

# CHE-MUN

(Ojibway for canoe)

THE JOURNAL OF CANADIAN WILDERNESS CANOEING

OUTFIT 94

CHE-MUN

AUTUMN 1998



photo: Michael Peake

A MASON MOMENT -- Joyce Mason, the widow of Bill, is joined by daughter Becky and

her husband Reid McLaughlan at the official unveiling of the Bill Mason stamp. The event

was the highlight of the first Canadian Canoe Symposium held last August in Kemptonville.

**CCS Success**  
*A photographic memoir*

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**Another Jacobson Gem**

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# Fall Packet



**J**im Abel is known for his yearly epic-length canoe trips across the north. He's usually first in and last out up north and we've crossed paths on the trail and never met but long wanted him as a subscriber.

So it was with some surprise and relief that he telephoned us last spring. His trip had fallen through at the last moment and he was looking for a partner.

We weren't able to help Jim find someone but he did finally subscribe. However, his is one of the list of missing—those new subscribers since March who no longer exist in our records. If anyone knows where Jim is - let us know. And that goes for anyone else who isn't getting the *Che-Mun* they paid for. Jim did send us a short note on how he spent his summer;

"My summer did not result in any trips to anywhere—so I spent it doing domestic stuff like cleaning out the basement, the attic, the garage and storage room and painting the house. Hardly comparable to Arctic and sub-Arctic sunrises and sunsets or canoeing lakes and rapids! Maybe next summer will pan our better. Think North!"

**J**ohn Meriwether of Leavenworth, WA sent us this critique of Outfit 93 and some thought on the war of words.

"Thanks you for your recent issue of *Che-Mun*. As soon as I saw Bill Mason on the cover I was anxious to begin reading. I have to admit the Summer Packet article by Alex Hall was the first article in *Che-Mun* that I did not like. In fact, I did not finish the article until later. I was disappointed in the fact that you published this childlike feud between Alex hall and Carl Traeholt.

"Though I have no doubt that these two distinguished men have good intentions in defending their good name and good nature, I 2.

don't see that I need to be burdened by their differences in *Che-Mun*. It just seems like another classic case of two people saying what they think and not what they know. I just hope that *Che-Mun* does not turn into a political battleground. Can't we just paddle?

"On a good note, I did enjoy the article by L.H. Warwick, "A Thelon Summer". I had to laugh at the youthful nature of which Warwick writes about his northern experience. From the rubber boots to the two constants, I kept on telling the article, "Ya, ain't it cool, all those bugs, great northern climate, no flat landscaped campsites like at Jellystone Park. Stark mad and beautiful landscape to get lost in and weather that can turn your undies inside out." It's the land where Cain looks up to Go and says, "Thank you."

"I wonder if any of them are planning on going back for another dose of the "real world" as I like to call it. I sure hope so. Thank you, Mr. Warwick for reminding me of why I enjoy places others do not.

"P.S. I have enclosed a journal of mine from a trip I did last year. Please feel free to do whatever you want, publish it, edit it or use as fire started. Just thought you may like what I have to say about the northern wilderness. Thanks, looking forward to Outfit 94.

*What follows is John Meriwether's log entitled CAMP:*

**C**amp, the place where the reality of what you are doing and where you are sinks deeper into your psyche. At first, it is a test of the tired body struggling, dues to the days of labour, to do things that must be done. Every camp is set to prepare for the worst weather imaginable, no matter what the current weather is. Tents set and secured; boats tied up well out of wind and water's

reach; gear stowed and secure; the kitchen prepared and the meal begun. All this prior to making yourself comfortable for the evening.

"Once the meal has been consumed, dishes done, and the camp is as clean as if no one has ever eaten there, then one can retire to a state of mind that is so consuming, so relaxing that the body and mind give in to the awesomeness of the environment. Camp: a place, a routine, a refuge and yes, sometimes a nightmare.

"It is the times when the wind is blowing so hard that it is difficult to even reach shore, not to mention a shore that is campable. The rain can be a great deterrent to ending the day. How do we get the tents up without getting everything wet? How do we get the tents up in a 40 mph wind? How to keep the meal from being a watery mess with dirt and mud in the pasta? How is it possible to relax after being cooped up in rain gear all day? These are the questions that have been answered only by the seasoned wilderness traveller. It is when the day was wet, windy and insanelly buggy that a master camp craftsman can find joy in the art of just dealing with it.

