Pathways

Volume 4, No. 5
August, 1992

The Ontario Journal of Outdoor Education

ISSN: 0840-8114

Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario

Regions Served by COEO

Far North:	Patricia, Kenora, Thunder Bay, Algoma, Cochrane, Sudbury, Rainy River, Timiskaming
Northern:	Parry Sound, Nipissing, Muskoka, Haliburton, North Bay, Simcoe County
Western:	Essex, Kent, Elgin, Lambton, Middlesex, Huron, Bruce, Grey, Dufferin, Wellington, Waterloo, Perth, Oxford, Brant, Haldimand-Norfolk
Central:	Niagara South, Lincoln, Hamilton-Wentworth, Halton, Peel, York, Ontario, Metro Toronto
Eastern:	Victoria, Durham, Peterborough, Northumberland, Hastings, Prince Edward, Lennox and Addington, Renfrew, Frontenac, Leeds, Grenville, Ottawa-Carleton, Lanark, Prescott, Russell, Stormont, Dundas, Glengarry
Out-of-Province:	Any area in Canada except Ontario
Outside Canada	

Membership Application Form

(Please print)

Name: (Mr., Mrs. Ms)_____

Address: (Street or R.R.) _____

City _____ Postal Code _____

Telephone: (H)_____ (B)_____

Position:_____ Employer:_____

If applying for family membership, list persons who will be using the membership.

_____

University/College if full time student: _____

I am in the_____ Region of COEO.

Introduced to COEO by: _____

COEO membership is from September 1 to August 31. Any membership applications received after May 1will be applied to the following year.

Please check: New ❑ Renewal ❑ Membership # _____

Fees: (circle)

Regular: $40.00 Student: $25.00 Family: $52.00

Subscription Rate: $38.00

Make your cheque or money order payable to *The Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario* and mail, with this form, to:

John Aikman
Membership Secretary
47 Rama Court
Hamilton, Ontario
L8W 2B3

Please allow four weeks for processing or change of address.

Pathways

THE ONTARIO JOURNAL OF OUTDOOR EDUCATION

Volume 4, No. 5
August, 1992

Pathways is published six times each year for the Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario and mailed to COEO members. Membership fees include *Pathways*, as well as workshops, courses, and other benefits of membership. Complete membership information and application form are found on the inside back cover.

ISSN: 0840-8114

Features

Columns

State of the Art

Cover art and selections within by John Kaandorp. Other art selections by Muzammal Nawaz, Jack Eastaugh and Sue Kettle (see State of the Art, page 4).

Pathways is printed on recycled paper.

Editor's Log Book

A quality of unity is diversity, a strong voice for a big topic — teaching and learning out-of-doors.

Given the life of a teacher and many other professions, the summer represents a year's ends. Thinking over a year of *Pathways*, the editorial board is most excited by the sheer numbers of contributors. Since last summer, we have all enjoyed a steady rate of submission. In total, over 90 people, mostly first time submitters, have contributed directly to the pages of *Pathways*. The diversity of contribution is also exciting; ranging from primary school students to university professors, field naturalists to recreational travellers, poets, artists, teachers, and researchers. Spanning the diversity of our COEO membership with added impact from guest writers shows that a quality of unity is diversity, a strong voice for a big topic — teaching and learning out-of-doors. The steady contributions have helped provide a consistent "look" and an opportunity to package submissions into "loose" theme issues. (See box below highlighting themes for 92/93.) Our approach to themes provide a touch of structure for editors and readers, allow us to showcase a topic without limiting an issue to one topic, and we believe adds a fun curiosity to each issue.

The "loose theme" for this summer issue is travellings. That is, travellings in the widest sense. It's summer, time to look away from our day-to-day strategies, to think outward with openness and a sense of newness. We are thrilled to include the opening feature on travel writing. Ian MacLaren asks us challenging questions of our own writing in the field, while showing us the need to read, watch and listen to travel stories with an ear and eye for what is being left out or made up. Why this is so, connects us as writers to the Samuel Hearnes and Grey Owls of the past. Enjoy your travellings throughout.

Bob Henderson

UPCOMING PATHWAYS THEMES

Sept/Oct	Spiritual Journeys
Nov/Dec	Eco-Ed Conference
Jan/Feb	Northern Outdoor Education
March/April	Kids Work
May/June	Greening your School or Centre

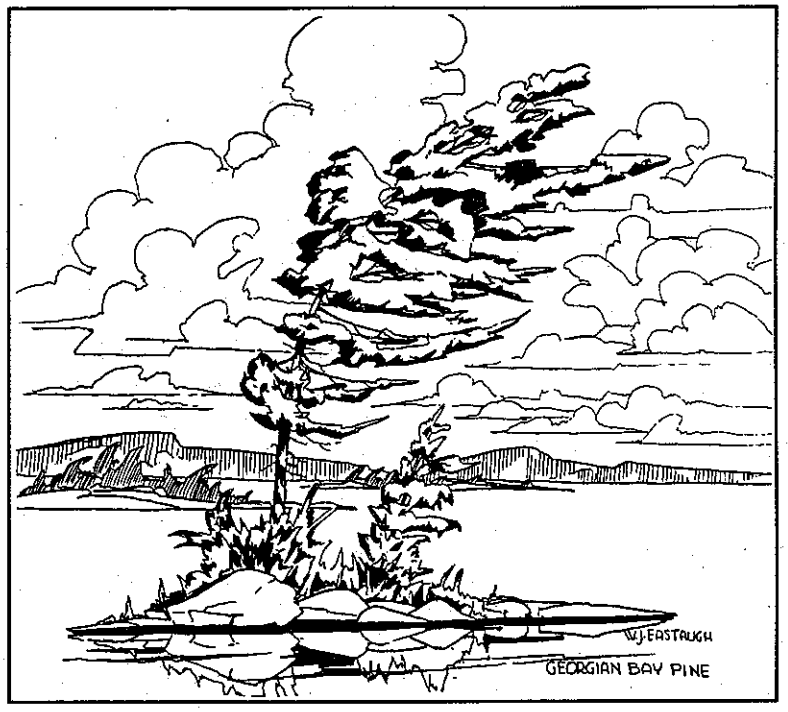
These themes generally constitute about half of each issue. Of course, all submissions are received with enthusiasm. The list, however, may spark some ideas. If you have any suggestions for future themes, let us know. Better yet, if you would like to serve as guest editor for a theme, please contact a member of the editorial board.

Outlook

Yes, we are moving closer to establishing an office for COEO! At the last Board of Directors meeting (June 30/92) we were finalizing the details of establishing a permanent home and hiring an Administrative Assistant. The Office Committee has set September 1st, 1992 as the target date. The research done by the committee indicates that the timing will satisfy the budget and *Pathways* schedules as well as other business items of the Council.

We were successful again this year in securing an Environmental Youth Corps grant in partnership with the Leslie Frost Natural Resources Centre. Sheila Staples was hired by the 15-week EYC position. Sheila will be involved in a variety of tasks including information services and promotion of COEO. The approved allocation for the project is $4,900, which is approximately one-fifth of the original submission of 50 weeks with a budget of approximately $24,000. With provincial cutbacks affecting many sectors, we are pleased that this project received funding.

By now you have received your ECO-ED package in the mail — be sure to send in your registration by July 15 to take advantage of the rate! Be sure to note that the Annual General Meeting of the Council will be held on Saturday evening, October 17 at the Royal York Hotel. The business agenda will include the election of officers of the Council. Exercise your vote! You may want to consider nominating a fellow member for a position. The presentation of awards follows the Annual General Meeting. A brief description and nominating procedure follows on page 4 of this issue.



Even though ECO-ED is still a few months away, we need to start planning for the 1993 Conference. Eastern Region has expressed an interest in hosting the Conference, but they need your help. COEO members across the province are invited to take part in organizing the event. If you would like to volunteer or need more information about the '93 Conference, please contact me.

That's the news from the Board. We wish everyone a safe and enjoyable summer!

Kathy Reid
President

State of the Art

Muzammal Nawaz is a resident of Oakville. He is presently chairperson for the provincial programme committee for youth in international development education with The Canadian Red Cross Society. He is a youth counsellor/trainer with the Muslim Youth of North America (MYNA). With "spare time", Muzammal is a member of the Canadian Kick Boxing Team from 1989 to 1992. Concerning Muzammal's delicate drawings, he wrote to us, "art is wonderfully relaxing. I find a great deal of personal fulfilment in looking at the ordinary and extracting the deeper meaning that exists."

Also featured in this issue is the art of **John Kaandorp, Jack Eastaugh** and the cartoon creations of **Sue Kettle.** John's cover art of Thoreau for last summer's *Pathways*, inspired us to request a depiction of a Canadian nature writer. John responded with this sketch of Grey Owl. John also provides work from his teaching home in Cape Dorset from where he has recently returned. Jack's art was featured in the November 91 issue. Sue Kettle's cartoons were on request. Sue, a landscaper and keen hockey player, provides a delightful addition to this and future issues.

AWARDS — Call For Nominations

Every year the Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario chooses to honour its membership and Outdoor Education throughout the province by presenting three awards.

The Robin Dennis Award is presented to an individual or outdoor education program or facility having made an outstanding contribution to the promotion and development of Outdoor Education in the province of Ontario. The award was created in tribute to Robin Dennis, one of the founders of outdoor education in Ontario in the 1950's and 60's, and is presented annually by the Boyne River Natural Science School and the Toronto Island Natural Science School.

The President's Award is presented annually to an individual who has made an outstanding contribution to the development of the Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario (COEO) and to outdoor education in Ontario.

The Dorothy Walter Award for Leadership was created in 1986 to give recognition to an individual who, like Dorothy Walter herself, has shown outstanding commitment to the development of leadership qualities in Ontario youth. The individual should have demonstrated a commitment and innovation in leadership development, to learning in the out-of-doors, to personal growth in their own life and service to an organization or community.

Send nominations to:
Awards Committee
c/o Kathy Reid
R.R.#1, Norwood, Ontario
K0L 2V0
(705) 745-5791 fax (705) 745-7488

Feature

Writing the Wilderness Experience: Field Notes, Journals, Books

by I. S. MacLaren

George Luste, in his fine article in the book, *Nastawgan*, dubs Samuel Hearne, "the true Marco Polo of the sub-arctic." Peter Browning does something similar in *The Last Wilderness*. I find this very apt, not just because of their intention to align two first-time European explorers in parts of different continents, but because of the loose analogy that it incidentally strikes between the literary fates of these two deservedly famous men of history. In Polo's case, he had to turn into words the continent of Asia, known to eleventh-century Europe chiefly only through hearsay; in Hearne's, he had to turn into words the northern interior of a continent unknown to Europe. This challenge turned into a complex matter for them, since, even though an explorer or traveller has his or her own narrative or pictorial record to offer the world of readers who await it back home, that record, when it becomes published as a book, when, that is, it becomes public and available for public consumption like any other commodity, must take public tastes and expectations into account, and must reflect them. If it does not, it will not succeed in its chief aim: it will not sell, and publishers usually know it will not.

Polo's own record has disappeared, largely because it failed to accord with Italy's expectations that it would record the wondrous Orient, full of mysteries, odd vapours, incantations, monsters, and the like. The original record apparently was dull. As he saw fit, each copyist of the manuscript, in the days before Johann Gutenberg invented movable type, would alter the version that came down to him. The consequence of that process is that today the world has nearly 120 manuscripts of Marco Polo's travels. No two are alike; all claim to be authentic. In this fashion, his book became what has recently been described as "the collaborative effort of a whole culture, enacting by its means the Italian discovery of the Orient."

Samuel Hearne's published fate is comparable to Polo's, not because there are 120 different versions of his narrative — there aren't — but because his own words changed when they moved from the form of field notes into the form of a published narrative. This alternation Hearne apparently began in the 21 years between 1772, when he returned to Fort Prince of Wales from the Coppermine River, and 1793, when he died. During those two decades, field notes, that is, what Hearne wrote while travelling, evolved into a journal. The process was perhaps not dissimilar to the one that you and I follow subsequent to the return from a wilderness trip. But the caveat, apparently, is necessary because Hearne's field notes and journal have not survived in his own handwriting, and only a fragment of the journal has survived at all.

