then paddled out to a shrine built high up on a rock face. After climbing up for a closer

look, we fashioned a small cross from two sticks and placed it with the others that paddlers have been leaving there for years. We fished for a little while before portaging back into McCrae Lake and then spent an hour and a half leisurely paddling back towards the waterfall and portage to McDonald Lake.

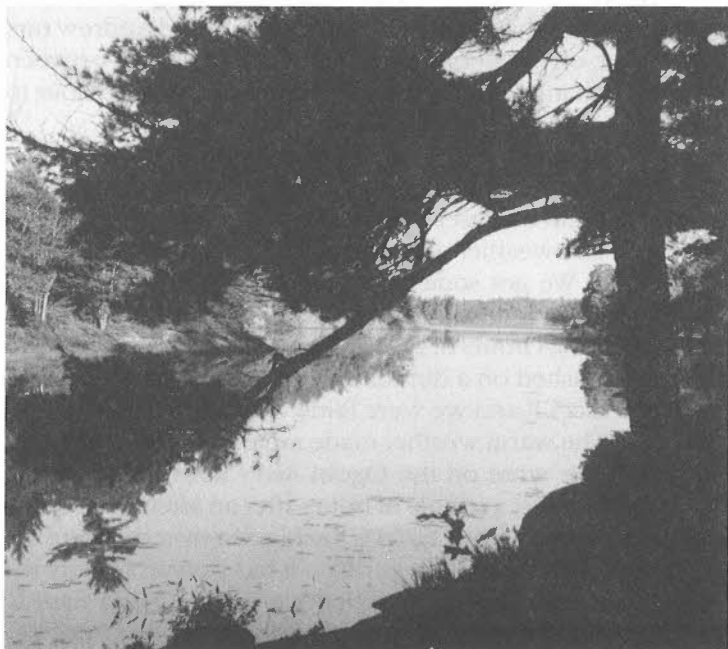
By the time we reached the falls, my cocky canoeist was back. As we lunched at the base of the falls, she was enjoying herself, exploring, examining, digging, and chattering away to anyone who would listen (mainly me). She decided that climbing onto a log that hung out over the water looked like fun. I decided that here was an accident waiting to happen, so I got the camera out and waited for the action to start. She almost fell in a couple of times, but couldn't quite manage it. Mishe-pishu was no doubt occupied elsewhere today.



A short carry and we were back on McDonald Lake. Miss "M" was, by now, loving canoe tripping but still was a little apprehensive about getting into the boat first. But after some "gentle" assurances, she and I were both in the boat and under way. After a short paddle across the lake, we were soon lugging our gear up the path back to the truck.

All things considered, it had been a great first trip. She had been surprised and excited by the birds and animals that we had seen. She walked quietly and seemingly in awe as we hiked into the thick, silent forest behind our campsite. For her, this had been a big change from the noise and bustle of the city and yet at no time did she appear to be afraid of this new environment. Some of this, of course, is because of the trust she has in me, but I think that it was mostly because no one had yet told her that she should be afraid of wilderness or of being alone — luckily I got to her first.

I hope that she comes to love this land of rock, trees, water, and solitude as I do. We are already talking about next year's trip.



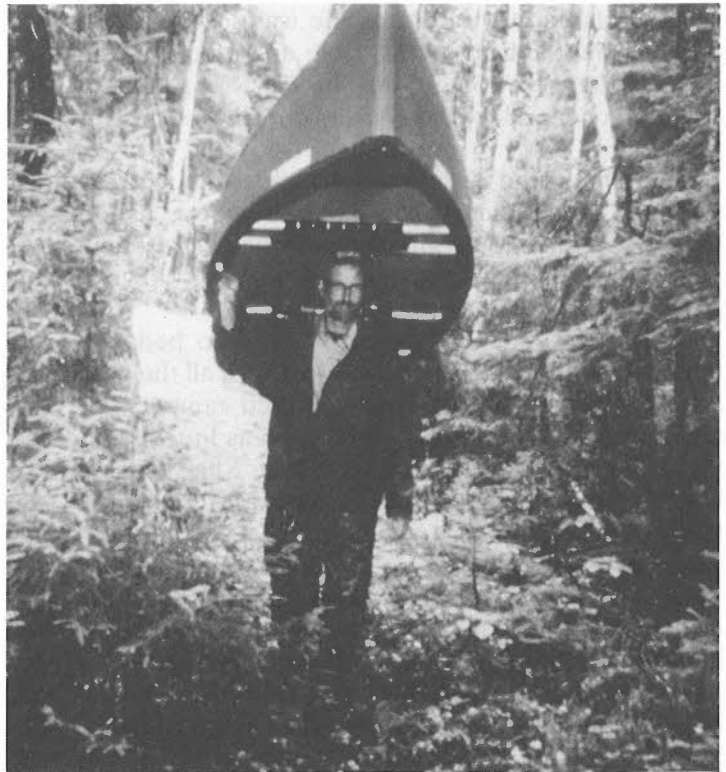
WABAKIMI AREA CANOE TRIP

Robert Herendeen

This 28 August – 11 September 1996 trip was an archetypical one, starting and ending at rail stops on the Canadian National. This is increasingly hard to arrange as train service is being continually curtailed. We paddled from Allan Water Bridge (flag stop, no road) in a 145-mile arc north and back to Armstrong (regular stop, road from Thunder Bay). Frank and I actually boarded the train at Foleyet, Ontario, where we left his car after driving from Michigan, where we rendezvoused. For several days we were in Wabakimi Provincial Park. The country is classic Canadian Shield, with lots of granite, lovely pool-drop rivers with moderate whitewater, spruce forests, and reindeer moss. We had negligible bugs on this late-season trip.

