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OUTFIT 106



Photo: Macdonald/Penick

PALMER PARADISE -- It's hard to top the tough but incredibly scenic Palmer River, the traditional route through the Torngat Mountains connecting Ungava Bay and Labrador. Peter Brewster and Andrew Macdonald of the Labrador Odyssey 2001 expedition paddle a small but welcome lake expansion of the steep rocky river as they headed to the Quebec border and the Korok River. We have a full report on this wonderful trip starting on Page 6.

We remember Angus Scott
1925-2001 *Page 4*

Labrador Odyssey 2001
Page 6

Fall Packet



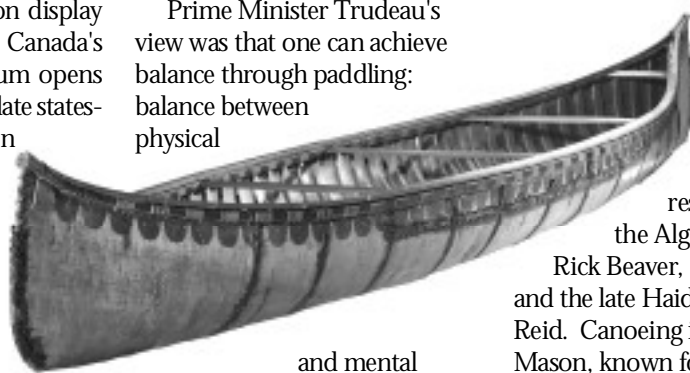
Several renowned artifacts belonging to Pierre Elliott Trudeau will be on display for the first time when Canada's national Canoe Museum opens an exhibit profiling the late statesman and his thoughts on paddling.

The exhibit "Reflections: The Land, The People and The Canoe," commemorating the canoe's role in the lives of twelve respected Canadians, will be launched around the first anniversary of Pierre Trudeau's death. His family has generously loaned his canoe and famous jacket to the young museum, which already houses the world's largest collection of canoes and kayaks. Prime Minister Trudeau was pictured canoeing wearing the buckskin jacket on the cover of his *Memoirs*. Also on display will be one of his favourite paddles, made by the Peterborough Canoe Company, and a beautiful pair of beaded buckskin gloves.

The canoe played an important role in Trudeau's life and that of other notable -- and less recognized -- members of all Canada's cultures. Its legacy continues to serve as a unique

but unifying Canadian experience.

Prime Minister Trudeau's view was that one can achieve balance through paddling: balance between physical



and mental pursuits, nationalism and

individualism, passion and reason, wilderness and society, past and present. The Canadian Canoe Museum exhibit featuring the Trudeau memorabilia will be housed in a significant main-floor space that will convey a sense of Canada's river panoramas, landscapes, wildlife and other character-influencing aspects of our environment.

"Reflections" will also

highlight the aboriginal voices of Matthew Coon Come, national

chief of the Assembly of First Nations, William Commanda, respected elder of the Algonquin nation, Rick Beaver, Ojibwa artist and the late Haida sculptor Bill Reid. Canoeing icon Bill Mason, known for his films, paintings and books, is also



given a special place in the new exhibit along with Eric Luke Morse, the Dean of Canadian Wilderness Canoeists along with wife Pamela. Paddlers who are artists, voyageurs, families and women will also be showcased.

The permanent exhibit was launched at a special public event on October 12 at the Canadian Canoe Museum with Sacha Trudeau and other family

members of those featured in the exhibit in attendance.

The Canadian Canoe Museum is in Peterborough, Ontario, the world's canoe-building capital for more than a century. "Reflections" will complement other dramatic exhibits that tell the story of Aboriginal, French and British cultures.

Eighty-seven days after setting out from Reindeer Lake in northern Saskatchewan, the four members of the Arctic Canoe Expedition reached their goal: Chantry Inlet on the Arctic Ocean. Luke Manger-Lynch, Sam Moulton, Brook Yeomans, and Mike Wolfe paddled and portaged their way roughly 1,600 miles across Northern Canada via fourteen rivers and innumerable lakes.

After a year of planning, ACE 2001 — a major adventure fundraising expedition for Camp Manito-wish in Wisconsin with 15 corporate sponsors — proved its hypothesis: that it was possible to start at Southend and reach the Arctic Ocean in a single season. Though other canoeists have paddled most segments of their route, to their knowledge no one had strung them all together in one continuous

➔ **Continued on Page 11**



We were wondering where all the Arctic char we as we bumped our way down the Korok River. Once we saw the spectacular Koriloktuk Falls, about halfway up the 80 mile river, we had our answer. Nothing was getting past these falls without a good pair of legs to walk the one-mile portage through a disappearing trail in the enveloping brush.

PRESS RELEASE: On May 24, 2001, the government of Quebec announced it would grant a first series of 36 sites located on 24 rivers of the province to private companies for the development and operation of hydro-electric power plants of 50 megawatts (MW) and less.

Our falls, rapids, and rivers form a collective heritage of priceless value at the social, economic, environmental, and tourism levels. However, our government, with no energetic, economic and social justification whatsoever, is about to sacrifice this public asset, at an enormous environmental cost, for the sole benefit of the private sector. The government has done so even before the implementation of Quebec's national water policy, thus jeopardizing it in advance. Therefore, how can we not be opposed to this inconsistent management and flagrant misappropriation of our collective wealth?

In Quebec, dam structures whose power reaches 50 MW are disguised under the description "small power plant," even "micro power plant". Such works are substantial, as the Rivière-des-Prairies plant, in the North of Montreal, demonstrates. Even a 7 MW

Canoesworthy

hydraulic plant looks imposing - unless compared to Hydro-Quebec's giant plants who can each produce over 5,300 MW.