When *A Journal from Prince of Wales's Fort in Hudson Bay to the Northern Ocean 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772* appeared in 1795, Hearne was dead; he played no part in the final preparations for publication of his book. His publisher, Andrew Strahan of London, knew that he needed a story, not a document. Being myself a reader of literature rather than an historian, I am interested in the book less as a document of a remarkable trek than as a process by which field notes became a journal, a journal became a manuscript, a manuscript

I am interested in the book less as a document of a remarkable trek than as a process by which field notes became a journal, a journal became a manuscript, a manuscript became the published commodity.

I hazard the guess that most canoeists who have seen fit to complement their descent of the Coppermine River with a reading of all or part of Hearne's book have eagerly anticipated reaching Bloody Fall.

became the published commodity, placed on sale in the city of London at the end of the eighteenth century, and a book became a classic of the Canadian north. My particular interest prompted an examination of the book's most famous passage, the massacre of Inuit at Bloody Fall by the Chipewyan and Copper (Yellowknife) Indians with whom Hearne was travelling. This event is probably the chief story of arctic history; in 1912, Vilhjalmur Stefansson called it "the story of the North." My examination, in turn, prompted me to reconsider Hearne's final remarks about his narrative; when he sold it to Andrew Strahan, he stated his expectation that "anything in reason shall be allowed to the person that prepares the Work for the Press . . . [so that] the Book shall be sent into the World in a style that will do credit both to you, and myself."

As Richard Glover's edition from 1958 of *A Journey from Prince of Wales's Fort* points out, a copy of Hearne's field notes exists in the British Library, and a copy of that copy was made for the Public Archives of Canada, now the National Archives of Canada, early in this century. Meanwhile, the account of the massacre from Hearne's journal, which differs from that of his field notes, survives in *Andrew Graham's Observations on Hudson's Bay 1767-1791*, which Glyndwr Williams edited in 1969 as volume 27 of the Hudson's Bay Record Society. A reading of the field note, the journal fragment, and the book's account of the massacre shows a steady heightening of the drama of the massacre.

First, Hearne's field note contains no 18-year-old girl twining herself "like an eel" round the spears of her assailants. In the book, this is the central Arctic's answer to the Gothic heroine, pursued by the sexually demonic outlaws of the conventional Gothic novel. To the extent of that analogy, one needs to keep in mind that Hearne's book was published for English readers in 1795, the year of the first great wave of popularity in England of the Gothic novel — perhaps best remembered today by the single title, *Frankenstein*, but, loosely speaking, a sort of late eighteenth-century cross between a Stephen King novel, a porn movie, and a fable by Aesop. This "poor wretch," as the book calls her, makes her appearance first in the fragment of Hearne's journal, where she is a "poor girl, who was then twining and twisting round the spears like an eel" (no exclamation mark).

Hearne's field note lacks any mention of the book's deaf and nearly blind old woman, who is tortured upriver after the initial massacre, and who is remembered by the book's wording as the one who, victimized by Indians' spears, has her eyes poked out, and who is "stabbed . . . in many parts very remote from those which are vital." The field note does mention the old man, the final individual in the book's trinity of victims, but does not include the book's piercing simile, "not less than twenty had a hand in his death, as his whole body was like a cullender." As well, from field note to journal fragment to book, there is a considerable increase in the attention paid to Hearne, the sensitive observer of the massacre.

Now, almost all anthologies of Canadian Literature, if they include any exploration writing at all (and, its being the first important genre in English for this country, they should include a great deal more than they usually do), include the massacre scene from Hearne's book. Also, I hazard the guess that most canoeists who have seen fit to complement their descent of the Coppermine River with a reading of all or part of Hearne's book have eagerly anticipated reaching Bloody Fall (only the book provides this name), a specific place

amidst the vastness of the wilderness, a place with historical dimension and resonance — the site of the story of the North, which happens to serve conveniently as the climax of Hearne's sojourn just as he reaches pretty well the farthest extent of his penetration into what his book also dubs the Barrens, the savage wilderness, the farthest distance the eighteenth-century mind could imagine from the blessings of civilization.

Hearne's field note, if the British Library's copy may be taken as the words that he wrote while in the wilderness, certainly does record that the explorer witnessed a massacre. What the note does not mention is any torture. Two brief positions of the field note (quoted by permission of the Department of Manuscripts, British Library), read as follows:

> *The land was so situated that the Indians crept under some of the rocks within 100 yards of the tents where they lay some time to watch the motions of the Esquimaux but finding all asleep they ran on the tent on a sudden & killed every soul before they had power to rise in the whole 21 persons. . . . I stood neuter & saw the cruel massacre which was soon accomplished, the Esquimaux being all asleep.*

Clearly, according only to the field note, the attack came in the dead of sleep. The note is clear, factual, explicit; the facts of the massacre preclude the elements of torture, which, by contrast, the book's gothic account uses to prolong the attack into many pages of suspense and terror. The Inuit, perhaps Kogluktomiut or Nagyuktomiut, do not awaken in the field note's version; they remain asleep. Thus, all the gothic torture, right down to the naming of the cascade, enters the narrative only when the field notes are rewritten, by Hearne or someone else.

What are the motives for revising an incident so much? In a sense, they are quite understandable. To the English reader of Hearne's day, the remoteness of arctic North America (no one but Hearne found salt water west of Hudson or Baffin Bays in his lifetime) could be imagined but not easily understood. Remoteness, as the example of Marco Polo in the Orient shows so well, had long had the effect of conjuring up images of abnormality, of perversion, of extremity in every sense. Think of Caliban in Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

J. Kaandorp

Differences (no trees, for example), rather than similarities, tended to be pronounced. To the Roman, the Gaelic race was monstrous; to the Italian of Polo's day, the people of Cathay were idolaters; to the Puritan of the eastern seaboard, so were those terrifying Iroquois. So the logic went, and perhaps still goes, to a greater extent than we are prepared to admit. Thus, in the remote north, years' travel

I suggest that one read them not as straight-forward journals only, but as the reflections of the tastes and ideologies of their age, and, book by book, as the products of their era's publishing mechanism.

from temperate England (temperate climate, temperate human values, including the Christian virtue of temperance), inhabitants were bound to act monstrously, doing unto one another in fact what Europeans desired to think they themselves only did in fiction. (Even in fiction, it is worth noting, the crimes often occurred abroad; the English Gothic novel was usually set in what was thought of as decadent France and southern Europe, the sites at the end of the eighteenth century of recent revolutions, after all.)

Here, then, is one example that begs several questions. The first is: how does one read the published narratives of explorers? Briefly, and based on similar analysis of other books from Hearne's era and sense, I suggest that one read them [explorers' narratives] not as straight-forward journals only, but as the reflections of the tastes and ideologies of their age, and, book by book, as the products of their era's publishing mechanism. For example, we think of the twentieth century as a more enlightened age than the eighteenth in matters anthropological. Perhaps, then it is not surprising to find that, in *Lands Forlorn*, despite its evocative Hearne-like title, George Douglas seems almost to go out of his way not to mention Hearne's narrative when he is at Bloody Fall. For him, unlike for his contemporary, Stefansson, the massacre is evidently not the story of the North. His book describes the Inuit whom he encounters at the fall in May 1912 as

> *all nice looking men; one was a particularly fine looking fellow, several inches taller than the other, active, robust, with rosy cheeks, and an air of alert intelligence. . . . indeed it was hard to believe, so far as conduct and behaviour went, that we were not dealing with highly civilised and cultivated people.*

That perhaps stands at one end of the spectrum of responses. The other, likely the latest at only five years old, is, if it can be believed, a ludicrous and pathetic attempt to outdo Hearne's book's account for gruesome gothicism:

> *The scene was more reminiscent of an abattoir than of a battle, with the panic-stricken victims rearing out of their cozy tents and being impaled on out-thrust spears. More than twenty men, women and children, their faces still sweet from interrupted slumber, were slain within minutes, their death rattles despoiling the Arctic silence.*

This is but a brief, and distasteful, taste of Peter C. Newman's long purple patch on the massacre scene in his deservedly rebuked but widely read *Company of Adventurers*. In fact, Newman exploits the massacre narratively as Hearne's editor seems to have done, but in the case of our contemporary historian, the unbalanced portrayal of Hearne dwells so obsessively on the torture as almost to exclude all other aspects of his remarkable explorations.

The second question worth posing amounts to a series of questions: How much do the journals that we write up from field notes following wilderness canoe or hiking trips shape and alter the originals? What sorts of changes is one inclined to make retrospectively, when, having succeeded in returning home, there is a sense of a complete, finished story to tell, and not just a series of episodes, entered on a pad day by day, or hour by hour, without any certain knowledge of what lies ahead? Is there a truth about wilderness travel that occurs to one only after a certain amount of time has elapsed? Meanwhile, what is happening to one's immediate experience of the wilderness, or, put another way, what

changes is wilderness undergoing narratively? In another vein, does one contemplate a different set of changes if publication becomes a possibility? One recalls Hearne's concern that his book be sent into the world in a style that would do him credit. A similar process occurs with the editing down of too many slides into a slide show that one is prepared to present to (inflict on?) others. What gets edited out, and what gets included fully? What values do we let serve as our standards? It is said that in its various publications, the tourism industry of the Northwest Territories sedulously avoids, whenever possible, any photographs showing cloud-filled skies. Similarly, can one imagine publicity featuring a photograph of landscape in which big blobs of insects block the view? Yet, we've all got such slides, seldom shown, a story suppressed under the nature of, what, aesthetic considerations?

The questions are not easily answered but they are, given that the explorers' books indicate how the experience of wilderness undergoes alteration for publication, worth asking. We all have stories to tell, and the telling is not a factual rendering only. As we come to understand what we experienced, and to tell others in a way that will make sense to them, we shape the wilderness, the power of which sometimes altogether precludes any effort to describe and reflect on it immediately.

The preceding is a version of remarks made at the sixth annual Canoeing and Wilderness Symposium, Monarch Park Collegiate, Toronto, 25-26 January 1991. Another version of the discussion of the massacre scene at Bloody Fall has appeared in *Ariel: A Review of International English Literature*, volume 22, number 1 (January 1991), pp. 25-51; available in university libraries or from the Department of English, The University of Calgary, 2500 university Drive NW, Calgary T2N 1N4. This submission was co-published with *Nastawgan: The Journal of the Wilderness Canoe Association.*

I.S. MacLaren teaches Canadian Studies and English in Edmonton at the University of Alberta. At present, he is working on the paintings of George Back from the first Franklin expedition; on the poetry written by the officers of William Edward Parry's arctic voyage of 1819-1820; on Captain Cook's account of his stay at Nootka Sound, Vancouver Island, in March 1778; and on Paul Kane's transcontinental trip of 1846-1848. He enjoys canoeing in the Arctic, although a trip down the Hornaday River last summer ended up as a long hike out to the ocean at Paulatuk. See the following "field note" vignette.

Is there a truth about wilderness travel that occurs to one only after a certain amount of time has elapsed?

■ *The following was written by I.S. MacLaren on Sunday 14.vii.1991 in Inuvik. It was a letter to Bob Henderson.*

Oozing through the toes, the water takes up its relentless place in the feet.

The walking will stay with me forever. The bulbous growths on my big toes signify the land that I know better as a traveller now. We walked from towards the end of the Hornaday River's first southernmost canyon to Paulatuk. I can't tell you the map distance. The map distance stopped making much sense. The pack was heavy for our six walks, which occurred over the course of six days, sometimes with twenty hours between them, when the weather deteriorated, sometimes with just one, when a grateful pot of tea leant repose. All that matters less than the land. Ponds started to matter for the first time: near them the tussocks / hummocks / niggerheads / tundra bumps — I'm going to call them hummocks but an infinity of names would not do them justice.

