

The Newsletter of The Quetico Foundation

The QUETICO

Fall 2002

Vol. 48 Number 1



photo: Arthur Saunders

Michael Saunders, 13, shows his haul during his family's trip in Quetico last summer. The trip is described by his father, Arthur, a Foundation Trustee and proud parent of two paddling kids.

Quetico Quartet honoured by legacy

The Hubachek family has always cared passionately and worked tirelessly to protect the Quetico-Superior area as wilderness. Frank B. Hubachek (1894-1986), a Chicago attorney and conservationist, was very influential in having Quetico Park and the canoe country of the Superior National Forest protected as wilderness areas.

He was also the founder in 1948 of the Wilderness Research Foundation that carries out ecological research near Ely, Minnesota.

In memory of his father and three other distinguished conservationists, Frank B. Hubachek Jr., has made a gift of \$100,000 CAD to The Quetico Foundation.

In his letter, Bill, as he is best known, noted that "The gift is given in memory of four individuals, each of whom played a major role in establishing and rendering continuous support to The Quetico Foundation". The others recognized are Charles S. Kelly (1899-1987), Harold C. Walker (1893-1969) and Omond M. Solandt (1909-1993).

A law partner of Bill's father, Charles S. Kelly served for many years as the Chairman of the President's Quetico-Superior Committee, appointed in 1934 by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. The Committee's efforts together with the efforts of other conservation organizations lead to the protection of the Quetico-Superior area as a true wilderness.

➔ Please see Legacy on Page 6

A Quetico summer

All in a week and a day

By ARTHUR SAUNDERS
Foundation Trustee

We were four, actually three at the start, including my wife Dana and my eleven-year-old daughter Lauren. My thirteen-year-old son Michael was on a 17-day tour of England (he is a singer). His plane landed at 4pm on August 12th. We picked him up at Pearson airport and by 5pm were northbound. He fell asleep in mid-sentence around Barrie as he was re-

lating the details of his final triumphant performance of Mahler's 8th symphony at Royal Albert Hall in London.

We hit Sudbury, turned left and an hour later landed at Goodman's Motel in McKerrow. We were on the road again by 8am, with spectacular weather and a promised gigantic high pressure system stalling over most of Ontario until the end of time. An hour east of the Sault, a vignette you would find only in Ontario - a stocky, grey haired man with a gargantuan gut, dressed only in a ratty blue pair of shorts, no

➔ Please see Tripping on Page 4



2.

Chair's Message

There is a reason for doing this twice a year. It's so you can remember all the events that have occurred. It has been a very busy year and I hope I can remember the highlights.

My term as Chair began with a meeting in Minneapolis (June 2001) with the Friends of the Boundary Waters Park. We were joined by The Friends of Quetico Park, Robin Reilly, Superintendent of Quetico Park, and Shirley Peruniak and Gordon Ringus from the Quetico Centre. Their opposite numbers from the U.S. side were there as well. Sarge, who was enroute to Atikokan, was able to detour to Minneapolis. We were able to share our common aspirations and gripes about a number of issues. We all came away with a belief that we can achieve a lot by working together. We subsequently had the good fortune to find a new Trustee who commutes weekly between Toronto and Minneapolis. Richard Kelley joined us in March. He has a true affection for Quetico Park, having canoed there nearly every summer of his life.

The first day of July, 2001 saw me back in Atikokan to farewell the Summer Student Research Program staff. We celebrated Canada Day by joining in the canoe parade through Atikokan.

In October, we held a most successful Annual Dinner. Trustee, Becky Mason, was our guest speaker and we had many compliments.

The Quetico Foundation undertook to complete a Strategic Plan this year. It has been a most worthwhile exercise, but it has taken a great deal of time and one of the results has been the elimination of the fall 2001 newsletter.

In developing the Strategic Plan, we were most fortunate to have the assistance of Doug Clark, an excellent facilitator. Trustees Chris Dobson and Vice Chair, Arthur Saunders followed the process and kept it on track. The results were presented at the Annual Meeting on May 29, 2002.

Also, we focused on fundraising for the Summer Program. It is clear to me that it is regarded as a highly beneficial program, but one that really needs a major sponsor. The time spent by Sarge on finding grants is enormous and even when we do find a grantor there is an unwillingness to commit to long term support. Please read the reports of the Summer Program and think about who might be willing to sponsor this project through to its completion.

