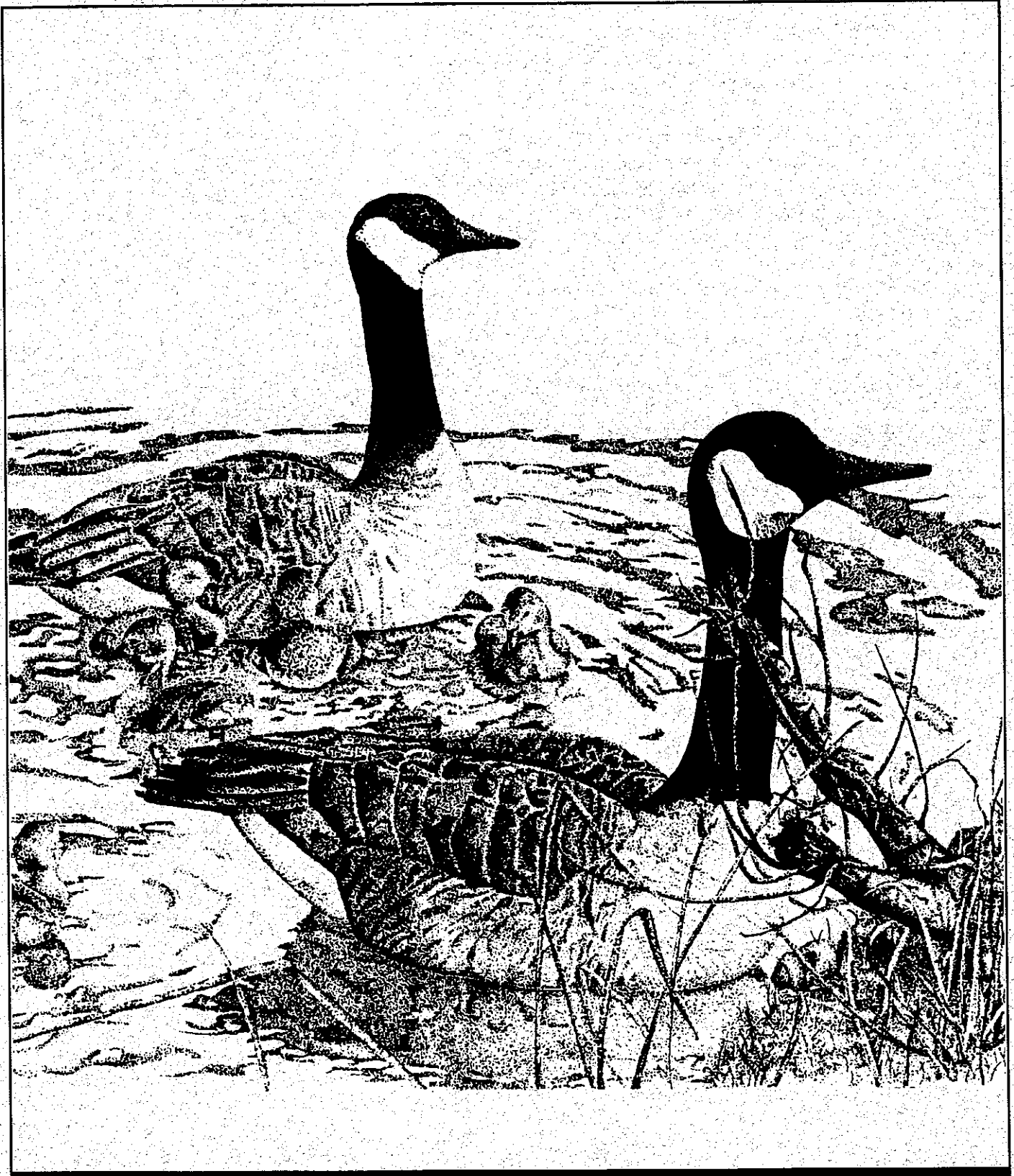


# Pathways

Volume 5, No. 3  
April, 1993

THE ONTARIO JOURNAL OF OUTDOOR EDUCATION



# Pathways

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<b>Administrative Assistant:</b>	<b>Sue Ferris</b> 77 Ellen Street, Flesherton N0C 1E0 (B/H) 519-924-2790

### COEO Office:

**Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario**  
1220 Sheppard Ave. East, Willowdale M2K 2X1  
416-495-4264 (Fax) 416-495-4310

# Pathways

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THE ONTARIO JOURNAL OF OUTDOOR EDUCATION

## Pathways Editorial Board

**Co-Chair: Bob Henderson**

Dept. of Phys. Ed., McMaster University  
Hamilton, Ont. L8S 4K1

(B) 416-525-9140 ext. 3573

(H) 416-627-9772 (Fax) 416-523-6011

**Co-Chair: Mark Whitcombe**

34 Blind Line, Orangeville L9W 3A5

(B) 705-435-4266 (H) 519-941-9966

(Fax) 519-941-9966 (6 p.m. - 11 p.m.)

e-mail: mwhitcombe@web.apc.org

**Mary Jeanne Barrett**

RR#1, Orangeville L9W 2Y8

(B) 416-846-6060 (H) 519-942-0075

**Carolyn Finlayson**

P.O. Box 421, Caledon, Ont. L0N 1C0

(S) 519-725-8280 (H) 519-927-3161

**Clare Magee**

270 Rogers Rd., Newmarket L3Y 1G6

(B) 416-833-3333 (H) 416-898-0467

(Fax) 416-833-2085

**Barrie Martin**

c/o L.M. Frost Natural Resources Centre

Dorset POA 1E0

(B) 705-766-2451

**Merrily Walker**

52 Highland Ave., St. Catharines L2R 4J1

(B) 416-682-7239 (H) 416-682-6539

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*Experience that  
authenticity  
and continue  
the adventure of  
self-discovery.*

A few days ago I received a letter from a friend and first-time participant in Make Peace With Winter. He, as we often have, was struggling to pinpoint what exactly it is that brings so much positive energy to the frigid temperatures of this mid-winter conference, and sends us home so highly charged. I think Jeff says it best:

"As I reflect on why COEO gatherings are positive, I am left somewhat perplexed. I mean it's not because everyone there has all their "stuff" together—but there is something unique about COEO gatherings... I do believe committed outdoor and experiential people have a sense of "realness"—this authenticity I think, is what attracts me [It is also] the adventure of self-discovery..."

We hope that this issue's focus on student work will help us all to experience that authenticity and continue the adventure of self-discovery. The following pages reflect student voices from across Ontario sharing their experiences in, and perspectives on the outdoors.

*Mary Jeanne Barrett  
Carolyn Finlayson  
Merrily Walker,  
Associate Editors*

## State of the Art

Artwork has been drawn from a wide variety of sources. The cover is by Pam Lostracco, a Grade 12 student at Mayfield Secondary School in Peel Region. Other Mayfield Arts students have also made contributions, including Matt Galloway who contributed sketches of the bird feeder, deer & cabin. The Eagle's head and talon are by Phone Khounborinh, a past E.S.L. student at Merritton High School in St. Catharines. The caterpillar and the tree outline were both created during solo time at outdoor education centres by Lauren Shostal (grade 5) and Sherri-Lynn Moffit (grade 8), respectively. The sketch of the Three Sisters was completed by the authors. The final sketch of the man "braving" the storm was done by Sue Kettle, a student at McMaster University.



# O *utlook*

The promotion of COEO throughout the province remains a high priority for the Board of Directors. To help achieve this goal Gina Bernabei has produced and arranged a second display board similar to the one used at the ECO-ED conference. These boards are quite attractive and will generate interest in the organization wherever they are displayed. Each Regional Representative has been asked to contact people within their region who might be able to use the display at a teachers college, university, professional activity day or other event at which it would be appropriate to promote COEO. If you know of an upcoming function at which you could use one of the display boards, please contact Sue Ferris (COEO Administrative Assistant). She will make arrangements to send one of the boards to you. It is not necessary for anyone to stay with the display. All of the information on it is self-explanatory and there is room to advertise upcoming COEO events in your region.

You may notice some changes in the appearance or style of this issue of *Pathways*. This is the first issue of the Journal that is being produced and printed using the facilities available to us through the new office. I know that the Editorial Board members have put in extra hours of personal time to do their best to ensure that the high quality of *Pathways* is maintained. However, there are always

adjustments and unforeseen circumstances when changes are made. It may take an issue or two to smooth out all the wrinkles in this new process so please bear with us.

If anyone has any unsold COEO merchandise in their possession that has been left over from a previous workshop or conference, please contact Judy Halpern (COEO Secretary) and she will let you know what to do with it. See the ad in the back of this issue if you wish to purchase any COEO merchandise, including the *Catalogue of Programs and Personnel, Sites & Services in Outdoor Education in Ontario*.

We have made a significant change in the way we process our memberships. As of January 1993 when you renew your COEO membership the term of your membership will be for one year from the date of your renewal. It will no longer be from September 1 to August 31. We have made this change to help us keep closer track of our membership numbers, to even out the work load on the person processing the applications and to reduce administration costs associated with the operation of the organization. If you have any questions about how this new process will affect your membership status please contact Sue Ferris.

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*Glenn Hester,*  
*President, COEO*

---

*The answer is  
to return to  
the basics.*

## Dear Editor

Money talks. February, March, April and May bring budget discussion for Ontario's Boards of Education. Field Study Centres and Outdoor Education Centres the province over are searching for the answer to a fundamental question. How do we communicate the importance of Outdoor Education to harried Board members calling for a return to "the basics" in tight financial times?

Perhaps the answer *is* to return to the basics.

Education currently mirrors a wider societal view of the world that was born in the Western scientific revolution of the seventeenth century. Eminent scholars of that time devised a structure of reducing the world to fragments for ease of study and understanding. Fritjof Capra explains, "The belief that all these fragments—in ourselves, in our environment and in our society—are really separate can be seen as the essential reason for the present series of social, ecological and cultural crises. It has alienated us from nature and from our fellow human beings. It has brought a grossly unjust distribution of natural resources creating economic and political disorder; an ever rising wave of violence, both spontaneous and

institutionalised, and an ugly polluted environment in which life has often become physically and mentally unhealthy."<sup>1</sup>

The most powerful and important outcome of Outdoor Education is the recognition of the connectedness of things; of spirit, mind and body; and of people within the web of life we call nature. It is not the individual parts that create an ecosystem but the relationships between the parts.

Aboriginal people and contemporary thinkers<sup>2</sup> around the globe have been encouraging us to rediscover a basic, holistic appreciation of the life of the planet, shared by cultures long before the scientific revolution.

Yes, surely it must be time to get back to basics, and Outdoor Education is one of the best models of curriculum designed to do that, to embrace the complicated web of life facing young people in the 21st Century.

*Jitva Somerville, Orangeville / Peel Field Centres*

1. Capra, F., *The Tao of Physics, Flamingo*, 1983, p28.
2. *Try reading the work of Thomas Berry, David Selby, Hazel Henderson, Arne Naess.*

## I Will Always Remember...

*With student visits to an outdoor education centre usually being short, it is often difficult to get feedback on what kind of impact we are having on children's lives. Many centres get letters back from students after their visit—these are the most immediate and often most insightful means of evaluating what was hot and what was not. Letters such as these can provide some valuable insight about the highlights of the students visits and remind us how they remember the visits.*

*It is with this purpose in mind that we present a selection of letters from North York students who have visited Mono Cliffs O.E.C. in the last seven years. We have selected passages from these letters so as to include what we think are some particularly revealing comments. Other than that, the letters presented here are exactly as we received them.*

I will always remember the time that Nora took us Dolomites on a night hike and let us lie on the ground to look at the stars. I don't think that I will ever forget the time that I went to Mono Cliffs.

*NM, Claude Watson School for the Arts*

Thank you for letting us stay at Mono Cliffs..... I love playing the survival game...I really learned a lot about birds and tree holes.... I hope you don't close down Mono Cliffs.

*JT, Stanley P.S.*

I really enjoyed Mono Cliffs. I enjoyed the hike and the night hike as well. I am kind of happy that I am at home so I don't have to go hiking for three hours, then I'd be pooped! I wish I could come back to Mono Cliffs in grade 7. I miss all of you.

*AS, Stanley P.S.*

Thank you for singing to us after every meal. That made my day better... Thank you for telling about the story of the Lorax. It made us think and care more about pollution..

*CW, Owen P.S.*

My favourite Activity was going....cave exploring because it was exciting and fun when we got to have hot chocolate in the cave. I never knew that the Indians used moss for drying babies.

*CC, Owen P.S.*

Thank you for the great time. The instincts for survival game was perfect for me because it had a lot of running....tell the kitchen that I said Thank you for the good food.

