

CHE-MUN

(Ojibway for canoe)

THE JOURNAL OF CANADIAN WILDERNESS CANOEING

OUTFIT 84

CHE-MUN

SPRING 1996



photo: Michael Peake

GRAVE SITUATION -- The remains of John Hornby's cabin and the grave markers of (l-r) Edgar Christian, Hornby and Harold Adlard are

a part of the rich history of travel and habitation on the Thelon River in the heart of the Barrenlands. This story and so much more are part of a superb

new book; *Thelon - A River Sanctuary* by David Pelly. We review this exciting book and several others beginning on Page 4.

Thelon: A River Sanctuary

Page 4

Moffatt's fatal 1955 Dubawnt

expedi- *Page 5*

Worn any good canoes lately?

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Spring Packet



Contributions from the incomparable **Gwen Hayball** are found throughout this issue of *Che-Mun*. She also included this letter with her packet that readers might find of interest.

"A few days ago I had a surprise from Trish and Glen Warner who are in London on a business trip. They own Bathurst Inlet Lodge, where I have stayed many times. I was able to give them a quick look at the lovely countryside in this part of Dorset. Glen bought a number of copies of my Pike book (Outfit 80), so being interested in Pike we visited Wareham and saw the site of the house where Pike was born.

"Having worked in the Canadian Arctic as an RCMP officer, it is not surprising that Glen is interested in the history of exploration in the region, particularly Franklin. I understand that he is organizing a Franklin Week at the lodge during the coming season.

"As I may have told you, I became absorbed with that area and stayed at the lodge on ten different occasions. I love the tundra, great space and the clarity of the atmosphere. 1994 was to have been my final visit because of my age. However, the Warners hinted that I may be invited as a special guest. Now that they understand my situation and will allow me "to do my own thing", mainly bird-watching, I may be back at Bathurst Inlet this year.

"A letter from Dr. Speakman arrived today, stating he might be rafting down the Burnside this summer and that he was there at Bathurst Inlet Lodge ten years ago! Our visits might even coincide.

"I had written to him at some length regarding my discovery of Warburton Pike and my experiences in northern Canada. Dr. Speakman wanted a copy of my Pike book, and as all copies have now been sold I suggested he try George Luste at Northern Books in Toronto which he did and was successful.

"Must away now."

Miss Hayball resides at 85 Homelake House,

Station Road, Poole, Dorset England BH14 8UD.

Dick Davidson, Box 90244, Sioux City, SD USA 57105 is a veteran northern paddler. We always welcome his letters and insights.

"Last summer, when a trip came apart due to an accident, flooding etc., I picked a new trip to the north coast of Canada that was affordable solo. It was a trip mainly on the Mara River and then on the Burnside River to Bathurst Inlet Lodge and Village. It was an affordable because I would give my canoe to the Lodge and Village on arrival and save \$1000 in flight costs for the boat. It was also affordable because I would save by joining the weekly Monday egress of lodge guests to Yellowknife.

"The only canoe that I could afford to leave was my 1956 leaking Grumman, with no time to repair the leaks or to provide it with a splash cover I picked the little-known Mara over a full run on the Burnside, of which I had several paddling reports, because of information extolling the beauty and wildlife of the Mara. I also picked the Mara because it might have a lower difficulty level than the Burnside, making it a safer trip to do solo. (Later in Yellowknife, I learned that this was not the case.)

"Shortly before leaving home, I was able to profile the trip and saw more whitewater than this 65-year-old prairie paddler wanted to see in a two week trip. While I was in Yellowknife, I got photocopies of the 1:50,000 maps for a closer and needed look at the area to be tripped and I got edited copies in several forms for James Raffan's report of a five week descent of the Mara and Burnside to Bathurst Inlet that included a side hiking trip to Wilberforce Falls.

"Since the Mara is a fast run-off river, I made my charter flight ingress (280 miles one way) on July 2, 1995. The trip started in high, fairly flat plateau country and entered deep canyon country before the end of the first week. My expectations about the beauty and wildlife of the area were well fulfilled. I expected near continuous whitewater

much of the time - and found it. There is a stretch below the confluence of the Mara and Burnside where whitewater is absent. I expected the early reaches of the Mara to be shallow and it was.

"What I didn't expect was the degree that the shoreline was boulder-strewn, even on the Precambrian Shield. poor to nil for lining from the shore. In-water lining, however, works. I expected the wind to be out of the north (N, NW & NE) most of the time and it was all of the time. The range was from near calm to 55 mph. If you have state-of-the-art whitewater gear and if you have someone in the lead canoe who knows the river, then this would be an easy two week trip. If not, three or more weeks might be a good idea. Scouting rapids takes time. Lots of it! If you see trail signs that don't make sense in the portage of the Burnside Gorge (the last drop), ignore them. They're for something else. Bathurst Inlet Village (pop. 30) and Nature Lodge is a fascinating place to end a trip.

"Good paddling when the water gets a little softer. After the trip I found that the Mara has a higher average gradient than the Hood.

Subscriber **Roch Dufresne**, 192 Rang VII, Athabaska, Quebec, G6P 6S2 wrote to tell *Che-Mun* readers about the following.

"I'm off guiding on the west coast this summer for a chap who recently launched a sea kayaking outfitting business. His catalogue includes trips that explore the thousands of islands along the mainland coast across from Port McNeill (on Vancouver Island) via three week-long alternatives; sea kayaking from a sail boat which will take us to different locations every day; sea kayaking from a base camp on one of the islands and touring the area by sea kayak with daily changes of camping sites. Food, equipment, gear - everything supplied but your personal belongings and transportation to Port McNeill.

"Out there the season goes from mid-May to late September. To find out more about Silver Seas



Editor's Notebook

As winter drags on into its sixth month here in southern Ontario I keep checking my calendar to see if I had accidentally turned over two months at once. Perhaps these last weeks have seemed different because of the change in occupancy in my household.

The birth of our son Thomas has opened a door in my life revealing a whole array of new feelings and emotions. It's both wonderful and humbling the same time. Most of my canoeing friends have responded, after congratulations, with comments regarding the frequency and duration of future Hide-Away Canoe Club trips. Time will tell what actually happens but my wife Margaret and I certainly intend to let the canoeing continue and to eventually include young Thomas.



Michael and his hours-old son, Thomas Northrop.

My eyes are now open to a broader definition of paddling. Is it perhaps just a coincidence that a copy of a canoeing with kids video was sent to *Che-Mun* for review (see Page 8). I left that job to someone with experience. My brother Geoffrey and his wife Leslie, have had Megin and Brendan, now

four and two respectfully, out bobbing in Lake Superior and threading the coastal rivers of British Columbia, where they live.

And at the most recent Wilderness Canoe Association Slide Fest I thought the best talk was given by Kathleen Henderson. She spoke with great love and humour about paddling with her kids - one of whom was named Algonquin - and they call Quinn.

