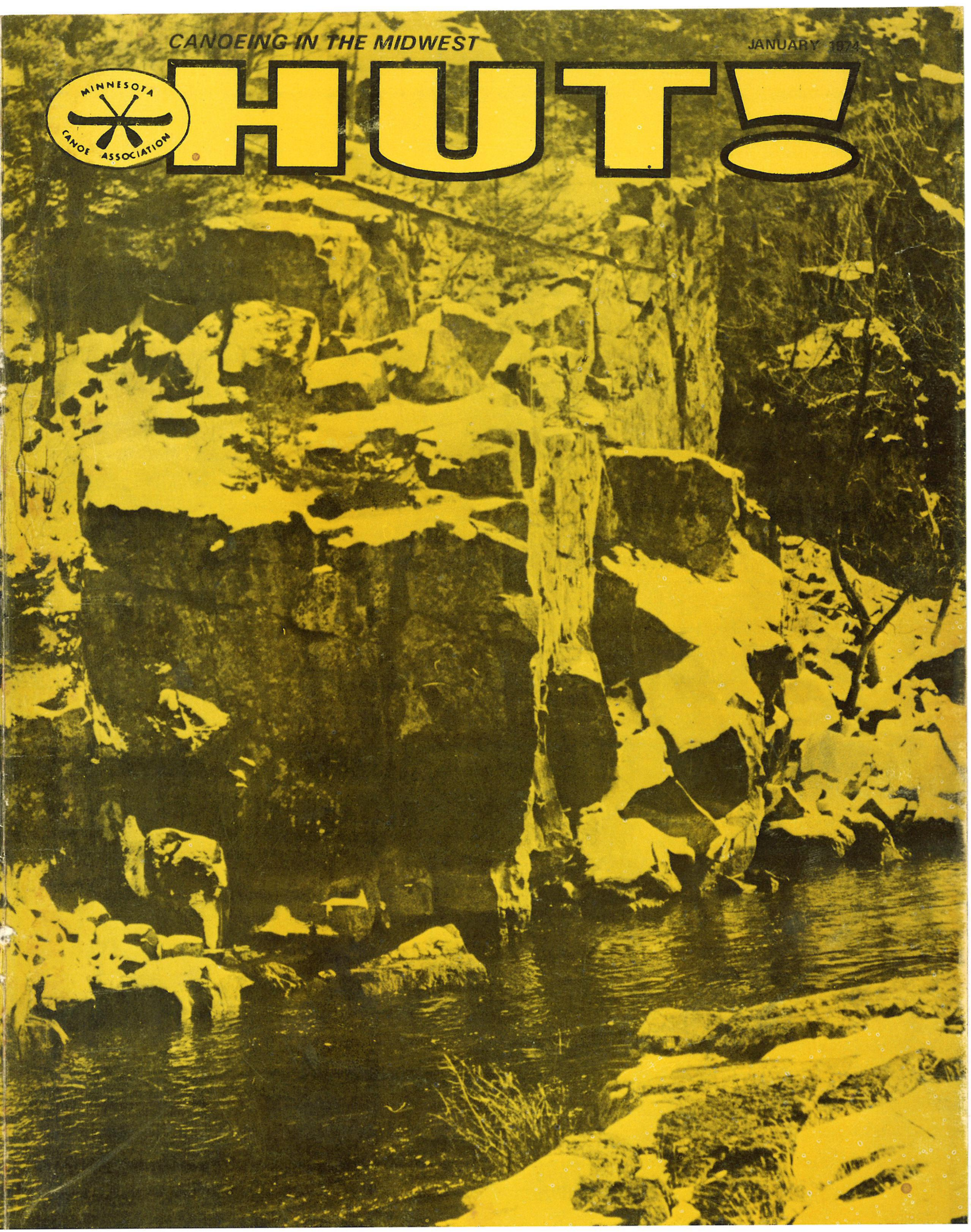
CANOEING IN THE MIDWEST

JANUARY 1974

MINNESOTA CANOE ASSOCIATION

HUT!



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HUT! Magazine is published every other month starting in January by the Minnesota Canoe Association, Inc. a nonprofit organization, and is distributed to more than 1800 members, and numerous friends of the MCA across the nation. Our purpose is to distribute information about canoe sports and canoe camping, to preserve and promote wild rivers, to effect conservation of canoeable waterways, and to encourage canoeing as family recreation.

Pictures (glossies), cartoons, art work, announcements, letters, and articles of all kinds which serve to promote the purposes of the MCA are cordially invited. Contributions should be typewritten, preferably double-spaced, and should be in the hands of the editor by the 5TH DAY OF THE PREVIOUS MONTH, AD COPY BY THE 17TH. We regret that only token compensation can be paid for photographs, and that no compensation can be paid for literary copy, however, byline credit will be extended to all contributions. Contributions cannot be acknowledged and will be returned — usually within eight weeks — ONLY when requested and accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please DO NOT send documents. Address: HUT! 5804 Tracy Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. 55436.

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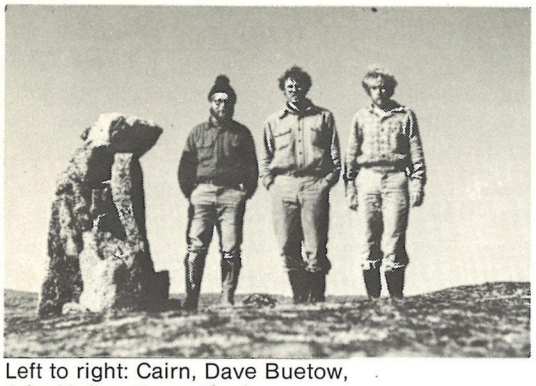
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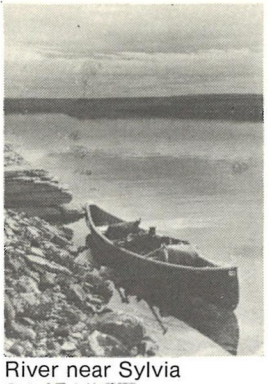
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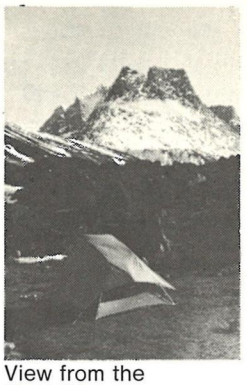


