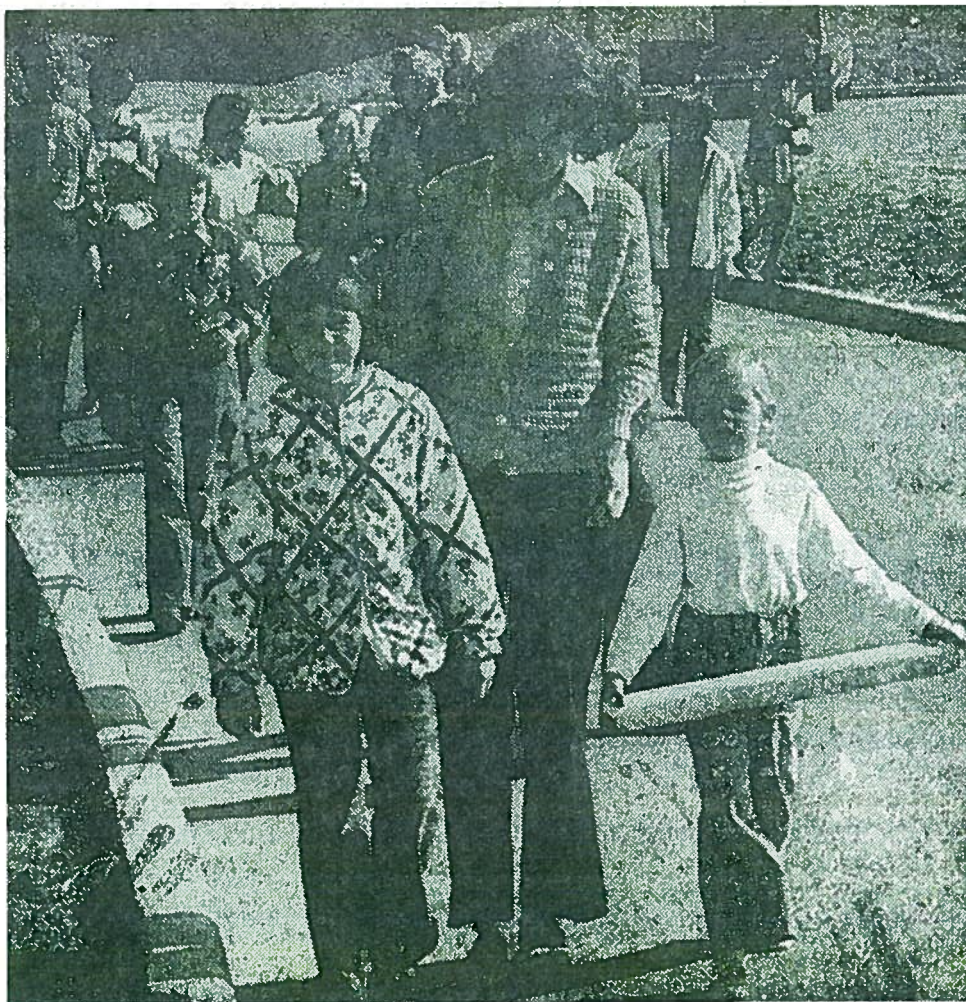


The Rideau Trail NEWSLETTER

Published by The Rideau Trail Association

WINTER 1973-74

ISSUE NUMBER 10



SANDRA MOORMAN (toting message cylinder), with her mother Joan and sister Karen, leads Ottawa Trail Club pack at the start of Rideau Trail Association's relay walk from Richmond Landing, near Old Mill restaurant, Ottawa, Sat. morning, Sept. 17. Congratulatory messages from Ottawa's Mayor and other Eastern Ontario municipal chief's were carried to Kingston's Mayor to honor the Limestone City's 300th. birthday. Messages reached Little Cataraqui Conservation Area Sat. afternoon, Oct. 6th. after handling by about 45 RTA relay hikers hailing from Ottawa, Burrits Rapids, Merrickville, Smiths Falls and Kingston. (Picture courtesy Ottawa Journal and CP).

THE KINGSTON-TERCENTENARY RELAY WALK

Elsewhere in this Winter issue of your NEWSLETTER (p. 7), Ottawa Trail Club President Gilles Côté recounts in his mother tongue the story of this precedent-setting happy event, which took place Sept. 17-Oct. 6. And on page 5 are listed the names --as we received them--of those who walked the relay trail.

