



The Rideau Trail NEWSLETTER

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SUMMER 1982



HIKING IN FRONTENAC PARK, 1981

J.N. McLeod

The Rideau Trail Newsletter is published quarterly in December, March, June, and September by the Rideau Trail Association. The association is a member of the Federation of Ontario Hiking Trail Associations. The editor of this issue of the newsletter is Mark Sims for the Ottawa Rideau Trail Club. Submissions for the next newsletter are welcome and should be sent to Liz Harrison in Kingston.

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Unless otherwise stated, the opinions expressed in this newsletter are not necessarily those of the Rideau Trail Association.

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THE NEW EDITOR

I am very pleased to become the new editor of the Ottawa chapter of the newsletter succeeding Diana Brebner. I would like to take this chance to thank all the people who have helped me into my new position. This summer when you're on that hike think of me and write about your experiences on the trail, and if you have any pictures, send them along as well. Also send any ideas of hints that would make someone's hike more enjoyable or worthwhile. These would be greatly appreciated. So, don't forget to carry that pen and note pad while you're out on the trail.

Ottawa Editor
Mark C. Sims
tel: RR#1 Manotick Station
822-6655 KOA 2N0

DID YOU KNOW....

....that "Hummingbird Sewing" provides repairs, alterations and construction of hiking and backpacking equipment?

Contact: (613) 729-8178

or

P.O Box 4039, Station C
Ottawa, Ontario
K1Y 4P2

....that "Hotel Tweedsmuir" in Westport is under new management and along with the usual accomodation and facilities is now offering hostel style rooms at very reasonable rates?

RICHMOND LANDING PLAQUE UNVEILING

Within the past two years the National Capital Commission has landscaped Richmond Landing, a small spot of land just east of the Portage Bridge in Ottawa. Settlers bound for Richmond and the farmland south and west of Bytown landed there for the final stage of their journey to the New World. It is fair to guess that most of these settlers walked along the shore of the Ottawa River, and eventually followed what is now Richmond Road through Bells Corners to Richmond. For this reason, the Rideau Trail Association has endeavoured to start the trail at the Landing and to mark the place in a way suitable to remember the pioneers of the nineteenth century.

Thanks to the NCC, the site is to be marked by a plaque, which will be unveiled on Saturday, July 3, 1982, towards the end of a week of cultural and historic festivities at the Landing and on nearby Victoria Island.

Following the unveiling, an interpretive historic walk around Victoria Island is scheduled. This will be followed by an invitation to the public to hike the final kilometres of the trail as far as Lemieux Island and back. Members of the Association wishing to attend the unveiling may park in the federal government parking lot immediately north of the National Library on Wellington Street. This parking lot is reached by proceeding east along Wellington St. to the intersection with Commissioner and Fleet. At this intersection take the road marked " Cliff-Government Heating and Cooling Plant ".

Peter Andrews

CAMEL LAKE - MARCH 10, 1982

Jim and I turned the car left off Perth Road through two sandstone posts onto a winter plowed cottage road. After finding a convenient spot to park, we donned on our skis and made our way down the north bay of Buck Lake. Our plan was to explore the lacework of interconnected swamps and marshes surrounding Camel Lake. These wetlands which render so much of our back country impassable in the summer, along with lakes are ideal passageways for winter travel.

We rapidly made our way down the bay and found the path on its western shore that crosses the narrow isthmus that separates Buck Lake from Slide Lake. The path took us across the Rideau Trail, triangular markers. In fact, just across Slide Lake at its northern end, we ascended its western shore and rejoined the Trail for a short detour around unsafe ice where the Slide Lake marsh empties into Slide Lake. The marsh was frozen solid, so once above the spillway we were able to descend onto the ice again.

Part way up the marsh, there is an island covered with a dense stand of mature pine trees. There is no other such pine brush anywhere in this vicinity. To the west of this island is a draw. With well-waxed birch-soled skis, the slope through the draw was not so steep that we couldn't walk up it, thus avoiding the nuisance of side stepping the steeper sides everywhere else. Wood skis are far superior for "bush whacking" than the newer synthetic based skis. They offer more traction for a climb and are more forgiving of improper wasing or poor technique.

At the top of this draw is a huge pond full of dead trees. At the far end of the pond, we found a beaver dam. On the other side of the beaver dam, is the marsh which drains Camel Lake. Our first trek was southwards to get far enough to find the campsite on the small lake 1/2 kilometres west of Rock Junction. This lake is on this drainage system. After a mile or two of detouring around the beaver dams and spillways the objective ceased to be worth the effort. We turned back. The country back there is surprisingly open, either having been burnt over or rocky terrain, has not allowed the establishment of a forest. There are many sumac and other small bush but trees are limited to the occasional gnarled oak and in clumps here and there; pines. The barrenness lends a certain stark beauty to the landscape.