Left to right: Cairn, Dave Buetow, John Verby, Bruce Koci





River near Sylvia Grinnel Lake



View from the front door

Baffin Island

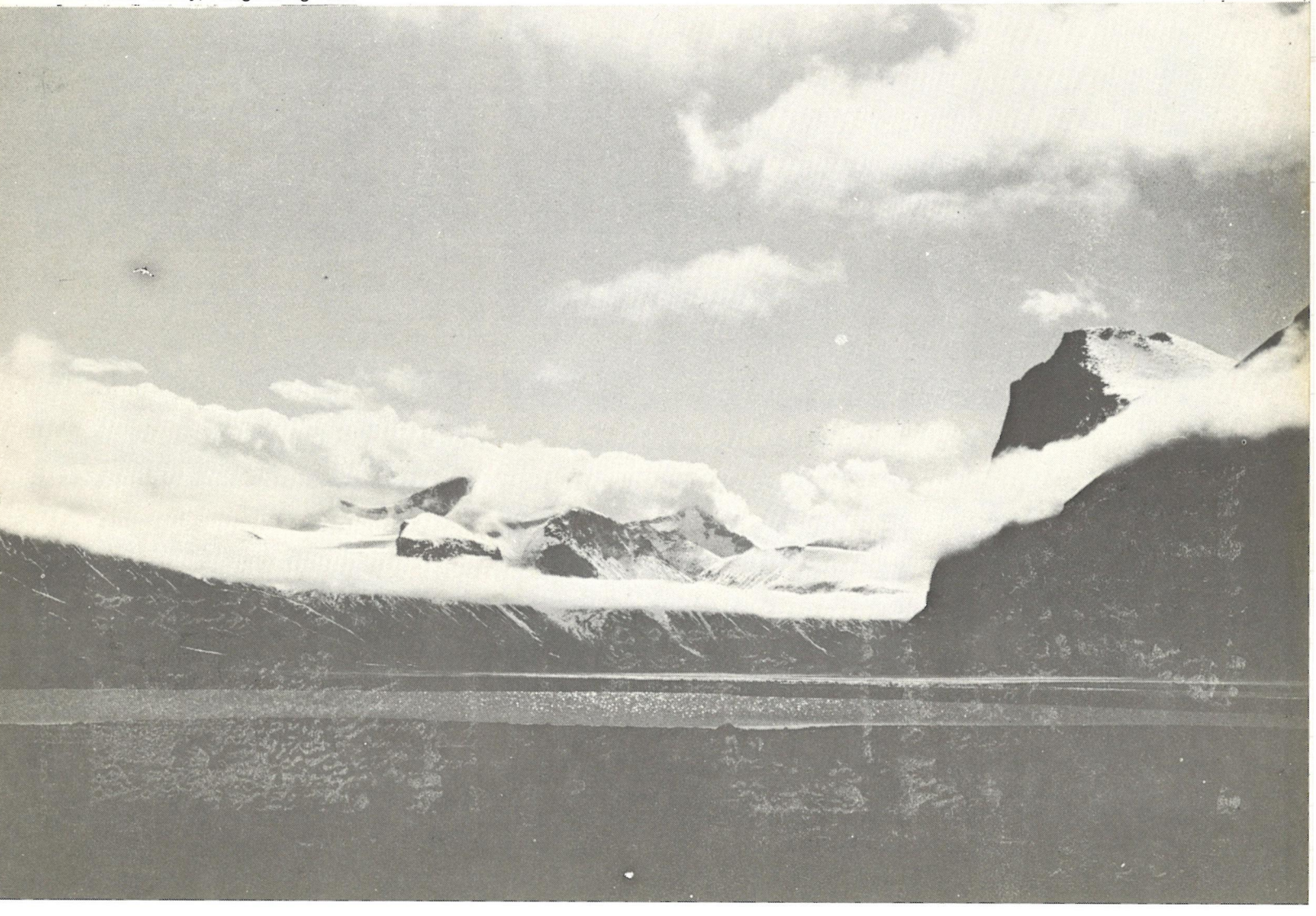
—by Bruce Koci
Photos by Bruce Koci

Baffin Island is a rare and exotic paradise lying 1400 miles north of Montreal, Canada.

Travel to the Eastern Arctic these days is almost too easy with the advent of the jet. A mere three hours at 35,000 feet munching on succulent goodies and partaking of other refreshment, and quite suddenly we are there – stepping into a treeless land, which, at first encounter seems harsh, cold, and big.

Frobisher Bay at the southern end

Owl River Valley, Pangnirtang Pass



of the island is the hub of transportation and the largest settlement in the Eastern Arctic, having 2,500 people. It is from here that most trips anywhere originate being whisked to their destination by one of Nordair's Blue Tail Flights.

This was the second year we have attempted a journey from Pangnirtung to Frobisher Bay by canoe, going by way of an inland route used often by Eskimos in times long past, but traveled only once before by 20th century critters.

The summer before last, John Verby and myself had a go at this idea but ended up taking a three week walk in the mountains near Pangnirtung when winter did not release its icy grip. Canoes don't go very fast through five feet of ice.

The time spent was certainly not wasted since the area around Pangnirtung (no relation to what your mouth feels like after eating Pizza) contains some of the most spectacular scenery anywhere. It is for this reason that Canada has set aside 8,000 square miles of this part of Baffin Island, as a national park. Mountains rise to 7,000 feet out of the sea with spectacular U-shaped valleys gouged out by glaciers in eons past cutting passes through the highlands. Reactions upon seeing this place for the first time are those of complete disbelief. Even after several weeks, each morning begins with the same feeling of "Am I really here!"

The frustation of not even getting our paddle wet turned into a vow to return in hopes that the next year would be more kind. So last summer three of us returned (there's security in numbers) with our 18-foot Chestnut canoe for another try beginning August 1, 1973.

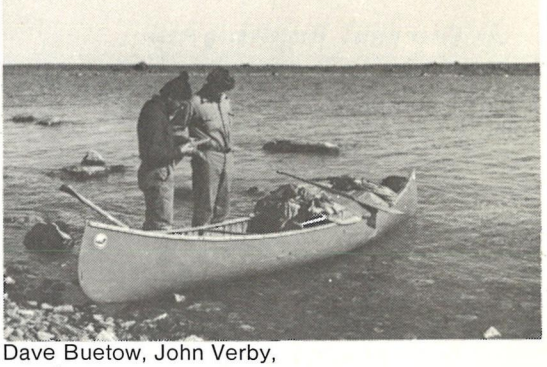
We were all greatly relieved to see that Cumberland Sound was merely full of ice chunks rather than a solid sheet of ice. Most of the chunks were about house size with the biggest being grounded in 2,000 feet of water, projecting 300 feet above the surface. This of course did not bother us until we journeyed out into them.

The ocean in this part of the world has 25-foot tides which cause rapids anywhere a shallow area exists. Rapids is an exaggeration since this is merely fast water; but, none the less, it boils around points and rocks with a power I have not felt even on the largest rivers. This is where those great ice chunks clash together and would surely squish our canoe and us should we be negligent.

Given this situation, we thought it best and quickest to journey with the Eskimos and their kicker powered canoes. This turned into a 4-day mass migration playing cat and mouse with the ice the whole time. Fortunately the weather was calm and sunny allowing tidal action to open leads through which passage was possible. This 4-day part of our journey



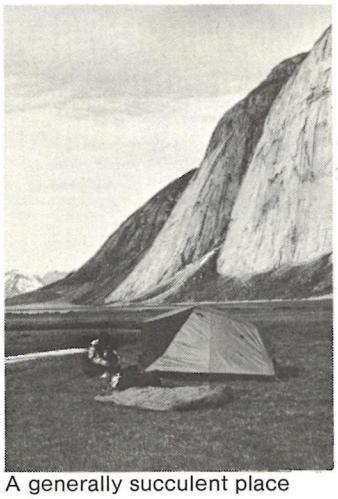
Pangnirtang Pass



Dave Buetow, John Verby,



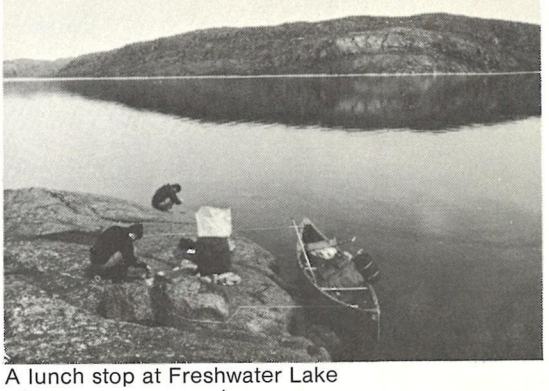
Going up the Anaduak



A generally succulent place



Mount Asgard



A lunch stop at Freshwater Lake

was one of the highlights of the trip. Living with the Eskimos and on the ocean both were almost too much to expect of one trip.

Cold water to me has taken on a new perspective. Fresh water running out over the salt water would freeze solid forming a crust about ¼ inch thick, which the big canoes broke with ease. A 20-hp motor is very nice in such situations.

Travel is stopped when the gas tank goes dry. We merely pulled up to the nearest ice floe, tied the boats and stepped out onto it. Coming from Minnesota this seemed wierd until I looked into the water. Seeing 10 feet of ice beneath, I felt quite secure. Just think, our own floating island complete with freshwater pool from which water was drawn for tea.

At low tide, travel is stopped on a rock point allowing the canoes to become drydocked as the ocean receeds. More tea and a few hours sleep until the sea refloats the canoes allowing continuation of the journey west to the head of the sound.

I thought we were efficient at breaking camp until we watched the Eskimo families prepare for their migration. A whole family plus a summer's supply of goods, tents, everything taken apart and loaded into the cane about as fast as we, who were supposedly equipped to travel, were able to accomplish the task.

At one point we had to go under a grounded ice chunk near a cliff which about blew our minds since these things were collapsing everywhere sending tons of ice crashing seaward. Fortunately we did not become a canoe sized martini on the rocks.

It was shortly after this that all traces of ice disappeared and we completed our 4-day crossing to the beginning of our trip inland.

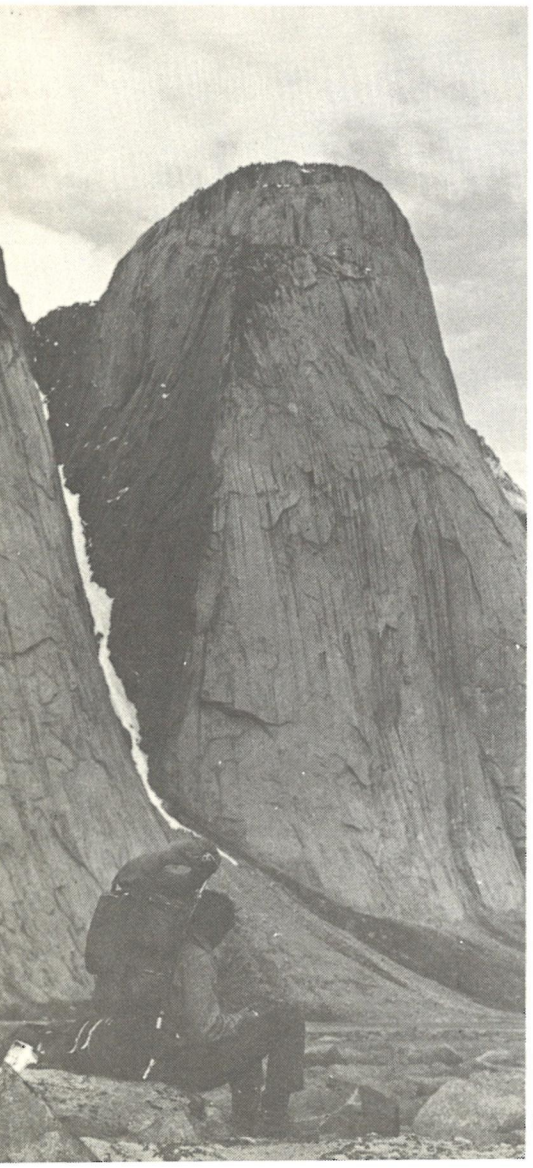
The area at the head of Cumberland Sound is the most barren I have seen to date. Lichens have barely begun to grow on this great expanse of polished granite. I thought that the moon must look something like that.

