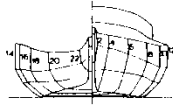




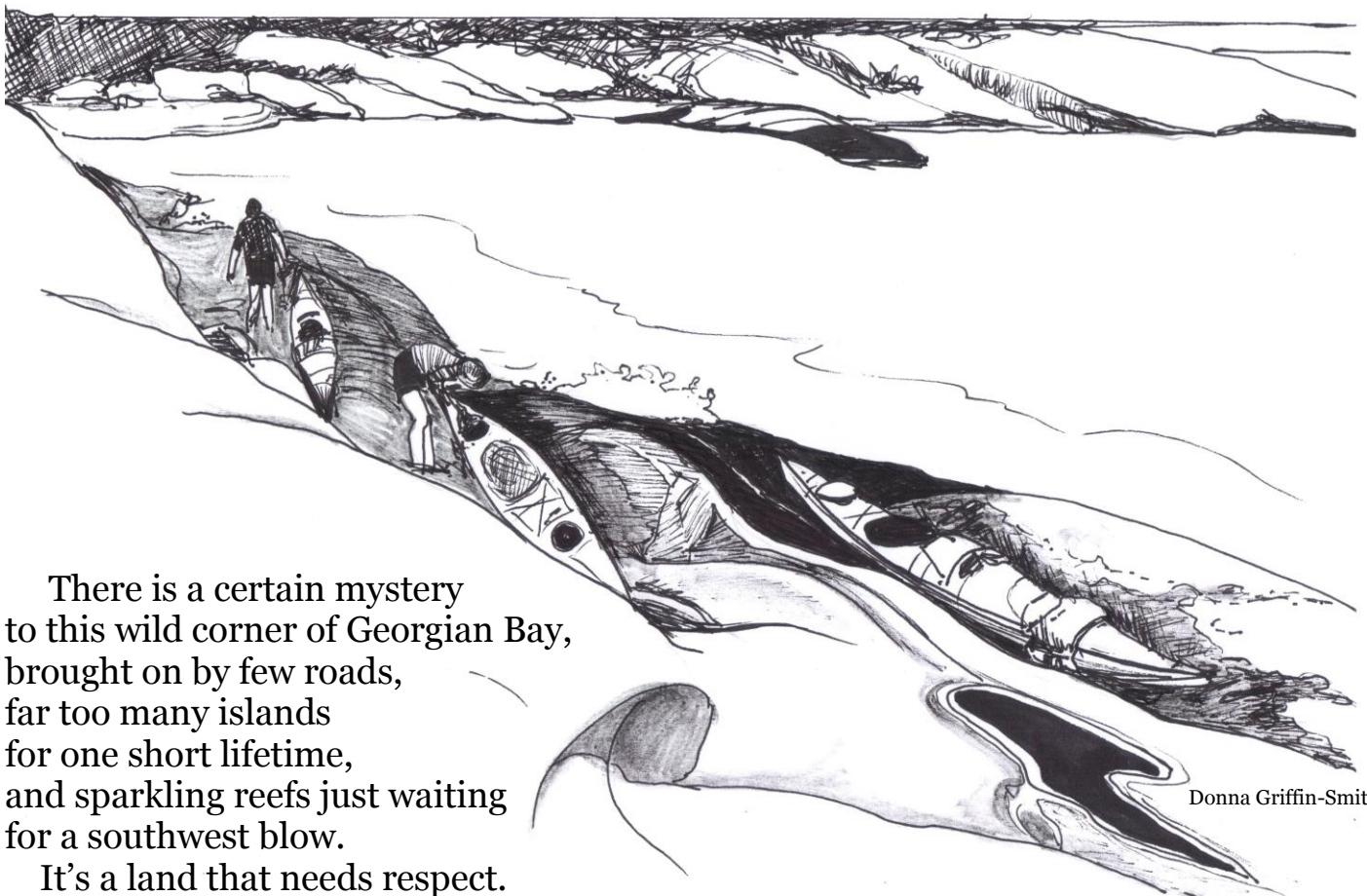
newsletter of the great lakes  
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volume 27, number 2  
summer 2015

## *GEORGIAN BAY'S NORTHEAST BAY COAST*

by Tim Dyer



Donna Griffin-Smith

There is a certain mystery to this wild corner of Georgian Bay, brought on by few roads, far too many islands for one short lifetime, and sparkling reefs just waiting for a southwest blow.

It's a land that needs respect.

Never a hub of commerce, there was a time a few short decades ago, when steel magnates dreamed and schemed for a "Pittsburgh of the North" to spring from its shores. Distance, weather and her own secret ways kept this human intervention from happening. It's our blessed luck, because today this land of rock, trees and water has become a paddler's dream.

Nobody has really said for sure, but the northeast seems to begin at Parry Sound. It's a good place to start. Historic and deep, "The Sound" has been home to people for thousands of years. To the west are the Mink and McCoy Islands, ancient summer home and fishing grounds for the Algonquians, the first people of the Bay.

## Highlights of north eastern Georgian Bay continued

In more recent times, the southern *Minks* were home to several families working some of the most productive fishing grounds on the Bay. Now, the islands are left mostly to themselves, with a few very determined summer residents. These rocky isles are some of the last as one looks to the open west. There is a special feeling to be camped out there and experience a westerly blow from a well-anchored tent! *The Mink and McCoy* group is lonely yet close. From *Snug Harbour*, a quiet cove north of *Parry Sound*, a three-hour paddle will bring you there. But those can be three long hours if the wind rises. Go with care.

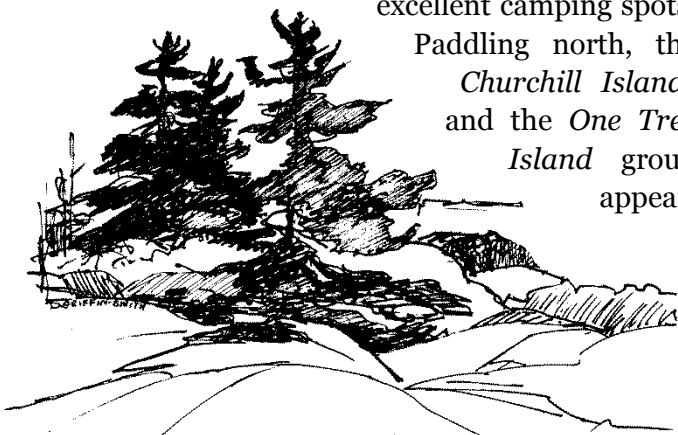
Journeying north to *Pointe au Baril*, cottages, powerboats and summer people abound amongst the myriad channels. But for the intrepid paddler, a more solitary challenge awaits. Keeping to the outside, the *Hangdog Reefs* guard the near wilderness of the place where Bay water meets shore. Once past the Hangdog, the coast becomes both quieter and tougher.

Perhaps the most difficult piece in a southwesterly blow is the *Head Island Reefs*. Innocent looking in a breeze, they need to be given a wide berth when things get wild. But the Bay gives back. The outlets of the *Naiscoot River* empty on this shore, and provide a wonderful refuge from Bay winds. You can spend days exploring these calm channels.