Tupirlc @ Dorset A.P. J.Kaad '91

Wetlands. On a cold evening at, say, 9:30, sun high but warmless, wind keening into the sweat and cementing it clammily twixt pack and back. No, the ridge of idling, firm gravel having little overburden of rock to step over, just a "road" really, as Samuel Hearne called it — no, it does not, after all, continue uninterrupted. Hummocks, a palsy of them, a garden of them, a miasma of them, a trial of them, a school of hummocks, enthrones itself down there, down off the fickle ridge. Down we go. Ineluctably. The oh-so-dry-finally dry socks descend amongst them, "Among the Hummocky." They loom up eighteen inches above the matted sedge, tantalizingly dry in appearance but ready to roll an ankle at the toss of a sole. Put the sole up there? Is that effort to stay dry necessary? fruitless? bootless? The effort is considerable to get up on one; the risk much more so. But when the heel squishes without releasing in the matted corridors beneath, the pack jerks back at the spine and the fatigue induces thoughts of higher, drier ground. Sweaty breaths, heaving breaths, grunting breaths drag on *through*, not across, the meadow until a slight incline announces lower, flatter hummocks and perhaps even rock or gravel. Alas, the hummocks merely alter to announce a rivulet, too wide to leap, too deep to escape without a thorough wetting. Then the wind picks up, driving gustily inland off the ice and chilling the travels markedly. Oozing through the toes, the water takes up its relentless place in the feet. Meanwhile, the loom of the tundra horizon renders the dry ridge off in the distance a continuously receding refuge. And is this the most direct route anyway? And is that not another pond glinting ceremoniously down on the right, way down? There is no dry flat here. The air machine's perspective of gently sloping verdure flashes back to mind mercilessly. The hot knife strikes lighten-

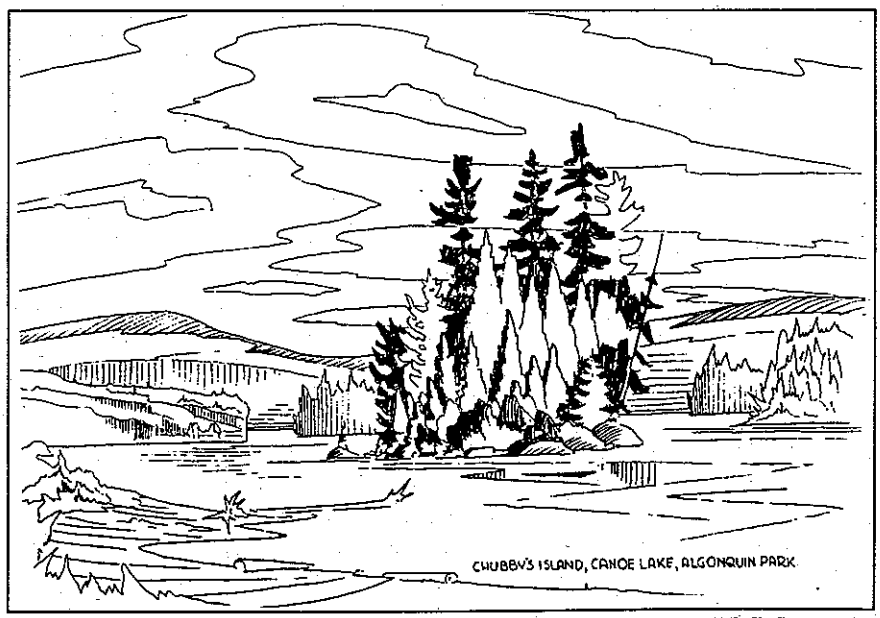
ing between the laden shoulders' blades.

Then, suddenly, puddled, dried permafrost begins to sprout occasionally among the hummocks. Too far apart to preclude pillowy sphagnum moss from demanding two steps between them, they offer island sanctuaries where, leaning far over into the nest of vagabond mosquitoes along for the ride, swirling off clothing as soon as it stops moving, one may have a few moments' breath. Then shaly rocks begin to turn up, sometimes visible, other times not. These point up in a zoo of shapes, sizes, slants, and series. Entire rocks have been blasted by frost into layers, beautifully designed if by certain violence. Gradually the sedge retreats, yielding gravel which less comforts than confirms the blisters that wet shoes have by now produced. Up — steeply — up the hill the trudge goes on, one footfall then another. The wide open panorama enchants in the distance as it beguiles in the foreground. It is not hostile terrain but it is no easier than any other quality of this tough, toughened land. Yet, those draws do give surprising shelter from the wind and, almost always, running water and the twigs of willow that can combine to bring the comfort of a cup of tea in 10 minutes' time. It is free land — where else in Canada outside a park can one still roam unobstructed? — but not freeing, commodious, and only grudgingly accommodating. How, with snowstorms in July, would it have come across magnanimity?

The canoe wheels flopped on the Hornaday. The tundra is not flat; nor is it smooth. To be wilderness is to be not domesticated or domestic. And so we walk up ridge and down hummock, fifty miles overland, where the Plover, Lapland Longspur, Sandpiper, Sik-Sik, Caribou, Grizzly, Wolf, and Arctic Fox make their livings, where pounds, so far from the madding crowd, are pleased to hold Trout, Tundra Swan, and Common Loon, where the grasses bow to Saxifrage, Locoweed, Pocatello, Arctic Cottonweed, all dwarfed by the Arctic Poppy, Aven, and, bedecking all, Lupen. Enshroud all in insects and a bone chilling evening breeze, wet your feet thoroughly, wonder how a pack containing so little can weigh so much, wonder if that big rock over in the next valley just moved, or not, and extrapolate this over, say, 50 miles of weather as varied as gelid and blistering, and you have begun your peregrination. Oh yes, it is, a living thing. How does it bear on my aliveness?

I.S. Maclaren.

The wide open panorama enchants in the distance as it beguiles in the foreground.



W. J. Eastaugh

Wash, Spin and Rinse on the Petawawa River

by Peter Croal

I was lucky to be alive, but this accident could have been avoided.

The instant I felt that we were losing our upstream ferry, I knew we were in serious trouble. We paddled furiously trying to maintain our angle, but the current was slowly seducing our canoe into a large souse hole at the bottom of a ledge. My arms ached and I could hear my partner shouting for more power. Head down, and using every remaining vestige of strength, I leaned into my strokes trying to prevent the canoe from smashing into a midstream rock. Our efforts failed and we felt that dreaded thud as the canoe smashed into the rock. The river quickly seized its advantage and swung the canoe broadside. Above the deafening roar of the rapid, I could barely hear my partner shout "Hang on." There was nothing I could do now to save myself. I looked over my left shoulder into the frenzied cauldron of water at the base of the ledge. "My God," I thought. "This is where I am going to die."

The second day on the Petawawa River in Ontario's Algonquin Park had begun with high expectations and enthusiasm about running more sets of rapids. It was a lovely sunny day, and we were feeling confident about the successful runs we had had on the river the day before. We were six experienced wilderness guides with over 60 years of safe canoeing and backpacking experience among us. Our Petawawa trip was a check-out trip prior to a private journey on the Nahanni River. Despite our combined skills and experience, this day on the Petawawa nearly ended in a tragedy as a result of not using one of the most important tools for wilderness travel — judgement.

The lead canoe picked the downstream V's for the rest of us to follow. We bounced our way down several challenging and fun sets until the lead canoe was about 300 feet ahead of us and was appearing to set up for a run down a rapid called The Chute. However, the canoe ferried over to the left bank and we did the same. When all three canoes were tied up along the shore about 50 feet above The Chute, two people went ahead and scouted the run. The remaining four paddlers lazed in the canoes and enjoyed the sun. The roar from the rapid below us was confirming our expectations that we would portage around the rapid. After 10 minutes, the two scouts returned with an unexpected plan. Instead of portaging here, we would do an upstream ferry above The Chute to the other bank and then portage. I did not feel too confident about this plan: I felt it would be better to line the canoes upstream, and then begin the ferry. My friends assured me this ferry was no more difficult than any other we had managed, and, with my partner in favour of this plan, I relented.

The first canoe slipped into the current and managed a graceful ferry to the other shore. We were next in line and our confidence was buoyed by their apparent lack of difficulty. Out we started, but, imperceptibly, the current was taking us downstream. Thirty feet to the ledge, 25, 15; we were losing the ferry. No amount of strength could save us now. We were committed to the mercy of the river. . . .

The moment I was plunged into the water, I could not manoeuvre to keep myself upright with my feet pointed downstream. The rapid was just too violent. Ironically, the canoe and my partner settled into a quiet eddy with access

to shore. I, however, was now in the middle of the rapid in serious difficulty. Fists of water slammed into my face and I could not tell which way was up. I got pinned on underwater rocks on two occasions. When I felt that I could hold my breath no longer, I was thrust to the surface only to be sucked under again. My resistance to this assault weakened, and I grew strangely tranquil with the thought that death could release me from this nightmare. Suddenly, I found myself holding onto a rock, able to breathe. I was still in the middle of the rapid but there was enough solid ground to allow me to stand up. As I struggled to my feet, I saw a deep three inch wide cut over my left knee. I stopped the bleeding as best I could with my bandanna and looked around somewhat dazed to get my bearings. The other five were running towards me and calling to see if I was okay. A throw rope was tossed out, and I was pulled out of the rapid and onto shore after several rescue attempts.

I was lucky to be alive, but this accident could have been avoided. Careful scrutiny of the mishap identify where six errors in judgement were made. In combination, these errors led to a potentially fatal situation.

1. No individual in our group was identified as the leader. With all our experience we felt the right decisions would be made by consensus without conflict.

2. Lulled by the warm, sunny day, I did not follow my map and allowed the first canoe to choose the route. I might have identified that the portage around The Chute was on the right side of the river, not on the left.

3. At The Chute, only two of the party scouted. All of us should have looked at the set to establish the risk factor for ourselves.

4. A critical question was not asked at The Chute: "What are the consequences of a failed ferry?" In this case, they were life-threatening. Therefore, we should have immediately recognized that it was necessary to line the canoes well upstream before attempting the crossing.

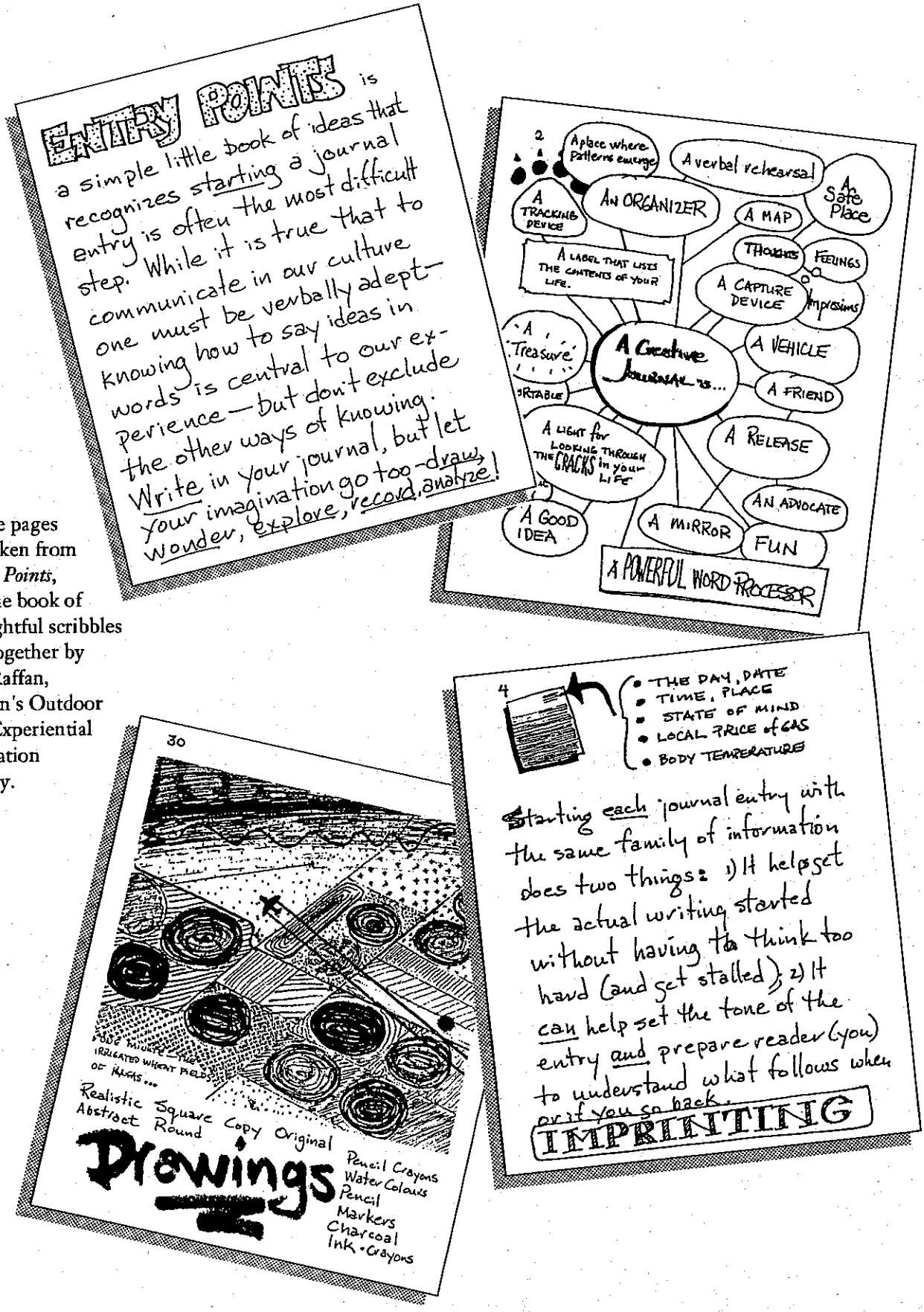
5. The rope-thrower was not braced for the force of the water against me once I was able to grab the rope. As a result, he was almost pulled into the water as well. He should have used the side of a tree as a preliminary brake or used a shoulder belay.

