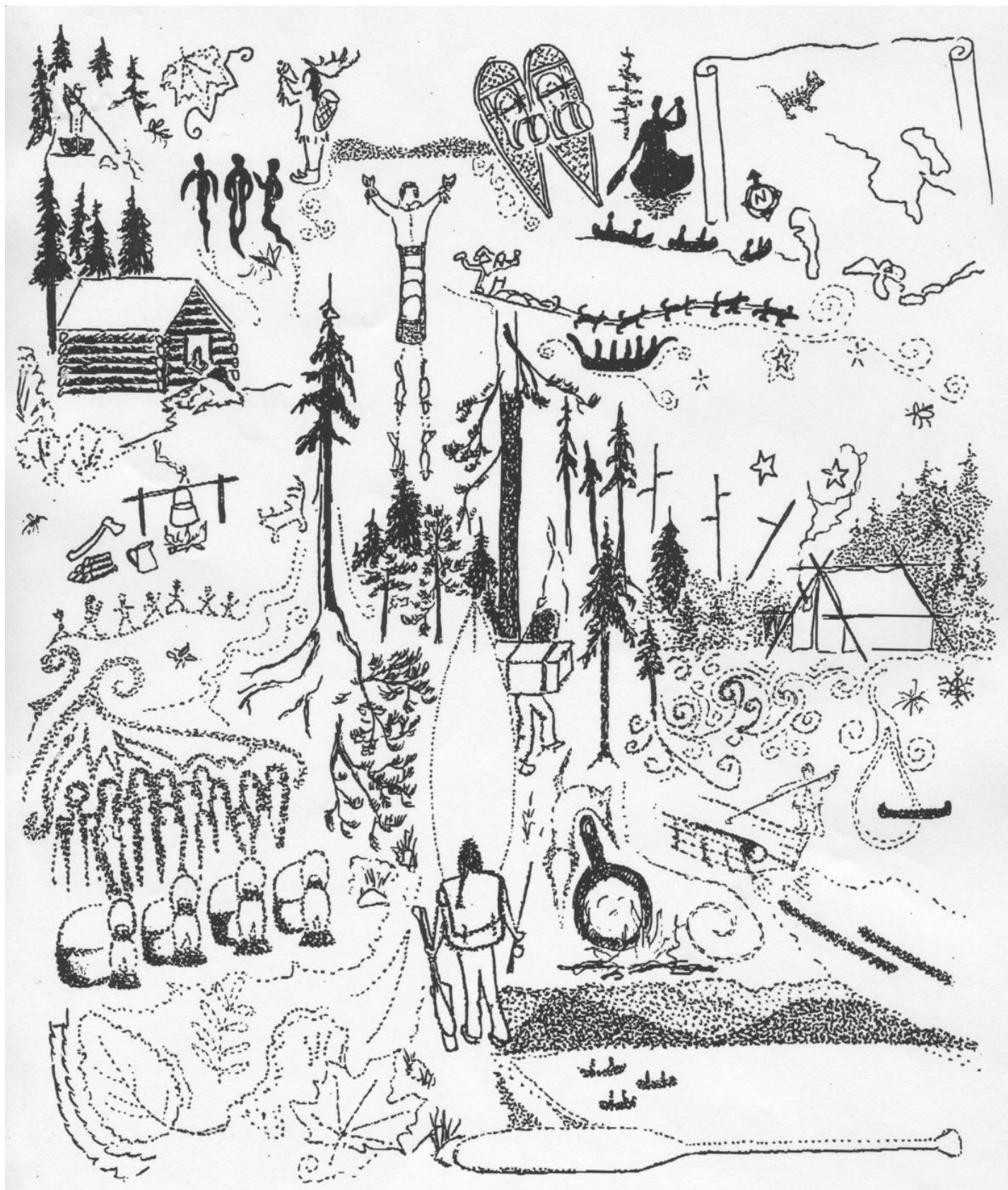
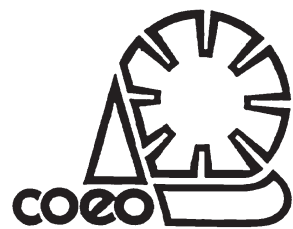


Pathways

THE ONTARIO JOURNAL OF OUTDOOR EDUCATION

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Pathways

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COEO

Formed in 1972, the Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario (COEO) is a non-profit, volunteer-based organization that promotes safe, quality outdoor education experiences for people of all ages. This is achieved through publishing the *Pathways* journal, running an annual conference and regional workshops, maintaining a Web site, and working with kindred organizations as well as government agencies.

Contributions Welcome

Pathways is always looking for contributions. If you are interested in making a submission, of either a written or illustrative nature, we would be happy to hear from you. For a copy of our submission guidelines, please contact Randee Holmes, Managing Editor.

If you are interested in being a guest editor of an issue of *Pathways*, please request a copy of our guidelines for guest editors from Randee Holmes, Managing Editor.

If you have any questions regarding *Pathways*, please direct them to Bob Henderson, Chair of the *Pathways* Editorial Board. If you'd like more information about COEO and joining the organization, please refer to the inside back cover of this issue or contact a Board of Directors member.

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Pathways is published four times a year for the Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario (COEO) and distributed to COEO members. Membership fees include a subscription to *Pathways*, as well as admittance to workshops, courses and conferences. A membership application form is included on the inside back cover of this issue of *Pathways*.

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Pathways is printed on recycled paper.

The *Pathways* journal is constantly recognized as a showcase of COEO and is something of which we all can be proud. For the last 16 years, the sternsman, or self-labeled “guide,” of this publication has been Bob Henderson. We offer this entire issue as a tribute to Bob and his efforts as he passes his editorial paddle to others.

One of my earliest memories of Bob was of a slide show presentation he provided to the McMaster students' Outers Club in the mid-1980s. It was titled *Canadian Heritage Through Wilderness Travel* and he took us, through stories and images, into classic 'Bob' territory. But what I remember most was, when he changed themes or places, he used a “filler” slide of bannock baking next to a campfire. Initially he described the history of bannock and how it was a staple of the wilderness traveler. But after the sixth or so filler slide he simply paused, said “ahhhhhh — bannock” and carried on. So when I envisioned this tribute issue to Bob, I saw that slide show.

What you will find within is a collection of some of the best of Bob's writing interspersed by tributes from several of his colleagues and friends — the bannock slides so to speak. I've tried to include some pieces that perhaps you haven't read before, taken from several books Bob has contributed to over the years. There is also a sample from Bob's own recently published (and first!) book — *Every Trail Has a Story: Heritage Travel in Canada*.

On behalf of COEO, thank you Bob for all your time and effort as the editor of *Pathways*.

Special thanks go to the tribute authors, artists and to the folks who granted permission for reprints.

From a bend on the Eramosa River,
Michael Elrick, Guest Editor

Michael Elrick is a former student of Bob Henderson and presently teaches two Integrated High School programs at Centennial CVI in Guelph: CELP Community Environmental Leadership Program (grade 10) and Headwaters Journey (grade 12).



Bob Henderson on the Nahanni River.

Sketch Pad — The front cover art and the photos on pages 5, 11, 12 and 14 are courtesy of Zabe MacEachren. The art on pages 31, 34 and 35 is from Shonna Eden, a high school student who recently completed the integrated *CELP: Community Environmental Leadership Program* in Guelph, Ontario. Gord Puller provided the art on pages 21 and 25.

I first met Bob Henderson as a fellow competitor at several southern Ontario cross-country orienteering meets in the early 1980s. My first impressions of personal warmth, boyish enthusiasm, insatiable curiosity and kindred spirit have never changed.

Since that time, Bob has been a constant COEO presence.

- He has been with *Pathways* since its inception in January 1989 (Volume 1, Number 1. At first, he was an Associate Editor. As of December 1991 (Volume 4, Number 1), he became Editor and then, with a shift of titles, he has held the position of Chair of the Editorial Board since August 1993 (Volume 5, Number 5). Over all these years, he has continuously served as a mentor/facilitator for many other dedicated volunteers who have helped out and then moved on. Talk about prodigious commitment!
- Bob has also been a frequent writer in our journal, be it a piece for "Prospect Point" or a feature article on his latest of a broad range of outdoor interests. (See this issue for a modest sampling.) Whatever the topic, Bob invariably puts forward thoughtful and stimulating perspectives.
- Another treat has been to attend one of Bob's sessions at an annual conference. Here's a fellow who can ramble with the best of them, but always with a thread, always engaging participants with his anecdotes and the meaning he invites them to consider.
- Then, there's the small matter of chairing COEO conferences . . . Program Chair for Canterbury Hills (1991), chair for Camp Arowhon (1995), Camp Tamakwa (1999) and Tim Horton's Onondaga Farms (2004), and he's already spent some time this past spring and summer brainstorming about an urban-based 2006 conference . . . stay tuned for more details.

And, so, we have in Bob Henderson an outstanding example of why COEO has endured and thrived over the years. He would be quick to add that he's not the only one, but let's not let him off the hook that easy.

Bob, we realize that, while you are remaining as our stalwart *Pathways* Editor for the time being, you would like to move on. So, we'd like to say thank you with this special issue of our journal. It's our small way of reaffirming how much of an inspiration and mainstay you have been.

And, here's hoping that other COEO members will become motivated to find time in their busy lives to help COEO in any number of ways:

- Serving on the Board of Directors or *Pathways* Editorial Board
- Submitting an article for *Pathways*
- Offering a regional workshop or a conference session
- Sharing outdoor education news with colleagues via our electronic newsletter
- Suggesting new directions for COEO
- Offering to help out with specific projects or events.

It all adds up ... and it all really makes a difference.

Please help us to promote our four great and enduring values of outdoor education in Ontario: education for environment, character, curriculum and wellbeing.

Grant Linney
COEO President
glinney1@cogeco.ca

Reflections of a Bannock Baker

by Bob Henderson

This chapter was written for a conference in 1988 held at Queen's University called Canexus: The Canoe in Canadian Culture.

Recently, I visited an office tower in downtown Ottawa. A friend was showing me the view of the Peace Tower, the Chateau Laurier, and the National Gallery to the north. While he was pointing these out, I noticed the hills of the Gatineau in the distant misty haze. Best of all, I saw with excitement the Gatineau River cutting into the hills, its mouth flowing into the Ottawa River. I imagined myself in a canoe at the head of this route. I thought of the other rivers that flow from the north into the Ottawa — ones I've paddled and ones I haven't. I thought of the Canadian Shield generally, and the magic in the partnership of landscape, canoe and paddler. I thought of myself as a paddler, seeking out this genius.

Then I clicked back into being courteous and receptive to my penthouse office guide, and I was looking at the stodgy parliament buildings, hotels, and museums. I dared not share my wandering thoughts at the time, for fear of appearing a hopeless romantic. I remained quietly detached. I felt out of joint, as we turned away, wondering whether I was stuck in the past or strangely ahead of my time.

So exists a secret vision of place and time — a private island of thoughts in rushing traffic. Despite living most of my life in cities, my life's force seems to focus on the canoe and its landscape. My deepest desires are to be a part of this partnership and my greatest despair is the keen difficulty of the relationship.

In addressing the topic of the canoe and Canadian culture, I must be personal and emotional. I'll explain why my eye was drawn

to the Gatineau Valley and not the cityscape on that August morning. I'll explain my title. In short, I propose to express my personal relationship to the canoe and the way it helps to evolve an understanding of Canadian culture. I need not fear appearing egotistical and self-indulgent by overly romanticizing my relationship to the canoe because, if I comprehend the idea of nexus correctly, I assume we are of like minds and my story will resonate with your own.