As publicity chairman for the Ottawa Club, I hope I may be permitted to indulge in a few editorial-like comments on the project, as a kind of "thinking-out-loud" postscript to the event, in the hope that the Association may again be involved in a similar north-south activity that will take advantage of the experiences we have now gained.

We at the Ottawa end ("beginning"?) were most fortunate in the quick action of Member Bill Moorman who, on the eve of the walk, got in touch with Ottawa Controller Lorry Greenberg to get him to agree to act in the absence of Mayor Pierre Benoit at our planned ceremonial opening on Saturday morning. All of us are grateful to Mr Greenberg for his prompt, positive acceptance of the invitation to become pinch-hitter. And what a magnificent job he did of it.

That was a gorgeously idyllic Saturday forenoon as we assembled in front of the Old Mill on the Ottawa River. The sun was already high. It was warm, not hot. The river rapids gurgled in the background. Truly, a serene scene. And Con. Greenberg struck just the right notes in his impromptu talk to about 25 of us in the horseshoe around him which included Gilles and 6-year-old Sandra Moorman. It was a happy moment.

Con. Greenberg seemed genuinely moved by the setting, the people and the event. He gave it a significance that not all of us had expected. Did we even deserve it? we thought. We sensed a deep sense of commitment as he talked about our protecting and sharing what Nature had wrought. He promised that he would encourage the development of the Trail to its fullest potential.

The Controller's remarks made me feel somewhat guilty. I mentally reviewed our planning. Summer holidays had played hob with some of our best ideas. We had hoped to encourage maximum democratic participation by members who had not normally been active, instead of depending exclusively on the good old reliable executive members. We had mounted a telephone campaign to inform as many members as possible, to encourage them to take part. Unfortunately, time did not permit systematically talking to all members. I felt there were probably many more who would have liked to have taken part, if we had been able to inform them far enough in advance.

So much for regrets. It was fun. And there's no reason why we should not build upon this solid base of experience.

Harry Walker

"HOW I WALKED THE TRAIL FROM OTTAWA TO KINGSTON"

by RALPH HUELLAR

(Editor's Note: The author is a 14-year-old, grade-10 student of Fisher Park High School, Ottawa.)

ONE DAY early in the year, I read about nature trails and the enjoyment and adventures one can experience in walking them.

Having been raised an an outdoor boy, I had the desire to be close to nature, and the Rideau Trail offered the opportunity I had always dreamed about.

I discussed the idea of walking the Trail with my parents and also tried to get the interest of some of my friends. Most kids my own age were not too optimistic and even tried to discourage me. However, one of my chums, Frank Schmidt, caught my enthusiasm and agreed to walk the Trail with me.

We planned every detail with the help of my dad, packed all necessary equipment, studied our maps carefully and reviewed common-sense rules for outdoor living. And off we went.

As we increased the distance between the inhabited areas and ourselves, the quietness and beauty of nature became more and more apparent. The sounds and smells of the country were soothing and harmonious to our senses. The flutter and songs of birds, the nervous darting to and fro of butterflies and insects, the breeze in the treetops, the gurgling of creeks and rivers. How much more enjoyable than just zomming through by car.

At night, fireflies filled the air and interrupted the darkness. The stars: There are so many more than one can see from the city. But having walked all day, we were very tired, and after a night snack, we rolled into our sleeping bags. Moments later we were fast asleep.

During the first few days we stopped occasionally to try our luck at fishing near Burritts Rapids, as well as Tay River and Jock River, but we did not stay long enough in any one spot to make fishing pay off.

One morning, on the fourth day of our journey, we reached the town of Perth. At this point, my partner complained about a severe chest cold and it looked as though our trip was to end here

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"HOW I WALKED THE TRAIL FROM OTTAWA TO KINGSTON"

by RALPH HUELLER

(continued from page 3)

After Frank and I thoroughly discussed his illness and what we should do about it, he decided to quit at Perth and have his parents come from Ottawa to pick him up. I was very disappointed, but I decided very definitely to carry on alone. I felt I had to make it. It now became a challenge. I telephoned my parents to beg for their permission to continue on to Kingston. Though worried, my dad agreed, since he knew he could count on me, as he had taught me many things about outdoor life.

From here on, I was alone, completely dependent on my own strength, wits and determination. I had to reach my goal--and my goal was to walk all the way to Kingston.

