



Fall 2011

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Outfit 146

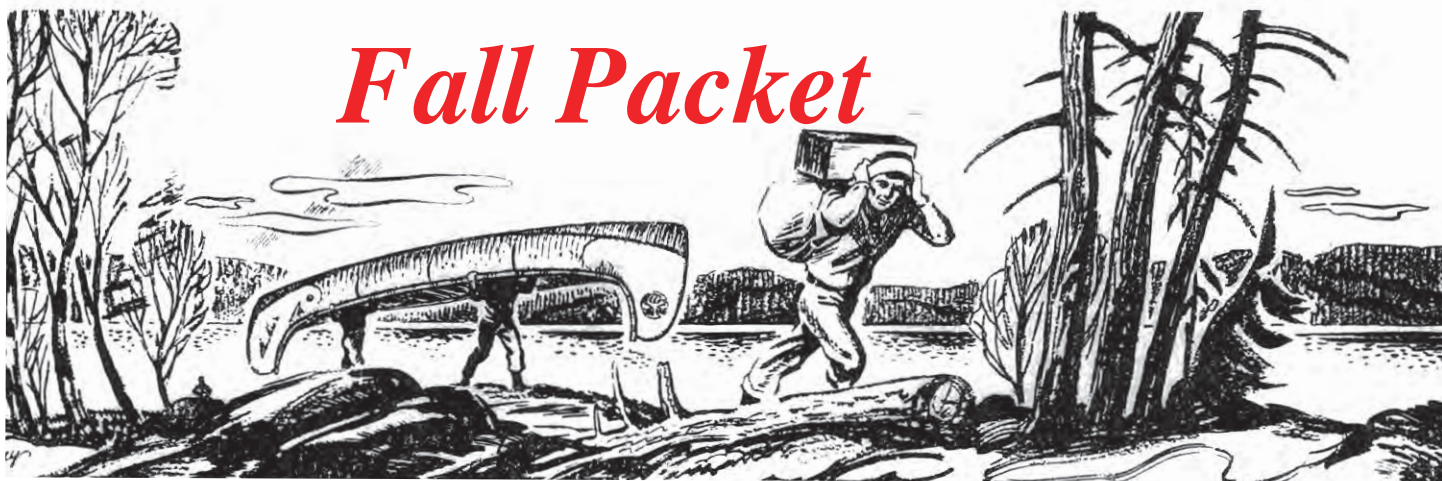


photo: Donald Grant

BE MY GUEST! - HRH Prince Andrew the Duke of York in the bow, along with Terry Guest, descend a set of rapids on the Horton River in the northern NWT On July 12, 2011. The pair have been paddling partners since 1977 when Guest, then headmaster of Lakefield College School, put his famous pupil, who attended LCS for six months, into a canoe below the weir in Lakefield, Ontario. It launched a lifelong love of canoeing for the Duke who has done five major northern trips in Canada over the years. Prince Andrew was here to open the Celebrate Sahtu event at Canoe North Adventures' new wilderness lodge in Norman Wells. See story on Pages 4 and 5.

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Fall Packet



Many thanks to faithful correspondent Tim Farr from Ottawa to put a period on summer with this lovely shot he sent by email. We would also encourage any of you to send us a picture you would like to see published in Che-Mun and shared with our subscribers. Now that we're in colour, sunsets can look like sunsets.

Tim wrote, "I'm no photographer, but even a trained monkey could have taken a great shot that night."

This picture was taken during an amazing sunset on Lake Desty in Quebec's Reserve Faunique La Verendrye, on Thursday, September 8. (A great way to end my canoeing season for the year)"

Thanks Tim and ours too! Tim also added an update on what he was doing this summer before that final sunset.

Haven't done much canoeing this year apart from some short trips to Algonquin and Chiniguchi. However, I did have a great 'road trip' with my Dad.

We put almost 2,000 km on car driving from Ottawa to Cochrane; taking Polar Bear Express to Moosonee; then a day spent on Moose Factory Island to visit the old HBC Post, cemetery and Anglican mission, plus boat ride to the mouth of the Moose River where it empties into the estuary of James Bay; back to Cochrane;



and then 'long way' home to Ottawa via Timmins, Chapleau, Thessalon, Sudbury, Mattawa, etc. I paddled the Albany 11 years ago and spent some time in Moosonee, so it was interesting to see how the town had changed.

It was also great to see it with my father -- who is 90 years old, legally blind and partially deaf; but still up for any adventure life has to offer.

Dad realized a long-held dream to visit a part of the world where one of his ancestors lived 150 years ago (serving in the Fort Albany HBC post).

And because Crees venerate their elders, we were treated with the utmost kindness and respect; resulted in all sorts of fascinating conversations --couldn't have asked for a better trip!

And our friend Becky Mason sent us some news on her latest project.

Finally. It's been 11 years since my last paddling DVD, but my latest one is now done! It's being printed as I write this and should be here at the end of this month. *Advanced Classic Solo Canoeing with Becky Mason* (catchy title eh?) includes of course the new *Advanced Classic Solo Canoeing* instructional movie but it also has on it a spell-binding music-video with music by Ian Tamblyn; some behind the scenes bloopers; and I've included my original *Classic Solo Canoeing DVD* from 2000 on the disk. All that

and I can send it to you.