Che-Mun is now on the Internet. An New York based Internet page has published a few stories and photos regarding last summer's Arctic Land Expedition. You can find it at www.gorp.com. We hope to have more news about finding *Che-Mun* on the Web in our next issue. We're already getting e-Mail messages at our new address. It's posted on page 12.

There's certainly a wealth of material related to canoeing and the outdoors currently on the Web And that amount will only grow, just like our young Thomas. Only you don't have to change diapers on the Web. Hope you all have a great spring. Happy paddling.

Michael Peake, Editor.

Newsline

Countdown to April 1, 1999

EXILE-ERATION . . . A deal was closed in March to end a sorry chapter in Canada's treatment of the Inuit who were moved from Inukjuak in Northern Quebec to Grise Fiord in the High Arctic in 1953. Several hundred Inuit were moved against their will to press Canada's sovereignty in the far north.

The Makavik Corp. signed a \$10 million settlement on behalf of those who were relocated. While many are happy with some restitution finally coming after many years of trying they are not pleased that the money is coming without a formal apology.

Two million dollars will be doled out to the remaining 200 eligible recipients over the next two years. The remaining \$8 million will be held in a trust and distributed through a board of trustees.

The 1953 move left the relocated Inuit families with virtually no means of support. Their new home was an unpractical site chose by the government in a barren area with very little game. There was tremendous social pressure and family dislocation. For many years there has been movement to redress the wrongs. Needless to say, such a move would never even be considered today.



ZERO WATT. . . The latest chapter in the downscaling of Inuit superstar politician Charlie Watt came at a recent Makavik Corporation meeting in Inukjuak.

Watt used to head Makavik, the Inuit-run body that oversees the land settlement money from the James Bay Agreement. Watt's presidency drew a lot of flak for its flamboyant leadership style and especially when Watt came out in support of the Great Whale Project, a river damming scheme that most northern Quebec natives were strongly against.

Watt lost his job soon after and was seeking to make a comeback when he ran for the Makavik treasurer's position in late March. He was soundly defeated by incumbent Peter Adams by an almost three-to-one margin. Those in power with Watt have also been weaned out of the corporation since Watt left in March 1994.



HOW THE WEST WAS NAMED. . . Residents of the area west of the new Nunavut will get another chance to name their part of the

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Thelon/ A River Sanctuary

By David Pelly

Published by the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association 1996.

202 pp. \$26.95 Cdn ISBN - 1-895465-21-4

The Thelon is a great river and it deserves a book of equal stature. That has now been accomplished thanks to David Pelly.

Thelon, A River Sanctuary will be devoured by wilderness canoeists. That's because it was written by a person who is one. Pelly hits all the right buttons in his examination of the Thelon River system which includes such river users through the millennia as natives, explorers, trappers and even modern-day paddlers.

This book is scrupulously researched and - I am glad to note that unlike many books by the same publisher, completely free of errors or typos, at least to my eyes. This book is very much a Pelly production and his meticulous nature shines through here.

There are some wonderful little gems, even in the footnotes. For example, when Eric Morse's 1962 trip was stranded for nine days in a big blow on Beverley Lake they passed a note regarding their situation to a passing boat heading for Baker Lake. Well, Pelly footnotes the names of all the people in the boat and the wording of the message. That's the landmark of superb research and it is all through this book. Pelly shares the wealth as well, with 45 pages of appendices and bibliography.

Beautifully complementing the words are some great archival photos including a few by J.W. Tyrrell who, in 1900, was the first person to paddle the length of the river. David also spent some time with wilderness guide Alex Hall, who has been down the river dozens of times, and draws from his experience to help bring this wonderful river alive.

The book features words and pictures of people many of us have heard as being associated with the Thelon. Now Pelly has fleshed-out portraits these men, including Ernie Kuyt, John Kelsall, Billy Hoare and C. D. Clarke.

The book closes with the report of a meeting of the Dene and Inuit on the banks of the Thelon to discuss its future. Much of the river is included in the Nunavut land settlement and much of its future will be decided by natives. There are also pressures to change or alter the Thelon Sanctuary's status. This book, while not taking sides, provides ample proof that the Thelon should be preserved, as is, for time

immemorial.

Shield Country

By Jamie Bastedo

Arctic Institute of North America

Calgary, AB. 271 pp. \$20.

ISBN 0-919034-79-9

This book dropped from the sky out of nowhere. Though first published in 1994, I had never heard of it. But standing on the dock of Air Tindi in Yellowknife awaiting to take off into the barrens for 50 days, I ran into the author, Jamie Bastedo. We chatted for a while and he mentioned the book and I promptly bought a copy with the last scraps of paper money I would use for two months - and took the book along.

Shield Country is a very hip text book. It tells the story about the formation and the forces that shaped and formed the Canadian shield, that precious and wonderful chunk of planet Earth.

Bastedo takes the reader on an evolutionary tour in the shaping of the planet and the shield in particular. The book is packed with photos that illustrate his points. He moves quickly and interestingly though the geology lesson and on to more recent historical accounts. Perhaps the most refreshing aspect of this book is that it is most definitely not written in the Chamber of Commerce style so common to many books about the booming times in northern towns.

The book is divided into three parts; The Making of a Landscape, Today's Landscape and Tomorrow's Landscape. He covers all areas of consideration to the natural landscape, the majority of which lately are man-caused. Bastedo's journey takes us from the primordial ooze to the ozone hole and he does it with an style that's easy to read yet packed with information.

Voyages/ Canada's Heritage Rivers

Edited by Lyn Noel

Breakwater Press, St. John's Nfld.

197 pp. \$50 HC \$35 paper.

ISBN 1-55081-099-5

The Canadian Heritage Rivers System has been growing slowly - like a great tree - which is probably a healthy metaphor as long as you can keep those people with the chain saws away.

This book celebrates the ten years of achievements that have seen some 30 rivers designated as a heritage river - but not protected. *Voyages* is something of a great and well-illustrated report on these accomplishments. Various writers are featured including David Pelly, James Raffan and Hap Wilson, who also contributes drawings.

There are many superb photos which add to the thoroughness of the book. Nevertheless it does have the "feel" of a report as opposed to a book. There are a lot of agencies and groups involved and they all get mentioned.

Lyn Noel has done a great job of assembling a well-deserved tribute to many of Canada's great rivers. *Voyages* is a worthy resource and a valuable record of what was - and what can still be.

Kabloona in the Yellow Kayak

By Victoria Jason

McClelland and Stewart, Toronto

298 pp. \$27. 1996.

Victoria Jason was a fortysomething grandmother who survived two strokes before she began this epic four year journey. She begins her book recounting the hardships of tripping with the egocentric and erratic Don Starkell. Why she agreed to paddle with him for a second year is a mystery.

Starkell told his tale in his own book, *Paddle to the Arctic*, and now it's Jason's turn.

Kabloona reads like a Ludlum novel. Each day is a new adventure. Their writing styles are as different as their personalities. While, for Starkell, everything is expressed in degrees of difficulty and personal hardship, Victoria falls in love with the people and the beauty of the north and pays much more attention to the environment around her, especially the weather and where to camp and get fresh water.