At the end of the 90s, the province of Quebec had over 2,000 hydro-electric plants and other dams. Quebec's natural hydrography has already been highly modified. Today, 36 other falls and landscapes, mainly located on still free rivers, are about to be destroyed for a low additional capacity of 425 MW, adding to the mess.

The Quebec government approves the destruction of sites which are highly valuable, and representative of our hydrography, even before enacting its strategy on protected areas which was announced during the Summer of 2000. What happened to the government's promise to increase protected areas from less than 3% of the territory to 8%, a figure still under the world's average of 10%?

Refusing to acknowledge the heritage character of our rivers, the government has taken no measure to ensure the total preservation of the greatest number of them for the benefit of future generations. One way to do this is to designate protected natural waterways, (e.g. create linear parks around rivers).

➔ **Continued on Page 10**

From the Editor

I know what they mean now.

I understand the lure of that Labrador wild. We experienced one of the finest trips in our 20-plus years of northern paddling. It would be difficult to put together a better wilderness paddling package than that on northern Labrador coast and through the awesome Torngat Mts.

One lingering moment was not nearly the most scenic. It was an evening paddle up the 10 miles of coast from Saglek Bay to Bears Gut. The sea was calm. Our view to our right was endless ocean, to our left 2000 feet of the rawest, least vegetated and most daunting coastline we have ever beheld. Even in the

calm of this evening there was chop but nothing tricky. In six imaginations the thought of this place when it wasn't so benign was terrifying. We felt like mice tiptoeing past a gigantic sleeping cat.

After losing four days to weather before the trip, we then got three calm, sunny days in which to be shown this dazzling coast as we headed for the relative safety of Nachvak Fjord. Three days of icebergs, incredible campsites and perfect weather - and worry about how long this would last!

For all the glorious wonders *Labrador Odyssey 2001* gave us, there was a strange and deadly subtext to what was a superb and "event-free" trip. Three paternal deaths within our group's family, including my dear father-in-law, occurred in the month before the trip. It also meant regular Peter Scott

could not come. We remember his father Angus, a truly wonderful man, who is greatly missed by us all, on page 4. Then a month after - the incalculable horrors of September 11 in the U.S.

Labrador Odyssey has more than enough memorable moments to allow it to endure for decades but it will always have those grim reminders attached to it.

But one memory of Labrador we all will carry was coming across four polar bears in one spot in Nachvak; a large male and a mother with two cubs who did likewise and then swam back with them. They wandered the shore while a herd of caribou passed above them and behind us minke whales gasped at the surfaced - but now as loud as we must while have beholding this incredible sight deep in the heart of northern Labrador.

Michael Peake.

Remembering a Legend

In the 1970s, Geoffrey Peake was a student at Trinity College School in Port Hope, Ontario. It was here he met Peter Scott and his father Angus Scott, the school's headmaster - and an avid wilderness canoeist.

By GEOFFREY PEAKE

One day in 1975 a helicopter landed in the middle of our soccer field. A great crowd gathered around, the doors opened, and out stepped the prime minister, Pierre Trudeau, flanked by half dozen security officers. He had come to visit his canoeing partner—none other than our own headmaster, Angus Scott, and it was rumored they were planning another trip that summer and needed to meet for a planning session. Well, our opinion of Mr. Scott reached the stratosphere that day—imagine having the Prime Minister of Canada coming to visit YOU by helicopter to plan a canoe trip! Until that point I had never thought much about canoeing, except that it was something my brother Michael did once in a while.

As the years went by Peter and I became friends, and began to canoe together.

Our first trips were impressive three-hour floats down the mighty Ganaraska River, with its awesome Grade 1 rapids. Often Peter would disappear with his father on weekend trips and he began to tell me about other canoeists who would come by their house—in particular a man called Eric Morse, who had once taught at the school many years ago and had written books on history and canoeing, and who had also canoed with Pierre Trudeau. As I learned more about canoeing and actually read Eric's book *Fur Trade Canoe Routes of the Voyageurs*, he became somewhat of a hero to me. I never met Eric there—Peter would always forget to tell me until after he had gone.

In 1979, Angus organized a trip down the Churchill River in Saskatchewan. The goal was to retrace the route that Morse's group, *The Voyageurs*, followed in 1955. This was to be our first wilderness trip and—although I didn't realize it at the time—it would be the start of a lifetime of wilderness travel in Canada. In retrospect I don't know how Angus survived that trip with four students along, especially me. In his log book one night he wrote "everything is quiet...except Peake is still talking..." and I'm sure that trip was a far cry from the kinds of trips he had enjoyed Eric and Pierre and some of the other Voyageurs. But what he did was apprentice a new generation of canoeist to follow in the tradition of the voyageurs, in much the same way that Eric had found younger men to travel with

when some of his other companions did not feel compelled to travel farther north into the barrenlands. Eric had recruited new blood, like Angus Scott, and several other teachers from TCS (Jack Goering, Tom Lawson) had paddled with Eric and Angus.

The river was high that year, and we ran many rapids, and for the first time I felt the magnetic appeal of wilderness canoeing. In the evenings, Angus would always read from historical journals and trip notes and we would compare our trip to others who had gone before, and for the first time I felt part of something much bigger than just a canoe trip—we were part of the great history of canoeing in Canada. That trip down the Churchill River, as it turned out, was the first of

many wilderness journeys that we would do, and the genesis of the Hide-Away Canoe Club. Two years later, Peter, myself, and brothers Sean and Michael would paddle the Missinaibi River (with trip notes supplied by Jack Goering). We attempted to follow in the spirit of *The Voyageurs*, and our travels took us to many of the same places where Eric had traveled—the Rat-Porcupine, Coppermine, Thelon-Hanbury, Lake Superior—and some places where he hadn't—the Back, George, Povungnituk, and most recently, Labrador.