On a brighter note, we were able to help with the successful effort to eliminate mining claims from the areas protected by the Living Legacy. Farther away from home, we lent our support to Becky Mason's successful campaign to ensure that the Nahanni will not be exploited for mining and drilling... at least not without an Environmental Assessment being completed.

Our Annual Meeting occurred on May 29, 2002 at the Caledon Mountain Trout Club. At that time our new Strategic Plan and committee structure were approved which will enable The Quetico Foundation to focus on our reason for being "the protection of Quetico Wilderness Park and its surrounding wilderness".

Tanny Wells



THE QUETICO FOUNDATION

Trustees

Jamie Benidickson
Crandall Benson
Ken Buchan
Colin Coolican
Peter Dalglish
Chris Dobson
Jim Douglas
Dave Elder
Grant Gordon
Paul D. Hahn
John Hodgson
Richard L. Kelley
Dr. Gerald Killan
Clifford C. Lax Q.C.
Becky Mason
T. Ian McLeod
Michael A. Peake
Fraser Reeves
Norm Richards
Arthur Saunders
Dr. Roger Suffling Ph.D.
David Taylor
Tanny Wells
R. Lee Woods

Trustees Emeriti

John M. Bankes
Stephen Cole
Daniel Damov
Richard W. Dodds
A. George Fells
Matthew Gaasenbeek
F. B. Hubachek Jr.
Charles A. Kelly
S. A. MacDonald
Jack E. Matthews LL.D.
Frank W. Woods

The
Quetico

A publication of The Quetico Foundation

Editor: Michael Peake

Additional copies of this newsletter can be obtained by writing The Quetico Foundation:
 48 Yonge St., Suite 610, Toronto, Ontario M5E 1G6



Contains recycled fibre

Reflections

Summer Reflections on the T rail

By KARI SATTLER

Imagine yourself, backpack slung over shoulders, pant legs tucked into socks, compass in hand and mosquito hat in place, ready for the imminent onset of hungry buzzing. Congratulations, you must be part of The Quetico Foundation Summer Student Research Program of 2001!

You are ready to begin a ten day trip into the wilds of Quetico Provincial Park. It is your mission, should you choose to accept it, to determine which part of the park to paddle to, where to set up base camp and how to ensure that your team can get to all the plots in the area to conduct the Forest Resources Inventory Research.

The morning of day one arrives and you are aboard a Beaver, a five seat sea plane. If this is your first flight in a small plane, don't worry, just keep your eyes on the horizon and hold on for the next 30 minutes. If you dare to look down, you will see a maze of lakes, glimmering in the early morning sun. You can also see the various layers of vegetation that carpet Quetico. The lighter green areas seem very mossy and soft in their swampy appearance, where all around stretch trees of many descriptions. You can distinguish some of the pine trees from the spruce and certainly the leafy deciduous trees clearly contrast the Christmas-tree appearance of the coniferous layers.

Today, your trip is starting from Prairie Portage, one of the southerly access points into Quetico Provincial Park that is quite heavily used by our American neighbours. It is here that you grab your canoe and paddle and lug your pack along with the food or scientific equipment into your waiting canoe.

The day is windy as you and your team canoe out of Prairie Portage. Once you round the corner of this lake, you know that Basswood Lake will be even windier. But the sun is out, the sky is a brilliant blue and you can see a loon bobbing to your left. It is wonderful to be exploring the interior of Quetico Provincial Park.

Today, it takes almost a full day to paddle to your base camp. Tired, but invigorated, you all begin to set up camp, and soon, there are tents neighbouring trees and rocks. Soon you sit down on a rock to a meal of hotdogs (or veggie dogs) and Kraft Dinner, joined by the setting sun and the quiet of the evening. After dinner, it is time to choose the plots for the next day of field research and to ensure that your backpack of mysterious-looking devices (otherwise known as scientific equipment) is all accounted for. All is ready!

The darkness proves to be a night that you will remember for a while. Contrary to the impression that the peaceful setting sun has given you of enjoying a calm sleep, you are woken up at 1am with the sizzling crack of lightning and grumble of thunder, nipping at its heels. The wind is raging and your tent is billowing out as though you have suddenly been inflated like a balloon, but just as quickly, the pressure snaps out. The intense winds carry the rain downwards as if it intends

to make impressions in the rocky shorelines below. The storm's performance continues on for two hours. Finally, with the abating wind, you settle down for some much-needed sleep.