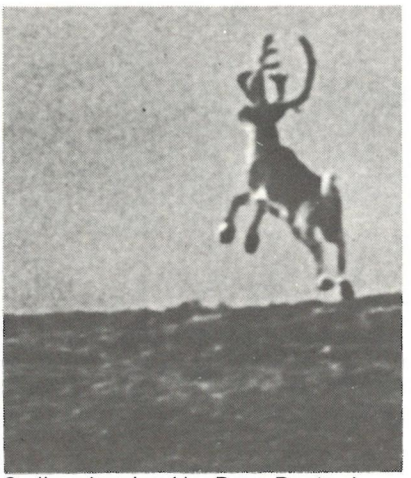
Freshwater Lake is blue, unlike other lakes in the tundra which are green. The deep blue of its waters, its mirror like surface, and candle ice, making strange music as we pushed through, gave me the feeling that we were treading somewhere we should not be. It seemed that such delicate beauty would be defiled by merely gazing at it.

We traveled a few days through inland lakes before once again coming out on the ocean which would take us close to Nettling Lake. Jelly Fish, Shrimp, Plankton, and general richness seemed quite out of place near such sterile land, but it is the sea that gives life to the Eskimos here.

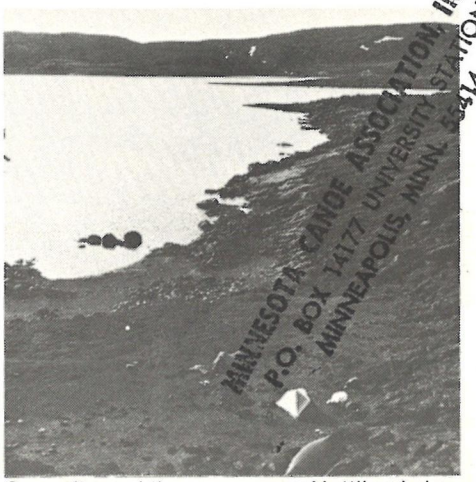
Nettling Lake as expected had pans

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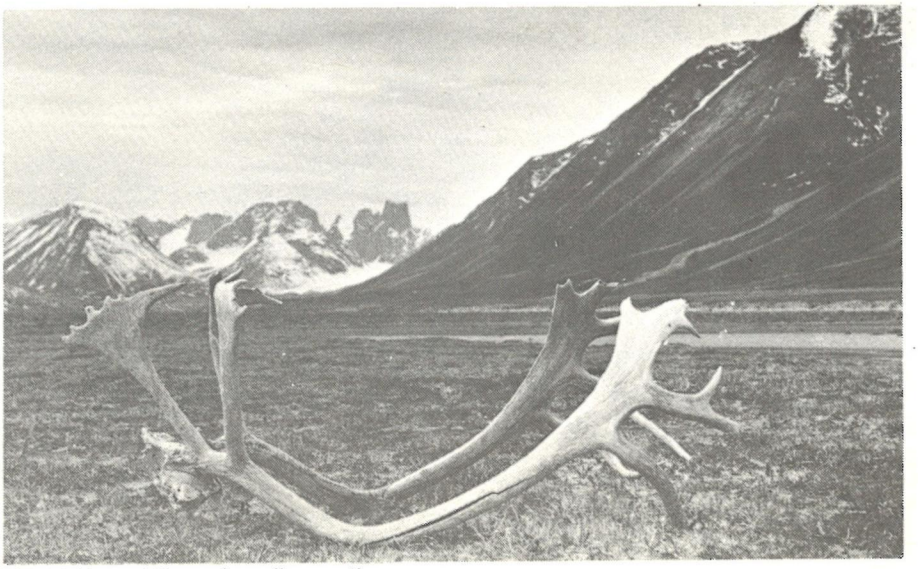




Caribou leaping (by Dave Buetow)



Campsite and the ocean near Nettling Lake



Mount Hsgard through caribou antlers

Unnamed peaks in Pangnirtung Pass—peaks are nearly 2 miles away

of ice pushed against the shore everywhere. Mirages create a lot of false ice impressions and in general mess up navigation since the relief in these parts is about 20 feet, in complete contrast to the mountains east. A pretty fast transision in 100 miles.

The Great Plain of the Kokuduak (Great River) lies along the west shore of this rather large lake. This area is sandy and wet with many shallow ponds and lush tundra making it a sort of Serengeti of the North.

Caribou in small bands dot the horizon. In a way they are very much like cows, and, after a while, we could imagine we were in South Dakota. That may seem a bit strange but the Caribou act a lot like cattle, munching on succulent lichens, sedges, and willows, lying about in the afternoon sun and in general appearing quite lazy. They were as curious about us as we were about them. By talking to them we could get them to come close for a look at these wierd two-legged critters. If they chose to run off, many would leap into the air apparently for a look around before trotting away.

On August 18 we turned south being blocked by a pan of ice covering the northern half of the lake. This once again reinforced my growing feeling that the Western Arctic is the Banana Belt.

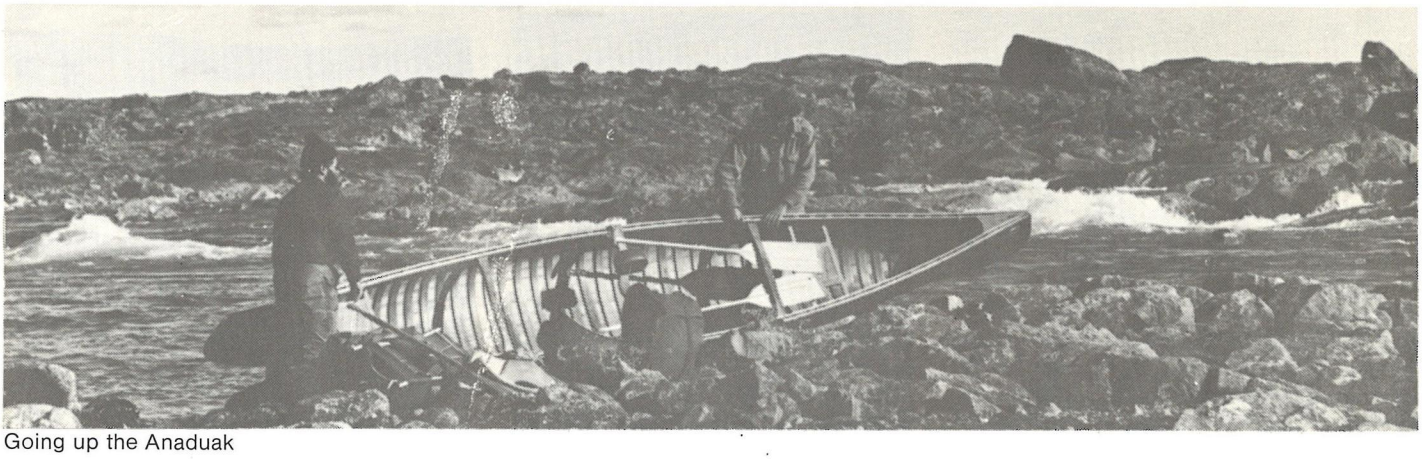
To the South a great river called the Amaduak runs into Nettling Lake. This river is as large as any of the big three in the Western Arctic dropping about 300 feet in 50 miles. We of course were going upstream (I offer no explanation). This took us six days but the beauty of this river flowing through faults in the granite was beyond our wildest dreams.

Amaduak Lake remained a mirror for three days while we crossed it, a complete contrast to the winds and rain we experienced on the river. Sun, general warmth, and benevolence held each of us spellbound.