"We were lucky in our first camp. A nice sport with a good tent site, a breeze to keep the bugs manageable and a good view of nothing but the wilds to keep us wondering. "Well boys, here we are, we made it," comes from Mark at the stove. I wonder, did we "make it" or have we just made our journey not our destination? I am lucky to be travelling with some well-seasoned outdoor professionals. Expedition behaviour is not something this group needs to learn. The sun is in its high evening circle and we are all silent with our individual thoughts on the journey. I can't help but gaze to the north, look at the map and

➔ *Continued on Page 9*



## Editor's Notebook

**W**ell, it has been quite an interesting time between *Outfits*, dear *Che-Mun* subscribers. We had what you could fairly call a computer disaster and I would like to stop right here and advise any of you who work on computers to go and backup your files- right now.

Complacency is an ugly thing. Nature has a deft way of dealing it out to complacent canoeists and it seems computers can deal the same hard blow. We lost six months of data and two years of e-mail when the *Che-Mun* hard drive went crispy. The barn door is now closed but if anyone has seen my horse, please let me know.

I have sent letters to those I believe affected. Let me know if you think there is a problem with your renewal. The real problem is the people who signed up in the past six months, I have no way of contacting them. The upside is that I now have a blazing fast Macintosh G3 computer that is light years ahead of my old model. And the even better news is that I can do most of our photo work at home now instead of my employer's place.

Enough shop talk. I hope some of you will have seen the first issue of *Canoe Journal*, put out this fall by the folks at *Canoe & Kayak Magazine*. It's a look at the type of paddling, history and related activities that we enjoy. The Hide-Away Canoe Club is featured in a Coppermine article and a nice tribute by Geoffrey Peake to Eric Morse. (By the way, I have to apologize for the main photo of the article which says we are looking at Bloody Falls – of course it's Rocky Defile. I'm afraid it's one of my Bloody Faults!) There's also an article on the Canadian Canoe Museum by *Che-Mun* subscriber and contributor Gwyneth Hoyle. Great to see *Canoe* doing something more interesting than squirt boats!

Hope some of you had a chance to see the *Into the Wilds* canoe painting exhibit at the McMichael Gallery north of Toronto. There was some lovely, albeit familiar stuff. The treat of the show for me was Arthur Heming's vividly dramatic Mackenzie Crossing the Rockies. The painting, which I was surprised to discover, hangs in the Ontario Legislature, had been recently cleaned and it shone out. But it's not in the catalogue nor available for sale in reprints, which is disappointing. We're going to investigate more on Mr. Heming's work and rest assured you'll see it here soon in glorious black and white!

Michael Peake, Editor.

## Newsline

Countdown to April 1, 1999

Commissioner Jack Anawak, 48 government activities, ranging from coroner's services and tax collection to teacher certification, will be handled by GNWT employees. Yellowknife will handle most of these contracted back services for periods of time stretching up to 18 months after division.

The agreement between the GNWT and Nunavut's provisional government states that the western territory shall be reimbursed for reasonable administration costs, which are still to be determined. Other government services to be contracted from the GNWT include liquor licensing and distribution, librarian services and legal aid.

**D**uring this year's hunting season, Nunavik's (Ungava's) plentiful, but unpredictable, caribou stayed well away from most outfitters' hunting camps. The unseasonably warm weather is thought to have encouraged the caribou herds to linger at higher elevations, where it's cooler and there are fewer insects.

As a result of the exceptionally warm weather, outfitters around Kuujjuaq had to struggle to keep their 2,000 well-paying demanding customers happy. While every sports hunter's dream is to bring home the two caribou that he's legally entitled to kill, many came home empty-handed this year.

Benoit Filion from Safari Nordik, Nunavik's largest outfitter, said that 70 per cent of the company's clients managed to bag two caribou each. With 25 camps within flying distance of Kuujjuaq, Safari Nordik was able to shuttle clients around to hunt the caribou. But smaller outfitters, such as Arctic Adventures run by the Fédération des coopératives du Nouveau-Québec, which operates only a few, fixed camps, were not equipped to move hunters around.

The lack of caribou made some clients very unhappy. According to Sammy Cantafio of Ungava Adventures, many behaved more like babies than hunters.

He'd like to see more sportsmanship and fewer unrealistic expectations. That's why his promotional brochure never guarantees that clients will "catch, see or kill game".

Cantafio says that the local economy still benefits by at least \$1 million even when caribou hunting is poor.