6. When I was safely onshore, the others left me alone while they searched for equipment lost in the dump. Despite my apparently stable condition, the onset of shock, or other secondary complications, should be monitored. Stay with a person who has been recently injured or traumatized. For me, shock did not occur until 36 hours later.

The accident was a most sobering experience for our party. With all of our combined skills and experience we had allowed a completely avoidable accident to happen. In outdoor pursuits where critical decisions are required, one must consider the effects of an action before it is taken. Each journey will present its own specific situations which will call for necessary decisions. Do not allow laziness or overconfidence to get in the way of using proper judgement. To do otherwise can prove to be fatal.

At The Chute, only two of the party scouted. All of us should have looked at the set to establish the risk factor for ourselves.

Peter Croal is a geologist with the Canadian government, living in Ottawa.



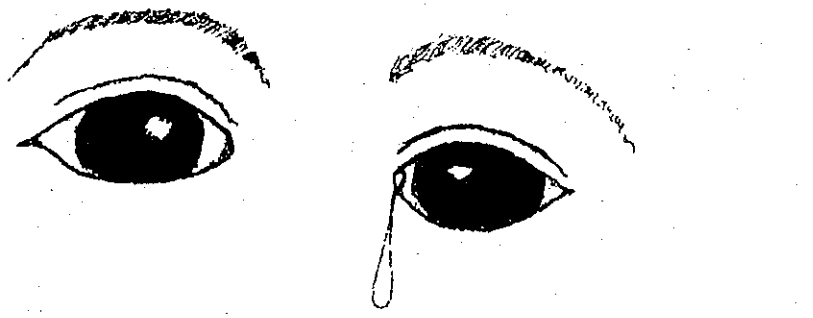
These pages are taken from *Entry Points*, a little book of thoughtful scribbles put together by Jim Raffan, Queen's Outdoor and Experiential Education faculty.

Cathy Graham

INVISIBLE

my reality
is like a flower
nobody knows
invisible lace
people look through
look past, beside
others think I'm extinct
like the chooney bug
perhaps instead
they need to discover
my rarity, beauty
and usefulness
waiting, waiting
in the wind
bend not breaking
to the beat
invisible lace
don't despair
white icy tears
stream down my stem
despair replaced by horror
fear

what if I simply disappear



MAGIC TO MESS

"Clean up" the creativity
Mask that "mess"
every piece has its place
already
see the exposed ingrained
patterns naked, breathing,
cover it up
disgusting
earthquake fault lines
shattered her common composed complexion
I stood and trembled
watching
her rant and rave
at me and my mess
only it wasn't called a mess
before she came

MOON SPURTS

Moon spurts
make silver desserts
swallow whole
down it goes

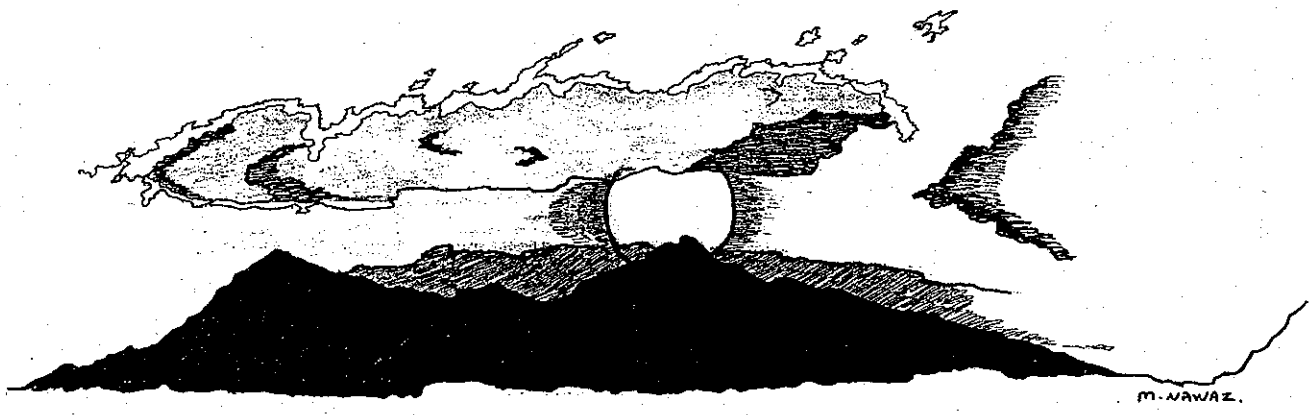
glittering sparks
dance in the dark
creating a visual symphony

the audience no less
is the organ-ness

THE MOON IS A FOUNTAIN

The moon is a fountain
spurting out droplets
that splash on the earth
sparkling with illumination

Let the moonshower drench your spirit!

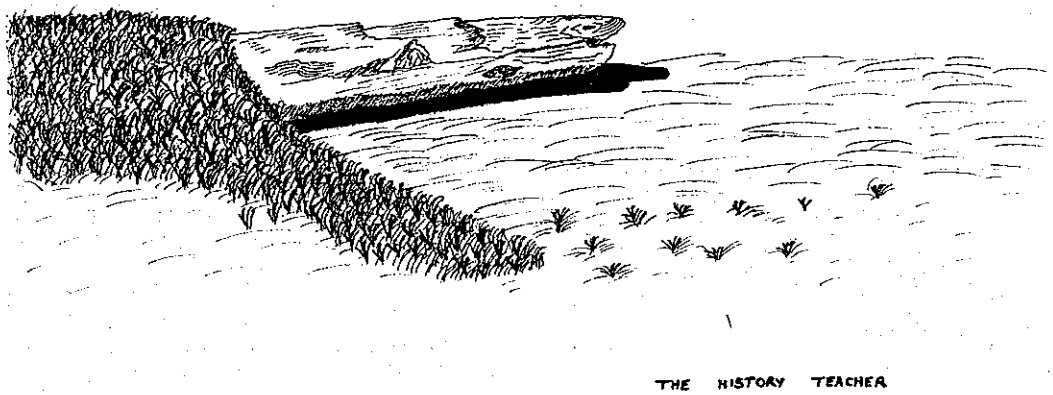


BEAUTY IN DARKNESS

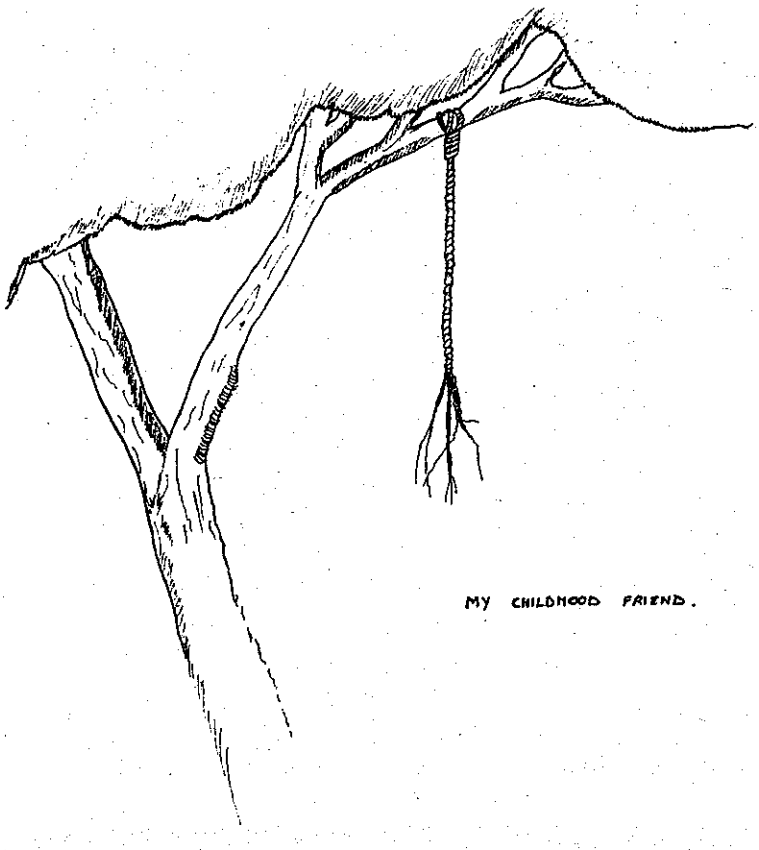
There is beauty in darkness
turn out the light, or close the blind,
or wait for the night
and you will see, when you close
your eyes
visions of splendour, colour, shapes
and forms
which are gentle and safe
like a child's hand,
let your fingers encircle it and
feel its softness,
its innocence
its simplicity and delight
for what surrounds a child is
magical but real,
a reality soon lost as an adult,
where wonder has swirled
down the drain
When you close your eyes
grab the hand of the child
within you
and marvel
at the beauty in darkness.

MINE

On a dead island
the rocks breathe blood
bones build sand banks
souls spin
with the wind
howling, whistling,
teasing, testing,
crying tears
secretly



THE HISTORY TEACHER



MY CHILDHOOD FRIEND.

FAMOUS FRAMEWORK

If I said my name was Browning
would you read with kinder eyes?
Excuse
forgive
refuse to listen
what is really going on inside

the words are flat
like stirred ginger ale
you sip and taste to no avail
in this framework you can't ascertain
you delight and announce
it's pink champagne!

Cathy Graham teaches grade four at Rosseau Public School, Ancaster, Ontario.

Illustrations accompanying Cathy's poetry are by Musammal Nawaz (see State of the Art, page 4).

The Species Mating Game

by Michelle Maxwell

Introduction

We've all pondered and even commented on the "strange" courting behaviour of animals while walking through a wooded area. The fact is, animals of one species find the behaviour of another species just as strange. The courtship rituals from platypuses to people are species specific. Behaviour that starts one species hormones flowing leaves another species cold, all in the name of "perpetuation." Animals must pass on their genes so that their species continues. These chromosomes are coded in such a way that this behaviour takes place when reproduction is most likely to occur.

Objective

This role playing game will familiarize people of all ages with the "ways of love" in the animal kingdom, and above all, this activity is as fun to watch as it is to play.

How to Play

All the female species line up beside each other and are given a card with their mating behaviour on it. The males line up approximately ten feet across from the females and also receive their mating behaviour card. Neither may disclose their species-type to anyone.

The first male animal tries his courtship rituals on each of the female animals, one by one, until he gets the appropriate response. If the courting behaviour of the male doesn't correspond with a particular female, she has no responding behaviour and the male moves on to the next female.

If the behaviour corresponds correctly, the female may join in on her part of the ritual. When the courtship rituals are completed and they've made their match, one of the animals reads their behaviour card and discloses their specie-type to everyone. Then they can join the audience.

Hooray! Let the honeymoon begin!

Additional Points

- While researching mating behaviours, I found that the majority of these courtship rituals are male-initiated. This accounts for the fact that the males always approach the females within the game.
- Groups of 2 or 3 people per mating behaviour card seems to draw out the most creative responses, as opposed to just one person portraying the mating behaviour.

