



SUMMER 2002

THE JOURNAL OF CANADIAN WILDERNESS CANOEING

OUTFIT 109



SURVIVORS – In October 1978, Quebec Coroner Jacques Dery, left, accompanies five boys from St. John's School who survived a four canoe upset on Lake Timiskaming in June of that year, as they examine the canoes during an inquest into the tragedy that claimed the lives of 12 of their classmates and a teacher. The boys are (l-r); James Doak, James Gibson, Robin Jensen, David Cunningham and Paul Lockie, on the right is M. Donald Fraser of the Chestnut Canoe Company. The tragic tale is beautifully told by author James Raffan in *Deep Waters*, which is reviewed on Page 4.

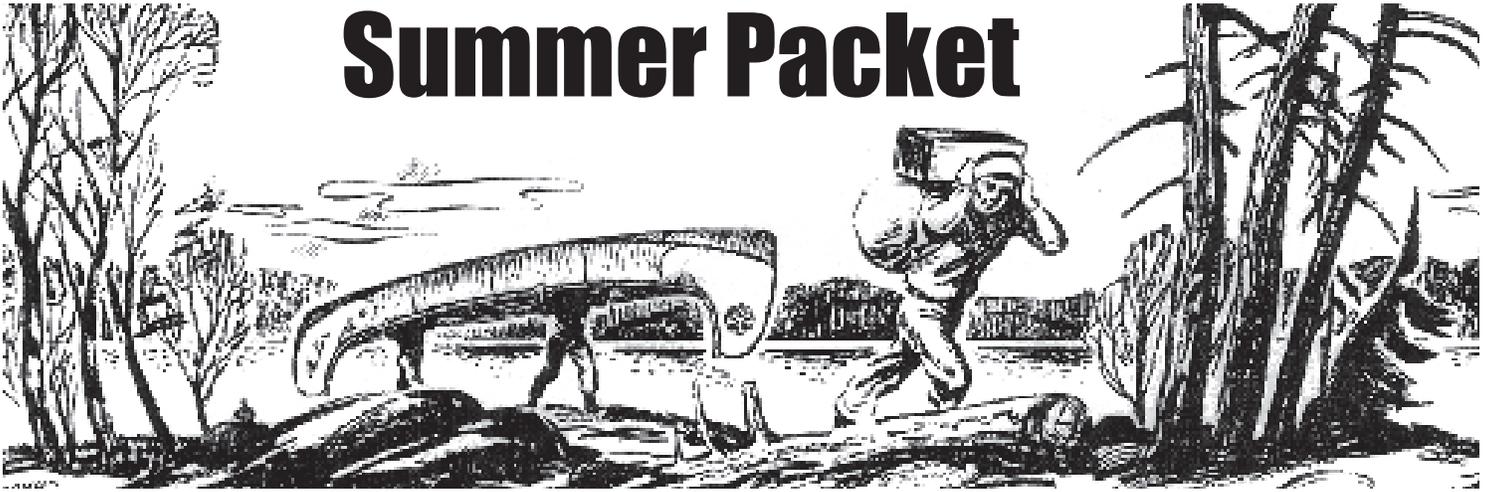
Deep Waters, Deep Thoughts
Raffan Redux

Page 4

Memories of a Rainy River
camp trip 1953

Page 6

Summer Packet



There are a couple of long distance canoe trips this summer on the Web. And as the Hide-Away Canoe Club is taking the year off, it is nice to see some others also doing the online thing.

Bill Layman is a strong northern paddler with a great connection to paddling history. He has been making a name for himself with previous online trips and stories already published. This year's 55-day saga from The Churchill River to Hudson Bay is online at www.out-there.com. It's a two part trip with a younger man on the first half to Wollaston Lake where Bill was joined by wife Lynda Holland for the final part of the trip to Arviat via the Thlewiaza River. Bill writes in an upbeat style and puts a lot of local history into his stuff including some really unique sources. The photos are small and simple but it's very difficult to come up with great pictures when there is only one canoe in the group! His trip is through the area where P.G. Downes paddled for his *Sleeping Island* book and Oberholtzer and Magee did their noted trip in 1912 which was recently featured in the book *Toward Magnetic North* (see Outfit 104).

Another online saga of similar length is by the **McGuffin** family. **Gary** and **Joanie** are well known to wilderness paddlers and now, **Sila**, their three-year-old daughter has joined the pair - along with malamute **Kalija** - on a trip from the Pigeon River, between Grand Portage and Thunder Bay around the spectacular northern and eastern coast of Lake Superior and continuing into Georgian Bay and finishing at Port Severn. Their trip can be found at www.great-lakesheritagecoast.com.

Gary McGuffin is a superb nature photographer and it is very interesting to see some of the things he can do with a digital camera. Many of

Gary's most interesting images involve very long exposures that create unique light on film. That is not possible with digital technology but like the great artist he is, he makes it work nonetheless.

He is using the Canon 1-D, a state of the art SLR digital camera that produces superb images — especially in the hands of a master. Gary still has to deal with the fact there is only one canoe however, but there are a lot of wonderful Lake Superior scenes in what surely is one of the finest paddling areas in the world.

And speaking of Web stuff, we got this note from the Canadian Canoe Museum:

Greetings all!

The **Canadian Canoe Museum** would like to announce the birth of its totally upgraded, completely renovated new website!

Visit www.canoemuseum.net for the latest information on our exhibits, education programs, and a special section on our canoeing heritage.

We hope you enjoy it, and would like to gratefully acknowledge Quid Novis for their excellent work in driving the site from concept to completion.

Your feedback is welcome, and please forward our web address to anyone else you think may be interested.

Becky Mason sent us an update on the Nahanni mine situation.

Dear Friends,

The MacKenzie Valley Land and Water Board has ordered an environmental assessment (EA) for the CanTung mine. This is excellent news for Nahanni National Park Reserve! Public concern (your letters) as well as environmental concerns were the reasons the Land and Water

Board gave

for holding a special hearing on the renewal of CanTung's water license, and then for referring the application to an environmental assessment. However, the current water license will be extended for the length of the EA process or until Sept, 2003, so that CanTung would not have to cease operations while the EA is being conducted.

(NOTE: There is an opportunity to call for a public hearing of this extension. The Board has stipulated that it will call a public hearing "if necessary" ie. if we demand one)

Thanks to all of you who helped to make this EA happen! Apart from the hopefully positive outcome, this process will also send a strong message to both the Canadian Government and all other resource extraction interests to think twice before threatening to develop the South Nahanni watershed.