The morning breaks clear and after a quick breakfast of porridge, you are off with your crew of four, paddling to your first research plot, analyzing the shoreline for the exact gentle depression or jutting rock that is displayed in your air photo. There never are any good spots for landing near the research plots.

You volunteer to chain in. Compass bearing in hand and with 30 metres of clothes wire behind you, you follow your 'line' into the woods. This line can take you over streams, through bogs filled with carpets of moss, over trees that have blown down as if designed as a giant's game of pickup sticks. Once you have chained in for 180 meters, you are at the beginning of your research plot.

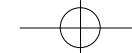
You wait for the rest of your crew to catch up and in the meantime, admire the towering aspens overhead. Their leaves tremble in the breeze. Suddenly, the quiet of the forest is interrupted by the laughing call of a pileated woodpecker. Along the line, at each 20 metre interval, you stop to take various assessments of the forest. Tasks range from taking soil samples, measuring the height of trees, assessing the vegetation type, doing a prism sweep to determine the volume of trees in the area and tree coring. You can hear one crew member rhyming off the Latin names of plants and you realize how valuable this summer employment has been for increasing knowledge and recognition of plants.

The day is hot and so you encourage your crew to say a "toast" to the cooling breeze or anything that comes to mind. Anytime this is done, everyone must stop and drink water. Rehydration is key to survival in this wilderness environment.

Finally, you have gathered all the information that is necessary for your research plot. Hoisting yourself into your canoe, you feel tired, but are looking forward to the paddle ahead.

As you paddle around a corner, you can see a dark image along the shoreline. Paddling closer, you realize that it is a moose that appears to be closely watching the journey of your canoe. You can see the large ears twitch in curiosity and suddenly, it trots with a slow heaviness to the cover of the bush and is gone. Only the turkey vulture that is soaring with effortless tremors in the sky is left to accompany you on your journey back to base camp. The day closes with a good meal and a tired readiness for sleep, to rest for another day of field research in Quetico.

Kari Sattler served as Program Coordinator/Field Team Leader for The Quetico Foundation Summer Student Research Program 2001. She is a graduate of University of Waterloo, where she obtained a Bachelor of Environmental Studies degree. Recently, Kari has completed a Bachelor of Education degree with an Outdoor and Experiential Education focus at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.



4.

Tripping

ALL IN A WEEK AND A DAY cont'd from Page 1

shoes or socks, scowling his way across the Trans Canada, clutching in his right hand, an enormous snapping turtle destined for the pot. We pulled in to Atikokan at 9pm and bedded down for the night at the Old A.

Day one. It was a silver morning as we banged our way down the Beaverhouse road. A last good omen was the bear that bounced up a gravel pile as we neared the drop off point. We pushed through the reeds into Beaverhouse dressed in our rain gear against the light drizzle. The spell was cast. The feeling of being back in a canoe washed away ten months of gnawing aggravation. We swayed with the vertigo of looking into a warped reflection of earth and sky. We could breathe again. The kids started their loon count with two. Our first bald eagle soared over ten minutes later. A great blue heron croaked into the air. With one mud filled boot out of eight we scrambled over the short portage and into Quetico Lake, a gentle wind against us. First one, then two, and by the time we reached the open water, a third white tailed deer had tipped along the shore to welcome us. Fourteen mergansers preened on a rock. We saw nobody. The silence settled.

The wind shifted to the southwest and blew us half way down Quetico. And then more magic. The clouds parted. A spectacular campsite appeared at precisely the right moment. The second bald eagle of the trip rose up from the next point, flew low overhead berating us for our ripples, and settled in a tree across the lake. The kids watched him through the binoculars for an hour. The loon count rose to ten as a raft of eight danced off our point. We dried out and had a wonderful dinner of barbecued chicken.

Our evening swim washed away the last scent of the city. The loon count rose to fifteen. At sunset we climbed into the tent with the weariness of a day of paddling, two days of driving and a year of concrete. By 10pm the rain had returned and thunder was complaining somewhere over Lac La Croix. All in a week and a day.

Day two dawned wet. It had rained steadily all night. And through the morning. The thought of packing up in a torrential downpour was not appealing. So we stayed. The rain intensified. Lauren and Michael made a game of

pared for the entry into Robin Lake. We would have been quicker. But fishing eats hours. We entered the long narrow bay that leads to Robin. We had the wind against us as the sky rid itself of its grey mantle. The spectacular became commonplace. A falcon lifted off from a dead pine. At eleven thirty am, in blinding sunlight, we surprised a beaver high on a rock ledge above the water. The kids collapsed in laughter as the beaver galloped across the rock with the sound of a rubber mallet smacking granite. The dive into the water from 15 feet up rated scores of 10 from all the judges.