In 15 days we saw about three other canoe parties totalling maybe seven boats. But on all but three days we saw people in motor boats. This is because there are numerous (perhaps 15) fly-in lodges, both in and out of the Provincial Park. We also saw an Ojibway family on the way into their camp. The motor boats were not on the rivers because of portages.

The country is comparable to Quetico Park (150 miles to the south) in beauty, but much less impacted by people, and bigger — it goes on and on. The lakes are bigger, and there is whitewater everywhere, while in Quetico it is quite rare; there is often not enough water in the Quetico streams to run them. There was much burned country, some from this year's fires. Fireweed was already blooming, which shows how routine burns are. We did not hang our food and had no bear trouble. Fishing was much better than in Quetico. We saw many otter signs, one moose, and perhaps a dozen bald eagles.



The three of us each paddled solo, though the boats were actually tandem size: two 16-foot Old Town Penobscots and one 17-foot Mad River Explorer. Frank Modine is an accomplished whitewater man, a picture of serenity in rapids. Andrew Gullen is a much-less-experienced paddler, but rather fearless, the veteran of over 1000 sky dives. I am a whitewater novice in spite of having been on two northern rivers. In the end Frank ran everything without incident. I had an epic afternoon when I tried, and wiped out, three times in a rapids on the Allan Water which Frank and Andrew ran. Later, on the Berg River, Andrew hit an island between two channels and pinned his canoe; it took an hour to free it.

In all we ran about 32 rapids and portaged about 18 times, the latter all short and easy. We were travelling upstream the last six days.

The weather was warm, and the water also (about 70°F). We got some rain on six days, but it was only more than showers for one afternoon, one night, and the last 24 hours of the trip, when it did get cold. When we finished on a dirt road five miles out of Armstrong, it was 45°F and we were fairly chilled.

The warm weather made rapids-play less threatening. We were on the Ogoki River above Whitewater Lake for just a couple of hours after an afternoon of rain on the Berg. The Ogoki is the biggest river we were on, and even running over riffles it has power. Luckily the weather was clearing when we got to Ogoki Rapids, which we snuck on the right-hand side.





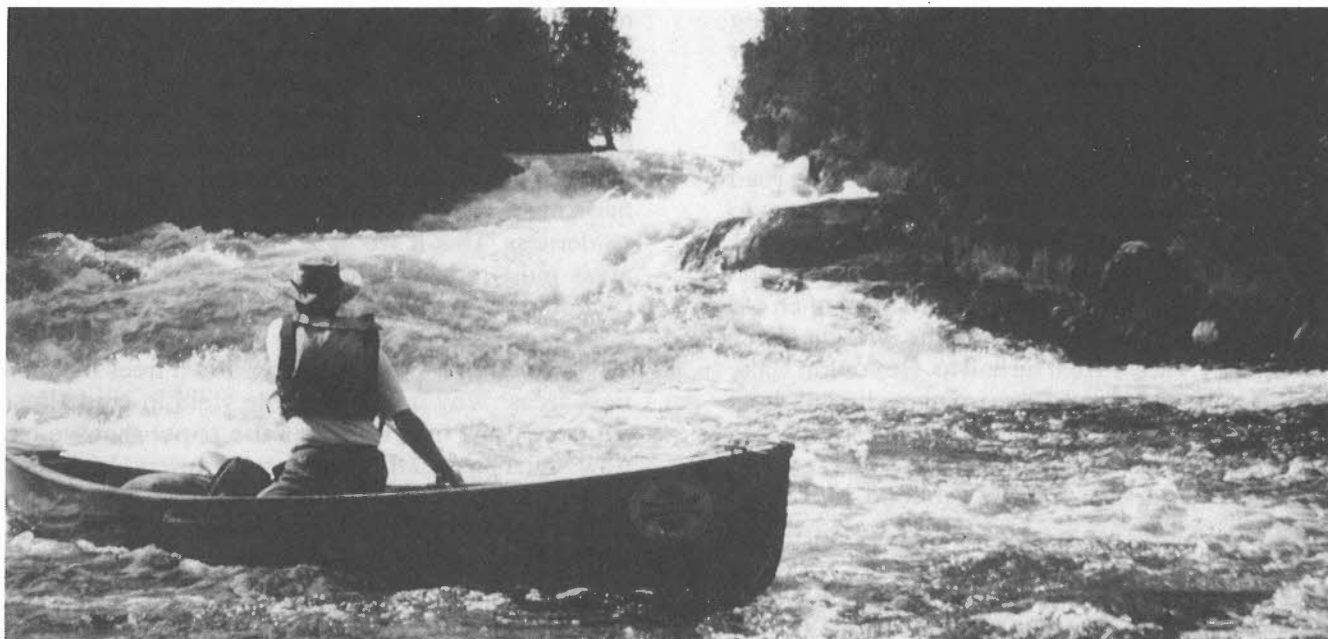
We often camped at whitewater, sometimes right on the portage. That was great and sometimes a bit intimidating because I wasn't sure whether I would run it or not in the morning. Especially fine camps were on the Allan Water, when we stayed on an island at the bottom of an easy S-curving rapids; and on a tiny channel and drop out of Brennan Lake; and at Wabakimi Falls; and where Ogoki Rapids spills into Whitewater Lake (a big river surging and spending its power); and on Fungler Lake where we reached camp just as the sun set in a lucid sky and radiation-cooling gave a feeling of crisp and imminent fall. That night I slept out on a granite dome and looked vainly for northern lights.

