MINNESOTA CANOE ASSOCIATION, INC. HUT!

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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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KETTER CANOEING

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101 - 79th Avenue North
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55444

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

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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.

GOOD OLD WALT--SEPTEMBER 7, 1905-AUGUST 30, 1988

Last month we promised you an article on Walt Jones. One of Walt's good friends, Penny Mielke, shares her memories with us.

Walt's pretty hard to put down on paper, but I'll make a stab at it. You'll have to fill in with your own memories of him.

First of all, Walt loved stories. As many of you will recall, those stories had no bounds. He knew sad ones, happy ones, simply ridiculous ones-you name it. They came from real life, from old cronies and friends, and from his own fertile imagination. He had a lot of living from which to draw. Whether visiting over coffee and doughnuts, along a river, paddling a canoe or by a campfire, we came to know Walt pretty well through these stories. We met his family: and learned of his days as a surveyor, taxicab driver, motorcyclist and truck driver. He was indeed a jack-of-all-trades. My favorite stories were about his trips into the Boundary Waters. There was one portage he described that made my knees weak. The boulder-type portage; and Walt never traveled light. He liked to reminisce about his Current River trips, smelting in the spring and the annual rendezvous up at Grand Portage. He had been quite active in the MCA Voyageur Chapter.

Walt joined the MCA shortly after its inception; and when I first met him, he was president. He hadn't been retired too long from driving truck for Indianhead. Walt was my introduction to the MCA and all the paddling opportunities it affords. He was such a staunch supporter and promoter. My first river trip was with Walt. A beautiful spring day on the Cannon. It was an MCA sponsored cruise.

Walt was a great volunteer. There wasn't anything he wouldn't do for you if he figured you'd learn and benefit from it. He was a loyal MCA member and a loyal friend.

I'm not much with words so I'll let Walt finish this up for me.

> The wind up is, I've only been hiking around up here since late August and I've already found me a canoe, a new station wagon and a dandy little trailer to pull.
>
> You find a memory, give me a recall, and we'll meet there.
>
> Oh, pack a lunch.....a big one.

--One of Walt's many friends,--**Penny Mielke**

FROM THE BOW

Well it's a few days after the MCA Board elections (this column being done at the last minute as usual) and I am happy to announce that I will be authoring "From the Bow" for another year. I am also happy to announce that at the last minute we were able to fill out our slate and have all board positions filled. Just as the board thought that it was going to collectively have to put out the **HUT!**, Deb Murphy stepped forward and committed to being the Publications Director for the coming year. Seems that elections always provide some sort of drama.

I would like to thank all of the outgoing board members for their time and effort in helping to make the MCA the premeire paddling organization that it is today. A bunch of folks stayed involved with the board, some shifting positions, so I would like to thank them for their past effort and look forward to working with them again in the coming year. And, to the newcomers, a hearty WELCOME! I am looking forward to getting to know you better and seeing what we can accomplish together.

A special thank-you must go to Jim Robinson and family for their

unending dedication in producing the **HUT!** for the past 3 years. If any of you see them on the water, in the supermarket or wherever, I hope that you will join me in giving them a round of more than well deserved atta-boys (and girls) and pats-on-the-back.

That brings me to the current issue of **HUT!** production. Our organization is about 1,400 strong and growing. The **HUT!** attracts a good number of our members and is our only form of communication with the majority of these members. Its timely publication is essential to the well being of the MCA and contributes greatly to the healthy paddling community around us.

There have been a number of suggestions as to how we can alter the position of Publications Director from being the lifestyle commitment that it has been for the past 5-7 years. A production staff and possibly a paid position or two have been among the suggestions. As it now stands, we have been able to identify quite a few talented folks who have committed to participate on a **HUT!** staff. These include; a professional ex-editor, a professional in typography, someone with direct experience in **HUT!** advertising, a professional photographer with additional experience in graphic design, another person who has had years of experience with other volunteer organizations' newsletters, someone who would coordinate printing and mailing, a professional outdoors writer, another professional who is currently working on a **HUT!** production implementation program which would further reduce the workload of a Publications Director, and a number of other folks who just want to be involved.

At the October board meeting we also agreed in principal that we should hire out our production needs. What this means is that the Publications Director would have a workable budget and not have to do the assembly of the final type and mechanical that goes to the printer.

Deb Murphy agreed to take on the Publications job because of the above mentioned support. Though the list is well rounded she still needs more assistance with a great many other small to large jobs. I trust that she will get it since I firmly believe that our organization is made up of a group of outstanding folks who really care about canoeing and its related issues.

While we are on the subject of issues (OK not a great transition) I have a few more items to share with you about Section 4 of the Wolf River. For those of you who aren't familiar with this section of river, it has about the best piece of Class III and IV whitewater paddling in the Midwest. Because of access problems and vandalism it has been closed to paddlers for the past 11 years by the Menominee Tribe whose land it runs through. They decided to reopen it for a trial period this year from mid-September through the end of October. The reactions from the tribe and river runners has been extremely enthusiastic. The tribe will be voting on whether or not to permit access next year around mid to late November. Your cards and letters in support of continued access will be very helpful. You can write (and do it now) to:

Menominee Tribal Legislature
Chairman Apesanahkwat
PO Box 397
Keshena WI 54135.

I'm watching the first snow falling outside which somehow convinces me that the whitewater paddling season is over for this year. I also am realizing that this is the beginning of next year's spring flow. I hope that this is also the begining of a record flow of participation within the MCA. C'mon and join with us in planning and participating in next year's activities.--**Burt Levy, President**

A STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

I know I can hear the cries already, "Elitist, elitist." I know many folks who feel that way, but to my way of thinking, anything worth doing is worth doing right. I don't care if your game is football, golf, or canoeing; learn to do it right.

Most sports have a standard of excellence that lets you know very well who's hot and who's not. Canoeing seems to lack this clear line. I feel that the sport suffers as a result.

The problem is that canoeing is, in fact, many differing sports. Each has its own standards and its own heros.

Any racer can tell you the standard of excellence has something to do with a race called Shawinigan, and how well one placed there; unless you are an amateur, then you may be more impressed by the USCA Nationals or possibly by Olympic Flat Water.

OK, so much for racers. Maybe the whitewater folks can help us out. All whitewater enthusiasts know that the standard of excellence is measured on the slalom course, the shorter your time, the higher you are placed.

Unfortunately, there are those in the whitewater group who say, "no, it all depends on how high a water fall you can jump," and yet others who feel that it really, after all, depends on who can do a "runnable drop" with the most pazaaz.

I'm not really sure that we can get much help from the canoe camper. They are wrapped up in who can keep the driest camp or pack lightest or start a fire in a forty-knot rainy wind, these are all things that make you a better canoer, aren't they?

We have all met the guys who feel that excellence, as a canoeist, has something to do with how far north you go. You must, in fact, be a better canoeist because you paddle very, very remote areas.

There is a small, but growing group of folks who prefer sport paddling (Free Style). They surely must know where excellence is measured. It's simple after all, it depends on who can make the most graceful turns or lean the boat the farthest without capsizing. These folks know what pazaaz means, but they had to re-name all the moves that whitewater folks have been doing for years.

OK, folks, if you are still with me, is there any of these standards that you can subscribe to. Me? I feel that they all have some merit, yet none cover the whole picture.

We really ought to come up with some standard that will define who is, in fact, a great canoeist and who isn't. We really ought to have a standard that can be recognized by whitewater folks, racers, canoe campers and sport paddlers, but we don't.

We have no such standards, so until we do, I'll tell you what you should do. Take your game seriously enough that you will learn to do it well. What ever game you play in a canoe is a good game, learn to do it right.

The MCA has folks who are good at all the games I've mentioned. Call these folks and paddle with them. Pick their brains, I don't know an elitist who isn't flattered by questions from a sincere beginner.

Paddle all you can with your elitist and paddle without him when you must, but be sure to paddle.

When you paddle, pay attention to your technique and never allow yourself to get mediocre. You will enjoy canoeing more when you learn to make every stroke a perfect stroke.