North and beyond lies *Byng Inlet*, the mouth of the *Magnetawan River*, and home to the villages of *Britt and Byng Inlet*. A hundred years ago, the people there thrived on trees. Logs, floated down the "Mag," were gathered, milled, boomed and shipped to insatiable southern markets. Much quieter now, today's residents are a friendly, community-minded folk who have made their own way with the rugged landscape.

Byng is a good starting point for the real northeast corner of the Bay. A few kilometres up lies *Champlain Island*, site of an old fishing station and dotted with excellent camping spots.

Paddling north, the *Churchill Islands* and the *One Tree Island* group appear.



The latter is well out and exposed to the open Bay, but affords spectacular vistas for the adventurous traveller.

In this corner of the Bay, *Key Harbour* is the last access on the east shore. Be ready though for a 13 kilometre paddle up the inlet to Highway 69 and the nearest road connection. This distance, and the lack of other access has been the single most important reason why the area hasn't been overrun with boats and people. Simply put, it takes some effort and will to get here. It could have been different.



The harbour of the *Key* was the site of iron ore loading docks back in the early 1900s. Huge deposits in northern Ontario were to be processed at the *Key* and shipped south. Some ore was transported, but developers finally realized the costs involved and shut it down, closing the door on a future of industrial development. For several decades afterwards, coal was shipped into the *Key* to supply rail operations farther north, but that activity too, quietly passed on.

Heading westward brings the Bay traveller to the *French River Delta*. The outlets of this famous river of the fur trade and the labyrinth of channels and smooth granite could be cheerfully explored for a lifetime. Protection from Bay winds is gained here, and many a summer's day can be whiled away in special spots, picking blueberries and swimming in the clear water. It's a favourite place for boaters, but paddlers can escape by seeking the shallow channels and reefs where larger boats can't venture.

The *Bustard Islands* offshore from the delta have been called the jewel in the crown of Georgian Bay's islands. Once home to a flourishing fishing station, like other out-island communities along the Bay, the commerce has now gone. The islands beckon by seeming to be close, but many a paddler has been caught confidently heading out to them and having to turn tail with the rising wind. Once there, the possi-

bilities are many. The east and south sides provide the most relief from powerboats, and with all the places to explore, a couple of utterly unproductive and perfectly lovely weeks could be spent here.

There is a sense of heading out when paddling westward from the Bustards. The coast is still friendly, but there are very few islands for protection. The big hurdle for paddlers has always been *Point Gron-dine*. Not a large obstacle, but what can make it nasty is the shallow reefs offshore in a southerly blow. It supposedly got its name from the fur-trading voy-agers who thought the rocks groaned from the voices of lost canoemen. One wonders if it was simply their groans from long hours battling a headwind. Whatever the reason, this spot can be gentle and calm ... sometimes.

The reward farther along is an enchanting scatter of islets called *The Chickens*. They are a paddler's delight with a maze of routes through low-lying rock and pine islands.

Once through, heading west, a paddler comes to a decision point: whether to be gathered into the bosom of welcoming *Beaverstone Bay* and the shelter of *Collin's Inlet*, or to be the carefree adventurer and explore the exposed south shore of *Philip Edward Island*.

The former has history on its side. The First People of the area, and afterwards the Voyageurs, both chose the quietness of the inlet whenever the Bay looked threatening. But to take the exposed side is to laugh the adventurer's laugh, face the wind down and carry on. Beckoning the stalwart forward are the *Fox Is-lands*, a grouping of high, pink, smooth granite with campsites one can only dream about. The white quartzite hills of *Killarney* are a striking back-drop to this wild waterscape.

*Collin's Inlet* is framed by the north side of Philip Edward Island and the Killarney mainland. Decid-ing to paddle its narrow, sheltered water west takes the paddler past the historic mill town of Collin's Inlet. In its day, the mill churned out hundreds of thousands of board feet of pine. A lumber schooner was report-edly constructed right

there at the mill site. Farther along, native rock paint-ings give silent record to the passage of ancient ca-noes.

At the westerly mouth of Collin's Inlet is *Chick-anishing Creek*. There is a road here and the creek gives access to both the inlet and the south side of Philip Edward Island.

To the open west lies *Killarney Bay*, a large, ex-posed stretch of water. Once it is traversed, the pad-dler can escape to the Killarney village channel and a deserved stopover. The town site was once a native fishing encampment, a fur trade post, more recently a fishing village and now home to a few hundred year-round residents. Thousands of summer vacationers visit Killarney by car and boat each year. This is the last major community in the northeast Bay before Lit-tle Current and the entrance to the North Channel.

Between the two is an enchanting paddling area comprising *Frazer Bay, Baie Fine and McGregor Bay*. Cloaked by the *La Cloche Mountains*, this area deserves exploring, with many opportunities for hik-ing the quartzite hills from water's edge campsites.

A very special part of the Bay, the northeast coast is wild and gentle, travelled and remote. A place of con-trasts, meant to be visited softly and with grace. A place meant for paddling people.

*White Squall's Tim Dyer wrote this poetic description of the land he travels and loves. You may have read it in a recent posting from Tim if you are on the White Squall email list. You can easily get Tim's random thoughts by dropping a note to [info@whitesquall.com](mailto:info@whitesquall.com).*



# Editorial

As I put the finishing touches on this Summer 2015 issue of Qayaq, I'm also looking forward to Rendezvous this weekend. And hope to see most of you there. This will be my 4<sup>th</sup> Rendezvous, and I'm getting to know *the* important people who share this third weekend of June together every year. These are the volunteers...the people who make it all happen for everyone. Would any of this happen without the assistance of volunteers? Nope. Thank you all!

Sandy Richardson put in 25 years editing this newsletter, as well as taking care of the website. He continues to give to GLSKA with his contributions of book reviews and articles and he is curator of the Archives. Knowing the challenge of finding enough authors, he has been a great supporter for all six issues I have produced to date (six down, 94 to go to match his record). And he has provided a cache of future articles to be spread through the year. Thank you Sandy!

Another group I cherish is the Sudbury Basin Potters Guild. Several dozen of us share a working studio in Sudbury. Sometimes I spend a lot of time in the studio alone, creating bowls with clay, loading kilns, making glazes. And cleaning up, one of the most important tasks in a muddy environment.

Sometimes other potters come in to work on their own projects. We talk about life and clay, and share ideas and skills. We help each other solve problems and build on each other's strengths. The collaboration makes all of our work better.



Taoist tai chi has also enriched my life. The practice is surely one of the reasons I can still haul my old bones out of the kayak after a long paddle. Flexibility and balance! If you are at Rendezvous, you may see a few of us playing at tai chi in the mornings. Join in!

Again, this is an organization that exists purely with the generosity of volunteers. All the instructors volunteer their time. Because it is through the sharing we learn, and our practice is enriched. We want to give back by giving what we have learned to others.

Volunteering is easy. Just look around. See something that needs doing? Step up and lend a hand. Lead a trip, or write trip notes for the trip you do with a group. Write an article from a trip you do solo. Set up tables, keep the campfire going, help me put my kayak on top of my car on Sunday! Or maybe you can help figure out how to cope with the numbness in my hand after a day on the water. Is there a better remedy than vitamin I? (That's I for ibuprophen, I'm told.)

Working and playing together, it is the volunteers who make it happen.

