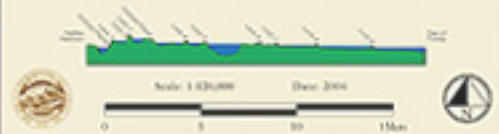


# The Nova Scotia Marathon Canoe Racing Association

## HISTORIC SHUBENACADIE CANAL & WATERWAY



Historic Shubenacadie Canal & Waterway. Built in 1825, it stretches 15 km across the province from the Bay of Fundy to the Bay of Fundy. The Canal was the largest civil engineering project of 1825 in the British Empire. Today it provides a wonderful opportunity for historic interpretation, canoeing, kayaking, whitewater, paddling and canoeing for many kinds. Contact the Provincial Commission at (902) 421-1824 or [www.shubenacadie.com](http://www.shubenacadie.com).

Prepared by  
**fern:media**



## 2004 Newsletter



## Table Of Contents 2004

### News for 2004

- [2004 President's Message](#)
- [2004 Race Schedule / Rules & Regulations](#)
- [2004 Race Application](#)
- [2004 Nationals Message](#)
- [2004 Nationals in Dartmouth!](#)

### Race Results for 2003

- [Annapolis Race Results 2003](#)
- [Elmsdale Relay Results 2003](#)
- [Mersey Race Results 2003](#)
- [Nictaux Race Results 2003](#)
- [Fred Lynch Results 2003](#)
- [Pedal/Paddle/Plod Relay Results 2003](#)
- [Canoe to the Sea Results 2003](#)

### Submitted Articles

- [Time Management Article](#)
- [Serge Corbin Tribute](#)
- [Banook Book Highlights Marathon Canoeing](#)
- [What is a Quadrathlon?](#)
- [Hiking the Appalachian Trail](#)
- [River Bonaventure Trip \(Gaspé\)](#)
- [Jump and Rest - La Classique](#)
- [Canoe/Kayak Introductory Sessions](#)
- [Canoe From The Sea](#)
- [Paddling the Shubie Canal](#)

## Presidents Message 2004

Welcome to the Nova Scotia Marathon Canoe Association. Having been in existence over 20 years, our goal is to foster and promote long distance canoe / kayak racing within Nova Scotia and to liaise with similar like-minded groups within the paddling fraternity across Canada and indeed the world.

Races vary in distance and time, and we have classes to accommodate most paddlers and boats. It is our goal to introduce our sport to as many people as possible. Should you be a dedicated racer or someone who enjoys the occasional recreational race, come out and experience one of our events. We encourage you to bring your friends....the more the merrier! You will be sure to enjoy the comradery, the competition, the exhilaration and above all the fun of paddling on our beautiful waterways. We may even add the odd portage just so you can experience the challenges of days gone by when our waterways were the major transportation routes across this great land and the canoe was the craft of choice.

Check out our 2004 **Events Schedule** located further along in this newsletter. You may find out that racing with us is a lot of fun and is a sport that you may wish to pursue.

It is said that the first canoe race occurred shortly after the second canoe was built! Now, there are races all over the world and as part of the *Canadian Canoe Association*, you will find that our *Sanctioned Races* are well organized with safety being of paramount importance. Drop by one of our events and talk to some of the paddlers, try out a canoe and experience the difference between various models. Even if you do not intend to be a racer, you will pick up tips that will make your paddling much more *efficient* and *enjoyable*.

To hone your skills, we invite you to show up at Lions Beach, at the south end of Lake Banook, in Dartmouth every Tuesday evening at 6:00 PM for a **Marathon Clinic** (June 1 - Sept.1). We paddle for a couple of hours and focus on stroke development, wash riding, buoy turns, portaging and most importantly, an enjoyable evening on the water. Call me if you need equipment and we will strive to provide and/or mix and match paddlers to enhance the learning opportunities.

This summer, we are pleased and proud to host the **Canadian Marathon Canoe Championships** on the Dartmouth Lakes from August 19 - 22. We will use a variation of the same course that was used to host the World Marathon Canoe Championships in 2000, a course that was very well accepted by paddlers from around the world. It is noteworthy and commendable that all paddlers who *belong to the CCA can participate*, and as a result, races are offered for a wide variety of classes, such as APro Boat®, stock, recreational canoes, ocean kayaks, and ICF canoes and kayaks. Ages range from bantams to masters and given the wide appeal of the sport, it is not unusual to have paddlers from pre-teens right up to masters in their 70`s and 80`s competing for fun and status. Although the event is billed as the Canadian Marathon Canoe Championships, we invite and encourage paddlers from away to attend, and in fact, our friends from the USA are always in attendance. Championships are a great place to meet paddlers from all over and learn many of the subtle techniques that experienced paddlers have picked up during years of racing. Mark your calendars for this event and for further information check out our Web Site: <http://chebucto.ca/SportFit/NSMC/index.htm>

The website is a great spot to find out about our association and what is going on in Nova Scotia and elsewhere. Race results along with pictures tell the stories of our major events. Contact names and

links to other informative sites allow you to keep in touch and in the know.

Each year, the NSMCA maintains a point system for all full time members who compete in the sanctioned races. Points are awarded for participation and placing. At the closing race of the season, a female and male paddler of the year are named. The 2003 Female paddler of the year was awarded to Robin McKinnon, from our youth division, with a total of 180 points. The male award went to Doug Archibald with 200 points. The NSMCA congratulate these paddlers whom have shown that perseverance, participation and dedication have their own rewards in addition to the awarded trophies.

Paddling time is now. Experience for yourself what paddling has to offer. Feel the music within as your craft glides through dark dancing waters, feel the exhilaration as you pull to the finish, the accomplishment of completing a marathon, the comradery of the aftermath, the friendships for life. See you on the water !

Keep your paddle wet!

Doug Archibald  
President NSMRCA  
nsmca@eastlink.ca  
Ph 902.883.9759

## 2004 NSMCRA Races

Date	Title	Details	Contact
May.29 Saturday	■ <a href="#">Red Cross Relay</a> Brudenell, PEI	Run, Bike, Trail Run, Mtb, Canoe	■ <a href="#">Relay Co-Chair</a>
May.08 Saturday	■ <a href="#">Annapolis River</a> * Middleton	12&20 km River Course	■ <a href="#">Rick McMahon</a> 902.847.3821
Jun.12 Saturday	■ <a href="#">Canoe to the Sea</a> * Dartmouth	Flatwater, various classes	■ <a href="#">Al Billard</a> 902.449.0581
Jul.04 Sunday	■ <a href="#">Mersey River</a> * Liverpool	24-km, Flat and moving water	■ <a href="#">Dave Lewis</a> 902.354.4931
Jul.31 Saturday	■ <a href="#">Nictaux Canal</a> * Nictaux	17 km-Flatwater	■ <a href="#">John Skaling</a> 902.825.2589
Aug.19-22 Fri-Sun	■ <a href="#">Canadian Nationals</a> Dartmouth, NS	Flatwater, portages, 3 days of racing, Lake Banook	■ <a href="#">Dave Lewis</a> 902.354.4931
Sep.11 Saturday	■ <a href="#">Diamond Man Quad</a> Halifax-Dartmouth	Run, Swim, Paddle, Bike *** Sanctioned World Cup Race	■ <a href="#">Al Billard</a> 902.449.0581
Sep.18 Saturday	■ <a href="#">PPP Relay</a> Waverly	Bike, Paddle, Run	■ <a href="#">Bruce Duffy</a> 902.860.3591
Sep.25 Saturday	■ <a href="#">Fred Lynch</a> * Dartmouth Lakes	18km Flatwater, 2 portages	Jean Marien 902.434.1240
* NSMRCA Sanctioned Race			

## NSMCRA Membership Fees

Racing season:	January to December.
Adults (18 year and over):	\$20.00 / year.
Youth (less than 18 years):	\$10.00 / year.
Family Membership:	\$50.00 / year.
Single Race Fee:	\$5.00 / paddler. This does not provide full membership to the NSMCRA but allows participation in one sanctioned race.

## NSMCRA Members Receive:

- Opportunity to participate in NSMCRA sanctioned races. These races are ran according to NSMCRA regulations. Participation automatically enrolls members in the NSMCRA points system which determines Female and Male Paddler of the Year.
- All members receive an annual newsletter and schedule of N.S. sanctioned races as well as other races around the province and across Canada.
- All members are entitled to participate in the Canadian Marathon Canoe and Kayak Racing Championships held once a year.
- N.S. paddlers wishing to compete within the ICF Marathon Canoe and Kayak World Championships must be members of the NSMCRA.
- All members are automatically members of the Marathon Racing Council of Canada which represents Marathon Racing within the Canadian Canoe Association which in turn represents Canada at the International Canoe Federation at the world level.
- Membership will be notified of and encouraged to attend workshops, clinics, annual meetings, social events, and other functions which will help to develop Marathon Canoeing and the camaraderie which accompanies it. In addition members will receive any pertinent information which becomes available to the executive which may be of value to the individual or the sport in general.
- Members are eligible to use any NSMCRA equipment (Pro Boats, Paddles etc).

## NSMCRA Sanctioned Race Point System

NSMCRA members who participate at sanctioned races are awarded points depending upon their placement and the number of canoes in their respective class. It is from these points that the female and male paddler of the year are determined. At our Annual General Meeting on Dec. 15, 2001 the method of point determination was altered slightly to better reflect participation at our races. As a result points will be awarded as follows for the year 2002 and beyond. In addition there will be only one female and one male paddler of the year award. Should a tie arise the executive will consider number of races attended and past awards received in determining paddler of the year.

PLACE	3 or more Boats	2 Boats	1 Boat	Personal Record
1st	50	40	30	
2nd	40	30		
3rd	30			
4th	20			
5th	10			

\*\* Classes may vary from race to race depending upon the number of paddlers who show up, the type of boat and the decision of the race organizing committee. If uncertain racers are encouraged to contact the organizers and organizers are to insure all paddlers are aware of the class they are in, prior to race start. Upon completion of the race, results are to be forwarded to the president of the NSMCRA, by class, on the official application forms provided to sanctioned race organizers.

## **NSMCRA Racing Regulations: Canoes & Kayaks**

All canoes and kayaks involved in a Nova Scotia Marathon Canoe Racing Association (NSMCRA) Sanctioned Race must carry the following equipment :

- One Canadian approved pfd or lifejacket of proper size for each person on board.
- A soundsignalling device.
- A watertight workable flashlight if race is operated after sunset or before sunrise.
- Bailer or manual water pump.
- Spare paddle
- All canoes and kayaks must have an attached painter at least 3 meters in length.

## **NSMCRA Sanctioned Race Minimums**

All NSMCRA sanctioned races must insure as a minimum the following conditions are adhered to:

- A starter and safety person must be present at the start of all races.
- A finish line judge and safety person must be present at the finish of all races.
- A course official must be present at all locations where problems of safety or race improprieties could occur. This refers but is not limited to locations such as bouy turns, portages and' white water.
- Safety boats are required on large bodies of water where wind, waves, swell, or distance from shore could create a dangerous situation for racing canoes or kayaks.
- Communication devises are mandatory between designated officials and the chief race official.
- A verified starting line up must be recorded for all race classes. All canoes or kayaks that start a race must have their completion times recorded. The status of all canoes that do not complete the race must be known by the chief race official. It is the responsibility of craft that drop out of any race to notify the chief official as soon as possible.
- All participants in NSMCRA sanctioned races must be members of the NSMCRA.
- All race participants must complete a race application form and read and sign a Standard Release Form for the race in question. All racers must attend the pre race meeting where the course will be reviewed.
- The race organizer must submit race results and NSMCRA membership fees to the Secretary Treasurer of the NSMCRA within two (2) weeks of the race.

