

Wilderness
Canoe
Association

WCA

nastawgan

Autumn 2005 Vol. 32 No. 3

Quarterly Journal of the Wilderness Canoe Association



Rapide Petit-Giroux

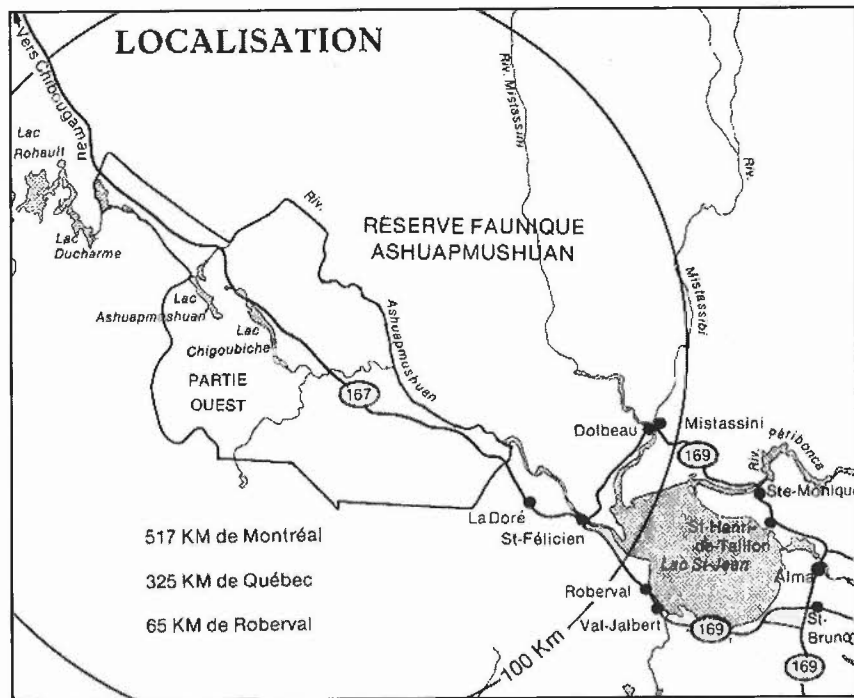
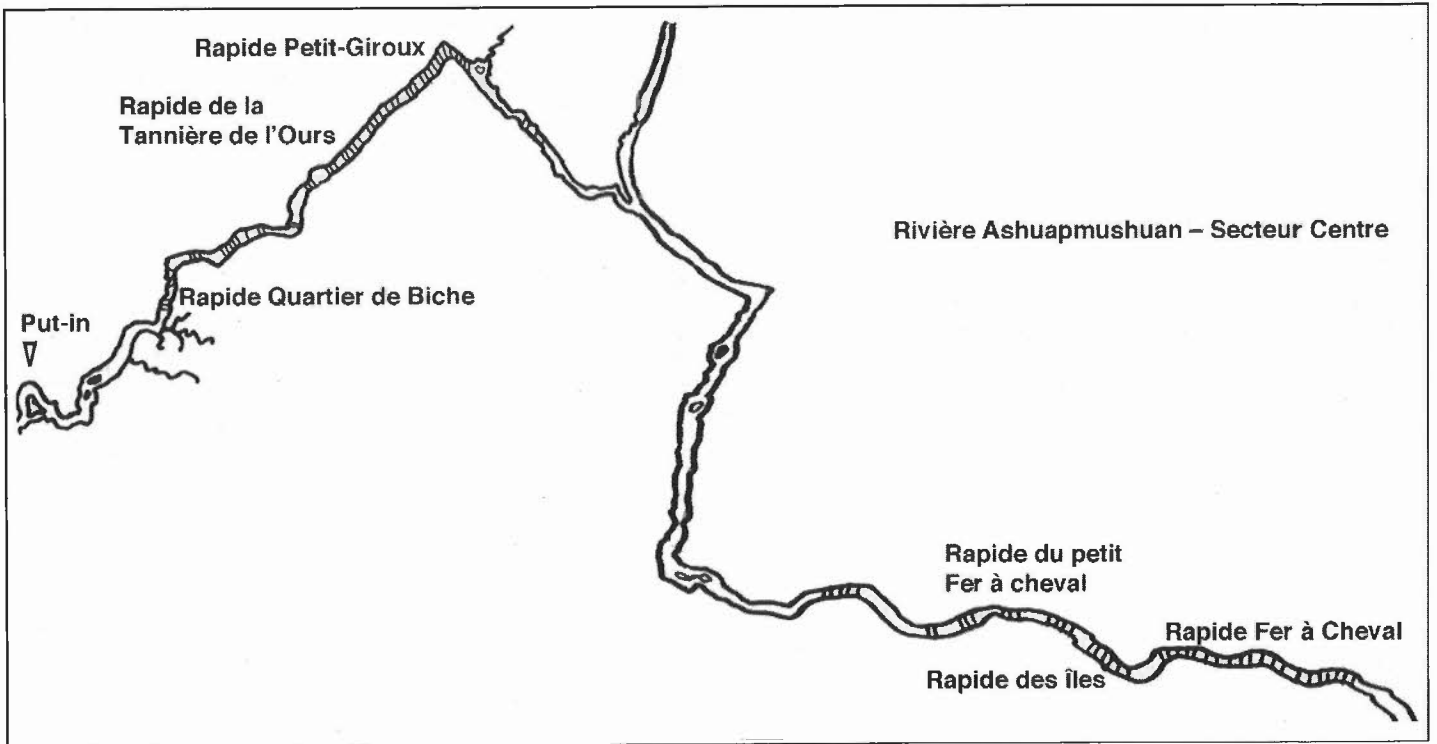
ASHUAPMUSHUAN RIVER Descent in High Water

Article: Elizabeth Sinclair

Photos: Fred Oliff and Liana Nolan

The Ashuapmushuan River, its source a series of lakes and rivers in south-central Quebec and emptying into Lac St. Jean, is a classic and popular canoe route through a significant flora and fauna reserve. The trip down this exciting river, which is also called Chamouchouane, offers easy access points, an excellent shuttle service, unparalleled scenery, long sections

of C-1 and C-2 rapids, and a few C-3's and C-4's that can be portaged. However, the water levels can rise unexpectedly, turning a novice trip into an intermediate-to-advanced trip. The scarcity of roads and campsites must always be considered and the current, which strengthens as the water levels rise, must be respected. Moving-water skills are mandatory, as is whitewater



outfitting. Rapids are negotiated much differently depending on the levels and are often scouted from the canoe.

This report is a compilation of three trips down the river at various levels other than low water. Before these trips, I had developed paddling skills such as the front-and back-ferry, eddy-ins and -outs, reading moving water, wilderness camping, and organizing canoe trips. Always present in this skill acquisition and tripping were my stern paddler and one or two canoe dogs.

Rapide Quartier de Biche

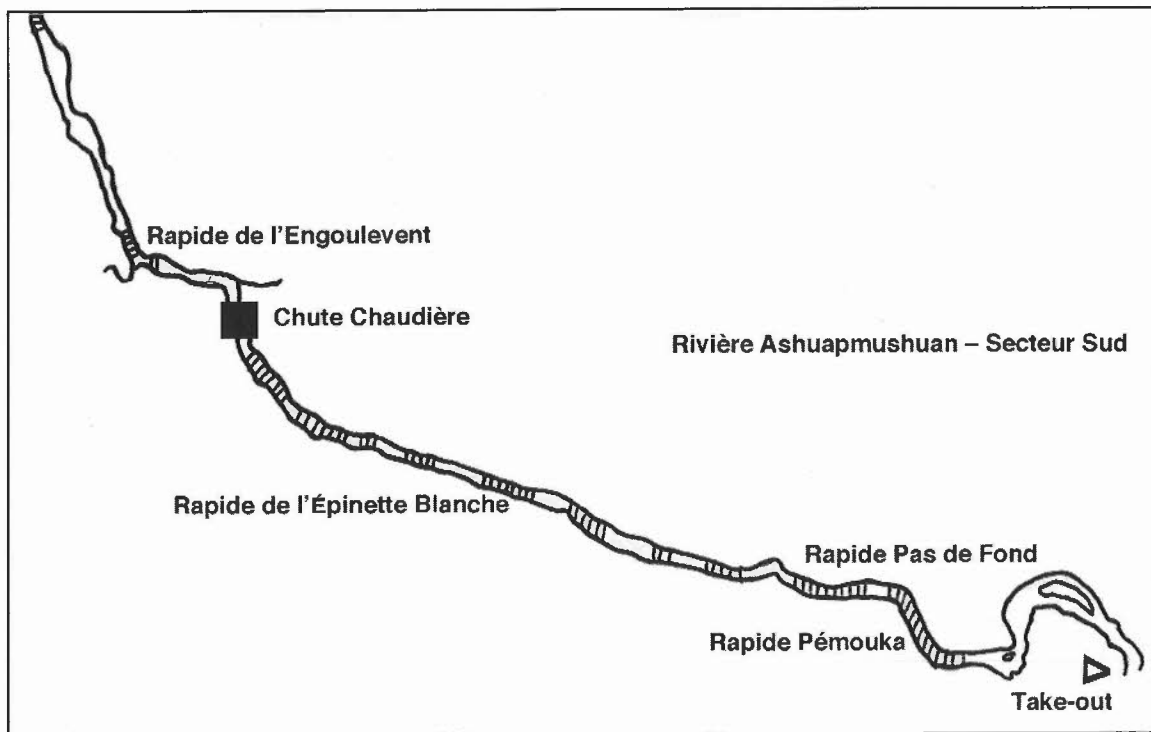
Courage is one of those virtues that one can live without, however marginally. At least, that is how I was feeling when we took our first stroke in the river's placid water. The safety of this oxbow in the river, which made it seem so calm, would soon end. We knew that the water levels would be quite high, according to the information from the website.