The relationships linking canoe, terrain and culture are powerful but difficult. They are intangible and appreciated beyond one's head and hands. The power draws me to focus gaze and thought on a distant river valley in preference to towering buildings. To head and hands is added heart. The difficulty lies in the incompleteness of the relationship, to bring heart into play as an equal, as a glue. I'm so trapped in my civilized skin that my synchrony with the canoe always feels less than it could be. But the spirit here is one of quests, not absolutes, as we seek the essence of relationship. We wish to find the heart of the wilderness travel experience and develop a mindscape focused on love for a craft and geography, the relationships that always remain a challenge, the natural world and our role in it.

How do we enter into this special but difficult relationship among canoe, landscape and culture? For many Canadians the process begins in their earliest years. My childhood memories include the bear snacking on our peanut butter and jam on Tanamakoon Lake, and crying on the 900-yard portage between Smoke and Kootchie Lakes. I remember the wind preventing me from reaching my goal in Wigwam Bay while singling a canoe. I was

seven. It was my first summer at camp. I recall my excitement when driving up to summer camp each year, and the completion of this excitement satisfied by the act of etching the summer's canoe routes on the family map of Algonquin Park tucked into an attic corner on the wall with a chest below it so I could sit close.

Over the years I etched with pride many of the possible Algonquin routes on our busy map. I was a young river-bagger. By the time I was sixteen, my summer canoe trips were the most important thing in my life. When, as a senior camper, I first saw native pictographs in Quetico Provincial Park, my fate was sealed. There were new maps to etch, not only with routes, but with heritage locations as well.

After that trip in Quetico, I discovered the library. I found Sigurd Olson's *The Lonely Land*, and my delight in reading for pleasure began. I had been labeled dyslexic in grade six and, up to that point, I was "not a reader."

With an opportunity to lead a trip in Quetico, a new habit of research became linked to the process of canoeing. I became a studious reader. I studied the geology, history, place names, pictographs—anything I could find. But guiding trips provided another interest — teaching and interpretation. The guiding, the marking of maps, and the exploration of libraries led without much planning to graduate school and to a private ambition to become the consummate Canadian wilderness guide.



It has been said that “subjects exist only in schools.” Real learning is a personal, totally engaging process, driven by a burning curiosity. There, the limitations of partial thinking are lost. During these years I discovered that there are no fields of study on a river, no specialists establishing fame and security to escaping the whole. Eventually, the river runs free to the open seas, but it starts with rivulets and streams connecting like larger understandings, gathering and growing. So it is that the canoe can be the starting point, traveling from the branches, and building an endless study of humanity, nature, and relationship.

Canoe travel can provide a forum for such broadly based learning — an engaging nexus that intertwines a wide spectrum of academic disciplines. What I know about the humanities and the natural and social sciences is all due to a single curiosity in relationship — the canoe. Each bit of learning leads to another, furthering new inquiry, understanding and applications. The wise eclectic is both branching out and gathering in at the same time.

My first official title was Head of Canoe Tripping for the school I attended (which I attended of course because it had canoe tripping). My university efforts were channeled from the canoe as a centre-piece. I managed to write canoe-related assignments for courses in Historical Geography, Sociology of Sport, Anthropology, English, Kinesiology, and more. But I was no specialist in my eyes. I was just pursuing interests, branching out and gathering in.

Today, this starting-point curiosity is hardly spent. It is still taking shape. In fact, now I regret the missed opportunities I had during early school years for canoe-related projects when I could not think up an angle to link my interests to course content. I got comically

efficient at this by graduate school, and happily now do not face many barriers.

There is no prospect of boredom or repetition with this apparently narrow focus. There is the history of canoe country, native peoples and Euro-Canadians. There are biomechanics for racing, tripping and aesthetic styles. There are natural history, Earth science, preservation and conservation struggles. There are cultural values and politics. There is learning how all these are best learned and the excitement of sharing my thoughts and lessons. It wasn't until I tried talking or writing about these ideas that connections grew and matured. All this deserves exploration. So while the river grows from headwater, branches and funnels to the sea — the wide horizon beyond — so, too, is the canoe eclectic, always looking in and looking out, ideally in a happy balance.

What I discover about canoes, and about myself through canoes, is an understanding of Canadian culture. This understanding, albeit romantic, is a healthy one, well graced in heritage appreciations, with a focus on the land now — that most tangible Canada — the Canada worth working for. Strangely enough such learning seems to be gaining momentum in a modern context. Interests that are based in old wisdoms, outdated crafts, materials and designs, are now visible, culturally speaking.

Put simply, the canoe and all that goes with it is *in* (but not quite *in* enough for that major office complex). Words like “natural,” “ecology” and “preservation” are in greater usage and application. Use of natural materials and traditional designs are in vogue. The worldviews of aboriginal peoples are in review. Concern for canoeable environments, whether they be Hamilton's harbour, Temagami's reserve, or Queen Charlotte's shoreline, are worthy of debate. Preserving natural integrity and re-establishing a natural look are modern concerns. All that I might have thought would make me a “nerd” back in high school is now

making me anything but. Perhaps James Bond will be on a canoe trip in the Canadian Shield, struggling to save a threatened ecosystem, for his next epic adventure.

But, back to reality. There is both a sense of timelessness and tranquility that goes with canoeing. These feelings come from fitting in with history, tapping a connection to Canada's beginnings in the here-and-now and having a concern to preserve the future integrity of this activity. So, past, present, and future meet, and I'm made to realize that my education won't make me a twentieth century specialist but a hopeless amateur, faithful to Arne Naess's plea, "seek simplicity to preserve complexity." (Naess, 1974)

These ideas emerge most powerfully from reflecting on bannock. Bannock is a form of soda bread. It is flour, baking powder, and water mixed and baked by the radiant heat of the fire. It has a long tradition in the Canadian north woods and remains a hearty staple today for canoe trippers. Although this is quite enough, baking bannock is much more.¹

Baking bannock on canoe trips is a simple ritualistic expression of a deep basic drive to satisfy hunger. It is an instinctively warm experience because the canoe tripper is linked to every aspect of the product. One has bought quality ingredients, packed them, carried them, and now caringly bakes them over an equally thoughtful fire — soon to eat them. This is an instinctual drive, complete. On the opposite end of the continuum is popping into a burger place, consuming the food, and you're out the door without any thought. This is an instinctively cold experience that leaves one empty in a qualitative way at least. (Elrick, 1986)

Baking bannock is an active part of the life process. Grabbing the convenient burger is happening outside us, devoid of relationship and appreciation. There is a philosophical motive for the simple chore of baking bannock on canoe trips. Fulfilling basic needs such as food and shelter, the engaging process of baking on a warm fire, perhaps with a few friends, quietly absorbing the heat, sustains the body and nurtures friendship. This defies our modern unchallenged rhetoric of progress, and provides a redirection to evaluate our progress. As Australian poet Banjo Paterson (a remarkable counterpart to Robert Service) warns, "for the town folk have no time to grow, they have no time to waste." (Paterson, 1929) But bannock isn't the only item on canoe trips where simplicity and relationship applies.

The modern canoe trip, when stripped down to basics, is simply going to different places to eat, looking at the view as you go. Now, that's simple. Bannock is a metaphor for canoe tripping. Canoeing likewise is a ritualistic expression of our Canadian traditions, and we modern, canoe-tripping holidayers are most often struck first by its warm simplicity of lifestyle. This is a lifestyle that engages one's whole being in active relationship. It, too, is a metaphor for how to live. An example of travel in a cold medium is the average airplane journey where the traveler takes it all for granted and is totally detached from the process. "Thinking biologically and psychologically, camp life is more natural; thinking realistically, city life is more natural." (Hendy and Dimock, 1929) The canoe trip teaches many dimensions of the quality of life.

It's simple! Bannock is simple, canoeing is simple, life becomes simple. One understands all the surrounding processes and materials and becomes fully engaged in the

¹ I would like to express my thanks to Joss Hablien who taught me the importance of bannock.

environment. I understand my canoe, the map, fire lighting, my reflector oven. I know how they work, what they are made of, and how this is done. As I sit here in my office, I know very little about what is around me. My office environment leaves me feeling cold and alienated. I am detached from many of the processes around me. My desk is mock wood. The lights are neon. How is this possible? Air is circulating, making a noise. How does this work? Of course, I can learn answers to these questions and all others pertaining to manmade [sic] products and manmade environmental conditions. My office environment is not simple but it is easy to figure out and to know that it is cold in terms of a sense of security. On canoe trips, things are simple but difficult to *really* figure out. That is the magic, our gateway to our spiritual self.

I said I understood fire and canoeing, but one's understanding of natural processes will always come to a point where it is incomplete. After that point, it is a mystery — the third thing as D.H. Lawrence might have said: "Water is hydrogen two parts, oxygen one, but there is a third thing that makes it water and nobody knows what this is."

I understand the radiant heat of a fire. I thank the sun when the heat it stored in wood warms me. I understand fire requires four elements — heat, fuel, oxygen, and uninhibited chain reactions — but I understand this only up to a point. From this point on, nature offers a universal confusion that forces us to ask spiritually enriching questions like Who am I?, and How am I linked to all of this? Asking such questions stems from instinctively warm experiences. We should be secure in the unknowns of the natural world; we should feel it as our true sense of place.

This mystery that is beyond one's comprehension, that is common to all the natural world and absent in manmade [sic] products, is the complexity Arne Naess pleads

*Bannock is simple,
canoeing is simple, life
becomes simple.*

for us all to preserve. It is akin to Thoreau's famous adage, "In wildness is the preservation of the world." Spiritually we need this wildness in self and in nature.

The canoe can serve as one of the gateways to relearn this wisdom — to appreciate the wonder of nature and its rich complexity and to practice a simple, stripped-to-basics lifestyle to preserve a wild complexity. According to Sigurd Olson, "a man is part of his canoe and therefore part of all it knows. The instant he dips a paddle he flows as it flows." (Olson, 1956) The canoe trip is often a Canadian's first exposure to a society that necessarily conserves and attends primarily to life's necessities. A removal from a consumer society shrouded in complicated surroundings, it is within our grasp of comprehension because it is mostly manmade, yet also beyond our present understanding due to the rapid changes of the information explosion. The canoe trip brings us back to basic experiences, like paddling a creek on a misty morning in search of moose, sitting on cool granite and baking bannock. We come to see that, for a true sense of simplicity and complexity, one will actually meet the other. We change in the process. Phrases like "getting away from it all" are often used to describe this change. I suggest that more accurate descriptions are "surfacing" and "stimulated." Few fail to feel a sense of release, of stimulation or surfacing, with those first few strokes.

This is the stuff we, of Western culture, need. We need to see ourselves as linked to natural process, not in a hierarchical fashion above it

all. The simplicity of the canoe trip — of baking bannock — exposes nature's complexity to us. We are humbled by its unknowns. This is the real promise of the canoe.

I doubt I will ever experience the degree of magical affinity with the genius of self and canoe that drives my imagination. Rather, these intangibles, with some direct thought and concrete experience, can be cultivated, the result being enrichment of past life, vision of future life, contentment with present purposes.