None of us had canoed together before, and we got on well. In retrospect Frank's promoting solo boats

when our fourth man had to cancel was a great idea. That decision also removed ambiguity about destination; we simply were not fast enough in solos to make a dash north to the Albany River and finish at Ft. Hope. On our biggest day we went 18 miles, leaving before dawn to avoid winds on Whitewater Lake, portaging five times, eating all meals in the rain, and finishing about an hour before sunset.

Frank carried the ball in whitewater, leading the way on essentially all rapids. Andrew and Frank tended to bring more sumptuous fare than I did (no surprise to my friends, I am sure), but basically the food worked.

Not having bug wipeouts is a real vote for late-season travel. On the other hand, fall had not really hit, and the last day's storm showed what the transition can look like.



(Medical note: This is perhaps the first registered complaint about duct tape. I used it to tape my fingers as a blister preventative, leaving it on for several days. One night the only finger which still had tape began to itch a lot. A fungus was digesting my finger under the tape. We misdiagnosed it as an infection and I took some antibiotics. Back home in Champaign, IL, an MD diagnosed the fungus, which cleared up with a prescribed fungicide — except that even now the skin is rough and dry and cracks easily.)

This is classic canoe country. The weather is more continental than on the James Bay Lowlands, with more sun. The possible routes criss-cross, you can travel upstream as well as down, there are numerous trips, and the granite is all around. I can imagine new trips right now, as winter locks in up there.

On the 11th we arrived in Armstrong at 1 p.m. in cold rain, but a front passed and we dried our gear in windy sun by the burned-out and graffitied brick rail station that had been in top shape when I passed on the way to the Dubawnt in 1969. The working station is now a little cubicle near by. At midnight, the headlight of the coming train pierced the dark. We threw our boats and gear into the baggage car, as did others heading for Mud Lake, Oba, Fire River, and Nakina.

The next morning in grey light the train clicked out of the bush and across the rusted Peterbell bridge over the Missinaibi River. Two years before, a friend, my two kids, and I had passed under that bridge, four days from our start and 16 days from Hudson Bay. I got a quick and blurry look; then the train glided into the forest again.



THE ROAD UP

Driving up the last stretch of road to the put-in. Logging truck after logging truck passing us going in the other direction. The trucks loaded with small-diameter trees. Can't even guess how many trees are on each truck. Too small for lumber, so the trees must be going to a pulp mill. The logging trucks hurtling down the road spraying gravel everywhere. The drivers in a hurry to take their cargo to the mill. I wonder if part of the reason for their speed is that they are anxious to get rid of the load of corpses they are carrying. Heard once of an old lumberjack who quit working in the woods. They asked him why. He said that he had to. He couldn't take it anymore. The trees were screaming as he cut them down.

Now passing the clear-cut. No trees standing. Mud and clear views on both sides of the road. A trade of pristine land for pulpwood. Don't they know what they have here?

Do you want jobs or scenery? Who is going to feed our children? Standard questions by the local commu-

nity when development is pitted against preservation. The local community always votes for the timber jobs. They say it's more important to provide for our families today and worry about preservation tomorrow. Somehow we have to come to a consensus that this is a national issue. That there are long-term societal benefits in making the decision that certain areas will remain wilderness. That if we as a nation decide, then some areas must remain inviolate. Local communities surrounding the preserved area will have to go from this point.

Do we have to keep cutting down trees in wilderness areas? Why not sustainable yield in land already cut over? Why not recycle all the paper that we have now? Can't answer the questions. Anyway, here comes another logging truck. Number eleven.

Stopped counting at twenty. I had to. You see, I was driving, and the tears were starting to block my vision.

Greg Went

WCA TRIPS

For questions, suggestions, proposals to organize trips, 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) 769-0120, Peter Devries, (905) 477-6424, Gisela Curwen (416) 484-1471.

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

1 March onwards **HAVE PADDLE, WILL TRAVEL**

Barry Godden, (416) 440-4208; Harrison Jolly, (905) 689-1733; Steve Bernet, (519) 837-8774.

We will be paddling whitewater almost every weekend. If you're an advanced paddler looking for some challenging rivers and you don't see anything in the newsletter that suits you, give us a call.

22 March **OAKVILLE CREEK**

Harrison Jolly, (905) 689-1733, book before 15 March.

Water levels are always unpredictable. Plan for fast, cold water and possible sleepers. Oakville Creek can be a long day's paddle if the conditions are bad, though a super run if water and weather are favorable. Put-in and take-out can be adjusted depending on the weather. Limit six canoes.