It's not just a book about paddling. It's about survival and solitude and the people she meets and the friendships she creates. She buys art from village elders and teaches the youngsters how to paddle her yellow kayak. She absorbs the spirit of giving and generosity and returns it tenfold. Kabloona, which means stranger in Inuktitut, was what she was when she started this journey. She ended up a friend to many.

You seem to know that she will succeed and she has on both fronts - in traversing the Arctic and producing a wonderfully readable book that is hard to put down.

1955 Dubawnt River Expedition

Moffatt, Myth & Mysticism

The 1955 Dubawnt River expedition, led by Arthur Moffatt, has long been held up as an example of a northern trip gone tragically wrong. Finally, one of those who was on the trip, George Grinnell, has put down his recollections in a new book; A Death on the Barrens. This

publication prompted two thoughtful reviews from Che-Mun readers and we decided to present you with these two views on this disturbing and landmark canoe journey.

What we have here is a severely depressed individual whose life has been tinged by tragedy. He is not trying to engage in a serious discussion of these controversial social, political and moral issues. I believe he is using his slanted view of Western civilization as a crutch to deal with his own feeling of inadequacy and depression brought on by his father's suicide and both Moffatt's and his son's death. He paints these arguments with such broad strokes that even if you agree with him that free market economies are morally bankrupt, that technology is evil and that all white males should burn in hell forever for inventing the atomic bomb, he does the cause a disservice.

Grinnell mistakenly thinks that Moffatt was a bodhisatva, an enlightened being who has temporarily forsaken his own attainment of Nirvana to be reincarnated to guide others on their path. At best, Moffatt was a cracked bodhisatva, a partially enlightened being with a fatal flaw. One who is doomed to repeat his mistakes in an endless cycle. As Shakespeare's King Lear said, "You do me wrong to take me out of the grave, Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound upon a wheel of fire that mine tear do scald like molten lead." I truly feel sorry for Grinnell. The serenity and inner peace that he glimpsed on his first trip into the Barrens completely escaped him when he returned to society. He is fascinated by both Christian and Buddhism but is unable to apply their central tenets of compassion and forgiveness to himself.

I was personally moved by much of this book. In 1978, on my first long northern canoe trip I wiped out on a potentially deadly rapid on the North Seal River in Manitoba. My partner was flushed downstream out of sight and I spent 45 minutes standing on the overturned canoe in the middle of the rapid contemplating what I thought was his probable death and my impending one. I finally mustered enough courage (or fear) to cut the packs loose, push the canoe upright and then swim for it. Grinnell talks about feeling "lucky" after his experience but lost that feeling and became bitter. I was lucky that day. We had done everything wrong yet we were both fine, recovered all our gear and continued all the way to Hudson Bay.

Perhaps because my experience didn't end in tragedy it was a life affirming experience that I have carried with me ever since. The sense of elation, serenity and hope has never left me and I truly feel "lucky" every day, especially when I am paddling. I am going on my sixth long canoe trip in the barrens this summer and though I am not particularly religious, I do believe in the power of prayer. I will make a special effort while out there to pray for George Grinnell's troubled

"I was surprised to see two lines of white. I looked at them in helpless fascination. It was too late to pull to shore. . . We went over the falls and plunged directly into a four-foot wave. The bow sliced in, and a sheet of foaming green engulfed me."

- George Grinnell, A Death on the Barrens. \$25 plus GST & shipping. Pub. by Northern Books, Box 211, Station P, Toronto, ON. M5S 2S7. Call 416-531-8873 (phone & fax). ISBN 0-96804040-3.

importantly, it is not just a true story. Taking all this into account while the book has difficulty weaving together diverse elements it offers much food for thought.

It seems that a function of this life-long work is the sharing, or purging, of the author's experiences. Several characteristics of Grinnell's oral recounting allowed and encouraged those present to share with him. In both written and oral accounts, he pays close attention to the minutiae of trip dynamics as they evolved. For those with some notion of life on a canoe trip the details of food squabbles, bow-stern rivalries, or the relative concept of time were offered with remarkable insight and dry humour. This sense of humour is exhibited in a comment on Art Moffatt's abdication of leadership, whose apparent quest for inner peace paralyzed the pace of the trip, and left a void unfilled: "Skip found himself in the difficult position of having become the second-in-command to a cup of tea."

As the summer-length trip wore on, and the progress of their three Chestnut canoes lapsed further and further behind schedule, anxiousness and impending climax accompanies the daily accounts, "Our only hope of survival lay in living off the land. If we were lucky to run across a herd of migrating caribou, we would probably survive. If not, we should expect the same fate as Hornby, Adlard and Christian, death by starvation."

It seems to me that the sparse nature of the oral experience embraced the listener almost as strongly as the more fleshed representation offered in the book. For the reader there is a significant periphery which comprises anecdotal, theological, philosophical and even political commentaries. It spans many of Grinnell's relationships: with people, with institutions, and with ideas. It is often space or a moment's silence which impresses an observer in the most dramatic fashion; occasionally the periphery of the author's account seems insoluble with the sparse nature of the Barrens.

In conclusion, George Luste, at the request of the author, includes a commentary which addresses the details of Grinnell's trip, as well as thoughts on the risks involved with wilderness tripping. One of the implications of a quasi-religious resistance to a pragmatic plan of travel was the death of Arthur Moffatt. Another is this book, the reading of which is, I believe, a valuable experience. George Grinnell offers an often poetic depiction of the Barren Lands, gracefully harnessing some of its inestimable power into written words. A measure of humility may be derived from this account, expressed in words from both the author's oral and written representation of life: "God is not he who kills and eats but who is killed

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Pipestone, Asheweig & Winsik rivers

Bound for the Bay, the Winisk way

By JOHN N. FISKE Jr.
Story and Photos

Ten years ago my good friend, Dan Cullaty, and I paddled to Hudson Bay on the Pipestone, Asheweig and Winisk Rivers. The 500-mile, 24 day trip is still a source of fond memories for both of us. We were both just out of college; he was 22, and I was 23.

The trip began and ended in Weston, Massachusetts, where we had grown up about a mile from each other. On July 1, I picked up Dan in my newly acquired, though already decade-old red Ford pickup truck. The trip reached its symbolic conclusion about a month later at the barbershop: I was already in the chair just as Dan walked in!

The intervening month was filled with anything but the ordinary. That old truck rattled and rolled, all the while nearly overheating, 700 miles to Temagami. Once there, we slept on the floor of the Temagami Canoe Company, whose proprietors, John and Steve Kilbridge, warily eyed our ragtag outfit. "It's kind of ballsy to do a Bay trip in that canoe," said John.

A veteran of a couple of Bay trips himself, John would have advised a Chestnut Prospector. But all we had was a marginally refurbished Chestnut Cruiser. I had recanvassed it and replaced a number

of broken ribs. The canoe was tippy and tired, with nearly nonexistent webbing in the bow-seat, but it would do.

