

CHE-MUN

(Ojibway for canoe)

THE JOURNAL OF CANADIAN WILDERNESS CANOEING

OUTFIT 93

CHE-MUN

SUMMER 1998

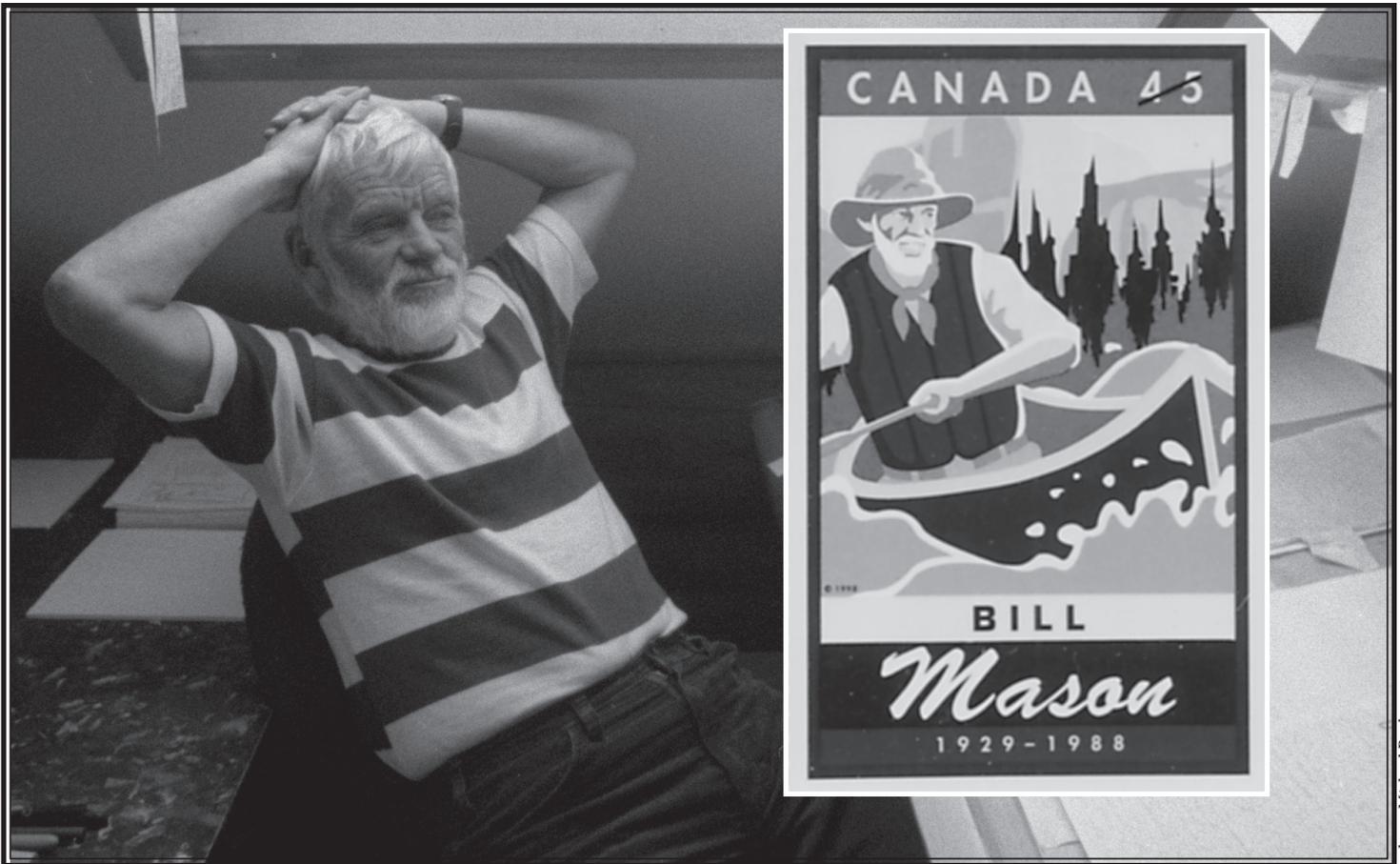


photo: Michael Peake

FIRST CLASS MALE -- Canada Post is set to release this stamp of canoeing legend Bill Mason

and other legendary Canadians. The photo in behind is of Bill at his desk at his Gatineau home

in October 1986, just two years before his untimely passing. See Page 5 for details.