28 March **MOIRA RIVER**

John and Sharon Hackert, (416) 438-7672, book before 21 February.

We will meet at Chisholm's Mill in the morning and then run down the river to Latta. In the afternoon we will run the more difficult Lost Channel section. Wet or dry suits, helmets, and properly installed air bags are required. Limit six boats with advanced crews.

29 March **LOWER CREDIT RIVER**

Barry Godden, (416) 440-4208, book before 22 March.

From Streetsville to the Golf Course. Cold, fast-moving water. Potential sweepers. The Credit can provide some exciting challenges for intermediate paddlers with properly equipped boats. Wet suits or dry suits required. Limit six canoes.

4 April **TEESWATER RIVER**

Heinz Hoernig, (519) 524-6976, book before 28 March.

From Riversdale on Hwy. 9 to South of Paisley. A pleasant trip through pastoral scenery with some whitewater and a stop at a sugar shack. For eager paddlers who are well equipped for a spring run. Limit six canoes.

10 April **GOOD FRIDAY ON BEAVER CREEK**

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

This will be a challenging whitewater run suitable for advanced-level whitewater paddlers with fully outfitted canoes and adequate cold-weather attire. Limit five boats.

18 April **LOWER BEAVER RIVER**

Heinz Hoernig, (519) 524-6976, book before 8 April.

From Heathcote to Hwy. 26, the lower Beaver River offers some exciting whitewater sections that are flanked by limestone banks and dense white-cedar stands. We plan to make this run twice on this day — weather permitting. For intermediate paddlers in cold-weather gear and properly equipped boats. Change of clothes required. Be ready for shuttling. Limit five canoes.

18-19 April **BEAVER CREEK AND UPPER BLACK RIVER**

Barry Godden, (416) 440-4208, book before 12 April.

Saturday's run follows Beaver Creek down to Fiddler's Rapids. Sunday we run the challenging upper Black River. Both of these require advanced paddling skills. Wet suits or dry suits required. Limit five canoes properly outfitted for cold whitewater.

18-19 April **SALMON AND MOIRA RIVERS**

Glenn Spence, (613) 475-4176, book before 10 April.

Just north of Belleville these two rivers offer exciting whitewater and fine scenery. The Salmon is the more gentle 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.

25-26 April **ICE-OUT TRIP MASSASAUGA PROVINCIAL PARK**

Anne Dixie, (416) 769-0210, and Sandy Harris, (416) 489-8980, book before 17 April.

Early start for the optimistic canoe camper. The organizers will lead a search to find ice for apres-supper cocktails at the campsite. Limit six canoes.

25-26 April **UPPER MADAWASKA AND OPEONGO RIVERS**

John and Sharon Hackert, (416) 438-7672, book before 19 April.

Two days of whitewater excitement for advanced paddlers. Saturday we will paddle the upper Madawaska, which is a fast-flowing pool-and-drop river with quiet stretches interspersed with some very serious rapids. All rapids can, and some must, be portaged. On Sunday we will move to the Opeongo, which contains long stretches of continuous riffles plus several significant drops. Portaging is more difficult here. In the high water this can make for quite a strenuous trip. Wet suits or dry suits, helmets, and fully outfitted whitewater boats with good floatation are a must. Limit six canoes.

26 April **MOIRA RIVER**

Bill Ness, (416) 321-3005, book before 19 May.

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.

2-3 May **MISSISSAGUA RIVER, EELS CREEK**

Bill Ness, (416) 321-3005, book before 25 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.

2-3 May **LAKE LOOP IN THE HALIBURTON HIGHLANDS**

Herb Pohl, (905) 637-7632, book before 20 April.

Starting and finishing at St. Nora Lake off Hwy. 35, the intended route traverses a number of small lakes and intervening portages. The latter will include some bushwhacking; some of the carries are long but the total distance is modest. The

organizer is familiar with most of the route which is typical Shield country. Limit four canoes.

3 May **WILLOW CREEK**

Mike Jones, (905) 270 3256, book before 26 April.

The Willow Creek winds its way through the Minnising Swamp west of Barrie. There should be plenty of bird life for viewing. Suitable for novices. Limit six canoes.

9-10 May **RANKIN RIVER / SAUBLE RIVER**

Sandy and Roger Harris, (416) 489-8980, book before 24 April.

An exploratory trip on the twisting Rankin River on the Bruce Peninsula, good practice in manoeuvring round the tight bends; the few rapids can be easily portaged. A campsite will be chosen that will allow for convenient access to the Sauble River on Sunday. From Terra to Allenford an exploratory trip on the Sauble for the organizers. A fine run for beginner paddlers who will enjoy the slow-flowing water and scenic drumlins. Suitable for novices. Limit six canoes.

9-10 May **UPPER MADAWASKA AND OPEONGO RIVERS**

Jay Neilson or Frank Knaapen, Monday to Friday (416) 690-4016 or (819) 689-2307, weekends (705) 776-2653.

See above 25-26 April for description. The only difference is that the weather will be better for this trip.

9-10 May **UPPER MAGNETAWAN RIVER**

Paul Wilcox, (416) 568-5123, book before 2 May.