Leaving the vehicles behind, our group left shore somewhat apprehensively, scanning the horizon for what we knew would show up downstream. After a couple of kilometres, the first white peaks came into view and then disappeared. "This won't be much," I thought, "it was a minor little rapid in previous trips and a short C-2 on the

front of and beside the canoe. We found ourselves paddling hard for our lives.

The funnelling current seemed river-wide without escape. We fought to stay dry, adrenalin quickly rising, paddles focussing and pulling back. Waves crashed over the gunwales in spite of all our attempts. Current from all sides turned the 16 feet of ABS this way and that while we constantly adjusted our angle to stay upright. In a matter of moments, the canoe was full of water and we lost most of our control.

One must do a balancing act when the canoe is full of water. The slightest movement of the body can start waves rolling in the boat, pushing it over in an instant. "Concentrate!" I shouted inwardly and, "Keep your body still," using shoulders and arms to spread body weight horizontally, making delicate motions of the paddle. We could see the end of the peaks but would we make it without swamping? We did not want to get wet so soon! Glancing around we saw others fighting the same battle, one canoe attempting unsuccessfully to ferry across to the right shore. We seemed to crawl along through those waves, slowing to almost a standstill and attempting to eddy-out close to the shore without falling out of the canoe. Adrenalin pounded, making it difficult to speak.



guide map." So, I relaxed and let the current carry the canoe, daydreaming somewhat as I am wont to do.

Suddenly, the current began to funnel, pulling us into its vortex. We were not expecting this sudden drop in elevation, which diminishes considerably in lower water. No horizon or shore signs alerted us of the mountains of water below. Barely three metres from the bow, huge waves appeared, walls of water scooping and climbing in

"Well, that was a surprise," I mumbled, feeling an intense satisfaction of having survived. "Those waves were awesome." I looked at all the grins around me.

We checked the map and decided to make camp a little downstream on river left. We had to be sharp for the long rap that was next on the list. This first one was a small glimpse of what was to come and it was already late in the day. Our first site, unmarked on the map (1st



Rapide des Îles

edition; see 2nd edition for corrections) although we knew it to be there—a sandy expanse just ahead on river left—was perfect for several tents.

Rapide Petit-Giroux

The next morning we pushed away from the shore with trepidation, knowing that we would find some serious adventure very soon. In just a few moments, those white spikes came into view, as far as the eye could see—familiar shots of liquid jumping and frolicking upward. Soon their noise pervaded the silence, the constant thunder of rushing water this time very evident in the morning wilderness.

The shore, its flat rock only visible in lower water, offered no respite or safe haven, dense vegetation and

boulders prohibiting access. We knew from the map that we must paddle the next eight kilometres and put our wits to the test and the vagaries of the river gods.

Long before we actually felt close to those dancing spits, we began to feel the power of the current pulling us relentlessly toward a variety of seuils (narrow, steep ledges) and holes. Constant vigilance and back-paddling while referencing the safe route to the right just downstream kept us from certain destruction in the volley down the centre of the river.

Unbelievably, a lull in the maelstrom appeared, but only for seconds, and then we were in the worst of it. *Le Biche* had been merely a bit of practice for this one. Now this rapid is long—three kilometres—and water was again

funneling into the centre, creating huge piles that appeared and disappeared in seemingly random order. This was unlike previous years at lower water levels that required steady back-paddling and eddying-out to drain water for the final burst (C-4) at the end. We could take the portage trail, but that would be a last resort.

We pulled into an eddy to have a look downstream, then decided on hitting the portage trail—a long and rough affair on the outside of the bend—to scout for a possible route. We did not intend to portage around this magnificent stretch of water unless there was absolutely no other choice. Walking half a kilometre or so, we noted a potential channel along river right that began about half-way down the rest of the rapid. If we kept to the middle before the biggest haystacks and then cut across to the right, we could get around a few boulders, chutes, and small seils and avoid the big stuff in the middle. Despite the reports we had heard that another group had taken-off the river here and walked to the road, it was a good plan that everyone could handle. The shore, still a dense tangle and jumble of boulders, was not an option.

We pulled out into the main current, our eyes on those eruptions of froth—4.5-m troughs created by the

antecedent peaks. We rushed toward them almost immediately. My stern partner yelled, “There’s the rock!” which meant pretty much nothing to me at the moment. I trusted him though, and heeded the command. “Get over to the right, NOW!” I began to draw furiously, trying to aim the bow upstream in a front-ferry aspect to gain any advantage in the powerful current. My main thought was to get out of the middle of the river.

To navigate this water, you must become one with it, altering speed and direction at any moment, without a second of hesitation or trepidation. With single minds, we let the current pull us into its grip and made our way downhill, continually slowing the acceleration that would send us out of control faster than a breath.

Quickly we found ourselves just below that big rock, negotiating a couple of chutes and sweepers. Looking downstream, we could see our route, which had turned into an easier C-2. Jumbles of boulders were creating double haystacks at the bottom.

Soon we found ourselves riding the rollers, our canoes sinking slowly into the troughs and then, at the lowest point, the undertow of the next wave had to be countered if we were to reach the next peak. At this



Rapide de l'Engoulevent

moment, in the depths of a trough, survival depended on one thing: "Pour on the coal!" I ordered myself. (Thanks, Bill Mason, for the expression.) These giant sine waves are amazing. To be swooping up and down on them in tune with this tremendous force is a blast. As I have described, we made our way through the magnitude of these creations, angling and riding the waves, taking on little water, and paddling to the pool below.

The pool offered some new challenges, swirling with the influence of some shore current from a nearby island. A hearty front-ferry through this was necessary for a much-needed stop on the right shore to bail and enjoy the scenery.

spent the first part of the morning paddling some calm waters and negotiating the C-1's and C-2's of Rapide du Petit Fer à Cheval, arriving complacently at the wide, white maelstrom known as Rapide des Îles, or Island Rapid for the island in mid-river, where you would be wise to stop and ascertain your situation. If you approach or miss this island without seeing a safe landing, ferry back upstream to the island or to the portage trail on river left. This rapid is twisted and complex and cannot be scouted very well from the canoe, especially in high water.

Suddenly we felt that powerful surge and I shouted, "Go to shore!" as we swept past the island, barely getting a glimpse of it. My stern paddler clearly wanted to scout