# NSMRCA Standard Race Registration Form

Date: \_\_\_\_\_  
Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
Postal Code: \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_  
Age: \_\_\_\_\_  
Email: \_\_\_\_\_  
Next Of Kin: \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

Race Fee: \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Member: Full \_\_\_\_\_  
Member: Part \_\_\_\_\_  
Total Fee: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_  
Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
Postal Code: \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_  
Age: \_\_\_\_\_  
Email: \_\_\_\_\_  
Next Of Kin: \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

Race Fee: \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Member: Full \_\_\_\_\_  
Member: Part \_\_\_\_\_  
Total Fee: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Canoe Model: \_\_\_\_\_ Race Class: \_\_\_\_\_  
Canoe Number: \_\_\_\_\_  
Start Time: \_\_\_\_\_ Finish Time: \_\_\_\_\_  
Elapsed Time: \_\_\_\_\_

PLACE: \_\_\_\_\_

## Standard Release Form

We do hereby remise, release and forever discharge the organizers of the \_\_\_\_\_ Race of and from and all manner of actions, cause of actions, suits, proceedings, debts, dues, contracts, judgments, damages, claims and demands whatsoever in laws on equity, which against said organizers we ever had, now have or which our heirs, executors or administrators hereafter can, shall or may have, for or by any reason of our participation in the so called race to held on \_\_\_\_\_ We further acknowledge that no representations as to the conditions, nature or hazards of the canoe race course have been made to us by the organizers, and assume all risks and responsibilities for injury to ourselves and others and any property damage that may result from participation in said events.

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_ Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

## Parental Consent

I, \_\_\_\_\_ individually as parent and guardian of the above named minor do hereby give my consent of his/her participation in said event, and further release the organizers from all claims, demands of charges on account of any and all injuries to persons or property that may result by virtue of said minors , participation in said event.

Parents's Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

THE RIGHT TO REJECT ANY ENTRY IS RESERVED.  
APPLICATIONS FOR ALL ENTRANTS UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE MUST BE CO-SIGNED BY PARENT.



## The Canadian Marathon Canoe Championships



The Nova Scotia Marathon Canoe Association will host the 2004 Canadian Nationals in Dartmouth from August 19-22. The course will be on the beautiful Dartmouth Lakes - Banook, MicMac and Charles, long known for hosting paddle sports at the national and international level.

The marathon discipline is one of long distance paddling where the racers take the course as presented. Races traditionally are in the vicinity of 20 km with varying water and course conditions:

shallows, currents, waves, portages and buoy turns. In many cases the sport is reminiscent of the early explorers paddling long distances in their thirst for adventure and opportunity.

In Canada the sport of Marathon Paddling falls under the umbrella of the Canadian Canoe Association (CCA). In this province, the sport is represented by the Nova Scotia Marathon Canoe Association which organizes races, clinics and strives to promote the values of the CCA:

Athlete centred programs and policies

Fair play, ethical conduct and equality of opportunity

Responsible leadership by qualified coaches, officials and volunteers

The pursuit of excellence at all levels of participation

The Canadian Marathon Canoe National Championships are an annual event, last held in Nova Scotia in 1996 on the North West Arm. Where Canada is such a large country, the Nationals traditionally move from East to West to Central Canada in order to provide opportunity for all to attend. The 2003 Nationals were hosted in Kamloops, BC and in 2002 Wallaceburg Ontario had the honours.

All paddlers who belong to the CCA can participate, and as a result races are offered for a wide variety of classes, such as Pro Boat, stock and recreational canoes, ocean kayaks and sprint racing canoes and kayaks. Ages range from Bantams to Masters and given the wide appeal of the sport it is not unusual to have teenagers teaming up with Masters in their 70's and 80's competing for fun and status. Although the event is billed as the Canadian Marathon Canoe National Championships paddlers from away are encouraged to attend, and in fact friends from the USA are always in attendance.

The Nationals decide the champions for the year, but they also do much more; they bring together friends, promote the development of the sport through racing and clinics, introduce novices paddlers to the sport and provide an opportunity to encourage exploration of our country... much like the marathon paddlers of old.

- Doug Archibald

## 2004 Canadian Marathon Canoe Championships

Hosted by  
The Nova Scotia Marathon Canoe Association  
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

■ [Version Francais](#)

### Dates

Aug.19	Registration/Boat Control
Aug.20	Races
Aug.21	Races/Medals Banquet
Aug.22	Races/Medals Ceremonies

### Accommodations

You can stay at the Turtle Grove B&B right on the course, at the Howard Johnson's, just 500 m. down the road, or Shubie Campground, located on the course, 4 km. from the Start.

Our Marathon canoe course and the city's downtown are close neighbours. Metro's great nightlife is but 2 km. away, across the harbour by bridge, bus/taxi or ferry. If you decide to stay for awhile, we promise that our province will offer you a vacation that will have you and your friends coming back for more.

### Sponsors

Host Hotel	■ <a href="#">Howard Johnson's</a>
Accommodations Provider	■ <a href="#">Turtle Grove</a>
Accommodations Provider	■ <a href="#">Shubie Campground</a>
Site Provider	■ <a href="#">Banook Canoe Club</a>
Equipment Provider	■ <a href="#">Esso - We're Drivers too</a>
Event Support	■ <a href="#">TAO - The Adventure Outfitters</a>
Event Support	■ <a href="#">Zaveral Racing Equipment</a>
Event Support	■ <a href="#">Helly Hansen</a>
Event Support	■ <a href="#">Stanfields</a>
Paddling Support	■ <a href="#">Canadian Canoe Association</a>
Office & Admin Support	■ <a href="#">Sand Dollar Productions inc.</a>
Government Sponsor	■ <a href="#">Halifax Regional Municipality</a>
Government Sponsor	■ <a href="#">NS Sport &amp; Recreation</a>
Government Sponsor	■ <a href="#">NS Tourism</a>



Looking at Downtown Halifax from above Race Venue



## Venue

Dartmouth is known as the City of Lakes. It has a long history in canoesport, dating from the First Peoples to present day world champion paddlers. Our lakes are known internationally as a superb natural race course, having hosted the Sprint World Championships in 1989 and 1997 followed by the Jr and Sr Marathon World Championships in 2000.

Lake Banook, located in downtown Dartmouth, is home to four paddling/rowing clubs; Senobe, MicMac, Banook and NorthStar, all of which will be providing support for our Nationals. In particular, the 100 year old Banook Canoe Club will host the banquet, the awards ceremonies, and provide other logistical support.

Registration and judging will take place at the Judges' Tower area with the support of the Society for Canoe Championships and the Atlantic Division of the Canadian Canoe Association.

## Course Description

The course starts at the head of Lake Banook and moves into Lake MicMac. Depending on your class, there is a portage between Lakes MicMac and Charles. Shorter races will portage on Lake Banook.

## Categories/Age Classes

Race categories will include C-1, C-2, K-1, K-2, Pro-Boat, Stock Boat, ICF, recreational canoes and kayaks as well as Sea Kayaks. Age classes include everybody from Bantams to Masters III.

## Looking at Race Course from above Race Venue



## Annapolis River 2003



Date: Saturday May 10, 2003  
 Registration: 9:30 AM in Middleton  
 Start: 11:00 a.m. at Middleton  
 Cost: \$10.00 (\$15.00 Non-NSMCRA members)  
 Divisions: Pro Boat, Open, Rec, Kayak  
 Course: 11+ km (20 km Pro) Flatwater Paddle from Middleton to Lawrencetown  
 Contact: John or Christine Skaling (902) 825-2589  
 Notes: Fundraiser for Annapolis Co. Ground Search & Rescue Assn.

### Stock Class (12 km)

Bernie Levy / Darren Gray	1:07:06
Bruce Duffy / Andrew Warnica	1:08:24
Robert & Ashley Mc Kinnon	1:16:19
John & Christine Skaling	1:28:20

### Mixed Recreation Class (12 km)

Robin & Robert McKinnon	1:12:42
Rick Meadwell / Paul Rump	1:31:47

### Youth Pro C2 Class (22 km)

Jeff & Jason McKinnon	2:02:38
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### Open Pro C2 Class (22 km)

Doug & Kris Archibald	1:58:05
Stefan Scarola / Tim Steiner	1:59:25
Rick McMahon / Jean Marien	2:01:36
Richard & Justin McKinnon	2:03:46

### Mixed Pro C2 Class (22 km)

Dave & Abby Lewis	2:09:17
Shirley Wenaus / Allan Billard	2:13:58

### Pro C1 Class (12 km)

Lawson Fraser	1:07:05
Steve Williams	1:12:03

## Elmsdale Relay 2003

Date: Saturday June 21, 2003

Registration: 8:30 - 9:30 a.m.

Start: 10:00 a.m. Elmsdale Indian Bridge

Cost: \$10.00/person

Divisions: Solo (kayaks can be used), 2,3,or 4 person teams (must use a canoe).

Course: The course starts with a mountain bike ride (5-6km), off road run (5.5km) and a 5km paddle on the Shubenacadie River.

Misc: I believe that the biking portion is the most demanding, as people were walking some parts last year due to the hills! Fun stuff

Contact: Doug Archibald 883-9759

Team/Solo	Bike	Run	Paddle	Total	Place
Wally Woodbury (solo)	19.29	21.56	23.42	1.05.07	1st
Danny Spry Sherry S Kris Archibald	18.44	23.59	23.12	1.06.00	2nd
Stefan and Danina	19.50	22.25	24.48	1.07.03	3rd
Jody Davis Harry Neynans Mark Johnston	19.20	22.10	27.00	1.08.30	4th
Trevor Morrissey (solo)	18.53	24.00	27.41	1.10.35	5th
Terry Fisher Sherry Doug Mary-Beth	23.03	28.37	24.50	1.16.30	6th
Tim Miller (solo)	27.10	1.00.20	36.00	1.36.20	7th

## Mersey River Race 2003

[■ Details](#)
[■ Thumbnails \(15 pics\)](#)
[■ Montage](#)


Date: Saturday, June 29, 2003

Registration: 10:00 AM

Start: Lower Great Brook Hydro @ 11:30 AM (Pro Boats @ 11:00 AM)

Cost: \$10.00 Adult/\$5.00 Youth (\$15.00 Non-NSMCRA members)

Divisions: Pro Class 3 Buoy Turns 2 Portages 24 kms Total Distance  
 Stock Class 1 Buoy Turn 16 kms Total Distance  
 Recreational Class(Canoe/Kayak) 1 Buoy Turn 8 km Total Distance  
 Open Class( Kayak and USCA C1) 2 buoy Turns 2 Portages 16 Km Total Distance

Course: See map.

Misc: Immediately following the race all participants are invited to a barbecue and a draw for prizes. Proceeds to Queens County Emergency Measures Organization.

Contact: [Dave Lewis](#) (902) 354-4931 [Details \(Ms\\_Doc\)](#)

Safety: Safety boat in Lower Great Brook Headpond. Portages flagged at take-out and put-in with personnel available to check participants off. Portages mandatory.

Portages: Portages flagged at take-out and put-in with personnel available to check participants off. ALL PORTAGES MANDATORY.

The race was staged on Sunday morning. Although we did not get a large local crowd for the recreational paddlers we attracted crews from as far as Saint John New Brunswick, Halifax, Dartmouth and the Valley regions for the professional class.

This race is a sanctioned Nova Scotia Marathon Canoe Association event and therefore counts for points on the provincial circuit. Racers were anxious this year to try out the new course whereby due to low tidal conditions the race could not be staged in the lower part on the Mersey. Instead the event included a brief tour of Lower Great Brook headpond ,2 portages and a healthy dose of upstream paddling to Big Falls and then a finish back at Lower Great Brook Hydro.