Real Bedard -
Mapping Master

Page 4

Some are letdown
on the Thelon

Page 6

The Bill Mason
stamp of approval

Page 5

Summer Packet



3-4 days on the Thelon, we really just relaxed, because we had a date with the pilot on the 22nd morning. Why rush when you on such a beautiful site? Why on earth should we reach Cambridge Bay so late as September? We travelled well over 40 km most days and reach there in late August.

4) Regarding campfires and scars: I would like to ask you where this site was? Let me know because I have the coordinates of all our campsites. There were many other canoe parties on the river—you might just be mistaken again as you were regarding the dates you passed what you “assumed” was our group on the 23rd. I can tell you that we normally always made our fires on the riverbanks BELOW the waterline on bedrocks and in between boulders. This is just a fire precaution. If this was not possible, we always build a stone ring where we made fire and returned the stones—that is, if taken from the ground and not a river boulderfield—where they were taken from.

“Having said this, I think I know what you try to say regarding campfire. Some campers, that claim they are ‘better’ than others stick to the idea of cutting away topsoil and make the fire there. Afterwards, they remove the charcoal and replace the topsoil. This might seem a good solution, however, in Sweden and Greenland some of my colleagues from Copenhagen University have done some studies on this, and they all claim that the moss and other small plants, herbs etc. will die after this ‘treatment’. It might not happen fast, but it happens. If you cut off the turf, it just dies off. So, I hope you do not imply that we should have used this ‘technique’?”

“Further, I admit that we do not necessarily discharge of partly burnt logs. We normally have a very modest small campfire, which we put out and disperse the charcoal a bit in order to allow nature to “take over” the site again faster than if you just leave it in a big pile. Half burnt logs. . . I really don’t know what you would do to them? Throw them into the river? Dig a hole and bury them? Get them out 2.

of sight of tourists who travel the area? As for the first two mentioned, none of them are optimal solutions. As for the last one, it just doesn’t get rid of the thing—just reminds me of ‘what you can’t see, you don’t bother about’ attitude.

“Then, of course, you could take them along and use them until burnt out. We did exactly that for the last week or so on the Thelon and everywhere else in the Barrenlands where firewood is hard to come by. Not so much because of esthetic, ethical or whatever reasons but just because we needed it. That is also why I am so surprised that you found burnt out logs etc. from my group. We must have overlooked a very valuable piece of firewood there.

“As for Danes and carelessness with fires. Well, I am not going to defend my countrymen, because I haven’t met any on the Thelon and I don’t know about any other Danes that have gone there. But I assume you must have met a Hell of a lot since you can make such a generalization. I am sorry if that Danes have made such a bad impression on you and hope those to come will show more respect for the Thelon and its surroundings.

“As for who deserves to travel there or not, I wish everybody with a keen interest in nature will have a chance to experience the beauty of the place. I think that is the only way to make them understand the immense value of it by just leaving it for conservation. Whether I deserve it or not—I can only say that I’ve had the privilege to do it, and that suits me fine.

5) Hornby’s crosses. Thanks for the info, always nice to know what is going on up there. Yes, the old ones are falling apart.

“Well, I hope this answers some of your questions and complaints. I am not trying to say that we are ‘fool-proof’. We make mistakes, of course, but we certainly are not careless about the environment and our campsites. I think you could have passed by some other parties too as there were 5-7 groups in that area as well.

“I hope you have many more great trips up there. It is a nice place and it needs to remain like that for years to come.”