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# CCS a first year suc-



*Photos by Michael Peake*

The spirit of Bill Mason got the first annual Canadian Canoe Symposium off to a flying start last August in Merrickville. The event, organized by the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association, was host to Canada Post's unveiling of the Bill Mason stamp. Bill's family and friends were in attendance to celebrate the long anticipated.

Speakers included Bill's widow, Joyce along with children Becky and Paul. Wayne Bagley, of Windsor, whose idea the stamp was, was also on hand to see the culmination of the work he started almost five years ago. It was a wonderful moment on the verandah of the CRCA's Ron Johnstone Centre to have Bill Mason honoured in such a prominent way with all his family there to share in the moment.

There are of course plans to continue the Canadian Canoe Symposium. The idea and format is based on the long running Maine Canoe Symposium which began in 1986. Originally hosted by L.L. Bean, the event continued after Beans pulled out in 1994.

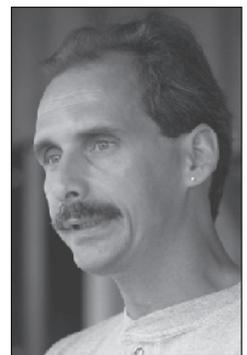
The big difference and drawback in the Canadian version is the site on which it is held. The MCS is located at Camp Winona, an 80 year-old rustic boys camp in the Maine Woods. The infrastructure there is per-

fect. A great atmosphere with lots of sleeping and camping accommodation right on a scenic lake as well as a superb dining hall (and chef!).

The CRCA facility, while nice, is small and the adjacent community centre though functional is lacking in ambience. There is some camping available but it's located in an open field, hardly comparable to the spots under the towering white pines of Camp Winona.

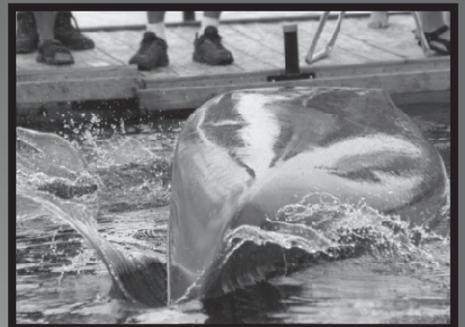
This year's speakers included the great Cliff Jacobson, who can talk for hours on camping tips and tricks all based upon his considerable experience. Kirk Wipper, Kevin Callan, Pat and Bruce Hawkins and Phil "Call me Grey Owl" Chester were also presenters. Michael Peake gave slide talks on the George River and Eric Morse and The Voyageurs.. And taking a tip from the MCS, there was also a full day kids program.

The event is located in Merrickville, a delightfully scenic town on the Rideau Canal about an hour south of Ottawa. For more informa-



Wayne Bagley

# Symposium



CCS PHOTO ALBUM  
Paul Mason demonstrating (again and again!) his open canoe roll. If the page was wider we'd show him coming up! (top three); Becky Mason does her solo paddling technique demo which always wows everyone (centre, both pages); Phil Chester, the Spirit of Grey Owl spoke at the Saturday evening session (centre right); Bruce Hawkins speaks to the crowd on tripping tips. (bottom).

# Mojo Men of the Great Whale



Photos: Bill Seeley

Rusden Eagle portages his gear with a tumpline 150 feet up the banks of the Great Whale River to the chain of small lakes bypassing the lower portion of the second section of the lower gorge.

Story and Photos  
By BILL SEELEY

I vividly recall one particular rainy day at summer camp on Lake Temagami. I was 12 years old. We were between trips, and, as canoeing was the only activity, there was nothing to do but enjoy the lazy pace.

I wandered into a cavernous, barn-like building which was referred to only as 'the Lodge' and noted the following inscription that was written on the bow end of an ancient canoe mounted high on the wall like a trophy: "2000 mile mojo trip: Hudson's Bay, Great Whale River, Belcher Islands".

I don't recall lingering there, yet I stood enchanted in some state of ethereal awe, captured

by the musty smell and the dim natural light. That is probably just the stuff of fading memories. I am sure that I had something more important on my mind, like horseshoes.

But, deep down, I was hooked. It wasn't until many years later that I bothered to read the story which hangs framed beneath the canoe (hammered out on a manual typewriter that probably still resides under the accountant's desk in the office). It is a tale about four of the camp's faithful who, in 1915, traveled north by train, schooner, the sweat of their brows, and the toil of their seasoned backs, into what was then uncharted wilderness.

