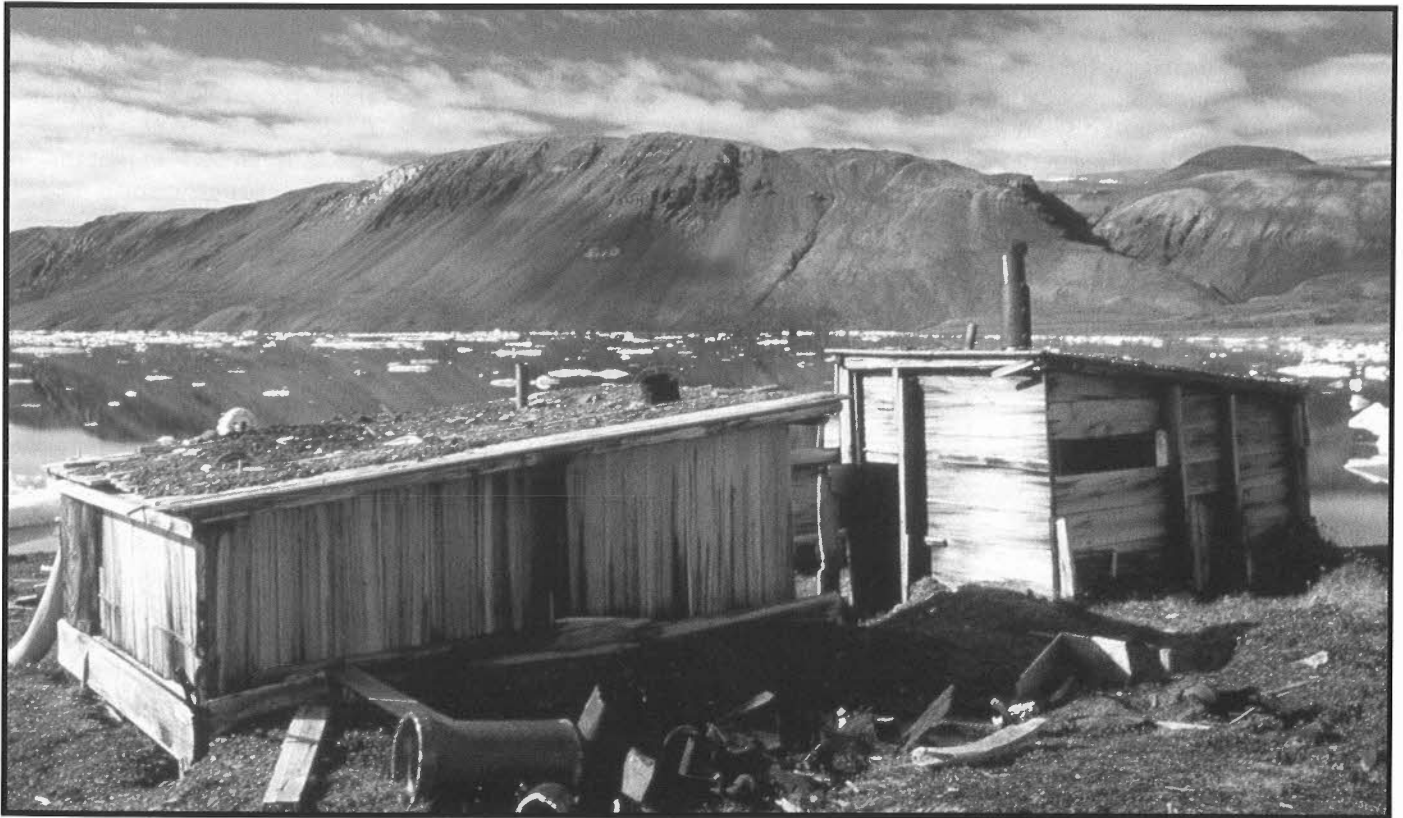




nastawgan

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Fort Conger National Historic Site

ELLESMERE: HIKING NORTH OF 80

Article: Bill King Photos: Bill King and Jerry Kobalenko

If your imagination runs, as mine does at times, to “journeys to the ends of the Earth,” it’s important to realize that you can go a long way without ever leaving Canada. I must confess that, although I know several people (brave adventurers all) who have been there, Ellesmere Island has always had that sort of mystique for me. It is the second largest and most northerly of the Canadian Arctic islands. Cape Columbia, its most northern point, fails being the most northerly land on the globe by a paltry 3.7 nautical miles. Ellesmere Island National Park Reserve (to give it its official title) occupies most of the northern quarter of the island. Although the creation of a national park has added a certain amount of bureaucracy (forms to fill out plus a \$100 user fee) and raised the public profile of the area

(and, consequently, the amount of traffic), it still remains one of the more remote parts of our country.

It is sad but true that the hardest, and most expensive, aspect of travel in faraway places is getting there. Resolute, on Cornwallis Island, the traditional jumping-off point for the high Arctic, is the “end of steel” (or whatever is the aviation equivalent) for scheduled flights. From there one still has a four-hour charter flight to get to northern Ellesmere, not an inexpensive proposition in a Twin Otter. The realities of finance make travelling in a group, at least for the flight portion, a necessity.

Enter WCA-member Mary Kunzler-Larrman (315-697-3245 or mk-1@juno.com) who, for a modest brokerage fee, arranges group charters from Resolute and

also guides backpacking trips in Ellesmere National Park for those whose inclination or experience dictates hiking with others. I availed myself of both services and found her to be helpful, knowledgeable, and darn good company.

I am not normally a great fan of flights in small aircraft because I tend to get airsick, but the flight up to Ellesmere is sufficiently spectacular to keep my mind off my stomach. While Cornwallis Island could hardly be described as scenic, either from the air or on the ground, one is soon over water and, shortly thereafter, over ice, even in mid-July. Much of the sea remains permanently frozen, a major barrier for, and hazard to, the wooden sailing ships of the original explorers. Modern icebreakers make short work of it but have infrequent occasion to come this way. While some of the islands are, like Cornwallis, little more than shale and gravel protrusions from the sea, others, particularly Axel Heiberg Island, share Ellesmere's mountainous topography. On a clear day there are spectacular views of the mountains, ice caps, and glaciers of eastern Axel Heiberg as one flies up Eureka Sound. While some flights put down at Eureka, about midway up the western coast of Ellesmere, most are able to make the Park without refuelling. Landing is possible at Tanqueray Fiord, at Lake Hazen Base Camp, or on a hair-raising hillside landing strip, which seems about 200 m long, at Fort Conger.

Once at the Park, the major options lie between making one or multi-day loop hikes from one of the two major base camps, or hiking point-to-point between two of the three major destinations mentioned above.

Both point-to-point hikes can be accomplished, with some time to spare for exploration, within the two-week window between the charter flights. We chose the first option, concentrating on the north shore of Lake Hazen from the Hazen Base Camp.

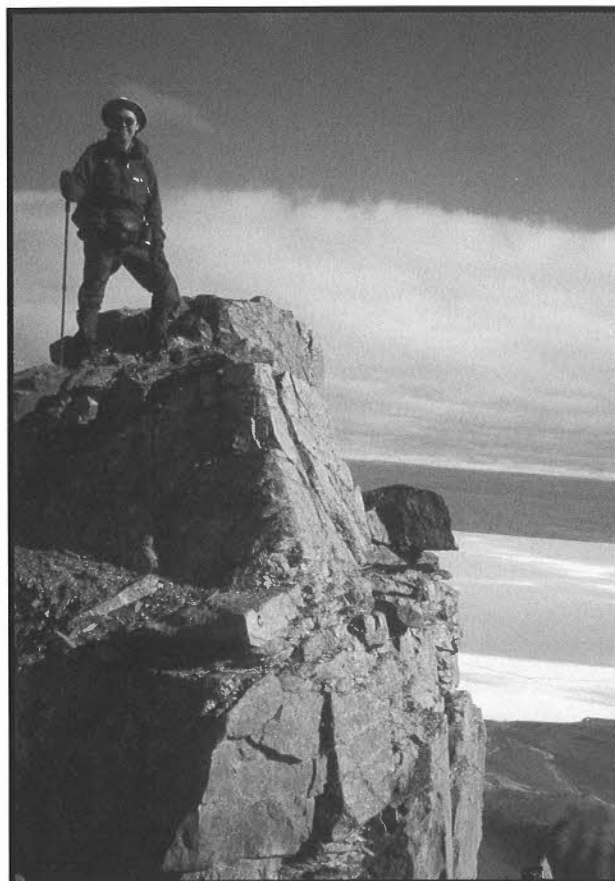
Lake Hazen is unique in several respects. At 74 km long by 12 km wide, it is the largest freshwater lake north of the Arctic Circle. Not only are its environs generally warmer than most of Ellesmere (typical highs 5 to 15°C in July) but the lake seems to influence the weather favorably; the wardens refer to the area as a "blue hole." Surrounded by mountains, particularly on the northern side, it is an area of exceptional scenic beauty.

In common with many other parts of Canada, the summer of '98 was unusually warm on Ellesmere. This was a mixed blessing. The warm sunshine was certainly pleasant but the river crossings, swollen with meltwater from the glaciers, were difficult or, in some cases, dangerous and the mosquitoes were decidedly "friendly." Mary, who has spent the last seven or eight summers in the Park, could never recall bugs having been a significant problem. Although I did have repellent, I had not taken a headnet or bugshirt and periodically regretted it. While good wind protection is a must (the wind, in most summers, though not this one, is virtually constant), raingear, while still necessary, need seldom be worn. This area (in common with much of

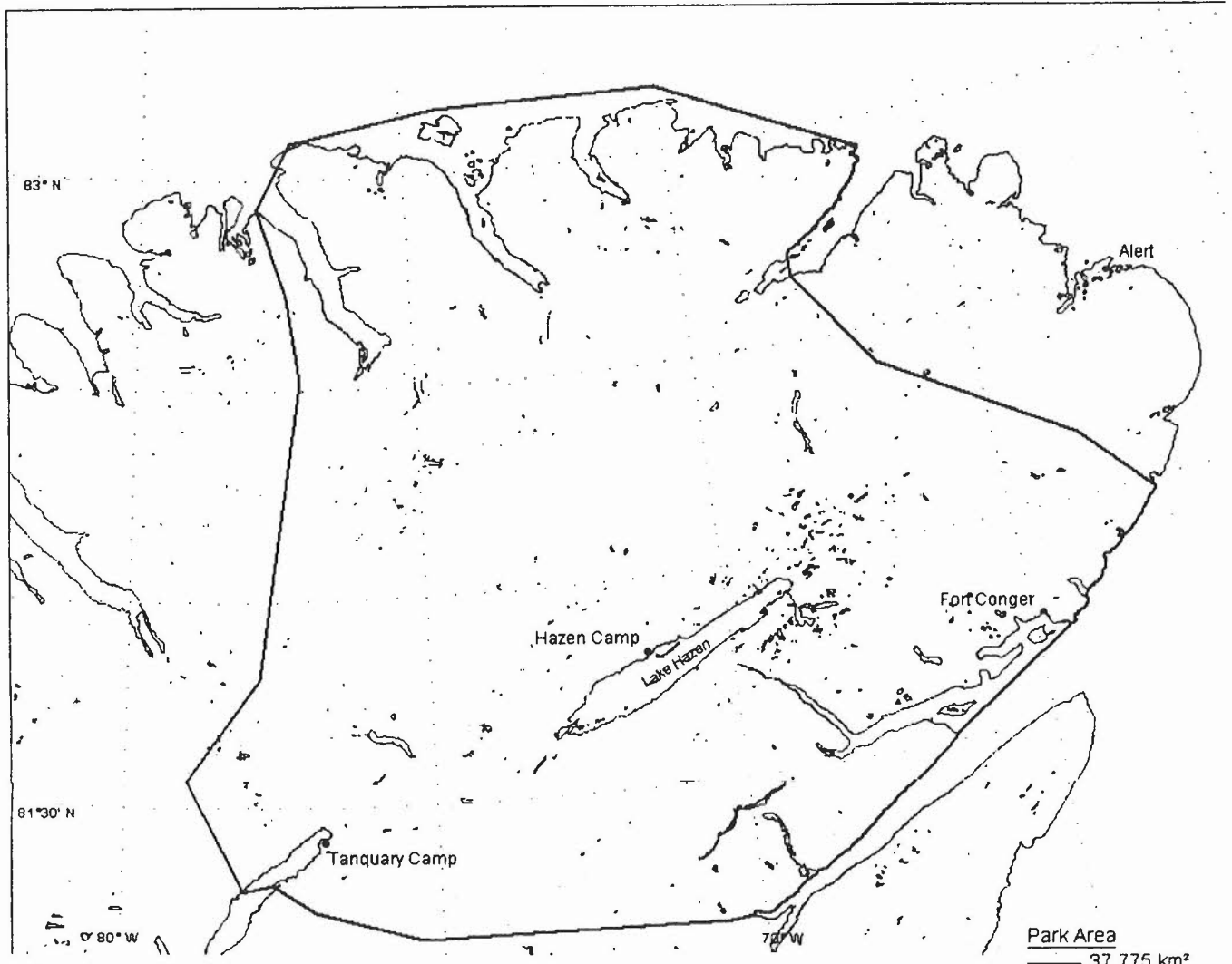
the Arctic) is classed as an "arctic desert" in that the annual precipitation is less than in many parts of the Sahara. This fact doesn't stop snow and ice from building up, despite the modest annual fall, but it does mean that prolonged rainy days are unlikely. As the sun in mid-summer merely describes a circle in the sky, the difference in temperature between 3 a.m. and 3 p.m. is usually not more than one or two degrees. Our only bad weather of the entire two weeks greeted us at Tanqueray Fiord when we arrived: the temperature was perhaps 1°C, the wind must have been at least 50 km/h, and sleet periodically stung our faces. I must confess to wondering what I had got myself into.