Through all these travels we have always tried to retain the values and beliefs of the Voyageurs—an appreciation of the history of this country, and love of not just the land, but of the challenges and companionship that is part of every journey. Pierre Trudeau once said of wilderness travel "it does not make men more able to reason, but makes them more reasonable men".

For my part, I remember Angus as a person who exemplified many of the virtues of a good traveling partner—someone who focuses on getting a job

done, not complaining about it; someone with a quiet determination, a sense of humor—and a touch of eccentricity—to get you through those long days on the river, and I wonder what course my life might have taken—all those wild places I might have never seen—if I had not been part of that trip long ago down the Churchill River.

So, wherever you are Angus, the HACC owes you a debt of gratitude for letting us be part of a great tradition. On behalf of all of us, thank you—for helping us find the way.

For another tribute to this wonderful man see the Canadian Parks and Wilderness Society Web site: www.cpaws.org/about/angus-scott.html

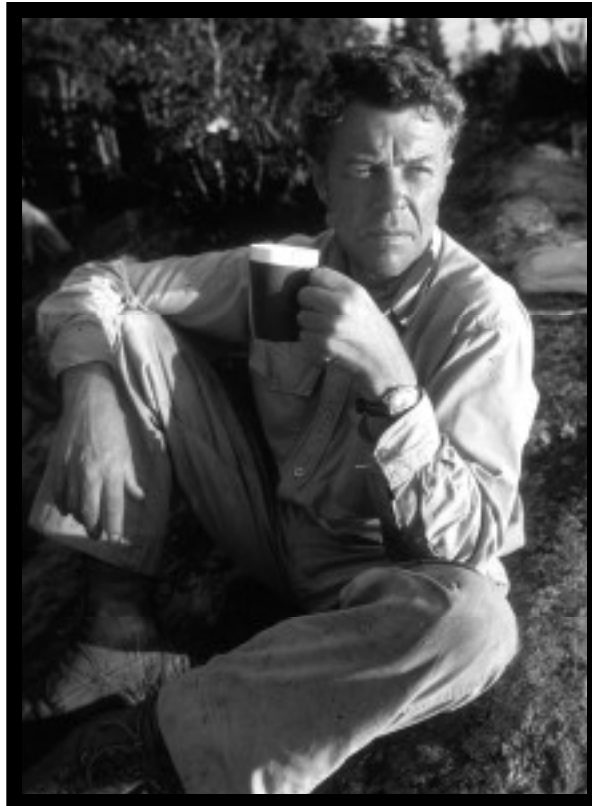


Photo: Geoffrey Peake

Angus Scott on the Churchill River in July 1979 on a school trip that forged the beginnings of the Hide-Away Canoe Club.

Wilderness Paddler's Handbook

By Alan Kesselheim

Ragged Mountain Press

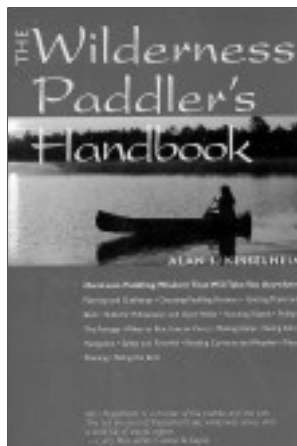
Camden, Maine. 284 pp, \$18.95US

ISBN: 0-07-135418-2

Reviewed by Michael Peake.

Why is it that so many great cooks own so many cookbooks? It's a question I've often found perplexing until I realized how many canoe how-to books I own.

And the answer of course is that each one brings its own unique offerings and insights. Certainly, they do cover a lot of familiar ground - but it's ground you love and



the unique features are to be savoured. And so Chef Alan Kesselheim, to extend a metaphor, serves up his latest offering: *The Wilderness Paddler's Handbook*. Kesselheim, who lives in Bozeman, Montana, covers all the bases here with his friendly, cheerful style. The writing is very conversational, as though your picking up this wide variety of tips from a friend. The author is not afraid to state his mind on matters and one chapter I loved is *Gear that Changed My Life*.

In it he states his favourite pieces of equipment that include the bent-shaft paddle, fabric spray covers, folding chair, inflatable sleeping pads, cast Aluminum Dutch oven, bug jackets and self-standing tents. Each selection is accompanied by some solid reasoning (though I still can't bring myself to use a bent-shaft!). It's a very thorough book, covering all the

major areas for long and short trips, solo and kids. There are plenty of great diagrams and instructions for running rapids and making spray covers. There are many black and white photos but quite a few are poorly reproduced - a common complaint these days!

If you're like me you will pick out particular sections of the book that interest you. It is laid out in a logical order from trip inspiration to planning and paddling skills and equipment. Kesselheim is always a delight to read and this breezy handbook will serve you well on or off the water.

Tumblehome

Mediation and Lore from a Canoeists Life

By James Raffan

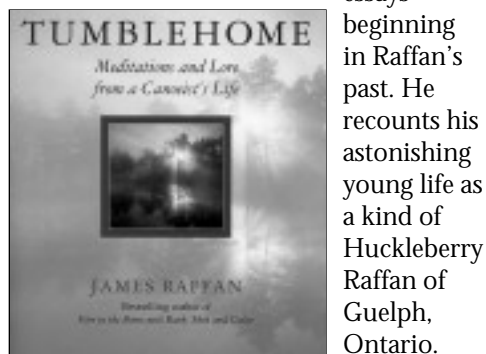
HarperCollins, Toronto

137pp \$20

ISBN: 0-00-200069-52

James Raffan, like Alan Kesselheim, is one of the handful of premier writers on canoe-related subjects. And this little book, much like Kesselheim's latest, is a diversion from each writer's regular output.

