



20 May — Pokeki Creek

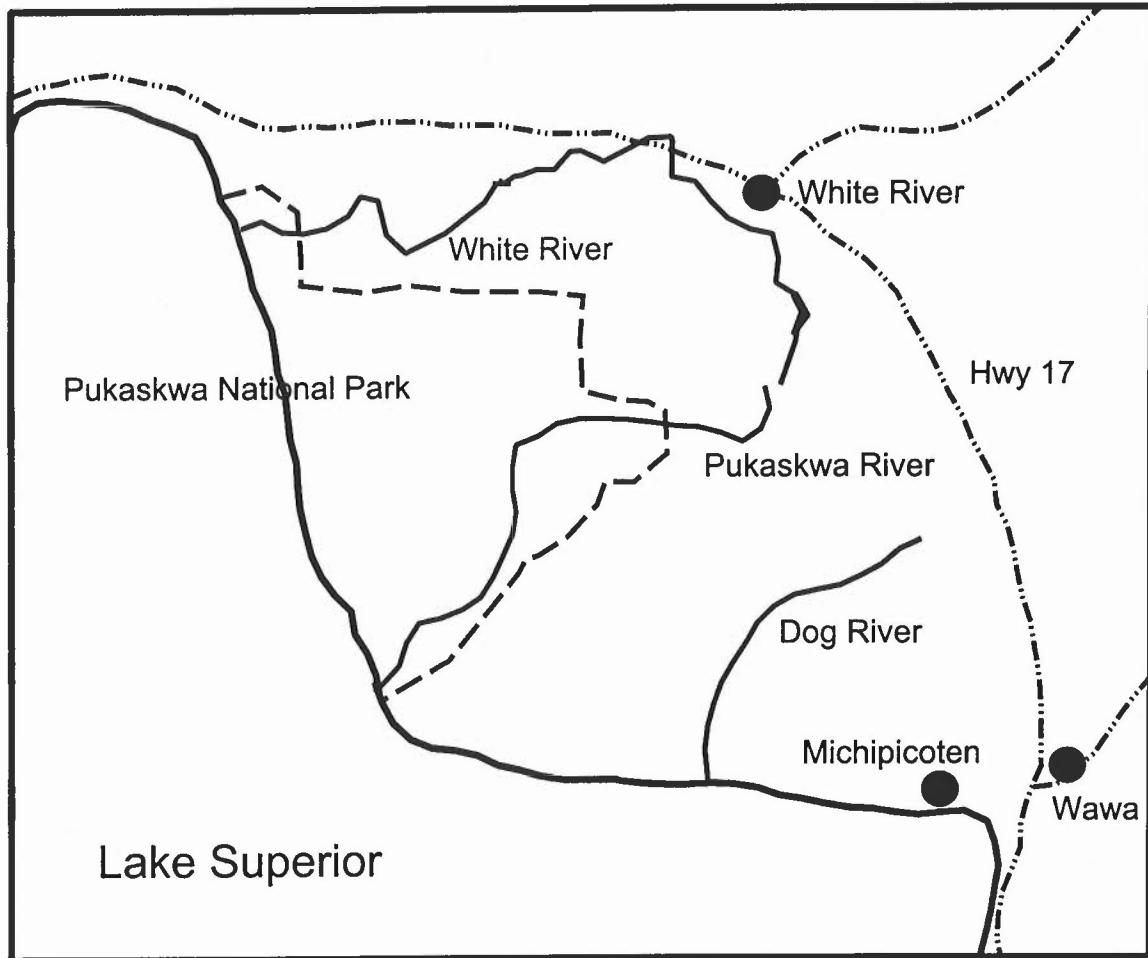
## PUKASKWA RIVER AND THE SUPERIOR COAST

Brett Hodnett

On the Friday evening of the May 2000 long weekend, my usual canoeing comrade, Alex, and myself battled the traffic out of Toronto to get to the put-in for the Pukaskwa River on Hwy 17, just south of the town of White River. By approximately 4:30 a.m. we had set up our tent at the side of an old logging road, somewhere in the vicinity of White River, and tried to get some sleep. By 7:30 we were up, and before long I had dropped Alex off at our put-in, the South White River, and driven his van to Buck's Marina, which is just south of Wawa where the Michipicoten River empties into Lake Superior. This was our planned take-out point. We had left a vehicle at Buck's once before, when we paddled the Michipicoten/Missinaibi rivers, and found the

Marina staff to be extremely canoeist-friendly. They even keep a log book for canoeists who leave their cars there to sign. This year we were the first ones to sign the book.

There was a customer leaving the Marina who happened to be going north and was willing to give me a lift. He was turning off about 33 km short of where Alex and the canoe were, so I would have to hitchhike the last stretch. I had always heard that Wawa was the worst place in the country to try and hitch a ride, and I would have to agree that it is not easy. I walked about 10 km until an OPP Officer gave me a lift for five or six kilometres before he had to turn back. I then walked wearily on until I was jolted awake by the sudden appearance of a bull moose on the



side of the road. The only one more surprised than myself was the moose, who promptly bolted into the bush at high speed.

I continued walking for about 12 km from where the OPP Officer had dropped me off. I was just about to give up hitching altogether when I saw a Volkswagen van coming. I decided that I would trust my preconceived notions of the “hippy mobile” and give it one last try. True to form the van stopped. It was an East Indian couple and their son who were driving to Vancouver for a family vacation from, of all places, Mississauga, where Alex and I had just left from the night before. They drove me the last few kilometres to where Alex was patiently waiting, with the canoe already loaded and in the water.

Being mid-May north of Superior, there were still no leaves on the trees and the only hint that it was spring was that the poplars were in flower. Despite this it was hot enough that we began our trip without shirts on. It was a leisurely paddle for about 15 km along the South White River, which is a windy little river that leads to Pokei Lake. I enjoy these slow meandering rivers that somehow make you feel further from civilization than you actually are. A bald eagle glided by, emphasizing our feeling of returning

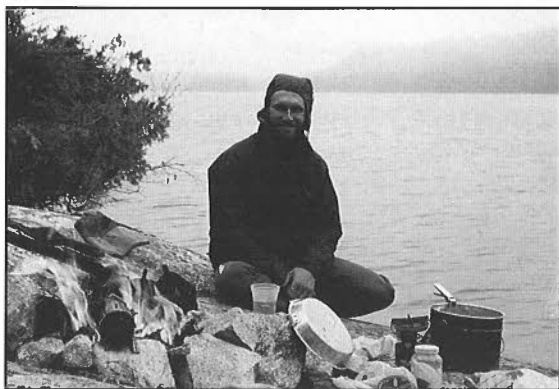
to nature. At Pokei Lake this feeling abruptly ended as we turned the corner and were surprised to find at least a dozen motorboats fishing in the lake. We paddled the length of the lake, and as the wind picked up our shirts went back on, soon to be followed by our jackets. Although it was only about 6 p.m., we found a reasonable place to put a tent so decided to stop for the night.

20 May We were up by 7 a.m. and on the water by 9, seeing a sandhill crane fly overhead. We knew we had a difficult day ahead of us since we would be going against the current for a twisty 12 km from Pokei Creek to Soulier Lake. From Soulier Lake a portage leads to waters that would actually be flowing in the direction that we were heading. But we wouldn't be getting there today. Pokei Creek really is a creek; it is small, shallow, and fast moving. There would be no way to paddle such a small creek going downstream, much less upstream. For the vast majority of the way we had to push-and-pull the canoe upstream around rocks and logs, as there generally weren't even remnants of a portage. It was really tough going and it would have been a scary prospect without a Royalex canoe. We got past the worst of the creek to a marshy area and camped at about 7 p.m..

There was still a thin stretch of rocky, shallow stuff to get through, but for the most part the worst was behind us. The Pukuskwa River Guide says that this creek requires one full day and lots of heavy bushwhacking. I would have to say that this was an understatement. Usually I find that river guides tend to overstate problems and suggest easily obtainable estimates about how long a trip will take. Not so with this river guide. As we were to find out, things were often a lot more difficult than the guide would lead us to believe.



21 May — in the marsh on Pokei Creek



21 May — Beaver Lake; first fire in three years

21 May It was warm all night and we were up early and on the water by 9 a.m. There was only a couple of short stretches of creek left to push up, but it was enough to require us to get wet. We reached a large marsh and the creek lost its current and began to meander. We came across two guys in a canoe who weren't very clear about how they found themselves to be in this marsh, but it wasn't by the same way that we had come.

We paddled to the portage at the far end of Soulier Lake, which is just past a little island on the left shore at a tree that looks like a Y. The 500-m portage was easily discernable but had numerous tree falls. We then paddled through the next couple of lakes and into Beaver Lake against a cold headwind. At about 5 p.m. we stopped at a site on the west shore of the bottom half of Beaver Lake. The site was on a rock next to a beach area. There was a fire

pit that hadn't been used this season, so we thought we'd be the first and had our first fire in three years. By 7:30 the mist was getting so thick that you could feel the water in the fog. Not being the type of day you want to take advantage of the beach, we were in bed by 9 p.m.

22 May We were on the water by 8:45, the fog still thick. It wasn't long before the fog turned to rain and then to periodic downpours. The first rapid we came to, Tough Slog Rapid, is aptly named. It is basically a get-out-and-push rapid with brief periods of paddling before becoming wedged on rocks again. We were at least thankful that we were travelling downriver now. After portaging a fall we paddled a short distance to just before the river widens where there is a road crossing the river. This road was not on our map and although it would have made access much easier, it also means that the river could probably become much busier, since our Pokei Creek experience or a fly-in would not be necessary to run the river. I find it depressing that it is quickly becoming more difficult to find solitude.

After a short portage we had to line the next few rapids, as the water levels were just too low to run them. At Koehler Falls the river was still too shallow to run so we did an 830-m portage to the top of a small chute along the left shore. We must have been the first people through the portage that season because it was difficult to follow and had to be adjusted to avoid all of the tree falls. It was shortly after 5 p.m. when we camped at the bottom of these rapids. The rapids up to this point were really disappointing, and we were getting worried that we would never find rapids with enough water to run. As we set up camp the sun finally came out and we saw our first four mosquitoes. Can't complain about that.

23 May Slightly less rain today but still grey and misty all the time. The rapids were still of the bump-and-grind variety but we didn't have to get out of the canoe as much, which was nice. It was also encouraging that the one portage we had to do had a path, and although not in great condition, was in better condition than any of the previous



22 May — Long Rapids on Pukuskwa River

portages. We saw two cow moose, one with a calf that allowed us to get quite close. It became cool in the evening and we stopped at around 6 p.m. at a site about 40 km from Superior that the guidebook calls Flatrock campsite. It was quite a walk back from the river to reach a suitable place for our large tent, and I had to move a fallen tree that had a lot of spring in it, which provided some entertainment before setting up camp.