The Magnetawan is an exciting whitewater river containing grade 2-3 rapids and some falls that must be portaged. We will paddle from Ahmic Lake to Maple Island both days, running the two outlets from Ahmic Lake for variety. This is a great trip for strong intermediate paddlers. Wet or dry suits, helmets, and properly equipped boats required. Limit six canoes and kayaks.

10 May **GRAND RIVER**

Doreen Vella, (416) 264-2265, book before 3 May.

A leisurely paddle from Cambridge to Paris. The river passes through scenic farm country. Suitable for novice moving-water paddlers. A good family day-trip. Limit four canoes.

10 May **TODDLER CANOE EXPEDITION**

Rob Butler, (416) 487-2282.

Meet 10.30 a.m. at Lynde Marsh Conservation parking lot. Bring lunch. We will paddle through the Marsh channels, listen to the redwing blackbirds and the croaking frogs, then lunch at the Channel outlet on Lake Ontario's sand and flotsam shoreline. Expect to be back at parking lot about 3.30 p.m. Each toddler must bring at least one adult to boss around. Directions: Hwy. 401 East to Harwood Ave., Ajax, south to Bayly Street #22, turn left (east) past four stoplights to Lakeridge Road, and continue on for 0.5 km to Lynde Marsh parking lot.

16-18 May **FRENCH RIVER**

John & Sharon Hackert, (416) 438-7672, book before 9 May.

From our beautiful campsite on The Ladder we will play at Blue Chute, Big Pine, The Ladder, and Upper (Little) Parisien. Suitable for all skill levels. Wet suits, helmets, and floatation are required. Limit six canoes.

16-18 May **FRENCH RIVER**

Jay Neilson or Frank Knaapen, Monday to Friday (416) 690-4016 or (819) 689-2307, weekends (705) 776-2653, book before 9 May.

We agree with John and Sharon that this is one of the best places to spend the Victoria Day weekend. We are organizing a second group for this perennial favorite to make sure no one is disappointed. The French is a large river with numerous good

campsites and rapids. Limit six boats.

16-18 May **MASSASSAUGA WOMEN'S SOLO TRIP**

Ann Dixie, (416) 769-0210, book before 18 April.

This is a flatwater trip in Massassauga Provincial Park near Parry Sound. We will travel as a group, but intend to stay at separate campsites to enjoy the solitude of this beautiful area in the spring. Those who are new to solo paddling and who want the experience of camping out alone are especially welcome. Limit six canoes.

23 May **BASIC FLATWATER WORKSHOP**

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

This workshop is being offered to new members who wish to develop their basic paddling skills. We will discuss and practise strokes, portaging, and canoe safety as it relates to flatwater paddling. The day will be paced to allow for plenty of practice time. Participants will be expected to provide a suitable canoe, PFDs, and paddles. Registration is limited to twelve current WCA members.

23-24 May **FARM CREEK**

John Winters, (705) 382-2057, book before 8 May.

A trip in the area north of the Magnetawan River, via a long, muddy portage north of Canal Rapids. Rugged travelling suitable for novices; beaver dams on Farm Creek may make for shallow water. Limit four canoes.

23-24 May **EAST RIVER, LOWER OXTOUNGE RIVER**

Karl Schimek, (705) 487-0172, book between 11 and 15 May, phone before 9:00 p.m.

The East River is a small river with some rapids, the Oxtounge River is more challenging with some falls that must be portaged. Limit four canoes or four intermediate paddlers.

23-24 May **PALMER RAPIDS INTERMEDIATE WHITEWATER CLINIC**

John & Sharon Hackett, (416) 438-7672, book early.

This tandem and solo clinic is designed for those who have previous whitewater experience and want to further develop their skills. The emphasis will be on having fun and playing in the whitewater. We will practise surfing, jet ferries, and eddy turns across a strong-moving differential. Participants should have an ABS canoe outfitted with thigh straps and full floatation. Helmets and wet suits are required. Limit five canoes.

30-31 May **PALMER RAPIDS, LOWER MADAWASKA RIVER**

Paul Wilcox, (416) 568-5123, book before 23 May.

A weekend of whitewater fun on the Madawaska. We will spend Saturday at Palmer Rapids, playing and warming up for the run downriver on Sunday. The Lower Madawaska is a pool-and-drop section with several rapids separated by flatwater stretches. Limit six canoes and kayaks.

30-31 May and 6-7 June **WHITEWATER 101**

Anne Dixie, Sandy and Roger Harris, Mike Jones, Jon Kirby, and Bill Ness. Contact Bill Ness, (416) 321-3005, book early May.

This is a two-weekend course that will give you the skills necessary to confidently paddle moderate whitewater. Whether you are interested in developing river canoeing skills to broaden the range of wilderness trips you can enjoy, or are an aspiring wildwater hot-dogger, we invite you to join us for this workshop. The program focusses on the acquisition of strong basic paddling skills and their application in increasingly challenging whitewater up to class 2+. In addition, we will cover river reading, equipment, and swift-water safety and rescue. Our first

weekend will be at the Elora Gorge, and our second at a major river in Central Ontario. Participants will need to have a Royalex canoe with floatation, suitable PFD, paddle, and helmet. Additionally, you must be in reasonable physical condition and have adequate swimming ability to feel comfortable in the water. Members only, please. Limit six canoes.