Overall the new course was well received with the top time being 2:39:40 over the 27 km. venue. Again this year a strong effort by local paddlers demonstrated they are formidable competitors against the strong out-of-county paddlers.

The race could not be staged without the help of the Queens EMO and a donation was made to that organization from proceeds at the reception hosted at the Milton Canoe & Camera Club directly after the event.



A kind thank-you goes out to all sponsors and organizers for their support. Please see attached results standings.

David Lewis

### **Mens C2 Proboat** (26kms)

Doug & Kristoffer Archibald(Enfield)	2:39:40
Wally Woodbury/Steve Williams(Dartmouth)	2:43:15
Rick McMahon/John Gillies (Middleton)	2:45:05
Richard & Justin McKinnon (Milton)	2:52:20

### **Mixed C2 Proboat** (26kms)

Angela Russell/Rafe Hooper (Saint John,NB)	2:46:10
Beverly & David Lewis (Milton)	2:46:13
Lori Taylor/Jean Marien (Dartmouth)	2:47:03
Daina Debette/Stefon Scarola (Dartmouth)	2:57:20

### **Youth C2 Proboat** (26kms)

Jason & Jeffrey McKinnon (Milton)	2:48:38
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### **USCA C1** (22 kms)

Lawson Fraser(Lunenburg)	2:19:00
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### **Stock Canoe** (16kms)

Ashley & Robert McKinnon(Milton)	1:53:15
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### **Mixed Recreational Canoe** (10 kms)

Robin & Robert McKinnon(Milton)	1:00:00
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## Nictaux Canal Race 2003

- Date: Saturday, July 5, 2003
- Registration: 9:30 AM
- Start: 11:00 AM
- Cost: \$10.00 (\$15.00 Non-NSMCRA members)
- Divisions: Pro, Open, Rec, Kayak
- Course: Nictaux Canal - 5 KMs South of Middleton, on Hwy # 10
- Misc: BBQ and Prizes to follow event
- Contact: John or Christine Skaling (902) 825-2589
- Notes: Fundraiser for Annapolis Co. Ground Search & Rescue Assn.

Race day awoke to fog and a welcome coolness in the air, only to be replaced by sunny skys with 33 + degree temperatures by the 11:00 race time. The Heat Wave Continues!! Fortunately all the participants were experienced in the ways of racing and came prepared with on board drink systems. The importance of staying hydrated can never be over emphasized.

The Nictaux provides for one of the more exciting starts as the racers sprint 100 meters across a small pond to enter a narrow (2 boat lengths) canal. From here they race up the canal 4 km to the open lake where, depending upon class , 4 km loops of the lake are completed followed by a final 4 km back down the canal to the Finish Line. The first boat to the canal has a decided advantage!

This years start was no exception as one bow man broke a graphite paddle with his first powerful stroke while a nearby proboat upset in the commotion. The team of Gillies and Fraser made it to the canal first. The next 4 km saw much jostling for position as experienced crews hopped on side and stern waves looking for some reprieve to the turbulence generated within the narrow steep walled canal. By the lake Archibald and Marien, Nova Scotia`s entry to the upcoming La Classique, assumed the dominant position.

The loops of the lake provided for further strategy as the teams negotiated the bouy turns and dealt with the heat and distance. This is the long grind part of the race as the C2 Pro Classes complete 12 km on the lake, the C1 boats 8km and the Stock and Rec classes 4km.

The race results tell the tale of the days exploits, but do not begin to tell the stories that were exchanged at the post race BBQ.

The determination, perseverance and good sportsmanship exhibited by all is a credit to the sport and not to be excluded from the accolades we must praise the Annapolis Valley Ground Search and Rescue whom provided the rescue boat, registration facilities and logistical personnell. All proceeds from this race go to the AVGSR. Special thanks also go to John and Christine Skaling for the race organization.

### **Mens C2 Proboat** (20 kms)

Jeff & Jason Mckinnon (Milton)

1:59:47

Doug Archibald & Gordon Whalen (Dartmouth)	2:00:04
Richard & Justin McKinnon (Milton)	2:00:28
Kristoffer Archibald & Jean Marien (Dartmouth)	2:02:13
Lawson Fraser & John Gillies (Lunenburg/Middleton)	2:03:50

### **Mixed C2 Proboat** (20 kms)

Abby & David Lewis (Milton)	2:04:31
Daina Debette/Stefon Scarola (Dartmouth)	2:04:42
Allan Billard/Shirley Wenaus (Dartmouth)	DNF

### **USCA C1** (16 kms)

Steve Williams (Waverley)	1:43:00
Beverley Lewis (Milton)	DNF

### **Stock Canoe** (16 kms)

Ashley & Robert McKinnon (Milton)	1:23:12
John & Laura Scaling(Middleton)	1:46:45

### **Mixed Recreational Canoe** (16 kms)

Robin & Robert McKinnon (Milton)	1:25:26
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## Fred Lynch 2003



Date: Saturday, Sept.06, 2003  
 Registration: Senobe (Lake Banook) 10:00 am  
 Start: 11:00 am  
 Cost: \$10 per person  
 Divisions: Pro Boat, Open, Rec, Kayak  
 Course: Loop from Senobe to top of Charles and back  
 Misc: Draw prizes, home-made chili and juice  
 Contact: Jean Marien 434-1240

### Arthur Weston (16 km)

Brian Stever, Dennis Stever	1:22:18
Lowell Goulden, Paul Barry (The Ivan Brothers)	1:28:03

### Pro Boat - Men (16 km) (Fred Lynch Results)

Jean Marien, Dave Lewis	1:23:07
Steve William, Wally Woodbury	1:26:04
Rick McMahon, John Gilles	1:28:18
Doug Archibald, Dustin Whelan	1:29:02
Lawson Fraser, Justin McKinnon	1:34:09
Mark Bowie, Kenny Trudeau	1:37:45
Tim Lynch, Kevin Lynch	1:37:58

### Pro Boat - Junior (16 km)

Jason McKinnon, Jeffery McKinnon	1:31:18
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### Pro Boat - Female (16 km)

Sue Slemming, Angela Russel	1:46:26
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### Pro Boat - Mixed (16 km)

Stefan Scarola, Dana Deblette	1:32:31
Allan Billard, Shirley Wenaus	1:41:29

**K1 Kayak - Male** (16 km)

Joey Mingrone 1:24:43

**Recreational - Mixed** (8 km)

John McCormack, Mary Beth Bowie 56:33

Ashley McKinnon, Robert McKinnon 1:00:04

**Exhibition - Female** (4 km)

Karen Lynch, Nancy Sanford 35:44

**Exhibition K2 Kayak - Female** (4 km)

Nancy Thompson, Frances McKinnon 30:00

## PPP Relay 2003



Date: Saturday, September 13, 2003

Registration: Before Sept.08: \$20.00/person includes T-shirt at race  
After Sept 08: \$20/person, T-shirt later  
Race Day: \$20/person, T-shirt later 8:00 - 8:45 AM

Start: 9:00 AM Waverley Sports Park

Divisions: Solo Male, Solo Female and Team (2, 3 or 4 persons). Solos can share boats

Course: The bike/run course follows the perimeter of the park. MTB 5km, Paddle 3km, Run 5km (Distances Approximate).

Directions: Waverley Sports Park is on the Cobequid Rd, about 1 Km from the east end of Rocky Lake Rd. and about 1.5 Km from the Waverley Rd (#2 highway)

Contact: Bruce Duffy (902) 860-3591 [duffy.bruce@ns.sympatico.ca](mailto:duffy.bruce@ns.sympatico.ca)

Notes: The bike/run course is hilly with a few sections that may require walking your bike. Other than that, it is not a technical course. The water course is flatwater, no portages

Food & Prizes: Pizza, pop and great draw prizes after the race.

Safety Gear: Bikers **MUST** wear bike helmets. Paddlers **MUST** carry a lifejacket and require a bailer, towline, whistle and a spare paddle (canoes). We **STRONGLY** advise you to wear your PFD

### Solo Male

Name	Pedal	Paddle	Plod
111 Trevor MacLean	00:11:49	00:27:05	00:47:08 00:15:16 00:20:03
106 Shawn Amirault	00:11:57	00:32:15	00:52:42 00:20:18 00:20:27
113 Tim Farmer	00:11:56	00:30:55	00:54:34 00:18:59 00:23:39
112 Chris Williams	00:14:10	00:33:28	00:56:20 00:19:18 00:22:52
108 Jeff Houser	00:14:46	00:32:40	00:57:03 00:17:54 00:24:23
103 Bruce Murphy	00:15:35	00:35:15	01:00:34 00:19:40 00:25:19

105 Doug Archibald	00:15:38	00:36:01	01:01:06
		00:20:23	00:25:05
102 Ron Jeppeson	00:14:32	00:37:02	01:03:09
		00:22:30	00:26:07
104 Ron MacDougal	00:15:43	00:38:29	01:04:22
		00:22:46	00:25:53
109 Andrew Feenstra	00:13:22	00:38:20	01:05:09
		00:24:58	00:26:49
107 Brian Coxhead	00:13:18	00:42:36	01:07:24
		00:29:18	00:24:48
101 Andrew Stewart	00:14:19	00:42:34	01:09:40
		00:28:15	00:27:06
110 Christian Hall	00:21:02	00:43:15	01:11:34
		00:22:13	00:28:19
114 Mike MALley	00:23:23	00:48:34	01:31:31
		00:25:11	00:42:57

## Solo Female

Name	Pedal	Paddle	Plod
205 Darlene Chapman	00:16:34	00:41:34	01:08:31
		00:25:00	00:26:57
201 Julie Hare	00:16:46	00:42:40	01:11:46
		00:25:54	00:29:06
202 Darlene Hart	00:18:21	00:42:20	01:13:27
		00:23:59	00:31:07
203 Terry McCormick	00:21:00	00:49:34	01:18:28
		00:28:34	00:28:54
204 Susan Rickard	00:21:33	00:49:07	01:23:47
		00:27:34	00:34:40

## Team

Name	Pedal	Paddle	Plod
1 Born Ready (Bernie Levy, Ben Levy, Ronnie Reid)	00:15:30	00:34:23	00:57:42
		00:18:53	00:23:19
3 Caboto (John McCracken, Dave Jellicoe)	00:17:40	00:39:21	01:04:38
		00:21:41	00:25:17
2 No Name (Tim Miller, Don Weir)	00:20:34	00:45:36	01:13:52
		00:25:02	00:28:16



## Canoe to the Sea 2003

[■ Details](#)
[■ Thumbnails \(42 pics\)](#)
[■ Full Size \(21 pics\)](#)
[■ Next Set \(21\)](#)


Date: Saturday, Sep.20, 2003

Registration: 8:00 A.M. - 10:00 A.M. at the Fairbanks Centre

Start: 10:30 A.M. Fairbanks Centre, 54 Locks Road, Dartmouth.