24 May We didn't get on the water until about 10:15 and although the weather was a lot like the previous two days, it didn't really rain very much. We ran actual

25 May Just beyond our campsite was the start of a 2,530-m portage that avoids Ringham Gorge. The river guide makes the gorge sound quite difficult, and given the guide's propensity for understatement we were a little apprehensive about running it. However, we figured that the water level was low for May, and since the big portage certainly didn't sound like a lot of fun, we decided to run the gorge. There were still a couple of little portages to do at the beginning and end of the gorge, but for the most part we would be committed to running the length of it.

It was a challenging stretch of water and went on for a long way. Definitely the biggest water we had had so far this



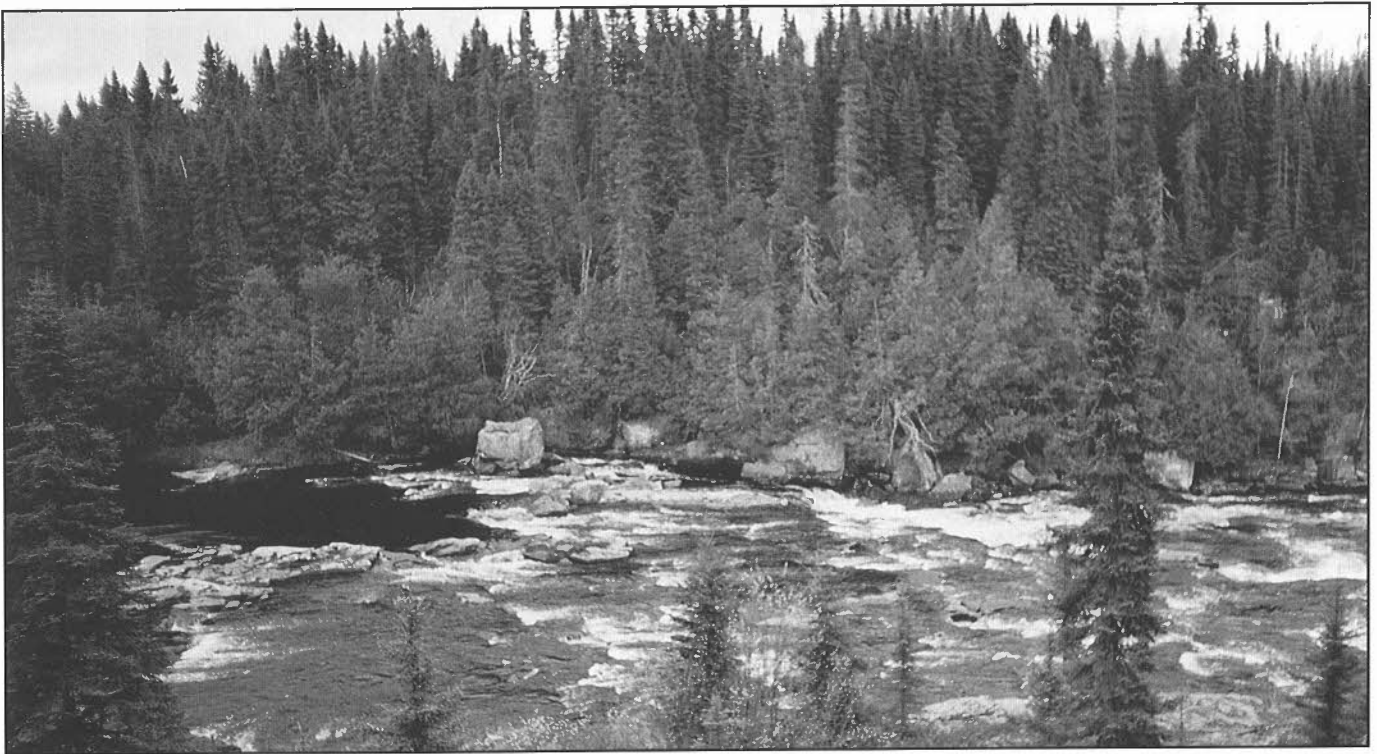
24 May — *Smooth Rock Falls*

rapids today! They were mostly rocky but had lots of opportunity for manoeuvring and were quite fun. We reached a small fall where there were four guys doing a short portage over the rocks to avoid the fall. We stopped to have a look, and although it was a pretty big drop for an open tripping canoe, it was a straight drop into deep water so we ran them. As expected we half filled with water but came to no harm.

We continued on and camped at the end of what the guide calls Pukaskwa Rapids in a sort of field. We didn't arrive there until about 9 p.m. and the four guys we passed showed up about 45 minutes later. They were behind schedule and were being picked up on lake Superior at the end of the river on the morning of the 26th. They were in bed later than us and had plans for an early morning.

trip. Near the very top of the rapids we hit a rock that spun us around completely backwards. We were still moving quickly downriver and there wasn't enough room between rocks to get us turned back around, so we intentionally hit a rock just up from the centre of the canoe. As planned, this spun us facing forward again. Our potentially disastrous canoe ballet was strangely graceful, there were no sudden jolts and the canoe didn't lean on any awkward angles. We may have even looked like we planned the whole thing, if there was anyone around to watch. We made up for this less-than-perfect start, by doing a fantastic run, hitting the chute right in the centre and getting to the shore for the portage. From a whitewater perspective the gorge was definitely the highlight of the trip. At the end of this second portage there was a shallow rocky ledge and a set of class 1 and 2 rapids, all of which could be run.





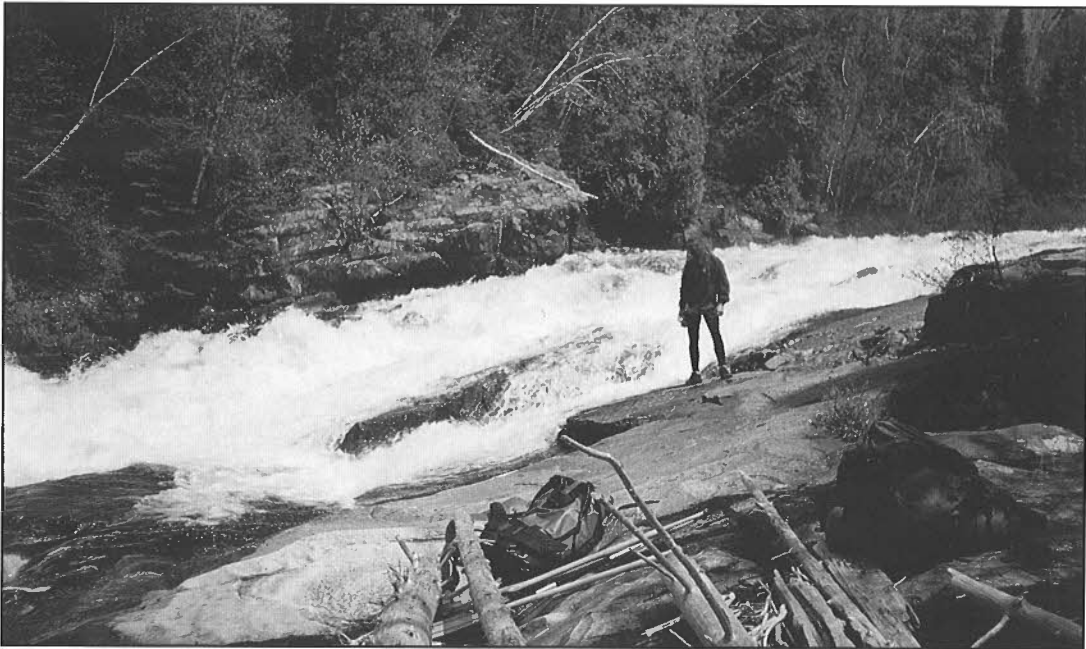
24 May — rapids on the Pukaskwa River

It had been hot and sunny since morning and the blackflies were getting thick, so we decided to camp early at a site at Twin Falls and dry out all our soaking stuff on the rocks. By evening we had managed to transform our gear from a wet mess from days of rain and walking in the river, to a somewhat organized mess of dry stuff all put nicely away. At about 6:30 four guys, older than the four we had seen before, showed up and set up at the small space left over next to us. Apparently they had done the 2,530-m

portage and it was horrible. It took them seven hours just to do the portage and they were now ahead of the other four, who apparently were taking even longer. If running Ringham Gorge wasn't fun enough, we were certainly glad now that we hadn't done the portage. The young guys passed by about an hour later. They were miserable but kept going so that they could be picked up the next morning.



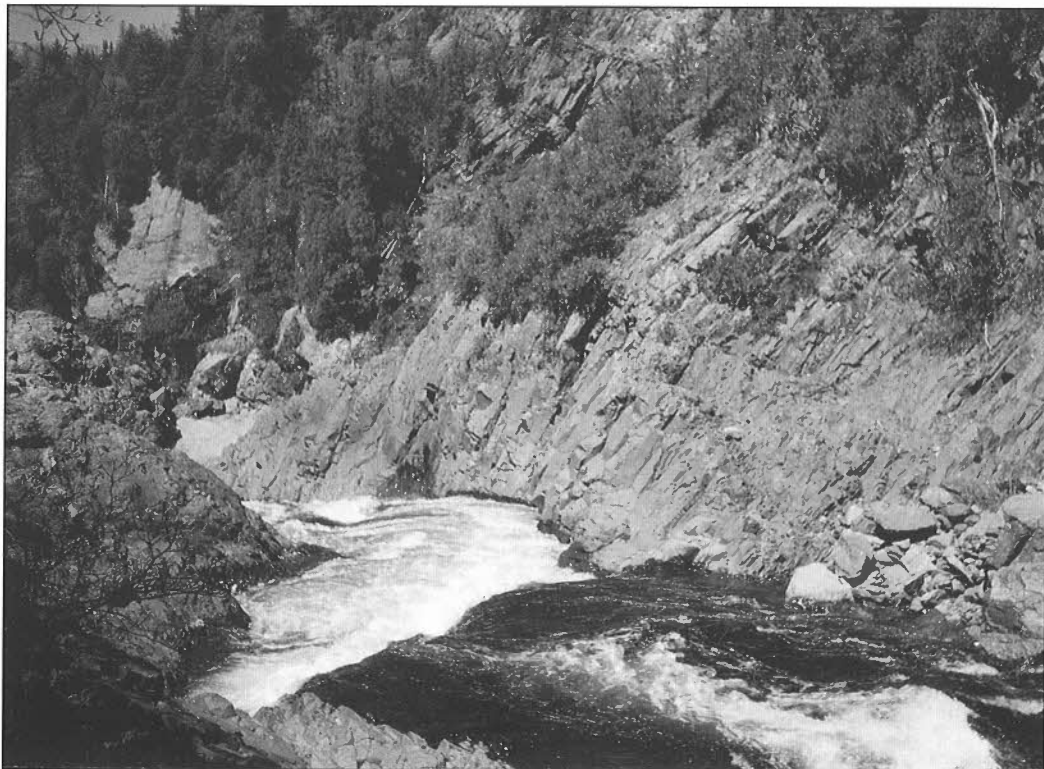
25 May — Ringham Gorge, first falls



25 May — big falls at end of Ringham Gorge

26 May Unlike our new companions, we were well rested and ready to go the next morning. It was sunny and beautiful all day long. We were excited that we would reach Lake Superior that day and begin a new adventure. For the 10 or 12 km before reaching the coast, the river was fast and beautiful, with a lot of rockface along the shores. The first rapids we reached were Gorge Rapids, which weren't too difficult and we ran them without a problem. The final

rapid of the river is Schist Falls. To avoid the whole obstacle an 1,100-m portage can be used. We opted instead to do a 100-m portage around the fallw at the start of them, and run the rapids down to just before the fallw at the end of the stretch. You have to be careful not to make any mistake here. The falls at the end is a huge drop down a chute that would be very easy to miss if you didn't know it was coming. It is necessary to get out on river left just before



26 May — end of Schist Rapids



26 May — *Lake Superior: best campsite ever in cove!*

the falls, but the fact that you can't see the falls coming, combined with the fact that the left side of the river isn't ideally where you would run the river, makes it quite nerve-racking. We did manage to get out at the final eddy, which left a 300-m portage around the falls. The falls itself is in a gorgeous canyon and from the end of the portage you can see Lake Superior down the river. This made it an ideal location for us to stop and eat lunch. We also wanted to fuel ourselves up before heading out into Lake Superior.

