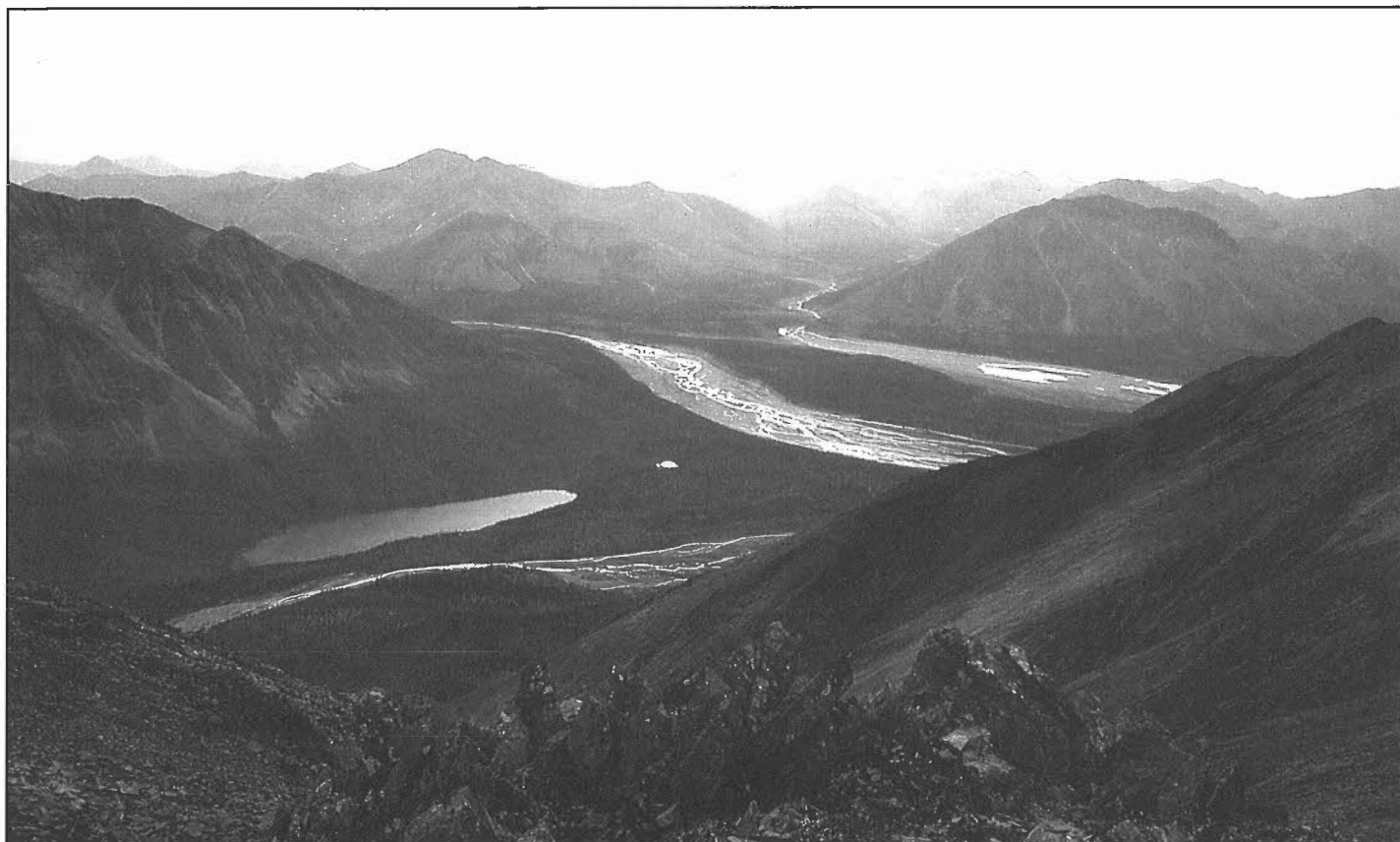




nastawgan

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Quarterly Journal of the Wilderness Canoe Association



We hiked to the top of an unnamed mountain to get a view of McCluskey Lake where our plane had landed. Close to the lake a small tributary is visible that flows into the Wind River in the background.

YUKON PASSION

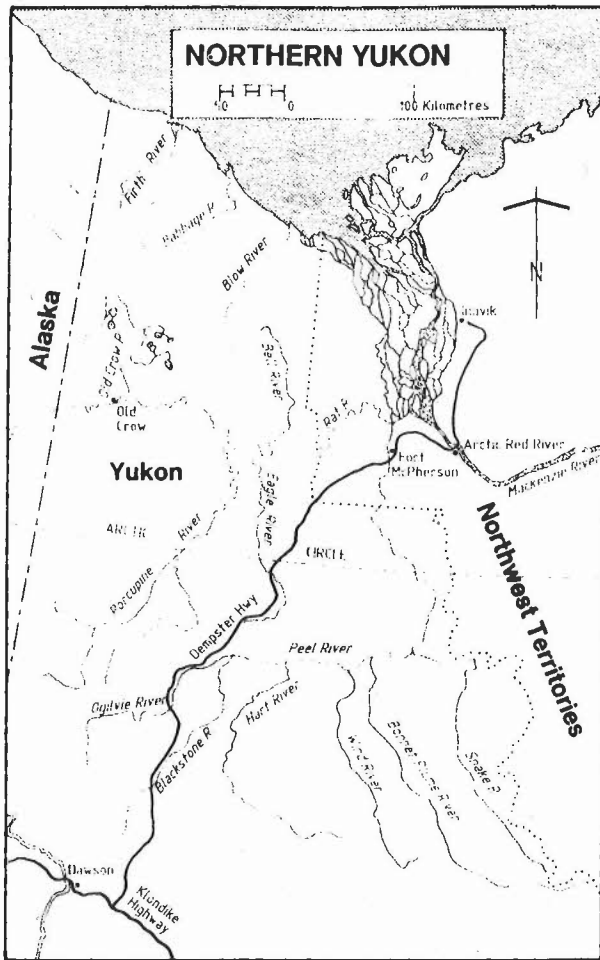
PADDLING DOWN THE WIND AND PEEL RIVERS

Doug Smith

I have a passion for rivers in the Far North, an inner void that can be filled only by a canoe trip down one of the wild and pristine rivers of Alaska or northern Canada. While at home in the "lower 48," I yearn for those unspoiled rivers surrounded by massive mountains. I remember several moods of Alaskan light—the crisp brightness of mid-day, the long evening softness, the cascade of light streaming through broken clouds, the gloom

of rain clouds. I recall my previous adventures—running the big water, climbing the steep bank, walking the mountain valley. The inner void swells.

I have canoed in Alaska, the Yukon Territory, the Northwest Territories, Alberta, Ontario, and various locations in the "lower 48," practising for the North. I have spent entire summers canoeing and hiking, and when I couldn't stay that long, I would go for two or three weeks,



Source:

Madsen, K. and G. Wilson, 1989, *Rivers of the Yukon*, Primrose Publishing, Whitehorse, Yukon.

just enough time for one canoe trip. I visited many of the towns, learned the subtleties—both social and geographical—of the region. I developed an intimacy with, and longing for, “up there.”

After missing one summer, I felt that two would be too many. With a month free (graduate student life has its benefits), I decided to take a river trip in the northern Yukon Territory, a place I had visited before. My canoeing partner, Ken Svendsen, and I settled upon a trip that would start with a descent down the Wind River, which is short (about 130 miles) and in the mountains. We would then paddle some of the Peel River and take out at the Dempster Highway that crosses the Peel near Fort McPherson in the Northwest Territories, a selling point that greatly reduces the trip cost.

We made preparations, sent for maps, bought gear, re-finished paddles, rigged my Old Town Tripper, made menus. We plotted and planned our course, figuring road, air and river miles for our entire trip. It would be a long journey—from Upper Peninsula Michigan to the Northwest Territories and back.

The north woods of Minnesota and Ontario came and went surprisingly fast. Then there were the prairie provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, the towns of Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Edmonton—that gave us two days of panting, blistering travel in near 100 F heat that turned the pavement viscous. As we travelled northwest out of Edmonton we crossed the Peace River, the Toad, the Liard, and others. Just the sight of so many rivers made me forget about dull times and dreadful distances. I saw these waters, and the old passion flared; I remembered why I craved to travel so far.

The last big river before the Wind was the Stewart, a boiling, silty-smooth flow by the town of Mayo, our rendezvous site with a Cessna 185 floatplane from Aerokon Aviation operating out of Whitehorse. Greeted by a pilot sufficiently vague in all answers to all questions, I knew I was officially in the North and that the next leg of our trip had begun.

We flew through the mountains and over several more rivers, the names of which we guessed at, then over the Wind itself into McClusky Lake. After making camp, we walked down to the river. The mosquitoes were out, but the evening sun made up for the discomfort. Everything—tundra, trees, mountains, clouds—was tinted amber. The water in the river was the clearest I had ever seen; rock riffles streaked white, quiet transparent shallows, emerald pools. And it was cold.