Cost: 20.00 per person (see below for Family Paddle)

Divisions: Open Class Pro-boat C-2; Open Class Pro-boat C-1;  
Men's; Women's & Mixed Stock Canoe; Men's; Women's & Mixed  
Recreational Canoe; and Men's & Women's Kayak

Course: Some combination of the 7 chain lakes, river, locks and portages of the historic  
Shubenacadie Canal

Misc: Family Paddle: For those who just want to come out for a "fun race" and be part of the  
festivities, with a registration fee of only \$20.00 per canoe (includes food)

Contact: For race course information and directions call Doug Archibald at 883-9759. For more  
information please call Allan Billard at 449-0581 or Andrew Cox at 462-0128

Safety: Must have a PFD in boat for each paddler, whistle, bailer and painter

Notes: (1)15th Annual Trail Shop Canoe To The Sea T-shirt  
(2) B.B.Q. hosted by the Shubenacadie Canal Commission  
(3) Draw for fabulous door prizes donated by the Trail Shop  
(4) Prizes: 1st & 2nd prizes will be awarded in each of the race categories

### Pro-Boat (33 km)

Kristoffer Archibald, Steve McAleer	3:19:44
Doug Archibald, Jean Marien	3:20:32
Steve Williams , Wally Woodbury	3:27:19
Rick Mahon, John Gillies	3:30:27
Stefan Scarola, Dustin Whalen	3:31:43
Lawson Fraser, Dave Lewis	3:34:34
Jeff McKinnon, Jason McKinnon	3:50:43

### Open Kayak (33 km)

Tim Farmer	3:40:59
Patty Clune	5:01:32



Robert Fraser	5:08:45
Connor Taras, Caitlyn Dunphy	DNF
<b>Family Class</b> (8 km)	
Lindsay Barclay, Tanya Moore, Caroline Pollock, Tom Martin	1:18:26
Anne Phillips, Kevin Fitch	2:04:14
Jayson Euloth, Paul Euloth	DNF
<b>Recreational Kayak</b> (8 km)	
Shirley Wenaus	1:00:29
<b>Mixed Recreation</b> (8 km)	
Robin McKinnon, Robert McKinnon	0:58:31
Ashley McKinnon, Justin McKinnon	1:01:40
<b>Men's Stock</b>	
Bruce Duffy, Gordon Warnica	0:56:30

## The Time Management Matrix

Every activity we do during the day can be put in one of four quadrants:

QUADRANT I - urgent and important: Crises, pressing problems, deadline-driven projects

QUADRANT II- not urgent and important: Prevention, PC activities, relationship building, recognizing new opportunities, planning, recreation.

QUADRANT III - urgent and not important: Interruptions, some calls, some mail, some reports, some meetings, popular activities.

QUADRANT IV - not urgent and not important: Trivia, busy work, some mail, some phone calls time wasters, pleasant activities

Answer this question: What one thing could you do in your personal and professional life that, if you did on a regular basis, would make a tremendous positive difference in your life?

Chances are whatever you name; it is a Quadrant II activity. Effective, proactive people spend most of their time in Quadrant II.

### What It Takes to Say "No"

To be effective, you need to stay out of Quadrants III and IV. To do this, you need to tell yourself and other people "no" to activities which lie in these areas. Suggest Quadrant II activities instead.

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Time Management - The busier you are the more important it is to stop and read this story.

One day an expert in time management was speaking to a class of business students. To drive home his point he used an illustration those students will never forget. As he stood in front of the group of over-achievers, he said, "Okay time for a quiz." He then pulled out a one gallon wide-mouth jar and set it on the table in front of them. Then he produced about a dozen fist-sized rocks and carefully placed them one by one, into the jar. When the jar was filled to the top and no more rocks would fill inside, he asked, "Is this jar full! ?" Everyone in the class said, "Yes."

Then he said, "Really?" He reached under the table and produced a bucket of gravel. Then he dumped some gravel into the jar and shook it. This caused the pieces of gravel to work themselves down into the spaces between the rocks. He asked the class again, "Is this jar full?" By this time the class was on to him. "Probably not," one of them answered. "Good!" he replied. He reached under the table and brought out a bucket of sand. He dumped it in the jar and it flowed into all the spaces between the rocks and gravel. Once more he asked, "Is this jar full?" "NO!" the class shouted. Once again he said, "Good!"

Then he produced a pitcher of water and poured it into the jar until it was full to the brim. Then the expert asked "What is the point of this illustration?" One eager beaver raised his hand and said, "The point is, no matter how full your schedule is, if you really try! you can fit more things into it. "No," the speaker replied, "that is not the point. The truth this illustration teaches us is this: If you don't put the big rocks in first you will not get them in at all.

What are the big rocks in your life? Your children, your spouse, your loved ones, friendships, education, and your dreams. A worthy cause. Teaching or mentoring others. Doing things that you love. Time for yourself. Your health. Remember to put these big rocks in first or you will never get them in at all."

If you sweat the little stuff (i.e. gravel and sand) then you will fill your life with little things to worry about that don't really matter, and you will never have the time you need to spend on the important stuff (big rocks). "So tonight, when you are reflecting on this short story ask yourself this question: What are the big rocks in my life? Then put those in your jar first.

## Serge Corbin Tribute



The weekend of Jan 10th, Ron had his way paid to Trois Riviere, Quebec to attend a very special tribute to Serge Corbin and his 25 wins of La Classique and his domination of all major canoe races over the last 30 years. Ron was Serge's La Classique partner in 1978 and 1980. All ten of Serge's partners were equally honoured (see picture, above). Over three hundred persons attended the surprise 4-hour extravaganza – probably too short of time for Ron and others to meet old friends and soak in the totality of appreciation to Canada's King of Marathon Canoeing.

Bonjour,

It was such an emotional event to have all these nice paddlers get together in Trois Riviere, Québec for such an impressive evening. Think of it. Gregg Barton from out west (Seattle, Washington) and having to be in Africa the very next Monday morning, Ron Williams from BC. and Solomon Carriere from his way up north home in Saskatchewan. I still can hardly believe we made it.

Tomorrow night we are also having another evening of Gala where Serge is in nomination as Athlete of the Year. Even at 47 years of age he is still paddling strong. By the way, how about making it a must for Ron Williams to make it back

to La Classique for 2004. Good idée.

Richard H. Toupin President FQCLP

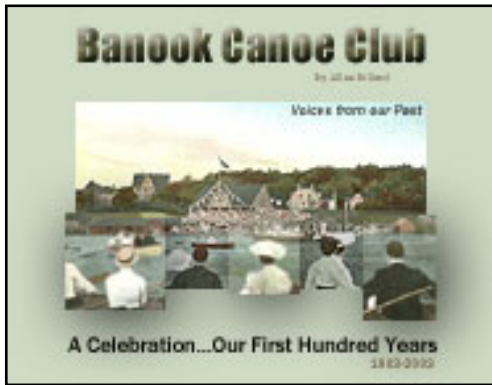
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The group picture includes **Serge's Partners:**



Left to right Front row: Solomon Carriere (Saskatchewan) in 85, 93-94, Jeff Kolka (Michigan) in 00-01, 03 Richard Tétrault (Québec) in 81, Ron Williams (Colombie Britannique) 78, 80 Claude Corbin 74-75-76-77-79 Back Row. Greg Barton (Seattle, Wash.) 96-97, Brett Stockton (Michigan) 91 -92 (Serge Corbin) Michel Beauchesne (Québec) 82, Bruce Barton (Michigan) 90 Normand Mainguy (Québec) 86, 88, 89,98 -99.

## Banook Book Highlights Marathon Canoeing Over 100 years



As Dartmouth's Banook Canoe Club turned 100 last summer, Allan Billard sat down to write the story of the famous club. His book tells of many regattas, trophies won and races lost; not to mention the hearts won and lost at the popular summer dances.

He also shines a light upon the constant thread of marathon canoe racing which runs through the club, to the surprise of many sprint paddlers.

Starting back as early as 1923, the club's founder donated a trophy for the "Long Distance Championship of the Dartmouth Lakes". The Arthur Weston Trophy is still put up for annual competition, eighty years later! Allan follows the ups and downs of that race and the often unpredictable conditions of the portage through Shubie.

Other well known events are included too, like the Annapolis River Race, first held in 1961 and won by Banook's Fred Lynch and Dave Fingard. Their names flow through both sprint and marathon contests over the Sixties, giving proof to the fact that the two disciplines are quite compatible.

The more recent Fred Lynch Race (only 20 years of annual competition) attracts a big contingent of paddlers from Banook, including Ladies C-4 and many sprint kayaks and canoes, as well as the standard marathon pro-boats.

As might be expected, Allan also retells some of the story of the recent Marathon Canoe World Championships. Banook paddlers Mike Scarola and Richard Dalton did not disappoint their fans with a Silver Medal in the Senior C-2 marathon over 32 km.

The book costs \$25 and is available at the club, as well as from Allan, who will be at all the marathon races this summer.



## What is a Quadrathlon?



There are several national and international FOUR-sport events, each including swimming, paddling, cycling and running. The Worlds are held annually, usually in Europe. Canada has a national team which has competed at the Worlds since 2001.

Dartmouth now holds an annual World Cup event, the "DiamondMan" sanctioned by the World Quadrathlon Federation.

Most participants are attracted to these events by the individual **IronMan** nature of the competition. Relay teams are also encouraged, and high school teams are frequent

competitors. Teams of masters-age paddlers made up a significant portion of their entry list each year.

Why is the sport growing in popularity? The recent success of Canadian triathlete Simon Whitfield in the Sydney Olympics and the increasing media focus on IronMan type events, makes a multi-sport competition in the Maritimes's largest city is a natural. We have a tremendous paddling base to add to that swimming, cycling, running enthusiasm. The canoe/kayak participation gives this event an expanded participant base for participants and spectators.

Swimmers start the Dartmouth event from Lion's Beach, completing a 2.2 km. leg on Dartmouth's Lake Banook. Their transition to paddling is also centred at this popular beach, with the Canoe/Kayakers then racing 10 km. on the famous Lake Banook canoe course from Senobe Aquatic Club. Cyclists ride 50 km. through the Dartmouth road network, then back along the Waverley Road. Runners head back the final 10 km. on the Lake Charles Trail, to the Finish at Senobe.

A complete list of prizes is awarded (cash, sports equipment and trophies) to winners in each class.

For more information contact Allan Billard at 449-0581

## The Appalachian Trail - An Adventure of a Lifetime



Everybody has dreams, I mean that is probably what makes us different from animals. I think this one started about 10 or 12 years ago. Bruce Duffy had invited some of us down to "hike" the White Mountains of New Hampshire. This wasn't your classic hike ~ tents and sleeping bags and food cooked over an open fire. This was to do some nice walking up and over 5000' mountains and then stay in a "hut", which serves supper and breakfast before continuing on to the next hut. Now these huts are big enough to serve anywhere from 80 to 100 people and put them up for the night on bunks.

We met a thru-hiker, who explained that he was actually walking from Georgia to Maine over the Appalachian Trail (AT), a distance of about 2170 miles. It just seemed to catch my imagination. I had hiked with the boy scouts, as a leader, and done as much as 25 K in a day, and back when I was in shape, it really wasn't that hard and certainly all sorts of fun. This was a going to be a challenge, but certainly doable.

I have always looked for challenges. I ran 100 mile races when there were 100's of runners in Nova Scotia better than me, but people said they couldn't do them "Too long" I said "Why not?" Gee, if you train for it and make a plan and follow that plan, you have a reasonable chance of success. The first 100 miler in Vermont was brutal and I completed it in 27 hrs. If you complete it in under 24 hrs, you get a belt buckle. Well I returned the next year and still wear that buckle every day.

I had originally thought that I could take 6 months sabbatical and hike the trail, but it seems that Human Resources could never calculate what my cheque would be for the 3 or 4 years preceding when you take partial salary. Then in Feb '00, I received a job offer from outside government that would allow me to make enough to leave in the spring of '03.

I started doing a lot more reading and studying for the trip. This is a six month trip that required a lot of planning, from your gear, to your food, to your schedule. It had to include how to communicate back home (phone and e-mail) and medicine. It had to include whether we would use "food drops" and how many and where. It had to include getting in shape to walk for 10 to 15 miles a day with a 45~50# pack on your back up and down some significant hills.

I started reading other peoples' journals on Trailjournals.com to see how they did it and what they felt. I read every journal that described the parts of the trail that I had already done. How did they find that hill? We found the toughest parts in New Hampshire and Maine. We hiked the "toughest mile" (it took us almost 3 hours same as them) on the AT to see what it was like. We hiked the toughest day on the AT ( and didn't finish until almost 8 at night in the dark) to see what it was like. The year before we left, we hiked the "100 Mile Wilderness" in Maine, to see what it would be like to hike for 7 days and have no available services nearby the whole time. Also in the last year, I read 3 or 4 journals of people who had started on the same date we were going to start. What kind of weather would they get?