After lunch we started our trip along the coast. We had never paddled the Superior Coast before but had heard a lot about it. So as we paddled towards it, singing "The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald," there was a sense of nervous excitement. Today however, Superior was not at all threatening. There was no wind and the water was calm. The coastline itself was absolutely stunning with steep, rocky, gnarled shores. We followed the coast east for about 12 km to a cove just beyond Crane Island. This cove is a great place to camp. It is protected from any wind or waves that might come up on Superior, and is beautiful with lots of room for tents. The end of the cove is a large, white, sandy beach that looks out at an island just beyond where you turn in to get to the cove. There is something very appealing about the symmetry of the island centred in the opening of the cove, and I would rank it as one of my favorite all-time sites. Up to this point there hadn't been many places to camp along the coast, but only a few min-

utes after saying that we should try to find a site, we found this gorgeous one. Things do work out sometimes.

27 May We were on the water by 8:30 on another nice day. It wasn't as calm as the day before, however, and there were some clouds and a headwind, which we had to battle until about 1 p.m. when we stopped for lunch. After lunch the wind switched direction and became a cold tail wind that threw up quite big waves/swells on the water. We stopped paddling at about 4 p.m. because we had reached a sandy beach that was followed by seven or eight kilometres of cliffs. We didn't think it was a good idea to paddle along the cliffs with the uncertain weather we were having. It wasn't only the wind that was uncertain, the temperature was also going from cold to warm and back again within minutes.

The sand at this site had moose prints all over it, as did the site the night before, but here there were also bear prints on the beach. We had only paddled 26 km today, but it was worth stopping early to experience Michipicoten Island. This is a huge island about 30 km in length and almost as far from shore. Traditionally it holds much mystical significance and I can certainly see why, because every time I looked it seemed to have a different shape. I still don't know what Michipicoten Island's shores are actually like, and perhaps it's best that way.



28 May We were on the river by 8 a.m. with 20 km of paddling to get to the mouth of the Dog River. We planned to paddle up the Dog at least to Denison Falls, which we had heard is quite spectacular. It was a clear, sunny day but once we were out of the bay it was quite windy and the waves were big enough to feel uncomfortable about. It wasn't long before we had to paddle along the seven or eight kilometres of steep shoreline, which was fairly intimidating with the swells becoming quite large sometimes. The canoe handled them well however and we were at the mouth of the Dog shortly after noon. We started up the Dog right away, which was no easy task since it was a constant flow of swifts and small rapids for the whole two kilometres up to the falls.

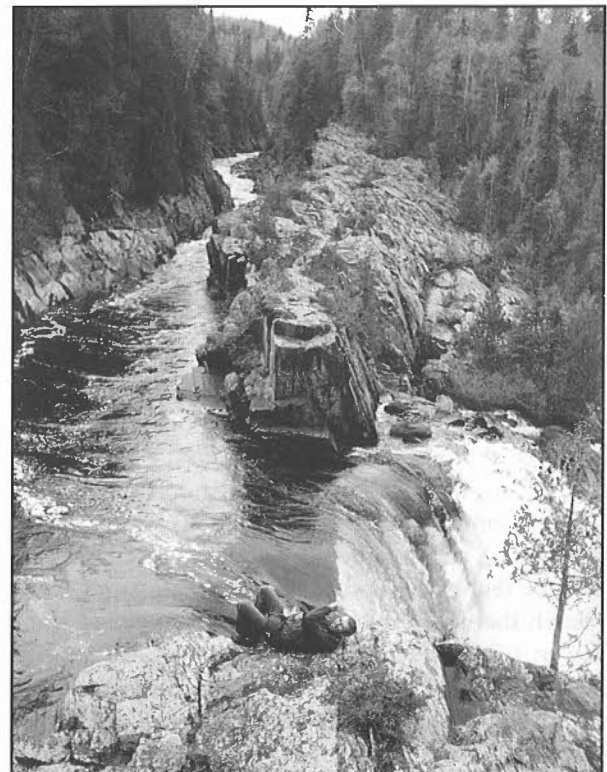
When we first came to the falls we thought that all we had heard about how spectacular they are was overstated. They seemed nice enough, but nothing to get excited about. It wasn't until we got to the bottom of them that we saw that they actually fall from further above around the corner, and then again from further above that around another corner. They really are amazing. Anyone who is paddling the coast should take the trouble to go up and see them. We climbed the steep west shore to the top where the river is just a long thin gorge that feeds the falls. There wasn't any way to get further upriver so we went back down and checked the east shore for a portage, but we couldn't find one. We also couldn't find any place suitable to put a tent, so we ran the river back to the lake, and set up on the large gravel beach at the mouth. There is a trail on the east shore leading upriver and we decided that we would follow it upriver as our project for the next day.



29 May — portage around Denison Falls



29 May — portage around Denison Falls



29 May — top of Denison Falls



29 May We woke up late and followed the trail with the hopes it would lead us up the Dog to where we were the day before. It was somewhat tough to follow in some parts, but we made it up to the falls and quickly found the portage trail. We had missed the portage the day before because it ends (or starts from our perspective) at the bottom of a steep 20-m drop, which has a rope to lower your canoe and gear down. It's certainly an unexpected and interesting end to a portage trail. From there the trail is perhaps a kilometre long and quite good, although it has some steep descents and goes over several slippery rocks.

We headed back along the trail to the lake as it began to rain. Over the last couple of days we had noticed that the leaves were starting to come out on the birches and poplars, and although the spring flowers were not yet blooming, many were in bud. Spring was upon us and with it came the rain. By the time we got back to the tent it was raining hard without any sign of letting up. It was 1 p.m. when we got back so, not feeling like cooking, we had some nuts for lunch and slept until almost 7 p.m. Unfortunately the tent leaked quite badly at every corner and from the top as well. We put dirty socks and wet clothes at each corner to soak up the water and by the time we got up they were in desperate need of wringing out. It was still raining, and after cooking up some pasta we tried to get back to sleep so that we could get an early start on Superior in the morning.

30 May Considering that we had spent most of the previous day sleeping, we slept reasonably well all night. We got up at 5 a.m., hoping for some early morning calm to finish our trip along the coast. We had about 30 km left to reach Al's van on the Michipicoten River. Although we were on the water before 7 a.m. the water was not what you

would call calm. It was cold and there was already a wind. The first 13 km or so went by slowly, due to the waves, but otherwise without incident. The coast wasn't as spectacular along this stretch as it was closer to Pukaskwa Park and the grey skies didn't help this impression.

We stopped to cook up some bannock on one of the rocky little islands next to shore just before Minnekona Point, and noticed that it was quite a bit warmer once you got off the lake. We didn't stop long but by the time we reached Minnekona Point the water had become quite rough and it was intimidating to paddle around the point where the waves were even bigger. The waves could probably be better described as swells since they were so high that it would be impossible to paddle in them unless they were also as wide as they were. So even though extremely large, they didn't break until hitting the shore. It was relatively easy paddling until the next point a couple of kilometres away, which we found at least as bad as the previous one.

The biggest point by far was yet to come, Perkwakwia Point, which juts out into Superior enough to be seen on an Ontario road map. We weren't comfortable paddling around this large point in these conditions and since there was a road, which went down to Indian Beach in the Gros Cap Indian Reserve just our side of the point, I made the executive decision to stop and walk or hitchhike the seven or so kilometres along the road to the car. We paddled up to the beach, which was deserted on a miserable day like this, and I walked a few kilometres before a Native woman picked me up wondering who the hell I was, hitchhiking out of the reserve. She kindly drove me right to our van, even though she was late for an appointment. It wasn't long before we were on the highway back to the city.



29 May — Denison Falls



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

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

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

## NEWS BRIEFS

**NASTAWGAN MATERIAL AND DEADLINE** Articles, trip reports, book reviews, photographs, sketches, technical tips, or anything else that you think might be of interest to other readers, are needed for future issues. Try to submit your contributions by e-mail, on 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:* Winter 2003      *deadline date:* 2 November  
Spring 2004                      1 February

**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.



## FALL PARTY

The WCA Fall (Wine and Cheese) Party is a great time to meet old canoeing friends and make new ones. If you are new to the club, or not so new, and even if you are not a member, this party is for you. You can find out who belongs to the WCA, what the club is all about, hear about recent outings, and get new ideas and tips for planning future trips.

*Date:* Friday, 14 November 2003

*Location:* Toronto Sailing and Canoe Club (TSCC), 1391 Lakeshore Blvd. West, Toronto. There is free parking.

*Cost:* \$10 members, \$12 non-members.

*Program:* 7:00 Registration and welcome  
7:45 First presentation  
8:30 Meet old friends, and  
make new acquaintances  
9:00 Second presentation  
9:45 Coffee and clean-up

The names of the presenters are available on the WCA website: <http://wildernesscanoe.ca>

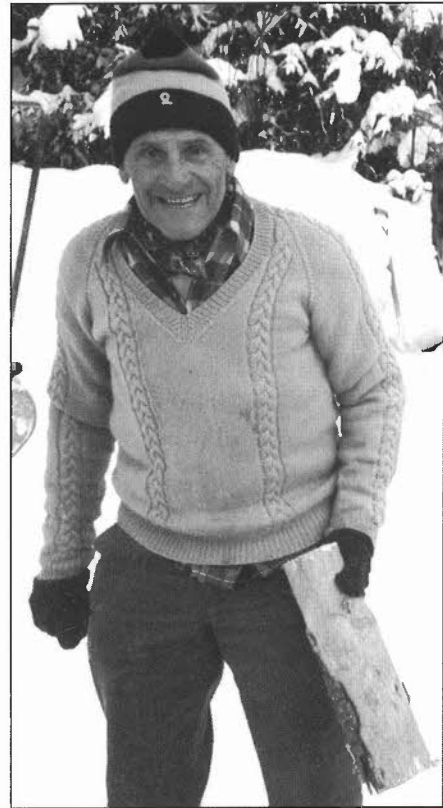
For more information contact Gisela Curwen at 416-484-1471 or [gisela.curwen@utoronto.ca](mailto:gisela.curwen@utoronto.ca)

## KARL SCHIMEK 1927-2003

Best known for his self-sufficiency, determination, and endurance, Karl practised, as much as possible, all things outdoors that required self-propulsion. Never happier than after a tough, exhilarating day when the hard-wood had burned to embers; then, and only then, was it time to put his pot on.