Hills/mountains rise almost immediately from the north shore of Lake Hazen in most areas. Some of the mountains bear the names

of Canadian universities, having been christened by the students who made up much of the personnel for the International Geophysical Year in 1957. After settling in at the Hazen Base Camp, we took our first day for a "shakedown cruise" to the summit of Mt. McGill. This is a testing (for old men) but not overly difficult climb of 1000–1200 metres and affords some wonderful views from the summit. To the south, one sees the ice-covered expanse of Lake Hazen, which remains largely frozen even in the warmest summers. John's Island resembles a giant sea-serpent rising from the waters whose head is perfectly situated to devour the base camp. But it is to the north that the really spectacular views are seen. Progressively larger mountains



Summit of Mt. McGill



Parks Canada

Map of Ellesmere Island National Park Reserve

http://parkscanada.pch.gc.ca/parks/nunavut/ellesmere_island/english/mape.htm



Henrietta - Nasmith Glacier

extend toward the British Empire Range and, in the distance, Mt. Barbeau, at 2505 m the highest peak in Eastern North America. We could count nine separate glaciers from this one outlook! Descending into the valley below we encountered, amidst the fields of arctic heather, an extensive fox den, unused during this summer.

The next morning we set out along the shore of Lake Hazen toward the Nesmith River near its western end and the Henrietta Nasmith Glacier. Named by the exploration party after the wife of Adolphus Greely, the H-N Glacier is the “superstar” of the region’s glaciers and extends many kilometres back from the shore of Lake Hazen to the permanent ice cap of the British Empire Range. Reflecting the general warming trend, the toe of the glacier has retreated hundreds of metres from the shore of Lake Hazen leaving a possible, if sometimes treacherous, crossing area for through-hikers to Tanqueray Fiord. The surface of the glacier is brilliant in the sunshine and charmingly fluted by rivers of melt water.

Following the steep shore of the Nesmith River, which runs along the glacier’s eastern side, the hiker is presented with a series of remarkable sights, waterfalls where meltwater runs off the lip of the glacier, striations in the glacier face, a reflection of the dust storms or atmospheric pollution of bygone eras, dark caverns where the river undercuts the ice, and many more. One is constantly tempted by the mountains which lie to the East and which reward the effort of a climb with spectacular vistas of the upper part of the glacier and over-

looks of the Nesmith Valley and the unnamed but impressive hanging glaciers on its northern side. Hoodoos, stone sculptures produced by wind erosion of the softer materials, are frequently encountered.

Although the geologic features are more predictable, animal sightings are to be expected. Muskoxen, Peary caribou, wolf, and fox are frequently seen. Arctic hares are everywhere, sometimes in herds of hundreds. Snowy owls, rock ptarmigan, snow buntings, and many other birds are commonly sighted. Of course, if one travels near the sea coast, a whole different range of animal and bird sightings are possible. For the fisherman, Lake Hazen yields a few arctic char, but compared

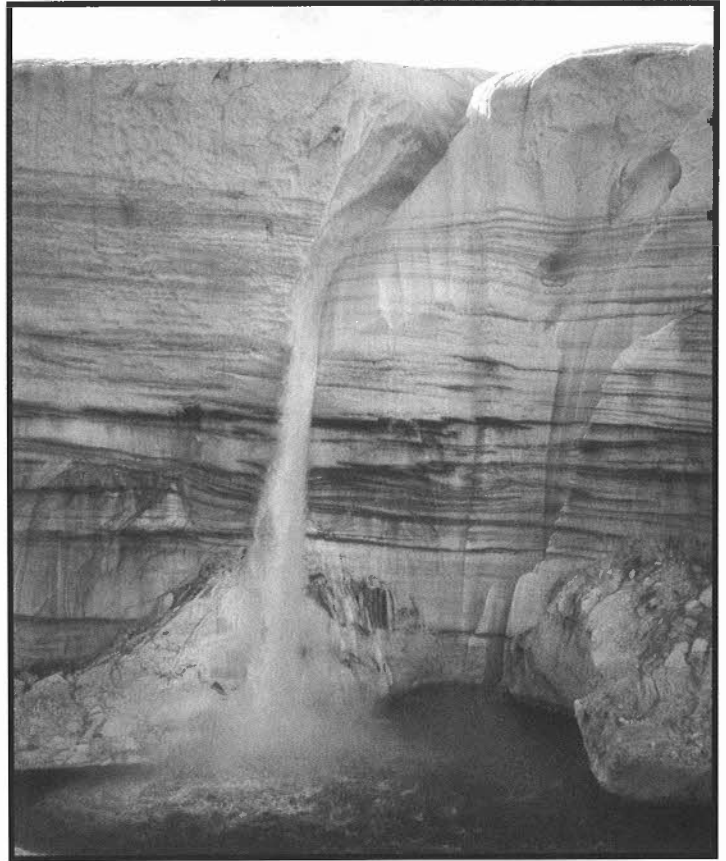


Henrietta - Nasmith Glacier

to the mainland the fishing is relatively poor.

Back at the base camp, we took a day for R & R and to replenish our depleted food supplies from those cached at camp, before setting out in the opposite direction toward the Abbe Glacier. Our first obstacle was the Snow Goose River, our first major river crossing. Here we finally had to use our designated wading gear, which we had diligently carried along but not previously needed. Supporting each other by wading shoulder to shoulder and gripping our horizontally held hiking staffs, we forded the knee-deep current without difficulty. We circled the base of Omingmak (muskox) Mountain before descending into the valley of the Abbe River. From a base camp in the valley we left to hike with day packs to the glacier. This proved to be a good illustration of the difficulty of judging distance in the barrens, lacking any familiar visual reference. Although we seemed to be walking for an awfully long time, the glacier never seemed to get any nearer. All told, albeit with some time for side trips and exploration, our little day hike took us thirteen hours; the bag was extra welcome that night!

Although smaller in scale than the Henrietta-Nesmith Glacier, the Abbe is equally stunning and has the added advantage that the foot is easier to approach. We were impressed by the huge chunks of ice, which had fallen off the face of the glacier although none did so while we were there. This marked our furthest north point of progress: 82 degrees, 1 minute by Mary's GPS, just under 480 nautical miles from the North Pole.



Glacier Runoff



Arctic Hares



Snowgoose River

From the Abbe Valley there are numerous potential side hikes. We followed one stream toward its source and found ourselves in a hidden valley with its own mini glacier from which the stream arose. The ground was carpeted with arctic poppies and we named it Poppy Valley. At one rest stop we turned to see a Peary caribou posed prettily in profile against the skyline. This was my first sight of this species, a smaller, furrier, “cuddlier” version of his Barrenland cousin.

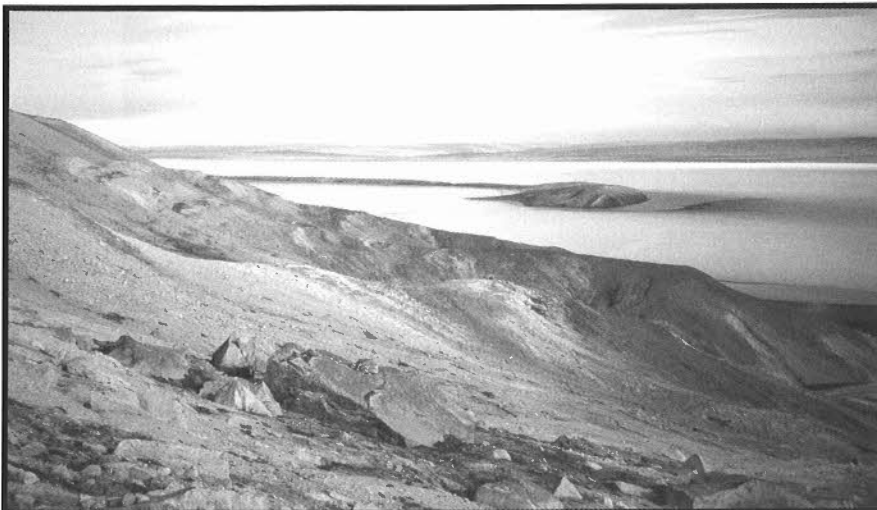
Our return route led us up the pass to the north of Mt. Omingmak. From its summit we could look back at Varsity Mountain to the East, up the Snow Goose Valley toward the ice cap to the North, and across the frozen surface of Lake Hazen to the southwest — mighty scenic real estate. We camped there for two days while exploring the surroundings. The Snow Goose Valley is famous for its herds of arctic hare but they seemed to be elsewhere this year.

It was on our return crossing of the Snow Goose River that disaster (minor league) struck. Now swollen by the glacier melt of several warm days, it was a different river to the one we had so easily forded on the outward leg. Misjudging the strength of the current in one narrow (but, alas, deep) braid, we were swept off our feet. In retrospect, what we should have done is to camp and await the slightly cooler temperature of early morning or to go further toward the mouth of the river

where the gradient would be less steep, but hindsight is always 20/20.

Now, to an old canoeist, one more swim in a cold river is not all that big a deal, but I was impressed with how difficult it is to remove a backpack while bumping your way down a rocky stream — it must have taken about 500 m! Of course, as an experienced whitewater canoeist, I had taken absolutely no precautions to waterproof my pack against submersion and the entire contents, including my camera and binoculars, were soaked. Even after wringing as much water as possible out of my spare clothing, sleeping bag, etc., the pack still weighed about twice its normal weight and the worst part of the whole affair was that it practically broke my back as we dragged our way back to the Base Camp. Never mind, at least *I* was intact! John, one of my companions, had pulled a thigh muscle and could hardly walk. There are definitely worse fates than wet clothing. During the two days of constant breeze and sunshine, which it took my gear to dry out, I slept in a fleece suit, which was the one thing I had thought to put in a dry bag. The wardens had managed to come up with an old military sleeping bag, but I don't think it would have been suitable for any temperature *above* about forty below!

With our gear dried out and our time on Ellesmere rapidly dwindling, I finally managed to get down to



John's Island in Lake Hazen

Fort Conger, which bad weather had denied to us on the inbound flight. On the shore of Discovery Harbour, an offshoot of Lady Franklin Bay on Ellesmere's east coast, this is a most evocative site, full of ghosts and beauty. It was first utilized by the British Arctic Expedition under Sir Edward Nares who came in 1875 with two ships, Discovery and Alert, both of which left their names on local geographic features. They overwintered in their ships and left little of permanence with the exception of a postal cairn (a means of caching mail for subsequent travellers) and a memorial to two young sailors who died of scurvy. One of Nares' exploration parties did manage to map the entire northern coast of Ellesmere Island.

The next to come, during the International Polar Year of 1882–83, was an American army expedition under the leadership of Adolphus Greeley. They built the original Fort Conger, naming it after a US senator who was a sponsor of the expedition. In addition to making many scientific observations they explored much of the interior of northern Ellesmere. In 1883, when a promised supply ship did not materialize, they beat a retreat toward the south and open water. Unprepared for overwintering, they were forced to camp on Pim Island. In all, seven of the original 26 made it home.

Robert Peary, whose obsessive quest for the North Pole spanned many years, arrived at the site in 1889, finding it much as Greeley and his men had left it. Unfortunately, his feet had been so badly frozen that a doctor in the party, using the most primitive tech-

niques, had to amputate most of his toes. He did not return until 1899 when his party dismantled the original Fort Conger and used the materials to create three smaller and more practical structures for survival during the arctic winter. His passion consumed another ten years, during which these structures were used several times, before his final, successful (at least in his own account) assault on the Pole.

Since then, others including Hansen and Shackleton used the site briefly, but, in general, it has been allowed to rest in peace. However, things deteriorate slowly in the extreme North and many artifacts are still available for viewing, including such relics as a large, rusting, cast-iron stove — essential equipment for those who thought they knew more about survival in the North than the Inuit.

As stated before, this is a place to give one pause. As I stood, surrounded by the memories of the brave men who suffered here and by the natural beauty of the surroundings, I had no trouble empathizing with the thoughts of Pierre Trudeau, which I quoted at least year's Canoeing and Wilderness Symposium when he said (in paraphrase) "... that his school hadn't made him a patriot but that he had become one by seeing the greatness of his country and of the men who created it."

My warmest wish is that you might have the opportunity to see this corner of one of Nature's most-favored lands for yourselves.



Lady Franklin Bay



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

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

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

NEWS BRIEFS

NASTAWGAN MATERIAL AND DEADLINE Articles, trip reports, book reviews, photographs, sketches, technical tips, or anything else that you think might be of interest to other readers, are needed for future issues. Try to submit your contributions by e-mail, on 3½ in. computer disk (WordPerfect or MS Word or text files preferred, but any format is welcome), or in typewritten form, but legibly handwritten material will also be accepted. 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	Autumn 1999	deadline date	1 August
	Winter 1999		1 November

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

SAFE BOATING GUIDE is now available from your local Canadian Coast Guard office or Shell gas stations. The requirements for Canoes and Kayaks show some peculiar items, such as the need to carry "one buoyant heaving line not less than 15 m in length." And does an 11-m-long Montreal canoe really have to carry "a reboarding device" as well as "one approved lifebuoy"? (I must be reading this wrong! Ed.)

BILL MASON'S RED CANOE has been donated to the Canadian Canoe Museum. Visit this unique place to view that most famous of canoes and see some of Bill's equipment including his illustrious Baker tent. To learn more, visit www.wilds.mb.ca/redcanoe

PASSWORD To access the Members section of the WCA Web site, find the authentication window and type exactly the following words shown in bold. For this issue these are: User Name: **member**, Password: **adventure**.

Please note the important
FALL MEETING (17–19 Sep.)
 information on the inside
 front cover!



WCA WEB SITE: www.wildernesscanoe.org

The WCA has joined the Internet! From now on world-wide instantaneous electronic communication can inform everybody of what we are and what we do.