Viki Mather, Qayaq Editor

Paul Mason voluntarily accepted my request to reprint his comics! See more of his work at [bubblestreet.ca](http://bubblestreet.ca)



# REMEMBERING GEORGE LUSTE

Sandy Richardson

George Luste, one of the iconic wilderness canoeists of his generation, passed away on March 21, 2015 from brain cancer. He is survived by his wife Linda, three children and six grandchildren.

George was born in Latvia in 1940 and came to Canada with his family in 1948, escaping the aftermath of World War II. The family settled in Wawa, and after a few years moved to Montreal. George attended Mount Allison University, then did graduate work in high energy physics at Johns Hopkins. Following a post-doctoral position at the Stanford Linear Accelerator Centre, he joined the faculty of the University of Toronto in 1971, where he spent his career as a physics professor.

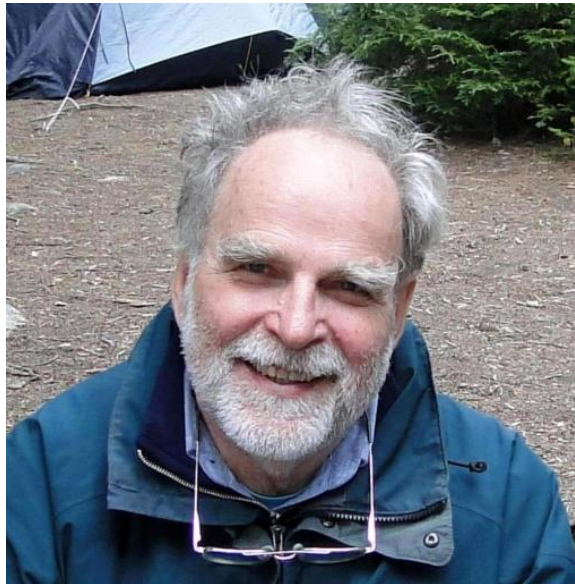
While George may have worked as a physicist, his passion was travelling Canada's North, typically by canoe, but also by snowshoe. For over 50 years he made summer trips into the North, paddling most of the major rivers and much of the coastline. His passion for the North led him to amass a large collection of northern books, to advocate for conservation and protection of the Nahanni River, the Missinaibi River and other natural areas across the country, and to organize the Canoeing and Wilderness Symposium held each winter in Toronto, where wilderness enthusiasts can share experiences and learn more about the North.

Many GLSKA members will remember George from these symposia; in my case, George was also a friend for over 40 years. We met in the early 1970s when I and a number of friends were just getting started in wilderness canoe tripping and George was already an old hand at it. George was always most generous in helping us with our trip preparations by sharing his expertise and experience regarding various rivers like the Nahanni and Kazan – as he was to so many other canoeists.

George's approach to canoeing and wilderness travel seemed to coincide with mine; or perhaps it was his approach that helped shape my own in those early years. As he expressed it in his introductory

remarks to the 1993 symposium: "[T]he act of canoeing has never been an end in itself for me, but rather a means, a means by which to experience a landscape rich in natural beauty and a means to a richer appreciation of its history." This is why we go north. It was this approach that made wilderness trips with George both meaningful and special. I count myself lucky that I had the privilege and pleasure of sharing three major wilderness river trips with George: The Nottawanganon in Labrador, the Coppermine in the Northwest Territories and Nunavut, and the Stikine in B.C. and Alaska. (As George put it a number of times, we paddled into all three oceans together.)

It was this approach to canoeing as a means to



something greater that shaped the Canoeing and Wilderness Symposium as well; and, I think, has contributed to its longevity. George started the symposium in 1986 as a small private gathering at his home. It became a public event the next year, and after trying a couple of different venues, moved to Monarch Park Collegiate in 1990 – which has been its home ever since. For 28 years George put together a programme of speakers that attempted to replicate his approach to canoeing, “to create some sense of the rich

tapestry that is our northern heritage as well as share the personal narratives and perspectives of those who have experienced them firsthand,” as he explained in his 1993 introductory remarks. The symposium is attended by some 750 wilderness enthusiasts (including a good number of GLSKA members) each year.

After George was diagnosed with cancer, the Wilderness Canoe Association and the Canadian Canoe Museum set up an annual Luste Lecture, held each fall at the museum as a lasting memorial to George. The first lecture was held in 2013. This annual lecture series is, I think, a fitting tribute to a man who gave so much to wilderness enthusiasts in this country. The 2015 Luste Lecture will be a celebration of George's life and his contribution to wilderness canoeing and our understanding of wilderness.

# Abilities In Motion

Pauline Halstead

As you may know, Abilities In Motion (AIM) is growing. Our location in Earl Rowe Provincial Park, Alliston was built on volunteerism and a personal loan for the building. We are planning to raise \$9,300 to pay off the loan with our annual Hands Across The Water fundraising event on July 25th. We have a great line-up of paddlers, including Kevin Callan, Canada's famous canoeist.

We are also developing our Toronto location because of demand. A London location is also being requested, mostly by accident victims, brain injury survivors. Unfortunately, we have financial restraints holding us back. We have purchased our own insurance but we need two adapted boats, a guide boat and new lifejackets. It is possible to purchase boats here but the adapted seats, outriggers and paddle holders are from Creating Ability in Minnesota. We have only one paddle holder and seat for three locations.

AIM has the good fortune to have a business consultant volunteer with us now. Next year will be even better and sponsorship packages will be the norm. However, for this year, we are appealing to friends. A promotion for tax purposes is a definite plus. Donors also will be recognized for helping people with disabilities by having your name on a building and on our website as a sponsor.

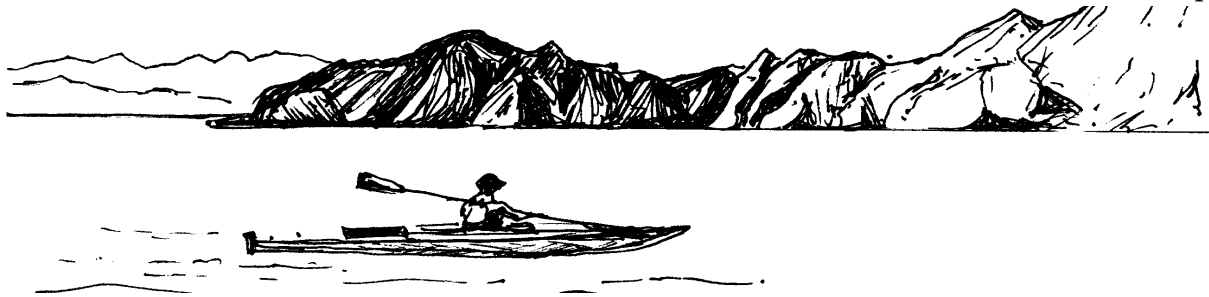
This year we need help with:

- paying off the building in Alliston: \$9,300 plus the interest= approx \$10,000. This location is expanding. We have just added Brampton Community Living to our clients.
- sponsoring programs in Toronto and London:  
The Toronto location at Queen's Quay Disabled Sailing Association and Harbourfront Canoe and Kayak needs one adapted boat two lifejackets and payment for an instructor - \$5,000 will cover this season. AIM has the good fortune to have a sea kayak donated by Harbourfront Canoe and Kayak.