On the backward trek, we bore left into another branch of the marsh. At the northernmost extremity is a beautiful pine forest. We followed a creek through it a very short distance to the west and struck another marsh system that our topographic maps show eventually links up with Little Black and Cedar Lakes. The Rideau Trail swings by Little Black Lake. We didn't have time to explore that far. Instead we pushed north again and beat our way through some open bush country to the south end of Camel Lake. The trail follows the shore there. At the north end, of Camel Lake we found a way into a pond that sits just above the lake and what appears to be a good point of departure for the haul into Big Salmon Lake. Just off the pond were Rideau Trail markers again. We followed them for a short distance and then found a draw which offered an easier alternative for skiing. The draw took us through some thick underbrush, past some brilliantly pink fluorescent ribbons, and on down to Big Salmon Lake.

It was mid-afternoon and time to think about heading out. We skied down to Pine Point and in the shelter of one of the islands, Jim sipped some tea while I re-waxed my skis. We returned via Labelle, Big Clear, Milk and Buck Lakes.

D.L. Galloway

THE COMFORTABLE DAY HIKER

Once upon a time, not so long ago, my preparations for a day of hiking consisted of putting on a pair of running shoes, grabbing whatever jacket the temperature demanded, and heading out. I smile about it now, but I was fortunate; I didn't sprain an ankle or unexpectedly have to spend a night in the bush. You still meet people on the Slide Lake Loop or the rugged northwest shore of Gould Lake, with its ravines, slippery cliffs, switch-backs, and swamps, in running shoes and carrying nothing more than their lunch. And most of them will be fortunate and never twist an ankle or have to spend the night in the bush.

But I think anyone who has hiked in either of those spots has flirted with the thought of a fall, a sprained ankle, or even a broken leg. An accident is possible regardless of how well prepared you are, but proper footwear, clothing, and equipment can reduce the odds of a mishap and, if one does occur, can alleviate the severity of the consequences. Some friends of mine who underestimated the length of the Slide Lake Loop last fall, got out to Perth Road just after dark and now know how easily you can wind up spending the night in the bush. With a few preparations beforehand in the matter of clothing and gear, it still may not be pleasant but at least it may be more comfortable.

In this article I propose to take a look at a day-hiker's clothing and equipment, from the ground up. What I have to say is based on my reading, discussions with other people, and my own experience. It is never my intention to be dogmatic; there is no final word in any of this. Much of it involves personal preferences and inevitably the preferences of individuals vary.

BOOTS

Let's face it: boots are expensive, but it's no place to cut corners. They should be high enough to give your ankles support and you should lace them up to the top, to take advantage of that support. Late last fall I jumped across some boggy ground in Frontenac Park and landed wrong on the other side. My foot twisted but my high boot, laced to the top, saved me a badly sprained ankle, or worse.

A lot of people wear Kodiak or imitation Kodiak boots--I do myself on occasion--but I find the Kodiak sole somewhat slippery in the bush. I prefer boots with Vibram soles. They're the ones with the heavy black lugs and the little yellow octagon under the instep. One drawback of Vibram soles is that, in heavy use areas, the tractor-tread lugs can cause environmental damage. The company that makes them has responded by developing a low-impact tread but I don't know if it's available around here yet. Of course, a boot will not save you a wet foot if you slip off a fallen log into deep water. However a wet boot will slop around on your foot less than a wet low-cut running shoe will. And that sliding around causes friction, which causes blisters.

Last summer on a canoe trip in Maine I wore sneakers in the canoe and at the beginning of the portage, didn't change into more substantial footwear. I couldn't be bothered opening my pack. Well, we slogged through over a mile of mud and water and at the end of it I had a slipping, slopping sneaker full of water and coarse, gritty mud. (Our guides said that for Maine it was a pretty dry portage.) We had to walk the trail a couple of times to get all our gear across and by the time we were finished I had a big white swollen blister on my big toe. Some bandaids, the ones I had with me, did not stick to wet feet that were shrivelled up like prunes.

It would have helped if I had worn socks under my shoes and you had better wear them under your hiking boots. Wool, if your skin can stand it. A thin pair with a heavy pair over top make a nice combination that can take me right into winter and cross-country skiing. I always carry a spare pair of heavy wool socks in my day pack and when I'm cross-country skiing I carry an extra pair of thin ones too.

CLOTHING

On a hot summer day there's not much of a problem: a pair of shorts (unless you're going through brambles, as we did late last summer on a section of the Trail near Glen Tay that is now closed), a shirt, and a hat. Colin Fletcher, who wrote The New Complete Walker, even hikes in remote areas in just his boots and a hat, so you might want to try that. But in the spring, the fall, or the winter, layering is usually the way to go. It's surprising how much heat you can build up on even a cold damp November day, so generally I make it a rule in the bush not to wear any jacket, sweater, or shirt that doesn't have a front zip or buttons. On a jacket I prefer a double-zipper so that you can unzip from the bottom if you get warm. That's preferable to opening it from the throat and exposing the chest; the chest area acts as a kind of thermostat for the rest of the body.

In cooler weather I like polypropylene underwear next to the skin, not because it in itself is that warm, but because it will keep you warm, by wiping the inevitable perspiration away from your skin. Other people prefer wool. Although wool doesn't do as good a job if you're really sweating, it can still retain heat. In clod weather, if you sweat, cotton is clammy, sometimes dangerously so (though in summer a cotton shirt is cooler than a polyester one), where the polypropylene fibers cannot absorb moisture.

