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When to use a paddle

trout whisperer

- Blog: Adventures, stories -



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Description :

When to use a paddle. If your sixteen years old, of the male or female persuasion and born of human parents, I want to encourage you to grab a calendar.

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When to use a paddle

School is usually out by early June, so if you use thick red ink, mark off the last two weeks of June that you will be gone. Forget summer sports or the part time job.

Today, Grab your best friend and start pouring over some maps of uninterrupted canoe country. If you're best friend is a golden retriever, so much the better. Now if you know the blade from the shaft that leads to the handle you can safely handle a canoe trip you will never forget.

Since you don't want to end up hurt or dead, don't do anything stupid once you're on this trip. Newton's 3rd. Law of Motion: For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction. So don't over reaction.

Plan a nice safe trip and take one. Three days of paddling away from anywhere you're familiar with. Then spend six days fishing swimming hiking and howling at the moon. Three days paddling back, leaves you one day for lord knows what.

If you're in your last year of college go for one month. Say You're about thirty, recently married with possibly 2 point 6 children, then just try to get a weekend, but go. If your fifty plus and you leave without one grandchild shame on you, and don't bring them back once you got them for seven non electronics days. Feed them to the forest and the bugs and lightly toast them in front of several campfires.

You get off the jet airplane in Dallas or Chicago or Frankfurt. Your bags went to Egypt and you have the worst case of Montezuma's revenge on the planet. Just for fun you lost your wallet and every client is mad at you. The aforementioned scenario is real life.

How do you take one more step? You remember the boundary waters. You think back to paddling through the quetico. You whisper to yourself, superior national forest. It was quiet and you ate fish. The loons mournful echo shuts down the police sirens. One lost wallet, who cares, you paddled seventeen miles in the moonlight across Basswood Lake with two portage's and slept the day away on Washington island.

No food tastes good because of your upset stomach, remember how lightly you packed for the trips duration so each time you fished it mattered. You needed to catch a pike and then fillet it because that fish was dinner or breakfast but it was your food, the best food you ever cooked and ate in your formative years. That fish was a life and you ate it, every firm bite.

Too many bills, too hot or too cold outside, the kids are sick, or your boss is mad. But the thought pops in your head, how you went swimming off that rocky point with the dog, in your blue jeans, because you're britches and your body needed a nice cold bath. The aroma of wood smoke comes back to you as the dishwasher leaks all over the kitchen floor fifteen minutes after the repairman leaves. Was it cedar or birch?

That's why as adults the vast majority of us never "go postal". We went paddling. We went away from it all, so we could deal with it all, moment by moment for the rest of our adult lives.

Its only late January, but if you start shopping for a nice set of beaver tail paddles and use permanent marker on the calendar you may just end up getting more than shaft blisters from canoeing into a head wind off Snow bay in Lac la Croix. Then when your walking out to the garage at about forty years of age and you just caught junior smoking, you can look them in the eyes and say, "see that paddle hanging there all dusty, go get it, I'm going to use that paddle on you", and put your offspring in the bow. "Hey, its time they learn the J stroke".

The trout whisperer Justnorth.com