Take a look around the planet. I think we humans need to change the way we think and act. The canoe has helped me onto this path, seeking simplicity to preserve complexity. It is a difficult but also rewarding path in these modern times full of hypocritical actions and frustrated thoughts and deeds. It is the joys and frustrations that are the nexus for Canadian paddlers everywhere. Many of these joys are inexpressible, hard-to-grasp feelings that we rarely address but that are the essence of experience. Promising outgrowths of simple canoeing pursuits and a "no fields of study on a river" approach can inspire an experienced sense of place and relatedness in environment, a sense of timelessness and tranquility, a sense of identity, and an absorbing curiosity for exploration. To borrow again from D.H. Lawrence's phrasing, the canoe is a watercraft pointed at each end, but there is a third thing that makes it a canoe that is brought into play with human relationship and nobody really knows what it is.

I am not suggesting the canoeist should be the model, a noble savage — that it is only the natural life that is good for him or her — that we should all seek a lost innocence of man [sic] in wilderness. This is a façade. We should and must appreciate the significance of the natural, nonhuman relationships in our lives to prevent what Aldo Leopold feared: that "education and culture have become almost synonymous with landlessness." (Leopold,

1949) The canoe relationship works to balance a life.

Here I remain, keen to etch more maps and pursue still-waiting waterways, happy with memories and respect for traveled routes. I remain eager to delve into deeper nooks and aisles of libraries and I'm still trying to figure out wise guiding and interpretation strategies, and ways and means to protect the land. Connecting all this is the desire to be a part of, in harmony with, my canoe and whatever the present environment may be. Mostly I want to experience nature, not theorize about it. To learn and to share is the directive that evolved from a focused passion for canoes, maps, and the Canadian Shield — canoe country. I am still working on that consummate Canadian Canoe Guide idea.

So far, I have learned that there are no fields of study on a river and that baking bannock by the fire in the bush and all that goes with it can work to change one's worldview. It can bring one into nature with head, hand and heart.

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Paddling with Bob on Lake Winnipeg

by Zabe MacEachren

The last e-mail I checked before departing on my summer canoe trip was from Mike Elrick. Mike informed me about a tribute issue of *Pathways* to Bob Henderson and asked if I could contribute. A week before this I had attended Bob's book launch in Ottawa. Bob's final words to me were about how he would love to join me on Lake Winnipeg, but that his present family commitments would not allow this. About one week later I was indeed on the shores of Lake Winnipeg paddling and on the third day of my trip I passed a scene that was so "Bob," I could not help but think of him.

On the Saskatchewan Bar on Lake Winnipeg there was a large wall tent with a couple of chairs and a small table outside with a tea kettle on it. Above this camp, fluttering in the breeze was a large Canadian flag. Oh, I knew how much Bob would love this scene and how he would try to soak up all its nuances. He would be glad to know Native people were still living on the land using wall tents. He would relish in the idea of people enjoying a cup of tea and playing perhaps a game of checkers on the table. He would have wanted to know why it was named the Saskatchewan Bar when it was on Lake Winnipeg in Manitoba, one province away from Saskatchewan. The Canadian flag was like the icing on the scene that symbolized the heritage Bob Henderson loves.

It may be that I thought of Bob because the first night I had ever spent in a wall tent was on a dogsledding trip with Bob, just a few lakes north of where I presently was. So as I thought of Bob out there on the water I decided that my tribute to him would be to take him on an imaginary trip to the shores of Lake Winnipeg. This is a lake that the voyageurs loved because it could provide them with long days and

nights of paddling on calm waters without any portages. Yet they also feared it because its shallow waters quickly whipped up into huge waves under the prairie winds, and the long stretches of shore line were challenging to land on.) Lake Winnipeg has a reputation for being the most treacherous lake in all of Canada for small crafts. This means it is the kind of "bleak" that would both interest Bob and challenge him to entice any of his family members to join him there.

I was near the tip of Long Point when I next thought of Bob. Long Point is aptly named as it is a 22 kilometre-long point that stretches out into the middle of the lake's north basin. The south shore of this point is mostly bluffs with a narrow rocky shoreline full of boulders. Needless to say it is not an easy place to land a canoe, even in the best of weather. I thought of Bob because my latest purchase of new outdoor technology—a weather radio — was not working well. I was out of range and had just purchased this equipment to try and increase my safety on such passages. I was going to have to travel now just like the voyageurs did 200 years ago. My skill of weather prediction was about to be tested, big time! I needed a six-hour stretch of calm weather in order to safely paddle the south shore. Knowing some weather lore was one of many signs of an experienced guide, something Bob appreciated.

I met Bob in 1988 when I worked as his teaching assistant. His first child had just been born and as Kathleen, his wife, had said to me, I was giving her back her husband. Kathleen was worried that Bob was spending too much time at his work instead of with his new family. What I immediately realized about Bob after aiding him with his fall canoe trip in

Temagami was that he was even more of a traditionalist than I. He liked canvas tents and wooden canoes. And although he did use some modern equipment, he often had a good reason to justify why the traditional equipment was better. One example was the use of paddles to support the canvas tents, so no one had to carry poles. Bob was giving little workshops on how to tie a tumpline.

Most of my experience and traditionalist lore came from working at Old Fort William for a summer. Bob knew much of this history well as he had visited the fort many times when he used to lead canoe trips in the Quetico Park area. Much of Bob's love of heritage was acquired through attending Camp Ahmik, one of the Taylor Statton camps in Algonquin Park. Even to this day, trips from this camp are done in wood and canvas canoes. My own interest in traveling "traditionally" had been relatively covert, as I had never met another outdoor educator who talked of the virtues of traditional North woods technology. Over the years I have witnessed Bob hesitantly, but persistently, try to positively embrace

computers, cell phones and other electronic devices brought on trips. And yet, Bob would be pleased to know that, even today, weather radios cannot be counted on to get people around dangerous points of canoe passages. Good old fashion weather folklore still has its place in outdoor education.

As I next came up to Gull Bay I was snapping up pictures of all the little cabins and tent frames the fisherman were using. Bob loves to think of the stories that not only were told in these shelters, but that could be told *of* the shelters. I was laughing and wondering what Bob would think of these cabins, complete with satellite dishes, weather vanes and basketball hoops. Ahead were a couple of fishermen emptying their nets. Meeting local people and drawing out the best out in them during a conversation is a knack of Bob's that I greatly admire. I think I did okay myself with these two men as they offered me a fresh walleye for dinner and gave me shelter in their little cabin while they ate their breakfast and we all waited out a bout of bad wind and rain. Then they watched over me as I completed a two-mile long open water crossing of the Bay. If Martha Stewart can make a living writing about home hospitality, Bob could write his own version about hospitality with locals and North woods cabin etiquette.

As expected I was wind-bound just past Wicked Point. I spent the day reading one of the many books I had brought along. Bob is well read in the historical and trip log area. He loves to read about the places he is going to travel and has a great skill for finding an appropriate reading for most occasions to add a bit of depth and introspection to the moment. In the reading kit he gives out to guides on his Temagami canoe trip, he includes one that inspires students to actually carry more and portage longer. I can remember reading it to students on one trip and later hearing students quote "My God, that man (woman) can pack" on every portage to follow. Just after I told Bob that I would be



canoeing Lake Winnipeg this summer, he asked me if I had read “The Family Canoe Trip” — a story about a couple that take their five- and seven-year-old children on a canoe trip across Canada. They survive a gale on Lake Winnipeg and have to move their collapsed tent and soggy sleeping site three times during the middle of the night trying to escape the rising water levels and waves. Bob has done a lot of family camping and this scene of another family on a trip had some how resonated with him. Bob seems to have read most books on canoe trips and he is a great resource for advice for what book to bring along on trips in specific areas of the country. I also find Bob very well read on books and ideas pertaining to environmental thought. He introduced me to the deep ecology texts for which I am very grateful, as I continued to pursue this area throughout my graduate work.

I saw a black wolf on a sand bar. I noticed it when I was trying to get to shore as the waves were getting big and making me nervous. But because it is not everyday a person sees a wolf, I did not want to loose the opportunity to take a picture. I dug out my camera and tried to keep the canoe upright as I dodged waves and kept focus on the wolf. One hand was on the expensive school camera and the other was bracing with a paddle. I have numerous shots of just the wolf's paws and hind end and all kinds of other lopsided shots — it was no easy task taking pictures in rolling waves. It reminded me of a time on our dog sledding trip when we discussed the types of images that work in educational slide presentations. We figured you could show a bunch of lopsided images of tobogganing and better present to an audience what are the perils and joys of hanging on to a toboggan, trying to dodge trees, while it is being pulled through the woods.



For both Bob and me, taking pictures emphasizes educational shots that will work well in discussions rather than those of artistic merit. We both seem to appreciate an image, whether photographic or drawn, that captures an idea. Bob's constant request for illustrations for *Pathways* has kept my and others' hands active at drawing. Without his requests I am not sure how much I would still be pursuing this creative outlet. The fact that the wolf I saw was black also made me recall how much Bob and I have both been inspired by the same woodcraft traditions. Black Wolf was the name for Ernest Thompson Seton, one of the founders of the Scout movement. (Keller, 1984) The camp that Bob attended emphasized many of Seton's ideas and my own PhD tries to rationalize Seton's ideas and the value of many woodcraft traditions. The sighting of one black wolf on a beach can inspire so many thoughts.

As the wind picked up while I was trying to get around Kitching Point I kept myself going by singing. I like to think I am keeping the old folk tunes and rhythms of the land alive by actually paddling its shore while singing the songs it would have heard hundreds of years ago. Bob Henderson also likes — no, *loves* — folk songs, especially folk-rock tunes. Instead of using alarm clocks or wake up bells, Bob is known for waking up his campers with a tune that has their name in it. I think one of the pleasures that Bob brings to many settings and campfires is a wealth of energy to make music (despite a bit of a scratchy voice) that rings of lyrics depicting a passion for living and the land. "All around the campfire light . . ." and "A place where there are no traffic jams" are just a few examples of the echoes one hears from the land after Bob Henderson has been there.

As I paddled towards Dancing Point I wondered if it had a nice beach that I could dance on. Bob and I have led numerous paddle dances on a particular beach in the Temagami

district. Typically our groups would meet up at this one beach campsite and after a dinner that included some bannock we would get a paddle dance going. I would explain this Canadian dance and Bob would provide the background music. Many a McMaster student has danced under the stars on a beach with Bob strumming a guitar or blowing on a penny whistle. What better way to celebrate a night in the North woods than to dance with a canoeing partner and a paddle that has been one's own means of traveling across various lakes and rivers. Don't be surprised if someday you pass a pictograph on the face of a rock on a lake in the Canadian Shield. It will have been left by the Maymaygwayshi (little rock people) after they were awoken from a long slumber by a group of enthusiastic Bob Henderson students dancing on a beach recalling some of the traditions he passed along.

Driftwood Point actually does not have a lot of driftwood on it; perhaps it did in earlier years and so earned this name. A little further south I was able to find enough driftwood to build a fire and cook some bannock in the little reflector oven that I received as a gift from Bob. It was great bannock and served me well in keeping my energy up (although I don't put powdered milk in my mix like Bob does). On many matters concerning bannock (and food) Bob and I think alike. Despite Grey Owl's abhorrence of people who try to bring butter on the trail not to mention John Muir's loathing of why "people must hold everything they eat first under a cow," Bob and I like butter on many things and if the weather is cool enough we both try and bring it on a trip. And if we are sharing a fancy chocolate dessert or piece of cheesecake at a conference we top it off with some whipped cream. We both believe in the lore that bannock should be broken and not cut with a knife. As my bannock baked on Lake Winnipeg I thought of how Bob once told me that he had been informed that to get tenure he should work at trying to be known

for one thing. Bob had decided that he should be known for his bannock. Bannock Bob is a very suitable nickname for him!