It wasn't until still many more years had passed that I seriously contemplated retracing some of their steps. You see, it was the stuff of

dreams. The Inuit village of Great Whale River on the eastern shore of Hudson Bay was a great, mysterious, and mythical place. [*Ed. Note—The town has three other names in its working languages; Poste de la Baleine, Kuujjuarapik, and Whapmagoostui.*]

Each time I pull out my trip journal from the summer of 1997 the pages fall open to the following entry. It is July 26th: I awoke well past midnight, startled from sleep by a thunder storm rolling down the steep canyon walls towards us. At 4:30, our usual wake up call, the thunder was still heavy.

It was a boom and a boon! We got to sleep for another! The thunder has a quality of immediacy here. Perhaps it is our elevation. We are still 600

# Expeditions

feet above Hudson Bay and the canyon walls themselves rise to nearly 1200 feet above sea level. They were buried in the clouds this morning. The river cannot be more than a couple hundred yards wide. In any event, the river flows nearly straight as an arrow, calm and swift, for 40 miles, through high canyon walls that amplify the deep rumble of approaching storms.

That day the sun came out, the wind died down, and a couple of our comrades went shirtless despite the fact that the temperature remained chilly. Just around the bend from our campsite we discovered a Cree hunting camp on a sandy spit jutting out from the north shore of the river. The canyon walls are craggy, granite, and so steep that it seemed they had simply been sheared off into the river. But, there was Cree camp nestled in among the willows of nearly every creek entrance, usually comprised of a wooden frame (for a wall tent) or a cache of long spruce poles carefully leaned against each other like a teepee (for a small circus style tent). This was a surprise. Evidence of permanent camps had been scant above the second gorge.

The biggest treat of the day came late in the afternoon, when, at Falaise Yachisakw, we followed the river north into what we refer to as The

Big Bend.

I should preface this story by saying that Steve and I were hoping to find an occupied camp. The river gets shallower towards the end of the can-

yon, and the sand spits seemed ideal for sturgeon fishing (which is done by stretching nets across the current in the sandy shallows where sturgeon feed on vegetation stirred up from the river bottom). We had come across Cree families in the past, on other rivers, at this time of year. They had usually been out in the bush stocking up on smoked sturgeon. The number of camps in the

vicinity pointed to this as the primary hunting and fishing grounds for the Cree of Wapmagoostui. We had reason to believe our experience would be repeated.

We had only vague information about the 35-mile overland portage route that cut across the Big Bend. We knew where it started, and that there was a six-mile portage in the middle, but the rest we had inferred from the lay of the land. Now, although that narrowed the field of possibilities to two branches of the same general route, it still would have been nice to simply come across someone in the bush who could tell us about the condition of the trail, and point out the exact locations of the portages.

Well, stranger things have happened. So when we rounded the corner, and I saw canoes cached on high racks (to keep them out of the snow drifts I suppose) on the east shore, I started scanning the bank for the smoke or heat haze of a curing fire. The camp was set low, on a flood plain, so, from the vantage of our approach we could see only the tops of the canoes on the racks. Nonetheless, my gaze fixed on what appeared to be the head and shoulders of a person standing, just beyond the lip of the bank, in an orange,



Three metre falls at the head of the second gorge on the Great Whale River.

## Expeditions

hooded sweatshirt, with her back to us. My heart skipped a beat. The wind was in our face. No one at the camp would ever hear our approach.

We would just have to wait until we landed, and hail them from the beach. It wasn't until we rounded the point that I had to concede that it was not a person. It was in fact a scarecrow of sorts, an orange garbage bag full of twigs, strung on a tall post, that Steve thought served some sort of function during goose season. The camp was impressive. It probably covered five acres of open taiga. The ground was as flat as a putting green, and, with the exception of an occasional clump of scrub willow, was carpeted in lush caribou moss. There were five frame structures, several spruce pole caches, and an uncountable number of tent rings. And there were caribou trails everywhere. During the fall, when the caribou return from the tundra, this spot must turn into a city. Unfortunately, no one was there for a late summer holiday.

Our overland excursion came off without a hitch. Our notes proved accurate enough. We asked around when we arrived in Wapmagoostuui and discovered that our route differed a little from the Cree course. After a six mile portage they would walk two more portages of about the same length WNW back to the river. Our route followed a bunch of (thankfully) short-



Jimmy Carr steps in on a cold and rainy day as he and Steve Springgate line a channel in the chain of mountain lakes on the 35-mile overland portage bypassing The Big Bend.

er portages, WSW, through a chain of high mountain lakes, to a steep creek, the highlight of which is a narrow 50 foot waterfall.