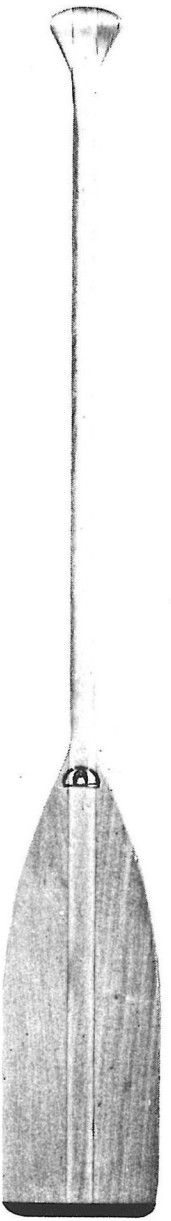
Never take the game or yourself too seriously, though, canoeing is supposed to be fun. Work at it seriously but never forget that it is a game.

Paddle a lot, ask questions and listen and maybe someday, much to your surprise, you will discover that other folks think you are an elitist. That's really not that hard to take.--**Bob Brown**

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.

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MINNESOTA CANOE ASSOCIATION BOARD MINUTES
SEPTEMBER 7, 1988

Attendees: Burt Levy, Venice Barsness, Don Mitchell, Jim & Verna Robinson, Sue Hix, Karyn McAndrew, Al Gustaveson, Harlan Nickerson, Kimberly Colburn, Keith Bogut, Caryl Duke, Doug Holmberg and Heidi Riepe,

Meeting called to order at 7:24 p.m.

The August minutes were approved.

Sue Hix mentioned that she had been working on the First Aid Class. It will be for approximately for 20 hours at Midwest Mountaineering. Six meetings for two hours and 45 minutes each with a Saturday outdoor calss. Minimum guaranteed payment of $250.00 to cover all expenses to the instructors with additional percentage after that. The cost will be $20-$25/person for the course.

Caryl reported that she had contacted the chapter representatives. No incentive for racers to join the MCA, the MCA is not doing much for racers aside from publishing schedules in HUT!

Doug Holmberg was a guest at the meeting. He is a former president and current chair for the Minnesota Rowing Association. He talked to the board regarding the Minnesota Rowing and Canoe/Kayak Center proposal to the St. Paul City Council. Talked about the opportunity for a marathon race program. The Amateur Sports Commission's role would be to hire a director, get it up to speed, then drop out. Office space would be available at the facility. There would probably be a 7 year payback return to the State of Minnesota. It is a $3 million dollar investment.

Proposal: Be it resolved that the MCA endorses the plan and development of the Minnesota Rowing and Canoe/Kayak Center at Lake Phalen and offers assistance to develop a finalized plan and realization of a national rowing and canoe/kayak center. The motion was made by Bill Simpson and seconded by Al Gustaveson. Unanimously carried.

Al Gustaveson moved that the MCA donate $250 for the Mississippi River Cleanup Oct. 8. Seconded by Heidi Riepe. Unanimously carried.

There was some discussion of the Color Cruise. The camping fee is a minimum of $20 per night for the group camp, average of $2.50 per head. Jim Robinson moved that it should be $1.00 per head per night and that the MCA would pick up the difference. Seconded by Karyn McAndrew. Passed.

It was reported by Pat Hildebrant that they were forming a Women's Chapter of the MCA. A petition was presented. Goal statement, ambitions, and contact person forthcoming.

Sue Hix said that there was going to be an Instructor Update Course coming up. It will be a 2-day format.

Venice suggested that we should have flyers for the color cruise, distribute to sporting goods stores, outdoors section of newspaper, etc. Heidi will handle. Heidi will also handle the Mississippi Cleanup promotion. Jim Robinson will have 500 flyers printed for the color cruise.

Reminder--Annual Meeting--October 19. Jim Robinson will duplicate the Annual Notice letter from last year.

It was suggested that a Doug Sumner Memorial Traveling Trophy be established at Bull-Pucky or some race. A letter should be sent to family reflecting this memorial. Or a contribution made to the Scout Troop.

Walt Jones died. He was a prominent member of the MCA and had been President of the MCA at one time. We will contact Penny Mielke to write up something about him.

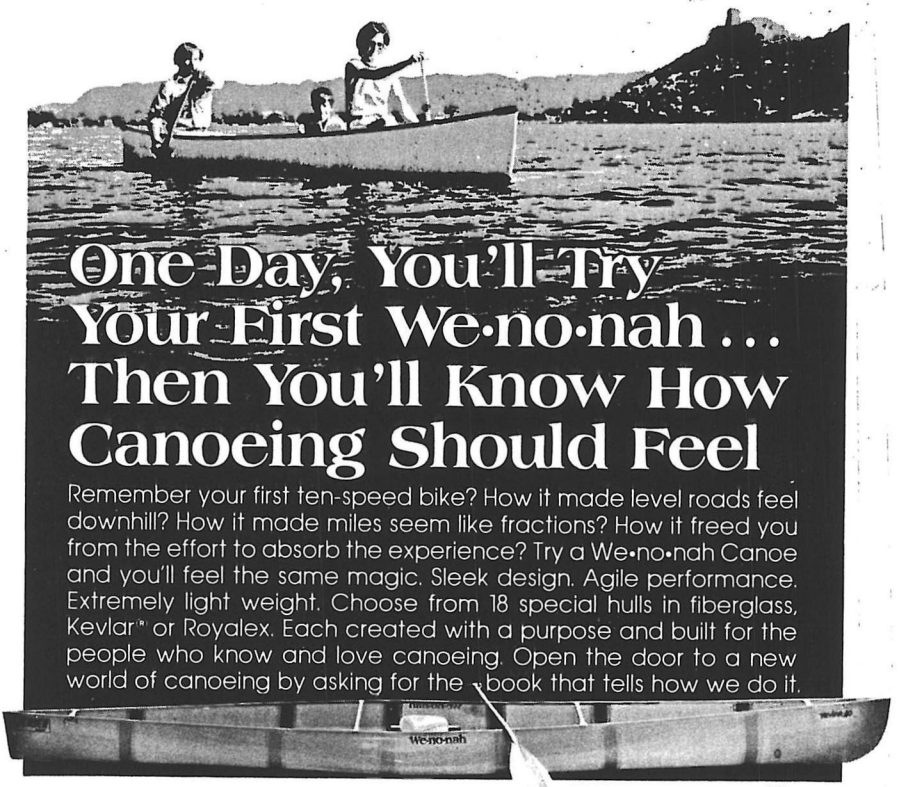
Harlan wants a French flag for the Voyageur Canoe. Jim Robinson moved that the MCA approve up to $20 for flag and mounting. Seconded by Heide Riepe. Passed.

The printer (machine, not person) that prints the masters for **HUT!** is in need of repairs. We don't know how much repairs will cost. Karyn McAndrew made a motion that the MCA will cover the cost of repair to the printer up to $300. Seconded by Heidi Riepe. Note: Jim and Verna Robinson abstained from the vote. Passed. (Editors note: the cost of repairs was $148.98. Thank you MCA.)

Keith Bogut reported that the cost for the Membership Recognition weekend cost $350.00 for the Head of the Rapids camp.

Heide Riepe made a motion to end the meeting at 9:50 p.m. Seconded by Kimberly Colburn.

Respectfully submitted,
Kimberly Colburn, secretary



CLIFF'S CORNER--ARCTIC DREAMS

There's a land where the mountains are nameless
And the rivers all run God knows where;
There are lives that are erring and aimless,
And deaths that just hang by a hair;
There are hardships that nobody reckons;
There are valleys unpeopled and still;
There's a land--oh it beckons and beckons,
And I want to go back--and I will.

Robert Service--THE SPELL OF THE YUKON

Tundra. Amorphous gray rock, copiously splashed with lichens and dwarf willow--and not a real tree in sight. The view is hardly compelling. But wait! On the far shore there is a hint of motion. I squint wonderingly through a milky haze of late afternoon sun. Yes, there they are; I see them. My God, there must be thousands. Tens of thousands! I reach for my binoculars and within seconds the world comes into unbelieving focus.

Caribou! The herd stretches across the endless tundra as far as I can see. Occasionally, one looks up, towards me in my green Old Town canoe. Only a curious clicking sound, produced by movements of their ankle bones reveals their presence.

I beach the canoe, pull it well up the stony shore, then excitedly scamper up the bank for a closer look. Once on top, I casually work my way toward the animals. Using my "lost wallet technique" (I look down and pretend I'm not interested in them at all), I'm able to come within a dozen feet of the herd's perimeter. A giant bull stares numbly towards me--his double-shovel rack must weigh at least 50 pounds. I have no need for the telephoto on my camera; he stands just a canoe length away. I emit a low whistle, to which he responds with a long questioning look in my direction. Unconvinced that I am completely harmless, he lopes off at half speed into the safety of the herd.