The video was shot above and below the crystal clear waters of Lac Vert and is a visual feast. The underwater footage is not only mesmerizing but very instructional as you can actually see exactly what the paddle is doing with these unique and never-seen-before angles. I've screened a few previews and people are amazed at how beautiful and enlightening the production is. It also has some lovely stories that surround my strokes so it is an enjoyable well rounded experience to watch.

Reid and I are off to Europe in October to teach and launch the DVD there. It would be nice to let your paddling friends and contacts know that they could attend one of my slide presentations if they are nearby one of the places we're presenting.

Advanced Classic Canoeing with Becky Mason details - www.redcanoes.ca/becky/canoe/solopaddling.html



Editor's Notebook

This past summer I again had the good fortune to paddle the Keele River. This time as a trip leader at the request of my friends Al Pace and Lin Ward of *Canoe North Adventures*. The reason they couldn't do it was they were quite busy dealing with a major tourism event, Celebrate Sahtu, as well as guiding Prince Andrew, the Duke of York down the Horton River at the same time I was on the Keele.

We all got to hang with HRH afterwards in the busy yet relaxed environs of CNA's wilderness lodge in Norman Wells, a handy jumping off point into the Sahtu wilderness. I even managed to convince HRH's group to make pictures of their trip available to media. They have been paddling together every few years and no photos of their trips had been seen.

It was clear from Andrew's remarks that he loves the Canadian north. His quick and biting sense of humour would make him a valuable asset on our trips. And what a target!

At the same time I was on the Keele, my son Tom, 15, in his sixth summer with Camp Hurontario paddled the entire Missinaibi River. I had only thought he was doing the upper part. It was a very cool feeling to know we were both doing northern rivers at the same time.

We age through our children. Our self image remains vainly youthful, even though lied to often by mirrors and photos. It is the remarkable transformation in a relatively few years when you see your young child develop into a quickly maturing youth that really lets you know change is constant. Those without kids are spared this barometer of decrepitude!

I will treasure Tom's phone message from Moosonee, his raspy voice proudly saying he'd just paddled 750km to the sea. I asked him to do a story on the trip for *Che-Mun* and requested a 1000 words. He was not happy with that number and said "how about 750?" Okay, I said, just get something down.

He saddled up to his MacBook and began writing in the kitchen. More than an hour later he asked if 3500 words was okay! The story of that trip poured out through his fingers bringing to life the view of a first trip north for a teenager. I am proud of what he wrote and I had to change little. I think those hands will write more stories and paddle more northern rivers in the years ahead.

— Michael Peake

Canoesworthy

Environmental groups in southern Quebec have stepped up their criticism of Quebec's Plan Nord, while Premier Jean Charest travels Europe to tout his government's development plan for Nunavik and other lands above the 49th parallel in Quebec.

The environment ministry said forestry and mining would be allowed in the 50 per cent of northern lands, which Quebec says it will protect from industrial development as parks, park reserves or protected areas by 2035.

"There's no real intent on the part of the government to stop industrial development on 50 per cent of the territory," said Christian Simard, the executive director of the group Nature Quebec.

Charest's defense of how his Plan Nord scheme will protect lands from industrial development continued to fuel the environmental activists' outrage.

Charest said his government wants to have 17 per cent of the planned protected areas set aside by 2015. But Nature Quebec and Greenpeace maintain only an estimated 12 per cent of northern Quebec's protected areas will meet international protection standards by that date.

Many in Nunavik have questioned Quebec's move to protect lands there, because it's been hesitant to expand the borders of the planned Tursujuq provincial park to include the entire Nastapoka watershed. The Nastapoka, home to salmon and rare freshwater seals, also has an enormous potential for hydro-electric power production.

When drawing the boundaries of its fourth proposed provincial park, Quebec left all active mining claims outside the park's boundaries.

The \$20-million caribou outfitting business has been a mainstay of Nunavik's economy for more than 20 years, pouring money into local stores and airlines from August to October. Caribou have recovered from a parasite, which afflicted many animals a few years ago.

"We're having an even better season than last year," Nicholas Laurin the president of Safari Nordik, Nunavik's largest caribou outfitting company, said in a Sept. 23 interview from Kuujuaq. "But for three years now we haven't seen a single sick animal, not one. The antlers are good, the males and in good shape, the females have calves," Laurin said — and there are lots of caribou around.

All his company's 750-plus hunters but one — who used a crossbow in his hunt — have left Nunavik with their allotment of caribou.

But media reports that said Quebec might stop the caribou sports hunt in Nunavik due to dwindling numbers of caribou, which were widely circulated in the U.S., nearly killed local outfitters in 2011, Laurin said. In a good year, about 3,000 to 5,000 hunters would come mainly from the United States to Nunavik for one-week hunting packages and a chance to bag two caribou.

The 9/11 terrorist attack made many U.S. residents wary of travelling, then a slumping U.S. economy and a lower dollar started to keep many hunters at home. Yet the bad news from Quebec and wildlife biologists was a kiss of death, Laurin said.

Earlier this year Quebec's natural resources department finally announced cuts to the Nunavik caribou hunt, which accounts for some the 40,000 caribou hunted every year from the Leaf and George River herds.

Quebec announced a 25 per cent cut to the number of permits handed out for the Leaf Bay herd in Nunavik, shortened the hunt there, and limited the number of caribou that can be bagged to two caribou of either sex per hunter. For the George River Herd, the number of sports permits were reduced by half, some areas were closed to all hunting, and the season was shortened.