Tumblehome is a small, insightful series of essays



beginning in Raffan's past. He recounts his astonishing young life as a kind of Huckleberry Raffan of Guelph, Ontario.

The Speed River, while not a noble stream, was the subject of Raffan's boyhood adventures—in an age where kids were allowed to play by rivers alone - something far too "risky" for the modern urban child. It instilled in his flowering sensibilities a

special connection with nature which have served him so well. The former Queen's University prof, Raffan now makes his living as a writer, and is doing well at it since he combines the research structure of the academic and the lyrical style of the romantic. He is also a very funny fellow both in person and in print. Some of the other short chapters are set along the upper Thelon River and at the base of Bill Mason's Denison Falls. But this is a highly personal book and we are fortunate to be taken along. The final essay, *Tumblehome*, speaks about his troubled leaving of university after 18 years and embarking on a solo trip north of Yellowknife. When his canoe blows away he is forced to strip down and swim after it. In the end he retrieves not only his canoe but a new meaning for his life.

Abandoned

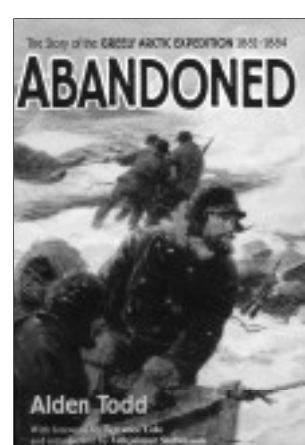
By Alden Todd

University of Alaska Press, 2001

325pp \$22.95US

ISBN: 1-889963-29-1

This reprint of a 1961 book, tells the grim story of the Greely Expedition of 1881-



1884. With a foreword by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. This US-led trip headed to Ellesmere Island and recorded numerous scientific data and reached the furthest north of any trip of that time.

When their supply ship failed to arrive they descended into a long period of starvation and 19 of the 26 member crew succumbed. Greely and six others were finally rescued which meant, unlike Franklin, the story could be fully told.

Labrador Odysseyonline



By Michael Peake
Che-Mun Editor

Icebergs, whales, polar bears and caribou. Labrador Odyssey was a smorgasbord of northern delights. We enjoyed clear, calm oceans, surging rapids and waterfalls that made our hearts beat faster and many miles of scenic mountain portaging that really made our hearts beat faster.

Labrador Odyssey was a benchmark trip—a summer we'll remember with delight, a challenging journey made more difficult by the technological demands of an online trip.

We were joined by more than 200,000 visits

A minke whale surfaces in magical Nachvak Fjord on our second morning there. Andrew Macdonald was up to catch the action before breakfast. Tom Stevens captures the subtle colours and shapes of an iceberg in Saglek Bay. The majestic ice castles draw paddlers close - but it had better not be too close, as we found out the next day.



from cyber-paddlers. This year's Web site contains hundreds of photos and 360 degree panoramas, many layers of background information, available to all at the click of a mouse.

Sean Peake researched and designed it and yours truly worked many late nights this winter and spring, writing, editing and preparing for this our 20th anniversary trip. **Woods Canada** supported and sponsored us in first class style along with **Infosat** and **Nikon Canada**. Being asked to participate at the Scouts Jamboree in PEI and having 14,000 young Canadians watch us pack was one great sendoff. Geoffrey Peake and Peter Brewster did some fine writing in



Labrador Odyssey 2001



two very different and distinct styles, which are still there for the viewing at www.canoe.ca/labrador2001. Rather than recount the whole trip, I would like to point out some of my recollections from those three wondrous weeks.

First of all, I am extremely proud of what the HACC accomplished this year. We did a tough trip and reported on it every day - just like we promised. Filing daily stories and photos has a huge impact on a trip but soon becomes one of the essential duties like pitching tents and making a fire.

I knew this would be a special trip. Long time *Che-Mun* subscriber and ace wilderness paddler Dick Irwin, who has been almost everywhere, said it was his all-time favourite trip. That's saying something - and it now tops my list as well.

Nowhere else can you get such stunning mountain vistas and have a historically canoeable trip. It's prime wilderness - we saw no one until the final rapid into Ungava Bay. For the 21 days it took to reach the mouth of the Korok we were on our own in a pristine wilderness of unparalleled beauty.

The trip began with a sad last minute flurry of activity that saw our



back-up paddler, Tom Stevens, being contacted hours before he flew to the U.K. to take in the Wimbledon tennis tournament. We learned of the sudden death of Angus Scott two days before our departure. Besides being a terrible personal blow to us all, it meant Peter Scott could not come and Tom agreed to. He would join Peter Brewster and Andrew Macdonald and the three Peakes; Michael, Sean and Geoffrey down in PEI where we were spending a few days at the Scouts Canada Jamboree with 14,000 scouts and leaders. We ended up sleeping on the grounds of CJ'01 and had fun speaking with the kids as we packed all our stuff and tested communications equipment. It also brought us a lot closer to the Woods Canada crew who were there with their families.

We were a day late flying out of Summerside PEI with Air Labrador as the weather up north was socked in. We finally departed after carefully assembling the Twin Otter Canoe Puzzle (getting three 17-foot Old Town Trippers inside) and headed to Happy Valley-Goose Bay where we were socked in again for three days.

I was amused when the Air Labrador base manager in Goose Bay



came out to check out how we had packed three canoes into one of his Twotters. When I made the booking they were VERY dubious it could be done. We did have to remove the fire extinguisher from the wall (and some paint) but we did it.

