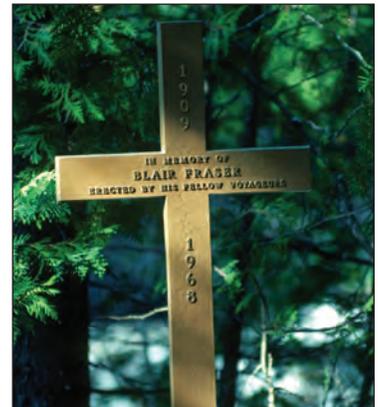




Autumn 2013 The Journal of Canadian Wilderness Canoeing Outfit 154

Cross Redux

Blair Fraser's cross has been returned to its place at Rollway Rapids on the Petawawa River by his family



Graham Fraser, the son of noted wilderness paddler and writer Blair Fraser, cleans the bronze cross broken off and discarded in the Petawawa River several years ago by a vandal prior to remounting the memorial along the rocky shores of the river where his father died in 1968.



photo: Roy MacGregor

Fall Packet



We were quite saddened to hear of the death of Toni Harting in late November. Toni died

peacefully at home. A noted photographer and writer whose books include *Shooting Paddlers* and *French River*, Toni was a major figure on the canoeing scene in Ontario especially with the Wilderness Canoe Association. He edited their *Nastawagan* newsletter for many years and kept coming back to do so even after retiring from it.

As a fellow photographer I was always interested to hear his thoughts and criticisms and we frequently shared the comiserations of publishing small, canoe-based newsletters and getting people to submit good photos and stories - and on time! He always told me to watch my horizons in the photos to make sure they were not tilted (which I then realized to my horror they often were!)

Toni is fondly remembered as a good soul and fine paddler who especially loved the French River and canoeists in general.

Che-Mun gets several requests for canoe route assistance every year and try to help out where we can and are happy to hear Henry Cordeal report back from one very ambitious trip from last summer from Stony Rapids to the Arctic Ocean via the Dubawnt and Armark and the Morse River.

I just wanted to say thanks for your help in getting us ready for our canoe trip this

summer. We've made it back safely, and it was a blast. Here's a picture of me and my boat partner Andrew at your cairn on the

pretty through there, but it was a good week-long haul or so. The Dubawnt was a great river, but we got lucky with weather on some of those big lakes. At the end of it we made our way to the ocean via the Armark, which was also pretty boney.

Here's a link to a piece that Ben wrote up for National Geographic - adventureblog.nationalgeographic.com/2013/09/05/canoeing-the-arctic-ocean-seek-the-joy/

Thank you for your input and thank you for paving the way.

Henry and the Tri-Province Crew - Jess, Chris, Ben, Andrew and Kyle.

News about the Amundsen's relics and his boat the Gjøa was of interest to Pakboats owner Alv Elvestad.



Toni Harting, right, with author Jerry Kobalenko at the very first WCA Symposium at George Luste's home in Toronto in January 1986.

Morse. We made our way to the Morse by way of the stream flowing into the western side of Beverly Lake. It was extremely

I am delighted to see that the North-West Passage exhibit is finally in place at the Fram Museum (in Oslo), complete with the Gjøa in its own building. A visit will be high on my list the next time I get to Oslo.

After completing the North-West Passage, the Gjøa was on display for many years in the Golden Gate Park in San Francisco and deteriorated badly. It was brought back to Norway and restored, then put on display outside the building housing the Fram - and again left to deteriorate. I saw it two years ago under a tarp, and it was being restored. I am reminded of the ship every day by the half-model of the hull on the wall in my office.



Henry Cordeal and Andrew Hubb at the somewhat shortened Morse River Cairn.



Editor's Notebook

Canoesworthy

Thanks for your patience dear *Che-Mun* readers. A few of you have inquired about our health i.e. where this issue was and I agree, it is tardy. Fall is a very busy time with my pesky day job and, as well I am happy that some delightful personal issues have also been occupying my time.

We are extremely proud to have Roy MacGregor's story as our main feature in Outfit 154 and thanks to the *Globe and Mail* for allowing us to reprint it. He accompanied Blair Fraser's son and family on a canoe trip down the Petawawa this summer to put the recently recovered cross back in place.

This formidable Canadian author, who also works as a feature and sports writer for the *Globe*, is an avid outdoorsman and a keeper of the Canadian canoeing tradition. Roy is currently working on a book on the canoe which will include a chapter on Eric Morse and the Voyageurs who readers will know, we revere. I offered Roy some of my material on The Voyageurs. He thanked me and said he had enough for his one chapter.

