

## THE HIUKITAK: RIVER OF ROCKS

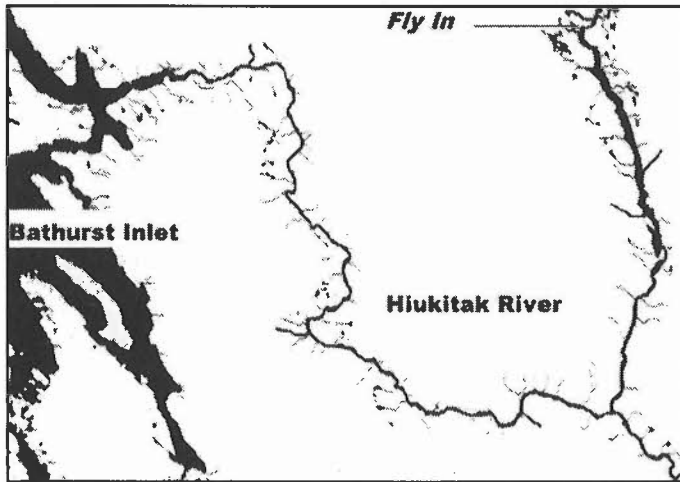
**Wendy Klope and Rich Dempsey**

Bathurst Inlet is that long-nailed finger pointing south from Coronation Gulf, by which the Arctic Ocean pokes into the midsection of the Canadian tundra. With its unique climate and geology, rich Inuit history, and significance in the saga of European exploration, it has been proposed as a Provincial Park. Four named rivers drain into Bathurst Inlet: the Hood, Burnside, Western, and Hiukitak, the last of which is so rarely visited that my wife, Wendy, and I chose it for the first three-week leg of a seven-week paddling tour of the area. The Hiukitak River drains the hilly tundra to the east of the Inlet as it flows 80 miles from its source to the sea.

It was 3 July 2000 when we flew from Yellowknife to the unnamed lake at the headwaters of the Hiukitak. We looked down on fields of ice as we crossed over Bathurst, and while the northern section of the lake was ice-free,

snowbanks along its shores calved tiny floes into the water. When finally standing on the lake shore, we heard silvery music from trickling meltwater, or maybe it was from the bells of white Arctic heather that covered the ground along with fragrant white puffs of Labrador tea. In the clear northern sunshine the temperature was in the upper 70s, the water an angelic shade of blue. Without a care in the world we set out for Bathurst Inlet, only 80 miles away down this beautiful river. Two miles later we ran into a solid shore-to-shore expanse of ice, glittering and tinkling like a vast cocktail party.

A massive muskox skull gazed with hollow eye sockets at the scene from the beach where we were forced to camp and wait for an opening. This came as we slept when a fortuitous thunderstorm blew all the ice over against the opposite shore, leaving a channel on our side



that stayed clear for all of another two miles. Then, once again we were stopped by solid ice. Here the crest of a sandy esker made a perfect campsite, a place to sit tight for a few days and wait for the hot sun to do its work. The ice shrank as we watched it, driven by the wind, rotting away with deep groans that sounded like cellos tuning up. Behind the esker the emerald tundra was scattered with purple lousewort and sunny yellow Arctic arnica, while across the lake we saw wolves as white as the ice, trotting along the ridge. One morning around 3 a.m., a loud howl sounded close to the tent and we peered out to see a white wolf racing over the tundra toward us. The moment I stepped out the wolf skewed into a hasty U-turn to beat an even faster retreat.

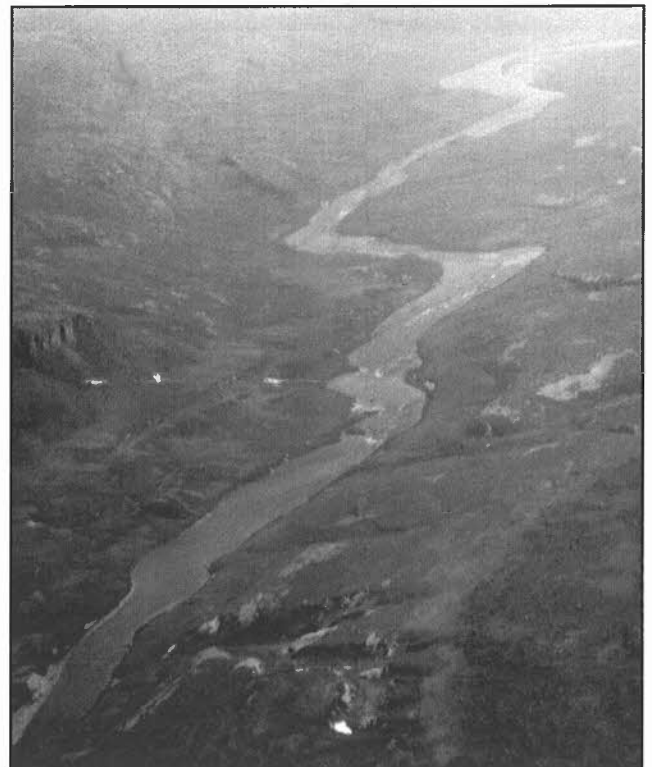
On the fourth day we tried again. Our ice-breaking techniques included hacking with paddle blades, backing up and ramming with the canoe, throwing large rocks from shore, and jumping up and down on the slab of ice. It was an unique experience to wade through ice-filled water while sweating under an 80-degree summer sun. At last we left the sparkle and chatter of ice behind and arrived at the three small rapids where the Hiukitak emerges from its lakelike headwaters. After a short portage we launched into the stream, finally on our way!

Twenty minutes of perfect paddling later, the snarl of whitewater up ahead became audible, though the map showed no rapids in the next several miles. By the end of that day we began to realize that our troubles were far from over. The Hiukitak is a typical Shield pool-and-drop river, most of its 575-foot descent taking place in the first 55 miles of its length, over the course of nine rapids marked on the map. However, the water level had fallen drastically during this summer of record-breaking heat and drought, exposing many unmapped stretches of shallow

fast water that we had to navigate somehow in a fully loaded 17-foot canoe. The next two weeks would be the most difficult in all our paddling experience.

Hiukitak is an Inuit word meaning “beautiful sandy place.” Beautiful it was, its banks a mosaic of wildflowers: golden groundsel, magenta river-beauty, and the candy-striped pinwheels of Sudetan lousewort. We decided the rest of the name referred to the millions of boulders, as abundant as grains of sand. Most of the rapids flowed through completely routeless boulder sieves, while along both sides were boulder fields up to 50 yards wide, lined with impenetrable alder and willow thickets, and steep hills beyond. To get through these obstacles, which were anywhere from 400 yards to half a mile long, we had a choice: extremely difficult (portaging) or impossible (floating). The usual procedure was somewhere in between, as Wendy would carry some of the gear over the dry boulders, lightening the canoe slightly, so that I could manoeuvre it over the wet ones. I estimated later that I waded nearly 14 miles of the Hiukitak, pushing and tugging—it could not be called lining—the loaded canoe.

The one thing that made all this drudgery worthwhile was the incredible beauty of the land, the endlessly free and fenceless tundra with the graceful river snaking across it, the wolves that kept an eye on us as we watched them, the fact that in the entire course of the river we never saw a sign of prior human presence except for occasional Inuit tent-rings. Things might have been worse in normal weather, but hot as it was, being wet all the time was not unpleasant. And after the first grizzly encounter, as I looked over at Wendy weaving through the alder thickets, I often wondered who of us had the more fearsome task.



At one point the river squeezes through a rock funnel into an enormous hole with six-foot standing waves in the middle of a gorge, requiring a two-day portage. But then the Hiukitak is joined by a nameless river that curves into view from beyond the red sandstone hills to the southeast. For a mile or so the river with its doubled volume flows beautifully flat and calm, and then the boulder fields resume. After scouting the first rapid we decided to try running it for a change, since the water level was somewhat higher now. No problem on that or the next two rapids. This was the way to go!

Full of confidence, we headed right into the fourth riffle without scouting it first, missed a sharp turn and took a ledge sideways, and in a moment were grabbing for the overturned canoe as we pedaled for a foothold on the slippery rocks beneath four feet of fast water. The gear was all in well-tied-down dry-bags, except for one shoe that Wendy rescued as it swept past her, so nothing was lost but our overconfidence.

The next day, dried out and repacked, we were back to the old routine of portaging, pushing and pulling through the endless bouldery stretches as the water level dropped in the heat. When we reached a canyon in which the river looked deep enough along the south side to line the canoe, we left the gear piled on the bank and started into the narrow section to reconnoiter, scrambling with difficulty over the boulders and brush, until I happened to glance up. About 500 yards ahead a large grizzly was also making his way along the water's edge, heading upriver but oblivious to our presence. The roar of the rapids drowned our yells and even a shot into the air from the 30.06 rifle I always carry in the Arctic. With a glance over our shoulders at the oncoming bear, we fled back to the canoe with quite a bit more speed than we had managed going the other direction. Wendy grabbed a food pack, I grabbed more ammo, and we clawed our hasty way up the 80-degree slope to the first bench, overlooking all our gear and food spread out on shore directly in the path of the bear, and waited. And waited. Had the bear turned around? Was it taking a nap in the alders?

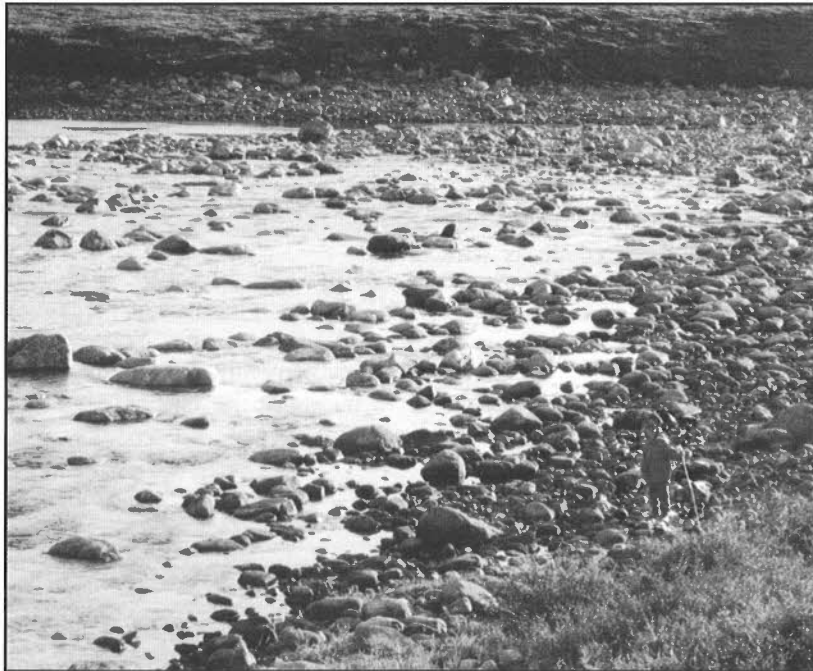
Terror gradually gave way to boredom. After 45 minutes we began to argue about who should go down the hill first to load the gear, my point being that I had the rifle

and was well-positioned to shoot at any bear the moment it emerged from the alders, long before it reached the canoe. Highly unconvinced, Wendy descended anyway and began to haul the packs down to the river. After awhile in which nothing happened, I began to feel guilty and went down to help wading the canoe to the opposite shore where we forced a way through for another mile before we stopped to camp, exhausted. The bear never reappeared. He must have finally noticed us, climbed out of the canyon straight up the side, and was probably miles back in the hills by now.

As we packed to leave the next day, several large shaggy dark forms moving about on the slope opposite camp suddenly caught our eye. Muskoxen! We breathed again. The herd grazed calmly as we watched, our first muskox sighting ever, but those few moments were to be our last pleasure in a day of drudgery and downright terror. First came the longest and most grueling boulder-field yet, then a brief respite of flat water, then a mediocre campsite on the south bank which we passed on. Ten minutes later, in the midst of yet another portage, we spotted a grizzly heading upriver along the south shore, with the same purposeful rolling gait as the first bear, but this one only about 10 yards away on the other side of a deep channel.

Toward evening we came across a broad gravel bar that had formed between two channels, each less than a foot deep. It was covered with wolf prints and mats of river-beauty that glowed hot pink in the slanting sunlight, a magical place that was all the more appealing to us because we were so tired. How could there be any danger in such paradise? We set up camp and had dinner in complete and well-earned relaxation, until Wendy strolled over to the water's edge to brush her teeth, dunked her toothbrush, and straightened up to face down the river. "BEARS!!!" Her scream brought me to my feet, grabbing the rifle. Two big grizzlies were coming at a fast gallop along the south bank, heads up, obviously excited and interested in these strange noisy creatures, stopping less than 50 yards away from us with only an ankle-deep channel of water between the bears and us.