We made the most of the delay in this traditional canoeing center and visited some great folks including canoeing legend Joe Goudie, former MLA and whose family makes up the fabric of local history. We also met and visited *Them Days*, the small but famous local newspaper that has done such a great job of documenting the history of the area. We made the 40-mile trip to Northwest River, the

[Top] Breaking camp in breathtaking Bear's Gut which looks like a remote alpine lake. It is the first opening along an incredible rugged piece of coastline north of Saglek Bay. [Centre] Chief Guide Geoffrey Peake gets in deep with the Palmer River to encourage a canoe up a particularly fast and steep section of this scenic and steep river. [Bottom] One of our most unique and unlikely campsites, high above the Palmer River on a wayward portage. We were caught here by a tough weather day that kept us in our tents and left snow on the surrounding Tornjat Mountains.

Labrador Odyssey 2001

departure site of the three Hubbard-Wallace expeditions and stood on the very beach in front of the same Hudson's Bay Company post they did almost a century ago.

Having travelled for a number of years in the north we had to remind ourselves that yet again such northern delays always had their bright sides and, indeed, had been very kind to us over the years. We were still anxious to get going as our original plan had called for taking a boat north from Nain to Hebron. Sadly, the visit to this unique Moravian Mission had to be cancelled due to weather and we would now fly directly to the airstrip at Saglek, the North Early Warning station. Only Air Labrador had the rights to ask to land at this spot and it was obtained.

We finally landed on July 13 on the first clear day in weeks at Saglek. Our pilot, Kevin Hann, gave us a nice fly past of the unmanned post that's also a weather station perched on a 1500-foot cliff over the sea. It was late afternoon and a few caribou were wandering around the tanks and buildings in the area. We shouldered packs and boats almost immediately and hiked the rough road down to the water about 500 years away. We were on the water at 6 pm and we finally



felt that, at last, **Labrador Odyssey 2001** was under way. With the Torngat Mts. beckoning across the breadth of Saglek Bay, about six miles away, our course was clear. But we had to paddle into the bay for several miles to make a safer crossing, which we did the next day. We had, in fact, three perfect sunny and calm days to get up to Nachvak, an incredible reprieve after so many days of bad weather. The irony was rich. This section of the trip was the one which most worried us - and our spouses. There is no getting over the remoteness and rugged nature of the northern Labrador coast. There are few places to hide and you can only paddle when the weather's

[Top] Our jaws were dropping the whole way through this amazingly scenic Palmers River valley. Stunningly clear water and brooding mountains make it a lasting canoeing memory. [Centre] Andrew Macdonald takes a paddle on the Palmer as Peter Brewster hangs out at the Communication Centre. [Bottom] This mother polar bear and her two cubs were part of our incredible Nachvak Fjord experience. We saw them just below a herd of several hundred caribou who were traversing the steep slopes, one lone 'bou completes the scene.

right—which it usually is in July. Despite this, one Labrador adventure guide who takes tourists up the coast for hiking trips, expressed



surprise when we told him of our canoeing plans. "You're doing what?" he said. Again, experience and planning served us well. In fact, we view comments such as that a precursor to a great trip. A trip for which we had done our homework and paid our dues.

Ocean paddling is one area we have little experience in. We took along superb drysuits and anoraks made by Kokatat. These bombproof Gore-Tex garments were never put to the supreme test but they supplied some peace of mind both for those on the trip and back home. The tides in the area are small but the wind and currents shift with the tides and many small, localized winds come out of nowhere to keep the Doubt Meter running full time.

What can you say about this coastline! Superlatives pale. It's a geologists dream. Huge walls of rock lined with ribbon-like dykes of various colours all revealing a violent and ancient past. Icebergs cruised by with regularity steaming south to a melty demise. The conventional wisdom is to stay away from these fascinating attractions and we mostly did. But we stayed even further away after watching one a mile away do a 90-degree role and drop a massive



Labrador Odyssey 2001

chunk of itself into the frigid waters of the Labrador Sea with a 100-foot high splash. It we had been within 300 yards of that thing it was



big trouble from either ice or waves.

The other large white hazard up here is polar bears. Their inevitable presence meant we carried a gun for the first time ever on a trip. It was never needed but we did stumble on four bears on one rocky point of Nachvak Fjord. We had been watching a caribou herd that was doing maneuvers along a high ridge when the bears appeared. We were a couple of hundred yards from shore - far enough it seemed. The male wandered off and a female with two cubs did too. But she came back by water minutes later to our shock and happiness. After giving us a thorough once over, where six adult male canoeists stopped breathing in unison, she continued wandering the shore with her two young. They were directly below the line of caribou who were heading south. I got a neat digital shot of a herd of polar bears being watched by a lone caribou! As all this was happening minke whales were rising on the water of Nachvak behind us. For once, we barely gave them a look. It was an unforgettable scene.

Without a doubt the scenic gem in this pile of diamonds was the



ascent of the Palmer River, which flows into Tallek Arm, the southwest corner of Nachvak Fjord. Hemmed in by towering ridges of the Torngats in an impossibly symmetrical U-shaped valley, the crystal clear waters of the Palmer flow towards the sea. We had alternating great/crummy weather going up the Palmer, which made for good variety in photos. We were all drinking in this incredible scenery. The three youngsters of our group made an all-day trek into the mountains, which veteran mountain man Geoffrey Peake described as 'hairy'. The steep sides also meant a challenge in getting a spot to hit our satellite which lay near the equator, relatively low on the horizon. It was a challenge at times.