Suggestions from the Canadian Parks and Wilderness Society on what more you can do to help;

You can write a letter expressing concern about the proposed one year water license extension. The MVLWB has proposed a one year extension of the Cantung water license. This means that the mine will be allowed to operate under current license conditions while the Environmental Assessment is being conducted. This is not acceptable. If significant public concern is expressed, a public hearing can be triggered to look at the terms of the extension granted to Tungsten. In this way we can, at the very least, push for more stringent operating conditions during the next year. For more information about the proposed extension see:

<http://mvlwb.com/N3L2-0004/60dayextend.pdf>



We are indebted to subscriber Donald Silva, from Wisconsin, who sent in his wonderful memories and photos from a trip he and his young friends made to the Rainy River area in 1953. (See Page 6) Shown here, three to a boat, in their large wood/canvas canoes, the group gathered a lifetime of memories in those two weeks in the summer of '53.

of Nunavut has spent about \$200,000 on film projects ranging from script development for Ann Hanson's IMAX film to helping Igloolik Isuma Productions go to the Cannes Film Festival. Houston said in January there were scripts on his desk totalling \$23 million from people wanting to film in Nunavut. Now that has fallen to \$14.5 million with *The Snow Walker* going to Churchill.

Canoesworthy

As Quebec prepares for a massive new hydroelectric project on rivers flowing into James Bay, the people of Sanikiluaq say Nunavut must ensure that their voices are heard. The concerns were raised shortly after the James Bay Cree signed multi-billion-dollar agreements with Quebec and its power company, Hydro-Québec. The deal clears away all legal obstacles to hydroelectric developments on the Rupert River, which empties into James Bay, several hundred kilometres south of Sanikiluaq.

After that, the Inuit of Nunavik signed their own billion-dollar deal, with provisions for similar developments along the Hudson and Ungava Bay coasts. Sanikiluaq's environment committee wants the Nunavut government to lobby for the idea that Hudson Bay and James Bay be considered one region - a massive inland sea. But in the recent agreements

struck with Hydro-Québec, the Crees and Nunavimut, there are no provisions that involve Sanikiluaq or Nunavut. Hudson Bay is where mining and sewage is dumped. Minerals and ore are dumped into the rivers that flow into our ocean.

People in Sanikiluaq remember how they were ignored during the environmental review of the Great Whale hydroelectric project 10 years ago. Hydro-Québec then refused to include offshore areas in its environmental assessment, despite guidelines requiring the power corporation to look at the project's impact on the Belcher Islands and Hudson Bay. Hunters and elders say dammed rivers from past hydro projects have changed water levels, water quality and bird migration patterns. One hunter said goose meat has declined in quality. Another elder said he's worried about possible flooding of grave sites. When the Great Whale project was still alive, Sanikiluaq's environment committee was enraged when Hydro-Québec wanted the treeless community to tolerate the impact of the Great Whale project on forests. Some call for Sanikiluaq and the Nunavut government to come up with an action plan together, so that the community's voice will be heard this time.

➔ *Continued on Page 10*

From the Editor

Welcome to the Summer Camp issue. Though more by chance than planning our two central stories focus on young men getting their first real taste of northern canoeing adventures. One had disastrous results, the other indelible, wonderful memories.

Like many, my own canoeing experiences began at a classic summer retreat—Camp Temagami some six hours north of Toronto. It was a premier camp in its day with a large tripping program and a rich history dating from 1912. Nestled on two islands connected by a bridge, it was a busy hive

of boy activity. The sister camp, Metagami, was down the lake.

Camp Temagami unfortunately folded in 1969 though the name has been revived recently by a new camp in the same lake, it carries no link to its illustrious past

I spent three summers in the early 1960s at Camp Temagami and they were wonderful times. The "Bay" trip was the big one everyone talked about - done by the Seniors who headed north of steel to James Bay. Heady stuff. Though I was too young to get in on that.

The images are strong; the sloping canoe dock, the tripping shed run by large suspender-clad Russ, the wooden crates of dried apples, our silver and blue wood-canvas canoes (probably Chestnuts), the gunwale-banging salute we

would give camp when we returned from a trip, the councillors cabin with its off-limits status and forbidden material; all these images are settled into my photographic subconscious—and remain there—to occasionally be peeled off from the well compressed stack as they are being now.

Summer camps are a place to set a risk standard and a tone that you will carry throughout your life. It is not a time to challenge death, whether through foolish or foolhardy experiences or taking risks sensible people would deem unnecessary.

I have another reawakening with boys' summer camps in my future. My six year-old son, Tom, who has not done much paddling yet, has a date in his future with a good boys camp in a few years. They will be his memories to be made, and

Michael Peake

Deep Waters

By James Raffan
Harper Flamingo Canada
246 pp \$34.95
ISBN 0-00-200037-7

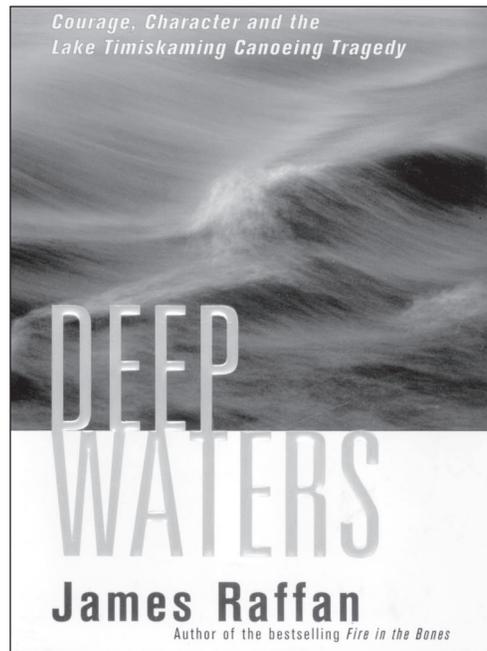
Jim Raffan continues his evolution into the premier writer on wilderness canoe-related matters with the publication of his latest book, *Deep Waters*.

The drowning of 12 young students and a teacher was a huge story 24 years ago. It is quite amazing that no one had taken up that narrative. We can be thankful that Raffan did as there is a touching and sobering story to be told in the loss of those St. John's School students in the cold waters of Lake Timiskaming in June 1978.