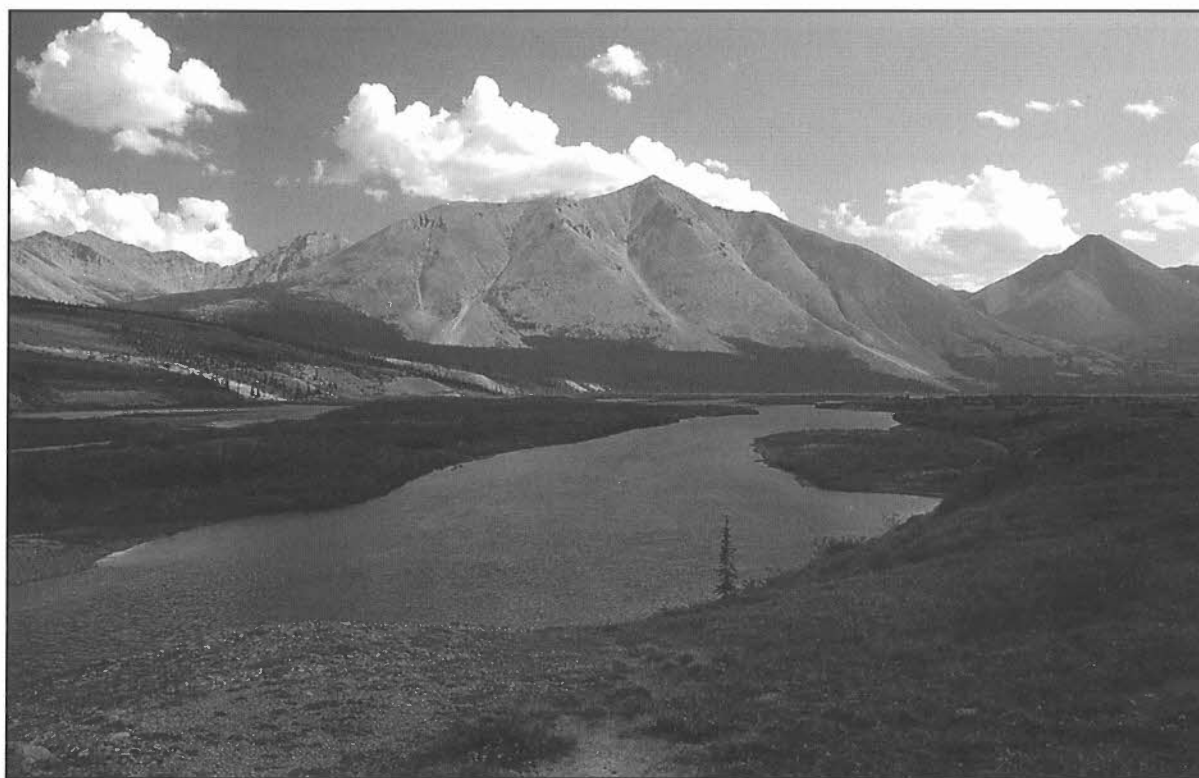
We spent a few days at McClusky Lake fishing and hiking, adjusting to the slower, more peaceful pace of life. We readied our equipment for river travel, looked over the portage to our put-in point, and figured our route through the first fast-flowing turn. We laughed at the occasional raven's vocal repertoire and marvelled at the many mountain moods. One evening by the campfire, we decided that tomorrow we would begin to learn about the Wind.

Our first days paddling were in shallow headwaters. Finding deep water for passage proved to be our biggest problem. Shallow water difficulties were exacerbated by frequently splitting channels created by islands, dead trees, or gravel bars. In places, the main channel of the Wind River splits enough to make almost every channel too shallow—the canoeing challenge was choosing the right route from a distance. In a few cases, when the channel we chose proved impassable, we changed course, but only with great difficulty; we usually had to jump out and pull the canoe against a fierce current into another channel. Quickly we became adept at discriminating between shallow riffles and deep emerald trenches. These trenches often produced an exhilarating canoe ride; they were almost always narrow—scarcely wider than our canoe—and swift, and they usually made quick turns that enhanced our sensation of speed.

Downstream, as mountain tributaries pour in with their cold, clear snowfield water, the river deepens and the channel becomes less intricate. More water, however, means that when problems do occur, they are bigger. A splitting channel can mean a large volume of water fun-



The far north has a way of putting things into perspective when people are viewed against the immensity of the landscape.



Yukon rivers are stunningly beautiful, a combination of mountains, trees, tundra, and wildlife.

nelling through a narrow passage. Often these channels roar over erosion-resistant rock ledges, producing a powerful tongue of smooth water that eventually crashes onto rocks in a white froth. Other times it means sharp, blind turns where it is impossible to avoid slamming into the bank, getting scraped by overhanging willows, or dealing with a surprise sweeper.

One evening in camp, as I watched the sunlight play on mountains and forest, I realized for the first time that it was not just the adventure of running rivers—the bouncing whitewater, the tricky channels, the fast chutes—that draws me to the north. This is only part of the reason. The Yukon, in fact the whole Far North casts a spell that I think has something to do with the light, and it is this light-induced spell (remembering Robert Service) as much as anything else, that makes me keen for northern trips.

In the middle of the summer, above the Arctic Circle,

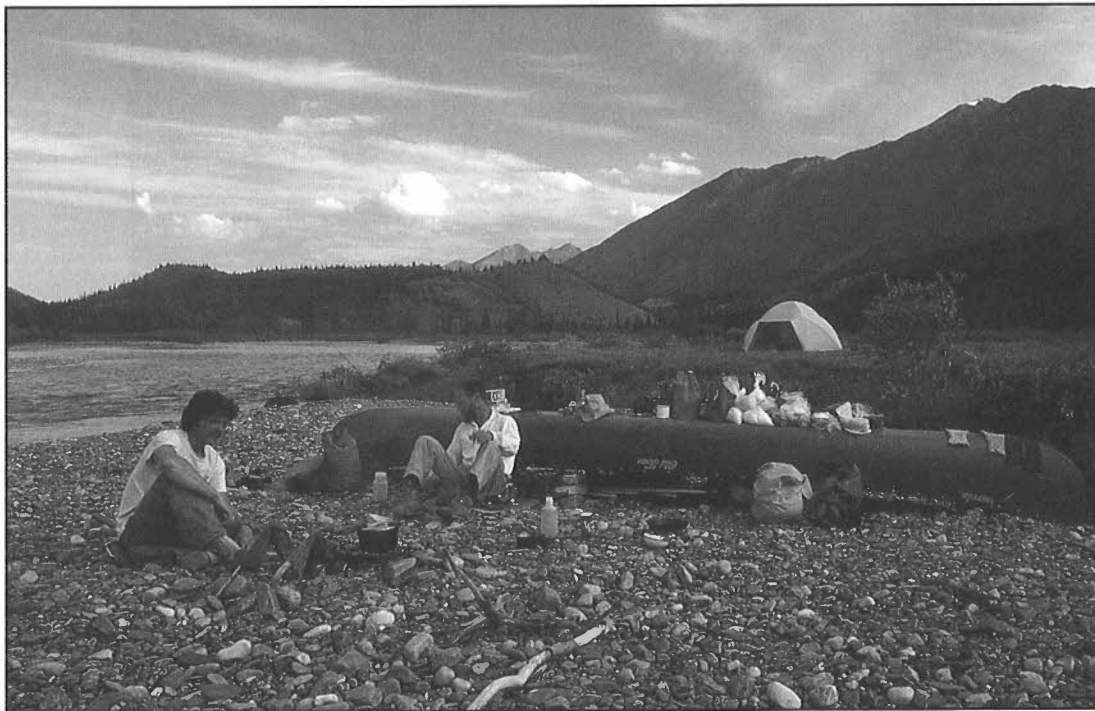


Occasionally one is lucky enough to see a double rainbow.

it does not get dark. Instead, a third of the day is cast in either soft evening light or morning light. Around 8 o'clock in the evening, formerly bright sunlight begins to slant and soften and stream, vivifying forests, revealing mountain faces, profiling distant ranges, blueing emerald river hues. These moments—tranquil, beautiful, wild—are the moments I remember, that seep into my soul and make me feel alive. These moments linger on and on in the Yukon a good portion of the night, if you are willing to watch. Then the morning light begins, illuminating other sides of the peaks, lifting trees slowly from obscurity, gradually bringing back river hues. Again for hours we are awash in soft light.

It is hard to start canoeing under such circumstances; the morning light demands to be watched, and often we waited until the hard light of mid-morning took over.

Positioned between moody light and fast water, I knew why I love rivers and the North. I understand the miles and miles



We camped in areas that would minimize our impact, like gravel bars, afterwards spreading all remnants of our extinguished campfire.

of nothing, the austere mountains, the long evenings, the melancholy brought on by so much dazzling beauty. Nothing else so surely touches and soothes the soul. Nothing else makes the earth seem so poignant and life so right. On the river, I feel, I think, I remember, and I forget. I am calmed, I am quieted. Again I am high on the Far North, and I know that the end of this trip will only mark the beginning of new dreams about new trips.

But pause I did only momentarily, for the water beckoned. Sliding back into the Wind's current, boiling but flat, we rode the main channel—which splits and shallows less because of the addition of so many streams that add force and direction to the flow. Gravel bars are rare, sweepers infrequent, rushing chutes nonexistent; no longer is the Wind a small river, but a bigger one that swaggers some as it rushes toward the Peel River.

The Wind does not swagger like the Peel, though, which is mighty, chocolate, and triple the flow of the Wind. We floundered briefly as the two currents met and meshed. The Peel is big, no more tight turns or raking willows; the river has vistas, mile-long views, and in other places, canyon walls 200 feet high with perched waterfalls. Gravel bars give way to sand bars; swift water slackens to sluggish. We left the express lane and joined the mainstream.

The Peel is the terminus for many mountain rivers like the Wind: the Blackstone, the Ogilvie, the Hart, the

Bonnet Plume, and the Snake, they all become one in the Peel, each, one by one, adding to the main—blended, diluted, ended. This is followed by one more river, the Mississippi-sized Mackenzie, and two towns—Fort McPherson and Inuvik—and then the Arctic Ocean.

We did not stay until the end, however. Three lake-like days on the Peel was enough; another 150 miles or so of this kind of paddling was far from charming. Our endpoint was the Dempster Highway, eight miles from Fort McPherson, where truck traffic to and from the Mackenzie oil fields was heavy and might mean a ride for us and all our gear. Standing beside the first human river in weeks, joined with the traffic, our journey was over—blended, diluted, ended.