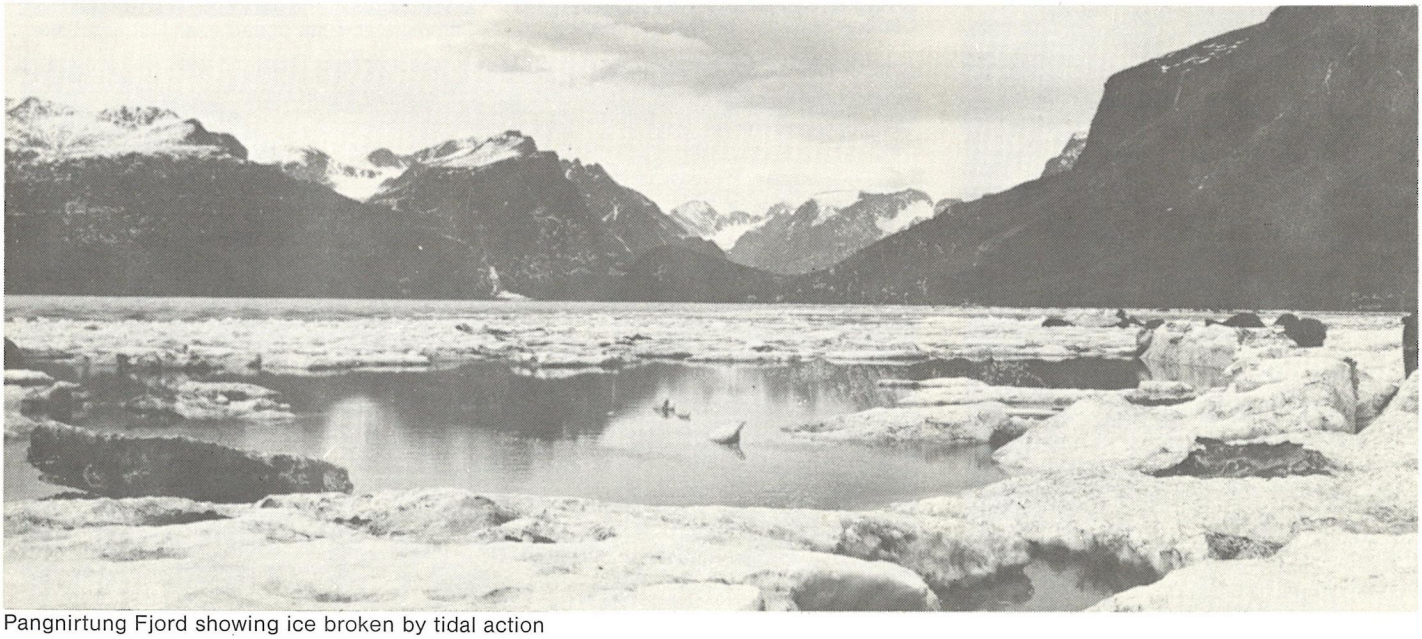
Finally the last of the big water was finished off along with the short unnamed rivers leading up to Sylvia Grinnell Lake. All this went well, then our arrival at the lake was met with a three and a half day storm. We had rain, snow, wind and general gloom. After Amaduak, being windbound on a six-mile lake was complete humiliation.

Eventually the storm subsided and we departed with snow on the surrounding mountains for a final journey down the last river toward Frobisher Bay.

The autumn tundra with all its reds and golds combined with the general succulence of the river valley left all of us with a good feeling as we walked into Frobisher Bay completing our journey at the garbage dump. Re-introduction to the 20th century with its problems and comforts.



Going up the Anaduak



Pangnirtung Fjord showing ice broken by tidal action

If you can't canoe it... SKI IT!



–by Bob O'Hara, Jr.
photos by Bob O'Hara

In years past as the deep dark nights of winter set in around me, I felt mild frustration at not being able to toss my canoe into the Minneapolis lake chain and go for a casual evening paddle. That's the way it was in the past; but now it's a whole new game, or should I say sport. Now I just pack myself off, skis in hand, and go for a very relaxing tour. Yes, right here in the heart of Scandinavia, New World Style, is the revival of that ancient art of ski touring. Being too young to know why, but simply guessing, it was probably the isolation of the depression, the war, and the slow economy that made skiing equipment either hard to get or a super luxury. Today that is over and the price is right. It is the only winter activity that I know of that resembles the work, feeling, and independence of canoeing.

It's rather strange that we haven't had an article in HUT! about how to make your own skis. With all our canoe building talent and paddle makers, I would think the challenge of ski production would be an off season activity for these molders of wood. Who knows, maybe next year we can sponsor two building shows, one for skis, the other for canoes.

Now that I've taken up the sport in the past few years, I find that I'm always looking for a new area or a greater challenge. As I tire of doing the same river, so goes it for skiing the same golf course. It doesn't take too much imagination to locate a good ski touring site. Furthermore you don't need a bail bucket, inflated inner tube, spare paddle, life jacket or car shuttle. Any open space is a ski area, either flat or hilly.

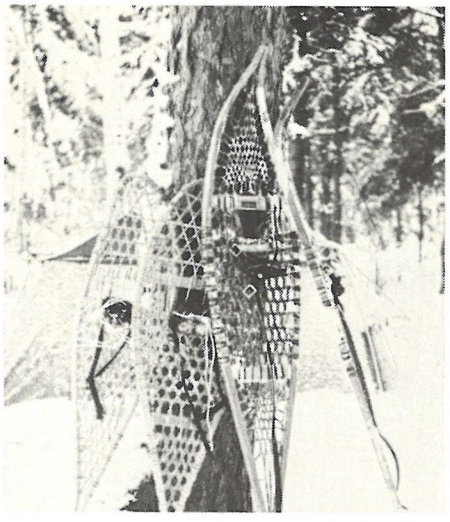
If you are a beginner, I suggest you stay with a rather mild course. I would highly recommend a golf course. First off they are close, easy on the gas, and all public courses are free and open to everyone. Many private courses are open to the neighbors and of course members. The second reason for a golf course is that the gently rolling terrain is a good learning course. Every facet of skiing is presented. The third reason, and this is especially true in early and late season, is that there is little or no chance to damage your skis. However, we must respect the summer user, the golfer (usually not a canoer) and stay *OFF THE GREENS!*. The next step up in organized touring in the metro area would be our county parks, especially Hennepin County. Many of the parks are outside Hennepin County, but are owned

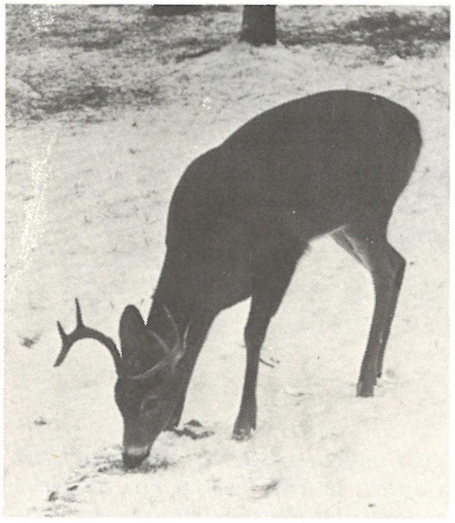
and operated by the County. Parks like Morris T. Baker, Rebecca, Hyland, Carver, and Elm Creek all have marked trails. The settings have more wilderness than a golf course, and you may have a good opportunity of seeing wildlife. The trails are maintained only for touring so you avoid the snow machine hassle. Most of the parks have two or more trails of varying length, usually starting and ending at the same point. Some of the Parks have retained old barns and provide a convenient spot for lunch with firewood and an old stove. Really a cozy way to enjoy cheese, crackers and hot soup, not to forget the fruitcake. The only charge is a parking fee, not always collected. Snow is a real requirement for the park trails, if not sufficient, you will really scratch your bottoms.

Other great spots in the metro area would be the North Star Ski Touring Club (made up of lots of MCA members) trails at Jonathan. The club has a house named after Norm Oakvik, with limited parking. Parking is best at Jonathan itself. The trails are open and run through a wooded and hilly area. Also close by and a really great place is the arboretum, managed by The University of Minnesota. The lake chains of both Minneapolis and St. Paul are great places not to forget the river bottoms or Minnehaha Park. Really a multitude of opportunity right here at home.

For more ski areas simply get out your canoe trails book and follow any of the listed rivers. You can shuttle if you desire or simply make a loop back to the car. Some of the really nice ones are the Cannor, St. Croix, Kettle, Minnesota, and St. Louis. In looking at the entire State there is really no place where one can't tour. The opportunities do differ though with time and location. Our western prairie land is flat and wind blown. It takes a good snow or two, to cover, but the real determiner of ski ability is the wind. Cold days and wind makes for lots of wind chill, sometimes too great in an open area. Also with little forested land, a few warm sunny days can present some difficult snow conditions. The ski season on the prairie is not as long, and the snow goes rather quickly in the Spring unless we get one of those famous Minnesota freak blizzards that hit in the southwest and pile the drifts higher than the house top.

The northern and especially eastern part of our state, the land of rock and water, can often be a better canoe area than ski area. With the multitude of rock and dead falls, it takes a good snow cover and then a few warm days to crust it over so you can ski on top. The better skiing for our north country is from February on. Due to the protection from trees the snow does not drift or melt like the prairies. The more northern location also means a longer snow season in the Spring. Even though there is often snow in early November it usually is not of sufficient depth. The lakes make for good passage ways, and you don't have to worry about rocks. In some given years the snow comes before much ice is made and pushes the ice down allowing water to run on top of the ice and under the snow. We call this slush and it is terrible to ski on. If you are traveling any distance to ski our northern areas, I suggest you wait until late January. If you are out of snow in March, then head north, especially along the North Shore and towards Grand Marais.







