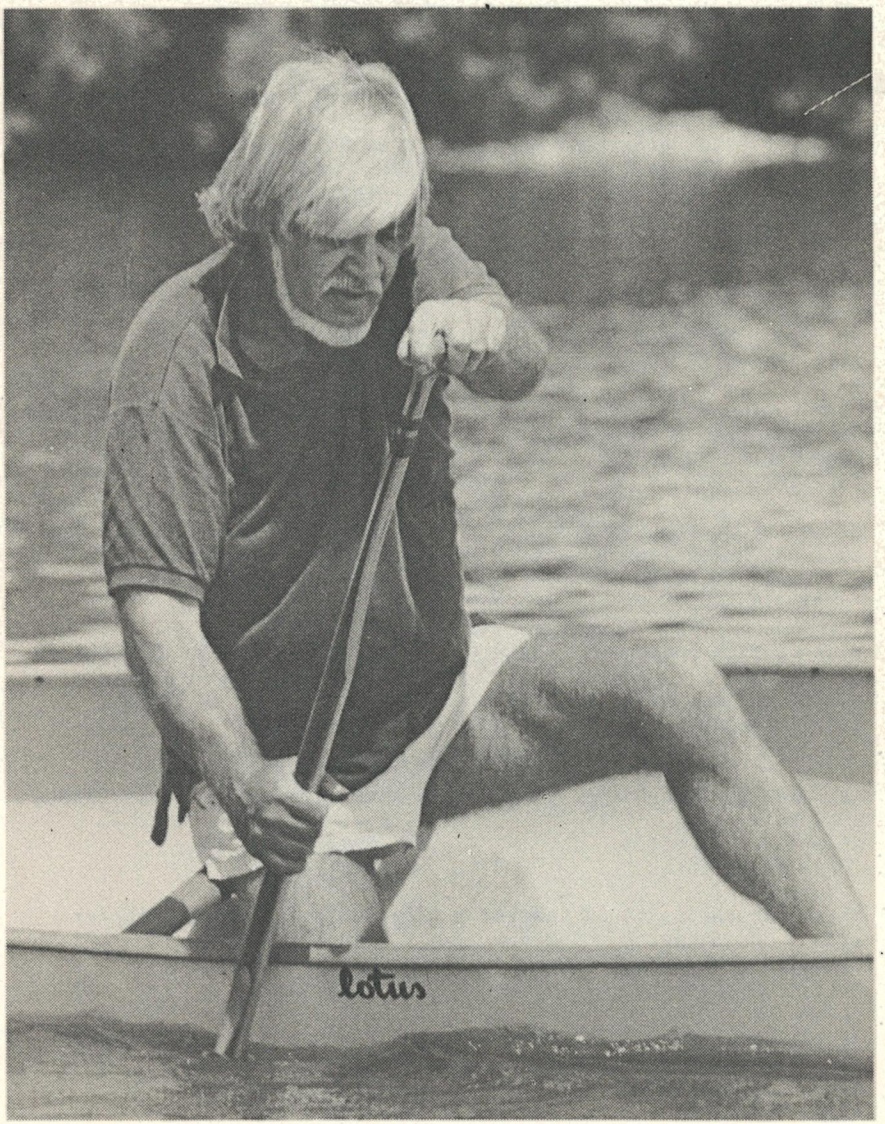
MINNESOTA CANOE ASSOCIATION, INC.

HUT!

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Mike Galt demonstrates some freestyle techniques at the Freestyle Clinic held in July. For more details on what went on see "Mississippi Bob's" article this month.
Photo: Burt Levy Photography Studio.

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HUT! is the signal on which paddlers change sides. It was first used by Tom Estes and Eugene Jensen in the 1940's as they won four Aquatennial canoe races. It was adopted as the title of the MCA magazine because it symbolizes the teamwork and coordination necessary for effective canoeing.

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Before we sold any canoes, we paddled them. Before you buy a canoe, rent and try the canoe.

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Paddles:	Cadorette, Peterson, Waddel, Grey Owl, Maxcraft Straight, Bents, wood, lightweights, laminated.
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Accessories:	Paddle covers, grey tape, Gel-Gloss cleaner, t-shirts, Seda life jackets.
Materials:	Resin and fiberglass for Minnesota Canoe members, thwarts, gunwales, foams, wood strips for canoe building.
Source:	MCA Resin Depot, gathering place for Minnesota's canoe racers. Lessons and coaching in canoeing, racing and building. Free catalogues and magazines.

FROM THE BOW

Well, in spite of the low water and hot weather, I know that a good many of you out there in paddleland are continuing to flex your sticks. I have talked with quite a few members who are cruising the BWCAW and the larger rivers. Then there are folks hackn' through the deep tundra and also a bunch just out messn' 'round in canoes. It's always great to hear about these exploits since our activity and organization is about getting out there and having fun no matter what the conditions (within reason)!

Mike Galt's clinic was a good time and very informative. Bob Brown has written up the clinic and rumor has it the he will also be doing some writing on freestyle technique. The techniques are actually about as old as paddling itself. They are just being rediscovered and refined to the point of artistic expression for some. I hope to see a number of people getting involved with with this great renaissance of paddling.

Speaking of involvement, there're still a few more points from our steering committee's outline left to share with you (up until now you were probably thinking it was safe to read FROM THE BOW again). The next major heading on our list is "More Membership Involvement". The sub headings include: 1) Volunteer Co-ordinator which I wrote about a few months ago, but who has yet to step forward; 2) Establish a membership data base that would reflect our individual members' paddling and activity preferences; 3) Identify tasks and benefits to serve our general membership, these are the topics that I have been talking about all along in this column; 4) Develop additional regional and special interest chapters.

The next goal is one that we have already accomplished through careful management in recent years, the heading being Financial Stability. We are continuing to grow as a meaningful organization with a firm fiscal footing by our ever expanding offerings of classes, clinics, building supplies, and publications. We have recently learned (or possibly relearned) of the great revenue producing potential of raffles. We also established the goal of identifying one new revenue producing source per year.

That's about it for this month. Some of the heavy thinkers in canoesport are predicting a renaissance. If this is so, the MCA belongs at the forefront as it has in the past. YOU can make that happen!--**Burt Levy, President**

DRAGON BOAT RACE REPORT

On June 12, ten MCA members left to take part in the Dragon Boat Festivals in Taipei and Hong Kong.

The MCA supported these members by donating funds raised from the canoe raffle at the Building Show. Dragon Boat Team members worked the booths at Winterfest and the Boat Show selling tickets and promoting the MCA. They also sold tickets on their own. Only members that worked the shows or were otherwise involved in the project benefited from the funds.

I personally would like to thank the MCA for its support.

The festival was an international event involving teams from around the world, China, Australia, Thailand, Canada, and Germany, to name a few. Although communication was a challenge, the U.S.A. women's team managed to make many new friends from around the world. There was quite a difference in the racing between Taipei and Hong Kong.

Taipei racing involves 16 paddlers, a drummer, a coxswain (Steersperson), and a Flag person. The boat and paddles are very heavy and a long strong power stroke is required to move the boat the fastest.

Competition involves double elimination, with each race

consisting of two heats. Paddlers keep rhythm with the beat of the drum and the race is won with the capture of your flag. The race length is 400 meters.

The Hong Kong races had several differences. In Hong Kong, the boats and paddles are much lighter. The boat held up to 22 paddlers and there is no flag catcher. The race length is 680 meters. There were 24 women teams in our class. Eight teams raced at a time and the top eight teams went on to the finals. The U.S.A. women's team had the 6th best time going into the finals, and took 4th place in the final race. Mainland China, Canada, and Australia placed 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, respectively. Overall, a good time was had by all.--**Heidi Reipe, Dragon Boat Team Member**

Thanks, MCA for your generous contribution and support for the Dragon Baot Racing Team. We had many good experiences meeting other paddlers from around the world. We had a wonderful time. Thanks again--**Pat Hildebrant, Mary Hildebrant**

ANNUAL FAMILY CANOE DAY

This year's Annual Canoe Day saw about 150+ participants. The dignitaries on hand included Minnesota's and Wisconsin's Lt. Governors, the DNR Commissioner, other DNR division heads, a Wisconsin Senator, and of course all of the MCA members who participated.

The cruise went off with only minor delay on a bright and sunny day. As we neared the takeout, the winds picked up and everybody had to dig in a bit more to make adequate progress. But, I have yet to cruise the St. Croix when it hasn't been easier to paddle upstream than down due to a stiff headwind.

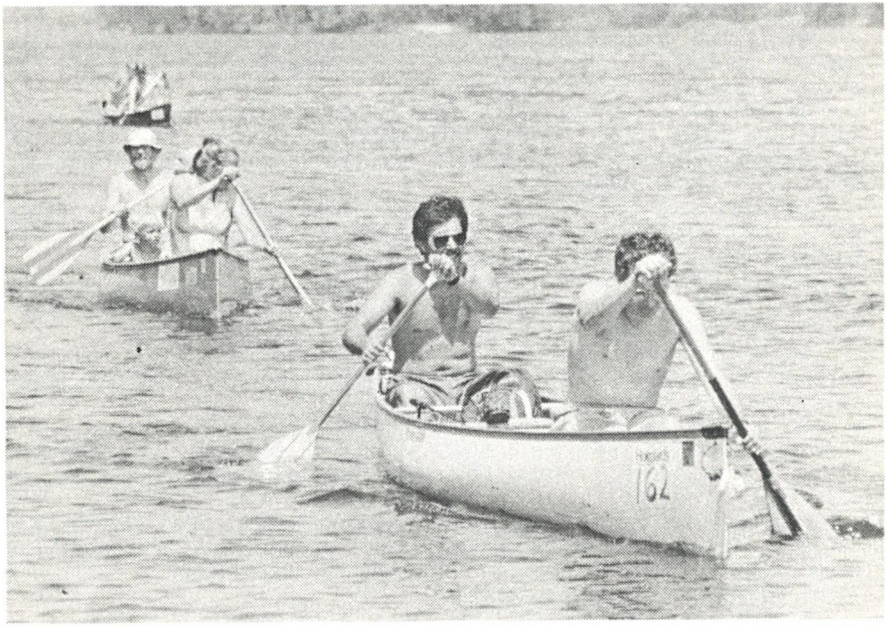


Photo: Burt Levy Photography Studio

I had the pleasure of paddling with Lt. Governor Marlene Johnson and did discuss the dismal water level situation with her. She promised that she would look into the matter personally and assured me that it will rain at least one more time in our lifetime. This is a great cruise for any level paddler and I hope to see you all there next year.--**Burt Levy**

AROUND THE TOWN WITH MISSISSIPPI BOB

Some folks have been asking about the "Mississippi Bob" handle. My good friend, Cliff started that a while back. I think he meant it to be derogatory. I didn't take it that way.

In the mid-fifties, I was a college boy. I went to Winona State Teachers' College (really). I spent more time hiking the levees than in class. I developed a bad case of steam boat fever.

After I quit school, I proceded to make a living in the maritime world. Since 1959, I've made a living off the river at one job or another.

Mississippi Bob? Yes! and damn proud of it.

Ok, so what has been happening on my river? Well, our Urban Canoing group had a going away party for Mike Lipke. We paddled from Hidden Falls to the No Wake cafe for brunch.

Poor Mike, he is moving to Pennsylvania where there is nothing to paddle but white water. He assured us that he would head to the Adirondacks if he got too bored.

The Mississippi River Revival group had their annual cleanup on the second of July. I traded my canoe in for a John boat and my paddle for a 35 horse Evinrude for the day.

About 50 canoes crewed by a bunch of Sierra types headed out armed with trashbags. What they may have lacked in paddling skills was made up for by tons of trash that they parked in large piles on the shore as they moved downstream.

Several John boats were busy hauling this trash out to a barge that was traveling in the convoy. All in all, they must have gathered 25-30 tons of debris.

The media was well represented at this event, but somehow "The Taste of Minnesota" was considered bigger news that Saturday.

Well, the drought of '88 is having its toll on the city lakes, but we are still using them for the Hoigaards' race series. This event is slowly growing--that's good.

It's really fun to watch four canoes at a time trying to get under the Lake Street Bridge into the Lagoon. The lead canoe drags the water with him and the others are really wallowing in the mud or bouncing off the stones.

Hey, I found a class where I don't need to feel humble. Partner Dolly Novak and I have been winning in the recreational 18' class. We have been racing in a borrowed Sundowner.

Nice to have a race with enough classes that everyone goes home with a ribbon. A word of warning, though for future race directors: be sure that the race lasts longer than the awards ceremony.

Well, Mike Galt made it to town and did his thing. A lot of curious MCA members came out to hear and see him. On Saturday we just about got blown off Snelling Lake.

On Sunday, we moved to Nokomis and with a smaller group, we did get some hands-on training. Somehow late in the day, I managed to go for a non-scheduled swim. It's hard to be elegant while swimming your boat to shore.

One term kept coming up Mike's talk. He mentioned several times about a "Standard of Excellence." That's something that most canoe campers never thought about. "Standard of Excellence," I'll bring it up again in a seperate article.

I'm looking forward to the first ever qualifying cruise. I'm hoping for a good turnout so we can start getting folks to understand our rating system better. I don't expect much response from the canoe camper but that's ok as long as they don't try to come on one of my cruises.

In the future, any trip that I will lead will require folks to meet a basic standard. Elitist?--you bet. We owe that to the people

who want to paddle fast with us.