We still had to go back to Michigan: Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, prairie panting. This time, however, we travelled mostly at night, cooling our passage considerably. Then we were home.

My life resumed its routine. Confronted with sweepers and frothing whitewater of another kind, I think back to the Wind: the rushing channels, the emerald water, the mountains, the light. At work, at home, with friends, in the conference room, sometimes I remember. Just a faint mental whiff of three golden summer weeks, and I realize that the trip is not over, that deep within I still feel a Yukon passion.



The Peel River is much larger than the Wind and has spectacular canyons.



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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:

<i>issue:</i> Spring 2003	<i>deadline date:</i> 2 February
Summer 2003	4 May

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 membership secretary Gary James for more information.

WINTER POOL SESSIONS FOR CANOES AND KAYAKS We have rented a swimming pool in Scarborough from January through February on Sunday afternoons from 4:00 to 5:30 for people with whitewater canoes or kayaks who want practice or need instruction in rolling. The rental cost is split among the participants. For full details, please contact Bill Ness at 416-321-3005.

CALL FOR NEW BOARD MEMBERS

Are you interested in helping to shape the future of the WCA?

Did you ever wonder about the inner workings of the WCA? How do we organize our annual events, keep in touch with over 700 members, track our finances, budget for events, evaluate requests for funding canoe-related projects, determine website content, and ensure that the WCA remains relevant to current members and attracts new members? If you have, then why not find out more by becoming a WCA Board member?

The WCA Board consists of six Directors, each serving a two-year term. Each year we ask for interested candidates to put their names forward at the Annual General Meeting as potential new Board members. If we have more candidates than openings, the membership votes to select the new Board members.

If you are interested in contributing to the continuing success of the WCA by becoming a Board member, please contact Geri James, the current Board Chair, before 31 January 2003. For contact information, see the back page.



SYMPOSIUM, MEETING, SHOW

WILDERNESS & CANOEING SYMPOSIUM

The upcoming 18th annual Wilderness & Canoeing Symposium, organized by George Luste and sponsored by the WCA, will take place on Friday 31 January (evening) and Saturday 1 February (all day) 2003. The theme this year is Northern Travels and Perspectives, Part 2, a celebration of wild places and notable travellers from the past and the present. The format stays the same and the location again is Monarch Park Collegiate auditorium, One Hanson Street in Toronto.

As in the past, all registration must be done via the designated registration form and cheque payment. (Sorry, we cannot cope with telephone or fax calls for special requests.) WCA members, as well as all past attendees on our list from prior years, should have received the separate Symposium mailing by early December. If there are others who wish to receive the Symposium announcement mailing, please send us an e-mail with name, address, telephone number, and e-mail address to: norbooks@interlog.com Or via fax at 416-5318873. Or via snail mail to: WCA Symposium, Box 211, Station P, Toronto, ON, M5S 2S7. Information and a registration form are also posted at <http://members.tripod.com/northernbooks/symposium/symposium.html>

Please register early and bring your friends as we again celebrate our northern heritage and the values of a close kinship with the northern landscape.

WCA ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The AGM takes place on Saturday, 15 February 2003. See the complete announcement on page 9 and the registration form on the inside back cover.

TORONTO OUTDOOR ADVENTURE SPORTS SHOW

This extensive show will take place at the International Centre by the airport (6900 Airport Road, Mississauga, Ontario; corner of Airport Road and Derry Road) on 21-23 February 2003. Highlights this year are the action sports zone, the water sports zone, and the adventure travel show.

The WCA will, as usual, have a booth for which we will need volunteers. If interested, contact Geri James at 416-512-6690 or gmjames@attcanada.ca

LIBRARY

All issues of *Nastawgan* from 1982 to the present are available in the Periodicals Centre of the Toronto Reference Library, 789 Yonge Street. The Periodicals Centre is on the 4th floor where the current five years are kept on the shelf. Earlier copies are normally kept in storage, but patrons can request to see them.

OTTAWA PARTY?

Are you interested in a local wine-and-cheese party in the Ottawa area? A couple of WCA members have volunteered to organize one if there is enough interest. Please let me know by e-mail, phone, or snail-mail if you would want to participate and I will forward your information to the organizers.

Gary James (contact info on the back page)

PLEASE SEND ME YOUR E-MAIL ADDRESS!

Using e-mail addresses makes it possible to send friendly renewal reminders to members. We have also been able to send group e-mails to members about the Fall Meeting and the Fall Party. We have received very positive feedback for getting this information out; the attendance at both events has been overwhelming, also leading to growing membership numbers. The group e-mails are sent out using bcc or blind carbon copy, so your privacy is protected.

Please send your e-mail address to wca@email.com

Gary James, Membership Secretary

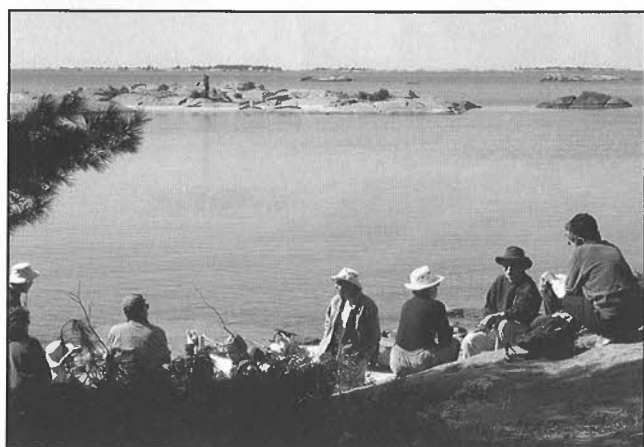


photo: Gary James

WCA Fall Meeting at Killbear Provincial Park

PROJECT C.A.N.O.E.

Guiding Youth For More Than 25 Years

"In the two weeks with Project C.A.N.O.E., I learned discipline, team work, responsibility and accountability. Lessons no other person or group of people taught me. Now many years later I still live by the values that Project C.A.N.O.E. infused in me. Thank you for making a difference in my life."

(Edwin Ortiz, a participant in one of Project C.A.N.O.E.'s first wilderness canoe trips.)

In the summer of 1976, Dr. Herb Batt pulled together volunteers and donated equipment to lead a group of adolescents from the Toronto Children's Aid Society on a canoe trip in Algonquin Park. That first trip led to the establishment of Project C.A.N.O.E. (Creative and Natural Outdoor Experience Inc.), and each summer since, the organization has led wilderness canoe trips for youth at risk (aged 13–17). The belief that wilderness canoe trips could have substantial benefits for troubled youth, including the development of self confidence and the acquisition of new life skills, has remained constant throughout the years, and now more than 2,500 young people have benefited from wilderness canoe trips guided by the organization's well-trained staff.

For the past several years, Project C.A.N.O.E. has led eight-, 21-, and 26-day canoe trips from a base camp in Temagami, loaned to the organization by the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources. As a registered charitable organization, Project C.A.N.O.E. relies on the generous assistance of individuals, as well as foundations, corporations, and governments to mount its canoe trips each year. Equipment needs are a major priority for the organization.

If WCA members have "gently used" canoes, tents, packs, or a canoe trailer that they would like to donate to the organization, please contact Pegi Dover, Executive Director of Project C.A.N.O.E. at: 416-461-4621 or pc@canoe.org. If you would prefer to make a financial contribution, cheques can be mailed to: Project C.A.N.O.E., P.O. Box 720, Station P, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 2Y4. The contributions will make a wonderful difference for Project C.A.N.O.E.'s youth participants, and a tax receipt will be issued for financial and in-kind contributions.

For more information about Project C.A.N.O.E., check their website at: www.canoe.org



Winter wolves

photo: Les Palenik

WCA Annual General Meeting

Canadian Canoe Museum

Saturday February 15th, 2003

Peterborough, Ontario

Agenda:

- 0900 - Meet and Greet, coffee and muffins
- 0930 - Business Meeting
- 1200 - LUNCH
- 1300 - Tour of the Canadian Canoe Museum
- 1500 - Presentation by James Raffan "Deep Waters"
- 1630 - Questions and Answers
- 1730 - Adjournment

Cost: \$30.00 per person (children under 6 free)



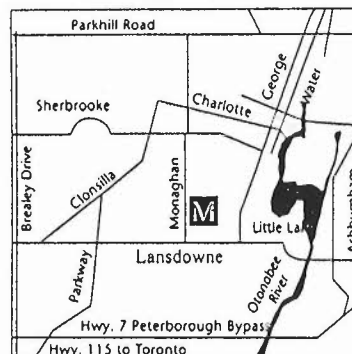
Attendance includes a 60 minute guided tour of the Museum. The Canadian Canoe Museum boasts an unparalleled collection of over 600 canoes and kayaks collected from around the world including Bill Mason's famous red Prospector canoe. Discover the enduring significance of the canoe to the people of Canada in North America's only Canoe Museum.

Special Guest Speaker: James Raffan

James Raffan is an accomplished author, canoeist, teacher, and speaker on wilderness and conservation themes. He is the author of several books and will be speaking to the Wilderness Canoe Association on his most recent release "Deep Waters." James will talk about his research into the Timiskaming tragedy and the story behind the story of "Deep Waters."

Directions:

From Highway 115 going into Peterborough take the exit to downtown via The Parkway. Continue on The Parkway north until you reach the first major Intersection (Lansdowne Street). Turn right (east) on Lansdowne and follow it until you reach Monaghan Road. Turn left (north) on Monaghan Road. Continue north on Monaghan Rd. for approximately 1/2 block. The Canadian Canoe Museum is on the right.