But, lest we deceive, the going was tough, very tough. We had heavy loads and there was a lot of carrying up steep terrain. But this crew worked together in a way unmatched in our 20 years of tripping. The younger guys took extra loads without being asked, dishes were done without prompting or scheduling and there was an incredible sense of purpose.

Reaching the height-of-land was a relief. Andrew surprised us with a



bottle of champagne, which we enjoyed that night on the Korok. We also posed with a photo with a picture of the late Angus Scott, to whom we dedicated the trip. It was here the weather took a turn for the worse—yup—hot and sunny. The bugs appeared in a way we hadn't seen for many years and the next four days down the Korok had their ugly moments. But now, with the swelling subsided and the sunny Kodachromes looking great, we forgive the weather gods. *Labrador Odyssey* will be a warm memory in the minds of HACC paddlers for a lifetime.

[Top] Tom Stevens pulls his Old Town Tripper near the top of the Palmer River on our final day of the height-of-land carry. The scenic Torngats begin to disappear as we approach the Quebec border. [Centre] A large black bear takes a sniff of the middle section of the Korok River. The area is home to the largest black bears in North America though we only saw a couple. [Bottom] Sean and Geoffrey Peake sample one of the rare nicely runnable rapids on the incredibly rocky Korok. Woods bug jackets were in order as the weather turned warm which was great for photos and bad for the blood supply.

Canoeworthy

CANOESWORTHY Continued from Page 3

Power plants of 50 MW or less are not large enough to make power line infrastructures profitable on long hauls. That is why they are built near inhabited places, on easily accessible sites. They then destroy much frequented sites and landscapes which are a source of leisure and wonder.

After destroying our forests, do we need to sell off our rivers? Please write and show your support against these projects:

Premier Ministre Bernard Landry

885, Grande-Allée est, 3e étage

Québec QC G1A 1A2

Fax 418.643.5321

E-mail premier.ministre@cex.gouv.qc.ca

Representatives of an Arctic environmental organization say the proposed Kitikmeot road-and-port project could be bad for caribou.

The 350,000 animals of the Bathurst caribou herd give birth near southern Bathurst Inlet, where mining companies and Kitikmeot leaders hope to build a multi-million-dollar deep sea port near the town of Kugluktuk aka Coppermine.

Fieldwork on the road-and-port study is already underway. Engineers and environmentalists began scouting the proposed port site and road route in late July. Work will continue next summer.

Inuit depend on the herd for food, as do Dene in the Northwest Territories, who hunt the animals when they migrate south of the treeline in winter. Outfitters in both territories make money by helping sports hunters bag trophy Bathurst bulls.

The road and port — which backers say could be completed in six years — would allow more mines to be developed in the region, by slashing the cost of transporting building materials, and by making it easier to ship lead, zinc and nickel ore to market.

Kitikmeot leaders say the project will create hundreds of jobs for Inuit and pour more than \$700 million into residents' pockets.

The federal Department of Indian and Northern Affairs, announced that Ottawa is jump-starting the project by contributing \$3 million to a preliminary study of its feasibility and possible environmental effects.

The Nunavut government and mining companies are matching that windfall with another \$3 million. Environmentalists say federal officials are hypocrites for funding research on the Kitikmeot road while opposing oil development in Alaska's Arctic National Wildlife Refuge.

They say studies must be done to determine whether the existing mines in the area are hurting caribou. The Lupin, Diavik and Ekati mines lie along the Bathurst herd's migration route. In the late winter, ice roads in the region see heavy truck traffic.

OUR BACK PAGES

The following back issues of Che-Mun are available at \$5 each (which includes postage).

