

CANOE LETTER

Newsletter of the Barrie Canoe and Kayak Club
Dec 2007- Jan 2008

BCKC SEA KAYAK TRIP - SILVER ISLET TO ROSSPORT LAKE SUPERIOR JULY 14TH TO 29TH, 2007

Our departure time was planned for 6 am however one member thinking that they may not be able to shower for a week or so, decided they should take the extra time now to do this important thing, delaying our start time. Had they know we would be in continual rain for the next two days on our way to Silver Islet, they perhaps would have realized they would have several 'showers' in the next few days.

Saturday night was spent at one of our favorite haunts – Naturally Superior Adventures where David Wells welcomed us and where we enjoyed dinner in the large eating area looking out to Michipicten Island. That evening a couple of us went picking blueberries and easily filled our four quart baskets in an hour or so. Our tents, without the flies, were set up in the two yurts and an early departure planned for the next morning.

On the way to Silver Islet, we stopped in at Superior Outfitters Coastal Kayaking Adventures at Rossport to confirm with Dave Tamblyn (brother of Ian Tamblyn fame) our shuttle arrangements. Late in the afternoon we arrived at Silver Islet and even in this tiny rustic charming spot, it took us a bit to locate the B&B where we scheduled to camp out for the next two nights.



Silver Islet in the 1870's was a mining community, where from a small offshore island, fortunes were made and millions of dollars in silver were extracted - \$3.25 million over 14 years. Along the shore, against high cliffs are miner's cabins, now beautifully restored. We enjoyed our stroll along the shore during the evening and our paddle out to see 'Sleeping Giant, the Sea Lion, Tea Harbour and the 'famous' island during the day – but came back without any silver in our pockets!

With the shuttle accomplished, we put in at 2:30 pm and left for Horseshoe Cove, crossing Black Bay to Black Bay Peninsula. Calm waters made for a beautiful paddle. That evening a couple of us paddled out to the lighthouse at Porphyry Island and who do we meet on the way back but Joanie & Gary McGuffin. They, along with two other couples, were canoeing in lovely spray deck covered boats and testing out new tents.

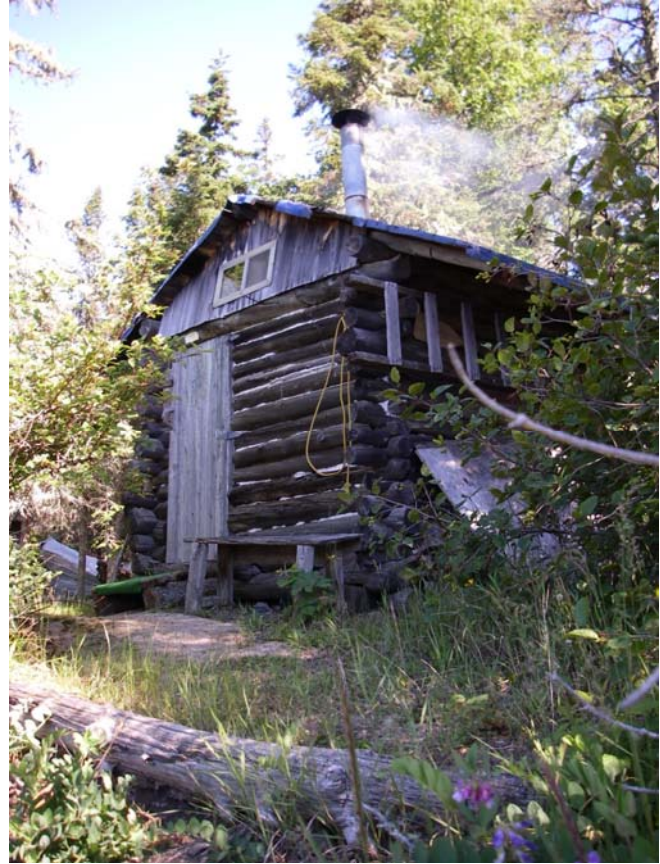
On the water shortly after eight the next morning, we headed for Number 10 Island passing to the north of Magnet Island and Longin Island. Some of the group decided to set up their tents near the Number 10 Island Lighthouse however there are a zillion ants, ant hills and ant tunnels at that spot and so a couple of us set up on the shore. We found out that the Number 10 Island ants attract unusual warblers such as the blue-winged, golden-winged, prairie and the hooded. (At the tip of Sleeping Giant at Thunder Cape is located the Thunder

Cape Bird Observatory.) Rain, wind, thunder & lightening keep us camped at Number 10 for the next two nights and we enjoyed the sounds and sightings of the warblers and magnificent rainbows in the sky.