*D, Blacksmith P.S.*

The night hike was the second best thing about the trip; the first was the camp fire and the funny song you sang...The Mono Cliffs Olympics was the most fun I ever had.

*A, Gateway P.S.*

I can't believe that I'm saying this but I enjoyed going on all the hikes with you. Though I got tired....I really liked climbing down the cliff because that's the kind of adventure I like.

*DS, Blacksmith P.S.*

I liked the games we were playing because I don't play those games here at school...I thought that the night hike was very spooky.. the branch bumped into me almost...The caves were scary because it was pitch black.

*A, Gateway P.S.*

Thank you for the wonderful, terrific, super (etc.) time...it was sooooooo good and I had a great time going snowshoeing, hiking...I wish I could have stayed there longer!

*TB, Ancaster P.S.*

I thank you for every thing like taking us skiing and ice shoeing. I'll never forget the wonderful things wot you did for me... good bye and don't forget to take good care of your self.

*M, Ancaster P.S.*

I can't tell you everything I like the trip (because I would be writing a novel)...“The instinct for Survival” was just the perfect game for me. Boy you guys really know how to treat kids. I like when you really convinced us to go down the cliff. You guys are the best.

*UC, Blacksmith P.S.*



PK.

## *I Will Always Remember...*

You tried to convince me to try different things, but I'm a hard person to convince...I never really liked going walking especially hiking. But I really enjoyed the hikes at Mono Cliffs. I loved climbing the cliffs...I hope I come back to visit and to work with friendly people like you.

*S, Blacksmith P.S.*

I really thank you for making my first time ever going camping wonderful. Hiking was fun and my mom doesn't believe how many facts I know now. I have seven pictures of the porcupine....

*KM, Blacksmith P.S.*

I liked it when we went on the hike...It was exciting when we went in the caves and when all the snow was inside.

*J, Blacksmith P.S.*

I really enjoyed being taught different things. The activities that I really liked were tube sliding, singing, going out on the night hike, playing the survival game, tracking animals... The reason I like Mono Cliffs so much is I had such good teachers and I like the outdoors a lot.... The staff was nice because they didn't shout and they waited for the people at the back of the line when we went on long hikes...

*DW, Stanley P.S.*

I had a really good time at Mono Cliffs. I liked the food there, it was delicious. The night hike was a little bit hard to see but it was neat...The caves were really incredible...Orienteering was great. So was the survival games. The staff were really helpful and nice. I had lots of fun and would like to come again.

*Q, Hillmount P.S.*

Thank you for having us. I had lots of fun...I really liked when I went hiking. The food was the best...When we went night hiking we went solo walking. At first I was scared but when it was my turn I wasn't scared because I heard Doris' snow pants. Bye from..

*L, Hillmount P.S.*

...I really enjoyed the camping trip. I loved every single bit of it, I love the food, hiking, games and the fire that we had...Yours truly,  
*SL, Zion Heights J.H.S.*

The first day I came to Mono Cliffs I thought it wasn't going to be much fun so I just followed along with my friends but every single day I had more fun. I'm really proud that Mono Cliffs was made....Mono Cliffs is the best place I've ever been to. I like Mono Cliffs because it's safe and adventurous and there's lots to explore....Sincerely yours

*AL, Zion Heights J.H.S.*

I had enjoyed my stay at Mono Cliffs. I wish I was still there...I will always remember Mono Cliffs for as long as I live.

*AP, Zion Heights J.H.S.*

I miss being at Mono Cliffs. It smells better there than in the city. It's cold there but in the city it gets too hot. You have more fun there than at school...I like all the things we did like bow and arrow, hiking and totem poles. They were fun. Thanks.

*BT, Zion Heights J.H.S.*

To Mono Cliffs we went one day, although it was quite a long way. For three days the dorms were home, one called Dolomite the other Sandstone. To see the stars we went one night, all shimmering and flickering what a sight. When caving we all had to grin, because Jacob's Ladder we went in. The food was great but not the weather, We'd all have like to stay forever. But when I got home I was glad to finally see my mom and dad.

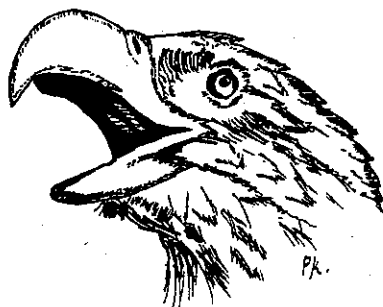
Thanks for the wonderful time.

*ST, Claude Watson School for the Arts*

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*In a time of budget cuts and constraints, we all know that Outdoor Education is often seen as a "frill". If we are to succeed in changing this perception, we need to lobby on our behalf. No one says it better than satisfied students—so use those letters—send copies to your trustees and higher-ups. Finally, outdoor educators can listen to and learn from the letters' messages.*

*Compiled by Mike Morris and Gail Fatkhoullina-Reddick, Mono Cliffs Outdoor Education Centre*





## Magic Spots

*Why is it that when given a spot to sit still in the out-of-doors, students so often find contentment?*

Forest  
Peaceful, Quiet  
Birds, snake, wildlife  
Leaves, branches, trees, mud  
Forest

*J.A., Grade 5, Kings Mastings School,  
Peel County.  
(done after a 'Magic Spots' activity)*

### Alone

I sit here alone.  
I hear a voice calling.  
It's the voice of the  
Blue Jay...  
I sit here alone.  
I feel the wind blowing  
It's the mighty wind of  
the north.  
I sit here alone.  
No one to talk to.  
Just the sound of the  
Wilderness calling.

*DP, Springbrook Elementary School,  
Dufferin County*

I sit all alone, the coldness of the wind that  
blows through the grass when I realize that I'm not  
alone because I have the trees to protect me, the  
grass to sit upon and the animals around to keep company.  
Now I understand why people go for walks through the  
woods because nature is so beautiful.

*S-IM, Springbrook Elementary School,  
Dufferin County*

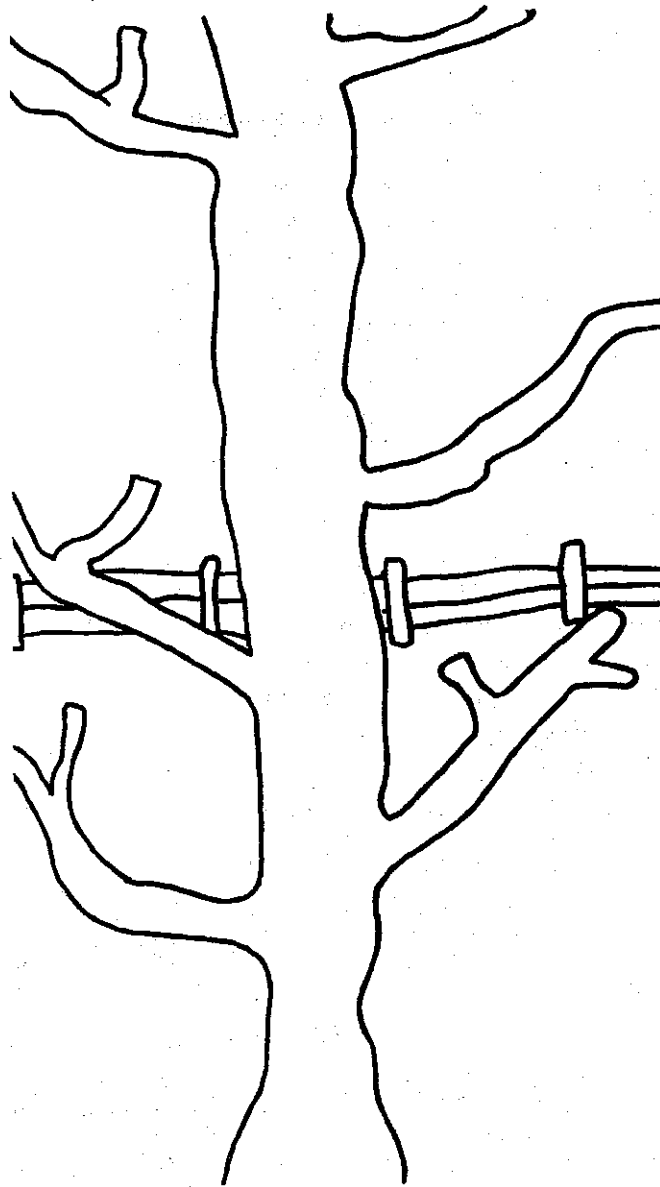
### Utopian Poem

The sun shines timidly through the trees,  
filling my heart with love and serenity.  
Ageing leaves drift gently to the ground,  
welcoming their new resting place.  
The wind whispered through the branches,  
telling me to sleep.  
I have found my place.

*Jodi Cameron, Grade 10  
Mayfield Secondary School, Peel County.*



*Lauren Shostel, Kings Mastings P.S., Peel*



**Heavenly Site**

The tension, stress surrounds me.  
Pollution billows 'round me.  
Materialism confounds me.  
No point in being here.

I drive on through this darkness.  
I see a hint of light.  
The strains are left behind  
I can leave without a fight.

I shut the door and use my feet.  
My eyes, my ears, my senses.  
A butterfly flutters in the breeze  
A busy bee relentless.

I walk down to the water  
It's ripples caress my toes.  
These cedar trees so masterful  
The scent sweet as a rose.

I slowly take a look around  
This mound of dirt a home.  
With a special smell, and coolness  
All it's very own.

This beauty all around me.  
No worries to confound me.  
Silence and peace surround me  
My happiness is here.

A.B.

*This poem was written by a grade 11 participant in an integrated Outdoor/Native program in Vernon B.C. It was submitted by Gunnar Christensen, a student in the O.E.E. programme at Queen's University who had a co-op placement at Earthquest.*



# The Three Sisters Come to the Indian Place

Once upon a time, the Indian people were starving. So the Indian brothers started fighting and stealing food from each other. They were not co-operating with each other.

Suddenly, the Three Sisters came down. One sister's name was Corn. Another sister's name was Squash and the other sister's name was Bean. Corn stood tall and straight but her feet were hot and burning, so Squash laid on her feet but Squash couldn't get water so corn relaxed her leaves and the rain water dripped down on to Squash's roots. And both were helpful to each other.

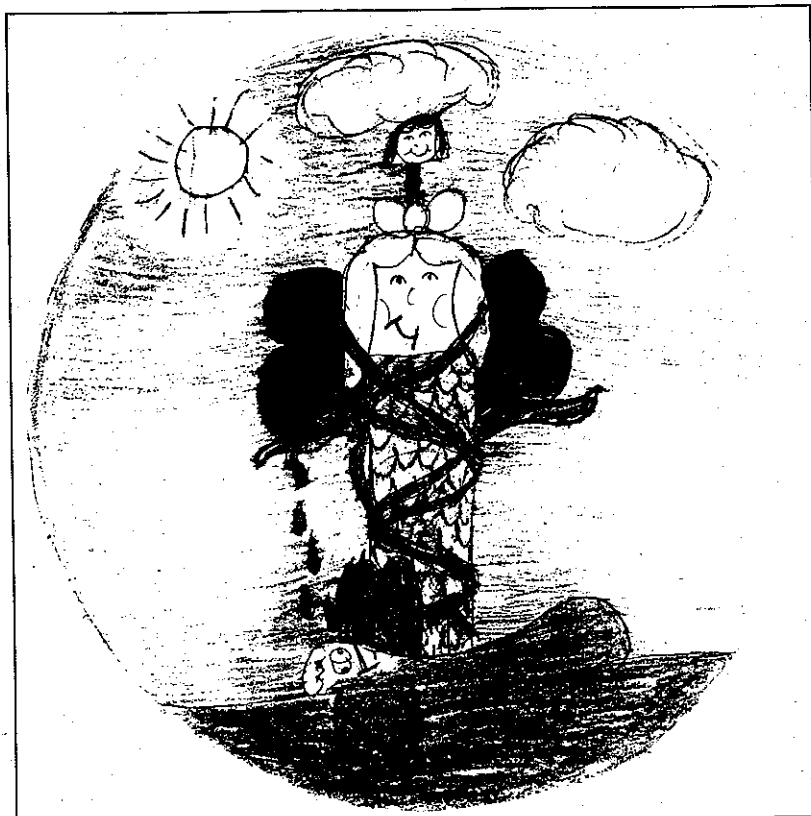
Then, Bean came. She was skinny and weak but she gave vitamins and good food to the earth. Corn and Squash grew and became strong and healthy. Corn helped Bean be healthy and strong. Corn let Bean grow around her. Bean was healthy and strong. Now all the Three Sisters helped each other. They were happy.