A wool shirt over the underwear is a smart idea; I prefer a chamois shirt made of the potentially clammy cotton. Over that I favour a down or, depending on the chances of getting wet, a synthetic-fill vest. The down won't retain heat if it's wet, whereas the synthetic (Hollofill, Polarguard, Thinsulate, etc.) will. If it's really raw I wear a wool shirt-jacket either under or over the vest. Many people are buying pile garments developed for use by fishermen in the North Sea and I think they're a good choice. And, to top off all these layers, a wind-proof and at least water-resistant shell jacket (you can try Gore-Tex if you have the money, though I have some reservations) with a hood.

At the beginning of this section I mentioned shorts. Shorts or trousers, I like something with lots of pockets that button or snap closed. Wool is the fabric in cool weather; a tough blend of polyester and cotton (usually 65/35) when it's too warm for wool and too cool for shorts. And, oh yes, wear a hat; forty per cent of heat loss occurs through the head. In the summer it will help avoid sunstroke. If you wear glasses and you think it's going to rain or snow wear a hat with a bill, unless you don't mind looking at a speckled, steamy world.

THE PACK AND WHAT GOES INTO IT

For day hikes you don't need a huge pack but you do need a pack, even if it's just for your lunch and a thermos. But, for your comfort and safety, you should carry more than just your lunch. A first aid kit, for example, one that is equipped to handle conditions from sunburns to cuts and sprains, is a necessity. So is some sort of rain gear (no matter what the weather looks like when you start out), preferably consisting of a waterproof jacket and pants rather than just a poncho. Ponchos are effective and comfortable on warm days because of their ample ventilation, but be cautious if you use one. Its billowing skirt may obstruct your view of the terrain underfoot or impede climbing.

When you shop for a day pack, pay attention to the details of its construction: the stitching, the material, the presence of outside pockets. The main fabric choices in packs are ripstop nylon and cordura nylon but canvas is making a comeback. The ripstop is lighter; however the cordura is more abrasion resistant. The canvas is heavy but rarely if ever, waterproofed, heavier still if it is. Make sure your pack is made of waterproofed material, though I doubt there is such a thing as a waterproof day pack in the final analysis. After a long soaking, water will come through the zippers and zipper tapes. Incidentally, I prefer zippers to ties on a pack. You'll know what I mean if you've tried to fumble with ties on a cold day.

It's convenient to have a pack with a couple of outside pockets to keep items like extra socks and mitts and a waterproof cylinder of matches easily accessible. (On the trail you can't light fires other than in designated areas, but you never know when you may be involved in an emergency where fire is a must: for signalling, for warmth during a cold-weather accident.) Ensure that your matches are waterproof; "strike anywhere" wooden matches carried in a watertight cylinder sold at just about any camping supply store, are a good solution. Test the container beforehand. Beware of dependence on the commercial waterproof matches; the picture on the box of a fisherman lighting his pipe in a rainstorm does not reflect my experience. Items like a compass, a pocket knife, and a plastic whistle (metal may stick to your lips in winter) for signalling in case you become separated from your party, are better carried in all those pant pockets where they will be even handier.

Wherever carried, in your pack or on your person, any item which will be rendered ineffective by rain--spare clothing, for example--should be sealed in Ziploc plastic bags for added protection.

If any season is going to reveal the limitations of your day pack, it's winter. If you bought a pack that is too wide you may discover your arms bump it when you ski, or it may bounce around on your body if it doesn't have a sternum strap. In winter you have to carry more too. If you're going skiing for the day on the Rideau Trail, it's a good idea to have a pack with a main compartment sufficiently large to compress a down or synthetic filled parka into it. Actually you should compress the parka into a stuff sack first instead of trying to jam it directly into your pack. The stuff sack will save the zipper on the pack.

I can't over-stress the need to carry the parka. You'll want it when you break for lunch or, if the spectre of injury ever becomes a reality, it may save your life. Another suggestion that seems good to me is to carry some down or synthetic filled booties in your pack; booties a size or so too big so that you can put them on over your spare pair or two of socks. On a cold day, if injury or darkness immobilized you, your feet would freeze in no time in most cross-country ski boots.

Winter is the time when your pack will be fullest. But even in spring and fall, when temperatures can fluctuate wildly from morning to late afternoon, you may want to carry an extra sweater and mittens and a tuque. As a rule of thumb, it is good practice to go out prepared for the contingency of having to stay out overnight. That doesn't mean having to carry a tent and a stove, but it does mean carrying extra clothing and extra snacks like raisins, nuts, or trail mix.