The Mississippi and Minnesota River valley areas of the state offer excellent opportunities to ski. It is a mixture of the abundant snow of the north, the rock free land of the prairie and the heart of the deciduous forest in Minnesota. From the hills of Whitewater Park, to the majestic trees of Itasca, the skiing is great. Many of our State Parks are located in this zone and most are open to skiing and some to camping. A few parks will have heavy snow machine traffic while others are closed for skiers only. In almost every major town around the state summer campers, canoers, backpackers, 10-speed cyclists, and hikers are forming organized or ad hoc groups to go touring. Many of these groups have laid out trails especially designed for ski touring. So if you live in Bemidji, Duluth, Grand Marais, Mpls.-St. Paul, Coon Rapids, Owatonna, Fargo and many others take advantage of the fellowship offered by these various ski groups. Of further interest is a nice little book, just published, in soft cover by two Minnesotans. It is similar to the popular River Trail Guides.

Its title: *Ski Minnesota* A Cross-Country Skier's Guide to Minnesota and Western Wisconsin. It is by Gary Noren and Dwight Olsen in cooperation with the North Star Ski Touring Club. Sells for $2.75 in all Ski Stores.

For those who like a little challenge there are many races around the state. They have classes for men and women, and some are intended for real racers, while others are for a tour with a time. The better ones are the VJC from Victoria to Jonathan in February, a race at Bunker Hills golf course in Coon Rapids, a race with the St. Paul Winter Carnival, one at Telemark (25 miles), and others in many more places. These are usually publicized in the local press. If you don't race for speed at least come out and tour for time. Everyone who finishes gets some form of pin or medal.

You will have to adjust to some new terms also. Instead of the usual command of HUT! you have to react to the sound of TRACK!. This means please move over and out of the track so I may pass. It's a fun world, one of relaxation while working, one of adventure, one of beauty. It's great to tour alone, free from the crowd or to enjoy and share the friendship and hot wine of fellow skiers. One of the greatest (but keep it a secret) is that the State has not yet figured out a way to license skis, so we are home free, with one of the few unencumbered sports. Enjoy your winter, and revisit the old canoe haunts, with a ski tour.

MCA replies to forest service proposed management plan for BWCA

–by Al Buchholz

The U. S. Forest Service released in August the long awaited plan for northern Minnesota's Boundary Waters Canoe Area. This plan was the result of an 18-month study by the Forest Service and a series of meetings with users of the BWCA, local residents, and interested organizations. Representatives of the MCA played an active part in these meetings. An environmental impact statement was also released with the proposed plan. The plan covers 17 administrative and management aspects for the BWCA. Important actions in the plan include:

- The addition of 150,000 acres presently in the Portal Zone to the Interior Zone as specified in the Secretary of Agriculture's regulation of 1965 called for by the Wilderness Act.
- Continuation of commercial logging in the Portal Zone.
- Prohibition of mineral exploration and extraction. This resulted from the successful lawsuit brought by the Izaac Walton League and strongly supported by the MCA.
- Limitation of motor sizes on watercraft to 10 horsepower.
- Continuation of the use of snowmobiles on 21 designated routes until 1980. After 1980 they will only be allowed on two routes to Canada.
- Initiation of a visitor regulation and distribution plan in 1975. Travel permits will continue to be required. The "can ban" and party of 10 rules will continue. Maximum length of stay at a commercial campsite will be 14 days.
- Continuation of the present ban on the taking of timber wolves.
- Protection of endangered, rare, or unique species of wildlife while continuing to provide for hunting and fishing of legal game species.
- Continued allowance of mechanized portages at six points but under increased regulation.
- Identification of areas unique for scientific purposes. Regulation of research of these and establishment of a committee to screen reserch proposals.

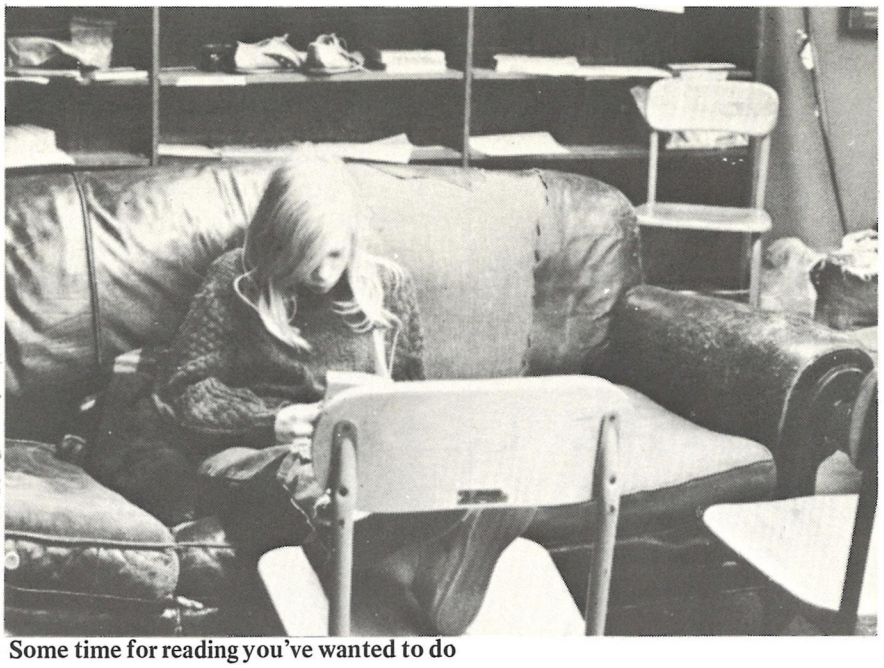
Each of the 17 aspects of BWCA management and administration are treated separately in the plan. In each section of the plan, the current situation was described and assumptions made concerning the future. A management direction was stated followed by definite policy recommendations. The MCA response to the proposed plan dealt with each of these sections on an individual basis. Our overall response was general agreement, but we felt that there are several areas of the plan that should be strengthened. Additionally, we observed rather unclear and often conflicting statements in the management direction and policy sections of several of the aspects. Our basic comments are that we feel that the BWCA should be managed as a true wilderness with as little change or influence by man as possible. Highlights of the MCA response include:

- We agree with the Forest Service plans to protect against soil deterioration and erosion.
- In agreement with previous MCA statements, we prefer to see all logging dams allowed to deteriorate if they do not present long term adverse affects to local or downstream areas.
- We agree strongly with the present ban of mineral exploration and extraction.
- We disagree with the selling of new timber sales in the Portal Zone as these are inconsistent with management as a wilderness area. We feel present holders of timber sales should be given equally valuable sales outside the BWCA in exchange for theirs in the Portal Zone.
- We agree with plans for wildlife and fish management.
- We suggest limiting motor sizes to a single five horsepower motor per boat for lakes within the BWCA. (Border lakes are regulated by U.S.-Canada agreement and do not appear to be covered.)
- We support the ban on snowmobiles except along the two winter access routes to Canada and suggested that this be enforced by January 1, 1975.
- We suggested major revisions on the section on insects and disease. These include the use of biodegradable chemicals, prohibition of spraying of campsites, portages, and hiking trails, as well as over lakes and streams.
- We agree with prevention and control of man-caused wildfires. The long term MCA support of the use of *prescribed* burning as a management tool was re-emphasized.
- We support most of the policies of land use operation, special permits and reserved rights. We feel no permits for mechanized portages should be renewed and all vehicles and equipment removed after the existing permits have expired.

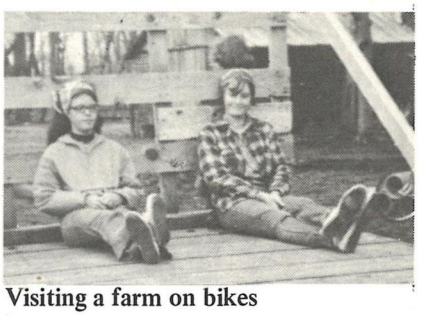
The consensus of the MCA Conservation Committee was that the BWCA be managed as a wilderness area with as little influence by man as possible. We strongly support the multiple use concept of logging, motors, recreational uses, etc., for areas of the Superior National Forest *outside* of the BWCA.

