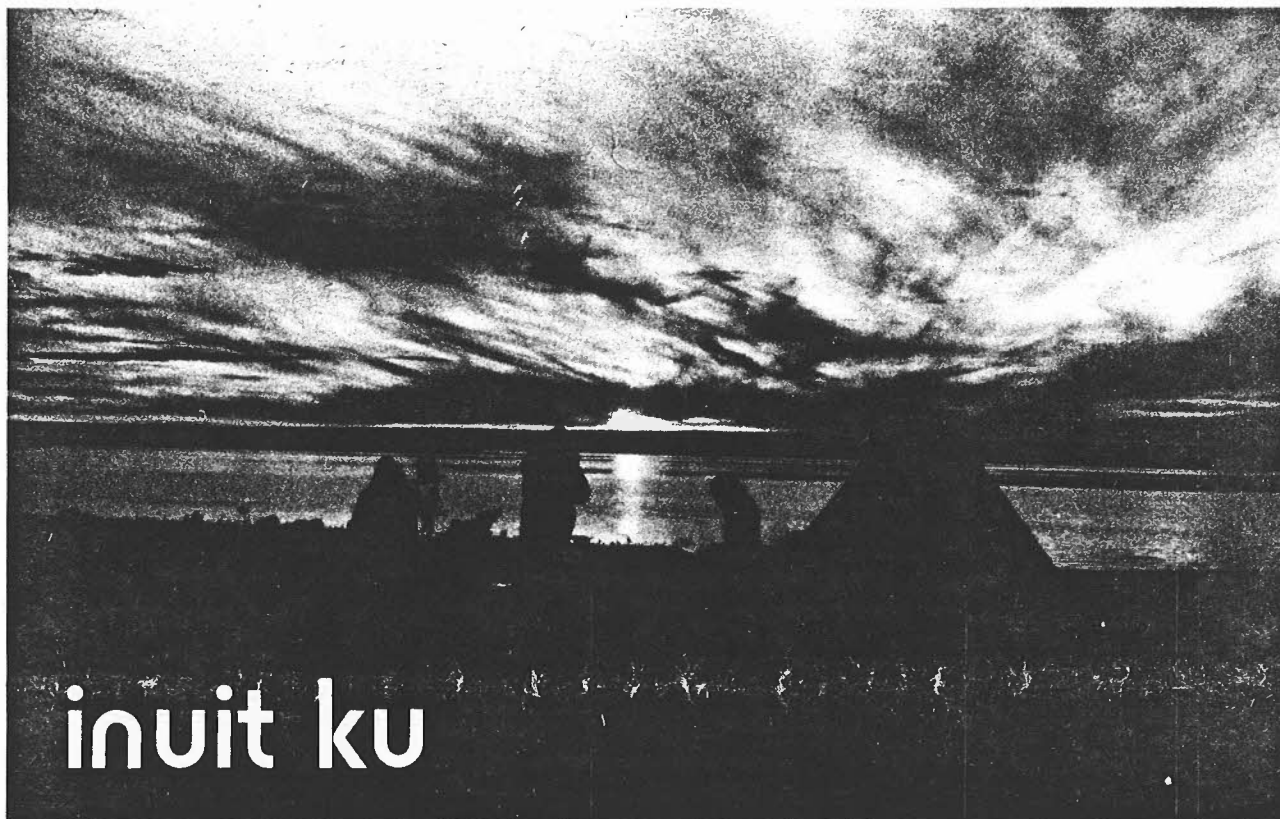




the wilderness canoeist

volume 8 number 4

winter 1981



inuit ku

Each night in our tent pitched in this wild, beautiful and imposing land, we read the journal of the man who had discovered this river and the people who had lived here for centuries, but were no more. Day by day we compared the experiences of J.B. Tyrell in 1894 as he descended the Inuit Ku - now called the Kazan River - and found a stone age tribe of people who called themselves the IHALMIUT, The People of the Deer. The People have not lived here for the past thirty years, having starved to death or been dispersed with the dwindling of the caribou herds in the late nineteen-fourties, but the signs of their presence were everywhere.

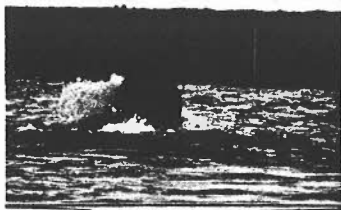
In our case, "getting there was not half the fun." We flew to Winnipeg via Air Canada and had our three canoe packs, four paddles and aluminum grub box handled by Special Services. This title is a bad joke. One paddle was smashed, the grub box had been thrown around so heavily that its rivets had imbedded themselves into our gas stove container which was inside the grub box, and worst of all, we observed the handling of our gear during the unloading at Winnipeg. The handlers were throwing our packs as far as two men could manage - luckily there wasn't much that was breakable in them, or our trip would have been ruined before it started. A long flight in a DC Four (the stewardess promptly announced it had been built in 1945) to Kasba Lake Lodge in the Northwest Territories with eight or ten American fishermen completed our air borne arrangements. Our canoe had been shipped out earlier by moving van, and taken to the Lodge on an earlier flight. We hitched a ride by motorboat to the end of the lake, where less than twenty-four hours after leaving work, but after months of planning, we finally met the Kazan River.

The country here is the taiga, the considerable number of trees are mainly spruce, well-spaced and average less than five metres in height. An occasional birch is seen, plus plentiful ground willow. Two days of paddling, aided by strong current, takes you into Ennadai Lake, and during the eight kilometres you paddle on this lake you cross the tree line into the Barren Grounds. For the next one-hundred and eighty kilometres an occasional tree of dwindling size can be seen, until we stop and photograph three spruces in a clump near Angikuni Lake that are only about one metre high. For the rest of the trip not a tree, other than Arctic willow bushes, is to be seen. This allows for views over low rolling hills for kilometres from vantage points that are themselves only a few metres above the surrounding land. One of the clearest memories is of vast distances seen, the muted colours of the country, and always as much water in view in every direction as land.

Large areas of the ground are stony plains, and near Angikuni Lake especially, a variety of multi-coloured lichens covers the rocks to add some splashes of colour. In other places fields of gray rock stretch to the horizon, so closely spaced you may have to move one or two to pitch a tent.

The presence of eskers, the river beds of glacial times, was a first for us and we were impressed with the "constructed" look of them, much like a railroad bed in the foothills.

The fishing can only be described in superlatives - it never took us more than three casts to catch a fish on the entire trip! Only two types of fish live in these cold waters - Arctic grayling and lake trout, but both make great eating. We used mainly Mepps lures; any size or colour seemed to work well.



Eating well on extended trips seems to be easier than ever. To our normal breakfast of porridge, raisins, bread, honey and coffee and lunches of soup, bread, cheese, meat spread, tea and fruit cake, we added a dozen eggs (bought in Winnipeg - Air Canada didn't get a chance at them!) and four pounds of cured meat called Shinkemspeck, which turned out to be the treat of the trip, for Henry at least! Our dinners are freeze dried four-man meals to which we add more vegetables and cover the large cooking pot with dumplings, plus dessert of dried fruit, cookies or one of the four "snackin' cakes" we brought. Even with the huge number of calories we ate, we still lost a total of ten kilograms from three already slim guys! Six hundred kilometres in a canoe should be recommended on diet programs.

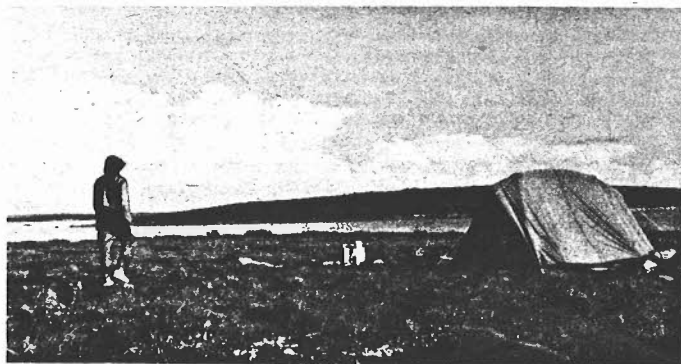
A description of the Barrrens wouldn't be complete without a mention of the major negative factor to tripping here - the black flies. We've probably all been out in the spring in Muskoka, and regarded that as "buggy". So did we. Wrong! For the first time ever, we wore bug hats for days, in fact on still days it would be hard to manage without them. Eating was so difficult that at times we had to put the tent up at lunch to avoid eating more unwanted protein than we needed. At one point Dan had ninety-six bites on one side of one forearm - he claims that's because he has the sweetest blood! Henry had a net bug jacket that was very effective, as was "Off" and "Muskol."

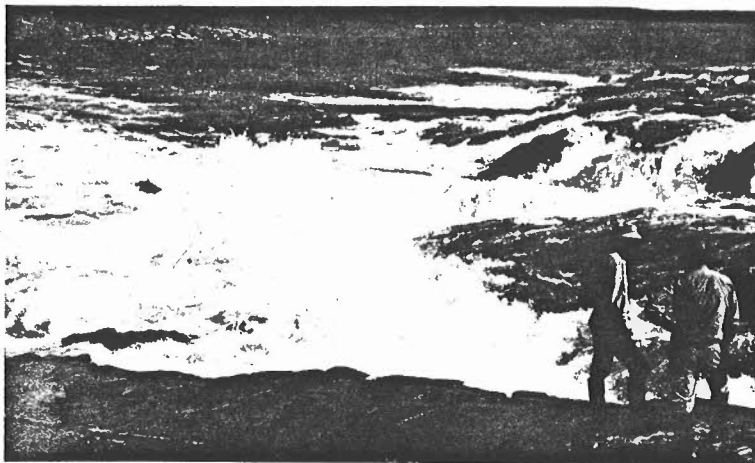
There is a limited range of animals to be seen, but they make up for it in their absence of fear of man. We crossed the river a couple of canoe lengths from a bull moose, one of three moose we saw. We saw several caribou, including one from three metres away when it wandered through our camp. We shared a lunch with Arctic ground squirrels and found a den of foxes where two kits were sunning themselves. The bird life is more abundant, especially Arctic tern that were seen almost every day, gulls, a limited number of geese and ducks, one pair of swans (type unknown) and sand hill cranes. The highlight of our years of observing bird life occurred when we found a peregrine falcon nest with a young falcon hopping around near it for the entire day we spent camped there.

(Note to Sandy Richardson - we presume it's the same nest you saw on your trip in 1977, it's encouraging to know that it is still being used.)

Even though we knew the days would be very long, it is still a strange experience to have daylight at ten thirty p.m., and at no time to have real darkness, especially the first week of the trip, which was the third week of July. We took advantage of a calm day on Ennadai Lake to paddle until eleven-fourty p.m., and still had plenty of light to set up camp. The weather was very close to ideal; we were not pinned down by the wind on a single day. Part of the reason is that we were paddling an eighteen foot cedar strip freighter canoe with a full cover and can travel in heavier weather than smaller canoes; in fact when the black flies were particularly bad, we found ourselves wishing for more wind at times. This wish was fulfilled - too much so - on Yathkyed Lake as an accompanying article will show. The wind wasn't too popular with our Timberline tent which blew around enough to bend a pole and put a hole in the fly, and pulled the corner pins out of the poles on many occasions.

Parts of this trip are difficult to navigate due to the many islands, in both the large lakes and parts of the river. By paying careful attention to the compass and map reading, many kilometres of paddling can be





saved and we often climbed hills to check our direction. The compass declination is seventeen degrees at the beginning of the trip and it must always be remembered when setting a course.

We have no way of knowing whether the water level was lower or higher than average this summer, but it was just right for canoeing. We ran every rapid except the two major ones and a falls, all occurring within four kilometres. The rapids were numerous, and varied on our informal scale from "fun" to "hang on". There was a strong current on the entire trip, except of course, on the larger lakes. The stretch of river below the three portages is described as "twenty miles of rapids," and turned out to be the most exciting section of fast water and rapids we have ever encountered, with many parts that required scouting. Some proficiency at ferrying is mandatory as many occasions demanded scouting from both shores before settling on a course to be run. No chances can be taken in this cold water and extreme remoteness, especially since we travel with just one canoe, leaving no help available if an upset occurs. This river averages less than one party of canoeists per year, so help is not to be expected. This, of course, is part of the challenge, and part of the reason to be here.

We've never been on a trip where setting up camp is so easy - you can pitch the tent practically anywhere. It will take longer though to collect firewood, but the Arctic willow was found everywhere to be plentiful enough that we cooked every meal but two over a fire - and those two were cooked over our Pocket 2 stoves because of rain, not lack of wood.

Now back to the real reason we were on this river - The People of the Deer. Their last encampments on this river were in the area called the Little Lakes of the Ihalmiut, now prosaically called Calhoun Lake and Stearns Lake. We had decided before the trip to spend extra time here, and at the largest encampment Tyrell saw in 1894 on Angikuni Lake. We beached the canoe at the outlet of the creek leading from Stearns Lake and walked up into the hills, and incredibly walked right into a solitary grave, first identified by the rusted rifle parts and shells with which this hunter was buried. The grave was about twenty paces from a circle of stones outlining a tent, which had a smaller circle of stones in it for a fireplace. After all the years we've read of these people, and after the long preparation for this trip, we suddenly felt our trip dreams had been completely fulfilled. We are sure no one else has ever seen this sight - and indeed, it would be so difficult to find again on those stony hills, it may never be seen again.

On Angikuni Lake we paddled the shore near the narrows, with no other assistance from Tyrell's journal, and spotted a shelf of rock that looked like a likely landing place for skin kayaks in another time. In the hills above this shelf there are many tent rings, and still many artifacts including wooden serving platters, a metal pot with a patch riveted on using bullet casing for rivets, and many kayak parts. One of the kayaks still has many ribs, and gunwales showing exquisite carving of lashing holes and grooves. Unfortunately the film we took of this area is one of the many items still under Yathkyed Lake, but enough of our film was recovered to refresh our memories of this part of the trip forever.

The experience of simply being on the Barren Grounds, of its vastness, and silence, the satisfaction of a challenge met and conquered, the pleasure of the company of good friends to share this trip of a life-time, and always the feeling of the presence of The People to whom this country belonged, combined to make the Inuit Ku come alive again for a short time this summer.



Dan McGuire
Reg McGuire
Henry Pasila

search & rescue in the barrens

Dan McGuire
Reg McGuire
Henry Pasila

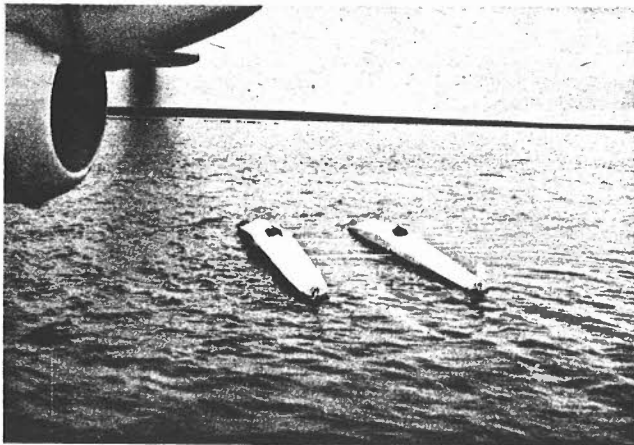
On August eleventh we had completed our canoe trip on the Kazan River and waited on Yathkyed Lake for our good friend, Dr. Rod Johnston, to arrive with his private Cessna 185 to fly us the 670 kilometres to his home at Lynn Lake, Manitoba. This is a long and demanding flight in this featureless country, but Rod had no trouble and landed at eleven a.m. at our camp. Rod was not warmly dressed and accepted the loan of the first jacket that came to hand — luckily it was a long-sleeved life jacket. We tied the canoe on shore for later pickup, then quickly loaded the plane because the wind was strong and picking up, and pushed off. We were trying to keep our clothes dry while wading back and forth to the plane, so we were wearing only rubber boots to protect our feet from the rocks, jackets and shorts.