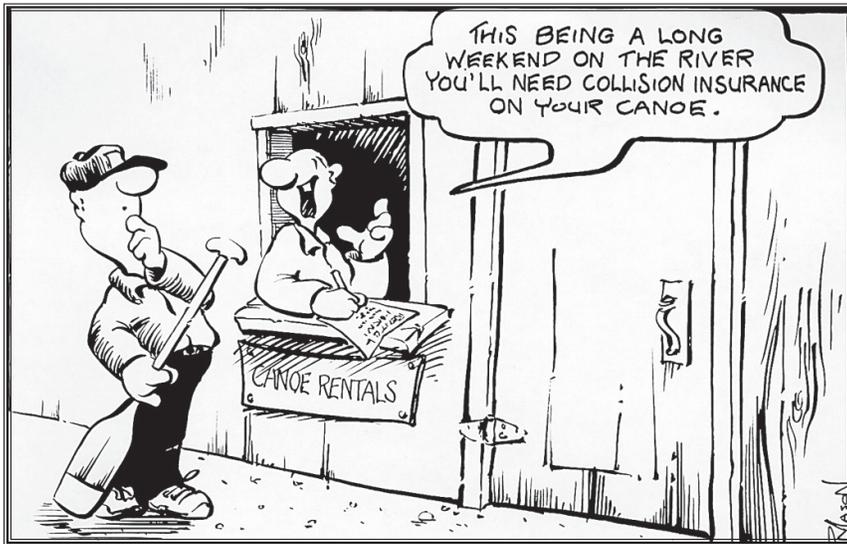
Norm Kagan, a keen historian from St. Paul, Minnesota, wrote to make us aware of a nice historical nugget.

“It’s always a pleasure receiving your fine journal. For us in Minnesota, your recent book reviews had a special interest both for Sig Olson of the BWCA (Boundary Waters Canoe Area) and for the first woman tourist to the Mackenzie Delta.

“I refer to the 1982 trip of Miss Elizabeth Taylor of St. Paul. Travelling unescorted aboard Hudson’s Bay Company steamers down the Athabasca-Mackenzie waterways from Athabasca Landing to Fort McPherson and back in a single season, the 36 year-old Ms Taylor first had to cross most of Canada and the Atlantic Ocean. It all began while drinking with friends on St. Patrick’s Day at a bistro in Paris. After talking of her childhood dream of visiting the Arctic, she accepted a dare to fulfil it. Being the daughter of James Taylor, U.S. Consul to Winnipeg, and familiar with the CP Railway and HBC officials, made the necessary connections both possible and gratis.

“Leaving the Latin Quarter at the end of March, she arrived at the Mackenzie Delta in mid-July where Inuit women laughed at her French fashions. Among the fascinating people she met was the Count de Sainville, also of Paris, who was mapping the Mackenzie Delta. Taylor continued to travel northern climes and wrote about them until her 1932 death and was also a close friend of famed Canadian naturalist Ernest Thompson Seton. Her remarkable story, illustrated with drawings and photographs, is again available in her collected essays as “*The Far Island and Other Cold Places*” Pogo Press, St. Paul, MN 1997.”

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Editor's Notebook

It is indeed a strange summer not to have a canoe trip to participate in or even look forward to—for this year at least. Discussions have begun for next year's trip and for those on into the next millennium but 1998 will forever be an asterisk on our canoeing list.

Many of you are familiar with the name of our paddling group—The Hide-Away Canoe Club. It is taken from Hide-Away Island, the summer cottage, retreat and source of spiritual renewal for the Peake family since 1971. This summer my parents sold the cottage. Just too much to handle after these many years. It helped that we got a good price for it but it was with mixed emotions that we saw it go. Though, not quite yet, we still have it until Labour Day.

Located in the now-trendy Muskoka area of central Ontario, this island cottage was more than a summer getaway. It was a place for the four Peake brothers and friends to plan and begin so many northern expeditions. Starting with our first Quetico canoe trip in 1976, Hide-Away was the launching pad, marshalling area and springboard to adventure.

As our canoeing abilities grew we searched for a name for our increasingly adventurous club. Tumpline, Headwaters, Coureur de Bois, all names considered—and rejected. We seemed to happily settle for the Hide-Away Canoe Club or the HACC. And it sure has stuck.