The dark brown leader rose up on his hind legs to get a better look or perhaps a better sniff at us, standing considerably taller than my height of six feet. I fired a



## *Nastawgan*

warning shot over his shoulder, which caused him to whirl around and snap at the air, but the blonde sow bear behind him instantly headed for the hills. The brown male turned back toward us, stood up again and woofed loudly, weaving his head as he searched for our scent. I fired a second shot, now to his right, and sent him into another spin as he tried to locate the noise, though now he noticed that the other bear had taken off. He hesitated, torn between pursuing his companion or pursuing his interest in us. Still aggressively curious, he approached the water's edge to cross over. I aimed a final warning shot across his path; he stood up, looked over his shoulder at the fleeing bear and then back at us, and made his decision. With reluctance rather than any trace of fear, he loped off after his friend.

We would have packed and left paradise then and there if not for the half-lit hours of night that made conditions too cool for wading. We did not sleep, and were on our way when the sun hit the gravel bar at 5 a.m. There were no rapids on the map in the next 12 miles; this time the map was right. The worst day of the trip was followed by one of the best, mile after mile of flat easy river under a warm bright sun, though occasionally we would see and hear whitewater up ahead that seemed to recede as we paddled toward it until we realized what it was: flocks of moulting flightless ducks beating the water into a lather in their frenzy to get away from us.

The next real rapid ended in a deeper section with an island in the middle. On this steep-walled rocky fortress



surrounded by a moat of deep swift water, we spent the next couple of days, catching up on sleep, doing laundry, and feeling safe. Never again did we camp on beaches conveniently near the canoe. If there was no rocky island handy at the end of each day, we would haul food and





gear to the top of the nearest hill away from the travel-corridor along the river. The parade of bears had ended, however. There must have been a reason why all those grizzlies were on the move upriver along the south bank in one 36-hour period, as if they were on their way to a bear convention. Maybe they had scented a spawn of fish in the distance.

The effort involved in hilltop camping had other rewards besides a sense of relative safety, such as the fabulous views that reminded us of why we were there. One evening we pitched the tent on a sandy slope that turned out to be near a den of red foxes, who paced the ridge above us all night, complaining with harsh, raspy yaps. From another bluff I watched a wolverine creep along the shore toward our beached canoe. He vanished the moment I moved. When the weather finally broke with a two-day storm of gale-driven rain, we stayed in camp and were entertained by the busy siksiks, the fearless little ground squirrels that played chicken with us, letting us approach within inches before they dived into their holes. It was frustrating to watch routes appear among the boulders in the river as the water level rose, only to disappear again within 24 hours after the rain stopped.

As we approached the coast, the gentle green hills were replaced by steep talus and bare crags that loomed above the river like mountains, though their actual height was only around 1000 feet. An occasional solitary male caribou wandered into view, and we paddled by a herd of muskoxen grazing on the incline like mountain goats, with one or two reddish calves bouncing among the stolid brown adults. Near this spot, we gratefully portaged the last mapped rapids, a short series of ledges and chutes where whitewater boiled over the granite and red quartzite. Then the river settled down to a gentle meander with wide golden beaches and towering sand cliffs, a "beautiful sandy place" at last. As we paddled the remaining eight miles to the coast, we kept tasting the water for the first tang of salt from the Arctic Ocean. We camped on a flat plain just above the river, near a large and old Inuit



camp strewn with caribou bones. A few hours later we noticed that the canoe, which had been beached on shore, was now afloat. The tide was coming in!

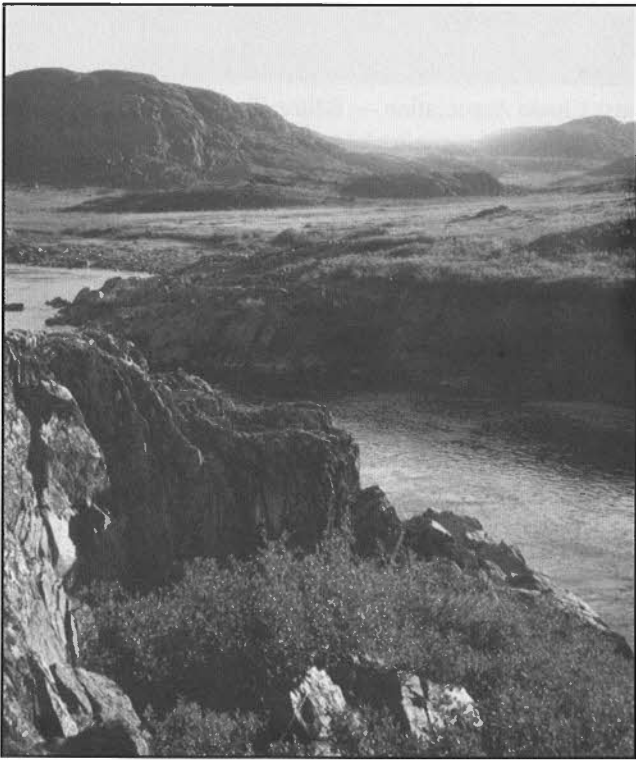
The Hiukitak River was behind us. We were on the broad estuary at its mouth where it joins Bathurst Inlet, and our river journey had ended.

We toasted the occasion with a double dose of Everclear and Tang, listening to the silence, the first respite in almost three weeks from the constant rumble of rapids or the distant mutter of more to come. The trip was not over; Bathurst Inlet still lay ahead, with more beautiful scenery and yet more grizzlies, and also the occasional passing powerboat.

The Hiukitak was not only the most arduous descent we had ever accomplished, it was also the most remote place we had ever been. Never before had we seen a land so unmarked by humans; never before had we seen a place so full of life.

\* \* \* \* \*





The Hiukitak is an extremely remote river, seldom travelled. Even in a wet year, it is probably only class 2. However, expert wilderness skills are essential, along with appropriate tents, equipment, and a durable canoe. The river is made for Royalex not Kevlar! The 80-mile length of the river is deceptive. It is not an easy river. While small in length and volume, what makes this river unique are its flowers and the concentration of wildlife, which takes time to appreciate. The 250K-scale maps are adequate. I would recommend Page Burt's *Barrenland Beauties* (Outcrop Press) as a plant guide for the area.

There is a potential for grizzly bear encounters during the spawning run of char up the river. Extensive ice is present on the headwaters of the river in early July and this could be a serious problem in a cold year. A warm year could make the upper river marginally navigable.

We flew in from Yellowknife NWT, on a Beaver float plane operated by Air Tindi. Air distance to the headwaters of the Hiukitak is approximately 330 miles. We made our arrangements through Boyd Warner of Bathurst Arctic Services, which also operates Bathurst Inlet Lodge. If I were to recommend the Hiukitak to another paddler, I would strongly recommend dealing with Air Tindi directly.





CPM # 0628980  
ISSN 1828-1327

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

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

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

## NEWS BRIEFS

**NASTAWGAN MATERIAL AND DEADLINE** Articles, trip reports, book reviews, photographs, sketches, technical tips, or anything else that you think might be of interest to other readers, are needed for future issues. Try to submit your contributions by e-mail, on 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:* Summer 2001 *deadline date:* 6 May  
Autumn 2001 5 August

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

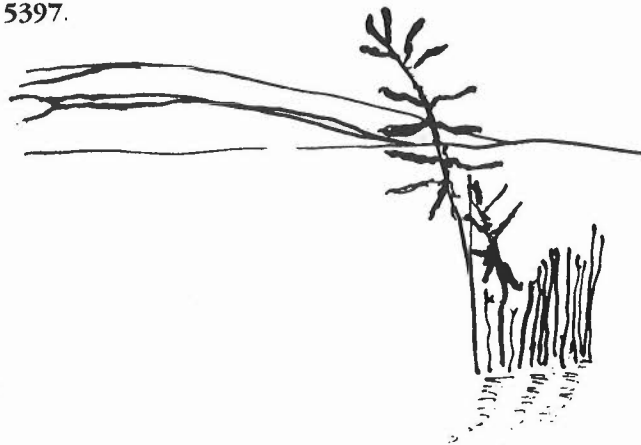
**MULTIPLE YEAR WCA MEMBERSHIPS** are now possible, albeit with no discount. This will help alleviate much of the (volunteer) administrative work, save your time and postage, and also hedge against future fee increases. Contact Cash Belden for more information.

**LONGEST RACE** One of your members, Kurt Zimmermann, provided me with your contact information. He and I are part of Team Double Helix, and will be in The Great Mississippi River Race for Rett Syndrome, May 2001. This race is the longest non-stop canoe/kayak race in history at 2,348 miles. I hope that you may have members who would like to participate in our event. Our event's website is located at <http://www.dreamkeeper.org> Clark Eid, Founder and Chairman of The Great Mississippi River Race for Rett Syndrome, May 2001; contact at 203-677-6798 or 203-271-2484 in Connecticut, USA.

**MAIN CANOE SYMPOSIUM** will be held 8–10 June 2001; Winona Camps, RR 1, Box 868, Bridgton, ME 04009, USA; phone 207-647-3721; [www.mcs.gen.me.us](http://www.mcs.gen.me.us)

**SLIDE/TALK SHOW** WCA-member David Pelly is giving a slide-show/talk, *Life and Travels in Canada's Arctic*, at a fundraising dinner in Caledon East (30 minutes north of Pearson Airport) on Friday, 4 May at 6:30 p.m. For more information contact St. James Church at 905-584-9635 or [stjames.church@sympatico.ca](mailto:stjames.church@sympatico.ca)

**PADDLE THE DON** on Sunday 6 May 2001. Bring your own canoe/kayak, paddles, and life jacket. Beginning between 9 a.m. and 12 noon at Serena Gundy Park (located in Sunnybrook Park just north of Eglinton Avenue East and west of Leslie Street), the first leg of the paddle is on the West Don River until you reach the East Branch. The trip then continues south down the Lower Don to the Keating Channel. The river ranges from class 1 to class 3 whitewater and there are three portages along the way. Be sure to bring extra warm clothes sealed in plastic. Complimentary refreshments are available. Transportation back to the cars is provided. The paddle is free, but donations to Regenerate the Don are gratefully accepted. For more information, call 416-661-6600-ext.5283 or visit [www.trca.on.ca](http://www.trca.on.ca) To register and get your starting time, call 416-661-6600-ext. 5397.





## CONSERVATION

(This is the AFTERWORD from page 178 of Bill Mason's book *Song of the Paddle*.)

The Lakota [Sioux] was a true naturalist—a lover of nature. He loved the earth and all things of the earth, the attachment growing with age. The old people came literally to love the soil and they sat or reclined on the ground with a feeling of being close to a mothering power. It was good for the skin to touch the earth and the old people liked to remove their moccasins and walk with bare feet on the sacred earth. Their tipis were built upon the earth and their altars were made of earth. The birds that flew in the air came to rest upon the earth and it was the final abiding place of all things that lived and grew. The soil was soothing, strengthening, cleansing and healing.

The old Lakota was wise. He knew that man's heart away from nature becomes hard; he knew that lack of respect for growing, living things soon led to lack of respect for humans too. (Chief Luther Standing Bear)

In our modern world of glass, steel and concrete, it is difficult, if not impossible, to have any sense of where our food, clothing and shelter come from. Everything we eat arrives in bags, boxes, cans or bottles. When we go to the outdoors, it is invariably to have a good time, to relax. For most of us, it's also an escape from the world we have created. After a short visit, though, we return. Not that there is anything inherently wrong with this. It's just that it doesn't lead to much of a relationship with the land.

Chief Luther Standing Bear's words have inspired me to share my love and compassion, or perhaps I should say obsession, for the natural world. I have shared this obsession through painting, film, photography and writing, but not without some trepidation.

Being a wilderness enthusiast is a lot like sitting on an ice floe. Every day the floe gets smaller as pieces break off and float away. You know that it will continue to get smaller day by day, never bigger. That is the reality that all lovers of wild lands have to face. We also have to realize that convincing people to go to what's left of the natural world is like inviting them onto the ice floe. Having spent the better part of my life popularizing the enjoyment of wilderness, I too must accept some responsibility for the floe getting crowded.

If I'm going to encourage people to climb onto it, it would be unthinkable for me not to try to educate them and to encourage them to join one of the various organizations dedicated to preserving what's left of our wilder-

ness.

Unfortunately, environmentalists are often perceived as being against all forms of progress, such as road building, harvesting of trees and mining. The organizations that I belong to are only against stupidity and greed for short-term gain. We all have to make a living, whether it be from logging, mining, tourism, hunting, trapping or employment in a city. What we should be united against is the needless destruction and pollution of the world we live in.

One thing that film making has taught me is that the "bad guys" aren't always all that bad. When I was making my films on wolves, I filmed biologists, trappers and hunters. In some cases the hunters and trappers were more interesting individuals and were more cooperative than the scientists. One trapper kidded me mercilessly about my fascination with wolves. After ten years of friendly correspondence, we haven't convinced each other of anything, but we both enjoy trying! The issue is not that people hunt or trap animals for a living. What really matters is that the creatures that share the earth with us continue to have a place to live. When their habitat goes, they go. We are devouring it at an ever-increasing rate.

