



The beach pool on Hot Springs Island

Haida Gwaii Islands on the Edge of the World

Text by Beth Bellaire. Photos by Bruce Bellaire

To celebrate and commemorate several 30-year anniversaries, a retirement or two, and at least one major birthday, ten friends set out from southern Ontario and journeyed by various routes across Canada to the coast of British Columbia to begin a week together exploring the wonders of the Queen Charlotte Islands in mid-summer of 2008. This is a brief account of that adventure.

Many refer to the Queen Charlotte Islands by their na-

tive name, Haida Gwaii, which translates as "Islands of the People." According to Wikipedia, the original Haida name was Xhaaidlagha Gwaayaa'i or "Islands on the Edge of the World." Certainly, when we awoke, cocooned by the morning mists, it was easy to see why the Haida named them so.

Separated from the mainland by the waters of Hecate Strait, the archipelago is just south of the Alaskan Panhandle. At around 53°N, the islands are at the same



Unloading the Twin Otter on Murchison Island

latitude as Labrador City and Happy Valley – Goose Bay in Labrador, The Pas in Manitoba, or Attawapiskat on the shores of James Bay in northern Ontario. Unlike these places, though, Haida Gwaii has less extreme temperatures. In 2007, the weather ranged from a high of 22°C to a low of -6°C. When we visited in late July/early August, the days were a little cooler than usual for that time, around 14°C, but the nights were only a few degrees below that, making for very comfortable sleeping and reasonably pleasant days.

Our kayak trip was guided by Pacific Rim Paddling and was scheduled to explore just a small section of the protected parkland, Gwaii Haanas National Park Reserve and Haida Heritage Site, in and around the area of Hot Springs Island and the deserted

village of T'anuu. Because of a huge storm early on in the week, we ended up visiting even fewer spots than planned, but we were still able to experience the beauty of the land and the warmth of the people.

But I am getting ahead of myself. I must return to the beginning – the gathering at the Seaport B&B in Sandspit on Moresby Island, just a few minutes from the Sandspit Airport – and anywhere else in Sandspit, for that matter!

Friday, 25 July 2008

At the Vancouver Airport, my husband, Bruce, and I met up with the first of four other couples joining us for this trip: Dave and Barb Young, our best friends and canoeing buddies who have explored many a wilderness river with us. This was to be our first guided trip

and our first kayaking trip and, as usual, we were eager to get going.

After a short flight, we arrived at the small but serviceable Sandspit Airport. Everyone from the flight, it seemed, was going to the same B&B as we, so we all piled into the island's only taxi and rode the two blocks to the Seaport B&B, our rendezvous, consisting of the original house, where we had a room, and a collection of several added buildings including a long bunk house where others in our party were staying, and a smaller cottage called "The Studio" that was home-for-a-night to other members of the group. Bonnie, the owner, seemed to have a problem with over-booking, so our friends, Barb and Dave, had to load back into the taxi and move another two blocks down the street to an overflow location.

After settling in to our various



View from Murchison Island campsite

abodes and, for some of us, enjoying a short walk along the waterfront, we reconvened at Bonnie's and retraced our steps to the airport just next door, where we had reservations at the Seaport Inn, a recently renovated establishment that had much better fare than expected for this isolated commu-

nity. Several of us sampled the seafood chowder, which was excellent. All in all, it was a great beginning to the trip: it seemed we were a very compatible group – we all like red wine!

Saturday, 26 July

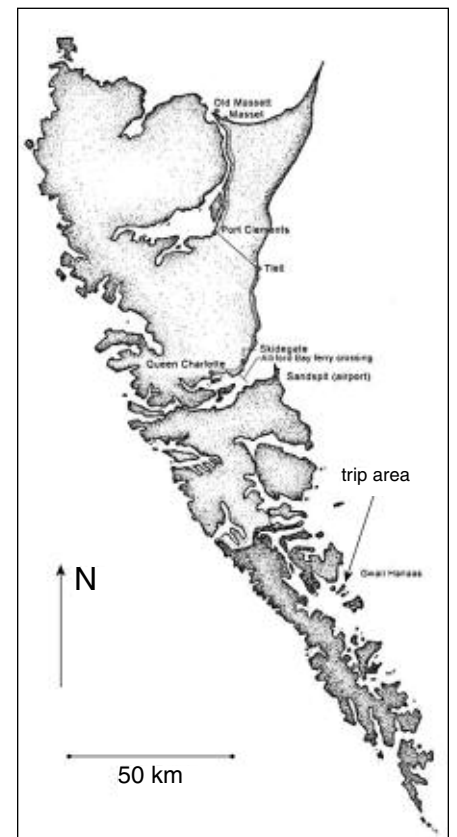
The morning was overcast but dry. We spent the early hours showering, eating a leisurely breakfast, walking along the beach, and completing last-minute preparations for the trip: sorting through luggage to make sure all trip gear was packed in waterproof sacks and all the rest was safely stored in Bonnie's luggage room. Then came the wait – the bus that was taking us to the floatplane launch at Alliford Bay was scheduled to arrive by eleven o'clock, but noon came before the bus. Adults, it seems, are little different than kids – it was hard to be patient.

Finally, Jean, our driver, arrived, and we quickly loaded all our gear as well as the food supplies into the back of the bus, and then we all piled in: that sense of being a kid was heightened by the fact that the bus was a yellow school bus. The 20-minute ride along the coast between Sandspit and the

plane launch was quite pleasant with ditches adorned by pink and mauve foxglove.



Haida mask by master carver Eric





Cabin built by Haida teenager

The plane, a Twin Otter, easily carried all the gear and people – I think we were all quietly hoping it would be just as easy to fit it all into six kayaks: it was quite a pile! The smooth 20-minute flight showed us an eagle's view of the islands. I was surprised to see many logging roads criss-crossing the hills and large swatches of clear-cuts. I had thought that logging was

forbidden here, but I guess it is only the southern national park reserve that is protected. Some abandoned roads were discernible by the bright green ribbons of new growth taking them back to the forest. We also had our first glimpses of the San Cristobel Mountain Range with its peaks still cloaked in snow.

Our flight destination was a shel-



Nine-person carry makes a light load

Food for Paddlers

This past summer, rather than our usual canoe trip, we opted for a kayak tour of Haida Gwaii. Due to the number of bad weather days our focus turned to food. We were not disappointed here. Our tour guides were master chefs and I think we gained weight on this trip. Pacific Rim has kindly given me permission to include some of their recipes. The quantities are for a large group and as you can see from the Chili Rellenos recipe, which was my favourite, our chefs were skilled with the use of a portable oven.

Chili Rellenos (serves 12-13)

2-28 oz. cans drained whole green chilis

1 egg/person + 2, separated (14 in this case)

3 lb cheese, sliced 1/2" thick
flour

Heavily margarine and flour two pans. Beat egg whites until stiff peaks form. Fold in 1/2 cup flour. Fold in beaten egg yolks. Layer half of the chilis in the bottom of the two pots, cover with half of the cheese. Cover with half of the egg mixture. Repeat. Bake at 350 degrees F for about 40 minutes or until a knife inserted in the center comes out clean or covered in melted cheese, not uncooked egg. Serve immediately.

Fusilli with Sundried Tomato Pesto

sundried tomatoes in olive oil

2 cups fine chopped almonds

2 cups grated parmesan

3 cloves garlic, squished

3 cups fresh fine chopped basil
fusilli

Mix tomatoes, basil, almonds & garlic with more olive oil to moisten. Let sit covered at least half an hour. Mix with cooked, drained pasta. For those with dairy intolerance, serve parmesan in small bowl on the side. Otherwise, mix into pesto.

If you would like to share your favourite tripping recipes, please contact Barb Young, 12 Erindale Crescent, Brampton, Ont. L6W 1B5; youngjdavid@rogers.com.

tered bay at the back of Murchison Island. This island, as many in the Queen Charlotte's, was renamed by the early Europeans after a famous scientist, Sir Roderick Impey Murchison (1792-1871), who was a Scottish geologist and one of the founders of the Royal Geographical Society of Britain. Awaiting our arrival was the outgoing troupe of adventurers who were all very effusive about their time in the mists, and our two guides, Morgan and Hillary. Once the transfer of goods out of and into the plane was completed and we were left on the shore, we circled round for introductions and instructions.

Our first campsite was just around the point, so we piled all the food and gear any which-way into the kayakers' holds and front seats and split into two groups: the paddlers and the walkers. The paddlers single-paddled the boats and enjoyed their first view of the rocky shores, while the walkers were treated to their first glimpse of the moss-covered floors of the forests. The main camp was already set up: two large tarps, a roll-up table, and a large cook stove complete with ovens made for a very comfortable kitchen.

The first order of business was for each couple to set up their own tent; there were many serviceable tent pads, some close to the beach and others in more sheltered locales. Once settled, we reconvened at the beach and slipped into the kayaks for a short paddle around a few outlying islands. For this paddle, we went as couples except for Bruce and me who took the front seats with Morgan and Hillary respectively. This gave me a chance to get to know Hillary a bit more. She grew up in Belleville and attended Albert College there. After high school, she'd attended the University of Victoria where she studied geography and environmental science. She'd been guiding for four years and thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity it provided to see so much flora and fauna firsthand. Morgan commented after the paddle that Bruce was the strongest paddler he'd ever paired with – evidence of the effect of dragon boat training, for sure.

We had our first sightings of the highly entertaining pigeon guillemots:



Sitka deer foraging on sea lettuce

their comical landings always made me laugh. As well, we spotted a few black oyster catchers and bald eagles, a more familiar great blue heron and, of course, the ubiquitous raven.

We also saw our first sea stars of the trip, along a rocky shoreline of a nearby island. With Hillary's patient repetition, by the end of the trip we were able to identify several types of

sea star, as well as varieties of sea weed and shellfish; these first were the common ochre star (*Pisaster ochraceus*), which comes in either purple or orange. It seems the colouring is determined by the water conditions: in more protected waters, they tend to be more purple in colour, and in more exposed spots, they tend to orange or brown.



Kayaks in camp, safely above the high tide line



Finishing the trip around Ramsey Island

Our first dinner of the trip certainly set the tone for the many feasts to follow. Appetizers were generally supplied by the guests, and the dinners followed various international themes. Unusual for us, there were always desserts accented with appropriate teas. Over the course of the trip, we came to know Hillary as the tea connoisseur that she is. We were treated to many varieties including ginger, peppermint, chamomile, and licorice – a different flavour for every condition.

After dinner, there was time for a stroll on the beach to enjoy some of the dramatic landscapes. On the walk, I was surprised by a small deer merely yards away from me. Unconcerned with my intrusion into its evening meal, it continued to graze while I slowly sidled by. For our benefit, it seemed, the sky cleared and treated us to a truly tranquil sunset.

Our first day closed with a small

fire on the beach, constructed below the high-tide line, so that any remnants would be quickly washed away. This same logic also applied to the management of human waste. Unlike our familiar practice of burying in the woods, we were instructed instead to find a spot close to the water's edge, so that the ocean currents could keep these well-used sites clean. A satisfying first day had also proved to be a tiring one – we were all tent-bound by shortly after 9:30 pm. Those lovely X-peds and Thermarests were calling.

Sunday, 27 July

At 6:30 am, the sky was cloudy with a tinge of pink softening the edges. Today's itinerary included a trip to Hot Springs Island, a Haida Heritage Site protected as usual by a group of Haida watchmen.