As our trip's became increasingly northerly, it was more of a place to come back to than start from. But Hide-Away was, is and will remain so very special to us all. Change is all around us and though inevitable and healthy it's nevertheless difficult at times.

That is why we are not paddling this summer. We wish to spend as much remaining time as possible at Hide-Away. While certainly not a wilderness location, with cottages nearby and dotting the wooded shores of Lake Rosseau, it was a jumping off spot or as Sig Olson might have called it a Listening Point.

But most of all, it was a family place where four brothers (and sons) could all come together and enjoy each other's company and family bonds. Hide-Away Island may soon be a memory but we will carry it with us into the next century and beyond with love, remembrance and a shining memory.

Michael Peake, Editor.

Klondike trip rolling

The Klondike Expedition, after filling out their roster in the final weeks, left from Sault Ste. Marie Saturday July 11 and adventurers will travel 12,000 kilometers this summer heading to the Klondike retracing gold rush steps taken a hundred years ago.

Klondike Expedition leader, Doug Clute of Sault Ste. Marie commented, "Support and interest in this Expedition is growing from all parts of the country."

Three Expedition members are from the Sault and area with four others coming from across Ontario—Midland, Toronto and Thunder Bay, including two university students.

Canada's Governor General Romeo LeBlanc is the project patron and other endorsements have come from Canadian Recreational Canoe Association (CRCA), Yukon Anniversaries Commission, the Royal Canadian Geographical Society and others. Project support has been received from The Dominion Command of the Royal Canadian Legion, Sault Ste. Marie Legion Branch 25, United Steelworkers of America, Local 2251, Northern Breweries plus a number of individuals and small businesses.

Detailed information on the Klondike Expedition is being maintained on the world wide web by local web design and hosting company, Pictographics, making it possible for anyone, anywhere in the world to follow the journey via the website. The site address is <http://klondike.pictographics.com>

The expedition has also been profiled in the current issue of *Explore*, a leading international outdoors magazine, the current quarterly issue of the Alberta Museum Association Journal and some Legion newsletters across the country.

The Expedition Team;

Doug Clute—Sault Ste Marie, Ontario Senior Economist with the Ontario Ministry of Northern Development and Mines. A career Civil Servant, he has extensive background in administration and project management. Doug has many outdoor interests including paddling, and is committed to the promotion of an awareness of Canadian Heritage.

John Turnbull—Midland, Ontario. John is the Head of the Geography Department at Elmvale District Secondary School in Simcoe County. He was formerly an instructor at Outward Bound Wilderness School and Head of Dept. of Geography—Canadian Forces Base, Lahr W. Germany.

Bill Houston—Toronto, Ontario. Bill is Director, Employee Development with a computer consulting services firm. He was born in Dawson City and has a special connection to the Klondike. Bills holds a Master degree in Geology and has done exploration work in the far north. He is Secretary

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A Map maker's legacy

By CHUCK ROSE

He looks and sounds like there's voyageur blood running through his veins. If 100,000 lakes weren't enough reason to attract wilderness canoe trippers to Manitoba, then (for many) it has been the hand-drawn canoe route maps of Real Berard.

Berard's map making career was a sort of accident, while working for Parks Manitoba in the 60s and studying art in Winnipeg and Mexico City, he sketched out some river routes he had paddled a few summers before, adding portages measured in paces, campsites, sketches of waterfalls, swamps, and flowers until the space was filled.

The Department of Tourism asked that several of his maps be published; and a unique career was born. At first, the Manitoba government gave away the maps, later they began to charge for them (a nominal fee at first, later they were priced similar to other maps). Berard's dozen maps cover areas from Hudson Bay to the United States border.

