DECEMBER

HUT!



HUTI
VOL. 5 NO.2

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PRINTED BY
GRAPHIC CENTER
Fridley, Minn.

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Dec. 9 — **Board meeting at Bob Haug's, 7:30 p.m.**

Dec. 12 — **Christmas Square Dance and Hayride (or Sleighride), Shady Valley Riding Stables, Auto Club Road, Bloomington (from 494 and 100, take 100 south 5 miles, at Y take right fork which is Auto Club Road for 2 miles, at second Y take left fork). Dance at 8 p.m. and ride no later than 9 p.m. See inside for details of fun for everyone.**

Jan. 6 — **Board meeting at Curt Mommsen's**

Jan. 20 — **"Journey to the Polar Sea" presented by Bob O'Hara and Bruce Koci, 7:30 p.m., Prudential Auditorium, Highway 12 east of Highway 100. See article for details.**

CONTENTS

December Square Dance 1
January Program 1
From the President 2
Blake Club Pool Slalom 2
Annual Banquet 3
Journey to the Polar Sea 4
Builderama 6
Finding the Right Outfit 7
Trading Post 9
Wolf River 10
Walt's Corner 14
Professional Racing 16
Financial Report 18
Letters to the Editor 18
Book Review 20
Wayward Wind 22
Camp Cookery 24

HUTI Magazine is published monthly by the Minnesota Canoe Association, Inc., a nonprofit organization, and is distributed to more than 1000 members and numerous friends of the MCA across the nation. Our purpose is to distribute information about canoe sports and canoe camping, to preserve and promote wild rivers, to effect conservation of canoeable waterways, and to encourage canoeing as family recreation.

Activities

Christmas Square Dance to Include Hay or Sleigh Ride

"We're expecting to see **you** at our Christmas Square Dance to be held on December 12 at 8 p.m. at Shady Valley Riding Stables, Auto Club Road, Bloomington. (Take any major arterial highway to intersection of highways 494 and 100, take 100 south 5 miles, at Y take right fork ((Auto Club Road)) two miles, at second Y, take left fork from which point you can see Shady Valley sign.) Admission at the door: $1.25 for adults, 50¢ for teenagers, 25¢ for children 12 years old and younger. At 9 p.m. any dancers or appreciative spectators may take a 45 to 60 minute hayride (sleighride if snow) for 75¢ per head. The 9 p.m. ride is the last one Shady Valley schedules, so plan to be there in plenty of time so your kids won't be disappointed – and dress warmly. We'll have a fire crackling in the fireplace when you return. If you have any questions, call Pam Foster at 861-6613.

O'Hara and Koci to Present January Show on Trip to Polar Sea

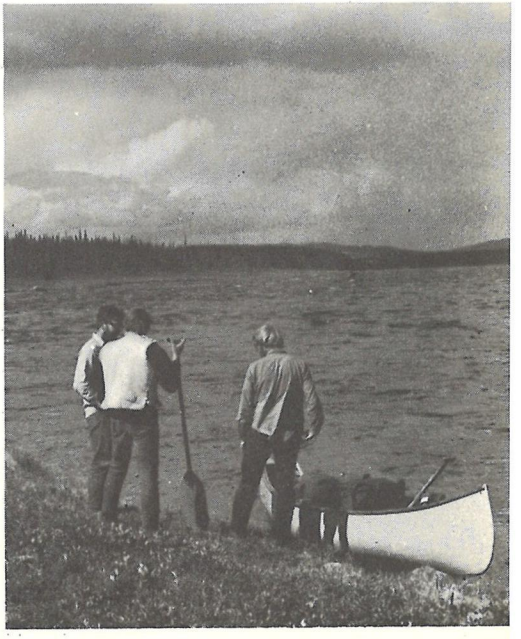
The 300th anniversary of the Hudson Bay Company, the 200th anniversary of Samuel Hearne the famous arctic tundra explorer, the 100th anniversary of the Northwest Territories, the tundra province: that was 1970 in Canada. In tribute to its history, especially the canoe history of exploration, three companions and I retraced Sir John Franklin's famous journey of 1821 down the Coppermine River to the Arctic Ocean. The river offered a variety of challenges, one of which is described by Franklin:

> The River, in this part, flows between high sandstone cliffs, reddish slate clay rock, and shelving banks of white clay, and is full of shoals and dangerous rapids. One of these was termed Escape Rapids, from both canoes having narrowly escaped floundering in its high waves.

To relive this experience (as partly described in this issue by Bruce Koci who took the same route with a different party), join us Wednesday, January 20, 7:30 p.m., at the Prudential Auditorium, Highway 12 just east of Highway 100, for an illustrated presentation by Bruce and I on the Coppermine River on, in Franklin's words ". . . a journey to the shore of the Polar Sea."

Bob O'Hara, Jr.

Where is the river?



Where Is Your Place in the MCA?

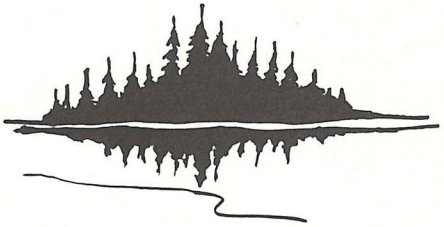
During the past weeks I've had the opportunity to engage in discussions with many members of our canoe club. I've been approached by lawyers, bankers, Scout leaders, school shop teachers, Explorer Scouts, pro racers, and dozens of family canoeists and cruisers. The display at Har Mar Mall produced many new people and was put on by a dozen-and-a-half *hard working* members, with several dozen more people stopping by over the four days to chat, help, and renew acquaintences. During this same time period the whitewater group at the "U" was putting on a demonstration for the annual Aqua Spectacular at Cook Hall pool. We are a large diversified organization!

We have many members promoting canoeing, camping, conservation, building, racing and many other activities. It takes these *dedicated* people a lot of time and effort to make their contributions to canoeing. I've heard so often in my contacts with people how they want to be active, or often, how can we get this and so started? Well, *you* can start it! Get a friend, make the necessary contacts – or let someone know you'd like to help a Scout troop or community center build boats, help Ian Richards or Denny Withers with our on-the-water training, help with some pictures or articles for HUT!, help with talks or information for groups that ask us to make presentations, or provide experts on building or racing. You have a list, inside the front cover, of each HUT! staff member, with names to contact in various areas. We need a building editor-coordinator just now to handle and sort mailed requests and get building articles for HUT!, for example.

Your Board is always ready to help you promote all aspects of canoeing, but note: They aren't there to carry out your program! They can support you, find others to help, etc., but you must get in there and make it go, and you must provide the impetus and drive for success.

We have been and are in a sustained expansion period. This requires more labor all the time. This allows us to fund resources of all kinds to new activities. Tell *your* friends about the MCA. Get *them* active – and make it *your* organization.

Bob Haug



Blake Club to Hold Slalom in January

The Blake Whitewater Club will sponsor a pool slalom on January 23 and 24 (Saturday and Sunday) at the Blake School pool, Blake Road at Excelsior Avenue East, Hopkins Minnesota, about 2 miles west of Highway 100, on Excelsior Avenue. Although expert division will be included, special emphasis will be placed on novice and intermediate classes. The pool will open at 10 a.m. on Saturday, but you must arrive earlier if you are bringing a boat (which must be clean). The slalom is open to everyone, and boats will be provided for canoeists without crafts. If you have questions, please call Doug Peterson at 464-5813, or write him: Route 4, Box 41, Excelsior Boulevard, Excelsior, Minnesota 55331.

Maps Brought Up To Date For Outdoorsmen

Minnesota outdoorsmen were advised today by the Conservation Department that the fire plan maps widely used by foresters, hunters and campers have been brought up to date and are now available from the State Documents Section.

Primarily intended for the use of state foresters and rangers in planning fire fighting tactics, the maps have proved popular with the outdoorsmen who want a detailed picture of terrain, trails and other geographic features.

The maps cover most of the forested portions of the state. Each map covers one township and the cost is 50¢ per map.

The Documents Section is located on the first floor of the Centennial Building in St. Paul.

MCA Annual Banquet Featured Food, Film, Fellowship

If you were idly sitting home Friday evening, November 6, you really missed a relaxing and enjoyable evening with more than 200 fellow paddlers at the Annual MCA Banquet at the House of Hope Presbyterian Church in St. Paul.

The relaxed mood of the Banquet was set by the various interest groups who decorated the walls with their photos and other canoe-related displays. Roger Goeppinger, who won first place at the Builder's Contest, displayed his woodstrip canoe. Mrs. Don Greenhack won the doorprize, a Jensen-Peterson paddle.

Awards were presented at the Banquet to MCAers for their outstanding contributions to our organization. Joe Conrad presented certificates to the second and third place winners of each class division from the Builder's Contest, and each first place winner received silver cups. President-elect Bob Haug presented retiring president Jeff Howe a plaque for his leadership and his untiring efforts in reorganizing the MCA and making MCA membership 1000 plus. Bob Haug also presented a plaque to retiring editor Ed Chute in absentia. This plaque was given in tribute by Larry Johns, Art and Production Director for HUT!, in memory of his son who was killed in Vietnam. Ed Chute was awarded the plaque for his sincere dedication to improving the quality of HUT!. Ed was unable to personally accept this award as he is studying at Yale College. The award will be awarded annually to a member who has volunteered outstanding service to the MCA.