Roy then, not so subtly, prodded this Editor to make use of those voluminous files and knowledge "for your own book". Boy, he sure knows how to hurt a guy. That thought of doing a book has been guiltily brewing in the back of my mind for years and since my 60s will likely be the last doable decade to get to work perhaps I should. Message delivered! Besides, as Roy, the author of dozens of books, told me it isn't that hard - sure, Michaelangelo told me the same thing.

The restoration of Blair Fraser's cross to the shores of the Petawawa at Rollway Rapids is the closing of an ugly chapter started by a thoughtless wilderness vandal five years ago. The tasteful and thoughtful bronze cross is more than a memorial to the legend Blair Fraser. It speaks to a generation of paddlers who have now left us - and have also left us with an appreciation for our paddling past and our responsibilities to protect it.

Combined with the look at John Lentz's wonderful canoeing memoirs, our elders are amply represented in this issue. As someone who finally accepts that he is an elder, that's kind of nice.

- Michael Peake

This year's Arctic search led by Parks Canada for the ships lost in the mid-19th century Franklin expedition turned up more human bones and about 200 small artifacts on King William Island but offered no new hints about the fate of the reinforced wooden vessels.

The 5½-week search wrapped up in Spetember, with nothing found in the frigid Nunavut waters thought to hold a high potential for discoveries connected to HMS Erebus and HMS Terror.

Parks Canada says this year's search — the fifth in six years — turned up no sign of the ships, but covered more territory than any previous search season.

"We have a very good idea of what we're looking for and it will be fairly clear if and when we come across the remains of either vessel," Ryan Harris, Parks Canada's senior underwater archeologist, said in an interview Friday.

Searchers covered 486 square kilometres of seafloor with sidescan sonar, bringing the total area covered to about 1,300 square kilometres, or roughly three-quarters of a total area Parks Canada considers holds a high potential for a discovery.

Harris remains undaunted in a search that has so far not turned up any sign of the ships from the ultimately doomed 1845 mission led by aging naval hero Sir John Franklin to find the long-sought Northwest Passage.

"We're confident one day these vessels will be found. It's really only a matter of time," said Harris.

"Certainly when the wreckage of one or the other [ships] first appears on the sidescan sonar, whoever's looking at the screen is going to have the thrill of a lifetime."

But that thrill has been elusive, and Harris is under no illusion about the scope of the task Parks Canada faces.

This year's Parks Canada search had a budget of \$130,000, down from \$275,000 in 2012. That search also turned up small artifacts and bits of human remains.

At one site, pieces of canvas and leather were reported 20 years ago, but searchers found no trace of them this year.

Stenton said the items may have been removed by people in the intervening time, or displaced by natural forces such as wind or waves.

Most artifacts gathered by searchers in the 19th century are in collections in other countries. Britain's National Maritime Museum, which describes the Franklin expedition as "the worst disaster in the history of British polar exploration," has a Franklin relics collection that includes tinted spectacles, a pocket watch, a silver table spoon and pocket knives.

The archeological work this year may also lay the groundwork for more tourism in the area, something for which demand has been increasing as ice-free conditions in the Northwest Passage make it more attractive for cruise ships and private tourist visits.

Stenton said that in order for the territorial government to assess the tourism potential and suitability at the Franklin sites on King William Island, it needs to have up-to-date information about their condition.

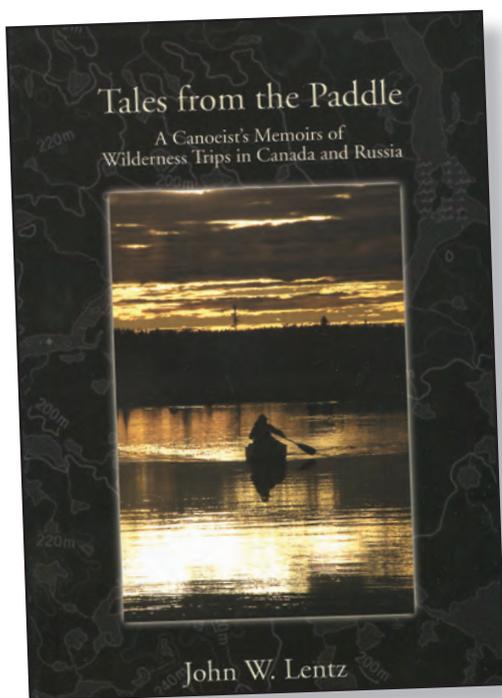
Harris hopes searchers will be able to complete the sonar survey of their high-priority areas next year.

First there was one — Pingualuit provincial park, then another — Kuururjuaq — and now there's a third park in Nunavik, Tursujuq, officially created July 18.

But much work remains to be done before Tursujuq can welcome any visitors.

And work on building infrastructure within the new park is behind schedule. Quebec's council of ministers approved the park's \$8-million infrastructure agreement for 2013 to 2017 — but that deal is waiting on final signatures before the money can be released.