Steve drove us to Capreol, north of Sudbury,



where Dan and I caught a train bound for Savant Lake and points beyond. There we found the train alright, and also a conductor who said we couldn't bring the canoe on the train. We knew this wasn't right, and we argued. Steve hung around. I thought we might have to go east and do the Rupert. But at last the conductor relented, and allowed our canoe, wanigans and packs aboard the baggage car.

In the morning the train dropped us at Savant Lake, and a pre-arranged ride delivered us to Pickle Lake and the door of the Koval Brothers, a transport firm located there. We had learned that the Koval Brothers had an empty 18-wheeler headed northwest on the road, and for the munificent sum of \$25 we could have a ride to Stirland Lake, our starting point.

We arrived at the Koval Brothers in the midst of a hard rain. The rain pounded down, but Dan spied a single-chassis truck belonging to the Koval Brothers parked nearby. "Let's sleep in that truck," he announced. "We won't have to pitch the tent."

In the morning, the sweet woman in the Koval Brothers' office, whom we paid the \$25, said, "Did you guys sleep in that truck last night?" We sheepishly acknowledged our small secret. But she allowed that it made perfect sense.

Soon, we were at our first campsite, which was the finest we had the entire trip. The details have faded, but we both recall portaging out of Stirland Lake, around a low falls, to find a splendid campsite just across from the cascade. We camped there on the Fourth of July, 1986, with youthful and high expectations of a real wilderness trip. Dan, a true angler, caught two walleye at the foot of the falls. We fired our shotgun into the air in celebration of our country's independence, and to affirm our own



Expeditions

satisfaction with life, liberty, walleye and campsite.

Alas, it was a shortlived celebration, for the very next day, Day Two, Dan's fishing rod fell overboard and sank. Dan went overboard just a moment after the rod, but to no avail. As he stood chest-deep in the shallow lake, nothing could hide his misery, and his loss, and the plain truth that there would probably be no more fresh fish on this trip of ours.

Dejectedly we paddled on, and then on, downstream with the current of the Pipestone River.

Frog Rapids became The Frog in our lexicon, and we were pinned by the wind on Horseshoe Lake. The river passed under the road, and we saw bootprints in the mud. "Who else could be here?" we asked each other. Even though the rod was gone, our confidence increased, and we shot rapid after rapid on the Pipestone.

At a rapid just below Wastayanipi Lake, which is a widening of the river, we swamped. The trip report advised that the rapids were big; "shoot left. or shoot right," it said. "Or portage on the left." I stood for a look, and announced cavalierly that we would shoot left. Halfway down, the stacks in the middle were higher than our heads. I pried the canoe close to the cobbled shore, but even six inches out, the water was too big, and under we went.



We collected our things in a lovely calm pool below the rapids, shook like wet dogs and continued on. The sun warmed us quickly, but the swamping affected our diet for the rest of the trip. Our supply of rice was in a canvas mail bag, which I had obtained at our local post office. The rice got wet, and although we salvaged it all, it acquired the unpleasant flavour of the mail bag.

Despite the loss of the rod, Dan continued to fish. At our camp on Kingfisher Lake, he wound up and threw a line and lure into the lake, and pulled out two pike. A tenacious fellow, he refused to be denied. Later on, at the rapids where the Asheweig tumbles off the shield, some American sport fishermen gave us two large walleye they had caught. We gratefully accepted, and ate them both for breakfast.

The days on the Asheweig were long and hard to endure. The river flows through flat country, in a never-ending zig-zag through countless and name-

less lakes. Our patience was tested, and we snapped at each other. As we approached the settlement on Kasabonika Lake, Dan was counting on warmth and a reprieve from the cold rain and headwind that had been dogging us all day. I argued that these towns are empty and were better off "out here in the bush." I demanded that we stop and have a hot lunch, even though we were within sight of the village. Dan just wanted to get there. But he eventually agreed to stop. "That was one of the most important lessons I have ever learned," he has said in the years after the trip. "I felt so much better after that lunch fire, and I learned I had to rely on myself as much as

the comfort of home and hearth. But there, next to wind-swept Hudson Bay, we were hungry boys, and we ate, and ate.

On July 27, Dan and I struggled the last few miles to the airfield at Winisk. There was not enough water to float the canoe, which by this time leaked so badly I bailed every few minutes with a mixing bowl. So we dragged the canoe through the shallows. Dan's feet had developed bunions because his sneakers were too small (he hadn't tried them on at the shoe store), and he hobbled along, using his paddle as a crutch. At length, we fought a fierce, cold north wind the last mile to the dock that

marked the end of paddling. The ocean horizon spread across the northern edge of our view, and suddenly we were there.

The source of the Pipestone's boot prints greeted us when we arrived. Five beautiful girls from a camp in Minnesota had arrived the day before, and we couldn't have been more surprised, nor pleased, with this welcome. We compared notes and enjoyed each other's company. That freezing night, an impromptu party developed as Polar Bear Park biologists and a stranded bush pilot, joined the canoeists for dinner, coffee, and tales of

possible. All I had wanted was to get into that store, and warm up next to some wood stove. As it turned out, the store was cold, and not friendly. If you have means to do it yourself, then do it yourself."

Our food supply, by mid-trip had become an issue. We were pushing hard to reach Hudson Bay to catch our flight out, and our appetites had grown. At Kingfisher Lake we bought more provisions, and by the time we reached Kasabonika Lake six days later, we had to buy still more. The foul-tasting rice was useless, so we substituted spaghetti and flour. At the end of the trip, on the Winisk itself, out of food, hungry, and cold, we stopped at the new village of Peawanuck, which was under construction that year, and purchased two 500 gram boxes of spaghetti, and some sauce. That evening, at our last camp, in a quiet grove of trees, just ten miles from Hudson Bay, Dan and I had a feast: the two of us ate both boxes of spaghetti and sauce, without pause or groan. It was an unbelievable gastronomic feat, one that would be impossible in

the North. If the happy times of the night before were not enough, one more surprise awaited us in the morning. Dan and I had a fabulous helicopter ride over the the Winisk, up to Peawanuck, and back, just for the asking.

The helicopters were ferrying construction supplies from the airfield to the new town, and the chopper's pilot obliged our request without hesitation. It was an improbable finale to an unforgettable adventure. Despite equipment problems and a food shortage, we succeeded.

In the ten years that have passed, Dan and I know that we were serious and determined in our expedition. Today, we view the trip as a hilarious misadventure, or a comedy of small errors, but something that we both would do again.

John Fiske is a Che-Mun subscriber who lives at 136 Prospect St., Wakefield, MA USA 01880-2125.

Babes in the Woods. A video on canoeing with children by John and BB Meader. \$24.95.

By **GEOFFREY PEAKE**
Chief Guide HACC

The day had to come eventually when *Che-Mun* would report on the wide world of canoeing - with children. This should come as no surprise to anyone who has read the recent birth notices in the classified section of *Che-Mun* over the last few years. In fact, all four original founding members of the H.A.C.C. now have children - for a grand total of seven between us, but because I am the only one of the four who has actually embarked on a canoe trip with their kids, the task fell on me to review this video.