Boyd Tuve and I were out on an Apple Valley pond playing with our free-style boats one evening and he started teaching me to play "Dead Fish Polo." Hey, folks that's really fun. We got to talking about it, so don't be surprised when you read about the "Great Lake Nokomis Shoot-Out." Better start practicing, folks so we can beat Boyd at his own game.

Remember, you don't need a shuttle, you don't need to fight the bugs or drive anywhere. Get out a paddle, do it close to home and you will find more time to paddle. It's O.K.--**Bob Brown.**

BOARD MEETING MINUTES OF THE MINNESOTA CANOE ASSOCIATION
June 1, 1988

The meeting was called to order at 6:50 p.m. by Don MItchell, Vice-President.

Those present were: Don Mitchell, Bill Simpson, Al Gustaveson, Caryl Duke, Jim and Verna Robinson, Venice Barsness, and Bob Brown.

The May minutes were approved as corrected.

There will be a program on October 1st on Saturday from 11-3 at the Brooklyn Park Central High School in Osseo.

Bob said that people seemed to be confused about understanding the paddling classifications. He is proposing to have a "Qualifying Evening" in July and possibly in August on Lake of the Isles. Class B pace first, then Class C pace, then Class D pace. Bob reported that there were about 50 canoes at the Solo Paddle Night.

Bill Simpson said that there were 33 participants at the classes at Wilder Forest. Jim Schiebe and Jim Bydlon stepped in for Bill to teach the Efficient Paddling Class at the Canoe-U Weekend. They had 50 people go through this class.

We will have another Arctic Canoeing Symposium on Oct. 21 & 22, Friday & Saturday at Wilder Forest.

We discussed the position of a "Volunteer Coordinator," and thought that it should be an appointed position, and possibly could or should be changeable in mid-year. The following were the recommended assignments of such a coordinator:

Staffing booths at shows; filling in for instruction for classes; writing for HUT!; maintain list of members with skills and interests; keep up with events, especially annual ones: i.e. coordinating and making sure they are publicized; finding **HUT!** workers.

We discussed a Tandem Paddle Night in July, and decided to have it on Wednesday, July 20th at Lake Phalen. Have people bring a picnic supper and change of clothes. Jim and Verna will do a flyer for an insert in the July **HUT!** Bob Brown will invite stores to bring canoes. Contact Jim and Verna Robinson FMI. People are to bring their canoe(s) to share. The time will be from 5 p.m. til dusk.

Jim received a call from Steve Mueller from the DNR asking for copies of **HUT!** to be sent to six regional offices. Jim will take care of this.

Friends of the Boundary Waters requested a mailing list of MCA members. Al Gustaveson made a motion that we furnish the Friends of the Boundary Waters a set of mailing labels to them based on the MCA Membership Roster at production cost in exchange for publicity in their publication on a one-time basis. The motion was seconded by Bob Brown and the motion carried. Please note: Don Mitchell abstained from the vote.

James Robinson made a motion that the meeting be adjourned, and it was seconded by Al Gustaveson and unanimously carried. The meeting was adjourned at 8:30 p.m.

Respectfully submitted,
Verna Robinson, sub-secretary

TRIP SUMMARY- GUN CLUB LAKE (FORT SNELLING)

Over the Memorial weekend, my wife and I, and three sons, decided to try Gun Club Lake at Fort Snelling. We had heard many good things about it, particularly the fishing. We also have been considering a BWCA trip with the kids this year, so it was a chance to see how things might go when portages were introduced. The kids are aged 2, 4 and 6, with most of their canoeing experience consisting of trips to "Success Lake" for a few hours of hawg sunfish fishing. They had shown much interest in the sunfish trips, and there just might be a chance they could be patient enough to try for a northern or two, for which this lake is known (also bass). At least I would be able to avoid the morality question regarding how the worm feels when we put him (her?) on the hook, as we would be using spinners and spoons.

Gun Club Lake is not heavily used, I suspect, because it is not readily accesible (by metro standards). It also sits on the end of the two parallel runways off the southeast end of the airport, so it can get a bit noisy. To get there, you enter Fort Snelling from Post Road, and take a service road behind the park office to a small parking area, which is about 100 feet from the Minnesota River. There is a fee (daily, or state park annual permit) to use the park, and detailed park maps are available.

The landing at the river is somewhat steep, although there are stairs to use. We generally wade out a bit in the water to get going, particularly with a full load (kids and gear in boat, and quickly found that we were almost permanently stuck in the mud. We were lucky to get all our shoes back. It is a quick paddle straight across the river to the portage that leads into lower (northern half) Gun Club Lake. Again, a bit muddy. The portage is maybe 15 rods, along the connecting creek, and comes out on a rather well built beaver dam, with the lodge just a few yards out in the water. I was in heaven putting in here, as the lake bottom was hard, the water was cold, and I was dying of heat. Before putting in, we had a lunch break. Our youngest son mostly wanted to get as close as he could to the creek bank without falling in, and throw rocks, where the throwing motion would just about do him in. Hiding soda pop cans, playing with sticks, and wandering into the cattails was also popular. You might say that our ability to maintain control on the first request was lacking, leading to possible dangerous situations (this is what authors refer to as "foreshadowing.")

We headed off to the upper part of the lake (split by a causeway with culverts under I-494, which is maybe a 15 minute paddle. The lake is quite shallow with a great deal of weeds, algae, and dead trees. There is much wildlife on the lake, particularly birds (blue herons and egrets). This is a great place to take kids to see birds and their nests. There was also significant fish that we could see. After portaging the culverts (could be a pullover in higher water), we arrived at the place where the northerns are said to bite.

It was here that my wife observed that if we left immediately to return, we would have just enough time to get home and over to some friends that we were planning to visit for the evening. Well, since we came all this way, we had to try the fishing, so we went out for a few minutes. The wind had picked up pretty good by now, so it was a bit tough holding steady. Our youngest son was performing a dynamic weight shift experiment, while my wife was fishing (with the limited time to fish, she handled the rod as she catches the most fish), and I held the boat in place, both in terms of instantaneous roll and the effects of the wind.

On the way back, we spotted a few more places to fish that we might try on a more leisurely outing. While crossing the river, which is only about 150 feet, we came across several large boats,

including water skiers. Having only been there this one time, I don't know if this is typical of the river on a summer day; we were struggling with the wakes.

Upon loading the van, we changed diapers on the youngest, and noticed how well the Gore-tex treated plastic pants worked. As this is the true measure of paddler readiness, we decided that our family was ready to handle the toughest BWCA expedition.--**Brad Lynch**

LETTER TO MEMBERS:

After reading the past three to five issues of HUT!, I must write this letter. There are three points I want to make. The first is knowing how one should act or feel, second is what any group or organization is only about, third is what you should remember when hearing or reading about something.

#1. I've seen a plaque with the Indian Prayer on it. The Plaque reads: "Indian Prayer, Great Spirit, grant that I may not criticise my neighbor until I have walked a mile in his mocassins." I do not know what it is like to be on an Arctic trip, let alone what is needed to organize one. For all I know, maybe Optimus 111b stoves only operate effectively above 50 degrees latitude north and Coleman Peak I's do not. I do not know what it is like to be Publications Director and Editor of a newsletter. I've only had brief talks with Mr. Robinson on this subject. WALK A MILE IN HIS MOCASSINS, then tell me he used the wrong stove, or is not a good Publication Director and Editor.

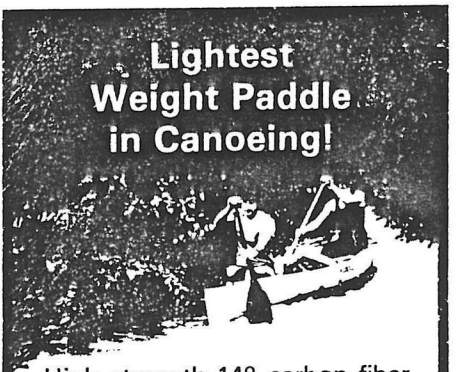
#2. Darla has a plaque with a poem by Frederick S. Perls. It reads "I do my thing, and you do your thing. I am not in this world to live up to your expectations, and you are not in this world to live up to mine. You are you and I am I, and if by chance we find each other, it's beautiful." This is what the MCA or any organization is all about. If you and I enjoy the recreation and sport of canoeing, let's get together and enjoy each others company.

#3. A co-worker where I had worked had a saying, it goes like this. "Opinions are like a derriere, everyone has one." I think this one is self-explanatory. Just a note, difference of opinions are good, even if we don't agree with the opinion, we should respect that person for their opinion. Let's put less effort into opinions and more on common interest. More common interest, more friendship -- more friendship, more MCA members.

Now with that said, let's bury the axe, oops, er, opinions and make this the best organization it is--even better!

See you on the river.

--**Harlan Nickerson**



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CLIFF'S CORNER



Have you ever seen Grey Owl's new C-1 whitewater paddle? Five years ago, I wouldn't have given a dime for a Grey Owl paddle. But all that has changed. Grey Owl is a paddle company to "watch." Their latest sticks are very good indeed. I've examined a lot of whitewater blades, but this one's my favorite. Everything is done just right. Weight: My 56" stick weighs just 22 ounces. That's light. Very light! Light enough, in fact to qualify as a pleasant all-day touring paddle. The shaft is full hand-filling oval with an epoxy/gauze sheath in the high stress area. An eight inch wide tapering blade with well-rounded corners is capped with tough phenolic resin, which means you can bash rocks all day long without earning a nick. And the blade is fully foiled for smooth entry and to eliminate flutter.

The beautifully formed oiled T-grip is well designed, reminiscent of the wondrous European Kobers. In fact, the dark surface veneer on the blade face, gives the stick the look of the classic German blades. The entire unit is stiff enough to support hanging braces in aerated water, yet it's slightly flexible to eliminate shock. Cap it all with what is best described as "phenomenal" balance (for a whitewater paddle), and you have the Grey Owl C-1.

Check out this classy new paddle at Midwest Mountaineering. It's sturdy enough for Class VI water, yet light and well balanced enough for spoonin' the Croix. In all, a very impressive product, and a steal at $79.50.

UPDATE ON CANNONDALE AROOSTOOK TENTS

Response to the Cannondale order was overwhelming. Problem is, Cannondale ultimately agreed to make only 50 tents: first batch of 25 in late August, second run of 25 in October.

The first 25 tents sold out almost immediately. There are now 21 available in the October run at $435 each, drop-shipped from the factory to you (no sales tax). Color is "rust red"--high visibility without being obnoxious. A deposit of $100 will hold your tent until August 30, after which the balance is due. Sorry about the price increase and single, solid color, which was dictated by the short run.

At this writing, Cannondale has no future plans to produce more of these tents.

Contact: Cliff Jacobson
928 West 7th Street
Hastings, MN 55033
(612) 437-7497

COMMENTS ON CLIFF'S CORNER--THE PERFECT CANOE?

Maybe it's the low water in Hastings, or the prolonged heatwave. In any case, I think it's getting to Cliff. Yet another "perfect solo canoe?" First it was Mantoy, then the CJ, (not the same canoe, folks, just another reiteration in an evolution of several canoes) followed by the Slipper ("Why perfect canoe?"). Next came a Curtis and now the Traveler III. Don't get me wrong, folks, I like this canoe, but perfect? Not on your life! God Saved us all from the perfect canoe, He made us all a little bit different. "Faster than the original Mississippi Traveler," come on, Cliff, you've got to be kidding us. It's a 2 and sometimes 3 stroke per side canoe, better than the Slipper by far, but not in the same class as the original.

Ask Bob; or better yet, ask Dolly Novak (Rookie Racer, Tri-Athlete) she played catch-up the other morning (with 3 Merlins) till she switched to Traveler I. Faster than my Merlin? That's a joke, Cliff. Traveler I is faster than my Merlin, with Bob Brown in the Traveler I and me in the Merlin. All that proves is Bob is younger, in far better shape and a much stronger paddler than I am. We all know that! But "Blow away a Merlin?" I don't think I hold Bob that far off his pace (or are you just being kind to the Old Guy all these years, Bob)? Put an extra 60 pounds in both canoes and I keep up. That's a fact. That's what the Merlin was made to do. It's not a Day Tripper, it's a touring canoe built to carry a load with speed. There's a little difference in volume here, kind of like comparing apples and oranges. But back to the Traveler III. Like I said, I like it. It's a nice little canoe. Now if we could only get Bob to take the rocker out so it would track halfway decent, you could park it right along side my Merlin any day, kind of like a Little Brother--**Bruce Kunz**



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TRIP REPORT: SUB-ARCTIC DREAMS: ON THE TRAIL OF GEORGE BACK AND JOHN HORNBY

In June and July of 1988, five MCA members (Jim Bydlon, Joe Conrad, LeeAnn Baker, Bonnie Wells, and Bill Simpson) along with two others (Pam Henry, and Jan Bilden) traveled on Great Slave Lake, Northwest Territories in a 26 foot Canoe du Nord. Our objective was to simply enjoy the 300 plus miles long lake with its clear, cold (39 degrees F) water and the surrounding rocky forested hills (the Western edge of the great Canadian Shield). But we also were on a historical mission of sorts to visit the "wintering over" areas of two of the North's most legendary figures: the eminently competent and successful British Naval Lt. George Back, and the enigmatic, tragedy-prone, John Hornby.