It's an early 5:45 am wake up and we are on the water at 7:20 am hoping for calmer waters. It's a gorgeous sunny morning and the lake is smooth! We head for Swede Island and the sauna. A breakfast on the picnic table and then the wood stove in the log building is lit for our sauna. We can hardly wait! We so enjoy the sauna and the quick dips into the cold waters of Lake Superior! Our camping spot for the evening is Loon Harbour on Spain Island.

Some of us paddle around Spain Island in the late afternoon and others of us paddle down the channel located on the east side of Borden Island in the evening. It is a scenic area with lots of protection from all the islands.

The next morning brings more calm water as we head along the west side of Lasher Island enjoying all the loons with some exceptional loon calls....we expect some very young ones not too far away. It's onto Roche Debout Point where the landing is not an easy one, lots of tiers and stones! Later three of us head out to see if we can locate the waterfalls at Otter Island. No luck as we paddle further down Otter Cove to realize the waterfalls is located at the far, far end of Otter Cove, not Otter Island. Due to the time, wind and waves, we decide that we won't be able to make it to the falls. On the way back, just about a kilometer from our camp site, standing right out on the rock and not in the bush is a huge bull moose....hardly a hundred feet or so away from us. He eyes us for several moments while the three of us gets mega camera shots of him.....mind you with the excitement, wind and waves, some of the pictures are of just rocks or feet of the moose!



The following morning, three of us are up early and are determined to locate the falls. Getting closer to the falls area, a family of otters keep popping up to check us out....quite a site to see. After walking up stream, we find the spectacular bridal falls....it was certainly worth the effort to locate!

The group heads out for Spar Point where the McGuffin Party is setting up and where we have lunch. We paddle onto Fleur Island. As the SE Winds are picking up, and the sky is darkening we go up along the west side of Fleur with its high, high cliffs. Locating a camp site is difficult and the first few rain drops have fallen. We end up camping under the 'boat warning lights' at Black Bay Peninsula, just before Blind Bay and Nipigon Strait. The tents and the tarp are set up in the rain and everyone is tired. Dinner is a late one at 7:30 pm and it's an early evening for all.

We're on the water at nine the next morning. No rain, calm waters but lots of cloud! We're off to Squaw Harbour located on St Ignace Island and another sauna. No time is wasted starting the wood stove for the enjoyment of this sauna. This is a popular spot for pleasure craft and sail boats and there are four here presently moored at the several docks. We are happy that we paddle sea kayaks though, as we watch one boat having to take fifteen minutes to get off a shoal that he landed on, on the way into Squaw Harbour. After

dinner we do a fabulous 45 minute hike up a moss, (on the trees and the ground) laden trail leading high above the black spruce tree tops. Part of the trail includes three ropes you hold onto while climbing the steep rock face. The fog is heading in, thick and fast as we head back and into the tents for the evening.



Next morning the fog is thick, very thick, so thick that the boaters can't believe we're leaving for Agate Island Provincial Wilderness Island. However one GPS is set and we paddle into a small bay at Agate Island. Two sail boaters wake up with five sea kayakers paddling by. We pick up some interesting rocks and then head out for Paradise Island....in the thick fog. We set up camp on Bowman Island just NE of Paradise Island.

Paradise Island is formed entirely of layers of pink gravel covered with moss. It's a protected island of which camping is not allowed. While hiking the path through the centre of the island, you are amazed at the number of tiers which just

go on and on.

The camp (home) of the deceased lighthouse keeper of Talbot Island is located on Bowman Island. As well he is buried here with a white cross at the head of his grave. Several fresh wild flowers filled the can by the grave marker. We were told a sad story of his life here and the life of lighthouse keepers of Talbot Island.

The fog continues – thick! With the GPS's set, we head off to Dupuis Point, along to Fraser Point and McNab Harbour for a lunch stop. There is some sun at lunch but back on the water the fog is thick, so thick that it's hard to see the shore line and we have difficulty locating St Joe Islands. Thank goodness the GPS's were set. That evening we hike along the island looking for amethyst in the black lava, but no luck in finding any.