A. C. Buchholz
Chairman





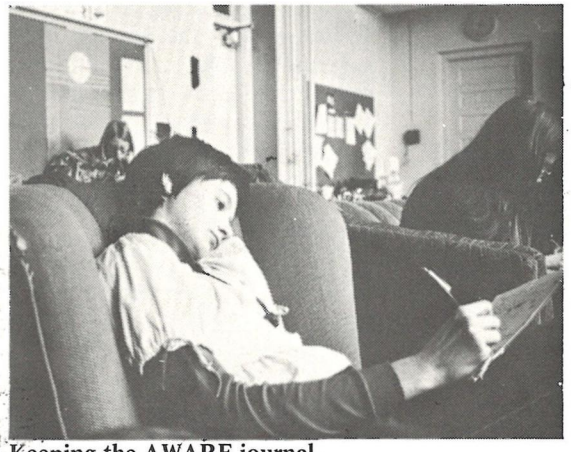
Some time for reading you've wanted to do



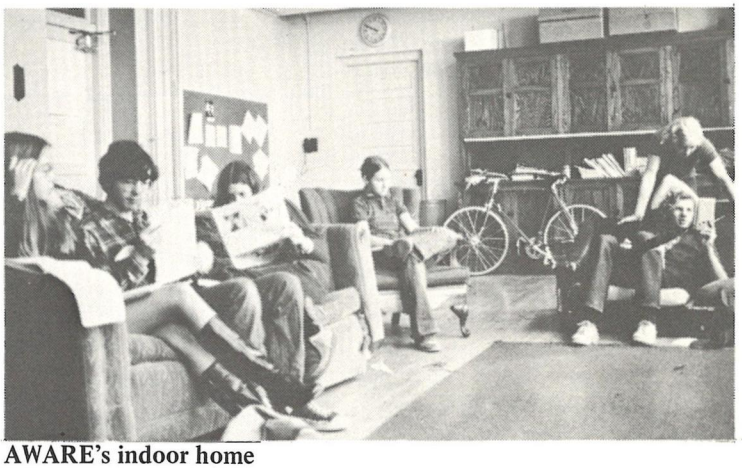
Visiting a farm on bikes



An unplanned rest stop



Keeping the AWARE journal



AWARE's indoor home

PROJECT AWARE

by Bob Waggoner

photos by Bob Waggoner

Project AWARE is a course offered at Marshall-University High School through Southeast Alternatives, which in turn is funded by the Experimental Schools Program of the U. S. Dept. of Education. It is available to students in grades 9-12, and these students spend their school day together, except as independent study requires, for 12 weeks.

A fire is a very odd thing if you think about it.
I tend not to think about fires.
But it occurs to me that they are magical.
Matt Seltzer

The weather was perfect, and the first BWCA bug hadn't hatched yet, It seemed like the ideal time to set up camp for a couple days, since a number of us were hoping to do a solo night on an island and some extensive exploring. Half of us chose an island near the south end of Ester Lake, and the rest went just through the narrows

whatever. Often, the combination of the unstructured setting and the academic expectations promoted personal expression, both of interests, and creativity. Rich's poem, for example:

and around the corner into Hanson. Both sites offered a good place for a dip, so it wasn't long before everyone was splashing around and cooling off their sunburns.

It was the fourth day of our 8 day trip and was the final outing of our 12 weeks together in Spring Project AWARE. It had gone too fast. As with the whole quarter, time semed to speed by when we were absorbed. Yet, at the same time, probably the most notable thing about the quarter had been its unhurried feeling. There was always time; time in the classroom for discussions to freely follow their own course; time to read; time to invest in the building of close friendships. Our personal studies hadn't always gotten their fair share of time though; the unpressure was such a new thing, most of us just wanted to bask in it. The teachers, too, often preferred simply the sharing of their thoughts to the organizing of their next offering to the students. Perhaps they suspected that learning is best when it is not so obviously labeled.

But there are expectations, probably more humanistic than academic. On the outings, for example, situations often arise that are physically demanding and others that are uncomfortable for other reasons. Like making decisions amid a diversity of opinion. In both cases, and many others, a cooperative spirit, and the expectation that things would work out made it so. None of us will ever forget the afternoon on the bike trip when we decided that we didn't want to haul groceries for both supper and the next morning's breakfast. We were still 5 miles from camp, and it wasn't supposed to be far to get food in the morning. What we found out was that it was 17 miles of pedaling to the next community, all of which turned out to be against a stiff wind, puncuated by occasional cloudbursts. We were all weak from exhaustion and hunger when we finally straggled into Hancock about noon. But, as AWARE luck would have it, the community quickly befriended us and made available their village hall so we could prepare a hot meal, and it was a MEAL!

Rural Minnesota, encountered on bicycles, has been a new experience for a lot of us; and we have all been inspired by its hospitality. The farm visits, the local newspaper interviews, the offering of housing in face of bad weather; all have been characterized by a sincere concern and friendliness – a noticeably rarer commodity back in the city.

Actually though, we spent most of our time together back in the city. The classroom has offered a wide variety of topics, all related in some way to our environment. We had disucssions on everything from ecology to American Indian philosophy to the roles of men and women in society. And of course there were the quarter projects. Some people did wild things like plan a model city or study medieval music. Others made snowshoes, took pictures, sewed a sleeping bag, or the combination of the unstructured setting and the academic expectations promoted personal expression, both of interests, and creativity. Rich's poem, for example:

THIS RIVER

The winds rise up
as the sweet rain
kisses life
into the dry breasts of the land
The birds fly thru the clouds
dodging droplets
towards the sun
A deep green emerges
from within the heart of all things
Clean
Fresh
Pure
Tears of Joy
from the Holy One
form this river
It flows thru all time
and knows
and sees
and is
everything
We are reflected within it
It is but a reflection of us
Follow this river downstream
Take one trip
round
the
eternal
spiral
Born in the highlands
It rolls to the sea
playing beneath the trees
dancing
between
the
rocks.
This river is young
Many four legged friends
come to taste its innocence
It is the centre
the soul
The sun rises from the
heart of this stream
beating with each
reflecting wave
This child of the night rain
sings songs of Joy
that echo
thru the moonlite
We can walk
alone
along these banks
Whistling the wind
between the stars
Song of soul
Song of life
We came down from the hills
from the mountain peaks
to dance in the valley daydreams
The truth shines from above
My ego melts into this stream
and runs back
down to the
clouds
This river slowly
rolls thru
town
after
town
without hope
without friends
unable to unfold its childhood secrets
to but a select few who know the voic
of the waves
lost
in a
progressive world
or ritual rites
performed
to computer gods
This river runs
as the Red Man's blood
Poisoned
and Polluted
by the civilized whites
Filth poured in at every turn
The young stream becomes a river
forced to eat the realities
of waste and greed
This river quickly matures
to the white standard of
lifelessness
This river
stumbles to the sea
moors to the sea
cries to the sea
dies
to the sea
The sea of dreams
The ocean of peace
This river
This river
This river glows within you
This river is a waterfalling
rainbow
of
la
that
flows
from your mi
thru your heart
to the pool of your soul
Cleanse this river
with the harmony
of the
One

–rich goldstein

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AWARE has left things to be desired; often different things for different people: not enough classroom structure or too much physical challenge, not enough time for solitude or too much reading. But it has offered all of us new thoughts and new experiences. And it seems to have given us all a feeling of closeness; not only to one another, but to ourselves–and to the earth.



CHARLIE

by Norris Van Gelderen

Norris Van Gelderen, our man in Miami, lost a close friend about seven months ago. We asked him then if he would care to write about Charlie. But it was too soon, Norris said, to sort out his thoughts. But now time has not only softened the grief but in a way brought him back.



It's been just six months since my brown dog, Charlie Brown, went to the happy hunting grounds. There will never be another like him.

What brought Charlie to mind was noticing the two little pannikins, that hang on nails above my work bench. One was for him and the other for me. They frequently got mixed up so there wasn't really any difference. The pannikins, now covered with spider webs, were for sharing cold water on our many trips in the bay.

Though Charlie Brown was a mixed breed, part boxer and part terrier, I have a feeling that he might have been a river boat captain in a previous incarnation because he could really read the water. The only thing was he hated whisky and playing cards.

Charlie would look with cold disdain at anyone with liquor on their breath. And if by chance he saw any playing cards within reach Charlie would chew them up.

Charlie could read my mind as well as he could read the water. All I had to do was to "think" about going fishing and he was at my heels. How he loved to jump into my 18-foot canoe and ride with his forefeet on its short deck. If I took out a rental skiff and used an outboard, he'd ride its deck with his ears flapping in the wind.

He had good sea legs but was smart enough to get down off the bow when the going got rough. If he considered that we had ventured too far out to sea, he would come back to me at the outboard, or at the helm if I was sailing the canoe, and put his paws on my shoulders, look soulfully into my eyes and then towards shore. I never failed to heed the message.

Charlie approved when I caught a fish, wagging his tail in applause, except if it was a big one. At the whoppers, he'd growl until they quieted down. I suppose he regarded the big catches as some sort of threat to the boat and us.

And always we had a ritual of a pannikin a piece of cold water from the thermos jug. There is nothing quite so good as a cold drink of freshwater on a hot day on the bay--two land creatures on an alien immensity of salt water.

Charlie loved best to go along with me on fresh water trips out in the back country. But there I often had to keep him on a leash. He never tried to swim in salt water but would plunge into every freshwater canal, creek, or pond in the state if he were unrestrained. Some 40 pounds of dog swimming where his fisherman-master is trying to lay out a popping bug is not conducive to good bass fishing.

It wasn't until he decided that shore fishing for bream using worms was something he liked to participate in that he quieted down. Especially when given the added responsibility of having to watch his own cane pole. The only trouble was that when they were biting good it kept me busy baiting his hook and removing the ones he caught.