Initially he trippeded with his family, then became an early active member in the WCA, and latterly was often a solo tripper. In mid-life Karl was delighted to discover that his lifestyle could be enhanced by not working a regular job, so thereafter the outdoors revealed itself to him every day of the year. He is much respected for his accomplishments in the Canadian Ski Marathon, where sometimes he was the oldest Gold Courier du Bois, even achieving this in his 70s.

Karl finally succumbed to recurring cancer on 8 July. As well as grandchildren, he leaves his wife Paula and children Susan, Brigitte, and Peter, all embracing their father's lifestyle with friends from the early days of the WCA.



## PADDLERS WANTED FOR TORONTO AREA RIVERS

Why walk, run, and bike when you can enjoy an evening paddle in the city? We are looking for interested members and friends to join us canoeing the Duffins Creek in Ajax and the Rouge River in Toronto's east end. We start around 7 p.m. and go until dark. We canoe on the weekends too and sometimes venture out to the Humber River in the west end. Timing depends on our schedules and the weather. So give us a call or e-mail and let us know if you wish to join us. We also have several people interested in pairing up with someone with a canoe. Contact Anne Lessio at 905-686-1730 or [alessio@istar.ca](mailto:alessio@istar.ca) and Gary James at 416-512-6690 or [wca@sympatico.ca](mailto:wca@sympatico.ca)



## ICE, AT LAST!

Viki Mather

The ice had been a long time coming last year. On the first morning of January 2002, only half our bay had a covering of ice. And half of that had come on the last night of the previous year. This surprised me because the wind had been blowing for days. It continued to blow through the night. Ice doesn't form in the wind. Or so I thought.

I walked out across the old, six-inch thick ice on the first part of our bay to have a look at the new ice. It was not the usual clear, black ice that forms on cold calm nights. The new ice of the new year had frozen in waves. It looked like the wind was still blowing, still pushing whitecaps to shore.

I used my long pole to poke a hole in the new ice to see how thick it was. Some chunks broke away. It was about an inch thick. But this ice was like no ice I had ever seen before in 20 years of poking holes in thin ice.

This new ice had a very rough undersurface. Long crystals of ice had formed below the surface. Beautiful, intricate, delicate crystals of ice were growing downward. Every time I have ever broken ice chunks from the lake the under surface has been smooth.

The next day brought more ice to our bay. Great misty clouds of water vapor rose from the lake. New ice was greeting the day.

Late that afternoon I hiked out to have a look, carrying my long pole with me. Had the whole lake frozen over? At the edge of the wavy ice I checked to see if it was strong enough to walk on. It was, so I moved onward.

The wavy ice gave way after a while to smoother ice. Little clusters of frost decorated the surface. The ice changed from a frothy white to the clear black of fine, new ice. As I walked along near the shoreline, I could clearly see the rocks and sunken logs below me.

I have to admit that I was a little disappointed when I looked out over the surface of the newest ice. Off in the distance, there were still waves in the water. And they were moving. The lake had not frozen over yet.

I walked over to the shore and climbed the big hill at the end of our bay so I could get a better view of the main body of the lake.

Near the crest of the hill grows a lovely young white pine tree with strong branches. I haven't climbed a tree for decades. Yet, what a view I would see from up there! I climbed twenty feet higher and perched comfortably in the tree for a long time. I scanned the lake with binoculars, noting where there was ice, and where there was not. If I couldn't go walking on the lake, perhaps I could go canoeing . . . just one more time?



photo: Toni Harting



On 7 January I took yet another walk to the end of our long narrow bay, climbed the hill, and climbed the tree to have a look at the lake—hoping to see water no more. Winter was a month late. It should have been 7 December when I took this walk.

As expected in the normal course of lake freezing, the ice near our shore was more than a foot thick (especially where we have shovelled the rink). The first quarter of our bay had lots and lots of ice. It had been frozen for weeks.

The next quarter of the bay had frozen over at the very end of December. On 7 January, it had more than five inches of ice. Most of the rest of our bay froze on New Year's eve—despite wind and waves. I checked its thickness and found around four inches of solid ice.

On I walked. And walked. I walked once more the same shoreline I've walked most days over the past few weeks. Earlier I walked on the land, lately I walked on the ice.

Sometimes I took the snowshoe trail that wanders along on land near the water's edge. At the far end of the trail a large hill rises to give a fine overview of the lake. Sometimes I walked on the short trail to the south that rises high enough to see our whole bay. Sometimes I walked along the trail on the southwest shore, again coming out somewhere on a hill that looked out over the lake. Every walk I took in that first week of January ended with a view of the lake that was mostly covered with ice—except for a few stubborn holes that just wouldn't freeze.

Still, my hopes were high that morning of 7 January. The night before had been the coldest we had this winter.

Though the northwest wind had blown fiercely most of the night, it died completely an hour before dawn.

As I climbed the northeast hill at the end of our bay I wondered if I would see more water than the day before. Or less? Or none?

Part-way up, a rock overhang gives a fine view of the south end of the lake. A huge expanse of water that had gleamed there on the 5th was now covered with deep blue ice, dotted with brilliant white crystals of frost. Cracks that showed open water at the end of our bay had also frozen over.

Further up the hill I climbed. I caught glimpses of blue in the midst of snowy lake ice through the trees. Was it frozen? Or not? Were there waves? I couldn't tell.

At last near the top of the hill, I could see most of the lake but for the trees in the way. I climbed my little white pine—a 30-foot-tall tree with thick, sturdy branches reaching right down to the ground. Up I climbed, gaining another 15 feet in height, and an amazing view. I settled in to a comfy perch there and brought out the binoculars.

The lake stretched out before me—north, west, and south. I could see islands, trees, rock, and ice. Ninety percent of the lake was hidden beneath snow-covered ice. The big spot of blue just below me—was it frozen? Or were there little waves?

I searched and searched with the binos. The new ice was uneven. I could see where pressure ridges were already forming. But I could find no water, no ripples in the early morning breeze. The lake had been put to rest for this winter, at long last.

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## PROMETHEUS

Sitting by the fire revelling in the warmth. Tonight's campsite is close to where a couple of trees have fallen. Lots of deadfall scattered on the shore. Enough wood for far longer than we intend to stay.

Getting late. I know it. But I also know that time spent in the wilderness is limited and precious. Worth the sacrifice of some sleep to ensure that I can take in all that the wilderness is trying to teach me.

One of my great fears is that the wilderness canoe trip that I am now on will be my last. I have to keep intensity levels up to make sure that I am getting every drop of enjoyment out of the current trip. They are all too few to squander. And sitting by the fire is part of that experience.

Each campfire that I sit by just amazes me in how wonderful it is. In Greek mythology, Prometheus was the god who stole fire and gave it to mankind. By doing so, he made all of us a little more god-like in the process. Prometheus

paid for his theft by being sentenced to a punishment of eternal torture. That tells you how valuable the gods considered fire and what a gift fire was to mankind.

Getting later. It really is time to head for the tent. I just can't give up any moments around the fire though. It's also hard to stop thinking about Prometheus. One of my nightmares is that fire will be taken away from us simply because we did not appreciate it enough. If that happened, would Prometheus come and try to give fire to us again?

I'm not sure. I'm hoping that he would. I'm hoping he would realize that keeping fire to yourself is just too selfish to contemplate.

Besides, as habits go, stealing fire is probably a hard one to give up.