We climbed into the plane and allowed it to be blown backwards to open water, but the plane began to drift too quickly and Rod noticed that the back of the right pontoon was going under water, which caused the left wing to raise. The wind caught under the wing and in a few seconds the plane was upside down in the water, with only the pontoons on the surface. We all got out of the plane quickly, into very cold water.

The plane was drifting off shore very quickly so we decided to ride the pontoons to the other shore, about two kilometres away. We huddled on the pontoons being soaked regularly as the waves broke over them, for about an hour and a half before we knew with certainty that the plane had hung up on bottom and wasn't drifting any longer.

By this time we were discussing hypothermia with concern, and Dan and Henry who had had to swim out of the aircraft and were the coldest, were showing signs of trouble. Rod is not a good swimmer and felt he could not make it to shore. We only had the one life jacket, the others were still in the plane. We decided to use this life jacket to try for shore to retrieve the canoe, which represented our only hope for survival. Henry, who is the strongest swimmer, took the life jacket and swam to shore in very rough water — a long and exhausting kilometre. Henry's dedication to physical fitness over many years, including an intensive regimen that all three of us participated in to get ready for this trip paid off — in spades! With the remainder of his strength, he untied our eighteen foot freighter canoe and dragged it into the water.

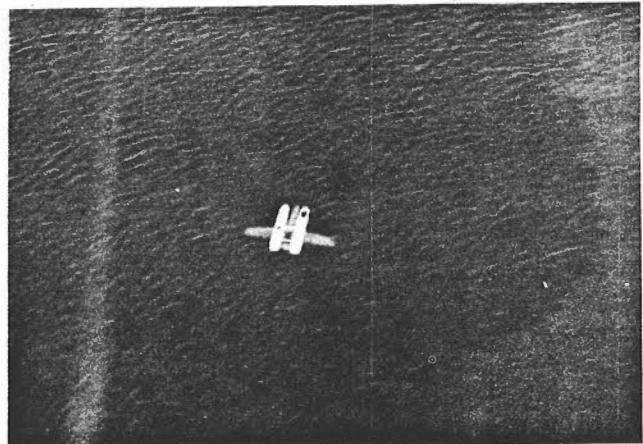
The paddles were also in the aircraft, so with no way to guide the canoe in the rough conditions, he pulled the canoe to a point where he estimated the wind would carry it to the three people still on the pontoons. The canoe was blown exactly to the aircraft. We all climbed in and sat on the bottom and drifted across the bay to shore.



The pontoons on which we sat, and the far shore is where we drifted in the canoe

We quickly pulled the canoe up on the shore and tipped it over for a wind-break, got Henry into the driest clothes left because he was completely exhausted and showing considerable signs of hypothermia — and most important, Dan got a fire going quickly. This was possible because he had a "Bic" lighter in his pocket, and even though he had been swimming, he still managed to light it. We also had with us an emergency match container of the threaded tube variety that is so popular, but with our cold, shaking hands, none of us could open it until two hours later!

Rod's flight plan closed at eight p.m., and we knew that a search would begin two hours later, directed by the Canadian Armed Forces Search and Rescue Unit out of Edmonton. We would, therefore, have to spend a cold night on the Barren Grounds with a minimum of provisions for four men — seven socks, two pairs of pants, two pairs of long johns, four jackets, one pair of boots and no food. The temperature was probably in the fifties during the day, about the same as the water temperature, with a twenty-five to forty knot north wind. The temperature that night was considerably colder.



The Cessna 185 upside down in Yathkyed Lake

We took turns with two people resting under the canoe and the other two tending the fire, and passed the time mainly by hoping our families were not too worried about us. We chinked the back of the canoe with moss to keep out the wind and heated stones to place around the men lying on the cold ground — small comforts, but under these conditions, they all count!

The wind blew very strongly all night, and at one point we heard a plane overhead that Rod thought, correctly as it turned out, was the Hercules aircraft searching for the Cessna's Emergency Locator Transmitter that we had not had time to activate. This Hercules had flown from Edmonton to Lynn Lake to drop off the Search Master and his crew to set up a Search Centre, then spent nine hours in the air and returned to Lynn Lake. At Lynn Lake an impressive array of radio equipment and antennae was set up in a few hours to co-ordinate the search.

At seven a.m. the next morning we again heard a plane, and our spirits soared until a single-engine Otter flew over us and kept right on going! To make matters worse, he came from the opposite direction at eleven a.m., and again flew right on past.



BUSHED

Author: Ken Stange
Publisher: York Publishing (\$5.50)

Reviewed by: Rob Butler

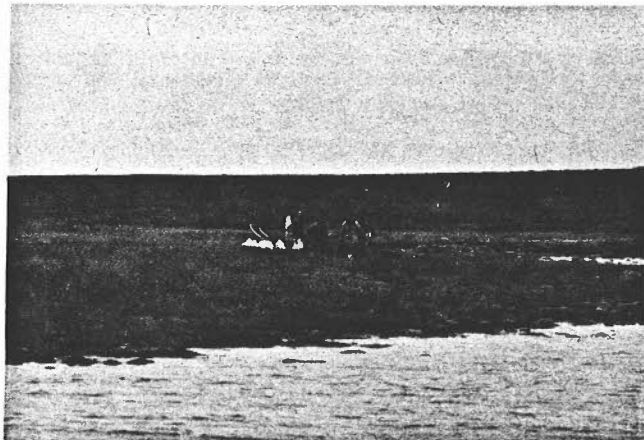
A contemporary urban young man decides to go a little north for the experience of spending a winter alone in a wilderness cabin.

This is not about the mundane, daily routine, but rather how space, time and solitude play games with

the mind. It is, more or less, a day-by-day revelation of the quirks impressed on the intellect of a very kindred spirit. (I looked up the membership list but he is not there!) What is extraordinary is the author's uncanny knack of putting the reader right in that cabin in the cold, lonely yet ever seductive north.

For those of us betwixt canoe and snowshoe, this gripping chronicle is a very real way of surrounding ourselves in glorious winter wilderness sooner than otherwise.

By four p.m. we decided to collect more firewood for another night on the Tundra, which is no small feat considering there was only small willow, at some distance from our camp, and we only had the one pair of boots to use to collect the wood. We had only made a few trips, and were concerned to see that we were all beginning to tire easily, when the Armed Forces Hercules flew over a couple of miles to the east of us, and banked sharply to circle the aircraft in the water. On the second pass over the submerged plane, easily visible in the clear water, they spotted us. To outdoor enthusiasts such as W.C.A. members, I can only describe the feeling as relief and elation that is similar to what you feel after completing a difficult and dangerous rapid, but mixed with the knowledge that this one was higher on the scale of "degree of difficulty" than you had ever planned to go!



Approaching the pickup plane with the Army equipment

The Hercules, a huge four-engine aircraft, passed over us at two-hundred metres to drop a marker with a message inside that said in hand printing - "If you need medical aid, wave. If you need shelter, lie down." We promptly stretched out on the ground, and the plane's occupants waved at us through the plexigla "search door."

The next pass over us saw the Hercules open its large cargo door in the tail sections, and first two wind streamers, then two cargo parachutes came tumbling out. We paired up and went to retrieve the "booty" - a large case of food, and an even larger magnesium winter sled loaded with one-hundred kilograms of gear, including a six-man tent, ten sleeping bags, boots, sweaters, pyjamas, etc. However, dragging it over the tundra was all the four of us could manage, and seeing this, the crew of the Hercules made another pass and this time two paratroopers came out! The Air Force sure knows how to treat a guy right!

M/Cpl. Arnie McAuley and M/Cpl. Larry Scott landed at approximately five thirty p.m., set up their mobile radio and promptly had our families informed of our safety. Then they set up camp. It was now too late to send in a float plane for us, but the Search Master, Captain Spiers arranged for a Twin Otter to come in to pick us up on the following day.

We heated some food and gratefully ate it while struggling into warm sweaters and rain suits. We spent the night in the army tent, and even though we hadn't slept in two days, we talked until midnight with our rescuers, who turned out to be great guys with an unlimited supply of rescue stories - and many stories of searches on which they were too late to rescue anyone.

By eleven a.m. of August thirteen, the Twin Otter arrived and the pilot took the pictures that accompany this article. We ferried the army equipment to the plane using our canoe, and then managed to get the canoe inside the aircraft with us. To say that this pleased us is an understatement - that canoe will now always have a special place in our hearts! It is the only piece of our equipment that has been saved - twenty years of accumulated camping gear has been lost, but this is a small price to pay in those circumstances.



Ferrying the gear to the Twin Otter - the two men on the shore at the left are the Armed Forces technicians

We have only praise to offer to the C.A.F. for the very professional and efficient way they handled this entire operation, and we think that perhaps this story will make other "wilderness canoeists" feel more confidence in the Search and Rescue facilities if they should ever be required.

The photographs were taken by the pilot of the Twin Otter which picked us up.



news briefs

WCA PHOTO CONTEST

Again this year the WCA is holding a slide contest, and members are invited to enter their slides in any of the categories listed below. Remember that this is not a contest just for "experts" or for those who have taken trips in "exotic" places. It is for all of us who try to express something of our wilderness experiences photographically.

In the past only a few members have entered, but we know from newsletter submissions and meetings that there are many more members out there taking good wilderness photographs. It is not necessary to enter a lot of slides, or to enter every category. Select a few (1 or 2 would be fine) of your favourite slides that capture your feelings about the wilderness, and enter them in one or more of the following categories:

CANADIAN WILDERNESS: Photographs of wilderness scenery and landscapes, taken in Canada, that interpret the "feeling" of the wilderness. (There should be no evidence of man in the photographs.)

FLORA: Photographs of Canadian wild plants in their natural settings.

FAUNA: Photographs of Canadian wild animals in their natural settings.

MAN IN THE WILDERNESS: Photographs depicting man in harmony with the natural environment, and capturing the essence of the wilderness experience.

INTERPRETIVE STUDIES OF THE NATURAL ENVIRONMENT:

Photographs of an expressive or interpretive nature, portraying the drama or impact of some element from the natural environment. Photographs may be abstract, and may highlight line, form, texture, colour, or mood in the chosen subject.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The WCA's ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held at Hart House, University of Toronto on Saturday February 13, 1982.

Please mark this date on your calendar NOW, as this is the only notice of meeting you will receive. Included with this newsletter you should have received an agenda for the day's activities. (Please contact Claire Brigden if you did not.) All members are encouraged to attend the business meeting and to participate in the rest of the day's activities.

MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS

Your 1981 membership expires on January 31. Renew now for 1982. Send the completed membership application (on back page) to the membership committee chairman, Paula Schimek.

DEADLINE FOR SPRING ISSUE

Articles, trip reports, book reviews, equipment comments, etc. are needed for the next issue. Please send all material to the editor by February 22 for inclusion.

GENERAL INFORMATION:

Entries should be sent to the Photo Contest

Chairman: Barry Brown,
1415 Everall Rd.,
Mississauga, Ont.,
L5J 3L7.

Entries must be received no later than JANUARY 15, 1982.

Each slide submitted should be clearly marked with the photographer's name, and numbered. Include with your entry a sheet of paper stating name, address, phone number, and clearly indicating by number for each slide: a) the category entered, and b) the title of the slide.

Winners will be announced at the WCA Annual General Meeting in February, where all entries will be shown. (Entrants may pick up their slides at this meeting. For those not present, slides will be returned by mail.)

- RULES:
1. Entries will be accepted from WCA members only.
 2. A maximum of 3 slides per category may be submitted.
 3. An entry fee of \$3 (regardless of the number of slides entered) must accompany each entry.
 4. Slides that received prizes or honourable mentions in previous WCA contests are not eligible for entry this year.
 5. The WCA reserves the right to use prints of the winning and other selected slides for display at the WCA Booth at the Sportsmen's Show.

JUDGING: The photographs will be judged on their subject matter, interest, technical excellence, and artistic merit by a panel of judges.

PRIZES: The winner of each category will receive an 8" X 10" framed and mounted colour print of their winning slide.

WCA AT THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW - HELP WANTED

The 1982 Sportsmen's Show will be running from Friday March 19 to Sunday March 28; and as usual we will have an exhibit. Our members' participation will be needed in setting up and staffing the booth if this worthwhile project is to be a success. To find out how you can help, contact Bill Ness (416-499-6389) at your earliest convenience. Get involved! We can't do it without you!

WCA CRESTS AND DECALS

The WCA crests and decals are finally ready. Crests are 2" X 4" and show the WCA logo and name in two shades of blue and white. They will cost \$3 each. The decals are 3" X 6" and match the crests in design and colour. Their cost is \$1.

Both crests and decals will be on sale at the AGM, and other WCA events. Members wishing to order by mail should send a cheque or money order payable to the Wilderness Canoe Association to: Bill King, 45 Himount Dr., Willowdale, Ontario, M2K 1X3. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope, or add 35¢ for postage.

Be the first kid on your block to be covered from head to foot in WCA crests and decals!

CANDIDATES FOR BOARD OF DIRECTORS

At the Annual General Meeting on February 13, we will be electing 3 Directors to 2-year terms. Below are platform statements from the candidates nominated to date. Additional candidates may be nominated from

GRAHAM BARNETT

I have been a member of the WCA for three years and a director for six months, replacing the recently departed Roger Bailey. I enjoy whitewater canoeing, cross-country skiing, winter camping, and hiking. My thoughts on issues and the operation of the WCA follow:

1. I would like to maintain the good work that has been carried out over the preceeding several years, namely our outings, the newsletter, and support of conservation measures.
2. While our participation in such administrative undertakings as the AGM, Fall Meeting, Sportsmen's Show, and some conservation activities is vital to the operation of the club, we should not lose sight of the fact that our main reason for existing is to enjoy wilderness tripping.
3. I am an advocate of difficult trips, but am supportive of novice and beginner outings to get more novices involved, and perhaps prepare them for more adventurous trips later.
4. Suggestions that I made at the last Directors' meeting are; i) to consider setting a budget for the upcoming year;
ii) to redistribute the workload of the Board of Directors to lighten the duties of the chairman;
iii) to assign the task of organizing a meeting to more than one person or to a committee.
5. We have made a slight adjustment to the format of the next AGM to encourage higher attendance, i.e. the inclusion of tripping oriented talks and displays. I am pleased with the format of meetings in general, and the excellent job members have done in organizing them, although I feel there should be more involvement by others in the organization.

TONY BIRD

I have been a member of the WCA for three years. I have enjoyed my association with the club and I am willing to serve as a director in order to contribute my share towards the administration of the club.

The WCA for me is, as the name implies, an association of people who enjoy wilderness canoeing. In my view it probably should not try to become something more than this. Basically, I would like to see the club continue with its existing organization and emphasis. The WCA at present serves its members well in the opportunities it provides for members to canoe together, exchange information about trips, and in general to broaden their outdoor skills and knowledge.

