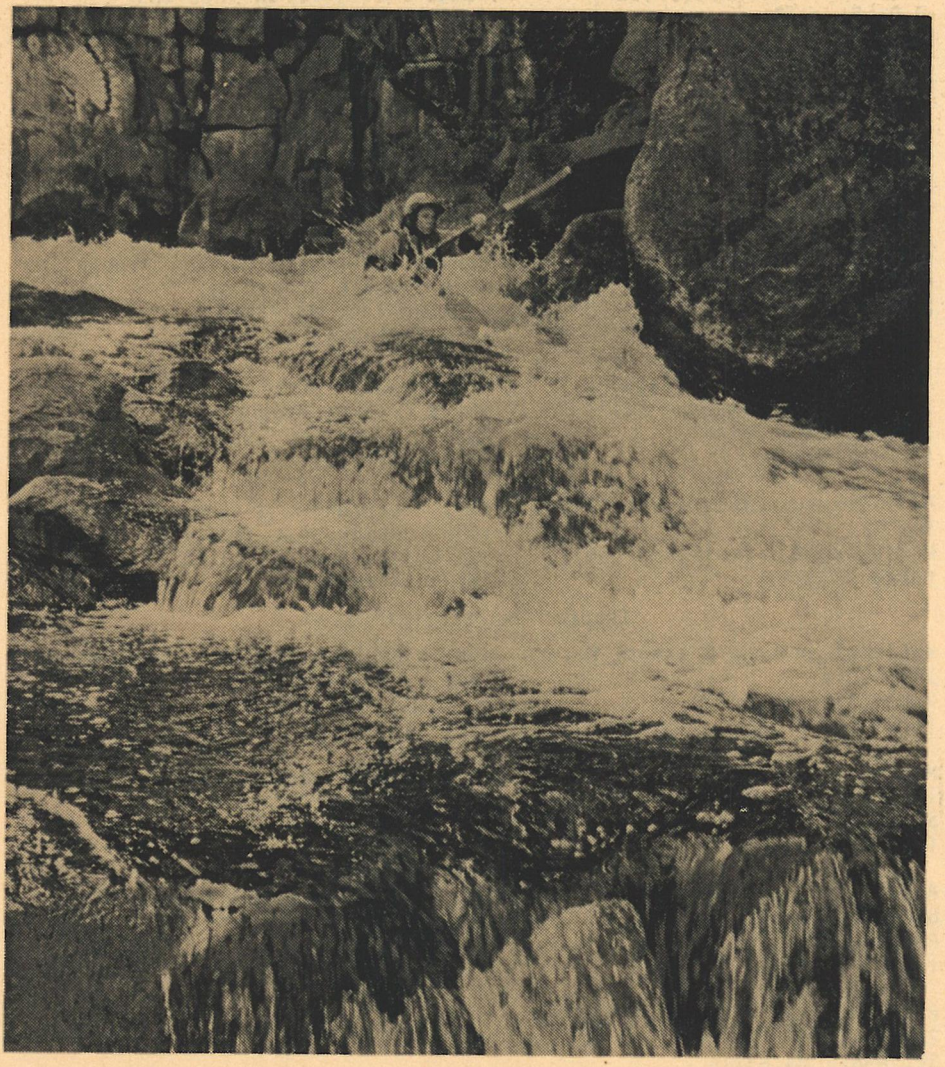
MINNESOTA CANOE ASSOCIATION, INC.

HUT!

ISSN 0739-7445

October 1988/Volume 24, Number 10



Yes, whitewater paddlers, a dream has come true! After 12 years of waiting, Section IV of the Wolf River is open. There are access restrictions and a fee, so check the Rapids Riders Hotline for more information. Pictured here is Beth Keller about to take the final plunge over Big Smokey Falls. Photo--Burt Levy Photography Studio

1988 BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE MINNESOTA CANOE ASSOCIATION, INC.

Executive Committee

Burt Levy/President
3204 Fremont Avenue South
Minneapolis, MN 55408
(612) 823-4533

Keith Bogut/Treasurer
2429 Emerson Ave. S. #308
Minneapolis, MN 55405
(612) 374-1524

Don Mitchell/Vice President
20233 Quinnell Avenue North
Scandia, MN 55073
(612) 433-5367

Verna Robinson/Membership
4421 - 36th Avenue North
Crystal, MN 55422
(612) 588-5402

Kimberly Colburn/Secretary
P.O. Box 178
Marine, MN 55047
(612) 778-1772

James Robinson/Publications
4421 - 36th Avenue North
Crystal, MN 55422
(612) 588-5402

Activity Committee

Karyn McAndrew/Cruising
552 East Nevada Ave.
St. Paul, MN 55101
(612) 774-5150

Heidi Riepe/Public Relations
1764 Portland Ave. #2
St. Paul, MN 55104
(612) 645-7028

Mike Ludvigsen/Building
614 East 82nd Street
Bloomington MN 55420
(612) 884-0033

Venice Barsness/Director through '88
2638 Seventh Street NE
Minneapolis, MN 55418
(612) 781-3218

Al Gustaveson/Conservation
1091 Hawthorne Avenue East
St. Paul, MN 55106
(612) 778-8525

Bob Brown/Director through '89
12936 Galaxie Avenue
Apple Valley, MN 55124
(612) 432-7557

Bill Simpson/Education & Safety
Box 72
Marine on St. Croix, MN 55047
(612) 433-3451

Caryl Duke/Director through '90
1626 Kentucky Avenue South
St. Louis Park, MN 55426
(612) 544-2668

Chapter Representatives

Karl Ketter/Long Distance Racers
1957 Lake
Roseville, MN 55113
(612) 636-8116

Winnie DauSchmidt/Unisys Chapter
1679 W. Minnehaha
St. Paul, MN 55104
(612) 644-6115

Mitch Albers/St. Cloud Chapter
1713 - 3rd Street N.
St. Cloud, MN 56301
(612) 253-1646

Tim Sundquist/Duluth Chapter
2510 East 6th Street
Duluth, MN 55812
(218) 724-4143

Ardel Gorman/Austin Chapter
810 Tenth Avenue Southwest
Austin, MN 55912
(507) 433-7465

Sue Hix/Rapids Riders Chapter
12917 Monticello Lane
Champlin, MN 55316
(612) 422-9155

Pat Hildebrant/Women's Chapter
2219 East 5th Street
St. Paul, MN 55119
(612) 738-6031

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.

HUT! is the monthly publication of the Minnesota Canoe Association, Inc. Copyright 1988, all rights reserved.

HUT! STAFF

James Robinson/Editor
Verna Robinson/Assistant Editor and Advertising
Betty Ketter/Mailing
Alexandra Robinson/Word Processing
Anastasia Robinson/Go-fer

DEADLINE FOR EACH ISSUE: Articles are to be received no later than the 10th of the month preceding publication. Advertising and calendar items are to be received no later than the 15th of the month preceding publication.
Send submissions to:
James Robinson
HUT! Editor
4421 36th Avenue North
Crystal, MN 55422

KETTER CANOEING

KETTER CANOEING
[612]561-2208

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.

Canoes:	WE-NO-NAH, SAWYER, PETERSON, JENSEN RACERS Training, touring, solo, tandem.
Paddles:	Cadorette, Peterson, Waddel, Grey Owl, Maxcraft Straight, Bents, wood, lightweights, laminated.
Equipment:	Yokes, car top carriers, footbraces, sliding seats, Custom canoe covers.
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.

TRIBUTE TO A FRIEND--DOUG SUMNER

People involved in the sport of canoeing were saddened by the death of one of their most avid supporters, Doug Sumner of Dundas, MN. Canoeing made up most of Doug's life from racing to coaching to canoeing the Boundary Waters for the pure pleasure of it.

Ironically, this was Doug's finest year as far as his coaching. Just two weeks prior to his death, he returned home from the White River National Championships for Explorer Scouts in Bull Shoals, Ark. Post 301 of Faribault, MN had entered 7 classes and came away with 7 national champions. Definitely, a highlight of a coach's life.

Doug's life came to a tragic end as a result of a car accident in Blind River, Ontario on August 21st returning from the USCA Nationals. He leaves behind, his wife Pat, son Greg, daughter Bev and step-children Jim and JoAnna Johnson, as well as many relatives and friends.

--Larry Kriesel

THE PASSING OF A GREAT CANOEIST--WALT JONES

It is with great sadness that we note the passing of a good friend of all canoeists. Those of us that had the privilege of knowing Walt Jones know of his great love for paddling. Walt was very active in the MCA and served as president in 1976 and 1977.

We will try to publish a more complete story of Walt's life in the November issue of **HUT!**. Here we are reprinting two of his "Walt's Corner" columns that he wrote in 1970 and '71.

HOW TIME FLIES WHEN YOU ARE HAVING FUN

Back in the early 1930's I went hunting up at my Uncle's. His cabin was located at the N and S fork of the Flambeau. the partridge were plentiful that year, so up I went with my wooden canoe.

Now for some reason the other side of the river always looks better and there being no bridge across at the time, I took my trustworthy canoe, the gun, a sandwich, compass, box of matches and high hopes. I paddled up stream as far as I could, meandering about a mile or a mile and a half. Just past the junction of the N. fork, it took me about 1-1/2 or 2 hours. Finding a good place I pulled in putting the canoe well up on shore in among some trees. I lit out into the woods and spent the day hunting around the area. It was a beautiful day for Oct. and I bagged four birds. I ate my sandwich about 3 p.m. and headed back for the canoe. When I say 3 p.m., I am only guessing because I had no watch. By the time I got to the canoe it was starting to get dark and cold.

As I was swept down the river I began to realize that I should have worn a warmer jacket. For some reason you move faster going down stream in the darkness than you do up stream. I do mean darkness and it turned out to be the blackest night of my life.

I got the canoe to the S. side without any effort but I must have passed the S. fork as I went about 1/2 mile and ran into some rapids. I did not hear them as the wind had come up and rustled the dried

leaves and the water dancing over the boulders made noise. Well, needless to say, I found myself hung up on one rock after another until I got close enough to shore to crawl out and stumble over trees and branches until I got the canoe out. I figured the best thing to do was build a fire and spend the night. I found a windfall and built a fire. When the fire burned down I added branches, so I was warm and did go to sleep. Then I was hungry, so I cleaned out the first bird I shot and roasted it on a stick over the fire. It didn't taste too good, being so fresh and no salt, but it was something to keep body and soul in one piece.

Then I heard three shots in rapid succession, believing it was my Uncle, I tried to lock in on the direction. My compass indicated almost due S. and slightly to the W. or about 185 degrees. So I sat down and scratched a map on the canoe paddle with my knife. I calculated I was not more than a mile or so from camp and it must be about midnight.

Well, says I, if Uncle will continue to fire about every hour or so, I could make it, but I still had to cross the S. fork of the Flambeau, as I was on the S. side of the N. fork. I had to take the canoe along, I couldn't leave my old buddy behind. So I tied and secured the equipment into the canoe and with it on my shoulders I started out figuring to portage about 1/2 to 1 mile. Did you ever portage a canoe through the dark and look for good footing. Try it sometime, it is quite an experience. What you think is a rock turns out to be a water hole and you can't see the front of the canoe so it goes off on a tangent. After what seemed about an hour, I had to stop and rest, so I laid in the canoe to rest. I was sweating in spite of the freezing weather. When I woke up and started out again, I figured it to be about 3 or 4 a.m. By this time my eyes were adjusted to the dark, so I returned the canoe to the water and it being calm at this point, I proceeded to cross. I took a chance and went up stream about 30 minutes. I came to a windfall that I recognized, and pulled in. I walked just a little way and could see the lighted window of the cabin and I had a warm feeling, for my Uncle had sat up all night worrying about me. When I came in, my Uncle said, "I didn't know whether to keep your supper warm or throw it out, now I am glad I kept it." "Supper!", I said, "You must mean breakfast! What time is it?" He pulled out his watch and replied, "8:45." Boy! What a night!--Walt Jones

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

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

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

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

THE HISTORY OF STRIP CANOE BUILDING IN MINNESOTA
by Karl L. Ketter

Those of you who have purchased the MCA's Canoe Building Book have had the oppportunity to read Karl L. Ketter's History of Strip Canoe Building in Minnesota. The Board of Directors has decided to have this history reprinted in **HUT!** so that those of you who aren't builders but may be interested in some canoe history may share in this knowledge.