The tundra is rich with the feel and smell of the caribou. A city bred man, I stand in awe of this timeless sight--the annual migration of 90,000 animals from Bathurst Inlet on the shores of the Arctic Ocean to warmer wintering grounds in Saskatchewan, the relative south.

Life is hard on the barrens. There are wolves and grizzlies to avoid. A limited food supply and the unrelenting assault of billions of black flies will take their toll. The Arctic lakes are ice cold; the rivers contain thrashing rapids which must be breached. Only the fit will survive the southward march. The weak, the old, and the stragglers will perish before the first snow.

The tundra is as it was. The rituals of a thousand years are repeated again and again. Only my presence reveals the incredulity of the moment. Excitedly, I snap picture after picture until I've exhausted my supply. Three rolls of 36 exposures and two hours of stalking are enough for now. I think I'll wander back to the canoe and take a nap. The caribou will continue to cross my path for days. There'll be time for more photos later.

I sling my camera and methodically plod towards the lake and the comforts of my canoe. The knee-high cotton grass bends with each breath of the persistent north wind. It reminds me of Nebraska. The arctic desert is in full bloom--bright flowers dot the bleak landscape and give a splash of needed color to this stark land of little sticks.

I climb a small knoll, then pause to rest. In the distance are three dark shapes which are partially concealed in the heather of the tundra. Muskox? I descend to all fours and inch towards them, my heart pounding for a better look. When I am within 100 yards, I stand committed.

Sensing my presence, the shapes also rise. My God, they are grizzlies! Three of them. Mama and two nearly full grown cubs.

Momentarily, I stand frozen with fear. My instinct is to run, but I know better. A full grown grizzly can manage speeds of 40 miles an hour. I can do ten! Besides, there are no trees to climb, no places to hide. I am at the mercy of the bears.

One hundred yards away are the caribou and my friends with their still clicking cameras. As the adrenalin flows, I'm reminded of a bear encounter which an acquaintance experienced along the Koyukuk river in Alaska. When, in the distance, Tom saw a large brown bear curiously galloping towards him, he dropped his pack, shucked off his boots and reached for his running shoes.

"Why ya puttin' on your tennies, Tom?" came the question. "You know you can't outrun a grizzly!"

"Yeah...I know," was the answer. "But I don't have to out-run the bear. All I have to do is out-run you!"

This sad humor, and an air of desperation prompts me to try a similar ploy: "Hey, you guys.....BEARS!",I call out at the top of my lungs, hopeful my friends will heed the cry and capture the bruins' attention long enough so that I may quietly disappear into the tundra. No luck. My friends are too far away and too engrossed in their picture-taking to notice me.

Until now, the bears have merely stood erect and observed me curiously. Grizzlies are very nearsighted; it's doubtful these can see me clearly, let alone interpret my intentions. I am upwind, but my senseless chatter has given away my position. Their prey targeted, the animals drop to all fours and lope determinedly towards me.

I can neither speak nor swallow. Thoughts move muddily through my mind, probing for a solution. There is none. In desperation, I melt into the tundra, hands clasped solidly behind my neck, knees pulled tightly to chest--the fetal position.

"Oh please, God, don't let me die in the tundra," I pray. I close my eyes and await the final moment--the feel of hot breath and piercing fangs.

For an eternity time stands still! Then, through the mental fog, I hear someone calling. I learn they came within 50 feet before shyly wheeling away. Slowly, the world begins to turn again and the realization of my near death takes hold. Silently, I thank God for intervening in my behalf.

Still floating high on a cloud of disbelief, I amble awkwardly on rubber legs towards the safety of my canoe. I arrive in time to see the alpha male (leader of the caribou herd) break into the chilling lake water. Caribou are followers: In a flash there are hundreds--no thousands--in the water, each swimming neck and neck towards the opposite shore, a mile away. Ten thousand hooves thrash the icy water, which, by my thermometer, reads 36 degrees Fahrenheit. The roar is deafening. Had I not known otherwise, I'd suspect a major falls just around the bend.

Marc and I exchange glances. There is no need for words. Together we push the big canoe into the scalloped waves in chase of the swimming caribou. I paddle while Marc photographs. Click, click.....again and again. In an instant he's shot a roll of 36.

Marc leans hard on his paddle and we power ahead, soon overtaking the oblivious caribou. The canoe glides alongside a yearling; affectionately, I stroke his back with my paddle.

Ten minutes later, it's over. We pull the canoe onto the stony beach then walk to a high outcrop to view the spectacle. Marc pulls a flask of peppermint Schnapps from his pack and we each take a long sip. Then we turn to stare at the lean brown shapes which crowd the water.

Together we stand on the shores of Point Lake, deep in the heart

of the Northwest Territories of Canada. Our destination is Bathurst Inlet on the Arctic Ocean. We will spend 31 days and nearly 5,000 dollars for charter air fare to pursue our dream. It is the fourth day of our canoe trip and already we have received more than our money's worth.

Whenever I mention that I'm returning to the Arctic for another canoe trip, I'm greeted with either envy or skepticism. There is no middle ground. To some, the barrens are a place of indescribable beauty and wonder. Others perceive it as a stark foreboding land of lichen-covered hills, where ice, polar gales, pounding rapids and near freezing water are expected hazards; where isolation is absolute and danger, physical hardship and uncertainty are daily companions. Where insects number in the billions and headnets and repellents are needed to survive. Creature comforts? There are none.

Why on earth would anyone want to canoe a barrenlands river?

Tundra canoeing is not, as some might guess, a macho thing. Or a pure canoeing event. The waters are too cold and dangerous to attempt sporty maneuvers. Difficult rapids are always portaged or lined. Windswept lakes are waited out. Those who fail to follow these rules usually fail to survive. Arctic river canoes are neither lightweight nor especially fun to paddle. They are built to carry heavy loads gracefully across unforgiving waters. If sport canoeing is you first love, you won't like these craft at all. And the physical discomforts of the far north will probably keep you away.

You do go to the barrens to see grizzlies and caribou, muskox and wolves, and to thrill at catching 30 pound lake trout and all the char you can eat. Mostly, you come to be alone. Absolutely alone! And, to see some of the most spectacular scenery on the continent.

Consider Wilberforce Falls on the Hood River. It drops 160 feet (by comparison, the American Niagara Falls drops 167 feet) then tumultuously flows three miles through a sheer walled canyon. The view from on top is breathtaking. Approach the rim and you'll feel the penetrating spray from below. And it's yours to enjoy. Selfishly. Alone.

For centuries, native peoples have marveled at the beauty of Wilberforce Falls, while the rest of the world has been content with a photograph.

Do not underestimate the rewards of getting there on your own--a commitment which requires perserverance, physical stamina, discomfort, research, knowledge, and the right equipment. Seeing Wilberforce from the cockpit of a charter float plane is not at all like canoeing 500 miles to get there.

Certainly, there are unpredictable dangers associated with Arctic canoe travel. Would you want it any other way? Do your homework well, come prepared and you'll experience the worst of times on the best of terms. There are only a handful of places left on earth where wilderness dreams may become reality. The barrenlands are one of them.

Canoeing the wild rivers of the far north makes you understand why primitive man felt so close to God.

There's a whisper on the night-wind, there's
a star agleam to guide us,
And the Wild is calling.....let us go.
Robert Service--THE CALL OF THE WILD

--Cliff Jacobson

Portions of this article will appear in Cliff's book, CANOEING WILD RIVERS, Second Edition (ICS Books, Inc), which will be available in the spring of 1989. Cliff is the author of six other ICS titles. His latest book, BASIC ESSENTIALS OF MAP & COMPASS was released in August of this year.

AROUND THE TOWN WITH MISSISSIPPI BOB

Paddle where you are had been my rule. I spent some time in California straddling Labor Day, I did just that. I traded Mississippi silt for Pacific salt and played the local game in borrowed kayaks. Urban Canoeing? Definitely, most of my paddling was in Long Beach and San Diego harbors.

I had met Bud and Tony last year at the MADRAC. On this trip, I got to paddle in their home waters.

Bud is one of those senior citizens who you can't think of as old. He lives on a peninsula near the east end of Long Beach. The ocean is at his back door and Alamitos Bay at the front. With a block to go either direction, he carries his boat to the water. He paddles a lot for fitness mostly in the bay.