From Yellowknife, N.W.T., we chartered a single Otter to fly to the east end of Great Slave Lake and were dropped off at the wilderness homestead of Dave Olesen, formerly of Ely, MN. Olesen, a free-lance writer and sled dog racer, is also the owner of a Ralph Frese North canoe that has a long and glorious Minnesota history. Our first evening we paddled a short distance to the mouth of the Hoarfrost River to begin our venture into the past.

The eastern arm has a history as the jumping off point into the Barrens for generations of explorers, adventurers, and trappers. Only geology blocks the traverse: the McDonald Fault has created a steep gradient from the lower lake basin to the nearby highlands.

The year is 1833 and Lt. George Back is faced with the dilemma. He is leading an overland expedition whose purpose is to rescue Captain John Ross purported to be lost on the Arctic Ocean while searching for the Northwest Passage. His objective is to find and descend "Great Fish River" to the Arctic coast. But his immediate problem is to reach the surrounding highlands and reconnoiter the headwaters. He makes a decision: the shortest and apparently most direct route to the north is up the Hoarfrost.

A falls at the mouth of the Hoarfrost mark the end of a series of rapids and cascades running much of the way through a steep-walled canyon. To bypass this area, Back's men are force to portage. One hundred fifty years later while hiking this route, our group came to appreciate not only the rivers beauty, but the immense human effort involved in traversing this country of granite, spruce and muskeg. Back completed the ascent of the Hoarfrost, found the headwaters of the Great Fish River and returned via the same route to winter over on Great Slave.

Winter quarters were established twenty miles farther east at the mouth of the Lockhart River and named Fort Reliance. Amid the spruce grove, Back and his company suffered the long, dark, cold (-40 degrees F is fairly common) winter with hunger a frequent companion.

We, of course, didn't have these concerns so we could concentrate on the ruins of Fort Reliance. All that remains today are four chimneys, recently renovated by the N.W. T.'s Archaeological Society. The scenery hasn't changed though. One day we hiked up the Lockhart River to Tyrell Falls. The walk itself was laborious but nothing compared to what occured in 1834. That was the year Back explored the Great Fish River choosing to leave Great Slave by ascending the Lockhart River rather than the Hoarfrost. He was perhaps unaware that the river drops 600 feet in 16 miles and is blocked by several falls, the highest (Parry) being 130 feet. After we hiked the river, the effort involved in portaging by Back's party was difficult to conceive.

Leaving Fort Reliance, we paddled south six miles to one last area of historical note, Pike's Portage route, named after Warburton Pike, a late 19th century adventurer, who "discovered" the route

guided by local Chippewa Indians. Unknown to Back, there was an easier exit out of the lake basin. Paralleling McDonald Fault is a chain of small lakes ending at Artillery Lake, a larger body of water opening into numerous lake and river systems. Leaving Great Slave, the first portage is three miles in length and primarily uphill. The following portages are shorter and not as difficult as the first. After hiking up part of Pike's portage to gain a fabulous view of Charlton Bay, we returned to our now familiar craft.

The trip back to Dave Olesen's Hoarfrost River homestead was relatively easy due to the mirror-like surface of the lake. The paddling experiences are another story. They seem like a dream now after 55 hours of van travel on the way home. So too are the sights of various birds, remnants of animals and details of wind-bound camp life. Our crew will relive those days and the travels of Back. The great lake has not yet sustained much of a permanent mark upon its pristine surroundings.--**Bonnie Wells**

(John Hornby wintered over in the Reliance area from 1921-22. His life will be examined in future **HUT!**'s).

NEW MEMBERS

BRUCE ANDERSON, WINONA, MN
JAMES S BAGLIEN, MINNETRISTA, MN
KURT R BALDRY, MINNETONKA, MN
MEL BAUGHMAN, ST PAUL, MN
JOHN R BAUMGARTH, DULUTH, MN
SCOTT E BOUTILIER, MILWAUKEE, WI
KRISTIN BOWMAN, ST PAUL, MN
KEITH BROOKS, ALFRED STATION, NY
ROBERT ENEDY, HASTINGS, MN
BOB FOSTER, LAKEVILLE, MN
THOMAS H GARDNER, LAKELAND, MN
DAVID GLABE, MINNEAPOLIS, MN
TIMOTHY HAGER, HUGO, MN
BARB HANCOCK, DULUTH, MN
SUE HARINGS, RIVER FALLS, WI
JOHN HIXON, EAGAN, MN
CHRISTIAN R HOWE, ST PAUL, MN
TIM HROVATIN, ELMHURST, IL
WARREN JOHN, LAKE ELMO, MN
ROD KAISLER, CAMBRIDGE, MN
RAY KAWAGUCHI, MOORHEAD, MN
ROBERT/CINDY KLATT, MAPLEWOOD, MN
JAMES M LAFONTAINE, LAKEWOOD, CA
THOMAS V LEFEVERE, BLOOMINGTON, MN
JOHN G MAERTENS, FULDA, MN
THOMAS E MEEHAN, MINNEAPOLIS, MN
TIM MIXON, ROSEVILLE, MN
KATHY MOLL, CRYSTAL, MN
BRIAN NELSON, DETROIT LAKES, MN
TOM PALKIE, CLOQUET, MN
DAVID P PILON, PLATTEVILLE, WI
JACK ROBERTSON, PRIOR LAKE, MN
ROBERT TAMMEN, SOUDAN, MN
MICHAEL PATRICK WILLIAMS, PINE ISLAND, MN
C E WILSON, URBANA, IL
WALDEMAR ZASTROW, PLAINFIELD, WI

I'D RATHER BE CANOEING

Once again it is time to assemble the submissions into a finished newsletter. This month we have almost ten pages by James Murphy. Do we really want to run it all at once? Well, we'll see if space permits.

Mississippi Bob is still on his "Elitist" soapbox. Good for him. Bob McCoubrie defends the Grumman. Good for him too. Harlan Nickerson says that we should bury the hatchet of varying opinions and get on with making the MCA the best canoeing organization ever. To him I say, "Let's continue the varied opinions and their expression." That will make the MCA better.

What makes the MCA the great organization that it is? I feel that we need everyone. Bob McCoubrie and his Grumman are just as much a part of canoesport as Mississippi Bob and his solo stripper. Just because someone thinks that an annual two weeks in the BWCA is all the canoeing he needs doesn't make him any less important to the MCA.

Without anyone to promote a specific aspect of canoesport, that area will wither. We once had a strong voyaguer chapter. We still have a 30' canoe. We could have an active group again. All it takes is a few people to come forward.

I understand the elitist's viewpoint. I can go on a fast paced cruise in a long, lean canoe. I enjoy pushing myself and my craft along at a Class C rate. There is a need for someone to promote this aspect of canoesport. We have Mississippi Bob out in front.

Canoe camping is a large part of the picture. I want to know what are the best methods and equipment. We have Cliff Jacobson in the lead here.

Far north canoeing needs to be represented. We have excellent resources in this area with the "Far North Symposium" and ongoing reports of trips.

The MCA supports canoe building with plans and the best building book on the market today.

Racing is promoted and race results are regularly published in **HUT!**. Rookie Racers is there for anyone who wants to try their hand at real "go-fast."

We have whitewater education resources that are second to none. The Rapids Riders chapter is available for the promotion of that aspect of canoesport.

Which of these areas is the most important? Which one should be promoted the hardest? That is for you to answer. The most important area of canoesport is the one you want to do. You must find the moccasins that fit your feet and carry you along the path you want to take.--**James Robinson, Publications Director and HUT! Editor**

MEMBERSHIP DIRECTOR'S COMMENTS

Those of you who received renewal notices for August will have noticed something different. There is a questionaire attached to your notice.

Why are we being so nosey? Does it mean that if you are a CPA that you will be asked to audit the MCA's books? Will we give out this information to others?

The purpose behind the questionaire is to better serve our members. If we know what your interests are, we can promote those areas. If we know of your willingness to volunteer, we can call upon you.

Filling out the form is optional. We will accept you membership renewal without it. What we hope to do is serve you better.
--**Verna Robinson, Membership Director**

HAVE WE GOT A TIP FOR YOU!

The 'Scout' from Grey Owl offers an economical alternative to expensive high quality wooden canoe paddles. Made with the same detail and care as its more expensive rivals, this paddle boasts such features as a 7" performance designed blade, oval shaft and contoured hand fitting grip. It is balanced and light-weight with an all bass wood construction and a tip cast from urethane plastic that won't break, chip or wear from pushing off rocks or poleing on river bottoms.

Found at better canoe shops for under $20.00.



For more information write:

GREY OWL PADDLE COMPANY
62 Cowansview Road
Cambridge, Ontario N1R 7N3
Telephone (519) 622-0001



NEWSLETTER OF THE LONG DISTANCE CANOE RACERS
President: Karl Ketter, (612) 636-8116
Race Calendar: Tom Nolz, (612) 689-5719
Rt. 1, Box 202
Cambridge, MN 55008
Coordinator: Betty Ketter: (612) 561-2208

Rookie Racers, Monday, 5:30 p.m., Showboat Landing on the Misissippi, Jeff Dubois 459-4132. St. Croix training, Tuesdays, 5:30 p.m. at the DNR Landing near Stillwater, Bill Simpson, 433-3451.

Some race changes: Minnesota Solo Canoe Championship is Tuesday, September 20, 1988 at 6:00 p.m. (Sharp!) 7 miles on the St. Croix River meet at DNR landing, Stillwater, MN Registration is 5:00-5:45. Cost $7.00. Categories: Men, Women, Men Masters (ages 40 and over). Award will immediately follow the race. For further info, call Bill Simpson at (612) 433-3451.

As of this date, there is no Women's Championship scheduled for this year.

The Applefest Race originally scheduled for October 1 in Stillwater has been canceled.

RACE RESULTS: ST. PAUL RIVERFEST PROFESSIONAL CANOE RACE

July 10, 1988, 20 miles on the Mississippi River.

This was the first year of this event, and we hope it will mark a return of more "pro" racers to the Minnesota scene. The race was well-organized, the river patrols were out in force to keep the motor boats under control, and the level of competition was very high. Prize money ranged from $300.00 to $50.00, with all participants sharing in the purse. Thanks to St. Paul Parks and Recreation for a job well done.--Bill Simpson.

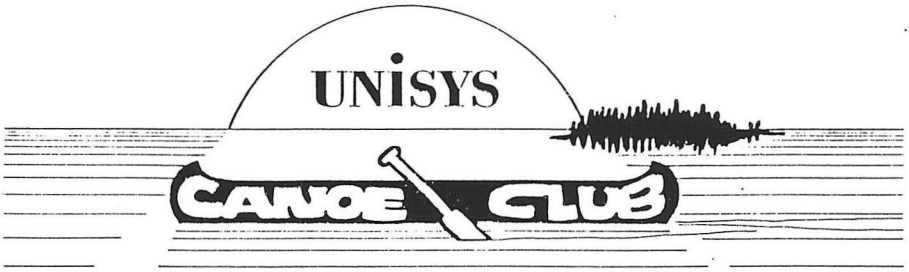
NAME	TIME	PLACE
Al Rudquist, MN Mike Fries, NY	2:47:48	1st Men
Dan Hassel, MN Calvin Hassel, NB	2:47:55	2nd Men
Allan DuBois, MN Jeff DuBois, MN	2:51:34	3rd Men
Steven Peterson, MN Scott Ankeny, MN	2:51:38	4th Men
Reggie Clark, MN Terry Daley, MN	2:52:25	5th Men

Dan Ehman, Manitoba Jody Ehman, Manitoba	2:52:26	6th Men
Jenny Rudquist, MN Anne Manns, MN	2:55:09	1st Women
Joe Manns, MN Gene Jensen, MN	2:56:36	7th Men
Chris Colas, MN Peter Colas, MN	2:58:37	8th Men
Robert McKelvey, MN Gary Neddermeyer, MN	2:59:03	9th Men
Amy Cichanowski, MN Scott Nesvold, MN	2:59:03	1st Mixed
Kent Buryska, MN Greg Sumner, MN	3:05:40	10th Men
George Hassel, NB Waunetta Hassel, NB	3:08:34	2nd Mixed
Dan Litchfield, MN Fred Rayman, MN	3:10:11	11th Men
Clyde Code, MN John Boller, MN	3:11:55	12th Men
Kathy St. Peters, MN Suz-ann Stenso-Velo, MN	3:23:35	2nd Women
Sharee Marcus, MN Mike Hoppe, MN	3:25:26	3rd Mixed
Steve Yurista, MN	3:31:47	1st Solo
Tom Gardner, MN	3:51:44	2nd Solo
Karl Brethreutz, MN Deanna Brethreutz, MN	4:09:32	4th Mixed

CITIZENS RACE RESULTS: 16 MILES

NAME	TIME	PLACE
Larry Myers Steve Hopke	2:05:17	1st Men
Jerry Hammarn Cindy Roosmaken	2:13:01	1st Mixed
Marry Hansen Deb Vosler	2:32:37	1st Women
Myron Bursheim	2:24:52	1st Solo
Jim Obbink Sherry Obbink	2:44:05	2nd Mixed

Thanks to Bending Branches, Midwest Mountaineering, and Cooke Custom Sewing for prizes for the Citizens Race.



NEWSLETTER OF THE UNISYS CHAPTER
President, Winnie DauSchmidt, (612)644-6115(h), 696-4378(w).
Vice-President, Roger Gillette, (612)926-7214(h), 635-6197(w).
Treasurer, Bob Breeden, (612)454-2440(h), 456-3252(w).
Secretary, Rick Hartung, (612)420-2743(h), 696-4877(w).