Following many deliberations the WCA Web site committee (three WCA Board members and four members with Toni Harting, Bill Ness, and Cash Belden advising) has now drawn up the required protocols after gratefully accepting Bruce Bellaire's offer to become our first Webmaster. He is working together with WCA member Martin Heppner (President of Anchor Securities Limited) who, with the expert assistance of David Triggerton, developed the framework for the site and makes it available free of charge to the WCA.

The site consists of two main sections: Guests and Members. The Guests section is open to everybody and contains general information on the WCA, some basic information on the WCA Trips program, a "sample" article from *Nastawgan* to show what kind of journal it is, e-mail addresses of WCA contacts, a selection of links to other canoeing-related Web sites, and an online membership registration form.

You will need a password to access the Members section. A new password will be offered in a special message on the editorial page (the one with the News Briefs) of each issue of *Nastawgan*. When you are presented with the authentication window, type exactly what is shown in bold in that message. For the present issue this is: User Name: **member**, Password: **adventure**. The Members section will contain the full WCA Trips list of the current *Nastawgan*, along with the opportunity to post information on impromptu trips that could not be planned in time to make the journal, a list of links to other canoeing-related Web sites, and a bulletin board with late-breaking news items. Other ideas to allow members to exchange information or find partners are being considered.

Our Web site is still a work in progress and will only evolve into a fine site if all interested parties do their best to help it grow. Send us your ideas, appropriate canoeing-related links (not the overly commercial ones), and anything that will make this site into something we all can be proud of.

Bill Stevenson, committee chairman

WCA — AGM '99

AGM '99 was a hit! Another step on the road back from the low points of the early '90s. This year's event, which took place on 13 February, was well attended with a gratifying number of new members. It was held, for those of you who weren't there, at the Goodrich Loomis Conservation Area, north of Brighton, Ontario. Formed by the generous donation of land from two local farmers (I bet you can guess their names!), it boasts a brand-new facility for school groups (also an ideal size for the WCA), as well as many kilometres of hiking/skiing trails through scenic hardwood forest.

The Association's business was quickly disposed of under the kindly (autocratic?) guidance of Chairman Herb, leaving lots of time for outdoor activities. The icy trail conditions of early February meant that only the bravest skied the trails; the rest of us enjoyed an invigorating hike on a perfect winter afternoon. The meals, catered by the ladies of the Castleton United Church, were outstanding both in terms of quality and quantity. The author, having had *three* pieces of homemade pie at dinner, is in a strong position to comment. There is a rumor afoot that we plan to hire a bus to take the ladies to wherever we decide to hold next year's event!

The evening speakers faced a daunting challenge: to keep the audience awake. Fortunately, Craig MacDonald and Bob Davis were equal to the task. Craig

described the recent changes which have taken place in the "panhandle" of Algonquin Park. Despite a severely reduced Park staff, new trails and campsites have been opened up in what appears to be an extremely scenic, if largely untravellered, area of the park. Bob recounted his adventures of the previous summer when he, Hugh Stewart, and sons followed the route of the Klondikers in what must have been one of the least competitive races (at least as far as they were concerned) of all time. Stopping to bake bread on their last day earned them the reputation of being "pseudo-losers" and relegation to second-last place.

All in all, it was a most satisfactory day. Kudos and thanks are due to Glenn Spence for organizing it.

Bill King



PETAWAWA RIVER, THE HARD WAY

Brett Hodnett

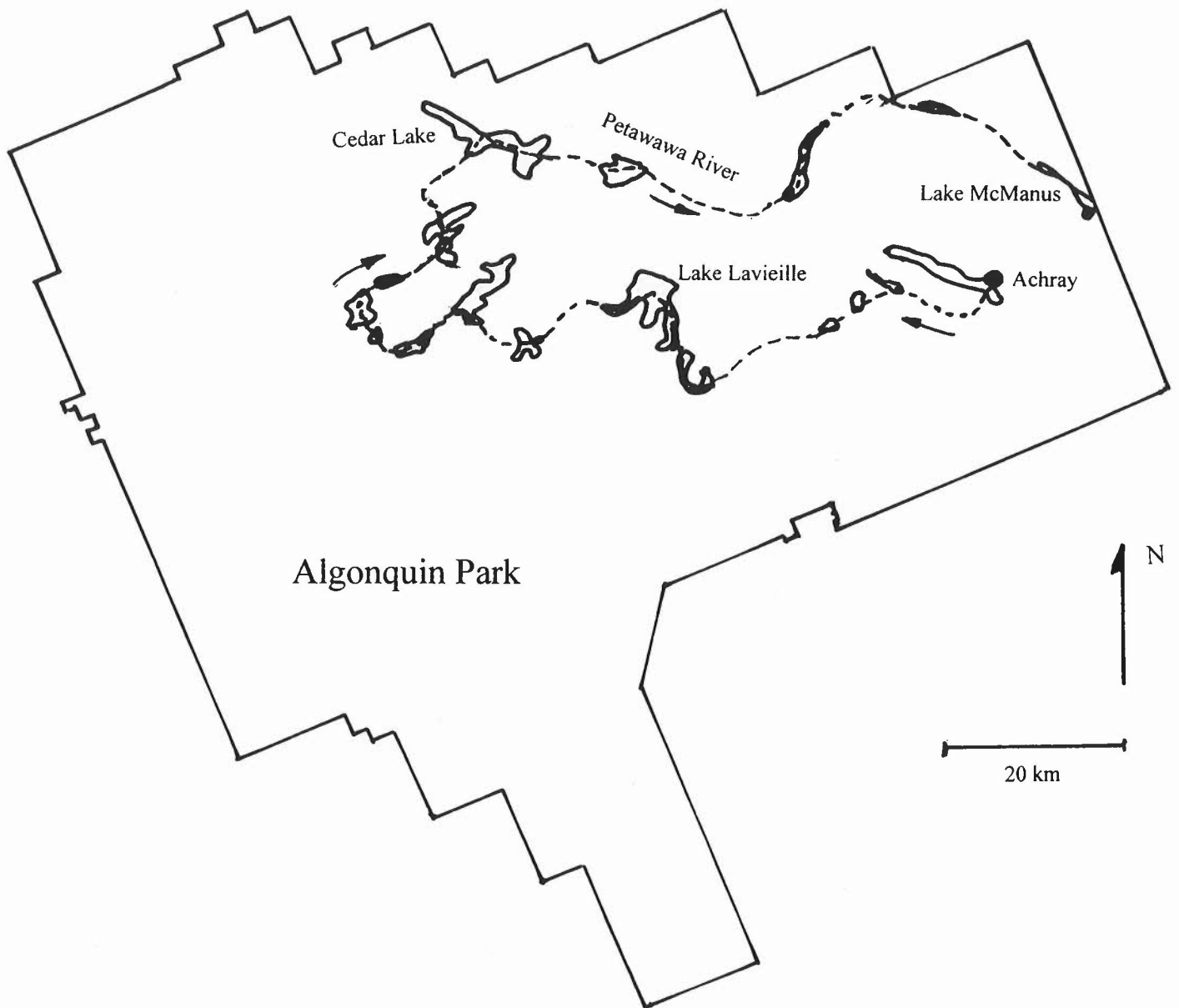
Alex and I had worked together a number of years ago, and since we both enjoyed canoeing we started doing trips together. In 1996, because of other obligations, we only had a three-day weekend to do a trip in, so we decided to do a loop which included all of the peripheral lakes in Killarney Provincial Park, a total of 15 km of portaging, and 130 km of paddling. For some inexplicable reason we liked the pace. So we decided that every year one of our trips would be more challenging than the last years.

Neither of us had done any whitewater paddling and it was decided that it would be great to add this as a new dimension to our canoeing. So I took a weekend course in the fall of 1996 on the Grand River near Elora. We have both always felt that the quickest way to learn how to do something is just to do it, and we figured the Petawawa River in Algonquin Park would be a good place to learn how to paddle whitewater. So it was decided that our big trip for 1997 would be a loop in the Park with the Petawawa as its focal point. We were hoping to avoid a car shuttle by starting the trip as close as possible to the end of the Petawawa. This made Achray campground a natural starting point. We had nine days and figured it would be possible to do a loop that would take us lake-hopping through a large number of lakes including Barron Lake, Lake Lavieille, Redrock, Big Trout, and Burntroot Lakes, up to Cedar Lake, and then down the Petawawa to the car at the take-out on Lake McManus.

27 June We arrived at Achray early in the evening after a fairly long drive from Mississauga. We hadn't arranged any sort of car shuttle but figured that the worse case scenario was that one of us (probably me) would have a 20 or 25-km walk/hitchhike at the end of the trip. As it turns out this would have been an extreme inconvenience. Fortunately we did manage to get a car shuttle arranged and were able to stay at one of the jump-off sites at Achray campground. These quite primitive sites are separate from the rest of the campground and are for people who are going into the interior the next day.

28 June We got up early and were on the water by 7:30. Our plan was to camp at North Branch Lake so we knew we had a long day ahead with 12.5 km of portages when our packs were at their heaviest. It looked as though it would be more interesting to go up the string of lakes just west of Grand Lake rather than going up Grand Lake itself, so this is what we did. This route up Carcajou Creek did have the disadvantage of having to get in and out of the canoe 16 times rather than four, and the difference in distance was negligible. I had just bought a new canoe pack so that I could carry a heavy pack and Al could carry a small pack and our Royalex canoe. On the very first portage I pulled the waist belt of the pack tight and the buckle snapped. This was to be the first of numerous equipment failures.





The string of lakes from Carcajou Bay up to Greenleaf Lake are not exceptional, but there are some pretty spots and I don't regret our choice to paddle this route. A few of the portages were poorly marked and it was necessary to guess where to go based on the lay of the land, but the lakes are small and this wasn't too difficult. After this stretch of lakes our route took us west and the portages became long and were in very poor condition. Algonquin portages are marked on the map as either red or black, red portages are maintained and black portages are not. I think these were some of the blackest in the Park. There were numerous tree falls, a few of which required putting the canoe down. Most of them, however, we managed to crash through, since Al's view of portaging is that once you pick the canoe up you don't put it down until you get to the next lake regardless of the distance or difficulty of the portage.

The last portage before North Branch Lake was a black one, 4.5 km long, and I don't know if it was because we had already carried everything for most of the day but it just seemed to keep going. Every time we reached the top of a hill we thought that the lake must be at the bottom, but it would invariably be the bottom of another hill. We seemed to constantly be going up and down over and over. We finally got to North Branch Lake with a few hours of light left to set up camp and eat. We were tired and our feet were sore. But it also felt great to be there. Unlike in most of Algonquin it felt as though no one had been there in a long time. We were probably further away from people after this first day than we would be for the rest of the trip.

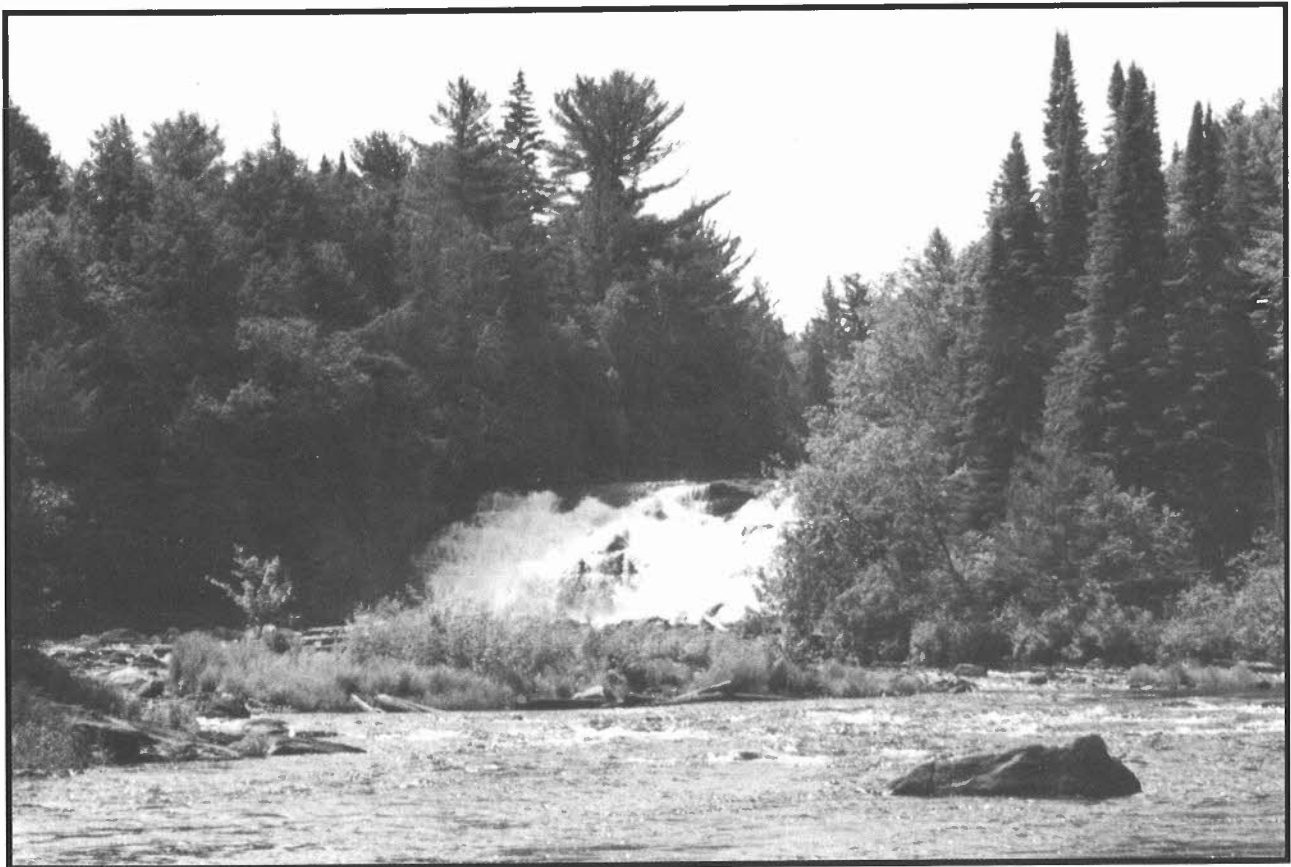
29 June This was another hot, sunny day. We were on the water early, and although the portages between North Branch Lake and Little Dickson were in rough



shape, they didn't seem as bad as the last couple from the day before. Our biggest problem was that the stitching of most of the straps on my pack were ripping so I had to carefully pick it up and try to walk gingerly. I think the highlight of the day was getting to Dickson Lake and finally having some real paddling to do. We were also happy because we still hadn't seen anybody since leaving Achray.