My motivation in sharing my love of the land through my work is to awaken a love and compassion in people for the land and to encourage them to become involved in the many environmental organizations that are concerned with the preservation of wild places. Each one of the organizations represents a relatively small number of hard-working and deeply concerned individuals who care enough about the natural world to do something about its preservation. They find the problems, research them and give us the facts that we need to make our own decisions. They enable us to write intelligent letters to the governments that are responsible directly or indirectly for what's happening to the wilderness. There are conscientious people in government who welcome letters of complaint and criticism. It provides them with the incentive and the ammunition to do something about a problem. A government minister recently told the board of the Canadian Parks and Wilderness Society that a letter from the public is considered to be just as important as a ten-page position paper released by an environmental organization.

We must create the will within our elected representatives at every level of government to legislate protection for wilderness areas. Politicians tend to think and act in the short term, usually in periods of four years. First we must inform them of the problems, then convince them that we won't re-elect them if they continue to allow the land to be mismanaged. *Mismanage* is a harsh word, but politicians sometimes do cheat, use subterfuge or fail to live up to their promises. For example the logging industry in British Columbia is running out of easily accessible virgin forests to cut and is bringing great pressure to bear on the government to permit cutting in provincial parks. Recently the provincial government designated an area in

Strathcona Park, one of the oldest and most beautiful wilderness parks in B.C., as a "recreation zone." It sounds great; however, a "recreation zone" is their term for an area that is open to logging and mining. It is purposely misleading, and it's our responsibility to see that they don't get away with it.

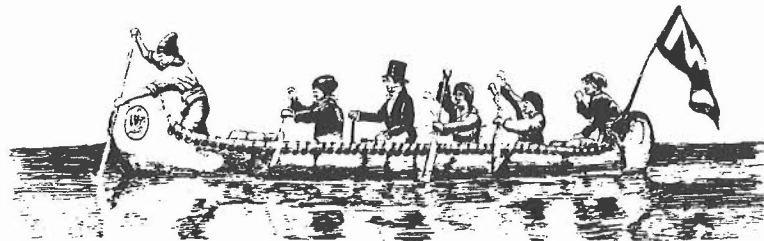
History has shown again and again all over the world that great hardship follows the destruction of the forests. Our forests are being sold off at a rate that is causing severe shortages of logs, but in much of North America reforestation is not taking place at a rate that will sustain the demand. The industry wants what is left, and often it is only environmental organizations that stand in their way.

It amazes me what these organizations accomplish with their relatively small numbers. I dream of what could

be accomplished if all the people who enjoy the outdoors belonged to at least one of these organizations and knew what was happening to our wild lands. . . .

In sharing some of my favorite canoe journeys with you, I must face the reality that next time I won't have these places all to myself. However, it's worth it if I have been instrumental in adding one more voice to the cause of wilderness preservation—not just for your sake or mine or that of our children, but for the sake of all the myriad forms of life that live there. We have a responsibility to ensure that they continue to exist because they, like us, were created by God and have a right to exist.

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## SPRING VIGNETTE

### *Grand River, April 1997*

A muskrat swimming in the reeds, a small black animal darting up the bank, a flock of nine turkey vultures roosting in the willows and then flapping across to settle on the other side, an osprey flying low over us carrying a large fish—who would have thought we'd see this much wildlife on the Grand River?

This seemed a day for such spectacles, and the best occurred early in the morning as we drove to our take-out spot to drop a car. It was Sunday, and we were on a narrow gravel road not too far from St. Jacobs. From every direction, converging on their meeting-house, came Old Order Mennonites driving black wagons. Bearded husbands, wives in bonnets or with shawls over their heads, children wrapped in blankets—everyone wearing black except a few of the younger men in navy blue. We passed the meeting-house and then found the river in front of us.

Across the fields we could see wagons coming down the winding road to the rickety wooden one-lane bridge. The horses were skittish and nervous about passing so close to our two cars with the green and red canoes. They clattered by, looking sideways at us, the men pulling tightly on the reins. There must have been close to a hundred wagons, plus a few people on foot. It was a wonderful sight. The only spot of color on the road was a red toy

wagon and sitting in it a child of about four, dressed all in black, being pulled along by its father. It reminded me of the sort of image that begins movies such as "Great Expectations."

We put in at the Elora Conservation Area, squeezing through a gap in the fence since the gates were locked. It was cold, six degrees Celsius, and there was a small icy wind in our faces, but the grey sky held off on the drizzle. Geese and many ducks, mostly mergansers, kept up constant noise and movement, and the banks were alive with small birds. The river wasn't as high as we had expected and we scraped on the gravel bottom quite a bit. The kingfishers were hunting and so were the hawks. Hunger drove us on too. We had an early lunch sitting on a downed cedar tree on the bank. There was a flock of tiny golden-crowned kinglets there, and a snowdrift close by. We even heard a hopeful grouse, drumming for his mate. Later, we had our photo taken by tourists as we passed under Ontario's only covered bridge at West Montrose.

We've done spring daytrips on the Speed, the Eramosa, the Nith, the Conestoga, and the Rankin, but this one on the Grand was the best of all.

Shirley Williams

## 16<sup>th</sup> annual CANOEING AND WILDERNESS SYMPOSIUM

This year, the theme of this famous get-together (organized by George Luste and sponsored by the WCA) was "The Old Labrador Peninsula, part 1." More than 750 people thoroughly enjoyed the following 17 presentations, given in Toronto on 2 and 3 February.

- Seventy Years with Labrador
  - The Labradorians
  - Woman of Labrador
  - Kuujjuaq to Nain by Canoe
  - Impressions of the Labrador Coast
  - A Kayak Trip in Northern Labrador
  - Conflict and Change in Contemporary Labrador
  - Innu Support Work and Myth of Wilderness
  - Ice and Tides of Ungava Bay
  - Canoeing Labrador Rivers
  - Hubbard-Wallace Court Room Drama
  - Hiking in the Torngat Mountains
  - Finding Caribou in the Labrador Peninsula
  - Labrador Art and Craft as Culture
  - Headed up Grand River: By Canoe and Snowshoe
  - Sailing Coastal Labrador
  - Reflections of the Labrador Inuk
- Andrew Brown
  - Lynne Fitzhugh
  - Joe Goudie
  - Tija Luste
  - Wendy Scott
  - Jim Lamont
  - Larry Innis
  - Jennie Barron
  - Greg and Suzanne Brown
  - Herb Pohl
  - Megan Smith and Bob Henderson
  - Katherine Suboch
  - Micheline Manseau
  - Herb Brown
  - Neil McDonald
  - John Bockstoce
  - Sarah Anala



### PADDLING LINKS

The amount and quality of information relevant to what WCA members are interested in is steadily growing on the Internet. More and more links to useful websites are becoming available each day, and easy access to information is improving. If you have a site you think is worth introducing to others, please send its address to *Nastawgan*, and include a short description of the content of the site.

Bill Layman suggests the site [www.gorp.com](http://www.gorp.com) for trip reports on northern rivers. Reaching the articles may require considerable clicking, but it's worth a try.

For some fine reports on big rivers, click Mike Peake's sites [www.canoe.ca/winiskriver](http://www.canoe.ca/winiskriver) and [www.canoe.ca/georgeriver](http://www.canoe.ca/georgeriver)

Reports on the Sutton and Rupert rivers are presented in Brian Back's [www.ottertooth.com](http://www.ottertooth.com)

### PRESENTATIONS

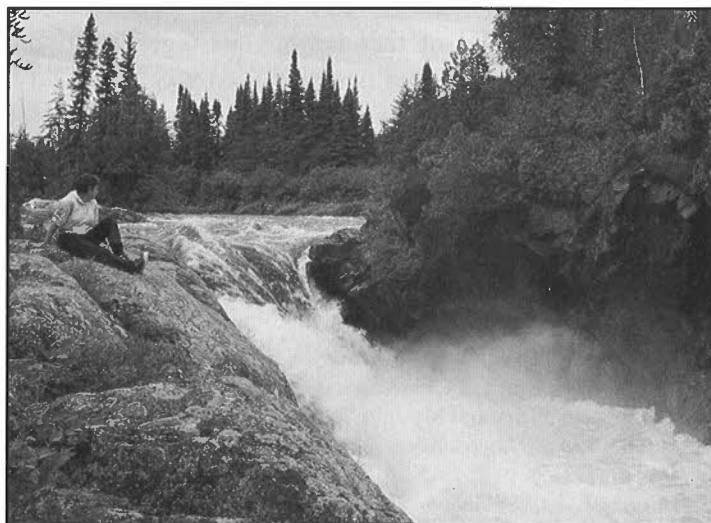
As you may know, at our Annual General Meetings, Wine and Cheese Parties, and Fall Meetings, we have special presentations from either guests or members on various topics relating to canoeing or wilderness. If you have a presentation that you would like to share at any of our meetings, we would like to hear from you. Your presentation could be a slide show or a video of your favorite canoeing expedition, an oral presentation, a demonstration of new equipment, or any topic of interest to wilderness paddlers. We do not require a commitment to any particular meeting or date; our objective is to build a resource pool of contacts. If you think that you would like to give a presentation, provide the title of your topic or topics by contacting Jeff Haymer at 416-635-5801 or [jhaymer@ionsys.com](mailto:jhaymer@ionsys.com).

# WAKWAYOWKASTIC

George Drought

It is now almost 16 years since Barbara and I ran the Wakwayowkastic River in northeastern Ontario, and at least nine years since I wrote the river guide for it. Am I feeling my age? A little bit, I suppose, because I am not trusting my memory completely. So I turn to all my journals and photographs to remind myself what it was like and what happened when we paddled it. The first thing that comes to mind is our walk at the start down the WALK-wayowkastic. The second thing I remember is an essay written in a book called *What the Traveller Saw* by Eric Newby. The essay is titled "Way Down the Wakwayowkastic River (Canada 1969)." Unfortunately, there are only two photographs accompanying the article. Others were presumably lost when cameras "ceased to work or were lost overboard."

I suspect our trips were similar in some respects. They had rain and cold north winds—so did we. They were rushing to do it in nine or 10 days—so were we. Their Cree guides told them that they did not ever recall anyone making a descent of the river. That was 1969. We were told that only six or seven groups had ever been down the

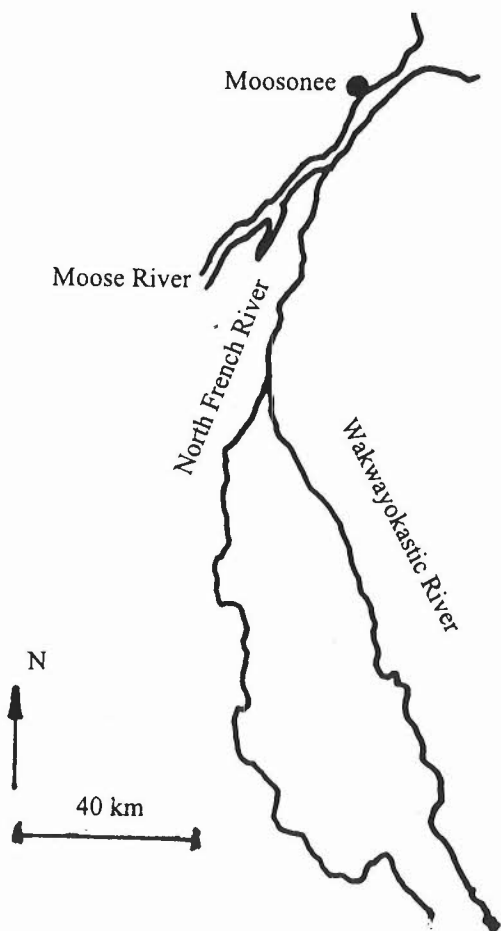


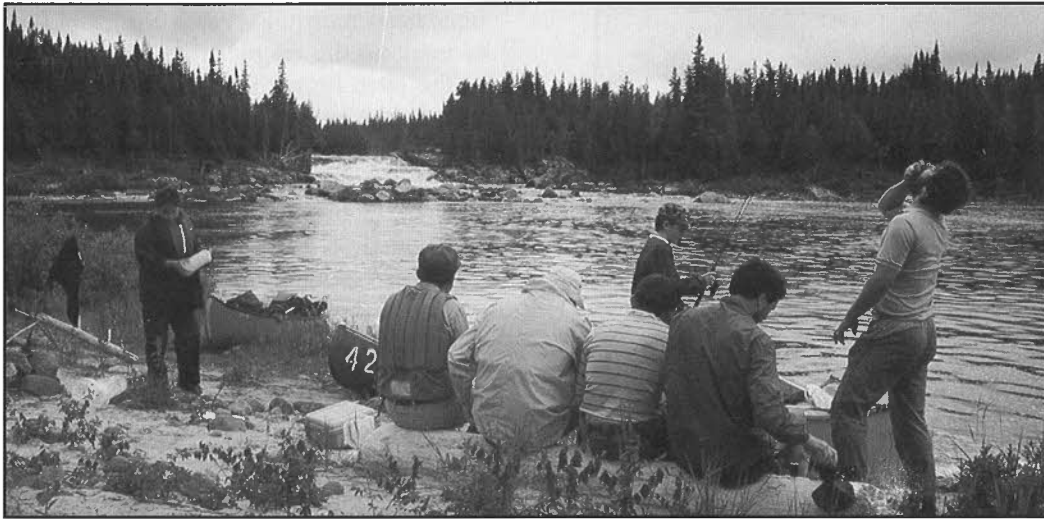
*Devil's Punchbowl*

river. That was 1985. I believe the Cree, in which event we were the third or fourth group to ever descend it. That is not to say that the river was never used by hunters, trappers, or the Cree. It definitely was, though only certain sections of it, of which we found ample evidence.