The eastern portage into Robin might feel a couple of pairs of hiking boots every few years. A sensational beaver dam, about 50 yards wide had elevated the water level on the other side. Standing in the canoe, I was eye to eye with the water striders skating on the surface tension. There was no portage in sight. We pulled over the dam and paddled on until we found the right spot. It was a beautiful portage uphill on the bare rocks of a Spring river bed. The ghosts of running water in the caverns beneath our feet gurgled upwards. Michael conjured a grinning pike with his first cast at the end of the portage.

We arrived at Robin with the intention of finding a wonderful site to act as a base for day trips southward. No such luck. There is one campsite on Robin. But we were spoiled by past perfection and decided it didn't meet with our approval and eventually picked up the western portage leading back into Quetico Lake. Two more humans. We headed west into a stiff breeze and found another beautiful campsite. The warm sun induced the kids to spend an hour swimming. More loons. Our fourth eagle. Spaghetti for dinner under threatening skies. A rising wind convinced me to make sure everything was extra snug that night. We swam that evening in a more viscous, colder element; cleaner than water could ever be. It was the liquid quicksilver we had let run through our fingers as kids in science class. The clouds descended. By nightfall it was raining again. Somebody turned up the



Photo: Arthur Saunders

Michael and Lauren Saunders enjoy a silhouetted sunset.

gathering the rainfall in a sunken area of the tarp and then creating a waterfall we didn't need. They timed their cascade to coincide with their crescendos of Debussy in two part harmony. The wind picked up. Two bedraggled paddlers approached and asked permission to camp on the next point - our first humans. We slept. We ate. We fished. In anticipation of a visit to Stratford to see King Lear, we had brought the play with us. One read aloud to the others. All in a week and a day.

Day three arrived damp and breezy. The loss of a day made us reconsider our travel plans. The original design had been to continue East to Conk and into Jean. But we had been into Jean a few times before. So we reversed our direction and paddled west. The third bald eagle of the trip escorted us along the South shore. The fishing began in earnest as we pre-

Tripping

volume on the wind. All in a week and a day.

Day four. A disturbed slumber. We awoke to a full scale gale. Horizontal rain. One look at the surf assaulting the shore told me we were windbound. Five foot high rollers made it impossible to get water directly from the lake. We would wait as the waves filled pools higher up the rocky shoreline and then fill our vessels. For the first time ever, I ran out of rope. Every last inch of line was used to reinforce gravity. Trees were torn from the ground, their twisted roots clutching previously sleeping rocks now exposed to the assault. Broken branches sailed through the air. The kids made a game of standing on the root system of one large old spruce. Every extra strong blast caused the ground to lift as if being punched from below by an unseen hand.

We huddled under the tarp feeling insignificant. The force of the storm made speech impossible. At one point, I noticed Michael had picked up Lear and was reading the storm scene. "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!" We could not muster the rage ourselves. We built an elaborate wind screen out of rocks so our stove wouldn't blow away as we prepared dinner. For 24 hours the storm laughed at our puny existence. Somewhere, someone had been keeping track of all the perfect days accumulated over years of paddling. This trip was our payment. All in a week and a day.

Day five. The wind relented. Under glowering heavens we made our way North. As the day progressed the sky grew mottled patches of blue. Finally the sun broke through. To feel that warmth envelop us so soon after we had been thrashed created one of those stark contrasts that makes you shake your head in wonder. The loon count resumed. We were now up to 26. Two more bass. Our fifth bald eagle. And yet again, somewhere a wand waved. We were still in Quetico Lake, heading North to Cirrus. There is a section before the portage where a passageway into a bay narrows and the water gains a little speed. As we approached, a bear climbed a boulder at the water's edge. It slowly stretched its neck to drink. And then in a manner more befitting a swan, it gracefully slipped into the water and drifted across in front of our canoe to

the opposite shore. Without a ripple it exited the water and soundlessly disappeared into the forest. The kids' smiles were as if they had just been handed the world's biggest ice cream cone.