The Brothers were very surprised that the sisters helped each other so the brothers thought it was a good idea to plant them together and they learned that it is better to share and that it is not good to steal from each other.

And that's why, to this day, we plant corn, beans and squash together.

*Lindsay Thiel, Leigh McNulty and Mike Weisner  
J.M.Denyas Public School, Milton, Alternative  
Class for Deaf Students.*

*Teacher Liz Watson reports that during role playing before story writing Mike refused to lie on Corn's feet even if he was Squash. Sitting on a chair planted over her feet had to suffice.*



## The Wind

*The following legend is the result of a classroom assignment initiated by Andrew Kennedy at Rolph Road Public School, East York. He read two legends from **Keepers of the Earth**, "Ghuscabi and the Wind Eagle", and "Spring Defeats Winter". The students then brainstormed a list of weather words. Using these ideas, students created their own legends to explain one aspect of our daily weather. The following legend is by Bryan Oakes.*

There once was an old man named Nusamagani. He often wondered how heat was created, for the sun was hidden by one dark cloud so the sun was never seen. No-one understood why that cloud never moved away. One day Nusamagani call out to the sky, "Move cloud." He heard a faint whistle behind him.

"Who's there?" Nusamagani demanded.

"It is I—the wind."

"Show yourself!" Nusamagani demanded.

"That is my problem," the wind wailed. "I do not have a body so I cannot show myself. You say you have a problem. You can't see the sun," the wind whispered.

"What is the sun?" Nusamagani interrupted.

"It is what produces heat," the wind replied.

"So you are saying if I find you a body you can move the cloud?" asked Nusamagani.

A crystal ball appeared on a nearby rock. The image of a handsome young man appeared in the crystal ball. He appeared to be one of Nusamagani's enemies.

"Find this man and bring him here. Just call and I will be here," said the wind.

"But he's an enemy." Nusamagani said.

"It takes a man with great courage to break the spell of the dark cloud," the wind said.

"But..." Nusamagani began. But he felt the wind go through him. The next morning Nusamagani set out in his canoe. All he packed was a bow and twenty arrows. He started paddling down the river when he saw a good-sized caribou crossing the river. He paddled quietly up to the great beast, got his bow and arrow ready and fired it into the

defenceless beast. Another arrow followed, then another, and finally the caribou fell into the water.

Nusamagani got out of the canoe and dragged the caribou to shore where he took the good meat and left the rest for the animals. He packed the meat in his canoe and set off again. He travelled for hours until nightfall. He settled under a tree and lit a fire with two sticks. Then he heard faint cries of wolves.

Nusamagani decided he should probably go and check it out. He picked up his bow and his arrows and hurried off in the direction of the cries. He poked his head through some bushes and saw a circle of about sixteen wolves with a man in the middle. Nusamagani let out a great whistle and then leapt out of the bushes. He battled the wolves with his bow and arrows. The wolves let out great shrieks of pain as they were pounded with powerful arrows. The number of wolves shrunk rapidly either by being hit by arrows or retreating to the woods. At last, the last of the wolves vanished.

"Step into the light, Man," Nusamagani demanded.

The man who had been in the crystal ball stepped into the moonlight, trembling with fear. "How can I ever repay you for saving my life?"

"Come with me to my camp," said Nusamagani.

"I owe you my life. I will do anything you wish."

They walked back to the tree where Nusamagani's fire was still blazing. They sat down and ate some meat.

"My name is Craishoe," the stranger said.

"I am Nusamagani. I need a favour. This is

going to sound strange, but I need to bring you home to my cabin," said Nusamagani.

"I will do anything you wish," said Craishoe.

After sleeping for several hours, they set off early the next morning in the direction of Nusamagani's house. They paddled straight with no stops for an hour. They weren't aware of two enemies watching them from the shore. The two enemies thought that Nusamagani captured Craishoe and shot at them. They accidentally shot Craishoe. Nusamagani paddled faster than he had ever paddled before. When he got to his house, he called for the wind. He heard a whistle behind.

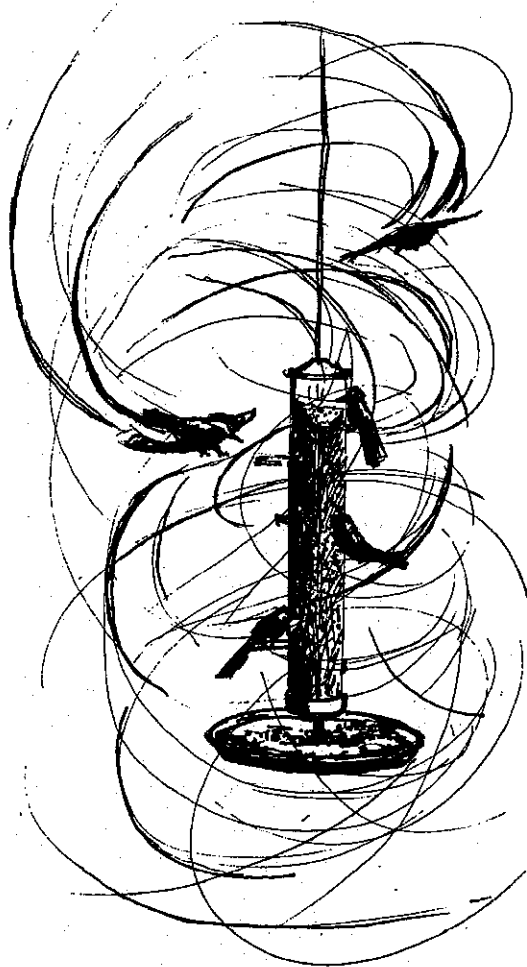
"Ahh, so you have found my body. But he is injured. I cannot have a wounded body," said the wind.

"Can you help me heal him?" asked Nusamagani.

"I am afraid not," said the wind.

The arrow had struck Craishoe in the arm so Nusamagani started to operate. Nusamagani ripped his shirt and tied it around the wound. The wind suddenly grew extremely strong. Craishoe flew up in the air, twirling. The dark cloud split and Nusamagani was blinded by a brilliant light. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

"Craishoe! Wind!" Nusamagani called. But all he could see was a giant eagle flying off in the direction of the mountains. Nusamagani never found out what happened to the wind or to Craishoe but never forgot them and they never forgot him. And so the story goes.



MATT GALLAWAY, '13

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*Bryan Oakes is a grade 6 student at Rolph Road Public School in East York.*

## Lost in the Bush

By Neena Bickram

*After spending a day in the bush building fires, shelters and cooking their own meals, students in M.J. Barrett's grade 10 English class were asked to project what would happen if their group was left to survive on their own over an extended period of time. Leadership roles and group dynamics became the focus for Neena Bickram's story. This activity and assignment became the starting point for understanding William Golding's novel, **Lord of the Flies**.*

### Prologue

They'd been lost in the bush for three seasons (summer, fall and winter) and by now most hope of rescue was gone. The group's tolerance was slowly wearing down and patience was thin. The fragile peace would not last.

### Liza's Camp

The fire was dwindling, the coals red, the last thin wisp of smoke was caught and swept away in the breeze. They sat around the ring of stones, like some devoted gatherers at a feast. But they said nothing; nor did they gaze at one another or the surrounding woods. They had given up. There was no point to anything anymore.

This staring at nothing had almost become a ritual with them, as they had done it for countless days before. But in the beginning, once the first natural fears had been accepted, there had been laughter around the fire. Now, there was no laughter. There was only despair.

"The fire's dead."

Mandy broke the stillness, but no one responded. Not that she expected them to. Without further breach of the silence, she rose and took kindling from the wood pile. They watched her.

Somewhere in the forest, a wolf howled. The rest of the pack answered him, and their wailing carried to the children's camp. Sara shivered, but was instantly ashamed. She did not recover fast enough to escape Liza's critical gaze, though, and their leader smiled wickedly.

"It's your turn to guard us tonight, Miss Brooks," Liza taunted. "And I wish you luck. Those wolves sound awfully hungry."

Sara pulled her torn jacket tighter around herself, as if she didn't care. But her cheeks were wet and she whimpered softly.

Mike looked up with disgust. "We've been in these woods for six months. Don't tell me you're still afraid of the dark."

The girl cried harder, her shoulders heaving. "I'm not afraid," she barely whispered. "I just don't like wolves."

"Get used to them," Liza snapped.

"All right, knock it off." Mandy finished with the fire. "If the wolves don't bother you, Liza, why don't you take night watch?"

"I'm the leader," Liza defended herself. "I make the rules and I said that Sara will have night watch, so she will."

"You're the leader only because we're afraid of you," Sara muttered under her breath. She hated arguments, and this is where the conversation was heading. She was right. Rob spoke up.

Rob had been the leader, until he fell from some rocks and broke his arm. Rebecca had been the only one there, and she had seen the cause of his fall, though Liza, of course, would never admit it. And shortly afterwards Rebecca had been lost. Whether it was from natural causes, her own will or by someone's evil intentions—it was not certain—but it gave them good reason to fear Liza.

"When I was leader, everybody picked what they wanted to do," Rob said.

"When you were leader," Liza hissed icily, "the whole group was disobedient and in a

state of chaos. Only since I became leader did we progress."

"What progress?" Rob retorted. "It was Jackie who found water and built the shelter and fires. What did you do?"

She glared at Jackie, and the boy shrunk back, preferring to stay out of it. "Of course I made progress. I am the one who directed you—"

The rustle of branches nearby brought them spinning around. There was nothing there, only a stronger breeze. What had been intended as a reward for the highest scores in the Geography exam, turned out to be a nightmare when their plane crashed in the Canadian North. A freak storm had blown up and they tried unsuccessfully to land. The pilot didn't survive—died instantly and mercifully—but the seven children had been left on their own.

Sara started wailing again. Long before everyone else, she had given up on any rescue. Who knew how far off course they had been blown? And who could see beyond the thick black canopy of trees?

"Shut up," Mike said under his breath. It wasn't meant to be cruel; he said it only to conceal his own insecurity.

"Come on, guys." Jackie finally rose. "Let's just quit it here." He looked at Liza. "I'll take night watch."

Liza's eyes burned furiously, but she stayed quiet.

Nobody bothered to say anything to either oppose the arrangement or support it. No one ever did anything anymore. The children crawled into their shelter beneath the pines. It was a makeshift dugout covered with branches and lined with grass that was nothing to look at, but satisfied the need for warmth.

Jackie stood silently alone; the wolves were quiet and the only noise was the soft crackling of the dying fire. He tried to keep himself awake, but the long day of checking traps and foraging for wood took its toll. His shoulders slumped against a tree and his head nodded. Before the last bit of red was gone from the coals, he was asleep.

## **Who Watches the Wolves**

With a bellow of terror and pain, the deer was thrown to his knees. He struggled, kicking out with his hind legs but only succeeded in tightening the rope around them, digging into flesh. He brayed again.

The air whistled as a slender, but sharply pointed arrow sliced through the trees. It was deadly accurate and penetrated deep into the chest. The buck jerked, convulsions shaking his whole body, and cried out one last time. But before he died, two hands took his head gently and gazed sorrowfully into the large brown eyes.

"I wouldn't do it if I didn't have to," a voice spoke. "But I must to live, just as you must eat the grass to survive."

The buck's eyes rolled up to regard her for a minute, and then the muscles relaxed and they gazed sightlessly into the starless sky. With a sigh, Rebecca released him. The buck's head fell heavily to the ground.

She had apologized for taking his life, and there was nothing else she could do. Silently, she knelt down and began to skin the buck, using a sharpened slab of bone. She had to work quickly, before the wolves came. She knew undoubtedly that they would come, hungry after a winter of near starvation.

She finished cutting a leg free when she heard the sound of padded feet behind her, accompanied by excited yips and whines. She turned to see the pack—fourteen strong, led by a massive black wolf—streak across the valley. The girl barely had enough time to gather her knapsack and swing the leg over her shoulder before scrambling up a tree. She reached a safe height just as the pack came in, swarming over the meat like bees to their hive. Hungry mouths ripped at the carcass, and in less than five minutes, the buck was gone.

Rebecca watched in gruesome fascination. She had secured the leg to a branch, and was able to watch the pack feed unrestricted. The black alpha wolf, whom she had named Brutus, snarled viciously if any member of the pack approached his chunk. The only one



who dared oppose him was the dominant she-wolf, a bristly silver-grey with a crooked scar above her left eye. At first, Rebecca had tried to overpower them, taking advantage of their fear of humans, but they had called her bluff and it was now she who retreated whenever they drew near. She would wait in the tree until they had gnawed every little piece of meat from the bones.