When we did our first trip with our daughter Megin in 1993 she was just over one year old. Rather than starting with any short day trip we plunged right into a two-week trip to the Queen Charlotte Islands. This was no easy trip, and certainly not what most people would call a good beginner trip for a one-year old. Last year we took Megin (then 3) and Brendan (18 mo.) on Lake Superior for 6 days. Again not what most people would call a good place to canoe with kids. The message that we learned early on is **IT CAN BE DONE.**

Babes in the Woods is a 50-minute video on extended canoe tripping with small children, delivers this same message. Produced by John and Alison Meader, two Maine Guides with wide experience in wilderness canoeing. The video is not meant to be strictly educational, but rather outlines some of the basic elements they use in putting a trip together: getting their children used to the water, selecting the right gear, food prep, menus, etc. Once they are all packed, we follow the Meaders on a variety of trips over the years showing the kids facing the usual challenges and obstacles of a wilderness trip - running rapids, wet weather, portaging and windy days. Over the course of several years we see how the Meaders adapt to the changing abilities and desires of their two children, Ben and Emily in approaching these challenges.

The most important function of this video is to **INSTILL CONFIDENCE.** Anyone contemplating a trip with kids is going to be faced with many doubts and worries, and the fact that you can see others doing it will help kindle enthusiasm and a belief that **IT CAN BE DONE.** In my own case I did not have any doubts myself, but various parents and friends (who shall be nameless...) projected their disbelief that we were going on any trip at all with a one-year

old, let alone to a place that they could scarcely fathom going to themselves.

To see others doing it and having a good time helps remove many of the fears (most of them unfounded) to taking your kids along on a trip. Most people forget two important characteristics about young kids that make a canoe trip possible: First, they are very adaptable to new experiences, and will fit in to the new schedule after a few days. Secondly, they love playing outside and can make a game of anything. Brendan could (and has) spent hours just throwing rocks into the water and is as entranced by that activity as any other he would have at home. Also, fresh air is good for kids and tires them out so they tend to **go to be early** and **sleep in late** (anyone who has kids will know why those two items are in bold print).

Babes in the Woods is a good starting point for reluctant parents who need some encouragement on taking their kids along on a trip. Another bonus is that kids will enjoy watching this video too. Our kids have seen it over a dozen times in the last month. I suspect that watching this would help create a desire to paddle in all children especially when they see how much fun they could have.

Although the video is done almost in a home-video

format, with fairly basic production values, there are a few touches they add that are really well done. I liked the montage shot of various still shots that show the slow progression of their son Ben, as he grows in his abilities from a new paddler through the years culminating in the footage of him, at six, doing a self-taught J-stroke on the Allagash river. Anyone who has tried to teach that stroke will know what an achievement it is to have a six-year old learn it on their own! It also reinforces the great opportunities and learning experiences that await your kids. Don't underestimate their ability to learn.

My favorite scene is when their daughter Emily is describing a rainy day they spent paddling; her expressiveness in describing how cold she was and how she warmed up is a priceless moment for any parent who enjoys the incredibly expressive and theatrical way kids can describe things - before they get too old and realize people aren't supposed to talk like that.

Babes in the Woods is a good confidence builder for parents thinking about starting canoeing with their kids, and their kids will find it equally enjoyable to watch as well.

Babes in the Woods can be purchased from

Help Protect Our Past

The Inuit Heritage Trust was established by Nunavut Tunngavik Incorporated in April, 1994, as the lead Inuit agency responsible for the management and protection of archeological sites and associated cultural resources within the Nunavut Settlement Area. The Trust is very concerned about recent reports of the removal, by canoeists, of artifacts from archeological sites along the Kazan River and elsewhere in Nunavut.

Archeological sites in Nunavut form a unique, non-renewable record of 4,000 years of human history in the region. As in other parts of Canada, all of these sites are protected by law, and the removal or disturbance of artifacts of other cultural specimens from any site is prohibited.

The Inuit Heritage Trust recognizes that the majority of canoeists who visit Nunavut treat both its natural and cultural resources with respect. Unfortunately, however, the thoughtless actions of a few individuals stain the reputation of the group.

Please help the Trust preserve the irreplaceable part of Nunavut's cultural heritage for the benefit of present and future generations. If you encounter an archeological site, take with you only a photograph and the memory of a special experience.

For further information please contact:

Inuit Heritage Trust Incorporated
Box 638
Iqaluit, Nunavut X0A 0H0
Tekephone (819) 979-0731
Facsimile (819) 979-0269
E-Mail: dstenton@nunanet.com

Dr. Rae's Victorian cloak-boat

By GWEN HAYBALL

Che-Mun is honoured to have another fascinating contribution from our delightful octogenarian correspondent from England. Miss Hayball recently self-published a book on Warburton Pike (Outfit 80).

If you had been walking along the bank of the Thames River, London, England, on the 10th of June 1844 about 2 pm you would have been struck by a strange craft - a sort of canoe which was being paddled by three men, downstream from Westminster.

It was a new invention called a boat-cloak or cloak-boat, being tried out on its maiden voyage by its inventor, Lieutenant Peter Alexander Halkett. His concept of an inflatable using india rubber cloth had been realized the previous year. Described as a cloak-boat because it could be worn as a cloak until needed to be converted into a boat,

Peter Halkett would have been an ideal companion on any canoe trip today, if only because of his sense of humour and wit. The log of his "good ship Boat-cloak begins with an exact record of their position and weather conditions, followed by the situation on board.

"... grog almost expended - ship's company in low spirits. Shipped a heavy sea at Battersea . . . Boat Cloak almost on her beams ends - Crew asked to go ashore near a Red House on the Battersea coast that they might settle their quarrel like gentlemen - Captain claps both gentlemen in irons . . ." Passing Lambeth (the London home of the Bishop of Canterbury) they "hoisted our flag and fired salute for Archbishop but salute not returned."

"Westminster Bridge is reached and the voyage safely concluded."

After further experimental voyages at places along the south coast of England, Halkett had further opportunity to test the cloak-boat in the Bay of Biscay, before a squadron of men-of-war in November of that year. Imagine, the Bay of Biscay in November!

Both paddle and its umbrella sail were used during that demonstration. In spite of a heavy swell, he managed to complete the distance between two of the naval vessels. An additional difficulty was the fact that "although the squadron was lying hove-to, the ships were in fact gradually forging ahead."

Halkett offered his invention to the Admiralty, suggesting the cloak-boat inflatable could be used in geological surveys, exploration, expeditions of

discovery and a larger type might be suitable as a life boat.

The Admiralty, obviously impressed, commanded rubber boats to be made and tested at Portsmouth and Spithead. However, the Secretary of the Admiralty replied to the inventor that his ingenuity was acknowledged but the cloak-boat was not considered applicable for general purposes, in the naval service.