****

Ever since early man hung onto a log and floated down a river to escape danger, or learned that by kicking his feet and moving his hands he could propel himself and his log across that river to the greener pastures on the other side, man has made steady progress in developing the manufacture of the present-day strip canoe.

About a million years ago, a Java man ingeniously decided to hollow out his log so he could make it lighter and carry some cargo. Another half million years later, Neanderthal man sharpened the front end to make it easier to slice through the weeds, and just 25,000 years ago, an engineering (Cro-Magnon man) genius sharpened the back end to make it go faster. This, in fact, is the basic canoe today.

Many variations of materials were used according to the raw materials of the different lands. Log canoes were most common, but there were straw canoes, bamboo canoes, reed canoes, and king-size lily pads. Shapes depended upon whether the owner wanted to go someplace or just float through life. Although most of the twentieth century manufactureres insist on marketing the straw shape or the lily pad variety, in the end it was the goers who did the most to develop the present-day canoes.

For many years after Indian birchbark canoes started to lose out in popularity because of their frailty, manufacturers such as Old Town of Maine and Peterborough of Ontario, Canada started to put together canoes of strong ribs and wide planking held together by copper tacks clinched on the ends to keep them from pulling out. This wooden frame was covered with canvas and paint to make it completely waterproof.

In the Peterborough line, they had begged, borrowed, or stolen the idea of making some strip and small rib racing canoes. One of these was a 20-foot, four-man canoe for early olympic racing. They also made a two-man, 16-foot, 30-inch wide "V" bottom racing canoe, Model 1430. These canoes were made of concave and convex strips and one-half inch wide ribs spaced about six inches apart and again held firmly by copper nails. The tight fit of the wood strips enabled the canoe to be leakproof without a covering of any kind except a few coats of good varnish.

There were many long distance canoe races on the Mississippi River from the year 1922 up to the present, but up until 1940, the conventional canoe was used. At the time, a "V" bottom plywood canoe was brought from Chicago and won that year's Aquatennial 500 mile race in a breeze. It was not that this canoe was so great, but the paddlers were in superb condition and were far ahead in paddling technique. The canoe was used as the excuse by the local boys for the loss, and the building race was on.

The year 1941 found Jessie Tibbets, a Chippewa Indian from Ball Club, Minnesota, putting together an 18-foot strip canoe patterned after the Peterborough Model 1430. Three forms were used; these were made of pine boards, the largest form being in the center with the two smaller forms an equal distance from either end. These forms, with a step piece on either end, were placed on a flimsy strong back

of 2 x 2's. The canoe was built upside down and was stripped from the bottom toward the gunwale. Many difficulties were encountered, but the canoe had a good Peterborough shape and won the Aquatennial race in 1947.

At this time, Eugene Jensen, a young 18-year-old upstart, bought a 16-foot 1430 model Peterborough. Probably the only one of its kind in the state. He teamed with Tom Estes, and together they won the 500-mile Aquatennial race in their first year of competition.

Concerned that competition would be tougher the coming year, Gene and Tom decided to experiment and built an eighteen foot plywood canoe on the order of the Chicago canoe, but with a much sharper "V" shape in the bottom hull design. This was a very hard canoe to ride, but they also won with this canoe in 1949.

Not to stand still at this point, in the winter of 1949-1950, Gene and Tom built two twenty-foot long, thirty-inch wide, round bottomed strip canoes with small ribs. The strips were glued with Weldwood glue. The procedure of construction of these canoes was similar to today's construction with a strongback and forms being used, but after the canoes were stripped, they were removed from the strongback with forms still intact. The ribs were then steamed in and nailed with copper nails. The forms were then removed and ribs were added to fill the gap where the forms had been placed. The strips were fitted very close, and no canvas was required. Needless to say, Gene and Tom won their third Aquatennial race with one of these canoes.

Many other builders were busy working by now, but Irvin C. (Buzz) Peterson was getting a good start, especially in canoe design. The Aquatennial race was fading by this time, but the big race was now in Shawinigan, Quebec, Canada, and for this race, Buzz made three round-bottomed canoes.

In 1954, he decided that ribs were not needed, so he built a 26 footer with no ribs. He edge-nailed the strips, used waterproof glue, and fitted the strips perfectly so there would be no leaks. No canvas was needed.

The following year during the winter of 1954-1955, he made a 30 footer, same construction, no ribs, but the strips were concave and convex to make an easier perfect fit.

In 1957, Canadian Quebec rules shortened the canoes to 16 feet with the now present 3-inch and 27-inch rules, so Irv built his now famous 16 footer which is still owned by Gil Tinkler of Canada, and won more major races than any other single canoe. Construction was with concave and convex strips, Weldwood glue, edge-nailing, 3/8-inch planking, and hand shaping with a rasp to get the lines wanted. On this canoe he put on the first layer of fiberglass, but only on the outside. Buzz and Tom Estes used it in Flin Flon, Canada, in 1958, where Rene Belemare of Quebec, Canada saw it and reproduced it in 1959--the first built by a Canadian. It was also seen by Norm Brown of Michigan, who rushed right home and built the first ribless canoe in Michigan in 1959.

Since then there has been many claims for firsts, but all these canoes were developed without any of the aforementioned men seeing what the others were doing. It was a secret ritual, but all eventually developed much the same thing. Thousands of years ago all this was started and much was lost, but now with written instructions it is here to stay.

FROM THE BOW

All kinds of things are happening in the canoe world. It seems that as soon as the season winds down paddling wise, it takes off on other countless levels.

About the most exciting item I have to share with you is the proposed Lake Phalen Rowing Canoe/Kayak Facility. In a nutshell, this is a 3 million dollar training facility that will feature programs and equipment for each of the related sports. Canoe and kayak will be addressed on all competitive levels. Long distance racing, Olympic style sprint racing, whitewater slalom, and downriver racing are all being considered. The Minnesota Rowing Association has already received commitments from the National Rowing Team for races and training camps. The same is currently being discussed with the various national and local organizations for canoe and kayak. The impact that this facility can have on our sport is truly awesome. The MCA has gone on record in support of the concept. At some time in the near future there will be a point when additional citizen support is needed. You will be hearing more about it in the **HUT!**

Another great effort is being put out on another front. As you probably noticed in last month's **HUT!**, the MCA is sponsoring a day of river clean-up at Pool One on the Mississippi River on October 8th. It has been a long time since we have had a service project so I hope that quite a few of you will make a special effort to participate. We have (Mississippi) Bob Brown and Dorothy Waltz of the DNR to thank for their efforts in putting this together.

The Rapids Riders are putting together a couple of programs that will certainly have a positive impact. Sue Hix, current RR Pres. has organized a fantastic first aid course that is hard to beat in cost and content. You can find out more about it on the center insert. Ed Schneider and Mickey McBride have put together a Whitewater Open Boat Instructors Workshop for the weekend of Oct. 8th & 9th. Bill Kallner from Whitewater Specialty in Wisconsin is coming over to teach what should be a very enlightening and useful course for our up and coming whitewater instructors.

A couple of other items that you should mark your calendars are Midwest Mountaineering's MCA discount night on Monday Oct. 17th from 6:00 to 9:00PM (All you need to do is bring in your HUT! to receive a 15% discount on any of their gear and clothing.) and the MCA Annual Meeting on Oct 19th look--for details elsewere in this **HUT!**.

Last but certainly not least I would like to welcome a new chapter to the MCA. Those hard paddling women from the Dragon Boat Team along with other women have formed a Women's Chapter. As time goes on I am sure that we will hear a lot from them.

--**Burt Levy, President**

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

CIRCUMINNESOTA

Time flies, and CIRCUMINNESOTA! continues on schedule. boy, If I only knew before, what I know now, I would have agonized over my schedule more. I thought I could keep a running account in **HUT!**, but things have been accelerating and are a bit too hectic for that. At last writing, I had arrived at Lake of the Woods. Andy Knapp (equipment buyer for Midwest Mountaineering), and I began Kayaking a few days later. What a great place to kayak or canoe. It is as beautiful as the BWCA with lots of clear warm water, and lots to see: Moose, bear, and historic sites pertainent to the exploration and opening of this region. Boats don't bother you much at all. Just an occasional drone of a motor in the distance, or a dot on the horizon. There are nice places to camp, islands to explore, and fishing and wildlife everywhere. Sometimes the lake is challenging, with waves to match the big water. The sea kayak is a wonderful vehicle to explore this lake, but a good canoe with a spray skirt could do it nearly as well. Andy and I left the lake and continued up the Rainy River to the Grand Mound. There are huge burial sites on both the Canadian and US sides of the river. The lower reach is as nice a place to paddle as any, but go with the current instead of against it, as I had to. The upper reach has been damaged by logging activities and the current Boise Cascade facility. Someone ought to make those rude boys clean up the place where they hog up the flowage between Rainy Lake and Rainy River! They could at least provide a portage for people going through. I picture them gaining their foothold there during the robber-baron days. I like to think they could never get away with it today.

I kayaked through Voyageurs National Park with Roy Misonsnik who works for KTCA public television. He tried to turn around and go home several times. Mumbled something about the pace. It averaged 18 miles/day. Once in the park, though, he seemed to love it. I admit that the first day, with 23 miles (and 19 against the current) and the unpleasant Boise Cascade portage, was a bit grueling.

One of the best segments was the Crane Lake to Ely segment through the BWCA. I had my daughter Deah with me (and our dog Pepsi). What joy! I just love kids (and most dogs). Especially my own. She is a regular little camper. Eight years old, and never complained about a portage once. Well....she did want to know why we din't take the mechanized portage. By the end of the trip she understood that those portages don't belong in a wilderness area (in fact, they were supposed to be out by 1984. How about some letter writing by MCA members)? Talking about my daughter makes me forget myself. I had Kevin Proescholdt of the friends of the BWCA with me, too. What a great companion to have along. Ask him anything about the area and he knows the story. History, politics, flora fauna, anything! Write to him if you want to help in efforts to protect this, one of our few wilderness canoe areas, from continueing encroachment. I can't forget the other participants in this segment. Mike O'Laughlin and his son Brian. Mike is an MCA member and a lawyer. A good one, I bet. He and Brian added a special spice to our trip which we really appreciated. Thanks to them for their companionship.

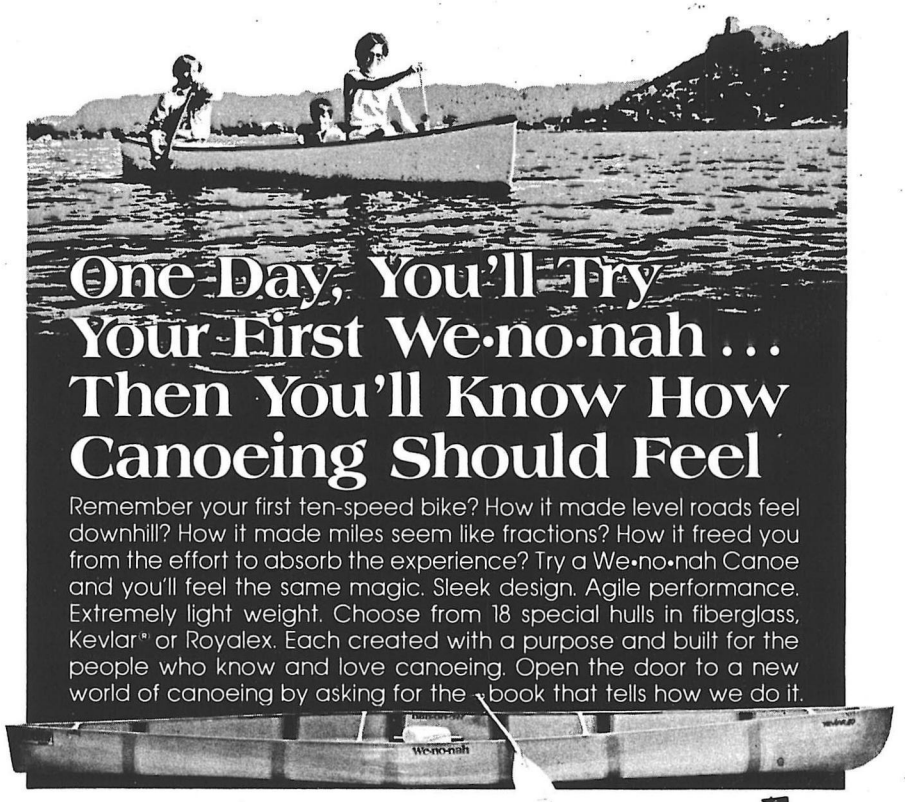
I did the next segment, Ely to Partridge Falls on the Pigeon river, with free lance photographer, Will Goddard. We saw some of the prime BWCA sights. Knife Lake (the Dorothy Molter site), Granite River, Gunflint Lake, the looooooong portage (665 rods), Height of Land, South Lake (just incredible)!, Rose Lake, Mountain Lake, etc.