We paddled most of the way up Dickson Lake and stopped for a snack on the east side where the oldest

known trees in the park are located. These are 340-year-old red pines which, although quite large, did not stand out enough to be noticed unless you were looking for them. It is quite depressing that finding areas that haven't been logged is so rare. We continued paddling and made camp on an island nearly halfway up Lake Lavielle. It was a long day but because there was only half the distance in portages, we felt much more rested and less sore than we had the day before.



30 June We were up early and anxious to go; it was another beautiful day. We paddled up to the Crow River on what was I suppose an unusually calm Lake Lavieille. If large lakes are your thing, Lavieille and Dickson are really nice. The Crow River starts off with four short portages which we were actually looking forward to, since we had now paddled for quite a while without any. These portages, as it turns out, were not destined to be good to us. At the third one I had just startled a bull moose at the end of the portage when I heard Al curse behind me. The yoke had snapped into three pieces. We had two-manned a heavy canoe through a lot of portages the year before and decided that we hated it. Plus my pack was much bigger and heavier than Al's since we had planned for him to be carrying the canoe by himself. We were not in good spirits after this, knowing we still had many more kilometres of portages to do. We continued paddling, against the

1 and 2 July We woke up in better spirits, accepting our new future. Now that our route was more direct to Cedar Lake we had a few relaxing days ahead of us. We didn't get going until 10:30, not really looking forward to doing the 3750-m portage to Hogan Lake first thing. The portage itself wasn't too bad but I can't say that we enjoyed it. However, we reached Hogan Lake with a bit of stress on our bodies but very little stress on our minds. Paddling between Hogan Lake and Muir Lake we saw a loon on her nest, unsuccessfully attempting to look inconspicuous. It was nice all day but when we got to the campsite, which was on an island at the north end of Burntroot Lake, it started to rain. We explored the island that looked as though a tornado had blown through it, with twisted and broken trees all over the place.

The next morning we had a slow, leisurely start. Really took it easy; fortunately it was hot and sunny,



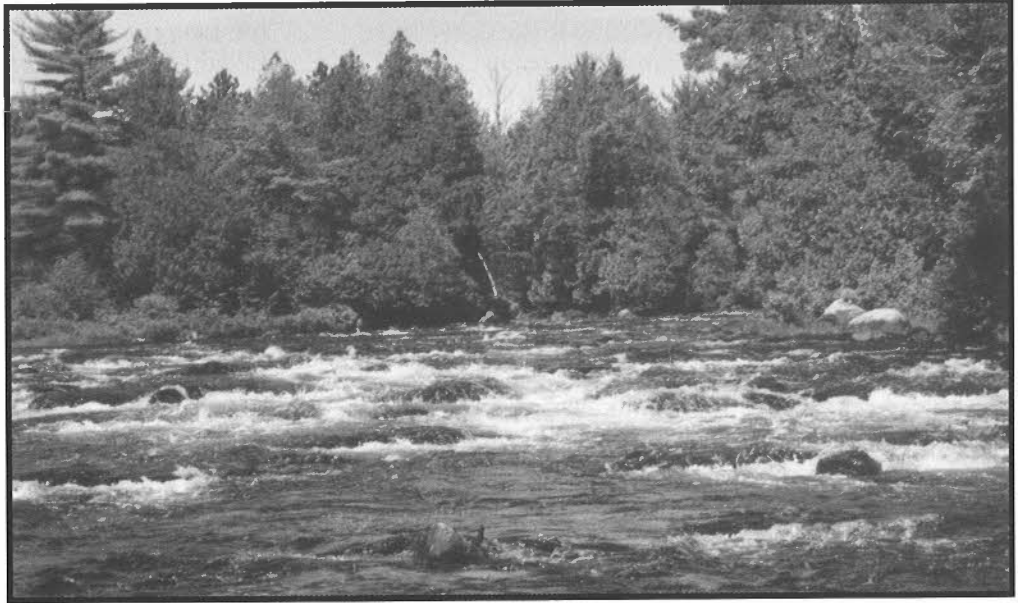
current of the Crow River, which fortunately turned out to be pretty much irrelevant. Unfortunately, because our spirits were low, we didn't think to do the side trail from the Crow River to see the giant white pines, which are the largest trees in the Park. I was really looking forward to seeing these and I kick myself for missing them. Oh well, a good excuse for another trip.

We got to Big Crow Lake and although it was really early we decided to stay there. We had made the decision to take the route with the least portages to Cedar Lake (the start of the Petawawa River). This was disappointing. The plan had been to go south to Redrock Lake today, but now we planned to head north to Hogan Lake and across to Burntroot Lake. We spent the afternoon putting as much heavy stuff as we could from my pack into Al's in an attempt to even out the load. To add insult to injury, our water pump broke. We went to bed well rested but uninspired.

which made it a nice day to relax. We made camp early at the northeast end of Catfish Lake, did some swimming but mostly just hung around and ate a lot of food.

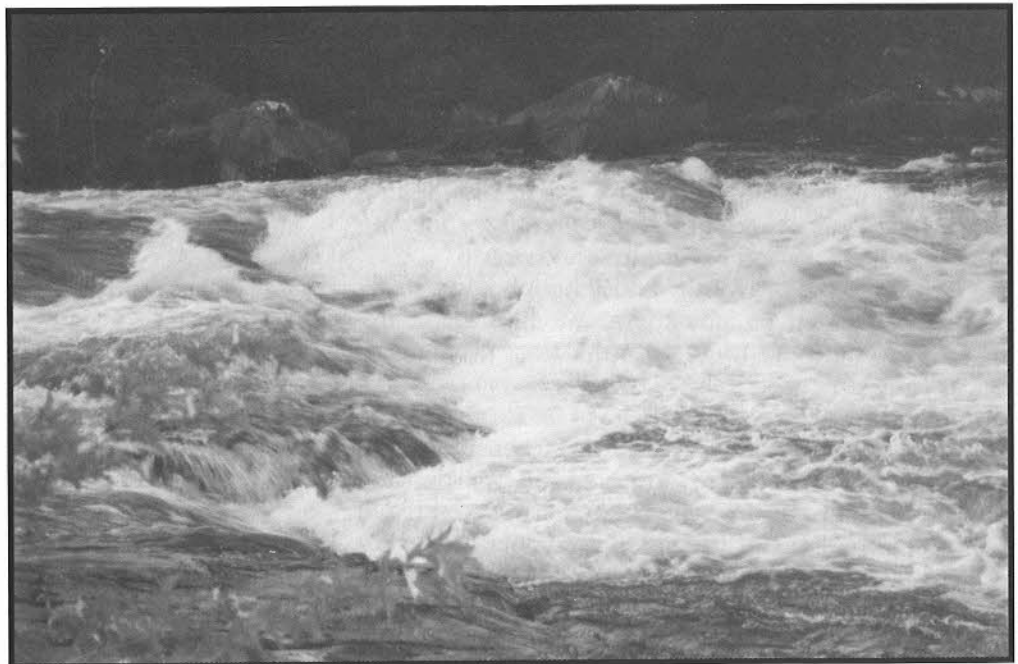
3 July The day started out hot and sunny and we saw numerous moose on the river before getting to Cedar Lake. At one point we could see four bulls and a young cow all at the same time, none of which seemed too concerned about us. When we got to Cedar Lake it suddenly became exceptionally windy and began to look like rain. Cedar Lake is at the north end of the Park and has cottages and motor boats which make it somewhat unappealing, but we figured we would take advantage of civilization all the same. There were big waves coming from the west, exactly perpendicular to the route to the store in Brent on the far side of the lake. Really wanting red meat made us decide to cross anyhow. It was quite a strenuous paddle to the other side but our big Yukon handled superbly.

We bought the only two steaks they had, which were great, big T-bones. As we were walking back to the canoe it began to rain, and a nice fellow who was renting a cabin near the store asked us to come inside for a coffee until it blew over. We hung around for about 45 minutes and when the weather didn't look like it was going to clear up, headed out anyhow. We paddled east, mostly along the shore, to a site on an island near the mouth of the Petawawa. The wind was intense and there was a constant drizzle, but after much struggle we managed to get a fire going to cook our steaks. It was definitely worth the effort.



4 July The weather had cleared up overnight and we were up early, looking forward to getting into the rapids. We stopped to scout the first set, Cedar Lake Rapids, and wondered how the hell you were supposed to get a canoe down there. Not having any experience with rapids made these look formidable. We had the Petawawa River Guide which made these rapids sound easy enough, so we picked the best route and went for it. We made it precisely through our selected route, surprised at how much control we had. After this the rapids appeared less intimidating. We ran all but two of the rapids down to Killdeer Lake where we camped. We felt pretty good having run every rapid just as we had planned from shore.

5 July We were on the water early and were again having great success through the rapids. Now here is the lesson. Don't get cocky! Rocky Chute Rapids is a small, simple run down the middle. We only scouted it briefly and said "easy, right down the middle." We ended up entering slightly off-centre and hitting a big rock just below the surface which flipped us. This wouldn't have been too bad except that the canoe floated downstream a few hundred metres and became jammed on a couple of rocks in the middle of the river about 30 m up from Devil's Cellar Rapids. Algonquin's River Guide de-



scribes Devil's Cellar as: "the river narrows and descends with massive force into a gorge in one huge chute." I knew I couldn't swim out to the canoe against the current but Al figured he'd give it a try. The current was strong, particularly beside the rocks, but after fighting a few times to get onto the rocks he managed. The packs were fortunately (or unfortunately) trapped under the canoe. We discussed our options, yelling against the noise of the river, and decided that I should go down below Devil's Cellar, while Al tried to flip or dislodge the canoe. This way I could collect anything that ended up going over, including Al, before it got too far downstream. Not too surprisingly the canoe couldn't be budged.

Happily Al had a great idea and managed to get one of our water bottles loose from the side of the pack to pump air under the canoe one bottle full at a time until

it was floating high enough to flip over. With us only in shorts and T-shirts in the sun with all the flies, it made for a long several hours. We finally got to shore and carried our now water-filled packs through the 500-m portage to the nearest campsite. Everything was completely soaked and we laid it all out in the sun to dry. By nighttime only my sleeping bag was still damp, but we sat out on the rocks of the Canadian Shield looking at the stars and feeling great. Everything seemed so calm and serene.

6 July We woke late and since our food was ruined, all we had for breakfast was half a dozen apricots and a couple of spoonfuls of honey. Since we had only gone a few kilometres the day before, we now had almost two full days of distance to cover to get to the take-out. Being out of food we definitely wanted to finish in one day. This required having to paddle about 50 km and portage four kilometres as well as scouting some rapids. We portaged a few rapids that we would have liked to have run but didn't feel we had the time to scout them. At one of these, I think it was Rollway Rapid, we couldn't believe how bad the portage was. The trail went up a steep embankment, which if we didn't have our packs on and the canoe over our heads we would have been using our hands to help pull ourselves up. I would stand still and push Al one step forward with the canoe and then Al would take his turn pulling me one step forward. At one point about halfway up the embankment we had to lift the canoe sideways over our heads so that it could fit between two trees. When finally we did reach the top of the embankment we came upon a trail which looked wide enough to drive a bus down. This was the real portage. It seems that we had been following a scouting trail. The whole time we had been thinking that since this was the portage it must be possible. So much for that logic. The nice thing about this was that the portages from then on seemed simple.

All in all it was a long day, but nonetheless we enjoyed ourselves, particularly on Schooner and Five Mile Rapids which are easy, constantly moving water,



great for relaxing but still having some entertainment. We were dying to get to the car, thinking we would finally be able to eat. Unfortunately we made the mistake of not having food in the car, and since it was now Sunday night, we had to drive three hours before we passed anywhere that had food (Thank you, Tim Hortons). From now on we're keeping food waiting in the car just in case.

When I look back on this trip I think of it as one of my favorites. We had beautiful scenery, saw some wildlife, went to some peaceful lakes, and had fun running rapids. Just as importantly we had a good time dealing with problems when things went wrong. This trip has also made us whitewater addicts, and it seems that our challenging trip of the year has to include some. So in 1998 we did a 16-day trip from Lake Superior along the Michipicoten and Missinaibi Rivers to Moosonee. I hope that every year our trip is as enjoyable as these.



REVIEWS

THE CANOE IN CANADIAN CULTURES, edited by John Jennings, Bruce W. Hodgins, and Doreen Small, published by Natural Heritage / Natural History Inc., (P.O. Box 95, Stn. O, Toronto, Ontario, M4A 2M8, (416) 694-7907, 1-800-725-9982), 1999, softcover, 312 pages, \$24.95.

Reviewed by Roger Harris.

In May 1996, the Canexus II conference in Peterborough produced a series of significant papers presented by paddling enthusiasts and experts on a wide variety of subjects centred around the canoe and its many applications, both in history and in the present. The conference and the publication of these writings represent the first important academic collaboration between Trent University and the Canadian Canoe Museum. The edited (and occasionally expanded) proceedings of this conference have now been collected in a handsome book filled with a highly diverse collection of canoeing knowledge and illustrated with maps, drawings, and photographs.