Apparently no one had ever come across our way before.

## Canoelit

### Camping's Top Secrets By Cliff Jacobson 2nd Edition, Globe Pequot Press 1998 US\$14.95 243pp ISBN: 0-7627-0391-1

This is the second appearance of this incredibly jam-packed book of helpful hints for around the campsite.

The first edition appeared in 1987, and as Cliff explains in his intro there were a couple of reasons for an updated edition. The first is for new and updated products and materials. And the other reason is that Cliff's views on things continue to evolve. And while this book is chock-full

of products and gear suggestions, it bows to the lessons of yesteryear and the common sense implicit in all those old ways..

There's no one out there for the canoeing crowd really like Cliff Jacobson. To fully appreciate his wealth of knowledge and versatility you have to see him in action at one of the many shows he appears at throughout North America. And once you do you'll know why he draws crowd wherever he goes.

Cliff is never at a loss for words and he seems to have no end of ideas. Of course, the best thing in all these ideas from revitalizing old bread to the dizzying array of tarp uses - is the fact that they have been used by the man himself.

Cliff follows most of his own advice and is constantly improving and refining the techniques. Experienced travellers know there is no knack in having an "epic" i.e uncomfortable trip. It makes for great stories later but an all-round negative experience.

The real trick and the most satisfying feat of all is to find yourself in complete comfort and wilderness luxury when the conditions are at their worst.

## FALL PACKET *continued*

wonder what is there? It's as if I have magnetite in my brain pointing to the north.

"Scale. It is hard to comprehend the scope of the country we are in. Yellowknife lies 400 miles north of the 60th parallel. The loon has to fly 300 miles north of Yellowknife to cross the Arctic Circle and another 100 miles after that to reach salt water. If the loon went west at Yellowknife it would have to fly about 1000 miles to reach the border of Alaska. Approximately 900 miles east of Yellowknife, the loon would approach Hudson Bay—a million square miles of wilderness with only a few thousand inhabitants.

"Our canoe, 17 feet long, travelling on the average, 15 miles a day on the lakes and 30 miles a day on the river will travel over 700 miles of water and land before it feels the salt water of the Arctic Ocean. Being just seven miles down the lake with hundreds of unknown miles before us, we pack up our gear, load the boats and shove off with little comprehension of the hundreds of miles that await.

"Long expeditions like this have a funny feeling at first. It is the feeling of still being able to turn back. Not that we ever would turn back unless safety was a concern. However, the road, people and truck and security is still within easy reach. Is it that imaginary point of no return that changes a canoe trip into an expedition?

"What does make a canoe trip different from an expedition? This is the question that has been debated for many years. Some say it is a state of mind. The 10-year-old boys camping in their local woods may consider their endeavour an expedition. Others may consider being more than two days from definitive car and expedition. Then there is the hard core who must feel completely self-reliant, where evacuation would take an in-depth plan and where the threat of life dictates simple everyday decisions. Whatever the definition, we would be sure to experience true expeditioning.

"Four days on the big lakes with few portages still has that 'turn back' feel but that soon changed. Leaving the big lakes to the true Snare River system gave us a day of pushing, pulling, dragging and carrying our canoes and 50 days of supplies. That sense of wilderness grew with each portage as we got away from motor access, that Expedition feeling has yet to sink into reality though.

**T**om McCloud from Frederick, MD recently returned from a Labrador trip and kindly wrote to share some of it with *Che-Mun* readers.

"My trip this year was a cross-Labrador route. The story of why I chose this route is very long, but in brief, here is where we went.

"On August 3 a group of five, paddling three whitewater canoes, one kayak and one C-1 departed from near the Lobstick Control Structure on Smallwood Reservoir, west of Churchill Falls, Labrador. Each boat was self-contained, almost like a backpacker would be, except for some shared group gear such as pots and pans, a fire grate and a rain fly. We carried food for 25 days.

"The route took us across Smallwood in a northeasterly direction going through the narrows and into the region which was formerly Lake Michikaumau, and then northerly toward Adelaide Lake. This turned out to be difficult for reasons not anticipated. The water level in the Smallwood Reservoir was at least ten feet lower than normal and this has created large areas of shallows a canoe cannot pass through. We had to detour at least 20 miles to the east and then northwest to find an open channel and reach the north shore of Smallwood. In case anyone should inquire of you for information about Smallwood, you might mention this, and it would be a great service to canoeists, although few paddlers cross Smallwood. It would be helpful if someone would draw a map from the old topos indicating the area which will still be water when the lake level is at 1530 feet, rather than the full pool level of 1551 feet.