Next, I met Ed Solsted of the Minnesota Rovers. He brought Yvonne Duperon and Fred Johnson. these are some of the people who brought us the Border route hiking trail in the BWCA. They helped me

bushwack close to 20 miles of rugged north country landscape. They never complained once! I'll talk about this grueling segment some other time, after I recover from its effects.

Last on my list so far, is kayaking the coast of Lake Superior. Take Lake of the Woods, (one of the best experiences I've had) and quadruple it. Superior, Indeed! I had John Shepard along for the first three days. John is contributing editor to Canoe Magazine and is writing a book called: "Minnesota, Off the Beaten Path." We saw the "witch tree," Grand Portage, climbed Rose Mountain, stayed at Naniboujou Lodge, sailed with Northwinds sailing in Grand Marias, met a guy who has made 22 replicas of the "north canoe," and went from the lowest point in MN (602 feet) to the highest point (2301 feet) on Eagle Mountain. We also stayed at Pincushion Mountain, Bed and Breakfast. A super little place that you should remember if you're a cross-country skier.

That's it. Tell everyone to canoe, kayak, bike, hike and camp. It's fun!!!! If done properly, they are easy on the environment and healthy for humans. Our grand kid's grand kids should be able to have the same experiences if we all work to protect the natural resources we have right here in Minnesota--**Dan Szymanski**



TRIP REPORT: TAIGA AND TUNDRA

With the end of my canoeing days (all in the taiga) on the horizon, I wished to experience, while I still could, the Taiga-Tundra transition and then a little bit of the tundra, and I planned to get about to the tundra this summer alone. By chance two mid-teen boys I used to travel with joined me, and a third rare new courageous boy was added.

We drove to Lynn Lake, Manitoba in July and happily crammed into a Twin Otter for our first ride in this large bush plane. It was Calm Air Limited's scheduled service to the Indian settlements on Reindeer Lake and Lac Brochet. The stove oil (or most anything else, for that matter) burning engines roared, and we lifted off for the bumpiest ride I've ever had. The name of the airline amused me.

It was a thrill to fly over part of Reindeer, seen previously only on maps and in my dreams. Once the two natives stuffed aboard were let off at the 7' x 9' terminal building, the pilots taxied us to the water end of the sand runway for our convenience. The day was a beauty, and the bugs were kept away by the stiffening breeze which, while we carried gear to the water's edge, picked up to near gale force-solidly against our intended route. Scott had previously paddled only a little in calm water. What a baptism he received as we inched our way north in the wind, waves, and spray. He did exceptionally well for a newcomer.

The shores were swampy and the forest thick. Our inch by inch opening day fight ended in a couple of miles when I picked the first campsite possible, a miserable buggy spot, but that's all there seemed to be (we found out the next day that it was the only spot within miles). While we smoothed and hacked out a tent site, the bugs began teaching the boys a few lessons. Scott's headnet went on, and didn't come off much for the remainder of the trip. Of course, once the tent was up and a meal underway, the wind quit.

We spent a few days inching our way north on the lakes, though the wind occasionally let us advance foot by foot. The swampy shores were depressing to all, and I remained psychologically depressed after a miserable six months of sacroiliitis.

It all changed in a moment. As we left our last swampy moosey lake to begin the fight against the currents of the Cochrane River, the terrain changed suddenly to that of kames, kettles, eskers, and other vegetation-covered sandy areas. Much of the forest took on the appearance of the parklands of the lower slopes of Mount Rainier: scattered evergreens amidst a ground cover of mosses and lichens with all sorts of level open spaces for tent sites. The river water was crystal clear like the lakes, and we swam joyfully (and briefly) under a hot sun. All our spirits were high, until we saw Scott's horrible-looking tendonitis-swollen wrist. How could we fight that current with three people in two canoes?

We found out the next day. With a rare south wind helping us along, we rode frequent convenient back currents, and Scott managed some good paddling anyway. The long day of paddling, roping and wading ended with our arrival at the Cochrane River end of the first of a number of portages that would take us across the watershed and put us on the Thlewiaza River. From there we would follow the Thlewiaza and its lakes to our destination.

The next day, we ascended the steep esker with our first load, and our joy became even greater. The country was beautiful. It was delightful, charming, entrancing. Paul and I rushed to and fro excitedly taking pictures. I thrilled while walking on the deeply cut path that had been trodden by caribou hide moccasins for a thousand years.

That first portage off the river had begun half mile from where

marked on the topographic map, but even that inaccuracy wasn't enough to warn me of the third portage situation: one cartographer had marked a short portage leading out of a tiny pond that one would have to get to by paddling on two teaspoons of water through thick forest. Another map indicated that the portage was long, but didn't show where it was. We found the route two miles away. There were two pipsqueak portages with an in-between paddle across a small lake shown on the map as half mile from where part of it really was. Paul soon convinced himself that we were lost--haphazardly following anything we could find to anywhere. I have to confess to being a little devilish: I didn't try hard to convince him otherwise. It was too amusing to see him worried; besides, I couldn't have convinced him anyway, when he has a "feeling in his bones" no man convinces him of anything that he doesn't want to be convinced of. And besides that, his attitude toward much is: "Be careful for nothing" (if I may borrow from scripture). Why not let him stew a bit and cogitate on the fact that details are important after all? The other boys seeing my satisfaction with our progress weren't worried. Map accuracies were a little pain in the neck, but there was a touch of humor in it all.

We "pond-hopped" for several scrumptiously delightful days. At one campsite we had a private 1-2 acre crystal-watered sand-bottomed swimming pool behind our tent (the same deal in front of the tent too, except that it was a lake). All waters were crystal-clear and sand-bottomed. I continually wondered why I had spent my years in Ontario when this veritable fairyland existed. There were, of course, legitimate reasons.

We ended the pond-hopping by having to portage where the map showed a thin arm of a lake and then paddling through a wide channel where the map showed a protage. I found that amusing; Paul didn't. Even the sight of the big lake that we were supposed to come out on didn't totally convince him that we weren't on some shortcut to Churchill, Baker Lake, or maybe even Lake Athabasca. Paul's bones notwithstanding, there we were on the Thlewiaza watershed. We inspected a trapper's Winter quarters, the evidence of what he and the dogs ate, and the evidence that he had many dogs with functioning bowels. Then it was time to make camp elsewhere.

On some of the nights I read to the boys from appropriate books. One book made mention of a certain Indian Chief in the territory we were in- years ago. Can you imagine our feelings when, on the big lake the next day, we found the chief's grave on a high sandy knoll overlooking the narrows? The chief had wanted to be buried in a spot from where he could see his people passing by on their way to and from the caribou. We re-erected the chief's weather-beaten cross and straightened the slats of the fallen crib around his grave. Then we photographed the chief's sentinal grave and his view of the narrows. Of course, few of his people go that way now. But perhaps the ghosts of the older generation still do. Who is to say?

There was more of interest in store for us that day, for we arrived that night at the ruins of an old Hudson's Bay post in a large grassy clearing high above the lake. Our fireplace was made in the sand high off the water, and we feasted on a canned ham that had been saved for some sort of celebration. Our mood was as high as the number of photographs taken. I began the next day with a zesty morning dip. During the trip, I often took the a.m., while the boys usually had their evening bath in the lake while I chickened out under a hot shower. But that morn the boys chose to awaken in the lake before cooking up their monster pancakes. More photos were taken, I found a company saucer for a souvenir, we packed and then reluctantly moved on.

Later, en route to the trip's longest portage, Paul and I delayed

to search for the site of an earlier post. Then as we belatedly drew near the portage, a storm caught us squarely. The frenzied wind almost blew us off the lake, and a frigid rain made us forget our joys of the day, temporarily. A train of cold showers bore down on us, so we camped at the portage beginning. With tent up, the boys went out for grayling and were successful. I successfully baked up some goodies, staying dry and comfortable. The bugs were pretty bothersome, so I tried out my Ben's Bug Armor jacket. It worked like a charm.

It was here that I couldn't resist taking on board an old light-weight moss covered unit of caribou antlers, and they shared my shoulders for all remaining portages. At trip's end, the plane couldn't carry them, but the efforts weren't totally in vain, for they adorn my canoe in many a picture, adding appropriate atmosphere. It was quite obvious that this was caribou country; it was littered with their bones and antlers. Ironically, we saw none, just moose. The barren land herds were still munching out to the north, and the woodland caribou prefer a region further east.

The next lake was a big one, and we had a delightful day to paddle the arms of it that we needed to. We camped on a fine little sand beach, swam joyfully and briskly, did washing, and lingered long after the tiring day to take photographs of the sunset colors and atmosphere. The entire day had been another high point of the journey.

More beautiful campsites followed. On one of them, we found four decaying trapper's cabins, relics of a bygone era. A trapper's tiny pot that brewed him comforting tea at -40 now holds moss and graces my table.

My various maps indicated no rapids that weren't marked as "portage" on another map, so I had announced the journey as "not a rapids running trip." Hah! What fools these mortals can be. Class I and II's were unmarked; one might expect that. But potentially deadly rapids with enormous haystacks and big drops were also unmarked. Some of them would have been good for the expert folks with decked canoes, but not us. After getting used to some minor rapids and running them, we approached yet another that looked reasonable from the top. But the roar of those rapids was a thunderous roar that said: "don't take me lightly." We owe our trip, maybe our lives to that warning. Paul and Eric hadn't run a rapid in two years; they surely freshened up their techniques quickly. Scott learned quickly how to really pull left and right (I guess that's "draw" to the pros). "Portages" were no longer the beaten paths like we had traveled earlier; you just walked an animal trail here and there or crashed through the bushes. Our next to the last "short" portage turned out to be associated with a mile and a half rapids. By then, we were taking maps with quite a bit of salt, so we just ran and waded the whole thing. There were a few squeakers on that one.

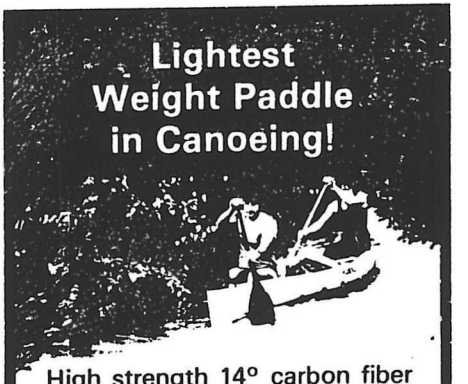
In one place, I misjudged the sidewards throw of the current, and Scott over-reacted to the wrong command I had given; that was close. soon after, Paul and Eric didn't follow me exactly, and they found themselves surrounded by rocks. Bowman Paul's (most unprofessional) directions yelled to Eric were: "snake it." The keeled Grumman did just that, and the boys came plowing in behind me with exultant yips and proud grins.....not having touched a rock. It does help to have partners trained together. In the midst of the wet proceedings a thunder shower made its contribution to our experience, and the cup of our experience was full and running over. The canoes were getting a little full, too, but that was with water. By the time we finished the whole mess it was 4 p.m., and we were wet, cold, tired, and quite hungry, having had no lunch. It could have been said that instead of being full of food, we were full of satifaction.

The great beauty of the country continued except for some swampy sections and some burns. But thanks to the burns we began to note hillsides dotted with boulders, a characteristic, I believe, of the barrens that we were approaching. Our last campsite was on a beautiful beach of Nueltin Lake. Off that beach we had our last very zesty swims; from atop the burned esker we looked down on our beautiful campsite; and from a knoll extending out into the lake, we looked north to the 60th parallel and then later observed a skyful of aurora. We felt that.

Earlier in the journey, Eric had complained that he wasn't being challenged enough physically, perhaps because he lacked two mile uncut carries in wooded swamp, but by trip's end, he felt satisfied (without the swamps). Paul and I delighted in the exceeding charm and beauty of our newly found Shangri-la. Scott mentioned a number of times how that the trip and the nightly readings had taught him how superficial and artificial life is back there in the "banana belt" (to use a most appropriate term I read in Peter Browning's "The Last Wilderness").