- | | | | |
|-----------|---|------------|--|
| Outfit 44 | Bill Mason & the Dog R., Athabasca letter | Outfit 78 | Across the Arctic Mts, LaVase Portage, Food drying |
| Outfit 45 | Pipe River by Eric Morse, River flow chart | Outfit 79 | Book reviews, Thompson journal, Great Whale stopped |
| Outfit 46 | Hudson Bay to Ungava, Stew Coffin report | Outfit 80 | Warburton Pike, Wabakimi Park, Merrick's True North |
| Outfit 47 | Heritage Rivers, Trans Canada Expedition | Outfit 81 | Arctic Land Exped, David Hanbury, Diamond development |
| Outfit 48 | Freshwater Saga - Morse River memoirs, slide fest | Outfit 83 | Jacobson's Caribou River, Canoescapes rev, Franklin's journal |
| Outfit 50 | Royal couple canoe the Hanbury/Thelon | Outfit 84 | 1955 Moffatt Exped., Winisk R., John Rae's effigy & Cloak-boat |
| Outfit 53 | Chubb Crater in Ungava, Hubbard & Wallace | Outfit 85 | Rocky Defiled, Grey Owl movie, Bill Mason bio, Canoe Museum |
| Outfit 54 | Povungnituk 88 - Ungava, Sleeping Island rev. | Outfit 86 | PBS's Backcountry, E. Merrick's Labrador photos, Summerwrap |
| Outfit 55 | Memories of Bill Mason, Twin Otter gone | Outfit 87 | Across the Barrens to Arctic Sound. Dr. John Rae, Cree wisdom |
| Outfit 57 | North American Canoe Symposium, book reviews | Outfit 88 | Great Whale River, Elliott Merrick's last words, Paddling the Web |
| Outfit 58 | Churchill River trip, The Lonely Land rev. | Outfit 89 | George River preview, Merrick Memorial, Stew Coffin- George R. 1967 |
| Outfit 59 | Tyrrell brothers, Water & Sky, Alberta Pulp wars | Outfit 90 | Rat River 1926, George River Online, Chestnut Canoe book rev. |
| Outfit 60 | Via Rail, Missinaibi River, James Bay, HBC exit | Outfit 91 | Across Canada paddle, Schwatka's Last Search rev., Arctic Unravalled |
| Outfit 61 | Inside Hydro-Quebec's LG2, Aki on the Barrens, Grey Owl | Outfit 92 | Danes on the Barrens, Ladies & the Rat review, Grey Owl movie |
| Outfit 63 | Canoeing in the 1930s, Hydro-Quebec chairman | Outfit 93 | Mason stamp news, Letdown on the Thelon, Real Bedard profile |
| Outfit 64 | Rupert R. 1914, Keewaydin Guide, Fur Trade Canoe Routes | Outfit 94 | Mason stamp unveiled, Great Whale River, Cdn Canoe Symposium |
| Outfit 65 | Churchill River hydro, Robert Perkins, James Bay | Outfit 95 | Lost art of Arthur Heming, Mackenzie & the Rockies, Barrows Boys |
| Outfit 66 | Lands Forlorn, HACC in Japan, Needle to the North | Outfit 96 | MacFarlane R. trip report, Tom Manning profile, Nunavut book rev |
| Outfit 67 | NWT division, Cdn. Canoe Museum, James Bay | Outfit 97 | Ellice River report, Winisk online preview, Bill Mason in hall of fame |
| Outfit 68 | Charles Camsell, Barrens Wedding, Book reviews | Outfit 98 | Winisk to The Bay report, Book review: McGuffins, Callans & Kraikers |
| Outfit 70 | Great Bear to Coppermine, Ungava photos | Outfit 99 | LastList; Best of the Century, 1955; Moffatt & The Voyageurs |
| Outfit 72 | Eric Morse River List, Ungava Journey, J.B. Tyrrell | Outfit 100 | The Back River 1962 by John Lentz, Readers 'Best Of' List |
| Outfit 73 | Petawawa River, David Thompson map, NWT regs | Outfit 101 | Back River 1962 Part II, Dog River & Bill Mason, book reviews |
| Outfit 74 | Pukaskwa River, Helen Falls cairn, Quetico trip | Outfit 102 | Pierre Trudeau remembered, R.M.Patterson book rev & Nahanni info |
| Outfit 75 | Tyrrell pictures, Hearne's route, Heritage Rivers | Outfit 103 | Repluse Bay to Baker Lake, Lower Churchill R. update, Mason video |
| Outfit 76 | HBC money, MacDougall Pass, Sig Olson, Tyrrell | Outfit 104 | 1912 - The Last Great Year. Steel River Loop, Oberholtzer book review |
| Outfit 77 | River stamps, Exploration of N. Canada, Book reviews | Outfit 105 | Paddling to The Bay in 1925, Arctic Crossing & Fatal Passage reviews |

CANOESWORTHY Continued from Page 2

Sui-Ling Han, the Nunavut government's manager of wildlife research, confirmed that the Bathurst caribou calving ground overlaps with the proposed port site.

* * *

Scientists say satellite data shows the Earth's northern hemisphere is greener now than it was 20 years ago, with denser vegetation and longer growing seasons.

During the past 20 years the growing season above 40 degrees North latitude has lengthened 18 days in Eurasia and 12 in North America, says a statement released by scientists with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the American

Eurasia, including Siberia and the Russian Far East, seems to be greening more than North America, gaining more lush vegetation for longer periods of time. The scientists say rising temperatures, possibly due to greenhouse gasses in the atmosphere, may be responsible for these changes.

* * *

The hamlet of Baker Lake has found its own way onto the Internet. It's a small-scale satellite-based data transmission system they're leasing from a Winnipeg firm called First Nations Power Technologies.

At the heart of Baker Lake's new system is a small satellite dish that's about six feet in diameter. Through it, data from the Internet will flow into Baker Lake at a rate of 512 kilobytes per second, eight times faster than the service that the much-maligned Ardicom firm supplies to Baker Lake's government offices.

Ordinary Baker Lake residents will likely welcome this development. Although the school and Nunavut government offices are now connected to the Internet through a service provided by Ardicom, private Internet users have been forced to make expensive long-distance modem calls to southern Internet service providers.

* * *

Will there be a Survivor in northern Canada's future? Canadian tourism officials sent Mark Burnett, the producer of the CBS show Survivor, an info package a few months ago to pitch the idea.

The show, which has already visited the tropical island of Pulau Tiga, the Australian outback, and recently completed shooting in Africa, features contestants competing for "immunity" from being voted off each week.

In previous episodes, since temperatures were hot, contestants tended to wear little clothing, which boosted the entertainment careers of many of them – something hard to do in our buggy north.

They sent a two-page letter to Burnett a couple of months ago, along with a Roots leather bag filled with Canadian goodies (maple syrup, blueberry preserves) to convince him to consider shooting the fourth season of Survivor in Canada and hope for an answer by year's end.

FALL PACKET Continued from Page 2

journey. The group began near where the roads end in the small Woodland Creek Indian community of Southend, Sask. Due to reports of lingering winter ice, they began their trip in true expedition style— rerouting onto smaller bodies of water to bypass the larger, ice-choked expanse of Reindeer Lake.