As usual, research is the solid foundation upon which Raffan build his *Deep Waters* story. As an outdoor educator for many years, this tale had obvious deep roots in Raffan's psyche. Indeed, he tells us that the newspaper picture of some of the bodies covered up on a dock, continues to haunt him. (We have published two pictures from that time - there are none in the book, nor are they missed.) One sort of has the feeling the author would like to cry out against what happened. But revenge is a dish best eaten cold, and Raffan lays out the whole picture, with little editorial comment, in a methodical and entertaining manner.

He carefully and thoroughly constructs the story of St. John's, a small group of Christian schools that promised hard work and vigorous exercise as the tonic for many troubled boys usually in the 11-14 age range. The schools began in western Canada and the fourth one started in Toronto and later just outside in Clarendon. The schools were famous for their physicality which included winter snowshoe races which were famously grueling. Their canoe trips were of the same mold. The idea was that extreme physical exertion and risk for the boys would make "men of them."

The St. John's Schools were not some hidden clique. They had their share of media exposure in article and even a



National Film Board movie on the group. They were great media fodder. Photogenic looking kids doing exciting things outside the realm of the normal-in short, made for media.

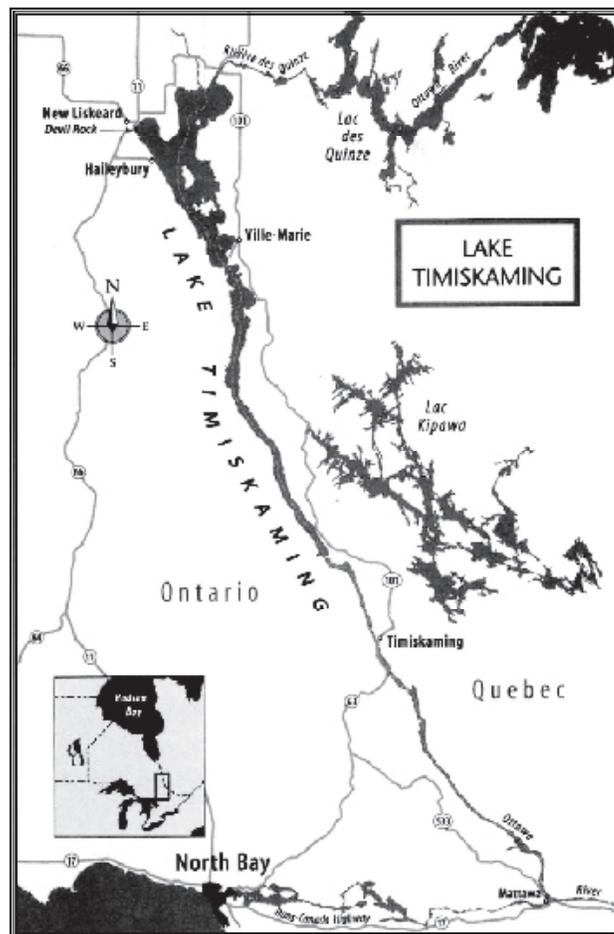
Raffan takes us inside both the boys' world and that of the parents who in many cases were very supportive of, and close to, the school and its methods. He also paints a picture of the men who founded and ran the schools. It's clear these people did not mean to harm the boys and their motives were good but common sense should have taken over at some point.

As Raffan notes, there were many close calls and near disasters along the many years of St John's outings. And all the varied elements of disaster came crashing together on the morning of June 11, 1978. It's not usually one thing that causes a mishaps but the collective weight of a series of blunders. The Temiskaming disaster had them all; cold water, inexperienced crew, inexperienced leaders, improper boats, a tricky lake, and bad luck.

The question of boats is an interesting one. The school used a specially modified model called the Selkirk, a 22-foot-long wood and canvas models produced by Chestnut. It was a modified version prepared to the school's specifications. They added six inches of height to the boat along with some other modifications that changed the seaworthiness of Chestnut's tried and true Ogilvie Special model.

Raffan also brings tells of an eerily similar accident in 1926 where 10 teenage boys drowned on Balsam Lake, north of Peterborough, Ontario. They too were with a religious-based camp and, in this case, paddled 35-foot war canoes. Raffan points out, war canoes are not used by most camps because of their inherent danger in paddling large numbers of kids. Bigger does not mean safer.

Deep Waters is a superb read, thoughtful, chilling, touching and truly elegiac. It can't help but connect with any of us who are paddlers, fathers or campers and it's capped with a stunning epilogue that would be unbelievable in a novel.

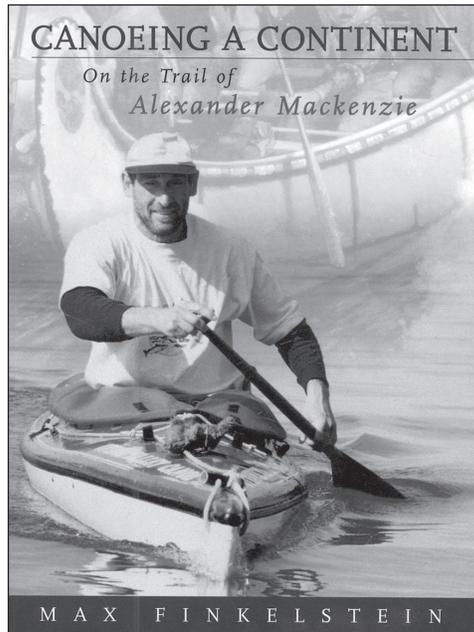


Canoeing a Continent

By Max Finkelstein
 Natural Heritage Press
 Toronto, 312pp. \$25.95
 ISBN: 1-896219-00-4

All books reviewed by Michael Peake

It is perhaps highly fitting that Mac's trips should be followed by Max. The Mac in question is Alexander Mackenzie, voyageur leader based in Montreal and the Max in answer is Max Finkelstein, peripatetic paddler based in Ottawa.



Over the last three summers of the 1990s, Max Finkelstein traversed Mackenzie's route in various directions with various partners, one of whom he later married!

Che-Mun readers may well recall one section of the journey that Max described for us in Outfit 95. Max is truly the happy wanderer. He is tough, dedicated and determined and approaches each new adventure, town or person with the same happy inquisitiveness. He writes in a snappy narrative style with lot's of conversational bits that keep the reading interesting. His journey is only partly what many would consider a wilderness trek. That's be-

cause Max loves to meet people and break bread with them and hear some of their stories. He tells us of the best place for fish and chips in Killarney and how to make an Eatmore sandwich on the Athabasca River.