Our journey was not unique. It was no big deal. We did know some sweat and tiredness, some fierce headwinds and bugs, some zesty wades and exciting rapids. But there were few life-threatening dangers. We had no two mile portages to hack out of a thick Ontario wilderness. We suffered but little, and then only for short periods, so we didn't gain the great values that are the fruit of such suffering. We, except Scott, couldn't say that the trip was a character builder. We did miss the comfortable long swims and our old fishing hot spots in Ontario.

But all of us felt that we had had a much too short but nevertheless wonderful well-rounded experience. Our lives had been enriched in a number of ways. We felt dismal about leaving, we were utterly shocked and depressed when we left. During the voyage we had had some differences of opinion, but on leaving we felt things deep down in. We were unanimously and enthusiastically agreed: we all want to return to our land of enchantment, the Land of Little Sticks. We want to camp once more on that long pristine beach, and then with heavily beating hearts, lifted spirits, and nostrils filling with clean air, canoe around the point with bows breaking the crystal sparkling waves--pointed for the purple horizon overhung by cumulus--pointed for that 18 mile distant 60th parallel, and the adventures north, and beyond.--**Bob McCoubrie**



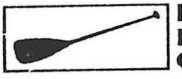
High strength 14° carbon fiber canoe paddles combine light weight and durability. Stiff and sleek, they permit swift, clean entry and exit.

That means less paddling fatigue.

Choice of two grips and two blade styles.

Several models available for racing, whitewater and recreation.

Request free brochure.



BARTON PADDLE CO.

6201 23-1/2 Mile Rd. • Homer, MI 49245

(517) 568-3799

VISA MasterCard

LETTERS TO HUT!

INTERPRETATIONS AND PERSPECTIVE

Dear Editor:

I see that friend Bruce Kunz is having trouble relating to my definition of the "perfect canoe" (August 1988 issue of **HUT!**: New Kid on the Block). I fully understand. I've been there befoe.

Beauty, you see--and indeed most everything else--is in the eye of the beholder. And the "beholder" changes with perspective, the passage of time, and simple evolution. Consider, for example, my "chain" of "perfect" canoe.

First, was a 15 foot fiberglass craft by Indian Brand. What a dandy she was. Constructed of shoot-'em gun-fiberglass, painted to resemble the honorable birchbark craft of centuries ago, she was, simply God-awful beautiful. In fact, I was so proud of that boat I chained her faithfully to a tree whenever I camped out. There were thieves in the woods, so I heard tell! Two years later, I joined a canoe club and discovered that my "perfect" canoe was an ugly suckling pig. A dishpan. Meatplatter. Quietly, I sold her to an unsuspecting canoer for the outrageous sum of $150.

Next came a 17' shoe-keeled Grumman, which was more perfect. Then a lithe Sawyer Cruiser, followed by a Sawyer Charger; a Mad River TW Special, a couple MR Explorers, Old Town Trippers...and then, ahh...the solo boats. Each was more perfect than before, that is, until something better came along.

My first "perfect" solo canoe was the MCA 14-footer--only one I knew. Old Mantoy (forerunner of the Old Town CJ) was a hearty improvement. Then came Darrell's little DF Solo (the Canoe Magazine boat) followed by the Mad River Slipper, which Bob Brown drew up. I still love that little boat, which, in many ways, remains quite perfect.

Now we come to Brownie's new Traveler II, a "perfect" boat by any creed. She's fast on the flats yet she turns with precision. And comfortable, too. She won't turn turtle on you at the first blink. But this speed thing does, I suppose, require some clarification. Here's how I arrived at the "she's fast" formula.

One bright spring day some months ago, Bobby Brown brought over Traveler II along with her well worn cousin Traveler I. Now everyone who's paddled Mississippi Traveler I knows she's fast. Real fast. Not race boat caliber you understand, but damn quick. Quicker, says Bob, than Bruce's wondrous freight hauler Merlin. (Now Bob, you understand occasionally eats crow too. Better check with him to see if he still retains that perspective). Now when it comes to wielding a bent-shaft, friend Robert is my mentor. I just can't keep up.

So there we were, the two of us, Bob in Traveler I, I in Traveler II. And off to the race, which was laid out informally on Lake Rebecca. Neck and neck they went, then Cliff by half a length. Agreeably, we switched boats which put Robert ahead by more than a length. Back to the original format and again Cliff took the lead. So mathematically, I came to a simple deduction: If A is faster than B, and B is quicker than C, then A must wallop C? Comprendo?

And that's how she wrote on Rebecca that sun-lit day. Admittedly, there's room for interpretive error here. Maybe Bob had a bad day, the lumbago, you know. Or maybe he cheated and let me win! Wanna make that new boat look good, you know. Or perhaps I'm just getting tougher in my old age.

No matter, The holes in the variables allow room to spawn some dreams. Dreams you'll want to check out first hand when Bob's new design comes rolling off Ted Bell's impeccable one man/one woman

assembly line this fall. Come October, Bell Canoe Works should have a demo for you to paddle. A "perfect" one, I'll bet!

To address another issue, sometimes, even the best of friends don't see eye to eye. A matter of "perspective" you know. It's with these thoughts that I take hearty issue with Mississippi Bob's unkindly dig--namely, that "Real canoeists are the ones that paddle in town, the others want to go hide in the woods."

Now, if I rightly recall, amiable editor Jim Robinson laid that one to rest quite adequately some time ago. So I won't waste space re-defining "real" adjectives.

Seems like what we've got here, friends, is a fast and sassy city paddler who has discovered Mecca, while all around are Arabs of different faiths.

I have no qualms with those who do not love the backcountry. For there is enough love of it in me to freely share with all the membership of the MCA. God, I do love the Minnesota and Canadian north--the feel of a morning sunrise, the proud hush of twilight, the mint-coolness just before it rains. And I love the lonely yodel of the loon, the muffled click of the Caribou as by the thousands they pass a dozen feet away. And that love of God's country and His creations, you say, makes me an inept canoeist? Certainly, you've got to be kidding! Admittedly, I am not a "special purpose" paddler. I idolize neither racing, nor freestyle, nor hair boating, though I might excel in any one of them, if it were my dream.

Get away from the pure lake country of the Boundary Waters, into the river systems of the far north, and you'll discover just how diverse wilderness canoe routes can be. Morning may begin on a twisty beaver stream or a dead flat lake, and finish out at day's end in Class III hydraulics or monster waves of a wind-tossed lake. Through it all, the canoe must run competently and be paddled that way. To suggest otherwise is to "not have been there." Or to have gone and simply not returned! Or to have wrecklessly survived the introduction.

To city paddlers I say, "Joy be with you. Experience your dream to the fullest." But leggo my ego! Follow your five pointed star if you will, but respect my 6-point Kosher upbringing.

I've said this before, but it bears repeating. God doesn't care how you paddle, and neither do your friends. And when the world occasionaly overwhelms; you may, like me, for awhile at least, go to the woods and hide. And when you go, take your favorite canoe so that you may maximize two of life's grandest pleasures.

Cliff Jacobson

EDITOR'S REPLY:

Well said Cliff, but I must disagee on one minor point: Your friends DO care how you paddle. We tend to choose our fellow paddlers from those with similar skill levels and styles. I certainly would wear out my welcome with Mississippi Bob if I paddled a slow, easy pace. Bob wouldn't be quite as friendly the next time I asked to go on one of his cruises. I could go on with further examples, but I think you get the point.

BUILDERS CORNER

To those of you who saw it being built, or worked on it at Minneapolis Boat Show or MCA Building Show, the Peregrine '86 is finished. The net result is a 17'-7" canoe that weighs 53 pounds. It has epoxy resin outside, polyester inside; a sliding bow seat and rear foot braces. Bob Brown says it still needs a front foot brace. One of these days I'll get around to putting one in.

It is necessary, when building a canoe, to understand and respect the properties of the materials being worked with. I have occasionally been receiving calls from members who are having problems with strips pulling off of the forms when they are going around the chine. They are often using the technique of working the strips continuously to the center of the canoe, without using a football. It is not possible to arbitrarily select a method of stripping a canoe up without considering the design and types of curves it has. The previous technique will work on canoes with smooth flowing lines and no radical curves such as the Explorer or Pirate. It is necessary to use a football and, possibly what the MCA Building Book refers to as the Ketter Caper when building canoes with extreme curves. An extreme example of this is the Sairy Gamp that Bob Brown built. It has strips running in about four different directions because it has such short, tight curves. If something isn't working, don't force it. Stop and think why it isn't working, and adapt your technique.

The people in the MCA have developed several successful methods of building canoes. It is possible to experiment with and develop new techniques--that can be part of the fun of building. New techniques are a process of trial and error and it is reasonable to expect some failure.

One of the things I wanted to find out when building the Peregrine was wether polyester resin would bond strongly enough to the wood that it would be possible to glue blocks to sides of the canoe with epoxy and mount seats on them without having the polyester delaminate. This will become clear after long term use.

I have discovered a couple of things in the process. Epoxy will bond very well to cured polyester. Polyester cures in an anaerobic state. If unwaxed resin is used, it is necessary to scrub off the uncured resin with acetone. If waxed resin is used to cure the polyester, it is necessary to remove the wax. When I loaned the canoe to Bob to try it at rookies, some of the blocks let loose after about 1/4 mile. Live and learn.

The interior of the caone is typically the most difficult to finish as it is full of concave curves and nothing sands concave curves well. I tried a new technique and used a cabinet scraper to finish the wood in these areas. This is a rectangular piece of metal, it has no bevel, it is held perpendicular to the wood and cuts on a draw stroke. It is good to grind on of the narrow ends to the curve of the chine and it can then be used to scrape the chine. It was also useful in the bow and stern of the canoe, where it could be drawn perpendicular to the grain of the wood to kind of shred and then the wood could be smoothed out by using the scraper like a plane: pushing it forward, with the grain.

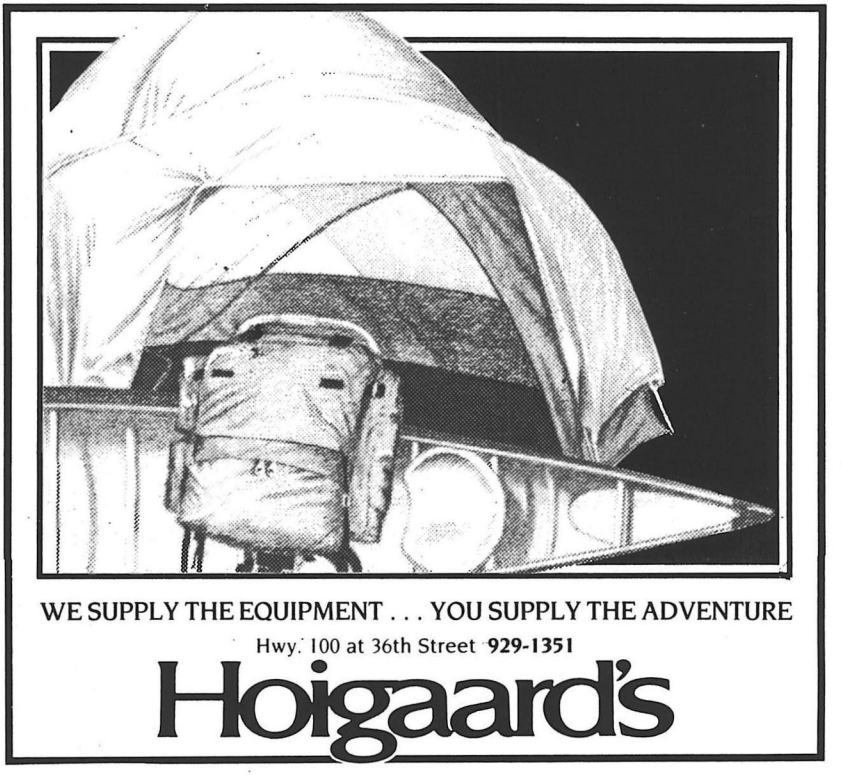
West System has a number of additives that modify their epoxy to give it useful working properties. Some of the additives are: microballoons, collodial silica, various filleting blends and graphite powder. Microballoons can be used to create a lightweight, sandable surface that is good for filling the ends of the bow and stern. Collodial silica is thixotropic, it thickens the mixture while still allowing it to flow enough to penetrate other surfaces. It leaves a very hard, abrasion resistant surface. It is often used

in combination with other additives. Filleting blends are added to give epoxy thick, gap filling properties that can be used to reinforce structural areas. Graphite powder can be mixed with epoxy to create a very hard, slippery, abrasion resistant surface. Collodial silica is often added to this mixture. I put it on four-foot triangles of the bottom of the Peregrine to increase abrasion resistance in these high wear areas, ala Martin Van. On the canoe's test cruise we went over a rock that scraped an area with graphite and an area without it. It left a barely perceptible scratch on the graphite and cut down to the cloth on the area without it. Graphite seems to work.