6-7 June **UPPER MADAWASKA AND OPEONGO RIVERS**

Karl Schimek, (705) 487-0172, book between 25 and 29 May, phone before 9:00 p.m.

Saturday we will run the Opeongo River. The water level will probably be low and it gives us an opportunity to practise our manoeuvring skills. The Upper Madawaska at low water levels is technically more demanding than the Opeongo. Participants can register for one or two days with preference given to weekenders. Suitable for intermediate paddlers. Limit four canoes.

6-7 June **OTTAWA RIVER SKILLS EXCHANGE**

Barry Godden, (416) 440-4208, book before 30 May.

Not a course but an exchange of whitewater techniques among the group. Intermediate and advanced paddlers welcome.

6-12 June (approx.) **DUMOINE RIVER**

Jay Neilson or Frank Knaapen, Monday to Friday (416) 690-4016 or (819) 689-2307, weekends (705) 776-2653, call early to book and confirm dates.

This is one of the finest one-week river trips easily accessible from southern Ontario for intermediate or better canoeists. It offers mile after mile of class 1-3 whitewater. We will fly into Lac Laforge and paddle down to Driftwood Provincial Park on the Ottawa River. Limit three canoes.

13-14 June **WHITewater COURSE AT PALMER RAPIDS**

Hugh Valliant and Jim Morris. Contact Hugh at (416) 726-5355; e-mail: valliant@micomtech.com (preferred). Book BEGINNING 8 April.

NOW FOR THE 15th SEASON!! Due to the difficulties with the post office delivering Nastawgan promptly, and in order for all WCA members to have an equal opportunity to sign up for this course, *registrations will only be accepted beginning 8 April at 9 a.m. Due to its immense popularity, the course has filled up within the first week for the past several years!* Under NO circumstances will registrations be accepted prior to that date and time. 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, techniques, and judgement necessary to safely negotiate a set of rapids. Palmer Rapids is considered a class 2 set. In this controlled and structured environment where the pace is slow, there will be plenty of time to practise and perfect our 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 after a day of paddling 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 \$25 is required to secure your spot at the table.

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.

27-29 June **FRENCH RIVER OR LOWER MADAWASKA RIVER**

Hugh Valliant and Jim Morris, contact Hugh at (416) 726-5355; e-mail: valliant@micomtech.com (preferred). Book BEGINNING 8 April at 9 a.m.

Due to the uncertainty of what dates companies will be assigning as the holiday period, we are unsure of whether it will be from 27 to 30 June or from 27 June to 1 July.

This is a continuation of the Palmer Rapids weekend. This is 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.

1-3 August **OTTAWA RIVER**

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

8-13 August **GEORGIAN BAY**

Richard Todd, (819) 459-1179, e-mail richard@magi.com

This will be an easy outing mostly in sheltered waters. I will be bringing my family on this trip, so anyone participating must be willing to keep to an easy pace or be prepared to venture off on their own from time to time, by arrangement with the group.

13-17 August **KILLARNEY PARK**

Richard Todd, (819) 459-1179, e-mail richard@magi.com

A visit to Killarney where the accent will be on soaking up the amazing scenery. Subject to availability, the focus of this trip will be David Lake and the hills and trails to the south. This will be a relatively easy trip with possibilities for all kinds of activities.

17-23 August **TEMAGAMI**

Richard Todd, (819) 459-1179, e-mail richard@magi.com

By no means a difficult venture, this trip will not be quite so easy as those on Georgian Bay and in Killarney, see above. There will be some moderately long days and the portages, while not extensive, are a little rougher than those in Killarney. Lakes involved include Temagami, Obabika, Diamond, and Kokomo. Veterans of my previous Temagami trips will find this one easy by comparison.

5-7 September **OTTAWA RIVER**

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

See previous description 1-3 August.

All summer long **FOREVER WHITewater**

Harrison Jolly (905) 689-1733, Barry Godden (416) 440-4208, Steve Bernet (519) 837-8774; call anytime.

Ride with the three amigos wherever good whitewater is found. If you want to join us where the action is, just call. Advanced paddlers.

WANT TO ORGANIZE A TRIP AND HAVE IT PRESENTED IN THE SUMMER ISSUE? Contact the Outings Committee before 26 April!

A NOTE FROM THE OUTINGS COMMITTEE

Without the dedication and generosity of a very small number of its members, the WCA would not have such a lively outings program. We wish to thank those people who volunteer their time, talent, and energy to co-ordinate trips so that other members can go paddling, skiing, and hiking.

At the same time, we recognize the potential for our trip organizers to burn out. Not wanting that to happen, we would like to encourage more members to assume the responsibility and initiative of co-ordinating trips. Not only will this enable already hardworking leaders to have more time to themselves, it will increase the diversity of the program by offering: **different kinds of trips** (e.g., flatwater, whitewater, family-oriented, thematic, educational), and **different levels of difficulty** (e.g., laid-back, exploratory, novice, intermediate, challenging, etc).