Chute Chaudière

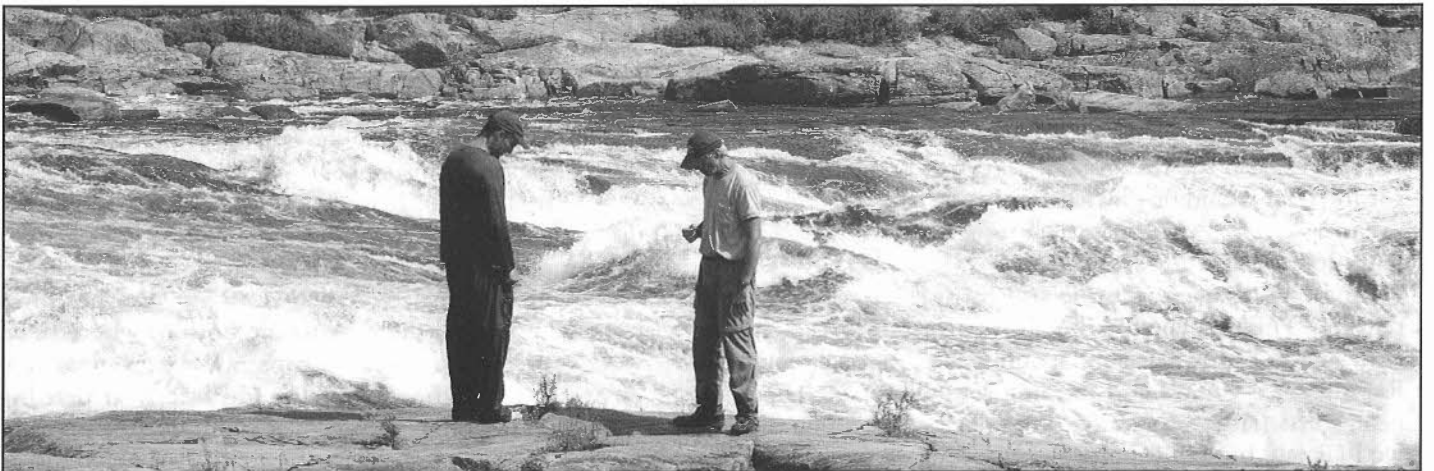
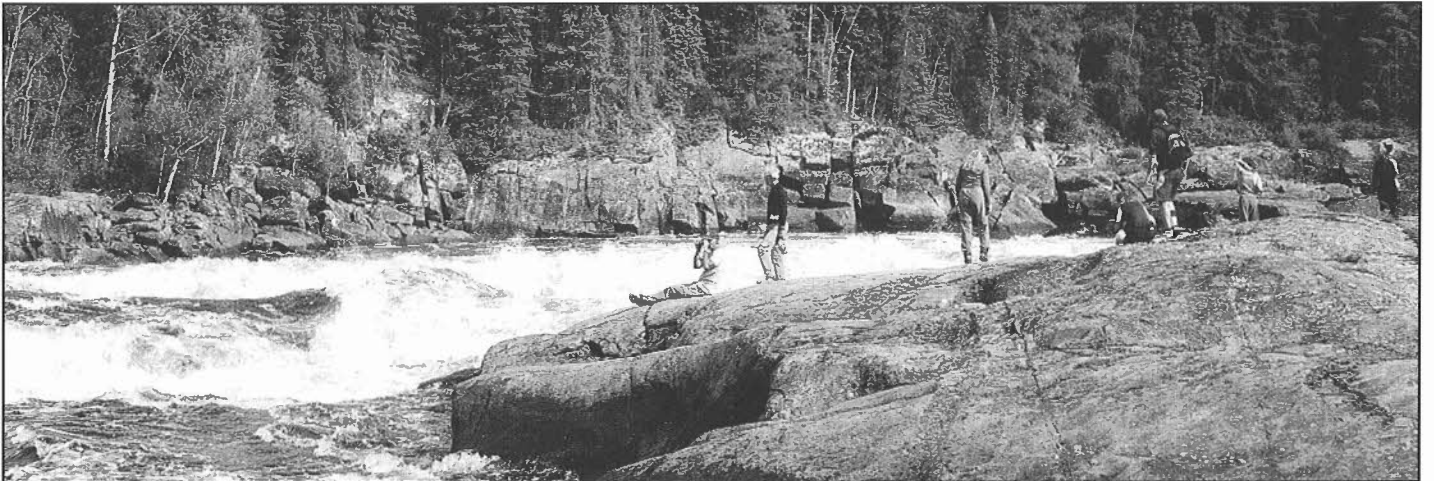
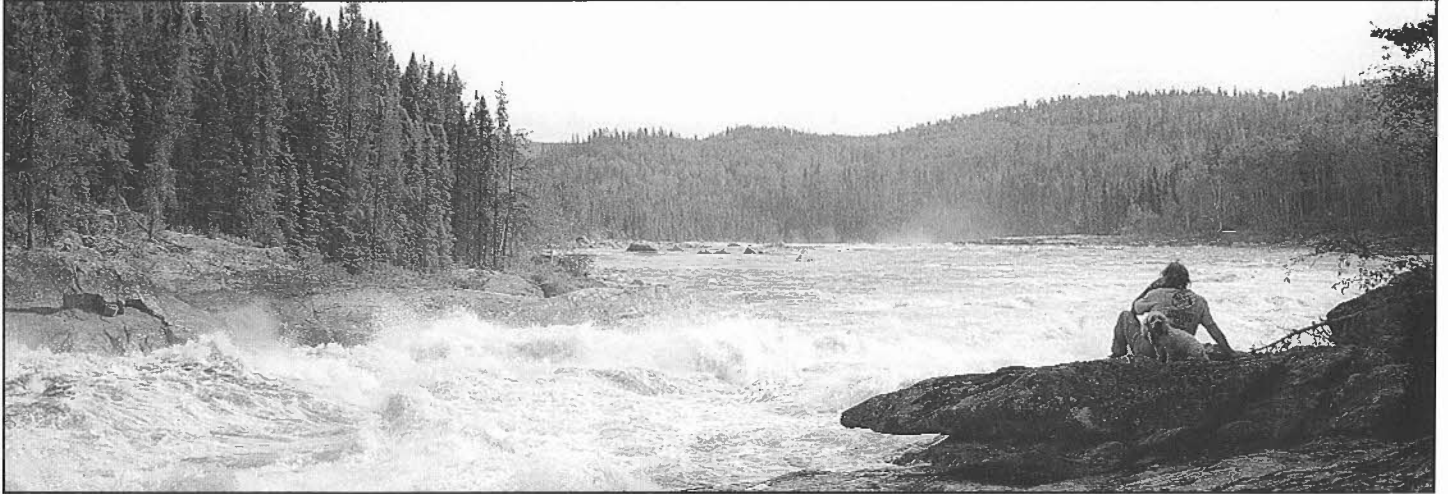
Just ahead, a bridge across the water breaks your sense of wilderness. If you are desperate, as we were one year, most of our group having walked the portage trail a few times, you will find a campsite on river left. However it is small and noisy due to logging trucks. If you have the time, paddle the two and a half kilometres of calm water to the group camp up on a bluff on river right. A small cabin sits to the left but there is plenty of space for many tents.

Rapide Fer à Cheval and Rapide des Îles

We set out again feeling a little more relaxed, having survived what we thought was quite big water. We were, perhaps, a little too relaxed or, at least, confident. We had

from the canoe. Glancing back, I saw a man in the water, a boat overturned, and a boat pulled to shore. In a split second, we had to decide. Could we stop to help, stop to scout, or should we keep going? In this netherworld of indecision our boat spun around and the current gripped us toward a point of least resistance—a two-metre seuil. Dropping the rescue idea, I cross-drew furiously to get the bow around, not wanting to go down backward. Well, it was a personal choice. Over the seuil we went into a white confusion.

We landed at the bottom, upright. Water from the fall above us poured into the boat. "Paddle hard!" yelled a voice inside my head. We dug in and paddled away from the drop, boat filled to the brim. By now, we had had some



Chute Chaudière



Rapide de l'Engoulevent

practice at this, but now we were mid-river and unable to manoeuvre in the sea of foam in front of us. Somehow we focussed on the shore and paddled gently, not allowing ourselves to think about tipping. The overturned boat bobbed just downstream of us.

We could not help the man in the water but we could rescue his canoe and only hope that the others would throw him a rope from shore. Paddling gently, we went after that boat, pulling it with some difficulty over the gunwales, flipping it over, and towing it to land. What could we do but sit and wait while the canoes found a safer route (not ours) down river right or left, and those on shore clambered through the dense brush to their craft, which was now tied to ours.

We had one more problem. The only campsite was on the opposite shore, somewhere amid the next rapid, Fer à Cheval. With everyone collected we ferried to the site and set up camp on the rocks, wondering just how much bigger the river would be downstream.

Rapide de L'Engoulevent

Setting out once again, pride and confidence somewhat renewed and respect for the river gods reinforced, we continued on downstream, scouting the relatively tame Rapide Fer à Cheval and ferrying astutely to safe channels, some flatwater subduing the nerves. We knew that we had one big rapid before our destination: the home of the river gods.

By noon we had arrived at Rapide de L'Engoulevent, which has two drops, the first a narrow, curving, funnelling chute with a diagonal at the end of it. Two hundred metres of turbulent water separate this from the lower drop. In lower water this pool is rather benign. Even now a safe route down river left will bring you to a low shelf rock, which is perfect for a take-out upstream of the second rapid. This section is wider and funnels around a huge jutting ledge on river left. Below it resides a very big hole, requiring a paddler to ferry upstream to attain the centre of the river before turning downstream to run this wild rap. Or, if you have the skill, ride the immense diagonal wave, which spits you out into the middle of the river. In lower water, this rapid is fabulous. In high water it becomes a random variety of standing waves, holes, and pools, kicking the classification up a notch or two. Scout this rapid carefully, taking the trail to the bottom to a magnificent sandy campsite.

With some kind of courage that I do not wish to discuss, inadequate planning for rescue, and insufficient energy reserve, we determined to try running the top. We would decide later whether to run the bottom or not. We portaged the gear to the bottom where people were setting up their camps as we walked back upstream to the boat. Looking too briefly at that huge curling wave coming from river right, we put the canoe in the water at the top. We thought that we would run down the centre, barely avoiding the ledge and hole on the left and squeezing just left of the curler. We forgot a

couple of things. The first was that the curler would pull us toward it and the second that we needed to do a left low brace with a couple of draws to avoid being flipped by the curler—our nemesis.

We were over the most significant drop in a flash. As we came flying around the curve, we lost it. We could see the white peaks of the lower drop and could feel the intense current taking our insignificant little selves where it wanted. In a flash we knew what we had done wrong but of course it was too late.

Fear, I have found, disappears in the face of imminent danger and is replaced by the ol' survival instinct. And so, at this point, every cell in the body focusses on the immediate. Nowhere is attention more clearly realized than when negotiating a big rapid, except perhaps when swimming it. I could feel my courage draining and something else replacing it as the water swirled in bubbles around my head. I remembered another dump that had sent me straight down and I had found my way to the surface by looking at my bubbles and following them. This would not work now. With waves crashing over your face, the main objective is to fill the lungs with air. The next is to look for safety, the boat, the dogs, your partner. You might remember to get your feet up pointing downstream to avoid entanglement with rocks, and maybe not.

Well, I looked around between gulps. The canoe was upstream, one dog was scrambling for shore, and the other was out in the middle of the current. I could feel the current pulling me into its grip, but horrified at letting my young dog swim the lower set, I went after him, calling to him to come to me.