A good way to apply these mixtures is to put on coats of straight epoxy on the surface to be bonded and apply the mixture between them.

I used the slow-cure hardener for this canoe. A note to remember is that the epoxy is hard enough to sand after nine hours, but that it continues to cure for 36-48 hours after that.

--Mike Ludvigsen, Building Director



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!**.
THIS IS MANDATORY! CRUISES SUBMITTED FOR PUBLICATION WITHOUT A RATING WILL **NOT** BE PUBLISHED! THIS INCLUDES CHAPTER NEWS.

****

OCTOBER

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	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

1 SAT — ST. CROIX RIVER CRUISE/CAMPOUT. Canoe with us from Wild River State Park to St. Croix Falls. Class B. Camp Friday and Saturday nights at the group camp at Interstate State Park. Join the Annual Fall Color Cruise on Sunday. More details on page 22. Jim and Verna Robinson, (612)588-5402.

2 SUN — ANNUAL FALL COLOR CRUISE/BUILDERS CONTEST. Our annual recreational fall event. Class B. From Interstate State Park to O'brien State Park. More details on page 22.

SAT 1
SUN 2 — BIG ISLAND RENDEVOUS AND FESTIVAL. Albert Lea, MN. Step back in time and relive 1800's history. Native American Culture, Fur Trade & Military Drill, Traditional and Ethnic Foods, Pioneer Craft Skill Demonstrations, Workshops on Minnesota History. The MCA will have our Voyaguer canoe there (contact Harlan Nickerson, 535-1373). Join us for a taste of the voyaguer life.

For Rendevous and Festival info contact:
The Albert Lea Convention & Visitors Bureau
141 E. William P.O. Box 686
Albert Lea, MN 56007
(507) 373-3938
1-800-345-8414

5 WED — MCA BOARD MEETING. 7:00 p.m. Bob Brown's: 12936 Galaxie Ave., Apple Valley, 432-7557.

11 TUE — RAPIDS RIDERS MEETING. Beginning at a new place at 6:30 p.m. with a recap at 7:30 p.m. The location is in the spacious quarters of GALLAGHERS, at the intersection of Annapolis and Dodd Road in West St. Paul. See Rapids Riders news for further details.

19 WED — MCA ANNUAL MEETING AND ELECTION OF OFFICERS. 8:00 p.m. Brooklyn Center Civic Center. 6301 Shingle Creek Parkway, Brooklyn Center, Minnesota. Meeting Notice, Slate of Officers and Proxy Form will be mailed to all current members approximately October 1, 1988. See page 31 for more details.

21-22 — CANOEING THE FAR NORTH SYMPOSIUM. Details on facing page.

STUDY: Bring your own bandages. Purchase two 3 triangular bandages, or make your own (old sheets work great): 72" at the base with 56" sides.

TAUGHT BY: Bob Barratt, RN and MCA member. His style is informal, fun, & informative.

HOW: Complete and return the registration form below, along with a check, payable to the Minnesota Canoe Association, for $25. Send registrations to: Sue Hix
12917 Monticello Ln.
Champlin, MN 55316

DON'T EVEN THINK OF CALLING UNTIL YOU'VE READ THIS AT LEAST THREE TIMES!!!

REGISTRATION FORM--1988 WILDERNESS FIRST AID COURSE

Name_____ Telephone Number(s):_____(h) _____(w)

Address_____ City/State/Zip:_____

Prior first aid certification/experience (including CPR): _____

_____

____ I have enclosed my $25 check, payable to the MCA, to cover the cost of this course.

____ I will pay at the first class session.

____ I'm not enrolling because I have similar, current first aid certification; however, I am willing to help with bandaging, survey, and other demonstrations.

AN INVITATION

TO A FIRST (AID!) CLASS EVENT . . . .

WHO: Any MCA member is welcome. (Dress comfortably.)

WHAT: Wilderness First Aid Course: Approximately 20 hours of instruction in what to do in a pinch when you're unable to dial 911. (NOTE: Course does NOT include CPR and does NOT qualify for first aid certification!)

Topics covered include: urgent care needs/primary & secondary surveys; prevention; survival; wounds & bandaging; bone/joint, head/neck/spine injuries; respiratory problems; hypothermia/burns/heat conditions; water purification/dehydration/GI problems.

WHEN: Monday evenings: October 17, 24, 31 and November 7, 14, 21--6 PM to 8:45 PM--
AND
Saturday morning: October 29--8:30 AM to 11:30 AM.

WHERE: Evening Sessions: Midwest Mountaineering's Adventure Theater.
309 Cedar Ave. So.--enter via Thrifty Outfitters, upstairs.
Saturday Session: Outdoors at a yet-to-be-determined park.

COST: $25 per person covers qualified instructors, hand-outs, and supplies. Space is limited, so don't delay--enroll today!

BYOB: Bring Your Own Bandages: Purchase two triangular bandages, or make your

22 SAT TRAIL BUILDING WITH REI. Build and maintain hiking/cross country ski trails along the St. Croix river. See REI ad on page 31. REI Customer Service, (612) 884-4315

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
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

2 WED MCA BOARD MEETING. 7:00 p.m. Venice Barsness': 2638 Seventh St. NE, Minneapolis, 781-3218.

EDUCATION AND SAFETY

"Canoeing the Far North" Symposium is scheduled for October 21 and 22. We encourage everyone with an interest in Arctic travel to attend. Space is limited, so advance registration is required. To register, please call Bonne at Wilder Forest, (612) 433-5198. A partial agenda includes:

Friday evening: 6:00 p.m. Dinner-optional, 7:00 p.m. Bob O'Hara, Keynote presentation: a composite of Bob's extensive Arctic travels over the past 20 years.

Saturday: 8:00 a.m. Breakfast: morning sessions (to be presented concurrently), 9:00-10:15 a.m. 10:30-11:45 a.m., Lunch; 12:00-1:00 p.m.: Afternoon sessions: 1:00-2:15p.m.; 2;30-3:45 p.m.; 4:00-5:15 p.m.

Some of the speakers include: Bob Dannert, one of Minnesota's most experienced Arctic Canoeists.

Judith Neimi, retracing Mina Hubbard's route on the George River, Labrador.

George Luste, from Canada, George is responsible for the Toronto symposium. He will be retracing the Tyrell's journeys on the Dubwant and Kazan Rivers, NWT.

Kristen Gilbertson, will be returning from the Arctic just in time for this event.

Clark Garry, was on the Caribou River, northern Manitoba, this summer combining adventure with a research project on beetles.

Jim Bydlon will give a historic overview of the exploration of the Great Slave area.

Marsha Berry is describing a trip on the Back River in 1983.

Tom Anderson combines natural history and Arctic tripping in a very entertaining combination.

A few other presentations to be announced. Please call if we can help with further information.--**Don Mitchell and Bill Simpson**

Other notes, Sue Hix and Bob Barrett have met and made plans for Wilderness First Aid training, to start on October 10. Thanks for Sue and Bob's continuing involvement in our Safety and Education program. Further details on center insert.

FALL COLOR CRUISE

Come and join us on the MCA's Annual Fall Color Cruise. The group camp at Interstate State Park has been reserved for Friday, Sept. 30th, and Saturday, Oct. 1st. For those of you who are planning on camping, there will be a minor charge per person to camp. Come and join us Friday night. October is a nice time of year to camp; not many mosquitoes.

We will be canoeing on Saturday on the St. Croix above Taylors Falls. Meet at 9 a.m. by the group camp parking lot for the shuttle. You will have the option of a long trip, from the Sunrise River/St. Croix River confluence to St. Croix Falls. The other option will be from Wild River State Park lower boat landing to St. Croix Falls.

We will have a chili feed Saturday night. Bring a couple cans of kidney beans, some hamburger (1/2 to 1 lb.), and 1 can of tomatoes. Also bring any secret ingredients that you have for zipping up your chili (watch out for Jim, he has some real nasty stuff). We'll have some paper bowls and plastic spoons available.

Sunday morning will be the traditional cruise from Interstate State Park to William O'Brien State Park. Before the shuttle, we'll have the builders contest at 9:00 a.m. (See announcement below.)

After the contest is over, and the winner has been annnounced, we will start the shuttle. Remember, drivers only will go on the shuttle, this will be around 9:30 or so. You will have the option on Sunday of a short trip from Interstate State Park to Osceola, or from Interstate to O'Brien State Park.

You will have a chance to meet some of the MCA Board Members on this cruise and also if you are planning to run for office at the Annual Meeting, this is a chance to make yourself known to the people and do a little campaigning.

A word of advice, if you bring your new boat for the builders contest, and want to paddle it on the cruise: be sure you have registered the boat, if you are a Minnesota resident. You have to have the stickers on the canoe or proof that you have applied for the license. Smokey is always watching for this on this particular cruise, and has caught many of our members in the past. If you are a Wisconsin resident, you don't need a license on your boat, but you must have identification to prove residency.

This is the Grand Finale of cruises for 1988. There may be some impromptu cruises after this so keep in touch. Come Paddle With Us.
--Verna Robinson

ANNUAL FALL BUILDING CONTEST

Any canoe, new or restoration, that has not been a winner in previous years is welcome.

The contest will be at Interstate State Park prior to the Fall Color Cruise Sunday, October 2.

Have your canoes at the boat landing at 9:00 a.m. with a label telling type, length, weight and builder. The judging will be done by your peers; it has to be unbiased.

Win or lose, enter your boat then plan to paddle with the group to O'Brien State Park.

One word of caution: If you are a Minnesota resident, have a current registration sticker on your canoe. Every year the National Park Service has a ranger out waiting to tag canoes without registration. They will accept no excuses for not having registration. Wisconsin residents do not need registration on their canoes, but must have proof of residence.

We know it is hard to deface that beautiful new stripper with those ugly stickers, but we have tried to warn you.

EASTERN MOUNTAIN SPORTS AND ICS BOOKS, INC PRESENT:

CLIFF JACOBSON AND DR. WILLIAM FORGEY

Saturday, October 15th 12:30-4:00 p.m.
1627 West County Road B. Roseville

CLIFF JACOBSON: Author, teacher and wilderness adventurer will be on hand to discuss "WILDERNESS CANOEING AND CAMPING," his latest book. Cliff Jacobson approaches wilderness canoe travel with extensive personal experience, an open mind and common sense. A must for every paddler.

WILLIAM FORGEY, M.D.: Experienced wilderness traveler, reknowned physician, and author of "Wilderness Medicine." His book is a must for every wilderness traveler or weekend tripper, providing basic and advanced treatment for common wilderness ailments. Come learn the preventions and the cures.

EMS IS YOUR COMPLETE CANOE HEADQUARTERS!

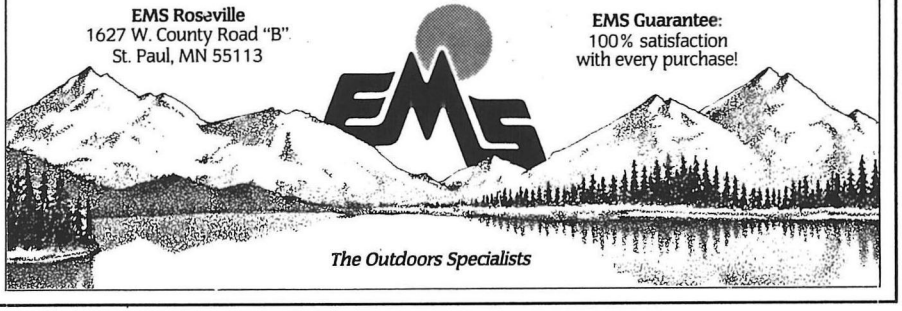
EMS, The Outdoors Specialists provides you with the best quality canoes and kayaks from Mad River, Sawyer, We-No-Nah, Old Town, Ranger, Mohawk, Perception and Aquaterra.