The subjects covered in the 18 essays vary from the down to earth (canoe manufacture) to the spiritual (Dao of paddling) to the practical (historic canoe routes) to the inevitability of portaging (the canoe as a hat). It is always a daunting task to put such a volume with its many different contributors together, but the editors and the publisher have certainly pulled it off quite well. As did the proceedings of the first Canexus conference in 1988, this book again offers a major and welcome contribution to the literature on Canada's national craft. The numerous endnotes and references and the extensive index make it especially suitable as a basis for further study. Let us hope we will not have to wait too many years for the next Canexus conference to come along.

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WANAPITEI CANOE TRIPPERS' COOKBOOK II: Wilderness cooking, the Environment and You, by Carol Hodgins, published by Highway Book Shop (Hwy. 11, Cobalt, Ontario, P0J 1C0, (705) 679-8375, 1-800-461-2062, bookshop@nt.net), 1999, softcover, spiral bound, 101 pages, \$10.95.

Reviewed by Barb Young.

Carol's first *Wanapitei Canoe Trippers' Cookbook*, published in 1982, had 11 printings and sold over 12,000 copies. This second volume includes an updated section on nutrition, 62 pages of recipes, and two new

sections on water purification and environmental considerations. Interspersed throughout are handy tips such as how to clean a porridge pot, along with many excellent photos. The section on water purification includes a detailed foldout table on water filters and purifiers. The introduction has charts on beans and grains as well as information on dehydrating foods. There are recipes which will appeal to all tastes, including vegetarians. The recipes are divided into nine sections. Examples include: Breakfasts — Super Pancakes, Scrambled Tofu; Bannock and Bread — Yeast Bannock; Meals — First Night Beef Stew, Noodles in Spicy Peanut Sauce, Spanish Rice; Salads — Tabouli; Desserts and Snacks — Fruit Leathers, Rice Custard Pudding. For those lucky enough to catch fish on their trips there is a section on cleaning, filleting, and cooking. This book is a bargain at the price.

* * * * *

BARK, SKIN AND CEDAR: Exploring the Canoe in Canadian Experience, by James Raffan, published by Harper Collins Publishers Limited, Toronto, 1999, hardcover, 274 pages, \$29.95.

Reviewed by Toni Harting.

James Raffan can always be counted on to produce publications of great depth, extensively researched, and covering a vast section of his chosen field, the canoe. So again with the present book, a wide-ranging examination of the place of this gracious craft in Canadian experience. Raffan tells us many intriguing and informative stories about the canoe and the people paddling it, from the traditional roles of Natives in its design and construction, to its essential place in the 250-year-long fur trade, and later its development into a recreational craft used by an increasing number of devotees. He talks at length about the canoe's place in literature and as a symbol of the wilderness.

The book is filled with wonderful narratives, descriptions, and anecdotes, mixing legend, myth, history, adventure, and cultural analysis into an intelligent examination of the author's beloved canoe. The 19 pages of notes and references will surely make any student of this craft salivate. In spite of Raffan's sometimes annoying tendency to occasionally use complicated academic words where simpler ones would serve just as well, this is a fine book that the paddling community and anybody else interested in the world of canoeing will no doubt embrace with gratitude and enthusiasm.



A REQUEST FROM CLIFF JACOBSON

I'm revising my book, *CANOEING WILD RIVERS*. I plan to include a chapter entitled *ADVICE FROM THE EXPERTS*, which will present tips and advice from very experienced canoeists. And here I'd appreciate your input in the form of short write-ups in which you can address any phase of canoeing wild rivers. For example, you might recommend a specific procedure or style of clothing or equipment, or suggest a neat way to pack, portage, repel bugs, stormproof your camp, rig your canoe, prepare your maps, manage a child or pet, locate a portage, etc. Everyone has some good advice, and I'd like to include it all under one roof. You can write a simple one-liner, several sentences, or a paragraph or more to a maximum of 250 words; I may have to edit for length. No need to polish your sentences; I — and my editor — will take care of that. The idea is similar to *PADDLERS' TALK* in *Nastawgan*, but the advice can be much shorter or longer.

If you would like to contribute something, please send me:

- 1) your write-up on the subject of your choice;
- 2) a 50–100 word biography in which you tell the reader about your background and the major trips

you've done. Don't be bashful; I'll edit so it looks like I wrote your bio. I especially welcome advice from sub-Arctic and Arctic trippers. Please include a photo that clearly shows your face. And, if you are willing to answer personal questions about canoeing wild rivers, please provide a phone number, snail mail, or e-mail address so an interested reader can contact you.

I will need your contribution by 1 December 1999. Photos can wait till January 2000.

You'll receive full credit for your work and an autographed copy of *CANOEING WILD RIVERS*, when it appears. Publication is scheduled for spring, 2001. You are free to publish your tip or advice in an outdoor magazine or canoe club publication.

Please write, call, or e-mail me if you plan to contribute, so I can plan accordingly. I'll have space for about 4,000 words of commentary.

Thanks for your help.

Cliff Jacobson, W10070 State Rd. 29, River Falls, WI 54022, tel. (715) 425-9545, fax (715) 425-9460, e-mail cljacobs@presenter.com

IN THE BOW

In the bow, I'm able to avoid continuous concentration on the behavior of the canoe. I can look around, study the shoreline, crane my neck at the surrounding mountains, or even close my eyes. I don't have the responsibility to keep the canoe going straight, or watch for converging currents.

I try to make absolutely no splash as the paddle enters the water or leaves it. Soundless and splashless entry is done after some practice, but the exit continues to result in a small "zip," followed by the "ss-ss-ss-ss" of the droplets from the paddle hitting the water on the return stroke. With my eyes closed, I can concentrate on the sound and the exercise of the stroke, my arms assuming a levered mechanical action so knock-kneed that it would seem almost impossible to design levers that would do it. But my arms repeat the motion effortlessly and quietly, my hands locked in two small orbits around my shoulders. I drift.

Suddenly I can feel myself coming up through layers of consciousness; with my eyes closed, I still can't tell where I am. As my eyes start to open and my hearing clears, I feel it's bright out, my arms are doing something, and my left foot is sore. The heat and brightness hit my face as I raise it, and I realize I've been asleep. The water and shoreline come into focus; I remember that I'm paddling a canoe. Then I remember I'm on the Nahanni. Shouldn't be sleeping; should be remembering this. But then, it felt nice to relax that much.

I put my head a little lower and close my eyes again.

John Barker

Missinaibi Moments

*For a few days last summer,
I rested my eyes upon your infinite greens
And caught the water shadows
Dancing on the branches
Of your cedar shores.*

*I felt the promise of your early morning mists,
Was stilled by the splendour of your fading light,
And shivered at the warning of your cold north winds.*

*At last, the stroke and stroke and stroke and stroke and stroke
Awoke my body
And washed away the filmy mask of daily life*

And I could see again that truer me reflected in your constant mirror.

*For a few days last summer,
I lived life with you
And was content.*

Beth Bellaire

A MARA-BURNSIDE CANOE TRIP

Mike Jones

This 266-km trip begins at Nose Lake up on the Contoyto Plateau, 420 m above sea level. It follows the Mara River down to the confluence with the Burnside River and on to Bathurst Inlet on the Arctic Ocean. The route is all within the new Canadian territory of Nunavut, well above the treeline, and the landscape ranges from barrenlands to canyons.

The first 24 km of the river flows through fairly flat barrenlands, offering little protection from the winds. The river is quite shallow here and often wide. The geology of the plateau is characterized by many granite boulders mixed with sand, and canoeists will encounter rapids and narrows every few kilometres. Downstream from here the river valley becomes more pronounced with numerous rapids. There are also many eskers, which makes for wonderful hiking country with excellent visibility of the surrounding landscape.

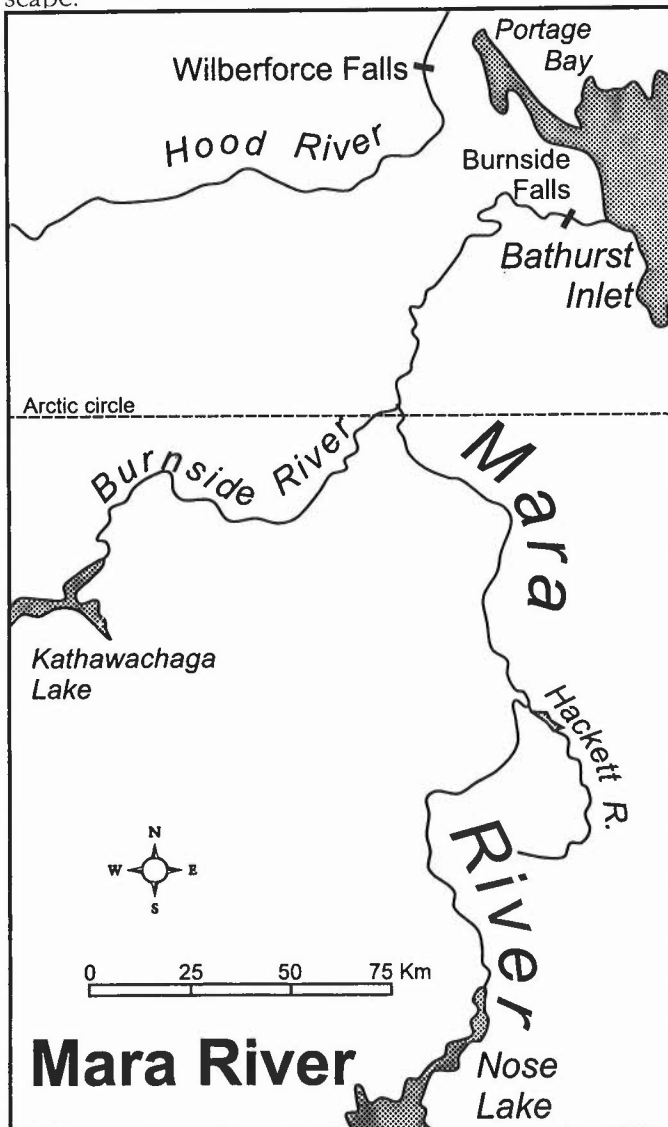
The Mara River flows into the Burnside River 182 km downstream from Nose Lake. The volume of water carried by the two rivers is quite large and the flow very strong; we would often simply have to steer our canoes in the heavy current. The water levels can fluctuate significantly, which of course can greatly affect the rivers' characters and the location and size of rapids. Spray covers for canoes are recommended. The Mara River can be very difficult to paddle once the water levels drop in late summer. Besides canyons, tundra, and eskers there are also waterfalls and sandy beaches.

The Burnside River enters the Wilberforce Hills area near the Arctic Ocean. This region is characterized by deep river valleys, spectacular cliffs, and canyons, especially evident near the Burnside Falls. Wildlife in the area is abundant; muskox and caribou are the animals most commonly seen. The Bathurst caribou herd lives in this area, with estimates ranging from 150,000 to 300,000 animals. There are also wolves and grizzly bears, but polar bears don't live here probably because of the grizzlies. Fine with me. We also saw some Arctic hares and many ground squirrels called sik-siks.

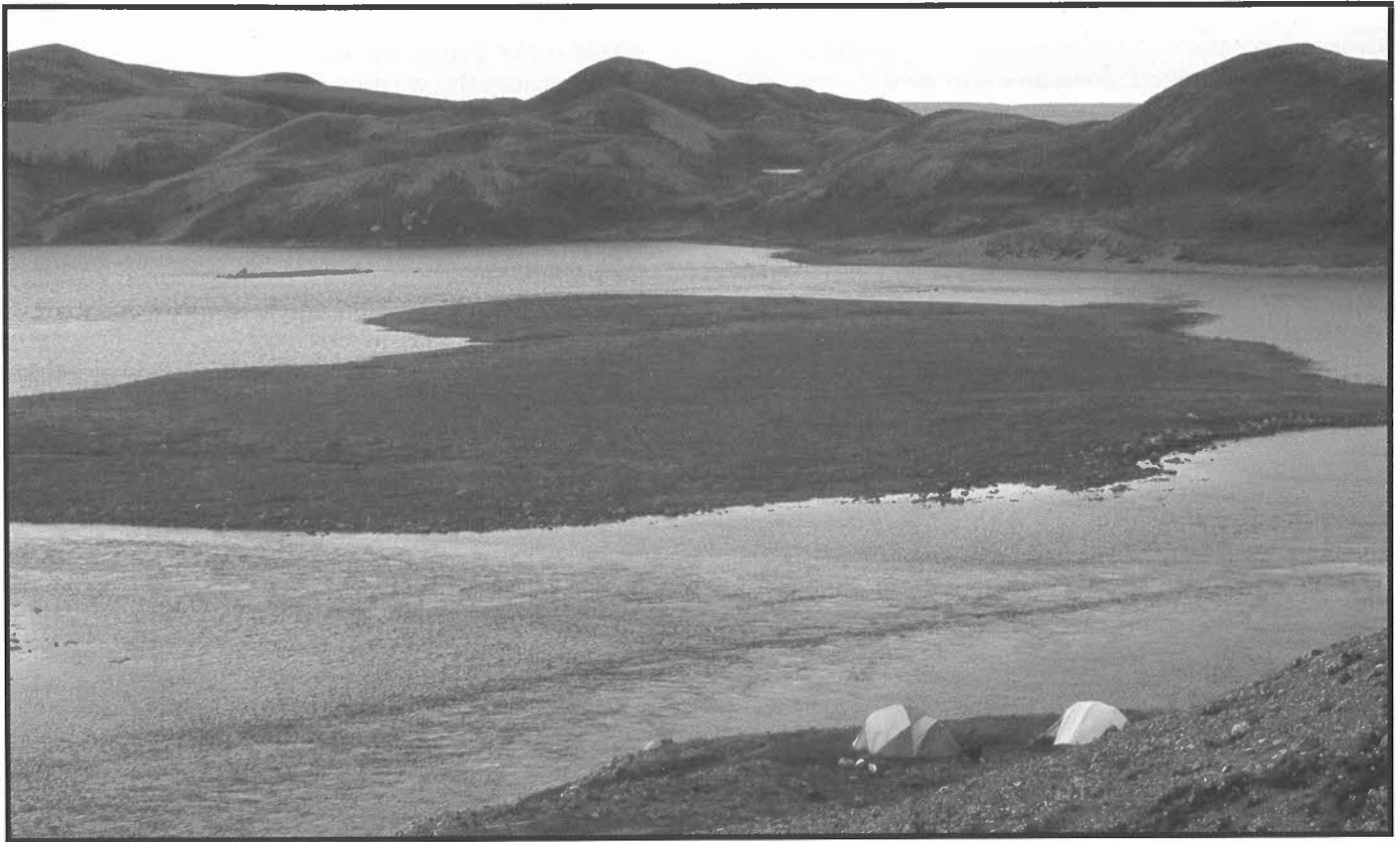
The Wilberforce Hills region is noted for birds of prey. We saw some peregrine falcons and a rough-legged hawk, which only lives in the high Arctic. Small birds are numerous in the area too. As far as water life goes, Arctic char, lake trout, grayling, and whitefish live in the rivers and lakes. Our designated fishermen occasionally caught grayling and lake trout. Because of the continuous permafrost, the tallest plants, alder and willow, are rarely over a metre high. These taller ones can be found closer to the Arctic Ocean. The ground is covered mostly by mosses and lichens along with different species of berries and wildflowers.