The first day alone was not so bad. Mixed feelings of excitement, disappointment, and I guess a bit of anger, pushed me onwards at an astonishing pace. But when night came, I realized how lonely I was. No one to talk to or to depend upon. It was the first time for me to be alone in the woods. My meagre dinner didn't taste good at all, and I didn't sleep well that first night alone. I guess I was just a little scared. I welcomed the first sunrays the next morning.

After a quick breakfast, I carried on the Trail, winding through some dense, quiet forest land near swamps, lakes and an occasional farm.

A Humourous Episode

Being alone, I saw more wildlife than one would see with a partner. And I moved quietly.

One morning, I watched a humourous episode. While away from my camp for a few minutes, a racoon invited himself for breakfast, gorging himself on some of my bread, a little balogna sausage, and when I approached my tent, he hastily fled with half a bar of chocolate--for dessert, I assumed!

I broke camp one morning near Chaffey's Locks and walked most of the day to reach Sydenham before dusk. On the way, I met people who made my trip even more interesting by telling me about some of the history of this area. One item I recall that impressed me was the history of Lake Opinicon City, a community that was wiped out by smallpox which a little girl had brought back from a visit to another town. All that remains today is a graveyard.

Finally, on Tuesday morning, August the 28th, I awoke to a beautiful day. Somehow everything seemed brighter than usual. The birds chirped happier and I felt just great. Checking my Trail map, I knew I was not far from my destination, Kingston.

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"HOW I WALKED THE TRAIL FROM OTTAWA TO KINGSTON"

by RALPH HUELLER

(continued from page 4)

I felt stronger now, and my steps seemed quicker. Soon I could hear the familiar sound of highway traffic and other sounds of civilization. I had made it!

In Kingston, I called my parents to convey the good news. I contacted the city's newspaper to tell them about my journey, which was later included in that day's issue. I was also introduced to people at the television station and was interviewed by a friendly reporter. All of this added to the excitement of the day.

In conclusion, I'd like to say that as a 14-year-old boy, I have learned an important lesson in life: to stand on my own two feet and pursue any worthwhile goal with the same determination with which I reached the end of the beautiful Rideau Trail.

I enjoyed the entire journey, and can only encourage other young people to pack your bag and discover the beauty and serenity that you'll find on the Rideau Trail.

TERCENTENARY RELAY WALKERS

OTTAWA: Gilles Côté, Trixie Geary, Rolly Hamilton, Shirley Simpson, Gordon Lloyd, Bill Moorman, Danny Moorman, Joan Moorman, Karen Moorman, Sandra Moorman, Hugh Munro and Harry Walker.

BURRITS RAPIDS--Hans van Pelt and family; MERRICKVILLE--Colonel Duncan Douglas, Commander and Mrs. H.W.A. Maxley, Paul Patterson, Mrs. Bradbrooke Smith and Miss Claire Smith; PERTH--Keith Johnson, John Matthews and family, Dr. Ross McLean and Dr. Malle Ryan; and SMITHS FALLS--Mr. & Mrs. D.W. Burtch, Ian Cooper, Russ Davis, Klaas Vandermeer and Elizabeth Taylor.

KINGSTON: Doug Knapp, Norman McLeod, Ed Ross and Guy Thorne.

NOTE: Others joined during the opening and the closing few miles.

"WALKING IN A WINTER WONDERLAND"

In response to numerous requests (well, at least one), we thought this winter issue would be a good time to discuss the non-mosquito season and to make some suggestions about what to look for on the Rideau Trail in the winter, other than fast-moving cross-country skiers.

If you're like some of us, but not like Fred Cooke of Kingston or Hugh Munro--or numerous other keen bird-watcher-type trailers, you might want to consider taking up bird identification.

"But it's the wrong season," we can hear some of you protest. "The summer's the time for birds. They've all gone south in the winter."

You're right--in part--of course. Most birds have indeed gone. But if you're a duffer like some of us (names provided on request if accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope), that's an advantage, not a barrier to good "birding". All those birds flapping around in the summer make one nervous. There's just too many for a reasonable person to observe and identify.

Not only are there much fewer species of birds around to identify in the winter, but because the leaves of the hardwood trees have succumbed to the pull of gravity, you can even see the dad-blamed birds perched on the bare trees. Vive l'hiver!

Now, the best way to get started on this esoteric hobby is to borrow or buy a pair of binoculars. Not too heavy, though. They can become a burden around your neck and drag you through thin pond ice. Better borrow a pair before you decide you want to buy your own, because if you get seriously bitten by the birding bug you'll likely want to buy a good-quality pair--and they're fairly expensive.