At the same time, biologists sounded an alarm over drastic declines in the numbers and overall condition of caribou in Nunavik. As recently as 2001, they had said caribou numbered more than one million in Nunavik. Now, it looked like there were fewer than 300,000 caribou in the region, they said.

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Celebrating Sahtu with Canada's Duke



Above, HRH Prince Andrew, The Duke of York opens the Sahtu Wilderness Centre in Norman Wells. Below - and just off a Twin Otter from the Horton River he poses with his longtime paddling crew. L-R Donald Grant, Alex McCubbin, David Thompson, Geoff Hesselstine, Terry Guest, HRH, Hillary Abbott, Al Pace, Nick Lewis and Nick Dale.



The Sahtu Region of the Northwest Territories has been an active area of late and one of the principal reasons for that is the marketing and awareness work done by Al Pace and Lin Ward of *Canoe North Adventures* in Norman Wells.

This past summer marked a big step in that

awareness for Sahtu, one of five NWT regions. The Sahtu covers the central Mackenzie River area and Great Bear Lake and the communities of Norman Wells, Tulita, Deline and Fort Good Hope.

In addition to promoting Sahtu, *Canoe North Adventures* (CNA) are making it easier

to access the many exciting rivers and hiking trails of the area. To that end, they invited a special royal school chum of Al's - HRH Prince Andrew, The Duke of York to give a talk and open their new CNA Outfitting Centre and North-Wright Airways' float plane base on July 23, 2011.

"I, for one, hope that more people around Canada and the world will have the opportunity of experiencing the Canadian north as I have done," Prince Andrew said. "I have been tremendously grateful to Terry Guest for ever having the idea to put me in a canoe below the weir at Lakefield and teach me how to do it."

He added with a grin, "And whilst I am on the subject, I am in the front of the canoe and I'm in charge."

"Lin and Al have put together an amazing operation up here," he said. Prince Andrew praised their creation of a legacy that would encourage young people to come up and take on the challenge of leading expeditions so others would have the opportunity.

He also observed that in Canada's north there were a few bears and "lots and lots and lots and lots of bugs."

The visit coincided with another in an occasional series of canoe trips with the Duke and friends and teachers from Lakefield College School near Peterborough, ON. HRH did



photo: Donald Grant

This page (top) Terry Guest and HRH running rapids on the Horton River, "Who's pack is this?" when sorting through gear at the trip's end (below left) and David Thompson and HRH look at a newspaper clipping featuring the two of them from Andrew's first day at Lakefield in 1977 (which Che-Mun happened to take)



the Coppermine River as a graduation trip in 1977 accompanied by headmaster Terry Guest, Al Pace and educator David Thompson and others.

In 1987, to media fanfare following their royal tour of Canada also did the Hanbury-Thelon with his new bride Sarah Ferguson. The pair are now separated but remain close and Sarah has told many people of her memories of that trip which was a real shock for her at the time but now a treasured memory.

In 2007, the group tackled the Keele River and this past summer they headed further north to the Horton. For the first time we were able to see photos of the Duke and buddies in action. *Che-Mun* asked David Thompson to ask HRH to reconsider a palace ban on any trip photos as he had just resigned his somewhat controversial trade envoy post that week. We made the point to DT, as David is known, that these photos would be a positive reflection on himself and a chance to show his

obvious love for Canada and canoeing. The Duke listened to the request and reversed the decision.

It was a perfect day and all went off without a hitch as the new float plane base and hangar were officially opened as only a well-practiced Royal can do!

And unlike many such visits, Andrew stayed for another day, relaxing and chatting with people at CNA's lodge. Perfect weather made for a memorable time for all.

The 'Miss' a Hit with Hurontario Teens



Camp Hurontario Leader-in-Training Sam Jose enjoys the view from one of the great campsites in canoeing, over Thunderhouse Falls on the Mississauga River.

By TOM PEAKE
Photos by Matthew Senyshen

This past July, I was returning for my sixth summer at Camp Hurontario, an all boys camp on Georgian Bay south of Parry Sound. Being 15, the oldest campers at camp, as well as leaders in training, we would naturally go on the biggest, and only fully white water trips. I had trained for this at MKC (Madawaska Kanu Centre) mandatory for going on a white water trip at my camp. I spent the Victoria's Day long weekend learning how to scout, run, and line white water sets.

There are multiple white water trips you can choose from. In July, when I ideally go, you can pick between; the Hood River, the Cologne, the White and the Missinaibi. In August there is; the Moisie, the Kesagami, and the Cologne and the White again. You request the two trips you would want to go on. I chose the White and the Coulogne.

The White because of the amazing, massive white water sets. The Coulogne for the three days you get to white water rafting on the Ottawa River afterwards. I didn't even consider the "Miss", as it is called. Everything I heard about it made it sound awful. A 19 day trek down a dark, cold, unforgiving river, with limited white water. The White was my first choice, so I assumed I'd be on it. I read up on it, checked our pictures and videos and was insanely excited for it! On the bus to camp I'm told I'm doing the Miss. My heart has been broken. I was looking forward to doing a relaxing trip with white water. Not the hardest one the camp has to offer. I am not pleased.