The bear's departure brought on the next downpour as we frantically struggled into rain gear in mid stream. We saw humans number five and six. By the time we reached the portage we were steaming under a new sun. Another shower. Another heat wave. We hit Cirrus along with a fresh west wind. Over the next fifteen kilometres we spent an inordinate amount of time releasing trophy fish. One exceptionally large pike was determined to join us in the canoe. My rain pants bear the scars from a mouthful of razors. We kept enough bass to leave us absolutely stuffed. Eagle number six saluted. A group of five humans. They would be the last we saw for three days. The loon count rose to the mid 40's.

A beautiful campsite in a hideaway bay on the North shore will remain painted on my cornea. Our photos confirm we were not delusional. They show a kaleidoscope sky silhouetting my two kids, dancing in the sunset wearing only their sandals, doing nothing more than delighting in the colour and the air. That night we dreamt of floating bears. It would have been enough for forever. But more wonder. We woke the kids at three am, for them to see for the first time, despite tripping since they've been two years old, the Northern lights. Some supernatural matador had chosen that night to wave his coloured cape. We huddled on the rock in the piercing air until our necks were sore. All in a week and a day.

Day six. The morning sparkled, the denouement of the previous night. Once again with a brisk wind at our backs, and five days with rain but a distant memory despite a lapse of less than twenty-four hours, we flew down Cirrus. The object was to find a palace to occupy for two days so we could fish and relax. As we blew down the lake, every point yielded a fish. My fresh lemon was running low. The unimaginable happened yet again as we drifted through a narrows. Out of the main force of the wind, we rounded a point to come face to face with our fourth doe of the trip. We waited for the char-

acteristic flash of the white tail and the vanishing act. But a trick of the breeze prevented our scent from reaching her. We were frozen in place. Not even Lauren moved. The momentum of the canoe carried us forward. The doe kept feeding at the water's edge. She occasionally glanced up to check our progress. We drifted to within a canoe length. The kids were wide eyed. They had never been that close. Finally, the doe decided it was time to go. More miracles. Our palace appeared at exactly the right time. Our seventh bald eagle welcomed us ashore. We were now over sixty loons. That evening we were blessed again as we were treated to a spectacular sunset on one side of our campsite while the full moon rose on the other side. It never got dark. We swam in fiery wavelets as distant spruce swallowed the sun. We were so full of fish we could barely crawl into our sleeping bags. I wondered if I would put the freeze dried dinners back into the cupboard for the third year. All in a week and a day.

Day seven. The sun screen was chilly from spending the night outside. We lounged and fished. Michael landed two bass - one a 19" monster, that provided dinner. Eagle eight. More loons. The kids had long ago lost count. The barred owl lectured us from the forest. We had difficulty understanding whether he was excited about the voles, mice or shrews. The loons competed for our attention as they launched a concert of monumental proportions. All in a week and a day.

Day eight. It was the perfect final day - the most work with six portages and uncounted pullovers as proof that it is the beavers who control the world. Six painted turtles along our route pointed the way to Lerome. A few more loons in some small lakes, spectacular pitcher plants, 3 beavers, one of whom decided to investigate the canoe closely enough to get the kids to stop singing. In the cool of air conditioned pick-up vehicle, it was as if the whole thing never happened. Lauren commented that it was a good trip when we saw fewer humans than fish. People spend their whole lives searching and never find as much peace and beauty as we did, all in a week and a day.

LEGACY continued from Page 1

Harold C. Walker was the first Chair of The Quetico Foundation, established in 1954. He was a conservationist and an outstanding Canadian citizen who contributed to many worthwhile causes. For many years, Dr. Omond M. Solandt served as a Trustee of The Quetico Foundation and was instrumental in the establishment of the Scientific Advisory Committee which continues to guide the Foundation's reasoned and rational approach to wilderness protection.



Chair Tanny Wells presents F. B. (Bill) Hubachek Jr. with an XY Company paddle in Ely on July 13, 2002.

Bill also noted "The gift is a way of my paying a debt of gratitude for 70 years of enjoyment in Quetico. The park, which is just about the same now as it was on my first canoe trip, has been an important factor in my life."

In recognizing the gift, the Chair of The Quetico Foundation, Tanny Wells, stated "Bill is to be commended for his generosity and tribute to four distinguished conservationists that played leadership roles in establishing Quetico-Superior as one of the world's truly great wilderness preserves. The gift will be added to the Endowment Fund to support the important ongoing work of The Quetico Foundation."