We left Halifax on Sunday night Mar 16th and caught the Greyhound Bus from Bangor on Monday at noon. After a very painful trip of 34 hours we got off in Atlanta, Georgia. Our shuttle, who had hiked the trail the year before, was waiting for us. After stopping for some groceries, we were at the trailhead in about 2 hours. On Wed the 19th, after a fitful sleep, we were up and off by 8:30 in the morning.



March in Georgia is a little bit different than in Nova Scotia. While it rained and was misty for the first couple of days it started to get warm. Now the woods in Georgia are a little bit different than here. No softwood trees at all. The sun beat down on us as there no vegetation cover at all. I had severe sun burn on my right arm, so bad that I wrapped it with a bandana. The really impressive thing about spending six months in the woods is you really get to study what is around you. The flowers slowly start to emerge and the leaves slowly start to come out.

The first small flowers struggling to come up through the dead leaves from the previous year. The only colour on the forest floor. The birds, that you so often take for granted, the small chipmunks and squirrels. Every sense ~ now that much more in tune with what is going on around you. We started slowly, only averaging 8 miles/ day in March. But we were on a high. We had allowed 180 days and there was no hurry. All the thru-hikers that we had communicated with, emphasized that it is not the end but the journey that was the experience. They all said when it was over, they wished that they hadn't been so quick.





In the first shelter, on the first night, there were about 14 others as well as another 5 or 6 tenting outside. While this is a wilderness trail, there is no shortage of other people trying to do the same thing. We met other hikers from 14 yrs old to more than 70 yrs old. Everybody shares all that they have. Running low on food, someone has more that they need. Water ~ same thing, fuel ~ same thing again. We quickly found the good and the bad in shelters. You really don't fall asleep until the last guys stop talking and you wake when the first guys wake. So the first night the talking stopped a little after midnight and

the first guys were up before 5. We tented for the next couple of weeks, as you then fell asleep when you wanted and woke when you wanted.

By the time we hit the Great Smokey Mountains National Forest, we pretty much had the hang of it. Now the border of Tennessee and North Carolina follows the ridge of the Appalachian Mountains. This is also the AT, so when your right foot touches down you are in North Carolina and when your left foot touches you are in Tennessee. The shelters in the Smokeys have chain link fences that you close up when you get inside them to protect you from the bears. Our first night in the Smokeys, we didn't make the shelter in time to get one of the spots for the night, so we set up our tents outside. It was a little unnerving to be outside while the rest were safely inside behind the fence. As with most things, the secret was to hang your food in a bear bag away from your tent.

Our second snow storm hit us here on our last night, as about 6" fell during the night and another 6" before we got out. We hitched a ride into town and dried out and did the laundry and bought food for the next section.

When we did the Shenandoahs, we saw our first bear. It was running away as fast as it could. We actually managed to get within about 15 metres of the second before he finally smelled us and ambled off fairly slowly. Here we came upon newborn fawns still trying to stand for the first time.

At the mental half way point, at Harper's Ferry, when we signed in, we found we were #'s 256 and 257 to reach that far. 50 miles farther, we made the actual half way point and there is a tradition that some thru-hikers try to eat a half gallon of ice cream to celebrate. Not many try and fewer manage to finish. It was hard but just one of the fun challenges to do.

I have to mention "Trail Magic". This is an extremely nice part of the whole experience, where people put out apples or chocolate bars or pop, for hikers to consume. It is also where people offer rides into town and relish the idea of helping out a very smelly bunch of hikers. A group actually roasted a leg of lamb for us at one spot.

There are hostels all along the AT, from a log cabin to a huge stone house, and everything in between. Some ask for donations and some charge(?) \$10 or \$12, Some have kitchen facilities and some serve meals.

Some have bunks and some a piece of floor. All are managed by a fantastic bunch of people, that will do anything for you. The log barn that we stayed at was owned and run by an 85 year old widow who had been doing this with her husband for 20 years and continued when he passed away 15 years ago. She served an all you could eat (AYCE) breakfast and charged a whopping \$3.00.

As we traveled north, the terrain became more like home with fir and pine and spruce. We did see rattlesnakes and they are pretty impressive at more than 5' long. The first one we heard gave us about 15' of warning and the locals call them "gentlemen snakes" for that reason.

When we hit Vermont and the White Mountains of New Hampshire, we knew we were getting close. About 15 of our friends and wives had come down to do a bit of hiking with us and it was certainly nice to see them. For some reason, only Bruce Murphy could hang with us and then for only the first day. We did manage to do 100 miles in 6 days over this challenging terrain albeit without packs which certainly made it easier.

Maine was beautiful (just like home) and we very made good mileage for the last couple of weeks. Sort of like the horse going back to the barn. The 100 Mile Wilderness, which took us a long 7 days the previous year, we floated through in an easy 6 days.

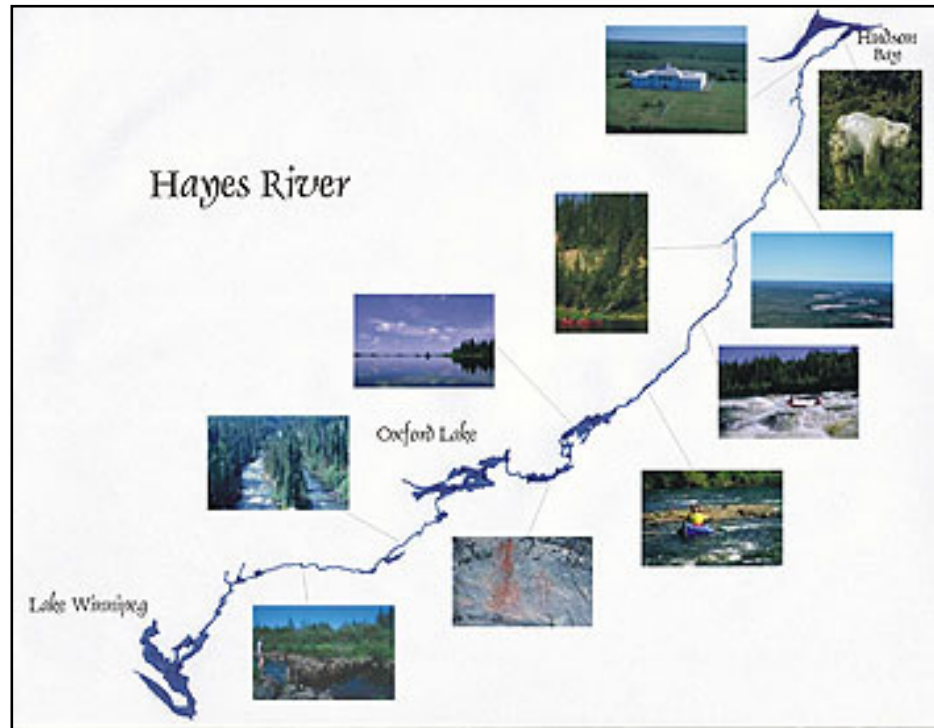
For the summiting, we were met by Bruce Duffy and Jerome Bruhm from Halifax and Larry Sampson and his daughter, Emma from Fredericton. It started out as a nice warm day at the bottom but after climbing about 3000' it got very misty and windy (I think we were in a cloud). I think the temp on the top



was not much above freezing but it didn't seem to matter, this was the culmination of a 10 year dream with 1 year of intense planning and 161 days of actually being on the trail. The trip back down was anti-climatic. It really was the actual 161 days of the hike that we will remember and not the last day. It was a great adventure but 6 months away from home is tooooooo loong. I would do it again but only if my wife, Nancy, wanted to come along.

## The Next Adventure - Canoeing the Hayes River

The Hayes River extends from Norway House (NH) on the shores of Lake Winnipeg to York Factory (YF) on Hudson Bay. It is a river of 700 K in length that has been used by the fur traders since 1650. This dream started when the History Channel showed "The Quest for the Bay" about 4 years ago. This showed taking a 2000# Red River Boat down the Hayes, with a load of "furs" of 10000# and was meant to try and recreate what the Yorkneymen had to do in the 1800's. Now you will note that "The Quest" went down the Hayes and so will we, but they actually (in the old days) took the boats back up laden with trade goods.



So far in my "quest" for more information, I have found that canoes can be rented for \$20 per day. We think we might be about 3 weeks. You can charter a plane out of York Factory for \$2500 for 4 people or \$4000 for 8 people. I have the tape of the "Quest for the Bay" and a book "Wilderness Rivers of Manitoba, A journey by Canoe Through the Land Where the Spirit Lives". The trip would probably be 4 weeks in Manitoba with getting to the start at NH and getting back from YF.

There are a couple of outfitters that will do 2/3 of the Hayes for about \$4000 but their websites give a lot of info that might tweak your interest. They are [www.wildernessspirit.com](http://www.wildernessspirit.com) and [www.northernsoul.ca](http://www.northernsoul.ca)

My plan is to try this in august 2005 so it does still leave lots of time for planning and getting the time arranged. Of course, a lot of the fun is in planning and organizing. I guess the only limits are we should be in twos as I can certainly see that a canoe with 1 or 3 would be almost impossible to navigate, and it would be nice to be groups of four to arrange planes out at the cheapest rate. There are about 94 campsites, so finding a place to put up for the night should be the least of our concerns.

Interested? Talk to me. Although talk is cheap, at least you can be part of the planning.

Gordon Warnica

## Five Nova Scotians on Gaspé's Bonaventure River



We stood on the riverbank as the evening shadows lengthened, watching the crystal clear water of the Bonaventure River move strongly and silently past us, wondering what awaits us upriver 130 km at the headwaters of this pristine salmon river. We have no first hand accounts of this river. If it is flowing this quickly eleven km from the mouth, what can we expect upriver?

We are camped at Cime Aventure ("peak adventure"), an outdoor recreation centre on the

banks of the Bonaventure River, eleven km upstream of the town of Bonaventure, located on the south coast of Quebec's Gaspé peninsula on the Baie de Chaleurs. There are five of us on this trip; Dusan Soudek, myself and Ian Guppy from Halifax, Greg Ash and Brian Anderson from Truro. Bonaventure is about seven hours from Halifax and about ninety minutes from the NB border.

The town is mainly French speaking, and everyone we meet patiently listens to our poor French, trying their best to serve us in English. Cime is the only outfitter offering a shuttle service to the headwaters of the Bonaventure River. Cime has a wonderful quirkiness. In addition to regular campsites, they offer tipis, complete with raised platform beds and open fireplaces. The main lodge is a huge log structure - the central portion a modified tipi, beautifully finished inside, with a curved staircase to a second storey balcony.

The evening is clear and warm. Dusan and I decide we need to try our borrowed Old Town Appalachian in this current to see how it performs, since we haven't been paddling together on this large or swift a river. We are pleasantly surprised...we are able to ferry and then we work our way up through several eddies. We head back across the river to our campsite, feeling confident and excited. We are greeted by a campfire and a sky full of stars.



Next morning we all woke early. As we prepared for breakfast a light rain began, so we quickly packed up the tents, and began to move breakfast across the campsite to a huge covered deck overlooking the

river, sort of a wilderness bistro. Before long it began raining heavily but we remained comfortable and dry, congratulating ourselves on our preemptive management.

After breakfast we got out the rain gear, and moved our canoes and gear up to the main parking lot to meet our shuttle. The shuttle turns out to be a modified school bus. Canoes are hoisted up on a rack on the roof and tied down. Gear goes in the back of the bus. Two other paddlers from Vermont joined us...whitewater open boaters.