The Species Behaviour Cards

These 13 sample cards represent just the tip of the iceberg. Just think of all the exciting possibilities; the peacock, for example. The following cards were designed to be true to their species behaviour and suitable (fun) for an adult and child audience alike. Don't be bashful. Jump in and learn about our fellow species courting behaviour. We humans, to proclaim our mateability, produce mushy smells, elaborate dances and beautiful plumage just like other species. But, as you will see, we pale in comparison.

RED FOX

Like rambunctious kids, the two chase one another through the forest, tumbling, yapping and playing tag. The male instigates this play by tapping the female on the leg. In the middle of all this, they rear up on two legs face to face, with their paws on one another shoulders like waltzing lovers. Suddenly, it's a romantic spat as they lunge at one another with bared teeth, flattened ears, gaping mouths. Ah, the ways of love, they're just exchanging love bites, a sign of excitement.

HAWK

Hawks meet in the spring and preform a remarkable aerial ballet before mating. They dart and swoop towards each other using their nature-given propellers. Instead of holding hands like humans do, they hold feet! Let's face it, it's a lot easier to grasp feet than to grasp wings! (Sit on the ground to imitate this part of the courting ritual.) After holding feet in midair for a few seconds they swoop off in opposite directions, only to reunite again. Oh how desperately romantic!

OWL

The males nightly calls get louder and more frequent as the "dating" season approaches. He's letting everyone know that anybody that sets foot on his property better be female! The female will answer with her own song. The two will sing together in an owly duet so fine it would top the music charts! It often takes a lot of hootin' and hollerin' before the male is sure that the new bird is a female and not an unwelcomed male. The male owl likes to "show-off." He performs daredevil trick flights and dance-like movements on a branch (climbing a tree is not necessary.) Just as humans may send chocolates to their sweethearts, some male owls will woo their mates with gifts of tasty mice (rocks will substitute just fine!)

TEENAGE HUMAN

"The High School Dance"

Even though the female usually chooses the male, she knows how he likes to think he's the one doing the pursuing. Therefore, she employs her friend to tell his friend that she might be interested in dancing with him (whispering, of course). They return to their friends and divulge anything interesting. These communications are usually accompanied by occasional staring, much whispering and giggling. This is followed by looks of disinterest and "coolness". The male eventually

makes use of his backpocket comb and finally approaches the female. Staring at the ground, with his hands in his pockets, he asks her to dance. If she and her friends agree, they dance (keeping at least a one foot distance between them!)

BLUE WHALE

The whales perform a graceful underwater ballet, nuzzling, mouthing and gently rubbing one another with their gigantic flippers as they swim around and around. Then, as if on cue, they suddenly break apart, diving deep into the ocean in opposite directions and softly call to one another with low whistles and moans. One of the sounds is apparently a signal for the two to speed up to the surface and unite.

PRAYING MANTIS

Smaller and much weaker than the female, the male has to catch his mate off-ground. Sneaking up slowly, he freezes after each step. When his chances look good, he springs onto her back like a cruise missile. If he gets this far, he might live; one wrong step though, and he's mantis meat. If his mate spots him coming, she'll grab him with her powerful spiny arms and clutch him to her chest. She devours him, starting with his bulbous head.

ALLIGATOR

Once a male picks his lady, he follows her around like a devoted puppy, pawing at her hindquarters for attention (the lower back may be used for our purposes.) If she doesn't swat him away, he gets more daring, floating beneath her and rubbing his bumpy head under her throat. She snorts sensuously, beats her tail against the water, and bangs her head against his nose, leaving no doubt he's her kind of guy.

WHITETAIL DEER

A whitetail buck gets uncharacteristically aggressive during the mating season, staking out his claim by pawing out a spot of earth under a small tree, urinating and leaving a scent from glands or the inside of both hind legs (Imitate that characteristic of a dog urinating.) An interested doe plays hard to get, running ahead of the chasing buck, but looking coyly back now and then to make sure he's still with her.

MALLARD DUCK

To attract a mate, the drake (male duck) shows off his beautiful colours. He can't order these colours from the Sears catalogue, he develops his dashing good looks himself. He impresses the female further by putting on a dance for her. He then bows to the female and dips his bill in the water. Much nodding, splashing and spraying carries on until the drake rears up his wings as if to say, "Look how handsome I am." If the female finds the drake irresistible, she lets him know by touching him with her bill.

RABBITS

If there is more than one buck (male rabbit) they fight each other to decide who will father the young. The doe (female rabbit) waits anxiously nearby. Once settled, they remove their boxing gloves. The champion hopper and his bride-to-be engage in an elaborate courting dance using the powerful hind legs nature has blessed them with. Their fancy footwork would make McHammer green with envy! The buck then chases the doe, his tail flagging in the air as if to signal the start of a race. They dance, play and leap high in the air. Then they groom each other by licking and nuzzling. Perhaps they don't want anyone to know what they've been up to. "Na," shame is a human trait!

TURTLE

A male turtle has to hit his preoccupied mate over the head—sometimes several times—to get her to notice him. Once he's got her attention, though, he gets busy, parking himself patiently in front of his turtledove so they can "bob" their pointy heads up and down at one another—the turtle equivalent of necking. Even a tortoise knows you have to make your move, though, so he starts to nibble on his mate's toes, and they're off. Mating itself is a bumbling balancing act during which the male forgets he's a turtle and roars like a lion.

SANDHILL CRANE

The graceful mating dance of the sandhill crane begins with the male preening the female (trimming her feathers with his beak) and involves prancing and intricate neck gyrations by both the male and female cranes.

GULLS

A male looking for a date will tug at the plants around him. I guess he has to keep his hands busy doing something, besides, it's healthier than smoking! The female gull is definitely not shy and old-fashioned. When she spots a cute guy, she circles around him and tosses her head (the gull equivalent to the human female "hair flip"). She then calls out and the interested male will gabble back in a language only gulls understand. Next, the female begs for food and is fed by the male. No wonder this ritual is repeated many times; she gets a free dinner every time!

Michelle Maxwell graduated from Physical Education at McMaster University in 1991. The Mating Game was part of a major paper intended to show how education can be experiential and fun.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Elizabeth McGowan. "The Mating Game." *Backpacker*. May 1981.
For: Sandhill Crane, Turtle, Blue Whale, Whitetail Deer, Alligator, Red Fox and Praying Mantis.

Nature's Children. Toronto, Ontario: Grolier Ltd., 1985.
A series of books on animals.
Elin Kelsey - Owl
Bill Ivy - Mallard Duck, Gulls
Merebeth Switzer - Hawks, Rabbits

Travel Here Now!

by Michael Talbot-Kelly

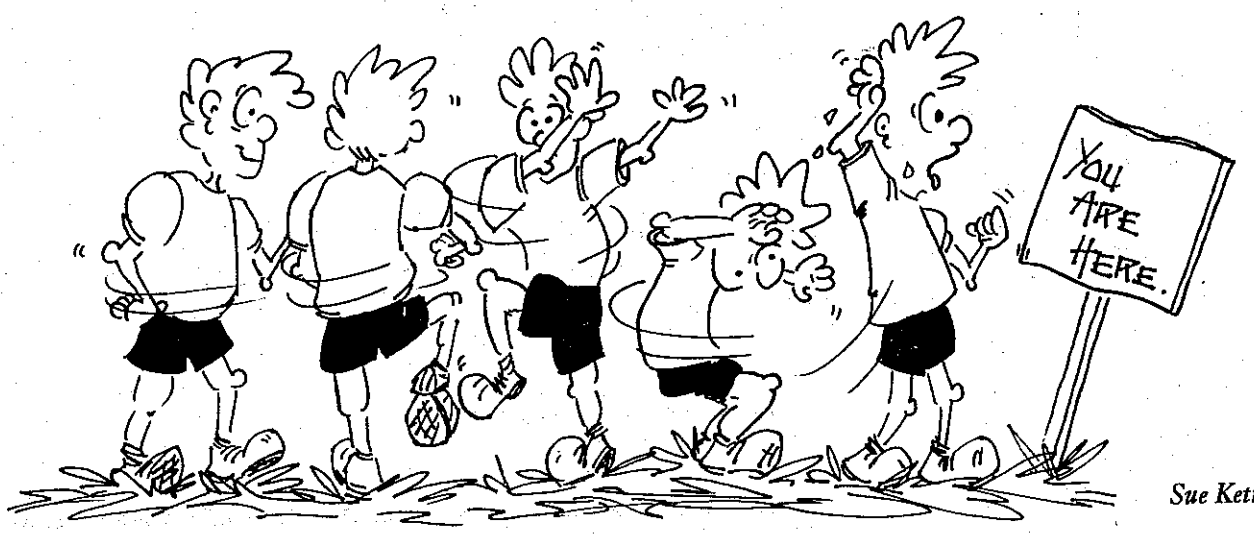
Be here now and not here then;
It is not the 'there' that is significant
But the 'here'
To be here — now — is Bliss!
AND, whatever U do,
don't be here then or there now
but, rather,
be here now.

Do, do, do!
Don't think about doing or do doing with
an extrinsic goal in mind.
Do for the sake of doing.
AND do without 'going to do.'
It's not talking about doing and
its not contemplation in doing —
but just doing!
AND, whatever U do,
don't be doing then
But, rather,
Be doing now.

Why? Travelling well, like canoeing well, is
done both in the 'here-now' mode or in the
'now-doing' mode, or, if U want to do it well,
in both modes!
Arriving is done both in the 'there-then' mode or
in the 'there-now' mode or, to make an even
bigger mistake,
in both modes!

To be sure, U can't arrive as well
as having been travelling well and
be well aware of that — or this?

Michael Talbot-Kelly lives in Vancouver and runs an outdoor Travel Company. He wrote this work in 1982 when a student in Outdoor Education.



Sue Kettle

Ballerina Slippers: Hikers' Footwear

by Zabe MacEachren (including illustrations)

Hiking along the shores of a northern lake, I asked myself and my friend, one of those kooky questions that you never have time to ask yourself anywhere else: If I had to be working in the city right now, what would I want to be doing? My answer started me. So I tucked it away in a dark component of my brain. Yet my hiding spot was no black hole and the question soon emerged on another trip. My answer arose like a heron taking flight.

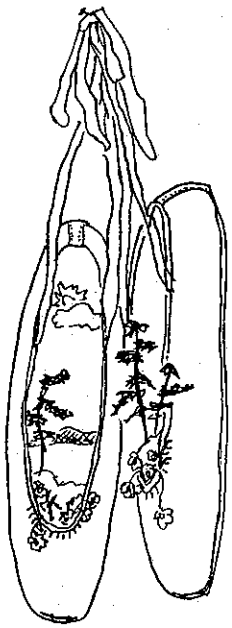
"If I had to live in the city what would I want to work at?" "It may sound silly but I would be a-a-a ballerina," I answered nervously, afraid of what my answer would sound like coming from me — a long time woodswomen, tomboy type. I am the adult version of a tall lanky child that failed grade one ballet, so quit. To my surprise, my friend did not laugh but replied, "of course, that makes perfect sense for you." Puzzled, I asked "why?" My friend continued, "because you are fascinated by movement."

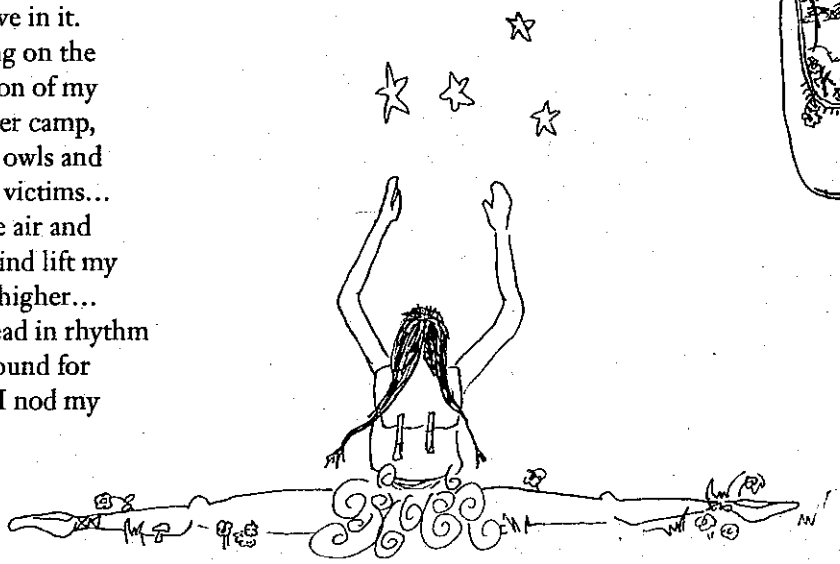
It was true. I do love movement. I love the grace involved in a silent conversation I have with Nature when I move in it. I love the feel of a canoe gliding on the water. I love the circling motion of my arms as they paddle. At summer camp, I taught youth how to become owls and silently fly over counting coup victims... I watch a hawk soar high in the air and I stretch my arms to feel the wind lift my shoulders and fingertips high, higher... The Native dancer jerks his head in rhythm to the drum as he scans the ground for tracks in a hunting imitation. I nod my acceptance and eagerness to join the drum's beat... The healer's hand touches the fresh tree blaze mark and I imitate also trying to heal the pain... I am movement and I sense the movement all around me.