I took advantage of the calm winds and paddled late into the dusk's growing darkness. My evening was wonderful and peaceful and brought me back to a memory of five blackened pots next to five glowing lanterns. This is a sight that awaits your fall campers on the first night of their fall canoe trip. You always have students travel in small silent groups to a peaceful location to enjoy a hot mug of mint tea. This moment is not arbitrary but purposely designed into your schedule — a moment of quiet contemplation to help people settle into a new area and take a moment to calm their chatter and notice the beauty of the place they are in. I have tried to include something similar in many of my own trips and am indebted to Bob for the idea.

Many days I have to get up early to take advantage of the calm winds. I can remember Bob once stating that one of the first skills to look for in a guide is their ability to get themselves up in the morning and get things happening. Bob's emphasis on the word "guide," instead of leader or counsellor, has provided me with many thoughts of introspection on who really are the trailblazers of the outdoor education field. Bob definitely has inspired many university students to pursue the outdoor world through his position at McMaster University. Bob is a guide among guides.



Somehow I had misplaced, forgotten or maybe even lost about five miles of map. It was not a big issue as I know I have one bay to cross and then I just follow the shoreline south, but I think of Bob at this time, as I know he would relish in this feeling. It is like being David Thompson in an uncharted area. All I have to go by is some of the description the Natives at Macbeth Point offered. It is funny how interpretations and descriptions can get altered and misunderstood though cultural and language differences. When the explorers first heard of Lake Winnipeg they thought it might be the sea, as people described the waves increasing by three to five feet at times. I have experienced this phenomena a few times now for, as I was writing this, I twice had to move my canoe up the beach to higher ground. What is really happening is the waves are coming directly across the lake and because the lake is so shallow they are actually moving huge amounts of water to this western shoreline causing the water to crash higher and higher up the beach as the afternoon and evening come on. I am hoping that by morning the waves will have settled and the water will have slopped back over to the east side of the lake.

This isn't the sea as many explorers had hoped it would be, but it certainly feels like the sea. The long beaches and many subtle points are miles apart and can definitely make a person understand any explorer's frustration and wonder at the size of this country in their quest to find a sea to the west. There are many beaches I can walk on for miles and miles and feel like I am the only inhabitant. Of course the many washed ashore fishing lines and bear and moose tracks ensure me that I am not alone, but just on another one of the incredible freshwater lakes of this country. Understanding this idea is at the root of Bob's experiential quest to understand Canadian heritage. I find myself talking to the pelicans a lot. Pelicans are beautiful birds, one of my favourites. I especially like how they fly in this uniform undulating manner. They all pump their wings together to gain some elevation and then, just as one starts to soar, the next in line will soar until the skies seem to have a ribbon of white dots waving throughout it. I find myself talking to the pelicans telling them to fly low, not in arching circles overhead. Circling high overhead is a pretty sure indication that, if it is not blowing already, it soon will. I first learned this lore on Lake of the Woods from the Anishinabe people when I was a fishing guide. It holds true for the Cree people on Lake Winnipeg miles away. Bob always seems to appreciate the stories and lore that a person shares that can help others understand a totally different worldview. Helping others understand alternative views to that of the Western world's heavy reliance on logic, science and a sense of an inanimate landscape is not easy, but perhaps it is the missing link to approaching environmental issues of our times. I recall how Bob seemed to leave a space in his classes and presentations for such alternative visions. I wish more university professors could so gracefully leave space for other cultural ways of knowing.

My trip ended with a paddle up a marshy river into a Native community where I got a ride to

my vehicle. As the lake water was so high I decided not to do my second canoe trip on Cedar Lake. Cedar Lake had already been flooded by Grand Portage and is known for only having a few campsites that are similar to large floating loons nest on a dry year, let alone a year when lake water is two feet higher than ever. So instead I headed off to Riding Mountain Park to hike the flooded trails into Grey Owl's cabin with my rubber boots on. So it was my trip ended with an ironic twist I know Bob would find most humorous. As I was driving down the highway past many a flooded field in Manitoba, I realized that this year was the year the TransCanada highway really does take on a trans-Canada canoe trip quality. I could have paddled the flooded ditches along the highway just as easily as I paddled Lake Winnipeg. A few more summers of high water and the highway maps of Canada will once again be suitable maps for traveling by canoe.

Meanwhile I end my tribute with a wish that everyone who reads this will have the opportunity and pleasure of doing a trip with Bob. And if this is not possible then bring the spirit of Bob along on one of your trips with a good reading passage he has worked hard to publish, inform or write. And to Bannock Bob I remind, the Meythe Portage is next on my journey — are you going to be able to join me?

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An Anatomy of Story

by Bob Henderson

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Enough years of teaching have confirmed a few basic, central things: 1) we humans learn best through stories, 2) we define ourselves via stories — the one's we choose to tell and the one's we like that inform our lives, 3) we think in story form, and 4) stories best serve as examples of life's universal truths with which we identify. Given the above, which seems quite important, almost obvious, it is strange that this significance of story in our lives as educators and as learners is so readily lost to a more objectified, deductive, transmissive way of knowing that is certainly more valorized in formal education. CA Bowers in this 1998 book, *The Culture of Denial: Why the Environmental Movement Needs a Strategy for Reforming Universities and Public Schools*, includes stories, "that explain origins and fundamental relationships" within his list of a low status knowledge realm for our culture, but an area of cultural development dominant in ecologically centered cultures. (1997, p. 4) Though one just has to think of students' craving for the story form of a particular subject content (not to mention one's own craving for personal story) to keep story central as a means of expression for their teaching and learning.

Two quotes from the opening chapter of Douglas Coupland's novel, *Generation X: Tales of an Accelerated Culture*, eloquently suggest this craving for story as an imperative to young people's lives: "I'm just upset that the world has gotten too big — way beyond our capacity to tell stories about it." (1991, p. 5); "Either our lives become stories, or there's just no way



to get through them." (1991, p. 8) Strong stuff this, but I am coming to the point more and more whereby I am comfortable reiterating such emphatic thoughts about story.

In a softer, more tempered manner, the scientist Montagu once said, "What we need is not more knowledge, but more understanding." To which the outdoor experiential educator is certain to reply with, "Yes, and we achieve much of our understanding through experiencing story about knowledge/subject, content." Examples of this would be, the stories we can tell from our time together doing a pond study, paddling at 50 strokes a minute pace in a Voyageur fur trade canoe, watching that squirrel during my solo, and the stories of how our group got all members over the wall. The learning is largely in the procurement of story. Or, as a student I worked with once said, "through stories I was able to convey the juice of the trip."

So to return to the novelist Coupland, "I have instigated a policy of storytelling in my life." (1991, p. 13)

Figure 1



Theory Behind Story

When telling or experiencing a story, the story is always up front. There is however a way to comprehend the breadth of meaning about story — the idea — by trying to present a theory behind story (see Figure 1).

Story as Theory

Story in a theoretical sense can be explored as a research form, as pedagogy, and as cultural work or social activism.

1) Research: Exploring one's life history is now referred to as narrative inquiry. Connelly and Clandinin point out that, we call the phenomenon of telling, "story" and the inquiry into story, "narrative." "Thus, we say that people by nature lead storied lives and tell stories of these lives whereas narrative researchers describe such lives . . . and write narratives of experience." (1990, p. 2)

Composing a life narrative of self or another involves interpreting and connecting critical incidence. Narrative inquiry gives meaning to life experiences, initiating the task of how to shift from pre-articulated life into telling. It involves an imposition of order onto what is often chaotic and non-linear. The end result is often a clear direction towards theory building and clarity of practice for one's professional life and for professional understanding generally.

2) Pedagogy: Story is a means of expression to engage emotion, to entice wholeness, to enhance understanding, to draw out complexity, and to provide information. Whether in oral or written form (storytellers will almost always tell you that oral story telling is best) story enhances meaning to information given. Just think of the Earth Education activity, paint chips, introduced without a story. Bland, indifferent. With story, comes the magic that stirs the imagination.

Or as a student I worked with once said “through stories I was able to convey the juice of the trip”.

Best yet, as an enhancer, story is for education, that pan of education that survives when what has been learnt has been forgotten.

3) Cultural Work: Story as cultural work concerns how people change themselves. There are basic stages leading from felt grievances of being “determined,” toward a greater self/cultural understanding leading to self-determinacy. Educator Paulo Freire spoke of “circles of silence.” (1989, p. 23) These circles can be transformed if the individual seeks to 1) explore felt grievances through exploring their stories of life, 2) explaining the conditions of these frustrations by sharing stories with others that point to common historical/social context, and 3) express some new programme of action (some new story of self and community) to alleviate these initial grievances. (Fay, 1977) Gramsci as a cultural worker spoke of a “praxis in the present” whereby a mutually educative enterprise of people becomes increasingly conscious of their situation in the world. (in Lather, 1991, p. 72) As a storytelling focussed travel guide (at times in the year) these ideas for story as a change agent are immediately understandable and workable in outdoor education practice.

Story as Self

We all need to have a sense of who we are and share who we are with certain others. Whether it be the former work of narrative inquiry or learning informal ways to open up the self for self-understanding and self expression, story is the best way to develop and maintain a genuine self-identity. In outdoor education, when groups get together, one can work to create a trusting sincere gathering, allowing and encouraging people to share of themselves. You can explore with people critical incidents in their lives and/or try a game-like setting. One game, “two truths and a lie,” is an effective storytelling session strategy to open up the story as self-expression quality. Each person, in turn, tells three brief statements of events in their lives. Two must be true and one false. The others draw out the story by asking questions until that point that they can guess which story is true or false. The hidden gem about this story activity, though, is the important sharing of self involved that can be liberating to the self and super significant to facilitating a positive group dynamic. It must unfold naturally though.

Morris Berman in *The Reenchantment of the World* offers an interesting conceptual model to capture this sense of opening of self that is suggested here to be largely influenced by the quality of storytelling within the experience. Berman’s false self guards their inner true self exposing a secondary generalized false self (or the self that is expected or you want me to be). In return, they receive this same generalized self back from others. Hence, actions are less meaningful and perceptions less real. However, if embodied true selves are complimented in interpersonal relations, actions and perceptions take on more meaningful and real shape in a liberating way. Story is integral to the “true self system interaction.”

Story for Self-Culture/Cosmos

Along with developing self-understanding we can develop a consciousness of the cultural story in which we find ourselves and by which we have been contextualized. Thomas Berry and Brian Swimme have written about the “universe story.” (1988) They wish no less for us than the shedding of our cultural mythical evolution story for a new cosmic story that grounds us in a more ecologically viable way in the cosmos. This “big picture” view on the idea of story is certainly a budding cultural expression in popular culture. The popular Socratic dialogue-based novel *Ishmael* also tries to expose the story, the expression and the assumption of our “Mother Culture.” Story in *Ishmael* is defined as, “a scenario inter-relating man, the world, and the Gods.” To enact a story is to make it come true. Hence culture is “a people enacting a story.” To cut to the chase, the cultural story we live in, like all stories, is based on a premise. Our cultural story’s premise is, “the world was made for man [sic]” Another story to enact may bear another premise entirely. That is, “man [sic] was made for the world.” Such a premise would change dramatically the destiny and divine intentions of humanity. We would, simply put, enact another story as other cultures do and have throughout time. To begin this long view process is one way to consider the importance of story in our culture.