The buck's bare white bones lay scattered on the ground. Brutus stood to the side, letting the lesser wolves show their submission to him. But his attention was drawn off into the dark forest.

Rebecca twisted her neck around and saw clearly two eyes in the dark, glowing yellow from some distance.

It was the lone wolf, a huge, ugly beast shunned by the pack due to his ill temper. He reminded Rebecca of Liza, as he stood bristling in the half-light. There was the same ruthless desire for power and the same spiteful look on his narrow face that predicted that he would abuse power if he ever got it. He had been

trying to overthrow Brutus now for more than three months. Rebecca was glad Brutus always won, for she feared that the other wolves would abandon the pack (just as she had done to save her own life) if ever the lone wolf took command.

With a war cry, sounding more like a bear's than a wolf's, the lone wolf lunged.

Brutus was ever ready for him. They met head on, trying to lock their teeth on each other's throat. The sounds of battle erupted into the forest and the other wolves drew in a tight circle around them, whining, and taunting as the two wolves fought.

And then, something happened. The girl was not sure what it was at first, but she sniffed quickly and her heart sank in horror.

The silver she-wolf pulled away from the pack, her tail clamped between her legs, and whined like a beaten pup. The other wolves followed her example and even Brutus and the lone wolf broke their combat.

They whined. They howled to the forest, the fur rising on their backs, their heads snaking from side to side, their whole bodies trembling in fear.

Rebecca choked on the smoke. She could hear the distant roar of the fire as it tore through the woods. Bird screams sounded overhead, the beating of a thousand wings, all fleeing to the lowlands.

She didn't bother with the leg of meat; she didn't bother with the wolves, either. She climbed down from the tree and stood among them. They paid no attention to her, regarding her with the understanding nature provides for times of crisis.

Rebecca realized this understanding. It was like a sworn oath that all would cooperate. She watched coyotes, deer and moose streak past, but Brutus' pack stayed.

The silver she-wolf yelped. Brutus turned to her, and made a soft gurgling in his throat. He turned back to the others and yipped at them, and then the whole pack took off through the woods. And Rebecca, sensing that they knew exactly what to do, followed them without hesitation.



## Liza and the Lone Wolf

Sara stumbled, her lungs aching and her eyes stinging. She fell heavily forward, her hands sinking deep into the mud.

"Wait, guys, please wait up!"

Mandy fought her way back, seizing her fallen comrade by the shoulders and dragging her up.

"Come on! Come on!" Liza barely stopped to acknowledge the fallen girl, but pushed ruthlessly forward. "If she falls again, we leave her."

"Don't cry," Mandy whispered to Sara. "We won't leave you." Sara nodded, swallowing hard.

The three boys were close behind Liza, Rob cradling his broken arm, Jackie and Mike trudging silently beside him.

"It's your fault, you realize." Liza was talking to Jackie. "You fell asleep and the fire got away. You're irresponsible and dangerous. If we all die, it will be your fault, and yours alone."

He didn't answer, accepting each word she said. He'd awakened when the wind stirred and a small bush caught fire. He had quickly shouted the others awake, but they realized wisely that with such a dry spring, it was already too late. They fled into the woods, only to have the wind change and the fire turn on them. Now, they ran for their lives.

A yipping chorus came tearing through the underbrush. Liza swerved, gasping in alarm as the wolves came straight towards them. Mandy and Sara had leapt from their path, as had Rob and Jackie. Mike tried, but he tripped, and went sprawling before them. With a cry of terror, he threw up his hands to protect his face.

But the wolves paid him no heed, merely stepped to the side to avoid him. The patter of feet passed directly over him, but none ever touched him. The sound died away, and finally, vanished altogether. Slowly, the boy looked up—and was met by two cold green eyes. The lone wolf had stayed behind, and he stood glaring at him, teeth bared, a wicked

snarl rising in his throat.

Then a stone came catapulting through the woods and struck the lone wolf, broadside.

The group turned to see Rebecca standing there, out of breath, another stone poised, should the wolf not retreat.

But the wolf did, yelping through the woods after the pack. The girl didn't waste time with introductions, only set the stone down and pointed after them. "They're going to water. We should follow."

Liza looked at her with mixed bewilderment and rage. But she composed herself quickly. "Rebecca Murray. If you think we are going to go after a pack of wolves, you are dead wrong. You have no authority whatsoever, especially after you abandoned us. And now that you've come back, begging for assistance, don't expect us to help you."

"I didn't abandon you. You know that. And I did not come back for your help." Rebecca paused, regarding the rest of the group for the first time. Mandy looked on her with pride, the boys with admiration and amazement. She went on. "If you want to have any chance against the fire, you'd better follow me and the wolves. The way you're going, you'll head straight into the bush and burn."

"You're lying. Those stupid dogs don't know a thing." Liza turned. "Come on. We're leaving, now."

Sara didn't know who to trust. She, for once, agreed with Liza that the wolves couldn't know anything, but Rebecca was standing there with such conviction that to doubt her seemed senseless. Then, without another word, Rebecca turned and walked off in the direction the wolves had gone.

The first to follow her was Jackie. He had helped Mike from the ground (the boy was still trembling) and he nodded to Rob. Mandy too, took the notion and started out. Sara, finally, so as not to be left with Liza, followed too.

"Wait," Liza cried. "You cannot disobey me! You know the punishment for this....this....outrage! You....." Her voice trailed

off, for they were well on their way. "YOU GET BACK HERE! I AM THE LEADER! I MAKE THE RULES!" She screamed in vain; no one was listening. "WELL, I WON'T FOLLOW YOU!" she called to the night. "SEE IF I CARE!"



With a joyous cry, Brutus brought his pack to the lake. Without hesitation, they leapt into the frigid waters and swam to an island just off the shore. They children followed them into the water, and they were surprised to see the other wolves, deer, elk and moose who had swum to the island, too.

Rebecca's feet touched the shore, and she turned back to see the others come. She also saw the lone wolf and Liza (she decided to come after all) slip discreetly into the water. And when their former dictator reached the shore, she quietly pulled her up. No words were spoken for a long time as the children sat shivering on a log, surrounded by the animals, watching the forest burn on the other side of the lake. Then Liza said, "I knew it was this way."

"Oh, shut up," Mike hissed. "You don't know anything."

"I do too," Liza defended herself. "You just never listened. I—"

Furious snarling made them swerve around fast. The lone wolf had once more sprung on Brutus, going for the neck. But this time, the silver she-wolf also joined the battle, pulling the intruder from his back, and sinking her teeth deep. Brutus lunged, and with her help, they pulled the lone wolf to the ground. They ignored his cries, and their own squeals soon drowned out his. Finally, they released him. He would never rise again.

The children were silent. Liza bowed her head, not saying a word. She had seen the insanity in the lone wolf's eyes, and for a moment, she saw herself. She had also seen the two other wolves bring him down. Humans seemed to have acquired more tolerance for evil along the road of evolution, and her comrades—who were never really hers in the first place—had suppressed the primitive

instinct which the wolves had not. If it were not for human nature, she would have been dead.

Then Sara sprang to her feet and pointed. "A PLANE! THERE'S A PLANE!"

The children rose to their feet and saw, slicing through the black smoke like some divine being, a small bush plane. It had probably been sent to tape the fire for T.V. viewers.

The children jumped up, waving their arms and shouting at the top of their lungs. The plane circled.

"It sees us! It sees us!" cried Sara. Mike gazed upwards; the horrible treacheries they had been through for the past six months came rushing back, and he cried out. Mandy, the brave one, always composed, headed over and hugged her friend.

The feeling of regained security drove all the pain from Rob's arm and he and Jackie felt better than they had in months.

Rebecca turned to Liza. "We'll be going home soon."

"I know," Liza answered quietly. She took a deep breath. "I'm sorry...for everything."

The other girl was quiet, not sure of what to say, so she said the obvious. "It's alright."

"Really?" Liza, for once, looked small, helpless and unsure of herself.

But Rebecca smiled. "Of course." She extended her hand towards her. Liza clasped it, and finally she returned the smile.

They turned to look across the beach at their other friends and the plane as it came down on the lake, the water spraying like liquid gold in the light of the fire.

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*Neena Bickram is a grade 10 student at Mayfield Secondary School. She spends much of her free time writing.*

*After spending a day in the bush building fires, shelters and cooking their own meals, students in M.J. Barrett's grade 10 English class were asked to project what would happen if their group was left to survive on their own over an extended period of time.*

## Education for Tomorrow — An Address to the Leaders of Education

By David Fewson and Andrew Wingate

*When asked what direction education should take, this is how two OAC students responded.*

**G**reetings to you all. We are addressing you today to voice our concerns regarding the new direction education should take, and thus the new direction of society in the 21st century. You are the leaders of education, and your decisions are the most influential regarding the societies of tomorrow. Although we do not know what the world of tomorrow holds for our children we do know that they are going to face a multitude of problems, many of which will threaten their very survival. We feel it is our obligation to speak to you today to urge you to begin teaching more environmentally-centred programs. It is time for humans to leave the old Mechanistic world view that sees the earth in "perpetual stasis" (in-class notes) and enter an Organic world view that sees the earth, "as vibrant and ever-changing" (in-class notes). Humans are just starting to understand that we are not the sole rulers of nature, but that we are only small parts working within an interconnected global system. For the human race to survive we must care for our environment, and this caring will only occur with better education.

In order to function properly in society students must learn critical knowledge and skills like math, reading, writing, and social sciences. We recommend a fifth subject be taught, environmental studies, beginning as early as the others in school. With this new environmental teaching, students will learn about tragic environmental disasters of the past, develop a better understanding of the world we all share, and be better prepared to deal with environmental problems in the future. A practical application of this teaching would be to stress that the recycling of a pop can is just as important to students as raising one's hand before answering a question in

class. For the human race to survive we must become better prepared to deal with environmental problems.

The first step in doing this is to teach students where they belong in nature and how they interconnect with every other living being. Through outdoor education programs and a more ecological-based curriculum, students will discover their place in the environment. An example to illustrate outdoor programmes that would be available to students are mandatory field trips to forests, marshes, and other areas that would show both the enjoyment that the natural environment can give, and the need to preserve this natural environment for continued survival of our species. Students must come to understand that nobody rules over nature to survive and prosper.

With this new teaching students will learn about different paradigms, or ways of thinking, from people like Lovelock who states the world is self-regulating (Scheider 18) and from people who present a deep ecology view that humans have no superiority over nature. From learning about other paradigms students will develop personal ethics and morals on environmental issues, to be explored and perhaps discussed in class.

Once this has been accomplished, our children must have the ability to put the new information they have learned to work. This is especially important when it comes to issues such as technological and economic growth. In years gone by, students were taught that expanded growth with no limits was progress in every sense of the word. The students of tomorrow must learn that true progress is the exact opposite of this. Students must also come to realize that it is not a mistake to

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*This caring  
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*The children  
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recognize that there are limits when it comes to what humans can accomplish in a society. This can be taught by explaining such concepts as Sustainable Development.

Sustainable Development is essentially a completely secure balance between global ecology and economy, where the future of our planet is ensured through monitored growth. Only when people realize with better education and a change in economic paradigms, into similar ones as expressed by Fritjof Capra, that humans are currently destroying nature with ecological short-sightedness and corporate greed, (Capra) will continued human survival be possible.

Students must also develop an understanding of technology, the physical application of science in order to learn what influences it has on our world and our environment. David Suzuki is quoted as saying, "As we rush toward the 21st century, science and technology are the dominant factors that shape our lives." (Suzuki 23). This Position of technological determinism, where people's belief that technology will decide the future role of society, should be studied by students to ensure that when they reach the work place, they will be able to manage the environ-

mental effects of the massive amounts of technology that are ever-present in societies. When the time comes, they must have the capacity to make the decisions that will ensure the survival of our species.

The fragile environment that sustains human life is in great jeopardy, and if measures are not taken to ensure the public is better educated on the environment, all life on earth is threatened. It is your role, and the role of teachers to act as guides to students about our wonderful planet, and to set an example of environmental caring by visibly recycling and reusing. Students must understand their individual global importance, but when it comes to our ecosystem they must also recognize that they are no more important than a bird or a mouse. The children of today are the decision makers of tomorrow, and only through educating them about environmental protection can we ensure the healthy survival of the Earth and its inhabitants. Thank-you for your time.