In London we need one adapted boat, life-jacket plus coast guard gear. We always establish slowly - within a year or two clients come to us. We are in the process of establishing a location in this area. Right now we can only service ambulatory clients.

On July 25th Colette Brown will be a featured Kayaking Paddler in honour and memory of Judith Snow who just passed away, May 31st, 2015. She was a trailblazer and a Leader for Inclusion! Colette needs sponsors. All donations welcome to help Abilities in Motion provide inclusive and adapted Paddling and Freedom on the Water!

Email [info@abilitiesinmotion.ca](mailto:info@abilitiesinmotion.ca) to make a pledge.



## Great Canadian Kayak Challenge & Festival

The 7th annual Great Canadian Kayak Challenge & Festival will take place **August 28-30** in Timmins. Paddling events, kayak sprint events, Arts & Culture Routes, vendors, kayak celebration is in the air and you cannot miss it! Even if you are not into kayaking competition, there's still something for everyone. Here are some of the highlights you can expect from one of the best and popular kayak competitions in Ontario.

Cruising the Mighty Mattagami Pontoon Ride. Stand-up Paddle Board Demo and Fun Challenge. Arts, music, dance, kids fun, leisure tours and fireworks. Family Leisure Paddle & Shore Lunch.

For more information, please visit the festival website at [www.thegreatcanadiankayakchallenge.com](http://www.thegreatcanadiankayakchallenge.com)

# Bruce Peninsula Multisport Race

Leigh Grigg

The Bruce Peninsula Multisport Race (BPMR) will take place on August 8th, 2015 and will feature two distinct paddling challenges!

The 25km Suntrail Course and the the 100km Buff® Long Course are now being rolled out for this year's BPMR.

The Buff Long Course is a full-day challenge that will leave you worn-out but satisfied. We rise before dawn, ride the bus at 5:00 am to be on the water for 6:30 am, paddle around a remote island in Georgian Bay in the early morning light, and climb the escarpment 4 times on the first ride bike ride, which also has an optional technical section with a short ride and "hike-a-bike" for non-expert riders. The run that follows features technical Bruce Trail terrain, open meadows, shoreline, and a gut-busting switchback climb. Then it's back on the bike for another ride before switching to another escarpment and shoreline trail to the finish line in Wiarton.

All told it's about 16km paddling, 60-66km biking, and 22k of running. Racers can compete as a solo, tandem team with a friend, or get up to 5 friends together for a 5-stage relay.

This grueling 100-106km race course attracts adventure racers from across North America, but we certainly cannot pull this off without our 140-strong volunteer army. Judging by the support we get from volunteers, it's evident that the people of the Bruce Peninsula are really calling this event their own. We as organizers never take that for granted.

Volunteers will receive the same merchandise piece & post-race race meal as the racers this year to celebrate the 5th annual BPMR. Many of the volunteer roles are along the Buff Long Course, and/or helping with the associated gear transport.

A ton of gear is moved on behalf of the racer. Boats get loaded, strapped down and then unloaded at least once. Gear bags, paddles, safety gear all have to be itemized & delivered where the racer needs it. All the gear is handled with the utmost care by our



volunteers. We have awesome volunteers who step up and say my favourite three words: *'whatever you need!'* The majority of our volunteers have assisted in all five incarnations of the race, and if they haven't it's usually because they took a year off to race.

GLSKA volunteers have traveled quite a distance in past years just to volunteer as part of the on-water safety team. All GLSKA members should inform the volunteer coordinator of their membership well ahead of time, to claim a few special perks given to the association as part of a long-lasting partnership between BPMR and GLSKA. The two non-profits have been working together since 2011 and the members are briefed on the BPMR emergency management plan.

In addition to the loyal following of volunteers, eight racers have now also signed up for all five years. Every year the race makes a custom Buff® design that features the Bruce Peninsula in some way and includes it as a racer gift. Buff® Canada marketing director Gaby Munz is very excited to be a part of the BPMR for the 5th time in a row.

The exact route continues to be secret year after year because of a commitment made to the 60 or so landowners, without whose cooperation this unique course would not be made possible. There are some new tweaks to the route for 2015 so that the best racer experience is achieved. Hints to the routing get leaked now and then, and it's known that much of the paddling, biking takes place in Neyaashiinigiing.

Cape Croker Park, located in Neyaashiinigiing, has some of the Peninsula's most beautiful land forms and wildlife within its boundaries. Cliffs and fields, marshes and the clean water of Georgian Bay make the park's atmosphere enjoyable for not only the serious wildlife expert but also for those who just want to relax and enjoy some solitude.

On August 8th however, all eyes will be on the lead pack of adventure racers to see who will win bragging rights at BPMR 2015.

Participate = Invigorate



[www.brucepeninsulamultisportrace.ca](http://www.brucepeninsulamultisportrace.ca)

# From the Archives

Richard Dunning

## HOW LONG CAN YOU TREAD WATER?

*The following is the first of two articles originally appeared in two parts in the Autumn and Winter 1989 (Vol. 1, Nos. 3 & 4) of Qayaq. Richard Dunning was a founding member of GLSKA who organized a number of paddle and kayak building workshops for members. He joined the Board in 1992 and served as head of the Trip Committee.*

The title of this article is derived from a monologue by in which the storyteller plays Noah giving hints to his neighbours of the coming flood. This article is not about either Noah or floods however, but about the necessity of all sea kayakers carrying a spare paddle while on the water. A sea kayaker without a paddle is in the same position as a swimmer without a life jacket trying to tread water: both are in the situation of requiring all their energy to keep from being overwhelmed by the conditions in which they find themselves. The kayaker without a paddle is unable to make any sort of corrective steering manoeuvres or to keep even moderate waves from capsizing his boat. Inuit kayakers from Alaska to Greenland used their kayaks for hunting and carried various hunting implements aboard that could be satisfactorily substituted for a lost paddle in an emergency. The modern sea kayaker usually carries nothing that could be substituted for a missing paddle except for possibly a bilge pump, which obviously would not be very efficient

The helplessness of a kayaker without a paddle is in itself a compelling argument for carrying a spare, but there is another argument that is in some ways even more compelling. Few kayakers seem to be aware that it is a CRIMINAL OFFENCE to be without a spare paddle on any small boat, including a kayak. A kayaker found paddling on any water in Canada by a member of any police force or the Coast Guard can be arrested, removed from the water and held in jail pending an appearance in court the next day. Most law enforcement officers would not go to such lengths, but none of us would like a trip on otherwise calm and non-threatening water to end with a night in jail.

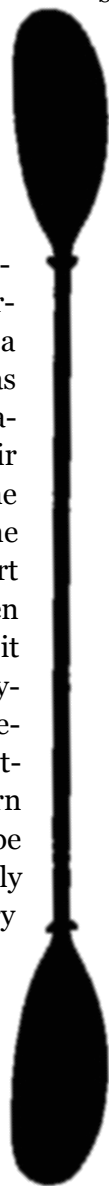
Given that carrying a spare paddle is not only a safety precaution as essential as wearing a life Jacket

but a legal requirement as well, the next issue that must be addressed is the form of that spare paddle. The Shipping Act (Revised Statutes of Canada) is the legislation that requires the carrying of spare paddles.