Young Halkett's spirit must have been lifted when two notable people, Sir John Franklin and Dr. John Rae became enthusiastic about the use of such an inflatable in the Arctic. Both men proved the value of the cloak boat during their later expeditions in the Arctic.

Under Halkett's direction, rubber boats were manufactured by Samuel Matthews of Charing Cross, which was originally founded by Charles Mackintosh.

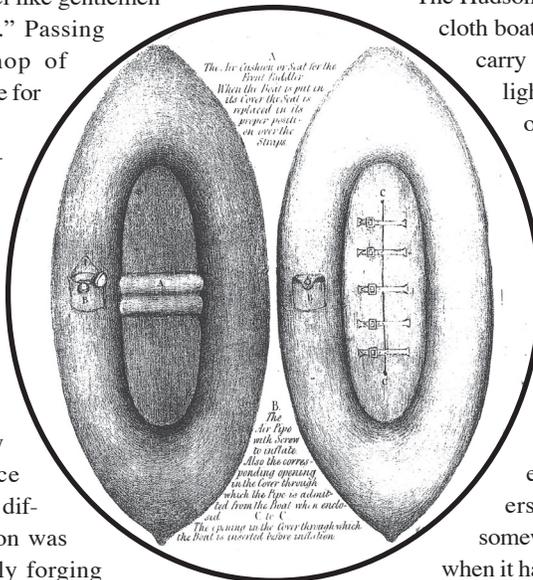
Finally, recognition which was well-deserved, came to Lieutenant Halkett from the commissioners of the International Exhibition, 1862, when he was awarded a prize medal for his 'eight-foot long rubber knapsack which could carry two people.'

While Franklin was on his ill-fated 1845 expedition, he stated that if a rubber boat had been available on his first Journey to the Polar Sea (1819-21) severe distress would have been avoided, and probably the lives of those who died of famine and fatigue would have been saved. In particular, he was referring to the many days spent on the banks of the Coppermine with no means of crossing it.

The Hudson's Bay Company provided Dr. Rae with a Halkett cloth boat on his 1846-7 expedition. It was large enough to carry three persons. In Rae's opinion, "this useful and light little vessel ought to form part of the equipment of every expedition." On one expedition, Rae reported the rubber boat carried two men and a hundred weight of stores and was used for six weeks along the rocky coast of Hudson Bay without needing repair.

His enthusiasm of the Halkett boat was well expressed by the fact that he had two of them on his final Boothia Peninsula survey in 1853. A third was ordered from London but 'failed to appear'. In Rae's own words, "a beautiful Halkett boat was generously presented to the expedition by the special friend of all Arctic explorers, John Barrow. But unfortunately it got astray somewhere. . . I never saw it until many years afterwards when it had become deteriorated by damp."

The Halkett boat pictured here is probably the one which survived intact in Orkney - and hence the only example of this early inflatable in existence. On the bow are inscribed the words - Dr. Rae, Hudson Bay. It is



News & Notes

CANEXUS II . . . In November, 1987, the first Canexus canoeing symposium was held at Queen's University in Kingston. Titled Canexus: The Canoe in Canadian Culture, the highlight of the event was Bill Mason's retrospective of his canoeing career complete with outtakes from his many famous films. Now Canexus II, with the more politically correct subtitle 'The Canoe in Canadian Cultures' is about to take place at Trent University in Peterborough from May 10-12, 1996.

Some of the speakers (and their topics) include Phil Chester (Canoe Function and Disfunction: The stories of Bill Mason and Grey Owl), Gwyneth Hoyle (The Dark Side of the Canoe), George Luste (The Tradition of Wilderness Travel), Bruce Hodgins (The Canoe as Chapeau: The Role of the Portage in Canoe Culture). Other notable speakers at the event include Becky Mason, talking about her father's life as an artist and canoeist and James Raffan will debut his new book *Fire in the Bones* - a biography of Bill Mason. A Voyageur's Banquet will be held on the Saturday night in the Great Hall. Michael Peake will be the speaker with his topic: *The Voyageurs: Eric Morse and the Revival of the Epic Tradition*.

Full registration is \$130 and one day: \$75. For more information contact Erik Hanson, Conference Coordinator, The Frost Centre for Canadian Heritage and Development Studies, Trent University, Peterborough, ON K9H 7B8 or call 705-876-8433 or fax 705-748-1801 or e-Mail: ehanson@trentu.ca. Don't delay, rooms will be tight as the provincial hockey finals are taking place that weekend.

MCS 11 . . . That's eleven by the way and not two. The Maine Canoe Symposium is humming along again after a successful year without L.L. Bean as the principal sponsor. Jerry Kocher and his band of volunteers brought it all off again last June with lower prices and the same selection. Jerry tells us that registrations for MCS 11 this June 7-9 is moving along faster than last year and it's still just \$45 US. The Peake brothers will again be there, showing their Arctic Land Expedition slide show. Garrett and Alexandra Conover will be doing special North Woods clinics and you get can one-on-one attention from this famed pair of Maine Guides. Becky Mason will be teaching solo paddling and there are a wide variety of canoeing-related activities from food prep, to sailing a canoe, to poling with perennial champion Harry Rock even learning to build a Maine Guide canoe from the master - Jerry Stelmock.

It's always a fun weekend and the weather's usually great. It will all again take place a beautiful Camp Winona on the shores of Moose Pond in western Maine. For more info or to register contact: Maine Canoe Symposium '96, c/o Winona Camps, RR #1 Box 868, Bridgton, Maine 04009 Telephone: 207-647-3721 Fax: 207-647-2750. You can get Jerry Kocher at E-mail: 71563.2753@CompuServe.com or you can check it out on the Web at www.wcha.org/chapters/de/mcs.html.

NICKEL IN NUNAVIK . . . It was interesting to see the inclusion of the Raglan Lake Mine at the headwaters of the Povungnituk River in northern Quebec, in the glossy annual report of the resources giant Noranda. This mine which lay dormant for years was revived by Noranda and a start-up procedure was recently negotiated with the Inuit-run Makavik Corp. of Ungava, now called Nunavik.

The report notes the mine has more than 13 million tonnes of proven and probably nickel and copper reserves which can be economically extracted for the estimated 15-year life of the find. Only primary milling will be done on the site with final processing being done in Sudbury and Norway. The company proudly tells how they are working to ensure maximum Inuit employment in the area and have a great working relationship. How things have changed. We hope they're as good as they're painted to be. Incidentally, the section of the annual report dealing with the mine is illustrated by a mileage sign showing the nearest town . It reads,

Our Back Pages

The following back issues of Che-Mun are available at four dollars each including postage. Those denoted by an asterisk are photocopies of the original issue.