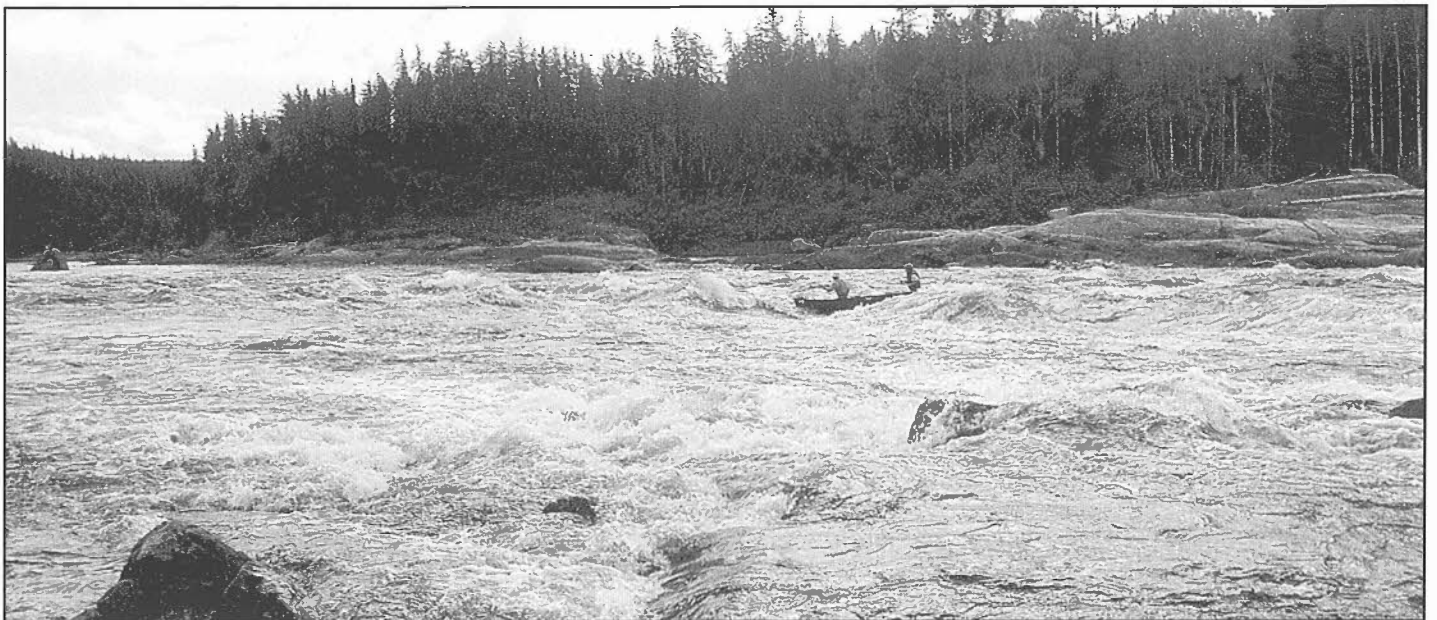
This, he did. When he saw me he made a mad dash for me, all four legs paddling hard. He scrambled on me, pushing me down with his weight. Well, when I was a kid I passed the Red Cross swimming courses and right then

it all came back to me. I gripped that dog, holding him as I would a human, close to my chest, trying to keep his nose up in the air, and swam like hell on my back toward a shore eddy. An instant glance took in my partner going after the canoe's stern rope and heading for a pool upstream on river right.

By then we were about 100 metres from the lower drop, which sported a random selection of four-metre standing waves, and a few holes below. This knowledge bumped up the adrenalin that was already inducing the rescue or perhaps the sympathy of the river gods. We hauled ourselves to shore, wondering how long our luck would hold.

In lower water, L'Engouvent is a treat: the top drop is a narrow chute to the right of the rock shelf below which is a nasty hole. One merely needs to get out into the middle of the river above the rock ledge and keep the canoe straight while avoiding river left and holes on the far right. To reduce the portage length, lift your canoe around the first drop and paddle the 200 metres staying left to a natural little beach take-out on the left shore. Walk the portage trail to the end and scout the lower section. You can ferry your canoe out into mid-river and head downstream, avoiding the rocky ledge on the left and right of the next big rock. Stay in the peaks and troughs easily by slowing down and riding the waves. The best option is to eddy out left close to the last peak and go ashore to your luxury suite. A gorgeous villa with spectacular water sports awaits you here. Or for a quieter evening, go a little further downstream, around the corner to the left. Another sandy resort awaits you there.

But today, those rollers were looking a little too big and the hole in the middle was collecting just a little too much current. It had been a long day so a vote was taken and the quiet choice prevailed.



Rapide de l'Engouvent

Chutes Chaudière

Things begin to change from this point on. A mere five kilometres separate you from the cataract. Reference to the map and vigilance for the portage trail are of equal importance. The first drop can actually be run far right at certain water levels, although I have not tried it. If you miss the portage, you will find yourself running the drop and landing in the hole below, which is a bad idea. Remarkably, a sign exists marking the portage, but it is hidden in brush and is upside down—the result of spring runoff, no doubt. The trampled path in the bushes on river right just before the river turns and drops is your clue to the short path to the bottom. Here, a big expanse of rock greets you and provides ample spots to load the canoe for the final bit before the take-out and canyon. Alternately, for the truly nervous, a portage trail exists around this section.

The last 300 metres or so is a fairly gentle stretch, but hug the right shore and look for some flat rock that marks the portage trail. This is your final take-out. Below is a canyon over a kilometre long with C-5 to C-6 water including four big drops. You might think that this spot should be the next wonder of the world. Behind the rocky take-out is a trail and a dirt road that splits three ways. A left turns takes you to camping on the river. Keep going

straight to portage around the entire cataract and resume your trip. Turn right to get to the main highway.

From your camp beside the cataracts, hike upstream along the rock and/or the trail for over a kilometre. Along the way, you will find several huge potholes carved into the rock by eons of swirling water. Also, below the last drop is the main spawning area of the “salmo salar ouaniché” (land-locked, fresh-water salmon) of the Lake St. Jean basin. For more information, go to [psc_Ashuapmushuan-en.pdf](#). While fishing here is not permitted, do not hesitate to pick the blueberries.

Below Chutes Chaudière

This 40-km stretch of the trip can be accomplished in half a day due to the current and several C-1 and C-2 rapids. To resume your trip, portage your canoe and gear back to the dirt road and turn left, following it to the end, which brings you to a little bay below the last falls of Chutes Chaudière. You will enjoy the relatively easy raps below, l'Épinette Blanche, Pas de Fond, and Rapide Pérouka being the most significant of them. You will come to the end of the current but keep paddling around a big bend to the right until you reach a small beach, which might be a partially obscured. Behind it, you will find the parking lot.



Chute Chaudière



Chute Chaudière

Reservations

Reservation contact info: phone 418-256-3806, fax 418-256-3808. Address: Réserve Faunique Ashuapmushuan, CP 40 Route 167, Km 33, La Dore, Québec G8M 1Y4. You can request shuttle service on the registration application.

More Information

Water levels: http://www.canot-kayak.qc.ca/info_debit/ Scroll down to Saguenay and Lac St. Jean and then Chamouchoane (French spelling). Levels as written on the park map range from 78 cms to 950 cms. However, I have knowledge of high levels exceeding 1600 cms. Suggested months for running this river are late July (average flow 317 cms) and August (290 cms). Length of section described is 127.6 km. Maps are in French only. On the website noted above, top (haut) and bottom (bas) readings are given, the trip being primarily between these two readings. However, you can put in upstream of our launch location and continue downstream of our take-out.

Park maps are available upon request from the park office and from La Société des Établissements de plein air du Québec (Sépaq). Information on maps include rapid ratings and lengths, portages, put-in and take-out info, campsites, insets for rapids, kilometre checkpoints and other useful stuff.

While roads exist upstream of Chutes Chaudière, they are far from the river. While people have found a way to get off of the river, it is a long walk to the highway. Thus, a cautious attitude is recommended.

As the Ashuapmushuan River runs through a provincial flora and fauna reserve, you must pay camping fees. A

deposit, which is a percentage of your camping and shuttle costs, is required with your reservation. The balance must be paid at the park office when you register.

Shuttle takes about an hour and a half each way. We recommend using the park shuttle service for which you are charged per car to be shuttled from the put-in to the take-out. This saves you gas, time, and money. With this service, you drive as few vehicles as possible to the put-in and leave them there. While you are on the river, park attendants will drive your vehicles to the parking lot at the take-out. Extra cars can be parked at the park office, which is fairly close to the take-out. If you decide to do the shuttle yourself, you will have to drive the entire distance (about 100 km) four times.

St. Felicien is the last city before you enter the park. You will find restaurants and shops. Just outside the city is a municipal campground where we have stayed the night before the trip and the night after the trip. The fees are low, showers are offered, and a good rest is guaranteed. Hotels are also available by searching the internet.

English-speaking park attendants are rare.

Campsites are not abundant and no guerrilla camping is possible due to dense forest. You must consider this and plan to stop so that you are not caught trying to run rapids in the dark. Consult the map to decide where you will stop for the night based on your progress on the river.

In low water, rapids range from C-1 to C-3 with clear routes to run, but as water levels rise, rapids can either wash out or become unrunable.

(Ed. note: in the Summer 2001 issue of *Nastawgan*, a report is presented on another trip down this river.)



CPM #40015547
ISSN 1828-1327

Published by the Wilderness Canoe Association
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-in-chief (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 2005	deadline date:	October 30
	Spring 2006		January 29

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.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING Mark your calendars for the next AGM on Saturday, February 11, 2006. Look for details in the next issue of *Nastawgan*.