Hurontario has two sessions, each lasting 25 days. Being on a 19-day trip, we don't get to spend much time at camp. We have one day of programming at camp before leave. We pack our dry bags, the food barrels, and pick the best canoes for ourselves. Our bus takes off at 6:30 the next morning, bound for the Miss. During the bus ride, I realize this won't be too bad. I looked through the maps and we don't seem to have any insane days, we also changed around our schedule to make it a bit easier. Also, I have bragging rights over anyone who goes in the July session. The Miss arguably the hardest trip our camp runs, therefore I can rip on anyone because I've done the hardest trip.



Our bus driver thinks we're doing the Kesagami River and takes us two hours in the wrong direction towards Cochrane. Our 8 – 10 hour bus ride has turned into 13 hours on a school bus, quite fun. We get off the bus at 8 that evening. Right as we step off the bus at the Missinaibi Lake Provincial Park, we are instantly swarmed by thousand of blackflies, it was brutal. I thought I'd experienced real bugs before this, I was wrong. To those people who haven't done a Northern river, I can't describe it. For the rest of you that have, you know what I'm talking about.

We began our wondrous voyage the next morning, starting early with a delicious breakfast of Just Right cereal at 6 am. Load up the boats, with the very heavy barrels and begin paddling. I'm the first boat in the water, sterning, right where I want to be. An uneventful morning takes place until me and my bowsmen Sam decide to switch positions before our first set. I go under and he goes over, he slips and falls out of the boat. Instinctively, I grab for the gunwales. Luckily, our boat is very heavy and we don't flip. But as we soon realize there's a YMCA camp on the shore watching us struggling to switch in the boat. Little embarrassing, especially since it's a YMCA camp.

The next day we have a few real sets, and close to 45k of paddling. We stay at a pathetic excuse for a campsite on the left side of the river. I'm dehydrated, have sunburn and hungry. We set up, gather wood for dinner and relax. I fall asleep in the tent and wake up to a plate of spaghetti being shoved in my face. I'm told to eat quickly because I'm on billy (cleaning the pot, plates and utensils), and that a seemingly loud thunderstorm is rapidly advancing on us. We finish cleaning just after the rain comes down on us. There are gnats at this campsite, tons of them. While cleaning up they got all over me and I'm having trouble getting them off. I retire to the tent, it's hot, and very hot. I'm sweaty, covered in gnats, and wet from the rain. During an uncomfortable sleep I'm wondering why I do this stuff? Why would I put myself through all this trouble and discomfort? This was obviously a very low point on the trip.

All the low depressing thoughts I was thinking about yesterday are about to change. The second day was without doubt my favorite of the trip. We start early, per usual, and begin paddling. I start off sterning again today, which can only make today even better! We have a few channeling, but enjoyable sets today. Nothing can change my state of mind like fun white water. We camp at Wavy Rapids, a large, but shoot-

able set at the time we were there. We half – assedly set up camp so we can start running the set in empty boats. We get some awesome shots of us dumping and having fun. We soon meet our rivals on the river, Camp Pathfinder. We're portaging a boat where we're about to put 4 of us one canoe and go down. Our counsellors are embarrassed for us. I don't know why, apparently shooting rapids like hooligans is frowned upon. Anyways, Pathfinder was like reformatory camp. Those guys

seemed like they hated the tripping and everything that comes with it. We run into these guys all down the river, creating awkward discussions about who's staying where. The upper Miss in comparison to the lower is boring. Nothing of interests happens the next few days, with the exception of Split Rock Falls which is a small waterfall between two islands. Although the drop of the waterfall is nothing too exciting, the amount of water that is pouring through this 5-foot gap is scary. I've

noticed the more time you spend around moving water, the greater the appreciation and respect for it you get.

Another low point of the trip. I can't remember what day it was, I think day four or five. It was an average day difficulty wise, except for one sketchy set, Greenhill Rapids. The sketchy thing about Greenhill is how long and rocky it is. You make it through the first part, and then there are another 2K of rapids to go through. I'm lucky though; I'm in the bow of my counsellor Devon's boat. We go down first and wait up at the side of the river, the second boat, with two campers in it, comes down and pulls in behind us. The third boat, goes down, gets dragged right, when the idea is to stay left, go over a big drop and dump. They flip, and continue down the rapid. The last boat with our other counsellor follows to go save them. They both lost their paddles, lucky we brought extras! Over the next two kilometres of rapids, we have two more dumps, and lost another paddle. The thing is, the two camper boats are holding all the packs with tents and our dry bags. So, likely the tents are soaked. We keep paddling and start to look for our campsite, another close to 50k day. We check out one campsite, and decide to push farther. It's 6 pm, the campsite we were aiming for isn't there, and it's just beginning to rain. We paddle 8k back upstream to a portage we were can scrounge up a campsite. Flattening out four-foot tall grass, while unloading boats, setting up tents, and a tarp to cook under, I soon realize that I didn't close my dry bag properly. All my stuff is soaked, including my Thermarest and sleeping bag; also the three books that I brought on the trip are ruined. Again, its my turn for



Author Tom Peake relaxes on the lower Missinaibi on his first northern canoe trip from headwaters to salt water.



billy so after a dinner of crappy chili, I trudge out into the pouring rain and thick bugs. Also, we have more gnats at this campsite! This was the



Photographer Matthew by canoe statue in Mattice.