A comfortable 90-minute paddle along the western coast of Hot Springs

Island gave us time to stretch our muscles and work on our stroke. When we came in sight of the landing, we saw a giant cruise ship, complete with a helicopter on the back deck, that had beaten us to our destination. Because only a dozen visitors are allowed at any one time to enjoy the various pools, we had to wait our turn until the yachters had sufficiently soaked their skin.

This gave us the opportunity to meet some of the watchmen. Goalie was definitely the elder of the group. She was busy at the kitchen table making bread. She is one of the last living persons to speak the Haida language. She teaches the children at Skidegate, trying to keep the language alive. Irene spoke about missing her many grandchildren. Like me, she had four children, and all of them were still living in Skidegate. Family ties are strong in the Haida culture.

We were also privileged to visit Eric's work room where he carves Haida masks as used in dances as part of the traditional potlatch ceremony. It takes him just seven to ten days to transform a triangular chunk of red or yellow cedar into a beautiful work of art. The one he was presently working on was of a dog fish, or small shark, with teeth made from the trap doors of some local snail that he found in the debris of the stony beaches.

As it turned out, the folks from the yacht were quick, and we were soon trying out the variations in the three main springs: the Beach, the coolest of the three but with a lovely view of the San Cristobel Mountains; the Cliff, a smaller more private pool; and the main and hottest pool nearest the cabins. The water was lovely – a little salty but not too much evidence of sulphur.

After lunch, we said thanks and paddled off to swing back up the eastern shore of the island to return to our base camp on Murchison. We poked along, exploring little coves and inlets, making the trip a little longer but avoiding the wind for the most part. The water was wonderfully crystal clear here, and we came upon a bed of sea stars, sea urchins, anemones, and kelp crab, and we spotted one lonely jellyfish. Here we saw bat starfish, identified by their stumpy legs, a starburst or sunflower

variety with many, many legs, a delicate green mottled sea star, and another reddish orange mottled sea star that finally stumped Hillary. Hillary also pointed out several varieties of seaweed: the ubiquitous bull kelp, also called bullwhip or ribbon kelp, the feather boa kelp that is very aptly named, the bright green eelgrass and sea lettuce, and the rockweed, or fucus gardneri, which blankets all the exposed rocks and can be found around the world.

That evening, we were all listening to the weather radio, which was calling for a big blow in Hecate Strait with winds up to 50 knots (92.6 km/h). As Morgan would say, it looked like the weather was going to go sideways and we might be spending a bit more time battened down at this site than planned.

Monday, 28 July

As forecast, the winds were gusting

and although it was only a light mist coming down, it was very damp. The kitchen tarps were really flapping in the wind, so the early risers helped to move them into a more-sheltered spot amongst the trees. With a full day ahead and nowhere to go, Morgan and Hillary decided to treat us to Eggs Benedict, garnished with lox and washed down with a second pot of cowboy coffee.

Hillary then led us on a short nature hike where we learned about nurse logs and about logging techniques, both European and Haida. We were introduced to various lichens, fungi, and mosses, including the delicate stair-step moss that grows a new level every year. The group then split up. Some of us continued the walk in the woods and again came across a small deer. Like the one seen earlier, it too seemed

unperturbed by human presence. We clambered over some huge trees and a steep hill and finally returned home, well warmed up and just in time for lunch.

What else to do on such a day than retire to the tents for a read or an afternoon nap? Overhead was the ever-present pitter-patter of the rain – not a downpour, but a steady drizzle. By five-ish, people started poking heads out and soon we were all gathered around for cocktails and turkey jerky. For entertainment, we played spot-the-seal: our first sighting was brief as the grey visitor popped his head up and down as he swam around the bay. After dinner, the rain abated long enough to get a small fire going, but once again, we were all in bed by 9:30 pm, anticipating a 5:30 am roll-call from Morgan. Weather permitting; we were to break camp and move on in the morning.



The paddlers



A magical evening in Haida Gwaii

Tuesday, July 29

Well, 5:30 came and went with no Morgan and no roll-call. Above, we could still hear the insistent sound of the rain, and the wind was back. At least the rain died down enough to permit a day paddle. For balancing of boat speeds and variety of conversation, we had decided to split up couples. The new configuration worked so well, we stuck with it for the rest of the trip. This day's destination was a deserted shack that had been built by a Haida teenager as her private get-away from her parents. Seeva now operates a B&B in Sandspit and works for the coast guard.

After a short but chilly paddle going around the islands to the east and then south, we came to the mouth of a small shallow bay, at the end of which was the cabin, nestled in the trees. We snuck around the back, pulled our

boats to shore, and walked up the moss-covered path to Seeva's hide-away. It had certainly seen better days; in fact, half of the floor was pretty much non-existent. Gingerly stepping around the gaping holes, we snuggled into the cabin to enjoy a lunch with a roof over our heads.

Later, we toured the island, finding the remnants of herb gardens and a hot tub – and fresh huckleberries. The sun peeked out occasionally but not for more than a minute at a time. The rain, however, was persistent, and the wind continued to blow.

Along the shores on the paddle there and back, we spotted a few deer and either a river otter or a marten – probably the former. A cormorant flew over and some scoter ducks running across the water were spotted. Of course, there were our constant companions, the pigeon guillemots and oyster catch-

ers. And high up in a spruce, a bald eagle watched us pass.

As we returned to camp, the wind was really whipping up whitecaps in front of the site, reaffirming the wisdom of the decision to stay put for another day. We were in the midst of the usual group carry to move the kayaks to safety above the high tide line when one of the kayaks, waiting for its lift, was lifted instead by the wind and began to skim away across the waves. With barely a hesitation, fearless Peggy raced to the rescue and ran waist-deep into the frigid water to capture the wayward boat. She was rewarded by warm applause all around, but she was still shivering.

Afternoon was again spent walking, reading, sleeping, or playing cards – this was getting way too lazy! We all hoped tomorrow would bring a change in weather.

Wednesday, 30 July

We awoke to Morgan's rooster impersonation: his *cock-a-doodle-do* was such a welcome sound since it announced the news that we were breaking camp at last. Amazingly enough, with only a little bit of repacking and restuffing, everything fit into the boats.

Leaving the protection of the bay where we were camped, we first tried to go left. This way would lead across the Juan Perez Strait and up the coast to the Bichu Islands and T'anuu. Before we'd gone very far at all, the winds and whitecaps changed our minds, and we made a 180° turn: it would be back to the Hot Springs and on to Ramsay Island instead. We still had to bend our backs to make headway in the wind, but we made it at last to the back beach of Hot Springs Island. We unloaded our lunch supplies and swimsuits and trekked through the woods to the Haida camp on the other side of the island. Needless to say, it was raining all this time: sometimes a light mist, sometimes a downpour, and everything in between. Given our bedraggled state, the pools were even more soothing this time around.

After a quick lunch, we were back in the kayaks and off to our day's destination. We passed by a burial island – very sacred ground where it is forbidden to land. We paddled on to Ramsay Island where we set up camp in another sheltered cove with a long curving beach.

After the usual kayak carry, we spread out to see the lay of the land. Back in the woods were numerous tent pad choices, some next to trickling creeks, and beyond that, the majestic old-growth forest. Just up the hill we found two cedars that had had their bark harvested within the last couple of years, the cuttings were that fresh. We also found some hollowed-out trees that one could disappear into.

As we waited for dinner to be served (yes, we were getting used to this extravagant pampering!), we were startled to see a small deer appear right next to us and nonchalantly start munching on the fresh seaweed left behind by the tide. Then out came another – and another – and another; by times, there were half a dozen deer

chomping away. It seems since hunting is forbidden on this island, these Sitka deer have no fear of humans. This variety is also very small, perhaps because the mainstay of their diet is seaweed.

A new island to explore for the after-dinner walk – and the rain had stopped so we were able to enjoy a lovely sunset. Since the next day would be our last full day out, we were all hoping the sun would stay.

Thursday, 31 July

Just before breakfast call, we heard the return of that telltale pitter-patter on the tent – more rain! Reluctantly, we surfaced, but our bright faces brought a change, and the rain stopped at last. The day's outing was to be a circumnavigation of our island. On Morgan's advice, we all packed a change of clothing as well as a heavier layer, *just in case the weather went sideways*, and we set off just before noon. Our first stop was to look beneath our boats at a

spectacular starfish bed, full of various sea stars, sea urchins, and sea cucumbers.

This shoreline was quite gnarly with few spots to land. We rounded a rocky outcrop covered with sea gulls, and we tried to sneak up on a few seals who quickly wriggled away as we approached. Our lunch stop was on a sandy beach at the southwest side of the island, about 2/3 of the way around. Here, we were briefly entertained by a braver seal who came to see what we were up to. Then we saw the spout of a whale way off across the expanse of the Juan Perez Strait.

As we poked along the shore, we discovered caves dug out by the power of the tides, and we spied another Sitka deer easily scaling what appeared to be a vertical rock face – they must be part mountain goat. We also saw a pair of peregrine falcons and spotted their nest by following the white trail of guano up the hill to its source. Suddenly, Morgan shouted "WHALE!" Too slow,



Guide Morgan and his lime cheesecake



Remains of longhouse in T'anuu

we all missed the breach. Easier to see was the unusual lenticular cloud formation hovering over the San Cristobels that Morgan pointed out. As he explained, these layered clouds are created by bands of moister air being trapped between drier air. Our guides truly are well versed in many of the details of the sea, the land, and the skies.

Rounding the northwest corner of Ramsey Island, Hot Springs Island came into view. This time there was a large sailboat out front: it certainly is a popular stop. We continued on, but as we entered our bay, we stopped to explore another oyster bed full of sea stars, urchins, and schools of moon jellyfish. It was beautiful. The pièce de résistance was a giant lion's mane jelly fish that some of us were lucky enough to see: it was 18 inches in diameter, with a beautiful yellow-orange mane that gives it its name.

During most of this day, we were basking in the warming rays of the sun. So, once back to camp, everything quickly came out of the tents to be hung from every available branch to dry – what a sight. We all enjoyed an hour of relaxation in the sun. Some folks helped Morgan dismantle the Feathercraft kayaks, a process that ended with two large bags sitting on the beach. The cost of one of these bags: \$5,500!

Friday, 1 August

The usual morning roll call at seven o'clock saw the last of the sleepyheads tumble out of tents; the early risers who had trekked to the facilities and the other beach were treated to the antics of a family of river otters frolicking in the sheltered waters and bull kelp of the adjacent bay. The view from our beach was breathtaking: the peaks of the San

Cristobels reached clear, white, and cold up to the crystal blue skies.

After all the gear was packed and piled on the beach, ready for the zodiak pick up, a few of us opted to go for one last paddle. We scooted out to explore the shallows surrounding our bay, and were lucky enough to have a sighting of two lion's mane jellyfish, but they were swimming deeper than before, and we were past them before we could stop for a better look.

Still, the waters shimmered with thousands of the translucent moon jellyfish, from the smallest ones the size of a fingernail to the larger ones as big as one's fist. We also spotted a large bed of sea stars. As we prepared to leave, we were finally becoming familiar with the varieties – the common ochre star, the fat bat star, the many-legged sunflower star, and the delicately long-legged mottled star. We

were awed by the beautiful play of light filtering down through the eelgrass and the swaying of the bull kelp billowing in the tidal currents. All in all, the ocean is a magnificent world.