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Tales from the Paddle

A Canoeist's Memoirs of Wilderness Trips in Canada and Russia

By John Lentz

Cover to Cover Press 2013 223 pp \$25

When someone tells you that Albert Faillie, famed Nahanni prospector, asked him if he wanted to stay on and winter over with him, you know you are talking to the real deal.

That is why we were happy to hear that John Lentz was producing a book on his epic canoeing career. And even more happy when we read it and found that Lentz realized he was not a "writer" but rather a gifted storyteller who has some great tales to tell from decades of canoeing. And done in a readable way with no artifice thankfully.

A long stable career in Washington D.C. was the platform for Lentz to travel far and wide across northern Canada and latterly Russia. The cornerstone of his fame was a landmark 1962 trip down the remote Back River, the first such trip since 1855. That journey, and the Back River, were the holy grail of paddling to my generation of canoe-

ists who followed in their paddle strokes.

John Lentz was an important bridge between the Eric Morse generation and mine. He combined history and adventure in many memorable trips. He tells many of those tales in a straightforward and entertaining way.

A passion for paddling was instilled at the same boys camp I attended - Camp Temagami in Northern Ontario where he went on to be a counselor and trip leader for several summers.

It is great to have an inside look at that 1962 Back River trip and Lentz has a wealth of detail from that long ago journey done in cedar canvas Chestnut Ogilvy canoes including some great memories about meeting a family of Inuit at the mouth of the Back.

One of the more interesting notes is his group's travel with a young Cree man, Johnny Smallboy from Bear Island in Temagami who they hired to assist them on a few trips starting with the Rupert River in 1964. Smallboy also did the Nahanni with them later on and unfortunately decided to make his own way home with a wallet full of cash. He was beaten and robbed and showed up months later.

Lentz was lucky enough, like Eric Morse, to have done many trips in a time when there was still a vibrant presence on the land. The village of Nemiscau on the Rupert River, abandoned in the 1970s for coming hydro projects, was a thriving place back then and they spent some happy hours there.

Lentz and his group specialized in doing complete river systems from the smallest headwaters to the estuary. His 1969 journey on the Dubawnt was a classic and included a young George Luste in the crew.

His list of rivers travelled also includes the Coppermine, Kazan, Horton, Thelon, Caniapiscaw, Bloodvein, Missinabi, Harri-cana and others.

Other notable trips include finding some of Franklin's boat building remains at Wilberforce Falls on the Hood River and Lentz's catamaran trips in northern Russia which sounded like a bureaucratic nightmare, far different from northern Canadian paddling.

John Lentz is true canoeing royalty. He is a member of the vaunted Explorer's Club in New York and has taken their flag on many trips. He tells a great story of the Explorer's Club Medal dinner at the lavish New

York City clubhouse where Thor Heyerdahl of Kon Tiki fame was being honoured. A speaker was doing a long boring intro when legendary Lowell Thomas (the guy who discovered Lawrence of Arabia), broke in to give some superb extemporaneous remarks. Lentz is a witness to such legendary times and figures and he became a canoeing icon for his prowess and longevity.

Tales from the Paddle is a delight to read and a wonderful journey through a fascinating life of canoeing. There are stories of situations many of us have been in or tried not to be in!

I had some small picky issues with the editing. The continuous mixture of metric and Imperial measurements is annoying - 5.3 meter canoes become 17-footers elsewhere. When it comes to canoes - let's stick with feet please. Also Moisie is spelled wrong but everything else checks out.

The book also contains a generous section of great photos from many unique places including Eaton Canyon, Franklin's axe heads from Wilberforce Falls and even my beloved Camp Temagami.

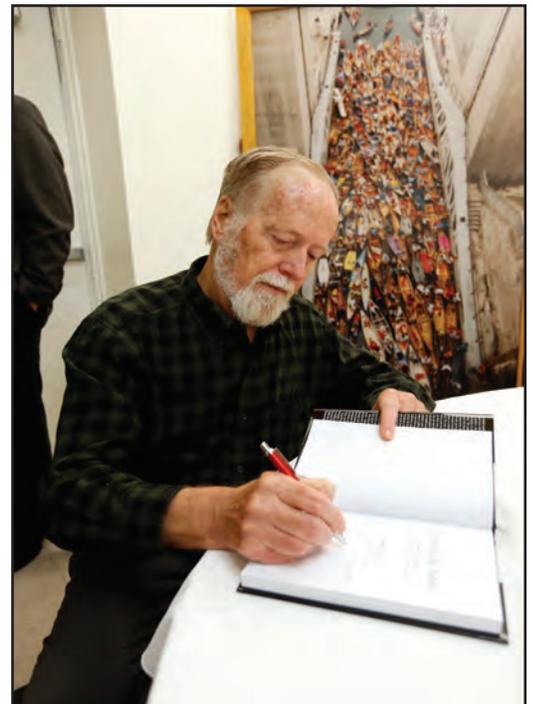
I was privileged to be in the audience to see and catch up with John Lentz when the book was debuted at the Canadian Canoe Museum in late October as shown on the facing page. A impressive crowd of gray haired canoeing cognoscenti were in attendance as it was the inaugural George Luste Lecture with Mr. Luste, who is battling cancer but looking very well, not only there in person but gave a short speech.