I believe grace belongs in the bush. Grace — that special word that describes all the movement I have ever seen in the natural world.

Confined to a city of mostly hustle and shuffle, isolated from a world of natural motion, I would choose to study nothing but motion itself. A ballerina lives with the illusion (or is it really a reality) of being a sparrow flirting from branch to limb. I want to do the same — to learn from the sparrows' sense of flight. I want to be the lightness of an eagle feather that soars up high and falls gently to the forest floor. I long to be the agility of a bee darting from flower to flower. If I was these things like a ballerina, perhaps then if released from the confines of a city life I would be able to still

I love the grace involved in a silent conversation I have with Nature when I move in it.





Ballet Slippers

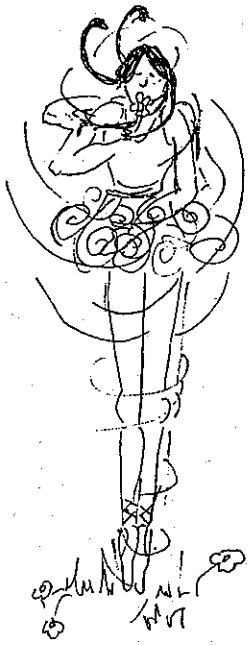
I seldom see people dance outdoors, or around a fire, or down a trail. And hike in ballet slippers?

move appropriately with grace in this natural world.

Big vibram soled hiking boots, to me, are the four wheel drives of the foot trails. They allow one to go faster and chew up more ground. They have no grace of place in the wilderness. But moccasins are different, like ballet slippers they treat the ground like a dance stage. They force me to step lightly and take notice of what is beneath my feet.

I get mad at myself when I forget that I can be a ballerina on a forest stage everyday. I wonder, could I really hike in ballet slippers? What would it be like to dance down a trail in a leather tutu wearing "points"?

So why does my answer to this kooky question still seem a little frightening? Is it because I often feel alone in my thoughts that this land is really a big dance stage. I seldom see people dance outdoors, or around a fire, or down a trail. And hike in ballet slippers? Yet I don't want to shuffle



or even "hike" my feet across this earth. I don't want to think of how many times I have stepped haphazardly on a plant with an unconscious heavy footed thud or never even felt the plant whose life I might end. I want to dance on this land in sheer joy and with grace.

My kooky question and pondering its answer helped me explore a way of living . . . me, Zabe, with the skill and grace of a ballerina whether in the city or on a forest stage. I need to practice what my old ballet teacher talked about years ago. Only now I understand. Lift your chin — look around you, raise your hands gently above your head — give praise to the sun and stars, bend your knees — be gentle when you move, listen to the music — move with its rhythm, show grace — have grace.

Zabe MacEachren teaches public school at the Lac LaCroix Reserve near Quetico Provincial Park in Northwestern Ontario.

Active Learning at Maple Grove School

by Bev Haskins

A lot has been said in educational circles lately about active or "hands on" learning in the classroom. Educators are experiencing first hand the truth in the adage: "see and forget; read and remember; do and understand." At Maple Grove the teachers and parents believe wholeheartedly in this approach to learning. We also support John Dewey's observation that if a child is to truly learn a skill it must be transferred to a real life situation. Because of this belief, a typical year at Maple Grove sees over half of the Parent Advisory raised monies being spent on education outside of the classroom.

When the teachers at Maple Grove sit down to plan a unit, together or individually, one of the components included in that planning is how and where consolidation of learning should take place outside of the classroom. Last year, during a school wide unit on water, one of the learning units was pond and stream studies. Each day, the groups involved in that segment of the unit, went out of the school to a local pond or stream to do their lessons. At the end of the unit, the whole school toured the Scenic Tunnels at Niagara Falls, had a picnic lunch by the Niagara River and ended the day at the Aquarium in New York State. All of these activities tied in to the unit of work we were completing.

At Maple Grove, the environment has been a focus over the past few years. We believe in helping the children to become aware of the world around them, so that they can appreciate its importance and choose to become involved in the current issues. To this end, you will often find whole classes or small groups of children out and about in the world around us. Balls Falls, the Bruce Trail, the Sugar Bush, the beach, and nearby rock quarries are all places we regularly use as integral parts of our curriculum. One of the highlights of this school year, believe it or not, was a trip to the local landfill site followed by related activities along the Bruce Trail. Perhaps one of the reasons why we have reduced our garbage to no more than 3/4 of a bag a day for the whole school is directly related to what we "saw" at the landfill site.

We also believe strongly in the value and power of the Arts as worthwhile and necessary components in the development of the whole person. So we support the local dramatic company, Carousel Players, and take the children to experience Mime with Theatre Beyond Words. We spend one whole day each spring at the Children's International Dramatic Festival at Harbourfront in Toronto. We take part in tours at local Art Galleries, attend the Hamilton Philharmonic Children's programmes and have attended the National Ballet at the O'Keefe Centre.

You may find us at the Hamilton Market buying food for a Thanksgiving dinner, or digging in the Fonthill Quarry for relics of prehistoric fossils, or in a parent's kitchen making Nasi Goren, a dutch rice dish, for an Olympic International luncheon. Wherever you may find us outside of the classroom, we are not there as a "time off" from real learning but because of real learning. The children know this. They do not perceive out-of-school events as time off from their learning, but as a way of more fully understanding and participating in what they are studying.

The parents know this too. They know

One of the components included in that planning is how and where consolidation of learning should take place outside of the classroom.

that whatever their child decides to do in life, appreciation and participation in the community they live in will enrich their lives and make them more complete global citizens. Maple Grove is out there in the community largely thanks to the overwhelming practical and philosophical support of our parent community. They often initiate the ideas themselves, and we could not do all that we do without their active participation. Active Learning is alive and well at Maple Grove School both inside and outside of the classroom.

Bev Haskins is a teacher at Maple Grove. This is an excerpt from Maple Grove Newsletter.

Perhaps one of the reasons why we have reduced our garbage to no more than 3/4 of a bag a day for the whole school is directly related to what we "saw" at the landfill site.

The following letter sent to the Editor of the *Lincoln Post Express* (Wednesday, March 25, 1992), by former Maple Grove Student Sarah Andrewes, strongly supports the above. Sarah is responding to earlier letters to the local paper disparaging the policy of school trips.

Writer Better Educated Thanks In Part To School Trips

by Sarah Andrewes

In recent weeks I have read letters from a number of infuriated parents who object to the frequency, distance and high cost of elementary and secondary school trips. As I read, I too became infuriated.

I am a second-year political science student at Carleton University in Ottawa, a graduate of Beamsville District Secondary School, Jacob Beam and Maple Grove Public School. I, to the shock of many, benefited from the field trips and excursions that the education system allowed me.

As a university student, I am very aware of the high cost of living in Ontario and realize that many families may have difficulty finding the resources to pay for all or even some of these trips. It is not this issue that infuriates me, rather it is the blatant lack of creativity and ambition that some of these parents seem to be expressing.

In a world where transportation and communication are bringing nations together, it is more important than ever before for children to be experiencing the "world beyond the classroom." I cannot understand why anyone with the means to send their children on any such extra-curricular activity would object to doing so. At the same time, students who do not put forth the initiative to expand their horizons are failing just as badly

as their parents.

I have no difficulty with the idea of ensuring younger students are exposed to local activities (Ball's Falls, the sugar bush, Cave Springs, and a host of others), but, at the same time, what better way is there to understand science than to see it in many such excursions from my early years in school.

From the time I entered grade 4, I was aware of current events, of political election campaigns, the Olympic games, all taking place in far off lands. I continue to credit Maple Grove School's staff and parent volunteers for ensuring that my world did not end in the playground. They encouraged me to look and, more importantly, took me to places throughout Niagara and occasionally beyond.

In grades 7 and 8, I made the annual journey with many of my classmates to Quebec City and Ottawa. While at BDSS, I had the good fortune to travel to the USSR and Australia, not to mention three leadership conferences that took me to Orangeville, Ottawa, and Olean, New York.

There was never any pressure from teachers, parents or even my peers. The decision to go in each case was mine. Luckily, I had the money to afford these endeavours, but as time passed, I quickly learned that Lincoln was filled with generous service and community groups willing to donate and assist in supporting school activities.

In the March 4, 1992 edition of the Post Express, I came across the statement, "How are young people accustomed to 'free days' . . . ever going to adjust to settle down to the inexorable humdrum of the factory jobs and general labour. . . ." If this is as much ambition as you can muster for today's children, I feel sorry for them and for you. Education begins in the classroom but it ends only when a person decides to stop learning.

In the same issue (March 4, 1992), Dan and Joan Rinker stress the importance of "producing a fully literate adult." I find it difficult to see how school trips deter this. Literacy is more than history textbooks and knowing how to add and subtract. It is the ability to see these skills being used and to experience and understand their importance in the world. It is not enough to learn the basics. It is equally important to learn how to use them through real life experiences.

I have never regretted any of the trips I took, whether they were school sponsored or not. My marks never dropped below an honours level, and I was always able to get caught up on any work I missed. I would like to think that I am better-educated, more understanding, and most importantly, more-equipped to deal with independence and responsibility as a result of my education, trips included.

Literacy is more than history textbooks and knowing how to add and subtract. It is the ability to see these skills being used and to experience and understand their importance in the world.

Sarah Andrewes, student, Ottawa, Ontario. Originally printed in the Lincoln Post Express, Wednesday, March 25, 1992. Reprinted with the author's permission.

Environmental Learning at Summer Camps

by Clare Magee

Recently the broader environmental movement has been addressed by Camp Robin Hood.

We are all part of an extended family of environmental influences on children. Those in direct-contact education obviously belong. The environmental insight and behaviours of children are affected in classrooms, at outdoor education centres, at urban, museum, conservation authority, and other programmes. Those who create environmental children's books, environmentally themed television shows and cartoons, sing environmental music, and create environmental learning kits also belong. Another branch of the family continues to influence many of our students through enjoyable, experiential learning during the months of July and August.

Think of the power of the summer camp movement to influence youth. Eight year old Mary may return home truly radiant from the first three-week period she has spent at a residential camp. She returns every summer until she's sixteen—and maybe continues as a staff member. That cumulative experience probably equals the impact of all those years of schooling (including outdoor education experiences) for shaping attitudes of self-esteem, of caring for others, of valuing co-operation, of valuing things natural and environmental integrity. It is not by happenstance that many of the active adults currently in the outdoor and environmental education movement list their summer camp experiences as powerfully formative. Many of the early Ontario pioneers in this movement were summer campers.

In 1974, the Ontario Camping Association, the accrediting organization of summer camps in Ontario, added a new organizational objective: "to develop an awareness of and appreciation of our natural environment and to encourage activities which are harmonious with it."

In the almost twenty years that have passed, many but not all, of the camps in Ontario have instituted programmes and practices that actualize that objective. The following outlines how three sample camps promote environmental learning within the festive and jocular atmosphere that is summer camp.

CAMP ROBIN HOOD

A Markham area day camp hosting 800 campers per day.