We began driving through rolling coastal farmland and crossed the river several miles up. From here, we began to climb into the interior, following rough logging roads as we dropped and then climbed, and twisted our way up into the Chic Choc mountains - a remnant of the Appalachian range that extends from the Carolinas all the way long the US Eastern seaboard. Midway along the shuttle we entered a huge burn area. Five years earlier, a fire had raged for two months burning hundreds of hectares of mature forest on both sides of the river. The smoke from this fire was so thick that it tinted the daylight hours in Nova Scotia. A stubble of black and grey limbless trunks covered the green, rounded hills as far as we could see from the dusty windows of our bus, as it bounced and groaned upwards.

The rain stopped at some point and the sun began to appear. We could see patches of snow up on the north-facing slope near the summit of the higher hills. We crossed several tributaries and then took a steep side cut around a hill and down into the Bonaventure River valley. Butch, our driver, said we were at an alternate put-in below Bonaventure Lake and below several nasty log jams. Our Vermont friends decided to start at this point. We discussed it at some length, and decided that we had come to do the whole river. We left most of our gear behind and hopped back into the bus to continue for another hour further upriver to Bonaventure Lake, the birthplace of the Bonaventure River.

We arrived about 12:30 pm and quickly unloaded our boats. It was sunny and warm, and a strong wind was blowing down the lake. The water was becoming choppy as we started off on a one km paddle to the end of the lake. We reached the end of the lake and looked back. All around the lake, the hills were cloaked in a dark green mantle of mature spruce and fir. Ahead, the river flowed through a leafless forest of twisted, burnt trunks.

At this point the river is less than two canoe-lengths wide, and about one foot deep. The water is crystal-clear and running at about 4 km/hr at a constant incline. The river snakes back and forth between the hills and very soon enters Little Bonaventure Lake. After a short downwind paddle we again entered the river, always anticipating the log jams. The river continued to twist down the valley, with just enough water to cover the rounded boulders and gravel that make up the bottom. For the next hour we were swept along by the current and encountered nothing that required portaging or lining

As the valley broadened, the river suddenly divided into several small channels around some small islands choked with logs. We got out and surveyed the area in the belief that this must be the logjam referred to. The channel to the right appeared to be clear, and after a short wade and a single carryover, we were back running downriver. In another ½ hr we saw the side cut along the right side of the valley leading down to the river, and by 3:30 pm we had arrived at the first drop-off and our gear, never having encountered any real difficulty. Prompted by guilt, we considered going further in search of some tripping purgatory, but decided instead to enjoy a nice flat camping area, the warm sun, and an opportunity for an evening hike up the road to the top of the hills.

We woke to a warming sun - a good thing since the temperature dropped below freezing during the night, requiring toques and extra layers. We took our time with breakfast and then packed for our first fully loaded day of paddling. The river is still shallow and only about 5 metres wide, moving at a good clip.

Approximately one km downstream around river km 117 we arrived at a gravel bar and a large logjam. There are also

several small islands dividing the river up into channels. There is the appearance of a trail leading off to the left through some thick brush 30 metres to an open channel. We reloaded after a short portage and lined the canoes down the channel to a larger island where we found a portage trail leading off to the far end of the island about 40 metres. We re-loaded in a small channel and carefully picked our way through brush and the occasional deadfall as the channel twisted back and forth. Finally 2 channels joined and the river volume doubled. As we rounded a bend in the river, we confronted a cow moose, slowly making her way upstream. She stopped and peered myopically at us for a second and then quickly turned and strode downstream and into a thicket. The river bend offered good landing on a narrow gravel point where we ate a quick lunch and moved on.



The river volume and speed increased as we passed the first of several small feeder streams. The first rock outcrops appeared, forming river-wide ledges. These became increasingly common as we moved downriver towards Kickinghorse Canyon. The lack of distinct features made it difficult to locate our exact position. We did not want to enter the canyon late in the day, but were unsure how far away we were. We finally identified two small streams and with that began to keep an eye open for a good campsite. It was near here that we had the first of many encounters with Harlequin Ducks

- a species extremely rare in the East. These colourful little clowns prefer fast moving water and rapids.

We found a lovely, long gravel beach at a bend at river km 102 about 3:30 PM and decided to make the most of a great site and the sunny weather. This would leave us fresh for a series of what we expected would be challenging river-wide ledges, and the canyon next day. After a swim and Ian's pasta primavera, I hiked up into the burn. The hills in the area are steep, and littered with debris, and deadfalls, but I was rewarded with a wonderful view of the river valley as the sun set behind the hills opposite. From here I could also see the southern edge of the burn. Once again we have the luxury of a riverside campfire and an endless supply of driftwood.

We all got up around 6:30 (everyone seems to be an early riser) to an early morning chill as the sun is not yet above the surrounding hills. We ate a leisurely breakfast and pushed off around 9:30, just as the sun made it over the eastern hills. The valley narrowed and the forest closed in as we passed the southern edge of the burn around km 99. From km 98 we encountered almost continuous Class 1-2 rapids, with some exciting ledges thrown in; however we were able to boat scout most of them, and all were runnable. At km 96 we pulled out to scout a series of ledges, just above the canyon. At higher water they might be runnable, but we decided to line the two ledges along the right bank, to the edge of Kickinghorse Canyon. There is a wonderful campsite on river right at the ledges. The ledges are tricky, but appeared doable in an empty canoe; however, we decided to press on since it was already midday.

The opening to the canyon is dramatic - the river squeezes between high exposed rock walls, and disappears around the corner. We were apprehensive, but found we were able to boat scout most of the ledges and rapids. The canyon is not as long as it appears on the map and actually begins to open up after a kilometer or so. We stopped to look at a beautiful waterfall on river left at km 92. Beyond km 90 the river valley opens up again as the river becomes shallower and wider. We enjoyed this new landscape, and for the first time saw a cabin or two at about km 86. We passed the first major stream on river left at km 84 called Rousseau Mourir, and found a wonderful gravel bar on a bend about one km farther. Ian took the plunge off a diving log into a deep pool. Later, a resident beaver advertised his dislike of our company by repeatedly slapping his tail as we finished dinner in the fading light of another perfect day.

We were up early, had breakfast and packed quickly and efficiently after three days of practice. High cloud began to move in as we set off down river. The river valley widens and we saw a few more cabins along the edge of the river. Most of the time we encountered sections of fast water created by gravel bars, and we began to see salmon fishing areas posted. We ran a number of ledges including a significant one at Grand Black pool, after rounding a sharp bend. Dusan and I sneaked left while Brian and Greg decided to take it head on riding out some very large standing waves.

We passed the only significant tributary, the West Bonaventure River at km 67 and continued to see more salmon fishing infrastructure. There is an access road on river right from the West Bonaventure. We ran into a bit of rain, but made great time, and took out at a large open area on river right at km 49, just past a large island, and just above the bridge at km 48. This area is used and maintained by Cime Aventure and sports an unusual, round, sweet-smelling cedar biffy. We set up a cooking tarp, expecting more rain. A slow drizzle started as we prepared supper, and the temperature dropped. We had made excellent time and expected to be able to finish the river the next day.



The next morning mist hung on the trees up the steep sides of the river valley, and wisps of mist formed on the river surface and rose like smoke. It is damp, but not quite raining as we finished off a fabulous

breakfast and begin packing up for our last day. The river has widened considerably, but remained fairly shallow, and continued to run at 4 to 5 km/hr. There is lots of fast water here, but very few rapids. The number of salmon camps increased as we continued down river. There are several potential camping spots on the shore below km 43, although none are shown on the map. Ian spotted several large salmon in the shallows below one pool.

At km 15 we drifted into a large pool next to a large red sandstone outcrop. The sun came out and we sat in our canoes, suspended above a deep, clear, emerald green pool overhung by cedars. We rested there for the last time, enjoying the warmth and tranquility.



Four km further we arrived back at the dock at Cime Aventure, and portaged out gear up to our campsite. We are back in civilization. This is the logical conclusion to a classic river trip that began in wild and remote headwaters. All of us express a sadness that it is over, and a sense of privilege at the opportunity to paddle such a lively, pristine river in good company.

**Story** by David Ripley

**Photos** by Dusan Soudek/Ian Guppy

**Conclusion:**

The Bonaventure River is at its best in late May/June. Nights can be cold. Be prepared for bugs (although you might be lucky like we were and not see many). The upper reaches are remote. Don't expect to see other parties until you reach West Bonaventure. In our experience almost all of the ledges are runnable loaded. You can organize your own shuttle and access Lac Bonaventure from Murdockville, but the road is rough, and not well maintained. Bring a chainsaw.



For shuttle/camping info:  
Cime Aventure  
1-800-790-2463  
[www.cimeadventure.com](http://www.cimeadventure.com)

### Maps

An excellent collection of maps  
(mostly pdf files) - select "canot  
cartes" for a list of rivers  
<http://www.cartespleinair.org/>



## Jump and Rest



Over pasta salad and ice tea in mid June 2003, Kristoffer Archibald and Jean Marien decided to train for and compete in the seventieth anniversary of La Classique Internationale De Canots De La Maurice. A hundred and twenty mile canoe race running on the St. Maurice River in Quebec, La Classique attracted seventy-three teams in 2003. The technicality and length, combined with the massive number of spectators, make La Classique one of the best-attended and most prestigious marathon canoe races in North America, drawing the elite of the sport.

Everyone always says that the race is just for fun. What makes it hard then, must be how good you are at having fun. - Author

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"It's going to be just like intervals, Kris. We're going to go hard for a few minutes, then a quick rest, then we go hard, then rest...OK?"

"Yeah, all right Jean." I pant from the bow as we set out to catch back up with the pack of canoes in front of us. We both know they have the advantage. The pack is riding wash and exerting far less energy than we are. Already, we're probably riding or climbing some far back wave that I've yet to learn to feel. However, because we can see the bridge, we know that it is not far until the finish. It is time to go, whether I think I have any strength left or not.

"Let's go Kris!"

I pull. Head slightly sunk, feet braced, concentrating on the canoes just before the bridge.

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Two days before the start of La Classique Internationale de Canots, Jean and I went for a paddle so as to inspect some of the course and practice feeding. After we had returned, Mom and Dad had news from Steve McAleer. Some teams were going to look at the rapids later that evening and we could come along. Wanting to see how bad the rapids would be, we agreed, and a few hours later were waiting on a stretch of grass beside a parking lot, below the final barrage on the St. Maurice River. Al Rudquist - who had been animatedly describing a portion of the power stroke which involved so much paddling on grass that the canoe moved forward - yelled out "Charge!" and rushed to the water. Jean and I slowly followed suit as we watched to see how different teams coped with the strong current.

The rapids proved favourable and for the most part we enjoyed a leisurely paddle downstream. That night I had a view of a pack of canoes which suddenly burst into a sprint. The waves sent Jean and I to the side and thus I had my view. The heavier teams seemed to be leading. Suddenly a smaller, lighter team shot past everyone. Peter Heed talks of the 'magic' of making a canoe go fast. What I witnessed

was undoubtedly that magic.

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**My water is gone. While I drink for fluid replacement, it always seems that a drink of water helps with my wind. We are on a short rest. The boat is noisy with my breathing and Jean's belches. The inevitable question comes from the stern:**

**"Are you ready?"**

**"Yes, lets go."**

**The canoe leaps forward and I concentrate on my technique. Keep the boat smooth. The pack ahead is breaking up.**

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The day before the longest day of La Classique is a day of resting, waiting, concentrating, watching, marvelling, showing off, and eating. It is the day before paddlers march down to the St. Maurice River at La Tuque, Quebec, and line up to start the first of the one hundred and twenty miles downstream. It is the day when one discovers how fast is fast in a marathon pro-boat over a circular kilometre. It is a day of food preparation as fruit is cut, potatoes boiled and drinks mixed. It is a day for bars and jells to be counted and placed with water bottles in a cooler and handed over to the pit crew. It



is the day of the sprints in which teams competing in La Classique must sprint a kilometre and so it is also the first day for the clocks and their accumulating time. For me, it was the beginning of my participation in a race I have heard about as long as I can remember and the day before I view the St. Maurice river for the first time from the start line of the most famed canoe race in North America. It is a day of tension.