Also Charlie never could understand why alligators found him attractive. Once I tied him to a tree near shore. I had wondered off a 100 feet or so trying to learn the fine art of flycasting when I heard him whinning his "come on, let's get acquainted" whine. A big alligator was coming in to do just that. He was even reluctant to leave after I bounced a couple of rocks off his head. Finally I decided to put Charlie in the back of the car for his safety.

Charlie was a loyal, devoted, and a brave companion. Yes, those old pannikins revived many memories of a fisherman and his dog.

Norris sends much of his material in the form of letters. In addition to the piece about Charlie Brown, he took the opportunity to let us know how he felt about something else. We doubt if any of us will find it difficult to share his feelings.

Apparently this will go down in history as the beginning of the "Age of Scarcity". The latest furor being the fact we're "head over heels" in a fuel crisis. For me that is somewhat hard to believe unless it was contrived.

For years, we have been told that one of the important advantages of the big corporations was their planning 25 to 50 years ahead and the efficiency of their system analysis. Yet all of a sudden, with no advance notice, we are told we have an energy crisis.

One day they are hell-bent on getting us to buy and use more, and the next we are supposed to cut back.

It does seem strange, too, that our prescient leaders could prodigally squander our gas, energy and non-renewable resources in a 12 year senseless war without shortages while, here at home, our gasolene service stations continuously having price wars; and our energy crisis develops after the drain of war is over!

There is the smell of an economic Watergate here, a crisis as a cover up for sharply hiking prices, getting the Alaskan pipeline and relief from the costs of pollution controls.

On a brighter side of this energy crisis there are many ways all this may be good – that is if this is what it takes for people to be getting back to themselves and revive that old frontier spirit – "By God, if I can't make it we'll do with out it." All of which goes toward creating a robust soul, a spirit of making the best of what we've got.

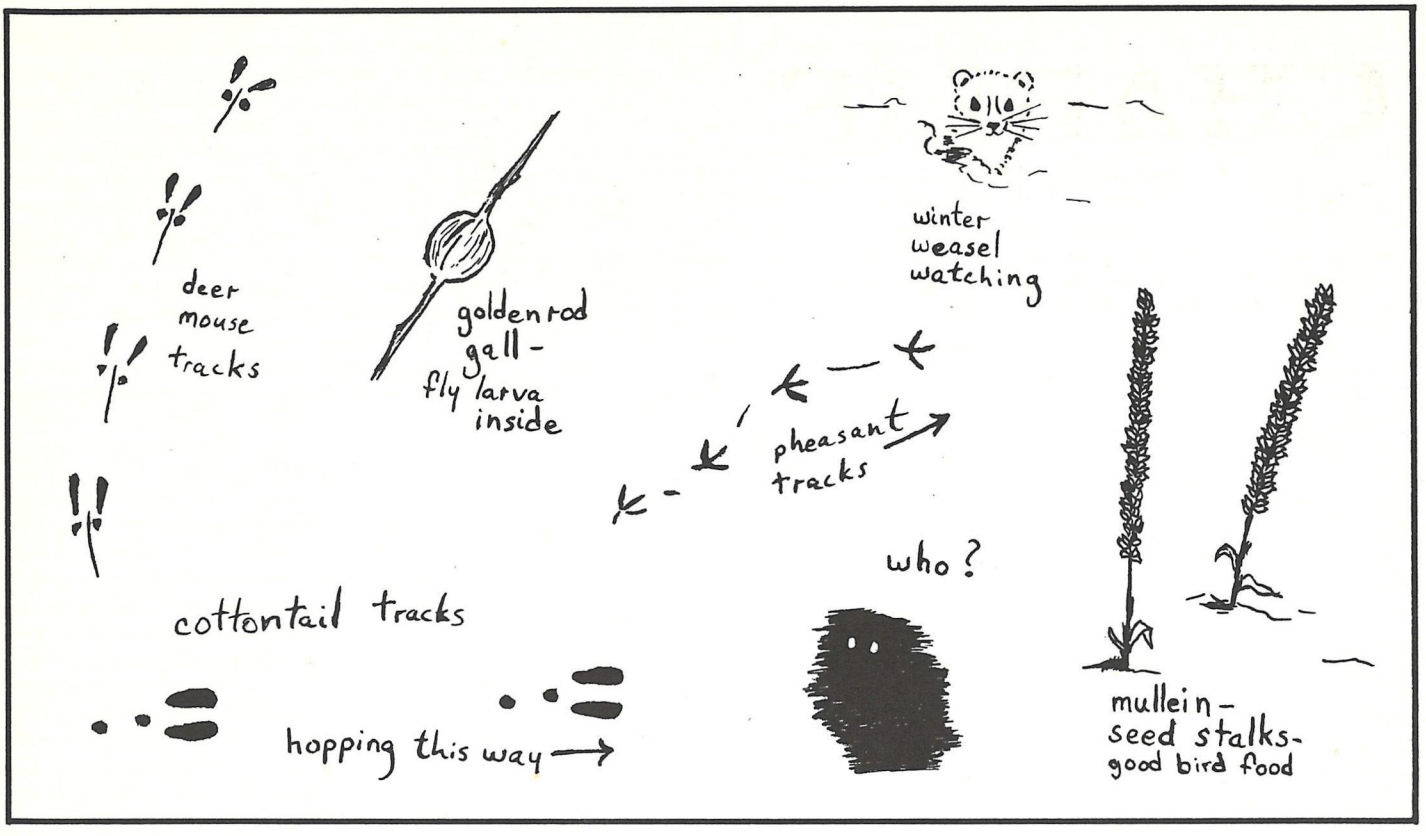
I'm of the age where in times past I've done many things in my life without the help of any type of outside aid and all because for me it was fun. So it won't come as hard to do it once again when I may have to go back to that life out of necessity. But many, no doubt, will spend their time whimpering, sniveling and cowering.

The energy crisis might be a mixed blessing for conservationists if it serves as an impetus for cleaner fuels, smaller cars and more mass transit. But a backlash with expanded use of dirtier fuels, strip mining and the relaxation of emission standards could result.

It's time to come to grips with great growth and wasteful consumption. But at this time the out come can be anyone's guess.

This letter is my way to thank you for the nice way you presented "Joe River" in September issue of HUT, as well as the many other articles it carried especially "Tips on paddle building" by Bill McArthur

Norris Van Gelderen



Winter Wildlife Near the Twin Cities

by Molly Redmond
drawings by the same

Winter is a great time to study wildlife—especially if you're a beginning nature student—or just a little lazy about finding animals. There are nowhere near as many kinds romping through the Minnesota winter as there are in the milder seasons (less to learn for an amateur naturalist) and those that *do* stick around are a lot easier to find signs of—once the leaf cover has left the trees and shrubs. And snow provides a good newspaper on which to read who's been where, doing what, sleeping where, or eating whom.

Two main factors cause the diminished numbers of animal life: inability to stay warm, and/or food becoming unavailable. The body temperature of cold-blooded animals approximates the temperature around them. When it gets too cold, the insects, reptiles, amphibians, etc. simply can't function or survive. (Notice sometime how slow-moving the grasshoppers, snakes, and frogs are on really chilly days just before the first hard freeze.) Cold-blooded beasts, therefore, are forced into dormancy in shelter below ground or water. Some kinds die—leaving their eggs to provide next year's crop of animals. A few of the cold-blooded ones—like the monarch butterfly—head for warmer places and leave the whole mess behind.

Warm-blooded animals—birds and mammals—are capable of maintaining a constant internal temperature despite their surroundings. Ours, of course, is 98.6, summer and winter. We couldn't maintain this, no matter how much down clothing we wore, if we didn't feed our furnaces/faces to replenish our fuel supply. Neither can those birds which depend on foods not available in winter. Thus, the hummingbirds (insect and flower nectar diet), swallows (insect diet), and worm-eaters—all must leave. Waterfowl leave, too, before ice locks them out of their food sources. Some ducks and geese, of course, find places where the water stays open (like sewage plant ponds) and where the food is plentiful and hang around all winter.

Food being available is only one requirement for staying warm. Winter animals must have some external way to beat the cold, like down feathers or a heavier coat. Deer, for instance, have straight flat hair in summer, but grow a heavier coat of wavy hair for winter (the layers trapping air for insulation). Many birds and mammals have developed solutions to both the internal and the external heat problems. You just have to look for them in the right places--which contain the animal's preferred food, and generally some cover and shelter.

Check wooded areas for woodpeckers. You are most likely to find the Downy or the larger Hairy Woodpeckers because their food, insects in bark and trees, is available year round. Downy Woodpeckers also find grubs in goldenrod balls--those hard, round lumps on dried stems in the field. The Pileated Woodpecker, a spectacular red-crested bird the size of a crow, can be found in some of the larger hardwood areas. They are quite shy, however, and it's much easier to find their characteristic holes in dead trees--long, rectangular holes about 2" x 5" or larger.