After lunch, the zodiak with its driver, Max, arrived; gear and kayaks were loaded, and we were off. A half-hour ride took us to the deserted village of T'anuu. There, the Haida watchmen were Leah and Sean, two young Haida who seemed to really enjoy sharing their heritage with us. T'anuu is a spiritual place: a feeling of loss permeates the fallen moss-covered pillars of the once grand village longhouses. We were saddened to imagine whole communities, whole tribal memories, being lost within 10 or 20 years because of white-man's diseases. It is hard not to feel some sense of historical responsibility.

Unfortunately, we had to have the

abbreviated tour because we were on a tight schedule to get Morgan and Hillary back to Sandspit in time for their evening ferry, but we left with a strong sense of the pride of the Haida nation and a desire to return again.

Back in the zodiak, we zoomed past some breathtaking views of snow-capped mountains and hills and hills of trees. We spied a black bear on a beach and a couple of Sitka deer in the woods. By four o'clock, we were closing in on civilization in the garb of Moresby Camp. The transfer of boats and gear from zodiak to van went quickly, and soon the ten of us were underway with Max now at the wheel of the van. Again, we saw lots of wildlife: another small bear and at least three deer, larger than our Sitka deer; they were probably mule deer. Again, the roadsides were garlanded with pinks

and mauves of foxglove. The road itself was a rough logging road with plenty of potholes and a few steep slopes, but Max was as comfortable here as on the water.

We arrived back in Sandspit shortly after 6:00 pm. Since we'd missed the final beer run, there was no point in relaxing, so we all quickly showered and reconvened at our favourite dining room at the Sandspit Inn. The food was as good as we'd remembered.

Finally, as with all good things, our adventure was winding down. We would all continue on our separate ways, some to enjoy a few more days in the Queen Charlottes and on the BC coast, others to head back to Ontario and work.

But we would all remember our days in Haida Gwaii as a very special holiday with a wonderful group of friends.



View on Tanu Island



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Nastawgan is an Anishinabi word meaning "the way or route"

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

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

Editorial

Our newsletter-journal *Nastawgan* has seen some good but also some trying times in 2008. Editor-in-Chief Elizabeth Sinclair, who has done a fine job putting an entertaining and informative publication together since she took on the volunteer editor's job early 2006, has developed serious health problems and was forced to give up her position as editor-in-chief by the end of the year.

Fortunately I, her predecessor, was able to help out and take over the job on an interim basis, ensuring the continuation, at least temporarily, of a canoeing journal that has, over the years, become quite famous in the world of wilderness canoeing.

That recognition is, of course, a source of great pride to us all. But it will be very hard to maintain the same level of excellence without the efforts of a truly dedicated and capable editorial team consisting of an editor-in-chief supported by several editors responsible for specific tasks.

In the last two issues some ads were placed to find people that would be interested in being trained to become editor, and we have had a few good responses to those requests. But we would very much like to discuss the issue with several more interested candidates. If you are such an interested candidate, please contact the Chairman or the Editor.

To put it bluntly: either we get help from the membership to build a dedicated team of editors, or *Nastawgan* will not have much of a long-term future.

Deadlines

The deadline dates for submitting material for the next three issues in 2009 are: the first day of May, August, and November. If you have questions, please contact the editor; addresses on the last page.



AGM photos

Go to this link to see some photos Aleks Gusev made at the AGM: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xKIFeKL3zIQ>



WCA 2009 Annual General Meeting

What more appropriate setting could there be for a gathering of canoeing enthusiasts than the Canadian Canoe Museum in Peterborough? It was indeed an ideal location for our 2009 Annual General Meeting.

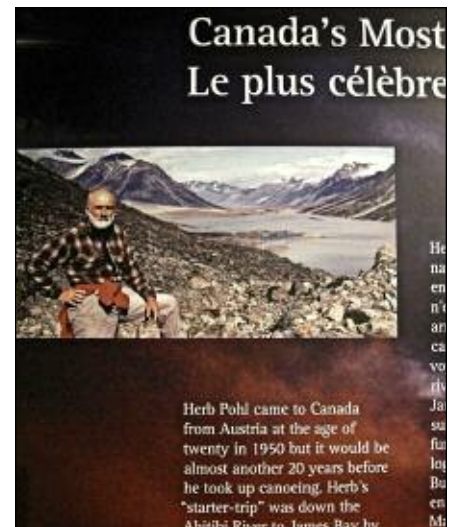
The day began with coffee-and-muffin "meet and greet" and then the business meeting. Alex Gusev presented his chairman's report along with some amusing and nostalgic slide shows. Much discussion revolved around the newly acquired my CCR website. There is much optimism about utilizing the site to generate increased interest in the club and the sport in general. The Board of Directors said goodbye to Doug Ashton, Linda Gordon, and Gisela Curwen. Their positions will be filled by Mary Perkins, Michel LaFrance, and Barbara Burton.

After our catered lunch, we were treated to a guided tour of the historical canoe museum, including the new exhibit to commemorate our friend and fellow WCA member, the late Herb Pohl. Located in the Reflections Gallery of the Museum, it is a lovely and moving tribute to a legendary Canadian canoeist.

Our keynote speaker, Paul Mason, kept us entertained with his "animated" presentation. Starting with some anecdotes from his childhood canoeing experiences, he shared with us his perspective of helping his father, Bill Mason, in the production of the Path of the Paddle books and videos. Paul wanted to show us how he got where he is in terms of canoeing, kayaking, and his other passion, cartooning. He revealed some of his inspirations for his comics and also the techniques and stages that he goes through to create the cartoon strips. Paul's sense of humour (and his ample supply of door prizes!) kept us laughing and on our toes.

The Canadian Canoe Museum again proved to be a popular location as evidenced by the great turnout of 65 WCA members and guests. All in all, it was a productive and enjoyable event.

Lisa Ashton



Four shortened and (somewhat) edited AGM comments

I enjoyed my day yesterday. It was nice to finally make the connection with a group of other nature-loving paddling enthusiasts! This is something I have been hoping to do for a while now but haven't had or made the time. I am looking forward to the possibilities and I feel quite inspired today. And I certainly appreciate the effort and hard work of the WCA. Hopefully in the future I can become more actively involved.

Kira Kamocki

I was at the WCA AGM yesterday. I just want to thank you for putting on such a great event. It was wonderful to take a tour of the canoe museum with such a knowledgeable guide and I thoroughly enjoyed Paul Mason's presentation as well. Thanks for putting the day together.

Sara Rykov

Just returning from my first AGM, actually my first WCA event other than

Wilderness First Aid last fall. My compliments to you and your crew. The location was stellar, the tribute to your past member touching, the guest speaker entertaining, and the meeting, well like any volunteer organization these days, tough going. Events like this do not just happen. They take lots of ef-

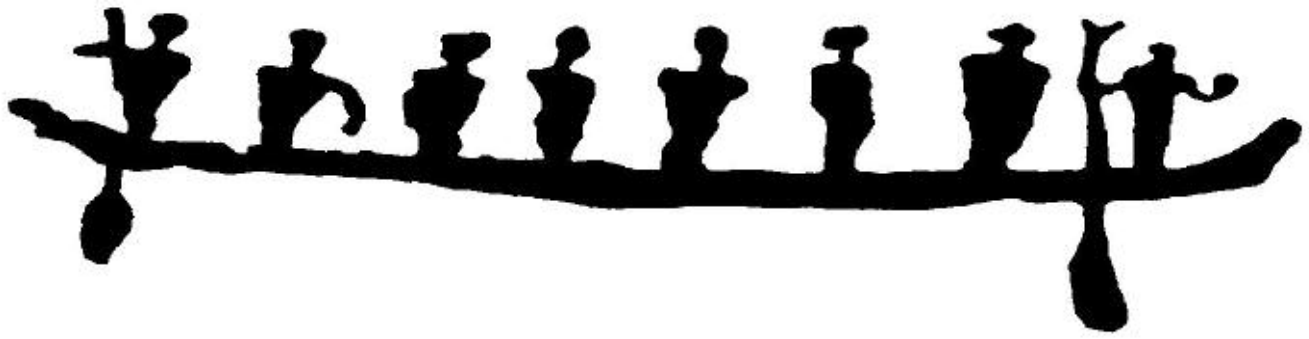
fort from dedicated people. Thanks for a fun and memorable day.

Annie van Dyk

Great AGM! I am just so fond of the WCA family.

Anne Bradley





Chairman's Report

**Presented on February 28, 2009 at the Annual General Meeting
of the Wilderness Canoe Association at the Canadian Canoe Museum
in Peterborough, Ontario.**

It gives me great pleasure to stand in front of you today and deliver my Chairman's Report. Doing so here at the Canadian Canoe Museum makes me even more proud. As images and artifacts from the present and the past fire up my imagination, I'm reminded of how privileged we all are to call Canada home.

The intent of this report is to provide you, WCA members, with insight into key items that filled the Board's agenda over the past year. By, hopefully, accepting my report, you will, endorse the work of a dedicated group of individuals who unselfishly invested time and energy to the betterment of our Association. Let us all thank them for their dedication and hard work.

Declining **membership** remains our key concern. This trend is prevalent in other, similar associations. The paddling community at large has been in a steady decline as aging members fail to be replaced by younger folks, who more often than not find more interactive attractions elsewhere. The WCA participated at the Palmer Fest (negligible impact), the Paddle Fest (better), and the Outdoor Adventure Show (most promising). Recently, we launched an appeal to the Canadian Canoe Routes (CCR) community to consider joining the WCA after we had successfully masterminded their site for just over a year. The request has generated interest and sparked engaging discussions. This has been a great learning experience, and a very constructive follow-up will surely ensue. The CCR

community of around 6,000 members represents the most likely source of future WCA members. The Wilderness Canoe Symposium, too, has provided valuable links to attending students of outdoor education programs from several Universities. Lastly, several members with interest and extensive experience in dealing with paddling youth and/or youth in general have expressed an interest in creating a new approach to attracting younger members.

The WCA is a successful recipient of a grant administered by the **Ontario Trillium Foundation**. The total amount of the grant (\$56,100) is spread over three years. Funds are tied to specific projects like updating and operating the CCR website, amalgamating CCR and WCA websites, completing *Nastawgan* digitization, modernizing our display booth, and outsourcing technical support. Financially we are well positioned to take advantage of the opportunities that are available through synergies with the CCR, as well as funding the initiatives that will directly contribute to increasing membership and broaden the appeal of the WCA to the general public.

Nastawgan, our beloved quarterly journal, has long been a lynchpin of our value to members. Toni Harting has generously again taken over the helm, this time as the interim editor, while the search for a new editor-in-chief and support editors continues. We now offer digital subscriptions to members who are environmentally concerned and/or prefer

a paperless read. The online color version of *Nastawgan* packs a great punch and has been, judging by your reactions, a huge hit. Digitization of back issues carries on and is near completion. More work is planned to facilitate easier access to the back issues. To paraphrase a new member who recently joined from the CCR ranks: "I took one look at the journal and filled out your application form PDF right away." Our thanks go to Toni and his editorial team, as well as Bill King and his distribution team, and Jeff Haymer who is responsible for making the online version available.