My son and I joined him and he guided us around the Naples area. Naples should have been named Venice as it is an island filled with canals that give it more water frontage. Every home had a dock with a boat or boats, I love it. Surrounding Naples are several bodies of water, Alamitos Bay, the Marine Stadium and Long Beach Marine Basin. All of these areas are dedicated to recreational water craft. The Marine Base impressed me the most with all the sailing yachts tied up there.

You could easily get lost paddling around in this forest of spars, you don't find boats like these in Minnesota, if Long Beach were my home, I'd own one.

We headed out through the jetties and got to a point where nothing was between us and Catalena Island but twenty six miles of ocean. None of us had spray skirts, so we headed back in.

The following day Bud and I launched in the surf, we each made a few practice runs a block from his home. I guess I have to practice more before I can get good. It was fun anyway.

A few days later, Bud and I drove down and met Tony. He owns a greenhouse complex near San Diego. We drove together to Point Loma in San Diego and paddled that harbor in Tony's boats. San Diego has a long crescent shaped harbor that surrounds Coronado Island. We launched on the point a couple miles from the ocean and paddled into the bay.

We had been underway ten minutes when we spotted one of the New Zealand boats headed toward the ocean. This boat was twice the size of the twelve meters that have been used in the past Americas cup races. Tony explained that Connors (the American Champ) had thrown the race wide open allowing the fastest boat any size or type.

We saw another New Zealand boat being towed to sea, this one a thirty foot catamaran. These folks from down under are out for blood.

As we paddled into the harbor, we passed a large variety of Naval craft and met a great variety of yachts and excursion boats.

When we neared downtown, we crossed the channel and headed towards a wharf that housed Anthonys Restaurant. We landed at a float moored at this pier and stopped for lunch. Anthonys has a less formal cafeteria on this same pier with outdoor tables. Lunch breaks don't come any better folks, eating crab salad on a pier while watching international fourteens battle it out in the bay.

On our return, we passed a moored clipper ship "The Star Of India" and a Spanish galleon.

A Navy destroyer had entered port and anchored while we ate, we passed real close to it and talked with its crew men. From the cockpit of an Easy Rider this smallest of naval ships looked pretty big to me (until we met an inbound cruiser.)

Back on Point Loma we were tying down our boats when Tony spotted a sail headed our way. "That's Connors' boat," he said. As we

watched, the American hero sailed past in his challenge boat.

The new Stars and Stripes is a catamaran sixty feet long with a wing sail ninety feet tall. There is no compromise here, just the fastest seagoing boat they could conceive.

I was impressed as this boat glided past at twenty knots gently lifting one float as she passed, an awesome machine.

Urban canoeing folks. If you really must, you can travel to the Tundra and fight black flies and shiver. The way I see it, canoeing doesn't come any better than a day in the harbor at San Diego. Urban canoeing, California style.--**Bob Brown**

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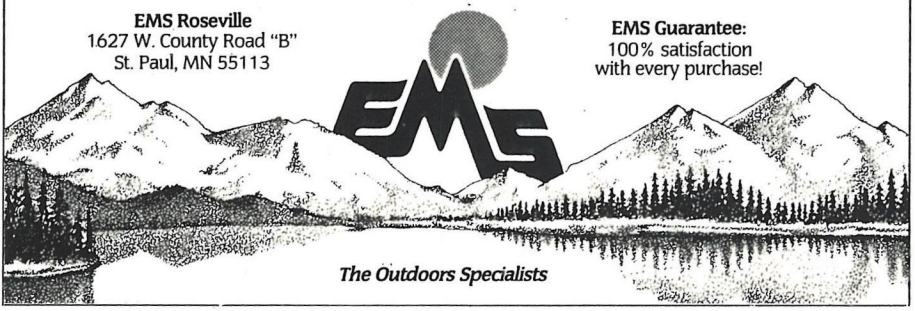
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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

NOVEMBER	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19

2 WED MCA BOARD MEETING. 7:00 p.m. First Minnesota Bank. 5320 Lyndale Ave. S. Look for door with MCA notice on it.

TRADING POST

Free personal ads to MCA members

****

TRADING POST ITEMS WILL BE RUN FOR TWO MONTHS
UNLESS RENEWED OR CANCELED PRECEDING PUBLICATION
(DEADLINE FOR NOTICE IS 15TH OF THE MONTH

****

WANTED:

PRO-BOAT, CRUISER OR SCR, any design, material or condition considered. Call John at H (218) 335-2526 or W (218) 751-5271, or write John Arenz RT. 3, Box 650 Cass Lake, MN 56633.

USED SOLO CANOE. In good condition. Call Marshall Spencer at (218) 726-1040.

FOR SALE:

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GRUMMAN 17' ALUMINUM CANOE with two paddles and two life jackets. $230. Call Gayle, 922-0669.

TW SPECIAL MAD RIVER CANOE. 18'-6" Kevlar with complete wood trim. Cane seats with front slider. Yoke. Includes a complete spray cover and also a complete sailboat conversion. All parts included. Excellent condition. $900. Call Bob, (612)778-0055.

OLD, OLD TOWN CANOE 17', $500. Phone (612) 235-5326 after 4 pm and ask for Bruce

ALUMACRAFT 17' CANOE for sale, $250. Call Donna at (715) 425-5764 or write to Donna Bowman at Rt. 3, Box 311 River Falls, WI 54022.

WENONAH JENSEN MIXED MARATHON 18'6"; 33 lbs., Kevlar. Good shape with few scratches. $500 or will trade plus or minus on tripping canoe. Call Tom or Jo Vouk at (612) 685-4124. St. Cloud area.

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MAD RIVER SLIPPER. Natural gold Kevlar. Absolutely immaculate and nicer than new. Stained and polished rails, thinned thwarts, glued-in knee pads, bolted-in seat (no shlocky MR slider), PVC, protected lining holes at cutwater. New (unused) two-piece fabric splash cover. Weight: 36 pounds. $1075 takes all. Call Cliff Jacobson at (612) 437-7497.

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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

MINNESOTA MIXED CHAMPIONSHIP--SEPTEMBER 24, 1988--RUM RIVER

Ann Rudquist-Mans, Joe Mans, Champions	:54:00
Pam Henry, Gene Jensen	:54:01
Kathy St. Peter, Terry Daley	:54:30
Suz Ann Stenso-Velo, Cal Stenso-Velo	:54:45
Tracy Heniker, Eric Canny	:57:00
Audrey Jensen, Jeff Dubois	:58:00
Bonnie Roemhildt, Bill Simpson	:58:01
Sue Ann Onam, Tom Olson	:59:02
Betty Ketter, Steve Yuristor	1:01:03
Pat Canny, Buzz Peterson	1:01:30

MINNESOTA SOLO CHAMPIONSHIP--SEPTEMBER 20, 1988--ST. CROIX RIVER

MEN

Jeff Dubois (repeaat overall champion)	1:04:13
Reggie Clark	1:04:27
Joe Mans	1:06:29
Terry Daley	1:06:47
Dave Gabrielson	1:07:55
Cal Stenso-Velo	1:09:42
Pat Comer	1:10:44
Ron Detors	1:11:50
Carl Anderson	1:14:22
Tom Nolz	1:15:13

WOMEN

Laurie Degernes (repeat champion)	1:22:32
Sharee Marcus	1:27:29

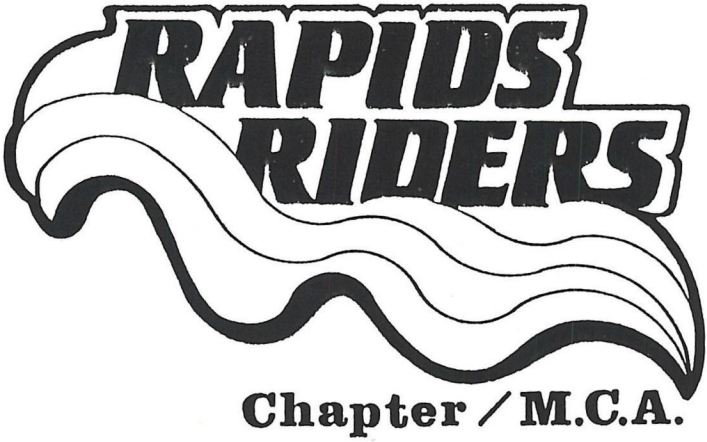
MEN MASTERS

Tom Aluni (champion)	1:09:48
Bill Barnes	1:11:22
Steve Porn	1:13:23
Bill Simpson	1:17:51

The water was calm, the evening was cool and cloudy. the weather helped keep out the riff-raff (power-boaters.) Congrats to Jeff Dubois, repeating solo champion.