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*David Fewson and Andrew Wingate are OAC students at Mayfield Secondary School in Peel.*

## Let There be Trees: Trees for Life Project

Contributed by Patti Rendon

Trees are necessary for all life on earth to exist. Not only do they provide the oxygen necessary for animal survival, but they are also important for regulating surface temperatures, maintaining nutrient-rich soil, and providing the ecosystems necessary for species diversity. Further, trees are an important commodity for human beings; without them we would not have the paper we write on, the houses we live in, or the fuel that many people rely on for heat. Thus, it is a tragedy when forests are clear-cut with no efforts to preserve the original stands, or to attempt to replace what has been destroyed. To enforce the necessity of maintaining trees for survival, and to ensure that this happens, the children of today must be taught of their importance, in hopes that this resource will be around when they have children.

These are the ideas that Mrs. Rhada Zaidi had in mind when she started the Canadian chapter of Trees for Life, located in Ancaster, Ontario. A non-profit, charitable organization, Trees for Life Canada, aims at teaching elementary school children the importance of trees. This is accomplished by providing children with educational work booklets as well as the materials needed to plant and grow their own trees. Participants, volunteers and donations are all needed.

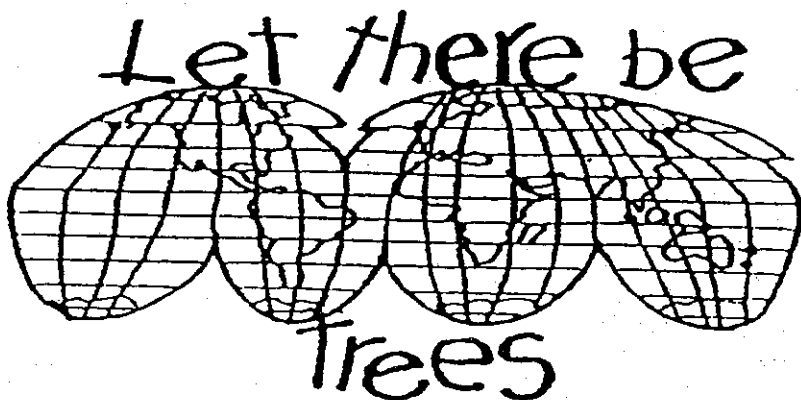
Up to now, 6000 students across Southern Ontario have participated in the program. Mrs. Zaidi hopes that in the years to come, kits will be distributed to at least 10,000 elementary schools across Canada, and in the future, to less developed countries. She hopes to implement teaching programmes as well as tree-planting programmes that will not only help to maintain the soil, but also create habitats for disappearing animal species, lessen the impacts of global warming, and provide food for people.

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*Any teachers wishing to involve their class in the program should inquire as soon as possible. Volunteers interested in teaching, co-ordinating school programmes, fund-raising or making a donation, should also write to the address below.*

*Trees for Life Canada  
143 Cayuga Avenue  
Ancaster, Ontario  
Canada, L9G 3B2  
(416) 648-0927*

*Patti Rendon volunteers for Trees for Life. She is a second year student in environmental science at McMaster University.*



## Ecology Observations

*Students in Seneca College's Outdoor Recreation Leadership programme respond to an assignment designed by Clare Magee for his Field Ecology course. The students were asked to participate in five weeks of regular quiet observation in a selected habitat, apply material processed in class sessions, observe and interact with their whole being, and 'journal' their observations, thoughts, insights and connections. Their responses provide impressive testimony to the value of simple observation.*

*A friendly  
circle of  
growth, the  
give and take  
of the  
nature world.*

### Selected results:

"In my spot I sat with the rhythm of the rain playing on. The drops were constant. There were regular beats of bigger drops, I guess coming from the branches of the trees above me as the rain dripped off them. The forest was still, except for me jumping surprised when a drop caught me off-guard. "Ahh!!!, right down my neck!"

Everything seemed on hold, as if a rest period was long awaited for the primitive world I was sitting in.

The air today was cool and refreshing and today the soil was thirsty. The rain would be absorbed by the ground and would act as a reservoir for the plants to take what they need. Wildlife could drink this water and the moisture would promote decomposition of leaves and branches. The soil's nutrients would be renewed to feed the plants and trees that grow above it. The excess water will be held for evaporation back to the atmosphere. I held my bare hand to catch a drop water. It separated into tiny beads when it struck. These tiny beads helped create what I was seeing all around me: a friendly circle of growth, the give and take of the nature world."

*Derek Coleman*



"I can almost smell the snow in the air. Its fresh, clean, cold whiteness reminds me of baked apples and a wood stove far back in my memory. Days with no school and snowmen on the old football-sized front lawn in Shelburne.

This spot brings back so many memories of different times. It's nice to be here, alone with my thoughts. There seems always to be a different story or lost idea in my mind, just waiting for my return to this place. Ahh, the flora and fauna of my College. Who would believe that this was homework? I'm glad to do it and pleased to know that someone else believes that thinking alone, in silence, is important!

There are a few more leaves on the ground now and the temperature has dropped a bit. The geese seem to be getting restless for migration. Their cries and calls break the silence every once in a while. Their calls remind me of time passing and how soon the snow will fall. The chill in the air brings crackling fires and warm mittens to mind. I am almost lonely now that the sun is moving away. I miss its warming rays. The hot days of summer are almost a memory again.

I have now attempted two sketches of my space, but I can't seem to catch the full effect of the light shifting through the trees. The sun bouncing off the water is sort of difficult to capture, but then again, I don't think a photo would do justice to this place. Experiences in nature are multi-dimensional and can't be captured on a piece of paper."

*Robin Walker*

"There really aren't many leaves left on the trees. In fact, there are more lying on the ground around me. But these leaves have a purpose too. All winter they will break down and decay to put nutrients back into the soil, so that the trees they came from can produce new leaves in the spring. I don't know why I haven't noticed this before, but I've located some decaying, fallen-down trees. There is tons of new growth around them though. When I think about it, it blows me away to think that the cycle of things dying so that now life can begin, has been going on forever and it will continue as long as the earth exists."

*Kelli Ann Kinsman*

"I missed a chance to come out and enjoy the snow. It has all melted and smells like spring. I never really notice the sweet smell of the earth until there is a warm spell after a snowfall. I never really noticed a lot of things until I started this assignment. I never noticed the claustrophobic feeling of the city. I never took heed of the march of seasons. I have now really noticed the drastic changes that take place around me from summer to winter. Coming to my spot has become a thing to look forward to after spending a week in the city. I look forward to the smells of nature. The stench of garbage, car exhaust, and too many people, assaults my sense of smell now, as it hasn't before. If all city kids could learn to appreciate nature as I am beginning to, the earth has a chance to be saved from the exploitation it is currently undergoing.

I'm having trouble expressing my true feelings again. The huge contrast between the beauty here and the obscenity of the city is quite overwhelming as I ride home on the bus. I don't know how, but I feel more at ease with myself and other people in the outdoors. I don't deny my own feelings when I am out here. I can realize my full potential and understand things that have been clouded by society and my own false self-image."

*Mike Dewdney*

"I can't imagine living in a climate with seasons that really don't change like our seasons. I love how different seasons create different moods. Feeling the coldness and the wind on my face and the last colourful foliage really excites me. TAKE A DEEP BREATH—AHH! I feel like a little stitch in this incredible process of change."

*Peter Wylie*

"It is 3:20 P.M. It's raining, constant but not heavily. It is cold outside, but I am warm. As my assignment approached the final observation, I began to feel that this was a good experience. I am very comfortable now with the surroundings I chose. I think it may be only out of familiarity. But this is the first step towards my final goal, to solo for two or three days. It may be a long term goal, but I am willing to work towards that goal. At any place of observation I can now sit here and not be afraid. My curiosity seems to take control, everything around me is so overwhelming. In the beginning I had some trouble making time for this assignment—I don't have much discretionary time. But after a couple of visits I realized I wasn't here just for the project any more. It was becoming a part of me, almost a personal priority. My oneness with my surroundings released tension like nothing I have ever known. I found that I would forget about time and be there longer than my schedule would allow me. I learned that it is just as important to learn outside of work, school and the home as it is to learn in this obligatory time frame. I hope to be able to delegate a little more of my time to other things, like going out once a week to sit in the bush alone."

*Lisa Severn*



*I feel like a  
little stitch  
in this  
incredible  
process  
of change.*

## A Snapshot

Dragonflies and a crackling fire.  
The taste of a soft east wind.  
A story of haunted islands  
and the droplets of water from my paddle on  
a lake's surface smooth as glass. Crying  
loons raft and call in unison. Buzzing  
mosquitoes in twilight. A bronze arm across  
my shoulders and the sun beating down  
on my back where, hidden, is a faint criss-cross  
mark of straps.

Years ago a friend took a picture and  
from it this is what I recall. It was simple.  
Off-centred and one corner is a pink blur where  
a finger blocked the shutter's light. At times  
when the rain taps on my window pane  
or the snow piles up on the front walk, I  
turn to that snapshot of better days.  
From that one moment captured in time is  
a mere summer of memories. They are hidden  
behind the wicked grins of two tanned girls.  
We were weary from a day of paddling on a  
river lost in Northern Ontario.

*Robin Walker*  
*October 26, 1992*

*Robin is a student in the Outdoor Recreation  
Leadership Program at Seneca College.*



## Who is the Teacher Here?

The blizzard howled whitey around us as we frantically sawed down the centre posts of our tent. We'd been awakened earlier by the wind as it tore away the corners of our cotton tent from beneath the stones we had carelessly piled. I couldn't help glancing around at the rest of the camp as the other teachers desperately tried to save our own tent. What a contrast! No life stirred from tents held down securely by rocks and gravel and screened by blocks of snow. Even the dogs lay quietly, watching us with vague amusement. It was only at this point in my internship that I began to accept the fact that any preconceived ideas I had held regarding school and students in the outdoors would not fit this new environment.

A student with the Queen's Outdoor and Experiential Education Program, I had arrived at the Arctic community of Hall Beach several weeks earlier to begin my first internship. Hall Beach, stationed at the Distant Early Warning (D.E.W.) Line Base. It is also home to Arnaqjuak School, a territorial school running from kindergarten through to Grade 10.

I came to this school prepared to share my knowledge and experience gained from several years of work in schools and at camps. Little did I realize that I would leave with lessons in sharing knowledge far more valuable than those I had wished to impart.

The students and I struggled together bravely for the first two weeks in the classroom. I could not, however, understand their seeming shyness and I doubt that they appreciated my overzealous enthusiasm.

The situation soon changed, however. Every spring, the school year culminates with a two-week camping trip out on the land. Students join families in the community heading out to a predetermined location. This year, myself and the other teachers were part of a two hour snowmobile trek west to the far side of Hall Lake.

The morning after the blizzard I crawled bleary-eyes from the tent, ready to participate

in the planned activities I assumed would take place. What greeted me was the brilliant Arctic sun, and the sight of families occupied with chores around the camp. As the day progressed, I began to understand that activities which did occur were generally unstructured. This seemed to be because the passage of time was not dictated by the movement of the sun, and also because of the apparent lack of leadership.

Families would gather around the hunters when they returned with caribou or geese to share in the process of cleaning, gutting and dividing the meat. Students would circle around an elder to question and help as he manually cut fishing holes through three metre thick ice, or harnessed his dogs for a qumatik ride. This pattern of informally sharing knowledge and skills was repeated by students. In my first attempt to get water, I was accompanied by several young boys who showed me how to search for clean ice, then shave and chip at it with a sharp, chisel-like blade. This same circle of students also encouraged me to ice fish by demonstrating their ability to sing to the fish.

It became increasingly apparent that what I had mistaken for shyness in the students was instead, in this environment, a quiet focus on one's activity. Knowledge was not a possession to be worked at or acquired, but rather a series of shared experiences. This lines between teacher and learner dissolved.

Since returning from the Arctic, I have pondered over my learning experiences there. Granted, I cannot simply transport that unstructured environment into the classroom. I hope, however, to be able to see each child as possessing knowledge important to them. Our learning experience will be a process of sharing this knowledge, so that each person becomes both teacher and learner.

---

*Catherine Vaughan is a student in the Queen's Outdoor and Experiential Education Programme*

## A Manual Book Report

By James Raffan

*How could I make this book critique more experimental?*

Thinking back on what might be charitably characterized as a pedestrian public school career, the clearest images are of field trips, projects, and a geography teacher who pranced onto the newly waxed classroom floor wearing crampons. The spikes are all I remember of that teacher. I think the unit he was introducing was about ice. The trips and projects, however, live on—sipping water from a real artesian well; paddling on canoe trips in physical education; re-creating an Acadian Fort with Eddy matches; and crafting a three-dimensional map of the Rockies with modeling asbestos. The lessons I remember, it seems, are those that engaged my body *and* my head. That jives with Alfred North Whitehead who wrote, "In teaching, you will come to grief as soon as you forget that students have bodies."