For further information contact: **Doug Ashton** at 519-654-0336 or doug.ashton@sympatico.ca
TO REGISTER: MAIL IN THE REGISTRATION FORM ON THE INSIDE OF THE BACK COVER

LEARNING TO PADDLE WITH HUGH AND JIM

[This is a tribute to the skills and enthusiasm of Hugh Valliant and Jim Morris who taught many novices the tricks of whitewater paddling. See also the articles in Nastawgan Winter 2001 (p. 22) and Spring 2002 (p. 12). Ed.]

Like most novice whitewater paddlers, we arrived at Palmer Rapids with almost no idea of what we were getting into. We had done a little canoeing, even some moving water (on the Grand, Saugeen, and Skootamata), but that was always in the middle of summer, in a slow and benign current. We had bought a fibreglass canoe, which, of course, turned out to be the wrong canoe for us for a whole lot of reasons, not the least of which was whitewater.

So, we went to Algonquin Outfitters and rented a "whitewater" canoe. They asked if we wanted airbags. What did we know? Airbags cost more and no one had said anything about airbags, so NO. We ended up with an old, beat-up, heavy Royalex canoe with no airbags. Hugh and Jim regarded our canoe as only slightly better than the Coleman Ram which someone else showed up with.

Of course, since it was very difficult to get the canoe out of the water on the canoe-over-canoe rescues, the rescuers were not happy with us. We provided them with many opportunities to curse us, since canoeing upright was not our style, and we didn't know how to roll (although we had the first 180 degrees down pat). Palmer was running at very high levels that June. There were no eddies—we came away from the weekend not really knowing what an eddy was. Hugh and Jim tried to explain "back ferrying" but we remained totally confused. Let me see, uh, you point your boat in the direction you don't want to go—why? Then you paddle backwards and have your boat sideways so that the bigger waves can come over the side, right?

Jim, as you all know, is a great orator, and in a very convincing fashion explained that it was a good idea to paddle with someone else rather than your spouse (so as not to have arguments and strained marriages). Barb, my

wife, took this to heart and decided that we should split up, at least for the first day of the weekend. As it turned out, this was a really BAD idea. Barb ended up with a partner who told her exactly what to do, so she didn't have to think for herself (about leans, cross draws, etc.), and I ended up with a partner who liked to paddle on the opposite side to Barb's. (I know we are supposed to be able to paddle on both sides, but we are definitely better on one side than the other.) When we got together to paddle on Sunday, Barb was expecting me to tell her what to do, but she was paddling on the other side of the canoe and I was having enough trouble remembering what I was supposed to do. We had hardly dumped at all on the Saturday with our other partners, but Sunday was a different story altogether.

We had a rough day, dumping a lot while trying to front-ferry below Chicken Rock. Then, when we were supposed to be backpaddling through the rapid to simulate how you might run the rapid when tripping, we were unable to slow down enough to stop from bumping into the back of the next canoe in front of us. We just couldn't seem to get the hang of it. We finished the weekend totally exhausted, with very sore red knees, and legs covered in black fly bites, each one blaming the other for our incompetence. FUN! RIGHT!

Despite all that, we still remember the weekend fondly and the wonderful people we met including Hugh, Jim, Anne Marie, Duncan, Al, and Debbie. Given the circumstances, you might have thought that we would pack it in, but the next year we went back and Hugh and Jim must have done a much better job, because we were able to learn eddy turns, front ferries, and back ferries. We had airbags and thigh straps and did more rescuing than being rescued. Over the past 10 years we have been able to enjoy many whitewater river trips as well as many spring river runs. Many thanks to Hugh and Jim and those who helped them for showing us the way.

Dave and Barb Young.

OOPS!
at Palmer Rapids

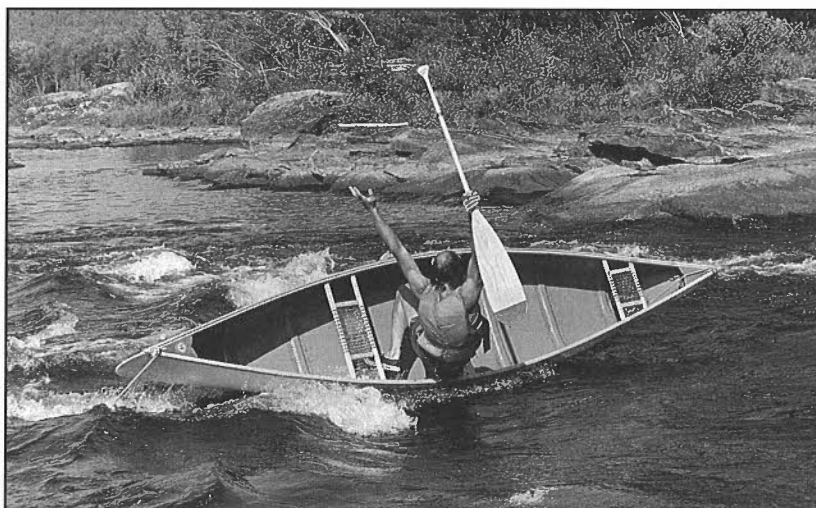


photo: Toni Harting

500-YEAR-OLD CEDAR FOUND IN TEMAGAMI

A stunted, bonsailike bush found in Temagami this summer is a 500-year-old white cedar tree, according to a story today (23 October 2002) on www.Ottertooth.com. The scraggly, ancient tree was found by scientists during a biodiversity study of islands on Lake Temagami. It was found on the shore of an island in the centre of the lake by ecologists with Ancient Forest Exploration and Research (AFER). This is the oldest tree ever found in Temagami and possibly in northern Ontario. It is likely quite a bit older, but counting stopped at 498 years because the inner rings had rotted. There are several centuries-old cedars around it. (AFER is a Powassan-based research institute that specializes in ancient forest ecosystems. This summer it undertook the Temagami Islands Biodiversity Study on Lake Temagami.)

"I realized that these old cedars were out there a few years ago when I collected some driftwood for my campfire, and noticed how tight the annual growth rings sometimes were," says ecologist Michael Henry of AFER. "I counted one small piece of cedar that was less than three centimetres in diameter and found that it was over 100 years old."

Cedars are unusually rot resistant. "Cedars can practically live forever unless something kills them," says Henry.

"So any cedar on an exposed rocky site has probably escaped fire and is probably quite old. These are cedars that grow where fires seldom, if ever, burn. We weren't looking for them in places where they are likely to be, but found them accidentally through the island study. There are bound to be many many more in Temagami."

The public is asked to help protect the trees by avoiding cutting or damaging cedars that are stunted or have asymmetrical trunks and live in the following habitats: rocky islands, shorelines, cliffs, scree slopes, rocky glades, and rocky exposed sites.

Full story and photos:

<http://www.ottertooth.com/temagami/Nature/oldcedar.htm>

For more information:

Michael Henry, Ancient Forest Exploration and Research, 518-327-6272, <http://www.ancientforest.org/>

Submitted by Brian Back

262-238-1541

editor@ottertooth.com

www.ottertooth.com

KAWARTHA PARK STILL IN DOUBT

Letter sent to the Premier of Ontario and the Ontario Minister of Natural Resources.

The Wilderness Canoe Association, with about 700 members mostly in Ontario, is urging you to direct your ministry to follow the advice of the Kawartha's Stakeholder Committee and designate the site as a park.

You may recall the boost in public support that your government received when the creation of the new parks was announced in 1999. Why sour that still-present goodwill in 2002? Please follow through on these good intentions and give the area a designation that allows management to retain its natural qualities.

We believe that the Kawartha's Stakeholder Committee has done an outstanding job defining the values that need to be protected and to lay effective ground rules to that purpose. Weakening that protection would be devastating to the enjoyment of the area by its soft-shoed users, and we fear the resulting environmental damage will be hard to rectify at a later time.

Moreover, if some of its first-rate natural qualities will be lost, the area's potential for first-rate ecotourism will be lost as well. No short-term commercial gain could justify

such a move. We trust that your government will chose the right designation.

Sincerely yours,

Erhard Kraus

Environmental Representative

Wilderness Canoe Association



photo: Gary James

WCA Fall Meeting at Killbear Provincial Park

PINNED CANOE ON THE WHITE RIVER

Text: Jeff Haymer

Photos: Ian McCombe and Elizabeth Ritchie

The most painful part about this incident was the fact that we all should have known better.

I was looking forward to paddling the White River ever since the trip organizer announced his plans in the winter. We were to follow the full length of the river from its source, Lake Negwazu, to its finish at Lake Superior. The trip was to take place during the first half of a hot, dry July this year, but the abundance of spring rain assured us of exceptionally high water levels.

The train out of the town of White River dropped us off at a small, unnamed lake just west of Lake Negwazu. There were six of us paddling three canoes, heavily loaded with food and gear for a trip that was to take about 12 days. Alan, the trip organizer, would be paddling with me; Joe and Laurent, who had paddled together several times before, would again be in the same boat; Ian and Elizabeth, who had just completed some whitewater training earlier in the spring, would be in the third canoe.

The start of the trip presented us with some gentle meanders with a few sets of shallow rapids that we either ran or waded. We stopped for a lunch break at the start of a widening of the river, just as it turns away from the railroad. We noticed on the maps that the next set of rapids is just after this widened section of the river, about a kilometre northeast.