He writes in short sentences with bubbling enthusiasm carrying us along on its current. Like these thoughts on big canoe trips. "Big journeys are exclamation points in our mundane little lives. Completing them, or just surviving them, gives us memories that we use to define, or redefine, ourselves."

That's what makes this book work. It is not a clinical examination of the route taken by Mackenzie. It is how that route is alive today and the people along it who keep it that way. Max's day job, by the way, is communications consultant to the Canadian Heritage Rivers System, so mixing work with pleasure certainly works in his case.

Max blends the past with the present in a delightful way. And he does it all while heeding his Dad's advice to find happiness where it is and not bothering to look where it ain't!

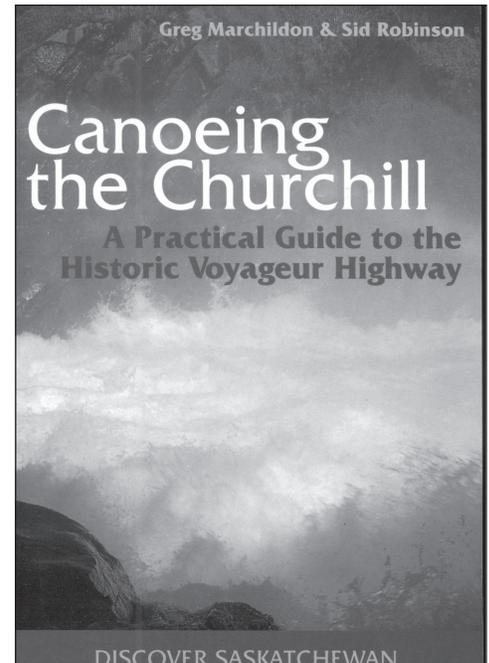
Canoeing the Churchill

By Greg Marchildon & Sid Robinson
 Canadian Plains Research Centre
 Regina 2002, 477pp, \$29.95
 ISBN: 0-88977-148-0

One thing kept going over and over in my mind as I read this incredibly thorough and well illustrated guide to Saskatchewan's Churchill River; how much would this hefty tome weigh when wet?

Because there is little doubt you could you *not* take these 476 richly-filled pages in the canoe you while paddling this great river – and we know what happen to things in a canoe.

Canoeing the Churchill is the third volume in the *Discover Saskatchewan* series of books about Canada's prairie province published in connection with the University of Regina. Authors Marchildon and Robinson are to be heartily congratulated on what is clearly a labour of love for this magnificent river. In fact the project was appropriately born under the glow of a kerosene lamp, of these two cottaging neigh-



bours, along the Churchill itself, 16 years ago. Each rapid is featured and discussed. Every historical site is noted and illuminated. The native presence, the voyageur past and the paddler's paradise are all part of what makes up a canoe trip down the Churchill River. There are hundreds of illustrations of the river, its people and pictographs including numerous maps and diagrams of rapids. All in all, it is an incredible resource. A superb companion to a great river.

The Canoe: A Living Tradition

Edited by John Jennings
 Firefly Books
 Toronto 2002, 288pp. \$59.95
 ISBN: 1-55209-509-6

The Canadian Canoe Museum has finally blossomed into the beautiful creation that was in the mind of its founders. It has taken many years and millions of dollars but the Peterborough museum can now take its place with any signature stop around the world.

The Canoe: A Living Tradition grew out of that transformation and this handsome volume, featuring 400-plus illustrations and

Continued on Page 11

Expeditions



RAINY DAYS

Reminiscing on a voyage to an unknown northern land of Canada 50 years ago. A YMCA camp trip into Canada was, and remains, a delightful wilderness memory for a group of boys now in their 60s.

By
Kurt Berghahn
Donald Silva
William Trout
Henry Young

Fifty years ago, or thereabouts, before girlfriends, high school graduation, college, family, career and now retirement, we assembled with others from our suburban hometown in planning and experiencing our first Canadian canoe trip. In 1953, after being together in kindergarten, grade school, neighbourhood play and first jobs we reach the summer following our high school sophomore

year with the opportunity to join six other kids and two leaders for a ten-day YMCA-sponsored trip. We consider this now to have been the most memorable adventure in our young lives.

Getting ready

Once our mothers received assurances we would return unharmed and after we arranged financing for the \$75 expense, our attention focused on gathering necessary gear. Universal attire back then, as it might be today, meant blue jeans, flannel shirts, baseball caps and canvas sneakers. However, rubber ponchos and other personal items had to be rolled precisely in non-waterproof sleeping bags, which were then wrapped in a plain plastic sheet and tied with two cords. Everyday items preceded breathable, waterproof equipment and plastic trash bags. Fishing gear included, typically, a 5-and-a-half-foot long fiberglass rod (one of the first), a level-wind reel with 25-lb. test braided black line, a heavy steel

Expeditions



The welcoming border town of Fort Frances Ont, c. 1953.

We resumed our search and about 11 a.m. someone spotted a tattered and torn sock hanging from a tree limb. When we retrieved it, a leader found a name on the sock - of a kid he had taken on a canoe trip several years earlier! About 50 feet beyond where the sock had been hanging, the swamp suddenly opened up into a bright, clear lake. We quickly portaged from the beaver dam to the next lake. Immediately we swam in our clothes to remove that terrible swamp residue.

The next day we found our route blocked again. This time floating logs averaging eight to ten inches in diameter and 10 to 15 feet long stretched completely from one lake shore to another. We now had to push through this logjam and get on with our trip.

Negotiating the logjam required the bow person to stow his paddle, lean over the front and shove individual logs to one side or another. The tiring job required us to change canoe positions several times on our way. At the same time, the other two kids used paddles and pushed against the logs to power the canoe forward. The entire job was so overbearing we sometimes thought we were pinched in the middle of that logjam so tightly we might never get free. Finally, we got to the head of the logjam. There we found two-foot diameter logs chained together, end-to-end, keeping all the other logs from floating downstream.

When we reached these larger logs, the kids in the bow climbed onto the wet and very slippery logs. Deep water made it necessary to balance very carefully and hold onto the canoes for support. From this precarious position, they pulled the canoes halfway over the logs. At that point the bowman returned to the canoe and the stern person jumped out onto the log and everyone pulled and pushed the canoe completely over the remaining log into freedom at last.