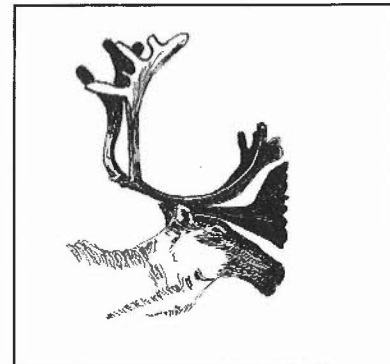
WINTER POOL SESSIONS Once again we have rented the swimming pool at Albert Campbell Collegiate in Scarborough for winter practice sessions on Sundays from 5:00 to 6:30 p.m. running for 10 weeks from January 8 to March 12. Cost is only \$100.00 for the entire winter. Great opportunity for anyone with a whitewater canoe or kayak who wants to learn to roll or just stay in shape. Call Bill Ness for more information at 416-321-3005. Spaces are very limited so don't delay.

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:	Saturday, November 19, 2005
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 7:30 First presentation: Leslie Dutton on her Grand Canyon trip 8:15 Coffee break, refreshments 9:00 Tribute to Toni Harting, retiring editor of <i>Nastawgan</i> 9:45 More coffee and refreshments

For more information contact Elsie Carr-Locke at 416-463-9019 or elsiescot@yahoo.ca



GOING FOR WOOD

Randy Cunningham

We made camp on the largest of the three islands on Lake Kokoko in the Temagami region of Ontario. The canoes were unloaded, packs were hauled up next to the fire pit, and we staked out our tent sites for the night. The final chore was to go for firewood. The fire pit had some odds and ends left from the previous campers, but these would not be enough for dinner or the rest of the night. I volunteered to take one of the canoes for this errand.

I chose a far side of the lake just off the point of one of the islands. I paddled around the end of our island to the windward side. I enjoyed being alone for once. It was slow going, without the added power of another paddle, but it was a beautiful late afternoon. There was no hurry. The trip was to be enjoyed. I chose as my destination a small cove behind some boulders where I could land the canoe like a boat in a slip.

Open crossings can be the stuff of drama. You are totally exposed to the wind, with no shore or tree line to protect you. I had made my share on this trip—crossings where the waves were starting to whitecap and broke half-way up on the curve of the bow. But this was a small lake compared to where I had experienced those thrills. I had nothing to worry about.

I forgot two important points, however. First, this was late afternoon. If weather was going to happen, it was going to happen now. Second, though the lake was small, and the sun was bright, it was shining through a very nasty looking thunderhead that was heading in my direction. In front of any thunderhead is the wind.

The first burst caught the canoe broadside. It spun it around like a top. It played with the canoe. One burst would blow it towards my destination. The next would blow it back towards camp.

Being slapped around the lake by micro bursts was not something I was interested in. I knelt as low as I could

for stability. All niceties of correction strokes and all fair-weather techniques were forgotten. I used all my strength to bring the bow around to face the wind and end the danger of being capsized. Then I began to switch paddle. Power and speed were my only concerns. All the while I was conscious of my whistle and recited what to do if I did not make it. Stay with the canoe, blow the whistle, and wait for help. I did not know that our guide was a witness to my travail and was already putting on his PFD in anticipation of a rescue.

The cause of my worries disappeared as quickly as it had arrived. With a few departing slaps, the front passed. I found an opening in the rocks and trees and pulled the canoe on to the bank.

I began the work at hand. First the kindling. On the forest floor were tubes of birch bark, which I fashioned into binders to hold the dead dry branches of spruce and hemlock. I gathered about three bundles, and threw them in the bow of the canoe, followed by thicker branches, and topped off with several dead saplings. This would be plenty. The canoe was filled as far back as the thwart ahead of the stern seat. With this ballast, I shoved off.

As I pulled away from the bank, I was on my guard, looking towards the sky for another thunderhead bent on mischief. The weather had had its fun with me, however, and allowed a peaceful passage.

But it gave me a sense of satisfaction entirely out of proportion to its demands. The reward was not just a canoe full of firewood. It was the joy of a simple task, well done. It was the pleasure of a paddle in hand, and a craft responding when called upon to take me on my errand, meet any challenge, and bring me back home again. It is why, when on a trip, I am always the one who volunteers to go for wood.

DUCT OR DUCK, THAT'S THE QUESTION

In his website <http://www.worldwidewords.org> (free subscription!) dedicated to a better understanding of the English language, Michael Quinion delves into the background of every paddler's favourite sticky tape.

It's possible to make a case that either is right, duct or duck tape. The story behind the stuff is confusing enough to require some sorting out. Bear with me while I trace the evidence and the contrary opinions, though I must warn you that I come only to a tentative conclusion.

The first example of "duct tape" I found is from an advertisement in a newspaper in Wisconsin in September 1965. There are lots of earlier examples of "duck tape" in

the same archive that date back to the early 1940s (and the Oxford English Dictionary has found one from 1902), which might suggest that it's the older form. But that is misleading. This duck tape isn't the triple-layer, tearable, silver, sticky-backed stuff but plain cotton tape. The material has been called duck for four centuries, though it was originally made from linen, not cotton. It was a lighter and finer material than canvas, often used for seamen's trousers and sometimes for sails on small craft. Duck tape was widely used at one time for the vertical binding tapes of venetian blinds.

The usual story about the origin of the adhesive material is that it was developed by the Permacel division

of Johnson & Johnson in 1942 for the US Army as a waterproof sealing tape for ammunition boxes. The tape proved immensely versatile and was used for all sorts of repair purposes on military equipment. These facts come from Johnson & Johnson's historians, so ought to be accurate. But the story goes on to say that because the fabric backing was made from cotton duck and perhaps because it repelled moisture "like water off a duck's back," it became known to soldiers as "duck tape." However, there's no known use of "duck tape" in any document of the Second World War that anyone investigating the matter has looked at, which suggests this story about the origin of the name is just a folktale.

Some time after the War, it is said, engineers begin to use the tape to seal the joints in air-conditioning ducts. This tape was manufactured in the same way, though to match the ducting it was coloured silver rather than the green of the Army version. Because of this use, it became known informally as "duct tape."

"Duck tape" is a trademark of Henkel Consumer Adhesives, dating from 1982, who sell it under that name

in several countries. John Kahl, the CEO of the firm, has been reported as saying that his father chose the name after noticing that "duct tape" sounded like "duck tape" when customers asked for it. (The collision of the two "t"s in the middle of "duct tape" causes the first one to be lost by a process called elision.) The term "duct tape" has never been trademarked, though several compound terms that include it have-it looks as though it had become generic before anybody thought of registering it. Apart from a one-off instance in the Oxford English Dictionary of "duck tape" from 1971 (which looks like a case of the "duct" - "duck" elision), I can't find "duck tape" in the adhesive sense until the 1980s.

My view is that the original name was "duct tape", given informally to it by heating engineers post-war, and the "duck tape" version is elision in rapid speech, later capitalized on by a manufacturer. But, as things stand, nobody knows for sure.

World Wide Words is copyright © Michael Quinion 2005. All rights reserved.



Wilberforce Falls, Hood River, Nunavut (July 2004)

Photo: John Girard

NON-REFILLABLE PROPANE CANISTERS = EXPENSIVE GARBAGE!

Most people like to spend their money wisely, and at Ontario Parks, we're no different. We don't want to use your parks fees on unnecessary services. But that's what we have to do to get rid of empty, non-refillable propane cylinders.

Campers have been leaving behind about 50,000 of these non-refillable canisters in our provincial parks every year! Because the containers are considered hazardous waste we can't just take them to the local landfill. We have to hire firms that specialize in disposing of this kind of material and it's not cheap. At \$2.50 per cylinder, it costs us almost as much to get rid of the cylinders as it does for consumers to buy them. What we spend to dispose of these containers every year could be used to buy 800 picnic tables or 890 fireplace grills, or outfit five children's playgrounds, so we're asking for your help.

1. Please don't use disposable propane canisters. Convert to regular refillable propane tanks, or choose equipment that uses camp fuel.

2. If you must use disposable canisters, please take them home with you and dispose of them at your local hazardous waste depot.

Ontario Parks will not restock disposable propane containers in our stores when the current supply runs out. If the problem persists, we may have to consider an outright ban on the use of disposable propane canisters in provincial parks.

Please, do your part to help us use your parks fees wisely. Don't leave your propane canisters behind in Ontario's provincial parks!

(Submitted by Fred Lum from: <http://www.parkreports.com/parksblog/?p=11#more-11>)

FOOD FOR PADDLERS

CHILI CON CARNE

Gerry and Glenn Spence have been hosting a spring weekend outing since 1975. Participants are invited to sleep over at the Spence's home in Brighton, and then paddle the Salmon and Moira rivers. For the Saturday evening pot luck, Gerry whips up a large batch of her now famous chili.

Basic recipe for 6 - 8 people:

½ cup chopped onion (red/spanish or personal preference)

1 pound ground beef

1 x 28 oz can plum tomatoes

1 x 5 & ½ oz can tomato paste

2 tbsp oregano

2 tbsp parsley flakes

4 stocks of celery, chopped

4 x 14 oz cans kidney beans

2 tbsp chili powder (or to taste)

1 tsp salt

Optional additions:

24 oz can V 8 juice (if using V 8 juice, double the basic recipe)

1 large green pepper, chopped

2 cups chopped mushrooms

Method:

1. Brown the ground beef and drain the fat (especially important if dehydrating).
2. Saute the vegetables until soft.
3. Add the ground beef and stir thoroughly.
4. Stir in remaining ingredients.
5. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat and cook slowly for one hour.