The graying demographic does not bode well for growth of northern paddling perhaps. One noticeable exception was the normally salt and peppered locks of Canoe Museum boss James Raffan whose head and beard were pure dark, the result of a dye job for the Beaver Club Dinner weeks earlier. The effect seemed odd - he looked like a Soviet era despot ready for a public funeral viewing.

This lecture series is an attempt to draw in paddlers from the famed Wilderness Canoe Association, who have also been worried about youthful participation in their ranks - for 30 years. But the young generation is out there doing some amazing trips and in some cases following the very gray hairs present in that room.



photos: Michael Peake



George Luste says a few words at the George Luste Lecture at the Canadian Canoe Museum in Peterborough, ON to a very seasoned crew of paddlers (above). Author John Lentz signs a copy of Tales From the Paddle for Che-Mun and also is shown giving his slide talk that featured several of the trips in the book



RIVER RESURRECTION



Story and Photos by ROY MacGREGOR

Algonquin Park, Ont. -- The mission was all but completed - and right up to this moment, just before lunch on this final Sunday of August, it had been a resounding success.

Graham Fraser was on the second-to-last set of rapids in a three-day, 40-kilometre paddle down the Petawawa, a Precambrian Shield river that snakes and bucks its way through Ontario's vast Algonquin Park before emptying into the much-wider Ottawa River.

At 67, he had never paddled whitewater before. He had approached this deeply personal quest with considerable determination and some understandable fear. He was learning fast when, suddenly, an unseen twist in the surging water sent the canoe carrying him and his son Malcolm into a large boulder, the strong current pinning the vessel fast and instantly dumping the two men.

But his own size-13 feet were caught under the stern seat. With eldest son, paddles and water bottles spilling out and away, he thought for an instant that this was it - that it was all over.

It was not, however, his own life that flashed before his eyes. It was his father's.

It was not that there was not enough to recall in Graham Fraser's own lifetime as an accomplished journalist and foreign correspondent for numerous national publications, including *The Globe and Mail*, and these past seven years as the country's Official Language Commissioner.

But this trip had never been about him.

Graham - along with his sons Malcolm, a 39-year-old writer and film critic from Montreal; Nick, a 37-year-old professional musician from Toronto; as well as Nick's 13-year-old son Owen Heathcote-Fraser - had come to the Petawawa during this week of the blue moon to right a wrong, to avenge a misguided insult to the family name and to pay their respects to a grandfather and great-grandfather the younger ones in the family had never known.

Forty-five years earlier, on May 12, 1968, Blair Fraser had died in these same waters - thrown from his canoe on the sometimes-treacherous Rollway Rapids upstream, smashed into rocks and hurtled down the long jumble of rushing water and jagged granite to drown in the deep pool at the end of the run.

He had been 59, eight years younger than his son was this summer on his first-ever paddle on the Petawawa. The elder Mr. Fraser was in the prime of his life and career, the Ottawa editor of *Maclean's Magazine* and known throughout the country for his reasoned and rational "Blair Fraser Reports." He had reported from around the world, and yet felt that the most precious place in that world was the Canadian wilderness. He had interviewed prime ministers and presidents and maharajahs, yet preferred a workplace where the only position worth holding was steady against the current.

In the tribute *Maclean's* printed that summer, writer Douglas Marshall called him "a gentleman journalist" and argued: "No individual did more to create and sustain this country's international reputation for superior journalism than Blair Fraser."

The magazine quoted from his book (unfortunately his only one), *The Search for Identity*, which had come out a year earlier during the country's Centennial celebrations: "'Development'



continues. Canada's standard of living, second highest in the world, is in no danger of losing that proud position. Washing machines and television sets abound, as in no other nation save one. ... Ugly little towns prosper, all calling themselves cities and all looking like faithful copies of Omaha, Nebraska.

"This is not a Canada to call forth any man's love. But just north of it lies a different kind of land - too barren ever to be thickly settled, too bleak to be popular like Blackpool or Miami. There is no reason to doubt it will always be there, and so long as it is there Canada will not die."