lowest point I've ever experienced on trip, I had no motivation to finish. We continue to move closer to the town of Mattice, which we are all excited for. We get to spend half the day eating junk food and relaxing, what could be better than that mid trip? Nothing. Mattice is a small town that is cut in half by the Trans Canada Highway. While paddling in, I notice a couple paddling upstream. I say hello and ask them where they're heading. The woman makes a weird face and laughs at me. I'm sort of offended but it makes sense when we get there. I find out that Mattice is a French town; I wouldn't expect to find a French town in Ontario. Luckily, we have a gangster from France in our group! We stay there for a brief visit during the day and we take off again at 4. According to our map and trip log, our campsite for the night should be right around the corner. We drag through a very annoying and slippery shallow part of the river, and stop at the side of the river to look around for our campsite. We soon figure out that there is no campsite here. We have to pull back upstream this time, through that same annoying and slippery swift. We stay near the loading area of Mattice, its part of Ontario Parks so we can stay there legally. We search for a bathroom, and find a shower! A real life shower! I take two. It was heaven; I pass out at 9pm and get ready for our descent to Thunderhouse Falls.

Leaving Mattice the next morning, it's one day before Thunderhouse, everyone is really excited to have a lay over day at a beautiful campsite, where we can swim and wash. We have one really big set today. We scout it out and decide to shoot it only because it's still early in the day. Our counselor is shooting this with his helmet cam. I'm playing around with him. Fittingly, we swamped. I was sterning and I take us too far right where the current is very strong. We go over around a 5 foot drop and slam hard. I honestly I have no idea how we didn't dump, pure skill maybe. Me and my partner, George are too lazy to unclip everything and take it out of the boat, so we spend about 15 minutes bailing it, all before 10 am. An exciting way to start the day, we keep paddling and end up at Isabella Island. While enroute there, it begins to rain. I decided to pack my rain jacket away. Don't ask me, I don't know why! I'm paddling very unhappily towards this island while it starts to pour, and I mean pour. We get there right as it stops raining, but in the distance we see some dark clouds, we assume its going to rain even more, so we quickly set up camp and I fall asleep. I

wake up a few hours later and it's a beautiful, boiling sunny day. It went from 15 C degrees to around 30 while I was napping. I pass out early. (I tend to sleep a lot.) I wake up the next morning, very excited! Ready for my lay-over day at Thunderhouse. I go outside and SWARMED by bugs. The amount of mosquitoes there was insane! It was impossible to focus on taking down a tent without going crazy. We legitimately had to scrap them off each other's back. Pulling them out of our ears and mouths, it was awful. I was happy to get out of there.

Thunderhouse Falls is a series of three large waterfalls, and a Class 3 - 4 before it. We paddle to the first portage, stop and wait while our counsellors scout ahead, to see if there's anywhere we can move to cut off this 2K portage. We shoot up ahead around 500M, anyway to cut off some distance. It's a bit sketchy coming, dodging rocks, almost lost one of our camper boats. That wouldn't have been too good... losing a few days worth of food and packs, oh, and two campers too. We portage in, take the canoes to the end of it, and the packs and barrels to one of the campsite. The nicest one, in fact. A perfect overview of the largest fall, and you can see down to the end of the set. I walk up, drop my barrel and am stunned by the view. It's breathtaking. I set up tent and spend the day reading and washing multiple times. Over our stay there, we meet a few groups, including



The gang after paddling more than 700 km at the end of the line in Moosonee.

Pathfinder, our rivals. They seem kind of cheesed that we took the best spot, but whatever! First come first serve! It's really relaxing; a well needed rest on the trip.

The day after Thunderhouse is one of the dreaded days of the trip. Two portages, one 1.5K and another 2K. I hate portages. The first one isn't too bad, a muddy and buggy but I soldier through. The second one is just brutal. Being a camper, I've never had to take a canoe on a portage much longer than a couple hundred meters. Me and my buddy Cam, take turns swapping back and forth bringing the canoe to the end. It's extremely hot and buggy at this point in the day. On our second trip, wasps sting a few of us. I manage to avoid the nest, thankfully. While eating lunch at the end of the portage, we fill up our water cubes and purify it with Pristine. While the Pristine is settling, someone, to this day unknown who accidently knocks over the bottles. Spilling about ¾ of it. Without it, it's going to become difficult with water. No more wasting it. Worse case scenario. We continue to paddle to our campsite. On the way my counselor takes him and me across the way while the rest of us check out the campsite. He remembers a spring that he found when he did the trip six years earlier. We fill up all the



Nalgenes and water cubes, thank god. It was freezing and refreshing.

Although the lower Miss has more interesting features, the white water goes down a lot. On this part of the river, every day seemed the same. The five days after Thunderhouse were all close to 50k. This was challenging, but the current proved strong and helped us on our way to the Moose River. On the end of day 14, (I believe), we join the Moose River. We stay at a elevated campsite where you can where see the Missinaibi join the Moose. At this campsite, while playing around with one



The Missinaibi's memorable views, like Conjuring House here, are timeless.