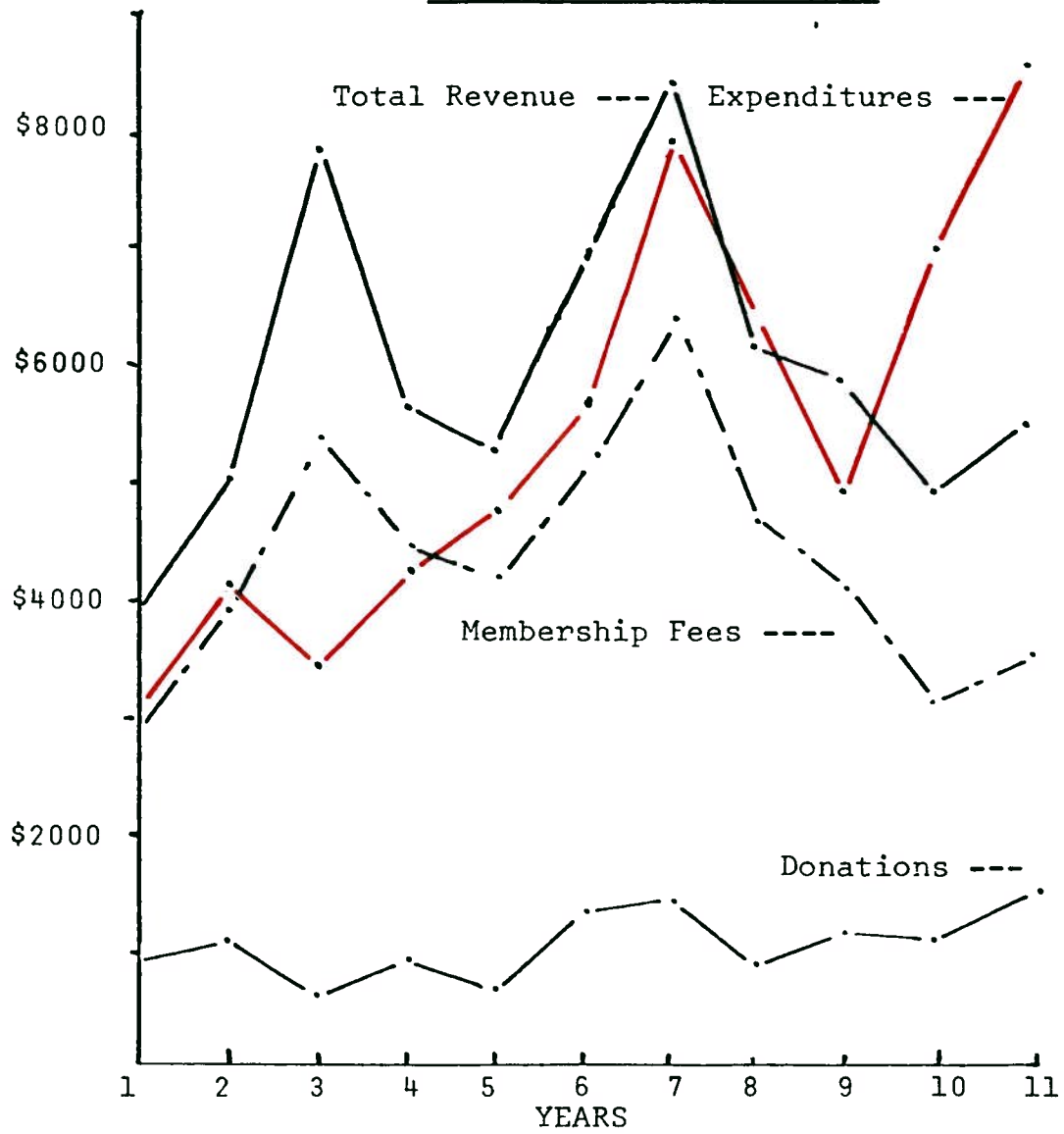
I know many people don't like to carry much in the way of a pack. But if you get a good pack, realistically assess what you need to carry and pack it properly, far from being a burden the pack will contribute to the security and comfort of your day hike. With proper footwear, comfortable clothing, and a sensible pack, you will have, as author Colin Fletcher says, your "house on your back."

Terry Fuchs

A BATTLE AGAINST THE INEVITABLE

Like King Canute trying to hold back the tide, the directors of The Rideau Trail Association have been trying to hold off the effects of inflation on our membership fees. For twelve years (to March 31/83) they have held the annual fee at \$5.00. As will be seen by the accompanying chart, costs have now risen to more than twice the revenue from membership fees. The final blow has been the increase in printing and postage for our quarterly newsletter. These costs are expected to continue to rise.

RTA CASH FLOW* 1971-1981



* Not including maps, Trail Notes, pins and badges.

Accordingly, the directors will recommend to your 1982 Annual Meeting that the annual membership fee be increased to \$10.00 effective April 1, 1983. Members will be asked to vote on this recommendation. The aim of this increase is to put the cost of running the Association, ie. publishing the Newsletter, paying the insurance, publicity, etc. entirely on the membership fee. Revenue from the sale of map kits, Trail Notes, etc., the Directors decided, should be set aside in a separate fund to be used for replacements and reprinting when present stocks are depleted.