Beyond those points the similarities end. Newby and his friend, John Power, were guided by two Cree, Johnny Smallboy and Obadiah Trapper Junior (Spike). Both were adept canoe men, which was an important asset for Newby and Power who definitely needed the guides' skills. Barbara and I, both qualified tripping and whitewater instructors, were the guides for our group, which had some canoeing experience. Canoes were different too. Newby quotes: "They were 17 feet long, built of chestnut with canvas skins and were not in good condition. One had been gnawed by a bear and the other had been holed in many places and not very expertly repaired." Ours were ABS Royalex and fibreglass.

For many people, the most important thing on a canoe trip, and that affecting morale the most, is, of course, food. Here lies the greatest difference and once again I resort to quoting from Newby. "The rations, put aboard at Cochrane at the last minute, were notably lacking in substance. There were only 2 lbs of jam, two tins of condensed milk, 4 lbs of sugar, no flour, except pancake mixture, no oatmeal, only one carton of matches. To make up the weight, however, there was an incredible quantity of fruit juice, potato mayonnaise and ketchup." I get the feeling from reading his essay that the fruit juice was liquid and not powder form. We also learn from the article that except when they caught three small trout and on another occasion killed three spruce grouse





*Lunch at Elbow Falls*

near the end of the trip, they were definitely suffering from a few hunger pangs. We were much better off. Our food was waterproofed and enough was planned for eight hungry people and one hungry dog for at least ten days without resorting to “country” food. To be fair to the Cree—if they had been moving at their own speed and time, they would have undoubtedly caught more in the way of fish and game.

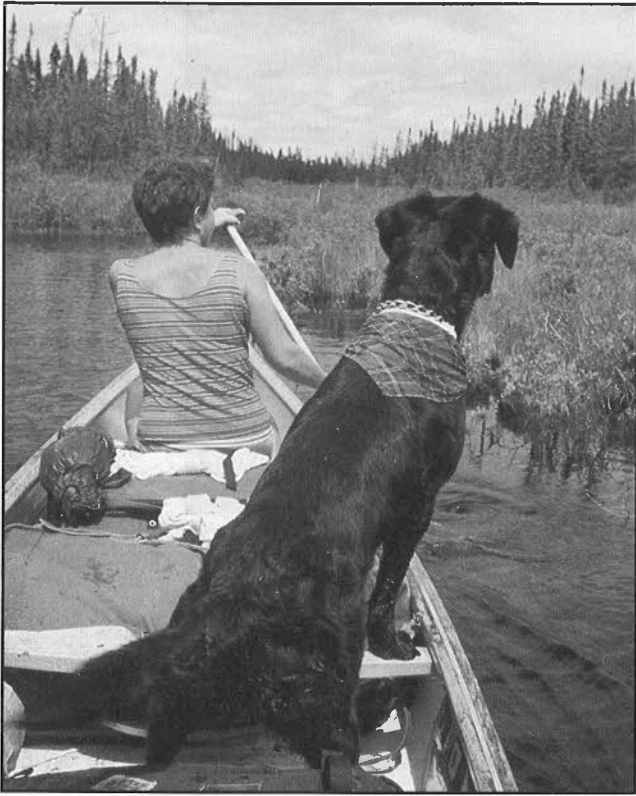
We started the trip in the middle of July with, fortunately, slightly higher water than can normally be expected at that time of year. The first day or two of paddling were still more of a walk than a paddle. There was just enough water to float the canoes and before lunch of the first day we had crossed or slammed our way through 26

beaver dams. We then fought and battled with many log jams. Beaver dams you can slam-dunk through or crash over. But log jams are a truly fearful obstacle in a river that is surrounded by swamp and tag alder. I can only thank goodness that we had the canoes we had as we could be much rougher on them than Newby with his canoes, which he describes as weighing 100 lbs each. A piece of advice for those following in our footsteps: keep a bag of salt handy during the first two days in the swampy areas. There are lots of leaches.

I am convinced Northern Ontario for all its vast size has the same weather from west to east. Weather fronts can move through at an extraordinary rate. It certainly held true on the Wak. By the fourth day we were being



*Simon Falls*



drenched with rain and because of the remoteness of the river and the lack of evidence of hunting, trapping, or canoe tripping campsites, the rain became more of a challenge. In 1985 we had to hack many of the sites out of the bush. I quote from my journal: "Ihor found a good potential campsite on the left shore of the next bend in the river. We hacked and sawed and dug for the next three hours in drenching rain, got two tarps up and a great fire going. We made a very comfortable site which will be a welcome find to future canoe trippers." The weather was like that throughout the ten days, off and on. In fact, as we approached the Wakwayowkastic Rapids we noted that a twister had cut a swath through the forest and down the side of the river for about seven hundred or eight hundred metres. A slightly sobering thought—how do you avoid such storms on the river when they occur? And they do occur!

No canoe trip in the boreal forests of Canada can be called complete if you do not encounter flies. Newby of course mentions them: "Also

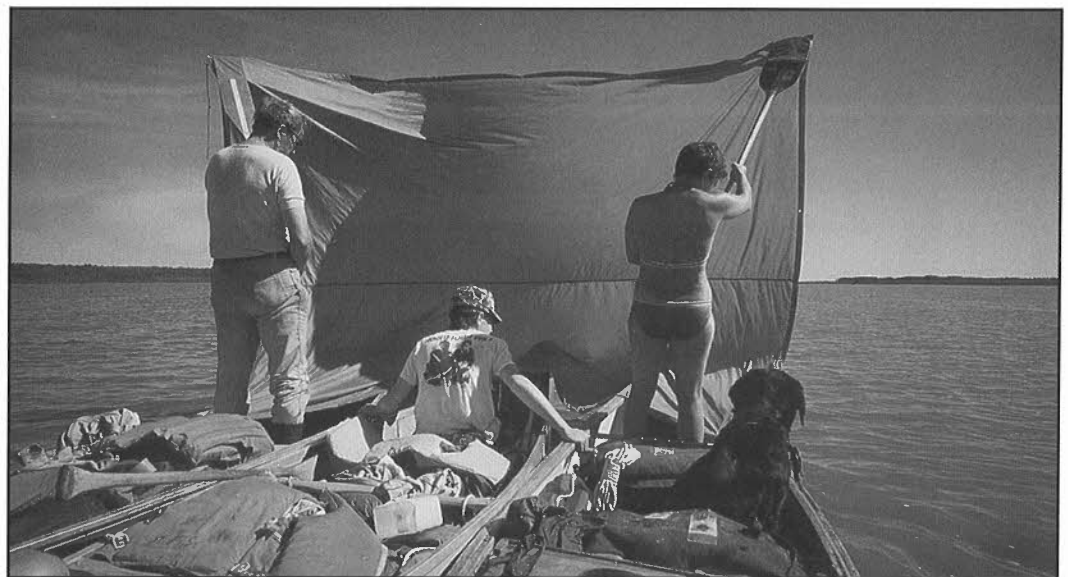
on the banks were blood-sucking insects called no-see-ums, giant mosquitoes and hordes of black fly." He forgot to mention the excruciating pain of the bite of a deer fly or the even bigger moose flies. Blackfly I can handle but deer fly are an abomination. I'll never forget Barbara's horror seeing the backs of my legs a mass of blood and welts from blackfly bites.

The highlight of the Wakwayowkastic River has to be the wonder of the arboreal canopy surrounding it. It is a true virgin old-growth forest. We portaged through forests of jack pine that were devoid of undergrowth. with a wonderful, soft, green, moss carpet. We sheltered under eastern white cedar with trunks four feet in diameter. And we camped under spruce that were sixty or seventy feet high.

We were also awed by the splendor of the Devil's Punch Bowl. Under inky-black, starlit skies, we camped on the right bank overlooking the falls. That night we listened to the sounds of the forest and thought about the herons, kingfishers, ospreys, sandpipers, and ducks that we had seen. We thought about the wild roses and orange woodlilies that lined the river banks, and we forgot about the grunt of the portages, the agony of the flies, and the soaking by the rains. It wasn't our last night, but that night had the memory of a last night. I also remember the beauty of the Wakwayowkastic, its falls, its rapids, its challenge. I also wondered about the name of the river.

One more night on the river and then, like all good fairy stories, it ended as all good canoe trips should end, with the finest of weather. We lashed the boats together and sailed down the Moose River to our destination at Moosonee. There I found the answer to the meaning of Wakwayowkastic. Translated from the Cree it is: "River that Ends in the Sands."

Adapted from *Canews*, magazine of the Ontario Recreational Canoeing Association, May 1999.



*Sailing the Moose River*

## SEAL RIVER ESKERS

There is a lot of them on the river. In fact, it's one of the Seal River's defining characteristics. It is a river of eskers.

We stopped at five of them on our 1999 trip down the river. One esker in particular, coming out of Thuycho-kaneleeni Lake, is spectacular. The nose drops vertically straight down to the water. Standing on the top of the esker, it literally looks like you could jump off the nose and land in the water. The drop is that steep and the esker is that close to the water's edge.

However, in trying to pick my favorite from the trip, I was undecided between the Bill Mason esker and the Samuel Hearne esker. Bill Mason was a pioneer in wilderness canoeing and wilderness ethics. He died in 1988 and it looks like the party going down the Seal River that year chose to commemorate that esker to him. There's a memorial plaque cemented in a rock pyramid just below the ridge of the esker. The inscription reads:

*The River, The Canoe, The Paddle  
The Man  
Bill Mason  
Seal River Trip 1988  
His Spirit Will Come Through*

The Bill Mason esker is the first one on the left downstream from Shethanei Lake. About a 20-kilometre paddle from the lake. With no rapids and a moving current, we got there about four hours after leaving Shethanei.

It has probably the best hiking on an esker that I have ever done. From the ridge of the esker you could see the river a long ways both upstream and downstream. There were great views into some small ponds on the side of the esker opposite from the river. We hiked, had lunch, took some pictures, and then pushed on.

Had some regrets about moving on. I always want to spend more time at each one of these special places. Wilderness canoeing is not like a trip to a national park where you can visit again and again. Each wilderness canoe trip takes diligent planning and preparation. If you are lucky, really lucky, you can do one trip a year. The chances of coming back to a special place are very small. So there is a great deal of sadness at departing from each one of these places.

Samuel Hearne spent some portion of the winter of 1770-1771 at the first esker you come to when you are travelling downstream from Negassa Lake to Shethanei Lake. On our trip in 1999, even though it was still early in the day, we made it a point to stop at the esker and spend the night. I just had to spread my sleeping bag on the same ground that he might have put his sleeping robes down on.

Samuel Hearne was the first to cross Canada by land. An epic feat. To think that I am walking over the same ground that he did. In the footsteps of giants. What an honor. As I sat there watching the fire that night, I wondered at the fact that it has been 229 years since Samuel Hearne walked and slept here. Now, 229 years later, and the esker is the same as when Samuel Hearne saw it. Will the next 229 years treat the esker as kindly?

The wind blowing across the esker will soon erase our footprints as it has Samuel Hearne's. And that's OK. Each succeeding generation can look at the land untouched except by the forces of nature. And come to their own conclusions as to how to make their passage both across this land and across their lives.

Greg Went

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## THE TRENT UNIVERSITY STUDENTS CANOE FOR CANCER INITIATIVE

On 20 July 2001, we will embark on a fifty-day canoe trip through the heart of Ontario.

This is not only a journey for ourselves but for the members of the communities that we will pass through along our trip. We are raising awareness and support for the young people with cancer in these communities. The network of rivers that we will paddle is reflective of the network of support we wish to create for these children and teenagers. The money we raise will be given to these communities to help these children through their struggles. We are happy to report that the Board of Directors of the Wilderness Canoe Association has given us \$200 in

support of our efforts.

We are looking for groups/organizations to represent their communities and who are able to inform and advertise to their communities the details of this project and properly allocate the donated funds.

We hope that you embrace our project and choose to become a member of the support network we wish to create for these young people.

Caroline Ruane (705-741-4869) and Carol Sparks  
(705-745-6742)

## REVIEWS

**TOWARD MAGNETIC NORTH: The Oberholtzer-Magee 1912 Canoe Journey to Hudson Bay**, published by the Oberholtzer Foundation, Marshall, Minnesota, 2000, hard-cover, 128 pages, US\$50

Reviewed by David Pelly.