Unisys invites you to enjoy the ambience of these distinctively different rivers!!

August 13-14 Upper Namekagon, 1C, Saturday and Sunday.

The Namekagon river between Hayward and Earl, Wisconsin has a swift current with several series of moderate (Class I and II rapids)--just enough to keep it enjoyable.

This is the section that has an Eagle's nest perched atop a highline pole right at river's edge. We'll be pausing to watch any eaglets in the nest, we have been blessed every year with seeing at least one, and sometimes the parents are there also.

Bring your camera, and telephoto lens to capture the beauty of one of America's scenic wild rivers. Wildlife abounds on this trip. We had a deer stand right in the water and watch us all float silently by and we observed a muskrat harvesting grass and carrying i home to his "haymow." You will always see heron, turtles, fish, and ducks on this trip.

Saturday night we lounge around the rustic campground at Earl that is encircled by the river. The current is slower here giving children of all ages the opportunity to step into the river on the front side of camp and float (body surf) a good quarter mile and step out right at the back side of the campground. What a way to relax before snuggling into bed and being lulled to sleep by a lullaby from frogs, owls, and wolves. FMI, Joe Reischel, W-(612) 733-3467, H-(612) 776-0861.

KICKAPOO RIVER, SEPTEMBER 24-25

Come and be an honored guest on a cool fall weekend. Kickapoo River, Sept. 24-25, Saturday and Sunday, 1C. Reservations required by September 18th.

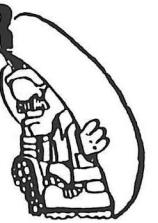
The lively, quaint town of Steuben, Wisconsin will be our host for Friday night and Saturday. They will provide camping space, breakfast, hot lunch on the river, shuttle service, supper and an evening of entertainment. Saturday, canoeing is relaxed paddling in an easy current. Sunday we will leisurely paddle through statuesque rock pillars south of Ontario, Wisconsin. This has always been an outstanding trip and a warm and mellow way to end the season.

Cost for camping, meals, shuttle, and entertainment is $13 for adults, and $6 for kids. Call to obtain reservation form, which you will be responsible for sending directly to Steuben by September 18th. FMI, Roger Gillette, W (612) 635-6197, H-(612) 926-7214.

This is the end of our season schedule, but the Minnesota Canoe Association runs an Annual Color Cruise on the beautiful St. Croix River on the second Sunday in October from Interstate Park at Taylor's Falls to William O'Brien State Park. And if the weather holds and the water is up, spontaneous trips are likely. For the latest information, call Ron Dahl: W (612) 435-4375, H (612) 888-4797.

What do we do when winter comes? We take a western Ski trip in February. This usually coincides with the Rockies Mountain "winter thaw" so we have enjoyed warm (60's) temperatures. We have skied Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, and Montana. This is not a prepackaged trip: all interested parties help plan where and when. Our trips are always inexpensive as we drive out and we all take our turn cooking the evening meal. For more information, call Winnie DauSchmidt W-(612) 696-4378, H (612) 644-6115.

DULUTH TRAVELER



NEWSLETTER OF THE TWIN PORTS CHAPTER
President: Tim Sundquist, (218) 724-4143
Cruising: Gardner Ellis, (218) 728-5304
Whitewater: Rick Luck, (218) 724-7992
Racing: David Spencer: (218) 624-3413
Membership & Treasurer: Greg Furtman, (218) 525-6027

August 13-14. Pictograph Route, Class A.
Here is your chance to see some ancient Indian Art and not have to work very hard. FMI, Fred Freeman (218) 525-6486. Advance reservations required by Aug. 10.

August 18. Twin Ports Chapter Meeting. 7:00 p.m. Boat Ramp at Park Point Recreational Area. FMI, Fred Freeman (218) 525-6486.

August 20. Moonlight Paddle, Class A. Just a short paddle down Park Point where a camp fire awaits. Hot dogs, chips, pretzels, drinks, etc. will be provided for a fee, of course. FMI Fred Freeman (218) 525-6486. Advance reservations required by Aug. 17.

RAPIDS RIDERS NEWS
NEWSLETTER OF THE WHITEWATER CANOE AND KAYAK CHAPTER
President: Sue Hix, (612) 422-9155
Vice President: Ed Schneider, (612) 487-1811
Secretary/Treasurer: Scott Cruse, (612) 379-4931
Membership: Jeff Grigsby, (612) 636-4373
Cruise Directors: Bonni van Blarcom, (612) 646-1496
Gary Nagel, (612) 487-2079
****
NO NEWS FROM THIS CHAPTER THIS MONTH
****

NEWSLETTER OF THE AUSTIN CHAPTER
Ardel Gorman
810 Tenth Avenue Southwest
Austin, MN 55912
(507) 433-7465
****
NO NEWS FROM THIS CHAPTER THIS MONTH
****

MINNESOTA 1988 RACE CALENDAR -- AUGUST 1988

DATE	RIVER/LAKE	COMMUNITY	EVENT	CONTACT
8/20-8/22			USCA Nationals	No further info at this time.
9/3-3/5	**********	Labor Day Weekend	**********	
9/10	Mississippi River	Coon Rapids, MN	Mississippi Classic	Betty Ketter (612) 561-2208
8/10, 9/7 Weds	Lake Phalen	St. Paul, MN	Lake Phalen Race Series Race 6:10 p.m.	Bob Hollerbach (612) 771-7507 Lynn Waldorf (612) 292-7023
8/4 Thursday	Lake Calhoun	Minneapolis, MN	Hoigaards Race Series Reg. 6:00 p.m. Race 6:45	Jim Lind at Hoigaard's (612) 929-1351

LAKE PHALEN RACE SERIES

A request for last year's Lake Phalen Race Series participants:

The organizers are missing many of the timing sheets for the individuals that raced. It is assumed that the racers unknowingly walked off with the only good record of their performances. The return of the forms is desired so that overall results can be published. Please contact Lynn Waldorf at (612) 292-7023 or Bob Hollerbach at (6129 771-7507.

BOOK REVIEW

Book Review, "Rivers Running Free, Stories of Adventurous Women," Edited by Judith Neimi and Barbara Wieser, Berganot Books, Minneapolis, 1987 $12.50, (or call 612-227-2284 to place an order).

I would first of all state that I really like this book, and not just because it's Minnesota-born, and the editors are committed canoeists. What comes through is a consistency of good judgement in the choice and editing of appropriate selections. "Rivers Running Free" is a series of essays, stories and diaries spanning the late 1800's to the present. The spectrum is well-covered, from the canals of New England to the rivers of the Arctic and many places in between.

A few themes thread their way through the book, sisterhood, a heightening of self-confidence, and an awareness of one's competence in the out-of-doors. It's quite a change from the male-dominated adventure stories that are common in canoe literature. (Read this book right after completing Edward Abbey's latest, "One Life at a Time, Please," in which his sexism reaches an all-time high, an interesting juxtaposition!) The lesson that is reinforced in "Rivers" is that women have been involved in canoeing for a very long time, and not just as an appendage to men in a tandem canoe.

--Bill Simpson

EDUCATION AND SAFETY

REMINDERS:

If you are taking a wilderness canoe trip this summer, please take time to contact Fritz Fox and participate in his data-gathering effort (see article in the July issue). Without a sufficient sampling it will be hard to sort out any significant health and safety patterns.

If you would like to reserve a spot for the "Far North Symposium" to be held October 21 and 22, contact Bonne, at Wilder Forest (612) 433-5198 for a reservation form.



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Duluth, MN 55812-2496
(218) 726-7170 (From 9-3, M-F)

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

****

ATTENTION!!!! ALL CRUISES MUST HAVE AN MCA RATING FOR QUIETWATER OR INTERNATIONAL SCALE OF RIVERS RATING FOR WHITEWATER TO BE PUBLISHED IN **HUT!** SEE RATING SCHEDULE.
THIS IS MANDATORY! CRUISES SUBMITTED FOR PUBLICATION WITHOUT A RATING WILL **NOT** BE PUBLISHED! THIS INCLUDES CHAPTER NEWS.

****

AUGUST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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28	29	30	31			

SPECIAL EVENT:

MEMBER'S WEEKEND GALA
19TH-21ST

3 WED — MCA BOARD MEETING. 7:00 p.m. Caryl Duke's, 1626 Kentucky Ave. S., St. Louis Park. (612) 544-2668.

10 WED — THE GREAT LAKE NOKOMIS SHOOT-OUT. 6:00 p.m. FMI Boyd Tuve, (612) 861-7178 or Bob Brown (612) 432-7557.

13-14 — UPPER NAMEKAGON CRUISE. Class B. See Unisys Chapter News.

13-14 — PICTOGRAPH ROUTE CRUISE. Class A. See Twin Ports Chapter News. Reservations required by August 10.

18 THU — TWIN PORTS CHAPTER MEETING. 7:00 p.m. Boat Ramp at Park Point Recreational Area. FMI, Fred Freeman (218) 525-6486.

19 FRI-21 SUN — MEMBER'S WEEKEND GALA. St. Croix State Park. Reservations required. See center insert.

20 SAT — MOONLIGHT? PADDLE CRUISE. Class A. See Twin Ports Chapter News. Reservations required by August 17.

27 SAT — ST. CROIX RIVER. Class A. Riverside at 8 a.m. to the Highway 48-77 Bridge at about 1:30 p.m. Dan Szymanski. Contact Nancy Haugen at (612) 384-6380 (h) or (612) 384-6591 (w). Join in CIRCUMINNESOTA.

28 SUN — ST. CROIX RIVER. St. Croix State Park. Class B pace with Class II Rapids. Dan Szymanski. Contact Nancy Haugen at (612) 384-6380 (h) or (612) 384-6591 (w).

SEPTEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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3 WED — MCA BOARD MEETING. 7:00 p.m. Location to be announced.

8 THU — MINNESOTA ENVIRONMENTAL CONGRESS. Mankato. See details on facing page.

15 THU — MINNESOTA ENVIRONMENTAL CONGRESS. Alexandria. See details on facing page.

FIRST ANNUAL(?)
MEMBERS' WEEKEND GALA

Friday, August 19th
thru
Sunday, August 21st
Head of the Rapids Group Camp
St.Croix State Park

Here's a great way to get to know your fellow MCA members at an almost-all-expenses-paid weekend. The MCA will pick up the tab for Friday and Saturday night lodging/camping at beautiful Head of the Rapids Group Camp and a Saturday night brat/wiener cookout. The activities will include various levels of cruises on area rivers, impromptu clinics, kids activities, swimming, volleyball, Frisbee, hiking, Muskol application practice, general socializing, and a grand time.

The group camp is a quaint assembly of rustic log structures built in the 1930's and set in one of the most scenic areas of the park. If you have been to any of the May "Canoe U" gatherings, you have been there before. Sleeping accommodations are 6-8 person cabins with bunks, or if you prefer, you can tent camp on the grounds. There are restrooms with showers, and there is also a dining hall to eat and gather in. Everyone will be expected to pitch in for a few minutes with clean-up on Sunday morning.

You will need to bring: a sleeping bag, lunches and drinking water containers to take in your canoe,

breakfasts and additional snacks and beverages for camp, cooking equipment, sunscreen, bug dope, and any other personal items that you normally take camping. Any canoe will do. All canoes will be required to have one PFD/person and a current registration.

St. Croix State Park is easy to get to, but don't confuse it with Wild River or Interstate parks. Take I-35 to the Hinkley/Hwy 48 exit and head east about 20 miles to the park entrance. Once inside the park you will need to check in at the Park Manager's Office. You will need either a daily or annual vehicle permit. The folks in the office can then direct you to the Head of the Rapids Group Camp.

When figuring drive time remember to allow 30 to 45 minutes to get from the park entrance on Hwy 48 to the group camp. If you come up on Friday you should arrive between 7:00 and 10:00 PM when the gates close. If you are paddling on Saturday, and arriving Saturday morning, you should be at the camp between 9:00 and 10:00 AM. If you aren't cruising on Saturday you can come up anytime and enjoy the park. However, you should be up there no later than 5:00 PM so you can get settled before dinner.

To register call either Caryl Duke 612/544-2668, Jan Amberson 612/823-4533, or Brad Lynch 612/424-8053 by Sunday, August 14th. Available space is limited so register early. C'mon up for either one or both days. A good time is guaranteed!

22 THU MINNESOTA ENVIRONMENTAL CONGRESS. Duluth. See details below.

24-25 KICKAPOO RIVER WEEKEND. Class A-B. See Unisys Chapter News. Reservations required by September 18.

OCTOBER

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6 THU MINNESOTA ENVIRONMENTAL CONGRESS. Bemidji. See details below.

20 SAT MINNESOTA ENVIRONMENTAL CONGRESS. St. Paul. See details below.

1988 MINNESOTA ENVIRONMENTAL CONGRESS ANNOUNCED

Groundwater pollution, air pollution, protecting human health, protecting wildlife habitat, water protection plans, and financing environmental protection are some of the issues to be addressed at the second Minnesota Environmental Congress.

State environmental officials will travel to five Minnesota cities in September and October to discuss these issues with interested citizens. Day-long sessions will be held in Mankato, Alexandria, Duluth, Bemidji and St. Paul.

The Congress, sponsored by the Minnesota Environmental Quality Board, is open to the public. Information gathered from these meetings will be compiled into a report for the Governor and the Legislature.