And even more importantly, you'll need to buy--not borrow--and carry with you at all times a copy of Roger Tory Peterson's "A Field Guide to the Birds". If you're a member of the Canadian Nature Federation, you can buy a hardcover version for \$6.25 or a paperback edition at \$4.45, from the Nature Canada bookstore in Ottawa. Otherwise, you're likely to fork out \$6.95 for the hardcover or \$4.95 for the soft-cover edition at most bookstores. Whatever you pay, you'll never regret the investment.

And say, Dad, what a splendid idea for a Christmas gift!

Harry Walker

MARCHE TRICENTENAIRE

Au début de cette automne, des coordinateurs du RTA ont mis en force un plan pour avoir une marche à relais. Ceci servirait à célébrer le trois-centième anniversaire de Kingston, ville de pierre à chaux et la troisième été d'existence de l'Association de la piste Rideau.

De plus, la décision a été faite de se servir de l'événement pour délivrer par main et pied un message close de salutations et félicitations au maire George Speal de Kingston. Ce message venait de la part du maire d'Ottawa et des autres communautés le long de la piste Rideau.

Par conséquence, le commencement eut lieu à Ottawa, le 15 Septembre, en face du restaurant "Old Mill". L'adjoint (au maire) Lorry Greenberg (représentant le maire Pierre Benoit) a fait la présentation du message à Sandra Moorman, jeune membre du RTA, qui a accepté de commencer la marche à relais.

Cet événement fut bien couvert par les journaux "Ottawa Citizen", "Ottawa Journal", "Le Droit", aussi bien que le poste de télévision CJOH-TV, et poste de radio-diffusion, CKOY.

Plusieurs autres membres volontaires du RTA des clubs régionaux d'Ottawa, Smiths Falls et Kingston ont fait leurs parts pour franchir les 170 milles et de plus ont eu l'encouragement de temps idéal pour jouir d'une bonne marche sur notre magnifique piste.

Enfin, le 6 Octobre, le message est arrivé en temps pour être présenté au représentatif du maire de Kingston. Suivant cet événement fut un bar-b-que en plein air auquel le publique a répondu largement et aussi a exprimé satisfaction d'un repas bien servi.

En terminant, je dois mentionner que l'exécutif du RTA était extrêmement satisfait de la bonne participation du grand public, réalisant que c'était un premier événement pour l'est de l'Ontario.

Gilles Côté

WANTED: ADOPTIVE OR FOSTER PARENTS

Three sections of the Trail in the vicinity of Westport need someone to adopt them, so that they will feel loved and cherished by the Rideau Trail Association. At the moment, they seem to be unloved and unwanted. If you are interested in adopting one of these sections, please give Doug Knapp a call in Kingston at 542-2039.

CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING ON THE RIDEAU TRAIL

Although Eastern Ontario south of Renfrew does not offer much of what could be called excellent downhill skiing, it has excellent potential for that more economical and equally enjoyable relative - cross-country skiing.

The last two winters have seen an unprecedented increase in interest in cross-country skiing. Stores which formerly sold two or three outfits in a season are now selling dozens, and often supply drags far behind the demand. This is not to suggest that cross-country ski terrain is crowded. In fact, one skier rarely meets another on the trail - an indication of the plentiful supply of suitable locations to ski. The Rideau Trail provides many sections ideal for this activity, and a bit of study of the trail maps will help one select suitable terrain. It must not be too hilly or heavily wooded, and should avoid travel on roads. Gently rolling meadows and unopened road allowances are ideal, particularly if they are part of a loop which can bring you back to your car.

At the Kingston end of the trail, some of the best locations are as follows:

- (a) From Trail's end at Cataraqui Bay to Princess St. This section is about three miles long but contains about one-third of mile of city streets where skis would have to be carried.
- (b) From Bur Creek north to Murvale Station on the Loughborough-Portland Township boundary line. This is about eight miles, of which there are two half-mile sections of road.
- (c) From the Loughborough Township dump three miles north of Sydenham, north along the west side of "Mica Loop" on the west side of Gould Lake. From the northern end of Mica Loop one can cut over to Gould Lake and ski down the lake back to the barn at the south end of Gould Lake. The eastern side of Mica Loop is generally too rough for cross-country skiing.