These changes in policy will enable the Association to retain its present surplus of \$6 500, more than half of which has been received in the form of donations. This sum has been built up over the first eight years of operations for special purposes, such as land acquisition, bridge building or catwalk construction as is necessary to preserve the trail.

The final decision on these questions will be left to the members at the Annual General Meeting, September 25, 1982.

W.A. Gamble

WHEN WINTER MEETS SPRING

Frontenac Park, February 14, 1982

By mid-February, with the lengthening days and the gradually warming temperatures, you can see the light at the end of the long dark tunnel of winter. In deference to the loosening of winter's icy grip, Terry Fuchs, inveterate Rideau Trail hiker, his friend Steve from Brockville and I embarked upon a trip on skis into the interior of Frontenac Park. What follows is a log of our odyssey, not just as a personal record, but also to perhaps encourage other Trail members who may wish a winter outing entirely different than that more commonly afforded by the numerous commercial and groomed trail facilities available in the Kingston area.

10:30 a.m.

Arrived at the Otter Lake entrance 8 miles north of Sydenham. The Township Road into the park from the Desert Lake Road (5A) is plowed regularly and the turn around at the park gate allows parking for about a dozen cars.

10:40 a.m.

With our skis on, we strike off along the road leading to Salmon Lake, stopping periodically to make the inevitable adjustments to our clothing. Peeling off successive layers and stuffing them in our packs trying to find a compromise between not being too cold while resting and not over-heating while on the move. It's a beautiful day, sunny with scarcely a breath of wind. My wax is performing admirably.

About a mile or so down the road, we branch left onto a X-C trail that follows an overgrown farm road through an abandoned pasture and across a ravine.

On the other side of the ravine the trail angles northeasterly and passes through a forest to Salmon Lake. Here we are presented with a choice, blue ribbons marking a portage to Little Salmon Lake or orange ribbons blazing a trail above the north shore of Salmon Lake. We opt for the latter. Along its length, we discover the stiffened body of a porcupine dead in the snow, its neck presumably broken by a fall from a treetop. Its woodchip littered den in a hollow log sits empty and unattended nearby.

We pass on through more wood until eventually the trail descends abruptly into a frozen marshy clearing at the end of a long finger-shaped bay that forms the outlet of Salmon Lake. The bay is drained by a creek that we must cross. One at a time we hesitantly begin to inch our way across a snow laden beaver dam, balancing precariously with the assistance of our ski poles, holding our breath against the possibility that our next step will be onto unsupported snow that will give way suddenly, plunging our feet into the icy water beneath. It almost happens to Steve and Terry and I back up and detour down the bay for a safer crossing on firm ice. Steve waits until we regroup. Terry with his ever keen eye for the often faded and sometimes widely spaced blazes, points the direction. We turn inland and gradually gain a height of land, that at its peak yields a distant view through the woods of the towering bluffs that stand sentinel, like two rocks of Gibraltar, to the opening of Moulton Gorge on the north shore of Little Salmon Lake.

On the other side of the divide, we have a long well earned downhill run. It opens into a field, a faded remnant of the farm that once embraced the southern end of Little Clear Lake. The encroachment of the forest on this opening has been assisted by the planting of young spruce trees. We cross the field and poke our way up an almost undistinguishable lane to a cottage road that links Little Clear and Little Salmon Lakes, or rather what used to be a road since no cottages remain today. Across the road we push on through a sumac infested meadow nestled between two granite clad knolls. A derelict barn stands somewhere out of sight ahead of us. Our path takes us in another direction however, to a draw that leads down to Little Clear Lake.

12:10 p.m.

We reach Little Clear Lake and strike across it in a northerly direction, stopping midway to chat with two fishermen, Leo Prince and a companion. They have freshly landed a large lake trout lying in the snow beside their hole. Either there was another party into Little Clear Lake this day or Leo can't count since his column in the Whig the following week mentions a group of four skiers. The fish, incidentally, weighed in at 6.6 pounds.

1:00 p.m.

We recross Little Clear Lake, this time to its western shore and follow a creek draining into it a few hundred feet to a small pond. Across the pond and over a hill on the other side we find another, larger pond, full of tall grey limbless trunks and lined with pine clad shores. We glide across the pond to its westerly most extremity and bushwhack our way towards Moulton Gorge.

I happen to be first and at the crest of a hill, startle a deer and watch it silently bound through the snow only a few hundred feet in front of me. Below and ahead is the gorge. We are fortunate to have come to a spot which although it is too steep to be skiable, it is not so precipitous that we can't make our descent by side stepping. This we do. At the bottom is a marsh as flat as a table top, formed by a widening in the gorge at this point. Both behind us and ahead of us the walls pinch inwards to form narrow gaps. We course southwards on our skis.

2:30 p.m.

We encounter a beaver dam on the first set of narrows. It forms a crossing for one of the Park's summer hiking trails. A short distance above this dam we are forced to pick our way very carefully between the granite walls of the gorge and open water of the creek. I stop and watch a racoon playing at the water's edge, seemingly unperturbed by my presence. He runs off before the others catch up.

3:00 p.m.