Meetings will be held on September 8 in Mankato, September 15 in Alexandria, September 22 in Duluth, October 6 in Bemidji and October 20 in St. Paul.

For more information about the Environmental Congress or to pre-register, contact the Minnesota Environmental Quality Board, 300 Centennial Office Building, 658 Cedar Street, St. Paul, MN 55155, or call (612) 296-2603. Individuals who pre-register will receive background materials prior to the session.

UPPER MIDWEST WHITEWATER RACE CALENDAR

All of the listed events are ACA National Slalom & Wildwater Committee (NSWC) sanctioned. If you aren't interested in racing yourself, come on out and cheer on those who do race. Even better yet, volunteer to do any of the multitude of tasks that are required to run a race. PEOPLE TO CONTACT: Rapids Riders--Ed Schneider 612/487-1811; NSWC--Bob Schuetzler 612/722-2875, Randy Carlson 218/726-7169 or 727-2309, Barb Schneider 715/845-6784.

DATE	EVENT	TYPE	LEVEL	LOCATION
Aug 13	Whitewater Sprint Race	Sprint Race	1-3	Wausau, WI
Aug 13-14	Summer Slalom	Slalom	1-3	Wausau, WI
Aug 20	Division Championship	Wild Sprint	1-3	South Bend, IN
Aug 21	Division Championship	Slalom	1-3	South Bend, IN
Sep 3	National Jun/Sen/Mas	Slalom	2-3	Wausau, WI
Sep 4	Nationals	Slalom	2-3	Wausau, WI
Sep 10-11	St. Croix	Slalom	1-2-3	Taylors Falls
Sep 24-25	Last Ditch	Slalom	1-2-3	Wolf River, WI
Oct 1-2	One Last Time	Slalom	1-2-3	South Bend, IN

SKILL LEVEL KEY: 1=Beginner, 2=Intermediate, 3=Expert

Cruise Class	Distance (miles)	Stroke Rate/ mph over current speed	May contain special difficulty (limitations & inclusions)
A	0-10	minimum paddling/ at current speed	always on river always downstream
B	5-20	slow to easy	downstream or lake only very mild rapids no sweepers
C	10-25	moderate speed/ 3-4 mph above cs	only small amounts of upstream mild rapids/sweepers
D	10-50	fast cruise/ 4-5.5 mph above cs	all of the above/some upstream maneuvering required
E	any distance & over 50 miles	racer pace/ 5 mph+ above cs	all of the above/ increased upstream

INTERNATIONAL SCALE OF RIVER DIFFICULTY
(USE FOR RATING MCA WHITEWATER CRUISES)

Class I-VERY EASY
1. Waves small and regular
2. Passages clear
3. Sandbanks, artificial difficulties like bridge piers
4. Riffles

Class II-EASY
1. Rapids of medium difficulty
2. Passages clear and wide
3. Low ledges

Class III-MEDIUM
1. Waves Numerous, high and irregular
2. Rocks and eddies
3. Rapids and passages that are clear though narrow, requiring expertise in maneuvering.
4. MAY REQUIRE SCOUTING FROM SHORE

Class IV-DIFFICULT
1. Long rapids
2. Waves powerful, irregular
3. Dangerous rocks
4. Boiling eddies
5. Passages difficult to scout
6. Reconnoitering mandatory the first time
7. Powerful and precise maneuvering required

Class V-VERY DIFFICULT
1. Extremely long difficult, and very violent rapids following each other almost without interruption
2. River bed extremely obstructed
3. Big drops, violent current, very steep gradient
4. Scouting essential, but difficult

Class VI-EXTRAORDINARILY DIFFICULT
1. Difficulties of Grade V carried to extremes of navigability
2. Almost impossible and very dangerous
3. For EXPERTS only, at favorable water levels and after close study with all precautions taken
4. ALMOST ANY CLASS V BECOMES CLASS VI AT HIGH WATER LEVELS

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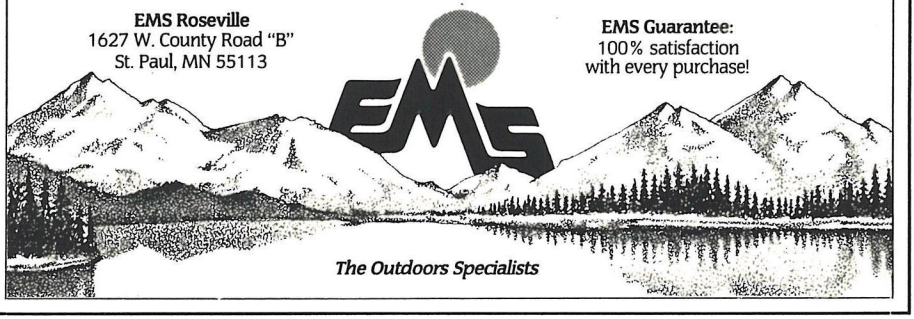
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GRUMMAN--AN OLD FRIEND

A short while ago I was in REI and found myself feasting my eyes on the beautiful plastic canoes hanging from the ceiling (same as at Midwest Mountaineering some time ago). I was thinking that if only I were young and with financial promise, I could anticipate the purchase of one of the exquisite craft and then.....paddle it! Suddenly, I looked around to see if anyone was watching me. They might have been able to detect that.....oh horrors.....I was a paddler, or worse yet, an owner of Grummans.

I completed my purchases, fled the store, arrived home and gazed sadly on the sight of my well-scratched aluminum hulks--old tump lines hanging limply from the center thwarts. As I stood gazing I began remembering: I had read that in the 1800's a clergyman at Norway House had been ridiculed when he appeared with a tin canoe, but I had felt pretty clever in 1954 when I put my first-owned Grumman in its first water--the Nesodwadnehunk section of Maine's West Branch. My canoe, named after that location (pronounced "Sowdyhunk") required no maintenance, could be banged around by careless boys, and its mere 53 pounds wouldn't increase with waterlog. What advantages over the wood canvas!

I soon learned another advantage. While running some big haystacks (the type thaat you get through nicely a few times and then when your confidence is high, they get you), Sowdy swamped and was forced down deep as we attempted to keep chests above the March ice water. Just after we abandoned ship, she was caught, doubled up, and pinned on a deep boulder. It was impossible to get her off. A week later I found her remains caught on a branch miles downriver. She had run the river's best rapids solo. The torn, gashed, twisted wreck was shipped back to the factory where I think she was regarded as a special challenge. For $100, back she came as straight as a metal arrow, as strong as ever, with trim patches, and lots of new rivets. As good as new! Yes, the aluminums were very repairable.

They were also durable. Sowdy's lightweight skin had 24 years of very rough usage and would still be serving had not Keewatin Air Service crossed me up on a charter, and Sowdy and a brother had to be abandoned on Hudson's Bay. Sowdy was indeed old and thin by then, but watertight and as serviceable as ever.

Oh yes, there were those other lessons to learn. Don't sit down on an aluminum on a sunny day without lots of protection in the rear, and wear footwear when the water is cold. We also learned not to drop paddles on the gunwales, for we wished to leave the dead in peace. We found that aluminum did catch a little on rocks, so we learned to avoid them, and we learned how to get of those that we didn't see....by methods lacking in grace. We learned what her keel would prevent us doing in rapids, and I had to pass up a few because of that dratted keel. Nevertheless, I taught many boys to run Class I and Class II's and some have run III's despite the keels. I have even run IV's in the undecked Grummans: I remember those well, because I can count them on one hand.

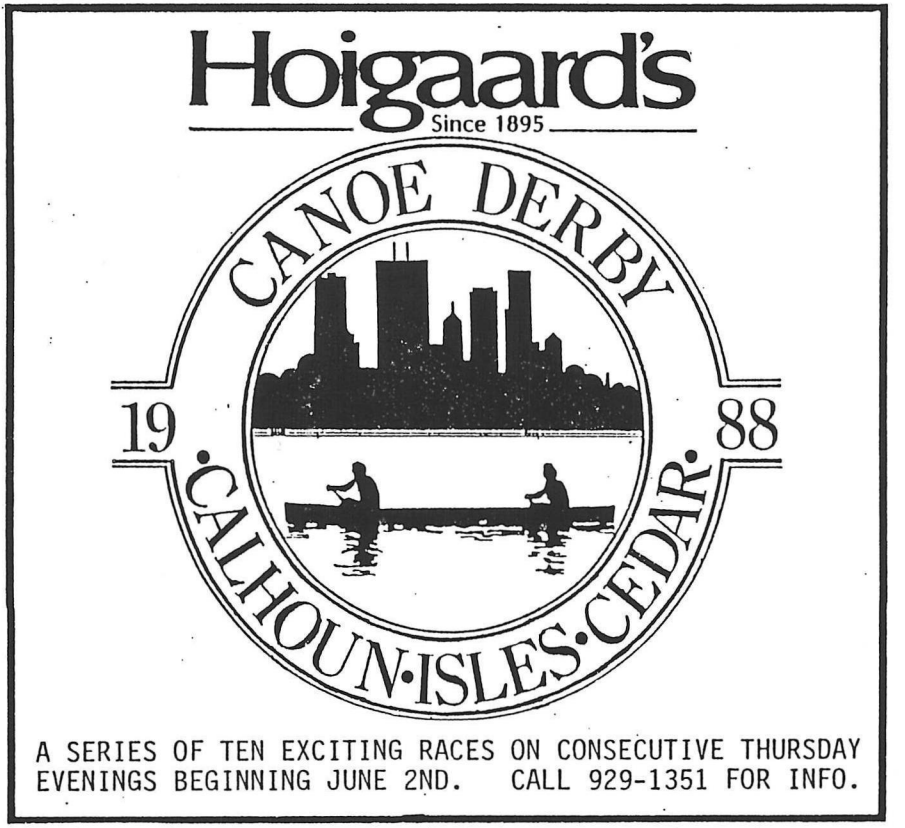
We learned to avoid stiff dead conifer branches while portaging, because we didn't like to wear earplugs. But if the 17's were light on our heads and shoulders, the 15's were feathers. Twelve year old boys have learned to carry the 15's, and some have carried 17's before their 13th birthday. Speed? The 15's tubby lines guaranteed great stabiliity and capacity. Yes, good, but what about speed? Well.....you see more scenery going slow.

We found them seaworthy on lakes, too. Good sized waves were routine, but once we were caught in a few series of waves that I estimated at 5-6 feet. We had a 15' and a 17'. It's a good thing that the number of those monster waves was limited, but the boys and

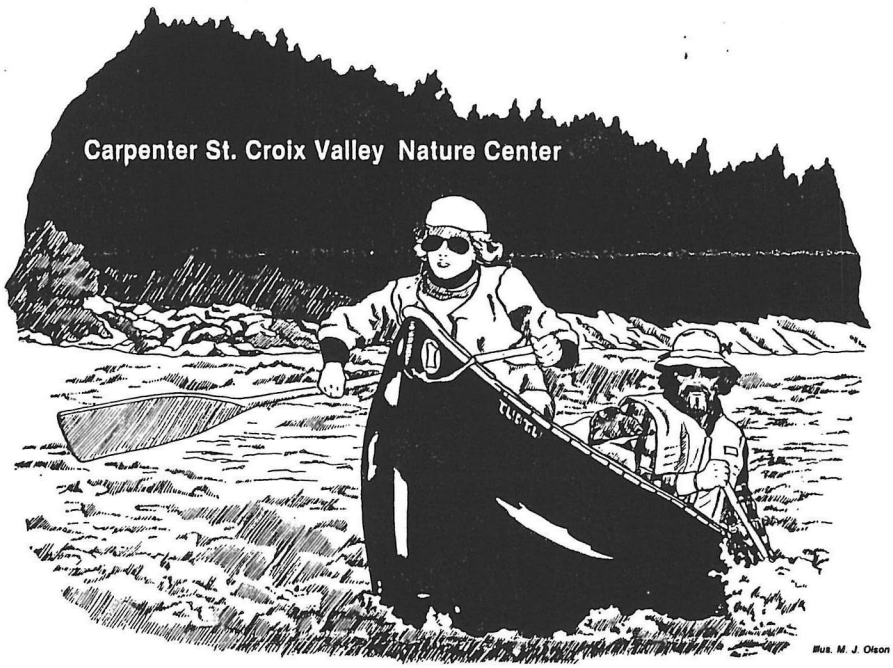
the Grummans were mighty impressive. (We were also mighty relieved to get into the protection of a peninsula, but...we did it.)

But times have changed. The aluminums are in disrepute. A couple of years ago (I'm new around here) someone remarked to me: "Don't let anyone in the MCA know you use aluminums!" Last year I read Midwest M's comment about aluminums in a spring ad: they were positively contemptuous. That didn't make me feel very good about my scratched hulks, so I had to comfort myself with a smirk at how that most canoes shown in literature of far north canoeing were Grummans. But deep down I know that the reason is now economic. When enough money is floating around, the pictures may show mostly the fine plastics.

Well, I stood there a while....lost in memories. Then I had a vision. I had gone on the long last portage--you know, the one we all must go on some day. At the other end I asked permission to visit the peninsula where the old canoes lay in peace. It was granted. On arrival I looked out on the vast field of the greats --the wonderful wood canvas Peterboroughs and Old Towns, the ancient barks, the beautiful new plastics. And there was Sowdy right in the front row rubbing gunwales with the elite--for in canoe heaven judgement was apparently not based on lineage, material, cost, former owner, or perfection. Judgement was based on faithful service. I ran and embraced my old partner, not stopping to think it foolish. "Well done, thou good and faithful servent!"--**Bob McCoubrie**



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Summer 1988

Outdoor Adventure Program
Wilderness Canoe Trip Experiences

JULY 9TH TO JULY 17TH Fee: $395

Canoe through the magnificent **Quetico Provincial Park** of Ontario, Canada with singer, song-writer and naturalist Douglas Wood and Naturalist Mayme Benson. Pristine lakes, beautiful rocky campsites, crystal clear water, loons, and lots of fish are the order of the day. No experience is necessary for this 7-day, 6-night trip. Transportation to put-in spot can be coordinated through the Nature Center.