The Wilderness Canoeist is an important forum and communication link for the members, and is as well a first-rate publication. I think it says a lot for the WCA that a relatively small club can produce such a high quality newsletter. A top priority for any Board of Directors should be to ensure that this quality is maintained.

CLAIRE BRIGDEN

Having done a stint on the Outings Committee and time as your friendly Secretary, I am offering my services as a Director. My platform is:

1. To do as good a job as possible, and do it on time.
2. To attempt to set up a sort of Data Bank where information could become available to enquiring members re: brief route descriptions, hazards, highlights, map numbers and the name(s) of the Canoeist(s) who volunteered the information. As an addendum to this, I also feel that it might be useful to have catalogued information on trips which WCA members have not taken, and might like to know about, all across the country. This information we would hope to gather from reliable sources.
3. It disappoints me that too often Trip Reports do not go back to the Outings Committee. Such information can tally up to the nice profile of

the floor at the meeting. All candidates will have the chance to amplify their remarks at the meeting, and to be asked questions from the floor. Members unable to attend the meeting may cast their (3) votes by proxy.

the wiles of a river in all seasons, and especially in remote areas. Such information can often prove invaluable to the uninitiated. I would like to attempt to influence organizers to follow this sane policy.

4. I envisage a change in format in the presentation of tripping articles in the newsletter. It would seem to me to be less confusing (for the new members reading these articles) if we could insert small area maps, and also include topographical map numbers.
5. There is still concern that sometimes trips are not announced soon enough in the newsletter. There are genuine attempts to correct this. I would like to like to be a continuing influence in fostering good communication here.
6. As for the Association in general, it is outstanding, and deserves its high regard in the paddling community, and within government departments. This is due to the efforts of all those people who have gone before, and I would like to maintain that tradition.

BILL KING

In running for a second term as a director of the WCA, I should make it clear that I would not propose any major change in the philosophy or practice of the WCA, being in general, well satisfied with the present structure. It strikes me, however, that the WCA is run by, and to some extent for, an active nucleus of people, and that the majority of members are not getting as much out of their membership as they should. There are several areas where greater participation should be encouraged, including:

1. WCA Meetings: The 75% of members who do not attend the semi-annual meetings miss a good opportunity to meet other members, to influence the policy of the association, and to inform and enjoy themselves thoroughly.
2. Outings: This is the lifeblood of the association! I would like to see more participation by people who are not whitewater experts and hence would like to see a greater emphasis on trips which do not require a high level of skill.
3. The Newsletter: Members who are intimidated by the thought of writing a major article or trip report (they needn't be) could still see themselves in print by contributing a book review, a tip on a recent equipment discovery, a favourite photograph, etc.
4. The Conservation Committee: We all have conservation concerns and yet the Conservation Committee Chairman remains chronically lonely! Jerry Hodge would love to provide a forum for members' pet projects.
5. The Sportsmen's Show: Another wonderful chance for members to get to know each other and themselves through explaining their association to the public.

Members should be putting more into the WCA than their annual dues, and should be getting more out of it than four newsletters!

CLAIRE SMERDON

I have been a member of the WCA for three years and, like many of us, have benefited from the hard work and enthusiasm of a handful of people while contributing virtually nothing.

Many of us are, I think, somewhat intimidated by the seeming emphasis of the WCA on whitewater, wild river canoeing. My canoeing experience consists of many years spent travelling through and living in areas where nature is still dominant; the obstacles being a part, rather than being the reason for being there.

I think the WCA is an association of people with one thing in common: an enjoyment of wilderness travel. I can see several ways of making it easier for more members to become actively involved in the WCA and to share usefully their knowledge and experience. I would work toward that end.

DIRECTORS REPORT

Meetings of the Board of Directors were held on September 26 and December 5. The following matters were discussed at these meetings:

1. The WCA has finally been incorporated.
2. Irene Vlach presented the report of the WCA representatives who visited the proposed Lady Evelyn Smoothwater wilderness Park. After considerable discussion the Board decided that the WCA would support in principal the Indian Land Claim in the area. Tom Adler, Irene Vlach, and Sandy Richardson were appointed a committee to represent the WCA in further negotiations and mediation attempts, and to report back to the Board of Directors.
3. Plans for the AGM were discussed and finalized.
4. WCA crests and decals are ready. Details of how to obtain these are given in the News Briefs.
5. The treasurer reported that we will have a year-end deficit due to the purchase of the decals and crests. However, we should get this money back in future years. The banking forms necessitated by incorporation were processed.

6. All WCA meetings should be financially self-supporting.
7. The Fall Workshop Weekend was very successful. Thanks to all who contributed.
8. Next year's Fall Meeting will be held October 1-3, at the Koshlong Outdoor Centre, the same location as last year's. (If anyone has any ideas for inclusion in the programme at this meeting, please contact Glenn Spence.)
9. A possible repeat of the successful slide show of a few winters back was tabled for reconsideration in 1982.
10. The 1981 membership is 300. Please get your renewals to Paula Schimek as soon as possible.
11. Newsletters will continue to be mailed 3rd Class.
12. The WCA will again take part in the Sportsmens' Show in 1982. If you would like to assist, please see the item in the News Briefs.

Dave Auger & Bill King

beating the springtime rush

Stewart McIlwraith

Arriving home from a summer out west, I soon realized that the waters of southern Ontario were not at their usual late summer low. Having spent the summer longing for my canoe, it was a prime opportunity to catch the spring flow without having to join the polar bear club. Using the conveniences of Ma Bell, Sandy and I chose a circuit that would not need a car shuttle.

Launching the dusty canoe at Lake Wahwashkesh we departed for a weekend trip. Paddling past the many cottages on the lake, we noticed that many a cottager had his beach submerged and was now frantically looking for a sandy patch to continue the construction of a mortgage free sand castle in these homes of dire straits. We paddled by, nodding appropriately to the hand waving and looks of despair of those unfortunate enough to have their boats, drift or sink into the high waters of Wahwashkesh.

Entering the Magnetewan River, the canoe turned and twisted as the river boiled and toiled with the late summer flood waters. Reaching the first set of springtime rapids we jumped ashore to survey the possibilities. Two fishermen noticing our intentions positioned themselves to watch the show like fans watching their favourite team on Hockey Night in Canada. Sneaking down the side lines and ducking behind the far net we made it without being cross checked by the many waves. Leaving our captive audience we sailed on down to find man Friday fishing off one of the wee islands in Canal Rapids. His watercraft; an inflatable plastic boat obviously borrowed from his neighbours pool, enabled him to seek escape from the bullies on shore. We quickly carried our canoe across his domain and ate our lunch down stream to discuss the underfunding of our education system.

Alas before us rose the sheer cliffs of the Canal Rapids. These I had seen for the first time two winters ago covered in the ice and snow of the cold snap in January that greeted us for that winter weekend.

Landing in an eddy we met a scouting expedition by some cottagers who were looking for the North-west passage. The day now mid-afternoon they set sail for home. Unfortunately to their surprise and mine, the mighty Magnetewan was not going to let these adventurers paddle upstream without a flip or two.

The two fellas remained calm and swam themselves and their boat into shore before being swept down into the chasm.

A scene that would have had our earlier audience out of the seats.

Portaging this fine landmark, Sandy ran the next set of rapids solo, my boat looking like a cork at sea. At this whirlpool below Graveyard Rapids, a stream enters from the south which we would follow to White's Lake. But not before checking out some ones rowboat that has now found a new home adrift in the weeds of the pool.

Arriving at White's Lake we trespassed about the grounds of a fortress with barred windows and bullet proof locks obviously to keep out any disgruntled clients (assuming the place received any). The most interesting part of this site was the newly planned ski slope modeled after Scarborough's unique garbage dump. This newly developing resort has a long way to go before it rivals Scarborough's answer to King City; but given a few more years of the residents persistent refuse dumping, I'm sure he/she can sell it to the ski buffs looking for the perfect uncrowded slope. Not paying for our tow ticket we paddled on into Kashegaka Lake inhabited only by a few cottages, to set up camp.

My tent, having both a front and back door, confused some members of the party who sleep with their heads toward the door; but over coming the shock of this new development, they quickly settled down.

The next day we followed the lily pads to Wolf Lake, the location of a past (unfortunately snowless) winter camp accessible by an old logging road leading to Canal Rapids.

Leaving this lake we followed Sucker Creek used previously in the winter months for our route home to Wahwashkesh Lake the creek being clogged with billrushes and other bog fauna required the push-me and pull-you methods of canoe dragging. Not one of the typically glamorous scenes used in the "Coleman" canoe commerical, proving the durability of their canoes and the not-so-efficient paddling techniques of the passengers. The mouth of sucker creek eventually became swollen with the flood waters contained in Wahwashkesh and our canoe floated freely to redock back to our starting point.

credit river lost to canoeists

Jim Greenacre

Last spring, on our semi-annual trip down the Credit River we encountered a profusion of "NO TRESPASSING" signs (large red circles) painted on the dam at Norval. Many trees on both sides of the river approaching the dam were also marked with the "NO TRESPASSING" symbol.

The following week I telephoned the office of the Attorney General and asked about our position and rights as canoeists in relation to the new "Trespass to Property Act, 1980". I was told that when the new legislation had been drafted those involved had not given any thought to canoeists as canoeists were a small and not very vociferous group. As to our position on the Credit River, if we landed to portage around the dam then we were breaking the law and subject to prosecution under the Trespass Act and, on conviction, subject to fines

to a maximum of \$1,000.00. Their advice: STAY AWAY FROM THE CREDIT!

I then telephoned the Ministry of Natural Resources - Parks and Recreation Branch, Queens Park to ask the same questions. Parks and Recreation were more sympathetic but could not give a clear-cut answer regarding the Norval dam. They mailed me copies of the relevant section of "The Public Lands Act" and "The Beds of Navigable Waters Act" and documentation of a number of court cases which had been processed over several decades. They also suggested that if I wanted to pursue the matter further, I should write to the Ministry District Manager, Cambridge. Reproduced below is his reply.

I then wrote to the owner of the dam, Mr. J. Reed, Liberal Member, Provincial Parliament, asking his permission to portage around his dam. Mr. Reed's reply is also reproduced below.



Ministry of
Natural
Resources
Ontario

Your file:

1981 09 21

Our file:

S. James Greenacre
34 Bergen Road
Scarborough, Ontario
M1P 1R9

Dear Mr. Greenacre:

This will refer to your letter dated September 12, 1981 with respect to "No Trespass" signs on the Credit River at Norval.

In this regard, our office has recently investigated a land ownership dispute on the Credit River above the dam at Norval. As a result of our investigations we determined that the river at the point in question is not navigable for our administrative purposes and therefore, the bed is privately owned. Our opinion was based on the river in a natural state which would of course be much lower without the dam in place.

Our opinion in this regard is not a legal ruling and could be contested in a court of law. If you wish to pursue the question of navigability, we recommend that you do so through legal channels. In the meantime we would recommend that you avoid canoeing the Credit River over the property in question.

We trust that this information will be of assistance to you. Should you require further information, please contact R. Tapley of this office at your convenience.

Yours truly

W. R. Catton
District Manager
Cambridge District
Box 2186
Cambridge, Ontario
N3C 2W1

Telephone: 658-9355

RJT:dlh

Julian Reed M.P.
Halton Regional Police Department



Room 111
Parliament Buildings
Queens Park
Toronto, Ontario
M7S 1A2
416-924-7096

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY

October 8, 1981.

Mr. James Greenacre
34 Bergen Road
Scarborough, Ontario
M1P 1R9.

Dear Mr. Greenacre:

Thank you very much for your letter of September 29th, 1981, regarding your desire to canoe on my property on the Credit River.

I regret to inform you that I cannot give permission for such a venture. My position is simply that the property I own is the target of many people who wish to use it for recreational or other purposes and in selecting one small segment of one group, I would be discriminating.

You should be aware that my farm has been subjected to increasing abuse by trespassers of all kinds, particularly in the last ten years. When I was a boy the young people of the Village roamed over the property freely. But now with the proximity of the large urban area, the pressure has become so great that we were forced to put a stop to it. I have grown tired of becoming a Monday morning janitor on my own land. I have had fences cut, equipment stolen and broken glass left where my livestock can be injured by it. Both, my family and I have been subjected to continuous abuse from people who do not, or are unwilling to, understand the law regarding the ownership of property.

I should inform you further that this river is non-navigable under the law and, therefore, the river bed is under my ownership as is the dam and surrounding property. I should also inform you that you may find the river fenced at the upstream boundary of the farm since I still have cattle grazing.

Enclosed for your information, is a copy of the new Trespass Law which may provide a more thorough understanding of our respective positions. Also, you might not be aware that the river is privately owned all along the course you would propose to take.

As a canoeist myself, I recognize fully the experience of river paddling and suggest to you that there are a great many streams in Southern Ontario which are available for this purpose. I might also suggest the Gibson River which, I understand, is considered one of the finest.

I am sorry I cannot accommodate you. I cannot tolerate the constant incursion on my property which, if allowed to continue, would reduce it to a trampled trash heap.

Sincerely,

JULIAN REED

encl:

cc: Inspector M. MacPherson
Halton Regional Police Department
Georgetown Detachment

I sympathize with Mr. Reed but I do resent the veiled threat at the very bottom of his letter, i.e. carbon copy to Inspector of Halton Regional Police.

The October Credit River trip was moved to the Head and Black as a result of Mr. Reed's letter.

rainbow

Toni Harting

A sunny, windless late afternoon in southern Algonquin Park. The trees on the hills surrounding Clydegale Lake reflected their most brilliant fall colours in the glassy water. The only sound was the quiet, rhythmic swish-swish of our paddles as the canoe cut the smooth surface into ever-widening trails of ripples and lines and circles which slowly travelled to the far ends of the lake, coming to rest at its shores.

We were paddling towards a small island in the western arm of the lake, a huge rock with some trees and low bushes clinging to its uneven surface. It was darker now, clouds moved across the sun, the wind rippled the water, and it looked as if rain would soon fall.

Suddenly, there it was. An intense storm of wind and water, sweeping the lake into long foaming lines of tumbling waves, hitting the water surface with countless raindrops, each of which for a brief single moment formed its own little crater with a few bouncing droplets rolling in and around it like little silver balls dancing on a mirror.

Paddling furiously against the wind that tried to whip us across the wild lake, we found shelter behind a tree on the island. We stood there in silent oneness with nature, drinking in the powerful sights and sounds of the storm that was beating down on the world around us.

Almost as suddenly as it had started the storm ended; the rain stopped falling; the clouds moved away from the sun; and the wind died down to make way for an eerie, soundless, golden-lighted calm.

Then we saw the magnificent display of colours being born out of sunlight and tiny water droplets. With the sun low over the hills in the west, we looked with rapture-filled eyes across the lake to the east where a faint shimmering veil of light was emerging in the cloudless sky, quickly growing in intensity until it formed an immense arc of coloured bands that seemed to rise from the lake surface as a smooth, flawless curve of glowing light, embracing the red, brown and golden trees on the shore, and painting the sky with one of the true wonders of nature.

A rainbow. A glorious, wonderful, breathtaking complete rainbow. In all its mysterious beauty it stood there filling the eastern sky with its narrow band of colours - ranging from red on the outside, through orange, yellow and green to blue on the inside.