Greg Went

# FROM RAPIDS TO TIDAL FLATS

## Padding the Albany River watershed and James Bay

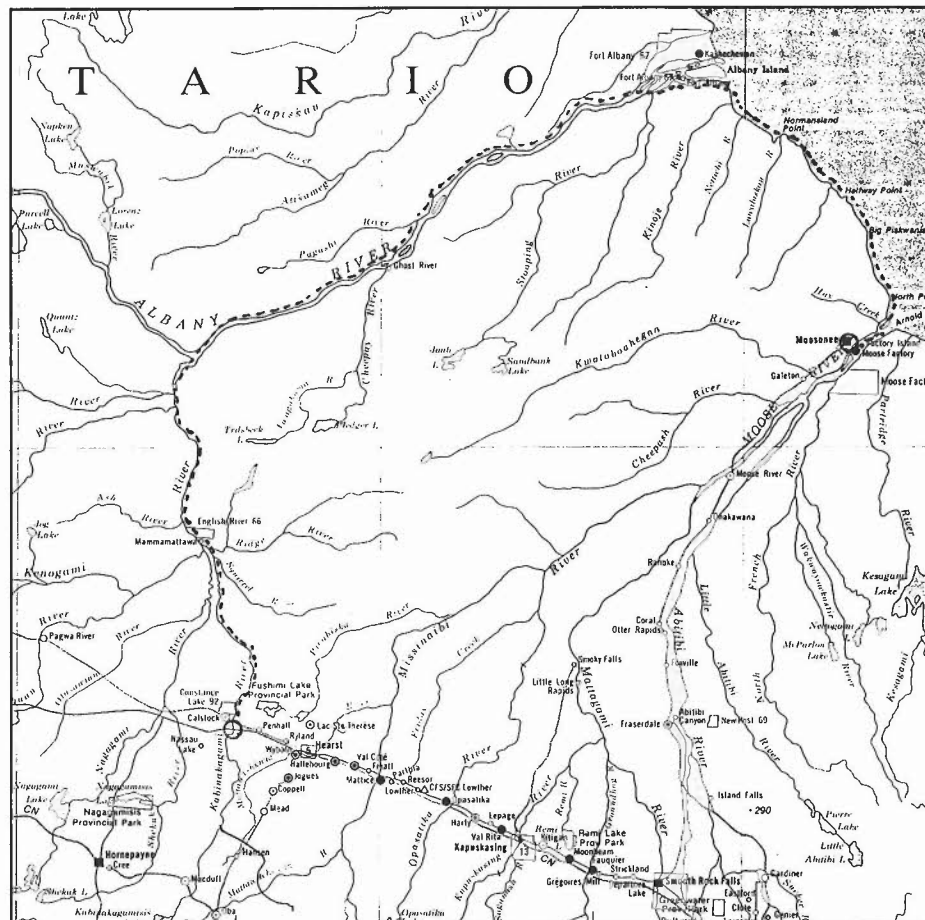
Herb Pohl

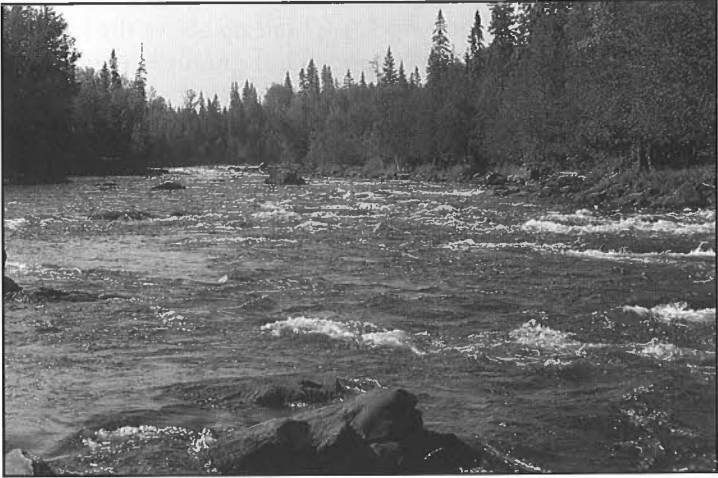
In July of 1978, Paula and Karl Schimek and I paddled away from Longlac bound for Fort Albany. Four days into the trip I wrenched my back while portaging around a rapid in the Kenogami River. Luckily we were within sight of the CNR line, the last connection with the outside world. I flagged down the next train and returned home, and my companions carried on alone. As the years went by, the memory of that event was filed under the heading of “unfinished business,” but it wasn’t until the summer of 2000 that the Kenogami–Albany rivers watershed again became the destination of a northern trip.

Joining me on this one were Mike Jones and, once again, Karl Schimek. The trip was planned to take from 1 to 19 August, and the distance travelled should be about 630 km. We drove up in separate vehicles, used separate boats, and slept in separate tents. Karl had his own food while Mike and I shared meals but not lunches.

We made arrangements with Hearst Air to leave our vehicles at their base at Carey Lake, just a few kilometres east of our starting point on the Kabinakagami River. The people at Hearst Air were very accommodating; they charged us \$40 for parking and a shuttle to the put-in.

The Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources canoe route “Limestone Rapids to Fort Albany” describes the majority of the route we planned to follow (and does a very good job of it). However, their recommended starting point at the end of Rogers Road some 55 km downstream from where the river crosses Hwy. 11 means bypassing some exciting rapids and beautiful scenery as the river traverses the transition from Shield rock to limestone. I didn’t want to miss this section and so we started at Hwy. 11. To extend the duration of the trip to about three weeks, and save some money in the process, we planned to continue beyond Fort Albany to James Bay and paddle down the coast to Moosonee on the Moose River.





The first of a series of rapids on the Kabinakagami appeared just a few hundred metres downstream from the starting point. As we made our way slowly down the boulder gardens, we were soon joined by a small plane which continued to circle overhead, much to my consternation. What was the problem?

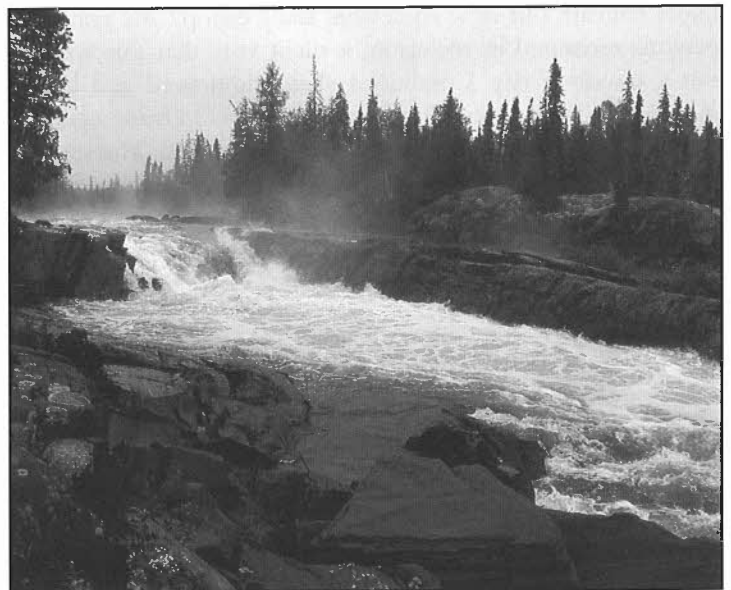
We found out later that the owner of Hearst Air, when informed of our starting point, became very concerned about our safety and decided to check on us. Apparently everyone avoids this part of the river. We thought it was absolutely perfect, nice scenery and some excitement. Carrying around several waterfalls was a bit awkward because of numerous deadfalls, dense vegetation, and the absence of portage trails. There was also enough turbulence to testify to the usefulness of spray-covers; Mike, who didn't have one, once had to abandon his sinking ship.

The exuberance associated with the beginning of a new adventure was somewhat tempered later on. The sultry day came to a sudden end with a terrific downpour just as we carried around an obstruction. Predictably my rain suit was at the other end and so I sought shelter at the base of a very large tree. It worked well for a while, but this was no ordinary shower. Before long the trunk of the tree, meant to shield me from the deluge, became the conduit and I the recipient of streams of water. What made the situation more unpalatable was the sight of Karl in his rain suit, comfortably relaxing nearby and trying hard not to look too smug.

A more serious misadventure occurred a day's journey farther downstream. Limestone Rapids, several kilometres long, is not a difficult obstacle at the high water levels we encountered. Indeed, about halfway down, Karl confessed that he hadn't had as much fun running whitewater in years. Shortly thereafter, while trying to add a little extra excitement to the descent, I aimed my boat into the largest waves. Alas, one of them was really a rock camouflaged by a thin

vener of water. There was a loud crack as I unmasked the impostor. The sudden change of momentum called for a high brace which produced another crack as the shaft of my paddle broke. The boat repair delayed us half a day, plenty of time to decry my stupidity.

The Kabinakagami below Limestone Rapids loses its exuberance but continues at a purposeful pace as it meanders endlessly toward the Kenogami River. As we continued downstream, flood-swollen tributaries transformed the water to a red-brown soup full of flotsam. It made potable water a priority, for a ferocious sun had assumed supremacy. Good campsites are scarce on this river and, after a long day, we settled for a marginal place within sight of the Kenogami. We were now well into the James Bay Lowlands. The weather had turned again and on this gloomy day a pervasive feeling that this was an isolated, lonesome country persisted, in spite of the fact that we met other travellers. The Kenogami River in many ways is an enlarged carbon copy of the Kabinakagami, its upper section punctuated by turbulence as it drops off the Shield. By the time it reaches the point where we joined it, it is a substantial stream, flowing along swiftly and unobstructed between low, slumping cutbanks.



Two days later, at the end of a long and thoroughly miserable day, we reached the Albany River. It had rained incessantly and a cold wind added to the discomfort. After a long search the gods relented and provided a campsite beneath the sheltering limbs of several huge white spruce. Here, despite the continuous downpour and strong wind, a dry haven awaited us, even a plentiful supply of firewood. Soon a comfortable fire warmed body and soul, a divine gift to the weary traveller.

The next morning, the scene beyond our shelter was as dismal as ever. Wind-driven sheets of rain danced across



the surface of the river. The already high water level had risen another 10 cm, which amounts to an incredible amount of water since the river is well over half a kilometre wide at this point. I lit an early fire and tended it for hours beneath our now somewhat leaky canopy. My companions remained in seclusion, a silent vote that this was not a travelling day. Conditions slowly improved and by evening the rain ceased. During the night a cold front went through and morning dawned cloudless and cold. The sun gradually took form as it rose above the treetops on the far shore and spurred us on to a speedy departure.

As if to make amends, the weather gods provided sunshine the rest of the way to Fort Albany. The lower

Albany River offers little excitement and visual variety as it rushes along. The unstable banks of the river are composed of sediments which are built up above the level of the waterlogged land beyond. They gradually increase in height as one proceeds downstream and are populated by spruce, poplar, and birch of modest size. Despite the sameness of the scenery, there is never a sense of monotony; the river, ever more voluminous and impatient, is simply too majestic. Karl reminisced of nice campsites on gravel bars associated with many of the islands along the way, but they were hidden well below the waves and we had to settle for the sloping and usually weeping banks along the shore. About 40 km from James Bay the river splits into several channels and continues through a maze of islands. We had been warned about rapids in this region, but they proved to be quite harmless.

For me, one of the least favored events while on a northern trip is meeting other people. I would have been quite happy to paddle past Fort Albany without stopping, but Karl, who always travels with the conviction of the minimalist, needed to augment his food supply, and so we went in search of the Northern Store. Along the way we met a number of friendly locals, who of course instantly recognized us as outsiders. Upon finding out that we had come down the river, they invariably asked the same question:

“Did you see any moose?”

Our own priorities were conditions along the coast, particularly the weather and tides, and so we dropped in on the local constabulary looking for answers based on native insight. What we got instead was a printout of the weather forecast from the Internet which promised zero wind speed for the next day. It seemed a highly improbable prediction







in the face of the blustery day and threatening storm clouds.

James Bay is not recommended for canoeists. Extensive tidal flats and sudden storms slow progress; dense fog and a low coastline devoid of prominent landmarks can make orientation difficult. Even potable water is not readily available. Probably the most intimidating element for someone to paddle along the coast are the many disaster stories dispensed by the local populace. Another one was added just as we were on our way to Moosonee, two people in a freighter canoe perished.

I felt just a little extra tension when we continued downstream, trying to find a campsite among the willows, before the dark clouds gave up some of their promise. When we came abreast of Clark Island we spied a small opening in the vegetative cover. A prospector tent and some nets testified that it belonged to a local fisherman, but there was no-one around and with little chance of finding a better place, we set up our own shelters just as the first of many showers struck. Throughout the night the wind rattled the tents and I was rather apprehensive about the prospects ahead. Without revealing my own reservations, I

asked my companions whether they wanted to set off under these conditions, and somewhat to my surprise they were for moving on and quickly, because the tide was running out.

All went well until we left the protection of the shore and moved out into the mud flats. The strong and gusty north wind made paddling an adventurous activity for Karl and myself, and an impossible task for Mike. His Mad River Flashback, great for whitewater, was utterly unmanageable in these conditions. He was constantly twirled about in the gale and couldn't keep the boat on course. After an hour he wisely decided to stop with the intention to return to Fort Albany and fly out to Moosonee.

Karl and I continued in an ever-diminishing channel of water, surrounded by the emerging foreshore flats which stretched to the horizon. Inevitably the tow rope replaced the paddle and for several hours we slogged through the puddles, the sound of wind occasionally augmented by a curse whenever I floundered into a knee-deep soft spot.