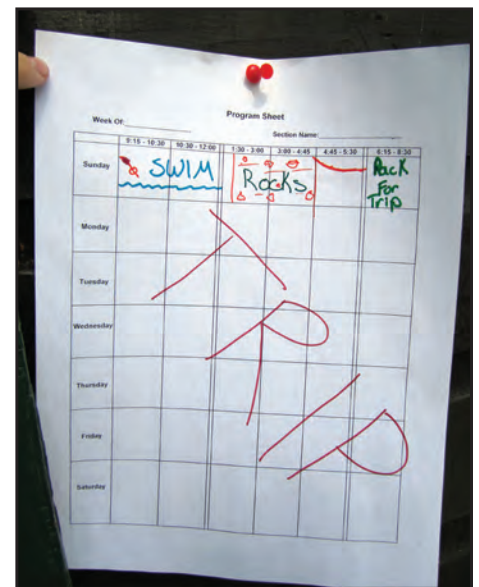
of my counsellors, he accidentally sends me flying face first into a tree! Scratching my face and shoulder, I still have the scars. If you ever read this, thanks Devon. When it eventually scars over, I will probably look as bad as you!

We are now on the Moose River, we'll stay on this river til we finish at Moosonee. The first day on the Moose we pass under the train bridge. It seems kind of silly to go directly past where we'll be riding over on the Polar Bear Express a few days later. On the evening before the last day of paddling, at around 10:30 pm, our counselors come over to us, waking us up. They ask if we've been touching the barrels or the canoes, because one of the canoes and a barrel was flipped over. None of us obviously did, we were already passed out. They also ask if any of us have any food in the tents, one of the boys, Sam, passes out six bags of juice crystals. They come back around 15 minutes later asking, more seriously this time, if we did again. We again reply "no". Once more, they come back and say they think we have a bear in the campsite. They said if we hear anything to call them immediately. About 5 minutes after that, I hear a rustling in the bushes, of what I'm sure is a bear. It was so close to our tent, about 5 feet away. I was so scared I couldn't even make a noise to call them. Same with the other boys in mine, and the other tent. Our Frenchman is convinced we are about to be eaten when one of our counselors runs over shooting a bear banger right above it, followed by another two. This continues for about 15 minutes, our counselors running over and shooting bear bangers. The last one was shot directly over our tent. In the morning, we accidentally wake up an hour early, and check out beach surrounding our tents for bear tracks. We find some, and were

shocked to see how close they were to our tent.

Starting to paddle, we are all very excited, 35k until civilization. We quickly put 20k behind us before noon and have lunch. My counselor, T-Moo (Tom Moore), and I decide to make a Salami Salad. It was salami, pita, cheese and barbeque sauce in a plastic bag. This was disgusting. We end up not eating any and just throwing it at people. We continue padding, on the horizon we can see the port of Moosonee. Noticing the breeze behind us, we set up a tarp which we use as a sail. We tie the canoes together, and have the bowsmen hold paddles with the tarp tied to it, while the outside sternsmen steer us. A good way to end our trip in style. We pull into Tidewater Provincial Park and high five one another, proud of ourselves. Set up camp and chill. Our train leaves at five the day after tomorrow, we have a day to kill. I basically sleep and read the rest of the day. The next morning I go for a swim with my friends Cam and George. We slept in so much, I felt like it was

3 in the afternoon but it was 7:30 pm. While bathing on the dock, I notice a flutter in the water. I thought it was a massive fish when a seal pokes his head up! We naturally freak out. Swimming next to a seal was insane! Later, when I'm back in my tent, I keep getting colder and colder. I put sleeping bag over sleeping bag and am still freezing. I think I might have hypothermia because I was air drying when the wind from James Bay kicks in. Later that day, we paddle over to the small aboriginal



The normally jammed sked is now trip dominated.

town of Moose Factory. While there, we find there is a gathering of the native people from that area. There were hundreds of First Nations people there. It didn't even seem like a community, it all seemed like one big family. Our Frenchman, Jean, decides to get a henna tattoo of a barcode on his forehead. Good idea.

We leave Tidewater the next day, paddling across the bay to Moosonee. We portage through the town to the train station. We board the train at 5 pm, get off the train at 11pm and hop back on the school bus for another 7 hour trip! Woo! We get back to Parry Sound at around 5 in the morning, then take the barge back to camp. All around, I thought the Miss was an amazing trip, it may not of been my first choice, but it was great. It pushed me to my physical and metal limits and I'm proud to say I've paddled 750k in 19 days.

Tom Peake, 15, is the son of Michael Peake, Che-Mun Editor. Tom hopes to be asked back to become a Counsellor In Training (CIT) a key link in the route from camper to full-fledged counsellor. His father is also very hopeful.



Sleeping Island

The Narrative of a Summer's Travel in Northern Manitoba and the Northwest Territories

By P. G. Downes

Edited by R.H. Cockburn

McGahern Stewart Publishing, Ottawa
2011 \$34.95

Perhaps *Sleeping Beauty* is a more accurate title for *Sleeping Island*, this classic tale of 1930s canoe travel reissued by

the new publishing house of McGahern Stewart Publishing.

First published in 1943 with a very vague map, due to security issues during World War II, Prentice Downes, an American schoolteacher produced a fascinating and touching story of his travels in the near north south of the 60th parallel in 1939. The book acquired near mythic status among canoeists during the boom years of the 60s and 70s.

Perhaps the vague maps, thought to be required for wartime security gave *Sleeping*

Island almost a Shangra-La type of aura. It was a mythical, enchanted land of dubious location.

But it is really a well-written and research story of a man's travel through a land he loved and greatly respected those who had lived there for millennia. P.G. Downes' sensibilities were not of his age. And his treatment of natives and their knowledge of the land was far ahead of his time.