Over the last couple of years I've been attempting to apply Whitehead's axiom to a book critique assignment for my Bachelor of Education students at Queen's Faculty of Education. The original task was to choose a book that would enhance their teaching and write a 1000 word critique. Occasionally the task would be a pivotal event in a student's life, but more often than not, it was just another assignment. The question that always niggled in my head was "How could I make this book critique more experiential?"

Two years ago I took the plunge and asked students to use their heads *and* their bodies to make something in response to a relevant book. The assignment was to pick a book related to the course themes, make something in response to it, and submit the "something" with a one page explanation of what it is and how it relates to the book.

The results were surprising. Instead of getting a stack of responses to Margaret Craven's *I Heard the Owl Call My Name* and a bunch more for *The Tao of Pooh* (the two thinnest books in the university library),

people were reading about artificial intelligence, feminism, architecture, philosophy, deep ecology, spirituality, education, literary criticism, fiction spanning the range from Tom Robbins to Shakespeare, and relating it all, through their craft, to their unfolding careers as outdoor and experiential educators.

The very first assignment to come in last year was a sculpture created in response to *Heroes of the Twentieth Century* by Ian Fellowes-Gordon. This student had started with two flat chunks of limestone. The sculpture was elegant in its simplicity in that the only other element was an egg which he used to prop up the top slab on top of the bottom one! The accompanying text read: "The egg holding up the slab of limestone is symbolic of the spirit of a true hero. First of all, the egg-shell has areas of strength and weakness much like heroic men and women, who are often remembered as heroes even though their lives are not exemplary in every way." and on he went.

Other students produced a range of ingenious products: a stained-glass kite in response to *How to Survive in Your Native Land*; a tactile map of North America, that a sightless person might use, in response to Ann Rand's *Fountainhead*; a series of student-composed sonnets in response to *Julius Caesar*; a model of an ecologically conscious building responding to Moishe Safdie's book *Form and Purpose*; a specially made bird's nest containing semi-precious gemstones by a woman who read Robert Perkins' book *Into the Great Solitude*; and a set of serigraph prints in response to Christina Baldwin's *Life's Companion*. Of the many thoughtful and creative manual book reports this year, Michel Duhaime and Hilda Dorosh's visual images and explanations follow as examples.

In her book *Young Lives at Stake*, British educational researcher, Charity James, described three fundamental human behaviours

associated with complete and meaningful learning: *enquiry*—curiosity—driven investigation; *dialogue*—interactive appreciation with, of and about the object of learning; and *making*—using what is learned in a process of creative construction. Like so much of what happens in outdoor education, the manual book report had a powerful feel of validity and authenticity, possibly because it engaged the body as well as the mind. Somehow in the process of responding to a book by making something and explaining it, students had cut through the need to summarize and dispassionately criticize the works, as they might have in a written critique, and instead derived ways to celebrate personal connections to the literature. Perhaps it's something others might like to try.

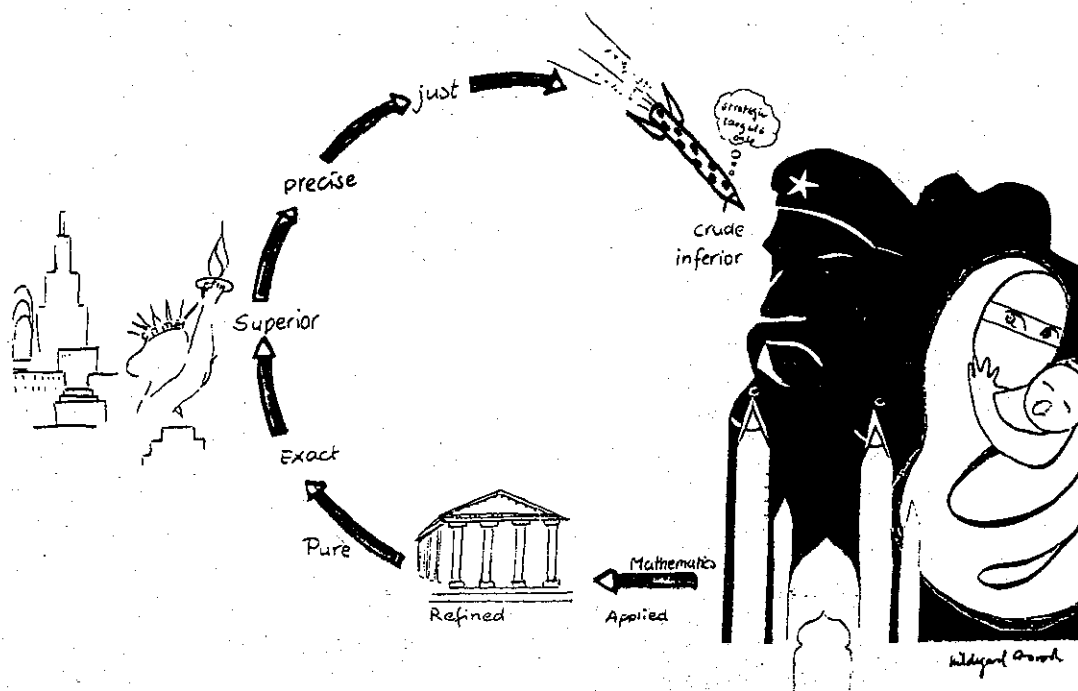
*James Raffan is Co-ordinator of Outdoor and Experiential Education at Queen's University Faculty of Education.*

*Bachelor of Education candidates Hildegard Dorosh and Michel Dubaime were members of a Special Studies class in Outdoor and Experiential education at Queen's in the fall of 1992.*

Hildegard Dorosh's manual book report was inspired by the following readings:

1. Friedrich Durrenmatt: *Die Physiker*, Kommodie Diogenes Verl., (Zurich) 1985.
2. Mike Siddoway, "Some are Mathematicians", *Science as Culture*, London: Free Associate Books, Vol. 2 Part 3, #12.
3. George Gheverghese Joseph, Penguin Books, 1991.
4. Aon Asoy and Kevin Robins, "Exterminating Angels: Morality, Violence and Technology".

## Science as Culture, Recycled



## Defending The Earth

In their book, *Defending The Earth*, Murray Bookchin and Dave Foreman point out that they have often opposed each other because of their differing views on solving the ecological crisis facing Earth and its inhabitants. Beyond name calling and stereotyping, there is a distinction between "deep ecology" and "social ecology" that I was not aware of until reading this book.

Deep ecology is a "biocentric philosophy that makes protecting the welfare of the wilderness the most essential human project" while social ecology is a "left-libertarian 'ecological humanist' philosophy that sees radical social transformation as the main key to defending the earth". In simpler words, deep ecologists favour vast wilderness areas devoid

of human presence whereas social ecologists would prefer to instigate fundamental changes in the way human beings interact with the environment to make the earth a liveable place for all its inhabitants, and for the generations to come.

Through the meeting reported in this book, both ecologists realized that they faced the same enemy no matter which way it is tackled. In fact, both agreed that "as long as hierarchical social relationships are the foundations of our societies, there is very little hope for creating an ecological society that will not seek to dominate or exploit the earth".

Most of the ideas presented in this book were not totally new to my mind. In the past six years or so, I have become increasingly aware of the impact of our money-driven, fame-centred, capitalist society, and how it has influenced my life in a way I am no longer prepared to stand for, accept or even tolerate.

My drawing, "The Foetus and the Land" is likely the first externalization, other than living by example, of beliefs that are now taking roots in my soul. "*Defending The Earth*" is in some ways a summary of several other books I have read, most not directly related to ecology, but all related in some ways to the holistic approach of being another link in the chain of life on earth.

"The Foetus and the Land" is more than a book review for me. It is the representation of how and what I would eventually like to teach to younger generations. Mostly, it is about using the resources of the land on an individual basis, not with machines that kill everything in their wake. It is about feeling the land with our senses instead of through our wallet. It is about knowing that everything on earth possesses a life of its own that we must learn to respect. It is about knowing that without the land, a foetus cannot grow and develop into a human being. It is finally about the great cycle of nature—the circle philosophy of the natives. It is also about speaking out

Michel Dubaime



The Foetus and the Land

## "That's not Garbage!"

Children can often help us see things more clearly. An example of this occurred last spring when I was asked to do a presentation about the environment to a grade two class in Cole Harbour, Nova Scotia. I decided to talk about beach pollution as the teacher told me her class had been talking about the environment and were reading an excellent story about a penguin finding garbage in Antarctica.

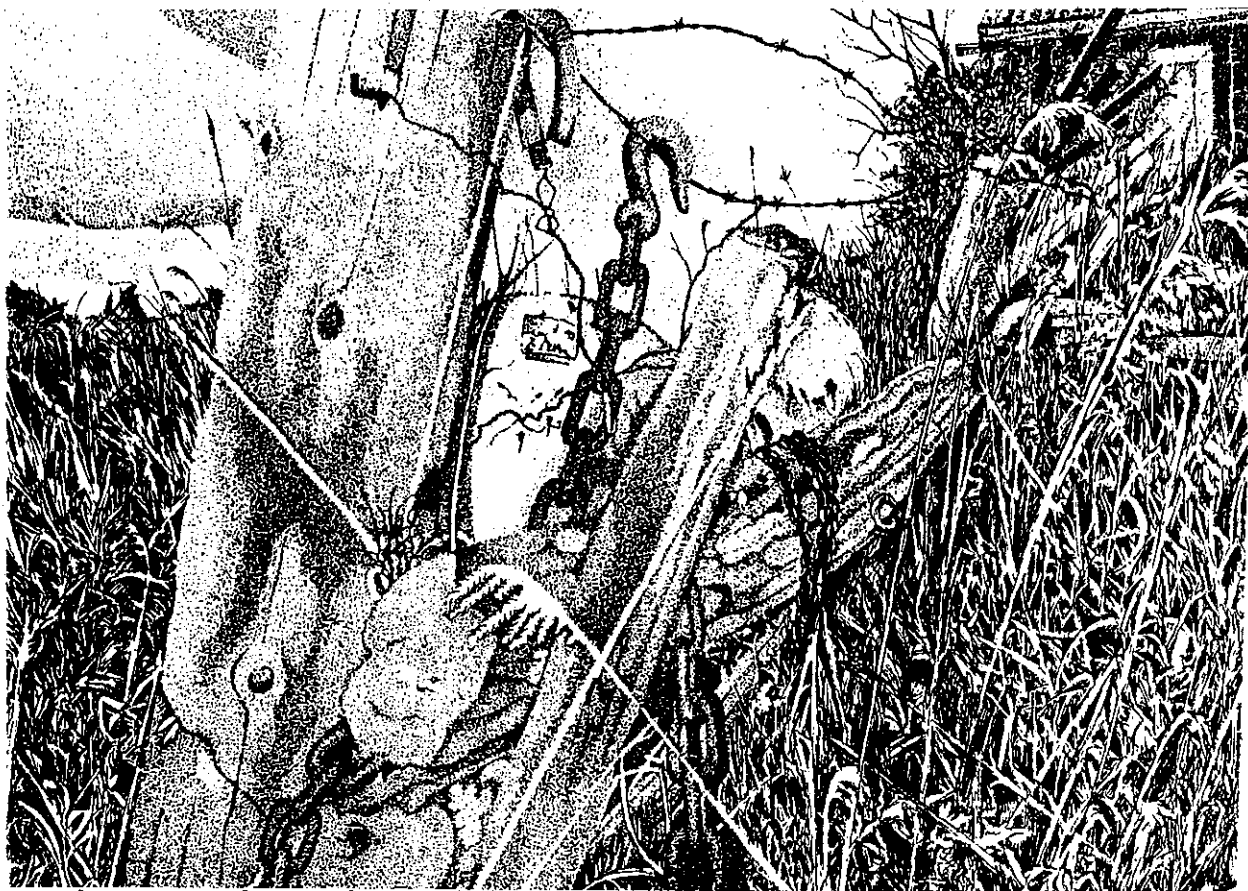
I started by asking the students to help me sort a garbage bag of beach litter. I wanted to demonstrate the different types of litter, what is most abundant and how long different materials take to degrade. However, the first thing several children yelled out when I started pulling items out of the bag was "That's not garbage!" They proceeded to tell me ways they could reuse or recycle the plastic bottles, paper, and glass in my bag. Their response

was very encouraging and made me realize how much it changed people's attitudes when an item is not called "garbage", but is considered something to be used again. The students had as much to teach me as I had to share with them. It was obvious their teacher had made a positive impact in teaching her class about the environmental and they recognized the truth far quicker than I.