Other business:

There has been preliminary discussion regarding plans for a major canoe race on the Minnesota River next June as part of the Star of the North Games sponsored by the Minnesota Sports Commission. More information to follow.--**Bill Simpson**



NEWSLETTER OF THE WHITEWATER CANOE AND KAYAK CHAPTER
President: Mickey McBride, (612) 459-0689
Vice President: Scott McKell, (612) 339-3141
Secretary/Treasurer: Scott Cruse, (612) 379-4931
Membership: Jeff Grigsby, (612) 636-4373
Cruise Directors: Bonnie Van Blarcom, (612) 646-1496

No news this month because of the conflict between Rapids Riders elections and the **HUT!** deadline.

WOMEN'S CHAPTER

I've been hooked on canoeing since my first trip to the Boundary Waters Canoe area.

Talking to other women paddlers, I've found we share a common problem. A lack of paddling partners making it difficult to join paddling functions.

As a women's paddling chapter we hope to:

1. Encourage women in all aspects of paddling.
2. Make a list of willing canoe partners.
3. Start a winter workout/fitness program for anyone interested.
4. Support the MCA.

If you're interested or have any ideas please contact: Pat Hildebrant, Phone # (715) 247-5569, Rt. 2 Box 256 A, Somerset, WI, 54025

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

****
NO NEWS FROM THIS CHAPTER THIS MONTH
****

TRIP REPORT--SPANISH RIVER

This summer I went out on three major expeditions. The first one took me to the French River and a circumnavigation of Fourteen Mile Island. The idea was to find the south channel of the Pickerel River, go down into Georgian Bay and island hop on down to Britt. Easy? Found the south channel just fine but didn't find the tiny sluice that's the key to the thing. Went round and round and out I came where I went in. Then tried the circumnavigation thing, found Little French Falls but didn't much like the portage. OK for two men, not so great for solo. I do have block and tackle and plenty of nylon line (read Cliff Jacobson), but I figured why all this fuss when I can go back one hour and just quietly surrender at Smith's Marina by the Rt #69 bridge. And that's what I did. Nothing heroic there.

The next venture was from Tuesday, July 12th, 1988 through Friday July 16th, 1988 and this one is described in my report. Again, nothing heroic. Things just weren't going my way this year. What a paddling season!

My third and last venture was simply to drive to Britt and make camp in the New Magnetawan Hotel. Then Paddle up and out; the idea being to make it to Key River. Winds and winds and winds. Always contrary. Hundreds of islands, islets, rocks, reefs and shallows and the winds. Took a bearing East and fought my way back into Britt. And that was that. End paddling season.

THE GREAT CANADIAN WILDERNESS

DAY 1--The Cessna was at dockside ready for flight and pilot Kennon was there to greet me, 1505 hours. Not bad timing since I'd booked the flight for between three and four in the afternoon and I had a 460 mile drive to get there.

"Is this the champagne flight?" I inquired politely. "And I'll have my filet mignon rare. Please inform the stewardess."

"No champagne, no filet mignon, no stewardess this flight," mourned pilot Kennon. "Kindly heave your gear up here, it's time to go."

With that, pilot Kennon hopped out on the dock and started tossing my bundles into the hold. Grumping my dissapointments, I sat strapped down next to him as the Cessna bounced over the waves and up into the air.

The flight followed the Spanish River north and then, after picking up the railroad tracks, a bit more west towards Biscotasing. Forty five minutes into the flight, Duke Lake came up on the horizon and we went in. The plane nosed up to a sandpit which bore the small but highly visible campsite designation sign. The water was clear amber color and warm. Pilot Kennon proceeded to chuck my gear out.

"Where's the brass band?," I asked. "They're supposed to be here to greet me."

"No brass band this time." Pilot Kennon had it down pat.

"Where's MacDonald's? I'm having a Big Mac attack?"

"This is the remote Canadian Wilderness. There is no MacDonald's. You could catch a fish for your dinner."

With that, pilot Kennon pressed the starter switch, the prop turned over and he was gone in wind and spray. I'm left on a little sand spit all alone in the wilderness.

Set up camp, set up boat, check the map. The sun is still high and there's time to explore. The map indicates an access road about 4 kms north, one hour's paddle for me. I launch and paddle up towards the head of the lake and sure enough the map didn't lie. There's the access with parking lot and there's a car parked. Under the front axle a little bunny rabbit has taken up residence. He's

unafraid and hops around in front of me. I can hear traffic whooshing and rumbling past on busy Rt #144. After a short look about, I turn around a paddle back to my campsite.

It's time to cook dinner. I fire up the little Coleman and find good things in my kitchen bag. To keep me company, I pull out my radio and tune the BBC, London. Mrs. Thatcher is slicing the Loyal Opposition to ribbons. I settle down to enjoy dinner.....putt ....putt.....putt....putt....a flotilla of motorboats parades past my remote campsite on a remote wilderness lake in the remote Canadian wilderness. They wave, I wave back. Ah, wilderness.

Finally, night falls and I crawl into my tent. Silence...then I can just detect the hooot.....hooot from the distant Canadian Pacific tracks.....and whoosh.....whoosh from Rt #144 on the other shore. Ah, wilderness.

DAY 2--The tweeting birds have me up at dawn. But, is it cold! The thermometer tells of 42 degrees F, my sleeping bag (rated at +5 degrees F) is just adequate. I wait until the air warms slightly. Then quick breakfast, pack up and on the water, 148 kms to go. Stiff breeze out of the south, whitecaps on the water. Paddling is a chore. Narrows, wide lakes, narrows, wide lakes. High cliffs and I fancy that I see designs on them. A head wearing a hat? Stars or star map? Hands? A figure in a cloak? Indian pictographs after six hundred years weathering or just imagination?

The wind strengthens. What was a chore is now torture. I beach the boat and eat a candy bar. On the opposite shore, silently, a young gentleman moose appears. He's very polite, waits for me to get my camera and gives me his best posing stance. Obviously, he's attended a Sensitivity Seminar on serving the needs of tourists. Beeep! The end of film signal sharply breaks the silence.

The moose looks at me. "Well," He says. "I've been polite, I've given you two minutes of my precious time but I simply can not be responsible for silly tourists who don't check the film load in their cameras. Goodbye to you." and he saunters off upstream.

Dark clouds, rising winds. Time to camp. In the distance, a tiny yellow sign. Designated campsite. I head in and set up camp using extra guy lines, all shock corded and tight, (read your Cliff Jacobson). I'm in the tent vestibule cooking up a fine dish of tomato rice soup when the heavens open up. Howling winds, solid sheets of rain but I'm smug and snug. The tent is so tight and taut the fabric doesn't even flap. Cook up lots of double strength hot chocolate and tune the BBC and there's Mrs. Thatcher chopping some poor Labor MP into mincemeat.

DAY 3--Everything is dripping wet. Clouds of steam rise from the forest. Breakfast, drop camp and go. I'd left the map case in the boat. The zip closure has failed and there's water inside. No matter. Read your Cliff Jacobson and follow instruction on waterproofing paper. Take the maps out, shake 'em off and all is OK.

Sun trying to show. Calm prevails. Paddle and paddle. Fifth Lake, Fourth Lake, Third Lake. More cliffs with what I imagine are designs. I am really alone. Just splashing water and bird calls. Another narrows, some riffles and I'm in Second Lake. What's that over there in the bushes? It's a shiny new canoe. What's this over there? A river access forest road. Four wheel drive vehicle tracks. Ah, wilderness!

More riffles and I'm in First Lake. This is wild and remote! What's that shining in the distance? It's a large building with an aluminum sheathed roof. There are six canoes on the beach in front and a picnic table. Ah, Wilderness!

The narrows are just ahead and I hear rushing water. This is the Double Rapid just above Expanse Lake. Fast shallow water, sharp rocks, high rock walls. No portage trail. I float a couple hundred

feet but then stick. Nothing for it but to get out, grab hold of the line and pull. Pull, push, shove, slip and fall flat. Swamp the boat. Pull, push, shove, cuss, slip and fall flat again. There's a pool and I can float a few feet. Then do it all over again. The slope steepens and the current increases. Ledges up ahead. I run them sitting in the swamped boat. Another ledge and I'm over it. Paddle five hundred feet of calm water and there's a campsite sign. I'm on Expanse Lake.