Therefore, we welcome all interested members to consider co-ordinating at least one trip per year that is of particular interest to them. You will meet more people with whom you can do the things that you enjoy, which, in turn, means you are likely to get out more often. Taking ownership of a small, but important, part in the activities of the Association has other rewards such as gaining a sense of community with like-minded and like-spirited outdoor enthusiasts. In

the end we will all benefit from a year-long program which offers a broad range of trips from which to choose.

We invite you to talk to us about how you can get involved. We also want to hear about any concerns you have that may be getting in the way of becoming involved. Perhaps you think you do not have enough experience, or that your trips are not "exciting" enough. We are open to discussing any issues and concerns that you have and will provide whatever assistance and support that we can. You will find that we are friendly, down-to-earth, and very supportive.

You can let us know you are interested by:

- phoning anyone of the committee members: Bill Ness (416) 321-3005, Mike Jones (905) 270-3256, Ann Dixie (416) 769-0210, Peter Devries (905) 477-6424, Gisela Curwen (416) 484-1471, and also Roger and Sandy Harris (416) 489-8980;
- approaching us at the Annual General Meeting (taking place at the Canoe Expo on Sunday, 8 March);
- stopping by the WCA booth at the Canoe Expo (in March), and Outdoor Adventure Sports Show (in April).

We look forward to hearing from you.



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, Ont.
- Rockwood Outfitters, 669 Speedvale Ave. West, Guelph, Ont.
- Suntrail Outfitters, 100 Spence Str. (Hwy. 70), Hepworth, Ont.
- Smoothwater Outfitters, Temagami (Hwy. 11), Ont.

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

WEST GREENLAND SEA KAYAK FOR SALE Wood frame and canvas skin, built April '96 at workshop, length 19'4", width 24", designed for weight over 225 lbs., canvas sea sock, air bags, cover, skirts, paddles, paddle float, Beckson pump. Investment \$1800, price negotiable. Contact: General Delivery, Dwight, Ontario, P0A 1H0; tel: (705) 635-9965.

CANOE FOR SALE Three cedar-canvas canoes and one cedar-canvas Y-stern canoe. Original canvas. All need some work. Contact Don Smith, tel: (613) 584-2577; fax 584-9016; e-mail: vent@intranet.ca

TEENAGERS CANOE TRIP Starts in Réserve La Verendrye and paddles west through many lakes and rivers across the height-of-land to Lac Dumoine and then descends the beautiful Dumoine River to Rolphton, Ontario. Lots of time for swimming, fishing, hiking, reading, and relaxing. Open to teenagers who want to make new friends, acquire lasting wilderness skills, gain self confidence, align body, soul, and mind, and learn how to run rapids. Canoe experience unnecessary but participants must be able to swim. Dates 13 to 25 July. Limit is nine. Cost \$950 (US\$730) from Ste-Agathe-des-Monts. Guide is Bill Pollock. Contact: Bill Pollock, Tuckamor Trips, 7123 Lac Noir Road, Ste-Agathe-des-Monts, Qc, J8C 2Z8, tel: (819) 326-3602, e-mail: bill@tuckamor.com

THELON: A RIVER SANCTUARY "... as exciting as a well-plotted novel" said the Thunder Bay Chronicle-Journal. It's *the* definitive book on the NWT's Thelon River area, which Toni Harting said "tells about the soul of the river" and *Cbe-mun* called "superb" and "exciting." Don't miss what critics have declared one of the best books about Canada's northern wilderness, written by WCA member David Pelly. Ask for it at your local independent bookseller or outdoor store. Published by the CRCA (ph. [613] 269-2910), distributed by Key Porter.

KUKAGAMI LODGE A little log cabin by the lake ... *cross-country skiing* at your doorstep ... freshly baked, organic whole-grain bread on the table ... a place to relax away from the crowds. Enjoy 28 km cross-country ski trails in the heart of the Northern Ontario forest. Our lodge has no direct road access; you must ski seven kilometres to get here! We bring in your luggage. All packages include three meals daily. Lots of skiing and snowshoeing. Stay in our warm and comfy cabins for \$70 to \$80 per person per night. Five hours north of Toronto. Kukagami Lodge, RR.1, Wahnapiatae, Ontario, P0M 3C0, phone 705) 853-4929 or leave message at (705) 853-4742.

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, P.O. Box 398, 446 Main Street, Merrickville, Ontario, K0G 1N0; ph.

(613) 269-2910; fax (613) 269-2908; e-mail: staff@crca.ca website: <http://www.crc.ca/>

WILDERNESS FIRST AID COURSES Attend professionally certified wilderness aid courses by Sirius Wilderness Medicine at the Ron Johnstone Paddling Centre, the National Headquarters of the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association in Merrickville, 45 minutes south of Ottawa. Dates: 7-10 May, 30-31 May, 31 May-7 June, 18-19 July, 24-27 September. Information on this and other special events: tel. (613) 269-2910, toll-free 1-888-252-6292; website: www.crc.ca

SAFE CANOEING SEMINAR A free event focussing on the teaching of basic canoeing and water safety skills will be presented in Merrickville located on the shores of the Rideau River system on 25 July from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. by the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association. For information see previous item.