The **Canadian Canoe Routes** website was purchased by the WCA in the fall of 2007. The site is easily the best paddling resource in North America and possibly the world, with over 1,500 trip reports and 200,000 posts in 20,000 threads. Pause for a moment and process that! The first year of our ownership was marked by upgrading the platform on which the site is run, cleaning/inhibiting the spam, and making gentle attempts to generate advertizing revenue. Our objectives in the next stage, which has already begun, are to more aggressively (yet tastefully) pursue advertizing revenue, amalgamate the CCR and WCA websites, and revamp/modernize the Routes section. None of this would have been possible if not for the boundless energy and enthusiasm of Marilyn Sprissler (runs the back-end) and Allan Jacobs (runs the "store"). They are assisted by Moderators who are engaged in day-to-

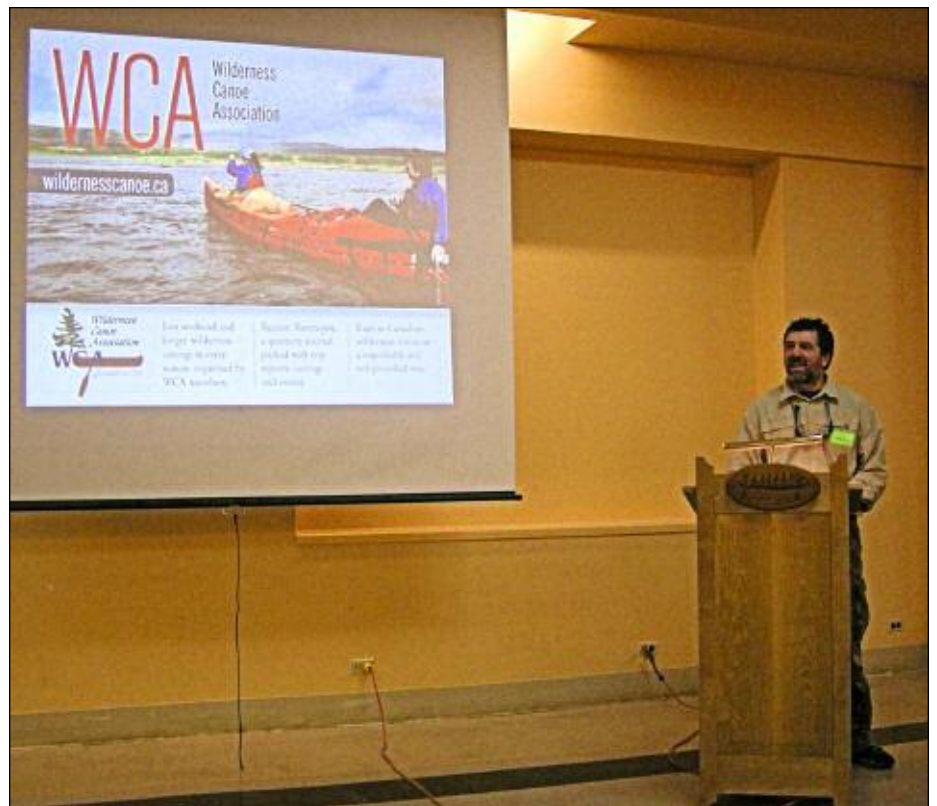
day operation of the site.

Acquisition of the CCR was the right thing to do. As Allan will likely point out in his more detailed report, the Wilderness Canoe Symposium and the CCR website provide two unique platforms that help raise the WCA profile. I have no doubt that the CCR represents the future generator of both revenue and new members.

At the last AGM, we thanked Erhard Kraus, departing **Conservation** Chair, for his contributions in preserving the land, rivers, and lakes in Canada. The search for the new Chair followed. Vigorous bush-beating flushed out Jeff McColl, a 53-year-old Canada Post Letter Carrier from Milton. Jeff started paddling in kayaks and had his first international race in 1973; he raced internationally until 1982. He represented Canada at three world championships and also won several sprint national championships.

Conservation issues abound and it's difficult, if not impossible, to keep track of them all – let alone actually do something about them. As of late, Jeff is assisted in his efforts by another incredible WCA member – Joel Cooper. A retiree after 31 years as an MNR employee, Joel makes the North Shore of Lake Superior his home. A former member of the Lake Superior Binational Forum, a member of the Steering Committee for the Citizens Concerned for Michipoten Bay, Director and former Chair of Nijkiwenhwag (Friends of Lake Superior Park), Joel has what it takes to represent the interest of wilderness paddlers.

Jeff McColl has been very involved in informing us about recent proposed changes to the Navigable Waters Protection Act, urging us to take action. Conservation issues and prevailing concerns touch everyone of us in a special and unique way. Our reach has broadened considerably with immediate access to 500+ WCA members and over 6,000 CCR members. This gives us, for the first time, a legitimacy that very few paddling organizations can claim. We will continue to rely on Jeff and Joel to keep us informed and to co-ordinate the future actions.



A highly dedicated but small number of **Outings Committee** members, with generous assistance from several volunteer organizers, continues to offer a choice of outings, educational workshops, and social events. I encourage you to reach out to Bill Ness, the Committee Chair, and offer your assistance and ideas for new outings. The Fall Meeting at the Madawaska Kanu Centre and the Wine & Cheese Party in Toronto were both well attended. Our collective appreciation goes out to all of you who create an environment where the rest of us can have fun.

And speaking of good times, it's obvious to me that we love getting together to share stories or just to paddle as a group. We should strive to do more of that. If, while having fun paddling, you make a contribution to the betterment of others and to the protection of this wonderful land – well, you can be proud! Looking ahead, there's so much we can do. The WCA will continue to strengthen its value to our existing as well as prospective members by offering more "green" subscriptions to *Nastawgan*, strengthening our online

content, broadening conservation efforts, and engaging more members in various projects. The marvels of modern technology have made it possible for you to contribute in many different ways, regardless of where you live. Please remember that! Sincere thanks goes to those of you who responded to my plea for help, published in the winter journal. I'm encouraged by your responses and by the fact that several of you live outside of Southern Ontario.

In closing, allow me to express my gratitude again to all of you who helped navigate our WCA canoe through, at times, troubled waters. Even as I now look upon the fresh snow on the ground, I also look ahead to the spring and a new paddling season. To paraphrase our newest Board member, Michel Lafrance, from Sutton, Quebec: "As I am shoveling, I always think that it's all water, which will eventually end up in a river somewhere; the more the better."

I hope to see you all on that river.

Aleksandar Gusev

Symposium: Northern Travels & Northern Perspectives VIII

Hundreds of paddlers and other lovers of the outdoors thoroughly enjoyed the 19 presentations made at this annual symposium, organized by George Luste and sponsored by the WCA, held in Toronto on 13 and 14 February 2009. The following presentations were made:

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| -- Fall Colours on the Horton River | Chris Lepard |
| -- Canoe Quest – Spiritual and Personal | John Gardner |
| -- My Arctic Heritage | Aaju Peter |
| -- Charpentier & Leaf in 2007 | Lynette Chubb & Lester Kovac |
| -- Tale of Two Canoe Trips, and Their Contrasts | Lee Sessions |
| -- Kuujua River & Beaufort Sea Expedition | Jim & Ted Baird |
| -- My Father's 'Nahanni Journals' | Alan Patterson |
| -- 'The Old Way North' – Oberholtzer/Magee | David Pelly |
| -- Art & Adventure of Arthur Heming | Jim Stone |
| -- Natural & Cultural History of Lake Superior | David Wells |
| -- A Glimpse of Eden – the Slates | Craig Norell & Rita Komendant |
| -- Great Lakes Wilderness -- Eastern L. Superior | Joel Cooper |
| -- Two Months in the Barrens | Julia Jennings |
| -- North of 60 – Father & Son in the Arctic | Jack & Dan Frimeth |
| -- Avian North & Tree Line Travels | Bob Schaefer |
| -- Painting the Snake – an Artist's Trip | Don Morrison & Art Clarke |
| -- Alone in the Barrens – Wilderness Odyssey | Tim Irvin |
| -- Canoeing 8,000 km in Search of Country | Jay Morrison |
| -- Dreamtime, a Tribute to Wilderness Canoeing | Toni Harting |



Aaju Peter and "qulliq", soapstone oillamp



This Land — A Paddler's Parody

This land is your land, this land is my land.
From the Torngat Mountains, to the Tatshenshini
From the Burnside River, to the Missinaibi
This land was made for you and me

As I was paddling, in early morning
I saw before me, that sparkling river
I saw above me, that endless skyway
This land was made for you and me

This land is your land, this land is my land
From the Bonnet Plume, to the Mountain River
From the Harricana, to the wild Nahanni
This land was made for you and me

At the end of the portage, there was a sign there
And on that sign it said "No Trespassing"
But on the other side, it didn't say nuthin'
That side was made for you and me

This Land – a Paddler's Parody was written (with apologies to Woody Guthrie) by Don Morrison and performed by all those present at the Wilderness Canoe Symposium on 14 February 2009.

Cette terre est notre terre, cette terre est ma terre,
De la rivière Coulonge, à l'île de Vancouver.
Du Cercle Polaire, au fleuve St-Laurent.
Cette terre fut créée pour toi et moi

Well, the Back and Kazan, Bonnet Plume and Thelon
Are home to the wolf, caribou and grizzly
Ptarmigan and peregrine, bald eagle and raven
Muskox and moose, and you and me

This land is your land, this land is my land
From the Torngat Mountains, to the Tatshenshini
From the Burnside River, to the Missinaibi
This land was made for you and me



Whispers from the Wind: A Family Expedition

Story by Stephanie Potter

Photographs by Tom Potter, Stephanie Potter, Bob Jickling

Deep in Northern Yukon's mountains, by far the most isolated I've ever been, the single-turbo Otter, with our three canoes nestled safely below, banked hard to port, seemingly skimming the steep hills, and descended quickly to McClusky Lake. After unloading, the plane headed home, leaving me with butterflies in my tummy and thinking about what my first near-Arctic paddling trip would be like. With my home being in Thunder Bay, Ontario, and paddling experiences on lakes of the Canadian Shield, the Yukon is so different from what I am used to. Will I enjoy my time here on the Wind River? What will it be like? What should I expect? Do I have the skills and knowledge necessary to safely paddle this river? There's no turning back now!

I love sports and the outdoors. When I was a little 'munchkin' I thought that everyone was brought up enjoying outdoor activities. I later realized that I was one of those lucky kids who was introduced to a wide variety of outdoor activities at a very young age. I have grown up just outside of a town surrounded by lakes, rivers, and forests, all of which hold amazing opportunities for outdoor activities. Thunder Bay's surroundings have helped me to become passionate about the outdoors and to enjoy sports such as skiing, skating on Lake Superior, horseback riding, canoeing, and kayaking.

As a youngster I seemed to have lived outside, either in a canoe, on a toboggan, on a pair of skates or skis, or simply 'fishing' in a mud puddle. My parents never said, "Oh, it's raining, so

taught me much about the Yukon, river travel, and myself. Our sixteen-day adventure on the Wind and Peel Rivers was twice as long as any other canoe trip I had experienced, and was my first

in a near-Arctic environment. Since the age of four, I have paddled many Northern Ontario lakes including trips in Quetico and Wabakimi Provincial Parks. However, this river trip was definitely a huge jump for me and my brother Andrew. In fact, it was our first time paddling whitewater and our first canoe trip in such a remote and demanding environment.