My day started early with packing and driving upriver to La Tuque while accessing feeding areas for the pit crew. This consisted of me looking to see what a bridge looked like so as to recognize it from the water and remembering how two years before I had served as pit crew alongside my father for Jean Marien and Dave Lewis. In reality however, my primary concern was staying warm under a heavy fleece jacket and pants, and hoping it would not rain in the afternoon. Arriving in La Tuque, we made our way down to the sprint and boat measuring area. I spent my time looking at boats and merchandise and meeting people. Time dragged even as one canoe after another began the sprint. Finally it was time. I watched my arm extend, felt my muscles tense and then nothing else mattered as the obnoxious blast of a horn sounded behind. The boat surged and everything worked as my eyes levelled on the first buoy. Then for a brief moment we fell apart as something shook Jean and I. The boat lurched. My paddle sprang on instinct to a brace. So quick it might not have happened except that Solomon and Real Carrier had pulled ahead just a bit on the other side of the pond. Rounding the first buoy we were smooth again. The second buoy quickly followed, then the third. We crossed the finish line and I began to think again. For a time the tension left and I was just excited to watch the top teams complete the loop. But all time passes and after a huge amount of spaghetti, later that night, the nervousness began to work its way back into my stomach.

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Some form of groan emits from my mouth. I can't go any longer. Like some form of addict I crave the rest period.

"Not yet!" says Jean

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Day One. I ate breakfast out of habit, not hunger. The starting area was filled with people. Racers rummaged in the back of vehicles and taped last minute items to their boats. Music played from the loudspeakers and car after car continued to arrive as the thousands of spectators wandered about. Good lucks were exchanged with people we had met forty-eight hours before, bonded together by the same first time experience. Hands were shook of family, friends and companions. Jean and I walked alongside our canoe and slowly made our way past the crowds of people who lined the hill overlooking the

start line. The adrenaline was beginning to seep throughout my body and it was a relief to go for a short paddle downstream before turning and making our way to the start line. Sitting still in the river with Jean holding the rope, I glanced left and right and watched as seventy-five canoes lined up around me in a line which stretched far to either side. In response to some comment another bow paddler made, Al Rudquist, who placed himself next to us, said, "It's when that last anthem ends that you start worrying about things". The United States anthem ended and the Canadian started. About the half way mark, all around me, people began to reach out. Some people held their blades in the water, other people held their paddle so that the tip slightly hovered over the water. Everyone awaiting the start signal. The anthem ended and the siren sounded, very faintly.

The boat went from sitting still and flat to slipping backwards down a hill. Waves tossed us around as the wash of other boats hit us. It was my slowest start to any canoe race as I paddled easily so as to keep my balance and relax. After a couple of hundred metres I began to paddle harder and the tide of passing boats reversed itself as we reached the first buoy turn. We made the turn on the inside of the pack which slowly forced us into paddling far from shore, away from the helpful eddies of the bank. All my spring training has always been done on rivers with half of all that training being upstream paddling and so I knew the benefit of being close to shore. With a strong sprint, Jean and I surged ahead of the huge pack beside and behind us and made our way to the inside bank. After making the upper buoy turn, we set out to catch the nearest canoes. Most of the day is a blur with a few exceptions.

At a pit stop, I reached for an anti-acid and Jean decided on an Advil. Jean's sudden bout of coughing caused one passing canoe to glance questioning at us as he managed to not choke on the pill. After paddling alongside Solomon and Real Carriere, we tried breaking ahead only to see them go way off to the other side of the river. I realized seconds too late that we were entering a giant back eddy. Another time, in a short fast section of water, Solomon chose another better line after which we never saw them again for the rest of the day. I learned to paddle in packs and realized that sometimes, it's better to be a bit more patient. At the end I felt cold and thought it odd that everyone should be wearing shorts. My stomach was cramped and I felt slightly sick. We finished twenty-sixth.

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"O.K" Jean gasps out.

We rest. It's been worth the output as now we sit behind another boat. The bridge is just behind us and ahead of us is a string of boats. I'm thirsty, slightly light-headed, my sides ache - I never knew that the lat muscle went so far down my side. My stroke increases. I try for more strength and push myself harder as I feel Jean starting to pull. The boat ahead has swerved slightly and it's time to go. Sometimes you only get one chance.

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On the second day, we tipped.

I've been tipping in canoes since I started paddling. The first time that a good friend and active canoeist and I got into a pro-boat was two weeks before our first race in a pro-boat. We'd been in the boat no longer than five shaky minutes when we decided to try a buoy turn. In the bow, my paddle slipped under the canoe as I started to draw and we were quickly upside down. We prided ourselves on our balance and dominance in local stock races. One evening in a stock boat, as we leisurely paddled upstream looking down on the racing shad, we tipped. In white water, with recreational canoes, we didn't tip so much but it was still never unusual for the canoe to be full of water on Easter weekend canoe trips. Whether it was standing waves, improperly chosen routes, in one case a sweeper, or a leaky boat, we always ended up with a lot of water being bailed at some point. When we managed to stay dry, it was an accomplishment. I've tipped thirty seconds into a practice session at 7:00 AM on a dead calm river, 9:00 PM on calm lakes.

As Jean and I grew used to each other in the boat over the season, we gradually built up confidence, each knowing that what we faced at one wavy practice session, often paled in comparison to what we had faced a week earlier. Training on Grand Lake, we came to an understanding with waves where only the really big ones would tip us over. Referred to on old maps as "The Great Lake", Grand Lake lives up to its name. What makes this giant so impressive is how it's mood shifts from mirror calm to waves that dwarf a canoe.

Once, in an attempt to do a five-hour paddle, we headed out onto Grand Lake only to encounter large surfable waves. After surfing for a bit we tried to get past these waves in order to put in the time needed for endurance. Time and again we tried to get past these waves only to continually fill up with water. On our final attempt, what we'll describe forever as a 'wall of water' rose up before us and crashed down over my chest filling the bow with water by ripping the front of the spray skirt from its Velcro attachments. The weight of the water was too much and over we went. After tipping once more for reasons neither of us could explain, we called the session off after two and a half hours and planned a five-hour practice for the weekend.

The final paddle Jean and I did in Nova Scotia was also on Grand Lake and as luck would have it, the lake was in a foul, or happy mood. However one chooses to look at it, the lake was wavy. As we struggled to get back into the canoe, the waves swept us off our feet. When we finally got in the canoe, a wave threw Jean out and as I turned around to see what was going on, the last thing I saw before being flipped was Jean's head bobbing at the crest of a wave.

So, less than an hour into the second day of La Classique, as three motor boat waves joined to defeat our braces and stability, it was no new thing to have that sickening feeling of knowing that the water was getting closer and closer. It was just that this time land was a couple of minutes away and we knew our good start was going by us at an amazingly fast pace.

How long we struggled in the water to empty the boat and then crawl in is hard to guess at. I know that a minute before we tipped, I was thinking that if we caught the boat ahead of us, they might pull us up to below twentieth position and when we started to paddle after tipping we passed people who seemed to be floating with the current. We were mad and after exchanging some water, we began to paddle hard. Gradually, we climbed back up, wake after wake, and always bursting away from a canoe before they could settle comfortably on our wash. We hit the portage at Grand Mere and passed a canoe at the start of the hill. We seemed to absorb the energy of the crowd and up the hill we fled, our load lightened by the wind's theft of my paddle from my hands minutes before the run. Portage two came shortly after. A twisting run through the woods ultimately placed us on Shawinagan Bay and further closed the gap between us and the next few boats.

The windy conditions of Shawinagan Bay proved advantageous as we handled the waves with ease, always gaining on those ahead of us. Then came the final portage of the third day; a run down a main street in Shawinagan. After rounding the buoy, Dad's voice came into my head: "no matter how tired you might be, when you hit that portage, you'll run". Reaching the top of the steps, I was confronted with a wall of people blurred together into one mass of colours by their indistinguishable yells. Jolted into action by Jean's push on the canoe from behind, I ran. The canoe balanced flat on my shoulder and just before going back down stairs to the water, we pushed ahead of another team. Putting in the water, we held the lead over several close teams and finished in twenty-third position.

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**The canoe beside us is slipping back. I keep the stroke rate up and we pass by them. Ahead is the next boat. Jump and rest, now repeat. We're by the next boat and we're almost to the buoys we must round before completing the final few boat lengths. A slight swell is lifting us up and down. Almost there...**

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On the morning of the third day I felt horrible. I was stiff and tired. Despite walking around, going for a short run and long stretches, I could not shake the feeling of lethargy. In the boat, I felt weak. The start was as I had come to expect but very quickly I could feel myself being drained of energy. After several unsuccessful attempts to pass, by this point very familiar boats, we finally saw our opportunity in a shallow section of an inside turn. The boat popped up and we never saw that team again until the end. Shortly after the start was the first of the two portages. The portage went on and on



with the longest part being downhill. After getting back into the boat, I ate and tried to get back what I could of my strength. I hungrily squeezed jell back into my throat and drank some Boost. By this time, we had caught up to several individual canoes and a pack formed around us. I was starting to feel good when the next dam came in sight, the final barrage. We tried to break away as we had done so often for the past several miles. Gradually, we pulled ahead a boat length. That was about as far as we could get by the time we reached the portage. Fumbling in getting out, my legs shook as I pushed them to an awkward run. Mom and Dad were saying something as they replaced the water bottles. It didn't matter as the rapids were coming, an area we had to get to first or else we were going be dropped by those whom we'd unwillingly pulled for over an hour.

The rapids set us back. Inexperience in that sort of water led to nervousness, which meant a slower pace. We stayed afloat though and chose the right route in a section of the river that was constantly changing, as Quebec Hydro technicians decided on the duel fates of the river and canoeists. As we entered smoother water, we began to paddle faster and watched as the pack we had pulled in the previous reservoir, the pack that passed us in the rapids, came into waking distance. We could see the bridge.

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I transfer the post into a draw ending in a forward stroke as we round the final buoy. We are in line with the finish and paddling hard. The canoe sinks down in suck water. Slightly ahead of us is a boat and a wave behind us is a boat. We roll up and down with the slight St. Lawrence swell. The boat ahead is across and with a few final strokes we finish to the blaring voice of the announcer. I look back and see Jean grinning in reflection of my own face.



Jean is out of the boat, stomach deep in water. He shifts the boat, throwing me into an automatic brace and triggering a laugh from both of us. Dad is wading into the water oblivious to being soaked clapping me on the shoulder followed closely by Mom. Neither can talk loudly, their voices hoarse. They grab the boat and start walking up the corridor of people. Jean and I follow between receiving and exchanging congratulations. There is no longer any pain. Walking up out of the water and through a throng of people, I realize that our boat has disappeared.

Jean is talking and laughing while introducing me to a pretty girl. She smiles slightly and I feel myself start to laugh as I think of the spit and salt covering my face and shirt. Absently, I notice that I've finished a water bottle Mom thrust at me and move on to a beer. Over by the water, boats continue to finish amongst the roar of the crowds.

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The twenty-fourth placement, out of seventy-three teams, would not have been possible without the strong support of my parents Doug and Sherry Archibald and my sister Mary-Beth, who observed far more than her share of nervous energy from everyone. A thank you to Jean's family, specifically his son Ben and brother Andre, but also to all the other members from Quebec whose hospitality and good nature cannot be forgotten. Finally, to all friends in the canoeing world, for their willingness to train, teach and above all else, share their experiences.