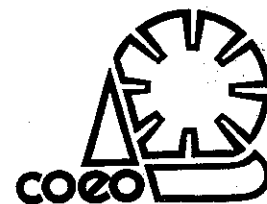
*By Fiona Van Wissen*

*Fiona has completed a Masters in Environmental Studies at Dalhousie University. She is from Oakville, Ontario, and completed her undergrad degree in Arts and Science at McMaster University.*

*Something  
to be used  
again.*



*Rural Scene, Greg Rothnie - Grade 10, Mayfield*



## Sale of the Century!

*There's lots of COEO merchandise available—fabulous stuff, well worth your taking off our hands and wearing/using/giving away as gifts... Wonderful stuff! (...really!...)*

We have turtlenecks in white (L and X-L), red (L and X-L), dark green (L and X-L), navy (S, L, and X-L) and yellow (S) all for the unbelievable price of \$10.00

We have cotton t-shirts left over from the "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" conference in white (M and L) and red (L) for only \$5.00!

Finally there are long sleeve fleece golf shirts in grey and navy that could be the perfect complement to your COEO wardrobe for only \$7.00!!

All orders of \$15.00 or more will also receive a free sew-on COEO crest!  
 (...Crests can also be ordered for 50¢ each...)

These items could be yours by mail order. Just complete the form below and enclose a cheque payable to The Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario. Please add \$3.00 to your order for postage and handling or make arrangements to pick up your purchases from Judy Halpern. (416) 857-5349.

Send forms to: JUDY HALPERN  
 54 Mill Street  
 Bolton, Ontario  
 L7E 1C3

Please send to:  
 Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Postal Code: \_\_\_\_\_

Item	Size	Quantity	Colour	Unit Price	Tax (add 8% PST)	Total
Sub Total						
Postage						
Total						

## March 25-27 & August 25-27, 1993

**Natural Resources for Educators Workshop** sponsored by Ministry of Natural Resources (Contact Dave Gibson (705) 766-2451). Introductory workshops of Focus on Forests, Project WILD and Fish Ways programmes. Participants will receive training and activity guides for all programmes, plus many other resources.

## April 23-25, 1993

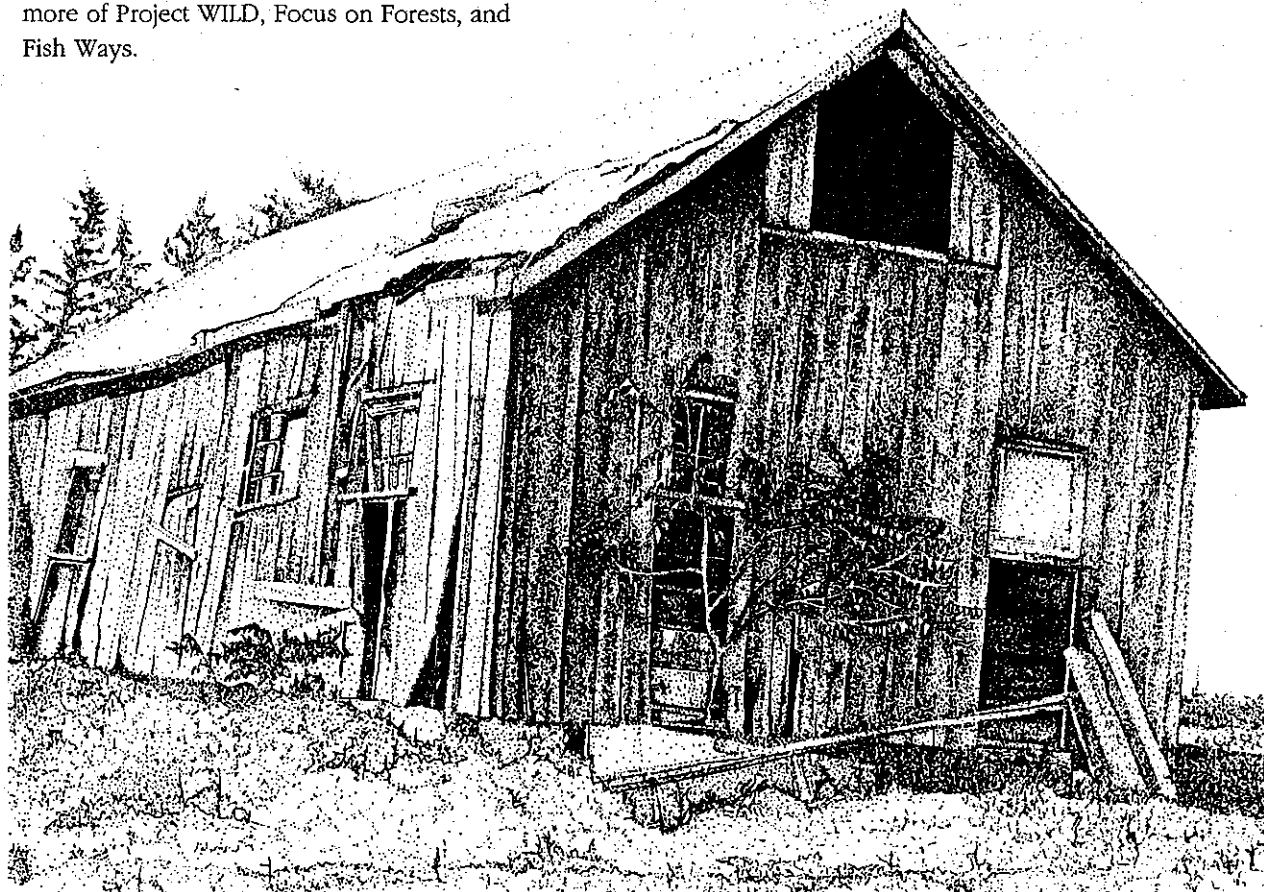
**Advanced Natural Resources for Educators Workshop** sponsored by the Ministry of Natural Resources (Contact Dave Gibson (705) 766-2451) This workshop will provide current users of Project WILD, Focus on Forests, and Fish Ways with more ideas, activities and information for teaching about forests, wildlife and fish in and out of the classroom. Prerequisites: Introductory workshops in any one or more of Project WILD, Focus on Forests, and Fish Ways.

## May 7-9, 1993

**Project WILD Leader Workshop** sponsored by the Ministry of Natural Resources (Contact Toni Frisby (705) 945-6725) A 2 1/2 day workshop to train educators and MNR staff to deliver Project WILD Introductory workshops to other educators. Prerequisites: Project WILD Introductory Workshop.

## July 1993

**Environmental Science Additional Qualification Courses** from Nipissing University College (Contact N.U.C.: 1-800-461-1673, Penny Oboe (705) 286-1242). Parts 1 & 2 in July, Part 3 in fall and winter. See *Pathways* Vol. 4, No. 4, June 1992 for details on structure and content. Ontario Teachers Certificate required.



*An Old Barn in the Country, Nita Patel – Grade 10, Mayfield*

## Great Lakes Environmental Institute

Teachers, mark your summer calendars! The International Joint Commission's Educators Advisory Council announces the continuation of the Great Lakes Basin Environmental Education Institute for educators. The objectives of the week-long session are to provide educators with the knowledge, skill and confidence to teach their students and other educators about the Great Lakes Basin Ecosystem. The week's activities will include field trips, guest speakers, resource materials and integrative processing skills.

For information on a site and how to receive a graduate credit, please contact the Institute at:

100 Ouellette Avenue, Windsor, Ontario, N9A 6T3 (519)256-7281

**Spring Celebration**, May 79, 1993, at the Frost Centre: Keynote Speaker **Michael J. Caduto**, poet, musician, master story-teller and award-winning co-author of *"Keepers of the Earth"* will share ideas through a programme of Native American story-telling and his own music. (See advertisement elsewhere in this issue)

**Chrismar Mapping Services** [tel (416) 665-5817 / fax 665-9892] is offering the following opportunities:

**Orienteering Instructors Course**, Tiffin Centre for Conservation, April 24th and 25th, 1993

**Basic Wilderness Navigation Course**, Albion Hills Conservation Area, May 1st and 2nd, 1993

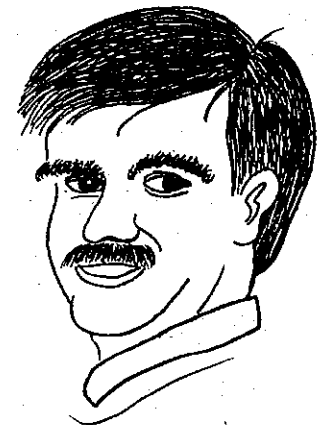
**Haliburton International Forest Marathon**, (HIFM'93), Haliburton Forest and Wildlife Reserve, near Haliburton, Ontario, October 2nd and 3rd, 1993. A two-day wilderness navigation event for teams of two. Registration forms are now available. Registration closes August 27th or when registration limit is reached.

## Ralph is retiring!

Join Ralph Ingleton at his retirement celebration June 2 at Forest Valley Outdoor Education Centre. Ralph is Site Manager at Forest Valley and is a founding member of COEO.

4:30-6:00 North York Board of Education staff send-off  
5:15 Presentation to Ralph  
6:30 - 8:30 Dinner and Celebrations

**If you wish to attend, please call 395-5112.**





## Wildfire

Outdoor Education Centre

**Bring your class to the heart of Huronia.  
Experience the land and its peoples.**

85 acres on the Wye River, 1 1/2 hours from Toronto, only minutes from a wealth of historical, natural and ecological sites and resources. Stay here and visit

- Wye Marsh Wildlife Centre
- Tiny Marsh Wildlife Centre
- Ste. Marie Among the Hurons
- Historical Naval and Military Establishments
- Huronia Indian Village
- Huronia Museum

A lodge with reasonable-priced accommodations, dining, classroom and recreational facilities for groups up to 65. A year-round centre for education and recreation.

**BOOK NOW!** 705 322-0579  
RR#1, Wyevale, Ontario, L0L 2T0

## Learn the Basics of Whitewater Kayaking and Water Safety with



Weekend clinic run May 15 through September 12. In order to maximize your initial kayaking experience we use and provide the finest equipment and instructors. For full details and bookings, contact

Andy Kennedy  
per Shearwater Experience Inc.  
44 Hewitt Street, Orangeville, Ontario, L9W  
3A1  
(519) 942-8667

## Getting Plugged In

**May 1, 1993, from 9:30 a.m. to 12:00 noon**

Just answer these basic questions:

1. Do you own or have access to a computer?
2. Would you like to become more computer-literate?
3. Do you believe that networking and the exchange of information and ideas is critical to promote positive global change?
4. Do you want to participate in telecommunications 'conferencing' but are not sure how to get on with it?
5. Or are you looking for Environmental Education projects for your students?

...then read on...

There are many teachers who could greatly expand their world and that of their students, if they had access to conversations and projects taking place through the electronic medium. The experience of communicating with student and professionals in their commu-

nity and abroad is an incredibly motivating force for students to get involved in their own learning.

However, to facilitate the use of computer conferencing, teachers need first to be comfortable with the technology themselves. The May 1st workshop will be designed especially for people who wish to increase their working knowledge of computer conferencing.

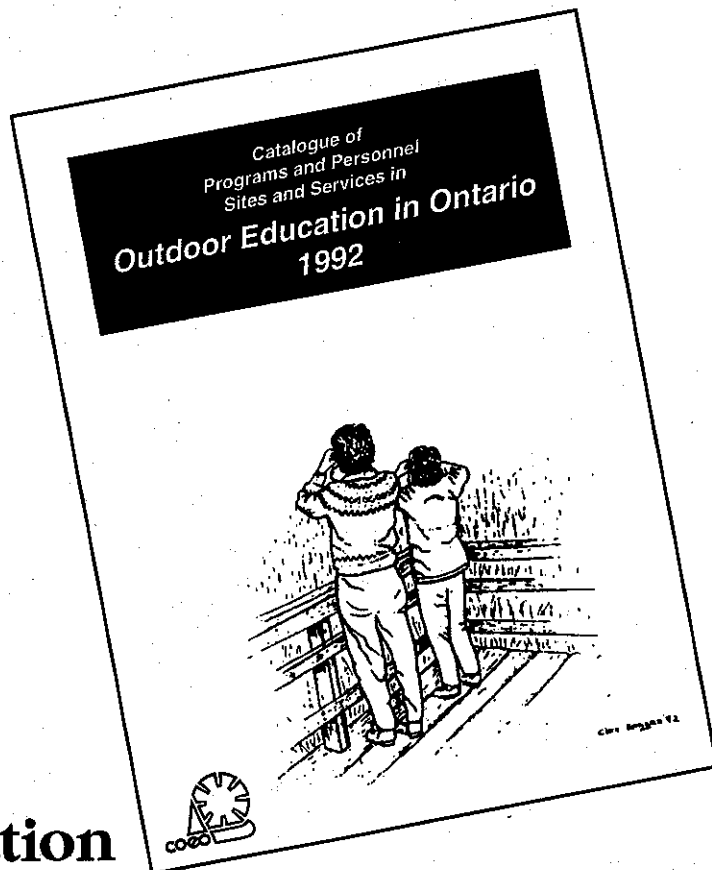
Participants can expect to follow up this face-to-face meeting with 'conversations' (known as 'conferences') held electronically, and to commit to involvement in relevant environmental education curriculum and community-based action plans for students.