These grand scale applications of story as a cultural/cosmic understanding are solidly gaining ground in our culture as we come to understand our hapless direction into even greater socio-environmental degradation. In story, people are seeking new cultural/cosmic explaining stories. Pivotal to this rethinking is the optimism and hope in consciously choosing our beliefs. Gregory Bateson put it this way:

In choosing our beliefs [and stories] we are therefore also choosing the images that will guide, create, and pull us, along with our culture, into the future. The world partly becomes — comes to be — how it is imagined.

Story as Practice: Techniques/Types

Incorporating storytelling into a curriculum is an exciting initiative with many avenues to pursue. First and foremost, there is the oral storytelling medium. Consider heritage stories, the story of your community, and natural history stories, such as the geology of your region as a story. Stories will have central elements of characters, time sequences, plot, key elements and fun/unusual details to add flavour. Filling one’s landscape with stories provides an enriching depth of imagination and interaction. For learning/developing stories, you might create story cue cards — point form notes that flesh out the flow of the story with a quick revisit. A third form of oral storytelling is experience stories. How do your experiences or others’ experiences echo with others? Drawing out the more universal principals of significance allows you to select choice stories to share from experiences.

Reading stories is not to be looked over as secondary to the oral telling. Reading a story to a class or around the campfire can also be a powerful medium of expression. This would include reading children’s books to adults . . . and children. For example, the Dr. Seuss stories *The Lorax* and *The Butter Battle Book* are excellent enviro-political storybooks. To explore the depth of meaning of the travel experience try reading a chapter a night from George Grinnell’s book, *A Death in the Barrens*. (A single night shorter version of this infamous 1955 canoe trip can be found in *Canoe Magazine*, Spring 1988 as “Art Moffat’s, Wilderness Way to Enlightenment.”) On a less

We all need to have a sense of who we are and share who we are with certain others.

serious note, reading a chapter a night of a Harlequin romance (with some cheesy acting) can be one heck-of-a-good time on a canoe trip.

The single image is a technique to support an oral storytelling. The image becomes a visual focus through which to convey component to the story. The visual image allows the audience to be interactive with the story. They can pick out aspects of the image for questions or piecing the story together.

Improvisational stories also involve the audience. Here, cards may be given to individuals within the audience with instructions and a cue or prompt. At the appropriate time in the telling, they would burst into the story with their acting prowess.

Another technique would be performance storytelling. This involves physically acting out the story. As a solo act or as a group, a story can be told in stations along a trail to a travelling audience or using a single stage. I have been involved in exciting performance stories in both forms: a travelling performance in stations of the Hubbard's travels in Labrador and an evening telling of the Windigo native story enacted with candles on a winter shore line. For both, props such as candles, campfires and costumes were important. Rehearsals and a commitment to acting out the story were also important.

The techniques mentioned are not a complete list, but should illustrate the wealth of options and creative potential that exists in exploring storytelling techniques as a component of theory behind story.

Conclusion

Within the theory and techniques offered about story there are grand aspirations and objectives made — a quick encapsulation of the ideas presented may be, if indeed we live storied lives, then we ought to live that way. As educators, we need to understand what makes our work relevant, enlightening and fun. I suspect we will discover story to be at the centre of our best moments as educators and learners.

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Technology and Outdoor Travel/Education

Baking bannock, hauling your own load and post-trip saunas

by Bob Henderson

This article is reprinted from the original that appeared in Pathways: Spring 2003, 15 (2).

Editor's note: I have always felt the initial story in this article captures so well what Bob Henderson has done for us in Outdoor Education. He has always stood up and been immensely proud of what we do, but never in a "straight line" kind of way. Long live the tricksters in all of us.

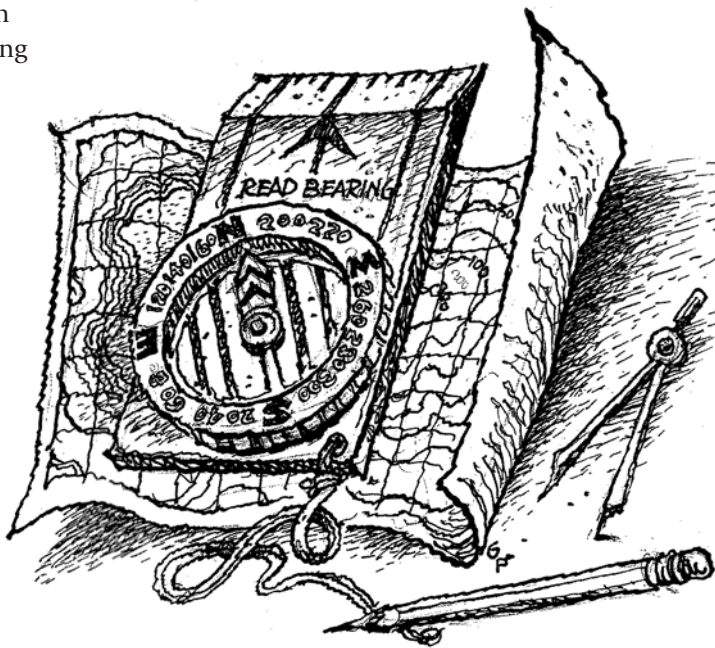
At a Society for Teaching and Learning in Higher Education (STLHE) Conference in the mid-1990s, I spoke out for outdoor educators everywhere. I did this against my better judgment. The keynote presenter (I spoke from the audience) came up to me after the presentation to essentially say, "It's okay. You made a fool of yourself in front of two hundred people, but it's okay." And it was okay. I was proud then (or perhaps 'content' is a better word) and I'm proud today.

I was speaking out about the importance of technological practices in outdoor education. Here's the story, which I hope will serve to showcase our culture's feeble considerations of the role of technology in our lives and the importance outdoor educators can play in drawing out possibilities for more engaging and thoughtful life practice.

The room was full. Academics from universities and colleges in North America had gathered for the keynote presentation on "Innovative Technologies for Teaching." I, of course, like all attending, knew what this meant: the latest on PowerPoint presentations, scripted projected images, microphone headsets and Internet communications. Curious but uninspired, I settled in to learn the latest. What caught me off guard was this question: "Who would like to share classroom technologies they are

using?" My hand went up, went down, and went back up. I was selected. I would be the trickster. Coyote howled. It went something like this.

"Yes, I can talk about technology and teaching. Each summer I lead a field trip canoe travel course. We introduce the technological operations of canoe and paddle, and I am particularly pleased with our use of reflector ovens that bake bannock from the fire's radiant heat. Sure, baking bannock is not as efficient as carrying crackers or breads, but the heritage-based, now re-innovative, technological practice carries with it strong social and spiritual benefits. People are excited by this seemingly mundane task



of daily living. It is hard work, but the bannock is warm and tasty. It seems to fill a void. It is an engaging practice that captures students from start to finish. As for the canoe, it remains for over 1,000 years the soundest technological adaptation to the particular challenges of moving people and supplies through the rough Canadian Shield. Amazing, eh! And another thing, students can carve their own paddles in this course as well as use a spoke-shave and good-ole elbow grease."

I had to go on, now driven by the trickster's frenzy: "I also teach a winter travel course where we travel by snowshoes and camp with wall tents and wood stoves. We draw our water from the lake using the principle of 'running water' equals 'running for water.' We use the technique of the outhouse, which so clearly connects means and ends in ways that the flush toilet cannot. We sit for hours by the focused heat of the outdoor fire circle and the wood stove firebox, delighting in its intense focused heat and the physical/social dynamics such closeness involves. But let me finish with the snowshoe. The snowshoe, like the canoe, is thousands of years old, but oh so elegant! The cycle of the caribou hide drum is an instrument of evocation to bring the hunter to the caribou (Perrault & Bonniere, 1960), and to make the snowshoe and the drum to allow the hunt to continue: caribou, drum, snowshoe, hunt, caribou, drum, snowshoe, hunt. Well it is, of course, a beautiful and elegant technological process. We talk about this in class. We also talk about the many snowshoe designs adapted for the various and varying terrain and seasonal conditions.

Surely with the snowshoe and the canoe, we see the centrality of Native peoples in providing much of the technological practice that informs my field of Canadian outdoor education at the university level. I say re-innovative because it is now 'innovative' to teach the lessons of pre-industrial/scientific revolution technologies: the lessons that come

with the technical operations of moving a canoe or snowshoe/toboggan outfit with a group through rough terrain in a self-propelled manner. And there are intriguing lost or waning techniques to re-experience, such as a storyteller's circle around the fire or learning about akiagun, the age-old practice of using tree limbs to leave messages on the trail in the snow."

That, in essence, was my response to the conference presenter's question. Okay, I actually wasn't that articulate, and I didn't quote from the film *Attiuk*, and I didn't mention outhouses and akiagun. But I did, in the minds of all too many, go on and on. I introduced a counterpoint version of technological boosterism. And I did, for outdoor educators everywhere, proclaim our place in discussions of technology in higher education. There was a long pause. Absolute silence. The presenter at the podium began to speak about an audio-visual technology for large lecture halls and normalcy was reclaimed. I could feel the relief come over the room in a wash of superficiality. Trickster was satisfied all the same.

Much later, I thought about what I had done. I had introduced the distinction between what Jacques Ellul calls technological operations and technological phenomenon. Once, a technology was a practice. It was a human affair steeped in traditions and the social fabric of living. It still is, but we perhaps are losing this understanding. It was (and still is) an operation of material culture carried out for, perhaps, religious, traditional and, obviously, survival and social/political life patterns. Now, since the nineteenth century in the Western world, we have a technological phenomenon whereby all technology is evaluated rationally by the one and only criteria: efficiency. This has become the only critical measure. Also, technology has come to be equated with the machine (Ellul, 1986). In education, this mainly means the computer. Mainstream technological boosterism: a phenomenon.

This now well-developed judgment of technology involves an understanding of that technology; it is not just the device, the tool. Ellul writes, "It is not just a practice; it also presupposes values — an intellectual or a spiritual attitude consistent with the demands of technology" (1986, pp.41–42). These new values became rationality (based on reasoning, using reason or logic and rejecting explanations that involve the supernatural) and efficiency (providing results with little waste of effort) (Oxford Dictionary, 1994). So, human values and our views of technological systems need to match. Similarly, the machine, the tool, and the knowledge and skill set (the activities that make the machine work) all make up a restricted definition of technology; simply put, the machine is the PowerPoint presentation, computer, cell phone, automobile. This is how we have evolved to think of the term "technology." And, technology must be a modern phenomenon for us moderns. The snowshoe and canoe are not "technology" in our current common understanding. Their values and life operations are passé. Traditional local knowledge systems, like akiagun (snow messages) and respect of sacred sites, are off the radar screen.

Pacey in *The Culture of Technology* adds to the restricted technical aspects of technology practice with a more comprehensive addition of organizational and cultural aspects. Thus he adds to "hardware" the notion of "liveware" to "technology-practice" (1983, pp. 4–7). We must then think of technology as ways of doing things, rather than as the things alone. Organizational aspects involve the activity of economics, industry, institutions and professions. Cultural aspects involve goals, values, ethical codes and one's beliefs (or disbeliefs) in progress. Pacey uses our medical system of practice as an example. We can easily see the technical aspect of medicine as equipment and training, but we also understand there are ethical cultural issues and organizational aspects to the overall technological practices of medicine.