Some logs escaped from those chained together. They proceeded down a rapidly running river with whitewater rapids where many became lodged in rocks. We decided to follow those logs downstream/

In the face of the whitewater and log obstacles, we continued moving downstream in our canoes. When the current pulled logs sideways, we sent sideways. When the logs crashed into and over rocks, we did so as well and when the current caused the logs to roll, we struggled to keep our balance and keep the canoe from overturning. We managed to run the rapids successfully, partly because we had spaced the canoes about a hun-

dred yards apart. This allowed each to recover before the next canoe came crashing down upon them.

The whitewater on the Manitou River caused our hearts to pound. Hearts pounded for another reason as well when we discovered several canoe fragments at the bottom of the rapids. These indicated how very treacherous our run had been!

Homeward

Our final portage occurred the next morning. We carried canoes and gear around a natural waterfall adjacent to a native camp. There we watched in amazement as the natives cleaned a substantial fish catch. Except for several lumber men we saw earlier from a distance, this was our first encounter with other people since boarding our canoes on the first day.

The last night we spent on a small island in the north end of Rainy Lake. We chose to sleep under the stars but pitched the tents just in case they were needed. And it was fortunate we did. Despite a campfire near the sleeping bags, mosquitoes came out of the woods after dark by the millions! Within minutes, we retreated to our tents and buried ourselves deep in our sleeping bags to avoid those fierce critters.

In the morning, emotions ran high as we set out on the final leg of our wilderness journey. Only ten miles separated us from milk and candy bars! For that, and other reasons, we gladly accepted a tow from a commercial fishing boat back to our Fort Frances outfitter.

Several weeks later, we realized our good fortune and how thankful we needed to be to have completed the greatest experience of our youth without any serious mishap. Later at an evening of sharing photos and colour slides, we learned that one of us had just had his appendix removed. What would we have done if the appendicitis had occurred during the trip when, without communication, many miles and days separated us from help?



Log-gone. An old sign of the times - log booms were the preferred choice for many years to get the wood to market. They were last used in the 60s.

Expeditions

leader, and the always-reliable red and white daredevil lure. While this is not new millennium fishing tackle, the combination proved more than adequate for catch-and-release fun. Heavy camping and traveling equipment, however, awaited us in Canada.

The Road Trip

Excitement permeated the air when twelve kids and leaders loaded themselves and their belongings into a Plymouth “Woody” station wagon and another vehicle. U.S. Highway 12 led us north through interesting sounding places like Elkhorn, Whitewater and Black River Falls. We believed these names to be indicative of future outdoor experiences.

After reaching Minnesota, we spent the night in a YMCA on the shore of Lake Superior. There the sidewalk rose, to the surprise of us flatlanders, at a very steep slope. By now we realized that only an iron range and a border crossing separated us from Canadian wilderness that remained the main source of mystery for us. Before we could live those mental images, we needed to visit and gather supplies from a Fort Frances, Ontario, outfitter

At the Outfitter

“Lloyd’s Tourist Emporium—Canoes, Blankets, Tents, Indian Guides, Provisions” no longer provides goods and services for travelers, but many from that area remember it well today. Guidance from Lloyd’s employee proved instrumental in preparing this group of novices for water and wilderness. While one leader had been on this trip years earlier, without the outfitter’s advice we might still have found ourselves under-equipped for what lay ahead.

Those who were qualified decided we would travel in four bright red “freighter” canoes made of wood and canvas. To many of us these water vessels resembled those used in the Lewis and Clark expedition! Today’s canoes are far shorter and lighter.

Two-person canvas duffel bags held sleeping and personal gear, a wooden wianigan held pots and pans and additional duffels contained foodstuff. Tents without floors and air mattresses provided shelter and sleeping comfort. Now none of us could estimate what the fully loaded three-person canoe might have weighed.

Water and Wilderness

The first afternoon of our 120-mile, 10-day journey, we paddled canoes the length of the north arm of Rainy Lake. One kid or leader knelt in the stern, one knelt in the bow and one perched in the middle on a duffel bag. After the five-mile crossing of big water, all welcomed the opportunity to rest tender arm muscles and set up camp. Now we recall this initial stretch of water as quite tame when compared with the fun and challenges encountered once we left Rainy Lake behind.

Our trip plan included leaving and returning to Rainy Lake by a route that, according to the outfitter, had not been followed for several years. This led to enjoyments and surprises as we paddled and portaged between Mainville Lake, Obikoba Lake, Cuttle Lake, Weller Lake (now accessible by road!), Pickwick Lake, Vista Lake, Dogfly Lake and down the Manitou River. Rough terrain and woods made it virtually impossible for two guys to carry a canoe and see where they were going. Instead, a kid held the front end of the canoe while one of the leaders or bigger kids crouched under it and lifted the heavy canoe onto his shoulders. The first kid would then guide the canoe

along the trail, if there was one, or find a way if there wasn’t. Those not carrying canoes made several trips with duffels and made certain nothing was left behind.

The third day was a layover day on the shore of Cuttle Lake for a day of rest and on the fifth day we took another layover on small island in Vista Lake. We caught numerous pike before breakfast from Cuttle Lake using large heavy lures. Pine needles covered the Vista Lake so thickly we didn’t dare start a campfire. This circumstance meant we would have a lunch of peanut butter sandwiches or something simple that didn’t require cooking or much preparation. It also meant we could forego cooked apricots and prunes which were consumed to keep us in touch with the infamous “bugwah” log!

For fun on the Lake Vista layover, several kids tied two canoes together, side by side, and used paddles as a mast and yardarm and a poncho as a sail. They sailed in their catamaran but did have to paddle back to camp. Years later one of those kids took sailing very seriously and became captain for his college sailing team.

On the seventh day, we ate lunch at the foot of a long, small stream while standing in cool, clear water next to our canoes. Afterward, someone discovered a leech on his leg. Soon we were using matches to burn the bothersome, but harmless, creatures off our legs.

Later, on the seventh day, we portaged the canoes and equipment upstream to the next lake in a somewhat different manner. We carried duffels but because the stream was so shallow (maybe 20 inches down to bare rocks) we pushed the canoes upstream, dragging them over rocks where necessary. And what did we find at the top of the three-quarter mile long stream—a swamp extending as far as we could see with trees growing out of it every few feet. Beavers had built a dam of log, sticks and mud about six feet high and eighty feet long.

The beaver dam proved to be a very large obstacle. Our map indicated the stream flowed between lakes but with the beaver dam before us, we discovered we were lost. The upper part of the stream had become a huge muddy swamp. With no stream or trail to follow, we encountered on swamp in every direction.