This transplanted easterner had become a great champion of the North. Out of a 1951 Ottawa dinner party, a small group of public servants and journalists became a vanguard for what developed into a



Left: Blair Fraser Camsell River, 1959, right: Graham Fraser with Blair's great-grandson Nick prepare the cross for its respiration on the river.

continuing national passion for summer canoe adventure.

At the party, they bantered with a few foreign diplomats about how you couldn't really learn about a country on the cocktail circuit: You had to experience it. Eric Morse, then national director of the Canadian Clubs, was the main proponent - he had read Harold Innis's *The Fur Trade in Canada* and had long wished to retrace the footsteps and paddle strokes of the likes of Mackenzie, Thompson, La Verendrye and Hearne.

The group began annual trips and were soon dubbed "les Voyageurs." The core of eight was constant - Mr. Morse, Mr. Fraser, American naturalist Sigurd Olson and five other close friends - but the Voyageurs often included others. One happened to be a young Montreal academic called Pierre Trudeau, who had been a canoe aficionado since he had been sent off to Taylor Statten Camps in Algonquin Park as a teenager.

As early as 1944, Mr. Trudeau had been extolling the virtues of such escapes. "What sets a canoeing expedition apart," he wrote in an essay titled *Exhaustion and Fulfillment: The Ascetic in a*

Canoe, "is that it purifies you more rapidly and inescapably than any other. Travel a thousand miles by train and you are a brute; pedal five hundred on a bicycle and you remain basically a bourgeois; paddle a hundred in a canoe and you are already a child of nature."

The Voyageurs chose a new route each year, often heading into the Far North far away from any possible contact while they paddled. They slogged all day and spent their evenings around campfires, where Mr. Fraser was a favourite for his ability to sing

old fur-trade songs and his welcome supply of brandy.

His wife, Jean Fraser, initially worried about such trips to the wild, but as she later explained to Maclean's: "Then I saw those refreshed and rejuvenated faces that returned, and I remembered the white, pinched faces that



had left, and I didn't worry any more."

In spring, the Voyageurs came to treasure the nearby Petawawa, which requires a lot of technique, as a tune-up. A year earlier, Mr. Trudeau had flipped in the Little Thompson rapids above Rollway and emerged unharmed, if a bit wet and embarrassed.

The river is hardly the most difficult in the country, but it is considered a jewel by whitewater advocates. It can be dangerous in high water and low, and is a different river each time it is run.

Hap Wilson, author of *Rivers of the Upper Ottawa Valley*, tells of early 19th-century explorers sent out in the aftermath of the War of 1812 to see if the Petawawa might provide safe passage between the Ottawa and Lake Huron. They reported back that it was futile - the river, Lt. Henry Briscoe concluded in 1826, was "nearly one entire rapid [and] its banks are very high and rocky, in many places 80 to 100 feet perpendicular."

Continued on Page 10



From Royalex to Twin-Tex?



left little doubt this trip could be hard on a canoe. The multi-day portages over rough conditions, though, made me consider Twin-
Tex, a lighter-weight, fibreglass / polypropylene blend. Esquif is known for its pioneering work with Twin-
Tex but competitors, outfitters and Internet forums I encountered, focused on a lack of flotation, potential de-lamination, poor impact resistance, and the fact that field repairs are essentially limited to duct tape.

Two trip participants dropped out about a month before departure. That left just my cousin and long-time paddling partner Reg Rothwell, Cheyenne, WY and me. There would be no backup canoe if we got into trouble. The Mistral 17.5 weighs about 61 lbs. By comparison some of our 16ft-Royalex canoes weigh 72 lbs. We might well have one of the lightest craft to have ever travelled the Naskaupi but could something so light withstand the rigors of this rugged Labrador river?

By ROBERT IRWIN

VKH Canoeists, our informal paddling group, has a variety of canoes but we've been watching for something that could handle a large payload on rock-strewn northern rivers.

Our canoe search intensified when four of us decided to tackle a month-long trip on Labrador's Naskaupi river in the summer of 2013. I knew parts of the river, due to an obsession with Labrador and the Hubbard expedition that keeps drawing me back there. Discussions with two friends, Philip Schubert, Kanata, ON, and Rory Matchett, Moncton, NB, who are veteran Naskaupi paddlers,



**Canoeists Reg Rothwell and Robert Irwin (right) were part of a four person team that tackled the Naskaupi River in Labrador in new Twin-
Tex canoes by Esquif.**

photos: Reg Rothwell



photo: Reg Rothwell



photo: Robert Irwin



photo: Reg Rothwell

Low water levels throughout the trip meant that we hung up frequently and forced the loaded canoe over gravel and rocks. Sharp drops in elevation produced fast current and we hit some rocks hard. Any flotation issues that Esquif may have had with Twin-Tex appear to have been resolved with company-installed air bags, an option I've used on my solo canoes for years. This does reduce leg room in the Mistral 17.5 bow. One solution might be to move the seat back Post trip damage shown on left.