JULY 30TH TO AUGUST 7TH Fee: $395

Explore the **Wild and Scenic St. Croix and Namakagon River System.** Join CNC Director Jim Fitzpatrick and explore 250 miles of one of the country's longest wild and scenic river systems. Beginning at the West Wind Resort on Lake Namakagon we will travel downstream through boreal forests, jack pine sand bluffs, rock-strewn boulder fields, challenging white-water, resort communities and small towns, finishing in the town of Stillwater. Some canoeing experience will be helpful as there will be rapids.

AUGUST 27TH TO SEPTEMBER 5TH Fee: $375

Travel the **Boundary Waters Canoe Area** in autumn. CNC staff naturalists will lead this trip through one of the BWCA Wilderness' lesser traveled routes to explore the approach of fall. This trip holds the possibility of crisp days, cold nights, fewer (if any) insects and lots of fish. Final routes have not yet been determined but 8 days and 7 nights enable several exciting alternatives.

All trips are open for adults (18 years and older) and will require completed health forms and signed acknowledgment of risk assumption. Trip fees include all food and equipment. Participants are asked to provide their own sleeping bags and personal gear. A $100 deposit is required upon reservation. Inquiries about these 1988 Wilderness Canoe Trips may be directed to Jim Fitzpatrick at the Nature Center Office.

KIDS' + PARENTS'

FISHING
PADDLING
AND
FISH FRY DAY

LABOR DAY WEEKEND

Saturday September 3rd

2:00 PM to 7:00 PM

Come paddle and try wetting a line for a fresh caught dinner. We'll start getting together around 2:00 PM at a metro area lake to practice our angling skills. Later in the day (and as the fish come rolling in!) there will be filleting lessons for all interested. Around 5:00 PM we will fire up the grills and roast up what we have caught (and brought...just in case) for dinner. MCA will provide the grilling equipment and supplies. Everyone else should bring along a potluck side dish (chips, potato salad, slaw, green salad, etc.). So get out your pole and tackle, pick up a ration of bait, load up the canoe and kid(s), and head on out for what will undoubtedly be a great day to wrap up the official summer season. By the way, rumor has it that ice fishing sticks work great from a canoe. To register and find out where the secret fishing hole is call Brad Lynch at 424-8053.

TRIP REPORT ON THE ELK AND THELON RIVERS

The Elk and Thelon Rivers begin just at the edge of treeline in Canada's Northwest Territories. Though inhabited for thousands of years by Inland Inuit, who followed the caribou migrations, this vast drainage area is now completely uninhabited. Except for the few groups of canoeists that go through each year in summer and very few solitary trappers in winter, the entire area, excluding the last 120 miles where there are a few isolated cabins, is devoid of any sign of modern man. There are no roads, no villages, no people. The stone rings used to hold down caribou skin tents, left by the Eskimos of long ago, are the only evidence of human habitation.

On the evening of July 3, 1987 my partner, Jason Peterson, and I were dropped off on the isolated shores of Damant Lake in the Mackenzie district of the Northwest Territories, by a chartered Cessna 185 float plane. We had flown a crowded 180 miles north from Stoney Rapids, Saskatchewan with 750 pounds of gear, including ourselves, a month's supply of food, and an 18 foot collapsible skin-over-frame canoe, crammed into the cabin of the plane. We followed the Elk and Thelon Rivers for approximately 580 miles through the heart of the Thelon Game Preserve, which was established in 1927 primarily to protect the dwindling numbers of muskox, across three large lakes Beverly, Aberdeen, and Schults, and then down the final stretch of river into Baker Lake, the only remaining community of Inland Inuit. We started at an elevation of 1251 feet in Damant Lake and ended at 8 feet above sea level in Baker Lake. Our route took 24 days to complete. Wolves, muskox, caribou, and innumerable species of birds were our only companions until the 23rd day. The route is extremely varied from a canoeist's perspective. It features everything from flatwater on the large lakes to Class I, II and III rapids to huge canyons with crashing waterfalls.

Here is my journal. It is not at all intended as a route description or a natural history, those are available from other sources, nor has it been embellished or developed into any kind of narrative. It appears just as it was written, usually while very tired and with sore and swollen hands. I intend it simply to give an idea of what a canoe trip in this area is like.

A THELON JOURNAL

July 2. Welcome to Stoney Rapids. Our bags all came through except one of the large red waterproofs with most of the food and one sleeping bag and clothing in it. The air charter man, Brian, has put us up for the night in a vacant house and so we wait. Bacon and eggs and Jason's first bannock for dinner. It is warm and the rapids look intimidating. I am very tired and a bit depressed haveing to just sit and wait for our bag, but after being waved through customs and being allowed to put all that overweight luggage on the plane with no extra charge, it's no surprise that something would screw up. We are putting magnetic declination lines on our maps and putting them in ziplocks. Better luck tomorrow. Warm and not many bugs. Sullen Indians at the Bay store and the usual trash of the north scattered everywhere.

July 3. After a quick overnight trip to Vancouver, our bag arrived. Beautiful flight in over miles and miles of nothing but lakes and rivers and small trees. Eventually we set down near the point the map indicated was the last group of trees and surprise! Total tundra. We unloaded our gear and I began to assemble the canoe while Jason and our pilot, Fred took a walk to the top of the hill. They spotted two wolves frolicking out on the point. Howling wind and 45 degrees F. We set up camp after the plane gave us a final

take-off buzz. Knowing we were windbound on a really big lake, I felt a little intimidated at being so far out. But after dinner and a walk with Jason during which we found animal tracks and caribou racks and skulls and feathers all over, I felt great. One big problem, we have lost both sets of our maps of the first part of the trip. Stupid! and dangerous. August 15 is Mountie rescue day.

July 4. I woke up at 4 am to dead calm and tried to rouse Jason but no go for an hour. The canoe is very heavy but it moves along pretty well once we get up a head of steam. We found the lake outlet after a little (one hour) guessing and ran a nice little class II rapid. Then across several large lakes and then several more rapids as we found the Elk right where we thought it would be. Jason caught several nice grayling (the largest 2-1/2 lbs.), which we plan to eat for breakfast. Stopped for wind break and oatmeal at noon on an island. We then slept out in the open sunlight all bundled up in heavy clothes for several hours. I later walked around the entire shoreline. Caribou signs everywhere, antlers, skulls, wildlife everywhere. Feel great. Miss Meg. I wish I could share this with her, but it's too cold and there are too many bugs. The bugs were only bad at dinner this evening, but we wore head nets and they weren't any problem. Good night.

July 5. We had a delicious breakfast of blackened grayling and then took off. Sunny and warm and buggy nearly all day. We saw a pack of 8 wolves just as we rounded a bend. Ran many sets of rapids, some rather technical, others just easy and straight-forward. We also made two portages around rapids that would be the end of you if you didn't portage--reminding us to be very careful. We ate lunch on a very high esker with a tremendous view in all directions. Though we didn't go that many miles (slow because of rapids) it was a tough day. We kept on until 10 pm and then made the fastest camp in the record book at a low swampy spot between lakes 1164 and 1154. Swarms of mosquitoes and black flies! We spent 10 minutes killing the ones that followed us into the tent, which is quickly becoming smeared with our blood and their carcasses.

July 6. Bad bugs again when we rose at 8 am. Sunny and 70 degrees F. I spent half an hour repairing my back seat. The thread, which Eric had warned me about, had ripped nearly out. Lots of small and big rapids today. The Elk River is getting bigger fast and is dropping even faster. We gently smooched up against one rock with the bow at the bottom of a long S-curve rapid, but back-ferried right off of it with no problem. My fault! I had the wrong angle on the ferry--need to watch the current at the stern and not the front end. Jason now knows not to dry loose socks on the spray cover in class III. Paddled hard all day. Most drops were straight forward. We only needed to scout a few. We ate spaghetti and meatsauce on top of a big hill as the sun set at 11 pm. Not so tired as before, even though we went much further today. I feel wonderful. Jason is a good partner. He is learning in the rapids very quickly. Tonight I am happy and content. I pray for safety and good luck.

July 7. After a small wrong turn, we continued down the Elk River to a totally wind-swept lake 1070. We followed the wind all the way down in huge rollers with water lapping over the top of the spray skirt. The canoe is excellent in the big stuff. It moves and flexes with the waves very well which minimizes splashing and water take-on. We did some very tricky lining and wading and two short portages from 1070 to the expansion above the falls. Then one mile or so of portaging to below them and some more fast water. Granite Falls--spectacular! The river drops 116 feet in the four miles between 1070 and here. The power of moving water always amazes me. Welcome to the Thelon. We camped on a big esker on the north shore of the expansion which results from the confluence. Beautiful

untracked sand, frost split rock, and a nearly full moon which is so low on the horizon that we are reminded of how far north we really are. Beautiful sunset--too tired to cook--no bugs all day because of the strong wind.

July 8. Moved down the river in cold, gray windy weather. There are still no bugs. They must be hiding from the cold and wind. The Thelon is getting big and fast. We have excellent current in the narrow places. By 2 pm, we reached a spot where the wind was blowing directly down river--big standing waves from wind blowing against the current. We paddled for about 10 minutes as hard as we could when we realized that we were just standing still. So, we pulled over and got under the rain tarp and cooked and ate and napped until midnight when the wind finally abated. Paddling in the dim light was eerie. We saw many ducks and geese all along the way. We pushed on until 6 a.m. and made good time. A blast of really cold air then hit us from the north, so we crawled into the tent and quickly went to sleep. Saw a beautiful rainbow at sunset and a bald eagle, both good omens.

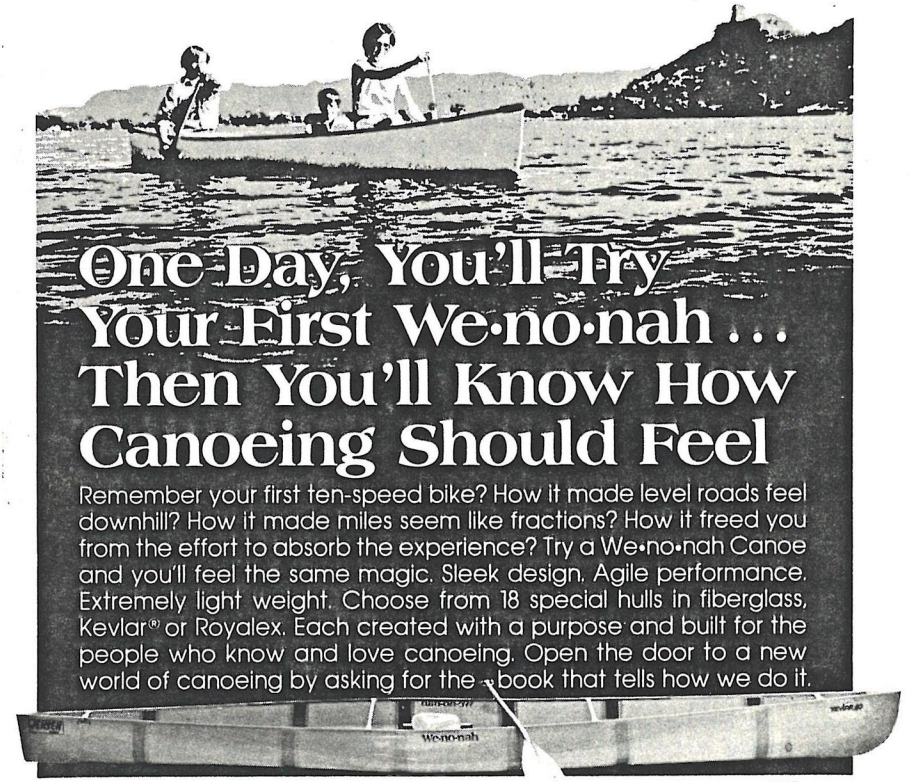
July 9. Up at 2 p.m. and had curried chicken and rice, made by Jason, delicious and the most perfect cornbread ever made by camping man or woman, made by me. Went down river 26 miles. Lots and lots of birds. Sneaky geese (Greater Canadas) who lure you away from their goslings by squawking and honking and diving and doing flip turns. One surprised us by trying to surface with a thud right under Jason's feet. They also can play submarine, swimming with only the tip of their snout above the water. They are in molt and scamper into the scrub willow well in advance of our approach. We have been tempted to eat one but I think we will try to generate good karma by leaving no trace and by harming nothing. We have very swollen hands and sore arms, but we move right along. The river is getting huge with strong current. It takes us down with minimum effort. We came up on an expansion in the river and saw five wolves running over the hilltop. We tried to make camp on the opposite shore, but it was all scrub willow with no level spot, so we went right over to the wolves' spot and pitched camp in bugs so bad we ate cold supper.