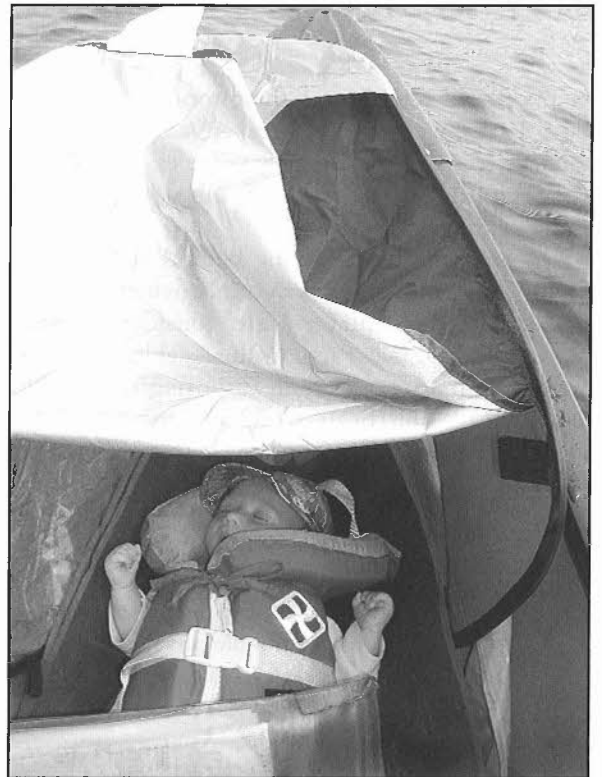
Notes:

- for a very large quantity use a large roasting pan and bake in the oven at 300 degrees F for at least three hours
- if dehydrating, set oven at 150 degrees F, place chili on cookie sheets covered with parchment paper, place cookie sheets in oven, leave oven door open, and cook approximately two hours or until most of the liquid is evaporated, transfer to a dehydrator, and dry until the chili is the consistency of a fruit leather

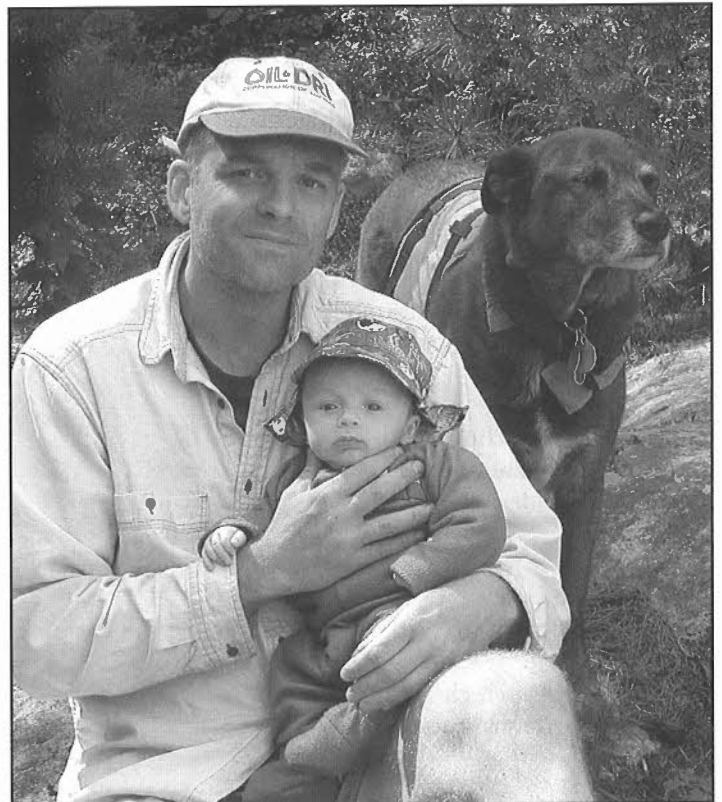
MAX SEAGER

exploring Temagami canoe country

Baby and photos by Sara Seager and Mike Wevrick

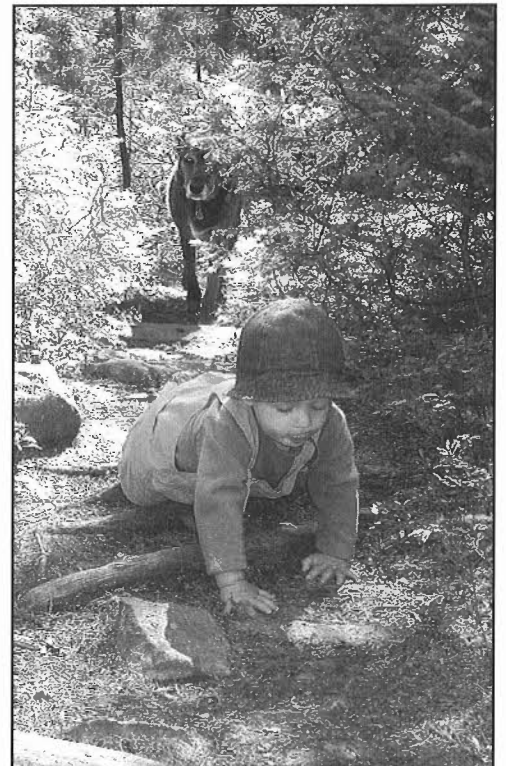
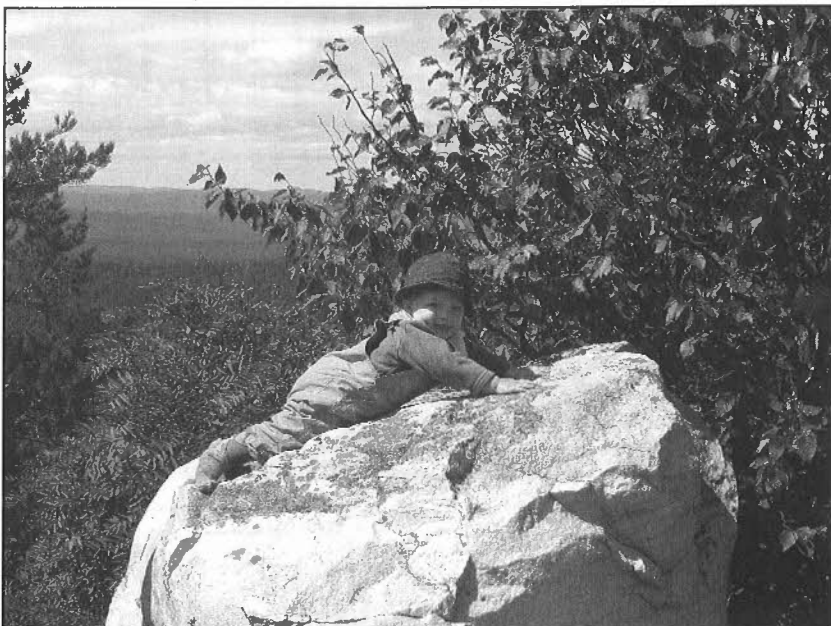


August 2003: two months old





August 2004: fourteen months old



For more photos, see <http://www.ciw.edu/seager/Max/Canoe/canoe.html>

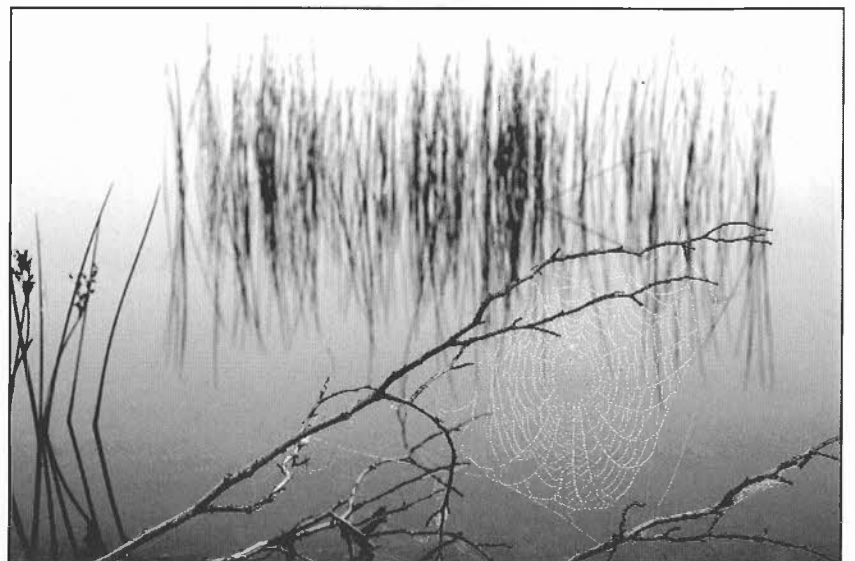
LEFT BEHIND

A twist of grass:
This day break's gift-
Each emerald blade bequeathed
Its jewelled
Morning
Kiss
Of dew
By midnight's dying breath.

Defiant pine
On granite cliff
With gnarled root, it clings.
Umbilical lifelines
Tracing
Ancient
Faultlines
To drink of summer springs.

Blue-green ribbons
Beneath our bow -
Trailing wisps of dreams
Undulating
underwater
tentacles
Seeking downstream scenes.