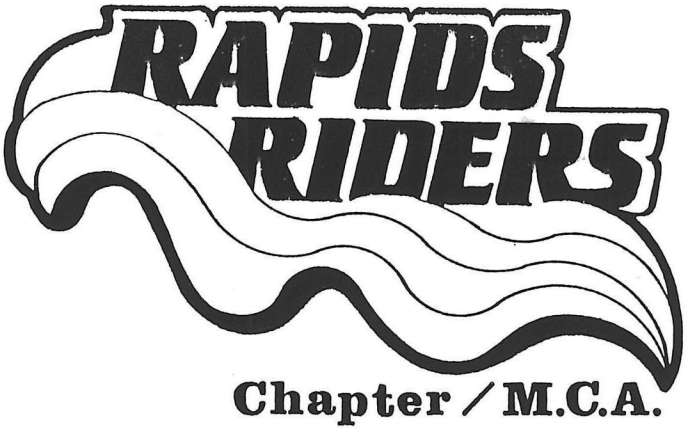
Our staff of experts can help you choose the right equipment for your needs from the largest selection in the area.
We carry a full line of boating accessories, as well as quality clothing and camping equipment.

**MCA members present your current Hut!
and receive a 10% discount off regular price merchandise.**

EMS Roseville
1627 W. County Road "B"
St. Paul, MN 55113

EMS Guarantee:
100% satisfaction
with every purchase!





Chapter / M.C.A.

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: Bonnie Van Blarcom, (612) 646-1496
Gary Nagel, (612) 487-2079

The Rapids Riders will meet on Tuesday, October 11 at a new place! We will have the meeting start at 6:30 p.m. with a recap at 7:30 p.m., then on to the entertainment at 8:00 p.m. Our program for this meeting will be a slide presentation by Gayle Knutson, who recently completed an extended trip that was far enough north that polar bears and whales were canoeing obstacles along with whitewater.

After our customary summer "vacation" from formal meetings, the Rapids Riders reconvened September 13 at the Roseville Ground Round. As you will note, if you peruse the calendar of events for October, the group decided to try a new meeting place. Since adequate quarters--meaning space, food, drink, TV, and a door that closes--have been discussed for the past year, the decision to take action is welcome and significant. If the folks who attend meetings aren't enough to entice you to come, then maybe the new "digs" will be. (By the way, there are no hidden charges--and because of the unique "take-out" food arrangement, tips aren't even required.) If the excitement of having room to stretch your legs and the possibility of speaking without shouting still aren't enough to get you out of your easy chair or hot date to come to our next meeting (Heck, bring your hot date along, our meetings don't last all night, for heaven's sake), then perhaps our program will do it. Again, please refer to the calendar. Gayle Knutson's enthusiasm and photography skills should make her presentation particularly enjoyable.

For our group to find and agree to try a new meeting place is certainly an accomplishment, but to appreciate how energetic we really were, everyone should know that we also arrived at a slate of candidates for the coming year, which starts in October. If the great people, new location, and exciting program won't get you to the next meeting, then for sure the fun of an election will do it. At least you've got to show up to see whether your name is on the ballot!

Being a truly ambitious group, we covered lots more ground than meeting places and election slates. Always interested in self-improvement and skill building, we discussed wilderness first

aid courses, whitewater instructor courses, river rescue courses, and opportunities to take up whitewater racing. Some of these are already available, and others we will have to bring about ourselves. As always, our group welcomes the contribution of expertise from other Rapids Riders and MCA members.

It may also be important for absent members to know that all of this business--plus a few other things--was transacted in approximately one hour and 10 minutes. Nobody fell asleep; everybody participated; nothing required a Great Debate. We had loads of time for socializing and entertainment. Please join us in October! All who are interested in paddling whitewater or in finding out more about Rapids Riders are invited!--**Sue Hix, Soon-to-be-ex-president**



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

Cal Stenso-Velo has been meeting with Paul Erickson, from the Governor's office, in order to promote canoeing in Minnesota in a major campaign. More on this in the future.

Doug Holmberg has presented a proposal for a racing/training facility at Phalen Park in St. Paul. Plans and goals are very well organized in this effort and we are optimistic that we will see the country's most advanced training center be developed at this site. Further details in this issue.

Finally, the Rookie of the Year Award goes to Terry Daley, who has had an amazing first season of canoe competition. Congratulations, Terry!

Many others deserve recognition for their contribution to our sport. It has been a very successful season in terms of involvement and competition. For example, attendance at Rookies has increased noticeably, the Phalen series had a successful second year. Participation was at record highs for the Hoigaards series. St. Paul added the Riverfest pro race, and Minnesota paddlers were once again at or near the top at the USCA Nationals. The outlook for long-distance racing in Minnesota is indeed optimistic.

It is with sadness that everyone learned of the death of Doug Sumner and the injuries sustained by the junior racers returning from Nationals. Doug contributed immensely to our sport and legions of young paddlers were introduced to canoe racing through Doug's organization and commitment. We hope Explorer Post 301 continues to develop canoeists. It would be a most fitting tribute to Doug.
--**Bill Simpson**

RACE RESULTS OF THE PHALEN RACE SERIES SPONSORED BY ST. PAUL PARKS AND RECREATION AND MIDWEST MOUNTAINEERING

MEN'S C-2--7 MILE
FIRST PLACE: PAT COMER AND JOE COMER
SECOND PLACE: CLYDE CODY AND JOHN BOLLER

MIXED C-2--7 MILE
FIRST PLACE: DEBBIE BENNETT AND BRIAN BENNETT
SECOND PLACE: SHAREE MARCUS AND MICHAEL HOPPE
THIRD PLACE: MYRON BURSHEIM AND BARB PETERSON

MEN'S C-1--7 MILE
FIRST PLACE: TERRY DALEY
SECOND PLACE: CAL STENSO-VELO

WOMEN'S C-2--7 MILE
FIRST PLACE: SUZ-ANN STENSO-VELO
SECOND PLACE: KATHY ST. PETERS
THIRD PLACE: PAT HILDEBRANT

MEN'S C-1--3 MILE
RICHARD WIRKKALLA

Thanks go to Lynn Waldorff, Bob Hollerbach, and their crew for a well-run series. It is greatly appreciated. Course record for the 7 mile is Reggie Clark and Jeff Dubois at 1:00:38--**Bill Simpson**

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

Duluthian's still canoe! We took a nice weekend paddle to the BWCA a few weeks ago on Homer and Brule Lakes and it was peaceful and wonderful. We also had the so-called moonlight cruise, which was actually the Saturday before in August and had a weiner roast with about nine people enjoying the evening.

A couple of weeks ago, we took our four year old granddaughter to the BWCA for her first trip. Hegman lake is a wonderful first trip for a child. Jessica enjoyed the pictographs and getting out at the "take over" for a picnic and just stretching out on a warm rack with Grandpa!

Amazing what we saw canoeing through the eyes of a four year old! Now back to work with a garage building project "poor Fred" is running out of canoe space!

Hope you have a nice fall, and thanks, Jim, for being such a good Editor!--**Liz Freeman**

A MODEST PROPOSAL

We spotted our first hippos within sight of the put-in, and shortly thereafter one of the brutes began heading our way. The vision of a submarine Godzilla taking a bite out of one of our raft tubes excited us about as much as the proverbial root canal or angry grizzly bear, so when our guide ordered us to "cruise," cruise we did. We had never paddled with such intensity. About that time I realized just how little this trip was going to resemble any paddling experience I'd ever had in Minnesota.....

We were in Africa--Tanzania's Selous ("Seloo") Game Reserve, to be exact. Actually, to name the game reserve is not to be particularly exact since at 22,000 square miles--nearly the size of Ireland--the Selous is a big place. It is, in fact, Africa's largest game reserve and the world's second largest. Our river was similarly and appropriately immense. The Rufiji, the largest of the three rivers that comprise East Africa's largest river basin, eventually empties into the Indian Ocean, but we met it partway there, rode along for 110 miles, and left it something like 100 miles short of its destination. Every now and then I would sense the wildness of the place, the likes of which I had never experienced before. The sheer physical isolation accounted for a good part of this wildness and wilderness, but the greater part dreived from the bush creatures--hippos, crocodiles, elephants, cobras, lions--that loomed all around us, larger than life itself, as if to match the enormous proportions of their habitat. My companions included six other American tourists, an Africanized American trip leader, and four Africans--two game scouts, our second raft guide, and our chief cook/firebuilder/water hauler. Together we made our charmed way down the river, guided by a combination of common sense and seasoned judgement stronger than any instinct but haunted constantly by the suspicion that our comfort and well-being were, despite our efforts, really due to patronizing benevolence of Mother Nature.

One of my fellow tourists, a former professional raft guide, remarked that the excitement of dodging and dealing with hippos rivaled the thrill of running Class IV and V whitewater. I can only take his word for it. But I can say that the hippos did provide a special sort of inspiration for me, and , during our long hours on the river and while lying on the sand at night watching for shooting stars around the Southern Cross, I had lots of time to think and be imaginative. I would be lying if I told you that I spent all or even most of those hours thinking about the MCA and Minnesota's rivers and lakes, but I did take enough time to dream up some great suggestions for enhancing our annual MCA/Rapids Riders whitewater course. These ideas are intended to create new excitement, thrill, and challenge, both for the novice whitewater paddlers who wonder what the MCA can offer that they can't get elsewhere, and for experienced instructors who have tired of Electric Ledge and Dragon's Tooth.

First of all, we need to import some hippos--at least 30 or 40. Along with our order for 3 or 4 dozen quality hippos, we need to place one for a truckload of Nile crocodiles. Two dozen ought to be adequate since much of their inspirational value comes from the fact that you rarely see them before it's "too late." The idea is to use these animals to hone the technique of our students. For greatest effect, we must be sure to keep these creatures wild and mean between delivery date and our first on-water class session.

I had considered suggesting that we add tsetse flies and safari ants to our list of exotic imports, but my experince indicated that the African bush actually had fewer such pests than our own state. I'm sure we can continue to rely on mosquitoes and our many varieties of biting flies to provide destractions, test coordination (e.g.,

paddling and swatting simultaneously), try patience, and even bring on misery. Besides, this attempt at economy ought to impress the MCA Board enough that they will immediately approve an allocation of funds for the hippo and croc purchase.

Since our Red Cross books don't include information about Hippos and Crocs along with the ins and outs of whitewater paddling, we will have to cover this material in our lectures. We would offer these details out of a sense of sportsmanship and also to keep our insurance from being canceled. In addition, I predict that those who enrolled in our class because it was more interesting than knitting or playing Bingo will reconsider their interest level, and those who enrolled to experience excitement and a sense of accomplishment will be pleased beyond their wildest dreams if/when they complete the course. Here are some points we'll be sure to cover.

To our usual whitewater terms like "eddy turn" and "peel-out," we will need to add "boko" and "mamba"--Swahili for hippo and crocodile, respectively. Then we can get down to brass tacks. Among other things, we should emphasize that, although Boko can weigh as much as 6,000 pounds, he moves like greased lightning when motivated, as by white-knuckled novice whitewater paddlers. He could easily overturn a fleet of canoes and kayaks and enjoy them for hor d'oeuvres. But not to worry. Along with reading the river, our whitewater students will learn to "read the boko." For example, a snag may no longer be just a snag; it may be a hippo. (And who wants to get close enough to find out for sure?) Likewise, rocks and boulders may not always be rocks and boulders. What one moment appears to be a shallow rock garden could look very passable the next--after the "rocks" dive below the water surface. Our graduates will be the most observant paddlers around.

We'll also need to pass on little tidbits concerning boko habits. Bokos like deep, quiet eddies and deep main channels as well as shaded water below tree-sheltered river banks. It behooves the paddler to be wary of "lurkers" waiting to surprise and terrorize. Some lurkers can even become "followers" if they take an uncommon interest in your vessel. These floating jack-in-the-boxes pop up and down, in and out of the water. ("Just like Disneyland, Mom!") I experienced the greatest "goose" of my life when one of the behemoths chose to give our raft a boost--right beneathe the spot where I was sitting! Similar thrills await our whitewater students.