In addition to my family of four (my parents, my

11-year-old brother Andrew, and me, age 13), a couple of paddling veterans, Wendy and Bob Jickling, from Whitehorse, Yukon, completed our group and helped make this experience more enjoyable. We shared many funny moments before, during, and after the trip. They taught us a lot about northern rivers and showed us some different ways of living in, travelling through, and experiencing the North. For example, all of our meals were cooked over open fires and I learned some of Bob's ways of appreciating the environment through watercolour painting and pin-hole photography, both of which were new to me.

Cooking over fires was something I really enjoyed. We brought one stove with one litre of fuel, but it never even



In the floatplane

we can't go outside." With a different way of thinking they said, "Oh, it's raining outside, so let's go put on our rain gear." Being comfortable with challenging elements has helped me to love the outdoors. Having a dad who teaches outdoor recreation at Lakehead University has given me the chance to join his classes, many involving snowshoeing, canoeing, dog sledding, skiing, etc. He has always found a way for me to spend time with people who love and enjoy being outside. My parents continue to introduce me to new sports, outdoor activities, and environments. Last winter I "borrowed" my Mom's telemark skis and found yet another way to enjoy the outdoors.

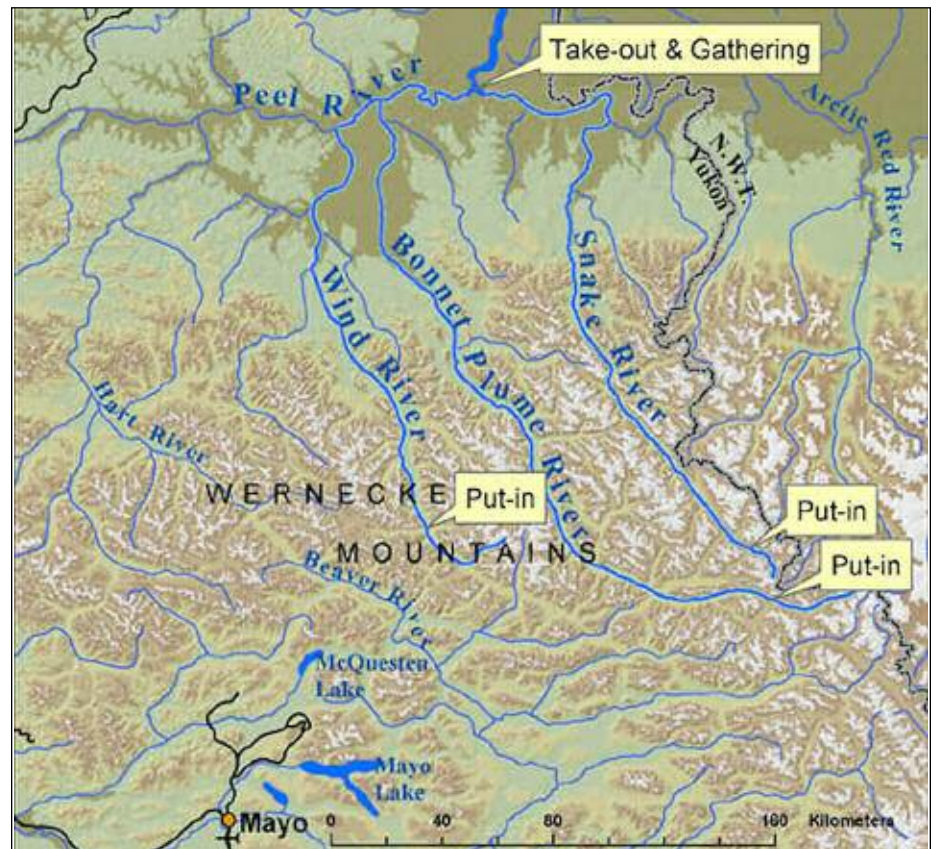
My Wind River journey was full of new and amazing experiences and has



Lining the unnamed creek

surfaced. The after-effects of spring runoff usually made finding firewood pretty easy. All we had to do was walk out on the gravel by the river's edge and pick the driftwood out of the bushes. Cooking over fires also introduced me to different cooking techniques, such as the Dutch oven. The Dutch oven allowed us to cook some meals but primarily bake desserts. I really enjoyed this method of cooking; with just the right amount of coals below and atop the Dutch oven our baking came out a delicious golden brown. In one place we gathered coal from the river banks and had a coal fire.

The long daylight hours allowed Bob and me to spend many evenings together painting. He showed me some techniques and encouraged me to keep painting, even after the trip. Painting allowed me to share my appreciation for things that I could not express with words, such as the surrounding mountains. These mountains are absolutely stunning; they rise straight out of the river, harsh, steep, and jagged, leaving



Three rivers: Wind, Bonnet Plume, Snake

the sparse vegetation behind. Painting also allowed me to think back about my day and to look for details in the surrounding wilderness.

Bob's pinhole camera taught me a lot about photography. I learnt how film cameras work and the art of taking photos with a pinhole camera. Bob's pinhole camera was made out of a small wooden box with a roll of film inside that captured an image through a small hole. Bob used his finger to control the amount of light that reached the film. This kind of photography takes patience. Many photos will not turn out, but many capture a special effect that cannot be achieved with a regular camera. Helping Bob with some of his photos allowed me to slow down and really think before taking a photograph, instead of just snapping away with my digital camera.

The Wind River is situated in central/northern Yukon. The put-in, McClusky Lake, is approximately 130 km, one hour by air, northeast of Mayo.

Before reaching the river itself, paddlers must complete a 300-m portage and line/paddle three kilometres of an unnamed creek. The Wind River runs north from the Wernecke Mountains to where it joins the Peel River, approximately 190 km downstream. The only possible place for a floatplane to land over the course of the trip is a further 87 km downstream on the Peel River at Taco Bar. This is where we were to be picked up. Thinking about this sometimes made me nervous. What if we had an accident, how would we get out?

During the approximate 277 km trip distance, the river drops about 1000 m in elevation and at some points does so very quickly. One specific spot I remember is just before the confluence of the Wind and the Little Wind.

I found that choosing the Wind River as my first whitewater canoe trip was very appropriate for both me and my brother. As the river progresses it becomes faster and more difficult. This gave Andrew and me time to learn how

to read the river, safely avoid obstacles, build our confidence, and most importantly enjoy the river, scenery, and wildlife in a safe and fun fashion. The river presented many new challenges for us, but none were too difficult with the company of four other paddlers experienced in whitewater and remote wilderness travel.

Generally, the river's challenges were not very technical, but we had to pay close attention, especially when going around corners. Because of the high content of gravel that forms the river's edge, the river erodes its banks, causing sharp corners with many fallen trees that can present dangerous strainers. On one occasion my Dad and I came around a corner too far to the outside and were in danger of getting stuck in one of these fallen trees. We quickly back-ferried to the inside of the turn, leaving our hearts racing but safely avoiding the danger. Large wave trains, boils, the occasional ledge, and the Peel Canyon added to my nervous excitement.



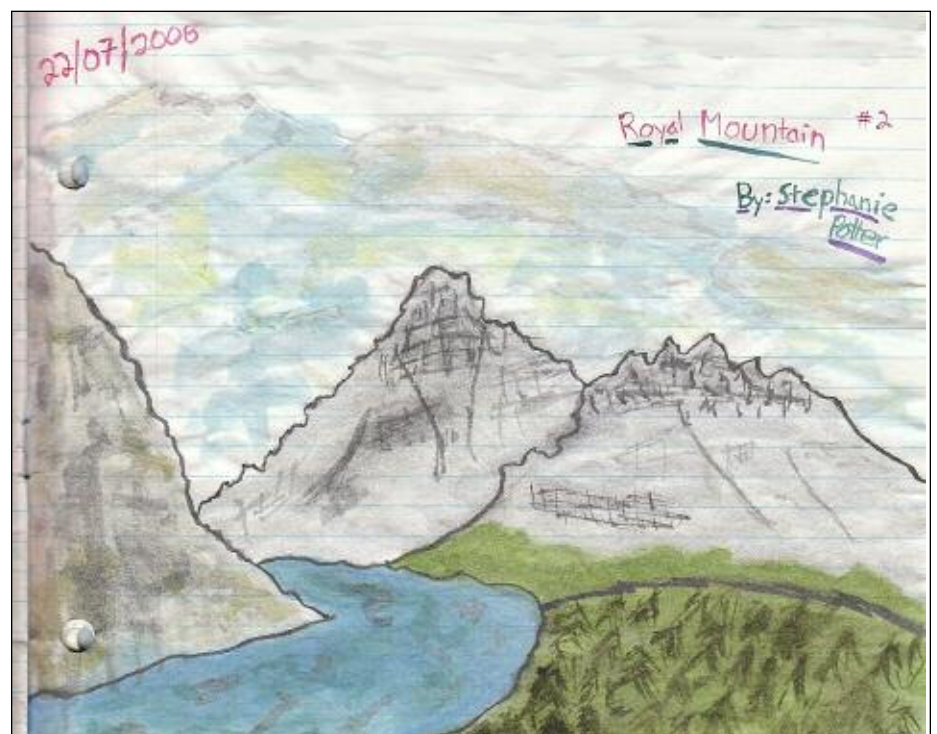
McClusky Lake



Dad, Andrew, Stephanie, Mom

In a couple of places the Wind River consists of massive gravel bars, kilometres wide and long. In these places the river fans out into countless channels within vast valleys bound by steep, rocky mountains. This sometimes became very challenging for us because, with so many channels, we sometimes found ourselves with too little water to float our boats. Consequently, many times during the trip we had to scramble out of our boats into the icy-cold water to haul them over the gravel. Constantly hopping in and out of my boat became very tiring. With so many tributaries meandering through such wide valleys, it is important for all the canoes to stay together, because if a group gets separated they may not see the canoe with the evening's dinner for several days!

Andrew and I became much stronger paddlers during our adventure. As full-time bow paddlers we had to warn our



Watercolour sketch "Royal Mountain"



Pinhole photograph

stern paddlers about rocks and strainers, and be able to help pick the best channel through the large gravel bars. I came off the river feeling more comfortable on rivers and a safer and more knowledgeable paddler. The way we paddled the river also made the trip more enjoyable. We did not rush. Some rainy days became rest days and we used our time to enjoy painting, reading, sleeping, and hiking. Although the weather on these days was gloomy, they often offered some of the best moments of the trip.

The paddling and the river was a huge part of what made the trip so special and unforgettable, but the scenery was also spectacular. A great part of the river is situated in the heart of the Wernecke Mountains. I have never been in the midst of something so special. Being in the middle of what seems like endless chains of mountains is a very distinct feeling that paddlers don't often get to experience. These mountains are absolutely stunning. No mountain is similar to the next. They all have differ-

ent characters, colours, peaks, and valleys.