Eventually the incoming tide restored us to a more agreeable mode of advance and at the end of a long and tedious day of fighting the breeze we reached



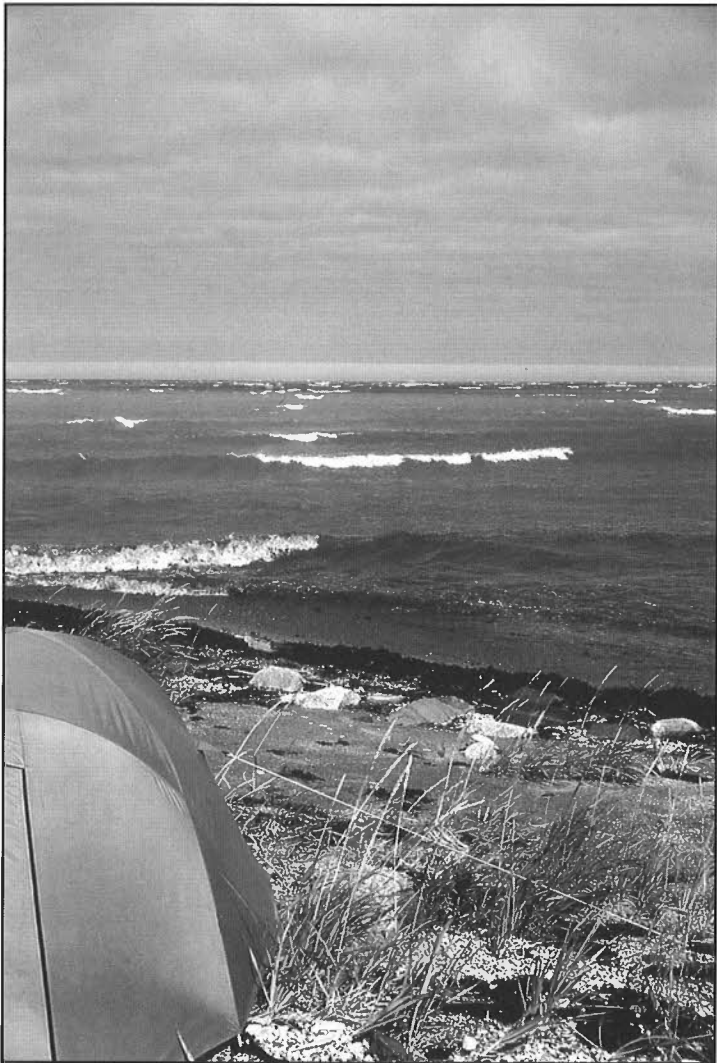
Nomansland Point, the first of a number of landmarks which project into James Bay. Most of them have been used for many generations during the fall goose hunt and our stopping place showed much usage. Perhaps it was just a sense of relief to be on dry land, but I thought the place looked and felt wonderful. Even Karl, who is an absolute stoic in adversity and not demonstrably excited

at the best of times, went about the chores with a cautious smile on his face.

One learns very quickly that wind and tides are the determinants of travel on the western shore of James Bay. With the foreshore flats anywhere from two to eight kilometres wide, movement is restricted to a few hours on either side of high tide, because one does not want to be caught in one of the frequent squalls too far offshore, nor sit for hours in the intertidal muck.

The next day we advanced a bare 10 km, starting near low tide with a portage and gave up fighting wind and waves when we reached Cockispenny Point. At this rate of progress we were going to run out of food long before reaching Moosonee and so we decided to ship out at the next high tide around 2 a.m. I had never tried paddling at night and found it a strange and unsettling experience to push off into darkness. Keeping a parallel course to the shore, which was visible as a black mass against the slightly brighter sky, we advanced cautiously. Periodically a full moon emerged, all too briefly, and when it disappeared again behind the clouds it seemed to leave this dark world darker still. At some point there was the sound and feel of rushing water; the tide was running out. Shortly thereafter, with the first greying of dawn, we were sitting on a sandbar some distance from the shore. It could have been a very boring wait, but mother nature put on an exciting show before we could continue.





Ever since we started out from Cockispenny Point, we could see flashes of lightning associated with two storm centres far to the west. As they gradually moved closer on a converging course toward us, the sound and light effects became more threatening. Finally, wave after wave of black clouds, each trailing a sinuous curtain, hurried past us. Bolts of lightning streaked across the sky and once, for just a few seconds, a little seam opened in the clouds on the eastern horizon and the rising sun illuminated this macabre scene. Through all this elemental battle two thoughts were uppermost in my mind; the first was, "What a pity I can't record this on film," and the second was simply an acute awareness that we constituted the highest elevation for some distance around and might get more of a charge out of this event than desirable. Meanwhile my travelling companion was stretched out in his boat and motionless under the groundsheet. I think he slept through most of it.

Once again afloat, we continued to just beyond Halfway Point and were all set for another early start, but during the night another violent storm began which changed the agenda. Fortunately we were set up in a shel-

tered place next to a two-metre high cutbank, or my tent might not have survived. Early in the morning one of the boats came tumbling by on its way out to sea. It came to rest against a large rock in the foreshore flats long enough for me to retrieve it. Ironically, one of the last comments I made during the previous evening was: "Let's make sure the boats are secure. I wouldn't want to be marooned in this place."

Even though the rain stopped around noon, the day remained cheerless and cold, and we rooted by the fire. During the night the wind died down completely and we broke camp in darkness in order to ship out with the tide. Inexplicably, the tide never came in. And so, on the first perfect day for traveling—glorious sunshine, no wind or waves—we had to wait another 12 hours. It was not really a hardship, since the neighbourhood, as so much of the coastline, was visually quite attractive with a backdrop of fantastic cloud formations and an abundance of gooseberries and strawberries.

The next day, and second last of our journey, was another memorable one. Starting from Long Point we bumped along in the shallows between rocks and ridges some distance offshore amid hundreds of ducks and shore birds. The tidal flats in this region are the most extensive and inevitably we were marooned for a while. Another nasty blow came in from the north, just as the tide began to liberate us from confinement, and pushed us along with great authority. Our course of advance was a compromise between the force of the wind, the degree of obstruction by rocks, and our own directional desire. After several hours, enveloped in dense fog, we had absolutely no idea about our position. Eventually the uncertain outline of land appeared on our right. Determined not to lose sight of it again, we stayed close to shore even though we had to cope with quartering waves in very shallow water.

The shoreline of James Bay near the mouth of the Moose River is ideal habitat for geese and ducks. Large numbers of them seemed to enjoy themselves in the wide belt of marsh beyond the shore, in spite of the miserable





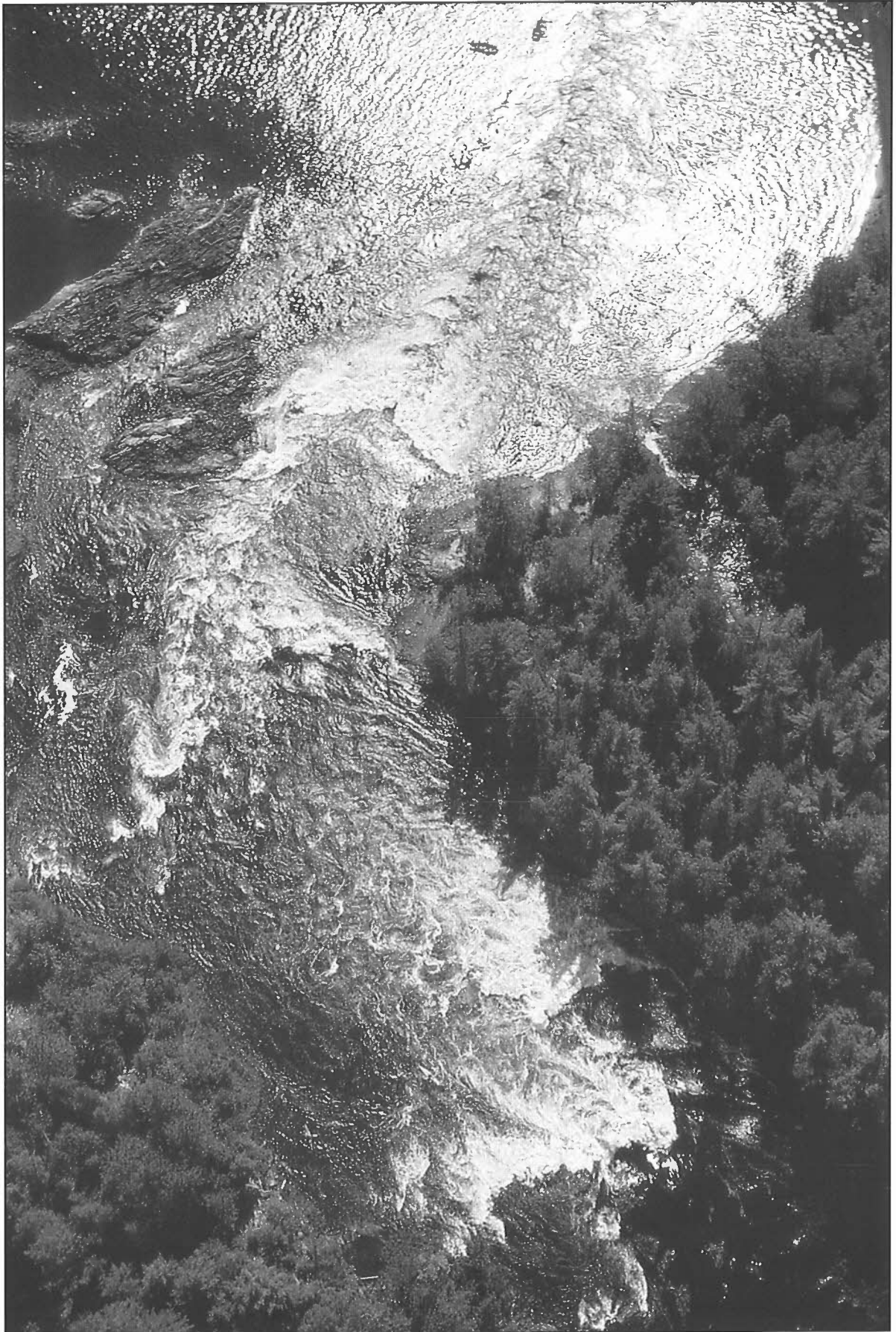
day. Our own mood was somewhat less jubilant, because there wasn't a dry spot to put a tent on for as far as the eye could see. After a long search, our campsite that evening was on a sandy ridge some distance from the shore. With uncharacteristic largesse I offered to provide and cook supper on the stove, while Karl did the impossible and got a fire started. A little external heat and a full belly rarely fail to induce a feeling of contentment and did so again that evening, but retiring with sodden clothes to a cold and damp sleeping bag is the more vividly remembered event.