This is not a rare or hard to find book and has been previous reprinted but what makes this edition special is the editor's depth of knowledge of all things Downes. Himself an initialed first name author, R.H. Cockburn, a retired New Brunswick professor has a huge knowledge of Downes and the North. And

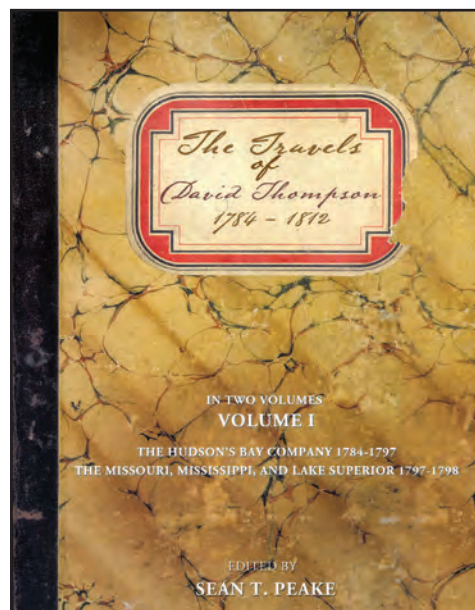
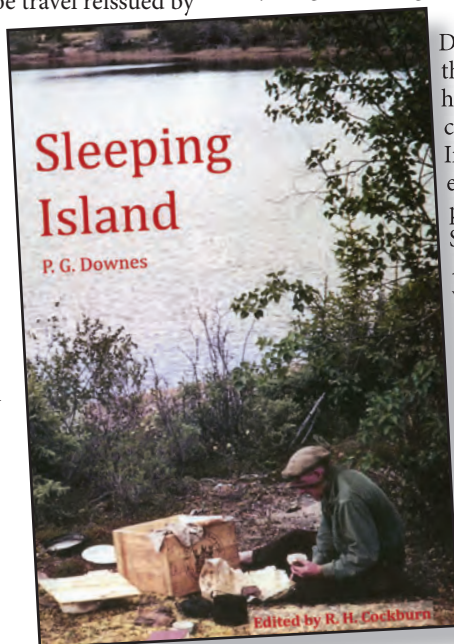
through him we can connect some amazing historical dots. Downes knew George Douglas and Richard Finnie and was immersed in the history of northern Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

P.G. was a not a big man, 5' 7" with the nickname of "Spike", a teacher at Belmont Hill, a boy's school near Boston. What a teacher he must have been to those young men as he headed north for many summers for long trips. He arrived back bearded and bug bitten with tales of a fantastically exciting land and lifestyle. But he died quiet young - at the age of 50 in 1959.

And there is more Downes in the future from the publishers Pat McGahern and noted traditional canoeist Hugh Stewart. Included in this edition are extended journal entries past were the original *Sleeping Island* ended. And upcoming next year will be *Distant Summers* collection of P. G. Downes' inland journals of his northern journeys in the years 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, and 1947. Many having never before appeared in print, these journals document Downes' travels by canoe, boat, and float plane in Canada's far north. More "Forgotten Lost Classics" are planned says the publisher.

While this book contains many superb written elements, the visual side is not its equal. There are 54 photos of pretty good quality but all quite small. The cover is a disappointment. While the idea of using an original old colour photo of Downes in camp may have sounded good it doesn't work as a wraparound.

But you treasure a book like this for the writing and the story is as good as ever. In fact, it just gets better. Downes was writing about what he saw for a contemporary audience but his world of *Sleeping Island* is gone with the wind. The social element that enriched that land has gone. But we are forever reminded of that time in Downes perfect prose. It will live forever.



The Travels of David Thompson 1784-1812 Volume I

By David Thompson

Edited by Sean Peake

iUniverse Books, Indiana 2011 \$32.95

David Thompson remains a great and nearly lost treasure. His feats of discovery and good conduct are incomparable yet he lives in a world of academic appreciation largely forgotten by the public.

Following in the footsteps of J. B. Tyrrell and Richard Glover, Sean Peake has spent over 20 years of painstaking work on his re-editing of Thompson's travel narratives. He is the first to include all of his travel journals and adds his own comprehensive Introduction..

It is a massive undertaking done by someone with a love for history, for no publishing riches await. This is the boilerplate of history, the words and deeds of a man who travelled 55,000 miles by paddle, foot and horse over much of the northwest of this continent.

Peake's point is to make this work accessible. The Tyrrell and Glover versions are rare and costly. He also wants to clear some earlier work that portrayed Thompson in a bad light. He wants to show readers what Thompson himself wanted, "a curious and extensive collection of all that can fall under the observation of a traveller."



CANOESWORTHY *continued*

Nunavut Tunngavik Inc. says that Inuit officials and wildlife associations have agreed to an annual shared quota of 60 polar bears for the South Hudson Bay region.

NTI along with Makivik Corp., Cree officials, wildlife management boards and representatives of the federal, provincial and territorial governments met in Inukjuak where they agreed to a “temporary, voluntary total quota of 60 bears per year,” said an NTI press release.

Before the decision, Nunavut was the only jurisdiction to set a quota of 25 bears on the management zone, for the community of Sanikiluaq. But many Nunavimmiut feel the quota announcement was premature, since the new agreement must first be approved by Nunavik’s communities along southeastern Hudson Bay.

Many Nunavik hunters say the decision is unfair, because Nunavik has never had strict regulations for its polar bear hunt.