The main speaker at the Banquet was Dennis Halvorson. Dennis had spent three months in South America traveling down the Napo River, a tributary of the Amazon, in a handmade raft with two companions. Translating excerpts from his journal, written completely in Spanish, and showing his magnificent slides, these auto-tutorial/audio-visual techniques emphasized Dennis' ability to relate his experiences directly and beautifully. I was impressed by his genuine awareness of the natives in their simple living manner and his deep appreciation of nature.

(We can all experience the same feelings that Dennis felt without taking such a sojourn. By drifting along on any river and allowing nature to completely overtake us by its warmth and beauty from the everflowing water, the softness of moss growing against the ungiving rocks, and the freshness of the living things around, we could recapture ourselves and escape the loneliness that is known to all of us.)

To completely relax and unite MCAers, Neil Christian, folklore singer, sang and strummed his antique harp guitar. I really appreciated Neil's explaining how his instrument could make the unusual sounds, as I had never seen or heard of a harp guitar before. It was gratifying to see MCAers joining Neil – what a beautiful way of making one feel a real part of our organization.

The crowning touch of the evening for MCAers was walking out to their cars under a magnificent evershifting display of northern lights.

My sincere thanks and appreciation go to John and Wilma Kassakian for their seemingless endless energy and talent in planning our Annual Banquet.

DLE



President Bob Haug presents a plaque to outgoing President Jeff Howe in recognition of his untiring efforts and effectiveness.

Photo by Lucian Brown



Icefield. (Author Koci, right, and companions)

We Were Conquered by the Beauty

Bruce Koci

A Journey to the Polar Sea via Banff and the Calgary Rock Fest

All trips have their beginnings and so this one did two years ago after completing a trip down the Dubawnt River to Hudson's Bay.

After what seemed to be an eon, once again we were headed north and west to Edmonton, Alberta. While the canoes were trucked to Yellowknife we had two days to live it up before heading for the bush.

Quite suddenly we were on a bus headed for Calgary and a rock festival branded as a cultural rip-off, which it was, for eight bucks a day. Janis Joplin, The Band and many others played from noon to midnight, finishing under a display of Northern Lights.

Just as suddenly, we were on a train to Banff for our own rock fest of sorts in the mountains. It would take about 147 years to see Banff correctly. The wind and alpine areas were remindful of the purpose of the trip – canoeing to the ocean – so we departed for points north on a jet.

As we flew over the Slave River delta, I thought of another trip in 1959 when this area was just opening up. Now familiar places achieved by bodily effort were passed over at 20,000 feet and 500 mph. Shortly we passed over Great Slave Lake and landed at Yellowknife, jumping off point for the Land of Little Trees.

July 7 at 7 a.m. we were off, assuming seven was a lucky number on our $835 charter to Point Lake and the Coppermine River. It was at a time like this that I wondered if the toothbrush or comb were packed – not when they could have been purchased, but long after civilization has been left behind.

After 2-1/2 hours flying we landed on a crystal clear, icy cold lake with candle ice still clinking around. The spring flowers of the tundra were all about, signaling the start of another season of growing as has happened for many thousands of years, and a thunderstorm was proceeding toward us. When you're the highest thing around, a thunderstorm is a bit frightening.

The other canoe arrived about 1 a.m. Time makes little difference since there is no darkness during summer. We broke camp early next morning and were off on our incredible journey to the Polar Sea.

High barren hills surround Point Lake which has occasional patches of trees in sheltered valleys. As the river leaves the lake, rock gives way to low sandy shores and calm water becomes restless. The restlessness transferred to us, and we turned north. Introductions were over, and we were on the river at last.

The air is so clear in this part of the world

catching lake trout, grayling or char.

The Coppermine River is unique in many respects. It flows through a deep valley carrying trees along with it nearly to the Arctic Coast, far north of the normal tree line. Moose, eagles and many other wild creatures venture far from their normal habitat in this lush valley of the north, while their northern counterparts enjoy the highlands.

At best, it would be a long tedious task to write or read a day-by-day account of our journey. Impressions and feelings might convey what the trip was like in a much better way.

The valley of the Coppermine is an ever-changing scene. At every bend (there are many), the face of the river changes. The current may be nearly nonexistent one minute with a raging torrent just around the corner. Ice fields, rocks, hills, canyons, all are or become a part of those that it is impossible to judge distances by the density of haze. An island appears as part of the mainland until the water separating the two becomes visible. This is due in part to the absence of trees which, when they are present, add turpines to the air, giving it a bluish haze. Lack of industry and cars belching smoke is the other part. Clean air smells funny.

The first few days were marked by clear, crisp mornings followed by clouds and rain in the afternoon. This changing weather added more contrast to an area already different in every way. Rain and warm weather added supplement to the already abundant supply of bugs. By evening the sky began clearing and, typically, the day was climaxed with rainbows among the hills.

Fishing usually comes up on a trip such as this. In the barren lands a rule of thumb is "A fish by the fifth cast or there are none around." We caught enough to eat and no more, typically lucky enough to experience the river in its total self, a feeling not achieved by flying in to a point to fish. It is only through travel, living by and with the land, even then after an extended period, that the total beauty of this place and many like it intermingle with the inner self giving the inner peace and satisfaction sought by people of the rivers.

"The Great Solitude" might be a title for such a journey. Once the noise of planes and cars has left the mind, one can settle back and listen to the magnificent quiet. It could be classified as lonely, but, in a world filled with noise, quiet is a luxury afforded precious few.

On two occasions we were, indeed, fortunate to meet white wolves. Have you ever seen the green fire that burns in their eyes? It seems as though man sees a threat in the great freedom they represent and is foolish enough to think he might extinguish it. The echoes of the last wolf will indeed be sad but will be heard long after we cannot listen.

We heard many tales of the canyons at the lower end of the river. Impossible to get out! Vertical walls of granite with walls of white water lining their depths. Where stories such as these originate is at best questionable. Perhaps from someone foolish enough to have experienced a needless adventure. The canyons are things of beauty, to be appreciated and respected – the rigid grey rock contrasted to the white and iridescent green of the fluid river. Yet it is the fluid river that has carved the magnificent canyons through seemingly unyielding granite. Given enough time, the river carves its own impressions in the mind.

We came, we saw, we were conquered by the beauty. Let it Be.

400 Miles, 28 days, total journey 7,000 miles

Rocky Defile canyon site of the 1971 blood and guts whitewater event. If you survive you are a winner.



Builderama Increases Membership as Predicted

The Builderama, held November 18-21 at Har Mar Mall, Roseville, seems to have been predictably successful. Unfortunately, it was drawing to a close right during our HUT! December deadline for articles, so we can only mention it briefly this issue. We gained about as many new members as we did at the last Builderama, with approximately the same amount of literature handed out as before. Friday night was probably the peak time.

It was clear that people are fascinated by boat-building in progress. Many lingered after the shops closed, hoping to see more action. There was an excellent assortment of canoes on display, and good photo exhibits were in abundance.

The success of the Builderama should have energized those reliable MCAers who helped organize the show. Special credit must be given to Jeff Howe, who took three days off from work to devote himself fully to the Builderama. Thanks, Jeff, and thanks to the rest of you who performed the many labors of love for the MCA at the Builderama.



Of special interest at the Builderama were the various aspects of our building program. The beautiful wood strip canoes drew much attention as did the weaving of a canoe seat.

Photos by Lucian Brown



FINDING THE RIGHT OUTFIT

Terry McGaughey

TENTS: Your Home in the Wilderness

Second in a series on canoe camping equipment.

One of man's most fundamental needs has always been shelter. A camping trip is testimony to this fact. In my opinion, to enjoy any canoe camping trip, shelter from the elements in bad weather and protection from insects at night is a necessity.

I don't know of any camping equipment subject that can arouse as many differences of opinion as this one. Maybe this explains why so many different models and styles exist. Today there is a larger selection of tents on the market than ever. There is no one tent right for everyone. If you are fortunate enough to do a lot of camping or have a family of campers, you may want to own more than one tent to really tailor your outfit to your specific needs. When selecting a tent (or tents) for yourself, give careful consideration to what your needs will be and the compromises involved in using one style over another.

For many years the most popular styles of traditional canoe camping tents have been the Baker tent, wall tent, cruiser, the wedge or "A", or variations of these. The virtues of these styles generally are that most of them are roomy, usually large enough to accommodate up to four campers and high enough to allow one to stand up inside. Some of these have large canopies extending from the door opening which are ideal for cooking under in stormy weather or reflecting heat from the fire to the tent on cold nights. These tents are ideal if you are the type who likes to live inside the tent whenever it is erected.

These traditional three or four man tents made of cotton usually measure about 7' x 7', 8' x 8', 8' x 10' and weigh from 9 to 30 lbs. Made of nylon, they weigh from 5-1/2 to 15 pounds.