Finding our Way

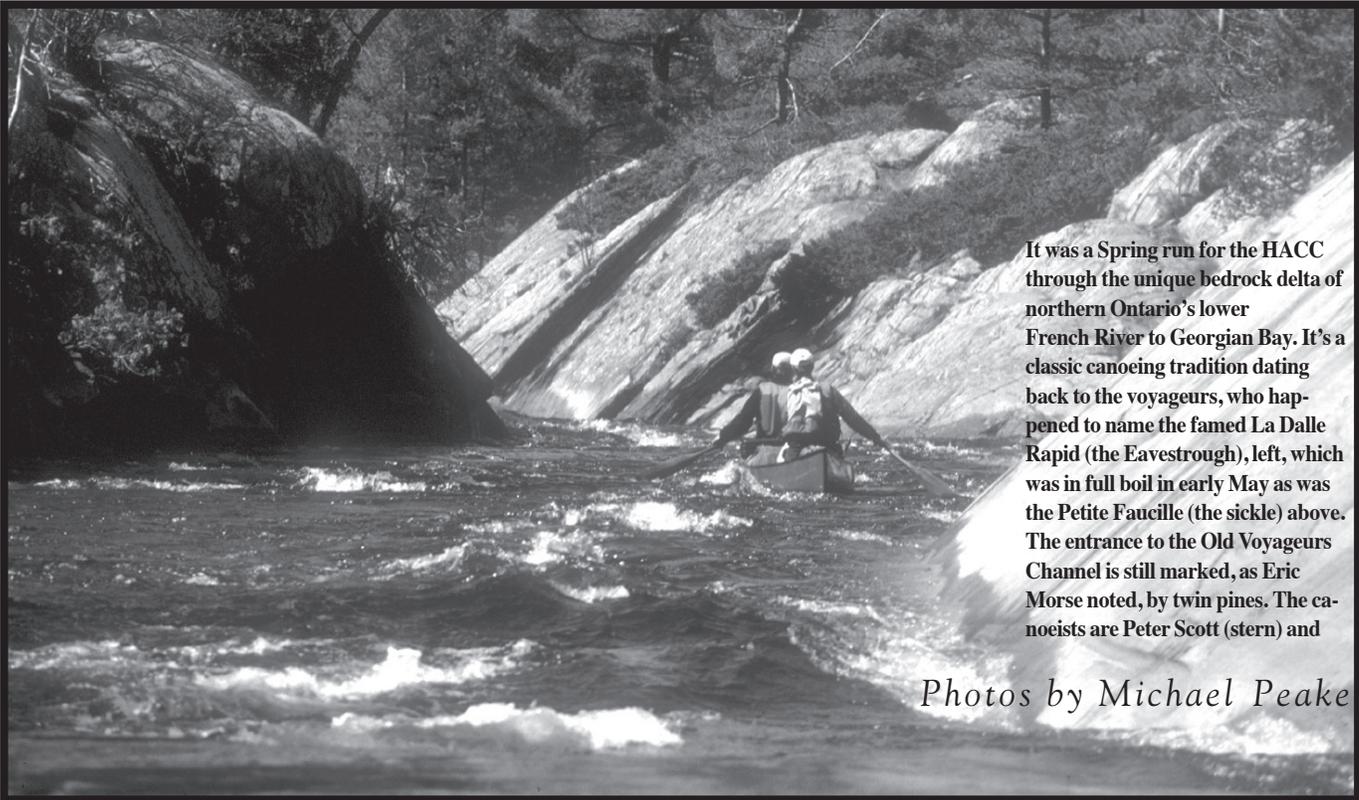
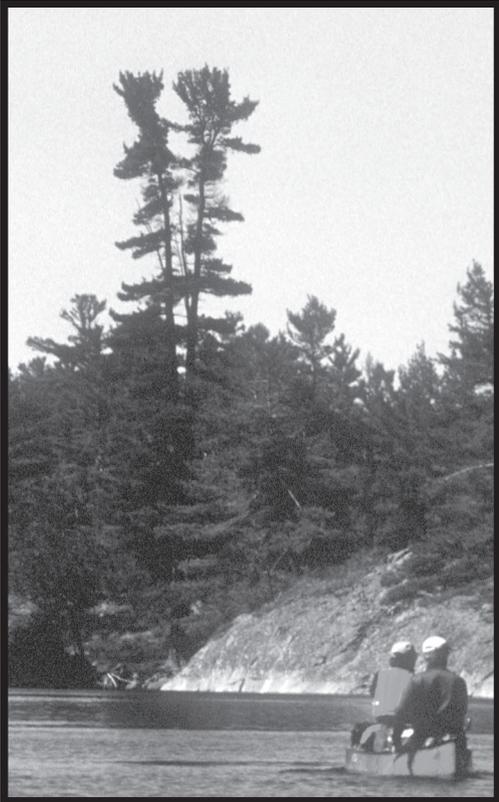
After somehow getting the loaded canoes up to and over the beaver dam, we began looking for a way to the next lake. Sometimes we paddled the canoes in our search; other times with trees so close together we could not paddle, we got out and walked. Much of the swamp was deep and we walked, pulling and pushing loaded canoes in muck up to our knees and water up to our armpits.

By dark we had made no progress in our search for the trail, so we pitched camp at one end of the beaver dam. The steady afternoon rain made it impossible to start a fire for cooking or drying out. Dry wood could not be found anywhere. By now, exhaustion consumed us and even without a hot meal or dry conditions we slept like babies.

The next morning we awoke to another day just as dreary and dismal as the previous afternoon. The swamp was still there. At breakfast, we discussed our predicament. Noon would be our drop-dead time. If we hadn’t found a way of the swamp by then, we would turn back and retrace our route to Rainy Lake without any layover days.

Spring Run

Rock Delta Runners



It was a Spring run for the HACC through the unique bedrock delta of northern Ontario's lower French River to Georgian Bay. It's a classic canoeing tradition dating back to the voyageurs, who happened to name the famed La Dalle Rapid (the Eavestrough), left, which was in full boil in early May as was the Petite Faucille (the sickle) above. The entrance to the Old Voyageurs Channel is still marked, as Eric Morse noted, by twin pines. The canoeists are Peter Scott (stern) and

Photos by Michael Peake

CANOESWORTHY Continued from Page 3

The premiers of Quebec and Newfoundland announced have hammered out the basics of the \$4-billion Gull Island hydro-electric project on the lower Churchill River in Labrador.

Although the agreement of the Innu people of Labrador must be secured first, both Bernard Landry and Roger Grimes said they expect to put their signatures on a deal within two months.