Cross Restored continued

The group had no intention of running Rollway that May but Mr. Fraser, paddling stern, had missed the take-out. He and Elliot Rodger, a retired major-general then in charge of the Manitoba liquor control board, had been swept into the rapids by the fierce current. Mr. Rodger survived; Mr. Fraser did not.

At the time, Graham Fraser, then 22, had just started his first job in journalism, as a summer student at the Toronto Star. That weekend he and girlfriend Barbara Uteck, soon to be his wife, had gone canoeing at Canoe Lake where, coincidentally, landscape painter Tom Thomson had drowned in 1917. Graham learned about his father's death when he called back to Toronto and childhood friend Bob Rae broke the tragic news.

Jean had been in Paris with friends when she was informed of her husband's death. The city was all but closed down by the student riots of that spring, but she made it to Amsterdam and a flight home. John Fraser, Graham's older brother, was then an up-and-comer in External Affairs and flew home from Warsaw. (John died nearly three years ago at age 75 following a distinguished career in the foreign service.)

Mr. Trudeau later wrote a personal note to Jean. "In two activities in which we shared an enthusiasm," the then-prime minister told her, "political analysis and canoeing, I came to admire Blair's exceptional skill and judgment. We respected him for what he could do, but we cherished him for what he was, a wise and generous man with a gift for undemanding friendship."

The drowning shattered the family and deeply rocked his fellow paddlers.

That fall, with the full blessing of the park authorities, the Voyageurs erected a very small cross at Rollway. It stood two-and-a-half feet high and one foot across and cost the Voyageurs \$84.67. The family was brought in by vehicle along the logging roads and a simple ceremony took place.

"In Memory of Blair Fraser, 1909-1968," the cross read. "Erected by his Fellow Voyageurs."

For 40 years it stood there, a silent legacy to a man who, largely by accident, did a great deal to revive and promote recreational canoe tripping in a country only made possible by the canoe.

Right up until someone tore it down and threw it away.

In the fall of 2008, Che-Mun: The Journal of Canadian Wilderness Canoeing ran a story about Blair Fraser's cross being torn down. Editor Michael Peake was furious, calling it "the ignorant act of an ignorant person."

The perpetrator had subsequently written to various officials and environmentalists to boast of his service to nature. He had ripped out this blight on the wilderness, he claimed, and had placed it harmlessly in an out-of-the-way place.

When the Fraser family was informed of this vandalism, they did not know what to do. Replace the cross? Look for it? Forget it? The desire was to return it to its place, if possible, but where was it?

A year ago I set off with Phil Chester, a retired teacher from Deep River, Ont., who is best known for improving on a famous

quote often attributed to Pierre Berton: "Anyone can make love in a canoe," Mr. Chester once proclaimed. "It's a Canadian who knows enough to take out the centre thwart!"

Mr. Chester is himself a whitewater specialist who has run the Petawawa multiple times. He brought along his daughter Holly and I took along my daughter Jocelyn, both of whom work as nature guides.

The water was higher than it is this year, and so we shot the Rollway and then retraced steps in search of the cross - unaware that it had already been found: Members of the Ontario Wilderness Adventurers had passed through earlier and someone had seen a glint in the water and investigated.

The supposed crusading environmental avenger had simply tossed the cross into the river.

With it found, the Frasers were anxious to repair the base. Park authorities were open to the family going in by logging roads and trails, but a fierce July storm had swept through the area, and downed trees had made such passage impossible.

The only way to do it was to paddle in.

Along with Mr. Chester and another area guide, Dan Caldwell, the inexperienced Frasers put in at Lake Travers on a day when the water was black and smooth as obsidian stone. In perfect weather they paddled through lakes and easy swifts until, eventually, they came to the more challenging runs.

On Saturday, the group reached Rollway.

"Everywhere you want to go," Mr. Caldwell said, shaking his head, "there's a rock."

But the Frasers were not interested in running the rapids that had taken their patriarch. Leaving the canoes for Mr. Caldwell to dance through the rocks, they set off down the lengthy portage until they came to a small clearing. It is a lovely spot, high over the Rollway rapids that roar constantly, the air slightly damp and refreshing on a late summer's day.

On the rocky outcropping closest to the water, all that remained was the bottom of the cross. To the side, those who had found the memorial had placed it carefully upright, supported by various small stones.

For a long time, Graham just stared at it. He said that his father had often joked that if he had to go, he hoped it would be right after a good winter ski down Mount Tremblant. "This, I have to think, would have been his second choice - if it had to be."