Beach the boat, open drain valve, sponge and clean. Make lunch. A tiny chipmunk decides to keep me company. He demands a reward. I lecture him that if I feed him, a wild creature, and thus create a dependency I will have upset the ecology of the entire Western Hemisphere. He doesn't take no for an answer and finally settles for a nice piece of cracker. He scuttles off happy.

Lunch over, clean up, pack up and paddle on down Expanse Lake. It's a huge body of water. At the south end of the lake the true Spanish River begins with current, rapids and all. But what's this? There's water welling up about me in the boat. Help! There's a sandy beach ahead and I go in. Careen the boat and examine the bottom. There's a nice long slice through the bottom chamber. A rock? No, an iron spike from an ancient washed-out bridge or dam more likely. Help! I'm all alone in the remote wilderness!

Putt.....putt.....putt.....a motorboat with two men on board nears my camp. Ah, wilderness.

"Hello! Is there a problem?"

"You bet there's a problem. I wrecked my boat!"

"You got patch stuff?"

"Yep, sure do."

"Well, patch it best you can and come visit our camp. We're just over in the next bay."

"OK, thank you, will do!"

Let's calmly assess the damage. Out with the tool kit, the patch kit and the can of Vinyl Repair, (from that fine producer P.D.I. Inc., Circle Pine, Minnesota.) Cut patches, slosh on Vinyl Patch, apply the patch and cry hot crocodile tears. Far, far out in the lake there's a party of Kleppers smartly burning along. And here I am stuck on shore. And that's where I made my mistake. It takes twelve hours to cure the patch and I'm impatient to be gone. After only an hour, I launch and paddle over to my new found friends' camp.

I'd expected a campfire with my friends frying a panful of bear paw steaks or something of that order. But that was not the case. Up on a wooded ridge, well hidden from the eye sat a modern cottage. Electric lights, gas lights, running water, modern kitchen, shower and a refrigerator bursting with well chilled Labatts. Soon I was in a mellow mood. Ah, wilderness!

My friends were a French Canadian and an English Canadian, partners in a prospecting venture. They live here from March to November every year and look for gold. Gold? Yes, gold. It is here. They will find it. It is here. There is copper, but nobody wants it, there is nickel, but nobody wants it, there is uranium, but nobody wants it. GOLD, everybody wants GOLD!

I wished them well and returned to my boat. The craft didn't feel right and at the next campsite sign I decided to call it a day, careen her and slosh on more Vinyl Patch. PVC compound had turned frosty white instead of the glass clear it should've been. Oh, Oh! Rework the patches, try try again.

SPLASH! SPLAT! What the.....??? Fifty feet off shore there's a floating log. No, it's not. It's a beaver and he's telling me I'm too close to his lodge and family. I'm not wanted. (I'm developing a feeling all around that I'm not wanted.)

It's a glorious evening. Cook dinner and tune the BBC. Tire of

that--tune Moscow. Joe Adamov, Moscow's chief announcer is nattering away. Not worth the battery juice. (Anyone who wants to hear him can do so when he lectures at the U. of Minnesota.)

DAY 4--Bright warm morning. The beaver is out on patrol to make sure he'll be rid of me. Double oatmeal with freeze dried fruit, double cocoa. Inspect the patches. They're milky white. No good. They didn't take in the damp. So, there we are, 21 kms to Sheahan. If things really deteriorate down to the nitty gritty, the railroad tracks are 9 kms. Two trains an hour, I can show a red light, this is an emergency and they'd stop and pick me up. But, it's a matter of honor to make it to Sheahan, a proper railroad station and there I can also walk the isthmus over to Pogamasing Lake and see if the Lodge will call in Air for me.

It's four kilometers to the end of Expanse Lake and the beginning of the river. The patches seem to be holding. Well, not quite, but so far so good. the river has lots of gravel bars, pools, more gravel bars, a few riffles, but then smooth going. Drizzle starts. I'm well caparisoned in neoprene, nylon and polypropylene. Get out of the boat, line, haul, cuss, slip and fall. Up again and line, push and haul. Two hours of this and whooo,,,whooo....whooo there's the tracks and trains. I'm out! I'm saved. Ah, wilderness!

But I'm not really there yet, to make my point, I have to get to Sheahan and that's another 12 kms. Drizzle, rain, wind. Portage sign. What? There's the party of Kleppers that came burning past me yesterday. Here's a little Class II and they're sitting around scratching their heads. Actually, there is a neat trail right here. There's more up ahead and no trails. The Kleppers are great for flat water but wood and canvas in roaring white water? I wave and zip through. Well, maybe this is a low Class III. No problem. Quiet water and there's the next rapid announcing itself. Portage on the right. Nyaah, no portage for me. I head into the vee. Downstream in the fog and drizzle; something moves on the shore. The swift water brings me closer quickly. It's a big black dog. A big black dog? Here? Hey what? That's no dog! THAT'S POOH BEAR!

I fumble for my camera, but Pooh Bear must've missed that all important Sensitivity Seminar. He didn't care at all about posing for tourists. He vanishes into the forest across the river. Our meeting couldn't have lasted above fifteen seconds. A deplorable state of affairs. I will certainly write a letter of complaint to the Ministry of Natural Resources.

Swift water, rock gardens, riffles, fog shrouded forest. A great sense of remoteness and wilderness broken now and then by the comforting whooo, whooo of invisible trains.

The railroad bridge over Pogamasing River appears on schedule. Then the second bridge and there's the yellow station building that is Sheahan. I beach the boat and take the trail across the isthmus to Pogamasing Lodge. Eight hundred meters with a seventy meter rise it takes fifteen minutes at pace.

I'm in luck. Lunch is just over. Owners and guests of the Lodge are there. I'm surrounded by sympathizers and loaded with coffee and fresh blueberry muffins. A call by radio telephone and Agnew Lake Air says they'll be there for me at 1600 hours. There's a weatherfront moving in and I'll be their last flight of the day but seeing it's me, they'll do it.

My gear is transported across the isthmus by truck and there I am on the dock by the Lodge, sighing, sobbing and stuffing down blueberry muffins.

"This is your lucky day." The owners of the Lodge tell me. "The train is running south today, you have a choice of train or Air."

The train (locomotive and one car of which half is passenger and half is freight) goes north Tuesday, south Wednesday, north Thursday

and today, Friday, it's coming south and is due in to Sheahan at 1700 hours. The conductor must accept all passengers but may refuse canoes. It's up to him and whatever space he can allocate. (My canoe, of course, just rolls up into a bundle that can be carried under the arm.)

1600 hours comes around and bzzzzz; on the dot there's the little Cessna.

Pilot Kennon is at the controls.

"Is this the champagne flight?" I inquire politely.

"No, it isn't," Replies pilot Kennon. "This is SEARCH & RESCUE."

Ah, wilderness.--**George Schnabel**

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March 11-17

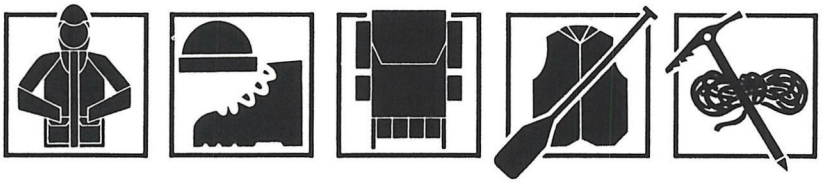
All sessions require registration and a deposit. Unless marked for certain ages, all sessions are for adults, age 18 and older. To register, call (612) 245-2648

WOLF PROGRAMS AVAILABLE THROUGH NORTHWOODS

Wolves can arouse much controversy. To teach people the facts about them the Committee for an international Wolf Center has begun an education program and has trained naturalists as presenters, including Clarissa Ellis-Prudhomme from Northwoods. Interested in arranging a program? Call Northwoods.

Please keep me informed of any address changes or corrections. I can be reached through Northwoods.

Thank You, Marie Pramarin



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TRIP REPORT--MONTEREY BAY SEA KAYAKING

I hope it's not considered a political statement when a hard-core Minnesota open-boater like myself admits to having a blast sea kayaking in Monterey Bay, California.

To help legitimize the concept, I can say that the idea was conceived on an island in Saganaga Lake in the BWCA last August. My sister-in-law Marty and her husband Roger Griffis, both marine biologists at U.C. Irvine, talked about the growing interest in sea kayaking in Southern California. I mentioned that I had a business trip to Silicon Valley the first week of October, and wondered if we could get together to give the sport a serious try.