Next morning the fog has lifted as we head for Grotto Point, Woodbine Harbour and lunch at McKay Cove. Once again the fog begins to thicken and the wind picks up as we head for Raymond Island and camp at Morn Harbour. Sometime we can't even see Raymond Island from our camp site at Morn Harbour which is only a short distance away due to the thick fog.

Next morning brings sun, blue sky and very little wind. It's a wonderful day as we paddle across Simpson Channel to Harry Island, and along to Minnie Island. It's across Wilson Island, south east along Quarry Island and into Rossport Harbour and we're there! Dave Tamblyn greets us as we touch shore.

Three of us have now done four sea kayaking trips on Lake Superior and it is an amazing place to paddle and experience the wild wilderness. To see animals such as Bald Eagles and their nests, Falcons, Warblers, Loons, Otters, Moose, Fox, and several kinds of ducks not to mention the many arctic flowers is a real treat.....few of us get to experience.

Mary Cavanagh



Upcoming Events

Christmas Party: The annual BCKC Christmas Potluck dinner and party will be held at the Southshore Community Centre on Monday, 10th December with the special start time of **6PM** vice our usual start time of 7PM for Monday meetings. Remember, this is a pot luck, so please bring your favourite dish to share with the club members. Also please supply your own dishes and cutlery.

Photo Gallery and Contest: This year again, we are having a photo gallery and contest. If you have any photos you would like to submit, please bring them to the Christmas party and they will be posted on the board for club members to peruse. Members will then vote for their favourite during the January meeting.

Volunteers Needed for Christmas Party: If you would like to help setting up for the club festivities on the 10th Dec, please contact Hanna Schwarz at freddiecanoe@sympatico.ca or 705-728-3540

Monthly Meetings: Monthly meetings are held every second Monday of the month through out the winter months at the Southshore Community Centre. Doors open at 6:30PM and the program starts at 7PM. Our industrious Program Director Anthony Taliana is still working on the guest speaker list for the upcoming season. The list will be posted on the club web site when finalized.



Hey Mister!
Where's yer Life Jacket?

Gift of the Magi

O. Henry

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it.

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas. There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, though, they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling--something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honour of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Young's in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Madam Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation--as all good things

should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value--the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends--a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do--oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit for saying little silent prayer about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two--and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again--you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice-- what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labour.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you--sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year--what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs--the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims--just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And them Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men--wonderfully wise men--who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

2007-2008 WINTER ACTIVITY LIST

DATES	DESTINATION	ACTIVITY	REQUIRED SKILLS	LEADER	TRIP DETAILS
JAN-05-08	HORSESHOE VALLEY	X-C SKI	X-C SKIING	HANNE NIELSEN	APPROX 3HRS-12:00>3:00PM
JAN-09-08 (WED)	SCENIC CAVES	X-C SKI/S.S.	SKI or SNOW SHOE	ROSS RUTLEY	11:00AM >3:00PM
JAN-13-08	ARDAGH BLUFFS	SNOWSHOE	SNOWSHOE	ANTHONY TALIANA	APPROX 3HRS
JAN-19-08	COPELAND FOREST	SNOWSHOE	SNOWSHOE	JOHN RANKIN	SNOWSHOE IN FULL MOON (?) AND COOKOUT(SUPPER)
JAN-26-08	HORSESHOE VALLEY	X-C SKI	X-C SKIING	HANNE NIELSEN	APPROX 3HRS-12:00>3:00PM
JAN-27-08	GANARASKA TRAIL	SNOWSHOE	SNOWSHOE	FRED SCHWARZ	AN AFTERNOON HIKE -APPRX10K
FEB-2-08	BRACEBRIDGE	XC-SKI	XC-SKI	JOHN RANKIN	SKI THE TRAILS ALONG THE MUSKOKA RIVER
FEB-09-08	HORSESHOE VALLEY	X-C SKI	X-C SKIING	HANNE NIELSEN	APPROX 3HRS-12:30>3:00PM
FEB-10-08	BEETON WOODS	SKI- SNOWSHOE	SKI- OR SNOWSHOE	ROSS RUTLEY	SKI OR SNOWSHOE AROUND BEETON WOODS - APPROX 5-7KM(POSSIBLY SKATE ON THE BEAVER POND)
FEB-16-08	BLUEBERRY TRAILS	XC-SKI	XC-SKI	ANTHONY TALIANA	APPROX 4 HRS
FEB-17-08	MINESING WETLANDS	SNOWSHOE	SNOWSHOE	ED IRWIN	DETAILS TO FOLLOW
FEB-23-08	FRED'S PLACE	SNOWSHOE	SNOWSHOE	FRED SCHWARZ	HIKE THE VALLY AND RIDGE IN THE MOONLIGHT
FEB-27-07 (WED)	SCENIC CAVES	X-C SKI/S.S.	SKI or SNOW SHOE	ROSS RUTLEY	11:00AM >3:00PM
MAR-01-08	LOKE PADDLE	SHOP TOUR & SKI	SKI	Dave Beckett	DETAILS TO FOLLOW
MAR-08-08	HORSESHOE VALLEY	X-C SKI	X-C SKIING	HANNE NIELSEN	APPROX 3HRS-12:30>3:00PM
MAR-29-08	HEAD RIVER	WHITE WATER PADDLE	MW-1	JOHN RANKIN	SPRING BREAKUP DEPENDENT
APR-05-08	HEAD RIVER	WHITE WATER PADDLE	MW-1	JOHN RANKIN	SPRING BREAKUP DEPENDENT