Some people are driven to the confines of their tent on rainy days, and the bigger the tent the better. Women generally prefer larger, roomier tents to be comfortable.

In the past ten years many innovations in tent design have taken place, especially in the last three or four years. New fabrics were introduced and technology has brought many changes to almost all our camping equipment as well. With these new developments in equipment we see a change, to a certain degree, in our camping techniques. Recently there has been a noticeable trend away from using the above mentioned traditional tents.

Many canoeists favor two or three man ultralight nylon tents used by the backpackers. Their basic philosophy in going this route is that a tent should be just shelter for sleeping and enough room for storage of personal duffel and to sit up in. Besides the obvious light weight of this type of tent it takes up little space in the pack compared to the traditional larger cotton tent. The addition of a light weight waterproof tarp that can be used as a dining canopy, a windbreak and various other things will add great flexibility to any camp and provide good additional shelter when needed, but adds only a few pounds to the outfit. I have occasionally camped in areas where there was scarcely enough flat ground or room among the trees or heavy brush for even a two-man tent. Here again is a plus for a small tent. If you suffer from claustrophobia, however, a small tent is not for you. Some ultralight tents are popular in these sizes:

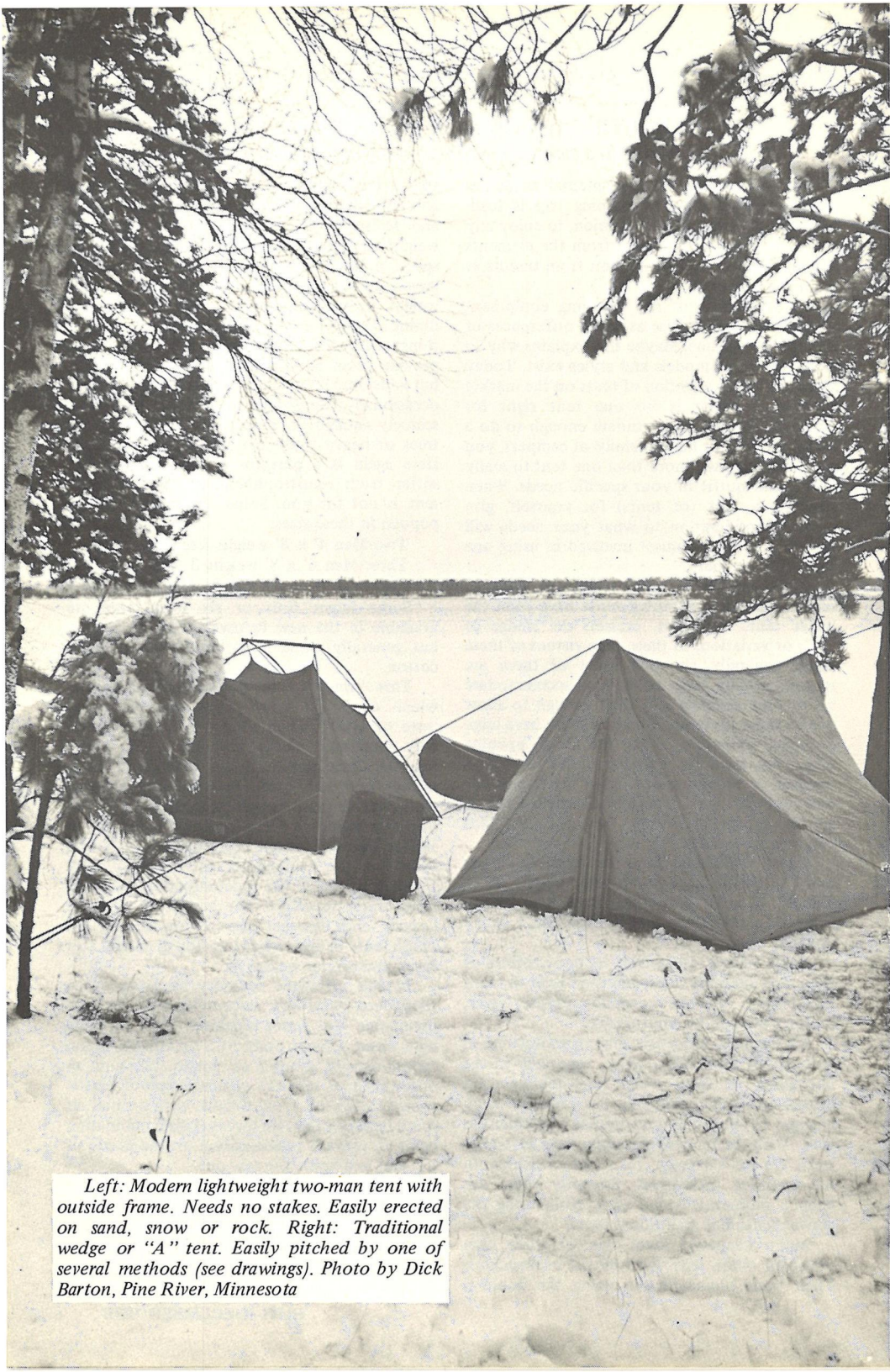
Two-Man 4' x 8' weighs less than 7 lbs.
Three-Man 6' x 8' weighs 8 to 9 lbs.
Four-Man 8' x 10' weighs around 10 lbs.

Some larger four or six man tents are available in the new lightweight nylon fabrics, but generally these tents are better made of cotton.

This brings us to the subject of fabrics which could fill more pages than the entire issue of HUT! When shopping for tents you will encounter names and types of fabrics such as: duck, poplin, nylon, pima, drill, twill, taffeta, egyptian cotton, balloon cloth, element cloth, dacron, and cruiser cloth, to name a few. For our purposes a combed cotton poplin or similar fabric of about 6-1/2 oz. per sq. yd. in weight is the best choice for a cotton tent. Treated cotton is the most superior fabric for being water repellent. The larger the tent, the heavier and stronger the cotton should be. Large tents of lightweight cotton generally tear easily and do not wear well.

In the ultralight category all good nylon tents need two roofs, since nylon can't be both breathable and water repellent. Most of these tents need a main body of a breathable nylon taffeta usually about 2 oz. per sq. yd., with an outer shell or rain fly of a waterproof plastic coated nylon of 1 oz. weight, with a small air space between the two layers. This combination helps to prevent condensation on the inside of the tent and keeps the rain out.

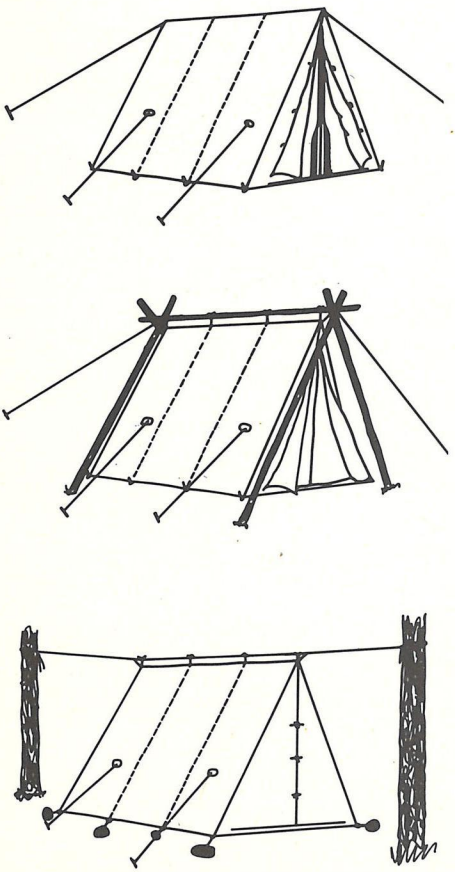
All tents should have a waterproof floor. Plastic coated nylon is the best. The floor should come up high enough on the side to prevent sleeping bags and duffel from getting wet should they touch against the side of the tent. Good ventilation is important, especially



Left: Modern lightweight two-man tent with outside frame. Needs no stakes. Easily erected on sand, snow or rock. Right: Traditional wedge or "A" tent. Easily pitched by one of several methods (see drawings). Photo by Dick Barton, Pine River, Minnesota

in nylon tents. Bugproof, closeable windows and door openings greatly add to the comfort in any tent. Other features to look for are: nylon netting that wears well, zippers that won't corrode, lap fell sewn seams, glued seams in nylon floors, ease of setting up, and suitability for your type of camping.

Tents are not a good place to try to save money. If you buy a budget tent you usually get budget comfort. Buy the best tent you can afford and it will pay you dividends in service and pleasure. When you finally find the tent that best suits your needs and you are out on the trail, you will feel confident knowing that, should you encounter a rainy night, you will be secure and dry in your shelter. There is nothing like the soothing sound of rain on the roof of the tent to lull you to sleep after a hard day on the trail.



Several ways to pitch the traditional wedge tent.