When a group of dedicated volunteers undertakes a project, and succeeds, the result typically rises above anything that simple commercial enterprise is capable of achieving. Such is the case with the book, *Toward Magnetic North*, published by the Oberholtzer Foundation in Minnesota. This volume fairly sparkles.

In 1912, Ernest Oberholtzer and Billy Magee canoed from Lake Winnipeg north into the southern part of the Keewatin (now Kivalliq, Nunavut), east to Hudson Bay, and then south again (upriver) to Lake Winnipeg. The original plan was to follow J.B. Tyrrell's route down the Kazan and out to Chesterfield Inlet on the Bay, but wisely the men decided to turn east when, in early August, they were only just crossing the 60th parallel. The journey of 3200 kilometres—some of it through country hitherto unmapped by white men—took them 133 days, and ended amid early November snow squalls. Oberholtzer was a 28-year-old Harvard graduate with a newly acquired penchant for wilderness travel by canoe. Magee, whose proper name was Titapeshwewitan, was a 50-year-old Ojibwa befriended by Oberholtzer three years earlier in the Rainy Lake district. For the people behind this book project, Oberholtzer is clearly a hero, his journey an epic. But it is implicitly evident that they are celebrating something more: his love for the land and dedication to wilderness preservation. According to the book, Oberholtzer was a founder of the Wilderness Society, and "the central figure in the seemingly endless struggle to preserve the wilderness areas on the Minnesota-Ontario border" and "one of the prime movers for the establishment of the Boundary Waters Canoe Area." One gets the feeling that this life-long campaign had its roots in the 1912 journey.

The book offers several short and interesting essays, each from a different perspective, about the man himself, who died in 1977 at age 93. Brief excerpts from his trip journal are used to lay the foundation for the book's main purpose, to present a selection of 70 of Oberholtzer's black-and-white photographs, taken in 1912 with a large-format 3A Graflex camera weighing almost three kilograms. Some are better than others, of course, but taken together they provide a memorable sense of the man and his journey through unknown country. The most striking of all the images were captured in an Inuit camp at the mouth of the Thlewiazia River on Hudson Bay.

The foreword to this book puts Oberholtzer in a league with Eric Morse and Sigurd Olson. Judging the man revealed in these pages, it seems apt, insofar as his love for the wilderness was obviously profound. One differ-

ence is that his legacy, as witnessed here, is photographic. As the book says: "Only a few years after Ober and Billy paddled to Hudson Bay, the north country became the domain of airplanes and gasoline engines. York boats became antique curiosities. Paddles were replaced by out-board motors, and dog teams gave way to snowmobiles. Ober's photographs remind us that things change, but the wilderness he captured in them remains eternal."

It is books such as this, which celebrate the wilderness, that give it even a fighting chance of being eternal.

*For more information about this book, or to order, contact [jrep@starpoint.net](mailto:jrep@starpoint.net)*



**TORNGAT TAPISTRIES: Mysterious and Magnificent** is a 24-minute color video produced in 2000 by Interwild Images, 19000 Airport Road, Caledon East, Ontario, L0N 1E0; 905-584-2109; [www.interwild.com](http://www.interwild.com)

Reviewed by Toni Harting.

Hal Graham and Stan Van Zuylen have made a video that is different from so many filmed canoe trip reports because it does not portray any adrenaline-pumping whitewater runs or dangerous encounters with wild animals. Instead, it is a poetic and introspective portrayal of what touched the two paddlers when they were exploring the far northeast corner of mainland Canada. From the opening aerial shots to the final fade-out, the scenes presented to the viewer are gentle, laid-back, but still often arresting and spiritual images of the Torngats north of the tree line. The beautifully spoken text, mainly consisting of poems and incantations, speaks eloquently and philosophically of a great love for the land and of the need to protect and respect it. The quality of the sound and the music is very good. The last part of the video consists of a complete rendition of all the text, presented against a soothing background image of rippling water. This is a fine video that presents a touching view of a small but impressive section of the far North.



**CLASSIC SOLO CANOEING with Becky Mason** is a 40-minute color video written and produced in 2000 by Becky Mason, Box 1735, Chelsea, Quebec J9B 1A1; phone 819-827-4159; fax 819-827-8563; redcanoe@istar.ca; www.wilds.mb.ca/redcanoe; CN\$39.95, US\$29.95.

Reviewed by Toni Harting.

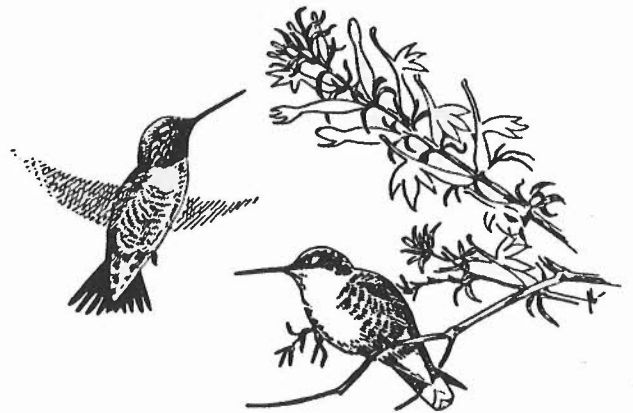
This instructional video, that teaches the classic, traditional way to control a solo open canoe on flatwater, is a splendid piece of work indeed. Becky and her talented crew have done an outstanding job of showing in simple but effective sequences how to execute paddling strokes such as pry, sweep, draw, J-stroke and several more—including the notoriously difficult backward J-stroke. But we are also given useful tips on portaging, the use of a saddle-bag, the selection of a paddle, how to handle a swamped canoe, as well as how to bestow lots of tender loving care on this exquisite watercraft (in Becky's case of course the famous red wood-canvas Prospector!). The natural scenery in which all this take place forms a marvelous background for the talented videographer; I am especially impressed by the long, uninterrupted shot of the canoe coming gracefully towards the viewer, suspended in a golden shimmer of sunlight reflecting off the water surface. What visual poetry! The well-presented commentary is clear and simple, and the last sentence spoken says it all: "... and that's why I love canoeing so much." And so do we. With this video Becky has proved to be a true chip of the fine old Mason block: first-class paddler and excellent teacher. She followed her dream and did it right by showing us again how beautiful canoeing can be.



## THE TURNING

It happens every year, in one brief instant  
when the few animal senses that remain  
sing loudly of the turning.  
A breath upon your face, light and wet.  
The tips of ripening buds  
begging to let loose their colors.  
The earthy musk of land  
feasting on last season's leaves.  
Chattering red wings aloft in the elm  
and chickadees calling for love.  
Your face turned up to the sun.  
And if you know the turning well,  
a stillness in the air that lasts a heartbeat,  
yet in the instant of its being  
trumpets that spring is here.

*Mike Van Winkle*



## BUZZARD LAKE

Buzzard lake, a crescent moon!  
A quiet evening paddle, a crying loon.  
A whippoorwill sings loud and clear.  
Such ... are the sounds this time of year.  
When frogs are singing  
a bashful tune.  
The sounds of "Buzzard" Lake in June.

*Wilhelmina J. (Willy) Wicha*

# EXPLORING ALGONQUIN'S PANHANDLE

Bill Summers

When people think of Algonquin Park they tend to think of the Highway 60 corridor and the multitude of hikes and canoe routes that can be found in this area. But there is a place in the southern-most portion of the park that has incredible vistas, large white and red pine trees, an exciting waterfall, historical ruins, and fewer crowds.

During the last weekend of September 2000, I headed into this area with a few friends to see for myself what there was to offer. Our entry point was Kingscote Lake off Elephant Lake Road. As this was not quite a circular route we had to move our car to the exit point on the York River, about a 9-km car ferry. Kingscote Lake is a large lake with a few cottages on it; we were offered an explosion of fall color in the hills.

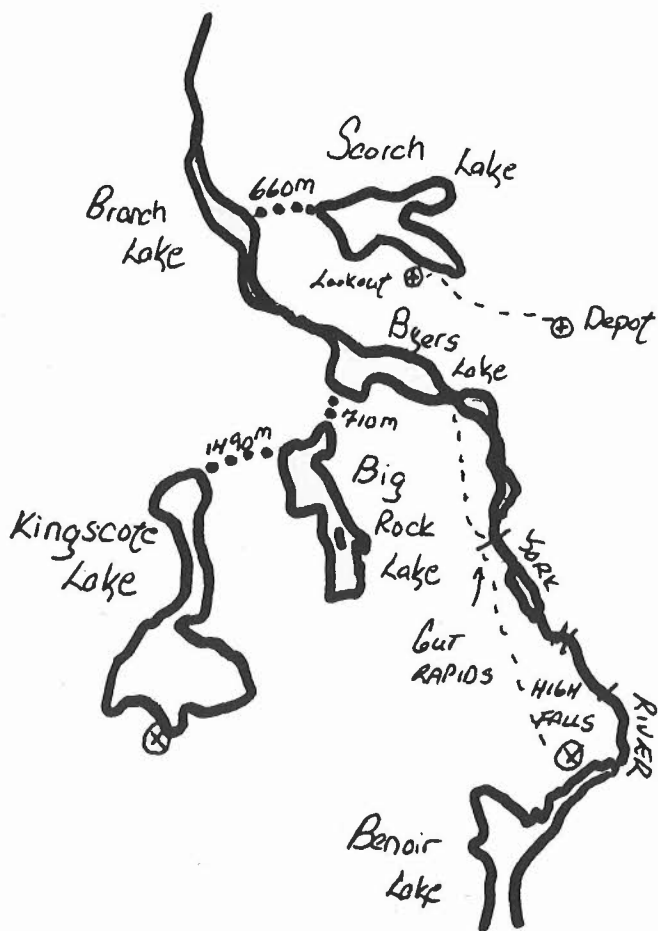
With all the rain this year the 1.5-km-long portage from Kingscote to Big Rock Lake was wet in spots. The fallen leaves tended to hide the worst mud traps until you had inadvertently stepped into them. I couldn't help but remember Pierre Elliott Trudeau's remarks about canoeing, as we had heard about his passing on the way to the trail head:

What sets a canoeing expedition apart is that it purifies you more rapidly and inescapably than any other. Travel 1000 miles by train and you are a brute; pedal 500 miles on a bicycle and you remain basically a bourgeois; paddle 100 miles in a canoe and you are already a child of nature.

Yes, you really do have a greater appreciation of this land when you cannot extricate your foot from boot-sucking mud while carrying a heavy pack and a canoe!

As the day was warm, we decided to spend some time exploring Big Rock Lake prior to the next portage to Byers Lake. On the island in the southern part of the lake we investigated through binoculars an osprey nest built in the very crown of a towering white pine tree. As we watched the tree sway in the light breeze we could see why the young would want to fledge out as quickly as possible. We tried fishing for awhile until we realized we couldn't answer the question, "So, when does trout season end?"

In Byers Lake we settled into an idyllic campsite with a golden crescent beach. After some lunch and the setting up of our tents, we headed off to the new Mountain Bike Trail near the southern part of the lake, which would lead us to Gut Rapids. The trail was quite boring, but the sight of Gut Rapids was worth the effort. The York River is forced through a straight, four-metre slot in the rock. Sights such as these makes you wonder about the geological forces that have been at work in this park.



Rockwall

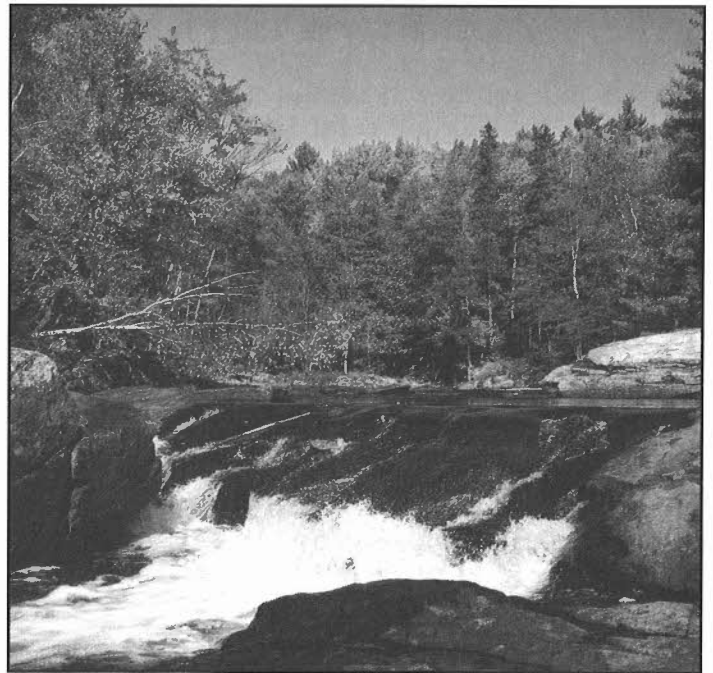


*Scorch Lake Lookout*

Dinner was a Thai chicken stir-fry with a white Chardonnay, and baked chocolate pudding for dessert. Yes, a little more culinary effort but at least it tastes like food. The evening ended with some stargazing and the mournful call of an immature loon that had not yet headed south.