As part of this large, diversely-programmed day camp there has always been a small Nature programme. The four to fifteen year old campers have done such engaging activities as:

- exploring pond edges with hand nets, white containers, hand lenses and careful staff
- tree appreciation through blindfolded interaction, bark rubbing, quizzes, human/plant gas exchange
- a series of "Acclimatization" activities and games
- "hands-on zoo": rabbits, hamsters, white rats, goats and others which received care, feeding, and petting by the campers.

These and other activities comprised what one might call a "traditional fun-oriented" nature programme. All campers rotated through this nature programme in small groups so all were "touched" in some degree.

Recently, the broader environmental movement has been addressed by Camp Robin Hood. Outside resource leaders were brought in to pre-camp staff training. They

encouraged broadening and modernizing the camp environmental programme and camp practices. Time was then devoted to action planning for change and improvement. With the staff personally involved in the planning, change happened quickly. Now Robin Hood has a Nature and Environment Programme which features, in addition to the traditional activities:

- pH testing of rain water, pond water and discussion of the results
- dissecting fruits to understand plant growth and the effects of herbicides
- hands-on solar experiments to recognize energy alternatives and the planet's limitations
- take home projects to explore (and expose) household chemical over-use
- "constructing" birds' nests to appreciate this aspect of intricate recycling.

These activities are undertaken without losing the up-beat approach that is summer camp.

In addition to programme broadening, change to camp-wide practices have occurred to help lessen the negative environmental impact of the camp operation and to strengthen consistency of environmental effect on campers:

- "garbageless" lunches brought by campers
- camp-wide composting of organic food waste
- blue boxes to recycle everything appropriate
- staff "lug-a-mugs" replaced disposables
- small tissues for toilet and hand-drying use
- installation of limited flush toilets and holding tanks instead of another generation of tile beds
- change of cleaners and all chemicals to a more environmentally sensible selection
- use of recycled paper products in all administration.

A new focus in both programme and practices now helps all campers extend their knowledge of broader environmental issues and to contribute more sensibly to living a "softer" lifestyle while at camp ...and the fun remains.

Camp Director, Larry Bell, states: "We know we still have more to do to make a bigger dent in environmental change. We know we are having an effect from the notes and calls we receive from parents. Our campers are beginning to 'model' for their parents."

CAMP ALLSAW

A Haliburton area residential camp hosting 75 co-ed campers.

The brochure cover of Camp Allsaw almost "reeks" of ecology. It has a left panel colour photo montage of various aspects of soil composting. There are close-up shots of worms, thermometer reading, children's hand in start-to-finish soil-making shots. The right panel features campers and staff spreading rich, black compost soil, tending camp vegetables and flowers, harvesting and eating squash, beans, berries, and big golden corn on the cob.

Since its founding in 1962, Allsaw has called itself a Natural Science Camp and its core philosophy has been built around ecology. Long before it became prudent to have some form of Nature/Environment programme at summer camps, campers at Allsaw were fully involved with composting, gardening, bee-keeping, and ecology-based field explorations with some of the conventional camp activities blended in to balance.

If one were to visit Allsaw during a mid-morning programme time, you'd find half the campers "in-the-field" in small groups with a caring staff. Some would be tending the large garden. Others would be using soil testing kits, water testing kits,

The brochure cover of Camp Allsaw almost "reeks" of ecology.

appropriate field guides, hand lenses, nets and containers, and be in varying bush, field, and wetland habitat. Some would be carefully constructing terraria and aquaria of the various habitats to confirm their learning. At the end of a camping period the temporary displays would be returned to their natural locations as a form of natural leave-taking.

If you explored the camp operations you'd find the youngest campers housed in simple wooden cabins with outside conveniences, carefully located outhouses and a simple washstand. The older campers live in canvas tents on wooden platforms with similar amenities. This effective accommodation is matched by simple kitchen administration and maintenance set-ups. The camp-wide composting and gardening is a regular esteemed activity for all, not a chore. A visit to the waterfront, the ropes/initiative area, an after-meal sing song, or an evening wide game or campfire would reveal all the usual joy and social camaraderie expected at a summer camp. But, Allsaw is different. The simple, conservative lifestyle practices and the ecology-based programme core have the campers really live lightly as a community on the earth and be fully cognizant of their responsibility in that living.

CAMP TAWINGO

A Huntsville area residential camp hosting 400 co-ed campers.

This is a large sophisticated camp which also functions as a year-round centre for outdoor education and outdoor recreation. From its founding in 1960, it has had a strong Nature programme housed at a welcoming old wooden building named SWAMP Lodge. Tawingo has camp-wide incentive system for developing outdoor skills and knowledge. The nature part of this crest system is divided into five categories: Stars, Weather, Animals, Minerals, and Plants; thus SWAMP Lodge, a home for nature activity.

Early programming was a blend of active exploration of natural areas combined with field identification. These activities always attracted a good number of campers to nature interest sessions:

- edible wild plant hike and sampling
- rock and mineral "prospecting"
- tree identification hike
- animal track locating and plaster coasting
- pan-fishing with hand lines from 22-foot freighter canoes
- hands-on learning about weather predicting instruments at a weather station
- identifying and appreciating constellations and stars after sundown.

The summer nature programme is organized by three nature leadership/ administrative staff. Most of the actual programming is done by counselors who are prepared for their environment programmes by the administrative staff.

With several full-time Tawingo staff very active on the professional fronts of camping and outdoor education, Tawingo programming keeps pace with the environment movement with valid extensions of the camping and outdoor traditions on which it is based. Over the years, the nature programme at Tawingo has gradually evolved away from nature identification toward activities based more on ecological concepts and environmental responsibility. There is a delicate leadership path that must be found to blend enough environmental meaning into a programme, while maintaining enough fun to keep the essence of the camp experience. Staff at Tawingo have collected a wide sampling of environmental/nature education books, teaching kits, cassettes, and props from which to create that balance. Their well-stocked resource area for environment

programmes also includes many effective camp-made teaching aids. Waterproofed field lesson plans are on file for all the standard activities, although the "standard" is always changing as new effective methods of having campers interact with the natural environment are gathered, adapted, or created.

Ed. Note: See the sample "Turtle" Ecology Lesson Plan at the end of this article.

"Turtle" is the most basic of three crest levels. Ecology is just one of five elements of learning in the full requirement for nature in the camp-wide Turtle Crest.

Composting of meal leftovers and kitchen waste is carried out. This is quite a feat for a dining hall that seats over 500 at each meal. A small garden plot is maintained. The Animal Survival Game, Cycles, and other environmental wide games are played. Each other camp programme area has been infused with environmental involvement expectations. For example:

- After learning straight line paddling, a near-by beaver lodge becomes a destination to observe
- Environmental equipment accompanies most out-trips (litmus paper for pH testing, binoculars, field guides, star charts).

According to staff, one of the real strengths of the environment programme for senior campers is the use of the 'solo.' After practicing short "magic spot" experiences for up to a half hour, senior campers are placed on a solo environmental encounter for several hours. After appropriate honouring of the experience by staff, the camper is left with a personal "guidebook" to shape the experience. This "guidebook" suggests a series of progressive awareness and discovering exercises and has titled space for recording thoughts, feelings, and insights. The camper's written record and the debrief always reveal the profound personal synthesis of environmental understanding and expression that has occurred.

Only three camp programmes from among hundreds in Ontario have been documented. One can see how environmental education activities have been adapted to camp programmes. One can see that the camp experience now provides more than incidental interaction with nature to shape environmental attitudes and actions. Programmes and practices now exist that strengthen camp membership in the family of environmental influences.

With contributions from:

Ken Kalisch, Head of Nature and Environment at Camp Robin Hood.

John Jorgenson, who, in the summer months, is Assistant Camp Director—Programme at Camp Tawingo.

Sam Hambly, the highly-respected elder of ecology-oriented programmes in the Ontario Camping Association. At 85 years of age, he owns and is still active at Camp Allsaw.

With Clare Magee weaving together the contributions...He appreciates the Web of Life.

*There is a delicate leadership path that must be found to blend enough environmental meaning into a program while maintaining enough **fun** to keep the essence of the camp experience.*

"TURTLE" ECOLOGY LESSON PLAN

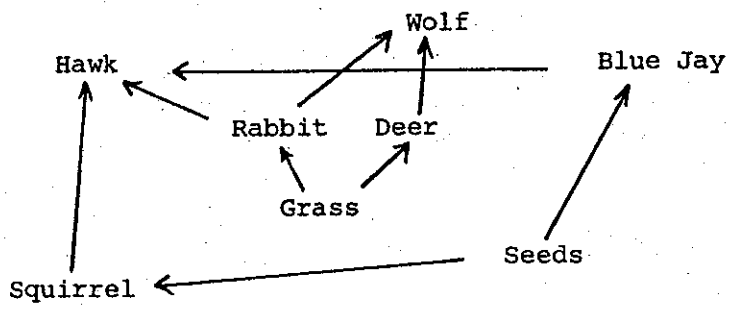
OBJECTIVES: Major concept is energy flow.

1. Define ecology, i.e., the study of the interactions between organisms and their environment.
2. Identify an ecosystem, i.e., define what an ecosystem is and illustrate this using examples of ecosystems around camp.
3. Be able to describe what a food web is and understand the concept of the "Web of Life."
4. Understand how energy flows through the "Web of Life."

LESSON PLAN:

1. Sit with the campers and introduce the concept of ecology.
2. Go on a "sensory hike" (acclimatization hike)
3. Play some ecogames, e.g., Chickadee and Fly, Webbing Game, Spot the Pileated.

The objectives can be incorporated into the lesson at any point. The idea of food chains should be taught first emphasizing the different trophic levels, i.e., producer, primary consumer (herbivore), secondary consumer (carnivores and omnivores), and so on. The idea of a "Web of Life", introduced in the Webbing Game, can then be thought of as many food chains interconnected.



This concept of "Web of Life" is a way in which energy is passed through the ecosystem.

— from Camp Tawingo

COEO P.D.

Northern Illinois University

ECO-ED CONFERENCE SEMINAR

CIOE 575

SEMINAR IN OUTDOOR EDUCATION

3 credits, Northern Illinois University
Instructor: Dr. Robert L. Vogl

The Seminar explores the concept of sustainable development from the prospective of environmental education. It will focus on the ECO-ED Conference in Toronto, Canada in October, 1992.

ECO-ED is the first major international gathering to focus on action plans from the Earth Summit in Brazil.

Educators, business leaders, scientists, government officials and others will link together to prompt global environmental awareness and environmental actions.

A Conference Curriculum Fair will feature an international collection of outstanding educational resources, and serve as reference guides for educators around the globe.

This unique, seminal event will be a major influence on environmental education practices for the remainder of the decade.

The seminar is an opportunity to prepare for the conference, reflect on its meaning after participation in it, exchange views with others, and assess its meaning to your personal and professional life.

Seminar Dates:

September 19 & 20
October 3 & 4
October 17 & 18 - ECO-ED Conference
October 31 & Novemer 1

Requirements:

1. Attend all seminar sessions.
2. Register at student rates for the ECO-ED Conference and participate fully in the weekend of Oct. 17 & 18. Participants may substitute sessions of the conference with the consent of the instructor.
3. Participants are encouraged but not required to participate in Partner Events Oct. 15 & 16, and the remainder of the ECO-ED Conference, Oct. 19, 20 & 21.

CIOE 526

TEACHING NATURAL SCIENCE OUTDOORS

MacSkimming Outdoor Science School, Ottawa
3 graduate hours credit
Instructor: Dr. Sonia Vogl,
Lorado Taft Field Campus

What is that tree? How do I observe birds? What kind of animal signs can we look for? How can I teach this to my students?

Learn:

- about natural science
- how to study natural science
- how to teach natural science
- how to use natural science to enhance and enrich all areas of your curriulum
- how natural science can help you meet science literacy goals

This course is designed to help teachers feel comfortable teaching their students about natural communities in any setting: natural, rural, or urban.

Field trips to:

- forests
- prairies
- ponds, streams, and marshes
- roadsides
- school grounds and parks

Course meets Saturdays and Sundays 8:30 a.m.-4 p.m.
September 19 & 20
October 3 & 4
October 17 & 18
October 31 & November 1, 1992

PLEASE COPY AND COMPLETE REGISTRATION FORM ON NEXT PAGE

In order to receive graduate credit, students must have been accepted by the Graduate School as either graduate students or students-at-large.