Sentinel spruce
In silence waits,
And holds its secrets close,
It knows
That soon again
T'will bend
Beneath its winter cloak.



beth bellaire

Photos: Toni Harting

THE RITES AND RISKS OF SPRING

Few things are more marvellous than the return of spring in Algonquin Park. Hillsides take on pink and green pastel hues as the buds swell and the trees flower. Moose come to the edge of the highway to drink their fill of salty water. Spring beauties carpet the forest floor and fishermen head out for the year's best brook and lake trout fishing.

So strong is the sense of renewal and return of good times, in fact, that we sometimes paint too simple a picture of the natural world and miss some of its underlying subtlety. For example, one of the most characteristic sounds of spring in Algonquin is the drumming of male Ruffed Grouse and, in fact, hardly anything could better symbolize the confident welcoming-back of warm weather and the prosperity of spring. If you carefully edge closer to a drumming male grouse, you will see a handsome bird drawn up to its full height, surveying the scene from its display log. The neck ruffs are erect, the tail is fanned out magnificently and then with calm, almost disdainful dignity he begins to drum. Half open wings powerfully beat the air: "thump" and then again and again and again, faster and faster until the wings are lost in an invisible blur and the sounds merge into a frenzied, muffled drum-roll: "thump...thump, thump thump thump thump thump whirrr."

Anyone watching such a spectacular outpouring might reasonably assume that it is an exuberant, spring-induced call to females and an aggressive warning to other males. But, we have some evidence that suggests something else about drumming grouse, namely that they are indulging in a very risky business that, quite literally, puts their lives on the line.

This may be a bit of a shock to you. Most people can accept that over half of all young grouse chicks fail to make it through their first summer and everyone knows that winter takes a heavy toll of young and old birds alike. Nevertheless, we all assume that in spring, things must be easy. It would be nice for grouse if that were true. But if you stop and think about it, you will realize that these birds quite obviously have a serious problem that won't go away just because the weather turns nice. The camouflage, careful movements, and explosive flight of Ruffed Grouse are sure indicators that they must be highly prized by predators. Any grouse that stood out in appearance or behaviour were eliminated long ago, leaving the secretive, hard-to-find birds we know today.

There is just one problem with having highly perfected means of staying out of sight. If mating is to occur, the birds must overcome their own excellent camouflage and that means some sort of deliberate self-advertising display. The more spectacular and far-reaching the display, in fact, the more successful will be the advertisers (males in the case of grouse and most other birds) in attracting

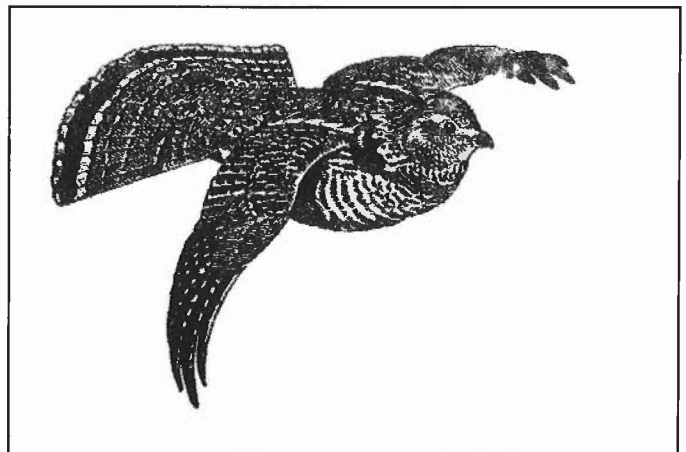
potential mates. The catch is, of course, that a display that can pull in females from far and wide can also pull in predators.

A male grouse can reduce this risk by choosing a big display log with good visibility and yet with enough surrounding cover to impede attack from the air. Nevertheless, the predators of Ruffed Grouse have had their skills sharpened by hundreds of thousands of years of coping with their prey's defences. A Goshawk may patiently manoeuvre itself closer and closer to a drumming grouse. Then, with powerful wing beats, it rapidly accelerates into its final attack—a devastating streak through the trees with incredible, precision rotations of its body and wings to avoid hitting trunks and branches. The strutting grouse sees nothing, or sees everything too late. In the twinkling of an eye, only a couple of feathers drifting down beside the log remain to show that a grouse had ever been there. Nearby, a busy bumblebee buzzes from one sunlit Trout Lily flower to the next and a Winter Wren sings from the tangled roots of a wind-thrown spruce.

A few hours later, another male Ruffed Grouse, intimidated until then by the drumming of his rival, works up enough courage to take over the vacant log. Perhaps he will succeed where his predecessor failed. Before fate catches up with him as well, he may father one or two broods and pass on his genes to future generations.

Thump...thump, thump thump thump thump whirrr!
Spring is here!

Reprinted from the April 26, 1984, issue of Algonquin Park's The Raven, courtesy of the Ministry of Natural Resources.



WHAT IS IT LIKE TO GET GIARDIA?

We are told on good authority that most rivers and lakes in Canada are a host to *Giardia Lamblia*. This little fellow is a parasite that lives happily in both flowing and still water. He arrived in the water by way of animal faeces. With a 0.02-micron-or-less water filter, this parasite can be filtered out of the water, making it safe to drink.

Drinking unfiltered river water can bring the critter into your digestive system to wreak havoc. How much havoc depends on the strength of your immune system. Out of eight of us on the Bloodvein River (summer 2004), drinking straight river water, as we have done for the past 30 years on similar trips, two got the full-blown version, three got a very mild dose, and three had no symptoms at all.

As I was one of the two with the full-blown version, I can try to tell you what it is like. After an incubation period of approximately five to seven days, day one arrives with a queasy feeling that something is not right with your stomach. The next day your appetite is completely gone. Unlike food poisoning, there is no projectile anything. For the next seven days there is mild diarrhea and nausea with the feeling that you would like to throw up, but cannot. This is all accompanied by severe lethargy and a stomach that's very sore to the touch. Everything is too much trou-

ble and lying down and feeling sorry for oneself is about all that you can manage. There is no magic cure. Drinking water helps.

In my case, by day four a medical opinion seemed advisable so I saw my doctor who requested that a stool sample be taken to the lab the next day. As this sample has to be cultured for seven to ten days, you officially have recovered before you find out what nearly killed you. A week later and back to normal, sure enough, the lab technician phoned and said it was *Giardia* and referred me back to my doctor. The antibiotic Metronidazole was then taken for five days (no alcohol allowed) to kill off any remaining parasites, so that there was no danger of being a carrier and endangering the rest of the household. This action was followed by a further stool test and subsequent clean bill of health.

A full recovery was evident on day eight with a return of energy and appetite and with the only lingering effect being the loss of five pounds.

From now on, filtering all river water is the way to go. Having had *Giardia* once is enough for me.

Graham McCallum

WE'RE BACK

Just picked up the paddle. The canoes are loaded and we've pushed off from shore. After the first few strokes it is long-ago familiar. We haven't even rounded the first bend yet and already we're settling into it. We're on the river. We're back.

Second day. City stuff dropping away. Work worries, family worries, money worries, car worries. Amazing how quickly those problems drift away. Life is down to doing now-things now. Paddling to get the kilometres, building fires to keep warm, cooking food for nourishment, and fishing to understand more about the hunter-gatherer who lies deep within.

Third day. Paddling lazily in the warm sun. The river is wide and slow here, so we are just enjoying the paddling. Yesterday lost track of the hours and minutes of the day. This morning lost track of what day of the week it was. Next step is to lose eras. Could be paddling with Alexander Mackenzie or with Lewis and Clark. Could be

paddling with the fur brigades making for Fort William at the head of Lake Superior. Could be the first man to be on the river since the ice released it. Could be the last man on earth escaping from the apocalypse.

There is something within us that responds to the elemental. Something that comes alive when life is reduced to its simplest. Something that drinks deep when doing now-things now is essential for survival. When life is at its most basic is when we remember most what we once were.

Wilderness canoeing gives us the opportunity to search for this long-buried part of ourselves. The part where the hunter-gatherer lies waiting.

You never know. If it's the apocalypse, I'm pretty sure we'll have to go back to hunting and gathering.

Greg Went

WCA OUTINGS

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

Contact the Outings Committee before Oct. 30

For questions, suggestions, proposals to organize trips, or anything else related to the WCA Outings, contact the Outings Committee: Bill Ness, 416-321-3005, bness@look.ca; Gisela Curwen, 416-484-1471, gisela.curwen@utoronto.ca; Geri James, 416-512-6690, geri.james@barclaysglobal.com; Scott Card, 905-665-7302, scottcard@sympatico.ca

WCA outings 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

Scott Card, 905-665-7302, scottcard@sympatico.ca ----- Mowing the lawn this weekend because you don't have any trips planned? I paddle whitewater nearly every weekend from spring break-up through as long as the water remains liquid in the fall (or winter). If you want to get out on a river any weekend, just call me to find out where I'm headed. I go wherever there's good water. Longer trips also a possibility. Trip difficulty levels vary from intermediate to advanced. Open canoe, C1, or kayak welcome.

September 29 – October 2 FALL IN KILLARNEY – CANOE/HIKE COMBO

Gisela Curwen, 416-484-1471, gisela.curwen@utoronto.ca, book before September 11 ----- Killarney is at its best at this time of the year with gorgeous fall colours, white quartzite rocks, and sparkling blue lakes. We will spend Thursday night at George Lake campground and stay Friday night on beautiful Topaz Lake near Baie Fine. Part of the group will get there on the Silhouette Hiking Trail, while the others canoe and portage from George Lake through Killarney, OSA, Muriel, and Artist Lakes. We will have time to share stories of our trip there. Saturday, we will explore the area and hike/canoe on to Threenarrows Lake where we spend the night. On our way back on Sunday, those who canoed in can hike out, and vice versa – this way we all can get the most out of my favourite place in the Fall. Limit eight people.