Inuit have lived in the Burnside River area for a long time. Sir John Franklin explored the region in the years 1821–22 and the first permanent settlement was established at Bathurst Inlet in 1920 by the explorer Charles Klengenburg. The Hudson Bay Company built a post there in 1934. This was abandoned in 1964 and the structure today is the site of the Bathurst Inlet Lodge, a well-known naturalists' retreat. Today about 25 Inuit people live at the Inlet and operate the Lodge in conjunction with a family from Yellowknife. The following is an account of a canoe trip on the Mara and Burnside Rivers in the summer of 1998. The participants were Bob Bignell, Mike Jones, and Ross and Daralyn Hodgetts.

2 July After rendezvousing in Yellowknife the previous day, we set out in two planes, a Cessna and a Turbo Beaver, for Nose Lake, the headwaters of the Mara River. We flew quite low for over two hours at about 105 mph, passing the huge BHD diamond mine just



map: Bob Bignell



beyond Lac du Gras. Local pilots dislike landing on Nose Lake because they claim it is very difficult to find a stretch of shoreline to pull up to for unloading. We landed just past the first pond downstream from Nose Lake, which still had a lot of ice, most of it gathered on the south side. There we met Glenn Warner, one of the owners of Bathurst Lodge, who had flown in to pick up a journalist to take back to the Lodge. Glenn said that he had seen part of the Bathurst caribou herd at Hackett Lake, about five or six days downstream from where we were. That information certainly got us excited. After paddling by a few rapids, we camped for the evening just below one set. During an evening walk we saw white and pink heather, lousewort, and also some wolf tracks. There were some mosquitoes around but no signs of caribou. It never got dark at night.

3 July In the morning our fishers caught a few lake trout, which they released. We also saw Lapland longspurs and a stilt sandpiper. We paddled for just over five hours today, camped right next to a caribou "highway" on top of a nearby esker, saw about six caribou close by, and also many thousands of hoof prints. The hillsides were covered by well-trodden paths, no doubt created by caribou. Clumps of caribou fur were washed up on shore. The wind helped to keep the mosquitoes at bay.

4 July In the morning Ross caught a large lake trout right next to the campsite. Later, just after portaging past a ledge, we paddled, bumped, and waded through a 1.5-km-long field of boulders. After seeing a caribou and a wolf along

the river we ended the day camped up on a plateau near a large esker with a beautiful view. The fishing was not good here, probably because there was so much sand. The next morning we found signs of an old camp on the opposite shore, with some old rusted pails and tobacco tins.

5 July The morning paddle involved crossing some long, shallow, open areas. A north wind could really hinder canoeists here but we were fortunate there wasn't one. In the afternoon we ran most of the rapids after scouting them, making a short lift-over near the end. We camped on a point below an east-west section of a big esker offering a spectacular view downriver. Again there were no fish to be caught but I found a wonderful swimming hole. We saw some tree sparrows, a savannah sparrow, and an American pipet. At suppertime a herd of 15 muskoxen paraded past our campsite on the other side of the river.

6 July This morning the weather was cloudy for a change. The river has about 17 km of fast water and rapids before the last eastward section above the confluence with the Hackett River, with a boulder-strewn shoreline. Several rapids surprised us with sharp drops at the ends, but we scouted some and ended up running everything. We found a wonderful camp above a sandy beach, which offered, along with caribou tracks, grizzly bear tracks and some wolf ones as well. The rear print of the bear track measured 26 cm across. We sighted about five caribou here and they all fled toward Hackett Lake when they saw us.

7 July This was our "rest" day. The weather was hot and sunny, typically Arctic. We paddled up the Hackett River and into the lake which is very sandy and shallow. After lunch, we hiked along an esker on the west side of the lake and then climbed a boulder-strewn hillside hoping to see the many thousands of caribou of the Bathurst herd that were supposed to be there. But, nothing. We did see a Harris' sparrow and some Arnica plants and on the paddle home we were accompanied by a young bull caribou. We all had wonderful swims in the quite warm waters of the Hackett River near our campsite. The smoke we would occasionally smell apparently came from several forest fires burning in the NWT to the south.

8 July The sun would generally set about midnight and rise at 3 a.m., not dipping low below the horizon, so that it would never really get dark at night. The river

but in low water they are benign, just a few rocks to avoid here and there. In the afternoon we portaged a 400-m rocky gorge. We didn't go on the usual evening walk because the weather was socked in and visibility was poor.

10 July The weather cleared up before breakfast and the mosquitoes arrived with the sun. The paddling today was on beautiful fast water. We lifted around two very short, shallow sections. We passed by a caribou with a huge rack of antlers and later a calf, and camped on a sweeping turn in the river just past noon after about two hours of paddling. Most of the afternoon was spent hiking in the hills behind the tents, enjoying a fantastic view downriver. We had evening swims amongst clouds of mosquitoes. Again there were no fish to be caught. Daralyn saw an American golden plover in the hills.



flows fast between red boulder banks through high hills and eskers. Two rapids end in sharp drops and we lifted over the ledges. We lunched below one that has a huge fishing hole where Ross caught a lake trout and Bob a grayling that both went into a fabulous fish chowder for supper. A grizzly had walked along the beach at this day's camp, its rear pad measuring 19 cm across. The winds here minimized the mosquitoes. There were many sik-sik

burrows around, some dug open by grizzly bears wanting to eat the little animals. The claw marks were still visible. The bears sure expend a lot of energy in their digging.

9 July The weather this morning was cold, windy, and misty but no mosquitoes! The morning paddle was on marvellous, fast water past big hills; we never got out of the canoes. There are several long stretches of rapids

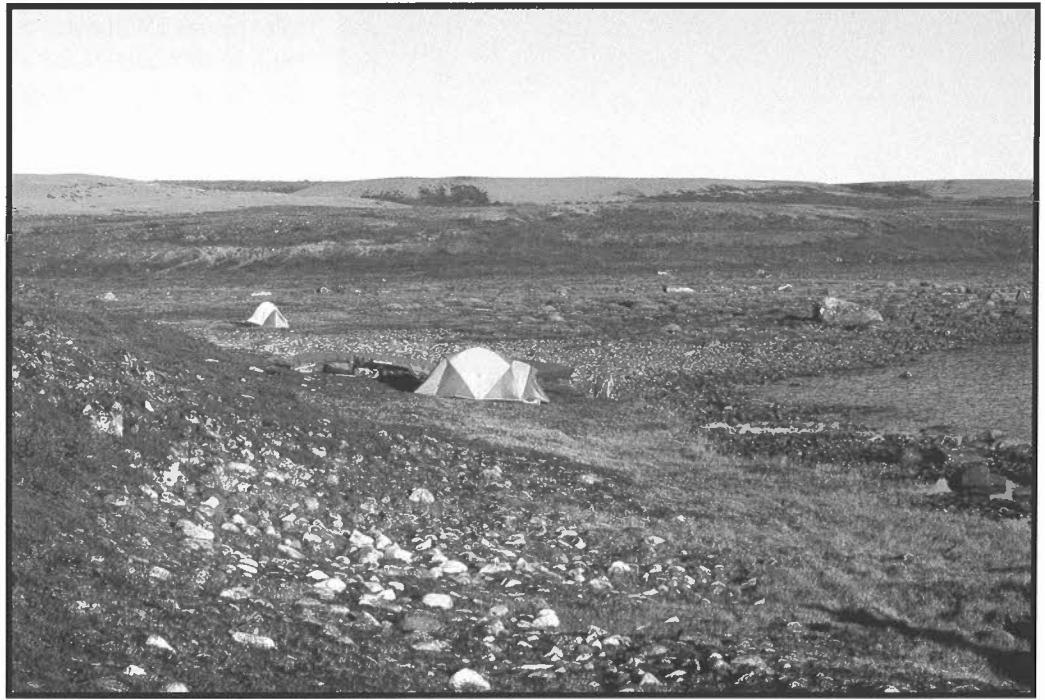
11 July This morning started with a muskox parading past our camp across the river heading up the Mara, occasionally stopping to browse. We later crossed the Arctic Circle which is marked by an inukshuk near the shoreline, and lunched at the confluence of the Mara and Burnside Rivers where we saw a golden eagle and some sik-siks. Below here, the Burnside passes through some wide, sweeping turns between gravel and boulder bars in front of huge hills. We saw two caribou near this day's camp and a herd of 16 muskoxen high up in a valley between two ridges across the river. During the evening walk we alarmed a large black-bellied plover. We ended the day with rum and tea to celebrate my first crossing of the Arctic Circle.

12 July As we were canoeing, we saw a muskox high on a bank beside the river. The paddle was a fast ride

through huge gravel bars and high sandy banks, estimating that we were travelling at about 7.5 km/h with very little effort. At our lunch stop, we sighted two more muskoxen and later another golden eagle. It was quite windy in the evening and the sky looked threatening, so we didn't go out hiking. We camped up high on a cut bank to catch the wind, which definitely kept the mosquitoes away.

13 July A cold north wind and light rain or mist greeted us in the morning. We stayed here all day. I was wearing just about everything I had and drinking lots of hot tea and soup. We went on a long hike in the afternoon above our camp.

14 July I was up at 3 a.m. and saw a lovely sunrise. The sky was clear, the wind had stopped, but it was still cold. We were on the water quite early today, before 8. The run down to the Burnside Portage was awesome. There are many rapids but all were runnable, although most rapids had a lot of huge standing waves. I was happy that we had spray covers on our canoes. We arrived at the start of the portage at noon, when we saw a peregrine falcon and some very large and inquisitive sik-siks. We had most of our packs across this 6.4-km portage by mid-afternoon and made camp near the end. We saw a pair of tundra swans on a pond during the trip. I saw some redpolls near our camp. I had seen a small flock of them wintering recently in the Credit



River Valley near Toronto and I had wondered where they spent their summers. There were still some remains of snow and ice at the put-in spot, and also a large pool with a very strong backwash.

15 July This morning we travelled back for the canoes via the Burnside Falls. The river cuts through a red rock canyon below here down to the next drop. We hitched up the canoes with ropes and towed them over a rock-free path scouted yesterday, slightly left of the usual route over the gravel. We later curved back to the shortest route and carried the canoes over the final rocky stretch and down to the water. After a cold "bath" and supper, we paddled to the Bathurst Inlet Lodge in less than two hours where we all had a beer courtesy of Daralyn.



16 July We repacked our gear this morning and got ready for a motorboat trip up to the end of Portage Bay. Our intention was to hike in the Wilberforce Hills for the next three days and also to see the Wilberforce Falls on the Hood River. This is the highest waterfall anywhere in the world north of the Arctic Circle. Allan from Bathurst Inlet took us and our gear in his boat for the trip, which took about 40 minutes and covered around 40 kilometres. The walking just in from the shore was quite treacherous as the landscape is covered with hummocks. We hiked about 5.5 km and set up a beautiful camp at a lake near a summit,



ensuring that we didn't camp in fields of cottongrass because these plants thrive in very wet areas. We later hiked up to a col to survey tomorrow's route. There were a pair of peregrine falcons hunting all around our campsite, much smaller birds than I expected them to be. The lake here is clear but cold and the mosquitoes were abundant whenever the wind dropped.