By Kristoffer Archibald

## Canoe/Kayak Introductory Sessions



I am lucky enough to belong to a few paddling groups, Banook and NS Marathon Canoe. Both groups are interested in trying to attract public attention to their sports, so when Banook was looking for someone to run some public awareness paddling sessions as part of the Club's 100th anniversary, I signed up.

The sessions were held for 3 consecutive Thursday evenings in July, leading up to Banook's big 100th anniversary party on Natal

day weekend. The weather held, the parking was OK and we had crowds show up that kept us busy for the entire session. We averaged about 20 volunteers for each session and we needed them all, as we had 30-35 people show up each Thursday. We had a few times where all the boats were out and there were people waiting to get into something, but I think we kept everyone who showed up as involved as they wanted to be.



Banook gave me a small budget for promotions, posters, t-shirts and pins, plus access to the Club facilities, including sprint canoes and kayaks. The Banook Masters would also provide some well-experienced volunteers, as they are continually putting on annual clinics to try and attract former paddlers back into the fold or convince mature, otherwise sane, recreational paddlers into tippy boats that flip you into the drink more times than is considered humorous.

NS Marathon Canoe is a small, feisty, passionate group. Basically, we like to spend time on the water. And since lakes are only so big and practices can run from 1-3 hours, you either do many loops of the lake or get into portaging, meaning hoisting the canoe up out of the water and hiking it to the next lake, only to repeat the process on the way back. Oddly enough, many people see this as sheer lunacy, especially when they find out that marathon boats will also flip you into the water if you're not careful.



TAO (the Adventure Outfitters) is a commercial sports outfitter store and their staff is very experienced and more than happy to spend a few evenings trying to introduce the public to the sport of paddling. They sell recreational canoe and kayaks as well as those very spinny play boats.



To round out the volunteers, I contacted Dusan Soudek from Canoe/Kayak Nova Scotia. On top of providing boats and very experienced volunteers, they brought along brochures and safety material and lots of paddling stories. As well, Meghan Watkinson from the Canadian Coast Guard sent along boxes of all the safety brochures that they had, including colouring books for kids.



The TAO crew brought regular canoes and those little playboats, which were a big hit. These boats got the most use, as just about anyone can enjoy these even if they've never paddled a boat before. The Sprint and Marathon boats take a bit of "attitude" to get started in and I think we were all surprised at just how many people volunteered to get into boats that would be pretty unstable and that the chances of getting soaked were very high.

I have a few memories that stick out from these sessions. I think that anyone who has a passion for a sport enjoys trying to share that experience with anyone who is interested. As the sessions went on over the 3 weeks, a lot of the volunteers were the same people and you could tell that they were enjoying themselves. We had a little "event" going on and the response was very positive. I just started paddling 3 years ago and I enjoy it so much that I really liked the opportunity to share that joy.

Now, it was pretty obvious that the kids would enjoy themselves. That's what kids do. Our job is to let them experience as much as they can. Whether these sessions will help generate any future paddlers will never be known. But they had fun and for some it was a brand-new experience.



We also talked quite a few adults into boats. You could tell that some of them were nervous, while others were just very keen to get into any type of boat. When I started at Banook, the Masters coach (Archie MacGlashen) used to regale us with paddling war stories while we sat around drinking Timmie's coffee after a hard weight workout. He said something once that really stuck with me. He said that his job as a Masters coach was to "open doors that we had already closed". It's a good point. The whole world of paddling has been sitting there all my life, and until I was introduced to a kayak, I didn't know what I was missing. Again, whether these sessions actually get anyone paddling is not the point. We provided the experience, and it was fun for everyone.

My favourite memory from these sessions happened near the end of the second session. The weather was gorgeous, everyone was in a good mood and quite a few people were in the Sprint and Marathon boats. Then some of the volunteers started getting in the tippy boats and next thing you know, people are lined up to get into the C1's, which no one can keep up for more than a minute or so, yet people just keep trying. It's like we were all kids again. Falling in was part of the fun!



This summer, Marathon Canoe will be holding public paddling sessions on Lake Banook every Tuesday evening at 6:30, starting in late June. As well, Banook usually puts on some sessions to try and attract new Masters paddlers and TAO tries to put on a few sessions so that people can try out a boat that they might buy. Whether we all get together for some combined sessions is yet to be seen. Insurance can be a deciding factor in these types of events. Last year, Banook sponsored the sessions, so we sort of piggy-backed on their insurance.

All I know is that I had a lot of fun and I'm pretty sure a lot of other people did too, so it was all worth it.

Bruce Murphy

## Paddle From the Sea



Over the past years there have been many canoe/kayak races in the Shubenacadie Canal system. They have been various distances, major marathon length with 'many' portages, lengths of 30-40 kms from Grand Lake into Dartmouth, or shorter distances of 12-20 kms, starting (and finishing) at Fairbanks Center after loops of Lakes Banook, MicMac, and Charles. The names of these competitions have been various and many, including the Fred Lynch, Quadrathon, and the Paddle To The Sea.

Well, the GONZO Adventure Club, a group of aging runners from the 70's and 80's (once called the GONZO Runners), now

diversified into paddlers, hikers, bikers, runners (now a bit slower) and basically people that just like to keep their bodies moving in some manner, also like to use the Canal System.

Being neophytes in the paddling world, we got involved about 8 years ago and have since entered a number of the local races, enjoying the new sport and the friendships we have found. We continue to try to get more of our group involved in this water sport; some can't swim, some are scared of change, and some still think they are runners.

We base our paddling out of the Warnica Marina and Social Tea Club on Lake Thomas and can boast a few sea kayaks, one river runner, one sprint kayak, a pro-boat, a couple of stock boats, and a vast number of various and sundry 'recreational' canoes.





Our main evening of paddling is 'every' Wednesday evening that the Lake is open, starting in 'very early' March and going to the end of October when the time changes. This is 'always' followed by tea and cookies--I mean what is important in life, eh! This is the only weekly paddle for some of our group and maybe the only paddle of the whole year for others. But there are those that are out every Wednesday, and then there are some who actually paddle at other times-almost resembling training. These guys/girls even go in races.

Be aware how important we are to the rest of you racers in the circuit. When you go home to your family and mention you were in the top half of the race...if it wasn't for paddlers like us, there wouldn't be a lower half below you.

Getting back to the Canal System, we use the section from Lake Banook (Lake Mic Mac, Lake Charles, and Lake Williams) to Lake Thomas a number of times a year in what we call Paddle FROM the Sea. This 'all morning' paddle is 'always' followed by a Gonzo social event- which is why we exist-including our regular Canada Day Pot Luck party, Victoria Day Pot Luck eat out, and sometimes Thanksgiving Day feeding frenzy.



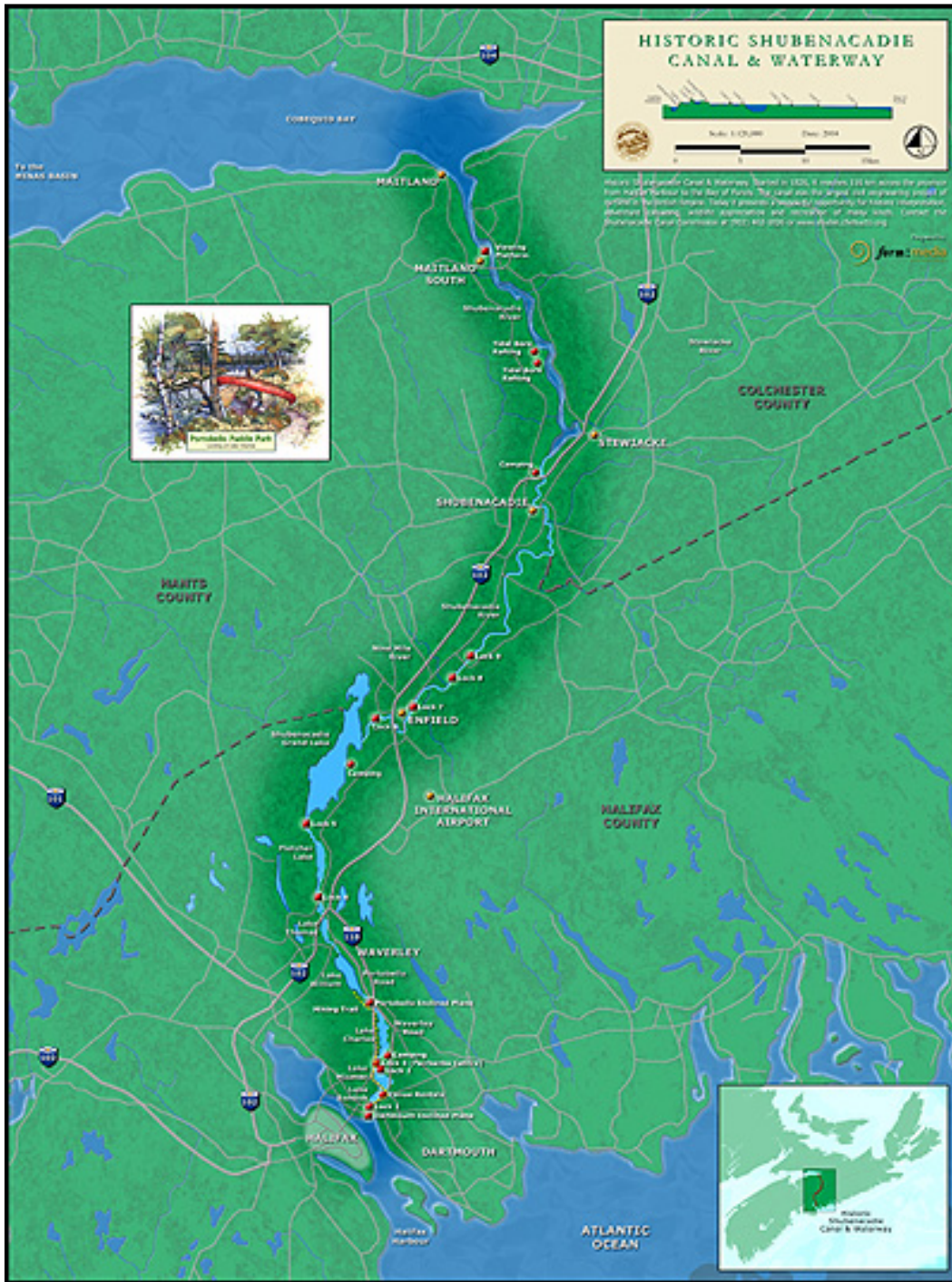
Usually leaving Banook very early in the morning, we have had mirror like conditions, low water through the various portages (sea kayaks are heavy), and times on Lake Williams where we have encountered high white caps. We have been lost in the fog, blinded by the sun, and just naturally hypnotized by the nature around us as we meandered along.



And we will still enter races, always hoping that some day certain people may be no shows and we would move up a bit in the placings. As in our running days, we realize that your position in a race has nothing to do with how fast you go, it all has to do with who happens to show up that day.

The Sun god

## Paddle the Shubenacadie Canal



The Shubenacadie Canal is more than a waterway. It is a transportation spine flowing through a greenbelt between Halifax Harbour and Bay of Fundy, linking many small communities en-route.

As an historic treasure, the canal is recognized at home and abroad, as a unique system of natural lakes and rivers connected by man-made locks, canalworks and two inclined planes, it is a recreation jewel.

Its proponents are once again (like back in 1826) promoting the waterway. This time the goal is not improved transportation links, but enhanced recreation and natural history education for local residents, businesses and visitors.

For more information go to: [shubie.chebucto.org](http://shubie.chebucto.org)