THE TRADING POST

Canoe Dogs to be Given Away

Pete was a companion on most of our canoe trips this past summer. Pete is a Beagle, supposedly pure-bred, but her long legs are evidence of a flaw in her ancestry. Yes, Pete is a her – full name Petricia. She has the high spirits and boundless energies of all young dogs and kids. She is almost fearless. I've never seen her run from a squirrel. From horses, cows, other dogs, cats and geese yes, but never from squirrels. Other animals she has never run from include elephants, jaguars, polar bears, side hill gougers and white Asian rhinos. Pete enjoys canoes until we come to the rapids, then the slap of the waves against the bow distresses her and she cowers under a seat. Deer flies bug Pete – I think she prefers them to the best dog food. She has also tried bees (once). She is not fond of sleeping on the ground – she feels if the tent is good enough for us, it'll do for her. We made her a sleeping bag of her own last summer. She promptly showed her gratitude by ripping it to shreds. Pete figures there must be a better place than our canoe – if we get close to shore, she is apt to jump out and if another canoe comes close, she is likely to forsake ours and leap to the next one.

The reason for all this background on Pete is that she will soon be a mother. This will be an unplanned event – we gave her "doggie birth-control pills" – these are supposed to lessen her attraction to male dogs, but they were ineffective. So, in the near future, we are expecting a blessed event at our house. If you are interested in acquiring a genuine canoe dog (mother-dubious Beagle ancestry – father-possibly black Cocker Spaniel), please let us know.

Larry Johns

Would you kindly tell me where I may purchase a canoe that I could use for duck hunting? If possible I would like one that would not sink. I would like one around ten feet in length that I could put on top of a car by myself.

R. Dean Hubbard
313 Byron Street
Mankato, Minnesota 56001



Wolf River Charted for Cruising, Whitewater and Rafting Enthusiasts

Andy Westerhaus

The April HUT! published the sad news of a proposed 1000-acre garbage dump in the Wolf and Lily rivers area. Obviously, the protection afforded by the Wolf's "Wild River" status does not automatically insure the river will be left in a "clean and free flowing state." Threats to this magnificent river would not occur if more of us would realize its recreational and scenic potential. I have compiled some data on the Wolf River so all canoeists can experience it.

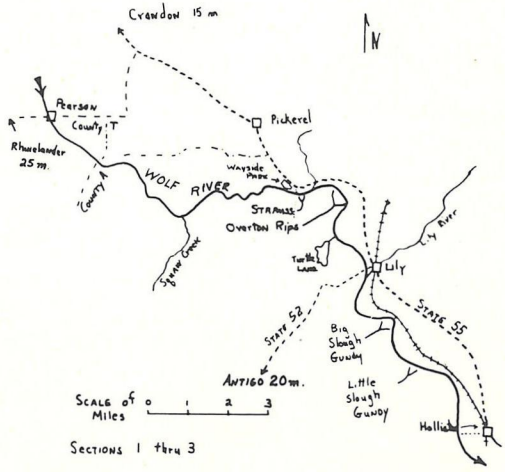
The upper Wolf has the reputation of a "whitewater only" river. This is the case for less than one-third of the 70-mile stretch. Throughout summer and fall there are some reasonable segments which provide great runs for an open canoe. The portion of the river which is best suited to your taste will be a function of water level and boater experience. Canoeists with some fast water experience and who don't mind a few scratches or dents will find a number of great stretches of this river which are negotiable with an open canoe. For those who don't feel qualified I would strongly recommend a raft ride. Raft rentals are available near the river. A 4 x 9 ft. life raft makes a good two-man raft for the Wolf.

Seventy miles of the upper Wolf from Pearson to Keshena have been designated as an official "Wild River". The river drops 700 feet in this segment. Its Canadian shield bed is in many places densely populated with 6 to 10 ft. granite boulders rounded and smoothed by the glacier which deposited them. These boulder fields combined with the uneven river gradient provide sensational rapids canoeing. The following river summary and maps should help in selecting the river segments which best suit your interests. I will try to keep informed about river levels this summer and will gladly pass the information on. Call me at 890-1161.

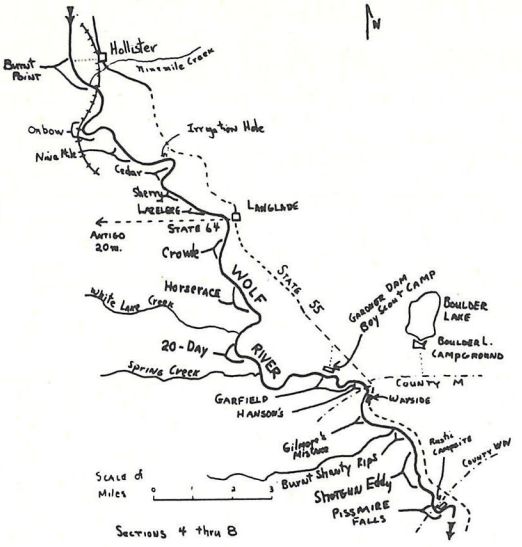
The Wolf is about 250 miles east of the Twin Cities, hence, at least one overnight stay should be planned. There are excellent motels and restaurants in Antigo, rustic campsites on the river, and a national campground at nearby Boulder Lake.

In addition to fine boating the Wolf provides great trout fishing and outstanding scenery. A half day would be well spent in "rubbernecking" the following river highlights: Sullivan Falls, Ducknest Falls (two drops), Tea Kettle Falls, The Dalles of the Wolf, Big Smokey Falls, Big Eddy Falls, and Keshena Falls.

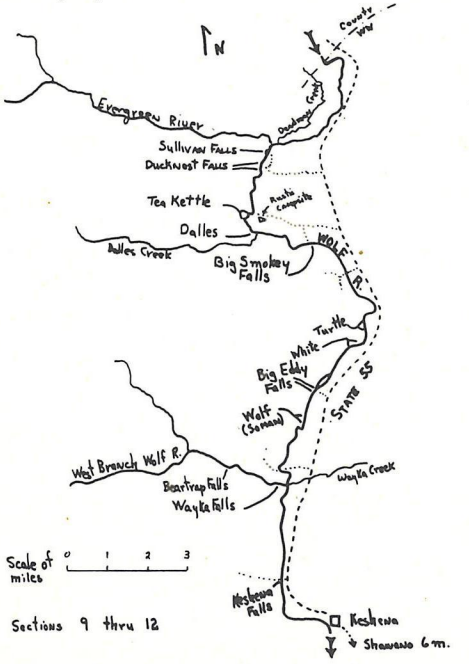
Only as more of us become aware of the great natural resource and beauty provided by this river can it be saved from blatant acts of stupidity. Such a proud and noble river should not be humiliated by the threat of a garbage dump in her midst.



Rapids in sections 1 through 3 are relatively short, hence they can be run by inexperienced boaters who don't mind walking their boat around or through the fast water. This stretch is suggested for inexperienced groups at high water (>10).



Sections 4 through 8 make great raft runs. Sections 4 through 5 or 6 (Hollister to Langlade or Boy Scout Camp) are suggested for experienced canoe groups at high water (>10). Sections 6 through 7 or 8 (Langlade to Highway M or WW) are suggested for experienced canoe groups at low water (<7).



Section 10 provides a wet and wild raft run. Sections 11 and 12 (putting in at bridge below Big Smokey) are suggested for inexperienced canoe groups at low water (<7).

Where to Go and What

Sec.	Put-In	Take-Out	Length (miles)	Gradient (ft/mi)[1]	Water level and Experience		
					Low	High	Expe
1	County T Bridge at Pearson	Highway 55 Wayside Park	9	<5	5	15	1
2	Highway 55 Wayside Park	Highway 52 Bridge at Lily	4.5	>10	6 10	10 15	1 2
3	Highway 52 Bridge at Lily	½ mile west of Hollister	6.5	>10	6	15	2
4	½ mile west of Hollister	Irrigation Hole	5	14	6	12	2
5	Irrigation Hole	Langlade	3	14	6	12	2
6	Langlade	Boy Scout Camp	8	14	3	10	2
7	Boy Scout Camp	County M	2	32	2	8	3
8	County M	County WW	4.5	19	2	7	3
9	County WW	Sullivan Falls	4	>10	2	15	2
10	Sullivan Falls	Big Smokey Falls	5	>15	XXX	XXX	XX
11	Big Smokey Falls	Big Eddy Falls	5.5	>10	0 5	5 15	1 2
12	Big Eddy Falls	Keshena Falls	5.5	>10	0 10	10 15	1 2

1 < = less than; > = more than

2 Acceptable water levels: Numbers are readings on Cap Buettner's stage marker in inches (inquire at Langlade). Lower than indicated levels can be tolerated if boaters care to wade with their boat in shallow stretches. Higher levels can be run with greater experience or by adding spray decking.