The Wernecke Mountains are also home to many amazing birds and animals. Although we did not see all of the creatures the mountains are home to, we still observed many they had to offer. We spotted bald eagles, peregrine falcons, many other types of birds, Dall sheep, porcupines, arctic grayling, and my new favourite animal, the caribou. Before my trip I had never seen a caribou outside of a zoo. When I set my eyes on the first wild one I've seen I was stunned. One time we came around a corner and came face to face with a baby caribou calling for its mother. Caribou are so graceful and all in their own way. When they run, they seem to glide over the land with their heads held high and feet kicking out behind. I find it fascinating how they can live in such a harsh climate. We also saw many signs of some animals we did not have a chance to see, such as grizzly bear scat and holes where they had dug for squir-

rels, many sets of wolf tracks, and a couple of likely wolf dens. I could sure tell that there was a lot of action going on in this wilderness.

Waking up to the roar of the plane's engine was one interesting way to start the last day. Without us knowing, the plane came early to avoid a thickening fog. As we rushed to pack up and get the plane loaded, I felt a little sad. Will I ever have the opportunity to see this amazing territory again? Am I ready to finish such a special adventure? Am I ready to return to Thunder Bay? As we flew back to Mayo we followed the Wind River, spotting many of our campsites and having flashbacks of some of our favourite moments. With all of these amazing experiences and my love for outdoor activity, remote wilderness and mountains, my quest for new experiences and passion for paddling, the Wind River has found a special place in my heart and has fuelled excitement for another northern canoeing adventure. How about the Snake River in 2010?



Arctic cotton in front of Royal Mountain



Our last meal on the Wind River



Book Review

Lands Serene by Peter Kazaks, self-published through www.booksurge.com, 2008, softcover, 231 pages, US\$24.95.
Review by Toni Harting

This being only the author's second big canoe trip in the Barren Lands, he has done a remarkable job of documenting, often in great and very-well-researched detail, the ups and downs of travelling by canoe through this unforgiving land of water, tundra, and permafrost. The famous and highly experienced northern traveller, George Luste, and the author made the seven-week, 750-mile trip in 1989, inspired by George Douglas's book *Lands Forlorn*. They paddled and portaged the Camsell River, part of Great Bear Lake, then the Dease River, Sandy Creek, Dismal Lakes, Kendall River, and finally the Coppermine River to the Coronation Gulf.

Much of what he writes in this book was already touched upon in his first book, *From Reindeer Lake to Eskimo Point*, reviewed in the Spring 2004 issue of *Nastawgan*. That review mentions "... this book is filled with astute observations by a curious newcomer to the country and the best way to explore it, the paddling, the portaging, the camping, the vast vistas, the cold wind, surviving the clouds of black flies," which also applies very well to the present book.

However, this being a self-published book, there are several rather annoying shortcomings in its physical appearance, which probably could have been avoided by having a competent editor involved. For instance, there's too much white space between the lines, the paragraphs are separated by a blank line, a number of photographs printed near the bottom of a page have their captions near the top of the next page. A more serious problem is the lack of good maps to illustrate the trip; the one overview map is just not sufficient.

But these are just imperfections in an otherwise noteworthy and eminently readable book that, also because of the extensive list of references and other background material, should be consulted by anybody planning to go canoe tripping in the Barren Lands, or maybe just wanting to dream about it.



Jim Greenacre

Ever wondered what longtime WCA member Jim is doing these days? Well, as he has done for many years now, he goes canoeing and camping and hiking, leading an active life all around. He paddles solo with the Seniors for Nature Canoe Club (sfnc.org) and tandem with Rob Butler. His health is quite good; there are no problems with heart, lungs, cholesterol, hypertension. Some joints are a bit stiff but there's no arthritis. And to keep his athletic body in shape, Jim does International Ballroom Dancing four times a week.

Not bad, eh, for an 88-year-old youngster!

For sale from Jim Greenacre 416-759-9956

- **Canoe**, 16'6" Bluewater Saugeen, Kevlar-'S'cloth epoxy laminate, mahogany wood trim, \$600
- **Canoe**, 15' solo wood stripper; outside fibreglassed, polished, ready for paint; inside sanded, ready for fibreglassing; seat and mahogany gunwales included, \$300
- **Toboggan**, 9', custom made for winter camping, \$60
- **Snowshoes**, traditional, ash frame 14"x48", babiche reinforced with synthetic tape, leather bindings, \$55

Paddle the Don

From Ernest Thompson Seton Park to Lake Ontario, Sunday, 3 May 2009.

This 'paddle' helps to highlight the importance of healthy rivers in Toronto and the surrounding regions. Your support will help us protect and regenerate this famous urban river.

For further information: www.paddledon.ca

Go Slow

Our tendency is to travel too fast on wilderness canoe trips. A preoccupation with maps and covering ground. It's due to the limited amount of vacation time that the buddies and myself earn at our jobs. We have to keep on the move because we have to get back to work. It just rips the heart out of the whole wilderness experience.

Travel is difficult in the wilderness. You can't count on making twenty kilometres a day, every day. On some days, with favorable winds, with good weather, with easy rapids, the kilometres just fly by. On other days, with a difficult section of river, with bad weather, with a long lunch stop after a tough portage, very few kilometres are marked off on the map.

Bad windstorms can occur in the Barren Lands. It's a fairly common occurrence to be trapped on the shore of a big lake by a mean storm. That experience should also be one enjoyed by wilderness canoeists who are hunkered down waiting it out. Instead, the windstorm turns the remainder of the canoe trip into an ordeal, the lost time having to be made up with paddles late into the evening, with a constant rush past all the scenic spots, with foregoing fishing opportunities. Why are we turning what should be communion with the wilderness into just another example of the hectic days that we lead back in the city?

It seems that once we are on a river, any river, we work as hard as we can to get off that river. Can't understand the logic behind it. Why do we rush through it? One of the main reasons to engage in wilderness canoeing is to get away from all the city influences. Wilderness trips awaken the senses that cities do their best to bury deep. An extra day at a scenic spot should be a right of a wilderness canoe trip.

We need to take the time to enjoy our wilderness trips. For two reasons. An appreciation for wilderness comes slowly. There is more communion with the wilderness with reduced kilometres per day.

Secondly, the replenishment we get from the wilderness experience has to last. At least all winter under the best of circumstances. And if you are unlucky, very unlucky, it may have to last a lot longer.

Outdoor Adventure Show

Toronto, 20-22 February 2009



The OAS appeared to be surprisingly busy this year. No signs of recession in either the quantity or quality of exhibitors or in the numbers of attendees. Thankfully, the show had segregated the various exhibits by themes so it was easy to avoid the sellers of sausages and miracle mops, bypass the scuba tanks and mountain bikes, and concentrate on the samples of smoked Lake Superior Whitefish and Lake Trout from the Province of Ontario.

There were lots of canoes to wonder at, tents from tiny to something you could park your SUV inside of, and even a beaver-tail carbon-fibre flatwater paddle to give you bragging rights around the campfire if you chose.

There were two highlights of the

I've got one more child to introduce to wilderness canoeing. To let him know of the special places that still exist on this planet. I've got to do it soon. Before every place becomes the same place.

And when I introduce him to wilderness canoeing, I'm going to take my time.

Greg Went

show. The first was a very large presence from the Province of Ontario, which included the McGuffins. What a wealth of information on Superior and Quetico Joanie and Gary have, and they take some fine pictures too! In addition, if you picked up one of the free Great Ontario Outdoor Adventure Calendars, you will no doubt recognise that Miss May is our very own Bill Ness! If you missed this paddling heirloom, you can order one from ontariotravel.net/outdoor.

The second highlight was the WCA booth, which this year featured a new large screen TV (I think we won the award for the largest screen in the show!) with a looped DVD showing some of the people and places of the WCA from the last few years. We attracted at least 34 new members who signed up at the show, and with the enthusiasm of a number of WCA volunteers who staffed the booth (with a special mention for Alan Jacobs), handed out all of the new double-sided cards featuring the WCA on one side and Canadian Canoe Routes on the other. Well done and a big thanks to all who helped.

Jon McPhee

Lost and Found: Stories from the Dene Elders Project

Lynda Holland

It has been almost three decades since my introduction to the people and the culture of the Dene Suline of Saskatchewan's Far North. Life for these "Real People" (as their name translates in English) has greatly changed since that time, but oneness with the caribou and with the land remains constant. Members of the Athapaskan language family, their traditional territory stretched south to the Churchill River, east to Hudson Bay, west to the Clearwater River, and north to the area from Artillery Lake to Dubawnt Lake to Yathkyed Lake.

In 1977 and 1978 an intrepid character named Larry Hewitt was hired by the northern branch of the Saskatchewan Department of Education to gather information on this largely unknown people. Among the boxes of photographs, slides, field notes, and anthropological studies he collected were 60 cassette tapes, interviews with Dene Elders from northern and northwestern Saskatchewan. Lost for 20 years, these tapes have yielded a wealth of stories, legend, and memories in two books, collectively called *The Dene Elders Project*.

Some of these stories have been passed down for generations, telling of the power of Dátsáthí (Crowhead) and why the caribou is free. Others tell of the how the Dene were brought into the fur trade by a woman named Thanadelthur. Several historic accounts speak of animosity, fear, and violence between the Dene and the Inuit. Upon occasion this most certainly was the case. But there were also times of sharing, curiosity, and cultural exchange.

Two stories from *They Will Have Our Words: The Dene Elders Project, Volume Two* illustrate this. The first was told by Leon Medal of Fond du Lac, Saskatchewan. He was born in 1913 and passed away in 1989.

Another Eskimo Story

At Ennadai Lake you know, 1929, there were lots of Eskimos there. Oh about close to a hundred families there. That time I saw a snowhouse. An Eskimo house is called yath koé in Chipewyan. They put snow on the outside. The walls were very thick. They had put a long pole through the walls and sewn caribou hides together as a cover. This was put across on the inside to catch the water that would drop down.

The Eskimo would make a fire. There was no big wood, and no gas stove at that time. He had a big kettle and would make tea, that's all. He doesn't cook the meat. He just eats it that way. I never tried it myself.

Then there was another time, I wanted to cook meat but it was frozen. And I wanted to make tea. This Eskimo he set tents for me, gave me fresh meat, gave me some water and a new kettle. He gave me some wood and an old caribou hide to make a floor. You could cook what you like.

At that time I was a young boy, 18 years old. I started talking English but the Eskimo didn't understand. So we just talked Chipewyan that time. I stayed with him for two days. He gave me some tobacco and some candles, everything. This was at Ennadai Lake, just across from the sandbar. That's the place where there were still lots of Eskimos. They hunted lots of caribou in small canoes. This Eskimo he killed lots and gave me lots for dog food.

Ross [Ross Cummings] he saw Eskimos too at Ennadai Lake. He was trapping out there. At that time there were not many Indians up there. There were some from here to Stony and down to Reindeer Lake. There were some families at Kasba Lake and Snowbird Lake. These were the Reindeer Lake [Brochet]

people, about twenty families wintered up there. The caribou crossed at Kasba and Ennadai Lake so each winter they killed lots.

Lots of guys were trapping there, and Snowbird Lake too. There were lots of Eskimos trapping too you know. And you know Ross was near there too. For about four years it was like that. Then they just left. They moved someplace close to Churchill. For just about forty years, no Eskimo now.

And I camped at Dubawnt River, where there were three big lakes [possibly Flett, Wholdaia, and Anaunethad Lakes]. The Cree camped with me. So I trapped up there and saw lots of Eskimos.

Another time my dad stayed on the trapline while I went to Stony. At Selwyn Lake that time I met an Eskimo. He was going to Stony too, to buy shells. He had a sled made of wood [a komatik] and he pulled it with a sealskin rope. He put mud underneath to make it move.