After we left our lunch spot and paddled the quiet span of the river that we had studied on the map, we were soon able to hear the rapids, which began below an opening in a beaver dam, followed by a few eddies before the

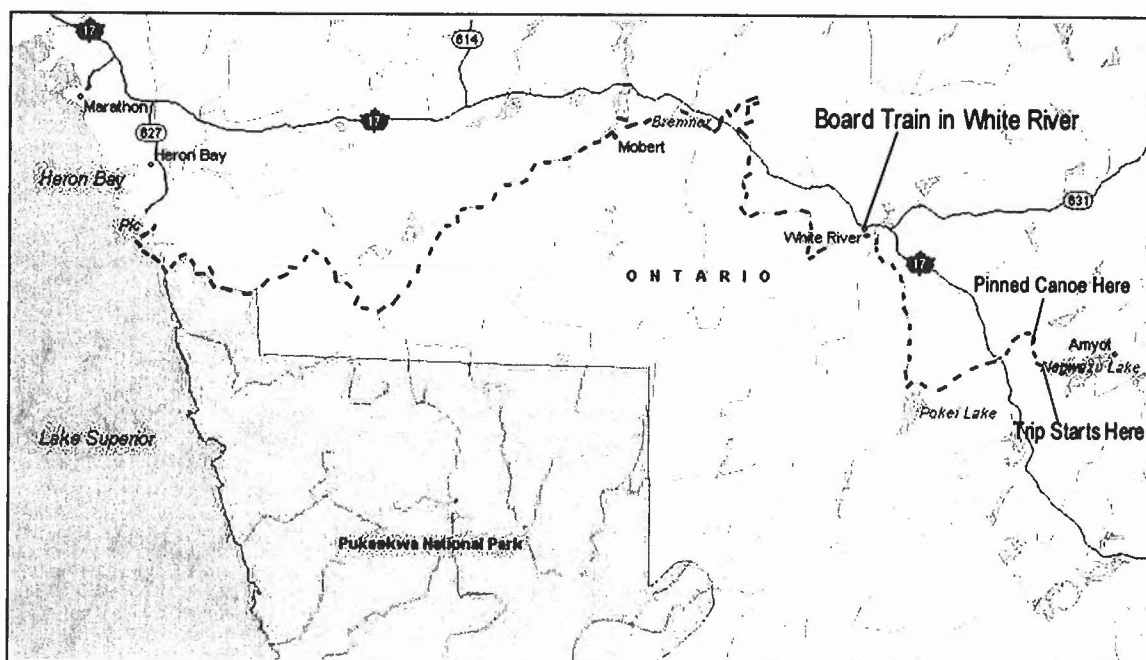
current was redirected to the right. The bottom of the rapids could not be seen from above the dam, but the eddies below it appeared easy to get into, so we were hoping to get a better view from below the dam.

Each canoe found a different eddy after paddling through the break in the dam. Of the three canoes, Joe and Laurent were in the best position to view the rapids further downstream. The bottom of the rapids still could not be seen, but Laurent believed there was an eddy they could get into just before the river wound to the left.

Accordingly, Joe and Laurent peeled out to go down the river first. After giving them some clearance time, Alan and I followed. Joe and Laurent were already out of sight by the time we were paddling down. We did not see any eddies that could be used and the current was picking up. In any case, we were committed to the rapids.

After rounding a bend to the left, we saw Joe and Laurent downriver, struggling to pull their canoe off rocks along the right shore. Below them was an entanglement of impenetrable rocks. We hoped that we could pull alongside Joe and Laurent without interfering with their efforts to get off the river. But first we had to negotiate some fast approaching rocks that were stretching across the river.

We backpaddled hard to slow down our approach, choosing a channel between two rocks, and it appeared that we would be able to clear them. However, just as we were about to slip through the gap between the rocks, something caught our bow and the canoe swung broadside against three rocks.





At first, the situation did not appear serious. We both shifted our weight downstream against the rocks to keep the upstream gunwale high. It was a familiar scenario where one canoeist should be able to carefully step out and slide the canoe off the rocks. However, the predicament became more serious when I noticed a bulge in the middle of the canoe caused by the force of the river pressing the hull against a rock. To make matters worse, the water started pouring over the gunwales. All attempts to shift our weight were in vain. One by one, our packs started floating out of the canoe. The canoe was pinned.

While looking upriver and before we had a chance to fully assess the situation, we saw Ian and Elizabeth descend the rapids straight towards us. We did not have any real expectation of success in our next action, but Alan and I desperately tried to direct Ian and Elizabeth to steer between our canoe and the shore. But the current was just too fast. In a matter of seconds, we had two pinned canoes.

The full length of Ian's canoe was pinned against my canoe. The packs that Ian and Elizabeth were carrying were tied in, so Alan cut the line that was holding the packs because the canoe had to be empty before we could do anything. At this time, Laurent and Joe had carried their canoe around the rocks at the bottom of the rapids and were picking up loose packs. There was still one food barrel tied in Ian's canoe. I cut the line holding the barrel but, instead of floating downriver with the rest of the gear, the barrel was sucked under both canoes. We did not see it come out.

The next task was to retrieve Ian's canoe. Fortunately, it was pinned against mine, so it was relatively easy to manoeuvre. Eventually, Alan managed to position Ian's canoe so that it could be rolled in such a way that the water could drain. The canoe was pulled to shore and carried to the bottom of the rapids.

The situation with my canoe was much more critical. It was pinned against three rocks with the open top turned upriver, exposed to the full force of the river. The ABS plastic was crushed to the point that there was scarcely a hand's depth between the bottom of the canoe and the centre thwart.

It was time for some serious canoe rescuing techniques. Alan got out his rope and pulleys. The real problem was determining which direction to pull the canoe. Ideally, one end of the canoe should be pulled upward to allow water to drain. However, there were no trees conveniently positioned to set up a rescue line at such an angle. We were just going to try to pull from different angles until something happened.

At first, a "Z-Drag" was set up downriver with the intention of pulling the canoe up and over the rocks. However, the line was lying too low and the canoe was being pulled tighter against the rocks.

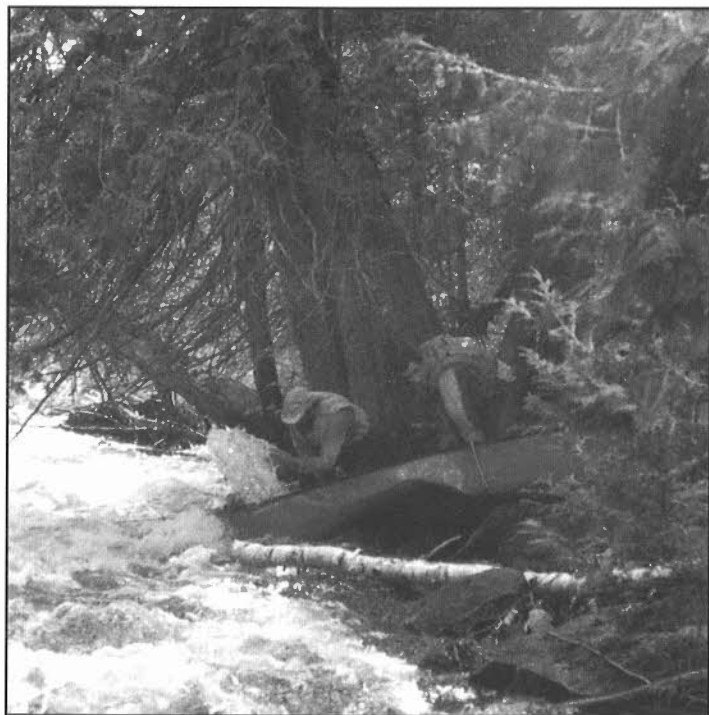
The only other option was to set up a "Z-Drag" upriver. We were still faced with the problem of not having any elevation on our anchor point. Alan tied his rescue rope to the stern thwart, bridling the line under the canoe so that the pull on the line should cause the canoe to roll up onto the rocks, draining some of the water. Three of us

were positioned to pull the line while Alan watched for any change in the position of the canoe.

With heels dug in, the three of us applied a long steady pull. We felt a small amount of give but this could actually have been the rescue rope stretching. The canoe appeared to be in complete denial of being pulled. After applying continuous tension, the line came free. The stern thwart had broken.

Not willing to give up at this point, we had one more chance to use the "Z-Drag." We hoped that using the stern seat to secure the rescue line would give us more leverage against the current. I secured the line to the stern seat, bridling the line under the canoe. I expected the hull of the canoe to take most of the tension, while the seat secured the line. This was not the case. In a few moments, we had a pinned canoe with a broken stern thwart and a broken stern seat.

It was time to give it a rest. We set up camp in a lightly developed campsite at the end of a portage that bypassed this set of rapids. Calmly, though not filled with optimism, we reviewed our options. There would certainly be another attempt in the morning to retrieve the canoe, but we had to seriously consider the possibility that the canoe was not retrievable. If we could not free the canoe, then two members of our group—Ian and Elizabeth were selected for this—would be shuttled back to the location on the river where we last had visual contact with the railroad line. They would then have to follow the railroad, with one light pack each and some water, for about 15 km back to the town of White River, where they would get their car. The rest of us would have to paddle the two remaining overloaded canoes, avoiding all rapids, to Saginaw Lake, where the highway crosses the river, and wait for Ian and Elizabeth, so that we could complete a car shuttle.



The reality set in that this two-week canoe trip that we had all been looking forward to for some time would have to be terminated after the first day out.

There was one small uplifting moment when I saw the food barrel that had been jammed under the canoe come rushing down the rapids. It is possible that after breaking the thwart and seat, the pinned canoe was able to give way enough to allow the barrel to pop free. The barrel was dented and did let in a small amount of water. However, we had all our packs now and none of the food was spoiled.

The next morning, after a hardy omelette breakfast (all the eggs survived the ordeal), we decided to take a different approach to freeing the canoe. Logs were cut from rot-free dead-falls to be used to lift the canoe off the rocks. Alan secured the rescue line to the canoe to prevent losing it in case the canoe was freed. I placed one log on the downriver side of the stern. Joe and Laurent worked the upriver side with another log. Together, we tried prying the stern upwards.