Most maps have their own theme. Maps such as the Sasaginnigak Canoe Country and Little Grand Rapids Canoe Routes feature native culture. The Middle Track & Hayes River Route and the Grass River Canoe Route highlights the fur trade and its pioneers, from Pierre Radisson to Samuel Hearne. The Bird-Manigotagan Waterways features the history of the eastern Manitoba Gold Rush of 1910. This gave him a chance for first-hand interviews with some of the participants. Other historical sources he's used include missionary accounts and Hudson's Bay Company archives. But more important to him were personal interviews with trappers, bush pilots, and prospectors.

Though he is trilingual (French, English, and Spanish), he regrets that he does not speak Cree. Producing these documents allows Berard to be an artist, explorer, naturalist, and voyageur. He enjoys preserving the spirit of the north by recording local lore and history which is left out of textbooks. In 1975, his work was honored by the Manitoba Historical and Scientific Society.

In 1971, Berard's maps were discovered by a Scoutmaster from St. Cloud, Minnesota, Father Paul Folsum. He decided to take his troop into the Sasaginnigak Canoe Country east of Lake Winnipeg. The Boy Scouts already had a wilderness canoeing program based just south of Ontario's Quetico Provincial Park. But their leaders also saw access restrictions coming to the park and the adjacent Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness in the near future. So when Father Folsum asked for help with this Manitoba trip, the Boy Scouts saw it as an opportunity to spread out their wilderness experience and provide an ultra-high adventure for ambitious troops.

With appropriate permits from the Manitoba government in hand, the first trip took place in 1972. Paddling and portaging from Wallace Lake toward Obukwin Lake, the Boy Scouts became LOST!! Unlike most maps, north on Berard's "Sas" map is toward the upper right hand corner of the map.

A couple days later when this pertinent fact became apparent, the troop

proceeded onward, paddling the Bloodvein and Gammon Rivers to Sasaginnigak Lake and back, seeing no one else during the two weeks and experiencing a wonderful area. Because of Berard's maps, the Boy Scouts established a base in Bissett, Manitoba where—due to the closing of the San Antonio gold mine—the population had plunged from 1200 a few years before to around 200. The 100–300 Scouts who pass through through Bissett each summer since 1972 and purchasing food, bush plane flights, and accommodations have had a small, but significant, impact on the local economy.

Not only Boy Scout troops have had trouble with the maps. Water levels and rapids change. Blow downs, fires and low use conspire to change portages. It's no wonder that in 1982 (after a few incidents), warning labels began to appear on the maps which read:

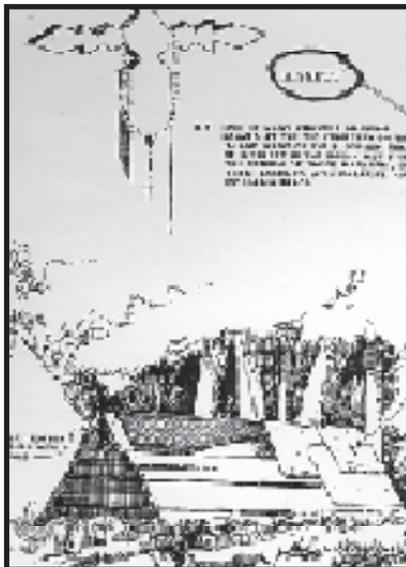
Caution: This Canoe Route is to be used for general information: it is not a navigational chart. It was prepared in the summers of 1962 & 1964 and the information recorded including information with respect to the volume of water, reflects only the conditions which existed at the time. Because of the constantly changing nature of the waterway, the Canoe Route should be referred to with extreme caution, and only in conjunction with topographical maps and other available data.

Nonetheless, I've been pleasantly surprised to recognized scenes from the maps such as Lucifer's Boiler on the Gammon River or Split Rock Gap on the Bloodvein. The Little Grand Rapids Canoe Routes map includes a sketch of a Blue Ribbon Baking Powder can and explains that local trappers use the recipe on the back to make bannock (a flying pan bread). Berard's map reads. . .

"If you happen to pass one on your trip, don't hesitate to put it in your packsack. When your canoe is stored and the winter winds are howling, you'll be able to look at this weathered little magic can and relive some of the happy memories of the northern rivers." I found one on a portage but..it was a new design, without the recipes. The next one I found had the recipes, but it was the only old-fashion can found that year (1982).