September 30 - October 2 CROTCH LAKE – PRE-THANKSGIVING TURKEY DINNER CANOE TRIP

Anne Lessio, 905-686-1730 or alessio@istar.ca, or Gary James 416-512-6690 or wca@sympatico.ca ----- Crotch Lake is described in Kevin Callan's book *Gone Canoeing* on page 109. Last year we explored this beautiful lake and found a nice large island site that would hold 20 people. We are going to once again cook a full turkey dinner. Check out the spring 2003 issue of *Nastawgan* if interested in a review of our last celebration. Advance food planning and equipment is needed for this trip.

TRIP IS FULLY BOOKED!

October 7-10 KAWARTHA HIGHLANDS -- THANKSGIVING TURKEY DINNER CANOE TRIP

Bill Caswill & Oya Petts, 519-934-2013 or du12paddle@bmts.com, book by October 6 ----- A flatwater paddling weekend on Bottle Lake & Sucker Lake. Enjoy a real turkey cook-out with our Magic Oven. Limit of 10 persons. Suitable for novice paddlers with advanced appetites.

October 14-16 BON ECHO

Gisela Curwen, 416-484-1471, gisela.curwen@utoronto.ca, book before September 28. ----- If we are lucky, the Fall colours might still be around in mid-October. This will be a leisurely weekend making a base in the campground, paddling the Kishkebus Loop one day, and exploring the pictographs on Mazinaw Rock and hiking in the park on the second day. If we feel more adventurous, we could be portaging into Joeperry Lake and spend two nights on its more remote sandy beaches. Limit eight people.

October 16 BURNT RIVER

Bill Ness, 416-321-3005 or bness@look.ca, book by October 9 ----- An opportunity to work off the calories from the turkey dinner canoe trips. An easy flatwater river trip from Kinmount to above the village of Burnt River. The Burnt always has enough water to be paddled. Pretty scenery and a few short portages make this a good late-season outing. A great day out for families or anyone wanting to enjoy the fall woods from a boat.

October-November-December **ELORA GORGE**

Bill Ness, 416-321-3005 or bness@look.ca, book any time. ----- Daylight Savings Time may be ended, but paddling doesn't have to. Often Mother Nature sends us some fall rain. Then the Gorge can be a good late-season whitewater workout. It's close by and there are lots of restaurants in Elora for a post-trip get-together. At moderate levels, there are a series of Class 1-2 rapids, with a Class 3 chute at the midpoint that can be easily walked around. We spend the day playing the river. As the trip is dependent on rain, I have not set a specific date. If you're interested, let me know and I'll put you on a call list. Then pray for rain.

November **MADAWASKA RIVER**

Scott Card, 905-665-7302, scottcard@sympatico.ca ----- Traditionally the Madawaska river system is drained down for the winter in November, making for a final opportunity to paddle the Mad. I check water levels to find out when the lakes are being drained. Depending on the weather at the time, we could end up at Palmer Rapids, or doing an Aumond's Bay to Buck Bay run. Due to the conditions this time of year, participants need full cold-weather paddling clothes. Suitable for intermediates or better.

November 5 **MEMORIES OF SUMMER**

Geri & Gary James, 416-512-6690; gary.james@sympatico.ca, book by October 30 ----- Join fellow WCA members to relive your summer paddling experiences at an informal get-together at our home. Bring along stories and photos (albums and digital) as well as a favourite food dish to share with others.

November 5-6 **BACKPACKING TO PARADISE -- BRUCE TRAIL HIKE**

Bill Caswill & Oya Petts, 519-934-2013 or du12paddle@bmts.com, book by October 27 ----- High Dump section. Best hiking on the Bruce Peninsula. Spectacular vistas. Sites feature tent platforms and a composting mega-toilet. Have to bring your own water. Limit five hikers.

Winter 2005-6 **SNOWBIRD SPECIAL -- PADDLING DOWN SOUTH**

Scott Card, 905-665-7302, scottcard@sympatico.ca ----- Would anyone be interested in getting away to where the water is liquid this time of year? I'm looking at the possibility of escaping the cold to North or South Carolina for some paddling. The outing is exploratory for me, so let's start out with some rivers rated in the Class 2 - 3 range. Dates and locations to be determined. Contact me if you would be interested.

January 27-29 **SILENT LAKE CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING**

Gisela Curwen, 416-484-1471, gisela.curwen@utoronto.ca, book before December 30. ----- Come and enjoy a snowy winter weekend skiing at Silent Lake. We will stay two nights in a toasty warm yurt with a wood-burning stove, and cross-country ski the trails and explore the park right from our front door. Limit six intermediate skiers.

February 4 **CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING FIVE WINDS TRAILS**

Gisela Curwen, 416-484-1471, gisela.curwen@utoronto.ca, book before January 20. ----- Come out and enjoy a day of winter wonderland on the marked, ungroomed wilderness trail system in the scenic Gibson River area. Varied terrain. Limit six intermediate skiers.

ADDITIONAL TRIPS

Check our website at <http://www.wildernesscanoe.ca/trips.htm> for additional trips. Members may submit additional trips to the Outings Committee anytime at bness@look.ca. If you miss the *Nastawgan* deadline, your trip will still be listed on the website. Also, check the bulletin board at <http://www.wildernesscanoe.ca/bulletin.htm> for private, non-WCA trips or partner requests.



MASS TRANSPORTATION



The opening of the Toni Harting Library on June 11 was a fine occasion of devilishly delightful dancing, dining, drinking, and debauchery, much enjoyed by all. One

of the highlights of the day was the paddle by 20 people (including the photographer) in a 34-foot Montreal canoe on the friendly waters of the French River.

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.

WCA MERCHANDISE We have a wide selection of WCA merchandise available for purchase at all WCA events (but not by mail order). Items available include WCA mugs (\$5), crests (\$3), and decals (\$1). We also have WCA clothing in a range of colours and sizes. Each item is a high-quality product that has been embroidered with a colourful WCA logo. At your next event plan to purchase one of these garments and proudly represent your organization.

Golf Shirts:\$30; Fleece Vests:\$40; Fleece Jackets:\$60.
(Cheque or cash only.)

For up-to-date information on Products and Services items, go to the Bulletin Board of the WCA website: www.wildernesscanoe.ca.



... in this issue

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Ashuapmushuan River 12. News Briefs 12. Fall Party 13. Going for Wood | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 13. Duct or Duck, That's the Question 15. Non-Refillable Propane Canisters 15. Food for Paddlers 16. Max Seager 18. Poem: Left Behind | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 19. The Rites and Risks of Spring 20. What is It Like to Get Giardia? 20. We're Back 21. WCA Outings 23. Mass Transportation 23. Products and Services |
|---|---|---|

<p>WCA Postal Address: P.O.Box 91068 2901 Bayview Ave. Toronto, Ontario M2K 2Y6</p> <p>BOARD OF DIRECTORS</p> <p>George Drought (Chair) 43 Brodick Street Hamilton, ON, L8S 3E3 905-528-0059 gdrought@wildernessbound.ca</p> <p>Doug Ashton Cambridge, Ont. 519-620-8364 doug.ashton@sympatico.ca</p>	<p>Elsie Carr-Locke Toronto, Ont. 416-463-9019 elsiescot@yahoo.ca</p> <p>Bob Bignell Dundas, Ont. 905-627-3730 thebiggys@hotmail.com</p> <p>Gillian Mason Toronto, Ont. 416-752-9596 gmason@capam.ca</p> <p>Martin Heppner Toronto, Ont. 416-465-1558 mhheppner@anchorsecurities.com</p>	<p>WCA Contacts</p> <p>SECRETARY Bill King 45 Hi Mount Drive Toronto, Ont. M2K 1X3 416-223-4646 lyonrex@aol.com</p> <p>WCA OUTINGS Bill Ness 194 Placentia Blvd. Toronto, Ont. M1S 4H4 416-321-3005 bness@look.ca</p>	<p>http://www.wildernesscanoe.ca</p> <p>JOURNAL EDITOR Toni Harting 7 Walmer Road, Apt. 902 Toronto, Ont. M5R 2W8 416-964-2495 aharting@sympatico.ca</p> <p>TREASURER Howard Sayles Toronto, Ontario 416-921-5321</p> <p>WEBMASTER Jeff Haymer Toronto, Ontario 416-635-5801 jhaymer@ionsys.com</p>	<p>MEMBERSHIP and COMPUTER RECORDS Gary James 27 Canary Cres. North York, Ont. M2K 1Y9 416-512-6690 wca@sympatico.ca</p> <p>CONSERVATION Erhard Kraus Scarborough, Ont. 416-293-3755 erhard@interlog.com</p>
--	--	--	---	--

EDITORIAL TEAM:

- Editor-in-Chief: Toni Harting
 Editor/Co-ordinator: Bob Henderson
 Associate Editors, Text: Elizabeth Sinclair, Mike Wevrick
 Associate Editor, Food: Barb Young
 Associate Editor, Outings: Bill Ness
 Associate Editor, Illustrations: Aleks Gusev