Gull Island, which is 150 miles further downstream from Churchill Falls on the Churchill River, will generate 2,000 megawatts of power, create more than 8,300 person-years of employment and leave a relatively soft environmental footprint.

The principles of the deal, which must still be finalized, stipulate that Newfoundland will maintain 100-per-cent ownership of the production and transmission facilities, but it will sell 100 per cent of the power generated to Hydro-Québec.

Newfoundland will have recall rights on the electricity sold.

A long-term contract will be hammered out containing an escalator clause to ensure the power is always sold to Quebec at a price reflecting its true market value over time.

This differs from the 40-year-old Churchill Fall agreement, which sold power to Quebec at a low fixed price, causing Newfoundlanders to feel cheated after the market rate for power went up dramatically.

No rivers will have to be redirected for this new project. There will be 85 square kilometres of land flooded and a 200-square-kilometre reservoir will be constructed, along with a dam.

The work is expected to last six years.

Since becoming premier in 2000, Landry has inked deals, mainly with the Cree of northern Quebec, to allow creation of a total of 10,000 megawatts of electricity.

Innu on both sides of the border gave a cold reception to the announcement Peter Penashue, leader of about 2,000 Innu in Labrador, says the Innu nation wants to settle the question of territorial rights first.

On another front, Labrador's two aboriginal peoples have endorsed impact and benefit agreements with Inco Ltd. and the government of Newfoundland on Inco's proposal to build a \$470-million mine and mill at Voisey's Bay near Nain.

This removes the last legal obstacles to development of the site, which Inco bought for \$4 billion in 1996.

Of the 2,000 members of the Labrador Inuit Association who cast ballots, 82 per cent voted to approve Inco's deal with the Labrador Inuit Association.

As for the Innu Nation, about 600 of their members cast ballots, 68 per cent in favour.

The Reuters news service reported that Inco will likely go ahead with preliminary work on the massive project, pending a final legal agreement that's expected to be sealed and signed this fall. Reuters also said that Inco will pay the Innu and Inuit nearly \$300 million over the next 30 years.

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 81 | Arctic Land Exped, David Hanbury, Diamond development |
| Outfit 45 | Pipe River by Eric Morse, River flow chart | Outfit 83 | Jacobson's Caribou River, Canoescapes rev, Franklin's journal |
| Outfit 48 | Freshwater Saga - Morse River memoirs, slide fest | Outfit 84 | 1955 Moffatt Exped., Winisk R., John Rae's effigy & Cloak-boat |
| Outfit 50 | Royal couple canoe the Hanbury/Thelon | Outfit 85 | Rocky Defiled, Grey Owl movie, Bill Mason bio, Canoe Museum |
| Outfit 53 | Chubb Crater in Ungava, Hubbard & Wallace | Outfit 86 | PBS's Backcountry, E. Merrick's Labrador photos, Summerwrap |
| Outfit 54 | Povungnituk 88 - Ungava, Sleeping Island rev. | Outfit 87 | Across the Barrens to Arctic Sound. Dr. John Rae, Cree wisdom |
| Outfit 55 | Memories of Bill Mason, Twin Otter gone | Outfit 88 | Great Whale River, Elliott Merrick's last words, Paddling the Web |
| Outfit 57 | North American Canoe Symposium, book reviews | Outfit 89 | George River preview, Merrick Memorial, Stew Coffin- George R. 1967 |
| Outfit 58 | Churchill River trip, The Lonely Land rev. | Outfit 90 | Rat River 1926, George River Online, Chestnut Canoe book rev. |
| Outfit 59 | Tyrrell brothers, Water & Sky, Alberta Pulp wars | Outfit 91 | Across Canada paddle, Schwatka's Last Search rev., Arctic Unravalled |
| Outfit 60 | Via Rail, Missinaibi River, James Bay, HBC exit | Outfit 92 | Danes on the Barrens, Ladies & the Rat review, Grey Owl movie |
| Outfit 61 | Inside Hydro-Quebec's LG2, Aki on the Barrens, Grey Owl | Outfit 93 | Mason stamp news, Letdown on the Thelon, Real Bedard profile |
| Outfit 63 | Canoeing in the 1930s, Hydro-Quebec chairman | Outfit 94 | Mason stamp unveiled, Great Whale River, Cdn Canoe Symposium |
| Outfit 64 | Rupert R. 1914, Keewaydin Guide, Fur Trade Canoe Routes | Outfit 95 | Lost art of Arthur Heming, Mackenzie & the Rockies, Barrows Boys |
| Outfit 65 | Churchill River hydro, Robert Perkins, James Bay | Outfit 96 | MacFarlane R. trip report, Tom Manning profile, Nunavut book rev |
| Outfit 66 | Lands Forlorn, HACC in Japan, Needle to the North | Outfit 97 | Ellice River report, Winisk online preview, Bill Mason in hall of fame |
| Outfit 67 | NWT division, Cdn. Canoe Museum, James Bay | Outfit 98 | Winisk to The Bay report, Book review: McGuffins, Callans & Kraikers |
| Outfit 68 | Charles Camsell, Barrens Wedding, Book reviews | Outfit 99 | LastList; Best of the Century, 1955; Moffatt & The Voyageurs |
| Outfit 70 | Great Bear to Coppermine, Ungava photos | Outfit 100 | The Back River 1962 by John Lentz, Readers 'Best Of' List |
| Outfit 72 | Eric Morse River List, Ungava Journey, J.B. Tyrrell | Outfit 101 | Back River 1962 Part II, Dog River & Bill Mason, book reviews |
| Outfit 73 | Petawawa River, David Thompson map, NWT regs | Outfit 102 | Pierre Trudeau remembered, R.M.Patterson book rev & Nahanni info |
| Outfit 74 | Pukaskwa River, Helen Falls cairn, Quetico trip | Outfit 103 | Repluse Bay to Baker Lake, Lower Churchill R. update, Mason video |
| Outfit 75 | Tyrrell pictures, Hearne's route, Heritage Rivers | Outfit 104 | 1912- The Last Great Year. Steel River Loop, Oberholtzer book review |
| Outfit 76 | HBC money, MacDougall Pass, Sig Olson, Tyrrell | Outfit 105 | Paddling to The Bay in 1925, Arctic Crossing & Fatal Passage reviews |
| Outfit 77 | River stamps, Exploration of N. Canada, Book reviews | Outfit 106 | Labrador Odyssey 2001 report, Angus Scott remembered |
| Outfit 78 | Across the Arctic Mts, LaVase Portage, Food drying | Outfit 107 | North from the Thelon exped., Saglek station 1955, Que-Crees deal |
| Outfit 79 | Book reviews, Thompson journal, Great Whale stopped | | |
| Outfit 80 | Warburton Pike, Wabakimi Park, Merrick's True North | | |

CANOESWORTHY Continued from Page 10

The impact and benefit agreements are intended to guarantee minimum levels of Inuit and Innu participation in various jobs and business opportunities that the Voisey's Bay project will generate.