I hear a crackling in the bush in front of me. The movement is too slow to be another deer and too heavy and deliberate for any of the smaller animals that inhabit the Park. Could it be a bear roused out of its winter slumber? After a few anxious seconds a party of three skiers breaks into view. We stop to say hello. They are bound for Birch Lake. A few hundred yards further on I break out onto Little Salmon Lake where I stop and wait for my companions. I took my camera out of my pack and snapped a picture of Steve and Terry just as they reach the lake using the bluffs of Little Salmon Lake as a backdrop.

Across Little Salmon Lake, at its west shore, we find the portage trail to Big Salmon Lake. It has been well used by fishermen, and in short order we cover the distance. At the other end we meet three girls and a big brown dog joining the lake from the trail we used this morning. They had skied off Little Salmon along the creek draining into it from Big Salmon and accessed our trail in that way. We skied the remaining two miles back to our cars in two closely spaced groups.

4:30 p.m.

We arrive back at the Otter Lake entrance, our starting point this morning, after about six hours on the trail. We have seen some of the most spectacular winter scenery available anywhere in this area. In less than an hour's drive, we will be back in Kingston.

D.L. Galloway

OTTAWA CLUB CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Sunday June 27

Foley Mountain

Hike from Maberly Road to Little Bay and return, about 10 km. The views from Foley Mountain are beautiful and there is swimming at Little Bay. Plan to have dinner at a restaurant after the hike. Meet at W.E.S.C. at noon.

Phone Elizabeth Mason
729-6596

Saturday July 3

Canal Hike

Hoin in the plaque unveiling at the end (or beginning) of the trail. The NCC will conduct a guided historic hike of this area. Meet at 2 p.m. at Richmond Landing. (Map 1) See article in this newsletter for further details.

Phone: Elizabeth Mason
729-6596

Saturday July 10

Gatineau Hike

Take a hike in the Gatineau Hills. Enjoy a refreshing swim before or after lunch. Meet on the steps of the Supreme Court Building on Wellington Street at 10 a.m.

Phone: Joe Parton
733-0789

Saturday July 24

Barbecue

Hike to the cabin for an outdoor barbecue. Bring your favorite chop or steak to grill. Meet at W.E.S.C. at 2 p.m.

Phone: Eileen Evans
741-0789

Saturday August 15

Murphy's Point

Hike along the trails in Murphy's Point and stop for a swim and lunch. Meet at W.E.S.C. at 9 a.m. or at the Park Office (before the gatehouse) at Murphy's Point at 10:30 a.m.

Phone: Peter Brebner
729-8178

Saturday August 28

Canal Hike

The area around Burritts Rapids is of historic interest not only for the lovely stone homes built one hundred or more years ago. Enjoy a guided hike in this area. Mett at W.E.S.C. at 10 a.m. or at the lock one-half kilometre east of Burritts Rapids at 10:45 a.m. (Map 5A)

Phone: Pearl Peterkin
829-3062

Sunday September 19

Cabin

Hike into the cabin to gather our winter supply of firewood. Meet at W.E.S.C. at 10:30 a.m.

Leader: Lois Culpan

Saturday September 25

Association Meeting

Come to the annual association meeting. See the advertisement in this issue for further details. Meet at W.E.S.C. at 9 a.m. Bring your lunch.

KINGSTON CLUB SUMMER ACTIVITIES

Members of the R.T.A. are invited and encouraged to participate in activities organized by either club.

Saturday June 19

Marshes, pinewoods and a fine stand of oak are features of this leisurely afternoon outing. Meet at the A&P parking lot on Bath Road at 2:30 p.m. for this 7.6 km (4½ miles) walk. (Map 12)

Phone: Cathy Cutts 542-5414

Wednesday July 7

Walk in the Orser Road area - fields, woods and a beaver dam to enjoy. This walk will be about 11 km (6½ miles). Bring a lunch. We plan to call at the Stone House (Crafts and Tea) ¼ mile north of the 401 on Hwy. 38 on the way home. Meet at Sears North Door at 10:30 a.m. (Maps 11/12)

Phone: Joyce Mayhew 546-1950

Sunday July 11

Family Fun Day at Gould Lake. Bring canoes, swimming togs, food for a cookout. Musical talent welcome. Several hikes of varying lengths will be organized. Meet at Sears North Door at 1:30 p.m. or at the Barn at 2:15 p.m. (Map 11)

Phone: Moira Drummond
544-9529

Saturday July 17

Foley Mountain Conservation area at Westport is a very scenic area. Walk on the Beaver Pond Lookout Trail, lunch on Spy Rock overlooking the village, walk or drive to the lower parking lot and enjoy a dip at the beach. Bring a lunch and bathing suit. Meet at Sears North Door at 10 a.m. (Map 9)

Phone: Johanna Koeslag
549-7502

Wednesday August 4

Gully Road area towards Gould Lake will be the section walked today. Meet at Sears North Door at 10:30 a.m. Bring a lunch. We plan to call for tea at Grasshopper Hill Shoppe on Jamieson Road after the hike. (Map 11)