The next day we headed up the York River to the new 900-metre portage from Branch to Scorch Lake, opened in 1998. Scorch Lake has a lot of tall white and red pine trees and the campsites have had very little use. We canoed down the lake and picked the site that faces west with a towering hill across the lake to the south of us. Since the sun was shining so brightly and warmly, an oddity for 2000, we lay back and soaked in the rays. As we drifted off to sleep there suddenly was an incredible noise from close by. It just didn't sound like the chipmunks, which are in a permanent state of excitement at this time of year. It would appear that another new Mountain Biking Trail had its trail end only about 15 metres down the shoreline. Oh well, I guess there is a lot of wilderness to share.

In the afternoon we hiked up to the lookout and were rewarded with spectacular views of the hills of Algonquin to the north. When we headed back down the trail, a wind in the trees knocked acorns down on our head. It reminded me of the very real problem in the tropics where people are killed each year by falling



*Top of High Falls*



*Heron Nest*

coconuts. Okay, acorns are not life threatening but it was still a bit amusing.

From the lookout we took the trail to the Bruton Farm, an agricultural depot started in 1875 to feed the loggers chopping down the trees in this section of the park. As you walk over the rocks and the hills it is hard to believe that people farmed this land. The most astounding structure is a rock wall over 1.5 metres tall and at least as deep, built from the rocks on a 12-hectare plot of land that was cleared to grow crops. At the actual farm yard you can still see some of the foundations for the numerous barns and homes that were abandoned in the 1930s. Part of the trail you walk along from Scorch Lake is the old cadge road, which horse-drawn vehicles used to use to haul supplies to the log drives on the York River.

After visiting the farm we headed back to the lake to explore it in more depth from our canoe. This definitely is one of the nicer lakes I have visited in Algonquin. In the northern-most part of the lake you can find the remnants of a blue heron rookery. There was only one nest still standing, but in the water we could see numerous other trees with nests that had fallen over the last few years. The lake also has numerous beaver lodges, and we admired the flaming red maple trees framed within the boughs of white and red pine trees.

Another sumptuous dinner to end the evening, and then we took some time to lie back and watch the shooting stars while sipping on a late-harvest wine. The night was uneventful until 3:00 a.m. when there was an

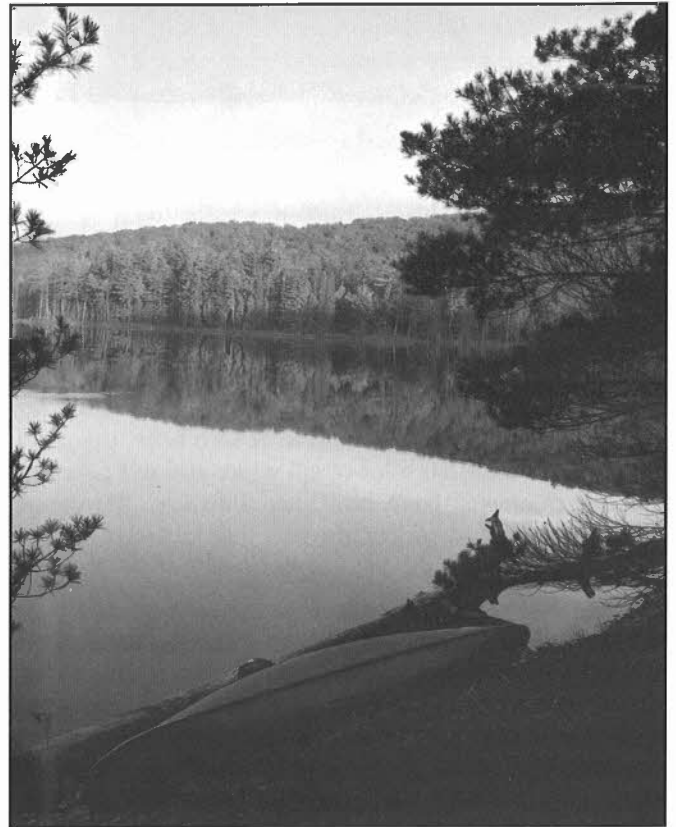
awful racket outside the tent. It was a big bull moose crashing through the trees. I thought they were supposed to glide through the forests like a ghost—must have been drinking also!

The next day we headed back out of Scorch Lake and down the York River. The day just kept getting warmer. Incredible as it may seem, I believe that this is the only weekend this summer with warm temperatures and no rain. Oh well, I guess we have been spoiled over the last few years.

As we travelled down the York River, the leaves just kept on getting richer in color. The warm temperatures brought out that incredible smell of fallen leaves. Maybe just a guy thing but why aren't there perfumes made of this smell and pumpkin pie fragrance? Okay, so I am starting to lose it.

At lunch we stopped at the High River Falls, which is now also accessible via a 3-km hiking trail. Though I have seen this falls once before in winter, it was much larger and prettier than I remember. The York River cascades down a rock slope with the water splitting into various channels.

One more portage and we were at the car. A great weekend to have as the last canoe trip of the year. Now, bring on the snow!



*Scorch Lake*

(Another story on this part of Algonquin Park is presented by Herb Pohl in the Autumn 1999 issue of *Nastawgan*.)

## FOOD FOR PADDLERS

Herb Pohl is one of the Wilderness Canoe Association's much revered members. He has travelled solo in many remote areas of Canada. His wonderfully written articles in *Nastawgan* are always looked forward to, and his slide presentations are very slick and highly entertaining. But, you may ask...can he cook? Well, he certainly can, in his own way.

### COOKING WITH HERB

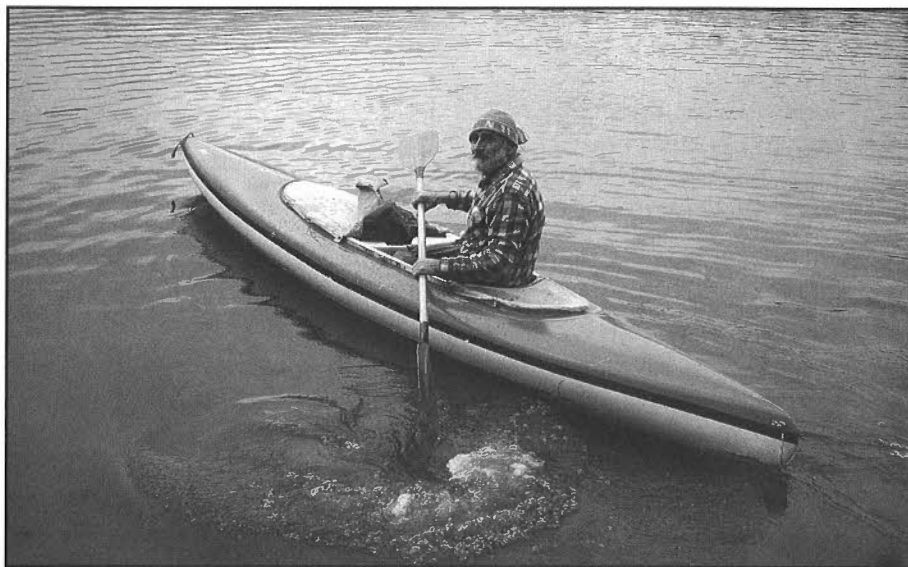
*Breakfast Favorites:* bacon and pancakes  
*Lunch Favorites:* bacon and cheese  
*Supper Favorites:* bacon, potatoes, and onions (see recipe below)

As this menu suggests, Herb likes bacon. According to Herb (and those who know), fat is the best source of energy. Fat packs nine calories of energy per gram compared to four calories per gram for protein and carbohydrate. So if you expend energy like Herb does on a canoe trip, bring lots of bacon. Herb is a definite carnivore and eats meat at most meals. Herb buys a heavily smoked and salted bacon that is partially cooked and he packs about 1.5 pounds per week. It can be eaten without cooking if fires are scarce. He also enjoys salami and sausages which he has vacuum-packed for the trip. Dehydrated extra-lean ground beef and dehydrated chicken (1/4 pound per serving) rounds out his meat allowance. Herb favors cheeses from Holland with a wax coating such as Edam, which keep well. Along with potatoes, he enjoys pasta and rice. To spice up his meals he packs some curry sauce. Herb doesn't have much of a sweet tooth—his only desserts are granola bars or fruit bars (those whose wrappers are easily burned).

To counter his bacon diet, Herb drinks lots of tea and Tang. He consumes 7–8 cups of tea per day. He prepares two flasks per day mixing orange pekoe and orange zinger tea bags along with black currant and mint. He premixes Tang with sugar (two parts Tang to one part sugar) and spices (cinnamon and ground cloves) and packs this in milk bags. For each 10-oz cup he adds three heaping teaspoons and drinks this either hot or cold.

*Herb's recipe for bacon, potatoes, and onions:*

Cut bacon into snippets and fry this along with chopped onion. Boil one large baking potato, chop this, and add to the frying pan. Voilà....a feast fit for a king!



If you would like to share your favorite tripping recipes, please contact Barb Young, 12 Erindale Crescent, Brampton, Ont. L6W 1B5; youngj david@home.com.

## BEAVERS

Skiing was certainly over for this year, yet snow still covered more than half the forest floor. Walking along the trails wasn't easy, with slush, mud, and ice underfoot. Still, I tried to get out for an hour or more each day. Everything in the bush changes so fast at this time of year, I didn't want to miss a thing.

Pussy willows grew soft, grey fur; catkins on the birches began to swell. Trailing arbutus leathery evergreen leaves gave promise of tiny, delicate pink and fragrant flowers to come.

Out for my walk one day a week or so ago, I soon grew tired of slogging through the snow and mud of the bush, especially when I knew that walking on the lake would be so much easier.

Most of the snow on the lake had melted, turned to slush, frozen, melted, and frozen again. The lake surface had become an opaque, pale-grey expanse of ice. I could walk for miles with little effort. But this opportunity was a limited-time offer—I knew that within a week or two the ice would soften.

This particular evening, I decided to walk out to the end of the bay to visit our nearest neighbors, the beavers. I wanted to see if they had taken the birch branches we had left nearby.

Last autumn, they built a new house in a crook of the bay there. A couple of dozen birch trees lay on shore as testament to their activities.

A few days earlier, we had gone out with chainsaw and sleds to cut the fallen logs for firewood. It was very handy for us the beavers had felled and limbed the trees. Allan just cut the logs to firewood length and we hauled them home.

Some of the trees they cut last fall got hung up in other trees and never hit the ground. The beavers couldn't get to the tender branches and twigs. Allan cut those logs for firewood as well, and we pulled several of the large branches over to the beaver's house.

Being mid-April, there were two or three places along this shore where the ice had opened enough for the beavers to come out. Right around the beavers' house the hole was quite large—perhaps five or six feet across.

Dozens of stripped birch twigs and flakes of white bark floated in this, the first open water on the lake. Nothing else remained of the branches we had left the day before. There were a few more branches left over from our firewood cutting, so I dragged these over near the hole, then headed on back home.

We rarely see the beavers at this time of year. The holes they can poke their bodies through are few and far between. So, it took me by surprise to see a pair of them slip silently under the ice when I was halfway home.

Quickly, I walked to within 50 yards of that hole and found a comfortable place to sit and wait. Sure enough, within five minutes they were back.

I wasn't hiding behind anything, I simply sat on a rock in full view of them. The wind was in my favor and I held very still, so they didn't see me.

I watched for half an hour or more as they nibbled on a twig from the tree that leans over the water. They groomed their fur and I think one of them had a nap. The other one slipped in and out of the water three or four times.

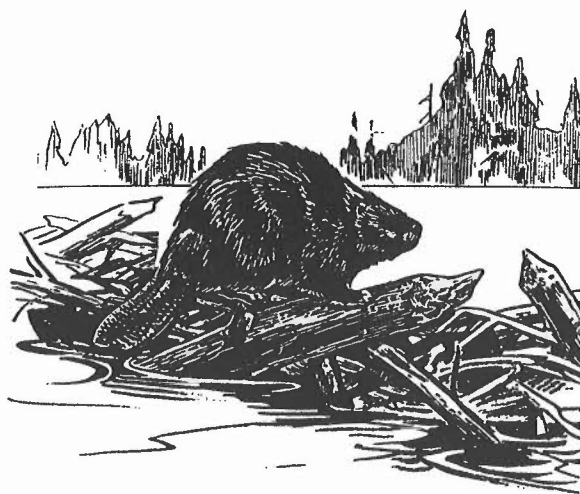
Once, while he was under the ice, I heard him rumbling around the rocks just in front of me. It sounded as though he was trying to find a place to come up on shore. Was he gnawing on the ice from below?