Upon learning of the major donation, Robin Reilly, Superintendent of Quetico Park noted, "The Quetico-Superior is an international integrated wilderness. The gift by an American to the Foundation is a fantastic investment that will help further protect the Canadian portion of the area."

Protecting Ontario's Wilderness: A History of Changing Ideas and Preservation Politics, 1927-1973, by George Warecki. New York: Peter Lang Publishing, 2000. 334+ix pp. Currently available only directly from publisher (www.peterlang.net), US\$55.95 plus postage.

Reviewed by Tony Usher

Almost 10 per cent of Ontario is now dedicated to protection, a remarkable achievement by any standard. Nearly all our provincial and national parks and conservation reserves were created under Conservative governments, from James Whitney's to Mike Harris's. How did this happen?

Gerald Killan set the stage with *Protected Places: A History of Ontario's Provincial Parks System* (1993). George Warecki, who assisted Killan and has now joined him on Western's history faculty, spotlights part of that story in *Protecting Ontario's Wilderness*. It's an interesting tale, well written and told. It's also an important addition to the history of how planning emerged in Ontario, first urged by a few advocates, then valued by some bureaucrats, and finally bursting into the public arena in the 1960s.

Warecki begins with the pre-1960 "era of quiet diplomacy". He tells how Ontario's first protection organizations, the Federation of Ontario Naturalists and The Quetico Foundation, were established, and how, despite few members and scant public interest, they opened doors at Queen's Park and gained some footholds for protection.

The post-1960 "environmental era" takes up most of the book. In a more affluent and receptive climate, especially after 1967, new organizations flourished, coalitions splintered and reformed, activists exploited the media and caught the public's imagination, bureaucrats froze in the headlights, and politicians trimmed their sails to more democratic winds.

In 1965, Ontario's four largest parks (Algonquin, Quetico, Lake Superior, Killarney) were being developed and managed entirely ad hoc - and all were licensed for timber. By 1975, Quetico and Killarney were wilderness parks, timber harvesting in Algonquin was on a much shorter leash, and all four parks had management plans in place or in progress. Today, planning is obligatory, and Algonquin is the park logger's last bastion.

The book gives most prominence to the Algonquin Wildlands League, the most successful organization in the "environmental era". Yet it is equally the story of bureaucrats and politicians with whom the League and other advocates formed sometimes adversary, sometimes symbiotic relationships. Even in the 1920s and 30s, though certainly more so in the 60s and 70s, those inside government who supported protection and planning relied on outside help to push those causes up the agenda, just as they do today.

Warecki provides capsule biographies of key protection advocates and attributes much influence to their personalities and ideas. Nevertheless, he grounds his history in the 20th century economic and social transformation of Ontario, and illuminates the ideological clashes between supporters and opponents of protection, as well as within the protectionist camp.

Protecting Ontario's Wilderness is admirably frank about the elitism that often characterized protectionist ideas and their advocates. Some protection organizations owed their success (and some still do) to key members' close ties to big business and the Tories, while others were dominated (and still are) by what the British call "the chattering classes".

This book should appeal to those interested in Ontario's planning history, in the sociology of planning advocacy and public consultation, and in the science of public administration and political decision-making - and to those who simply want to know how and why things have changed since 1962, when a MNR forester could write, "the most prevalent concept of a park is a good highway leading to plenty of campsites".

Toronto-based planning consultant Tony Usher, MCIP, RPP, enjoyed many canoe trips in Algonquin and Quetico in the 50s and 60s. He has been involved in provincial parks planning since 1972.

Updates

Periodically, an organization needs to take an in depth look at where it has come from, where it is at and where it is going. With the approach of the 50th Anniversary of The Quetico Foundation in 2004, the Trustees and Trustees Emeriti embarked on the preparation of a Strategic Plan to guide the organization. The process started at the Fall Trustees/Trustees Emeriti Meeting on November 13, 2001. Although not entitled to vote at such meetings, Trustees Emeriti are invited to attend and participate in the discussion. Those appointed as Trustees Emeriti by the Board of Directors have been long serving Trustees, many of whom were Chair and/or Executive Officers. Their historical perspective, expertise and experience in a variety of areas continues to be an important resource to the current Trustees.

In a lively discussion facilitated by Doug Clark, Executive Coach, Trustees were exhorted to consider the PAST, PRESENT and FUTURE of The Quetico Foundation. Three hours later, the skeletal framework for a Strategic Plan and the process to prepare the document was agreed upon, well almost. Anyone who has ever participated in such an undertaking knows that a consensus is never quite reached. In such an early stage of the Strategic Plan development, some questioning is often beneficial to the final outcome.