Outfit 38 - Voyageurs trip to Old Fort William
Outfit 39 - Caribou drown in Quebec, Cross-Canada canoeing*
Outfit 40 - Eric Morse and The Voyageurs*
Outfit 41 - Grand Canal Project - Thlewiazza River solo
Outfit 42 - The Morse River Expedition Part One
Outfit 43 - The Morse River Expedition Part Two
Outfit 44 - Bill Mason & the Dog R., Athabasca letter
Outfit 45 - Pipe River by Eric Morse, River flow chart
Outfit 46 - Hudson Bay to Ungava, Stew Coffin report
Outfit 47 - Heritage Rivers, Trans Canada Expedition
Outfit 48 - Freshwater Saga - Morse R. memoirs, slide fest
Outfit 49 - Queen Charlottes kayaking, HBC sell-off
Outfit 50 - Royal couple canoe the Hanbury/Thelon*
Outfit 51 - Traditional canoeing through Quetico Park
Outfit 52 - Lands Forlorn review, Atomic Arctic proposal
Outfit 53 - Chubb Crater in Ungava, Hubbard & Wallace
Outfit 54 - Povungnituk 88 - Ungava, Sleeping Island rev.
Outfit 55 - Memories of Bill Mason, Twin Otter gone
Outfit 56 - Canoeing stamps, Hanbury review, WCA slidefest
Outfit 57 - North American Canoe Symposium, book reviews
Outfit 58 - Churchill River trip, The Lonely Land rev.
Outfit 59 - Tyrrell brothers, Water & Sky, Alberta Pulp wars
Outfit 60 - Via Rail, Missinaibi River, James Bay, HBC exit

Outfit 61 - Inside LG2, Aki on the Barrens, Grey Owl
Outfit 62 - Ungava via Kogaluk & Payne rivers, Flaherty's book
Outfit 63 - Canoeing in the 1930s, Hydro-Quebec chairman
Outfit 64 - Rupert R. 1914, Keewaydin Guide, Fur Trade Canoe Routes
Outfit 65 - Churchill River hydro, Robert Perkins, James Bay
Outfit 66 - Lands Forlorn, HACC in Japan, Needle to the North
Outfit 67 - NWT division, Canoe Museum, James Bay
Outfit 68 - Charles Camsell, Barrens Wedding, Book reviews
Outfit 69 - Sig Olson Remembered, Historic riverflows
Outfit 70 - Great Bear to Coppermine, Ungava photos
Outfit 71 - Coppermine planning, Land of Feast & Famine
Outfit 72 - Eric Morse River List, Ungava Journey, J.B. Tyrrell
Outfit 73 - Petawawa River, David Thompson map, NWT regs
Outfit 74 - Pukaskwa River, Helen Falls cairn, Quetico trip
Outfit 75 - Tyrrell pictures, Hearne's route, Heritage Rivers
Outfit 76 - HBC money, MacDougall Pass, Sig Olson, Tyrrell
Outfit 77 - River stamps, Exploration of N. Canada, Book reviews
Outfit 78 - Across the Arctic Mts, LaVase Portage, Food drying
Outfit 79 - Book reviews, Thompson journal, Great Whale stopped
Outfit 80 - Warburton Pike, Wabakimi Park, Merrick's True North
Outfit 81 - Arctic Land Exped, David Hanbury, Diamond development
Outfit 82 - Arctic Land Expedition report, Book reviews, Nunavut
Outfit 83 - Jacobson's Caribou River, *Canoescapes* rev, Franklin's journal

James Murphy cont'd

Reviewed by James Murphy.

Picture yourself on a long wilderness journey. You are travelling down a beautiful river and across clear lakes. The air is filled with innumerable species of birds and their songs. The water teems with fish and muskox and caribou lounge peacefully on the green gently rolling tundra. You have seen no one other than your travelling companions for weeks and all your temporal worries seem far behind. Slightly giddy from lack of food, a profound quietude and serenity has settled on your spirit. Logically you know you shouldn't tarry but you linger there for weeks, entranced, as if moving would break some spell, disturbing your reverie. Danger lurks, yet you can't seem to focus on it.

In *A Death on the Barrens*, from Toronto's Northern Books, George Grinnell describes just such circumstances during a 1955 canoe trip down the Dubawnt River. Grinnell and four other young men were led on a poorly planned and lackadaisically executed trip by Arthur Moffatt, an old and more experienced canoeist, who ended up perishing on this trip from a spill into icy September waters. Lack of food, proper equipment and most importantly, lack of a planned itinerary, contributed to his demise. As a canoeist, I enjoy cautionary tales and would recommend this one as an excellent example of how not to conduct a canoe trip. But Grinnell also delves into the emotional and spiritual aspects of a long wilderness trip and it is this internal journey that proves most compelling.

Skillfully interweaving his own thoughts and feelings at the time with the details of the canoe trip, Grinnell touches on a lot of the appealing themes. The disaffected youth struggling to find his identity. The bounty and munificence of the natural environment.

Andrew Macdonald cont'd

Reviewed by Andrew Macdonald.

I had a rare pleasure at the 1995 Wilderness Canoe Symposium. My inaugural visit was touched by the finest display of storytelling I had ever experienced. His eyes gently squinting, probing the past, rocking back on his heels, without slides or notes, George Grinnell offered what was at times wonderfully humorous, but what was ultimately a profoundly disturbing account of a barren land canoe trip which culminated in death. Alternatively this trip fertilized a birthing process which occurred over the forty-one years which elapsed prior to the publication of this book.

It is difficult to review *A Death On the Barrens*.

The renunciation of ego and self. It is not hard to see why at least some of them were lulled by the beauty of the tundra into a false sense of ease and security. What started out as a canoe trip slowly evolved into a vision quest in nature.

Knud Rassmussen in *Across Arctic America* quotes a shaman of the barrens as saying "all true wisdom is only to be learned far from the dwellings of men, out in the great solitudes and is only to be attained through suffering." Solitude, fasting and prayer are time-honoured techniques for shifting one's world view and seeking enlightenment. Moffatt himself might have been pursuing this in a casual way but the others at first were surely out just for a youthful grand adventure. The trouble with visions one has in solitude is that they are meaningless to anyone else unless you return to society to share your insight with others. I think Grinnell appreciates this and his book is an attempt to close the circle that was broken by Moffatt's death and make himself whole.

Grinnell gets into trouble, however, and loses much of the sympathy that the reader feels for him. In the epilogue, he shows himself to be deeply cynical and bitter instead of being full of youthful optimism and hope. He launches into a diatribe against capitalism, modern agriculture, technology and academia. Science is presented as inherently evil. Charles Darwin is the toady of vicious racists. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who practically invented income redistribution through taxation of the rich and became the champion of the disadvantaged through government social programs, is portrayed as a wicked capitalist exploiter. Grinnell's own Ph.D. from Berkeley is viewed as a means to disseminate lies and disinformation. How could this man go into teaching if he really felt this way? This is a classic case of biting the hand that fed you.

However, an explanation for this uneasiness illuminates my impressions. The account is an intensive exploration of the author's spiritual and secular path during, and in part subsequent to, the 1955 canoe trip on the Dubawnt and Thelon rivers. The reader is exposed to intimate and traumatic experiences and throughout the book Grinnell wrestles with notions of reality and a meaning for life. His reflections go beyond the temporal boundaries of the trip and contribute substantial autobiographical details. *A Death On the Barrens*, I believe, is a vessel for Mr. Grinnell to chart and navigate the waters of his past and present consciousness.