Ah, but the sun was getting low in the sky. It gave no heat. I grew cold on the rock, wondering just how long that beaver planned to lie so still on the ice. Alas, I gave in first.

Slowly, ever so slowly, I got up and began to move toward them. Each time they looked around, I stopped and waited. They didn't seem to notice me. They ignored the squirrel who very loudly chattered a warning of my approach. I was less than 10 yards away when at last the two large, brown, furry creatures silently slid through their hole in the ice.

Finally I could go home! I walked at a good pace to get warm and soon got back to my welcoming cabin. I found the binoculars and took a peek out to the old jack pine that leans over the lake. Sure enough, both beavers were back in this lovely spot. No doubt they were enjoying this fresh evening's air, after a winter being cooped up under the ice.

Viki Mather



## WCA TRIPS

**WANT TO ORGANIZE A TRIP AND HAVE IT  
PRESENTED IN THE SUMMER ISSUE?  
Contact the Outings Committee before 13 May!**

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, 416-512-0292, Ann\_Dixie@CAMH.net; 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.*

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### 2001 paddling season      **HAVE PADDLE WILL TRAVEL**

Harrison Jolly and friends. Call Harrison at 905-689-1733. — We paddle wherever the good whitewater is from ice-out to freeze-up. Usual locations (depending upon the season) are such rivers as the Upper Black, Gatineau, Ottawa, Petawawa, and Beaver. We also go south as far as West Virginia to rivers such as the Gauley. While some rivers we visit require advanced skills, many of these rivers can be paddled by reasonably skilled intermediates with some coaching and judicious portaging. We're friendly people who like to help newer paddlers develop their skills. Give me a call to find out where we are going.

### 31 March      **UPPER CREDIT RIVER**

Paul and Diane Hamilton, 905-877-8778, book before 24 March — Inglewood to Glen Williams. The river will be fast and cold with some swifts. This is a very pretty section of the Credit, making for a good spring paddle for intermediate canoeists. Participants should be prepared for possible cool, wet conditions. Limit six boats.

### 7 April      **BEAVER CREEK**

John and Sharon Hackert, 416-438-7672, book before 31 March. — This will be a challenging whitewater run suitable for advanced level whitewater paddlers with fully outfitted canoes and proper cold-weather attire. Limit five boats.

### 14 April      **BEAVER CREEK**

John and Sharon Hackert, 416-438-7672, book before 8 April. — You had so much fun with us last week that you want to come back again; and besides, you have to pick up the Thermos that you left at the lunch spot!

### 14-15 April      **BEAVER CREEK AND UPPER BLACK RIVER**

Barry Godden, 416-440-4208, book before 10 April. — Saturday's run follows Beaver Creek down to Fiddler's Rapids. Sunday we run the challenging Upper Black River. Both of these require advanced paddling skills. Wetsuits or drysuits, as well as full flotation for canoes are needed. Limit five boats.

### 21-22 April      **SALMON AND MOIRA RIVERS**

Glenn Spence, 613-475-4176, book before 14 April. — Just north of Belleville, these two rivers offer exciting whitewater and fine scenery. The Salmon is the more gentle one but has some ledges to practise your skills. The Moira has larger rapids, possibly up to class 3. These are some of Southern Ontario's finest spring rivers. Intermediate paddlers welcome. Limit six canoes.

### 28 April      **UPPER MADAWASKA RIVER**

John and Sharon Hackert, 416-438-7672, book before 15 April. — A day of whitewater excitement for advanced paddlers. The upper Madawaska is a fast-flowing pool-and-drop river with quiet stretches interspersed with some very serious rapids. All rapids can, and some must be portaged. Wetsuits or drysuits, helmets, and fully outfitted whitewater boats with full flotation are a must. Limit six boats.

### 28-29 April      **KAWARTHAS—LONG LAKE LOOP**

Gisela Curwen, 416-484-1471, book before 20 April. — The Kawarthas are great for the first leisurely flatwater paddle of spring. Nature lovers will be thrilled to spot returning birds and other fauna—last year we saw over 40 turtles on this weekend! We also might just be lucky again to harvest fresh cranberries, which were frozen in the lake over the winter. They taste great in bannock and desserts even if it is not Thanksgiving or Christmas. If we have time, we will hike the exposed ridges and get great views of the pretty lakes. As during the past trips, we will clean up garbage from portages. Very rewarding—there will be prizes for those who collect the best junk! Maximum four canoes.

### 29 April      **MOIRA RIVER ENCORE**

Bill Ness, 416-321-3005 before 9:00 p.m., book before 15 April. — By this time of year water levels on the Moira have gone down from break-up highs, and the temperature is on the rise. This is the perfect opportunity for newer whitewater paddlers who want some intermediate experience to get on this classic spring run from Lost Channel to Latta. There are some good surfing spots and loads of eddies to practise catching. Limit six boats.

5 May

**WILLOW CREEK THROUGH MINESSING SWAMP**

Rob Butler, 416-487-2282. — A gentle five-hour paddle down the creek or through the swamp if in flood, from south of Minessing to Edenvale Conservation Area on the Nottawassaga River. No portages. Twenty-minute car ferry. Meet at 9:30 a.m. outside Minessing Coffee Shop at junction of Hwy. 26 and Cty. Road 28.

5-6 May

**MISSISSAGUA RIVER AND EELS CREEK**

Bill Ness, 416-321-3005 before 9:00 p.m., book before 22 April. — On Saturday we will paddle the Mississagua, which is a classic pool-and-drop run. The river is a series of rapids in the class 1-3 range separated by flat sections and scenic falls (class 4-5). All major rapids can be easily portaged, making the trip suitable for intermediates, or even experienced novices who don't mind doing some extra carrying. The next day we will run Eels Creek, which is similar to the Mississagua but narrower. It's a very pretty little creek with some real fun drops, but you must be a solid intermediate with good boat control in class 2 water to be able to navigate it. The scenery justifies toting a camera. Limit five boats.

5 and/or 6 May

**TWO EASY HALIBURTON DAY TRIPS**

Ray Laughlen, 705-754-9479, or Ann Dixie, 416-512-0292, book before 28 April. — Limber up for the canoeing season on either or both of these trips. There will be time to appreciate nature. Saturday: Gull River/West Redstone River (creeking with some lifovers). Sunday: Poker/Cinder Lake loop (eight lakes, eight portages). For those doing both trips, Ray's property on the Gull River is available as a base camp. Limit six canoes.

19-21 May

**LOWER MADAWASKA RIVER**

Larry Durst, 905-415-1152 or Larry.G.Durst@snapon.com Book by 12 May. — We will paddle from above Aumonds Bay to the take-out at Griffith, a distance of 28 km, with only the Sunday being a full day of paddling and most of that spent on the Snake Rapids section of the river. Rapids will range from grade 2 to 4 and there are a couple of short portages around falls. All rapids can, however, be easily portaged. Water levels are likely to be quite high and the water cold. Participants will need to dress and pack appropriately. Suitable for good intermediates or better. Limit six boats.

12 May

**AUSABLE RIVER**

Paul Bourque, 519-733-4676 or paulbour@mnsi.net Book before 5 May. — This will be a day run on the Ausable River from near Keyser to near Sylvan, Ontario. This section is in a deep wooded valley with rocks to avoid and swifts, depending upon the water level. There are also great, easy-to-find fossils. Come self-contained. No limit on boats.

12-13 May

**UPPER MAGNETAWAN RIVER**

Barry Godden, 416-440-4208, book before 5 May. — The Magnetawan is an exciting whitewater river containing class 2-3 rapids, as well as some falls that must be portaged. We will paddle from Ahmic Lake to Maple Island both days, running one of the two outlets from Ahmic Lake for variety. This is a great trip for strong intermediate paddlers. Wetsuits or drysuits, helmets, and properly outfitted boats are a must. Limit six boats.

12-13 May

**WAHWASHKESH/MAGNETAWAN LOOP**

Paul and Diane Hamilton, 905-877-8778, book by 1 May. — We will begin at Bennett's Bay on the Top Lake and paddle into the Magnetawan River. We'll run down the river to Canal Rapids (may be portaged) and further on to Graves Rapids where we will go up a small creek into White's Lake. We'll paddle down another creek into Kashegaba Lake and Portage Bay. Then we will paddle and portage back into The Big Lake and out. Suitable for intermediates. Limit three canoes.

12-13 May

**UPPER MADAWASKA AND OPEONGO RIVERS**

Frank and Jay Knaapen, 613-687-6037, book before 6 April. — Two days of whitewater excitement for advanced paddlers. The upper Madawaska, is a fast-flowing pool-and-drop river with quiet stretches interspersed with some very serious rapids. All rapids can, and some must be portaged. The Opeongo contains long stretches of continuous riffles plus several significant drops. Portaging is more difficult here. In high water this can make for a strenuous trip. Wetsuits or drysuits, helmets, and fully outfitted whitewater boats with full flotation are a must. Limit six boats.

19-21 May

**PETAWAWA RIVER**

Frank and Jay Knaapen, 613-687-6037, book before 12 May. — All the major rapids have portages. There are some long mandatory class 1-2 sections, which make this river an excellent choice for strong and enthusiastic intermediate whitewater paddlers. Any dangerous sections can be easily carried. Full flotation, dry suits/wet suits, are required. Limit five boats.

19-20 May

**WOMEN'S FLATWATER SOLO TRIP**

Ann Dixie, 416-512-0292. — An invitation to join me if you are interested in a time for contemplation and reflection in nature. We can paddle to and from our destination as a group. Those who want to deepen their experience may choose to stay at their own campsite. Destination to be determined by participants. Novices welcome. Limit six canoes.



19-21 May **MATTAWA RIVER**  
 Bryan and Pat Buttigieg, 905-831-3554 or bryanbt@ican.net Book by 12 May. — Douglas (age 3) and Robyn (age 2) are ready for their first trip down this "Little Gem of History." This will be a leisurely long weekend outing, travelling at toddler pace from Trout Lake to the town of Mattawa. Novices of all ages (including toddlers) are welcome. Limit four canoes.

19-21 May **LOWER MADAWASKA RIVER**  
 Larry Durst, 905-415-1152 or Larry.G.Durst@snapon.com Book by 12 May. — We will paddle from above Aumonds Bay to the take-out at Griffith, a distance of 28 km, with only the Sunday being a full day of paddling and most of that spent on the Snake Rapids section of the river. Rapids will range from grade 2 to 4 and there are a couple of short portages around falls. All rapids can, however, be easily portaged. Water levels are likely to be quite high and the water cold. Participants will need to dress and pack appropriately. Suitable for good intermediates or better. Limit six boats.

26 May **ELORA GORGE**  
 Dave Sharp, 519-846-2586, book before 19 May. — Warm water and the lack of bugs one would find farther north make this a pleasant day outing suitable for novice moving water paddlers. Limit of six boats.

early June **NATURE PHOTOGRAPHY DAY TRIP**  
 Hal Graham, 905-584-2109 or hal@interwild.com and Stan Van Zuylen. — This will be a wetland exploration of one of: Luther Marsh, Rattray Marsh, or Wye Marsh, with nature photography in mind. Participants will choose final date and location in concert.

1-3 June **DUMOINE RIVER**  
 Frank and Jay Knaapen, 613-687-6037, book before 1 May. — We will be running the Dumoine River as a three-day weekend outing commencing with a fly-in to Lac Laforge. Flight cost is around \$150/person. Interested participants should have boats outfitted with adequate flotation and possess at least intermediate WW skills. The Dumoine has some challenging rapids, which can be portaged, and long stretches of Class 2. Outstanding scenery and great whitewater make this a gorgeous trip. Limit five boats.

2-3 June **PALMER RAPIDS AND LOWER MADAWASKA RIVER**  
 Paul Wilcox, 905-884-3775, and Leslie Dutton, 416-424-1087, book before 27 May. — A weekend of whitewater fun on the Madawaska. We will spend Saturday at Palmer Rapids, playing and warming up for the down-river run on Sunday. The Lower Madawaska is a pool-and-drop section with several rapids separated by flat stretches. All significant drops can be easily carried, making this an outing that intermediates would enjoy. Limit six boats.

9-16 June **ASHUAPMUSHUAN RIVER**  
 Frank and Jay Knaapen, 613-687-6037. — Join us on a five-day frolic down the scenic Ashuapmushuan (the 'Ash'), north of Lac St Jean (Rte. 155 from Trois Rivières) in Quebec. Water levels should be moderately huge with lots of enjoyable roller coaster whitewater action. Fully equipped whitewater boats required. A large defensive bug tent will be provided for cooking and relaxing

16-17 June **WHITEWATER COURSE AT PALMER RAPIDS**  
 Hugh Valliant and Jim Morris. Contact Hugh at 416-726-5355 or valliant@micomtech.com (preferred). Book immediately.

*NOW FOR THE 18th SEASON!*

DUE TO THE ITS IMMENSE POPULARITY, THE COURSE HAS FILLED UP WITHIN THE FIRST COUPLE OF DAYS FOR THE PAST SEVERAL YEARS. There is a possibility, as in previous years, that a second course will be arranged.