Phone: Emma Martin
542-1594

Sunday August 15

A joint outing at Murphy's Point Provincial Park. See Ottawa Club Calendar of Events for details. (Map 8)

Saturday August 28

Burritts Rapids area is the location of another joint outing with the Ottawa Club. See Ottawa Club Calendar of Events for details. (Maps 4/5A)

Wednesday September 1

A car shuttle is planned in order to do a one-way hike from Elginburg Road South to Cataracqui Cemetary, a distance of 8.8 km (5 miles). Meet at Sears North Door at 1:30 p.m. (Map 12)

Phone: Emma Martin
542-1594

Sunday September 12

Walk from Perth to Beveridge Locks 13.9 km (8 miles). This hike will follow the Tay River Downstream and skirt part of the Tay Marsh and Canal. A car shuttle is planned. Be prepared to wade. Bring a lunch. Meet at Last Duel Park in Perth at 10:30 a.m. (Map 7)

Phone: Jean Riddell
1-267-1276

DID YOU KNOW....

....Headwaters Hiking offers hiking, boating and fishing excursions in the Rocky Mountains. For more information write:

Headwaters Hiking
Box 275
Valemount, B.C.
Canada, V0E 2Z0
(604) 566-4718

HOW TO ENJOY MARCH IN OTTAWA

What does a hiking club do in the miserable, muddy month of March? Well, the Ottawa Rideau Trail Club eats - That's what!

Our first gastronomic venture consisted of a very successful Saturday afternoon outing to the cabin, on what turned out to be one of the few pleasant days in the month. Fifteen people came out and, surprisingly, the snow conditions were very good for both skiing and walking, so some did one, some the other, but in due course everyone arrived at the cabin, appetites at the ready. A few went off on further trips, but the rest got busy cutting firewood, clearing several inches of snow off the barbecue and cleaning off planks so we could sit around the fire in comfort. Before long, baked beans and wieners were bubbling on the fire, garlic bread was warming, and a pot of mulled wine was simmering gently on the side. In answer to requests, here is the recipe for the mulled wine.

.MULLED WINE.

1 qt. water	2 sticks cinnamon or
$\frac{1}{4}$ teas. Angostura Bitters	$\frac{1}{2}$ teas. ground
8 whole cloves	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
1 teas. whole allspice or	
$\frac{1}{4}$ teas. ground	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins
$\frac{1}{2}$ teas. nutmeg	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched almonds
$\frac{1}{2}$ teas. ginger	2 bottles dry red wine

Combine all the ingredients except the wine in a large pan. Bring to a boil, turn down the heat, cover and simmer for 30 minutes. Stir in the wine and heat but do not boil. Pour into heated punch bowl or mugs and stir with cinnamon sticks if desired. Strictly speaking, the raisins, nuts and spices are supposed to be strained out before drinking but we found that the wine-soaked fruit at the bottom of the mug is the best part of the drink! For larger quantities just increase the measurements proportionally.

When we could finally move again, the majority skied out by the intermittent light of the moon that scurrying clouds did their best to hide, leaving three hardy souls to spend the night in the cabin. Altogether a very enjoyable outing.

On March 27th, however, we gave up all pretense of being an outdoor club and thirteen of us unabashedly gathered at Elizabeth Mason's house for a pot-luck supper - and what a supper! Dish after dish appeared and disappeared almost as rapidly, all to the accompaniment of much mirth and joviality. If noise level is any guide, this was obviously a very successful party and hopefully will become an annual event. So that's our recipe for dispelling the March blues - the only snag is we are going to have to hike twice as hard to get rid of all those extra calories!

Eileen Evans

LABELLE GORGE

February 21, 1982

Terry, this time my friend Clyde, and I decided to explore the Labelle Gorge. The Labelle Gorge is a deeply cut ravine that links Labelle Lake to Slide Lake. Any of you that have hiked the Rideau Trail across Frontenac Park have walked the high rocky ridge that forms the west wall of this ravine. We intended to ski along its bottom.

We left the city in mid-morning and drove out Division Street to the cottage road that curves around the north shore of Big Clear Lake. This road is marked by a tall stump with numerous signs that are the name-posts for as many cottages. It's the last day of the winter, lake trout, season and there are dozens of cars stretched along the highway. I parked at the end of the line.

It's a dull grey day, with the horizon casting a slaten hue across the snow. The mercury, however, is pushing 40 degrees Farenheit and a hint of sun intermittently brightens the sky and our spirits. A persistently strong northerly wind was a continual reminder that, although the temperature might be moderate, this was still very much a winter's day.

The cottage road had been badly wash boarded by snowmobile traffic. It was a relief to leave it behind. We double poled our way across Big Clear Lake to its outlet on the western shore. The creek courses a few hundred feet through a narrows and empties into an opening of some ten to fifteen acres. It seems to be comprised mostly of ponds and marsh and is surrounded by near vertical rock walls. Here, out of the wind we stopped and lunched while perched atop some granite rubble at the base of a cliff. The isolation is almost eerie compared to the gusting winds and hub bub of fishing activity we left behind on Big Clear Lake. I wish there had been time to sit and enjoy this spot, but our destination was Slide Lake and mid-day had passed already.