For the better part of two hours, as their guides looked on, the son, grandsons and great-grandson of Blair Fraser worked with a trowel and a small amount of ready-mix cement to provide a solid new base, and then, as discreetly as possible, to cover the work with natural stones from the area.

"Did that guy ever think about how many lives might have been saved by this cross?" Mr. Chester wondered aloud. "How many people came here to scout the rapids and saw this and decided maybe it might be a wise idea to portage instead?"

Graham, understandably, became sentimental: His father, he said, used to say "that he didn't know anyone who took so much



pleasure out of the things that he did badly. After he died people often wrote about him as if he were an expert canoeist, but he wasn't. He always described himself as the drudge labour on the trips. He was a fundamentally modest man.

"The last conversation I had with him, he said, 'Don't think I've been a success. I became a journalist because I didn't have the imagination to do anything else.' It was fundamentally not true, because he was extremely successful ... but he had none of the professional arrogance that many journalists tend to assume - that they are somehow better people than the people that they write about.

"I always felt that it was a gift that he was as modest and self-deprecating and supportive as he was, and at the same time did the things that he loved ... and set such high standards, which I try to live up to."

When it was done, the four Frasers gathered in a group hug in a long silence.

When Graham finally spoke, it was with a broken voice: "Until

now, I've been following in his footsteps. From now on, we'll be going where he wasn't able."

'... the way that it ends'

The words proved prophetic just one day later when, with the end of the journey coming into sight, Graham went over the gunwales and into the fast water that, 45 years ago, had taken his father's life.

"My foot was caught under the seat," he said as he changed into dry clothes on the shore of the Petawawa River. "And as I was hitting the water with both feet caught under the seat, I thought, 'Well, this may be the way that it ends.'"

And then he paused, smiling, satisfied: "But it ended happily." Mission accomplished.

*Roy MacGregor is a feature writer for The Globe and Mail.
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CANOESWORTHY *continued*

So, the \$8 million for Tursujuq, more than Quebec earmarked for Nunavik's other two provincial parks, sits in reserve.

That has pushed back construction of the park pavilion to 2014, Barrett told the recent KRG regional council meeting in Kuujuaq.

In early August, a group from the Université de Québec à Chicoutimi canoed up the Nastapoka River to map it.

The Nastapoka and the Upper and Lower Seal Lakes are considered prized features of Tursujuq. Home to rare inland seals, the lakes and river were eventually included in the park boundaries after intense lobbying efforts.

The Nastapoka, coveted by Hydro Quebec for its hydroelectric potential, was not included in earlier park boundary proposals. But the creation of the park with expanded boundaries protects the area from mining, forestry or hydroelectric development, although hunting and fishing by beneficiaries are still allowed.

Tursujuq covers 26,107 square kilometres between Umiujaq and Kuujuaaraapik, making it the largest park in eastern Canada. The park includes Richmond Gulf, known as the Lac Guillaume-Délisle in French and Tasiujaq in Inuttitut, with its sweeping cuestas or cliffs bordering the Hudson Bay coast.

If southern visitors have learned one thing from Nunavut this past summer, it's that the territory is a dangerous place.

First, a group of 20 tourists were stranded at a camp near Arctic Bay in Admiralty Inlet in June.

In August, two U.S. tourists, who went fishing on Dubawnt Lake 250 kilometres southwest of Baker Lake were presumed dead after going missing at the end of July.

And most recently, the Canadian Coast Guard had to rescue a group of American tourists who tried to navigate through the Northwest Passage on jet skis.

These incidents prompted Rankin Inlet North MLA Tagak Curley to grill economic development minister Peter Taptuna in Nunavut's legislative assembly on safety precautions for the tourism industry in Nunavut.

The Government of Nunavut released its Tunnagasaiji: Tourism Strategy for Nunavummiut at the legislative assembly last sitting in May — but how to deal with the kinds of emergencies produced by these latest incidents was not necessarily accounted for in that document.

Taptuna said that tourism operators have to follow guidelines and regulations, but in some cases "there's some unforeseen circumstances where it's way out of town or there's certain rules [that] aren't followed."

Curley said all operators should have proper business licenses as well as guides for every single tourist, and asked what amendments to the tourism strategy would be made on safety.

But Taptuna said sometimes tourists like to go on wildlife or eco-adventures "alone without guidance."

"We're definitely looking at that for operators to make sure that these regulations are looked at very carefully for not only to create safety for operators and tourists who are out there, but to make sure that these rules are enforced for the outfitters," Taptuna said.

Last month the GN issued a warning to all tourists to be careful when on the land. And search-and-rescue operations are climbing each year — as well as the cost of rescuing people. But Taptuna said sometimes tourists like to go on wildlife or eco-adventures "alone without guidance."