Mart and Roger checked around, and found an outfit called Monterey Bay Kayaks. They are located right on the beach, in the city of Monterey. They offer a Basic Skills class that runs all day Saturday, then 8:30 to 1:00 on Sunday. The timing worked out perfectly. I could leave work in Cupertino Friday afternoon, do the class, and make the 6:00 flight home from SFO Sunday night.

I was surprised to find Monterey Bay an ideal sea kayaking playground. This is urban canoeing at its finest, Bob! The water is extremely clear, so you can look down and view marine life in its kelp forest habitat. We paddled within a boat length of huge sea lions and harbor seals, and also came very close to a mother sea otter hanging out in the kelp with her pup. I hear that the bay is populated with great white sharks, but we saw none. None of the rental boats had teeth marks or blood stains on them, so I guess it's not a problem.

The Bay naturally offers a variety of water conditions, making it an excellent training ground. The harbor area is flat and calm, good for learning the basic strokes and rescues. Out in the bay you encounter swells, and if you go beyond the point, you're in open ocean. Different beach terrain and exposure lets you pick just the right amount of action for surf zone practice.

Our class was taught by Michael Huber. He is one of those jovial laid back guys that loves what he does. He is a smooth and skillful boat handler, yet a good instructor that wants his students to have fun while they learn.

The class was pretty comprehensive. We learned and practiced strokes for going forward and backward, along with sweeps, braces, sculls, and draws. It's a lot like solo canoeing in principal, but the execution is quite a bit different. That two-bladed paddle takes some getting used to.

We also learned no less than six different rescues. Since the water is 50 degrees or so, you really need a wet suit. We happened to have beautiful weather, with temperatures in the 70's, and the wet suits got a little warm to wear in the sun. By the end of the day, we were so confident with our teamwork that we would deliberately roll our boats over to cool off, then casually wait underwater for someone to stick a bow in our hand for an Eskimo rescue.

Day two included a tour along Fisherman's Wharf and Cannery Row, then out to open ocean. This was water I would be foolish to attempt in my 'Slipper, but things were confident and casual in the sea kayak.

We ended the day in the surf zone. After learning to go out and come in the right way, Michael had us do it the wrong way. The intent was to let breaking waves catch us from behind to induce a broach. In theory, when a wave catches the boat broadside, you can lean into the wave and brace. If you do it right, the back side of the wave is as solid as your grandfather's oak workbench. I mis-timed one,and an eight foot breaker sucked me out of my boat and ran me through the wash cycle for twenty seconds or so. Great fun!

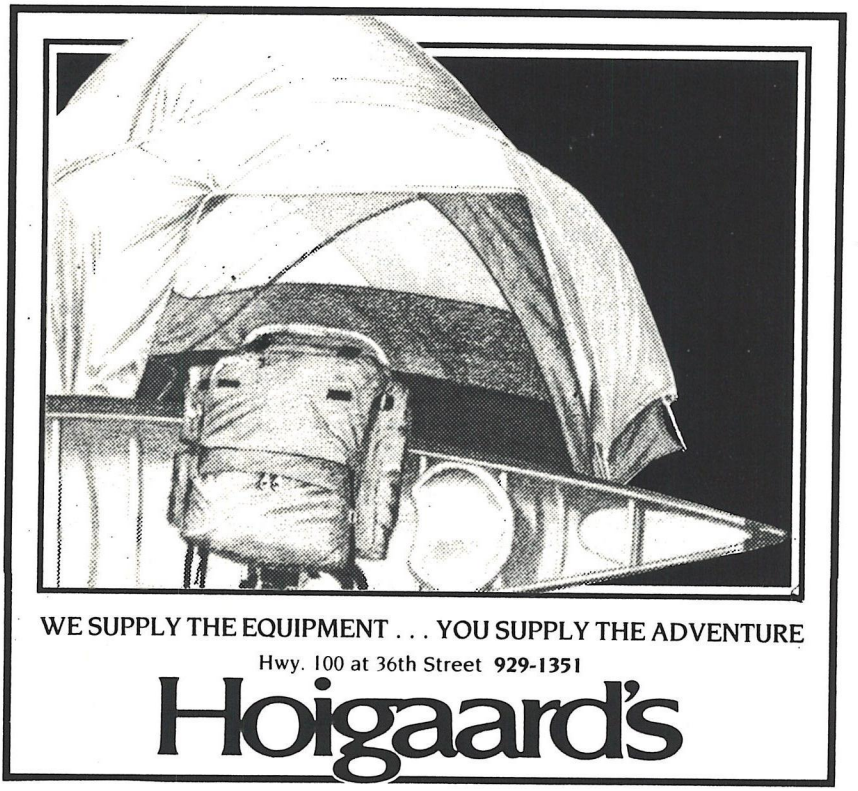
You are supposed to follow the wave into the beach, but one time I let one follow me. The high point (literally) of my day came when the wave lifted my stern and buried the nose of my boat in the sand. There I was, standing on the footpegs, vertical, holding my paddle thirteen feet in the air with a wave breaking over my shoulders. A perfect (albeit unintentional) ocean endo, and no camera. Uff Da.

Monterey Bay Kayaks supplied everything we needed. All I really had to bring was a bathing suit, hat, and sunscreen. They supplied a Chinook sea kayak, Seda PFD, Body Glove wet suit and Patagonia paddling jacket. The shop is just a ten rod portage up the beach from the water.

We were all thoroughly satisfied with our experience. In addition to sea kayaking, the Monterey/Carmel/Big Sur area offers the most dramatic coastal scenery in the lower U.S., as well as several great places to shop, stay and eat. It's a dynamite vacation for anyone who wants to try a different kind of paddling, and see a beautiful part of the country.

We're not ready to give up our open boats quite yet. But, the next time we look out at Lake Superior on our way to the BWCA, we'll think once or twice about taking the direct route to Grand Marais. Some day.--**Randy Mattran**

For further information contact:
Monterey Bay Kayak, 693 Del Monte Ave., Monterey, CA 93940; phone (408) 373-KELP. Cost of Basic Skills Class: $90.00 (includes kayak, paddle, and PFD), Wet Suit Rental: $13.00, Maximum class size: 10, Instructor to student ratio 1:5. Classes held most weekends throughout the year.



LA COMPAGNIE DES HIVERNANTS DE LA RIVIERE SAINT PIERRE
A HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF THE FUR TRADE ERA

I'd like to send you my report on the launch of La Compagnie's new birch bark canoe. I am sorry I was unable to send you the launch date information before your deadline last July, but it was a fine launch attended by approximately 350 people.

About the canoe. Some of the canoe designers in the MCA who have an interest in the history of fast canoe design may be fascinated with the hull shape and underwater lines of this canoe, as it has many similarities to modern racers. It is a replica of a variety of trade canoe, which was built for fast travel, lightly laden, out ahead of the main body of a brigade of freight canoes. Its form shows that the builders of old also knew the value of a long flat keel line, a waterline length very close to overall length, and a waterline length to beam ratio of more than 7 to 1. Above the waterline, of course, the similarity ends, as those canoe builders of the past were more concerned with seaworthiness and survivability under dangerous conditions than in winning races.

Despite precautions taken by our builder to ensure the smoothest possible bark hull, the inherent irregularity of birch bark is bound to slow the speed of the canoe. Who knows how fast this canoe form might be, if made of modern materials?

Our new canoe can be made available for display at events. You may wish to let the MCA Board Members know of this. Direct inquiries either to me or directly to:

La Compagnie
C/O Richard A. Williams
13213 York Ave. So.
Burnsville, MN 55337

If I can be of any assistance, please give me a call

Sincerely,
David Christofferson
267 Goodhue
Saint Paul, MN 55102
(612) 222-0261; (612) 332-4606

La Compagnie Des Hivernants de la Riviere Saint Pierre
Announces the launching of a
3-1/2 fathom Birch Bark Canoe du Nord
An accurate replica of an 18th Century trading canoe

On the misty Lake Superior morning of August 13, 1988, the canoe was given the name of "Geweydinnodin" and "Vent du Nord," which means Northwind in Ojibwa and in French. Amid cheers, cannon and musket shots, she was carefully carried into the cool waters of historic Grand Portage Bay, Minnesota, to begin her first voyage: a pilgrimage out onto the foggy lake and to the shores where grows a singular dwarfed "Spirit Cedar" tree said to be more than 400 years old. Arriving there, the crew of six gave a customary offering to the lake of colored cloth, copper, coins, and tobacco, in a packet made of the canoe's bark; to ask guidance and safe journeys in her travels, much as was done by the voyageurs of old at this spot.