Upon reaching Moosonee, we spent two nights at Tidewater Provincial Park. Mike Jones had stayed there after flying in from Fort Albany and, weary of waiting for us, had departed. We made arrangements to have our boats shipped out and in little more than nine hours after leaving Moosonee we were back at our vehicles at Carey Lake.

Total cost for the trip (apart from food) was \$ 355 plus one paddle (\$140). The excitement, as the commercial says, was priceless.







*McCoy Rapids, Ottawa River*

photo: Toni Harting

## REVIEWS

**STRANDED**, VHS video by Les Stroud, produced by Wilderness Spirit Productions, 457 Chapman Drive East, Burk's Falls, Ontario, P0A 1C0; [www.wildernessfilms.ca](http://www.wildernessfilms.ca); 2003, 40 minutes, \$29.95 plus shipping.

Over the years, Les Stroud has established himself as a well-known expert in the difficult art of survival in the wilderness. He has produced several films on this important subject that have been successfully shown on TV. His latest product is *Stranded*, an appropriate title for a film about his efforts to stay alive for just eight days after having been dropped by plane somewhere in the Wabikimi wilderness northwest of Lake Superior without any special equipment, practically no food, and no extra clothing, but with a huge amount of professional video recording gear.

He filmed himself trying to build a shelter and find something to eat (snails, leeches . . .!) and shows how extremely difficult it is to build a fire using nothing but a piece of wire (his bootlaces), some sticks, and dried moss. Les makes it clear that in order to stay alive and more or less healthy, there are three priorities: shelter to stay out of the elements, fire to stay warm, and water to drink.

This film emphasizes that surviving by trying to live "off the land" is exceedingly demanding and requires a lot of specialized knowledge. Obviously, the best thing normal mortals such as us can do in a situation like that is to ask for a Les Stroud to be included in the Swiss Army knife you should always carry. If anybody can do the job of helping you live in the bush, he does!

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**GEORGIAN BAY PANORAMAS** by Les Palenik, published by Advantica Press, a division of Advantica, Inc., 45 Ashfield Drive, Richmond Hill, Ont., L4E 2L1; 905-773-0749; [www.advantica.com](http://www.advantica.com); 2003, hardcover, 64 pages, \$19.95

This may be a rather small book, but the quality of the photographs fully makes up for the size. Palenik is a well-known photographer who specializes in panoramic pictures, taken with advanced professional cameras. He succeeds in making photos that give a great, wide view of the many beautiful vistas offered by Georgian Bay, from a colorful sunset to a fascinating aerial shot of the 30,000 islands. I have rarely seen pictures that illustrate the rugged beauty of Georgian Bay as well as these panoramic shots do. Let us just hope that Palenik will follow this book by many others on the Canadian Shield and other places.

This book is the third in a series. The first one is called *Toronto Panoramas* and the second one *Muskoka Panoramas*, both with numerous pictures of the same fine quality as the Georgian Bay book.

### CALLAN'S CANOEING CORNUCOPIA

If there is one guy who deserves the gratitude of the canoe-tripping community, it is, of course, good young Kevin Callan. Since his first one, *Killarney*, published in 1990, he has produced six or seven other books that have served us paddlers very well by presenting descriptions of mainly short trips we are always looking for. Now that his publisher, The Boston Mills Press, has been saved from death by a new owner, Firefly Books, three of Callan's books have been re-issued in a new format with full-color maps and photographs. The production quality is excellent and those of us who already own the original books are strongly advised to buy the new ones too; they're so much nicer to look at and use.

– A PADDLER'S GUIDE TO ONTARIO is a revised edition of *Up the Creek*.

– A PADDLER'S GUIDE TO THE RIVERS OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC is a revised edition of *Further up the Creek*.

– A PADDLER'S GUIDE TO ONTARIO'S COTTAGE COUNTRY is a revised edition of *Cottage Country Canoe Routes*.

The three paperback books cost \$19.95 each and are published by The Boston Mills Press, 132 Main Street, Erin, Ontario, N0B 1T0; [www.fireflybooks.com](http://www.fireflybooks.com)

Reviews by Toni Harting



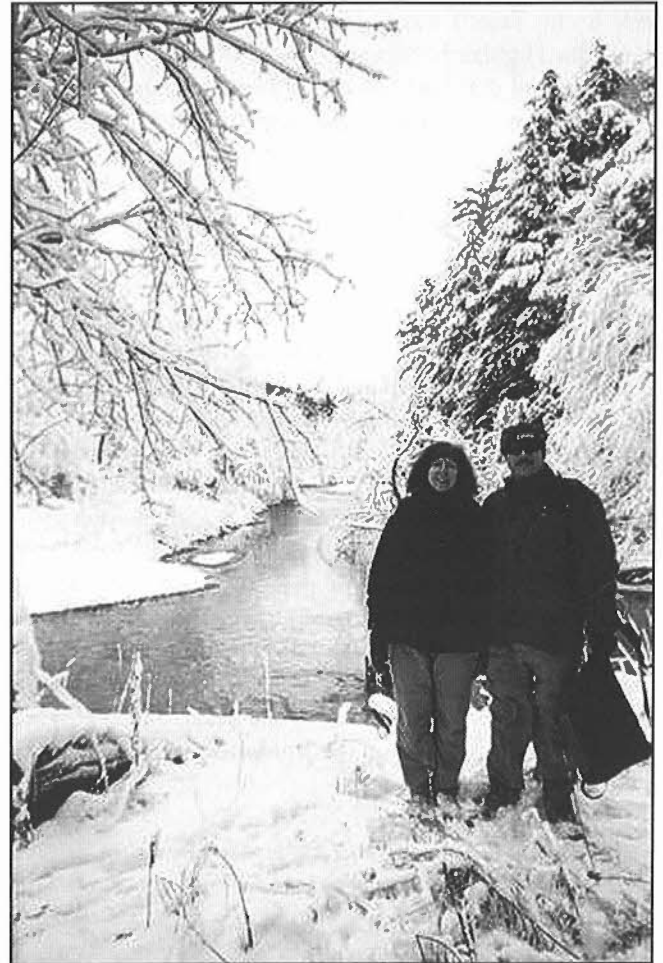
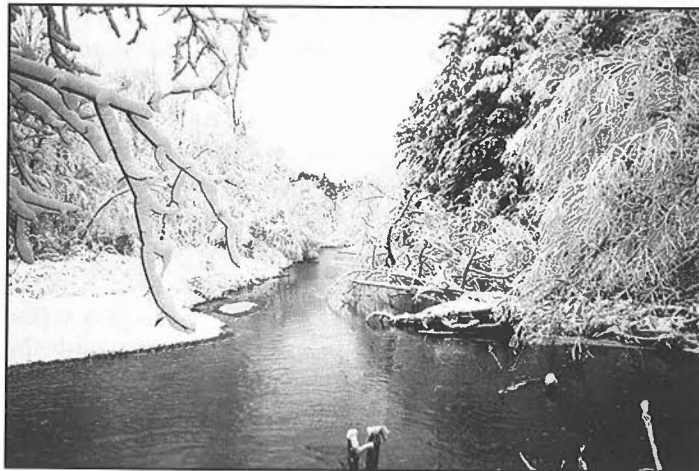
. . . aah, my morning coffee . . .!

## ROUGE RIVER WINTER HIKE

On 4 January this year, four WCA members enjoyed a wonderful hike in the heavily snowed-in Rouge River valley in the eastern part of Metropolitan Toronto. The participants were Elsie Carr-Locke, George Haeh, Geri and Gary James.

We started at 10 a.m. and hiked for just over three hours. George was an added bonus as he had hiked and canoed in the area several times and knew it well. He took us deep into the river valley and along the river banks. The snow was approx. six inches deep, beautifully white, fluffy, and clean, and very easy to hike through. Lots of early morning hikers had blazed a trail before us. Hikers and dogs were every where enjoying the area. We saw many animal tracks but no wild animals. A large toboggan hill was nearby and in full use by local residents. We stopped at the top of a hill with a view of the valley and had a nice hot lunch and good conversation.

We are all planning to do it again coming winter; it's a great one-day hike in a beautiful area so close to home. Come and join us!



Reports and photos by Gary James



## SEATON TRAIL SPRING HIKE

Last 11 May, six WCA members hiked the Seaton Trail at the Brock West Landfill in Pickering, just east of Metro Toronto. Everybody thoroughly enjoyed the trip, which was organized by Bill King. The participants were: Joan and Bill King, Hsioh-Fan and Bill Stevenson, Geri and Gary James.

# KAWARTHA

## It's a park, after all!

The glossy document in the mail a few weeks ago put a big smile on my face: I was holding the official Charter of the Kawartha Highlands Signature Site. It was a moment to savor, after all that had transpired since spring 1999.

Then, Ontario's Living Legacy had designated it as a park, to the delight of nature lovers including us paddlers. A citizen's committee was formed and we weren't sure on whose side they would be on—until they came forward with recommendations that embraced conservation as the main theme.

An ominous silence of many months followed and all of a sudden, a nasty alternate plan appeared. It shifted the area's focus on recreation and encouraged motorized access and commercial development. The conservation community responded in loud protest, and the WCA—for the first time—resorted to e-mail to contact its members: "Write to the government and ask for a park!" And many did.

The effort succeeded. The government realized it had created a monster; it took the project out of the responsible minister's hands and sorted the issues out with the major stakeholders. The outcome was a designation as an operating park, very close to the original recommendation, and the legislature quickly sealed the deal.

Here are highlights of the legislation (quoted from the Wildlands League website):

*\* In the purpose section of the proposed legislation, protecting ecological integrity is given overriding priority in the management and administration of the park. This makes this legislation the first in Ontario to set ecological integrity as the prime mandate for managing a protected area and sets a great example for what should be done to reform our current outdated Parks Act.*

*\* The proposed legislation prohibits industrial activity—commercial logging, mining and hydro-electric development within the park. (These uses are permitted under the Parks Act.)*

*\* The proposed legislation prohibits any further building of roads and trails (except if they are intended solely for park management purposes and except for two new public access points for the new park). Ongoing ad hoc trail and road building has been a big problem in Kawartha, where ATV and 4x4 use has been exploding.*

*\* Recreational ATV use is strictly limited to accessing park facilities (i.e. driving to parking lots or park gates).*

*\* Dedicated funds have been allocated for the establishment and management of the new park—another precedent that should be followed for other new protected areas.*

*The Kawartha Highlands Provincial Park will be the largest protected area in Ontario south of Algonquin. But its geographic location on the northern edge of the developed southern Ontario landscape also means that it has a long history of human use. These circumstances required the site-specific accommodation of existing users in order for the area to move toward protection. The result is conditions that balance some recreational and other uses with the overall objective of ecological protection:*

*1. Hunters can use ATVs and snowmobiles on all existing roads and trails in the park. However, hunting will be addressed in the park management planning process, which may result in the designation of some "no hunting" zones. The impacts of hunting can also be considered through ongoing monitoring of the park's ecological health.*

*2. Cottagers and camp owners can use ATVs and snowmobiles to access their properties. Access routes can be altered if they threaten ecological integrity and owners and guests will require access permits.*

*3. Anglers can use snowmobiles on all water bodies in the park for ice fishing in winter and snowmobilers can use existing trails and roads.*

*Overall, we believe the new Kawartha legislation will give park managers the tools they need to properly control use of the area and to protect its sensitive environment. While the legislation contains some compromises, it is a long way from the Recreation Reserve Act.*

A major effort by the motorized crowd to gain access to a park has failed. This is significant beyond the Kawarthas. It would have made it easy for the government to apply the same designation (the proposed category "Recreational Reserve") to other areas, such as Temagami or possibly even parts of Killarney. It would have meant a shift from conservation to exploitation.