Hmmm, do we so readily see the overall technological practices of education and outdoor education? That STLHE conference keynote session was about the restricted meaning of technical aspects alone. The new machines were inevitable and good (read: efficient) and were *the* definition of technological innovation. We were shown much technological wizardry in that keynote session, but I do not remember much by way of a discussion of the cultural aspects (I fear cultural losses) with the innovation of, say, a double PowerPoint presentation with audio-visual supports shown in action to a thousand students in one hall.

We lose something when technology is only modern. We lose wisdom of traditional practice. In the words of Canadian philosopher George Grant,

We can hold in our minds the enormous benefits of technological society, but we cannot so easily hold the ways it may have deprived us, because technique is ourselves. Technique comes forth from and is sustained in our vision of ourselves as creative freedom, making ourselves, and conquering the chances of an indifferent world. (1969, p. 137)

We so readily acknowledge the benefits of each new "piece of technology" (I am purposely using the restricted technical aspects view here), but we are slow to comprehend what Grant calls "the intimations of deprival." Hence the PowerPoint presentation in a lecture theatre to more and more students, the cell phone at the restaurant or in the bush, the car to get around town, the latest aluminium frames snowshoe are "rationally" judged to be efficient — wait — *more* efficient with little reason for more discussion. But, of course, there are tradeoffs. The lights dim, the PowerPoint may masterfully take over, the human lecturer dissolves and something, some things may be

lost. The cell phone call may kill any intimacy in play at the restaurant. And, as a safety device on the wilderness trip, it just might erode any deeply satisfying feelings of really being away, self-sufficient and authentically out there like the traveller of old. So much for a call of the wild. Something is lost. Sure the car trip to work is efficient, but when I do walk along a city creek side trail, I see turtles, kingfishers and sunrises. When I arrive, it is a more refreshing arrival. The latest snowshoe is expensive. It does have a purpose, a place, and is low maintenance. But it is certainly not superior to a traditional babiche snowshoe overall. And maintenance, just like waxing skis, is part of the love affair. New is not always better. We must ask, "what is lost?"

How are vision and freedom linked to technique as I make choices about walking or driving, taking the cell phone to the bush when I'm teaching the primitive (closer to the Earth) arts of heritage travel and camping? Carrying Grant's intimations of deprivation mantra along with us might help us be more self-determined rather than determined in experiencing the "human affair" of technology. It will help us remember that, "if we want to control technology, history teaches that we must first learn to control ourselves" (Rybczynski, 1983).

Experiencing technology can become an addiction of efficiency and conquering a set of logistics. *Outside Magazine* and others regularly showcase the likes of Speed Hiker Ted "Cave Dog" Keizer who "has a blistering dream to climb 140,000 vertical feet in the Adirondacks — in five days." (That was the headline). Adventure racers need the latest high-end gear to compete. Sure, I need that too for my next Algonquin Park trip. I'd be more efficient (well except for those new snowshoes and ...) and could overcome greater obstacles. It is rational. The problem is, we get people who love the gear, love climbing/canoeing, love the technique and do not love camping, do not love the mountains, the lakes and rivers, do

not come to know the place or care to. And correspondingly do not, I fear, come to care about/with the place. The place becomes a showcase for technological operations alone and/or a challenge arena with more and more devices non-indigenous to the place carried along. Bruce Fairley (1984) in *Mountaineering and the Ethics of Technique* has said, "I wondered if I was worrying too much about achievement; losing the sense of beauty in the mountain environment through an obsession with technique" (p.25). As an outdoor educator, I hope travel experience can work to "unlearn" this obsession and re-inspire our latent spiritual impulse to relate (no matter how irrationally and inefficiently) with the land. We can also unlearn the misguided notion that modern is always better. There remains a strong case for traditional practice.

As a university teacher, I have had to fight against an administrative focus on efficiency to ensure some small class sizes and field trips. What was threatened was the development of personalized educative relationships with students so that heightened relevance for all in terms of people-to-people, people-to-land relationships are possible. I worry we may be loving the wrong things: the GPS over the forest, the wizardry of the audio-visual over the students, the modern snowshoe over the traditional one. This does, for me, boil down to one central idea. We are losing a certain power of engagement: mental, physical and social. We are losing connecting means and ends in human processes. We are ever-gaining disburdening processes and devices that separate means and ends. We are surrounded by disengagement rather than engagement. Or, put in another way that may be better for outdoor education, we are surrounded by disburdensome practices having lessened our daily living burden. The problem is that "the burden" is engaging. Baking bannock by the fire's radiant heat fills a void. Hauling one's own load on a hand-hauled sled is a day's accomplishment. Stoking the wood stove and



filling water buckets from the lake for a post-trip group steam wash is a celebration. These are involved, start-to-finish endeavours. They are time-consuming with a chance of failure with consequence.

They are not easy, not instantaneous. Compared to running a river rapid or portaging a tough route that day, baking bannock, starting a fire, drawing water from the river and hauling our load by sled are mundane experiences. Compared to carrying pre-packaged bread or using a camp stove, baking bannock by the fire is a burdensome (less efficient and risky) activity. Burdensome yes, but engaging also. The work involved interweaves means and ends and is warming to the psyche as well as the physique.

By the outdoor fire or in the woodstove-heated wall tent, we are warmed in part by our feelings of contentment having learned about wood as fuel, having pitched the tent and dug a snow-pit fire circle, having started and tended the fire. There was lots of work involved. Good work. This is a far cry from the ubiquitous, instantaneous heat of central air in our homes that leaves one so ignorant and indifferent. Do we even bother to stop and wonder about the means by which we have acquired this end of central heating? So much of our day-to-day lives involves taking our technological operations for granted. Do we pause and thank the sun when we fill our automobiles with gas?

(Thanks to Steve Van Matre for that one). Do we marvel at the set of processes involved in — “presto” — bringing a McDonald’s burger to our stomachs? We have learned to not think about such things because we have so little to do in the operation. We are disburdened from the act and the thought.

Not true for the outdoor educators’ winter camping trip. Food, shelter, heat: these are burdensome technological operations that are certainly not taken-for-granted. Why would we bother with this in our “presto-filled” (safe, easy, instantaneous ubiquitous) technological world (Strong, 1995)? Answer: it’s that void. We need engagement; the caring for ourselves and others, testing our powers in living, knowing the ways (means and ends) of doing something. It is fulfilling too, knowing where this heat, this bannock comes from. We will gather around such engagement. It is the technology of the guitar sing-song, different from background stereo music. It is the technology of the snowshoe walk, different from the Stair Master gym workout. It is the warmth of the bannock bake as different from a quick trip into McDonald’s. Engaging

technological practice is a beneath-the-surface, important part of outdoor education. The winter post-trip shower back in shower stall alone is a wonderful experience in warmth and cleanliness regained. But it can't hold a candle to the winter post-trip evening group steam sauna. Ahhh, I can hardly wait; preparing the fire, warmth, stories and good cheer. So much of outdoor education practice is about engaging technology and opening up possibilities to see the engagement, and correspondingly to see detachment, "intimations of deprivation." Here outdoor education is about learning skills, enhancing group development, curricular enrichment and exploring cultural possibilities for change.

The trickster at that keynote conference session had all that in mind contained in that simple beginning of a response: "Yes, I can talk about technology and teaching." It was a strange moment at the time. Cut off the power that fuels the machines of our modern home and school and eventually the dwelling will be evacuated (Rybczynski, 1983). The lecture theatre will be vacated as well. Not so for the outdoor educator in the field. The power that fuels the technological systems here is our own energy, creativity and resourcefulness. This power will bake bannock, haul a load, fuel the sauna, and even make a paddle and snowshoe. It is good to still know practically how to do these things. But more importantly, it is still good to know how to do these things for physical, social and intellectual — and spiritual — quality of life considerations.

As outdoor educators, we must see our work as involving technological operations and avoid the seductive trap of thinking exclusively in terms of modern technological phenomena. We must be attentive to intimations of deprivation in experiencing technology in the bush and in our school and home environments. And we

must centrally focus on engaging "burdensome" practices that involve us fully in the process. It is good counter-culture work for the psyche and the planet. It is not about being a back-to-nature freak. But as cultural maverick Paul Shepard (1973) has said, it is about realizing that when it comes to nature, we have never left.

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Every Trail Has A Story: Foreword

by James Raffan

Foreword for Bob Henderson's recently published book, Every Trail Has a Story. Natural Heritage Books, Toronto. Reprinted with permission of the publisher and James Raffan.

Bob Henderson was known to me long before we actually met. I began teaching outdoor education in the 1970s and learned of a chap at McMaster University who was doing interesting things in the outdoors with university students. It wasn't really physical education although that, apparently, was his department. And it wasn't formal history he was teaching, although people said that he had a passion for the past. And neither was pedagogy his discipline, although the term "outdoor education" was often used to describe what it was that this enigmatic young lecturer did with his students.

It was his approach to teaching that piqued my interest. It was never enough for him to engage

students in a scholarly discussion about the connections between land and people. No. Apparently, most of his courses involved some kind of experience in the out-of-doors. To get an "A" you had to travel into the lands you'd been discussing in class. You had to strap on a pack and wade through muck. You had to pick up a paddle and bend into the wind. You had to burn socks by a roaring fire. You had to hear the stories punctuated by owl song or the crack of winter ice. That was Bob Henderson's way, or so I heard.

We eventually did meet. It may have been in the Beluga Motel in Churchill, Manitoba, way back when. Bob was with a group on their way home from somewhere north of sixty. Me, the same. As parsimonious canoeists (possibly redundant), we had both found the cheapest hot showers (and saggiest beds) on Hudson Bay. I remember thinking that he seemed younger than the image in my mind. And he seemed a damn sight fitter and more angular than your typical fat-cat university professor. But even then the names and stories from literature rolled off his tongue with disquieting ease.

After that, we began to communicate more regularly. He wrote the most entertaining reference letters for students who would move from his program to mine. These would always be written in his almost unintelligible scrawl and usually on the back of a piece of already used paper, with parenthetical insertions stuffed between lines and up the margins. Obscure citations. Anecdotes. Ecophilosophy. Trip notes. Poems. Song lyrics. Whatever came to mind.

And we'd cross paths at conferences. At one of these, around a campfire one Bark Lake Saturday night, I got a glimmer of the



Bob Henderson on the Nahanni River.

enigmatic and colourful character behind the scrawl. One minute he was serenely strumming his guitar, chatting between songs about lyrics and wilderness. But in the wee hours, he morphed into a red-eye Rolling Stone, complete with Mick Jagger hip thrusts, Keith Richards guitar rifts — the whole rock-and-roll Magilla.

On the strength of these connections, I invited him to speak to one of my classes about his take on outdoor and environmental education. Expecting him to show pictures and tell stories of times on the trail with his students, I set up a screen and slide projector — that never got used. He turned up with a tape player, a stack of audiotapes and wailed on for a couple of hours about how musicians were the vanguard of new environmental thinking. It was a pretty off-the-wall approach to teaching and learning that was, in the end, totally refreshing. That is Bob.