NEW LEADERSHIP COURSE Smoothwater Outfitters offers its own nine-day program for those wishing to advance their canoe trip leadership skills. This course incorporates ORCA Canoe Tripping Level II. Date: 19-27 June. Also ORCA Provincial Canoe Tripping III (Instructor) 5-14 June, and ORCA Canoe Tripping Level II, 22-27 May. Smoothwater Outfitters offers a full range of trip support services, including shuttles and accommodation. For full details call Caryn Colman, Smoothwater Outfitters, Box 40, Temagami, Ont. P0H 2H0; tel: (705) 569-3539; fax: (705) 569-2710; e-mail: temagami@onlink.net website: www.smoothwater.com

SMOOTHWATER WORKSHOPS Introduction to Winter Survival/Camping 16-20 March. Basketry, 28 and 29 March. Twig Furniture, 18 and 19 April. Spring Awakening Holistic Retreat, 25 and 26 April. Indian Leather Lacing, 2 and 3 May. Medicinal Plants of Northeastern Ontario with Mary Katt, 13-14 June. Painting the Element of Surprise with David Alexander, 2-6 July. Cottage Portraiture with Bill Band, 10-12 July. Story Photography with Katherine Knight, 16-19 July. Painting the Colour of Light with Pat Fairhead, 24-28 Sept. Earthworks for Temagami with Don Holman, 2-8 Oct. Figurative Portrait Painting with Lynn Donoghue, 12-16 Oct. For contacts see previous item.

FREE CANOE WEEKEND On the Father's Day weekend, 19-22 June, Smoothwater Outfitters will provide free canoe rentals in exchange for campsite cleanup. Routes will be assigned according to your abilities. Prizes will be awarded for trash "collectibles." It's our effort and yours, to give back to the land. Limited availability; reservations required. For contacts see above.

PADDLING COURSES Adventure Paddling Inc. offers ORCA accredited moving and flat water canoe courses, OWWA accredited kayak courses, canoe/kayak rolling clinics, river rescue training, and wilderness whitewater canoe trips on the Petawawa River. Most courses are held in the Guelph/Elora area, just one hour from Toronto. Contact us at 17A-218 Silvercreek Parkway N, Suite 101, Guelph, Ontario, N1H 8E8; tel: (519) 763-9496; e-mail: adventure@sentex.net website: <http://www.sentex.net/~adventure>

VALLEY VENTURES offers complete and partial outfitting including shuttle service and accommodation for trips on the Petawawa, Noire, Coulonge, and Dumoine Rivers. Accredited ORCA courses in tripping and moving water are also available. We are central to Achray, Brent, and the Kiosk access points to Algonquin Park. Contacts: Box 1115, RR#1, Deep River, Ontario, K0J 1P0; tel: (613) 584-2577; fax: 584-9016; e-mail: vent@intranet.ca

Where it is ...



... in this issue

- 1 Lake Pogamasing — Mogo River
- 5 Don't Leave Home With All of It
- 5 David Berthelet 1941-1998
- 6 News briefs
- 6 Partners Wanted
- 6 Don River Paddle
- 7 Shows — Symposium

- 7 Responsible WW Canoeing
- 8 Arctic Travels and Cultures I Symposium
- 8 A Special Embrace
- 9 To All My Symposium Friends
- 10 Batiscan River

- 13 Winter Trip in the Okefenokee Swamp
- 16 Review
- 17 Letter to the Editor
- 18 Miranda's First Trip
- 20 Wabakimi Area Canoe Trip
- 22 The Road Up
- 23 WCA Trips
- 26 A Note from the Outings Committee
- 27 Products and Services

WCA Postal Address: P.O. Box 48022 Davisville Postal Outlet 1881 Yonge St. Toronto, Ontario M4S 3C6		WCA Contacts		WCA TRIPS Bill Ness 194 Placentia Blvd. Scarborough, Ont., M1S 4H4 (416) 321-3005	COMPUTER RECORDS and MEMBERSHIP Cash Belden 11 Pineview Road Brockville, Ontario K6V 6K3 (613) 342-1057 cashbelden@recorder.ca
BOARD OF DIRECTORS Earl Silver (Chairman) 117 Sherwood Ave. Toronto, Ont., M4P 2A6 (416) 343-1212	Bob Bignell Dundas, Ont. (905) 627-3730	SECRETARY Bill King 45 Hi Mount Drive Willowdale, Ontario M2K 1X3 (416) 223-4646	JOURNAL EDITOR Toni Harting 7 Walmer Road, Apt. 902 Toronto, Ontario M5R 2W8 (416) 964-2495 aharting@netcom.ca		
Herb Pohl (Vice Chair.) Burlington, Ont. (905) 637-7632	Anne Snow Toronto, Ont. (416) 482-0810	INFORMATION Herb Pohl 480 Maple Ave., #113 Burlington, Ontario L7S 1M4 (905) 637-7632	TREASURER Rob Butler Toronto, Ontario (416) 487-2282		
	Mike Jones Mississauga, Ont. (905) 270-3256				
	Dan Rusciolelli Pickering, Ont. (905) 839-6004				

Wilderness Canoe Association

membership application

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

PRINT CLEARLY! Date: _____

Name(s): _____

Address: _____

City: _____ Prov. _____

New member Member # if renewal: _____

Single Family

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

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

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