It defines a paddle as “a hand held device designed to be used to propel a vessel.” The wording is intended to preclude the claim that any unmodified piece of driftwood picked up on a beach is your spare paddle. The legislation implies that the paddle must have some degree of functional efficiency to be considered a *bona fide* paddle.

As a kayak is normally propelled by a double bladed paddle, the obvious answer would seem to be to carry another double bladed paddle as a spare. However, there are a few other factors to consider before adopting that solution. Your spare paddle should be easy to store in a location that will not interfere with either normal paddling or any rescue attempts that may have to be made. In addition, the spare paddle should be instantly available for use, as the conditions that would cause a paddler to lose his paddle will not usually allow any hesitation in performing the required stabilizing manoeuvres. When these factors are assessed, the suitability of a double bladed paddle as a spare becomes less obvious.

Double bladed paddles come in two configurations, namely, single piece and two piece take-apart. A single piece paddle will vary in length from approximately 7 feet to 9 feet depending on the width of the kayak it is intended to propel. It is intuitively obvious that storing the spare paddle inside the kayak is worse than useless; opening the spray skirt under rough conditions to try to extract a paddle of any length is practically suicidal. With a single piece double bladed paddle it is impossible. The only safe easily available location for a spare paddle is on the outside of the kayak somewhere. However, with a beam of 23 to 25 inches and a length of 16 to 17 feet, the average sea kayak does not have enough room on either foredeck or rear deck alone, or alongside the cockpit, to store a one piece double bladed paddle without the paddle overhanging the end of the boat or interfering with paddling. I have attempted to do this with an 8 foot single piece Quill paddle and found it basically unsuitable as a spare.





A second solution might seem to be the use of a two piece double bladed paddle. The two parts of the paddle will fit relatively easily on either foredeck or rear deck with no overhang. I have carried a Nimbus Cirrus paddle this way on many occasions. When the paddle is carried on the foredeck it causes minimal interference with paddling and is quickly available, although if drip rings are installed they make the paddle halves somewhat difficult to remove from under the elastic deck rigging. A position on the rear deck, as illustrated on page 68 of John Dowd's revised 1988 edition of *SEA KAYAKING: A Manual for Long Distance Touring*, causes no interference with paddling. However, that position entails two major disadvantages: 1) There is the potential for interference with the most easily performed self-rescue, the paddle float rescue; 2) It is difficult to maintain stability while reaching behind oneself to remove the paddle. Twisting around to ease the removal of the

paddle decreases stability dramatically (even in calm water)! Once the halves of the paddle have been removed from either fore or rear deck there remains the problem of putting them together in either feathered or unfeathered configuration as desired by the paddler. Depending on the type of ferrule joining the paddle, this may be difficult even on land. In rough water with the necessity of maintaining balance without the use of the paddle it may be difficult or impossible to join the two halves before capsizing. The natural reaction to an imminent capsize while attempting to join two halves of a double paddle would be to throw one half away and use the other to brace and paddle.

This leads to a spare paddle solution that was used by Inuit and Aleut paddlers from the MacKenzie Delta to Kodiak Island – the single bladed paddle.

*Part 2 continues on page 12.*

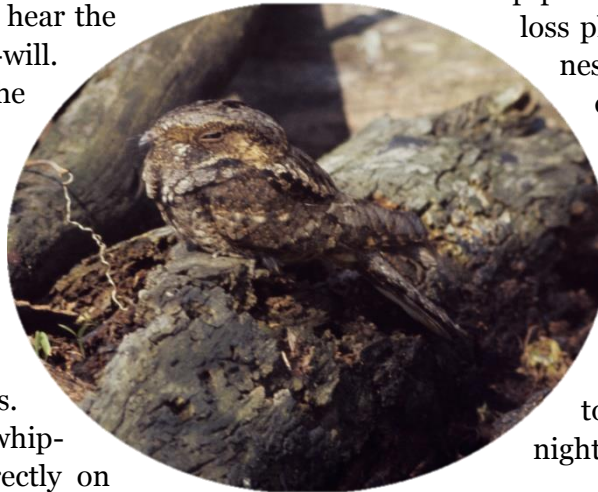
## Whip-poor-will

by Grace Hunter

If you decide to head inland to hike or camp during a kayaking expedition, you may hear the call of the eastern whip-poor-will. Rarely see but often heard, the call of this nocturnal bird has been made famous in poems, stories and songs. Male whip-poor-wills will chant their name - whip-poor-will - for hours at a time.

Eastern whip-poor-wills have an unusual style of laying eggs. Instead of building a nest, a whip-poor-will will lay two eggs directly on the forest floor. They time their egg laying precisely so that chicks hatch when the moon is over half full. The parents take advantage of the moonlight to see and catch a large amount of flying insects like moths and beetles to feed their young.

Life on the forest floor can be dangerous for a young whip-poor-will, so adults employ trickery to protect their offspring from predators. The devoted parents will fake an injury by flopping on the ground, giving the appearance of a broken wing to an approaching predator. The adults lead the predator away from their young, leaving the nest safely unnoticed.



Sadly, the eastern whip-poor-will is a threatened species. While it's unclear what is driving the decline in whip-poor-wills, it is thought that habitat loss plays a role by removing suitable nesting sites. If you're lucky enough to hear a whip-poor-will call out during the night, you can help researchers uncover this bird's secrets by reporting it to Bird Studies Canada. Together, we can work to preserve this species and allow future visitors to Georgian Bay to hear its call on a summer night. Go to:

<http://www.birdscanada.org/birdmon/wpwi/main.jsp>

Or report directly to this website

<https://www.surveymonkey.com/s/ONWPW>.

This article was generously provided by the Georgian Bay Biosphere Reserve.



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Website: [www.gbbr.ca](http://www.gbbr.ca)

# ANIMAL ENCOUNTERS IN THE WILD

Duncan Watterworth

## *We can't all be happy campers*

You'd better like wildlife if you paddle and camp on the islands of northern Georgian Bay. I've seen rattlers, black bears, and much more. But my most unusual animal encounter started in 2011 at the place we call the World's Best Camp Site.

With hundreds of islands spread along seventy kilometres, the waterway is sea-kayaker heaven. The whole stretch is an art gallery, each island a pink sculpture of granite, smoothed and polished by glaciers, emerging from transparent blue water.

There's no way I'm telling you where the WBCS is, but I've sojourned there many times. It is the perfect place for swimming, warming on the rocks like a snake, reading books, pondering the processes that created the place, picking blueberries, touching the stars, letting time stand still. Ahhhh...

Sorry. My mind went walkabout for a moment. Here's the animal story: In 2011, on our second day out, Jim and I pulled our kayaks ashore at the WBCS and unloaded our gear. Then something moved in the bottom of my boat - a little mouse! How did that get there? I dangled the sleeve of my jacket, and when it climbed on, I pulled it out. It just sat on the bare rock, having no idea what to do. And then I saw two more in the boat, so I pulled them out on my sleeve. It was like fishing. Then there was a bigger, lighter-coloured one. When it touched the granite, it took off like a shot. And then there were more, and more again. I was a magician pulling rabbits out of a hat, amazing myself.

By the time the magic was over, three adult mice had come out. All had disappeared in a flash. And fourteen little ones were left on the ground, huddling together, or crawling under the boat, or climbing on my gear.