For years whitewater paddlers have contended--and our instructors preached--that a path straight down the river is rarely the desirable one. We've promoted ferries and other maneuvers to ease the way. Next year, any slow learners or dissenters will be given extra incentive to learn new behavior. We will inform them up front that threatened hippos plunging through the water are much less forgiving than dispassionate, stationary rocks. And, if that isn't enough to make the point, perhaps the stubborn folks will yield when we remind them that hippos are large enough to form their own eddies. You've certainly hear river runners identify infamous obstacles as "Volkswagen-sized boulders" and the like. Well, this applies to hippos too; buy we may be talking in terms of VW vans instead of VW beetles!

Next year's students will learn to define "fast forward" in new ways, just as our rafting group did in Africa; When the game scput cocks his rifle because a hippo is a few feet away, that means "fast forward." This training ought to improve their skills at surfing waves and paddling upstream.

I think the topic of crocodiles will require a separate lecture. We would be obligated to warn our class that those who dandle appendages near or over the side of the boat are "trolling for crocs." Also, once we release these dirty-green creatures into the

Kettle and St. Croix, we will have to institute a NO SWIMMING/NO BATHING rule. Mamba normally prefers to avoid Homo Sapiens at all cost, but once we enter his watery territory, we become candidates for the dinner menu. I realize that the seeming brutality of the crocodile's dining habits could prompt you to question my recommendation to import an entire truckload--especially when alligators are more cheaply and readily available in Florida. However, it would hardly be realistic to have alligators in the same river with hippos. Besides, genuinely wild alligators aren't interested in taste-testing human beings. What incentive would these sissy creatures provide to students who need to learn proper technique quickly and well?

Unlike Boko, Mamba loves waterfalls, rapids, and other well-aerated, fast-moving water. (Sure wish I'd known when I took a shower under a waterfall.....) This awareness is certain to inspire open boaters to keep their boats upright and their bodies inside them and kayakers to master their rolls in record time.

While we're planning for next year's class, we should probably put in a good word with the weather person. We'll need lots of water more than ever next year. Can you imagine what students would say if we had to ask them to get out and push their boats through low water in a croc-infested river? I still have both legs and feet, but I always had a hard time buying our guide's reasoning that "crocodiles really don't like shallow water" as we were forced to push our sagging raft through the shallows around sand bars.

I have mentioned only a few of the challenges and changes that will result if the other Rapids Riders whitewater course planners agree that we should import hippos and crocodiles. To say any more would surely be to spill the beans. Maybe we can even entice some of you course graduates to enroll a second time. We guarantee you'll have the time of your life, just like I did on my African Safari.--**Sue Hix**

MCA 15% DISCOUNT NIGHT

AT MIDWEST MOUNTAINEERING

MONDAY OCTOBER 17, 6-9 P.M.

Bring this issue of **HUT!** to show you are a member. (Your mailing label is your proof of membership.)

Introducing the most economical form of winter travel.



Pre-Season Cross-Country Ski Sale

Fisher, Peltonen, Lansem, Chovinard, Kazama, Merrel, Exel, Swix, Alfa, Salomon, Alpina, Rottefella Asolo, and more.

MIDWEST MOUNTAINEERING

309 Cedar Ave So. Mpls • 339-3433 • M-F 10-9, St 10-6, Sun 12-5

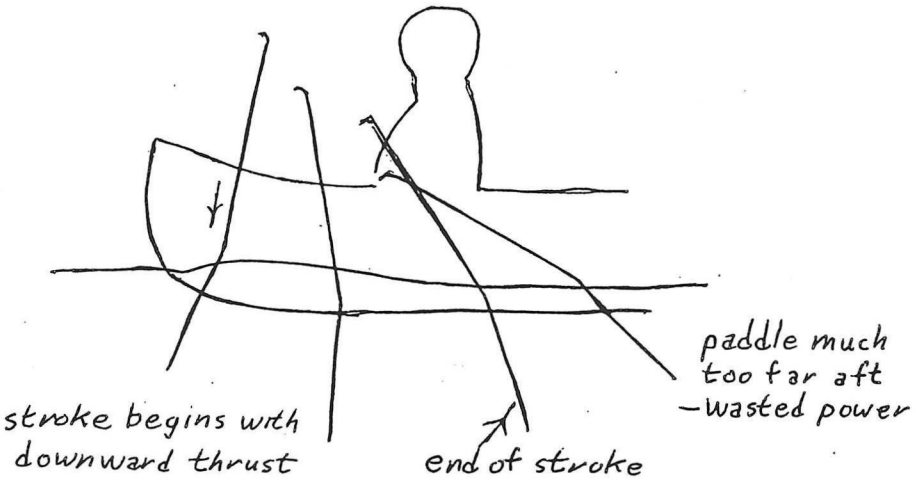
Park free behind our store or across the street

Ask us. We've been there.

MISUSE OF BENT SHAFT PADDLE

OK, folks think on this for a minute. Properly done, you should not push a canoe through the water. What you should do is plant the paddle in the water and pull the canoe up to it. Give that some thought and it ought to change the way you paddle. In order to make this idea work better, the bent shaft paddles were invented. The 14 degree shaft was developed because it did this best.

As more and more people use bent shafts, I see many folks wasting the potential of these wonderful toys. By far the biggest problem is carrying the stroke too far back. Many folks paddle with a long stroke that follows through to a point where all the paddle is doing is lifting water or rolling the canoe (see diagram).



Keep the stroke short and in front of you. You are getting no additional power from your stroke when the blade reaches a 45 degree angle.

Most rookies carry the stroke too far back but the thing that really gets to me is folks using a bent shaft to do a J-stroke or to put another fancy squiggle at the end of their long stroke. If you are going to paddle with that style, you may as well use a four dollar Feather Brand.

There are things that a bent shaft can't do as well. Any of the draw or stationary type strokes are compromised by the 14 degreee bend. In order to keep the blade vertical on a draw, the upper grip must be pushed way outboard (14 degrees outboard).

Many rookies plant a post with the shaft angled over the side, the blade may be 45 degrees to the surface. This maneuver has very little turning effect, lots of heeling force. Bent shafts do low braces real well for the same reason.

Bent shaft paddles work best in the shorter lengths. About 56" long is the practical limit to the bent shaft paddle.

The length of the paddle should vary according to the depth of the canoe or the height of the seat above the water. Large deep expedition or cruising canoes need longer paddles that should be straight.

The best paddle for you depends on: 1/ the boat you are paddling, 2/ Your paddling style: 3/ How aggressively you paddle.

If you insist in sitting up high in the stern of your Old Town Tripper and doing J strokes with a 58" paddle, don't waste your money on a bent shaft.--**Mississippi Bob**

BOARD ELECTIONS

Yes, folks this is another election year. Not only for the MCA, but for the country as well. One of these days we just might see as fine a slate of candidates for national office as we get to run for MCA office. Here is who has commited to run so far (we do need a few more).

PRESIDENT - Burt Levy
VICE-PRESIDENT - Venice Barsness
SECRETARY - Verna Robinson
TREASURER - Keith Bogut
MEMBERSHIP - James Robinson
PUBLICATIONS - Currently Open
CRUISING - Bob Brown
BUILDING - Currently Open
CONSERVATION - Dan Szymanski
EDUCATION & SAFETY - Bill Simpson
PUBLIC RELATIONS - Currently Open
DIRECTOR through '89 - Currently Open (Assuming Bob Brown becomes Cruising Director)
DIRECTOR through '91 - Al Gustaveson

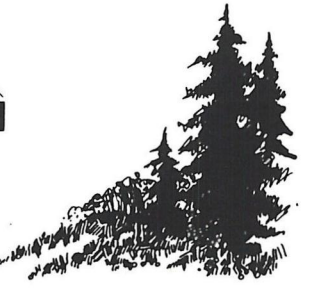
The Annual Meeting will be held on Wednesday, October 19, 1988 at Brooklyn Center Civic Center, 6301 Shingle Creek Parkway, Brooklyn Center, MN from 8:00PM to 9:30PM. Take the Shingle Creek Parkway exit off of I-694 just West of the I-94 junction.

TRAILS . . .

BUILDING WITH REI

Saturday, October 22

9:00 A.M.



- Join REI members and friends to build and maintain trails along the St. Croix National Scenic Riverway.
- Volunteer! National Park Service Staff will teach you trail building skills.

Phone REI Customer Service for further information

REI®

98th St. Exit Off 35W, Bloomington • (612) 884-4315
Quality Outdoor Gear and Clothing Since 1938

MCA BOARD MEETING MINUTES, AUGUST 3, 1988

THOSE IN ATTENDANCE: Bob Brown, Burt Levy, Keith Bogut, Jim & Verna Robinson, Venice Barsness, Karyn McAndrew, Bill Simpson, Caryl Duke, Kimberly Colburn, Heidi Riepe, Al Gustaveson, and Sue Hix.

The meeting was called to order by Burt Levy at 7:40 p.m. The minutes were approved as read. Upcoming meeting places: September, Karyn McAndrew; October, Bob Brown; November, Venice Barsness.

Venice Barsness and Harlan and Darla are going to have several trips down the Mississippi River with the Voyageur Canoe from Boom Island Park to Hidden Falls several Wednesdays in August and September. It was noted by Al Gustaveson that the 26' boat and rack are at Roger Geis'. The Chestnut is at Chris Berne's business place.

Bob Brown reported that there will be a Big Island Rendezvous in Albert Lea on October 1st and 2nd. The MCA should do a presentation or be involved somehow. Bob will call Harlan Nickerson to see if he can bring the Voyageur Canoe and have a cruise of some sort.

Board structure: Keith proposed to limit discussion to 15 minutes. Heidi seconded it. Al read a portion of the by laws regarding chapter representation. Al suggested notifying current representatives and asking them to have their chapters elect reps. Bob Brown said he'd bring it up at Rookies. Bob did not think that a chapter representative should be voted on by General Membership. Chapters should designate their own. After some discussion, Bob moved to keep board structure as it is and contact chapter reps and tell them to get on the stick! Seconded by Keith. Ayes have it.

Burt suggested that we come up with a list of possible projects for the 3-year directors.

Venice suggested passing this election without changing the bylaws with the intention of going over them later. Jim Robinson moved to have a committee to review bylaws and bring up to date. Seconded by Bob. Ayes have it. Jim and Verna and Venice volunteered to be on this committee.

Membership Structure: Jim R. will have a proposal on this for straightening out the bylaws.

Keith sent a check for 150 T-shirts. Currently our price wholesale is $4.25. We're just breaking even on them. Need to tighten up on where they are going. Keep track of giveaways and freebies. We decided to raise the price to members to $6.00. Price increase will be in the next **HUT!**.

Sue Hix, Wilderness First Aid. Talked to Bob Barratt who could teach a class of 30-35 people. 20 hours (4 hours/time). CPR would be separate. MCA members only. Would be $75-$100 for entire thing. Will be in the October HUT! Give us time to get meeting place, another teacher/helper.

Bob Brown received a call from someone in Michigan. They want to start a canoe club, Bob suggested that they become a chapter of the MCA.

Bob Brown said that October 8 is Mississippi River Cleanup in Pool 1. Be there!

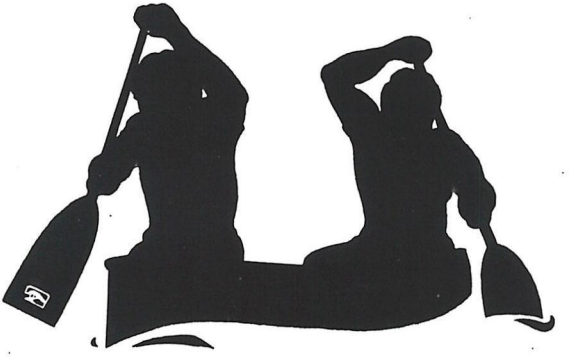
Board meetings will start at 7:00 from now on.

Keith moved to adjourn the meeting and it was seconded by Bob Brown. The meeting was adjourned at 9:15 p.m.

Respectfully submitted,

Kimberly Colburn, secretary

PUMPING WOOD



BENDING BRANCHES PADDLES

BENDING BRANCHES

1101 Stinson Blvd., Mpls., MN 55413 612-378-1825

Midwest Mountaineering Presents

·THE·GREAT·MINNESOTA·



CATCH THE EXCITEMENT OF WINTER!