New Life Member

During the Annual General Meeting in November, the Barrie Canoe and Kayak Club vote to award Fred Schwarz a lifetime membership in recognition of his long time involvement with the club in various executive and voluntary positions. Congratulations Fred and we hope to see you around the BCKC for many more years to come.

Club Directors for 2008

Here is the list of our new Board of Directors and Coordinators for 2008. Many thanks to those who are stepping forward to put their necks in the noose for 2008. A special thanks to those who are stepping down after years of dedicated service: Julia Lawr, Ed Irwin, Duane Craig, Dave Beckett, Susie Larkin & Paige Turner.

NOTE: We still require a Course Coordinator and Publicity Coordinator for 2008 and interested parties can contact either John Rankin or Bonnie Campbell. These positions include a "free" year's membership with BCKC as an added perk.

Board of Directors			
<i>President</i>	John Rankin	jsrankin@rogers.com	705-728-4154
<i>Past President</i>	Fred Schwarz	freddiecanoe@sympatico.ca	705-728-3540
<i>Vice President</i>	Bonny Campbell	bonnycampbell@hotmail.com	705-726-9357
<i>Treasurer</i>	Armando Perez	kaitoo@sympatico.ca	705-733-1679
<i>Secretary</i>	Ingrid VanderMarel	greet@csolve.net	705-835-2289
<i>Director at Large</i>	Ross Rutley	rrutley@csolve.net	905-729-3664
<i>Director at Large</i>	Marilyn Clark	mclark@csolve.net	705-329-2845
<i>Director at Large</i>	Gail White	Gail.white@simcow.ca	705-739-1908
Coordinators			
<i>Courses</i>	Open		
<i>Membership</i>	Sue Whalen	katsura.whelen@sympatico.ca	705-327-2486
<i>Trips</i>	Ross Rutley	rrutley@csolve.net	905-729-3664
<i>Equipment</i>	Kim Gate	gater@sympatico.ca	705-792-1570
<i>Lakewater</i>	Susan Eves	sseves@hotmail.com	705-252-2345
<i>Moving Water Canoe</i>	Bud Burke	budburke@rogers.com	705-436-6125
<i>Moving Water Kayak</i>	Mike Harrison	klmh6@rogers.com	705-7279716
<i>Sea Kayak</i>	John Brennan	brennanjohn@gmail.com	705-726-7768
<i>Voyageur</i>	Scott Schneider	scotts@rogers.com	705-739-2340
<i>Program</i>	Anthony Taliana		
<i>Resources</i>	Marian Stockdale	marian-jeff.stockdale@sympatico.ca	705-728-4316
<i>Publicity</i>	Open		
<i>Newsletter/ Website</i>	David Hyndman	dbhynd@sympatico.ca	705-792-1506

Show your membership card to get discounts on selected items from the following retailers:

- Angie's Outdoor, Barrie
- Ray Kettlewell Paddles
- Lolk Paddles
- Sturgeon River Canoe Co.
- Swift Canoe & Kayak
- Tent City Outfitters
- Paddle Shack

Sojourn (now uses a "Rewards Program" to provide discounts to loyal customers



Μερρη Χηριστιασ ανδ α Ηαπηη Νεω Ψεαρ
φρομ τηε Βαρριε Χανοε ανδ Καγακ Χλυβ