The area between the rainbow and the world below was much lighter than the sky outside. It had a

blueish-golden sheen to it that seemed to intensify the fall colours of the trees. The secondary bow which spanned the big primary bow on the outside was also clearly visible, its bands less distinct and the colours much fainter.

This whole incredible show of light, colours and shapes was created by the interplay between the sunlight coming from behind us and the raindrops that were still falling down over the eastern part of the lake. The almost perfectly spherical water droplets reacted with the incoming sunlight in a seemingly simple, but in reality highly complex manner, separating the white light into its component colours, and thus giving rise to the coloured bands of light forming the bows.

Sunlight and water droplets obeying the laws of nature. How simple it sounds, and yet how unforgettable was the rainbow over Clydegale Lake.

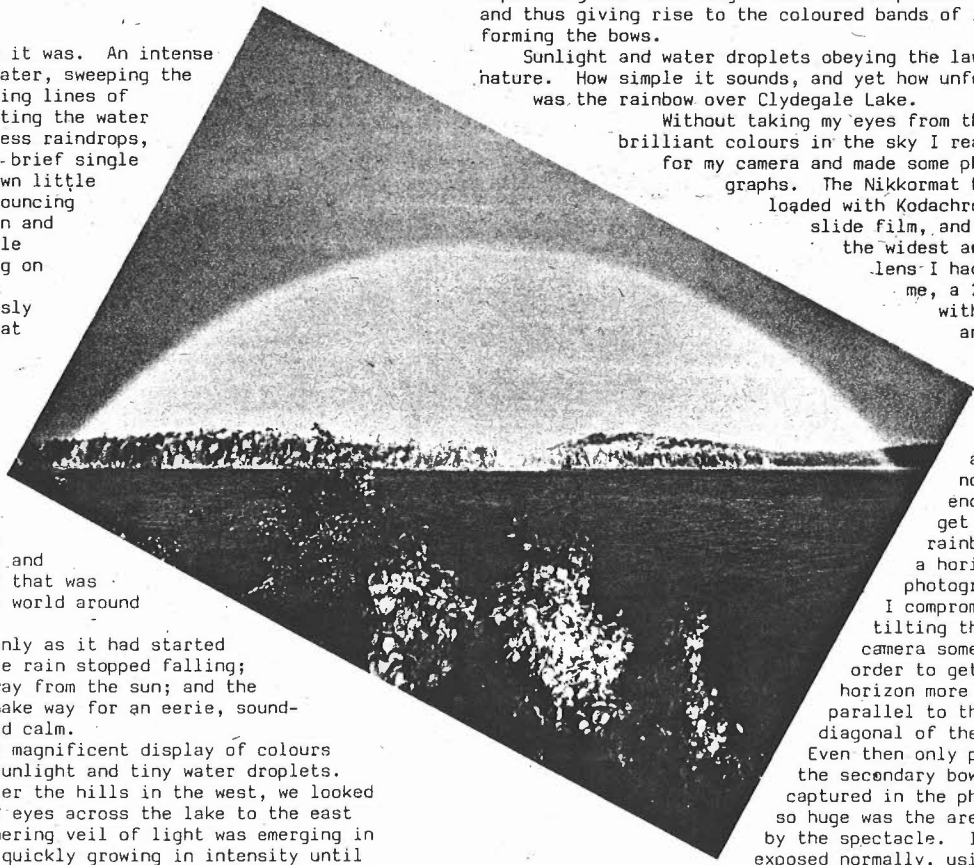
Without taking my eyes from the brilliant colours in the sky I reached for my camera and made some photographs. The Nikkormat FTN was loaded with Kodachrome 64 slide film, and I used the widest angle lens I had with me, a 24mm

with an angle of view of 84°.

But even this wide angle was not large enough to get the whole rainbow in a horizontal photograph; so I compromised by tilting the camera somewhat in order to get the horizon more or less parallel to the diagonal of the frame. Even then only part of the secondary bow was captured in the photograph, so huge was the area covered by the spectacle. I

exposed normally, using the built-in light meter, and the result turned out to be quite satisfying because it gave me the only good photograph that I know of showing a complete primary bow with all its colours.

It lasted but a few short minutes. Then, ever so slowly, the colours became diluted; the intense light weakened, and gradually the bow disappeared from the sky until there was nothing left to be seen - with only the memory of its breath-taking beauty in our hearts, and its colourful image on the film remaining.



five wilderness canoe trips

a comparison

Story: Wayne Richardson

Photos: Wayne Richardson
Rick Matthews

Gathering and reviewing information for the purpose of selecting a wilderness canoe trip can be a very enjoyable way to spend winter evenings. However, it can also bring its frustrations.

On what basis should you choose a trip? Where do you get the information? Questions such as these become especially important when you are limited to a single trip each year and you want to avoid choosing a disappointing route.

Most of the very exciting wilderness canoe trips one hears about are beyond the reach of many of us for a variety of reasons. However, two major reasons are high cost and time required. Undesirable factors such as distance from home, access problems and length of the trip, too often, are directly related to such desirable factors as remoteness, challenge, beauty and quality of rapids. For those of us who have limited funds and vacation time, yet enjoy the solitude, the challenge, the camaraderie and all the other

ingredients of a true wilderness trip, do not weep! There are some great trips of one week's duration within relatively easy access of southern Ontario's metropolitan areas.

For the past several years our group has met to discuss and plan various weeklong canoe trips. Each of those trips has been very enjoyable in its own right - sometimes more enjoyable for one person than for another as each person is looking for something different in his ideal trip. Even within our remarkably homogeneous group those value differences are quite noticeable. In spite of the differences, several common factors have become apparent as we have wrestled with the task of reaching a consensus regarding which river to choose. Those factors are: distance, accessibility, nature of the river (e.g., rapids, portages, scenery, popularity, remoteness and difficulty) and cost. It is those factors plus our own experiences that have produced the following chart and trip summaries.

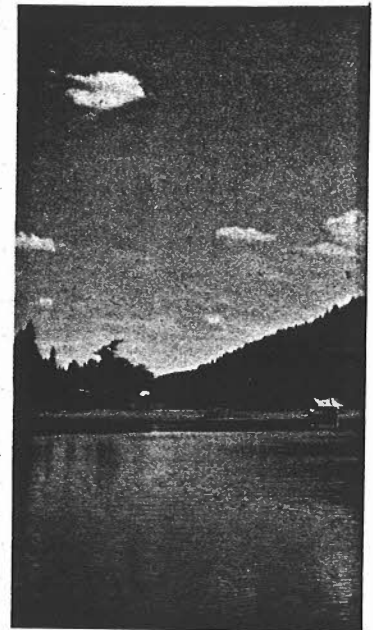
Factor		River				
		Mattagami	Spanish	Groundhog	White	Dumoine
Location	Area	James Bay Lowlands	Sudbury	Timmins	Lake Superior	Ottawa River Valley - Quebec
	Start	Kipling dam north of Smooth Rock Falls	Sinker Creek	Groundhog Lake	Town of White River	Lac Dumoine
	Finish	Moosonee	Agnew Lake	Fauguer	Mouth of Pic River	Driftwood Provincial Park
Distance	Total 200 kilometres Kilometres per day for 6 day	200 34	125 20	185 30	120 20	110 17
Accessibility Factors	Access to start Return	Car Train	Train Car	Train Transport truck and train	Car Car	Plane Car
	Car shuffle	Fraserdale to Kipling Dam	Agnew Lake to Sudbury	North Bay to Capreol	White River to Pic River	Roephton to Driftwood Provincial Park
	Driving kilometres (to and from Toronto, including car shuffle.)	1800	1025	1055	2275	925
	Hours on train/plane	3	2	12	0	0.5
River Factors	Total Drop (metres)	77	125	120	185	185
	Drop (m/km)	0.4	1.0	0.6	1.5	1.7
	Number of Falls	0	0	1	2	5
	Number of Portages	1	7	16	24	12
Remoteness		High	Low	High	Medium	Low
Popularity		Medium	High	Low	Low	High
Scenery		Poor	Very good	Medium	Excellent	Very good
Difficulty		High (due to length)	Medium	High (due to length)	High (due to portages and Lake Superior)	Medium
Campsites		Very Scarce/Primitive	Frequent/Very good	Very Scarce/Primitive	Scarce/Primitive	Frequent/Excellent
Water suitable for drinking		No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Difficulty of Portages		Very low	Low	Moderate	Very (long)	Moderate
Estimated cost in dollars per Person	Train/plane, and accommodation but excluding car and food	Train/plane, and accommodation but excluding car and food	\$50.	\$80.	\$35.	\$100.
For further information and assistance write:		Ministry of Natural Resources Box 730 2 Third Avenue Cochrane Ontario POL 1C0	MNR Box 129 Gogama, Ontario POM 1W0	MNR 896 Riverside dr. Timmins, Ont. P4N 3W2	MNR Box 1160 22 Mission Rd. Wawa, Ont. POS 1K0	Federation Quebecoise du canot-camping 1415 rue Jarry Montreal Quebec H2E 2Z7
		Ontario Northland Railway 519 Main St. E. North Bay, Ontario	VIA Rail 20 King St. West Toronto, Ont. M5H 1C4	VIA Rail		Bradley Air Serv Corp, Ontario KOA 1L0

MATTAGAMI RIVER

Below Kipling Dam the Mattagami River broadens quickly as it flows through the wide expanse of the Hudson Bay Lowlands. High clay banks make campsites difficult to find. Scenery, except for the immensity of the flat open floodplain near Moosonee is tediously repetitious. However, the fishing proved to be excellent at the base of the rapids which are mostly shallow and boulder infested. Because of the dams, water levels fluctuate during the day and one must be cautious about where a tent is pitched and canoes must be teathered at night.

The Missinabi River joins the Mattagami just above Moose River Crossing to form the Moose River. From there to Moosonee the river is wide (nearly a kilometre) and shallow. This necessitates considerable wading in the low water conditions of August. However, some of the rapids are very big and caution is needed, largely because a river this size makes scouting the rapids from the shore impossible.

Tidal currents and a maze of islands can make travel difficult as one approaches Moosonee. Strong winds can either add to the problems or make things easier by permitting one to "sail" the canoe. The fact that there are few portages and the area is quite isolated make this an enjoyable trip. Another plus is the romantic notion of terminating the trip at Moosonee/Moose Factory - one of the oldest settlements in Canada and from which you start your return via the famous Polar Bear Express.



SPANISH RIVER

The Spanish Mattagami is stretched and lengthened and disembarking full. As with many trips, must check the trains run only important factor: the number of days back to work on.

Water levels so the trip is beautiful (great sites numerous) and can be challenging advanced whitewater levels are low that line the banks.

With the best people, the trip are dotted with river is accessible a feeling of the River's strong challenging whitewater.



DUMOINE RIVER

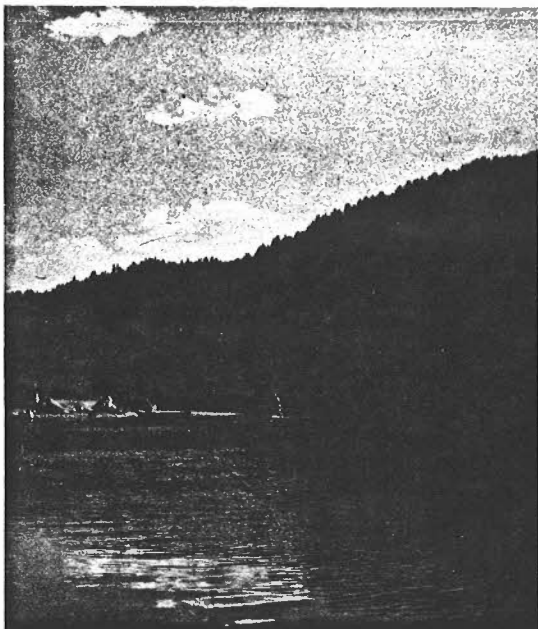
Life is full of symbols. To many of us, a trip requiring access by float plane symbolizes much of the best of a wilderness trip - excellent whitewater, remoteness and solitude. The Dumoine offers some but not all of those features.

The Dumoine drains a large area and therefore carries a great deal of water. The flow is steady and rapids numerous and filled with giant haystacks and souce holes. But one usually does not have to worry about avoiding boulders except later in the summer. Earlier in the summer the challenge comes in being able to stay afloat amid all that heavy water.

The Dumoine is a very popular trip - as popular as the White is unpopular. Also, it passes through a heavy sport fishing area of Quebec and the wider stretches of the river are spotted with cottages and fishing lodges. The campsites are exquisite - broad, flat and open - and they are common. However, their Provincial Park character, the cottages and the number of other trippers reduce the feeling of remoteness that is so evident on the Groundhog and Mattagami Rivers.

But the plane ride is exciting, giving you an opportunity to see your river from quite a different perspective. And the rapids are probably the best found on the rivers discussed here.

There they are. Ahe picks and pans of five of the best one week wilderness canoe trips within reach of southern Ontario enthusiasts. Each trip has both strong and weak points, depending upon one's interests. They cover the wide range of topography and types of river canoeing in Ontario - Hudson Bay Lowlands, Canadian Shield, Ottawa River drainage system and the unique quality of Lake Superior. However each of the trips have the common elements of exciting rapids, escape from the hub of the city - and they are all relatively inexpensive.



River trip is as leisurely as the strenuous. However, it can very easily be therefore made more difficult by rather up the Via line toward Biscotasing. Trips involving use of the train, one schedules because many of these local on certain days of the week - and then to consider if you wish to maximize days on the river or if you have to be on a certain day. Levels can be very low later in the summer best done before August. The scenery (granite cliffs and rapids) and the camps are clear. The rapids too are numerous. Paddling, even for the intermediate and veteran canoeist, especially when the water is enough to expose some of the boulders at the bottom of the river. Safety and relatively easy access to portage is popular. The lakes along the route have nice bright white cottages and the area is filled by a host of logging roads. Thus, remoteness is not one of the Spanish points. But, for a leisurely yet whitewater trip it is hard to beat.



GROUNDHOG RIVER

The Groundhog River is a cross between the Spanish and Mattagami Rivers. It is considerably larger than the Spanish yet not so big as the Mattagami/Moose that it is impossible to scout the rapids from the shore. The scenery is not as picturesque as that of the Spanish but it sure has more variety than the Mattagami. And the amount of water in the Groundhog River makes its Spanish-like rapids a very considerable challenge.

This river is one of the lesser known rivers that flow north toward James Bay from the height of land that is traversed by the railway out of Capreol. The more highly publicized Missinaibi River seems to have drained away most of the canoe traffic.

The Groundhog features numerous sets of violent rapids and chutes, plus a feeling of remoteness and isolation infrequently experienced even by wilderness canoeists. Paddlers with considerable whitewater experience will enjoy this big river, especially the thrill of ten continuous kilometres of turbulent rapids right in the middle of the trip. However, travel in late summer or other periods of low water could result in a great deal of wading through Ten Mile Rapids.

Campsites are primitive and difficult to find along the densely wooded bank.

The logistics of the return home from the terminus at Fauquier provide a bit of a challenge. Arrangements must be made with one of the local moving companies in Kapuskasing to meet your group at the bridge at Highway 11 because the train you must take to return to North Bay does not pick up baggage (e.g., canoes) at Fauquier. Plus, the train trip home arrives in North Bay at three a.m., leaving you in a good frame of mind to complete a car shuffle required to pick up the cars used to get to the departure point at Capreol!