Doug. Knapp

MARK THESE REMARKS ON THE NEED FOR MARKERS

The Rideau Trail Association needs manpower and ideas for the manufacture of more Trail markers. At present the markers are made out of scrap galvanized steel and are isosceles triangles, nominally $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches (9 centimetres) on the base and 7 inches (17.5 cm) high. In the past, one of the local Kingston penitentiaries has been making them, but there is a long lag between request and supply. We anticipate a need for some 500 to 1,000 markers shortly. And of course, they need to be painted--mostly red, some blue. Persons with time, energy and ideas should get in touch with the RTA President, Doug Knapp, 32 Gretna Green, Kingston, telephone 542-2039.

THE CHICKADEE: "HAIL TO THEE, BLITHE /WINTER/ SPIRIT!"

Great winter-bird, thou art. Although, on another page of this winter issue, RTA Prexy Doug. Knapp reports that if you are a cross-country skier it is quite possible you might not meet another skier on the Trail, it is probably impossible for you, whether as skier, walker, or snow-shoer, not to come across a bevy of Black-Capped Chickadees.

Bradford Torrey, in his Birds in the Bush (1885), called the Chickadee the "bird of the merry heart".

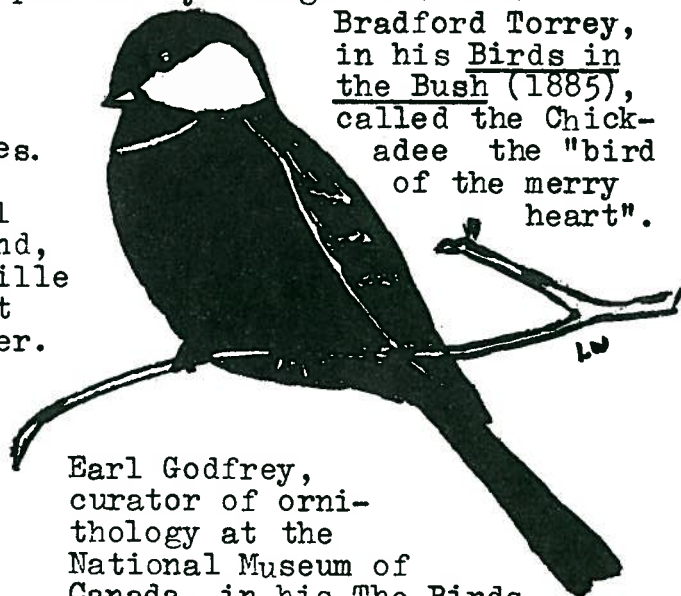
Whether you traipse on the Trail at the Kingston or the Ottawa end, or in the Smiths Falls-Merrickville middle section, you'll never get lonely on the Trail in the winter.

Keep a lookout for the effervescent, ever-lively, ever-cheerful "titmouse", best known to most of us as the Black-Capped Chickadee.

We Canadians perhaps take the Chickadee too much for granted. Not so in Maine and Massachusetts; there, he is the state bird.

You can't mistake the Chickadee for any other bird. Not only because of his characteristic chick-a-dee-dee-dee sound, but because of his black cap, his black bib, and his white cheeks. In his A Field Guide to the Birds, Roger Tory Peterson calls him "a tame acrobat".

Earl Godfrey, curator of ornithology at the National Museum of Canada, in his The Birds of Canada, asks: "Whoever saw a dejected Chickadee?" "Even on the greyest day of mid-winter, when the thermometer remains below zero and the snow lies deep over the land, the Chickadee is the personification of cheerfulness and good nature."



As you move along the Trail this winter, you will suddenly hear in the near distance, if you are quiet, a soft jingling sound, as if a brace of tiny silver sleighbells were shaking from the tree tops. Without doubt, it's a flight of Chickadees, flitting from tree to tree, seeking insects beneath the bark.

You'll usually find the Chickadee in a flock of about six to a dozen. They like company. So much so, that if you look and listen carefully, you'll often find other birds as "hangers-on", such as the White-breasted Nuthatch, the Downy and the Hairy Woodpeckers and the Blue Jay. By "squeaking" for him, sucking-in on the back of your hand, you may even attract his attention. And, maybe, on one sunny wintry day you will be astounded to hear a beautiful whistled call: fee-bee (the first syllable or note higher than the second). And you will know that spring will soon be here. Meantime, the Black-Capped Chickadee has made our winter warmer.

Harry Walker

TWO DAYS OF BACK-PACKING IN GOULD LAKE AREA

At 8:30 a.m., Saturday, Oct. 13, a group of hikers left Ottawa by car for Gould Lake and two days of back-packing.

We left Ottawa under cloudy skies, but by the time we arrived at the lake the skies had cleared. We parked our cars and started up the west side of this beautiful lake.