"We portaged into Adelaide Lake and then over the height of land and into the George River drainage, through Lakes Hubbard, Cabot and Resolute, proceeding down the George some 50 miles. We then took a small side channel that is east of the main George to reach the drainage from Lac Goelands (White Gull Lake). Now working upriver, and travelling in an easterly direction, we crossed lakes Goeland, Rochereau and Chapiteau and followed a stream northwesterly from the east end of Chapiteau to the height of land.

"In these highlands we saw hundreds of caribou, which obviously had seen few paddlers since some of them came right up close to

inspect us. There is an outpost of Whale River Camps on the south shore of Lake Chapiteau near its east end which caters to hunters late in the season. This is the only place we saw people during the 20 days of the trip. Two boats of the Peterborough type (wood-canvas square stem with 20hp outboards) each with a guide and two 'sports' with firearms came over to see us. As he departed, the French guide said, "And if you see any caribou swimming across the lake, don't shoot them!" What did he think we were going to shoot them with? Our spray can of DEET?

"We next portaged into the Notakwanon River watershed, finding some strikingly beautiful country in an area many miles above the normal fly-in lake for canoeists paddling this river. In fact, the headwaters are richer and greener than the area near Esker Lake, the normal drop-off point. The Notakwanon richly deserves its reputation as an exceptional river trip with stunning scenery and challenging whitewater. We arrived at David Inlet on August 23. It was an ambitious difficult route and one I would not choose to do again, mostly because of the problems in the Smallwood Reservoir. But I would highly recommend to anyone a fly-in to the Notakwanon's headwaters.

"Were you aware the community of David Inlet is being relocated. There was heavy construction and blasting going on at the site along David Rattle, though I believe the new community is going to be named Sango Bay some eight to ten miles distant (i.e. inland, westerly) from the present location of Davis Inlet. I don't know the date for the move, but canoeists will have to know this and will have to paddle southerly through David Rattle to reach the new Settlement.

"With all the talk about mining operations in the area, I'm really concerned that the Notakwanon is threatened. I hope you can include something in *Che-Mun* to inform your readers about the truly exceptional character of this Notakwanon and hopefully build sentiment for some level of permanent protection for the river. Perhaps campaigning to make it Labrador's first Wilderness River and a part of the Canadian Heritage Rivers System."

# News & Notes

**LABRADOR'S LATEST . . .** There hasn't been much new to report on two of Canada's largest megaprojects which both happen to be located in Labrador. The Voisey's Bay nickel mine and the re-development of the Churchill Falls power project made a lot of news early in the year but talks on the two projects have slowed and there's not much to report.

The current issue of *Canadian Geographic*, a vastly improved magazine of late, has a good story on the Churchill River hydro plans. The piece is accompanied by photos of the area, including the now trickling Churchill Falls, and a couple of the superb CG maps showing the plans.

On the mine front, Inco has been making noises about shelving or delaying the project for some time. World price for nickel has dropped and they are losing money. They also have many issues to clear up with the Innu who live in the area and it's not clear what will happen. Voisey's Bay is estimated to be the largest nickel find in the world. Stay tuned.

**HBC AWAKENS . . .** So marketing finally caught up to historical appreciation –or is it the other way round? Canada's oldest commercial enterprise, the Hudson's Bay Company, which for many years all but

ignored it's rich historical past has now woken up to it - big time. A lavish new store has opened in downtown Toronto complete with in-store Beaver aircraft, birchbark canoes and lavish maps of Rupert's Land. It's called Hudson's Bay Company Outfitters and it capitalizes on the company's three century presence in the Canadian North - all to a well-heeled urban audience. Frankly, it's something *Che-Mun* thought of years ago – but we have neither marketing degree –or money!

You can check out the great stuff from HBC blankets to sweatshirts plus a lot of historically-linked consumer goods (Wop May flight jackets!) on their website: [www.hudsonsbayoutfitters.com](http://www.hudsonsbayoutfitters.com) . Just don't show up with any beaver skins.

By the way, and it's a major sore point with us, the store is the Hudson's Bay Company; the body of water is Hudson Bay. Thank you.