But whatever the topic, be it history, historical travel, ecophilosophy, enviromusic, paddling, bannock baking, outdoor education, his message always returns sooner or later to the same heuristic: if you want to learn anything about anything, you need to immerse yourself in it, you need to experience your subject fully, deeply and preferably with food cooked over an open fire. And, if what you're wanting to learn happens to be environmentalism or Canadian history, you need to read and listen broadly and to get out on the land, preferably under your own steam and certainly, though not always, away from urbanity.

Until now (with the possible exception of his doctoral dissertation which, like all theses, should be approached by casual readers with extreme caution) the Hendersonian view has always been presented piecemeal, in presentations, chapters in books, articles, columns, but never as one cohesive whole. And that's why the publication of this book, his first, is so exciting. For years I presumed that the only way to get full measure of Bob

Henderson's unique and eclectic approach to life and living would be to be his student and go on a trip with him. For most of us, that will never happen. This book, I'm happy to say, is the next best thing. It's the world according to Bob.

Every Trail Has A Story is a generative blend of wilderness places, practices and people, and it's like nothing else I've encountered. It takes readers to places from Methye Portage, Maguese River and the Mingan Islands to Nellie Lake, Running Rock, Hanes's Hill and the Committee's Punch Bowl. You'll explore practices from snowshoeing to rock painting and making "cougar milk" by the light of the silvery moon. You'll meet people from A.Y. Jackson, J.F. Tyrrell, P.G. Downes and R.M. Rilke to Robert Pirsig, Michael Bliss and Bertrand Russell with cameo appearances from Yi Fu Tuan, Krishnamurti, Timberline Jim, Esther Keyser, Ian Tamblyn, Mark Twain, Samuel Hearne, Hugh Brody and some 17th century Japanese poet called Matsuo Basho. Phew!

This book is vintage Henderson. He's got the map of Canada in his head, an eclectic canon of sources at his fingertips and the wilderness in his bones. And binding it all is a narrative thread that eventually stitches ideas into meaning. There's lots here to keep you warm, plenty to chew on and stories to engender a dream. It's funny. It's challenging. It's quixotic and occasionally obtuse. But there is no doubt in my mind that those of us who follow Bob's trail through these pages will become actors in making the world a better place. It's just the thing for a long winter's night or a lingering read by campfire light.

James Raffan is a well-known Canadian author and former professor of Outdoor and Experiential Education at Queen's University. He is presently writing a book about Governor George Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Capturing the Artist's Eye

by Bob Henderson

This is a short selection from Bob's recently published book, Every Trail Has a Story: Heritage Travel in Canada (2005), Toronto: Natural Heritage Books. Reprinted with permission of the publisher.

Editor's note: When I spoke to the publisher, he felt Bob was just "hitting his stride" when it came to writing books. Let's look forward to more.

*I come to you by brush and paddle
Through the lingering mist of a northern
lake
There that's my canvas — my canoe
Can you see me clearly now?*

— Ian Tamblyn

Before us was the view we were seeking — A.Y. Jackson's view, *Nellie Lake*, 1938. It was white rock, glacial-smoothed but scarred. It was reddish with underbrush of an advanced autumn season. The small pond (end of the lake really) was offset by the mounding of mixed forested hills beyond. One dominant feature of this vista was a clear saddle, a significant dip in the land between two protruding hills. From our location on the northern ridge, this saddle was central and most obvious. After some debate, my friend, Leona Amann, and I agreed it was likely this formation that had caught the artist's fancy, although the shape of Carmichael Bay at the western foot of Nellie Lake in Ontario's Killarney Park also commands attention.

Jackson's sketch had brought the view closer to the mind. His colours were more vivid, his rocks more alive, like a whale's back when surfacing, his hill forms more pronounced. His exaggerated saddle seemed almost comical compared to the actual landscape. On canvas the saddle rocks appear more like towering

bastions dividing a forge, than a subtle yet obvious saddle. Yet with time on site the apparently tame landscape took on a "Jackson look" as our perceptual focus broadened. Our experience had been complete, right down to the weather. We enjoyed the same wispy cloud cover and marvelled at all our good fortune.

There is no better way to learn the Canadian landscape artist's style, to ponder the vision, imagery and love for the land, than by our activity of matching land with art, natural beauty with creative flair and imagination. The relationship of the unique character of artist and landscape was there for our interpretation. Our task was to capture the artist's eye, to feel this involvement exposed.

If you want to understand the voyageurs of the fur trade, you must sweat and cuss on a portage while bent over by the load. You must dig into a headwind with paddle and delight in the next day when you would hoist a sail. You must relax by the evening with stories. You must wonder if you'll ever make it home again. Then you start a song in rhythm with your paddle, savouring both as a celebration of life and as a prayer for life.

It is the same for the Group of Seven, those Canadian artists of the early 1900s. If you want to understand the Group and their "primary precursor and catalyst," Tom Thomson, as Robert Stacey described him, then you must walk not only among the galleries, but you must walk *their* Canada. You must visit their sketching sites to feel their interpretations of land, water and sky put to canvas.

. . .

Tom Thomson's *Jack Pine* was sketched in 1916 at Grand Lake in the eastern end of Algonquin, when Thomson worked for a summer as a fire ranger. In the mid 1980s, informed with this knowledge and assuming the painting's shoreline image might be near the still-standing ranger's cabin, I gazed out for clues in an effort to match the profile line of hills across the lake. I assumed the 1916 tree would be long gone. Sure enough, you can do this. Today a new jack pine has sprouted up and the site is much revered with a new historic plaque. The plaque begins: "You are standing at one of the most famous sites in Canadian art history." Admittedly it was fun to have come to this same conclusion long before the interpretive sign was posted. Great to have the site commemorated though.

In 2002, I followed up a lead from Algonquin friends, George Garland and John Ridpath.¹ Thomson's *Northern River* has long been a personal favourite painting from the overall collection of all these artists. Why? It is a generic sort of image. You can imagine coming to the end of many a portage throughout the northern forest and there it is — Northern River. This doesn't exactly make for confident sketching site hunting.

I heard the theory that this sketch was made on an early Thomson trip on the South River, west of the Park. The 2002 National Gallery Thomson exhibit suggests *Northern River* is "likely an amalgam of experience rather than a view of a specific site." Far be it for me to challenge a more researched view — so I'll let George Garland's research do the talking. Garland and Ridpath write that Thomson's actual name for this painting was "my swamp picture." It would have been sketched in the

summer of 1914, a summer Tom spent almost entirely on Canoe Lake, Algonquin. So a swamp near Canoe Lake makes sense, perhaps a bend in the Oxtongue River? This hardly narrows the search. But we learn (thanks to Garland and Ridpath) that Tom had a favourite sketching site along the now long forgotten set of trails to Drummer Lake (then Gill Lake) north of the current portage. Thomson was known to be headed to Gill Lake on the last day he was seen alive. In the search for him, his good friend and park ranger, Mark Robinson, chose to retrace this route along the current portage trails of that day. Oddly, it seems today, Robinson reports in his diary that he spent a good part of a day on a detour to search by a "large beaver pond," surely a known popular sketching site for Tom or why bother with such a detour.

Old maps make the appropriate pond stand out amongst the old trail systems. Today it is a bushwhack north from the current Drummer Lake portage. With a reprint of the original field sketch and the final painting in hand, I walked around this large pond with my curious friends. It was 88 years later but the possibility of black spruce, marsh and an apparent bend in a river (or pond) was feasible, and this theory was better than any other I'd heard. It was a fine way to spend a day in Algonquin. Another friend, David Standfield, thinks *Northern River* is painted in a quiet bay on Canoe Lake's west shore near Thomson's home base of Mowat.

Dave's view is based on the look of the land now and the certain frequency of Thomson's wandering on that bay. I'll have to wander that way myself for a serious look. Another friend, Dave Hodgetts, believes he has located Thomson's *The Pointers* sketching site as Windy Point on the west shoreline of Smoke Lake. He uses the distinct profile of the imposing background hill as his main evidence. It is exciting to enter your friend's imaginative gaze along with the artist. I can't help wonder what

¹ Jenny Cressman, "Celebrating Tom Thomson," in *The Muskokan*, July 2002, with "Northern River Revisited" by George Garland and John Ridpath within the same article.



Thomson would make of all this. I hope he'd be proud. I'm certain that the Waddingtons and Carmichael (a central La Cloche artist) would be mutually inspired with a face-to-face meeting.

Thomson's painting *Northern Lights* has also received a sleuth's attention. Astronomy columnist, Ivan Semeniuk, using the location of the star constellation Cassiopeia in Thomson's general whereabouts in 1917, has determined Thomson was facing north by northeast on an April evening soon after arriving to Algonquin for a new year. The

sketching site is the north shoreline of Mowat by the Mowat Lodge ruins.²

Apparently this same astronomical dating techniques [sic], involving computerized simulations, has dated Van Gogh's painting *Moonrise* to 9:08 p.m. on July 13, 1899 — give or take a minute. Needless to say, I sent this recent information off to the Waddingtons.

² Stephen Strauss, "Thomson painting's location is written in the stars," *Globe and Mail*, Ideas/Science F7, Saturday, October 18, 2003.

Thomson allegedly drew 128 sketches in the spring/summer of 1915 alone. That could represent many a fine day's wandering in Algonquin. Jim and Sue Waddington were back in the La Cloche area in the summer of 2003, picking away at another thirty or so sketching sites there. But I'm confident they are also using this search as a bonus to the compelling pull they feel each summer to canoe trip this familiar terrain. Jim and Sue might be a Sherlock Holmes of the Group of Seven in Killarney, and I a very poor fumbling Dr. Watson there and in Algonquin, but mostly what we share together (and we also share with Tom Thomson and the Group to follow him)

is a love of these particular northern landscapes and the bonus of a creative way of seeing. As I watched Jim and Sue describe their interpretations and insights involving the land and the paintings, I saw another kind of creative flair, not that of a painter certainly, but an imaginative rewarding quality all the same. From them I have learned both to capture the artist's eye and the interpreter's eye: a specialist in the art/land critic realm you might say. The Waddington's way of studying the Group of Seven is one that captures the true spirit of these artists I think. I am thrilled to have been part of their quest.

Find below the entire lyrics to the song that begins this chapter. Reprinted with permission of Ian Tamblyn.

Brush and Paddle

by Ian Tamblyn

I come to you by brush and paddle
Through the lingering mist of a northern lake
There- that's my canvas- my canoe
Can you see me clearly now?

Brush and paddle- stroke by stroke
The northern rivers of your public schools
I was seen down every hall
Can you see me clearly now?

I come to you alive as any colour ever splashed
o upon a canvas
The promised greens of springtime, the
threatening greys of fall
Algonquin
There seems so little time to paint it all.

I love the curl of water, the turning out of
paddle
The perfect swirl of circles, now the past
Vermillion, cobalt, crimson
The sky is now electric
And the light is moving fast.

Brush and paddle, stroke by stroke
As west winds shape the future of white pines

I only know this moment I do not know the
future
Or how it is defined.

I come to you alive as all the colours to
imagine on a canvas
The promised greens of springtime
The threatening greys of fall
Algonquin — there seems so little time to paint
it all.

Brush and paddle — stroke by stroke
And through the mists Bill Mason why even
Pierre Trudeau
I am your invention
I am your great need
And Thomson — why Thomson is my name.

Repeat 1st verse

Sea Lynx Music 2002
SOCAN
Smoke Lake, Algonquin Park, Ontario.