After wrestling with this for some time I concluded what this book is not. The book is not a journal, it is not a trip report, it is not an autobiography, and most



Continued from Page 3.

north. The original choice for the large area abutting the Mackenzie River was Denendeh but that was not officially approved.

There will be a public plebiscite in November 1996 to decide on the name. A local newspaper suggested that once the Western Arctic gets an official name people will start referring to Nunavut by its proper name instead of "the eastern Arctic".



GEESE DOWN . . . Questions about the 1996 goose hunt are growing as the numbers of Canada geese are dwindling. All this is happening just as the massive spring goose migration begins up the coast of Hudson Bay.

At a meeting in northern Quebec, hunters were told to refrain from taking the eggs and begin active conservation policies. Hunting along the U.S. Eastern seaboard has been restricted and there are many concerns about a total ban.

In northern native communities, the twice yearly migration goose hunts closes down schools and businesses as the locals grab their guns and head to their camps.

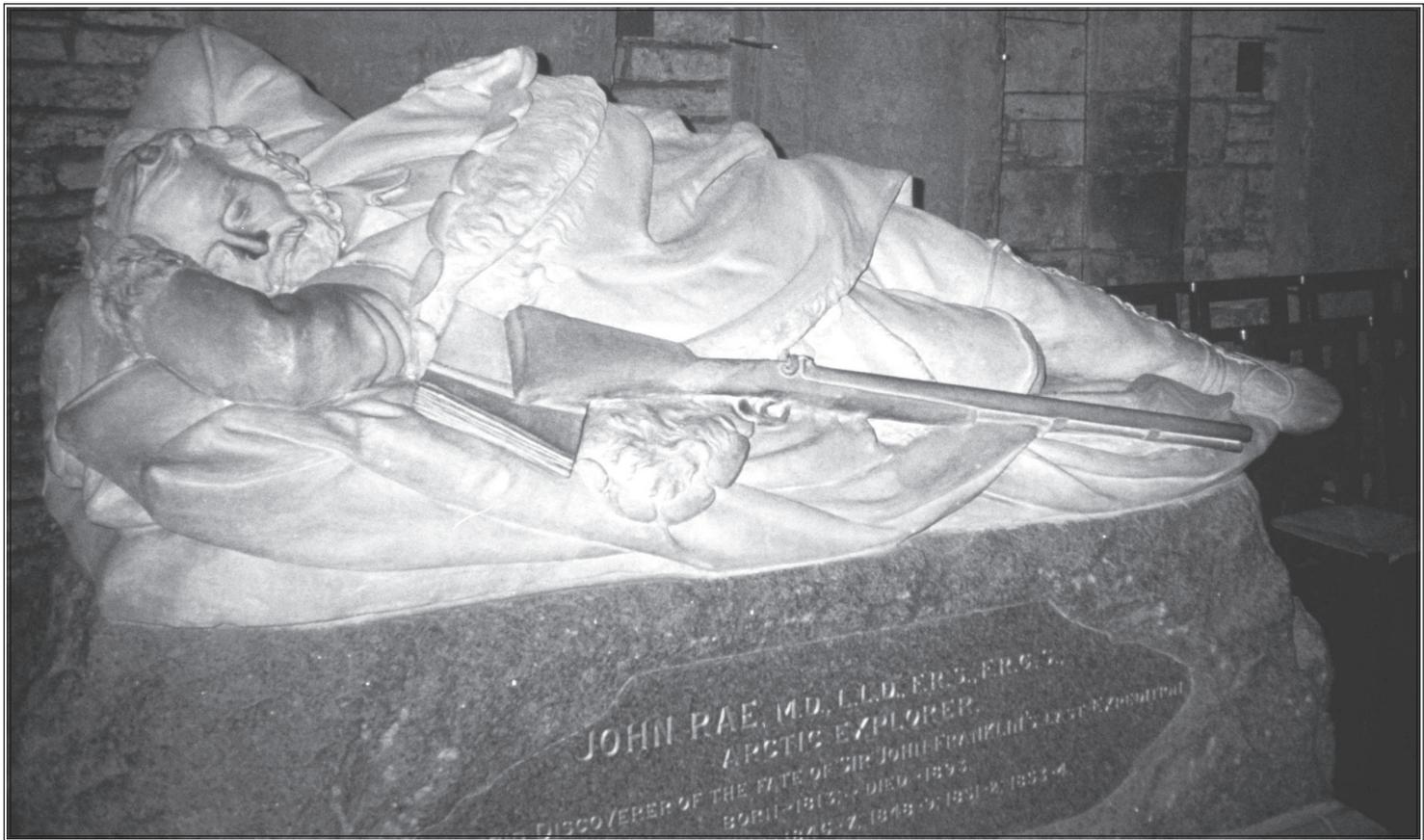


ANY BEAR CHANGE? . . . Canada's recent introduction of the \$2 coin which replaces the bill - has been the source of many naming possibilities.

The \$1 coin is called the Loonie and many will remember it was supposed to be inscribed with the image of a canoe but one of the dyes was lost in transit and for security reasons they went to their second choice - a loon.

The new \$2 coin features a polar bear and Nunatsiaq MP Jack Anawak suggest it be called Nanook - the Inuit word for polar bear. Even Canada's National Newspaper -*The Globe and Mail* - supported that choice over more predictable choices such as "twonie" or "dubloon".

The Globe said it "plays on the representation on the coin's face without making light of it, the language honours Canada's aboriginal heritage



RAE-SIDE -- This fascinating photo of the effigy of Dr. John Rae of the HBC in Orkney's St. Magnus Cathedral comes to us from Gwen Hayball of Dorset, England. Rae's remarkable journey uncovered the remains of the Franklin Expedition. Many consider him a pre-eminent Arctic traveller. In her recent letter to

Che-Mun Gwen told about attending the centenary of Rae's death in Kirkwall, Orkney in 1993. Miss Hayball wrote about this unusual effigy which shows the intrepid traveller lying on his side, dressed in skins, a book of prose and his gun alongside. She closed her letter by saying, "His fellow Orcadians have reason to be

proud of this remarkable man whose achievement in the Canadian Arctic are little-known and never been recognized by the award of a knighthood as other Arctic explorers were. It was Rae's physical fitness, his skills as a hunter and rapport with the Inuit, which contributed to the success of his expeditions." More on Dr. John

Che Announcements

NEW HACC MEMBER

BORN: February 8, 1996 in Toronto. Thomas Northrop Peake, the first child of Margaret (nee McNair) and Michael. The Junior Governor weighed in at 8 pounds, 5 ounces and was delightfully welcomed by the entire membership of the Hide-Away Canoe Club who have foreseen the need for stronger backs and younger legs in the portages ahead.

CHE-MUN

Founded in 1973 by Nick Nickels

The Journal of Canadian Wilderness Canoeing

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