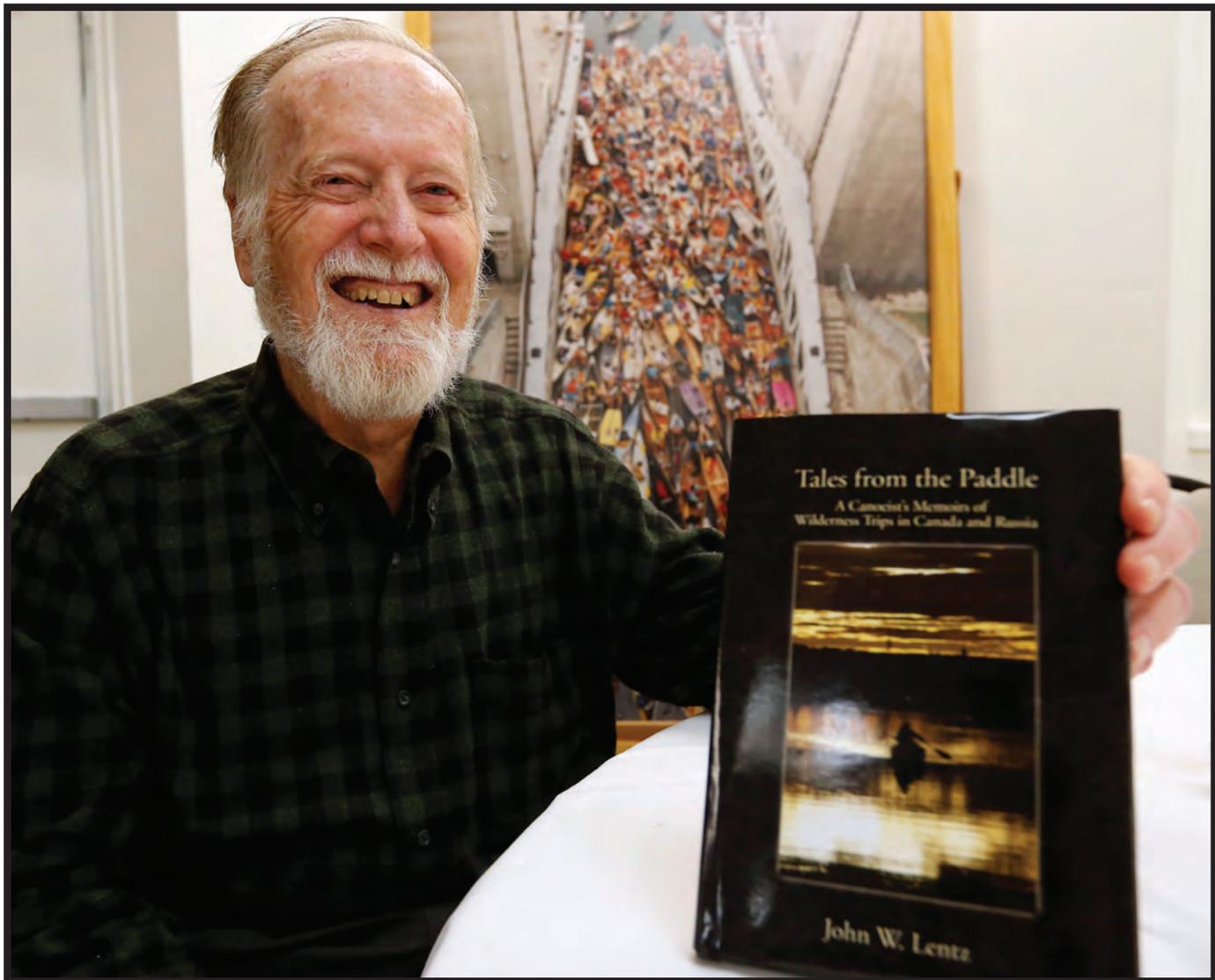


photo: Michael Peake

THE LENTZ LIBRARY - For a man who has a superb collection of all the top canoeing books in the world, it must be satisfying that he can now add his own name to that extensive library of canoe narratives. John Lentz, who paddled many early significant northern canoe trips shows off his new book *Tales From the Paddle* which was launched at the Canadian Canoe Museum in Peterborough on October 27, 2013. Lentz relates in his book his early relationship with booksellers Maggs Bros in London who were a treasure trove of northern classics. In the early 1970s he finally questioned the owner about why he had never got a catalogue and then received one later in the mail. It was full of great books at cheap prices and Lentz began planning a huge order when he realized the catalogue was from 1939. Later that same shop got him a portfolio of letters written by Sir John Franklin's widow to Capt. McClintock who found Franklin's relics!

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