My best guess is that the fourteen had been born in the kayak, which had been stored in my barn.

The boat has a low, enclosed space under the seat - room for a nest. Why there were three adults, I'll never know. Anyway, the adventures of the seventeen stowaways were far from over.

Or maybe soon to be over. We just left the little ones alone, but soon a large garter snake was crawling over the scene. We didn't see where the mice went, but their day may have gone from bad to worse. And that's the end of the story. For that year.

The next summer, Jim and I were in the neighbourhood again, and pulled up on the WBCS. I was setting up my tent when I looked down to see a mouse two steps away, just staring at me. Strange behavior for a mouse in broad daylight, I thought. And I had never seen a mouse on these islands before, except for last year's hitchhikers.

Our eyes locked together, and that mouse didn't flinch. We had a history, and I sensed attitude. I turned my back, and finished my chores. Was it the alpha leader of a new invasive species on the island? Or the bitter sole survivor of its clan?

That night I half expected trouble, but I was not disturbed, and Jim and I paddled away in the morning. Perhaps I misread the little guy. This wasn't the WBCS for it, and maybe it just wanted back in the boat.



Donna Griffin-Smith

# FISHING STATION ADDENDUM

Sandy Richardson



Donna Griffin-Smith

This spring I found some interesting additional information about the fishing station on Main Station Island. I offer it here as an addendum to the article that appeared in the Spring 2015 issue of *Qayaq*.

In late May I participated in an event at the Huron Fringe Birding Festival called "The Bruce Re-Beckons". It was

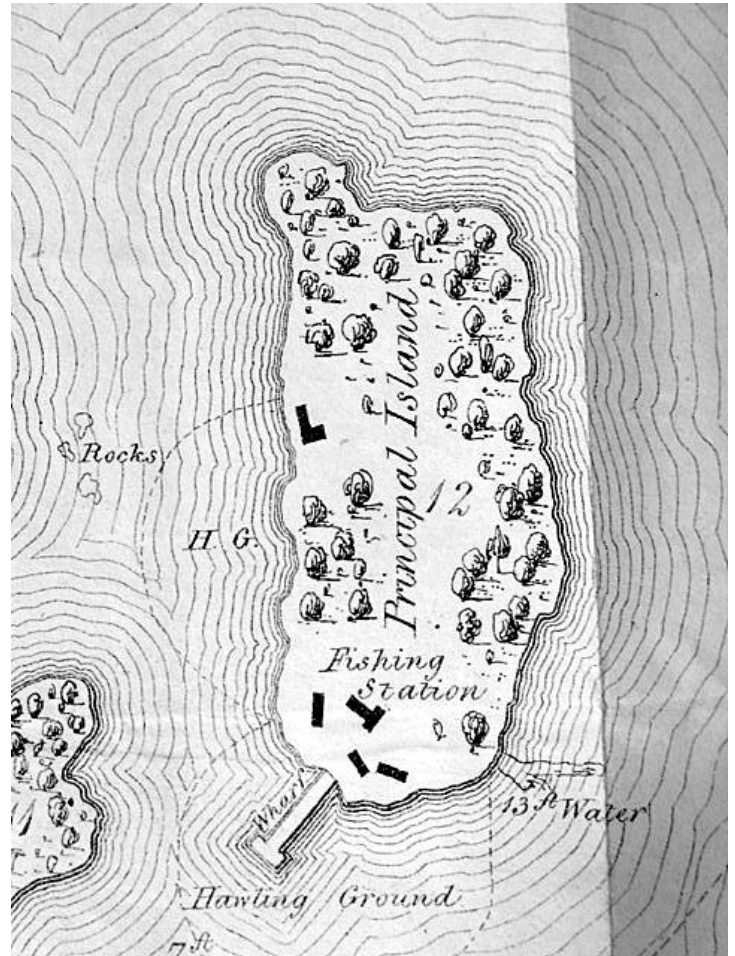
a day-long "quest to rediscover Sherwood Fox's Bruce Peninsula, based on his landmark 1952 book, *The Bruce Beckons*." Leader Willy Waterton, a local photographer and author, led participants to a number of sites Fox wrote about to see how things had changed or stayed the same over the last 60 years. At each stop he gave a brief talk and presented interesting information from *The Bruce Beckons* and other sources.

At Oliphant, Willy talked about the Fishing Islands and showed us, among other things, an 1836 report, including a map, by John MacDonald D.P.S. on Captain Alexander MacGregor's Huron Fishing Company that a friend of Willy's found in an archive in the United Kingdom. Following the event, Willy graciously provided me with copies of the report and the map.

The map and notes suggest that the fishing station on Principal Island as it was called, now Main Station Island, was a much more substantial operation and settlement than either Norman Robertson in *History of the County of Bruce* (1906) or Sherwood Fox in *The Bruce Beckons* (1952) indicates. Beyond the large stone building described by Robertson and Fox, and whose ruins I found, the map shows 5 buildings and the notes in the report list 11. (Perhaps the map does not show the residences.)

The map shown here has, as many maps at the time did, north at the bottom. The notes describe the fishing station on Principal Island (None of the dimensions match those of the building given by Fox?).

No archaeological investigations have been done on the site, but this information suggests such research might prove very interesting.



There are upon this Island, the following buildings, viz.:

- 4 Log Houses, inhabited by fishermen's families.
- 1 Small Frame House for Superintendent.
- 1 Large Log House for Fishermen.
- 1 Cooper's Shop.
- 1 Cook House.
- 1 Large Stone Store House, 40 ft. by 24 ft.
- 1 " " walled Shed, 50 ft. by 40 ft. for packing fish.
- 1 " " " " 64 ft. by 20 ft. for gutting fish.
- A wharf from the packing shed into 11 feet water,  
150 ft. by 20 ft.
- 2 Large nets on reels.
- 4 Boats on the beach.

# Double or Single Blade?

Richard Dunning

## ARE TWO HEADS REALLY BETTER THAN ONE?

### Part 2 of HOW LONG CAN YOU TREAD WATER?

It may seem strange to advocate the use of a single bladed paddle when the double bladed paddle is so uniquely suited to the propulsion of our chosen watercraft, but it is a fact of history that on the west coast of North America the single bladed paddle was preferred to the double for general propulsion, with only a few exceptions. The true Aleuts, native to the Aleutian Islands, used double bladed paddles for primary propulsion in single kayaks of 17-20 inch beam and doubles and triples of 22 inch and 28 inch beams respectively. However, there is evidence in the form of a painting from 1778, that the Aleuts used single paddles as spares. Both David Zimmerly (in QAJAQ: Kayaks of Siberia wed Alaska) and George Dyson (in Baidarka) reprint the same picture. In the rest of Alaska, from Kodiak Island to the Kotzebue Sound area, the single paddle was used for all normal propulsion and the double only for speed. In the Kotzebue area the double paddle was used for normal paddling but was discarded in favour of a single (carried as a spare) for rolling after a capsize. John Heath (Sea Kayaker, Vol. 3, No. 3, p. 12) describes his Kotzebue informants as believing it to be impossible to roll a kayak with a double bladed paddle. The King Islanders developed a highly successful technique of rolling their short deep kayaks (14 feet 9 inches long by 24.6 inch beam by 15 inches deep or greater) with a single paddle. Original photos of a King Island roll are shown on pages 59 and 60 of QAJAQ.