Near the vicinity where the "shore" loop rejoins the main trail, we investigated an abandoned nit mine. On our right, off the main trail, we followed the blue markers north along the old mining road for a quarter mile and then turned off the road to the right and descended through the forest to the edge of Gould Lake. This side trail now follows the edge of the lake before ascending to the mica mines at the northern tip of the loop.

Leaving the nit mines, we headed straight south on the old mining road to rejoin the main trail.

The main trail dips through a swamp and then climbs over a hill before turning north through the forest. At the far side of the next swampy area, ropes are tied to the trees to help you up a steep bluff. The trail heads west across the ridge and then descends into another swamp--again with ropes.

We hiked till 3:30, enjoying the beautiful scenery high on the ridges overlooking the lake and then deep in the forest, walking on a carpet of coloured leaves. We had many welcome rests along the way, due to the warm day and the steep climbs.

The unusual heat of the day must have brought the snakes out, as we counted ten garter snakes, one green-grass, and one black-rat snake.

The campsite we chose was on a scenic flat rocky point with a fireplace already built. A flat grassy area behind was an ideal spot for our four tents. Some of us had a quick swim in the clear refreshing water, after gathering wood and setting up camp.

Dinner was cooked over an open fire and was made even more enjoyable by two bottles of vintage wine. ("No wonder your pack was so heavy, Bill.")

A lively sing-song around the fire lasted until rain forced us to take shelter.

During the night, we were awakened by a terrible wind and rain storm. We all stayed dry except for one or two whose tent collapsed from the strong winds. After hearing a few strange animal calls in the night and after the storm had subsided, we fell asleep and slept till a bright sun wakened us next morning.

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THE SECOND OF TWO DAYS OF BACK-PACKING IN GOULD LAKE AREA

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Upon awakening Sunday morning, we managed to get a fire going, ate a hearty breakfast, struck camp and started on our walk around the rest of Gould Lake. Sunday was much cooler than Saturday had been, with a strong wind, so we kept moving...to keep warm.

We were lucky again in finding a beautiful camp spot for lunch, with a picnic table and fireplace, on a bay about ten miles from the end of our walk.

After eating a leisurely lunch, we took our time enjoying the scenery on the last stretch back to the cars.

Trix Geary

NO CORNS ON FEET, BUT CORN-IN-THE-POT FOR OTTAWA HIKERS

Saturday, the 15th of September, began at Richmond's Landing on the Ottawa River for those Ottawa Rideau Trailers who took part in the first leg of the Ottawa-Kingston relay hike to carry Mayor Benoit's best wishes to Mayor Speal of Kingston.

It was a beautiful, sunny day, and great weather for a cook-out.

At noon, the Ottawa hikers--about ten families--met at Bell High School to join in a hike and corn boil at Limerick Forest. The variety of plants and flowers in this 8,400 acre reserve is truly fascinating. The bog, which is usually dry and bouncy to walk on at this time of year, was quite wet, so we were unable to walk across it to look for pitcher plants.

The last of the season's fresh corn, cooked over a single open fire and eaten in common around extended tables, was the reward after the day's hike. Plenty of wine was available to wash down salads, cheese and hamburgers, as well as the corn.

Everyone enjoyed the occasion immensely and it was a perfect ending to a perfect day.

Bill Moorman

FROM THE OLD BACKPACKER...

"O, give me a home, where the buffalo roam.
And I'll show you a mighty sloppy housekeeper."

HIKING IN THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

by Doug Knapp

In the last issue of the Newsletter I took you on an imaginative journey to the White Mountains of New Hampshire - a six-to-seven hour drive from eastern Ontario - to one of the finest hiking areas in North America. In this issue we shall be even closer to home - four-to-five hours away, in the spectacular Adirondack mountains of New York State. To get there, head south over the bridge to U.S.A. at Ivy Lea, Prescott or Cornwall and aim in the general direction of Lake Placid. Just south of Lake Placid is the "High Peaks Region" of the Adirondack State Park - a tract of about 200 square miles containing no roads or dwellings - nothing but forest and mountains. Here you will find a wilderness in which there are more than forty peaks rising above 4,000 feet, and two peaks, Marcy and Algonquin, with peaks over 5,000 feet.

The Adirondack Park was created by an act of the New York legislature in 1892. Of the total park, about one-third is protected by statute to remain "forever wild".