**DEADLY DOGS . . .** Longtime subscriber and northern buff Bob Henderson sent us a small news item along that he found very alarming. It concerned a woman and a 10-year-old boy who died on an island near Hopedale, on the Labrador coast, when attacked by eight sled dogs in August. The pair were berry picking with two other family members who escaped. The RCMP officer investigating the incident called it one of the worst he'd ever had to deal with.

Many northern paddlers will have seen the summer "dog" island where sled dogs are sent to fend for themselves for the summer months. They get very hungry.

Bob detailed why it hit especially close to home. "Having stopped to pick rhubarb near Hopedale, and camping on an island out of Hopedale, this item shocked me a bit," he wrote, adding, "One I will have to remember for the next coastal outing."

## 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 45 - Pipe River by Eric Morse, River flow chart  
Outfit 46 - Hudson Bay to Ungava, Stew Coffin report  
Outfit 47 - Heritage Rivers, Trans Canada Expedition  
Outfit 48 - Freshwater Saga - Morse R. memoirs, slide fest  
Outfit 49 - Queen Charlottes kayaking, HBC sell-off  
Outfit 50 - Royal couple canoe the Hanbury/Thelon\*  
Outfit 51 - Traditional canoeing through Quetico Park  
Outfit 52 - Lands Forlorn review, Atomic Arctic proposal  
Outfit 53 - Chubb Crater in Ungava, Hubbard & Wallace  
Outfit 54 - Povungnituk 88 - Ungava, Sleeping Island rev.  
Outfit 55 - Memories of Bill Mason, Twin Otter gone  
Outfit 56 - Canoeing stamps, Hanbury review, WCA slidefest  
Outfit 57 - North American Canoe Symposium, book reviews  
Outfit 58 - Churchill River trip, The Lonely Land rev.  
Outfit 59 - Tyrrell brothers, Water & Sky, Alberta Pulp wars  
Outfit 60 - Via Rail, Missinaibi River, James Bay, HBC exit  
Outfit 61 - Inside LG2, Aki on the Barrens, Grey Owl  
Outfit 63 - Canoeing in the 1930s, Hydro-Quebec chairman  
Outfit 64 - Rupert R. 1914, Keewaydin Guide, Fur Trade Canoe Routes  
Outfit 65 - Churchill River hydro, Robert Perkins, James Bay  
Outfit 66 - Lands Forlorn, HACC in Japan, Needle to the North  
Outfit 67 - NWT division, Canoe Museum, James Bay  
Outfit 68 - Charles Camsell, Barrens Wedding, Book reviews  
Outfit 69 - Sig Olson Remembered, Historic riverflows  
10.

Outfit 70 - Great Bear to Coppermine, Ungava photos  
Outfit 71 - Coppermine planning, Land of Feast & Famine  
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The national park reserves at Auyuittuq, North Baffin and Ellesmere are finally close to becoming full-fledged parks. An Inuit Impact and Benefits Agreements for Inuit in communities affected by the three parks, the first such deal for Nunavut, is ready to be signed.

The Nunavut land claim agreement states that Inuit impact and benefits agreements must be signed between Inuit and major developers within the Nunavut settlement area.

"The negotiations are concluded," said Bob Gamble, Parks Canada's chief negotiator. "We negotiated economic benefits, joint park committees, scholarships and various other economic benefits and Inuit participation in the management of the three parks."

The federal government will have one year to pass the legislation officially creating the three parks. One remaining task is the choice of a new Inuktitut name for the future Ellesmere National Park. The national park at North Baffin will be called "Sigmilik," meaning "the place where there are glaciers".

Another park project in the Wager Bay area also has a new Inuktitut name. The proposed national park reserve there will be known by its traditional name, "Ukkusiksalik," meaning "the place where there is stone that can be used to carve pots and oil lamps". The target date for completing the IIBA for Ukkusiksalik is March, 1999.

The main hurdle facing this deal is where to set its boundaries. Within the proposed park there is at least one area with mineral potential.

The feasibility of establishing a national park reserve on North Bathurst Island - called "Tuktusiuqvaluk" - will also depend on resolving land issues. Bathurst Island is adjacent to Little Cornwallis Island, site of the Polaris Mine, whose mineral supplies are near depletion. Parts of northern Bathurst Island, within the proposed Tuktusiuqvaluk park area, also have very high potential for lead and zinc deposits.