WHITE RIVER

This canoe trip is like the land through which the river flows - rugged. The scenery is spectacular and the rapids challenging but some of the portages are long and arduous. Although the trip requires one to travel only twenty kilometres per day, that is easily equivalent to thirty-fourty kilometres per day on a river such as the Mattagami.

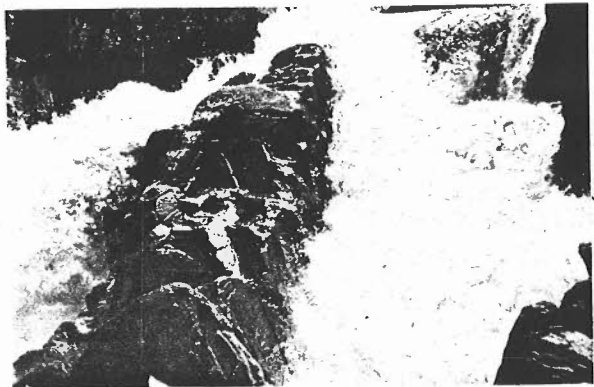
As one might expect, the White River is infrequently travelled. As a result, campsites are primitive but not as difficult to find as on the Groundhog River. In all, this is a very demanding one week trip that should probably be shortened by putting in at one of the points where the river crosses Highway 17, especially in light of the need to travel four kilometres along the shore of Lake Superior. The lake is awesome in its size, clarity, shoreline beauty and temperature - cold! Winds and fog frequently make Lake Superior impassible for days at a time. One should also be wary that later in the summer low water levels might make some of the rapids impassible.

And the drive is so long!



solo on the university

Ken Ellison



The University river begins at Obatanga Provincial Park and flows southward approximately seventy kilometres to Lake Superior. Apart from photos in Bill Mason's book, little information on the river is available. Inquiries to the M.N.R. were answered with an envelope full of brochures on every conceivable river and lake in the region except the one I was interested in. Looking at the air photos and topographic maps indicated a relatively narrow river punctuated by continuous successions of falls and rapids with an average drop of 3.2 m/km. Included in this were two particularly rough sections that dropped at a rate of ten m/km.

With this information at hand I left Toronto on Sunday, June seventh, hoping to return on the seventeenth, plenty of time to compensate for any unforeseen river hazard I thought. Ten hours later I arrived in the bustling town of Wawa amongst a bunch of scraggly hitchhikers and just in time to watch the local constabulary settle a commotion in front of the pool hall. After securing a spot at the local campground and getting a bite to eat, I made the necessary arrangements such as checking with the police and buying the bus ticket to transport me to Obatanga Provincial Park.



Monday, June 8

The day was taken up for the most part with shuttling the canoe and packs to Obatanga, arranging to park the car, and a seventy minute bus ride. By seven p.m. I was comfortably tucked away on a small island in Knife Lake enjoying the solitude only a solo canoeist can appreciate.

Tuesday, June 9

I woke up about seven; it seemed my air mattress decided it was time to deflate. It rained through the night and as a result getting a fire going in the morning was more of a chore than I had bargained for. The river for the next thirty-five km presents little trouble for the canoeist. For the most part it is relatively wide and slow with swampy overgrown banks. A number of swift sections do occur particularly between a chain of small lakes. Here the river becomes very narrow and swift with numerous log jams. A number of times I was swept broadside amongst log jams which created a few anxious moments. The river

starts in earnest after Heart Lake, and is marked by a large wooden cross on a small island as the lake narrows. The cross can be seen from a long distance up the lake; with a light mist in the air from a previous rain it was an eerie moment. I'm usually not a superstitious person, but paddling solo in the middle of nowhere and seeing a large wooden cross on a river I had little information on was cause for concern.

The rest of the day proved rather uneventful; the river meanders back and forth with only a slight current. Not wanting to start my descent down the rapids that day I camped at the start of the rapids just upstream from an island.

Wednesday, June 10

The next morning I was on the river by seven. From here to Lake Superior the river drops over an uncountable number of falls and ledges. From the campsite the river tumbles down a solid grade III around the left side of an island. The narrowness of the river and the very steep banks make this a particularly difficult run in high water. The sheer number of falls and rapids makes recollection of individual drops difficult. The character of the river is such that each section is marked by a falls



at the top with numerous ledges below. In many cases the ledges are not more than thirty metres apart.

The river valley is generally deep and steep sided. Within these sections the rapids are of two types. First, large chutes with big rollers. In the high cold June water most of these had to be avoided since the danger of swamping even while soloing was great. Also since the distance between the drops was so short a spill would have been disastrous. The second type were long boulder strewn rapids, most commonly grade III. The shallowness and the number of rocks made for many an interesting ride. The ABS canoe is in its element in these rapids; many times the narrowness of the river severely restricted maneuverability and as a result I had to go over some rocks rather than around them. Fortunately the majority of the falls and ledges are easily lined or portaged. For the most part large sloping rocks occur alongside each drop providing both excellent campsites and portages. In fact of all the ledges only four portages were necessary, all other drops were bypassed by dragging the canoe over the smooth sloping outcrops.



The sheer number of drops made for a long day. By five p.m. I had had enough. Worn out from the almost constant jumping in and out of the canoe, I decided to camp at the foot of a rapid which splits around an island. This marked the end of the first rough section on the river. An examination of the topographic maps revealed two apparent gorge sections separated by three km of flat water. It was disheartening to find out that after all that work I had only managed sixteen km. The beautiful campsite and the total absence of bugs more than made up for it, as I enjoyed the warmth of a good campfire. It's amazing how after a good meal and a little relaxation the hardships of the day are quickly forgotten.



Thursday, June 11

The next day proved to be much like the day before. A short but welcome three km paddle which gave me time to wake up before I descended the second gorge section. Unlike the upper section few rapids were encountered, most of the drops were over unnavigable ledges and spectacular falls. One section which drops ten m/km is marked by a large fifteen metre waterfall, the top of which affords a spectacular view of the river below. The portage is on the left ending on some rocks below the falls. With the exception of this and Denison Falls all lining and portaging was done on the right side.

After the second gorge section, the river widens and becomes shallow with numerous islands and gravel bars. The current is quite swift with numerous



grade II rapids much like those of the lower Spanish River. By two p.m. I was at the longest portage of the trip, which bypasses the spectacular Denison Falls. The portage begins at a small clearing on the left just before the river makes a ninety degree bend and cascades down a narrow canyon. There appears to be a number of trails which bypass the falls, all originating at the same spot. In order to get a good view of the falls I chose a blazed trail which parallels the river. Although the trail was overgrown and somewhat steep I had little trouble crossing it. The trail ends at the foot of the falls amongst a pile of rounded boulders. Two sets of rapids and a seven m falls occur within one-half km of the falls. These were easily lined and portaged on the left. After this final drop it is a short paddle to the lake front where I camped on a large sandy beach. The lack of bugs and ample firewood made this an ideal campsite. Across the large bay I could see the rocky cliffs of Old Woman Bay, the lake was strangely silent, I was hoping my good fortune would continue.

Friday, June 12

The final day of the trip began in a dense fog which continued throughout the day. What I could see of the Lake Superior shoreline appeared very scenic with rocky points and sandy bays from the mouth of the University River to Michipicaten Harbor. By three p.m. I was at Michipicaten happy that the trip went well but sad that it went so fast, and definitely not looking forward to the drive back to Toronto.

fawn fun

Robbert Hartog

The beautiful Fawn River starts at Big Trout Lake and ends where the Fawn joins the Severn River, approximately eighty kilometres before it ends in Hudson Bay (at the Indian settlement of Fort Severn, the place of one of the earliest - and still existing - Hudson Bay posts.)

On August 28, 1981, four canoeists started an exciting and most pleasant trip down the Fawn and Severn. And while southern Ontario suffered from nearly continuous heavy rainfalls, northern Ontario provided splendid, most often shirtless, weather with cold, frosty nights (which eliminated most mosquitos!)

When looking for "our 1981 river" we "found" the Fawn by accident. "What about the Fawn?" one asked, and when most enquiries came back saying it was not well known we became more intrigued - and so it was decided that the Fawn it was. Our preparations were a bit hasty, but we got ready and on the twenty-eighth very early in the morning, left by Austin Airways from Pickle Lake to Big Trout Lake, where our two Voyageur canoes and four packs were unloaded and soon thereafter we were paddling across Big Trout Lake, which was very calm. It was a warm, sunny day, just right to get our muscles in shape.

After a day and a half we entered, at the settlement of Angling Lake, the Fawn River. From that moment, until we arrived in the morning of September seventh at Fort Severn, we did not see any human beings, although signs of earlier and occasional use of the river (a trapper's cabin, a number of small graveyards, two clearings, a few fish and hunting camps) were observed. But if homo sapiens were absent, all sorts of animals were most definitely there and each day we were regaled by new "apparitions". The number of beaver houses and beaver was tremendous; and muskrat, otter, mink, bear and moose were abundant. We missed polar bear (which last year on the Winisk posed for his picture) but to compensate for this, Sylvester the Seal gave us a two hour demonstration when we set up camp. Only when we looked at it, did it perform...a real

ham we decided. Waterfowl were everywhere; all sorts of ducks, Canada geese, trumpeter swans, loons and the funny little curlews all seemed tame and had apparently as much fun as we did.

While the two fishermen complained that the water was either too murky, too clear, too cold, too warm, too fast or too slow (as fishermen are wont to do), we still got more excellent fish meals than expected. Pickerel and Northern Pike were plentiful, but the few trout that were present, escaped our eagerly waiting frypan.

The upper Fawn descends rather steeply and we had to portage around two sets of rapids and three waterfalls. However all other rapids (fourteen, if we kept proper count) were run after careful scouting each time. It took at times some good teamwork to hit three or four ledges "straight" or to go between rocks (with only a few centimetres on each side) and the canoes showed a few scratches at the end - but the ever changing white water was very much part of the fun. Once we came out of the Shield we had a day and a half of rather monotonous river paddling (although a day of sixty kilometres helped our average) but just when we started to complain, a series of new rapids just before we joined the Severn made life interesting. The "Limestone Rapids" as designated on the map seemed a bit too tame for the description and twenty kilometres further down, where the real rapids were, we understood that map and route description did not quite match.

The last night it started to rain and we had to break camp in the rain for the first and only time. We arrived before noon on Labour Day at Fort Severn and realized how lucky we had been, because for the next few days it rained hard.

For anyone wishing a good, varied wilderness trip we can recommend the Fawn. For the four of us, having had a tremendous amount of camaraderie, it will always be Fawn Fun!

what makes a good canoe

John Winters

The canoe is a superb example of functional evolution. It is simple, versatile, functional and aesthetically pleasing. Yet after all these years there is still debate as to what is or isn't a "good" canoe. That the general tone of these debates is subjective does not detract from the validity of any conclusions reached since science is not the only road to truth. Still, it would be nice to know the "why" of the matter at least as far as science is capable of providing the answers. Even naval architects disagree on the finer points (thus explaining the wide variety of shapes) but there is a wide body of fundamental knowledge based on full size ship testing and model testing which we can use to evaluate the relative merits of different canoes. It is these fundamentals that I will cover in this article that will give us the working knowledge to understand why canoe "A" is easier to paddle than canoe "B".

Some 100 years ago William Froude proposed the simple but important suggestion that the total resistance of a floating body to motion was the sum of two parts, frictional resistance and residual resistance and that these two parts could be analysed separately. Frictional resistance is that which occurs between the hull and the water and residual resistance is the sum of wavemaking, leeway, appendage, air, and heeling resistance. For our purposes, only the first two are important although I will discuss the others briefly later on.

Froude also determined that the potential speeds of floating bodies were related to their waterline lengths and that similarly shaped bodies of differing lengths would generate similar wave patterns and have proportional resistances. This relationship is expressed as the Speed/Length ratio or V/\sqrt{L} where V is the speed in knots and L is the length in feet. What this means is that a 36' canoe traveling at 1.0 \sqrt{L} or 6 knots will have the same wave patterns and proportionally the same resistance as a model of the canoe that is 4' long and traveling at the same speed/length ratio or, in this case 2 knots. It is this fact that allows naval architects to predict the performance of full size ships from data obtained from model tests.

Frictional Resistance

The frictional resistance of a body is the sum of the effects of wetted surface, the condition of the surface, the length of the surface and the speed.

The total frictional resistance is calculated from the formula:

$$R = .97 \times C \times V \times A \text{ where}$$

R = Resistance

C = The coefficient of friction

V = The speed in ft./sec

A = The wetted surface

The coefficient of friction depends upon the roughness of the surface and the Reynold's number. The Reynold's number is:

$$Re = \frac{VL}{\nu} \text{ Where}$$

V = The speed in ft./sec.

L = The length over which the water is flowing

ν = The kinematic viscosity of water (normally 1.3 (10) ft/sec.)

As the water passes over the hull, it is slowed down due to friction and a layer of water called the boundary layer is built up. This layer is carried along with the hull and gradually increases in thickness until at the stern, it breaks away in the form of eddies. In fact the friction generated is not between the hull and the water but between the water particles attached to the hull and the particles sliding past. Initially, this flow is laminar (the particles are traveling parallel to the surface of the hull) but it quickly becomes turbulent at Reynold's numbers of between 10⁶ and 10⁷. On the average canoe, this is a point about 2 feet from the bow. As this layer gets thicker, more and more kinetic energy is lost in imparting motion to the water particles within the boundary layer. If the surface is hydrodynamically smooth the coefficient of friction drops as the Reynold's number increases (either speed or length increases can cause the Reynold's number increase) but this situation is highly unlikely as few surfaces are so smooth. Figure A shows the relationship between Reynold's number, roughness, and friction coefficient.

Along the bottom of the graph is the practical speed range of a 16' canoe. It can be seen that the friction coefficient range is quite small, being between .004 at the low speed range and .003 at the high speed end.

Should the roughness exceed a certain level, the coefficient of friction becomes greater than that of the smooth surface condition and will not lower with increases in Reynold's number. The critical number is 100:

$$Re = \frac{VL}{\nu} = 100 \text{ where}$$

k = The roughness size in mils divided by the length of the surface in inches.

The curve labelled 10² shows the friction coefficient as Reynold's number increases. When the roughness exceeds the critical value, the coefficient does not drop but levels off as indicated by the horizontal lines. A new 16' canoe fresh out of the mold will have a surface roughness of .02 mils. An aluminium canoe would have a surface roughness of 1 mil not allowing for rivets. Some ABS canoes have roughness of 1.5 mils. For a 16' canoe, the roughness cannot exceed $\frac{k}{L}$ of 10⁻² or .0196 mils if the coefficient of friction is to drop with increased Reynold's numbers. At a surface roughness of 2 mils ($k = 10^{-3}$) the coefficient remains constant.

What all this means in real life is that a 16' canoe hot out of the mold and having 40 sq. ft. of surface area will generate 2.65 lbs. of frictional resistance and a similar aluminium canoe of the same surface area will generate 3.98 lbs. or 50% more.

As these figures are for "new" condition, your old rock crusher is going to be substantially worse and because the increase in coefficient of friction is logarithmic, the increase in friction is enormous. Keep in mind that the foregoing applies to smooth water only, but it should be food for thought.