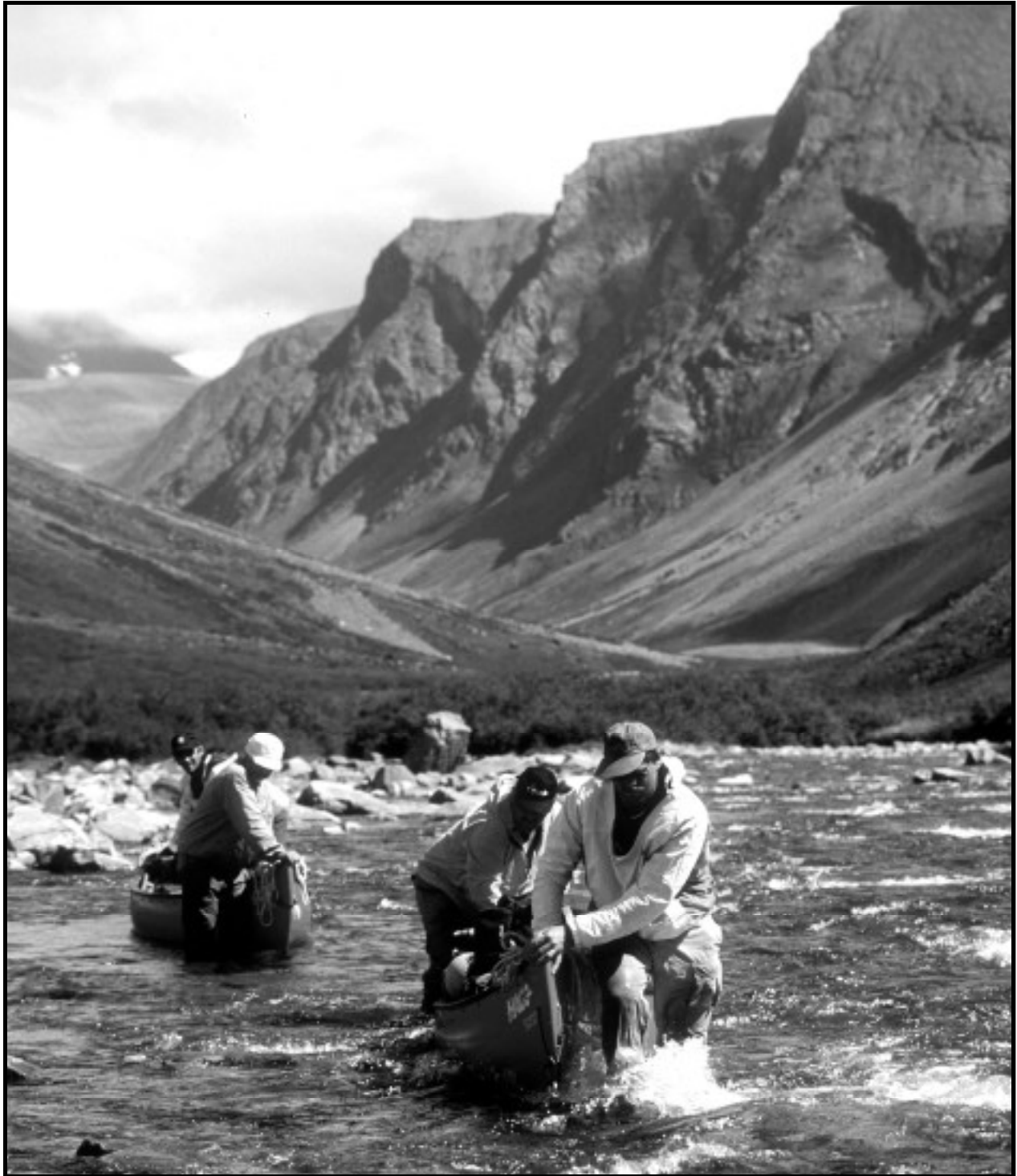
Though they skirted ice for two more weeks, they were fortunate to paddle in ice-free conditions for the remainder of the trip. From Reindeer, the expedition slowly pieced their way north for the next three months— alternately walking, lining, paddling and poling their way up some rivers, negotiating big downstream whitewater on the Fond du Lac, and linking together small, unnamed river systems and expansive lakes. When bodies of water did not connect, they portaged. Making three trips per portage over difficult terrain with heavy packs, it was a slow process through a wind-swept, bug-dominated world.

Relentless swarms of black flies and mosquitoes made the group deranged, and gale-force winds often kept the expedition pinned on shore for days at a time. Heading both up and down stream over varied terrain, in late June they began to traverse the transitional zone between boreal forest and tundra via the Elk River. For weeks they saw no one. In early July, the group entered the treeless tundra and eventually reached the Thelon River. Getting there required crash-portaging, shooting technical whitewater, and creative route finding and map work; the group navigated by maps where one inch equals four miles and carried no GPS.

Once on the Thelon— the superhighway of the Far North— they retrieved their sole resupply of 500 lbs. of food and 40 lbs. of fuel (flown in 55-gallon steel drums by floatplane from Yellowknife, NWT) and saw the only other canoe groups of the expedition (outfitters fly groups in and out). Here they were were also charged by four Barrenland Grizzlies in their campsite and were lucky enough to mill about with a caribou herd of thousands. After paddling over 400 miles down the Thelon, the group's major task was switching watersheds: leaving waters that drain into Hudson Bay and obtaining the rivers that run to the Arctic Ocean. After the river they had planned to travel up ran out of water (the Tibelik River), the expedition backtracked, making a substantial reroute via the Meadowbank River which flows into the mighty Back River.

The Meadowbank brought the group north under worsening weather conditions. Temperatures began to drop well below freezing and predominately northwesterly winds made canoe travel slow and exhausting. Once on the Back they crossed over the Arctic Circle, and, on August 24th, the expedition reached Chantrey Inlet.

The expedition has now raised over \$40,000 to send kids to Camp Manito-wish, a canoe tripping camp in Northern Wisconsin where three of the expedition members were campers and all four worked. Visit <http://www.arcticcanoe.org> for a city in your area and more information on the expedition and how to donate.



PALMER PULL -- Geoffrey Peake leads the tough but scenic work pulling the boats up through the Torngat Mountains.

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