to Expect on the Wolf

[2] r.	Rapids by Name	Remarks[3]
		One unnamed rapids near put-in, otherwise a quiet meandering stream with some good fishing holes.
	Strauss, Overton Rips	Strauss is short. Overton is boulder field rapids indicative of things to come in down-river sections.
	Big Slough Gundy Little Slough Gundy	Both should be scouted; Little Slough Gundy is more difficult. Both are short. Short carry around log jam near Lily is needed.
	Burnt Point, Oxbow and Ninemile	Beautiful boulder field rapids.
	Cedar, Sherry, Lazelere	Similar to above, slightly bigger.
	Crowle, Horserace, 20-Day	Rapids are similar but bigger than previous two sections. Ask permission for Boy Scout Camp access.
	Garfield, Hansons	State wayside at County M has picnic tables. Almost 2 mi. continuous broken water after second foot bridge. Hansons has ledge with standing waves.
	Gilmore's Mistake, Burnt Shanty, Shotgun Eddy, Pissmire Falls	Largest waves in Gilmore's Mistake should be avoided. Shotgun Eddy is 1¼ mi. long; last drop marked by large island near left bank should be scouted. Pissmire Falls has one drop above and one drop below County WW bridge – should be scouted.
		Some fast water without significant rapids. Sullivan Falls preceded by Evergreen River entering Wolf from right, Wolf branches 90° to right and roar of Falls is heard. Take out left before rapids.
K	Ducknest, Tea Kettle, Dalles	Experienced paddlers with covered boats only. Ducknest has two difficult drops. Narrow chute halfway between Ducknest and Tea Kettle has big waves. Tea Kettle through the Dalles is tough.
	Turtle, White, Big Eddy	Put-in to base of Big Smokey is difficult. Bridge access 2 mi. down stream is recommended. First drop of Big Eddy can be run in open boats with care. Second drop must be portaged. Access at Big Eddy is hard due to long carry.
	Wolf River Rapids	Great for novices. Enough water even during dry spells. Guided tours of the "Land of Menominees" can be arranged. Inquire at Keshena.

Experience level: 1 – Novices with some fast water experience. 2 – Experienced in fast water like lower Snake or Kettle. 3 – Level 2 type who can write off his canoe as a tax loss. 4 – Level 3 type who breathes under water with ease.

[3] I would appreciate any comments so that the summary can be made more accurate. In particular, I would like to hear from anyone who has run sections 1, 2, 3, 11, or 12. Reference material used was the Spring 1968 issue of "Wisconsin Tales & Trails" and Andy Peekna's "Guide to White Water in Wisconsin."

Andy Westerhaus

WALT'S CORNER



The Woodchuck

Ironically, the woodchuck has earned his favored spot in American sports-shooting because of what must be described as his complete worthlessness in all other respects: He destroys no lesser animals or insects that plague the farmer or rancher. In fact, he makes something of a nuisance of himself by dining on the shoots and roots of trees to supplement his diet of vegetables and clover. Nothing he does could be construed as beneficial to the soil or to his environment. In addition, he riddles soil, pastures, and prairies with burrows.

But to the thousands of varmit hunters in the country, all of these facts could not matter less. The little rodent is a target without equal. When alarmed he "freezes" beside his burrow, offering the varmit-shooter a perfect shot. If the shot misses, the varmit vanishes down his hole to appear again in another hole a minute or two later – an ideal shooting gallery.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Most of the canoeists who travel through the canoe country drag a line several miles before setting up camp, hoping to catch a fresh walleye or two for supper. Now, I said drag a line. Most of the fishermen I've seen in pictures, meaning pictures depicting Biblical times, always used a net. So when did we start using a line? Well, I think I've found the answer.

Although catching fish as a sport is shrouded in antiquity, most anglers would be tempted to agree that a Roman named Demapples Trubble was the first to abandon the net for the hook, line, and sinker. The story goes that, while on a picnic with a Roman beauty whom he thought to be *Dana* Belevit – though it was actually her twin sister *Dona* – Demapples' suspenders broke free from his toga, ripping through his cheese sandwich and casting a cheese-baited safety pin into the River Nile by which they sat. He promptly caught a three-pound carp. Turning to his lovely companion he shouted, "Hey, Dana, whatayou think of Demapples?" To which she replied, "Ima *Dona* Belevit."

That, supposedly, was the beginning of angling, and no one has believed a fisherman since.

Walter B. Jones

Summary of Second BWCA Institute

Overuse and Multiple Use Erode Wilderness Area

During the recent second BWCA conference, it was pointed out clearly that not only are forestry and mining threats to the canoeing area, but the average canoeist or user is also a threat because of his numbers.

The BWCA is the most heavily used wilderness area within the entire wilderness system due primarily to its unique lake geography and road exclusion. The average annual use increase in recent years has been about 8 percent per year. In 1969 approximately 113,000 people spent 750,000 visitor days in the area, and at that rate there will be more than 2,000,000 visitor days within the next 25 years.

The forest service feels strongly that in its present scope the BWCA will be incapable of accommodating the above numbers of people and still provide the essential wilderness experience. Some lakes and routes are already overused and intensive studies are underway to determine the feasibility of limiting camping on some lakes to one night; of limiting the size of parties; of limiting the number of people using a campsite at any one time; and requiring camping on designated sites only.

The above measures are only the beginning, and the forest service feels the results of capacity studies may result in measures not yet being considered for immediate use. Such measures might involve restrictions totally repressive to those of us who have spent years blissfully enjoying the area and feeling deep in our hearts that it can't last. These measures may be necessary and could be:

1) Advanced user reservations;
2) Specified routings (not being allowed to go where you want to go);
3) Limits on numbers of people;
4) Restricted motor and snowmobile use;
5) Improved or reduced access points;
6) Rest rotation of campsites and lakes;
7) More roads into the area to get to less used parts.

In short, the conference indicated clearly that the area as some of us have known it for many years is a thing of the past. By intensive and obvious management we may be able to salvage it in its present state, but everyone will have to cooperate and work at it. Otherwise it may degenerate into another overcrowded specter.

"Use it, but don't take it for granite."

John A. Arver

(Article reprinted from Grand Rapids Herald, July 7, 1970.)

Boy injured in boating accident

Itasca county sheriff John Muhar reports that Kevin Spellacy was injured Saturday evening when a motor boat struck the canoe he was pushing on Lake Pokegama.

According to Muhar, Andy Hannula of Grand Rapids was operating the motor boat that struck the canoe cutting it in half and opening cuts on Keven's back that required stitches.

Investigation showed that the sun blinded the boat operator and he did not see the canoe. He returned to help Kevin to his home and see that he got medical attention.

Muhar reports that his office has received 15 complaints about operators of motor boats, most of which came from the Pokegama lake area. Two patrol boats worked Itasca county waters over the weekend, and deputies point out that careless operation of a motor boat is as serious as an infraction of highway law.



HALF THE CANOE which was struck by a motorboat on Pokegama lake July 4 is displayed by sheriff John Muhar. Kevin Spellacy, who was pushing the canoe in the water when it was struck, had a close call which he says has made him extremely conscious of the need for caution when operating a motorboat. (Photo courtesy of Grand Rapids Herald, secured by Robin Baker.)

PROFESSIONAL RACING

Sauk Rapids Indian Day Canoe Races Considered Short

This year's race, held July 31, 1970, at Sauk Rapids, Minnesota, was won by Gary Neddermeyer and Steve Peterson. It is a good short run on the Mississippi with a small but rocky portage over a dam. This race also has a rocky ending, a fairly large rapids. A very large crowd was on hand for the race. Our thanks go to Robert C. Morey, race chairman.

RACE RESULTS

CC2-Mens USCA Cruising Canoe

Place	Names	Addresses	Time	Prize
1	Larry Peterson Tom Olson	Coon Rapids, Minn. Coon Rapids, Minn.	4:03:28	$250
2	Ken Ketter Jeff Kellog	Brooklyn Pk, Minn. Michigan	4:03:52	$150
3	Dean Adams James Harellson	Potsoi, Mo. Potsoi, Mo.	4:33:31	$ 75

CC2-Mixed USCA Cruising Canoe

1	Miss Danekeiz Marcel Thibeau	Marshall, Minn. Mt. Laurier, Que.	5:02:52	$200

CC2-Mens MCRA Cruising Canoe

1	Ken Ketter Jeff Kellog	Brooklyn Pk., Minn.	3:37:07	$250
2	Gil Tinkler Marcel Thibeau	Mr. Laurier, Que. Mt. Laurier, Que.	3:39:46	$150
3	Larry Peterson Tom Olson	Coon Rapids, Minn. Coon Rapids, Minn.	3:58:24	$ 75

CC2-Mixed MCRA Cruising Canoe

1	Mrs. Kellog Gil Tinkler	Michigan Mt. Laurier, Que.	4:52:32 4:52:32	$200

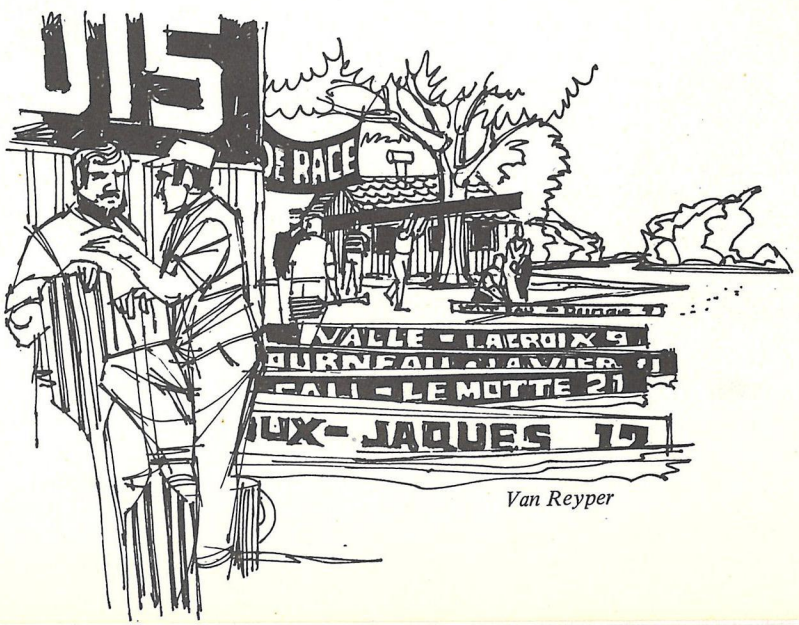
Second Missouri National Invitational Columbus Day Canoe Race Held on Big River

This race was run a little differently from most because here one had to race against a time clock. This enabled some of the paddlers to run the course twice, each time in a different class.