July 10. I woke up at 5:30 am., but relieved myself and went back to bed. I don't want to stress out Jason who, "for some reason," unlike me needs to sleep and eat. My hands are incredible. They are getting tough and strong, and as Jason points out, I seem to be impervious to cold. My metabolic rate must be cranked way up there. We moved out very quickly after rising at 8:00 a.m., and had cold breakfast on the water. We ran over a 1-1/2 foot ledge with no problem, then down to Eyeberry which is a large lake with a long deltaic maze at both ends, very confusing. The wind was 10-15 mph on our noses out of the north all down the lake, but after lunch of potatoes, rehydrated burger and coffee, we made good time. Three bald eagles today and then a short while before making camp above a long wide open rapid, three muskox lounging on the left bank. As we came quite close, they stood up, stared at us, then snorted and ran away. A plane landed in Eyeberry during dinner, more canoeists no doubt.

July 11. Moved out by 10:00 am. into a long class II, which we ran with Jason in the back learning to back-ferry. He did just fine and I felt good about having him practice in the back just in case we get spun around somewhere. We ran some very nice rapids, over a good sized ledge and then lined around another rapid. The rapids and the river are getting much bigger and the water is very cold. Too much rum last night. I stepped on my cup from the North Seal River and smashed it. Be careful! We came around a bend and saw a herd of 20 muskox, strange wooly beasts. We moved on down to the Thelon Canyon which is huge. Mega portage (2-1/2 miles) all afternoon and evening. We ate a fresh trout as lunch during one of the stages of the

portage. Full moon, peregrine falcons screaming and soaring over sheer cliffs and tremendous volumes of water crashing over giant sand-stone ledges. Very, very tired. I miss Meg.

July 12. A blazing sun forced me out of the tent early so I went for a long scouting hike along the rim of the canyon while Jason slept. By back-ferrying like crazy, we cut to the inside of a gargantuan ledge and descended through large, (well over Jason's head) standing waves. We then ran several more sets including one big one that I should have scouted but was just big waves. You couldn't do any of this without a spray cover and a good one at that! Peregrine falcons soaring, bright warm and sunny, the confluence of three major rivers, Hanbury, Clarke and Thelon, it's beautiful. We moseyed on down to a sandy beach and had trout for lunch. We caught several more from 4-8 lbs. by trolling during the afternoon. We got a good laugh when we came upon a large herd of muskox grazing on scrub willow right near shore. When the primary bull got uncomfortable at our approach, he stamped and snorted which made all the others break and run about in confusion. All of a sudden big honkers, who didn't like being trampled, came blasting out of the willows in all directions making a terrible fuss and further



upsetting the muskox. It was a 21 muskox wild goose stampede. The river changes so dramatically each day. Since landing in true tundra at Damant, we have moved into a deep wooded valley just filled with birds. Ducks and loons and mergansers and geese and swans and song birds everywhere. We tried several camping spots which were too swampy. There is actually grass and mud and oily slime oozing from the banks which is amazing after all the rock and sand and tundra we have come through. Creamy herb broccoli and beef and then to bed with bird song and a water gurgle spooking Jason.

July 13. Another warm day. We had leisurely bacon and pancakes before packing up. Waterfowl in profusion. The little bird which had been singing in a tree across the river at bed time was still warbling seven hours later. Moved on past Hornby Point but skipped the ruins. It was kind of a dark depressing place and Jason said he really didn't care to see where three people starved to death. We rode fast current out into much more open country. Saw a common loon and then as we came around an island shore, we saw a wolf at 20 yards. It started to lope down the shore ahead of us occasionally stopping to look back. We soon saw why. She had three furry little pups playing on the beach and was making sure we didn't get too near. Twenty more muskox that afternoon in a herd and then one around every bend, and most amazing, three moose right at the campsite--two bulls and a cow. I thought we were too far north for them to have anything to eat, but Jason said it looked a lot like Barnesville, Minn.

July 14. I awoke to find a large bull muskox grazing right in camp. In fact, he was 10 feet from Jason's biscuit of the night before, which we had planned to eat for breakfast. As his demeanor was quite placid, I later rescued it after he had moved 30 or 40 feet away. Sunny and warm all day as we moved at least 42 miles down river straight into a fairly strong wind. We saw many golden eagles and a type of hawk which I'm not familiar with, while passing a canyon-like area. Came upon our first pair of snow geese herding their little ones while nearing Lookout Point. Just at the point we spotted a giant old double ended freighter canoe tied upside down in some trees. There were broken paddles and ripped up canvas and manila rope strewn about, and a ramshackle cabin further up from shore. It was strange and a bit depressing to see a cabin. The first sign of man in so many miles is garbage. We ate a delicious trout fried with heavy batter and some soup for lunch. We just troll for a while when we get hungry. I can tell we are nearing the end of the trees which have only been growing in a narrow line along the shore of the river anyway. It lookes more barren and colder. Many, many muskox.

July 15. We headed off into a strong east wind which, after just a couple of miles, turned into a real howler. We pulled over to a large hill and spent the entire day cooking and eating and watching the wind blow. I carved a tiny canoe paddle and started a caribou antler carving. The wind finally did drop and so we were off at 9:00 p.m. and kept on till 5:00 a.m. with a floating breakfast under a beautiful sunrise. At one point, we passed a wolf who was swimming across the river. At first we thought he was trying to catch a goose, but three bull muskox kept galloping along on the other shore, stopping to bellow and snort and stamp in his direction, so evidently he was being escorted away from their turf. Being wind-bound is a little melancholy, wanting to progress, wanting to get nearer home. I worry about wind on the big lakes ahead. Hope to make Beverly today.

July 16. The same northeast wind is blowing today, only at somewhat less velocity. Embarked at 1:00 p.m. after "Fun Hot Cereal Breakfast" sent by Meg. Jason took the sparkle ball to see if it would bounce off the sand and threw it hard whereupon it came back up

and hit him in the face! We rounded a point passing Ursus Islands and were met by large waves in the widening river. We pushed on to a more sheltered stretch with some good current--muskox abound. We came upon a cabin nicely stocked and unlocked which was filled with expensive automatic radio controlled weather reporting equipment. There were fairly fresh footprints in the sand, but no keel mark on the beach or any other sign. We arrived at Thelon Bluffs and climbed 400 feet above the river from where we could see for miles both up and down the river valley. We ate a big stew of beef and barley and then paddled in calm twilight down the last stretch to Beverly where a light zephyr pushed us down the big lake towards the rising moon. We camped on a long point covered with driftwood and bones and stone rings--old, old hunting camp. A perfect day.

July 17. 80 F. Sunny and still. We had bacon and eggs and then took straight off across the open water of Beverly in a near perfect calm. We were a little uncertain as to our exact position while going through the delta of the Dubwant, which is a huge river of its own accord. Very hot and buggy, so we wore bug armor all day. Floating lunch and sore butts. Our flat water progress seems slow after all of our river travel. We got out on an island to check our position and walked up to an inukshuk and several stone rings. The wind picked up from the northwest and soon gave us trouble but after rounding a headland, we were able to go with it. Jason spotted a mangy little hornless caribou--our first one! A bit later, we saw a much larger bull sitting with his back to the water on a big snowbank. We came quite close before he became aware of us and moved. His rack is still covered with velvet. Snow and blue geese as well as Canadas. We made it to Aberdeen which is vast! I can't see the end or even half way. Signs of man now--broken caribou bones, empty cartridges and garbage.

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BENDING BRANCHES

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July 18. We got up late--11:00 to a strong southwest wind and large breakers. Overcast and a warm 70 degrees F. We ate a pancake breakfast very slowly and didn't break camp, expecting to be windbound for the rest of the day. We hiked 2-1/2 miles northeast across the open tundra to an esker then back straight east to the shore and then along the shore back to camp, about 10 miles in all. Very soggy feet. Jason dubs me official leader of "The Wet Foot Patrol." The tundra is dotted with many small lakes and bogs, each seemingly with its own pair of nesting sandhill cranes. We saw an oil drum way out in the middle of nowhere and then nearer shore came upon a large fuel dump and a prospector's cabin with filth and garbage all over--it makes me so sad. We know when it's time to paddle when the bugs come back out, so after a quick dinner we were off by 6:00 p.m. We got wet feet again crossing shoals which extend well out from shore and I had to fish for the toothpaste which got dunked in 2-1/2 feet of water. We saw 25 or more caribou in the twilight. One of them came prancing out on a strand right towards us and if we hadn't moved, he would have come right up to us. They must have terrible eyesight. We cut off several large bays in the calm and made 25 miles by 12:30. Quick camp and bed.

July 19. Cloudy and cooler, 50 degrees F and as we were breaking camp, a curious young caribou wandered in very close. Jason began to chase it with arms outstretched and it ran a short way and then stopped to look back. We were progressing nicely and were thinking of stopping to eat when bad weather began to move in. Much thunder and then as we rounded a point (the exact midpoint of Aberdeen) the fog bank which had been approaching closed in and we were forced to land. We had just started to unload when the squall line hit so we dove under the tarp and listened to the heavy rain. It let up after a bit and the fog began to lift so we climbed out and surprise! Ice, as far as you could see. Having just read about Ivu in National Geographic before we left, I pulled the canoe way up away from the moving floes. After putting up the tent and eating, we took a hike down the shore. Ice, ice, ice. On the way back to camp the rain returned in earnest borne by strong cold east winds. We cast our lures from shore and started catching 10 lb. trout every time. The edge of the ice seems to be a real focus of activity for the fish. Howling wind, 42 F, driving rain, and incredible fishing with pinched barbs for several hours. Finally, we gave it up and went to bed with the storm still pounding on.

July 20. Rainy and windy and cold all day. It is much too rough to paddle but at least the ice is being eaten away by the powerful north wind. Jason caught a couple of nice trout and we ate one of the larger ones from last night for breakfast. We had to paddle out to retrieve snagged lures several times. The canoe is very tippy when unloaded. We were all packed up and ready to go all afternoon, but the wind never let up. Towards evening we got under the tarp for an hour waiting for it to calm down. Lying right on the tundra, leaning against a pack, completely covered up and listening to the wind and waves was snug. Finally we gave up and repitched the tent. I went for a short run --we made popcorn and then I read "Shalako" by Louis L'amour (yuk!) till quite late. We soon are talking about "Shlocko" Kabloona King of the North whose steely eyes are as hard and cold as the ice he drags his canoe across. Arctic terns, Sik Siks, gulls, sparrows, snow buntings, a solitary bumble bee and nothing else. The tundra isn't even in bloom yet. Cold, 45 F. It is spring breakup.

July 21. Partly cloudy, very windy and cold. The ice has receded several miles and if the wind will give us a break tonight, we will paddle on down to the edge of it. We slept very late and then just loafed around waiting for a change. After breakfast I made

taco shells which we will have for dinner later. Jason caught a 12 pounder. He seems to have better luck (skill)? than I do. One consolation, no bugs for days because of the cold and wind. We climbed to the hill top with the binoculars to view the ice which has moved way back. Headed out at 6:30 p.m. The water is cold! Every sandy shoal we cross has innumerable trout cruising the shallows. There are large snowdrifts on shore and chunks of ice (mini-bergs) floating down the swells. Small showers produce many rainbows in the twilight. A lone caribou off the bow. 24 miles to the river outlet which was jammed with ice. Fish just swarming, very cold feet, to bed at 2:00 a.m.

July 22. Awoke to an opening in the ice at the river's mouth. After a scouting walk and granola we took off through chunks of ice. 60 F and partly sunny. The south end of Aberdeen lake behind us. Inukshuks, one with a jaeger perched on top, mark the mouth of the river. We pressed on for a couple of hours with the wind swinging into our faces, and then struck out across the open bay towards a point. Midway the wind really kicked up and soon we were being pushed by big waves towards the ice which extended a 1/2 mile from shore. Not good! We made the point, secured the canoe and erected the tent with some trouble in 25 mph winds. Soon after the wind increased and pelting rain moved in. We spent the rest of the day in the tent in the sleeping bags, cooking and eating. I read "Hitch Hikers Guide" in one sitting, beat Jason at war twice, and baked chocolate cake. I wish we could move.

July 23. Blasting north northwest wind a brilliant sunshine 55 F. We were so full from the eat-fest last night that we didn't even venture to finish our cake till afternoon. There was no way to move in wind that strong so I took 3/4 of the latitudinal ribs out of the canoe and pushed the gunnels, which had separated in a couple of spots, back into place. I wrecked my hands again wrapping and frapping the joints. We took a long walk, during which we saw a red plastic gas can, a child's wooden sled, many jaegers, terns, gulls and more ice. We passed a likely fishing spot and later returned and caught some nice ones--a char, 8 lbs. a laker (our first small fish 1-1/2 lbs.) and a grayling which I steamed and ate plain with lemon juice. As we finished another large meal, the clouds rolled in and the wind started to drop. We were on the water by 10:00 p.m. with the wind swinging to our noses around every turn. It was very strange to paddle in the murk. Not quite as dark as real night, but too dark to accurately judge waves, current, and distances. Passed through Qamanaarjuk hallucinating ice all the way and then very very fast down to the dreaded narrows, which it turned out were submerged by the high water, in shadow of Whalebone Hill. To bed at 3:30 a.m. beneath a spectacular ominous morning sky.