But the Eskimo, he used a lot of dogs. For one dogteam he runs sometimes twenty dogs. He fed those dogs caribou, there was lots of caribou. And the fishing was good too. The Eskimo is a good hunter that one. They're smart guys too you know.

(They Will Have Our Words: The Dene Elders Project, Volume Two pp. 105-106)

Adeline Chaffee was born in Ile a la Crosse in northwestern Saskatchewan in 1916 and passed away in 1988. Her early life was spent in this region but at the age of nine her family moved north to Fond du Lac, and later to Stony Rapids, to be near her older sister Lena who had married a white trapper. A natural storyteller, the following is one of many stories Adeline contributed.

The Biggest Animal They Had Ever Seen

We were told last spring that the Eskimos are coming back to Dubawnt Lake now. They were there before but a way, way back a bunch of them were going to Baker Lake I think it was.

There were twenty canoes, kayaks, on that big lake. And an animal came out, the biggest animal they had ever seen. It grabbed one man and swallowed him, kayak and all. The rest of them got so scared that when they got to shore they smashed their boats and took off. They made it on foot to where they were going but they just about starved to death. They stayed away from there for a long time.

The year I got married [1931] there

were still some Eskimos in the west, right at that government cabin that Fred [Riddle] put there by that big falls, just on the other side of the falls there, on the Thelon River.

As we passed that big falls a man named Peterson [Alfred Peterson who travelled with P.G. Downes] told us there were Eskimo camps there.

(They Will Have Our Words: The Dene Elders Project, Volume Two pp. 152-153)

The Dene were traditionally nomadic, following the caribou north to the barrenlands in the spring and back to the boreal forest in the fall. At the time of these interviews this life had largely disappeared.

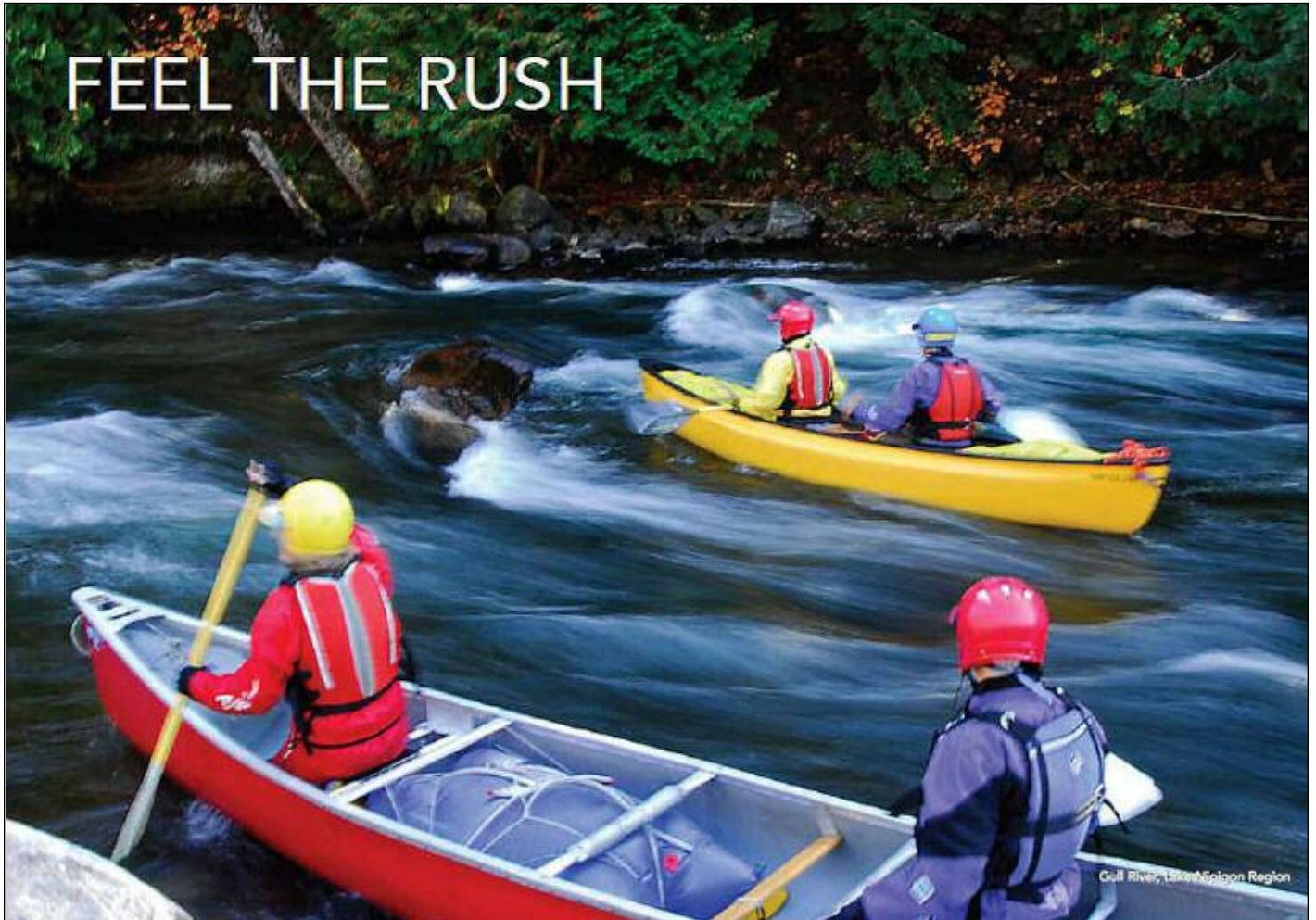
In my travels through this land there are constant reminders of those who have gone before - the crumbling cabins of old camps, quartz flakes scattered from the labours of a long-ago toolmaker, inukshuks built of impossibly giant stones, and the soft, silent appearance of the caribou that sustained them.

The two books in The Dene Elders Project, *The Dene Elders Project: Stories and History from the Westside* and *They Will Have Our Words: The Dene Elders Project, Volume Two* are available for \$20 each plus shipping and handling from Holland Educational Consulting, Box 327, La Ronge, Saskatchewan, S0J 1L0.



The people in this photo, which was used for the cover of volume 2 of the Dene Elders book, are from left to right: Boniface Denechezhe, Marisis (Denechezhe) Besskkystare with baby Mary Ann, Marie Adele Besskkystare, Adam Besskkystare with Baptiste Besskkystare and Pierre Besskkystare. The name Besskkystare translates into English as "seagull cry." Most Dene names are derived from nicknames. The photo was taken in the early 1940s - photographer and location unknown.

WCA in the Great Ontario Outdoor Adventure Calendar



If you pick up a complimentary copy of this calendar, published by Ontario Travel, at your local outfitter, tourist or provincial park office, turn to “May” and you’ll see some WCAers featured. That’s Bill and

Rita Ness in the red Blue Hole Starburst, and Jon McPhee with Dian Connors in the yellow Bell Nexus. If you look closely, you’ll even see the WCA logo on the bow of the Starburst. The candid photo was

taken at the Minden Wildwater Preserve on the Gull River two Octobers ago by a visiting photographer. All the WCAers were pleasantly surprised to see themselves on the calendar! Bill Ness

Thwart

“Thwart” is actually Middle English, thirteenth century, not Old English, which would put its arrival before the Norman Conquest. But what’s three centuries between friends? It’s from an ancient Indo-European root shared by Latin “torquere”, to twist. In English the first sense was of something transverse or crosswise. The early evidence is pretty sparse - it doesn’t seem to have been especially common - so the way it developed isn’t altogether clear. Early on, though, the idea developed of something that lay or was put across the way, so hindering or obstructing one’s progress.

Another early sense, recorded around

1250, was one borrowed from Germanic languages of a person who was figuratively obstructive or cross-grained - awkward, obstinate or stubborn. The verb, which appeared about the same time, first meant to oppose or hinder. Our modern sense, to successfully oppose another person’s intentions, appeared near the end of the sixteenth century.

The story of the boat “thwart” is curious. The basic idea is clear enough: that the seat was across the boat, placed from side to side or transversely (you might say “athwart”, formed from “thwart” in the same way that “across” came from “cross”). But the sense only appeared in

the early eighteenth century. Before that, the seat was a “thoft” (from an ancient root meaning to squat), which changed in the seventeenth century into a form that was spelled as “thought”, “taught” or “thawt”. By the eighteenth century it seems this word had become unfamiliar enough that speakers assumed the “correct” form was “thwart”.

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WCA ACTIVITIES

SPRING-SUMMER 2009

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

Contact the Outings Committee before May 1

For questions, suggestions, proposals to organize trips, or anything else related to the WCA Outings, contact the Outings Committee: Bill Ness, 416-321-3005, bness@look.ca; Gisela Curwen, 416-484-1471, gisela.curwen@gmail.com; Scott Card, 905-665-7302, scottcard@sympatico.ca; Mary Perkins, mary.perkins@sympatico.ca, 905-725-2874

Our ability to offer an interesting and diversified activities program depends on our trip organizers' generous donation of their time and enthusiasm. We appreciate the important contribution these members make to our club. If you are an active paddler, please help us. Become an outings organizer.

WCA outings and other activities may have an element of danger of serious personal injury. You are responsible for determining if your equipment, skill, and experience are adequate to participate safely in a club activity. Participants are ultimately responsible for their own safety and well-being when participating in club events.

All moving-water trips rated intermediate level or higher require participants to have fully outfitted whitewater canoes (thigh straps, air bags filling the boat, throw bag, secured spare paddle), and to be wearing helmets and weather-appropriate clothing (wetsuits or drysuits for winter, spring, fall trips).

Below is a summary schedule of our upcoming club outings and activities.
Full details and descriptions can be found in the outings section of our website.

All Season **HALIBURTON COUNTY CANOE ROUTES**

Ray Laughlen, 705-754-9479, rlaughlen@gmail.com ----- There are many canoe routes in Haliburton County that offer superb lake tripping. As I live in Haliburton and have a flexible work schedule, I visit these areas frequently, especially during the week. If you would like to paddle with me, give me a call. Outings are suitable for novices.

All Spring **WEEKDAY WHITEWATER**

Jon McPhee, 905-640-8819, jon.mcphee@rogers.com ----- I like to paddle during the weekdays. Favourite destinations are the Black and Head near Washago, as well as the Hwy 7 rivers. Call me if interested, and I'll put you on my contact list.

March 21 **MOIRA RIVER**

John & Sharon Hackert, jhackert@sympatico.ca ----- Book as soon as possible. We will start at Chisholm's Mill and finish at Latta in the morning, then run Lost Channel in the afternoon. Non-technical Class 2-3. For intermediates or better. If weather/water conditions are unsuitable, we will postpone the trip. Limit of six boats.

March 22 **LOWER CREDIT RIVER**

Bill Ness, 416-321-3005, bness@look.ca, book before March 16 ----- We'll catch the Credit in Streetsville and run down to the mouth at Port Credit. Class 1 to 2. If we have a late break-up, we'll move the trip to March 29.

March 28 **MOIRA RIVER**

John & Sharon Hackert, jhackert@sympatico.ca ----- Book as soon as possible. This is a repeat of the March 21 trip.

April 4 **CREDIT RIVER**

Anne Bradley, 519-855-4835 or annebradley@sympatico.ca, book before March 28 ----- Inglewood to Glen Williams.