The race was held October 11, 1970, at Bonne Terre, Missouri, on the Big River, a very shallow and rocky river. Most of the canoes were badly scratched, and some ended up with holes in them. Citizens of Bonne Terre were very hospitable towards the canoeists. The Knights of Columbus did a very fine job of promoting the running of the race A bigger and better race was promised for next year.

RACE RESULTS:

Place	Names	Addresses	Time	Prize
1	Gary Neddermeyer Steve Peterson	Long Lake, Minn. Coon Rapids, Minn.	60:39	$50
2	Irwin C. Peterson Eugene Jensen	Coon Rapids, Minn. Brooklyn Pk., Minn.	60:44	$40
3	Larry Peterson Ken Ketter	Coon Rapids, Minn. Brooklyn Pk., Minn.	61:22	$30
4	Dan Hassel Peter Colos	Cedar, Minn. St. Paul, Minn.	64:25	$20
5	Greg Peterson Rick Nelson	Coon Rapids, Minn. Coon Rapids, Minn.	65:13	$10
6	Kieth Canny Robin Baker	Blaine, Minn. Cohasset, Minn.	65:16	$ 5
7	Karl Ketter Ed Koehler	Minneapolis, Minn. Brainerd, Minn.	65:27	$ 5
8	Tom Olson Dan Bower	Coon Rapids, Minn. Hopkins, Minn.	67:12	$ 5



Van Reyper

Larry and Margie Johns

Photo by Lucian Brown



Meet the Man Who Has the Toughest Job on HUT!: Larry Johns

They will probably shudder when they see this, but the facts gotta be told: Larry and Margie Johns are a nice couple to know.

You know you're in if you call Larry and he responds to your greeting with, "Well, how the hell are you anyway?" (It has to be the strongest epithet he uses.) He always looks fresh and alert. Maybe, after two late nights in a row of laying out HUT! magazine, you catch him the next day and his eyes look larger and more luminous, but he won't be grouchy. Amazing discipline.

When you first meet Margie, she'll smile shyly with bright eyes and won't say much. And when she talks the edges of her sentences will ruffle with shyness. But you'll wish you knew her very well because she's the warm, understanding sort of person to whom the world would bring its troubles and receive consolation.

Larry Johns is Director of Art and Production for HUT! magazine (which he hopes will improve each issue and never regress). This means he receives and evaluates all photos and artwork submitted, and decides how to use them. Margie pastes in corrections, and then Larry arranges pictures and type in a manner which he feels will appeal to readers of HUT!. Occasionally their children, Kenny and Joanne, help them in little ways.

Larry's athletic oldest son, a member of the Green Berets, was killed after six months in Vietnam, just before his 21st birthday almost two years ago. When he was 15, Jeff shot a deer and a bear on the same hunting trip. (The bear was so large it will be listed in the Boone and Crockett record book.) Larry wrote an account of this hunting tale which was accepted and printed in *Outdoor Life* (January, 1966). Recently Larry donated a memorial plaque to the MCA which will be awarded each year to someone who has contributed outstanding service to the club. In addition to the two children at home, the Johnses have three other children living away from home.

Larry's credentials for his position on our staff are his bread-and-butter job: commercial artist for Jensen Printing Company. In addition to artwork, Larry does layout work on catalogs and quotes bids. Occasionally he does freelance artwork at home. At one time he and three partners owned a printing firm in Ladysmith, Wisconsin, which required him to learn all aspects of putting out periodical publications.

Before joining the MCA, Larry's and Margie's top hobbies were horseback riding and archery; in addition Larry enjoyed trap shooting and some hunting. Now the MCA, especially cruising and HUT!, seems to be their dominant leisure-time interest. The Johnses joined the club in March, 1970, and have made 42 cruises. Their dog, Pete, frequently cruises with them. They own a cruising canoe and plan to build two kayaks this winter so the children can go with them. (They don't like the idea of three people in a canoe. Kenny has gone cruising when someone else has needed a paddling partner.)

The Johnses love being outdoors, in the open quietness of wilderness, getting away from humdrum city life. They hope to spend a week next year island-hopping and fishing by canoe on the Lake of the Woods. They'll be accompanied by another couple who know the area.

They have especially enjoyed the white-water of the Bois Brule River and the 23 rapids of the Upper Flambeau. Their last major canoe trip was down the Flambeau River in September with "a nice gathering of people."

Pete went with them. When they camped, they tied Pete to a tree near the food to keep the coons away. After a short period of barking and general doggy cussing, Pete appeared at the door of their tent and was admitted. The next morning Larry asked Abner Jones if he had released Pete from the tree.

Abner looked Larry in the eye and asked stoically, "What barking dog?"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Timely HUT! Is Late

The October 1970 HUT! arrived yesterday. It is getting better all the time – in fact it is excellent and contains several articles of general interest to a member who is too far away to participate in Association activities.

Enclosed is my ballot. I am taking you at your word that it must be postmarked by October 27 (HUT!, page 7), but I can't guarantee that it will arrive by October 21!

Having received HUT! after the fact, I couldn't make it to the October 21 meeting if I wanted to. Since the only way I can participate in MCA activities is by griping by mail, may I gently suggest that editorial policy include the element of timeliness.

Ted Houk

MCA Asked to Endorse Anti-spearing Measures for Muskies

Muskies, Inc., is against the spearing of game fish. We wish to pass legislation to abolish it in Minnesota. We are collecting letters and affidavits from qualified professionals, conservation departments, and clubs in Minnesota and surrounding states. This is an all-out effort to get all the facts and opinions available. Your letter may be used as evidence and/or opinion to help the Minnesota Legislature decide the spearing question . . .

Clubs should discuss and vote on the spearing problem. Some questions that could help club members form an educated opinion are:

1) What are the laws on spearing in the surrounding states? Why?
2) Does the selective spearer remove mostly adult brood fish?
3) Will the population increase effect the natural balance of my lake?
4) What percent of the fishermen spear?
5) To what degree can I control my lake's future?

After the club has voted to support Muskies, Inc, to eliminate spearing of game fish in Minnesota, please send us an official statement regarding your club's position.

We remind clubs that Muskies, Inc., operates a hatchery and has information available about muskies and how you may get them in one or more of the lakes in your area.

Please send all letters and statements promptly to:

Anti-Spearing Committee
Muskies, Inc.
1708 University Avenue
St. Paul, Minnesota 55104

Charles J. Welf

FINANCIAL REPORT

Total Assets

November 1, 1970	$6,167.26
November 1, 1969	4,721.84
Increase	$1,445.42

Operations for 1969-70

Income	$6,892.34
Expense	5,446.92
Net	$1,445.42

Breakdown

Income	
Dues	$4,519.50
Profit on all Sales	2,148.34
Misc.	224.50
TOTAL	$6,892.34
Expenses	
HUT! printing and mailing	$3,267.18
Other printing and mailing (e.g., "How to Build a Canoe")	983.80
Meetings (rent, refreshments, etc.)	151.97
Other (incl. membership processing)	1,043.97
TOTAL	$5,446.92

I wish to thank all those who helped me, particularly our resin salesmen, Jerry Kress and Cliff Lee, and Mike Flannery who took over the job of treasurer while I was in Europe this summer.

THE TREASURER

(with apologies to Edgar Allen Poe)

Once upon a midnight dreary
As I pondered weak and weary
Over many a piece of long-forgotten "lore"

As I sat there gently tapping
Computer keys forever rapping
Thinking if I got caught napping
I'd be shown the door

'Though that idea held no terror
Suddenly I found an error
As if there were nothing rarer –
What an awful bore.

'Tis some small mistake I muttered
Some false entry making us ten dollars poor
Only this and nothing more

And the silken sad uncertain
Rustling of each ledgered paper
Chilled me, filled me with a total
Boredom never felt before

'Tis some small mistake I muttered
Some false entry making us ten dollars poor
Only this and nothing more

Then I flung the machine down crying
Why do I set here prying, prying
What's the use of even trying?
Quoth the treasurer, "Nevermore!"