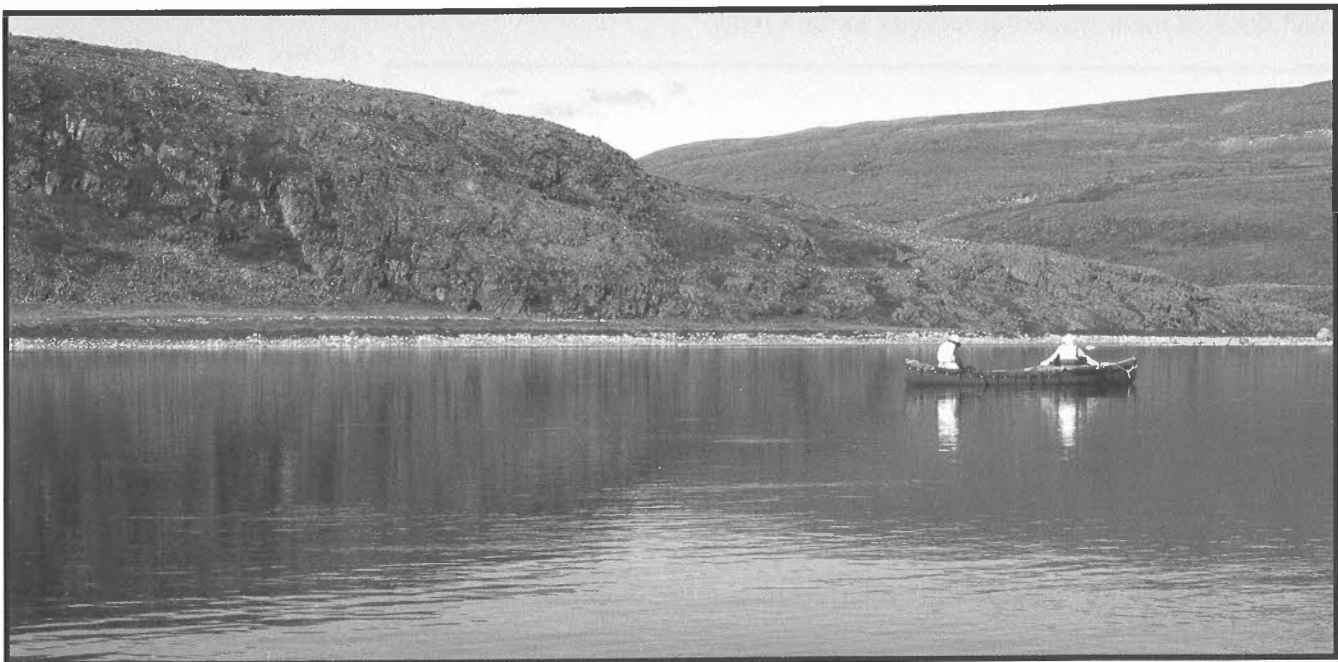
17 July Again the weather is beautiful, clear skies and very warm. We saw the pair of hunting peregrines

again at breakfast and another about one hour into the hike toward Wilberforce Falls. We set up another camp high in the hills of the Hood River drainage system. In the afternoon we hiked to the falls taking our supper with us. The area near the falls is spectacular. The Hood cuts a deep chasm in the red rock with the river far below. At the falls we met Ross' brother Dave and 11 camp counsellors-in-training from Camp Hurontario on Georgian Bay. They also had a high camp about 1.6 km upriver, having paddled down the Burnside River. Dave said that his group had encountered a grizzly bear the previous day at about where we started our hike. The bear reared up and then fled toward the hills. Dave's group fled in their canoes to the other side of the bay. The view here at the falls is superb. We had supper at a beautiful ledge just upstream of the falls and another peregrine was sighted downstream.

18 July We had another wonderful walk on this sunny day in the Wilberforce Hills, and set up another high camp. Today we saw some peregrines and a rough-legged hawk. From a vantage point high up on a ridge we could see the islands near the Lodge about 40 km away.

19 July Allen picked us up in his motorboat and took us back to the Lodge where we later hiked in the nearby hills and along the beach. There was a healthy population of sik-siks near the campsite. Beer and humus for hors d'oeuvres before supper really hit the spot. This was another breezy and sunny day.

20 July We left just after noon on a Dash 7 along with the Lodge guests and flew back to Yellowknife, passing over forest fires burning very close to town. There was a heavy stench of smoke everywhere in Yellowknife. For supper we all dined on caribou at the Wildcat Cafe. We said our goodbyes the next morning.



PADDLERS' TALK

THE CUTTING EDGE

If one takes up the sport of whitewater canoeing, sooner or later a river situation is bound to arise where you will need a razor-sharp knife in a helluva hurry. A knife attached to your life jacket is an excellent safety precaution. The limiting factor with these is that they are usually only available while a paddler is actually wearing the life jacket. Any knife which is carried in the pocket or needs both hands to operate, obviously is of limited use.

To have a knife instantly available at all times for on-water and around-camp activities requires a knife belt solely devoted to this purpose. The belt should be of lightweight, waterproof, nylon webbing, with a snap buckle. As you, ideally, only need to wear one belt, buy river shorts and river pants that have draw strings and toggles at the waist. Since a lot of camping clothing already comes this way, this should not be a problem. By having a special belt to carry your knife, it can easily be removed when changing clothes or put on outside your rainpants.

This special belt can also be used to hold other lightweight items like your Leatherman multitool and your sunglasses case. You could also add your bear spray canister in its special holster, but cameras are better kept in a separate, waterproof fanny pack or Pelican box, rather than overloading your knife belt.

The knife itself should be the straight-bladed, general-purpose kind, such as the Normark 10-cm blade for \$17. It is cheap, light, and the sheath has no top cover or flap to slow down a lightning draw, with one

hand.

Practise your draw, even under water and with gloves on. A fast draw could save your life, or at least you'll be the first one ready to go when slicing onions.

Graham McCallum

* * * * *

1. Take **tiny whisk** for mixing puddings, pancakes, soups, etc.
2. For **neck protection** as well as to **keep flies away**, sew a very lightweight 12 x 16 in. piece of white cotton cloth to the back of your sun hat (à la Lawrence of Arabia).

Rob Butler

* * * * *

GPS and Y2K

By now most of us have heard more than enough about Y2K. We've all read the doom and gloom predictions about how it will negatively impact everything from programming your VCR to withdrawing money at an ATM. However, few of us are aware of the Y2K type problem that will soon be experienced by the world's GPS system.

When GPS was originally designed, it incorporated a 10-bit counter for weeks. This allows it to count for 1024 weeks from its installation date in January 1980. In order to accommodate this limitation, on midnight 21-22 August 1999 the GPS counter program will be rolled back to zero to start again. Unless a GPS unit has been programmed to deal with the rollover, it will start downloading faulty data from the satellites.

Fortunately, any GPS unit purchased in recent years should be programmed to handle the rollover. However, if you have an early model, you should check with the manufacturer or distributor to find out if it is affected by this problem. Actually, come to think of it, if I were heading off to a remote wilderness location this summer and expecting to navigate by GPS, I think I'd want to verify that my model had been tested for the date rollover.

If this problem is an annoyance for you as a wilderness paddler, just think of how the captain of a super tanker must feel with some 3000 imbedded chips controlling most of the functions of the vessel. Makes you feel kind of smug, doesn't it?

Bill Ness

LANDS FOR LIFE

Ontario's tug of war over protection of crown lands: current status of the Lands for Life project.

There finally will be protection from logging and mining for many of the areas that we canoe in. The Ontario government recently announced its intent to nearly double the area covered by parks and conservation areas. These areas include the shores from Waubaushene on Georgian Bay to Thunder Bay on Lake Superior, the Kawartha canoe routes to the west of Hwy. 28, the shoreline of Lake Nipigon, the Spanish River, the Algoma headwaters, and many extensions to existing parks.

But we should not assume it will automatically happen now; there are detracting forces that will try to derail the plan. Thus, the WCA has expressed its support of the plan, "Ontario's Living Legend," urging the speedy approval and implementation. For details, contact Erhard Kraus, the WCA's Environmental Representative, at (416) 293-3755 or erhard@interlog.com

To get copies of the Ontario's Living Legend proposal, visit your local Ministry of Natural Resources office, call the Ministry at 1-800-667-1940, or look up the web site www.mnr.gov.on.ca/MNR/oll/contents.htm.

Erhard Kraus

PADDLERS' TALK is your opportunity to publish ingenious solutions to all kinds of big or little problems encountered in the field. To submit your ideas, please contact Bill Ness or Toni Harting; addresses etc. are in the WCA Contacts on the back page.

WCA TRIPS

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

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, rabbit1@globalserve.net; Mike Jones (905) 275-4371, dd890@freenet.toronto.on.ca; Ann Dixie (416) 769-0210, dixiea@cs.clarke-inst.on.ca; Peter Devries, (905) 477-6424, Gisela Curwen (416) 484-1471, g.curwen@danieltborger.com

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

June-September NOVICE AND BEGINNER-INTERMEDIATE SOLO PLAY AND PRACTICE
Ann Dixie, (416) 769-0210, book anytime. ----- An invitation to paddle with me and other whitewater enthusiasts who are wanting to hone and increase their **skills**. The emphasis is on safety and having a lot of **fun** in a friendly, mutually supportive learning atmosphere. Paddling options are the Gull River, Elora Gorge, or Palmer Rapids, depending on water level. I am offering to act as a co-ordinator to link novice and beginner-intermediate level solo paddlers, thus creating opportunities to paddle with others. So act on "impulse" and get to know and paddle with friendly "rivals." New members are especially welcome. Fully outfitted boats and helmets are essential. Wet suits are recommended in cooler weather.

5 June GRAND RIVER, CAMBRIDGE TO PARIS
Rob Butler, (416) 487-2282, book before 28 May, prior to 9 p.m. ----- Meet at put-in on river left, river-bank parking area, next to GTO Gas Bay on Highway 24, south of Cambridge (which is also the north end of the Paris/Cambridge Rail Trail). We will car-shuttle to the Sports Arena Parking lot in Paris. Not a strenuous trip but likely some fast riffles. We will stop at the Outfitter for coffee on the way down, and take out just up-river from the CNR bridge in Paris. It can also be arranged, for those who wish, to cycle back the 16 km along the pleasant rail trail to their vehicle at the GTO put-in.

6 June SOLO "PLAYDAY" AT THE GULL
Ann Dixie, (416) 769-0210 or Leslie Dutton, (416) 424-1087, book before 29 May. ----- The Gull is a man-made whitewater course which provides excellent opportunity for novice and beginner-intermediate level solo paddlers to practise manoeuvres in the lower section and/or the run-off at the bottom of the course.

11-13 June DUMOINE RIVER
Jay Neilson and Frank Knaapen, call Jay at (416) 690-4016 or Frank at (613) 735-4741 by 30 May. ----- We will be running the Dumoine River. Fly-in cost is around \$150 per person. Interested participants should be fully outfitted and have intermediate WW skills. The Dumoine has some challenging rapids which can be portaged and long stretches of class 2. There is one long portage around three splendid falls. The Petawawa will be the back-up river should the fly-in conditions be insurmountable. Limit five boats.

12-13 June FRANKLIN ISLAND
Doug Ashton, (519) 654-0336, book before 5 June. ----- Franklin Island is a large crown-land island located on Georgian Bay near Parry Sound. The area offers exceptional scenery, open campsites, opportunities for exploration, and interesting waterways. We will meet early Saturday morning and put in at Snug Harbour. Weather conditions will dictate our ability to paddle around the island. However, there is an inland waterway that will allow access to and from the island if the conditions are unco-operative. Participants should be comfortable paddling in large, open water. Limit four canoes.

18-20 June GEORGIAN BAY NORTH SHORE
Bob Fisher, (416) 488-4698 evenings, book by 1 June. ----- Three days of exploring the island archipelago of Philip Edward Island, just south of Killarney Park. We will leave Friday morning 10:00 a.m. from Chikanising River. There will be some open water crossings, but this is a suitable trip for all skill levels. Enjoy endless vistas as we paddle among the smooth pink rock islands. Limit six boats.

19-20 June WHITEWATER COURSE AT PALMER RAPIDS
Hugh Valliant and Jim Morris, call Hugh at (416) 726-5355, valliant@micomtech.com (preferred), book beginning 17 April.

NOW FOR THE 16th 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 17 APRIL** at 9 a.m. **DUE TO THE ITS IMMENSE POPULARITY, THE COURSE HAS FILLED UP WITHIN THE FIRST COUPLE OF DAYS 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, real potatoes, using real charcoal. A deposit of \$25 is required to secure your spot in the course and 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. Just let us know. Limit eight canoes.

19-20 June **LOWER MADAWASKA RIVER**

Karl Schimek, (705) 487-0172, phone before 9 p.m., book between 10-14 June. ----- From Palmer Rapids to Griffith via one of the finest pool-and-drop rivers. We will be camping on the river. An exciting whitewater weekend for good intermediate paddlers. All the rapids can be portaged. Limit five boats.

19-20 June **BURLEIGH-HARVEY RECREATION ZONE**

Glenn Spence, (613) 475-4176, book between 1 May and 11 June. ----- This trip will involve lake hopping and creek work. You will need efficient portaging skills. Suitable for novices. Limit five boats.

2-4 July **FRENCH RIVER OR LOWER MADAWASKA RIVER**

Hugh Valliant and Jim Morris, contact Hugh at (416) 726-5355, valliant@micomtech.com (preferred), book beginning 17 April at 9 a.m. (see above) ----- This is a continuation of the Palmer Rapids weekend and 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 10 canoes.

2-4 July **PETAWAWA RIVER**

Joe Bourgeois and Chris McDonald, contact Joe at (416) 410-7240, akuni@interlog.com ----- Chris and Joe have been paddling the Petawawa River for over eight years and would like other WCA members to join them this year on one of the best whitewater rivers in Ontario. The Petawawa runs through some of the most scenic and remote places in Algonquin Park, and offers some of the finest easily accessible whitewater paddling in southern Ontario. Suitable for intermediate or better paddlers. Limit six boats.

2-4 July **ROUGE, GATINEAU, AND OTTAWA RIVERS**

Barry Godden, (416) 440-4208, book immediately. ----- A potpourri of whitewater for adventurous intermediate and advanced paddlers. Fully outfitted whitewater boats are essential. Limit six boats.

10-11 July **WHITEWATER PLAY AND LEARN WEEKEND I**

Bill Ness, (416) 321-3005 and Ann Dixie, (416) 769-0210, book immediately, call before 9:00 p.m. ----- We will go to Palmer Rapids if there is adequate water, otherwise to Minden. This is a weekend especially for novice whitewater playboaters who would like an opportunity to practise their skills and get a little informal coaching. Some of you want to learn how to roll your boat. We'll be happy to teach you. Open canoes, C-1's, or kayaks are welcome - we're equal-opportunity paddlers. If you have a tandem boat and you just want to join in to have someone to paddle with, that's super, too. Non-paddling family members can come along to enjoy the camping and swimming. Limit eight.