Requires some moving-water competence. Limit six canoes.

April 4 **BEAVER CREEK #1**

John & Sharon Hackert, jhackert@sympatico.ca, 416-438-7672, book as soon as possible ----- This will be a challenging whitewater run suitable for advanced-level paddlers. If the river isn't open yet we could switch to the Moira. Limit five boats

April 5 **ELORA GORGE**

Bill Ness, 416-321-3005, bness@look.ca, book by March 29. ----- This time of year the gorge should provide a challenging intermediate run, packing a lot of interesting Class 2 to 3 whitewater into a short distance.

April 11 **BEAVER CREEK #2**

John & Sharon Hackert, jhackert@sympatico.ca, 416-438-7672, book as soon as possible ----- See description above.

April 11-12 **BEAVER, BLACK, OR MOIRA**

Jay Neilson & Frank Knaapen, 613-687-6037, jneilson@nrtco.net, book by April 5 --- We will be paddling Beaver Creek, or the Moira, or the Black Rivers, with exact destinations depending on water levels at the time. Moira is suitable for intermediates, Beaver and Black are advanced-level trips.

April 19, tentative **BLACK (WASHAGO) & HEAD RIVERS**

Jon McPhee, 905-640-8819, jon.mcphee@rogers.com, book by April 5 ----- Date will depend on water levels.

The short stretch we paddle is a fun run where paddlers can practise eddies, ferries, and surfing. For novices with moving-water experience. If the water level is suitable, and there is interest, we can drive over to the nearby Head River. The section we run is small and technical, with a number of Class 2-3 ledge rapids and is best for skilled intermediates. Limit five canoes.

April 25 **UPPER MADAWASKA #1**

John & Sharon Hackert, 416-438-7672 jhackert@sympatico.ca, book as soon as possible ----- A fast-flowing pool-and-drop river with some very serious rapids. For advanced paddlers. Limit six boats.

April 25-26 **RANKIN AND BIGHEAD RIVERS**

Anne Bradley, 519-855-4835 or annebradley@sympatico.ca, book before April 18 ----- Scenic trip in Bruce and Grey Counties. Saturday we will paddle the Rankin and Sunday the Bighead. Suitable for novices. Come for one or both days. Limit four canoes.

April 25-26 **SPENCE'S CELEBRATED SALMON-MOIRA WEEKEND**

Glenn Spence, 613-475-4176, book after January 25 ----- North of Belleville, these two rivers offer exciting whitewater and fine scenery. The Salmon has some small rapids for you to practise your skills. The Moira has larger rapids up to Class 3. You can bivouac at my house and enjoy a potluck dinner. Intermediate paddlers welcome. Limit six boats.

April 26 **LOWER BLACK RIVER, TWEED**

Jon McPhee, 905-640-8819, jon.mcphee@rogers.com, book by April 12 ----- The Lower Black northwest of Tweed runs from Queensborough to Hwy #7 in a series of Grade 1 to 4 rapids. The more serious ones can be portaged. Solid intermediate level technical whitewater skills are required. Limit five canoes.

May 2 **UPPER MADAWASKA #2**

John & Sharon Hackert, 416-438-7672 jhackert@sympatico.ca, book as soon as possible ----- See description above.

May 2-3 **SPRING IN MUSKOKA**

Gisela Curwen, 416-484-1471, gisela.curwen@gmail.com, book before April 15 --- -- We will paddle some lakes yet to be de-

cided, where we will experience the returning birds and discover other flora and fauna emerging from hibernation. We'll hike and explore the surrounding area and clean up portages and campsites along the way. Limit four canoes.

May 2-3 **OPEONGO & UPPER MADAWASKA RIVERS**

Jay Neilson & Frank Knaapen, 613-687-6037, jneilson@nrtco.net, book by April 26 ----- The Opeongo has long sections of Class 2-3 rapids, making it suitable for solid intermediates or better. The Upper Madawaska is one of the most challenging rivers in Ontario. The big drops can be portaged, but it still requires advanced whitewater skills.

May 2-3 **BLACK RIVER (WASHAGO)**

Anne Bradley, 519-855-4835 or annebradley@sympatico.ca, book before April 25 ----- The Black River drops slowly, with few lengthy rapids, so it is an ideal trip for those who prefer flatwater or lack the experience to tackle more remote rivers. Limit four canoes.

May 9-10 **NOIRE RIVER**

Jay Neilson & Frank Knaapen, 613-687-6037, jneilson@nrtco.net, book by May 3 --- We will shuttle to 50:50 Rapid which can be played all day. On Sunday we will run down to the bridge. Participants should have strong intermediate skills to successfully paddle the Class 2 rapids. There will be lots of opportunity to practise on the Class 3-4 ledge at 50:50 Rapid.

May 16-18 **BIRDING AT POINT PELEE**

Anne Bradley, 519-855-4835 or annebradley@sympatico.ca, book before 9 May ----- Enjoy the spring warbler migration. We will camp at Wheatley Provincial Park and wander the trails of Point Pelee and Hillman Marsh. Flatwater padding opportunities available. Binoculars mandatory.

May 16 -18 **MAGNETAWAN RIVER**

Alan James, silvernerd2004@yahoo.ca, book by May 10 ----- I will be paddling on the Magnetawan River for the long weekend in May and would enjoy some company. This is a four-day trip suitable for experienced whitewater trippers.

May 16-18 **LOWER MADAWASKA RIVER**

Larry Durst, 905- 415-1152, ldurst@devoncommunications.com ----- Book as soon as possible. Join us for the 9th annual spring paddle/wine-and-cheese party. We paddle from above Aumonds Bay to Griffith. The pace is leisurely with lots of time to play, chat, and nibble! Rapids will range from Class 1 to 4, with portages around all major ones. Suitable for intermediates. Limit six boats. Book early as this trip "sells out" every year.

May 16-18 **PETAWAWA RIVER**

Jay Neilson & Frank Knaapen, 613-687-6037, jneilson@nrtco.net, book by May 10 --- Join us on the classic run from Lake Travers to McManus. This outstanding whitewater river has loads of Class 2 to 3 paddling, with portages for all five Class 3-4 rapids. Participants should have strong intermediate skills.

May 16-18 **SPRING TRIPPING IN THE MASSASSAUGA**

Andrea Fulton, 416-726-6811, andrea.fulton@rogers.com, book as early as possible ----- Join me for an easy weekend trip into the Massassauga Provincial Park. A great weekend trip families with children age 14 or older. Limit of 9 people.

May 23-24 **UPPER ROUGE RIVER**

Jay Neilson & Frank Knaapen, 613-687-6037, jneilson@nrtco.net, book by May 17 --- An exploratory trip for us. We've heard this is a great spring run. We are rating this trip as requiring advanced whitewater skills since we are not sure what we will encounter.

May 29-31 **INTERMEDIATE WHITewater CLINIC**

John & Sharon Hackert, jhackert@sympatico.ca, book before April 19 ----- This is the twelfth year of our clinic, which is designed to help improve your basic skills. We will paddle the Lower Mad on Saturday and practise our basic skills at Palmers Rapids on Sunday. The emphasis will be on front ferries, eddy-outs, and peel-outs. Your paddle strokes will be critiqued. You will also have an opportunity to practise self-rescue techniques. Open to solo and tandem canoes. We will camp at our cottage.

June 6-7 **WOMEN'S WHITEWATER WEEKEND**

Johanna de Bruijn, johanna.debruijn@sympatico.ca, book by May 8 ----- A women's whitewater weekend on the Lower Madawaska for experienced and novice paddlers, featuring instruction by Beth Kennedy. For tandem and solo paddlers. Fee is \$65 / person for the two days, for a minimum of 8 participants. Fees will be slightly higher if fewer paddlers participate. Participants are responsible for their own equipment. Some rentals available from Paddler's Co-op.

June 13 **GRAND RIVER**

Doug Ashton 519-620-8364, doug.ashton@rogers.com, book by June 1 ----- This trip runs from Cambridge to Paris through some easy Class one water, passing through scenic farm country. You are welcome to join us back at our house in Cambridge for some food, beverage, and social time. Suitable for all levels, including families.

June 13-14 **MATTAWA RIVER & LA VASE PORTAGE**

Gillian Mason & Derek Lancaster, 416-752-9596, wakima@pathcom.com, book by May 22 ----- A weekend on historic fur trade canoe routes. Saturday paddle the Mattawa from Pimisi Bay to the Campion Rapids. Sunday we will travel over the "newly uncovered" La Vase Portage from Trout Lake to Lake Nipissing. Camp at Samuel de Champlain Provincial Park. (your responsibility to book a site). Suitable for novices comfortable in moving water.

June 20-28 **ASHUAPMUSHUAN RIVER**

Jay Neilson & Frank Knaapen, 613-687-6037, jneilson@nrtco.net, book by May 24 ----- The Ashuapmushuan River is located north of Lac St Jean in Quebec. This is a challenging Class 2-3 river that requires confident ferrying and eddying skill in big

water. Fully outfitted whitewater boats, including spray decks, are mandatory.

June 26-28 **OTTAWA RIVER**

John & Sharon Hackert, 416-438-7672, jhackert@sympatico.ca, book before June 20 ----- Three days on the Ottawa for big water fans. Must be at least strong intermediate whitewater paddler. Limit six boats.

July 4-5 **INTRODUCTION TO WHITEWATER**

Jon McPhee, 905-640-8819, jon.mcphee@rogers.com; and Bill Ness, 416-321-3005, bness@look.ca, book as soon as possible --- A two-day workshop at Palmer Rapids on the Madawaska River for flatwater paddlers who want to develop basic moving-water skills. Limit of five boats. Please see full description & prerequisites on website before registering.

July 25-26 **INTRODUCTION TO THE MIN-DEN WILDWATER PRESERVE**

Jon McPhee, 905-640-8819, jon.mcphee@rogers.com; and Bill Ness, 416-321-3005, bness@look.ca, book as soon as possible --- A whitewater skill building weekend for solid intermediate tandem or solo canoeists. Limit of five boats. Please see full description & prerequisites on website before registering.

August 1-3 **OTTAWA RIVER**

John & Sharon Hackert, 416-438-7672, jhackert@sympatico.ca, book before July 25 ----- Three days on the Ottawa for big water fans. Must be at least strong intermediate whitewater paddler. Limit six boats.

Aug 22-23 **LOWER MADAWASKA RIVER**

Aleks Gusev 416 433 8413, aleks@gusev.ca, book by August 7 ----- Suitable for novice & intermediate paddlers. Whitewater instructions & stroke tune-up will be provided, if desired. Run Snake Rapids section on Saturday & paddle Palmer Rapids on Sunday. Rentals available from Paddler Co-Op. Maximum of six boats, with priority given to new WCA members.

Sept. 5-8 **OTTAWA RIVER**

John & Sharon Hackert, 416-438-7672, jhackert@sympatico.ca, book before August 28 ----- Three days on the Ottawa for big water fans. Must be at least strong intermediate whitewater paddler. Limit six boats.

ADDITIONAL TRIPS

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

NEED A PARTNER?

If you're a tandem canoeist in need of a paddling partner, whether for a single trip or on a more regular basis, our website provides a valuable resource to help you connect with other members who want to get on the water. If you need a partner, please submit a message for posting to our website giving details.

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