We will meet at Palmer Rapids on the Madawaska River for an exciting and instructional weekend. The emphasis of the course is on the strokes, techniques, and judgement necessary to safely negotiate a set of rapids. Palmer Rapids is considered a class 2 set. In this controlled and structured environment where the pace is slow, there will be plenty of time to practise and perfect our strokes. You will learn how to control a canoe in moving water so that you can go where you want to go (most of the time). The river will no longer control your canoe (all of the time).

To feed your hungry appetites after a day of paddling, there will be a group BBQ on Saturday night featuring a real salad, a real steak, and real potatoes using real charcoal. A deposit of \$28 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.

30 June 30-2 July **FRENCH RIVER OR LOWER MADAWASKA RIVER**  
 Hugh Valliant and Jim Morris. Contact Hugh at 416-726-5355 or valliant@micomtech.com (preferred). Book beginning 5 April 2001 at 9 a.m. — This is a continuation of the Palmer Rapids weekend. This is an excellent opportunity to practise and further refine and hone your whitewater skills in more challenging rapids. The location of the course will depend upon summer water levels. Suitable for novice or beginning whitewater paddlers. Preference will be given to those who attended the Palmer Rapids weekend. Limit ten canoes.

4-6 August

**OTTAWA RIVER**

John and Sharon Hackert, 416-438-7672, book before 29 July. ---- We are fortunate to have access to the most beautiful campsite on the river. The Ottawa is big water and many of the rapids are quite difficult. You should be at least a strong intermediate paddler to safely enjoy it. We recommend that you join us on some of our spring trips to develop and practise your skills before attempting this river. Limit six boats.

4-12 August

**NORTHERN KILLARNEY PARK**

Anne Snow, 416-482-0810. ---- This trip will take us through northern Killarney, mostly on Crown land. The loop will cover Lang, Nellie, and Lowry lakes. Suitable for fit intermediate paddlers. Limit four canoes.

6-12 August

**GEORGIAN BAY-30,000 ISLANDS CIRCLE TOUR**

Don Andersen, dhandersen@aol.com and Bill Stevenson, 416-925-0017, book before 1 May. ---- Starting and ending at Byng Inlet, including following island groups: Champlain, Churchill, Bustard, Outer Fox, and Rogers. Suitable for competent novices. Limit six canoes.

1-3 September

**OTTAWA RIVER**

John and Sharon Hackert, 416-438-7672, book before 26 August. Please see 4-6 August for details.

1-9 September

**LA CLOCHE SILHOUETTE HIKING TRAIL, KILLARNEY**

Gisela Curwen, 416-484-1471, book before 25 August. ---- Scenic and challenging 100-km backpacking trip. See and experience this gorgeous area from a different perspective than the canoe routes. Incredible vistas of quartzite ridges and turquoise lakes. Major crowds and bugs will be gone, and it will still be warm enough to swim.

8-9 September

**NUNIKANI LOOP**

Paul and Diane Hamilton, 905-877-8778, book before 1 September. ---- Hwy 35 at Hall's Lake. This is a pretty lake loop with plenty of time to take pictures; with a few short portages from Big Hawk Lake to Red Pine Lake to Nunikani Lake and back to Big Hawk. We'll make camp on Red Pine Lake. A nice scenic paddle. Suitable for novices. Limit four canoes.

6-8 October

**OTTAWA RIVER**

John and Sharon Hackert, 416-438-7672, book before 30 September. ---- Please see comments about the Ottawa on 4-6 August. This trip will be run if the weather is fairly mild. A decision as to whether or not to go will be made on the preceding Wednesday. You will want to wear a drysuit, of course.

**DANGERS IN THE ELORA GORGE**

Today [18 June 2000] we went paddling in the Gorge to take advantage of the higher levels the rain brought. You have to try it sometime in high water—it's completely different! A kayaker apparently came close to dying yesterday. He got to the low-level bridge where the usual take-out is, and instead of pulling up on shore decided to just hop up on the bridge, which was just barely above water. Unfortunately the bridge acts like a big strainer and suck-hole when the levels are right up to it, and the back end of his boat got sucked under. He got his foot stuck in his boat and couldn't get out as it filled with water. Fortunately a fisherman got to him in time to hang on. Another kayaker helped out and they got his foot loose just before the boat was pulled completely under. We were told that the boat is still there so it must be caught up in branches and logs that are jammed under the bridge. Man, was he lucky! Makes you think about how easy it is to take rivers for granted.

Dawne Robinson

I saw something very similar at this spot a couple of years ago about the same time of year, after rain had brought the level up to just a little above the underside of the low-level bridge. A girl in an inner tube floated up to the bridge, thinking she was just going to hop out onto it. Unfortunately, her reaction time was a little slow and she and her tube started to get sucked under. A couple of guys on the bridge grabbed her, but were surprised by the amount of force the current was exerting. So, in a stupefying display of ignorance one of them said to the other, "Let her go, she'll just float through," to which the other angrily replied, "Fuck you, she'll drown!" We were just arriving in our boats, and by the time we got on shore they had extricated her. Good thing, from what you say, Dawne. That confirms our suspicion that there was all kinds of debris under there, which could entrap someone. It's a very dangerous spot at this level and the conservation authority should post warnings. Unfortunately, unless you understand river hazards, the situation looks quite benign.

Bill Ness

## PRODUCTS AND SERVICES

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

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

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

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

**A SIMPLE SOLUTION TO WET GEAR** CANOE PACK LINER from OSTROM OUTDOORS. Huge! Fits packs 60–120 L (3500–7500 cubic inches) — Lightweight — Bright yellow — Coated 70D Packcloth — Taped seams — Roll top — Twist — Buckle Closure — Rave reviews from the field. \$60 CDN (+ shipping and taxes) For more information or a free catalogue, call Bill or Anne Ostrom toll free at 1-877-678-7661, email at ostromab@tbaytel.net, or visit our website at [www.ostrompacks.com](http://www.ostrompacks.com). We also make a variety of canoe packs and accessories.

**BOOKS** Betelgeuse Books, founded in 1981, is a small press dedicated to the publication of high quality work on northern Canadian subjects: the land, its people, its history, and the heritage of wilderness travel and canoeing. Details of current titles are available at a new website: <http://maxpages.com/betelgeuse>

**INTERWILD IMAGES** retails products on the Internet, which reflect the wild and open places remaining on our earth. We recognize and encourage that sense of wonder and discovery travellers experience as they encounter wilderness during their personal passage aboard our Spaceship Earth. We're new and we're eager. Give us a look! Videos, paddles, trip logs, maps, compasses, artwork, music, books, composters. Telephone 1-905-584-2109 or fax 1-905-584-4722 or [hal@interwild.com](mailto:hal@interwild.com)

**VALLEY VENTURES** Dumoine/Noire/Coulange/Petawawa rivers: complete and partial outfitting and shuttle services. We specialize in custom trips. Valley Ventures, Deep River, Ontario, 613-584-2577. Check our website [www.magma.ca/~vent](http://www.magma.ca/~vent)

**CANOE FOR SALE** 16 foot canvas-covered cedar strip. Five years old, in beautiful shape. Winter stored and in excellent condition. Based on Chestnut design. New price \$2500 plus taxes. Will sell for \$1400. Call Bob at 905-426-9125 or [ripper.tripper@sympatico.ca](mailto:ripper.tripper@sympatico.ca)

**CANOE FOR SALE** Novacraft 16 foot Prospector SUPERLITE Kevlar and Spectra. Used for one trip only to the Bowron circuit in B.C. A sacrifice at \$2250. Call 905-987-5004 or [riwi@interlinks.net](mailto:riwi@interlinks.net)

**CANOE FOR SALE** 14'6" Mad River Guide, ABS solo whitewater tripping canoe, fully outfitted, centre seat, lightly used, \$1000. Call Ross at 613-374-5211.

**SMOOTHWATER OUTFITTERS 2001 TRIPS AND WORKSHOPS** Songwriting and Hiking with Charlie Angus 28–29 April; Wild Game, Wildlife, Wild Painting 25–27 May; Spirit of Seven, a Painting and Wilderness Adventure (co-sponsored with Ontario College of Art and Design) 8–14 July; Mother and Daughter Canoe Trip 16–21 July; Women's Quest by Canoe with Yoga and Painting 12–19 August; Walk Through Time: Temagami Archaeology Tours 10–14 September; Songwriting, Ancient Pines, and a Canoe with Ian Tamblin 14–17 September; Annual Garbage Cleanup 9–10 June (free canoe rentals for two days in exchange for backcountry cleanup at campsites. It's an everybody-feels-good weekend with prizes.); Remote River Trips: Dog River 19–27 May, Wakwayokastic River 18–28 June, Kattawagami River 3–15 July, Harricanaw River 23 July – 2 August, Mistissibi River North East 6–16 August. Contact: Caryn Colman, Box 40, Temagami, ON., P0H 2H0. Tel:705-569-3539; Fax:705-569-2710; [temagami@onlink.net](mailto:temagami@onlink.net) [www.smoothwater.com](http://www.smoothwater.com)

**SHUTTLE FOR THE NOIRE** Rob Evis has a tripping company in Davidson near the mouth of the Coulonge River in western Quebec and will provide shuttle service for the Noire River (\$150) and presumably the Coulonge. Contact [robb@paddlefoot.ca](mailto:robb@paddlefoot.ca)

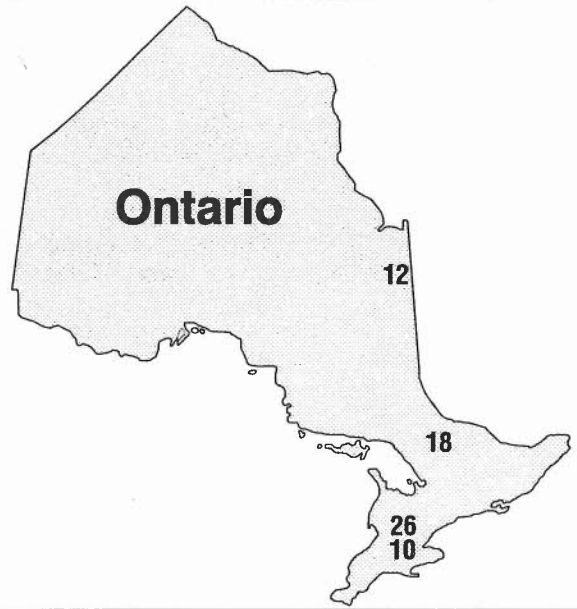
**CUSTOM PHOTO LAB** On 1 March 2001, we will be opening a custom photo lab in the Richmond Hill / Markham area, providing specialized services in landscape, wildlife, and architectural photography, which might be of interest to WCA members who can get a 10% discount on custom photo lab services.

- High-quality photographic prints from slides, prints, and digital files (from 3"x5" to 20"x30")
- Publishing assistance in high-res image scanning and graphics design

- Image retouching and enhancements
  - Restoration of stained/scratched prints and faded slides
  - We also accept uploaded images in various formats
- Come to see our 8-ft long picture of timber wolves, and a 50-ft long print of a Georgian Bay scene. Contact Les Palenik at Advantica Custom Photo Lab, 20 Wertheim Court, Unit 17, Richmond Hill, Ont. L4B 3A8, (Leslie/Hwy 7); Tel. 905-762-8766 or 905-773-0749, email: [info@advantica.com](mailto:info@advantica.com)

**FRENCH RIVER VOYAGEURS** Join Toni Harting, author of *French River: Canoeing the River of the Stick-Wavers*, and canoe builder Glenn Fallis, owner of the Voyageur Canoe Company—canoeists extraordinaire—as they recreate history while we're paddling the bays, inlets, and rapids of the French River in Montreal and North canoes (36 feet and 26 feet in length). Enjoy fine cuisine as our chef prepares your meals. Listen to the stories, music, and history of the Voyageur paddlers around the campfire. Above all, you will marvel at this magnificent river and its history in the company of other modern-day Voyageurs. Dates 20–26 August 2001, with the first and last nights at "The Lodge at Pine Cove" at Wolseley Bay. Difficulty level is novice and the trip will suit anyone interested in a unique cultural adventure. Price is \$685.00 plus tax all-inclusive. For more information, call Canoetours at 1-877-422-6634 (toll free in North America) or 1-705-898-2500 or check [www.canoetours.com](http://www.canoetours.com)

# Where it is ...



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- 12. Wakwayokastic
- 15. Seal River Eskers
- 16. Reviews
- 17. Poems
- 18. Algonquin's Panhandle
- 21. Food

- 22. Beavers
- 23. WCA Trips
- 26. Dangers in Elora Gorge
- 27. Products and Services

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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)

( ) \_\_\_\_\_ Ext. \_\_\_\_\_ (w)

\* Send completed form and cheque, payable to the WILDERNESS CANOE ASSOCIATION, to the WCA postal address, c/o Membership.