July 24. We slept quite late and then waited most of the day under cloudy skies, 55 F temps and strong north wind, for a chance to cross the bay in front of Whalebone. We ate leftovers and impatiently pushed off at 4:00 p.m. into breaking waves. We quartered them in a kind of long forward ferry to the opposite shore and then hugged it with the wind in our faces. There is now a lot of relief and Schultz is one of the prettiest lakes we've seen. We came around a bend and on the nicest sand beach on the lake, right at the mouth of a tributary, found four newly constructed cabins. It looks like a brand new fishing camp. There was no evidence of anyone being there since last fall. We explored a little and had a snack. I caught a large trout, which ran out almost all my line 4 times, in the stream. When we moved on, the wind finally decided to stay put, and because we had changed directions it pushed us far down the lake. There was ice in the distance. By 11:30 p.m. the sky had begun to clear in the north and west and the sunset turned all the clouds

bright red (sailor's delight). This, combined with the steep snow covered hills, made me imagine we were cruising down some Norwegian fiord. We got to within a mile of what was now obviously solid ice and went to bed in total calm. Patience, patience.

July 25. Moderate north wind and not a cloud to be seen. 75 F. Summer has arrived in spite of the fact that we are trapped by miles and miles of ice. I climbed the high ridge above our camp while Jason slept in and could see open water in the distance, but at least five miles of ice is choking off the south end of the lake, and so we wait. For melting, the weather couldn't be better. We hiked down the shore to the disintegrating edge of the ice, which was now 2-1/2 miles from camp, and proceeded to catch many trout until our stressed-out monofilament began to repeatedly give out and we ran out of lures. I caught a 5 pounder back at camp which I blackened with a ton of Cajun Magic. A big caribou came trotting down the beach right towards us, but spooked when Jason tried to get the camera. Hiked back up to the ridgetop, 300 ft. 1-1/2 miles one way, with Jason and the map. There are now wild flowers and butterflies. I made dinner and several biscuits and then we paddled back down to floes edge in dead calm. No luck there this time, as the calm had prompted them all to surface feeding. I did get one small trout and Jason caught several pretty good size ones by spot trolling on the way back. I am very restless to move. I must have tramped 10 miles today. Patience peace.

July 26. Still and 70 F, sunny and lots of ice. We caught more fish from shore and I tried with the fly rod but we don't have quite the right fly. We were just being lazy and when coming back from a trout scout in the canoe saw two caribou--one a very large bull only 20 feet from the tent. Suddenly way out, following the edge of the ice, a canoe! We paddled down to where the ice met the shore figuring they would camp and by the time we got there, they were already dragging their canoe across. Two guys from Stoney Rapids, doing the Dubwant in an Old Town Tripper. 800 miles in 30 days, and they sure weren't waiting for ice. They had already repaired their canoe from dragging it halfway across Dubwant Lake. "So you guys are icebound, huh?" "I guess we are acting like it," I said. "We get to end of Schultz and the wind can do what it wants--we'll be laughing. Why don't you come with us?" I told them to go on ahead and so back to camp, a quick breakdown and charge! We paddled when we could, which wasn't much, but mainly it was push and shove and grunt and heave from one rotten piece to another, using the canoe as a bridge. Needless to say, we both got soaked from breaking through, but where it was solid the canoe slid along quite well. We left at 6:00 p.m., and made it around the point to open water by 9:30, then past an Eskimo hunting camp (people come in bunches, even motorboats!) and then much more ice. We had a struggle to get to shore following twisting leads. Jason was great standing in the bow smashing and bashing with that big Mohawk paddle. We did finally gain shore at midnight just as an east wind started crashing the bergs about. A good lesson for me today. Go for it! We will never catch up with those Stoney Boys. Five miles more to the river.

July 27. Bizarre! The east wind has cleared most of the ice away and there is a giant helicopter landing people and supplies across the bay. Geologists on a government project with tons of gear. We find out we made a slight navigational error in the ice and dark last night, and ask about the rest of the river. The marked rapid is not much, he says, but the one right at the exit from Schultz might be a bit "dicey" in a canoe. "You fellows should be able to make it to Baker Lake in a week or so." We also are shocked to learn that a mining company may put in 75 miles of road to exploit a "sub-economic" uranium deposit nearby. We push off and the rapid

he warned us about is nothing to write home about, but then comes Aleksektok, which is "dicey." We ran the first drop on the right and then lined a short way past a really big bad in the middle. We then shot down the last one--half mile in cross-hatched 4-footers--they are well above Jason's head. This is by far the strongest current I have ever been in. It is scary to hold the correct angle on the backferry while going nearly broadside to such big waves, with all the current meanwhile running right into the really big stuff just a few feet away. Big river and fast current--a continuous class I and II for nearly 10 miles and then still very fast. A quick meal at 6:00 p.m. then back on the river to get as close to Baker Lake as possible. We stop very briefly to talk to an Inuit and ask again about the river to the mouth. When he learns we ran Aleksektok, he smiles and says there is nothing we can't handle, and tells us the Stoney Boys are only three hours ahead. One more good rapid near the mouth with big cross currents, boils and standing waves, and then out into the shallows where there is solid ice piled 20 feet high along the east shore. Clouds moved in with darkness and the fickle wind changed to due east just as we turned in that direction. We were headed for a point which looked close, but after steady paddling didn't get any closer. Hard to judge distance in the dark. Jason stood up to stretch and surprise! Baker Lake right there. Big swells from the open lake, near total darkness, exhaustion, bright lights from the town and the airport plus elation at actually arriving leave us feeling totally stunned. We landed in trash right near the airport and celebrated with rum as a steady rain began. To a much needed bed. Safe and sound, what a day! Ice, rapids and 65 miles in current as fast as the Red Deer in Alberta only on a river twenty times the size. We will look for the Stoney Boys and call home in the morning. Very happy and satisfied.

July 28. Howling dogs and buzzing boats wake me way too early in the hot sun. After coffee, we walk up to the fancy new airport and call home. The echo from the radio telephone makes it awkward but it's good to hear Meg's voice. We fly out tomorrow morning for an exorbitant price. There are huge dump trucks hauling fill. Their roaring diesel engines deafen us and we flinch instinctively when they pass us on the road to town. Seeing something that big move 35 mph is a little frightening after weeks of quiet and maximum speed of 5 mph. It is 1-1/2 miles into town, and we have "cold pop" at "The Bay," which tastes lukewarm after drinking 35 F water. No one at the RCMP, so we just stroll around. Lots of construction, many 3-wheelers. The Inuit are very friendly. Perhaps they remained isolated long enough for the Government to get its act together and treat them well. We stop back at the RCMP and run into the Stoney Boys--Ivan and George. We go to the Iglu Hotel for coffee and much canoe talk. Ivan is a bush pilot and mechanical engineer and George is a dispatcher. They work for Aero North, which is the rival of the charter company we used, in Stoney Rapids. Both of them are experienced canoeists. Ivan either has done, or knows people who have done, every river I ask about. They are very curious about our gear and canoeing experience. We invite them over to polish off the rum. Both are amazed to see a fold-up bungy canoe. Many stories--many similar experiences. Neither of us had any black flies and virtually no portages because of high water. The high water let us take sneaky routes around the sides of big rapids and let us go right over boulder rapids, which later on required tricky maneuvering and scouting to find deep water channel. Neither could find another canoe to go along but agreed that two canoes would be much safer. We are already talking about doing the Kazan together. We talk about sore bottoms and swollen fingers and try to guess how many mosquitoes we have eaten. They scoff at our actually wearing our life jackets

(habit, I guess). "In water this cold all it does is let them find your body." And they really laugh at our bear protection--mothballs, urine and compressed air horns. By now we are a little tired of being told that the Northwest Territories is exclusively inhabited by deaf bears. I agree that a rifle and shotgun and a E.P.R.I.B. are good ideas. We give them all our extra food and white gas and then go for a swim at the community pool for 50 cents in our long johns.

July 29. Ivan and George see us off at the airport and it is a quick trip to Winnipeg with stops at Rankin Inlet, Eskimo Point, Churchill and Gillam. Clouds moved in just as we passed the mouth of the Seal, but cleared out again enough to see Button Bay, Fort Prince of Wales and a pod of Beluga's as we came into Churchill. The Nelson is as muddy as ever and a large break in the clouds lets me spot the Berens and the Bloodvein as we head right for home--95 F and humid. We are detained for 2-1/2 hours by extremely rude and unfriendly U.S. Customs Officers. Meg and Jason get strip searched. I must look so angry or smell so bad that they leave me alone. They empty every bag, smell every dirty sock. Finally, with no apology, they say we can go. Next time a shower, shave, clean clothes. and an overnight in Winnipeg. It is good to get home. I lost 8 pounds of beer belly in spite of eating like a horse and one of the first things I want to do is go for a fast cruise in the C1-W at the lakes.

Equipment list:

18 foot Ally Pack Canoe DR; homemade seats including bow slider; extra foam padding up the sides of the gunnels; homemade portaging yoke and thwart reinforcements; all major clips lashed with heavy nylon cord; homemade full fabric snap on spray cover; 4 small water proof bags lined inside and out; 2 big Sakajewea I waterproof bags from Blackadar Boating with hip belts and sternum straps added; 2 homemade Cordura duffles double lined with giant 6-mil plastic bags; 2-63" Mohawk paddles; 2-54" Kruger Kevlar bent-shaft paddles; 1-54" Wenonah Maxcraft bent-shaft paddle; 2-Seda life jackets; 50 foot painters installed at cutwater bow and stern; Coleman Peak I stove, small cook kit, small fire grate, 3 gallons white gas (only used one); 2 Thermarests, 2-1/4" blue foam pads; 2 Hollofill sleeping bags; Eureka Sentinel 4 person tent; 10' by 10' waterproof nylon tarp--homemade; high top Converse All Stars, wet suit socks, zipup galoshes heavy wool socks, long underwear, wool pants and shirts, bunting jackets, windbreakers, down vests, stocking hats, gloves, rain suits, head nets, bug armor jackets; 35 day supply of food all purchased at a grocery store except 4 packages of powdered eggs and 4 cans of bacon. Ham, chicken, chuck roast, hamburger, green peppers, broccoli, cabbage, blueberries, strawberries, bananas, and oranges were all dried in a Harvest Maid food dehydrator--everything else was bought right off the shelf and repackaged. We tried to pre-package all our food into meals and follow a menu, but of course it didn't work. We would dump out a pile of food and then eat all the good stuff. We brought 3-1 liter bottles of 151 Bacardi rum which was mixed with Tang--pretty good, grape Kool-aid (a variation of purple jesus which uses everclear)--passable, inderterminate federal red dye #4 flavor (or worse) and straight (strong, but best tasting).

--James V. Murphy

TRADING POST

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WANTED:

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WOULD LIKE TO RENT OR BUY USED LIGHTWEIGHT OR RACING CANOE for Border-to-Border Triathlon August 11-14. Call Karen (612)636-7503 or Nancy (612)935-8079.

INTERESTED IN PURCHASING OR RENTING A RACING CANOE (e.g. USCA 18 1/2' cruiser or proboat) for Border-to-Border Triathlon in August. Also looking for bent shaft paddles 47" to 49" for reasonable price. Call Glenn at (612) 779-2798 (W) or (612) 489-1221 (H).

FOR SALE:

MOHAWK 16' ABS. Paddled twice, excellent condition $500.00. Also, a closed older C-2 for $250.00. Call Nancy Welsh at (612) 456-9260.

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WENONAH KEVLAR USCA MIXED CRUISER with bailer. Latest design, excellent condition. $1095. Call Jim at (507) 876-2168.

BLUE HOLE OCA, great whitewater boat, well used, but not abused. $250 or make offer: XL Sierra West Gore-Tex Mountain Parka, like new, $85. L Sierra West FAD Gore-Tex Parka and Pants, like new, both $85, call David (715) 235-6290.

HAHN-RAKSCHMIDT MODIFIED C-1, fiberglass, good condition with floatbags. $100. Call Dale at (612) 933-4978 (H) or (612) 448-5151 (W).

OLD TOWN 1987 16' PENOBSCOT, Foam seats & Yoke. Used once $500. OLD TOWN 1987 16' PENOBSCOT, Foam seats & yoke, never used. $595. SAWYER 18' GOLDEN GLASS CRUISER. Needs some small patching $400. Call Jim at (612) 437-4359.

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Rules for Purchase: Call ahead and schedule pick-up time. Payment must be by check or money order to: Minnesota Canoe Association. **No cash. Sales to MCA members only.**

Depots:	Betty Ketter	561-2208	North Minneapolis
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West System Epoxy is available only from special depots:

Ted Bell	452-3897	Zimmerman (West System only)
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ORDER FORM--Stickers/Patches/T-shirts (Sales to Members only)

Make check (U.S. funds) payable to: **Minnesota Canoe Association.** Send order form to: Verna Robinson, Minnesota Canoe Association, 4421 36th Ave. No., Crystal, MN 55422.

Stickers--Blue MCA logo on a white reflective background, great for canoe or car. $1.00 each.
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MINNESOTA CANOE ASSOCIATION MEMBERSHIP FORM

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I am joining the MCA as a [ ] New [ ] Renewal member. Please check:

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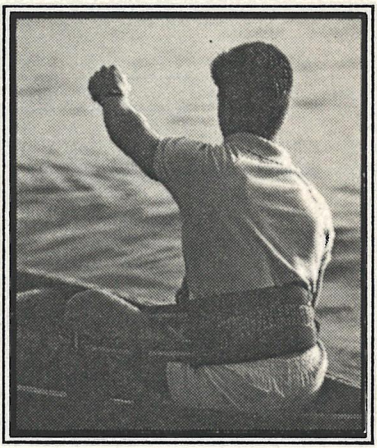
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