The log that I was using did not seem to hold very well. But it did not matter because Joe and Laurent were in a better position and were gradually inching the canoe up. As the canoe lifted, water was able to drain out and the canoe could be lifted higher. Eventually, the entire canoe, battered, twisted, and dented, was pried free. Saving the canoe meant that the entire trip was saved.

All that was required now was a riverside repair job and many little repair kits were opened up. A large dent in the bottom of the canoe was kicked out. The stern thwart was spliced together with a piece of wood salvaged from the stern seat and some nylon twine and duct tape. A spare, that was once part of the stern seat, was attached where the stern seat used to be with copper wire, to be used as a tension member. The bolts that held the bow seat were all twisted, although the seat itself was in place. Eventually, during the rest of the trip, a nylon cord was added to the bow seat to provide support. The canoe, that I thought I would have to abandon, was again in service. The only loss was my spare Mohawk paddle and Alan's fishing gear.

For the duration of the trip all the way to Lake Superior, an olive jar was jammed under the bow seat for support. I had to kneel while straddling an equipment bag in the stern; I dared not to sit on the improvised tension spare. Obviously, the strain on the knees was something I had to deal with for the duration of the trip.

However, more unsettling than the pain was the overhanging thought that the whole incident could have been avoided. If we had scouted those rapids, we would have realized that they should not be run. So, why did we not scout them? Even the least experienced member of the group knew that any rapid that cannot be seen in its entirety should be scouted. Certainly, if any member of the group had insisted on scouting the rapids, the rest of the group would have complied. Furthermore, from discussions after the incident, it was discovered that most of us were a little uneasy about this particular set of rapids

before we try to run it. It would appear that nobody scouted the rapids just because no one wanted to be the first to propose to scout them. It seems too easy to go along with the group against your better judgement. For the remainder of the trip there was no further complacency. Every rapid was properly scouted either from eddies or from the shore.

There was one more lesson to be learned from this incident. A pinned canoe presents a hazard which not all canoeists may be aware of, and may not always be dis-

cussed at rescue clinics. While trying to free the pinned canoes, I observed the full force of the current being directed under the canoes. The strength of this current was most apparent when the food barrel was pulled under like a feather being sucked into a vacuum cleaner hose. The danger here is that a canoeist may become trapped under a canoe since a pinned canoe becomes a rigid sweeper. This deadly predicament could make a difficult rescue operation even more dangerous.



NIAGARA FALLS DRIED UP!

If you take a look at the mighty Horseshoe Falls, you will agree it is impossible to imagine any force strong enough to stop this gigantic rush of water, yet it happened once. For 30 long, silent hours, the rivers ceased its flow. The Falls dried up and those who were brave enough walked or rode horses over the rock floor of the channel.

In March of 1848, local inhabitants, accustomed to the sound of the river, were awakened by a strange, eerie silence. Niagara had stopped! Many rushed to churches to pray and panic filled the air. Late that evening with a roar that seemed to shake the foundations of the earth, a solid wall of water, cresting to a great height, curled down the channel and crashed over the brink of the precipice. Niagara was back in business to the immense relief of everyone.

News travelled slowly in those days but the explanation finally came. High winds set the ice fields of Lake Erie in motion and millions of tons of ice became lodged at the source of the river, blocking the channel completely for 30 hours, until finally a shift in the forces of nature released it and the pent-up weight of water broke through to its accustomed route.

(From the Niagara Commission Website:
<http://www.niagaraparks.com>)

Submitted by Charles-Antoine Rouyer



Wandering in white winter wonderland

photo: Katrina Lum

THE J STROKE

I don't use the J stroke!

A bold statement for a canoeing aficionado in these politically correct times, but it has to be said. I do a fair bit of paddling, probably about 1,000 km a season, and always in the stern, but for the life of me I can't find any benefits to the J stroke. I use the so-called "Goon stroke," forever relegating me to the shameful position as a second-class canoeist. The Goon stroke uses the non-power side of the paddle to straighten the canoe at the end of the stroke, leaving your thumb pointing downwards. It is essentially the opposite of the J stroke.

The thing is that I just don't think the J stroke is as efficient, particularly in a canoe without a keel. It also utilizes smaller muscles that tire more quickly when paddling for hours at a time. I have paid close attention to videos and pictures of both celebrated canoeists and people who have paddled for a living or have successfully completed impressive trips, and I've noticed a lot of Goon strokes out there. I don't want to name names in case these canoeists

wish to stay in the closet about their paddling deficiencies, but keep your eyes open for them.

Once, while negotiating swells on Lake Superior, I decided that the Goon stroke should be renamed the Superior stroke. I hope that others in the canoeing proletariat will join me in renaming this most useful of strokes.

All of this has always left me with a question, however. Where did the J stroke come from? I have searched far and wide for the answer, from the Canadian Canoe Museum to personally asking such canoeing greats as Kevin Callan and Becky Mason. All to no avail. So if anybody knows where the J stroke originated from and how it has come to be a required skill for canoeists, please write to *Nastawgan*. I think it would be of interest to those who enjoy the graceful J stroke, and also to those of us who prefer the more efficient Superior stroke.

Brett Hodnett

REVIEW

COLD SUMMER WIND II, 20 Years of Canoe Camping North of 60, by Clayton Klein, published by Wilderness Adventure Books, Manchester, MI, 2002, softcover, 167 pages, US\$17.50.

Reviewed by Toni Harting

What comes through first and foremost in this book is the author's great love for the North Country he has been visiting for many years now, paddling more than 7,500 miles in the process. Ever since his first *Cold Summer Wind* book, published in 1983, Klein has told the stories of his adventures in several books and poetry collections. In his writings he shows that he is not only an experienced canoe tripper but also a keen observer who can discover much interesting information about the country and its history that often adds an appealing sense of being-there to his stories.

So it is in this book, the last one from this dynamic man who is now in his eighties but apparently still going strong (although he has given up the heavy tripping). He takes us on a wide-ranging journey over the lands and

down the waters of northern Canada, from the Lockhart to the Anderson, from Great Slave to Selwyn and beyond. That the quality and style of his writing are not always of the highest level is not important here. What counts is that this remarkable adventurer tells us passionately and eloquently what he experienced and learned while travelling the country he has truly loved for so long.

The book also contains dozens of photographs, color as well as black-and-white, that help tell the stories of Klein's wanderings and discoveries. The quality of the images is of the amateur-snapshot level (including several shots with crooked horizons; even the cover shot is crooked!), but they do indeed give the reader a better idea of what is happening in the stories. The presence of a strict editor with a keen eye for words and pictures would have been beneficial and would have improved the readability of the book. But its shortcomings notwithstanding, *Cold Summer Wind II* gives the reader the strong urge to "go there" too, and that is the best compliment a travel/adventure writer can get from anybody. Thanks, Clayton, you're my man!



THE WARM-UP

Holding a cup of hot chocolate. Both hands are wrapped around the cup. That way you get the benefit of the hot chocolate twice. It warms the insides going down, and it also warms the hands while you are holding the cup. Heat is a valuable commodity on wilderness canoe trips. Too precious to waste.

Heat is especially important on a day like the one we are having. Cold wind, misting rain. Really need the warm-up the hot chocolate is providing. The hot chocolate is also warming my spirit. Providing cheer and also hope that the weather will improve tomorrow.

One of the benefits of going on wilderness canoe trips is that everything you do while you travel in the wilderness has great utility. Every function that you do is geared to staying dry, keeping nourished, or covering ground.

You gather wood to make a fire. The fire dries your clothes, cooks your food, and warms your body. How long the fire lasts depends on the amount of wood that you gather.

You set up your own shelter for the night. How com-

fortable or protected it is depends on your skill in picking the location.

You travel under your own power. How far you travel depends both on how hard you paddle and how long.

There must be deep anthropological reasons to explain why engaging in wilderness survival activities is so satisfying. We must have done it for so long in the past that returning to do it again for a time fills this need. A need that we may not even know that we have. A need that has not been met for so long.

Maybe that's why wilderness canoe travel is so enjoyable. For once in your life, everyone of your actions makes perfect sense. Everyone of your daily activities is essential for your survival. For a little while, we can live as man has lived since he knew he was man.

Getting late. Time to head for the tent. I'm all warmed up now. Inside and out.

Greg Went

JULY 1999, OUR LAST CANOE TRIP

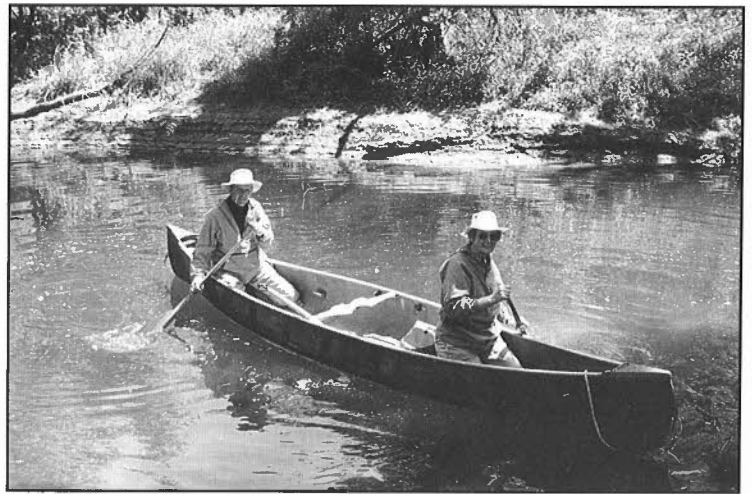
Shirley Williams

In 1998 we had still done a fair amount of tripping when we were flown into Temagami for a 10-day trip on the Lady Evelyn River.

But the following year was different. We didn't get around too much, except for that day in July when we got up at 5:00 a.m. and left home prepared for eight or nine days on the water. We've always single-portaged but this time we decided that we really should face facts: we were getting older and should begin to double-portage. That first day there were two short portages followed by a long one of one kilometre, another short one, and then another even longer one. Since every portage now had to be walked three times, two of them carrying a load, each one kilometre worked out at three.