Please enrol me in CIOE 575, Seminar in Outdoor Education (Toronto course) or CIOE 526, Teaching Natural Science Outdoors (Ottawa course). I enclose a deposit of $50. (made out to **'COEO'**) to reserve a place.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

_____ POSTAL CODE: _____

TELEPHONE: (H) _____ (W) _____

Please return to: Mark Whitcombe
34 Blind Line, Orangeville, L9W 3A5
Tel: (H) (519) 941-9966 ; Messages (416) 396-2000 (for Toronto course)

or to:

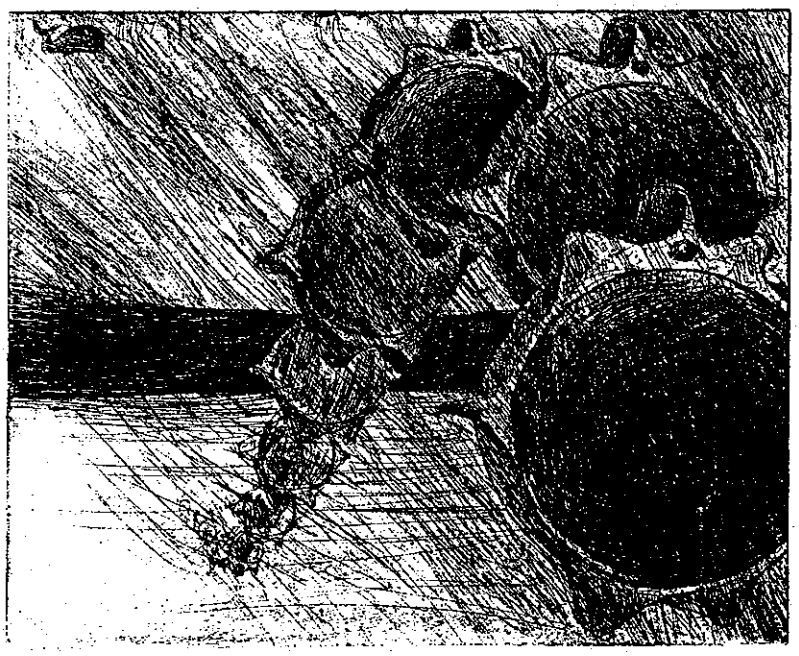
Rod Ferguson
MacSkimming Science School, RR#2, 3625 Highway 17, Cumberland, Ontario, K0A 1S0
Tel: (613) 833-2080 (for Ottawa course)

Plan to attend all sessions. Please be sure the weekend dates are open and that you have no conflicts before you register.

"The Ministry of Colleges and Universities does not endorse this programme of studies or certify that it meets Ontario University standards. The programme of study being offered in Ontario is equivalent to the programme being offered by the institution in its home jurisdiction. In addition, the Ministry of Colleges and Universities cannot guarantee that the degree will be recognized by Ontario Universities and employers."

You are advised that the NIU programme is deemed "an approved Master's Degree in Education" for QECO Evaluation Programmes 3 and 4, and it is evaluated by QECO as "no less favourable but no more favourable than degrees taken from recognized Ontario Universities."

Further you are advised that students from this programme have found Ontario Universities willing to accept equivalency when credits are being transferred to the Ontario University. Some Ontario Universities will only accept credits which they consider appropriate for the programme of studies undertaken at the Ontario University.'



Searching for the breathing holes of old...

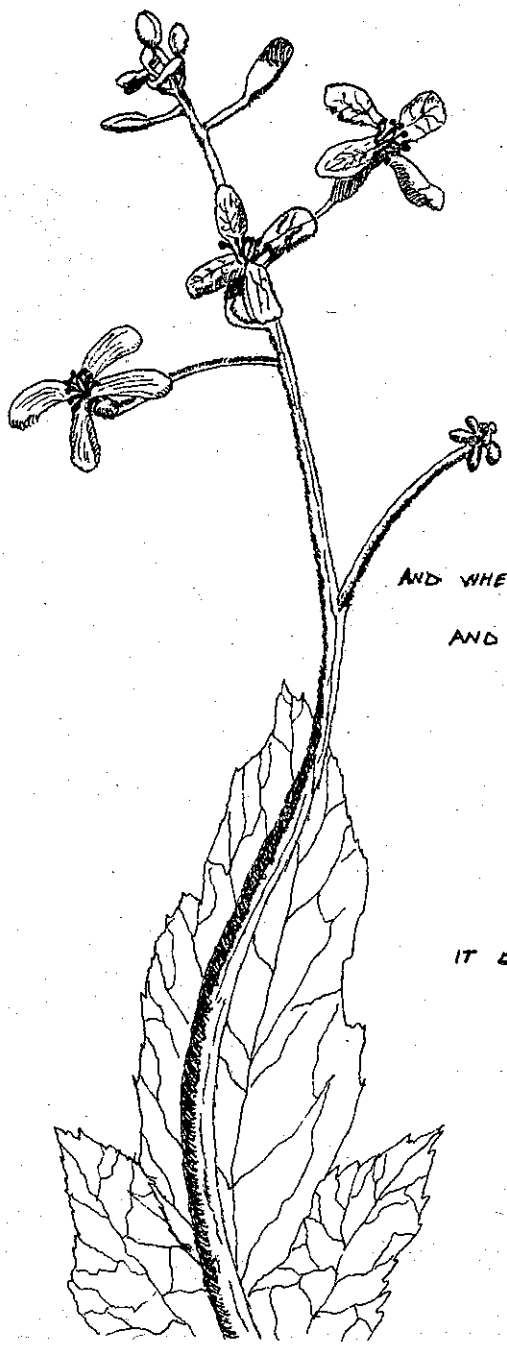
John Kaandorp

The Outdoor Teacher Education Faculty of Northern Illinois University
cordially invites graduates, majors, former students, and friends of Taft Campus
to an informal reception during the Conference.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18, 4:30-6:00 p.m.
COEO Hospitality Suite, Jasper Room, Royal York Hotel

We look forward to greeting all of the COEO / NIU "family", past and present, as well as other conferees.

Bud Wiener, Cliff Knapp, Bora Simmons, Bob and Sonia Vogl



بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

AND WHEN IT'S BEAUTY COMFORTS YOUR EYES -

AND YOUR SOUL IS AT PEACE,

PONDER -

SMILE -

AND ALWAYS REMEMBER

IT DID SO ... WITHOUT CONDITION.

Muzammal Nawaz

ECO-ED COEO Dinner & Dance

Come and join your COEO friends at the Royal York Hotel for dinner 7:00 p.m., Saturday, October 17, 1992

Menu

Royal York Marinated Seafood Cocktail
Includes Scallop, Shrimp, Salmon, Monkfish, Mussel with a Lemon Wedge
Roast Breast of Chicken with Herb Crust
Sauce Robert
Chateau Potatoes
Medley of Vegetables
Espresso Mousse with Burnt Orange Sauce

$40.00 per person

(Any special menu requests will be accommodated)

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Annual awards, dance and *cash bar* to follow dinner

The dance is included in the dinner price. Otherwise, $5.00 at the door.

Dance starts at 9:00 p.m.

Please confirm a COEO dinner and dance reservation for:

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____

Phone: _____ (home) _____ (work)

No. of tickets requested: _____

Total amount of cheque: _____

Please mail cheque to:

Margit McNaughton
16 Charles Street
Georgetown, Ontario
L7G 2Z2

(416) 873-9195 - home
(416) 453-3552 - work

Act Now! Seating is Limited - Cheques must be received by September 30th to confirm your reservation

Survival in the 90's

by Bannerman Brown

Where have all these four wheel drive vehicles comes from?! These suburban survival machines are everywhere. They go by the names of Toyota Forerunner, the Cherokee Ranger, the Nissan Pathfinder and so on. They are at the mall, at school, on city streets and they are multiplying like vermin. I'll bet that if some statistician were to look into it, they would find that the number of four wheel drive vehicles in North America inversely proportional to the area of our "wilderness", or, as the area of our wild spaces diminishes, the number of vehicles touted to be able to tame what little remains, increases exponentially.

It would seem that in the nineties it is vitally important that every family in suburbia have a four wheel drive survival vehicle so that in case of really heavy rain, mom can get out and bring Dick and Jane and Pal, the family's Golden Retriever, home from school. Or, if by some freak we were actually to get snow one winter in Southern Ontario (darn greenhouse effect!), Dad could get out and bring the gang home from hockey practice. It is funny that as society increasingly shuts itself off from the environment, it develops ever increasingly sophisticated machines for dealing with its little forays into the wild — the trips to the store, the commute to Toronto. There may be an earthquake, sure, and there may be a flood, and it just might be that you will be the only person with a vehicle capable of evacuating the injured or getting supplies through to the townsfolk. But more than likely, as we continue to pave and dam up this great world of ours, the most severe test of the elements that one will have to face up to will be quite tame. On the four-wheel jaunt from the garage at home to the underground parking at the mall, it may be necessary to reach out of the window for a parking stub on a cold, wet day. Be sure to dress warmly.

Do these survival vehicles really serve a purpose? In a way, yes, because if nothing else, they are survival vehicles for the mind. In North America, in the nineties, the "wilderness" is disappearing and in most places is already gone. The simple act of choosing to exist outside of the urban environment for a period of time is coming to require certification. We live in a time when something as basic as lighting a fire is beyond the ability or comprehension of

Sue Kettle

We humans find so much comfort in our perceived ability to dominate a situation.

most. And then, as if by some quirk, the outdoors suddenly becomes chic. It becomes trendy to be woodsy. The environment becomes big business and the "greening" masses fall all over themselves trying to re-embrace the land. But in attempting to do so they expose a weakness, for how do you embrace one whom you no longer know? It is not a comfortable thing to have to admit that you have forgotten and to confess that the natural world is now an alien environment to you. People have a need to feel that they can still relate to the land, that they somehow still fit in. In a way, the suburban survival vehicle serves this purpose, for even though it is a hopeless mismatch between the powers of technology and the actual needs of most individuals' situations, in the minds of many, it puts them back in tune with the environment. The 4x4 becomes a symbol of their implied competence in an outdoor setting. Engines roar, knobby tires spin and people think they have found their escape to the great wide open spaces. But really all they have done is to escape to a hermetically sealed, climate-controlled, gas-guzzling little box. We humans find so much comfort in our perceived ability to dominate a situation.

And so the green suburbanites go about their business, four wheel driving groceries home from the store, kids to school and themselves to the office. There is even the odd speed bump and rainy day along the way which seem to justify their automotive investments. They may never encounter anything close to "wilderness" in their travels but that doesn't really matter, because for them the important thing is that if that day should ever come, they will be prepared.

Perhaps it is our task then as outdoor educators to see that people really are prepared, to remind ourselves of what has been forgotten and to introduce all to alternative mediums through which to embrace the land. If we are successful we may even leave the survival vehicles at home in the city. After all, it is this "urban wilderness" the machines were really intended for.

Bannerman Brown teaches Physical Education including Outdoor Education at Redeemer College in Ancaster, Ontario. He is an active camper and camping equipment aficionado.

Pathways

Advertising in Pathways

This publication is now looking for advertisements which will be of interest to the readership as well as provide a method of defraying publication costs. If you have a product or service which might be of interest to our readership, please contact the Editorial Board Advertising Representative for an Advertising Information Package.

We ask that the product or service be:

1. valuable and useful to COEO members;
2. quality people, equipment, resources or programs.

Advertising Rates

	Insertions			
Size	1	2	3	4
full page	$300	$500	$700	$800
1/2 page	200	300	400	500
1/3 page	150	250	350	400
1/4 page	125	200	275	350
Covers				
Front (inside)	400	700	900	1000
Back (inside)	500	900	1200	1400

Publishing Schedule

Issue	Closing Date	Publication Date
Sept./Oct.	Aug. 1	Sept. 30
Nov./Dec.	Oct. 1	Nov. 30
Jan./Feb.	Dec. 1	Jan. 30
Mar./Apr.	Feb. 1	Mar. 30
May/June	Apr. 1	May 30
July/Aug.	Jun. 1	July 30

Advertising Representative:

Mark Whitcombe
34 Blind Line
Orangeville, Ontario
L9W 3A5

The Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario Board of Directors