The organizers of the workshop are currently designing its content and process. If you have input (and we'd be pleased to hear from you) or would like to be on the list of participants, please contact Jiiva Somerville at (416) 453-3552 for more information or Mark Whitcombe at 'mwhitcombe@web.apc.org' or 'markwhit%vef@canrem.com'.

# Now available!

*The second edition  
of the*

COEO  
**CATALOGUE**  
of Programs  
and Personnel,  
Sites and Services  
in Outdoor Education  
in Ontario



**COEO Catalogue of Programs and Personnel, Sites and Services  
in Outdoor Education in Ontario**

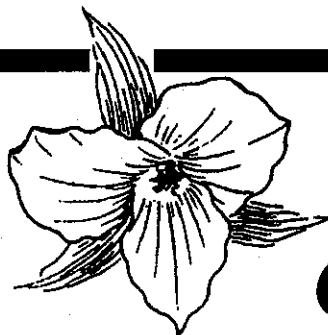
Cost: \$18.00 plus \$3.00 shipping and handling. (make cheques payable to COEO.)  
Send cheque and form to COEO, 1220 Sheppard Ave. E., Willowdale, Ont. M2K 2X1

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

Postal Code \_\_\_\_\_

*(if you want this database on disk,  
either DOS-format or Mac-based,  
please contact Mark Whitcombe.)*



# SPRING *Celebration*



## A weekend workshop for educators

sponsored by The Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario

**Friday, May 7th to Sunday, May 9th, 1993**

**Leslie Frost Natural Resources Centre, Dorset, Ontario**

### *Programme includes:*

- Photography • Traditional cooking and Bush Skills •
- Adventure Education • Art Outdoors • Wetlands Wallow •
- Geomorphology • Native Education • Old Growth Forests •

### *Keynote Address:*

Michael Caduto is a master story teller, award-winning author, songwriter, poet, musician and educator. He will chair an evening of Native American story telling.

Special Pre-Conference Workshop "Project WILD" and "Fish Ways" Workshop (no extra charge).

### **FEES?**

<b>Adults:</b>	\$190.00 (incl. taxes)
<b>Full-Time Students</b>	\$170.00
<b>and Seniors:</b>	(fee covers registration, accommodation, all meals, and equipment)
<b>Day Fee:</b>	\$45.00 (includes lunch and programmes only)
	(Please write cheques to "Spring Celebration")

Questions? For more information call Linda McKenzie (705) 386-0503 (H)/(705) 386-2376 (W)

## **Registration Form — COEO Spring Celebration 1993**

(Please mail to Linda McKenzie, PO Box 324, South River, Ontario, P0A 1X0)

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Employer: \_\_\_\_\_

Home Address: \_\_\_\_\_ Postal Code: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: (H) \_\_\_\_\_ (B) \_\_\_\_\_ COEO Membership Number: \_\_\_\_\_

Accommodation is two per room. Do you know another participant who you would like to room with?

Indicate name here: \_\_\_\_\_

Pre-Conference Workshops: I will attend:

At what level would you like your WILD or Fish Ways manual?

Project WILD or  Fish Ways

P/J or  I/S

Regular Sessions: (Please indicate first (1) and second (2) choice for each time slot.)

A1 Spiritual Grounding

B1 Wetlands Wallow

C1 Spring Birding

A2 Go Solo

B2 Holistic Healing

C2 Geo / Eco Hike

A3 Old Growth Forest

B3 Outdoor Sketching

C3 Adventure Hike

A4 Dehydrating Food

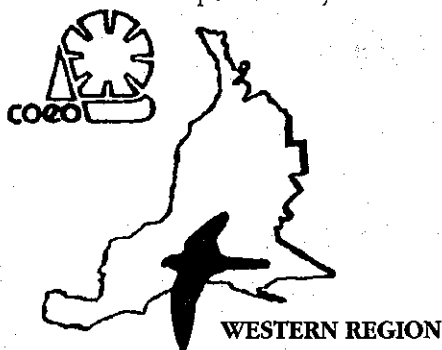
B4 Wilderness Traditions

C4 Things That Slither and Crawl

# SPRING MIGRATION V: HEAD OF THE GRAND

Explore Luther Marsh—Ontario's largest Wetland—a naturalists haven!

Sponsored by the Western Region of The Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario



**Date:** Friday May 28 to Sunday May 30 1993  
**Location:** Luther Marsh, Grand River Conservation Authority, Arthur, Ontario (Northeast)  
**Fee:** \$60.00 (*cheque payable to Lee Wilson*)  
**Fee Includes:** - Accommodation: Camping or "rustic" bunk house (accommodates 20)  
- Saturday (pot luck breakfast), lunch & supper  
- Sunday breakfast  
- Programme

**Registration Deadline Date:** Friday, April 30, 1993  
**Registration Limit:** 35 individuals! Register early!!  
**Registrar:** Lee Wilson, 94 Dufferin St., Guelph, Ontario, N1H 4A3 (519) 821-6631

**Programme:**

**Friday Evening:** Registration 6:30-9:00 p.m.  
- a presentation by Rick Dowson of the Grand River Conservation Authority on the topography and glacial history of the Grand River

**Saturday:** (9:00-3:30)  
#1. Canoe Luther Lake at what promises to be the best migration time for lakeshore birds and warblers and the furthest south nesting grounds of the loon. If we're lucky we will see ospreys and bald eagles.  
#2. Botany Hike: 7700 hectares of wildflowers and plants.  
#3. Bog Walk: Walk on water and see specific bog vegetation—hopefully without getting wet!  
Evening: night paddle, walks, campfire, sharing and good fellowship

**Cancellation Policy:** If you call the Registrar 1 week in advance, your money will be refunded except \$5,00 for administration costs. If you do not call, no refund can be offered due to food and accommodation plans.

## Registration Form: Spring Migration V: Head of The Grand

Please fill out a separate registration form for each participant. No post-dated cheques please. Please enclose you cheque, payable to Lee Wilson, and mail to 94 Dufferin Street, Guelph, Ontario, N1H 4A3.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Membership #: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_ Postal Code: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone Numbers: (home) \_\_\_\_\_ (work) \_\_\_\_\_

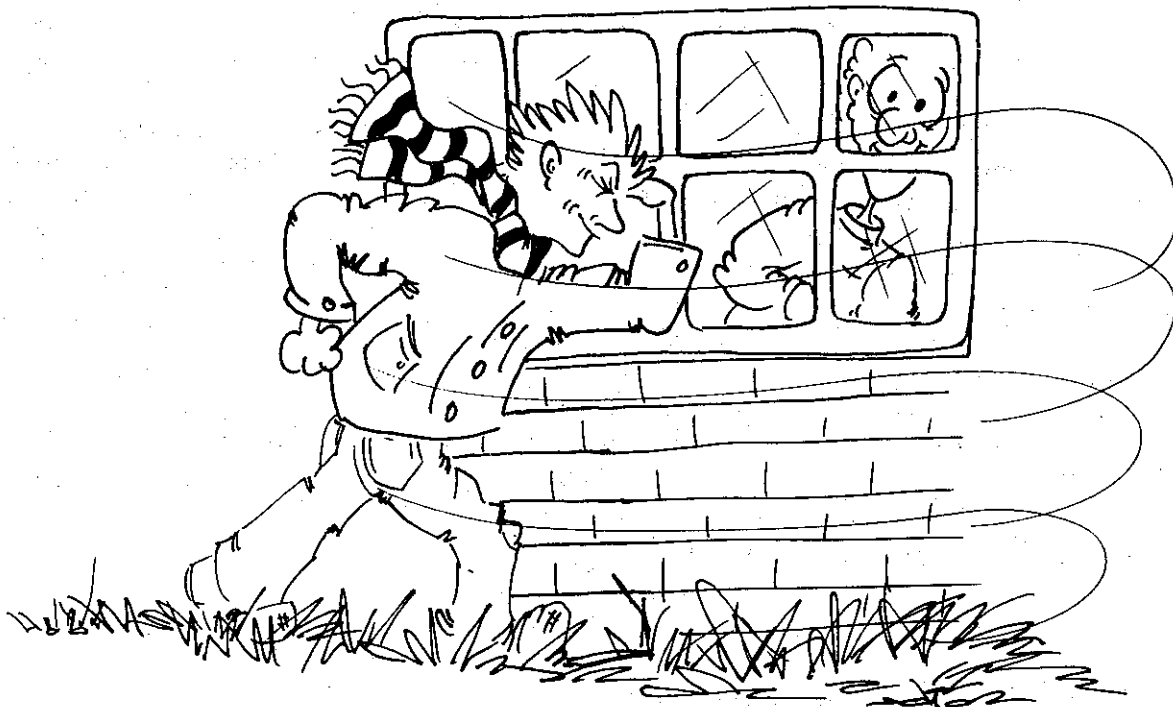
Accommodation:  camping  'rustic' bunkhouse (accommodates 20)

Programme Selection: (indicate 1st, 2nd, 3rd choice)

Saturday:  #1. Canoe Luther Lake  #2. Botany Hike  #3. Bog Walk

Sunday:  #1. Canoe Luther Lake  #2. Botany Hike  #3. Bog Walk

I can bring a canoe:  Yes  No



---

*Do they not  
know their  
place in this  
relationship?*

## A View of the Storm

**W**hat a privilege this is! From my tenth story window view in the library at Brock University, I view an awesome display of power. Now awesome is an over used description, frequented to a dull potency. It is too often used to portray an observation which is striking, moving or impressive. Yet, this orchestrated concert of wind and snow is awesome! Solidified precipitation has presented itself in this falling "white stuff", coming down so beautifully. To add to the picture, the wind is strong, screaming around the building, clawing to fill its crevices.

Below on the streets, cars crawl, unsteadily navigating corners and each other. Weather forecasters have called it, "the storm". Apparently, "storm" is the term used to describe this theatre of natural forces.

This afternoon, I heard my college of education classmates speaking of the storm, describing how it was getting "worse". The idea of "worse" struck me as being odd. Somehow, this term suggests a mood of in appreciation, irritation, of interference. Why "worse"? Why not "intense"?

Interference seems to be the source of these feeling of in appreciation for the storm. Sure, the storm slows our rapid, multi-directional, sometimes non-purposeful sprint towards an objective of which we are often not sure. Yet, it is in this storm and through its incapacitating effect that we are once again made aware of our place in relation to our source, the earth. We are products of this source and inherent servers of the earth, meant to live in alliance with those surrounding us. Yet, this intended harmony has not been fully recognized from my point of observation.

You see, we must respond to the elements in this relationship. Why? Because we are bound in an ongoing and reciprocating relationship with these forces.

It is interesting, you know. The wind

blows, the snow falls, and we expect to continue our daily lifestyle as if nothing is occurring. We have effectively ostracized the components of our source, failing to realize our place. In this dysfunctional relationship of assumed domination, we expect the elements to obey our whims, desires, and wants, regardless of the consequence.

Perhaps this is why we call it the storm. And that is why the storm gets "worse". In fact, university officials suggest that the storm has become so "bad" that this library will be closing shortly.

Consider the tremendous lesson we could learn from a blade of grass in this storm. Really. Take a look at it, picturing in your mind how the wind is blowing, and the snow is falling. Notice that the blade of grass moves with it, bending in response to those forces around it. There is harmony in this setting.

Look closer. Do you see such blades of grass as brittle, frozen, lifeless sticks? What of the hatless, uninspired people out there in motion, walking about bent over in rigid opposition. Do they not appear as unyielding societies who fail to see the storm as wonder? Do they not know their place in this relationship?

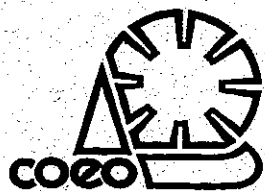
The storm? No. The spectacle? Yes.

It's four o'clock: time to close. I have to go.

Thank-you. Now I can leave this library for the front row seats.

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*Chris Anjema is currently working on a Masters degree in environmental studies at York University.*



# Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario

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