Wave Making resistance

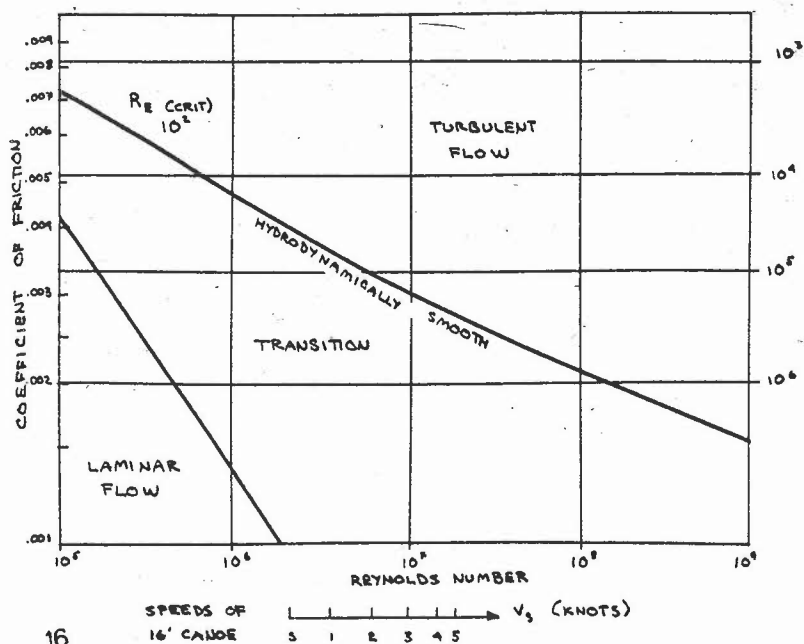
Earlier I hinted that canoes had limited speeds. The limiting factor is the wave making resistance. As the canoe passes through the water, it creates gravity waves and the energy required to create the waves is transferred to the canoe as resistance.

There are two types of waves, bow waves which spread out fanlike from the bow and transverse waves which are seen behind the hull and lying at right angles to the path of the canoe. It is the transverse waves that are important to our discussion of speed. The water pushed aside as the hull passes tries to fill back in behind the hull and the distance required for the water to return to its undisturbed state under the influence of gravity is the natural length of a wave traveling at the same speed as the canoe. (The length of waves is measured from crest to crest) Froude, who seems to have thought of everything, established that the speed of a wave was equal to $1.34\sqrt{L}$ in ft. Therefore if you could measure the length of the transverse waves behind you and do some quick math you would know how fast you were going. This fact, of course only applies to displacement hulls and not planing hulls which are governed by different rules as they are supported by dynamic pressures created by the motion of the boat.

Figure B shows a plot of resistance against speed and shows how there is a dramatic rise in resistance as the speed approaches $1.34\sqrt{L}$. One might think that this would make naval architecture cut and dried, but the architects have a few aces up their sleeves to justify their existence. The first is the prismatic coefficient which is the relationship between the volume of the hull and the volume of a prism having the same length and cross sectional area as the hull's largest cross section. The second is the displacement/length ratio ($\frac{D}{L^{100}}$) which is a convenient way of expressing the bulk or fineness of the hull. On the left of Figure B are various prismatic coefficients and the dashed line represents the ideal prismatic for a given $\frac{D}{L^{100}}$. It is obvious that no one prismatic will be satisfactory for all speeds. For instance, 8 man racing shells which operate at speeds averaging $1.2\sqrt{L}$ or 9.6 knots for the 64' shell would be best designed with a prismatic of .59 to allow them to maintain that speed with the least effort. A 16' canoe that cruises at around 3 knots would be best with a prismatic of .51.

You will note in Figure B that below $1.0\sqrt{L}$ there is little difference in wave making resistance between the two curved lines representing displacement/length ratios, but that the gap widens quickly at speeds above $1.2\sqrt{L}$ and that at $1.34\sqrt{L}$ a hull with a displacement/length ratio of 60 has 20% more wave making resistance than a hull with a ratio of 40. For those of you who would like to plot your own canoe's displacement/length ratio, D is expressed in terms of long tons of 2240 lbs. and L is the waterline length.

FIGURE A



The final considerations are appendage resistance, leeway, and air resistance. Heeling should not be a factor in a canoe but if it were extreme, the speed reduction factor could be total. There is little that can be done about air resistance since the majority of it is due to the paddlers do have a say in how much they contribute to slowing the canoe by reducing the quantity of floppy clothing and hats to a reasonable level. Since the hulls require a certain amount of freeboard to provide bouyancy, reductions are severely restricted.

Leeway and appendage resistance must be discussed simultaneously since one must balance the drag caused by leeway against the drag caused by the keel. Many architects double the area of the keel when computing surface area. This doubling allows for the increased resistance caused by turbulence at the keel/hull intersection. A 16' canoe with a 1 1/2" keel would have an increase of 8sq. ft. of surface area over its keelless counterpart. My own experience indicates that the keel is probably a detriment.

I promised that you would be able to critique a canoe without ever having to paddle it and such is the case. Granted, your observations will be somewhat crude since you will not get involved in precise measurements of wetted surface, prismatic and such. Nevertheless, you will be able to separate the wheat from the chaffe quite easily. First, you should look at length. The longer the canoe, all other things being equal, the easier it will be to paddle. Keep in mind that it is waterline length not overall length that you want. The rounded bows of some canoes can have as much as 1' of overhang which does nothing for speed. The second consideration is wetted surface. The rounder the sections the lower the wetted surface will be and the easier the canoe will be to paddle at all speeds. Next, consider surface finish. If you insist on an aluminum canoe, by all means have it painted and if ABS is your preferred material, be certain it is the non-textured type. Above all, keep the bottom as smooth as you can. Occasional rocks are simply accepted but you can still take care when launching and handling the canoe to minimize the damage. Don't even consider a keel if you have any choice. And finally, determine what speed your normal paddling is to be and select a shape with a compatible prismatic.

The prismatic can be approximated by determining the waterline shape in the forward third of the hull. If the waterlines (the shape one would see if he cut through the hull right at the water and turned the hull over to see his handy-work) are concave, the prismatic is around .47 and .50 and the canoe is really best suited to the lower speeds. If the waterlines are straight or slightly convex, the prismatic is between .50 and .53 giving an excellent all around canoe. If the waterlines are distinctly convex, the prismatic will range from .53 to .58 and such a shape will be hard to paddle at the low range but will have the highest ultimate speed. If the hull profile is "hogged" (the bottom is concave in the fore and aft direction) the prismatic will be at the high end for a given waterline type.

If you have stuck with me thus far, you will now recognize why the aluminum canoes tend to bring up the rear in any group of types, why some ABS canoes have reputations for hard paddling, why old beat up canoes aggravate their owners and why most experienced trippers prefer longer canoes. Now some one is going to say, "What about maneuverability, what about stability, what about seaworthyness?" I didn't cover them I know but experience has shown that those shapes that move most easily through the water tend to satisfy those requirements as well. After all the whole business is governed by natural laws and the harmonious blending of shapes can hardly go wrong, a fact the Indians seemed to have discovered without the mathematics.

FIGURE B

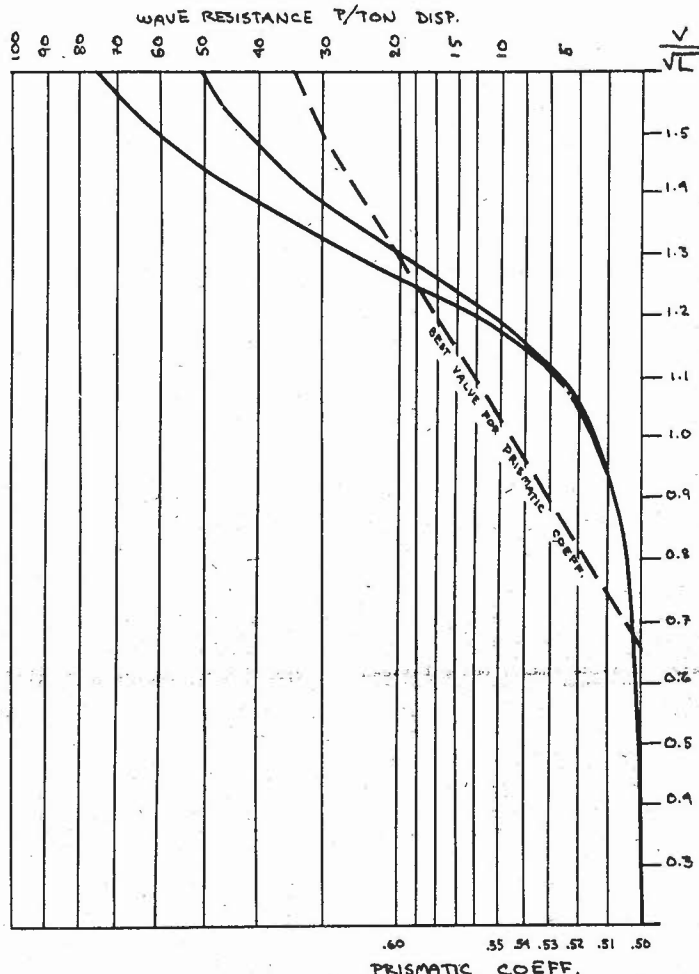
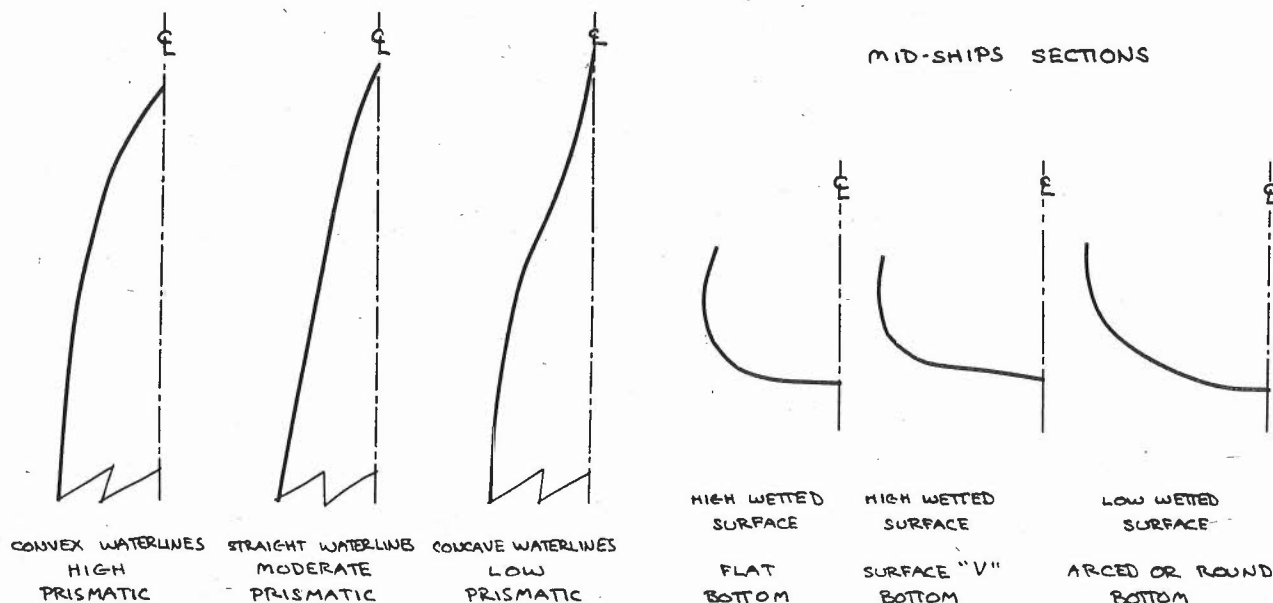


FIGURE C



equipment

TIPS FOR TRIPPERS

At the fall meeting, we tried out and "Ideas' Workshop", at which the fertility of WCA inventors was well demonstrated. We cannot expect the ponderous machinery of mass-product manufacturers to supply us with the custom modifications to our equipment we need; worse, the product itself may be inferior to and/or more expensive than a device we can make for ourselves. However, so often we go for years without thinking of an idea which seems perfectly obvious once someone else shows it to us. Hence the "Idea Swap."

We began by listening to Dave Berthelet explain the fittings on two of his ever-fluctuating fleet of Grumman canoes, but others in the group, some of whom had brought their canoes into the room, quickly added alternative suggestions, until the session resembled a panel discussion of the whole group. We concentrated our attention on these topics: rigging a canoe for a wilderness trip (spray covers, tied-in

gear, portaging rigs, etc.), waterproofing (cameras, maps, and other items), and packing (tumps, wannigans). Some of these ideas will appear in the newsletter from time to time with the name of a person who can give more details of its success.

While some ideas were "organized" in advance, others were a complete surprise: well, I mean, who could have guessed the arrival or even the existence of "Super-wannigan?" Which prompts the thought that we should do this again. Perhaps at some future meeting we might compare notes on food packing and organization (as opposed to recipes, menus and cookery, which we've done before). In fact, Penny's homemade wind-screen and reflector oven and Dave's waterproof matches were waiting in the wings all the time and we never got to them. Or perhaps custom fittings to tents and clothing? Surely anything Eddie Bauer can do, we can do better.

Portaging and Paddling

1. Velcro strips, fastened at the bow and stern will hold your coiled painters, making them quick-releaseable. (Dave Berthelet)
2. Two inch elastic bands at thwart-gunwhale junctions will hold paddles. Hold them in with the plastic electric-wire-constrictors. (D. B.)
3. Velcro, sewn on a sponge, will make it possible to affix sponge under seat to a second velcro strip (D.B.)
4. Strap a compass on the centre thwart. You can read it and paddle at the same time. (D.B.)
5. Put your name and address on everything, especially your canoe, in such a way that it cannot be removed.
6. Lengths of old broom handle fastened into the bow and stern make handy grips, when you are lugging your canoe (right side up) over liftovers. (Norm Coombe)
- Alternately, use rope loops in the painter eyelet with garden hose handles (D.B.) or carabiner rings (John Cross).
7. The jam cleats used on sail boats are dandy for holding your painters. (R. & C. Smerdon)
8. For lining upstream, make a lasso noose with your rope, loop it through the bow seat and then over the bow and under the belly of the canoe, so that the long free end is coming from the keel line. This trick keeps your canoe nose well up and you have good directional control of the canoe.
9. Ensolite pads to pamper your knees can be permanently glued to the canoe with silicone seal.
10. Bicycle inner-tubes make permanent paddle lashings for portaging.
11. Some people prefer portaging yokes, others think lashed paddles plus tumpline is the most comfortable method there is.
12. Another method is shown in Cliff Jacobson's book. (Contact Lenny Winn)
13. Another method of portaging canoe plus paddles plus tumpline plus pack from Paul Provencher's book was demonstrated (J.C.)
14. Sew styrofoam on the neck of your life preserver as a neck rest when portaging. (Smerdon's)

Straps, Maps, Cameras

1. Canadian Tire roof rack straps are very useful. Make your own buckles. (Norm C.)
2. twenty-five foot one and one-half to two inch straps make dandy tump lines. Leather is a preferred material. (J.C.)
3. Cut A.B.S. plastic drain or plumbing pipe to length and add end fittings. These make good waterproof map holders. (Smerdon's)
4. Plastic camera flotation bags are good for maps as well as cameras. Drill holes through the plastic rods of these bags, thread cords through these holes, and fasten under seat or thwart with camera and/or maps inside.
5. Large tupperware box lined with foam makes a waterproof camera case. (Herb Pohl)
6. Or make your own imitation ammo box. (Jim Greenacre)

Rope

An excellent source of good rope is Davidson Sales and Marine Supplier, 107 King St. E., Toronto. They sell a very soft light-weight non-kinking coloured rope ideal for canoeists needs. (Jim Greenacre)

A lifesaving idea!