It was desperately hot and we stopped for a swim and lunch to rest up after the portages. On the second long one, as we were walking back empty handed from the far end to get the rest of the stuff, Jim tripped and fell. At first he thought his knee hurt most, then his elbow, then finally his right arm. It was indeed his arm; in fact I thought he'd cracked a bone either in his wrist or the end of his forearm. He couldn't grip, or turn his arm over, and it was very painful. Despite this, we went on (being a bit nutty, we always do). I had to help him get the canoe on his shoulders and off again, ditto his pack. He could only paddle on the right-hand side but fortunately that's his strongest side. We did another short but rather difficult portage, then made camp on a gorgeous little lake. By this time it was 7 p.m. and we were absolutely pooped. As well, both my hips were hurting like fun. We had tomorrow's breakfast (granola) for supper, as we were both too tired to want anything much, and cooking would have been a drag.

The next morning was beautiful, a perfect canoeing day with sunshine and a little breeze. We ate last night's dinner for breakfast, except the soup. Talking it all over, we realized that we couldn't go on as Jim's arm was no better, and there was an extremely difficult, mainly vertical portage coming up and three more after that. Plus, as the day wore on we would face a headwind in all the open water. So we decided to turn around after a little exploring of the lake, looking for a route we had used previously. And we also realized that something was telling us it was time to quit this beloved madness.



So we turned back, managed the long and one short portages before we stopped and camped, both feeling completely exhausted. The wind dropped and it was a glorious night with a full moon and absolutely still water. You could hear every fish jump. There was an owl, a black-crowned night heron, and a whippoorwill too—per-





fect. We left the fly off the tent and slept under the netting, the first time we'd ever risked doing that. We were in bed at 7:30 p.m. and slept till 6 the following morning, setting off before the wind rose again. We took out by about 1:30 p.m. and had a luscious hamburger and a beer. We both still felt very tired, though, and acknowledged that

Jim's arm wasn't broken, just severe tendinitis; it's healing very slowly. And I'm getting an appointment with a surgeon so I can get on the waiting list for a hip replacement.

Unfortunately, for two reasons we can't just partially quit. First, our whole canoeing intention has always been to get as far away from civilization, i.e. other people, as we can. This involves long portages. Paddling around in Hamilton's Cootes Paradise, and what are called "day trips" where you just take a lunch, has never appealed to either of us. And second, getting in and out of the boat is so difficult for me now it's easy to make a mistake; and furthermore, kneeling in the boat becomes incredibly painful after about 20 minutes.

So now it's the summer of 2002. Since the above was written three years ago, Jim has been cured (but keep your fingers crossed) of bladder cancer, and I've had two hip replacements and a fracture repair. I really thought that, with my renewed flexibility, I could go on canoeing but we are both losing strength as we get older. Last summer we put in at Princess Point and paddled up Spencer Creek till it got too shallow, got out and walked up to McDonalds for a hamburger, paddled back down to the car, and that was all the canoeing we did. So this summer we've truly faced the inevitable: in August, the trusty old Russ Miller canoe travelled out to its new home in BC on the top of our car.



we'd have had a bit of a struggle to go on, even without Jim's arm injury.

For about two years we had been debating on and off whether it was time to quit canoeing. We tried to once before, but then couldn't bear not to continue. But this time we both felt it was right, and we had to do it. So we did. We got an appointment with the doctor who said

It's the end of an era for us, because we first met on a canoe trip 24 years ago, but hey! there's always a new era coming up and we're both still alive and kicking. We'll never see Wabakimi or the Thelon again, but I still look at passing cars that have canoes on top and wonder where they are going. And I think we'll always hang over the bridge railings at rivers and tell each other how we would run the rapids.

WCA OUTINGS

WANT TO ORGANIZE A TRIP AND HAVE IT PRESENTED IN THE SPRING ISSUE?

Contact the Outings Committee before 9 February

Welcome to our kick-off WCA outings schedule for 2003. Our organizers have come through again with a great diversified offering for the winter and early spring. This winter we have everything from cross-country skiing, to day hiking, snowshoeing, traditional style winter camping, and even whitewater paddling for the hardcore types who don't mind breaking ice to put their boats in the river. We've also got some early spring canoe trips listed so you can start planning your paddling weekends now.

If you've recently joined the WCA but haven't yet participated in our club outings, we would like to take this opportunity to personally invite you to come out with us. We're a very friendly, welcoming group. Our organizers are individuals who enjoy seeing new members on their trips. Before you know it, you'll feel like one of the gang. You'll meet new people to paddle with, and find friends to plan future trips with.

If you are a more seasoned WCAer, please consider becoming an outings organizer. We are very short of organizers at this time, and with the spring season

just around the corner, the club would really appreciate your willingness to share your experience with other members by organizing outings. Over the years, as we develop our own personal circles of paddling buddies, we sometimes forget how much we benefited from the generosity of those who came before us in providing opportunities for us as new paddlers to get out on lakes and rivers we had never seen before. Please help us ensure that those same opportunities remain for those joining the WCA today. Find just one free day or weekend this year, and volunteer to organize an outing for fellow paddlers. Thanks.

Wishing you all happy paddling, hiking, snowshoeing, and skiing this 2003 season. Looking forward to seeing you out there with us on the trails and waterways this year.

WCA Outings Committee

P.S. Watch for announcements to come regarding the WCA's new outdoor education benefits program for trip organizers.

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, bness@look.ca; Barry Godden, 416-440-4208; Ann Dixie, 416-512-0292, adixie0405@rogers.com; Gisela Curwen, 416-484-1471, gisela.curwen@utoronto.ca

WCA trips and other activities may have an element of danger of serious personal injury. You are ultimately responsible for your own safety and well-being when participating in club events.

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All Season

HAVE PADDLE WILL TRAVEL

Barry Godden, 416-440-4208; Steve Bernet, 519-837-8774; Harrison Jolly, 905-689-1733 ----- As long as we have liquid in the rivers, we put on our drysuits and go paddling wherever there is good whitewater in Southern Ontario, regardless of the time of year. If you would like to join us, please call to find out where we're going. Suitable for good intermediate or advanced paddlers.

All Season

WINTER OUTINGS IN HALIBURTON

Ray Laughlin, 705-754-9479 ----- Unlike Barry, Steve, and Harrison, my paddle has been put away for the season, but the skis and snowshoes are now by the door. There are some fine winter trails out of the Frost Centre near Dorset and elsewhere in the area. As I live in Haliburton and have a flexible work schedule, I like to get outdoors frequently, especially during the week. If you would like to do some snowshoeing or cross-country skiing, give me a call. Outings are suitable for novices.

4 January

ROUGE RIVER - FAMILY HIKE

Geri or Gary James, 416-512-6690 or wca@email.com ----- Join us for a fun day of hiking in the Rouge River area and work off that festive dinner. Last year we had a beautiful snowy day and the scenery was outstanding. Bring a camera, warm clothes, and lunch. We will meet at 10:00 a.m. at the Pearse House on Twyn River Drive off Meadowvale Road near the Toronto Zoo. Check out <http://www.rivernen.ca/rivernen.htm> for an idea of the area and trail. Please give us a heads-up if you're coming by calling us.

17-19 January

ALGONQUIN CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING

Gisela Curwen, 416-484-1471, book by 4 January ----- If you love Algonquin, why not experience it during winter, with no bugs and no portages? We will head out for a full day's skiing on the beautiful Leaf Lake Trail system, which has a cozy heated lunch shelter with an awesome view over frozen lakes and snowy hills. Depending on the conditions, we'll spend the other time skiing, hiking, and/or tubing. Our base will be a heated yurt at Mew Lake campground. Limit five intermediate skiers.

25 January

PADDLERS PUB NIGHT

Join other paddlers for an evening of food and drink and good cheer to chase away the January blahs. It will be a great chance to get together and plan next season's adventures and re-live last summer's outings. The last two years this evening was well attended by both WCA and OVKC members. Venue is Bow & Arrow Pub, 1954 Yonge Street, just north of Davisville on the west side. Please contact Barry Godden at 416-440-4208 or Gisela Curwen at 416-484-1471 by 20 January to register so we can book sufficient room.

8 February

KOLAPORE UPLANDS SKI TRAILS

Dave Sharp, 519-846-2586, book before 1 February ----- Join us and ski on a complex network of trails through the beautiful winter woods near Collingwood on an outlying part of the Niagara Escarpment, along the eastern edge of the Beaver Valley. Suitable for intermediates. Limit of eight.

8 February

SKI & DINE WITH HARRISON

Harrison Jolly, 905-689-1733, book by 2 February ----- Join the WCA's distinguished outdoorsman, gourmet, and bon vivant, Harrison. Meet for a day of cross-country skiing or tobogganing at Bronte Creek Provincial Park, then a baked-beans meal at his place in the country. Dogs and kids welcome. As an option, you can bring a tent and spend the night in his one-acre backyard. Rise to enjoy breakfast in the morning with your gracious host.

15-16 February

ALGONQUIN PARK WINTER CAMPING

Herb Pohl, 905-637-7632, book before 9 February ----- Get a taste of Algonquin in the bug-free season winter-camping the traditional way. The organizer's stove-heated prospector tent can accommodate him and three guests in a snug fit, so phone early to make sure you are one of them. Participants should be reasonably physically fit. Snowshoes, skis, a good sleeping bag, and underlay are required. For more details, phone the organizer.