Ian Richards

Schoolcraft, You've Got to Be Kidding!

By Glenn Bennington

The whole disaster began when a friend remarked, with calculated sarcasm, "If Schoolcraft could travel 160 miles by canoe in 14 hours, why can't you?"

One hundred and sixty miles in 14 hours figures out to a cool 11.4 miles per hour. Friends, 11.4 mph in a canoe is the watery equivalent of the three-minute mile. There had to be an explanation.

Was this run made, I asked, in the Spring when the river is a virtual torrent?

"No," came the reply, "it was made on July 24, 1832, on the Mississippi River with the aid of some experienced Canadians."

July 24th is low-water time on the Mississippi. The fast water theory was out, unless the upper Mississippi should be a much faster running river than the lower; so fast would it have to be that anyone could run 10 or 11 mph in a canoe.

My canoeing partner, Lon Anderson, and I had often talked of a trip down the river from St. Cloud to Anoka. Why not paddle the distance and measure the time? That should be a nice painless way of finding out how fast the river is. Painless, hah!

We cleared the St. Cloud dam at 11:15 a.m. the next Sunday and arrived at Anoka eight paddling hours later, wet, burned, blistered, and exhausted. Our speed in an 18½-foot racing canoe: 8 mph. The river held no answers. The current was a sluggish 3 mph at St. Cloud and a more sluggish 2 mph at Anoka. If there had been a mystery before, there was a mystery still.

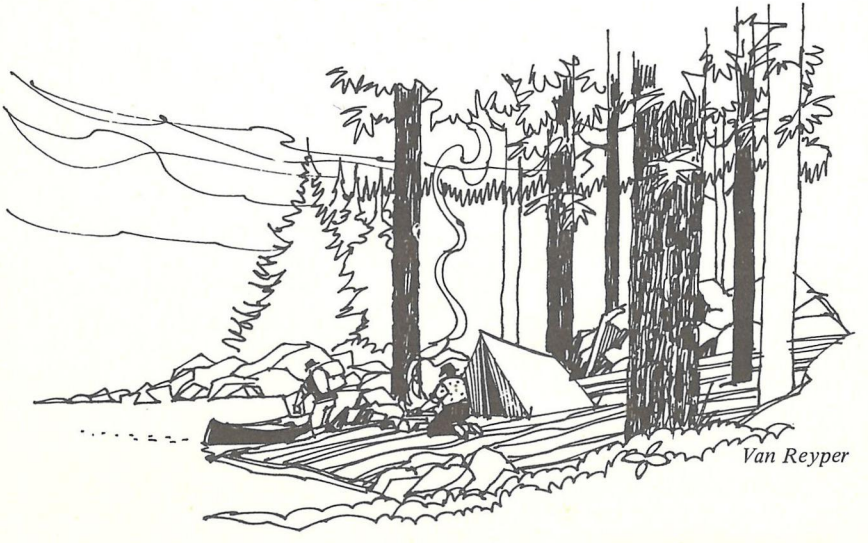
Could the difference be in the men who paddled the canoes, the 'experienced Canadians" of Schoolcraft's trip? Were their names Johnson and Evinrude? Were they simply so strong they could propel a canoe in still water at 8½ mph?

The great Aquatennial Canoe Race had superbly conditioned professional paddlers in it. How did they compare to these legendary French-Canadians over a similar distance on the same river?

Karl Ketter's Aquatennial race records were explicit on that subject. In 1949 the racers paddled the 148 miles from Little Falls to Anoka in an elapsed paddling time of 17.3 hours. That is an average speed of 8.6 mph; fine paddling, but 3 mph *slower* than the Schoolcraft party.

Was it possible that Schoolcraft had measured his distances wrong? Neighbor, it was possible. When the book *Expedition to Lake Itasca* returned to the library, a close reading made this explanation clear. The 160 miles began at the junction of the Mississippi and Crow Wing Rivers and ended just above the Elk River junction. By today's measurements, that is about 90 miles.

Schoolcraft's party had used the same stratagem that VW owners use when confronted with low gas mileage: They lied a little.



Van Reyper

BOOK REVIEW

Wilderness — Past Tense

CHALLENGE OF THE WILDERNESS by Calvin Rutstrum, illustrated by Les Kouba, 196 pp., T. S. Denison and Company, Inc., Minneapolis, 1970. $6.95.

Calvin Rutstrum, recognized author of wilderness travel by canoe and snowshoe, in this seventh book takes us on an autobiographical trip to the wilderness heartland of Minnesota and records for us vividly the excitement it brings to oneself.

He recounts traveling to Hovland by boats, building his first wilderness retreat and of all the joys that went with it. Escape from the outside, having to understand the country, seeing freeze-up and thaw, using canoe and snowshoes to travel make the reader look back toward what our wilderness was really like. With the coming of the road to Duluth and the encroaching hordes of people, Rutstrum moved off deeper into the area seeking the beauty roads destroy.

This is only part of what is in store for the reader. Of greater value, expecially to youth, is young Rutstrum leaving home and wintering in Montana, isolated but learning what life, the environment and wilderness were all about. Oh, to have done that myself! If you feel for freedom, relish wilderness, and wish to reflect for a quiet moment on what it was like, read this book and you will know why so many of us relish what little we have left.

Bob O'Hara, Jr.

ABOUT CALVIN RUTSTRUM

The author, Calvin Rutstrum, and his wife spend half of the year at their two base camps in the Canadian wilderness, four months at their principal residence overlooking the St. Croix River in Minnesota, and two months at their ranch on the Pecos River in New Mexico. The author is self-educated. He has written numerous magazine articles and a number of books, the most outstanding being *The New Way of the Wilderness, The Wilderness Cabin, North American Canoe Country, The Wilderness Route Finder,* and *Paradise Below Zero.*



Illustration by Les Kouba from *Challenge of the Wilderness* by Calvin Rutstrum

He Relates to Us a Value System That We Cannot Afford to Lose

OPEN HORIZONS **by Sigurd F. Olson, illustrated by Les Kouba, 227 pp., Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1969. $5.95.**

Thoureau said it, "In wilderness is the preservation of the world." Aldo Leopold said, "Only a mountain has lived long enough to listen objectively to the howl of a wolf."

Here in *Open Horizons,* Sig Olson takes us on an autobiographical tour that leads him to the wilds of Minnesota, the realization of the delicate beauty exhibited by the raw wilderness and, today, the battle for its preservation. As in his previous volumes, Sig relates to us vividly what historians, poets, scripture and tradition have acclaimed in the past – that man and earth are one.

This is not a nice piece about the woods, but rather a short treatise on the mind and spirit of our system of value. It deals with a heritage that has been man's from the early dawn of evolution, that now lies in a narrow tread bordered by extinction. Truly, all of us look to the open horizons with anticipation, with partial apprehension, with peace, seeking the joys and trials of life. Here reflected in a single volume is that same feeling of one man. A man who through a long and exciting life can relate to us a value system that we cannot afford to lose. As Sig so aptly put it, "The stature of man has increased because of beauty, harmony, and the challenge of mystery, not through ugliness, warped and twisted psychosis, and divorcement from the natural scene."

Bob O'Hara, Jr.

ABOUT SIGURD F. OLSON

Sigurd F. Olson, the author of *The Singing Wilderness, Listening Point, The Lonely Land* and *Runes of the North* is one of our country's well-known ecologists and interpretive naturalists. Born in Chicago in 1899, educated at Northland College, the University of Wisconsin, and the University of Illinois, he holds a number of honorary doctorate degrees. He was a professor and dean until he began devoting himself entirely to the study of wilderness and its preservation. President of the Wilderness Society, past president of the National Parks Association, he is a consultant to the Secretary of the Interior, the director of the National Parks Service and the Izaak Walton League of America. His home is in Ely, Minnesota, gateway to the lake country of the Quetico-Superior.



Illustration by Les Kouba from *Open Horizons* by Sigurd F. Olson



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The Wayward Wind

(6th in a series)

by Bill Fisher

Those who have seen the grandiose musical "Paint Your Wagon" must recall one man's song of the wilderness, of the great natural forces, of loneliness:

'A way out here they have a name for wind and rain and fire, the rain is Tess, the fire is Joe, they call the wind Maria."

Not having seen the production, I do not know the origin of the names nor the experience of those travelers with these forces. But each wanderer knows that rain, fire, and wind can be friend or foe, depending on the given situation.

Perhaps Janus, the two-faced Roman deity, is a hidden guardian at the wilderness gates. Those who understand the need for living in harmony with natural forces and plan accordingly pass through the gates, enjoy their communion with nature, and return safely.

Tess, the rain.

As the creek leaves Sue, there is the remnant of an old logging dam, forcing a short carry-round. Then in the spring the water ripples down a hundred-yard stretch of rapids, great sport, with alder bushes grabbing at you as you dodge the rocks. Then a half-mile of winding, pleasant or annoying, depending on your mood. Finally another half-mile of portage, steep downhill, past a smaller upper falls and longer stairstep cascade as the water pours into Cirrus.