Single paddles are used with single kayaks varying from 17 feet 5 inches long by 19 inch beam (Mackenzie Delta – see photo on page 8, Sea Kayaker, Vol. 1, No. 3, “Arctic Paddle Design” by David Zimserly) to 15 feet 1.4 inches long by 30.1 inch beam (photo on page 39 of Hooper Bay kayak in QAJAQ). Undoubtedly they can be used successfully with any of our modern sea kayaks.

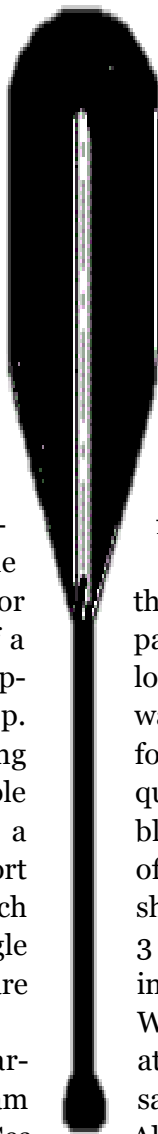
To those familiar with canoe paddles the single bladed kayak paddle may seem superficially similar. However, there are distinct differences in design and construction that reflect the differences in the two types of boat. The canoe paddle is used at the ends of

a relatively beamy boat from a high paddling position. Compared to the paddling position of a kayaker, even the kneeling position of a canoe paddler is high! Because the canoe is much more stable, the paddlers can lean out farther from the centre line of the boat without danger of capsizing. Thus the canoe paddler needs a paddle with a relatively short wide blade and a long shaft.

The requirements of kayak paddling are quite different. The kayaker sits much lower in the water and cannot lean out to the side very far without capsizing. For efficient energy transmission the paddle stroke should be as close to the centre line of the boat as possible, and the entire submerged portion of the paddle, the part contributing to propulsion, should be as large as possible. A narrow blade helps to keep the stroke close to the side of the boat. Therefore, to provide an adequate surface area for propulsion, the blade must be longer.

The paddle shaft is the delivery mechanism that gets the blade to the water and transmits the paddler's muscle power to the blade. It need be no longer than necessary to get all of the blade into the water with the paddler's arms in an efficient, comfortable position. Thus a single kayak paddle requires both a shorter shaft and a longer, narrower blade than a canoe paddle. For proper positioning of the hands during paddling, the paddle shaft should be approximately 2 feet long and the blade, 3 feet. A blade width of 4 inches is adequate and 5 inches generous for propelling a modern sea kayak. With one hand at the end of the shaft and the other at the root of the blade the paddle is held in the same position as for normal double blade paddling. All of the normal braces and paddle strokes, except those requiring an extended paddle, can be executed in the same manner as with a double paddle.

The normal technique of single bladed paddling is simply two or three straight strokes on alternate sides. The actual motion made is a shoulder rotation identical to that used in double bladed paddling. The technique is unlike that of canoe paddling in that the low hand, not the upper, is the control hand; the upper-hand provides only power. In many of the Eskimo single paddles there was no hand grip at all and



the upper hand simply pushed with the end of the shaft in the palm of the hand or between thumb and fingers. I have built a Mackenzie Delta style single paddle with no grip and found that it works perfectly well. The changeover is accomplished by flipping the paddle blade forward out of the water on the return stroke, changing hands on the lower shaft position as the blade swings over the deck, sliding the former lower hand to the end of the shaft and lowering the blade into the water for the stroke. This technique takes considerably less time to execute than it does to write a description or to read it aloud. Once learned it provides an easy, rhythmic paddling motion that soon becomes second nature.

Turns with a single paddle are accomplished with the same sweep strokes as with a double paddle. Most sea kayaks track well enough that two or three successive paddle strokes on the same side will not cause the boat to go wildly off course. In a wind, paddling can usually be done on the side of the boat opposite the wind with no need to paddle on the other side at all. In a boat with a rudder, the rudder is used to steer and paddling can be done on the side that is convenient.

**WARNING! THE CANOE-STYLE J-STROKE CANNOT BE PERFORMED SAFELY IN A SINGLE KAYAK!**

The J-stroke is a prying stroke. It concentrates all the force of the stroke in a plane at right angles to the long axis of the kayak right at the mid-point of the length. There is no leverage at this location to change the direction of the boat, only to cause it to roll around the longitudinal axis. The Kotzebue people use a similar stroke for capsize recovery.

This article is not an exhaustive treatment of the history and use of single bladed kayak paddles. It is an attempt to acquaint members with some of that history and to describe the results of my experiments with both a standard canoe paddle and a Mackenzie Delta paddle which I constructed and used during the summer of 1989.

*References: The following contain information on paddle design and use:*

1. *Arctic Paddle Design, David Zimmerly, Sea Kayaker, Vol, 1, No, 3.*
2. *Single Paddles, George Dyson, Sea Kayaker, Vol. 3, No. 3.*
3. *QAFAQ: Kayaks of Siberia and Alaska, David Zimmerly. Division of State Museums, Juneau, Alaska.*
4. *Baidarka, George Dyson.*
5. *Eskimo Rolling for Survival, Derek Hutchinson. (This book illustrates several single paddle rolls).*



## Nanook of the North

Nanook of the North is a 1922 silent documentary film by Robert J. Flaherty. The documentary follows the lives of an Inuit, Nanook, and his family as they travel, search for food, and trade in northern Quebec, Canada. Nanook, his wife, Nyla, and their baby, Cunayou, are introduced as fearless heroes who endure rigors "no other race" could survive.

The film begins with Flaherty's introduction. "In 1913 I went north with a large outfit. We wintered on Baffin Island, and when I was not seriously engaged in exploratory work, a film was compiled of some Eskimos who lived with us."

It took many years and mishaps to come through with the film, which is the most amazing view of kayaking in the historical context. Flaherty goes on "...This picture concerns the life of one Nanook (The Bear), his family and the little band of followers, 'Itivimuits' of Hopewell Sound, Northern Ungava, through whose kindness, faithfulness and patience this film was made."

If you haven't seen it yet, be sure to do so soon. It is well worthwhile for kayakers...if only to see the long narrow paddle, and the amazing way the boat is 'packed'. Here's a [link](#).