Buy one-hundred feet of rope. Make a brightly coloured bag (yellow shows up well) and sew one end of the-rope into the back of the bag (inside.) Stuff the rest of the rope into the bag with just a little hanging out. Close the mouth of the bag with a draw-string. Sew a loop of rope or a brass ring to the back of the bag and hang the bag in the canoe in an accessible place. In an emergency, grab bag, open drawstring, strap end of rope around one hand and hurl the bag to the person in need. The bag will travel an incredible distance and can be seen in foaming water. (It is good to practice this first, at home!) (Tony Bird)

Spray Covers

1. If you are using a spray cover, keep it snapped on in the middle section of the boat and roll bow and stern section of cover out of the way, but still instantly accessible.
2. If you wish quicker access and egress from your spray cover, put the cover on the boat, climb in, and slit the fabric in a straight line forward (from your belly button) towards the bow, twelve to eighteen inches or more (as you wish, and sew or glue velcro to each side so that you now have a big slit in front of you which you can open instantly. Note! This is not waterproof as the original hole, but worth the modification for emergency purposes. (D.B.)
3. Rip-stop nylon makes good spray covers.
4. Snaps are superior to velcro (around the gunwhale). (This is a controversial point. Editor.) Turn fasteners AND velcro are good. Glue velcro with contact cement. May have to repeat glueing once or twice.
5. Six mil plastic and duct tape work perfectly well as spray cover materials for temporary uses. (Tony Bird)
6. Some people prefer a multi-section velcroed-together cover with chest shields - not elastic cones. (Talk to Matt Ardron).

Other Tricks

1. Short ice cream pails discarded from bake shops and donut shops make excellent waterproof containers IF they are of good quality. (Go to back doors.) (Glenn Spence)
2. Trim your map all around the border. Glue those portions of the border (containing valuable information) on the back of the map. Laminate the map. Finished product smaller and easier to abut to next map. (Smerdon's)



bancroft to griffith

Herb Pohl

Surely one of the most pleasureable armchair recreations is the perusing of maps with the object of finding a "new" canoe route. Let me tell you, I have done dozens of trips in this manner and covered many thousands of kilometres of treacherous water. Back-breaking portages around roaring cataracts, fearful rides through forbidding rapids, bloody battles against armies on the wing...I've been through it so many times - without ever venturing beyond the map-strewn living room floor.

The even greater satisfaction comes from translating these explorations of the mind into reality. Travelling in familiar settings has its rewards, such as not getting stuck on the wrong side of the river at a portage or making it to a decent campsite in daylight; but paddling into the "unknown" is excitement and constant surprise; it's flowing adrenalin (and the occasional four-letter word); it's being on top of the world.

Well, I travelled to the top of the world (I am using the phrase as a literary device - the physical reality of Bancroft lies somewhat lower) on Friday evening and arrived there in time to scout the York river a little way downstream. It had been raining for a week and even in the failing light it was clear we were not going to be short of water. After a quick supper I retired to a lovely secluded place with a view of the pretty surroundings. I knew, as I passed under the wrought-iron archway bearing the inscription "Rest In Peace," that I was going to sleep well.

The car shuffle the next morning took rather longer than anticipated with one vehicle left at Latchford and another at Griffith - just in case we could not manage the whole distance we had planned to cover. By eleven o'clock the flotilla of five canoes was finally underway. None of us had travelled on the York before and so I for one was very pleased to venture into the "unknown."

The river below Bancroft is about twenty-five metres wide and flows swiftly and deeply. Within half an hour, upon rounding a bend, we were surprised by a severe rapid which dropped off steeply for nearly a kilometre. One of the crews was so determined to make it to safety before the drop that they stepped out of their craft while still some distance from shore. After careful scouting, the rest of the party decided to carry and I ran through and started a fire at the bottom to allow the amphibians to change and we all had a quick lunch.

About three hours later we approached Egan's Chute, an unnavigable cataract flanked on both sides by steep rocky hills. A dirt road follows the river on the right shore at this point, so here we land, up goes the pack, and off two of us trundle along a path which gets more and more precarious and finally peters out. At this point we were about thirty metres above the pond below the rapids with a vertical rockface below us. Just turning around with the canoe was a tricky job, luckily the fellow carrying seemed quite at ease. I was too stubborn to turn back and after a struggle managed to reach the shore, left the packs there and headed back.

"Hmmm," as John Cross would say, "where is everybody?"

Well, it turned out "everybody" had continued to portage down the road, reassured by a passing motorist that yes, the road did go back to the river a little way further on. It also turned out that "a little way" was probably substantially more than a kilometre; we'll never know for sure. By the time everybody had returned to the starting point, with about an hour's extra portaging experience behind them (and not necessarily grateful for it) it had been determined that there was a perfectly easy, well travelled and short portage on the far shore. It was plain to see that there was a new spirit of togetherness, a common bond; and I was rather pleased I could play a significant role in what was essentially an educational process: eight people had reached an unspoken yet emphatic consensus - NEVER TRUST THE ORGANIZER.

Quite aside from its educational value the day



proved worthwhile from an aesthetic point of view, the sun was shining on some very pretty scenery, and two portages later we stopped at a spot which could only be described as a super campsite. Despite the fact that we had only covered about half the distance I had hoped to go, we were tired enough to use the chilly evening as an excuse to retire early. Sunday dawned clear and frosty and we shipped out speedily to cover the fifty or so kilometres we had to paddle in order to get back on schedule. Without pogeys I found the first hour painfully cold on the hands and I now seriously doubt this business of mind over matter. The river had now entered a wet lowland populated by birch, poplar and maples, and here and there a few ramshackle "cottages". A few leftovers past accumulations of flotsam and several hours of paddling later we lunched on the sheltered slope of the riverbank, thawing out in the warm sun and resting well exercised muscles. We encountered several rapids further downstream, one of which was a borderline grade III that everybody ran, closely watched by two lads who forsook their noon-hour beer at the nearby cabin. They had counselled against the attempt and probably wanted to be on hand to offer us their "I told you so's". By mid-afternoon we stopped once more for lunch at a point of land reaching out into Conroy's marsh.

Surely marshes are wonderful places, at once bustling with activity and yet serene, restful; a mood of stillness and yet the air forever filled with birdcalls, froggy symphonies and the gentle rustle of the sedgegrass in the wind. Alas the last few kilometres still lay ahead and a rather stiff headwind made things interesting. We camped on a rocky knoll in fairly close quarters, just short of the mouth of the York and three kilometres from Palmer's rapids, our original target for the day; a good days work all things considered.

The wind abated only slightly during the night and by the time we set sail the next morning the whitecaps were once again in full bloom. It required some very determined paddling to advance to the mouth of the river. Once there we turned downwind and into calmer waters around the bend.

Downriver from the dam, Palmer's rapids glistened brilliantly in the sun, a peaceful scene of wooded islands, turbulent water and a number of tents on the south shore whose occupants were just beginning to stir. The river was higher than I had ever seen it before and the normally gentle run was for once a test of white-water skills.

At this juncture our party split up with three canoes terminating at Latchford and the other two continuing on to Griffith. We were in familiar territory by now but still had to cover what is traditionally a two day trip. After lunch a short distance below Latchford, we proceeded on the sometimes hairy trip down the river expecting to come across

another party of WCAers; as it turned out they were far ahead of us and finished early. The river was unruly, wild*is probably a better term but except for the two regular portages plus one additional one we managed to negotiate everything, although not always in the best of style. Once, a bit carelessly, I ended up in a substantial hole and, ready for a swim, cursed myself for my stupidity; but my craft had other ideas and I escaped, chastened but dry. Well, time flew by, or rather the territory flew by, and a mere four hours after lunch Griffith welcomed, unknowingly, three happy canoeists. A memorable trip no doubt,

for several reasons.

P.S.: The York, infrequently travelled by canoeists, is suitable for people with relatively little moving-water experience since the few rapids are readily bypassed. The trip from Bancroft to Palmer's rapids could be a very relaxed long weekend during the high-water season. And just in case you question my judgement ask Karl, or Peter, or Bill, or Rita, or Armin, or...

*see also "A Lesson In High Water" in the autumn issue of *The Wilderness Canoeist*.

black river

Claire Brigden

When we started out, we all envied the Butler-Pohl expedition to Beausoleil Island (the previous day, in glorious sunshine). It was certainly BLACK alright, and plenty wet as well for us. No point in phoning to check on cancellation, however, as a Greenacre trip is a Greenacre TRIP. The rain lashed at us as we headed in the general direction of Sebright, where we finally all met at the edge of the Head River, with our five canoes and lots of rain gear.

Jim, unbeknownst to us, had been working a deal with the Man Upstairs, and the rain eased off as we eased into the moving water. Flocks of juncos played tag among the trees and the smell of errant skunk was strong. Nothing like a liftover to get things into perspective, so we weren't in the canoes long.

It is a lovely river, the Head. Rather too low for comfort this particular day, but human habitation was sprinkled sparingly along its length, and the people themselves absent altogether, in so much wet and overcast. This is the edge of Precambrian country, and grey granite and black earth alternated the whole way. The predominant feature was the Autumn Leaf Fashion Show and Fall Carpetleaf Sale. Leaves were everywhere. Some clung to the skirts of bushes like petulant children afraid of the crowd. Some hung on at dizzying heights at the tips of soft maples, defiant and intrepid in their aerial acrobatics against the rising wind. Some crept into crevasses or snuggled down in hollows in mature preparation for the coming winter. Most, however, spun and leapt about, and tumbled over each other and raced ahead of every breath of wind, bringing life and colour and action to the festivities. They dressed up the crotches of trees and lower branches; they put on a great show of carpet specials; they festooned the rocks, the canoes, the roofs of cottages, old docks, over-turned boats, fallen logs, and of course, the flowing river.

Being very dry, the leaves didn't sink at all, on the river, but floated about in thick bright mats of orange and brown and red and yellow. They bunched up into great rafts and moved in unison along the river's course. Where the river narrowed or spilled down a ledge, or splashed through swifts, the leaves were swept along, some to drown gloriously, some to ride a gurgling crest past every tollgate of rock, into the next broad stretch. Often there would be leafjams, where they spun in indecisive eddies, subject to the vagaries of the westward flow of water and the eastward flow of rising wind, pawns in the game of Motion, Paper figures on the Carousel of Life. A few took independent courses, and swept past every obstacle, playing a chancey game with the Current, a dare-devil game, which they could never really win. The Current, very smug, said nothing, and merely bided its time.

As we moved along, we met the permanent inhabitants of the river. A hairy woodpecker rapped out a greeting on a young oak. Nine ducks, a little nervous in the hunting season, cleared the marsh ahead of us, and swept around a bend. A green frog, taking advantage of breaking clouds and shafts of sunlight, hunched on a rock in the middle of the river, agog with surprise that such landlubbers would venture forth on such a moody day. Chickadees swung in the trees and chirruped greetings from the branches - public relations types, always. And a long eared owl TWICE left his perch in disgust, and flew ahead of us, disgruntled at the invasion of his private slumbers. A beaver edged along in the water under the opposite bank, his nose taking in as much evidence as his eyes, for being a beaver, his sense of smell is very highly developed. A young racoon, probably washed out by the rain, shinnied up a smallish tree at our approach, where he stared down upon us in some trepidation, as his tree was a lean one, and

not endowed with fat branches. From somewhere in the woods, a robin called, and a great blue heron beat a slow undulating retreat over the ribbon of moving water.

There were other goodies too. Oriole nests swung at intervals on the ends of long, curved fishing-pole-like boughs, and the odd nest of the great crested flycatcher hung above the whole scene. One poor bedevilled maple tree, endured the grotesquerie of a GREAT OUTGROWTH around its substantial middle, like a huge tennis ball half way down the throat of some oversized ostrich. One oak, an octagenarian at least, had been struck by lightning, and had had a great strip ripped from his now-broken head down to his gnarled roots. Gurgling little rivulets joined the main stream with noisy frothy energy, and offshoot bays and backwater marshes suggested abundant luxuries of good food and cheap housing for summer transient wild-life, in months just past.

I think Jim must have greased the palm of that Man Upstairs. Although it rained intermittently early in the day, the sun came out for the time it took us to enjoy a much-needed lunch break in a lovely spot amidst the rocks and pines on the river bank. It was a welcome respite from guessing the deepest routes through all the shallow swifts in our way, (which tested the bottoms of canoes and steering expertise of canoeists.) We lolled in the sunshine and exchanged new tidbits of information, and compared notes on this and that and took pictures, and generally spent a very luxurious hour.

The pesky wind rose, as we set forth again, and since the Head flowed westward, the wind gave us no quarter in its desire to push us back up river. (Fortunately, of course, there were troughs of calmer air when the river moved through heavily wooded areas which took the brunt of the gusts, but we couldn't count on those for long).

It was well into the afternoon when we finally spotted a vast mat of river leaves, moving at right angles to the Head, on the flowing surface, and we knew we had at last reached the confluence of the Head and the Black. Nice to paddle south for a bit, but the compensation was short-lived, as the Black, too, turned westward, and having a broader expanse, demanded even more of us.

"Oh, well, out at the second bridge," says Jim, and we paddled on past stands of tamarack, hemlock, maple, birches and pines, passing huge isolated oaks, still resplendent in their brown fall attire, the last trees to shed their leaves. A dog barked from the bank, at one place, and the pungent smell of good wet earth soothed our spirits. We passed the first bridge, donning rain gear again as the clouds thickened. On we went, the chutes and swifts less frequent now, until an iron span came into view. "No, not that one. That's just a side road," said Jim, and we paddled on. A red tailed hawk soared overhead, and swung wide in an updraught, envied by us all. Past islands, spits, bends and backwaters we paddled and under the THIRD bridge, (count 'em Jim) and on we paddled still. Somewhere along here, a prominent sign spelled out "portage" and after scouting on an island, we ran the narrow tricky bit, and kept on, into the rain squalls. Round another bend and there was a white tailed deer, bounding and leaping through the underbrush. Very nice sight. Streamlined. Fluid. At the last turn, two partridge whirled across the river, and at last THE bridge (the fourth bridge, Jim) and there we were at last at the cars. Only a little effort to scramble up the bank.

Well, the Pohls and Butlers can have their total sunshine. In a matter of minutes, we were treated to TWO spectacular rainbows, one following closely on the heels of the others, each stretched in a prismatic band the whole arch of the heavens. What a grand finale. It was a rich and rewarding day, indeed, and none of us would have wished it otherwise.



Dear Friends:

As you can see by the listing below, a number of fellow members have conspired to make the choice of what to do in the next three months more difficult by offering to organize a variety of trips.

Before everyone rushes to the phone and signs up, lets also remember that an essential prerequisite (besides the proper gear) is physical fitness equal to the difficulty of the enterprise.

We had a great variety and number of outings listed in the newsletter last year, sixty-five in all, and dozens of "unofficial trips." They are made possible because a number of individuals have contributed their time, expertise and money.

I want to take this opportunity to thank all the organizers on behalf of the Outings Committee for their contribution.