The rain caught us as we wound the creek. Because it was midsummer low water, we were sloshing in knee-deep water, half-wet already. We disdained our ponchos, hopeful of sun later in the afternoon. Instead of sprawling in the sun and dipping toes in little rocky pools by the cascades while we munched cheese toasties for lunch, we were forced to rest two canoes on a low branch, kindle our fire carefully, and huddle, smoky-eyed, gulping the toast before it sogged up.

The front thickened and swung to the northwest, and we were chilled as we made camp on the east end of Cirrus. Some had not packed carefully and had no dry change of clothes. After much labor we had a small fire but, as it was late, decided not to cook the regular dinner. The others took bread and honey and chocolate to the tents, and I stayed with the fire long enough for one pot of hot cocoa. Shivering as I made for the tents, I hugged the pot to my chest and didn't mind the bit that slopped.

For the first and only time that I can recall, the tents began leaking shortly after we crawled in. We tried pulling ponchos over our sleeping bags to ward off the worst drips, but the steady rain nullified these efforts. Although the tent sites were well-protected in a cedar grove and the drainage was good, by midnight the ground was soggy and water seeped through the floors. I managed to sleep because of a wool liner but knew others had little rest in their wet bags.

In the early morning we were active in preparing dry wood, and we decided on a layover day in the hopes of drying gear. But cold mist blew at us all day, and there was nothing but to sit under the big green tarp, backs to the wind, feeding the fire, sipping hot drinks. No change at nightfall. Dreading the return to wet bags, we lingered by the fire 'til after midnight, then heaped on holding logs and forced ourselves to the tents.

Another gray, misty dawn, and we debated whether to break camp wet, with the water-soaked loads for the portages, or take a chance on the weather breaking. We still had two layover days to spend somewhere along the way. The decision was to wait. Mid-afternoon and small bits of blue between the quick dark clouds and we hopefully sang the sun songs: lucky old sun – hey, the sun is getting ready to shine, ready to shine – it's breaking up now in Miami, Miami. And then the clear-cut edge of the front at the far west end of the lake, the full sun, and we hurried bags out onto a line and mopped the floors of tents and propped them up to catch the breeze.

Three days, not really serious. Only uncomfortable. But there is another more frightening mood to Tess. The quick burst of temper, the thunderstorm, with Maria howling in unison.

We made Kasakokwog in one long hot day from Nym. I passed up one campsite at the east end which was sheltered from the west wind, hoping for some breeze later. The point I chose faced the long sweep of the lake, and the evening sun burned into our camp and we moved slowly as we set up and ate. No one launched a canoe to try the fishing, only threw a few spoons from shore or splashed again into the lake.

My tent faced the lake, a few smaller spruce between it and the water. We drifted off to sleep, lying nude on our sleeping bags. Midnight the thunder rumbled way off in the west, and when I woke again it seemed too dark. First a soft gust blew into the tent, and then a second one hit harder, and thunder and lightning exploded almost on us. I sprang up and looked out and could sense the black wall of wind and water storming across the lake at us. It was too late to make any changes in the camp. "Grab the corners and hold them down," I yelled as the tent lifted and water swept in. We huddled in the glare of lightning as our shelter whipped about us. Small trees snapped near by, and when I glanced out I could just see the spruce surge over us and whirl back into the darkness. A canoe that had been beached too near the

Is MCA Membership Card A Neighborhood Pass For Resin?

We thought MCA members would like to know just what the job of material dispensing is. We have been distributing resin and glass since April 29, 1969, at the South Depot. It was at this time they deemed it necessary to have two points of distribution.

The Association's fiscal year runs from November 1 through October 31. This fiscal year we filled 179 orders for a total of $3,542.85. Even though all materials sold are not used specifically for building canoes, that probably is at least 150 new canoes.

Our busiest time is from March through September, with May our peak month. During that period this year we filled 146 orders totaling $3,000. When we are this busy we are distributing materials two or three days a week and preparing another day a week. This means filling jugs of resin, jars of catalyst, and cutting glass. In terms of time this means about 15 hours a week.

From October to February there is only a "token" amount of business, about five orders a month.

Since we have not held this job two full years we can only give an incomplete comparison of 1969 and 1970. Using only the months of May through October, we still have most interesting statistics:

	1969		1970	
Month	Orders	Totaling	Orders	Totaling
May	23	$ 411.02	36	$1,015.85
June	20	324.55	34	752.80
July	22	439.85	22	441.20
August	15	332.35	12	375.15
September	15	235.65	13	358.70
October	5	77.10	8	145.45
6-month total	100	$1,520.52	125	$3,089.15
	average	15.20	average	25.60

What it amounts to is this: We have sold twice as many materials in only twenty-five more orders. More people are sharing memberships to build canoes. One member used his card to build nine canoes – an interesting observation!

This job does require a lot of work at both depots. During the winter months this means planning ahead, as the garage must be heated to fill jugs of resin. Occasionally, we serve an occasional member who cannot understand why his order can't be filled in the next half hour. Members certainly know earlier than the day before that materials are needed. Calls a week in advance are most appreciated.

We also would like members to know that we have acetone and collar nails for sale.

The job, although a lot of work, is not without its rewards. We have met many new and interesting friends all interested in furthering canoeing in Minnesota.

Patsy Kress

WAYWARD WIND (Cont.)

water banged along the ledge and I knew we might have to search for it in the morning.

We were pounded for perhaps ten minutes, and as it lessened I thought of the calm center of hurricanes and tried to remember if such systems occurred in this country, anticipating another lashing. But the worst had passed, no real damage had been done. Morning revealed the canoe lodged against small cedars. Only one large jack pine lay beside one of the tents.

"The fire is Joe, they call the wind Maria." These tales must wait another time.

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Camp Cookery

SKILLET MINCEMEAT PIE* (20 camp minutes)

Pastry is rolled out at home and fried at camp. This "sandwich-style" pie has flat top and bottom crusts, no side crust. The little 9-ounce boxes of concentrated mincemeat are delicious, nourishing in-between meal snacks, so throw in a few extra packages..

PASTRY

1-1/2 c. flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 c. lard or 1/2 c. + 1 T. canned white shortening
3 T. cold water

Put flour and salt in bowl. Cut in lard or shortening with long-tined meat fork until mixture resembles uncooked oatmeal; do not overmix. Sprinkle water (using large-holed salt shaker or clothes sprinkler) on mixture, turning with table fork until dough appears evenly moistened. Halve dough, press each half into a tight ball and flatten.

Place square of waxed paper on damp table. Lightly flour paper and rolling pin. Roll out dough on paper, making circle as wide as the bottom of trail skillet to be used (8 or 9 inches). Trim off ragged edges. (Tip: To get a perfect circle, put same size plate upside down on rolled pastry; trace plate with table knife.) Fold pastry, paper lining and all, in half and then in half again.

Repeat procedure with other half of dough, rolling same size. Wrap two folded pastries in third sheet of waxed paper.

FILLING

1 pkg. (9 oz.) mincemeat

Remove carton but not waxy liner. With fingers blunt the sharp corners of the liner and pack with pastries in heat-sealed pouch.

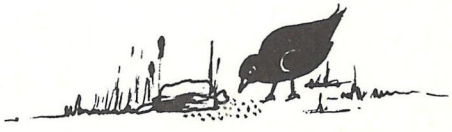
At Camp 1-1/4 c. water

Put mincemeat in pot with water; cover and simmer 5 minutes. Cool to lukewarm.

Fry pastries one at a time: Lay pastry flat in ungreased heated skillet. Heat until crust starts to puff a bit and bottom speckles (peek with spatula), about 3-4 minutes. Turn carefully. (Tip: A flat cover or metal plate is a great help in turning delicate crust. Lay cover lightly on crust, turn pan upside down, and slide crust back slowly into pan.)

Place on crust in piepan or on plate, spread with filling, and top with second crust. Let pie sit for half hour or more before cutting into wedges.

**from A FINE KETTLE OF FISH And Other Things: The Wilderness Chef's Handbook, ©1970 Jean-Marie Fisher*



MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Please print in ink or type. Make application for membership on official MCA forms only. Fill in all spaces each time you renew. If you do not want to use the back page of your Hut, join at a monthly meeting. Forms will be available there.

MEMBERSHIPS

1) Regular Members —$5.00 annual dues; full club benefits.
2) Junior Members —$3.00 annual dues; full benefits except for voting rights. Not yet age 19.
3) Associate Members — $4.00 annual dues; receives the newsletter. May purchase separately, items in the membership kit.
4) Life Members —Full benefits for life.

Your membership card will be your proof of payment. Memberships are non-transferable. Make checks payable to the Minnesota Canoe Association, Inc.

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NEW MEMBERSHIP ☐

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Please make checks payable to Minnesota Canoe Association, Inc. Your membership card will be your receipt and proof of payment.

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MINNESOTA CANOE ASSOCIATION, INC.

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Address correction requested:

The Minnesota Canoe Association, Inc. is a non-profit organization dedicated to promote all aspects of canoeing.

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