# Book Review

Sandy Richardson

## SPIRIT OF THE RED PINE

pARTners For Wolf Lake

A. Karstad, V. Mather, P. Gray (Eds.)

Friends of Temagami, 2014

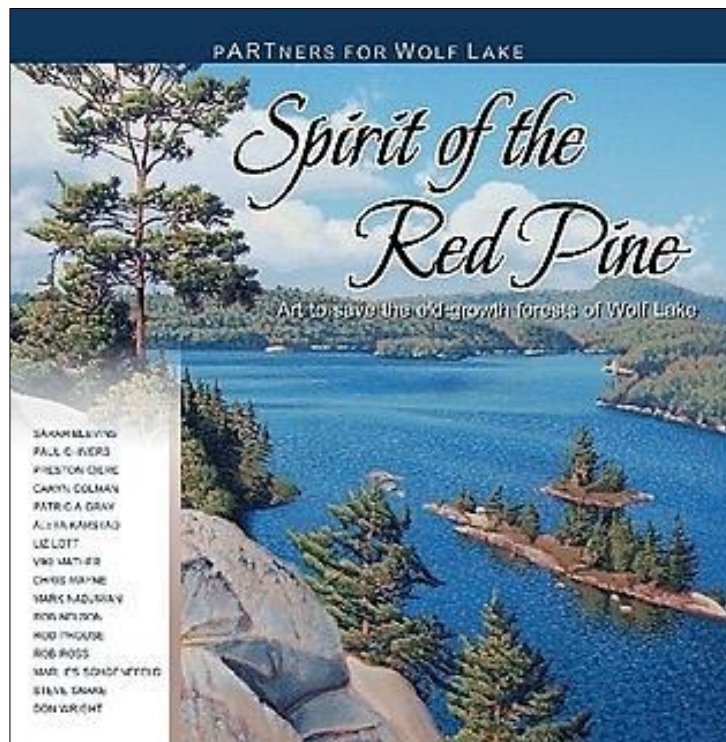
The world's largest old-growth red pine forest is at Wolf Lake on the Chiniguchi River, just 50 kilometres northeast of Sudbury. Local naturalists saved it from being logged in 1985, and have been trying for the last 30 years to achieve some permanent protection for this forest. The Ontario Government designated the area as the Wolf Lake Forest Reserve in 1999 as part of Ontario's Living Legacy. The reserve was intended to be included in the existing Chiniguchi Waterway Provincial Park; but two pre-existing mining leases and a number of overlapping mineral claims have, so far, prevented this inclusion.

In 2012 the Friends of Temagami and a number of local, provincial and national organizations and businesses, frustrated with the lack of action, came together to form the Wolf Lake Coalition to hold the government to its promise to protect the red pine forest at Wolf Lake and add it to Chiniguchi Waterway Provincial Park. The Coalition put together the pARTners For Wolf Lake project in 2013 to raise awareness of the Wolf Lake red pine forest and to raise funds for their work.

Sixteen artists, including painters, photographers, mixed media artists and a potter, along with supporters, spent four days in the middle of August paddling, hiking and camping in the red pines at Wolf Lake, where they created their various and unique pieces of art to express their feelings about this special area. This was art for a cause; the artists donated some of their works to be sold to raise funds to help save the Wolf Lake red pine forest. Three major shows were

shown in galleries in North Bay, Sudbury and Hamilton in 2014. The final show will be in Cobalt this summer.

The Spirit of the Red Pine book showcases the art created by the pARTners For Wolf Lake artists at Wolf Lake; and what a fabulous and diverse collection of work it is. Along with their art, each artist describes, in words, the experience at Wolf Lake and what it meant to them; a brief biographical note about each artist is also included. The book also gives an overview of the Wolf Lake red pine forest and its history, and offers suggestions of what readers can do



to help preserve this old-growth forest. (It is worth noting that the potter involved with the project is GLSKA member and Qayaq editor Viki Mather; she is also one of the editors who put this book about the project together.)

If being the largest remaining old-growth red pine forest in the world is not reason enough to protect the forest at Wolf Lake, the work of the pARTners For Wolf Lake artists shown in this book should convince anyone

that protection is the right thing to do. Hopefully it will inspire people to get involved in supporting the Wolf Lake Coalition's campaign to give this area the protection it deserves. As all proceeds from the book (like that from the art) go to support the work of the Coalition, a simple way to get involved and help would be to buy a copy of this book; and you will have the added bonus of being able to enjoy all the wonderful art Wolf Lake inspired from these artists.

The final exhibit will open Friday, July 10<sup>th</sup> at Cobalt's Classic Theatre. The exhibit will be on display at the Classic's Mezzanine Gallery from July 10 to August 2. An opening reception will be held on July 10 from 6 to 8 p.m.

More information at [www.partnersforwolflake.ca](http://www.partnersforwolflake.ca)

# *SNAKE ISLANDS OVER THE ICE*

Hart Haessler



Snake Island Gneiss

photo by Viki Mather

It was March 21st.... Four impatient kayakers and a dog were gathered at the Snug Harbour dock. Lee, Sam, John, John, Kyra and I gazed out to the Snake Islands in the west. The destination was only barely visible as a dark speck against the grey horizon. Environment Canada had assured us of “fast ice” right across the bay. So we felt safe. But just in case, we kept a rope handy for assisted rescues. As for myself, I carried a knife under my jacket. If I broke through the ice, my plan was to drag myself back to firm ice using my knife as a pick. In retrospect, two knives would have been more practical.

We put on our skis and launched ourselves over frozen slush. The dock area was a maze of deep ruts. Slush and the subsequent freeze-up left deep snowmobile ruts for us to clatter over or follow, depending on their orientation. After a half kilometer, the ruts veered off to the cottages to the north and south, but we continued to the west on hard-packed snow and patches of bare ice.

As I got into the rhythm of skiing, it occurred to me that cross-country skiing and kayaking are very similar. They both involve propelling oneself over H<sub>2</sub>O using hand-held devices as well as some means of reducing resistance and increasing floatation on their respective mediums. On big lakes there are other similarities. Wind is a help or a hindrance, and waves, fluid or solid, can be surfed. I’m pretty sure that breaking through the ice is similar to a very cold wet exit.

The wind from the west became stronger as we

left the lee of Franklin Island. It was minus five but with the wind, it felt much colder. The skiing was fast on the crust but the specks on the horizon seemed no closer than before. Fortunately there was no loose snow because the ground drift with this wind would have left us in a white-out. We knew that we could cross in less than an hour of skiing, but we felt like the remnants of the Franklin Expedition, struggling against wind and cold, on a frozen sea. Finally the first bare rocks emerged from the ice. The lake level had dropped a foot since the ice had formed so each exposed rock was surrounded by a high collar of cracked blue ice. The stranded ice was at least twelve inches thick which was reassuring.

The twisted pines greeted us as we skied uphill onto the main island. The evergreen pines and junipers provided shelter just as in summer. We found a bare rock to eat our lunch, then we climbed to the highest point and looked out further to the west. There were breaking waves just a few kilometers out. Environment Canada information was obviously out-of-date.

We faced east again and began the return trek. Now we had the mid-channel lighthouse to guide us home. It stood in the frozen sea waiting for drifts to turn to waves in the never ending cycle of the seasons.

We accomplished something that may never be possible again. Changing global weather may prevent safe ice crossings in the future, but I am sure there will always be kayakers visiting the Snakes.

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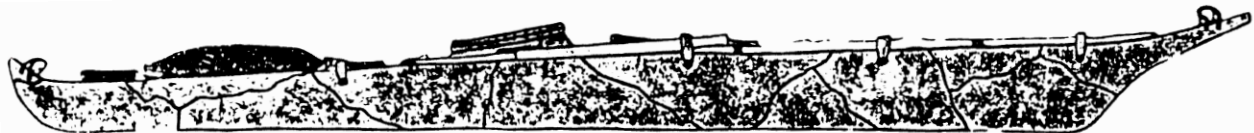
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Many thanks to Donna Griffin-Smith who provided many of the line drawings from photos for this issue of Qayaq.

Donna is a watercolour artist who would be delighted to create a beautiful painting from your favourite photo.

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