SKI SALE now in progress at Midwest Mountaineering

OVER 100 PRESENTATIONS
OVER 100 EXHIBITORS
and manufacturers

— SALE —
On winter equipment and clothing

Featuring The 1st Annual Winterfest/ Beargrease Dog Sled Sprints, David Mech on wolves, and Will Steger of the 1990 Trans-Antarctica Expedition.

And many top experts on XC racing, touring, Telemarking, snowshoeing, dogsledding, winter camping and ice climbing.

AT

CANTERBURY DOWNS
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA
Fri. Eve. Nov. 18, Sat. Nov. 19.
Sun. Nov. 20
Call 612-339-3433 for info
or write Midwest Mountaineering
309 Cedar Ave. So., Mpls., MN 55454

CLIFF'S CORNER--EATIN' CROW.....AGAIN



A real benefit of being an outdoor writer is that you get the opportunity to field-test (i,e., evaluate) new gear. I've been fortunate to be right there when such wondrous products as the E.M. Wanigan, Fast Bucksaw, Cannondale Aroostook tent and Bending Branches Paddles were born. I was also on hand when some clever chemists stretched a swath of Teflon which gave birth to Gore-Tex.

My original (early 70's vintage) Gore-Tex test parka was a dismal failure. It leaked without provocation. Soon after its introduction, Gore-Tex earned a bad name among outdoorsfolk, who often found it unreliable.

But Gore and Associates went immediately to work to solve the "contamination" problem, and Gore-Tex II was soon in the offing. Purportedly, the new stuff was not affected by body oils and dirt.

My Gore-Tex II test parka arrived within months after the announcement was out. Most of the summer it worked great, and I was nearly convinced. But then came cruel October with its chilling rains, and water came right on through, Mad as hell, I determined to steer well clear of the product. Advertising be damned. Gore-Tex didn't work!

My loathing of Gore-Tex came to a head two years ago at the Great Midwest Mountaineering Canoe Event, where I chanced to meet Herb Lindsay, Gore's product rep. Herb was a genuinely nice guy--one with the patience of a judge. WE talked for some four hours, finishing up with several beers and an unplanned swim in the motel pool, courtesy of some boisterous MCAer's. Herb told me the bugs were out of Gore-Tex products. Problem is, said he, that a lot of manufacturers use it improperly-seams in the wrong place, wimpy weather flaps, etc. "Have you tried our Rainwear Without Comprimise?"

Admittedly, I hadn't, but I did agree to try a parka with an open mind (while keeping my proven Patagonia suit on hand just in case). My experience with Gore-Tex suggested it usually failed after a prolonged period of sustained use, and generally after the first year. "If it keeps me dry for a full two years, I'll eat crow and crow loudly for Gore-Tex," I promised. Herb agreed that was fair enough.

Four weeks after the committment, a two-ply Gore-Tex "Rainwear Without Compromise" jacket arrived from Moonstone, and the test began. Right off, I was impressed with the construction. The garment had two weatherflaps over the zipper plus a collar that honestly sealed out drafts. A unique "dry-liner" fabric (hydrophobic on one side/hydrophillic on the other) wicked moisture away from the skin--a clever innovation that really worked. Two things did bother me; First, was the underarm Zippers (again, backed with double weather flaps) which I was certain would leak when paddling. Second was the too trim fit in the waist and arms, which precluded much layering. It was apparent that this beautifully constructed garment was better suited to waiting out rains at the All-Stars game than in paddling into the teeth of a sleezy storm while encumbered in layers of paddling gear.

Despite its shortcomings of fit, I resolved to give the Moonstone a fair test. A two year test. At the outset, I would treat the jacket no differently than my conventional raingear, meaning:

1. I would not field wash the garment.

2. When not in use, it would be stored in a nylon sack to prevent possible "pack punctures."

3. I would wear it only for rain, not for wind. After all, any garment which is worn "all the time" is bound to fail early. The idea was to see if this "Rainwear Without Compromise" stuff really worked.

In June of '89, the two year trial period will be up. To date (it is now September, '88) the parka has performed exactly as the manufacturer specified. Though it's been dry here in Minnesota, northern Canada has seen record rains. In fact, the road to Fort Smith in the Northwest Territories was washed out early this summer. And when we drove to the Burnside River (N.W.T.) in late July of this year, there was standing water all along trans Canada 1, the road to Yellowknife. Local residents said they hadn't seen rain like this for 50 years. And on the river, it rained eight of the twelve days of our trip, twice whipped by winds to 50 miles per hour. I also experienced heavy rains on my June Steel River trip, and the year before on the Fond du Lac.

I wore the Moonstone parka through it all and I'm pleased to report that while all my perspiration got out, not one drop of water got in. Time again for me to eat corw. Gore-Tex works! And, in the first 14 months of use, the test parka was washed once, last week.

In a recent rain after the washing, the jacket still refused to admit water. Even the zippered underarms kept out the wet. I'm impressed. Impressed enough to eat crow and crow loudly for this new Gore-Tex with the "Rainwear Without Compromise" tag. I recommend it to your attention.

Note: My Moonstone test parka features two ply Gore-Tex construction, which is more reliable than the single ply stuff. Nonetheless, I've seen a number of RWC single ply parkas which work well. The key is to specify the "Rainwear Without Compromise" tag, which ensures proper coverage of pockets and closures. To date, I remain "cautiously impressed" with the new Gore-Tex offerings.

By the way, I substituted Thinsulate lined Gore-Tex gloves for my venerable neoprene ones on my Arctic trip this summer. These were always warm, dry and tactile. Try them for icy spring and fall trips.

A PLEA FOR HELP

Dear Friends:

I'm working on a new book entitled BASIC ESSENTIALS OF WILDERNESS COOKING, which will be along the lines of the other three BASIC ESSENTIALS books I've written.

Most backcountry cooking books are simply a mass of recipes. I decided to do differently, by placing the emphasis on the essential gear and procedures needed to produce a quality outdoor meal quickly. Nonetheless, I do want to include a few spectacular recipes, and for this, I need your help.

If you would like to contribute a favored recipe or two, I'd love to include it. Could be a breakfast, lunch or dinner entree, or a dessert. The key is quick preparation (maximum time, 20 minutes), no more than two pots, and freeze-dried/dehydrated or minimal canned ingredients.

If I use your recipe, you'll get a credit line and free book. Deadline for recipes in February, 1989.

Thanks for your help!

Cliff Jacobson

TRADING POST

Free personal ads to MCA members

* **************************

TRADING POST ITEMS WILL BE RUN FOR TWO MONTHS
UNLESS RENEWED OR CANCELED PRECEDING PUBLICATION
****

FOR FASTEST SERVICE IN GETTING YOUR AD IN **HUT!**
SEND IT DIRECTLY TO THE EDITOR AT HIS HOME ADDRESS
****

WANTED:

12-INCH WRINGER WASHER ROLLERS. Needed for 30' Voyageur trailer. Negotiate price with MCA board, deliver to Harlan Nickerson (612) 535-1373.

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.

PEOPLE WANTED FOR BIG ISLAND RENEDEVOUS AND FESTIVAL IN ALBERT LEA, Oct 1 and 2, 1988. Woodstrips and old canvas type canoes. Encouraged to participate. FMI Harlan Nickerson, (612) 535-1373.

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

FOR SALE:

WENONAH JENSEN C1W 16' SOLO CANOE, good condition, fiberglass with foam core bottom, $300, call Jess or Mary at (612) 537-4907.

DEWALT 10" RADIAL ARM SAW AND STAND $100. Call Steve Lenhart at (612) 454-8188.

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.

GRUMMAN 18' Aluminum. Portage yoke and pads included. Very good condition, $300. Call Gary at (612) 674-7536.

JANSPORT ADJUSTABLE CHILDREN'S PACK FRAME AND BAG. Padded straps and belt like new. $25. Call Donald at (612) 483-3868.

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.

SIERRA DESIGNED DOMICILE 2 TO 3 PERSON, FOUR SEASON TENT. Seams sealed, with vestibule and complete set of both fiberglass and Easton aluminum poles. Excellent (near new) condition. $240. or best offer. Call or leave a message at (612) 588-3413, Karl Simer.

J-190 SOLO CANOE, Kevlar, immaculate. $950 or offer. Call John at (715) 597-3158 (w) or (715) 597-2233 (h).

1907 OLD TOWN, CHARLES RIVER MODEL, beautifully refurbished. Weighs 50 lbs. Make an offer. Call Curt at (612) 537-3564.

1986 WE-NO-NAH COMPETITION CRUISER, kevlar, good condition. Will sell for $800 or trade for J-200 solo racer. Call John at (414) 284-9814.

STRONGBACK AND FORMS FOR 15'6" SOLO KOOTENAY $50. Call Jerry Casey at (612) 722-8893 evenings after 6:00 p.m.

OLD TOWN 1987 16' PENOBSCOT, Foam seats & Yoke. Used once $450. OLD TOWN 1987 16' PENOBSCOT, Foam seats & yoke, never used. $545. SAWYER 18' GOLDEN GLASS CRUISER. Needs some small patching $350. Call Jim at (612) 437-4359.

THE ULTIMATE EXERCISE MACHINE. 16' recreational Dory. $200 as is; $300 with seats built to your order. Call Bob (612) 432-7557.

****

TRADING POST ITEMS MUST BE RECEIVED NO LATER
THAN THE 15TH OF THE MONTH PRECEDING PUBLICATION

****

****

HUT! AD RATES

Page Size	Monthly Cost*	Width/ Height
1/4	$20	4.7"/1.9"
1/4	$20	2.2"/3.9"
1/2	$30	4.7"/3.9"
Full	$50	4.7"/7.8"
Double page	$90	

Send photo-ready copy with payment to:
Verna Robinson
HUT! Advertising
4421 - 36th Ave. N.
Crystal, MN 55422
Make checks payable to:
MINNESOTA CANOE ASSOCIATION

ADS WILL BE PRINTED WITHOUT REDUCTION IN SIZE
ADS MUST BE RECEIVED BY THE 15TH OF THE MONTH PRECEDING PUBLICATION

*Monthly cost will be reduced by 5%, 10%, and 15% when ads are run consecutively for three, six or twelve months, respectively.

Company Name_____

Contact Name_____ Phone_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Ad size_____ No. Issues____ Payment Enclosed $_____

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.

Name: _____

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)

Racing Canoes

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

Kayaks

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

The Big Ones

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

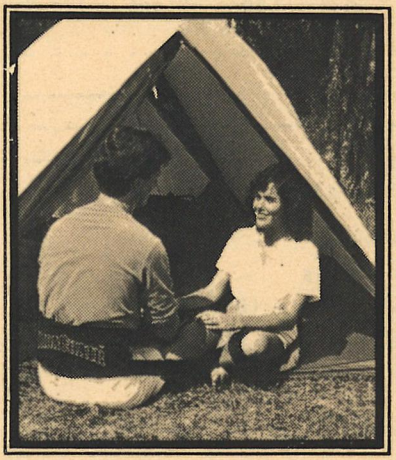
[ ] Free leaflet describing canoes (**Enclose self-addressed, stamped, business size envelope**).

Minnesota Canoe Association, Inc.
P. O. Box 13567
Dinkytown Station
Minneapolis, MN 55414

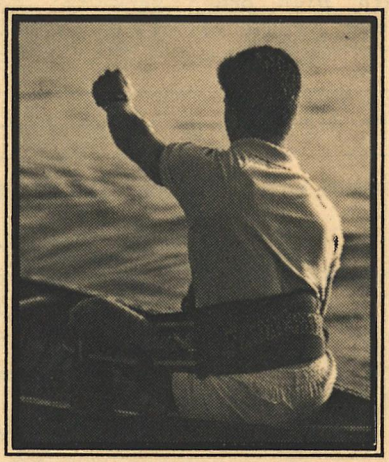
Bulk Rate
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Permit No. 615
Minneapolis, MN

NADA-CHAIR®

THE WORLD'S
FIRST FRAMELESS CHAIR



TENT CHAIR



CANOE BACKREST

• BOATING • FISHING • CAMPING • PACKING •
CANOE BACKREST • TENT CHAIR • WEIGHS ONLY OUNCES
• ONE SIZE FITS ALL • PRACTICALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE •

1 NADA-CHAIR for only $30 • 2 NADA-CHAIRS for only $55

Send check or money order to:
NADA-CHAIR, 842 22nd Ave. S.E., Mpls., MN 55414
For Visa or Mastercard orders call: 612-623-4436