Trails have been established throughout this area by the New York State Conservation Department, which has also erected a number of lean-to shelters for use by hikers. These are attractive log structures, with walls on three sides and an open front. In front of each lean-to is a stone or concrete fireplace equipped with a heavy steel grill large enough to accommodate the cooking utensils of several hikers simultaneously.



The geology of the Adirondack mountains - so close to the Appalachian chain only one hundred miles to the east - is of some interest. As described in the last Newsletter, the Appalachians are a chain of metamorphic rocks uplifted from deep in the Earth between two and five million years ago. These were produced by the slow alteration of sediments on the floor of an ancient shallow sea which covered the eastern side of the continent. Contrasting strongly with this, we have the Adirondacks.

These consist of ancient granite of the Canadian shield - a final southern branch that juts down into New York State from Ontario, crossing the St. Lawrence in a narrow band between Kingston and Brockville, known as the "Frontenac Axis". Almost as a last grand gesture, the shield, instead of

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HIKING IN THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS (continued from page 12)

just petering out in New York State, rises again to suggest the ancient glory of these most ancient of Earth's mountains. Visitors to the Adirondacks who are familiar with the Canadian shield terrain of Algonquin or Frontenac Park will inevitably notice how familiar it all seems in many ways. And yet, it is not the same. How can it be when you are surrounded by peaks, their summits often hidden by the clouds, or snow-covered even in early October?



To set out hiking in the High Peaks Region (undoubtedly the most spectacular and challenging section) there are several possible starting points. These are parking lots, both public and private, around the perimeter of the area. The main ones are at Haart Lake, about four miles from the village of North Elba, at Keene Valley, at St. Huberts', and at Elk Lake just a few miles west of Route 87, the "Adirondack Northway". The closest to eastern Ontario is the first-mentioned above,

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HIKING IN THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

(concluded)

but for several reasons it is also the most popular starting point with groups from all over. Unfortunately this popularity has led to greatly excessive traffic on the trails resulting in numerous muddy sections, overcrowded and often noisy camping areas, and a really serious problem of garbage. One of the reasons for the continued overuse of this starting point rather than the others is that it offers the shortest trails up the two peaks which tower over 5,000 feet. School groups, particularly, appreciate this quality as they are not generally there to hike and explore in a leisurely fashion for a week or more. They have only one or two overnights and have to make the most of it.

For someone with a little more time, however, the other starting places have much to commend them. The trails aren't so overworn - eroded and muddy. The lean-tos won't be so crowded, nor the camping areas so noisy. Garbage will be far less evident too. And even if the time available is short, many of the other peaks besides Marcy and Algonquin offer breathtaking views and exciting challenges. For example, just two miles from the parking lot at Elk Lake one can climb up the old slide on Mt. McCoomb - a fascinating hike 3,000 feet up a bare rock surface sloping about 45° all the way. The view out over the valley below as it opens up beneath you is spectacular.

Another landscape feature of outstanding character is Indian Pass. This is a stupendous gorge between two mountains, over a mile in length with the wall on its north-western side rising a sheer 1,000 feet. In many places amongst the rocks on this trail the ice never melts and the sun never shines.

Maps of the Adirondack Park and information for hikers are readily available in any of the sporting goods or tourist centres in the villages of Lake Placid, Keene, Keene Valley and St. Huberts. As well, the Adirondack Mountain Club publishes an excellent pocket guidebook which contains a large map of the high peaks region.

Enquiries concerning the above-mentioned guidebook or applications for membership in the Adirondack Mountain Club should be addressed to:

The Executive Secretary,
Adirondack Mountain Club,
Gabriels,
Franklin County,
New York.

If you really haven't become "hooked on hiking" yet, try the Adirondack or Appalachian Mountains. When you return home you will find that your legs just aren't prepared to stop. That is why you will come to appreciate the Rideau Trail even more.