Prospectors first discovered the Voisey's Bay site, which is a 40-minute motorboat ride from Nain, in 1993, when tests confirmed a major find of copper and cobalt. In 1994, further tests showed that the site may contain the largest nickel deposit in the world, and in 1995, Inco bought the site. But declining metal prices made the site look less attractive and Inco began to reassess the project in 1997. Later, Inco and Newfoundland butted heads over the question of a Newfoundland-based smelter.

But after Roger Grimes became premier in 2001, replacing the hard-line Brian Tobin, the project began to move forward.

The \$8.5-million feature film *The Snow Walker* will be filmed in Churchill, Manitoba, despite five months spent trying to bring the project to Nunavut. The film is based on two Farley Mowat books set in the western Hudson Bay coast area, and producers wanted to film the story in its authentic setting.

They approached the Nunavut government with a proposal to bring the shooting north. And the province of Manitoba put close to \$1 million in incentives on the table to try and attract the production to Churchill. Producer John Houston has worked since January on the project and said it was never expected that Nunavut could match Manitoba's offer.

"It was more a direct request of a certain amount of money which seemed to fit the Nunavut situation," he explained. "Nunavut clearly does not have as big a labour pool developed in film as Manitoba, so Manitoba could offer a higher incentive knowing it would provide work for more of

its residents."

Producers initially asked for a total of \$625,000 to be broken down into a \$500,000 location incentive and \$125,000 toward Inuit training for a six-week shoot near Rankin Inlet. The location incentive is based on what the crew would spend there, and was meant to help level the playing field between Nunavut and Manitoba. The hamlet of Rankin Inlet offered \$50,000 and waited for other organizations to follow suit. The Kivalliq office of the department of sustainable development said it could match that amount pending approval. But no more money came and the project seemed to fizzle until Houston received a memo from the production company telling him to go to Churchill with the art director and other crew members to scout out the location.

The hamlet responded immediately and invited Houston and another producer to a meeting with officials from the hamlet, NTI and Kivalliq Inuit Association. An additional \$150,000 was secured after that meeting, and DSD in Iqaluit offered another \$50,000, for a total of \$300,000 - but it still wasn't enough. The producers then submitted a counter offer - two weeks of filming for a commitment of \$365,000. That would allow the major film sequences to be shot in Nunavut, with the film company committing to spending a minimum of \$800,000 in the community.

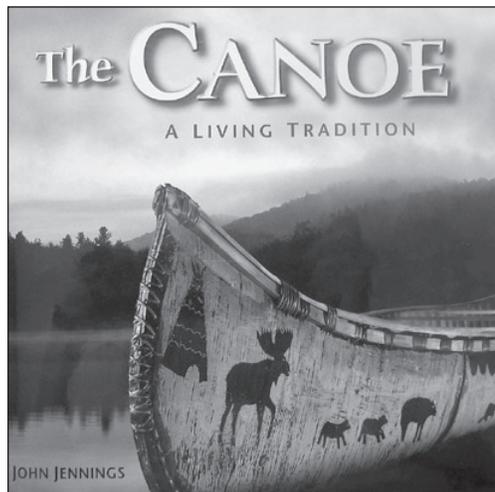
Houston said they never received a response, and with the clock ticking they had to go with Churchill. Shooting was scheduled to start July 15. Houston said he doesn't want to point fingers, but what it comes down to is the production companies are catching the government and Inuit organizations with no film policy in place. "Here is an \$8.5-million Canadian feature that was absolutely determined to film entirely in Nunavut if anybody would let them," he said. This year, the Government

Canoelit continued from Page 5 companion to our world-class museum.

Edited by John Jennings, a director of the CCM and a professor at Trent University, *The Canoe* takes a lavishly illustrated look at a variety of canoes from around the world that have come to reside in the collection. Appropriately there is a chapter written by our friend Gwyneth Hoyle on the man who got it all started—Kirk Wipper, who recently received the Order of Canada.

Wipper began the collection decades ago, undertaking it as a personal project. It took a great many years and much discussion to transfer the collection from Wipper to the much larger and well funded modern museum which in turn took many years to get to where they are now. All that matters little - they made it!

The book is divided into three sections; *The Native Craft*, which includes birchbark boats, dugouts, kayaks and umiaks; *The Recreational*



Canoe which highlights the mass production of wooden boats and the rise of canoe racing; and *Preserving the History of the Canoe* with its chapters on Wipper and Edwin Tappan Adney, a man who died in 1950 after producing 125

exceptional models of traditional canoes and a huge array of canoe building history and plans.

The ubiquitous James Raffan is also present, adding a couple of pages at the end of the book with a thoughtful essay on the book's title and meaning.

The Canoe features superb reproduction -and it was printed in Manitoba! - that certainly adds to the overall presentation along with a great selection of archival photos. A wonderful book to leaf through or read some of the wonderfully detailed information on a tremendous variety of hand-hewn watercraft.

A most worthy tribute to that most noble form of transportation.



This sad image of some of the victims of the Lake Timiskaming drownings in June 1978, their new running shoes sticking out from under a tarp on a rain-slicked dock, stayed locked in the mind of writer and educator James Raffan for decades. It stirred him to examine the tragedy that saw 12 students and an inexperienced teacher from the St. John's School drown on the first day of a canoe trip to James Bay. Deep Waters is reviewed on Page 4.

photo: Canadian Press

Che-Mun
Box 548, Station O
Toronto, ON Canada M4A 2P1
E: che-mun@rogers.com
T: 416.221.3225 Fax: 416.221.5003

Che-Mun
Founded in 1973 by Nick Nickels
Rates; One year \$20, two years \$36
US subscriptions in US dollars
Published by the Hide-Away Canoe Club

Che-Mun
The Journal of Canadian Wilderness Canoeing
Please visit our Web Site:
www.canoe.ca/che-mun
Michael Peake, Publisher.