8 March

EQUIPMENT FORUM: PADDLERS ARE WHAT THEY EAT

Bill Ness, 416-321-3005, book before 1 March ----- This year our topic will be food and cooking for paddlers. The location again is my house in the wilds of Scarborough. These are participatory gatherings, rather than lectures, and at least half the fun is in meeting new friends and swapping stories. Everyone is expected to bring an item of camp food that is a favorite, along with the recipe. This will become our pot luck supper. If attendees want to go for total realism, they can set up their stoves on the patio and demonstrate their special cooking techniques. For the open-fire freaks, my fireplace is available for your baking needs. We are also looking for people to bring along items of cooking-related hardware to discuss. We would like to see and hear about those items that you spent your hard-earned cash on that were disasters, as well as the good stuff. Since many of us in the club have a perverse sense of humor, we would enjoy some tales about your worst cooking experiences. After you've let us sample your gastronomic goodies, tell us about those culinary catastrophes as well. Showtime is 3:00 p.m., with a potluck supper break, and then we continue to rap on as long as people's enthusiasm prevails. Limit ten participants.

22 March

OAKVILLE CREEK

Bill Ness, 416-321-3005, book before 15 March ----- Oakville Creek is a smaller, more technical version of the Lower Credit to its west. It's pretty much continuous class 1-2, with some metre-high waves in spots. If the water is high, its tight turns and the risk of sweepers make it a challenging run for good intermediates. However, the watershed is small, and participants are required to pray for rain or run-off earlier in the week to ensure the trip goes. Limit six boats.

23 March

LOWER CREDIT RIVER

Barry Godden, 416-440-4208, book before 16 March ----- From Streetsville to the golf course, the Credit can provide some exciting challenges for intermediate paddlers. The fast-moving, icy water requires properly equipped boats, and wetsuits or drysuits. Limit six boats.

29 March

MOIRA RIVER

John & Sharon Hackert, 416-438-7672, book before 22 March ----- A great early spring whitewater run for anyone who has a good wetsuit/drysuit and isn't adverse to a swim in cold water. We will only be an hour from our cars at most if the weather turns cold or you need and après-swim warm up. The technical difficulty is about a class 2. As long as you have protective clothing for swimming in cold water, the river isn't a problem. This is a good river to paddle to get experience for more difficult rivers. Tandem canoes must have full flotation bags. Limit six boats.

30 March

LOWER CREDIT RIVER

Bill Ness, 416-321-3005, book before 23 March ----- A repeat performance for those who missed Barry's trip, or enjoyed it so much they want to do it again. Only difference is that I paddle down to the mouth. Limit six boats.

5 April

BEAVER CREEK

John & 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.

12 April

BEAVER CREEK ENCORE

John & Sharon Hackert, 416-438-7672, book before 6 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.

25-27 April

ALOGONQUIN SPRING HIKE AND CANOE

Gisela Curwen, 416-484-1471, book by 18 April ----- Come and enjoy the Rain Lake area at the West end of Algonquin before the crowds arrive. Our base will be the Rain Lake Ranger Cabin, which should keep us dry and warm at night this early in the season. We have the choice of exploring the lakes and rivers by canoe or, if the ice is not out yet, hiking the backcountry on the Western Uplands Backpacking Trail.

26-27 April

SPENCE'S CELEBRATED SALMON/MOIRA WEEKEND

Glenn Spence, 613-475-4176, book before 19 April ----- Just north of Belleville, these two rivers offer exciting whitewater and fine scenery. The Salmon is the more gentle run, with some small rapids for you to practise your skills on. The Moira has larger rapids possibly up to class 3. These are two of Southern Ontario's finest spring rivers. You can bivouac at my house and enjoy a pot luck dinner. Intermediate paddlers welcome. Limit six canoes.

3-4 May

SPRING IN THE KAWARTHAS

Gisela Curwen, 416-484-1471, book by 24 April ----- We will paddle a route still to be decided, experience the returning birds and discover other flora and fauna emerging from hibernation. On past trips, we have encountered anything from cranberries to turtles, and last year we even woke up with snow blanketing our campsite! We will hike some of the exposed ridges surrounding the lakes and, as on previous outings, clean up portages along the way. There will be prizes for the best junk collected. Limit four canoes.

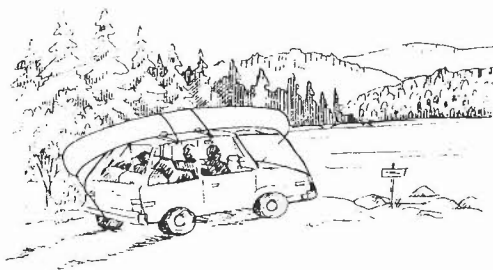
17-19 May

LOWER MADAWASKA RIVER

Larry Durst, 905- 415-1152, Larry.G.Durst@snapon.com, book by 10 May ----- Join us for this classic spring 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 grades 1 to 4 and there are a couple of short portages around falls. However, all rapids can be easily portaged. Water levels are likely to be quite high and cold. Participants will need to dress and pack appropriately. Suitable for intermediate level paddlers. Limit six boats

FOR SHORT-NOTICE TRIPS, CHECK THE WCA WEBSITE BULLETIN BOARD

Suddenly find yourself with a free weekend and want to go paddling? Need a partner for an upcoming trip? Take advantage of our website bulletin board (<http://wildernesscanoe.ca>) to post notices for impromptu trips or partners required. Also, bookmark this page to regularly check for new posted outings. This service is a valuable addition to our regularly published quarterly outings list. We encourage members to use it. However, please note that only members may post notices. As these activities are not pre-screened by the Outings Committee, they are considered privately organized affairs and we can take no responsibility for them.



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 nonsale times at:

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

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

CANOE WANTED Family-size canoe wanted; lightweight preferred. Please call Edith Baragar at 416-769-6379.

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 our website: <http://maxpages.com/betelgeuse>

BLUEWATER WILDERNESS EXPEDITIONS is a touring service that provides all-inclusive travel packages in the Bruce Peninsula. We offer access to local natural attractions and activities including canoeing on the Rankin River, kayaking on Lake Huron, camping on the rocky shores of Georgian Bay, climbing, wilderness backpacking, and hiking some of the best parts of the Bruce Trail. We provide three-, four-, and seven-day packages to our clients during the summer months. Information: www.bluewaterwildernessexpeditions.com

ELDERTREKS is the world's first adventure travel company for travellers 50 and over. We offer small-group (maximum of 16 travellers) adventures based on destination, activity level (from easy to challenging), duration, or activities, such as walking, trekking, rafting, or sailing. Trip extensions and custom-designed trips are also available. In business for over 15 years, we offer programs in over 50 countries from Antarctica to Mongolia and Peru to Iceland. We also offer some trips in Canada.

ElderTreks is also very involved in giving back to the community and to making the tourism industry more sustainable. This upcoming fall, ElderTreks is sponsoring the first prize for Canada's Annual Super Walk for Parkinson's by donating a trip for two, including air transport, to Costa Rica (retail value \$10,000). In addition to many other initiatives, ElderTreks also supports environmental initiatives

such the International Year of Ecotourism through the International Ecotourism Society. If you would like more information, please contact us at ElderTreks, 597 Markham St., Toronto, Ontario, M6G 2L7; tel. 416-588-5000, 1-800-741-7956; fax 416-588-9839; website www.eldertreks.com

MAGAZINES ON THE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES

Interested in the NWT and Nunavut? I have a number of old *North/Nord* (issued by the Dept. of Indian and Northern Affairs), *Beaver*, and *Up Here* magazines from the 70s and 80s, as well as *Canadian Geographic* from the late 70s to 90s. If anyone can use these, please contact Gisela Curwen at 416-484-1471 or at gisela.curwen@utoronto.ca

BIKEHIKE ADVENTURES offers multi-sport adventures for earthlings addicted to the outdoor life. We specialize in small-group worldwide adventures including rafting, rock climbing, mountain biking, hiking, horseback riding, and sea kayaking in exotic destinations in South and Central America, Canada, the Pacific, and Africa. We are committed to sustainable/eco tourism practices and we never run adventures exceeding 12 passengers in order to leave minimal ecological impact upon the places we visit. Trips can be customized with a minimum of two travellers. Trips are graded at three levels: easy, moderate, and challenging, which suits the needs of all adventurers. For more information, contact our main office at 1-888-805-0061 or rachel@bikehike.com

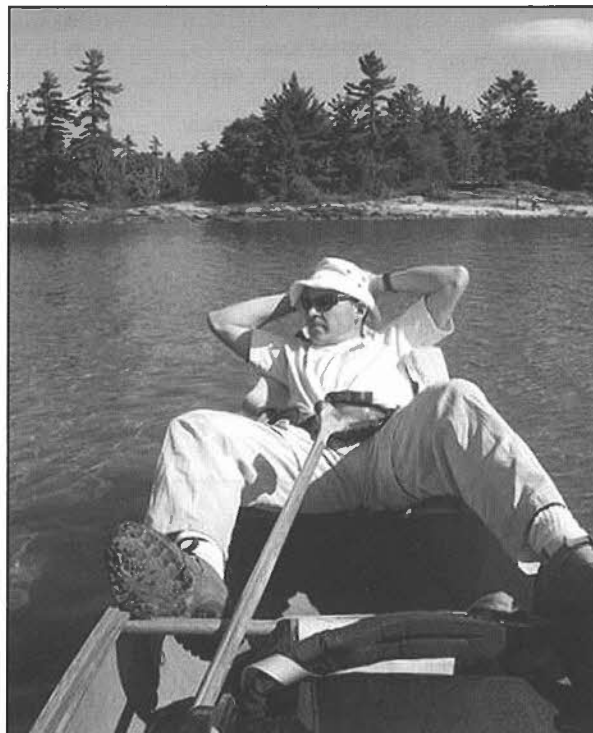


photo: Gary James

WCA Fall Meeting at Killbear Provincial Park

Where it is ...



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