At the 11th Inuit Studies Conference in Nuuk, Greenland this fall, Bernard Saladin d'Anglure, an anthropologist from Laval University, announced the discovery at the Sisimiut Museum in Greenland of the Danish anthropologist Svend Frederiksen's forgotten work.

Between 1946 and 1967, Frederiksen extensively interviewed the last known shamans of the Keewatin. Throughout the last 30 years of his career, Saladin d'Anglure has been digging into the eastern Arctic Inuit oral tradition in search of all possible remaining information about shamans and shamanism.

That journey was not always easy, since most Inuit converted to Christianity at the beginning of this century, and since then have been reluctant to talk about their ancestral spiritual practices.

The difficulty of researching that matter is reinforced by the fact that Catholic or Anglican missionaries historically condemned their traditional Inuit counterpart (the angakok) for worshipping the devil. On top of struggling against this rather recent conversion of Inuit to Christianity, Saladin d'Anglure faced the inherent secrecy associated with traditional shamanistic activities.

Finally, the people who openly practiced shamanism in Inuit society at the beginning of the century are not around any more to pass on their knowledge. In that context, the rediscovery of Svend Frederiksen's field notes is considered a major breakthrough in Inuit studies by most Inuit and circumpolar scholars.

Frederiksen was born in Greenland of Danish parents. His father was a Lutheran minister in Sisimiut, and he insisted that the young Svend should speak the Inuit language fluently. Before his death in 1967, Frederiksen had identified and interviewed most of the Keewatin's remaining significant sha-

mans.

He left more than 2,000 pages of field notes and manuscripts containing transcripts of interviews with shamans. In his lifetime, Frederiksen barely published anything more than a few minor articles. That might explain why the bulk of his rich ethnographical material was forgotten in the Sisimiut Museum Library for so many years.

Nickel prices are down and Quebec's Premier Lucien Bouchard was a no-show, but that didn't stop Falconbridge Ltd. from celebrating the official opening of Nunavik's Raglan mine last summer.

More than 250 visitors arrived by charters to the mine's site at Kattiniq, at the very top of Quebec's Ungava peninsula, including representatives from the surrounding communities, the Makivik Corporation and the Kativik Regional Government.

They toured the huge mill, where 2,400 tonnes of ore are crushed, concentrated and filtered every day and dined on caribou and char at the company's ultra-modern residence. The site, which consists of an underground mine and an open pit, began production earlier this year. More than 20 per cent of the mine's 350 employees are Inuit, many from Salluit and Kangiqsujuaq.

After an investment of \$550 million and a rough first quarter, the Raglan operation is beginning to break even. According to the provisions of the 1995 Raglan Agreement, Nunavik's Raglan trust will soon receive another \$1.5 million in compensation.

To boost Raglan's productivity, the mine now operates 24 hours a day. The discovery of a wealth of other metals at Raglan, along with the nickel, is also helping to some of higher costs of mining and shipping out the northern ore.

Falconbridge's cost of production is around \$1.60 US a pound, but metals such as platinum, copper and cobalt add approximately 65 cents of value per pound.

Because of the success of Falconbridge's Raglan operation, mining companies are rushing to Nunavik after more mineral-rich deposits, with the full backing of the Quebec government.

Several companies, including the Quebec government and Falconbridge Ltd.,

surveyed Nunavik this past summer. Quebec's department of natural resources had four geological survey teams working around Umiujaq, Kanigiqsujuaq, Kangirsuk and Kuujuaq. Their studies will provide information for future mineral exploration.

Meanwhile, the Quebec government's crown mining corporation, SOQUEM, explored two areas near Kangirsuk suspected to have metal deposits. Falconbridge Ltd. will also spend \$9 million this summer to look for more deposits near its Kattiniq mine site.

The Quebec Prospectors Assn, has published a brochure to help prospectors understand the laws and regulations that apply to mining in Northern Quebec. In it, they strongly recommended to communicate with the native community concerned, out of courtesy, to inform them of the type of work that will be carried out," reads the brochure.

Nunavut residents will continue to receive a long list of services from the Government of the Northwest Territories, even after the new Nunavut administration takes over April 1, 1999.

Under an agreement between the GNWT and Nunavut's Interim



photo: Michael Peake

## Ahead in Outfit 95

We'll travel along one of the great historic waterways of the world. Max Finkelstein of the Canadian Heritage Rivers Society will take us along the Alexander Mackenzie Voyageur Trail.

And the Hunt for Heming. A look at Arthur Heming, the man who painted some canoeing masterpieces. Very popular in his time, yet few know of him today

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