Ian Tamblyn is a well known Canadian singer/songwriter and has been the musician in residence at several COEO conferences.

Every Trail Has 'Another' Story

by Linda Leckie

A Tribute to Bob Henderson and his new book Every Trail Has a Story: Heritage Travel in Canada (2005), Toronto: Natural Heritage Books.

There is no better way to capture the spirit of an era than to follow old trails, gathering from the earth itself the feelings and challenges of those who trod them long ago. The landscape and the way of life may be changed, but the same winds blow on waterways, plains, and mountains, and the rain, snow and the sun beat down, the miles are just as long.

– Sigurd Olson

It seems only fitting to begin a tribute to Bob Henderson with the words of Sigurd Olson for in Bob's recently published book, *Every Trail Has a Story*, he credits the writings of Sigurd Olson as being his first serious inroad to northern literature. In Olson, Bob found a soul mate, a fellow wilderness traveler who celebrated the mystique of the land while honouring the sense of intimacy one gains from learning the history of a place. Like Olson, what Bob learned in the land of the voyageurs is that "history means emotion and when one followed the trails of the past the feelings of those who had been there before came through, and when they did the land glowed with warmth and light."

Margot (Peck) Barwise and I have often delighted in the idea of writing our own book about our adventures on the trail with Bob Henderson. Our imagined book, *Every Trail Has Another Story*, would enable us to share the stories behind the stories, the stories within the stories and, of course, the stories about the storyteller himself. Behind the stories are hours and hours spent in libraries carefully

researching the historical documents and accounts, which are then generously shared and distributed to his trip companions. The stories within the stories are colourful, often humorous narratives of life on the trail with cowboy, musher, snowwalker, and voyageur Bob. The story about our campfire raconteur extraordinaire is that, for those of us who have followed him over just one more hill, around one more bend in the river, onward to just the next island, on a side trip to yet another cemetery, or through the woods to another pile of rocks, traveling with Bob has been a trip!

Heritage travel with Bob has taken me kayaking to the offshore islands of Nova Scotia's eastern shore to travel the forgotten coastline with those who chose offshore family life in the early 1800s to escape the overcrowded settlements of Lunenburg. We canoed through Kejimikujik with battered copies of the *Tent Dwellers* tucked inside our daypacks following their same route as those lovable 'sports.' In the Mingan Islands we spent time with Basque whalers standing by their ovens and, while looking out on the small harbour, we could imagine their sailing ships anchored and waiting for the rendered oil to light the lamps of Europe. On Lake Superior we traveled in a 36' Canot Du Maitre and like the voyageurs of the fur trade when our gouvernail shouted 'en avant' we dug into those Gitcheegumee headwinds at a tiring and relentless paddling rate of a stroke every second.

In the Introduction to *Every Trail Has a Story*, Bob refers to "the ringing of heritage stories" and in keeping with this musical metaphor he adds that "what I am doing is sharing my 'greatest hits'." The section that accompanies this tribute is, for me, the best track on the CD.

In Chapter 15, Capturing the Artist's Eye, he shares highlights of our shared second home, Algonquin Park. It was Robert Stacey who said that "if you want to understand Tom Thomson, the Group of 7's primary precursor and catalyst, then you must walk not only among the galleries, but you must walk their Canada. You must visit their sketching sites to feel their interpretations of land, water and sky put to canvas." To this end, we have paddled, portaged and bushwhacked through the interior of Algonquin searching for the exact landscape made famous by Tom Thomson in his paintings *Northern River*, *The Jack Pine*, and *The Falls*.

Bob has had a profound and lasting influence on Outdoor Education in Ontario, Canada and throughout the world. A passionate historian and engaging teacher, his love of heritage travel has inspired students at McMaster University, campers and staff at The Taylor Statten Camps, his trail companions and family members, members of the Association for Experiential Education and other professional groups, colleagues at Project Canoe and Outward

Bound, fellow professors of Outdoor Education all over the globe, all of you at COEO, and now anyone who reads his book — *Every Trail Has a Story*.

For 25 years Bob has been a part of my personal and professional life and his influence as a guide, mentor, tripping companion and friend has caused our paths to cross over and over again. With time, these many threads of connections, associations and shared life experiences have woven together a brightly coloured 'Ceinture Fleche' and I proudly wear this voyageur sash for it tells a story of friendship, love of wild places, shared campfires and the spirit of belonging to a place called Canada.

Linda Leckie is a teacher at the Bishop Strachan School in Toronto. She has been a long time member of COEO and is presently completing her PhD at OISE focusing on wilderness guides who use traditional travel methods. She makes her home in Algonquin Park at any number of cottages throughout the year as much as she can.



The Tea Pot

by Bob Henderson

This article first appeared in Stories from the Bow Seat (1999, Erin, Ontario: Boston Mills Press). It is reprinted here with permission.

We boiled tea. It is an insignificant comment (perhaps) within a description of the mood of a long portage or hike of a hard working trip. It seems an insignificant act. Canadian northern travel literature is full of the mention "we boiled tea," full of such "insignificants." The mood of our travel literature is also rich with reference to arduous travel and the eerie reverence for the shrouding effect of the forest and endless waterways. The simple act of boiling the tea pot (or tea pail as it is often called in early writings) may appear incongruous added to such descriptions of work, struggle and presence of an aura of nature. It is not!

"We boiled tea" may have a common ring to it but it can equally conjure up a rich set of understandings for Canadian canoe trippers. It means, let's rest, let's celebrate the moment, let's absorb this place — this aura, let's absorb our time together. It means a respite from the wind or trail and the acknowledgement of the accomplishment of the moment. The accomplishment may be the standard deep satisfaction of physical challenge or the still deeper satisfaction of being precisely where you are — feeling the swell of absorbing the place, that moment in time . . . with tea, with a quiet sit down, alone or with travel companions, not talking much or maybe sharing a story or two, being aware of the restorative quality of stillness down by the water or in the woods embracing the ritual of the Canadian tripper's pot of tea.

My teapot sits quietly in my wanigan in storage waiting for the next trip. It is an unassuming little thing, but I don't go to the bush without it. For it has come to represent for me a tangible expression of that enduring ritual, that restorative quality, which is manifested in a

web of memories of placers and people all gathered around a teapot. You might hear a tripper say, "Sure, we'll use your canoe, packs, etc., but can I bring my tea pot?" The associations go deep, deeper even than one's own collections of experience.



The quiet repose around the evening campfire or trail fire centered around the activity of the tea pot is part of the larger-than-life tradition of all past travelers on northern waterways. When you stop for tea or celebrate an end of day with a soothing warm mug up, you are part of all this tradition. As Sigurd Olson once said about the canoe, you become part of all it knows: so too for the teapot brewed over the campfire. The web of associations is enlarged to a yet far greater enterprise. The swell of consciousness is real and you know tomorrow's headwind can be cursed or celebrated from "within" an enduring membership. The membership is a swell of strength, a physical and spiritual strength. And, that tough portage is walked with this strength giving you feeling under your skin so that the travels are more a pilgrimage than a trial, more a mystery than a conquest, more a rendering of the past than a single moment of the present, and you are more alive in the process. Yes, all of this from that teapot.

Next time we "stop for tea" on the trail, let's hoist a mug to Bob Henderson for all his work with Pathways over the last 16 years.

“I’m Just a Teacher Now, Paul”

by Bob Henderson

Editor’s note: This is the very first piece that Bob Henderson wrote for Pathways, appearing in its January 1989 premiere issue (Volume 1, Number 1).

Every once and awhile, we Outdoor Educators receive a flash of insight: an all-at-once message as to what we do or what we can do and perhaps what we don’t do. Often such insight is gained via the thoughts of others who are totally removed from our circumstance. These insights can effectively alter the way we perceive our work.

In 1983, I enjoyed a canoe trip in the Canadian barrens. I remember a post trip chat with an Inuk hunter/electrician named Paul while waiting for a flight home. He asked me, in a round about way, what I did for a living.

I quickly inflated my chest, exhibited every sign of pride, and felt an odd link with this fellow countryman. I said with confidence, “I teach Outdoor Education,” looking for a smile, support, connection that I expected from this cohort of sorts. Instead, I got a look of bewilderment and my chest sank. He looked skeptical. This was a look I had seen before. Of course, he didn’t know what Outdoor Education meant, and wanted more, I thought, though his expression said otherwise.

I started to explain that “down South,” Outdoor Education works to inspire generic character skills through adventure and experiences that are transferable to all life and learning, and that Outdoor Education stimulates awareness, understanding and care/action for our natural world. As I stumbled through this, it became clear that my estranged friend was now even more bewildered and that my own deep-rooted confusions regarding this work of Outdoor Education were exposed. His response was wonderfully appropriate. “That’s different! Do you have to teach that? Things must be really bad down there.” Quickly, we changed the topic and I had my tail between my legs for the rest of the evening. We were both quite embarrassed.

Later, I retraced my emotions and Paul’s reaction from my naive sense of connection with this man in his “homeland” to our mutual estrangement by culture and circumstance.

I had to re-map feelings and wordings. For it is a well understood tenant in Experiential Education

that “experience is not what happens to a person, experience is what a person does with what happens.” (Thanks to Aldous Huxley for that gem.)

It was not the way Outdoor Education was described. It was that it has to exist at all that seemed strange, as if such learning can be a separate subject. This is what bothered Paul and what, through Paul, hit me like a ton of seal blubber. Generic traits and skills like assessing limits and potentials, compassion, resourcefulness, persistence, and an understanding and sensitivity to the natural world are hardly appropriate as low-level priorities for any culture. An Inuit hunter would be particularly confused about this one.

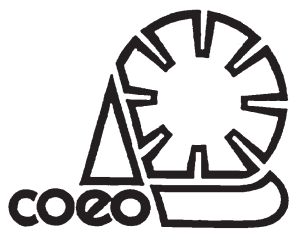
They are foundational. If this has to be taught in school as a “fringe subject” at best, then clearly it has lost its place as BASIC, as a foundational imperative towards personal competency and ecological consciousness. And if it is not basic and imperative, then my culture has lost its marbles. Similarly, when we need courses in Values Ed (and we do), we have lost values and ethics, I fear.

So, I remain embarrassed for my culture, for Outdoor Educators and, obviously, for myself personally. For we (culturally) have displaced priorities and confused what is basic, leaving us not well grounded on the Earth. Outdoor Education is about RELATIONSHIPS. This is basic to life and learning. There should really be one “R,” not the three R’s, when we think of “back to basics.” Paul knew all this and told me with a look of dismay.

This embarrassment does not bring despair. It reinforces commitment and a sense of mission. Not meaning to sound ridiculously devoted, commitment and mission here imply intention and integrity, qualities that themselves seem displaced these days.

And, another thing: it’s not difficult to burn out from this prospect point!

That conversation was a landmark. It now inspires direction towards what we do and, conversely, what we shouldn’t do. I look forward to the day when I meet Paul again and tell him, “I’m just a teacher now, Paul.”



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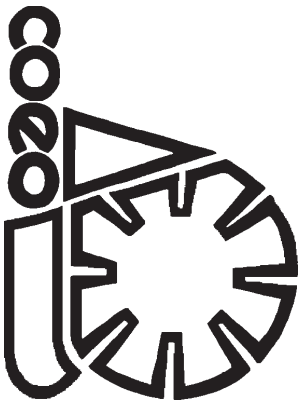
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