For us paddlers, this was a new experience. We realize that we have to pay attention to what's going on and have to recognize threats to the areas that we treasure. We have to learn to speak up—even though we'd rather be out there in nature and forget all the ugliness of "the city." We have to stay involved. Many of us WCA'ers have just done that and contacted the MNR and other arms of the government. Let's applaud these efforts. Hats off to you folks!

Erhard Kraus





## WCA OUTINGS

**WANT TO ORGANIZE A TRIP AND HAVE IT  
PRESENTED IN THE WINTER ISSUE?  
Contact the Outings Committee before 9 Nov.**

*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.*

+++++

All Season

### HAVE PADDLE WILL TRAVEL

Barry Godden, 416-440-4208; Steve Bernet, 519-837-8774.; Harrison Jolly, 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 one of us a call to find out where we are going.

All Season

### HALIBURTON COUNTY/FROST CENTRE

Ray Laughlen, 705-754-9479 ----- Seasoned tripper living in Haliburton willing to help organize leisurely paced trips in this area. At participants' request may become involved with some equipment, logistics, 'base camp' meals, etc. Willing to share information on tripping and camping techniques. Not limited to weekends; I am often free during the week. Suitable for entry or novice level but all others welcome.

September-October

### BRONTE CREEK

Harrison Jolly, 905-689-1733, book anytime this fall ----- Don't put the canoe away for the season yet. Join us for scenic fall paddles down the Bronte Creek. This creek has easy access and the outing is suitable for beginners in any type of canoe. Limit six boats.

25-28 September

### FALL IN KILLARNEY--CANOE/HIKE COMBO

Gisela Curwen, 416-484-1471 ----- Killarney is at its best at this time of the year with gorgeous fall colors, white quartzite rocks, and sparkling blue lakes. We will spend Thursday night at George Lake campground and stay Friday and Saturday night in Norway Lake. Friday morning, part of the group will canoe from George through Killarney Lake to Norway Lake, while the others hike on the Silhouette Trail to take in the incredible views from The Crack, and then meet the canoeists at our Norway Lake campsite. We will have time to share stories of our trip there, and explore this area by canoe and on foot. There is an option to stay at Heaven Lake hiking campsite on Saturday night. On our way back on Sunday, those who canoed in can hike out, and vice versa - this way we can all get the most out of Killarney in the Fall. Suitable for novices or better. Limit eight people.

3-5 October

### ALGONQUIN FALL COLORS

Gisela Curwen, 416-484-1471, book before 5 September ----- We will access Algonquin Park from Shall Lake north of Madawaska and make our way to McKaskill Lake ranger cabin, which will be our base for two nights. This is a leisurely trip to enjoy the Fall colors, which should be at their best on this weekend, and to explore the lakes in that area. Suitable for novices or better. Maximum four canoes.

4-5 October

### FRONTENAC PROVINCIAL PARK

Barbara Maughan, 519-893-0380 or bmaughan@rogers.com, book by 22 September ----- Canoe and hike in Frontenac Provincial Park just north of Kingston. Granite outcrops, extensive wetlands, and forests encircle deep-blue lakes. Camping fees required. Suitable for novices or better. Limit four tents.

5 October

### LONG LAKE AREA

Bill Ness, 416-321-3005, book before 29 September ----- There is a group of small lakes in the rugged Kawartha countryside north of Peterborough and just west of Apsley that make a wonderful fall paddle. Multiple routes are possible depending on the weather and participants' interests. There are a number of portages, so you will get a bit of exercise on this trip. However, the carries are

not particularly difficult and we're more interested in taking in the colors than getting anywhere fast. Don't forget your camera! Suitable for novices. Limit six boats.

19 October

### ELORA GORGE

Bill Ness, 416-321-3005, book before 12 October ----- When the days get too short and the weather too unpredictable to go further afield, there's always the Gorge. Even if there isn't a lot of water, it's still a pleasant paddle, and it sure beats putting the boat away for the season. At normal water levels, this makes a fun outing for novices or better, followed by a munch and gossip at one of the local eateries.

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### 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.

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## FOOD FOR PADDLERS

Number 3 in a series of recipes/ideas from the **2002 Food Seminar**  
hosted by Doug and Lisa Ashton

Apparently Anne Lessio is famous on canoe trips for her **STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM**. Anne was not at the seminar but her strawberries were raved about. Here is Anne's "secret" recipe:

At the campsite, mix the following together:

- Carnation Thick Cream 170 ml can with zip top
- sugar 1-2 teaspoons
- vanilla 1-2 teaspoons
- splash of liquor— your choice

Serve over: strawberries or other fresh berries— washed, cut, and soaked in liquor and packed in a Tupperware type of container.

This delicious dessert would probably be best served on the first or second day of a trip. However, someone did mention bringing dehydrated strawberries and rehydrating them in brandy.

Once we started talking about **LIQUOR**, the following ideas came rolling out fast and furious. I'm not sure who suggested what but you might try some of these tips:

- Baileys and hot chocolate
- Vodka and cranberry juice crystals
- Maple liqueur— on top of your pancakes for a kick start on a cold morning
- Southern Comfort and apple juice crystals
- Whisky and Crystal Light Lemon Lime mix— this is a favorite with my canoe buddies. We sometimes even bring along maraschino cherries for a delicious whisky sour. Beware— these can be deadly and can lead to many, many of the same sunset pictures.

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*If you would like to share your favorite tripping recipes, please contact Barb Young, 12 Erindale Crescent, Brampton, Ont L6W 1B5; [youngj david@rogers.com](mailto:youngj david@rogers.com).*

## 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, 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.

**SKIING AT KUKAGAMI LODGE** Kukagami Lodge, located halfway between Sudbury and Temagami as the raven flies, offers great wilderness cross-country skiing. Twenty eight kilometres of classic track, comfortable log cabin accommodation, wonderful food. This place is remote; you have to ski to get to the lodge! We will bring in your luggage. Check out our website, [www.kukagamilodge.com](http://www.kukagamilodge.com), or give us a call: 705-853-4929.

**SPRAY DECKS AND TARPS** If you are planing a whitewater or Lake Superior trip or a remote expedition, this may be the year you may decide to order a spray deck from Outdoor Solutions for your canoe, or a top-of-the-line tarp. We make expedition-grade spray covers in PVC nylon or lightweight marine polyester. And for the first time this year for those WCA members who wish to sew their own spray cover or Buckley's Dryfly or other tarp designs, we offer these products in a kit form. We will supply the plans, instructions, and PU Nylon 420D or 210D and all other materials needed to complete the project. Or you may just wish to order the plan and instructions for a small charge. We offer 7.5% discount for WCA members until further notice for all our products. You can contact Thomas Benian at: [tbenianosworks@sympatico.ca](mailto:tbenianosworks@sympatico.ca) or check out: [www.outdoorsolutions.ca](http://www.outdoorsolutions.ca) or call: 705-461-9668.

**EXPERIENCED GEAR AT GREAT PRICES** Help me clean out my garage, and help yourself to some super savings. Contact: Bill Ness, 194 Placentia Blvd, Toronto, M1S 4H4, 416-321-3005, [bness@look.ca](mailto:bness@look.ca).

### *Necky Rip Kayak*

Very good condition. The Rip has predictable handling and is easy to roll, making it a fine first kayak for anyone wanting to try the sport at a price that won't empty your wallet. It's fast and makes a super river-runner. Asking \$500.

### *Dagger Cascade C-1*

The Cascade is probably the most user-friendly C-1 ever made. It's roomy and stable, with deluxe Mike Yee outfitting. There is enough space under the decks for gear for weekend trips. This is an outstanding river cruiser. The Cascade is an excellent choice for open-boaters who want to try C-1 paddling. Asking \$500.

### *Wet Suits*

- Men's and Women's medium farmer John/Jane. Deluxe suits with full zips. Only worn a few times. Great deal at only \$30.

- Men's medium paddling jacket. Full zip neoprene body with nylon arms. Worn with the farmer John, it will keep you toasty in the nastiest weather. \$20.

- Men's and Women's medium shorty wetsuits. Outdated styling, but very warm. Great opportunity for the new paddler on a limited budget. Only \$10, or both for \$15.

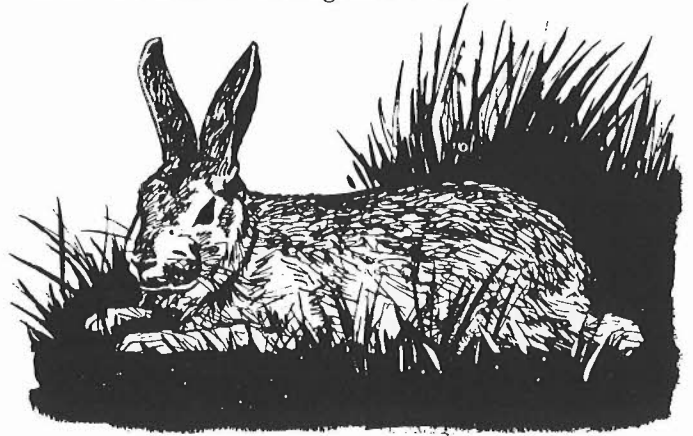
### *Eureka Tent Poles – free to a good home*

My Eureka dome tent has finally expired after 15 years of faithful service. I know from experience that while the tents gave good value at a moderate cost, as attested to by the numbers I see at campsites, the aluminum poles weren't the strongest. If you have a Eureka dome tent and would like a set of spare poles, give me a call. I would rather they go to another WCA-er who can use them than they end up in a landfill site.

(Tip: if you have to re-string poles, Coghlan's makes a replacement shock cord kit that you can get at Canadian Tire or many general camping shops.)

### *Clunker Paddles*

I have a couple of 60" fibreglass Norse paddles that would make good spares for some big, brawny paddler. Norse are heavy but virtually indestructible paddles. One has seen a lot of use, but still serviceable. The other is a new Heavy Duty model, designed for guides on paddle rafts. Even for a Norse it's heavy, but built to withstand a thermonuclear blast. Going for \$5.00 each.





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