DONATIONS

Many members of the Rideau Trail Association, either when they first join or when they renew their memberships, show their support of the Association with a financial donation. It is proposed that in succeeding issues of the Newsletter these contributions be acknowledged as they occur. It is impossible to record all the donations since the inception of the Association, but a list follows of those who have given a sum over and above the regular memberships since March 1973:

Mr & Mrs Andre Andrews	Mr & Mrs E. J. Hartnett	Mr & Mrs J. M. Munn
Mr & Mrs D. P. Apsimon	Mr A. M. Harvey	Mr John O'Neill
Mr & Mrs M. T. Bennett	Mr & Mrs H. M. Hurst	Miss Kathy Palmour
Mr & Mrs C. A. Boe	Mr & Mrs Edward Jezak	Mr & Mrs Rawson
Mr & Mrs D. S. Campbell	Mr Rakesh Kumar	Mr & Mrs W. J. B. Roche
Mr & Mrs Larry Erion	Mr & Mrs M. J. Laubitz	Ms Judith Stauffer
Mr Grant Fair	Mr & Mrs Wm. E. Laundry	Mr & Mrs J. M. R. Thomson
Mr & Mrs P. J. Fitzgerald	Mr Douglas Lochhead	Mr Roger Turenne
Miss Adelaide Fleming	Mr & Mrs G.H. MacCarthy	Mr & Mrs E. C. West
Mr & Mrs Brian Foster	Mr Stephen Malmberg	Mr Charles Widger
Mr & Mrs John M. Gracie	Mr Peter McMillan	Mr R. B. Wolton
Mr S. W. Hansen	Miss Beverley Morrison	Mr E. A. Yarwood
	Dr & Mrs D. M. Muir	

Compiled by RTA Membership Secretary Helen Quilliam.

ORGANIZED WINTER GROUP OUTINGS

<u>Sun., Dec. 16</u>	<u>Kingston Trail Club</u> meets at Bullen Road and Old Highway 38, at 2:00 p.m. Bus 2 1/2 miles north and walk back to cars. For more information, call Fran Goring, 354-4352.
<u>Sat., Jan. 5</u>	<u>Ottawa Trail Club</u> greets the New Year, starting at Bell Arena, 8 a.m., for cross-country skiing and snowshoeing in the Westport area. Bring your lunch.
<u>Sat., Feb. 2</u>	<u>Ottawa Trail Club</u> meets at Bell Arena, 7:30 p.m. for <u>moonlight cross-country skiing</u> in the Nepean Township area. Bring a hot drink.
<u>Sat., Mar. 2</u>	<u>Ottawa Trail Club</u> meets at Bell Arena at 9 a.m., for cross-country ski or walk in Merrickville area. Bring--or buy--your lunch. For more information on any or all of the OTC outings, give Trix Geary a call at 722-2736. All members of the family are cordially welcome.

THE BIRTH OF THE TRAIL MAP KIT

The Rideau Trail map kit, which was distributed to members in early summer, represents the combined efforts of several Association members. Representatives from each trail club were responsible for written descriptions of their respective sections.

The primary burden for designing and bringing everything together rested with Jane Johnston and Rolly Hamilton of the Ottawa Trail Club of the RTA. Rolly's talents and experience as a draftsman are clearly evident in his design of the vinyl pouch and in the many hours spent in drafting the original maps. Rolly was also instrumental in securing the kind co-operation of the Marine Sciences Directorate of the federal Department of the Environment, where he is employed, to use federal topographic map bases. The Directorate also provided additional drafting help.

Jane was responsible for editing, proofreading and obtaining volunteer typing services. She also effectively negotiated with Recreation Canada of the federal Department of National Health and Welfare to obtain a grant of \$1,750 to help produce the kit. This amount, combined with a donation from an Ottawa member, permitted printing of 2,000 copies, without any burden on the Association's treasury.

The kit's format of individual map sheets--rather than a bound book--was chosen for several reasons: flexibility in carrying, adaptability to change, and the ability of printing sheets showing a large area. The vinyl case is intended to be permanent, whereas new map sheets will be issued as major changes take place. The maps conform to the National Topographic map series, scale of 1:50,000. This is the most commonly used mapping scale, and the co-ordinators of the project felt that it provided sufficient detail for general Trail use.

Changes and improvements will be necessary to many map sheets and descriptions. Suggestions from members are actively solicited. The Association has a most attractive map kit for which it can be very proud. The many compliments it has aroused are a testimony to the fine efforts of Jane and Rolly.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP -- RENEW NOW FOR 1974!

Please check-off whether: New membership ☐ or Renewal ☐
Rideau Trail Association, P. O. Box 15, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

My name is (please print): _____

My mailing address is: _____

My telephone number is: _____.

I enclose the total amount of: \$ _____, to cover:

student: \$3.00	a) Membership fee:	\$ _____
adult: 4.00	b) Plastic folder:	\$ _____
family: 6.00	(\$1.00 each)	
senior citizen: 1.00	c) Crest:	\$ _____
affiliated	(\$0.50 each)	
organization: 5.00	d) Donation:	\$ _____
	Signature:	_____