Our enclave opened into a long wide marsh. At the end of that there is an open brook with a tangle of underbrush. It appeared that we couldn't continue until Clyde took command and lead us over a hill between the draw in which this brook is situated and a bay of Labelle Lake that reaches thumb-like towards it.

Labelle Lake is large. Much of the shore, especially at the north end consists of rock bluffs with scattered pines and birches sticking out of them. With the wind pushing on our backs we covered its length in good time. I misjudged the safety of the ice at the far end and dropped a ski into the water while scampering off near the outlet.

This is the start of the gorge. I tried the left side of the creek, gave up and restarted down its west side. At first the going was easy across flat expanses of frozen marsh that flange the creek. But I was soon forced by open water to take the steeply sloping side of the ravine and pick my way carefully one step at a time. Over my right shoulder the slope towered above me, topped with tall hemlock trees, while two ski pole lengths below me on the left was the open water of the creek. By angling my knees toward the fall line my skis edged inwards forming a platform a stable platform on the snow. The creek is criss-crossed everywhere by snow-covered logs and brush. A beaver had cut and dragged some fresh saplings down to the water the night before, leaving new wood chips on the snow. A chick-a-dee landed on a spruce bough in front of me and then flitted off to another branch.

Finally, after what seemed an interminable length of time, but actually was only half an hour, I reached the end of the gorge and found another expanse of frozen marsh surrounded by high granite cliffs. In the middle of this, is a large island of almost half an acre which is covered in pine trees. Look at it some time when you are out hiking, it's only a few hundred yards from the north Slide Lake junction, and see if you agree that it looks like one of those reforestation plantations one sees along our highways every so often. I'm sure that this must be a natural stand, in view of it's isolation back here. Perhaps it is a remnant of a forest fire. A short distance away, this marsh spills into Slide Lake.

This was the weekend of the Kingston Trail Club's overnight hike into the cabin. We skied down there, hoping to rendez-vous with some fellow skiers, but found no one there, not even a sign of a prescence earlier in the day. We sat down on the back porch and finished off our tea. It was 3:30 P.M.

We skied down to Buck Lake and began the long trek back to the car. I know I'll be back agein.

D.L. Galloway

RIDEAU TRAIL ASSOCIATION

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Saturday, September 25, 1982
Murphy's Point Provincial Park

The meeting will be held at the Ministry of Natural Resources Junior Ranger's Building, just outside the park entrance. Murphy's Point is on Map 8 of the RTA Map Kit.

AGENDA

10:30 a.m. Coffee and displays
11:00 a.m. Business meeting - An amendment to the Association's bylaws will be introduced governing membership.
12:00 p.m. Lunch - Bring your own.
1:30 p.m. Guest speaker
2:30 p.m. Guided hikes
6:00 p.m. Dinner at the Rideau Ferry Inn (See below)

A buffet dinner has been arranged at the Rideau Ferry Inn. For tickets, please send \$10.00 per ticket to:

1890 Wembley Avenue
Ottawa, Ontario
K2A 1A7

Please send for your tickets before September 15, 1982. For more information call, in Ottawa 829-3062 and in Kingston 544-0465.

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*   Please send me ..... tickets, at $10.00 each, for the RTA
*
*   Annual Meeting Dinner at the Rideau Ferry Inn, Saturday
*
*   September 25, 1982. Total enclosed $.....
*
*   Name: ..... Mail to:
*
*   Address: ..... Rideau Trail Assn.
*
*   ..... c/o 1890 Wembley Av.
*
*   ..... Ottawa, Ontario
*
*   ..... K2A 1A7
*
*   .....
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If undelivered, please return to:

**Rideau Trail Association
Box 15
Kingston, Ontario
K7L 4V6
Canada**

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL AND NEW MAP KITS

Memberships in the Rideau Trail Association run from April 1st to March 31st of the following year. As most memberships expired on March 31st, this may be your last newsletter. It is hoped that you, as a member of this Association, will check the date on your membership card and take this opportunity to renew. Your membership provides the financial support essential for the continuous maintenance, improvement, extension and protection of the Rideau Trail network. A new edition of our map kit is now available. As well as being updated, the kit lists more than 20 camp sites between Ottawa and Kingston.

Membership.....\$5.00
Senior Citizen..... 3.00
Map Kit*..... 4.00
Crest..... 1.00
Enamelled Pin..... 2.50

Donation

(Tax receipts sent for donations over \$5.00)

Name _____
Address _____

Postal Code _____

On the occasion of the TENTH ANNIVERSARY of the Rideau Trail Association, we are attempting to increase our membership. Perhaps you would like to take this opportunity to provide a membership for a friend. They will receive a card indicating your gift.

Name _____
Address _____

Postal Code _____

WE LOOK FORWARD TO HEARING FROM YOU

*Map kits are sold to members only.

Rideau Trail Association
P.O. Box 15
KINGSTON, Ontario K7L 4V6