10-16 July **KILLARNEY PARK**

Richard Todd, (819) 459-1179, richard@magi.com, book as soon as possible. ----- All the best lakes in the southern part of the parc, plus a day of hiking for those interested. Some moderately strenuous portages. Limits: nine people, four tents. More details at <http://infoweb.magi.com/~richard/trips/trips99.htm>.

24-25 July **WHITEWATER PLAY AND LEARN WEEKEND II**

Bill Ness, (416) 321-3005 and Ann Dixie, (416) 769-0210, book immediately, call before 9:00 p.m. ----- See 10-11 July for description.

31 July - 2 Aug. **OTTAWA RIVER**

John and Sharon Hackert, (416) 438-7672, book before 24 July. ----- We are fortunate to have access to the most beautiful campsite on the river, right where we take out. On Saturday we will paddle the Middle Channel, on Sunday the Main Channel, and on 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. Full boat flotation and helmets required. Limit six boats.

14-18 August **KILLARNEY PARK**

Richard Todd, (819) 459-1179; richard@magi.com, book as soon as possible. ----- Accent will be on soaking up the amazing scenery, both from the water and from the hiking trails where we'll venture once or twice. This will be a relatively easy trip with my family along. Limits: nine people, four tents. More details at <http://infoweb.magi.com/~richard/trips/trips99.htm>

18-22 August **GEORGIAN BAY**

Richard Todd, (819) 459-1179; richard@magi.com, book as soon as possible. ----- This will be an easy outing mostly in sheltered waters. In fact it will be possible to stay entirely in sheltered waters should there be waves of any size. We will again base ourselves in the Alexander Passage area, this time exploring to the south, including such features of interest as Hang Dog Channel. I will be bringing my family, so anyone participating must be willing to keep to an easy pace. More details at <http://infoweb.magi.com/~richard/trips/trips99.htm>.

4-6 Sept.

OTTAWA RIVER

John & Sharon Hackert, (416) 438-7672, book before 28 August. ----- See trip details above for 31 July - 2 August.

12 September.

BURNT RIVER

Bill Ness, (416) 321-3005. ----- Between Kinmount and the village of Burnt River, the Burnt is a placid stretch of water with a few small riffles and a couple of larger scenic drops, which are easily portaged. By this time of year there should be few bugs and the fall colors should be starting to make their appearance. This leisurely Sunday paddle makes an excellent family outing. Limit six boats.

25 Sept. or following Saturdays. **MISSISSAGUA RIVER, MAYBE**

Bill Ness, (416) 321-3005, book by 12 Sept., call before 9:00 p.m. ----- If there is enough water, this is a really great fall whitewater trip. However, over the last few years, dry summers have prevented me from doing it. If you would be interested and should we have enough water, let me know. I check water level in advance with the Trent Waterways staff who control the dam so don't worry about driving a long way for a surprise.

9-11 October

PETAWAWA THANKSGIVING WEEKEND

Ann Dixie, (416) 769-0210. ----- The classic fall trip from Lake Traverse to Lake McManus. A fabulous way to end the paddling season. Sunday includes a short hike to the top of a steep cliff overlooking the river. Enjoy the colors of Algonquin while having lunch. Some rapids require intermediate level skill. All rapids can be portaged so beginner paddlers are welcome.

16-17 October

GULL RIVER

Barry Godden, (416) 440-4208, book by 9 Oct. ----- The Gull has probably the only decent whitewater west of the Ottawa at this time of year. Come on out and do some paddling before the snow flies. Suitable for solid intermediates with fully equipped whitewater boats. Limit six boats.

THE ALL-DAY RAIN

Looks like the storm god is going to collect. Low clouds, wind from the north, drizzle increasing to wet. It's coming. Can feel it. It's going to be a mean one.

Packing the gear because we have got to move on. Only dry spot for 50 kilometres in every direction is where the two tents stood last night. Really should wait this one out. However, it's the old conflict between city jobs and wilderness travel. Sometimes you have to make kilometres to get out on time. Regardless of the weather. Never can understand that concept. A week more or less should not make much difference in wilderness travel. It does though if you are trying to return to a job in the city. Sad stuff. Getting out comes much too soon anyway.

Raining hard now. Thinking while paddling that even a low number for rain is often too high for most people who do wilderness canoeing. It's because you are constantly on the move. You come into contact with water often enough getting in and out of canoes, slogging across muddy portages, and lining down rapids. Gear is always damp from water sloshing in the bottom of the canoe. Seems like the gear is always trying to get out of the canoe and the river outside is always trying to get in the canoe. You spend all your time as the referee trying to keep the two sides separated.

Late afternoon and still paddling. It has rained all day. Sometimes just sprinkling and then when you think that it could possibly be over, it comes down again in torrents. The portage with probably a good campsite is still six kilometres away. Should stop, build a fire, and drink something hot, but we've stopped twice already for warm-ups and this is the big push to the portage.

Finally, we arrive at the portage. Relief visible on the faces of all of us. Said a prayer of gratitude for our safety this

day. Everyone thinking of a fire and drinking something hot. Soup sounds good as a menu item tonight. The buddies nod agreement. Campsite on this end of the portage only fair. The buddies undecided about whether to make do here or check out the other end of the portage. Rain still coming down. We vote to send one buddy over to the other end to see if the camping is better over there. If it is a better campsite, we'll portage the duffel bags and leave the canoes till morning. While the buddy is gone the rest of us stand around in the rain and look miserable. Can feel the cold penetrate deep, now that we have quit paddling. Starting to get chilly. Hypothermia's a sneaky enemy. When you suspect him, he's close.

All of us need to start getting drier. We almost decide to build a fire here when the buddy comes back and says the other end of the portage is much better. He says that it's a well-used site with great flat spots. Without a word being said, all of us grab the bags and head out on the trail. At the other end the first priority will be a fire. Looks like we'll also have to put up the tarp to help the drying process.

Later, in the tent. Dry sleeping bag brings the day's second prayer of gratitude. Experience has taught us that you have to go to any lengths to ensure that you sleep dry. You can put up with a lot of discomfort during the day if your sleeping bag is dry at night. Eight hours of mercy in a dry sleeping bag and both body and spirit are renewed.

A.M. Mist rising from the river. Dappled sunlight through the leaves.

Weather clearing. Morning is the best time. It always has been. Let's go see what the day has to offer.

Greg Went

PRODUCTS AND SERVICES

This PRODUCTS AND SERVICES section is available, free of charge and on a first-come, first-served basis, to members as well as non-members for their announcements regarding items for sale, special products, discounts, services, courses, etc. Contact the editor if more information is required.

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

- Algonquin Outfitters, RR#1, Oxtongue Lake, Dwight, Ont.
- Rockwood Outfitters, 669 Speedvale Ave. West, Guelph, Ont.
- Suntrail Outfitters, 100 Spence Str., Hepworth, Ont.
- Smoothwater Outfitters, Temagami (Hwy. 11), Ont.

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

CANOE FOR SALE Langford 16.6 Prospector, fiberglass with ash trim, weight approximately 68 lbs. Price \$495. Please contact Grant at (416) 865-6498 (w) or (416) 932-0012 (h).

CANOE FOR SALE Original Chestnut canoe in excellent condition. The length is 12 ft. with a beam of 34 in., making it very stable. Refinished in red canvas. Asking \$1200. Call Barry in Peterborough at (705) 743-8163.

CANOE FOR SALE 16 ft. cedar canoe, new red canvas cover, excellent condition; asking \$2000. Please call (905) 332-0404.

SURFSKI FOR SALE 16 ft. fiberglass surfski with double paddle, good condition; asking \$400. Please call (905) 332-0404.

NATURAL OUTINGS Exotic wilderness hiking/canoeing ecotrips one-to-two-week bargain adventures:

- June: West Coast specials: B.C.'s Gulf Islands and Washington's Olympic Park and Mt. St. Helen's volcano. Basecamp dayhiking.
- July: Newfoundland/Labrador explorations.
- August: Yukon River canoe trip / Kluane mountain basehiking.
- September: Arizona/Utah great canyon parks tour.
- November: Costa Rica ecotours, coast to coast.
- Winter 2000: Belize reef sailing, river canoeing, Tikal ruins, jungle hiking.

C\$600-800/week. Tel/fax: (705) 434-0848
info@naturaloutings.com; www.naturaloutings.com

FRENCH RIVER DELTA Explore this fascinating canoe country visited for many years by the fur-trade voyageurs and one of the most intriguing areas of the French River and the Georgian Bay coast. We supply excellent marina services including launching, car park, water taxi, and canoe rental (Nova Craft 16 ft. Prospector; wooden Kettlewell paddles). Hartley Bay House and Marina, RR.2, Alban, Ont., P0M 1A0; (705) 857-2038; fax (705) 857-2292; <http://www.georgianbay.com/sites/1945-001.htm>

CLASSIC SOLO CANOEING instructed by Becky Mason at Meech Lake, Quebec. All levels, equipment provided, fee

\$70. Please contact (819) 827-4159;
redcanoe@istar.ca; www.wilds.mb.ca/redcanoe

KENNKART DIGITAL MAPPING Since 1996 KennKart Digital Mapping has provided custom maps for outdoor recreation and environmental education. We are dedicated to providing service to non-profit groups and businesses across Ontario. Whether you are developing a map for tourism, canoe routes, snowmobile trails, bicycle routes, hiking trails, nature trails, fishing guides, or environmental education, we are here to help. If you have any questions concerning a mapping project please feel free to contact us any time at: KennKart Digital Mapping, Box 580, Beeton, Ontario, L0G 1A0; (905) 729-4273 or 1-888-355-3313; kennkart@sympatico.ca

ADVENTURE PADDLING INC. offers ORCA accredited Moving and Flat Water canoe courses, OWWA accredited kayak courses, canoe/kayak rolling clinics, instructor course, and wilderness whitewater courses in several locations which now include Costa Rica. Weekend courses take place in the Guelph/Elora area, just one hour from Toronto. Contact: 17A-218 Silvercreek Parkway N., Suite 101, Guelph, Ontario, N1H 8E8; (519) 763-9496; adventure@sentex.net; www.sentex.net/~adventure

The SENIORS FOR NATURE CANOE CLUB is accepting a few new members. The club is small with members mostly from the Greater Toronto Area (GTA) who paddle and cycle in summer, hike and cross-country ski in winter. Members are 55 or older and usually retired, so activities take place Monday to Friday. The club is particularly interested in experienced canoeists who could lead wilderness and other canoe trips in Ontario. For more information please call Jim Greenacre at (416) 759-9956.

KNU-PAC This integrated carrying system combines the carrying ability and comfort of an external backpack frame with a 100% waterproof bag to allow you to carry both your canoe and/or gear with great comfort. You'll experience better visibility, posture, and manoeuvrability; the weight is carried by the larger, stronger muscles of your legs and not your shoulders. The unique cradles support virtually any size canoe at the centre thwart and allow the canoe to be easily engaged and disengaged. Our universal thwart allows any solo canoe or kayak to be carried with the Knu-Pac system. Knudsen Enterprises, 775 Tyringham Road, Lee, MA 01238, USA; 1-888-727-8857; nitavar@vgernet.net; www.knupac.com

CANEXUS II PROCEEDINGS have recently been published as a softcover book, *The Canoe in Canadian Cultures* (see page 16, Reviews), available from the publisher and in better book stores. This important book can also be ordered directly from one of the contributors for the regular price of \$24.95 but without tax or postage/handling costs (USA and overseas customers pay US\$ 24.95 for surface mail, no tax or p/h). Contact Toni Harting, 7 Walmer Road, Apt. 902, Toronto M5R 2W8, (416) 964-2495, aharting@netcom.ca

Where it is ...



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<p>WCA Postal Address: P.O. Box 48022 Davisville Postal Outlet 1881 Yonge St. Toronto, Ontario M4S 3C6</p> <p>BOARD OF DIRECTORS</p> <p>Glenn Spence (Chairman) Box 1677 Brighton, Ont. K0K 1H0 (613) 475-4176</p> <p>Ann Dixie (Vice Chair) Toronto, Ont. (416) 769-0210 dixiea@cs.clarke-inst.on.ca</p>	<p>Anne Lessio Scarborough, Ont. (416) 293-4116 lessioa@yorku.ca</p> <p>Anne Snow Toronto, Ont. (416) 482-0810</p> <p>Brian Robertson Cambridge, Ont. (519) 650-5727 robertsb@sentex.net</p> <p>Bill Stevenson Toronto, Ont. (416) 925-0017 stevebill@aol.com</p>	<p>WCA Contacts</p> <p>SECRETARY Bill King 45 Hi Mount Drive Willowdale, Ontario M2K 1X3 (416) 223-4646 lyonrex@aol.com</p> <p>WCA TRIPS Bill Ness 194 Placentia Blvd. Scarborough, Ont., M1S 4H4 (416) 321-3005 rabbit1@globalserve.net</p>	<p>JOURNAL EDITOR Toni Harting 7 Walmer Road, Apt. 902 Toronto, Ontario M5R 2W8 (416) 964-2495 aharting@netcom.ca</p> <p>TREASURER Rob Butler Toronto, Ontario (416) 487-2282 rwbutter@pathcom.com</p>	<p>COMPUTER RECORDS and MEMBERSHIP Cash Belden 11 Pineview Road Brockville, Ontario K6V 6K3 (613) 342-1057 cashbelden@recorder.ca</p>
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Wilderness Canoe Association

membership application

I enclose a cheque for CDN \$25 (single) or CDN \$35 (family) for membership in the Wilderness Canoe Association (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. _____

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

New member Member # if renewal: _____

Single Family

Phone Number(s): _____ (h)

_____ (w)

e-mail: _____

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