The "3 1/2 Fathom" canoe is 23 feet in length with a flaring 4 foot beam, and 20 inch depth. Most of the bottom is flat and narrow, with 2 1/2 inches of rocker rising in the last two feet of each end. The ancient hull form feels unstable until crew and cargo or ballast are installed. It then rides the rollers like a duck, and is easily maneuvered with the narrow period paddles carved of birch. A nine foot mast and thirty-six square foot square sail may only be used with ballast. Experiments will be undertaken to determine what points of sail are actually possible.

Outfitted with period gear, the new canoe will take its place in La Compagnie's portable historical display which re-creates a voyageur encampment of the Fur Trade Period, and undoubtedly will traverse many of the original "Voyageurs highways," or waterways of Mid-North America.

Great care was taken in the selection and crafting of the materials used in this canoe, for not only must it endure the rigors of display use and modern transport, it was always our goal to reproduce an excellent working example of the 18th century bark trading canoe. Construction is almost totally of natural materials, discretely reinforced at stress points with nylon sinew and marine epoxy. No metal fastenings were used or needed, and the hull depends on the tension fit of its split cedar ribs for its smooth form. The seams were made water tight with a low maintenance modern sealant rather than the traditional but temperamental spruce gum, charcoal, and animal fat pitch mixture. The resulting canoe weighs in at about 175 pounds and should last many times longer than its 18th century predecessor.

Background:

In early spring, 1988, the Minnesota Historical Society provided funds to La Compagnie to make possible the construction of an excellent working replica of an important 18th century water vehicle: the celebrated birch bark Canoe du Nord or North Canoe which played so large a part in the criss-crossing of North America during the Fur Trade Era.

The finished canoe will be outfitted with all the proper equipment and authentic cargo known to have been carried by her predecessors, and will begin its career as centerpiece of La Compagnie's portable "Voyageur Encampment" display, shown to hundreds of people annually at events throughout the region.

In years to come, the bark canoe will help to celebrate the heritage and people of the Fur Trade Era. It is hoped that the canoe will also evoke wonder at the ancient evolution that created such a sophisticated form out of nature's material; an appreciation of the accomplishment of the Original People of the northern forests who have given the world the Bark Canoe.

Building the Canoe:

Before construction began, the canoe was carefully planned for its proposed use and compared to historical example to insure authenticity. Builder Mark Hansen, of Grand Marais, MN. was given a free hand to expand upon these plans according to his expertise as a bark canoe builder, and he began to hunt for the necessary materials in Northeastern Minnsota while the snow was still on the ground. Under Mark's skilled hands, a vessel of prime materials has taken shape: hull of smooth, pressed birch bark, ribs of split cedar, and clear spruce gunwales lashed with split spruce root. The resulting canoe is 20 inches in depth, with a 4 foot beam, and over 22 feet along the waterline.--**David Christofferson**

EDUCATION AND SAFETY

The annual Color Cruise took place on October 2, with approximately 30 canoes. We hit the weather just right, with sunshine, lots of color, and a tailwind out of the North (almost unheard of on the St. Croix).

The MCA played an important part in getting the Rowing, Canoe and Kayak Center proposal for Phalen Park through the St. Paul City Council. A lot of work still remains to be done but a major hurdle has been surpassed. Two Phalen area residents who have been particularly tenacious in this issue have been Doug Holmberg and Al Gustaveson. Thanks, guys.--**Bill Simpson**

BUILDING SUPPLIES

For Sale: MCA resin and fiberglass cloth. Polyester resin with catalyst and wax (if required) is $13.00 per gallon. Four oz. cloth, 50" wide is $3.00 per yard; 7-1/2 oz. cloth, 60" wide, is $4.25 per yard. Six oz. cloth, 60" wide, is available only from the Eagan depot at $4.10 per yard.
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
	Bruce Kunz	452-3897	Eagan

West System Epoxy is available only from special depots:

Ted Bell	1-856-2231 339-3433	Zimmerman (West System only)
David Otterblad	463-4939	Farmington (West System only)

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.
Sew-On Patches--MCA logo. Gold paddles/silver canoe, $2.00 each.
T-Shirts--50/50 blend. $6.00 each, plus $1.50 mailing per order.

Adult sizes: S, M, L, XL.
- Light blue shirt with navy blue MCA logo.
- Green shirt with white MCA logo.
- Red shirt with white MCA logo.
- Grey shirt with navy blue MCA logo.
- Dark blue shirt with white MCA logo.

Children's sizes: C-S (6-8), C-M (10-12), C-L (14-16)
- Grey with a Navy Blue logo
- Maroon with a White logo
- Navy Blue with a White logo (no large)

To order: Fill in name and address below. Indicate quantity desired for each item. State second color choice for shirts if acceptable.

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Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Description	Color (1st)	(2nd) choice	Size	How many	Amount
		Mailing (shirt orders only)			1.50
		Total amount enclosed			

MINNESOTA CANOE ASSOCIATION MEMBERSHIP FORM

Make check payable (U.S. funds) to: **Minnesota Canoe Association,**
Send to: Membership Director, Minnesota Canoe Association,
P.O. Box 13567, Dinkytown Station, Minneapolis, MN 55414

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

[ ] Regular Member--1 yr. $10 [ ] Supportive Member--1 yr. $ 25
[ ] Regular Member--2 yr. $19 [ ] Life Member $100
[ ] Regular Member--3 yr. $27 Fill in name, address and phone no.:

Name:_____

Address:_____

City:_____ State:_____ Zip:_____

Phone:(____)_____

[ ] If you're moving, check here and fill in your new address above.
Include your **HUT!** mailing label for proper handling.
The Post Office will not forward HUT!

Canoe Building Plans, (SALES TO MCA MEMBERS ONLY)

Make check (U.S. funds) payable to: **Minnesota Canoe Association.**
Send with plan order form to: Bob Brown, Canoe Plans, 12936 Galaxie Ave., Apple Valley, MN 55124

Name:_____

Address:_____

City:_____ State:_____ Zip:_____

[ ] THE CANOE BUILDING BOOK--$15.00 ($12.50 plus $2.50 shipping).

Canoe Plans $5.00 each

Tandem Canoes

[ ] Explorer/Guide
[ ] BWCA Cruiser
[ ] Osprey (Zapf)
[ ] 17' Kootenay (Kunz)

Solo Canoes

[ ] 15'6" Pirate (Brown)
[ ] 15'6" Kootenay (Kunz)
[ ] 16'6" Tri-III racer (Brown)

Kayaks

[ ] Griffin II Touring Kayak
[ ] 18' Sea Kayak (Wilson)

Racing Canoes

[ ] 18'6" 3&27 (Ketter)
[ ] 18'6" 4&32 (Burley)

The Big Ones

[ ] 22' Family Canoe (The cost of this plan is $10)
[ ] 30' Voyageur Canoe (The cost of this plan is $25)

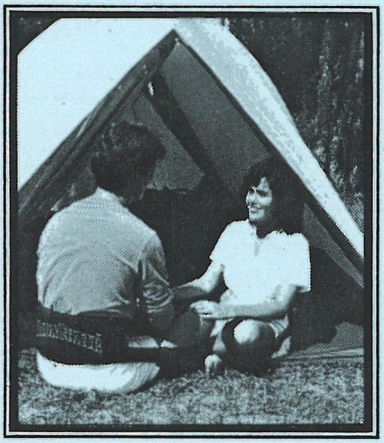
[ ] Free leaflet describing canoes (**Enclose self-addressed, stamped, business size envelope**).

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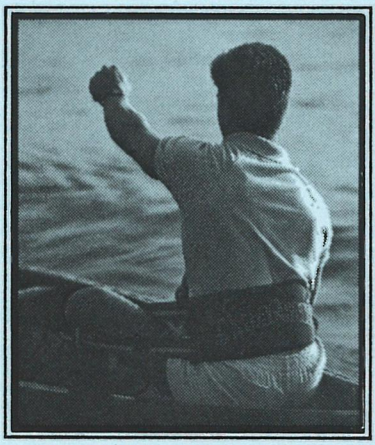
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