You might be able to attract these different feathered meat eaters by nailing a hardware cloth feeder to a tree in your yard and keeping it constantly supplied with suet. Nuthatches and Black-capped Chickadees (and always, of course, the squirrels) may also appear for this. Chickadees are especially fun to watch. They are very active and inquisitive and sometimes hang upside down from a branch as they feed. They will also come right up to window feeders.

Most of the birds which stay around all winter are seed eaters. These birds gener-

ally have large, strong beaks which enable them to crack open the shells of a variety of seeds. Cardinals, Blue Jays, Goldfinches (in olive-colored winter plumage) are year round residents which can be attracted to feeders. Evening Grosbeaks (flashy yellow and black!), Purple Finches, Pine Siskins and Redpolls will also show up if the colder weather up north drives them down here. (Last year's winter was so mild that we saw only one flock of Evening Grosbeaks and one lone Redpoll at Hyland Nature Center all season.) If you do have a birdfeeder, fill it *daily* in winter, for birds can get dependent on you, and are in bad shape if you suddenly become forgetful.

There are also some larger seed-eaters around. You might expect to flush out a Pheasant (or at least see its peace-symbol shaped tracks) if you're skiing along the edge of a marsh or field. These places are also good spots to watch for small flocks of Goldfinches or Redpolls, for they often find food in the seed heads of "weeds" poking above the snow.

Owls are around, too. Listen in night woods for Screech Owls, Barred Owls, and Great Horned Owls. Screech Owls are small owls, and eat mostly small mammals in winter. Their call is a long, trembling, whinnying whistle. The much larger Great Horned Owl can be distinguished by its feather "ear" tufts from the Barred Owl--the other large owl common here. Great Horned Owls eat rabbits, rodents, skunks(!), birds, and other animals. They have a low, five-beat hooting call (hoo hoo hooooo, hoo hoo). They begin their nesting in February, and can be counted on to do some courtship hooting before that event. Barred Owls are smaller and depend more on small prey--such as mice--and may not need so large a territory. Their call is 8 hoots in two groups of four. If you imitate them, they may answer you. And standing in a dark woods practicing owl calls is good for your soul. Thoreau probably knew that when he said, "I rejoice that there are owls."

Other animals wander around at night, and you may find their tracks or droppings during the day. Skunks and raccoons don't hibernate, but do sleep deeply through the cold. They will come wandering out during warm (thaw temperature) winter nights, and then hole-up again when the temperature plunges.

Weasels are other night-time creatures--though they also hunt by day and, in fact, occasionally come to suet feeders. In winter, they are white except for a black tip on their tails. They are active, fierce, curious hunters both above and below the snow--their tracks often lead to a tunnel about 2 inches wide. On the rare occasions when I've encountered one in the field, I've watched it poke its head up (little clown face--black nose and eyes) above the snow, look around, disappear, then look out again from another spot in the snow.

Shrews are probably the fiercest predator around. Smaller than mice, rarely seen, they also travel easily above and below the snow. They are voracious eaters, and many have to consume their own weight every 24 hours just to stay alive. Most of their food is animal--small invertebrates and mice, and they are active day and night seeking it.

One of the prettiest sets of tracks is that left by the deer mouse. Tracks form a long, delicate, broken chain--often disappearing up a tree or down a tunnel--or in a flurry of wingprints with a dot of blood in the center. Mice also travel extensively under the snow, and some of the shallower tunnels look like long, wandering, raised lines through the woods or grasses. (Tunnels left in the fields by meadow voles are quite conspicuous in the spring--runways marked by tunnels chewed through the grass and little nests of short-cut grass.)

They look for seeds and other plant food--or whatever they can find. While this undercover tactic may help avoid owls (dark mice on white snow are quite visible...), the hungry weasels, shrews, and foxes remain efficient predators.

The red fox is an animal which can be found in the edge areas or "ecotones"--places where one type of plant community meets another. These edge areas provide more variety of plant life and, therefore, more variety of the dependent animal life. Active all winter, foxes range around looking and sniffing for mice, rabbits, and other small game. Though they are most active at night, they also hunt during broad daylight. You can trace their extensive wanderings by their very straight lines of tracks, broken by an occasional dug-out mouse run or rabbit shelter.

Deer are abundant around the Twin Cities area. If you don't see them, look for tracks, runs, droppings, nipped-off young twigs, flat "beds" in the snow, pawed-up plants. Watch the thorns on prickly ash bushes along well-used deer trails for an occasional tuft of deer hair. Deer move along the edges of fields and marshes in the evening, and even raid bird feeders at night if the feeders are low enough.

Squirrels, of course, abound all winter--both in the city and outside of it. Depending on your area, the tree types, and the food available--red squirrels, fox squirrels, gray squirrels, or all three will be trying to raid your birdfeeder daily. Tracks are all over the woods--four paws together in a rough box shape--often jumping over to a tree and disappearing. The super-cold days will cause squirrels to hole-up temporarily, but they're back out as soon as the weather breaks. You can find their diggings in the winter woods. Look for holes which go down to the leaf litter, with leaves and acorn shells scattered around on the snow surface. Flying squirrels are also present, though you rarely see them or their tracks. If you are in a wooded suburban or rural area, flash a light on your birdfeeder and do some night-watching for these *extremely* shy little animals.

Rabbits are important food for some of the predators mentioned above. Most abundant here--in town and out of it--are the cottontail rabbits. There are also some snowshoe rabbits (actually hares) west and north of the Twin Cities. They both nibble off the buds and low bark of trees and shrubs--sometimes killing them. Cottontails leave the familiar long triangle pattern of tracks in the snow. A similar track is made by the snowshoe hare, but the track--like the hare's feet--is much larger. Besides its big feet, the snowshoe hare has another adaptation to winter: like one of its stalkers, the weasel, the hare turns white.

Perhaps, after this listing of familiar birds and mammals, you have been lulled into thinking that there are *no* insects around in winter. Not so--on a warm day, the tracks you leave in the forest snow may fill with snowfleas until the tracks actually seem outlined in black. These are tiny springtails--insects which come up from the leaf litter to the snow surface. They don't bite; perhaps the "flea" part of their name refers to their excellent jumping ability. Closely study one of these black specks in the snow and watch how many times its own length its tiny "spring" appendage hurls it. There may also be spiders walking around on the snow in the same areas--perhaps hunting the snowfleas.

Once you get into watching the winter wildlife, perhaps slowing down or stopping on your skis, you really get addicted--and frustrated. Tracks, for instance, almost *never* look like the neat, every-toe-defined prints in the track books. But patterns of movement and distance between track sets are good indicators. It also helps to know what animals to expect in different types of places. What might you expect to find where a woods meets a marsh? How good are your listening powers? A lot of bird life can be tracked down and identified by your ears alone. Can you read the stories in the snow which tell you how the different plants and animals relate to each other? What do chips below a tree, or a bloodstained trail, or some frazzled twigs mean?

Some good helps to winter watching and listening include *Birds of North America--A Guide to Field Identification,* by Robbins, Bruun, Zim, & Singer (in paperback); *A Field Guide to Animal Tracks* by Olaus Murie (Peterson Field Guide Series); and the Peterson (or other) bird call records available in libraries.



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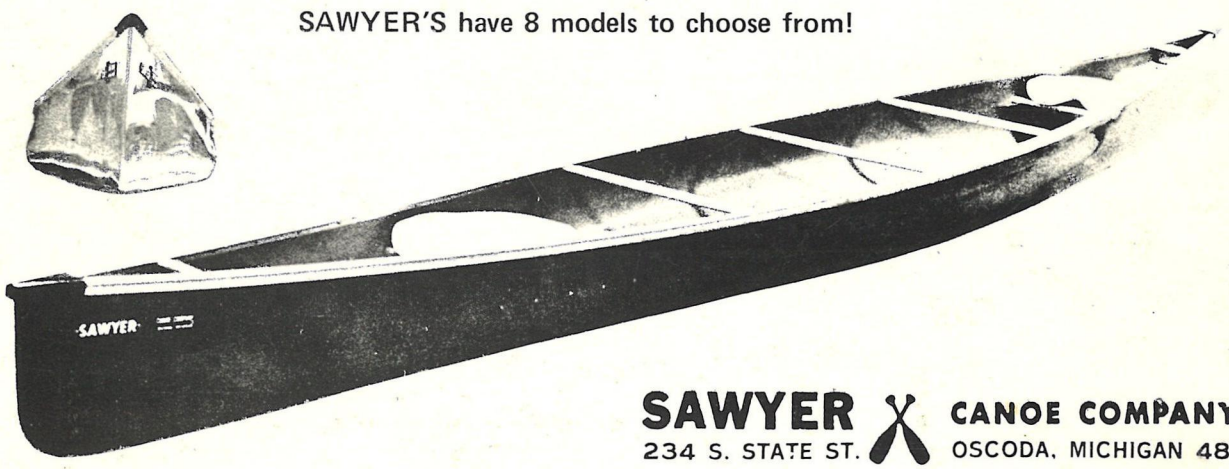
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