The next step involved a survey of Trustees/ Trustees Emeriti regarding a variety of topics such as Trustee recruitment, fundraising, projects, involvement with other conservation organizations, mission and membership. On January 17, 2002, the Trustees/Trustees Emeriti met to analyze the survey results and to chart a direction for the organization. The Strategic Plan was approved at The Quetico Foundation Annual General Meeting on May 29, 2002. The Strategic Plan will be outlined in a future issue of *The Quetico*.

For the Strategic Plan meetings, Boardroom facilities were provided courtesy of Borden Ladner Gervais LLP where Trustees, Lee Woods and Jim Douglas are lawyers. In appreciation and recognition of his volunteer service in helping to prepare the Strategic Plan, Doug Clark was presented with a pad-

dle hand crafted by Don Meany, The XY Company, Atikokan, Ontario.

The Quetico Foundation is pleased to acknowledge the following Corporate Sponsors and Corporate Partners. The funding provided is used to support The Quetico Foundation Summer Student Research Program.

Corporate Sponsors

BOHLER UDDEHOLM LTD.
Mississauga, Ontario, Canada

BORDEN LANDER GERVAIS LLP
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

GEORGE WESTON LIMITED
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

GLUSKIN SHEFF + ASSOCIATES INC.
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

LAX O'SULLIVAN SCOTT LLP
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

R.W. McRAE
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

ROBERT EVANS INVESTMENT COUNSEL LIMITED.
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

UNIPAC
Aurora, Ontario, Canada

Corporate Partners

Stockwood Spies, Barristers and Solicitors
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Canadian Waters Inc.
Ely, Minnesota, U.S.A.

Piragis Northwoods Company
Ely, Minnesota, U.S.A.

Cathexis Associates Inc.
Burlington, Ontario, Canada

Sceptre Investment Counsel Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Canoe Canada Outfitters
Atikokan, Ontario, Canada

Northside Paddler
Atikokan, Ontario, Canada

Tepperman & Partners
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

If your firm or anyone you know is interested in becoming a Corporate Sponsor or Corporate Partner, please contact the Foundation office, 416-941-9388.

At the Annual General Meeting of The Quetico Foundation on May 23, 2001, Tanny Wells was elected Chair. A Real Estate Agent in Toronto, Tanny also serves on the Board of the World Wildlife Fund, Wildlands League, Toronto Region Conservation Authority and the Grant Review Committee of the Trillium Foundation. She is the first female Chair of The Quetico Foundation since it was established in 1954.

Lee Woods, Lawyer, Borden Ladner Gervais LLP, Toronto, became Past Chair.

Arthur Saunders was elected Vice Chair and Treasurer. He is a Partner/General Manager with Burtex Industries and Farrell Enterprises Limited, Toronto.

New Trustees joining the Board of Directors include the following:

- Jim Douglas, Lawyer, Borden Ladner Gervais LLP, Toronto, Ontario
- Chris Dobson, President, Northwood Data Loggers, Mississauga, Ontario
- Grant Gordon, Creative Director, Torque Brand Communication, Toronto, Ontario
- Becky Mason, Artist/Canoe Instructor, Chelsey, Quebec
- Richard Kelley, Vice President/General Manager, Unipac, St. Paul, Minnesota,

Trustees appointed as Trustees Emeriti include Stephen Cole, Richard Dodds, A. George Fells, Matthew Gaasenbeek, F. B. Hubachek Jr., Charles A. Kelly. George Osborne and Peter Gordon resigned as Trustees.

The Quetico Foundation is interested in receiving nominations for Trustees. If you or someone you know of has an interest in working to protect the wilderness values of Quetico Park, please contact the Foundation office.

8.

From the Annual Dinner



One of the Foundation's newest Trustees, Becky Mason, was the speaker at our Annual Dinner, shown here, held October 23, 2001 at The Ontario Club in downtown Toronto. Becky gave a slide talk on her rich canoeing history with memories of Bill Mason, her famous father.

photo: Michael Peake

The Quetico

Published by
The Quetico Foundation
48 Yonge Street,
Suite 610,
Toronto, Ontario
Canada M5E 1G6
Tel.- 416/941-9388
Fax- 416/941-9236
E: office@queticofoundation.org

Address Corrections Requested