Under the James Bay and Northern Quebec Agreement, there is no management plan, but rather a loose quota of roughly 60 bears for Cree and Inuit to harvest.

Paulusie Novalinga, the president of Nunavik’s Anguvigaq Hunters and Trappers Organization, said Nunavimmiut are also calling the latest plan unfair because it gives almost as many bears to the 700 residents of Sanikiluaq as it does to the roughly 3,000 residents of Nunavik’s southeastern Hudson Bay coast.

People in Nunavik will soon have a chance to say what they think about the region’s fourth provincial park, “le parc national des Monts-Pyramides along the George River.”

Quebec’s department of sustainable development, environment and parks announced last week that it will hold public hearings on the park in Kuujuaq, Kangiqsualujuaq and Kawawachikamach, the three communities closest to the proposed park, from Nov. 21 to 25.

The park, now officially known by its French name, also has an Inuktitut name – Ulittaniujalik, for the 457-metre high Mount Pyramid peak “that looks like it bears a high-water mark” for lines left by a glacial lake that once covered the area.

The park is supposed to protect lands in and around the George River plateau, about 120 kilometres south of Kangiqsualujuaq, and shelter this region from some of the mining and mineral development expected to roll out of Plan Nord.

To prepare for the park hearings, Quebec’s department of sustainable development produced a master plan for the park, which spells out the proposed limits for this park, how it will be zoned and plans for its future development. According to the plan, the park will spread over 5,272 square kilometres — about 240 sq. km. less than originally planned.

However, lands used by the Wedge Hills Lodge outfitter, northeast of Schefferville, were left out of the park. That’s because the outfitter would have otherwise been forced out of business. And active mining claims were also left outside the park’s boundaries.

But mineral-rich deposits along the western edge of the park could prove to be a problem to the “development” of the area, the master plan said, although “overall, about 70 per cent of the proposed boundary follows the watershed lines of the George and Ford rivers, reducing the risk of contamination from any mining activities that might take place outside the park.”

In any event, managing a park in this remote location will be hard due to the difficulty of access and the expense of bringing in staff and

visitors, the plan says. To get to the “le parc national des Monts-Pyramides,” you will have to fly in by Twin Otter or float plane.

Nunavik, rich in potential hydro-electric power, remains one of the few regions of Quebec where diesel generators continue to churn out electricity — because its communities are not connected to the power grid.

Nunavik’s desire for more plentiful, cheaper and cleaner power is revealed in its “Plan Nunavik.” The lengthy document spells out what the region wants from Plan Nord, Quebec’s development scheme for northern Quebec.

Nunavik plays an important role in Quebec’s plans to develop its hydroelectric potential: the rivers of Nunavik hold about 8,000 megawatts of electric power, 25 per cent of Quebec’s current output.

But in Nunavik, oil remains king: diesel power plants in Nunavik’s 14 communities gobble up 25 million litres of oil for their basic needs and they use an additional 28 million litres of oil for their heating houses — and that doesn’t include the 40 million litres of fuel that Xstrata’s Raglan nickel mine consumes for its operations.

Some people are proposing the idea of connecting Nunavik to the Quebec power grid. That’s a costly move that would take six years to see through and carry a price tag of \$1.6 billion if there’s no hydroelectric power project built in the region.

Over the next five years, Nunavik wants to see renewable energy projects. Some of these were also listed in Plan Nord when it was launched this past May, such as windmill farms in Kangiqsualujuaq and Akulivik, an underwater tidal generator in Kuujuaq and a small small run-of-river 7.5 MW hydro electricity generating station for Inukjuak.

As for hydroelectric projects, northern rivers, including the char-rich Payne River and the Natapoka River, are expected to play a large role in the realization of Plan Nord. But Quebec isn’t ready yet to say yet where Nunavik may see new hydroelectric projects.

Heavy rainfall and melting glaciers at Auyuittuq National Park in Nunavut prompted Parks Canada to close parts of the park to visitors in August.

Parks Canada closed part of the Akshayuk Pass between Crater Lake Creek and Overlord on Monday, after several groups of hikers had to be flown out of the national park. Officials said heavy rainfall and warm temperatures have made some river crossings extremely dangerous and impassable in some cases.

“Anytime the rivers are thigh-deep or higher, it’s really treacherous for anyone trying to get through,” Gary Enns, a Parks Canada official in Nunavut, told CBC News on Tuesday.

Enns said one hiker broke his foot while trying to cross a river in the park, while another fell in the water and suffered from hypothermia.

Another group of hikers was stranded in the middle of a river, with the water rising around them. That group was rescued by helicopter, Enns said.

Other hikers that were in the closed-off areas have been relocated to other sections of the park, and all other hikers have been notified of the closure. Auyuittuq National Park covers more than 19,000 square kilometres of glacier-scoured terrain on southern Baffin Island. The park is about 30 kilometres from Pangnirtung, Nunavut.



Photo: Michael Peake

"You dropped this," the son of Queen Elizabeth said as I turned around to see him marching towards me with my fallen copy of the Celebrate Sahtu program that he was opening on July 23, 2011 in Norman Wells. Flanked by his old Headmaster at Lakefield College School, Terry Guest and Lin Ward of Canoe North Adventures, the group was making their way towards the opening of the North-Wright Airways hangar which had been decorated with two murals. I had been asked by Canoe North to photograph the event having just come off the Keele River and HRH just off the Horton the day before. I didn't drop it again.

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