Land of The Cree in Winter Feb.28 - Mar.14

Organizer: Craig MacDonald 705-766-2885

Book as soon as possible

I am planning a snowshoe expedition from Fort Albany to Moosonee, using traditional techniques including Indian style tent stoves and sleds. Despite outside temperatures that may drop to -30 degrees Celsius, we will enjoy warm comfortable camps. To ensure high quality of outfitting, necessary for a trip of this calibre, all food and equipment will be supplied by myself. Participants will only be responsible for their personal clothing, foam pad, sleeping bag and snowshoes.

Transportation will be by my vehicle, O.N.R. Train, and Austin Airways aircraft. Total round-trip transportation costs will be less than 160 dollars/person. Food costs will be shared.

Ten days are being allowed for the trip itself. The route will not be a simple paralleling of the James Bay coast but will involve considerable inland travel through fens and beachridge country. We intend to examine an almost "one of a kind" stand of pure tamarack. Occasionally we will be passing through areas never before visited by white man. For variety we will also head out miles on the sea-ice towards the open shore lead with the hope of observing seals and possibly polar bears. Shelter wood, creeks and snow patterns will take on a significance never appreciated in other regions.

Like the trans-Algonquin winter trek of two years ago, extensive wintercamping experience will not be required, as instruction covering the necessary skills will be given en route. The trip is well within the capabilities of the average W.C.A. member, however, participants will be asked to undertake on their own, some long-distance walks preferably on snowshoes so they will be able to sustain at least seven hours of snowshoeing per day without excessive fatigue.

It is realized that such short notice may cause difficulties in obtaining the necessary time off work. Since this will be a "once in a lifetime" opportunity, depending on the wishes of the group, we may decide to re-schedule this expedition for January or February of 1983. In its place for this winter, we will either take a snowshoe trip from February 28 to March 7 in Laurentide Park, Quebec, re-tracing an ancient Jesuit-Montagnais snowshoe trail or take a "canoe-sled and canoe" trip with traditional winter camping gear and stoves on the March 6-8 weekend in the Dorset area. Canoe sleds will be provided. Anyone of the above trips will be lots of fun and adventure.

Limit:	Ft. Albany to Moosonee	- 5 persons
	Laurentide Park	5 persons
	Dorset	4 persons

MOONLIGHT MADNESS Saturday, Jan. 9th

Organizer: Bill Ness 1-416-499-6389
Book immediately

The full moon casts a bewitching spell over the skier who tours by its light. Perception of relief is diminished, little dips and rises come upon him from nowhere. Small hills loom large, and he descends them as if travelling in space through a patchwork world of shimmering crystal and dark indigo.

We invite you to partake of this experience with us in an evening of moonlight skiing in Toronto's north Don Valley. We will tour at a relaxed pace and only elementary skiing skills will be needed. Families are welcome. If Jan. 9 is unsuitable due to lack of snow the trip will be postponed until Feb. 6.

Level - novice Limit - none

Saturday, Jan. 16th/82

Organizer: M. Montgomery 1-723-0312

Book between Jan 1st & Jan 11th/82

One day cross-country skiing in the exciting metropolis of Oshawa.

Suitable for families. Adorn your skis in MM's basement and venture forth from her back door through the scenic fields and a Conservation Park. Chili will be served upon return.

Level - novice Limit - 10

ARMCHAIR OUTING Friday, Jan. 22nd/82

Organizer: Bill & Rita Ness 1-416-499-6389

Book after January 1st/82

For those of us who can't wait for spring to experience the joy of canoeing again we invite you to join us for an evening of vicarious paddling pleasure as we screen a selection of films about canoeing. During intermissions relax to recordings of chansons des voyageurs, and early lumber camp ballads. If you have slides from your summer adventures that you would like to share with us, bring them along.

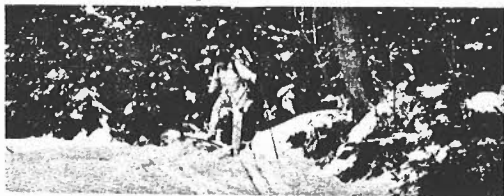
Limit: 20 people

WINTER CAMPING IN AUGER'S ATTIC

Two - one-day trips Jan. 23rd and/or Jan. 24th/82.

Organizers: Dave & Anneke Auger
705-324-9359

Book between Jan. 3rd & Jan. 18th/82



Saturday Jan. 23rd/82-GANARASKA FOREST
Cross-country skiing (near Kirby on Hwy. 35-115.

The scenic Pine Ridge area provides some interesting yet challenging trails. We intend to ski the largest trail (about 15km) with a stop for lunch en route.

Level - some skiing experience Limit - 8

If interested participants want to stay for the Sunday outing, camping facilities are available in Auger's Attic. Bring your own bacon and eggs.

Sunday, Jan. 24th

SKI OR SNOWSHOE UP EEL'S CREEK

We will ski or snowshoe approximately 3 miles up Eel's Creek from Stoney Lake to the scenic High Falls for lunch. As there is not likely to be a trail, be prepared for some bushwhacking through deep snow. We will do some exploring along the trail to the Petroglyphs, time

permitting. Since this is the organizers first winter trip on Eel's Creek, it is rated as intermediate.

Limit - 8

Participants can either sign for one or both trips.

COPELAND FOREST RESERVE - SNOWSHOEING

Sunday, Jan. 31st/82

Organizer: Jim Greenacre 416-759-9956

Book between Jan. 18th & Jan. 25th/82

Copeland Forest is 17 km. north of Barrie, right in the Horseshoe Valley snow-belt and offers over 25 km. of trails. Organizer will endeavour to arrange car pooling.

Level - open Limit - 10

ONE DAY X-COUNTRY SKI

Saturday, Feb. 6th/82

Organizer: Rob Butler 416-487-2282

Book between Jan. 25th & Feb. 3rd/82

From west of Hwy. 69 near Gibson River, we will ski over rugged terrain on what the Five Winds Touring Club flatteringly allege are ski-trails. Undulations and perambulations make this hard day suitable for experienced skiers only.

Level - Experienced Limit - 6

ALGONQUIN PARK X-COUNTRY WEEKEND

FEBRUARY 6th & 7th/82

Organizer: Joe Keleher 705-436-1300 Res.
416-675-5800 Bus.

Book between Jan. 9th & Feb. 23rd/82

We will set up a base camp at Rock Lake Campground, on Saturday we will explore the surrounding area. Sunday we will ski the Fen Lake Trail. Suitable for novices with some experience.

Limit - 8

SILENT LAKE SKI TOUR - Sun. Feb. 14th/82

Organizer: Bill Ness - 416-499-6389

Book between Jan. 1st & Feb. 1st/82

This tour will take us to Silent Lake Provincial Park, just south of Bancroft, where we will ski the Park's scenic 19 km. groomed loop trail.

Level - Intermediate Limit - 8

COLBORNE CROSS COUNTRY-SKIING - Feb. 21/82

Organizer: Glenn Spence - 416-355-3506

Book between Feb. 1st & Feb. 19th/82

The trail leads down into a valley and meanders alongside a brook, offering some pretty scenery along the way. The skiing will be in a conservation area with 2 main loops for a distance of 8 km.

Level - Novice or Intermediate Limit - 8

KOLOPORE UPLANDS CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING

Sunday, February 21st/82

Organizer - Joe Keleher - 705-436-1300 Res
416-675-5800 Bus

Book between Jan. 24th & Feb. 7th/82

This will be a one-day outing, skiing over some interesting and challenging trails in the area southwest of Collingwood. Participants will ski through some very scenic terrain.

Level - Intermediate

Limit - 8



SILENT LAKE PROVINCIAL PARK

Saturday Feb. 20th & Sunday, Feb. 21st/82

Organizer: Roger Nelis

Book between Feb. 1st & Feb. 10th/82

Come warm up to the scenic trails and a cozy night in the sacks under stars and tarpaulin with ears attuned to the eerie cry of the wolf in a frozen wonderland. This will leave the soul (of your feet) fulfilled by this stimulating adventure.

Level - Intermediate

Limit - 8

HOCKLEY VALLEY - Saturday, Feb. 27th &
Sunday, Feb. 28th/82

Organizer: Randy Berg - 519-623-1550 Bus
416-383-5303

Book between Feb. 8th & Feb. 22nd/82

Ski the Bruce Trail in the steep valleys and on the hilly terrain of the Albion Hills and Hockley Valley area. There are several places to view the surrounding countryside. Will stay overnight in one of the trail shelters. Travel light.

Level - Intermediate

Limit - 6

FIVE WINDS WILDERNESS SKI TRAILS TOUR

Saturday, February 27th, 1982

Organizer: Bill Ness - 416-499-6389

Book between Feb. 1st & Feb. 15th/82

This trip will take us into rugged, sparsely treed shield country west

of Gravenhurst. Here some of the finest wilderness skiing in Central Ontario can be found. This trip is especially aimed at those trail skiers who would like to learn the joys of back-country touring. Participants must have mastered basic skiing skills and be in good physical condition.

Level - Intermediate

Limit - 6

GUNN LAKE WINTER CAMPING

Saturday, Mar 6th & Sunday, Mar 7th/82

Organizer: Herb Pohl - 627-7632
525-9140 Ext.4241

Book before March 1st/82

From a starting point just north of the Centre near Dorset, we will ski 6 - 7 km. into Gunn Lake where we set up camp and explore the neighbourhood.

Level - Intermediate

Limit - 8

HIGHLAND FLING Sat. Mar. 13th/82

Organizer: Karl Schimek

Book between Feb. 15th & Mar. 1st/82

Meet in Algonquin Park near Lac de Deux Rivera Friday nite. This will be followed by an early morning ski foray along a faint path through rugged, hilly terrain of the Highland Hiking Trail. This crack unit of individuals will travel light and will just cover the entire 15 km. plus loop, before dusk.

Level - Intermediate (in good physical cond.)

Limit - 5

Participants are welcome to stay the Friday night at the organizers cottage which is situated on the way up.

MEW LAKE ALGONQUIN PARK DAY TRIP

Sunday, March 14th/82

Organizer: Herb Pohl - 637-7632
525-9140 Ext.4241

Book before March 7th/82

Participants will have a choice of skiing some of the trails in the Park or free-lance. The organizer will camp Saturday night at Mew Lake.

Level - Intermediate

Limit - 5

LAST FLING - CROSS COUNTRY SKIING NORTH BAY

Sat. Mar. 20th & Sun. Mar. 21st/82

Organizer: Randy Berg - 519-623-1550 Bus
416-383-5703 Res

Book before March 8th/82

We will set up camp and ski on the extensive network of groomed and wilderness trails in the North Bay Region.

Level - Novice

Limit - 10

CANOE TRIPS

GRAND RIVER - Sat. Mar. 27th/82

Organizer: Randy Berg

Book before Mar. 20th/82

The FIRST chance to get the canoe back on the water. The Grand River between Cambridge and Paris offers some Grade 1 rapids and swift current.

Level - Novice

Limit - 5 canoes

SPEED RIVER - Sun. Mar. 28th/82

Organizer: Herb Pohl

Book before Mar. 21st/82

A chance for an easy and leisurely paddle from Guelph to Cambridge with a few swifts here and there.

Level - Novice

Limit - 5 canoes

products and services

Ojibwan Winter Travel Equipment:

Expand your horizons! Explore the routes of the voyageurs, packtraders, and native trappers using their time-tested methods for comfortable winter travel. For \$4.95 each, I am selling 9 ft. Indian style ojibwan (trail toboggans) with synthetic bases, wooden crossbars and with proper shaping including V-stern - a superior freighting capacity, flexibility and sliding performance that cannot be matched by modifying store bought toboggans. The powerful "top of the line" portable wood burning tent stove which I am selling with 11 ft. of stove pipe, pipe damper, shovel, fire trays and elbow for \$220, will fit nicely on these ojibwan. Contact Craig Macdonald at 705-766-2335.

Coleman Craft Canoes:

Coleman Craft Canoes, of hand-layed-up fiberglass, are available in 12'8", 14'8", and 16' L.O.A., with either a lake keel or shallow keel for river use. Custom made and sold only at our shop. Maximum production is limited to 100 per year. Please phone if you are interested in viewing films of our canoes and discussing their features. Bill Coleman: (519) 623-1804/1894. Shop located at 333 Dundas St. (Hwy. 8), Cambridge (Galt), Ontario.

Spray Covers:

Custom made for any canoe from waterproof nylon. Contact Rockwood Outfitters, 45 Speedvale Ave. E., Guelph, Ontario N1H 1J2. Phone 519 824-1415.

Bluewater Canoes:

Lightweight Kevlar-S-glass, fiberglass, and nylon canoes made with epoxy and vinylester resins. As well, we have an excellent line of canoes - Mad River, Nova Craft, Woodstream, Bluewater Royale - and canoeing supplies. Rockwood Outfitters, 45 Speedvale Ave. E., Guelph, Ontario N1H 1J2. Phone 519 824-1415.

Trippers:

Rentals of exceptional quality canoe and trail equipment. Cannondale tents, Lowe Alpine Systems backpacks, Mad River and Bluewater canoes. For information and reservations call Tripper's at 416 489-4378, Toronto.

Items For Sale

Waterproof camera bags (durable rubber, not plastic) with rolled-seam closures. Grumman canoe yoke, hardly ever used. John Cross: 416-487-0678.

Wooden Canoe

Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, Ltd., Box 5634, Madison, Wisconsin, 53705. Publishes a magazine (quarterly), Wooden Canoe which is rich in nuggets of hard-to-find information on building, restoring, and repairing wood-canvas, rib-and-plank, wood-strip, and birchbark canoes; who builds, repairs, restores etc.; sources of information; history; and more. For example, do you know who has Chesnut Prospector moulds? They do. They also track down and sell old books, article reprints, etc.

Wanted

Old inner tubes, bicycle (paddle lashing straps, snowshoe lace protectors) or car (rubber bands, patch gaskets). John Cross: 416-487-0678.

Canoe For Sale

Seventeen foot Grumman whitewater in very good condition. \$600. Call Peter: 416-762-7501.

Canoe For Sale

Eighteen-and-a-half foot Sawyer Champion III fiberglass canoe. Excellent for tripping. Very fast. Price \$350 or best offer.

Also two GILL-S-P bent paddles. Price \$50. Contact Peter Verbeek, 24 Romulus Drive, Scarborough, M1K 4C2. Phone 416-757-3814.

Discounts on Camping Supplies:

WCA members who present a membership card will receive ten percent discounts on many non-sale items at:

Margesson's, 17 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.
Don Bell Sports, 164 Front St., Trenton.
A.B.C. Sports, 552 Young St., Toronto.
Rockwood Outfitters, 15 Speedvale Ave. E., Guelph.

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

wca contacts

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WILDERNESS CANOE ASSOCIATION MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

I enclose a cheque for \$10 — student under 18
\$20 — adult
\$30 — family

for membership in the
WILDERNESS CANOE ASSOCIATION. I understand that this entitles me/us to receive The Wilderness Canoeist, to vote at meetings of the Association, and gives me/us the opportunity to participate in W.C.A. outings and activities.

NAME: _____ ADDRESS: _____
_____ phone: _____

Please check one of the following: () new member application
() renewal for 1982.

Notes: -This membership will expire January 31, 1983.
-Please send completed form and cheque (payable to the Wilderness Canoe Association) to the membership committee chairman.

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