No longer working for the government, Berard has been a freelance artist since 1990. In addition to continuing map making, Real is an award-winning ice sculptor, and short film animator. Berard continues to explore rivers for trapper routes and old fur trade sites. I was lucky enough to have tea with him in Winnipeg a few years ago. Among his current projects is a map of the Churchill River (Missinippi to the Cree) in northern Saskatchewan seeing the same landmarks as Sigurd Olson described in his book *The Lonely Land*. "Sig must have gone during a high water year," he told me with a faraway look in his eyes. From later correspondence, I've learned that he spent the summer of '97 tackling the Methye Portage and hopes to check out the Athabasca River in '98. Currently, he has five map projects on the drawing board— "it's like reading five books at the same time."

Berard's 13 illustrated canoe maps are available from the Manitoba government for \$3.95 each or the whole package for \$39.95. To order call



Detail from the Sasaginnigak Map

Bill Mason takes a lick-

Larger than life; four legendary Canadians honoured with a new stamp set.

Canada and its people have become synonymous with a pioneering spirit, determination and innovation. Those who reach higher, go further and blaze new trails become legends. The Honourable Andre Ouellet, Chairman of the Board of Directors for Canada Post, announced that on August 15, 1998, the Corporation will issue four stamps featuring legendary Canadians. The four to be honoured in this series are: Napoléan-Alexandre Comeau, Harry "Red" Foster, Phyllis Munday and Bill Mason. A total of eight million stamps will be issued.

The design of this stamp is by Bradbury designs of Regina, their first for Canada Post, although not all the figures featured in this series are well known, each had extensive interests and lifelong accomplishments. The challenge for Catherine Bradbury and her associate Dean Bartsch was to "develop and illustration style that tied four legendary Canadians together." Bradbury added that the stamp illustrations "express the larger-than-life aspect of their accomplishments and entice the public to question and possibly research into their legendary lives."

The designers chose to illustrate the main achievements that could be told clearly in a stamp size format. The fonts selected for the stamp contain characteristics of the period between 1930-1950. The colours are reflective of a gouache paint style used in poster art of the same era. The blue and orange were specially mixed at the press in order to achieve the desired results.

Napoléan-Alexandre Comeau (1848-1923) had extensive knowledge of the waters and forest of the region above the North Shore of the lower St. Lawrence River and was given the title, "King of the North Shore." He loved everything about nature, was passionate about fishing and had a talent for bringing people together. As well, Comeau had a high regard for the native people in his community. The stamp depicts Comeau with a group on a hunting-fishing expedition.

Harry "Red" Foster (1905-1985) founded the Canadian Special

Olympics and was pivotal in providing employment training opportunities for people with developmental disabilities. Foster was a long time supporter of the Toronto Association for Community Living and other organizations that provide service to people with developmental disabilities. The stamp design depicts Foster holding a trophy while three winners from the Special Olympics team appear in the background. The scene reflects his career participation in sports and broadcasting.



Phyllis Munday (1894-1990) Her stamp was inspired from a photograph of Munday standing on the rock surface of the Franklin Glacier. Phyllis' husband, Don Munday, was added in the background as they were climbing partners for years. In 1973, Phyllis was granted the Order of Canada for her pioneering efforts in mountaineering and for her dedicated community service to Girl Guides of Canada, St. John Ambulance Brigade and the Alpine Club of Canada.

Bill Mason (1929-1988). Bill's stamp was inspired by the cover image of his book, *Path of the Paddle*. The rocky-mountain region was added and is reflective of the terrain along inland and coastal waters where Mason spent much of his time. Bill Mason had a great passion for canoeing and the wilderness. This passion was reflected in his paintings and his films. He was the most successful filmmaker in the history of the National Film Board of Canada with such works as *Cry of the Wild*, *Waterwalker*, *Rise and Fall of the Great Lakes* and 15 other films.

The official First Day Cover will carry a Godbout, Quebec cancellation mark in honour of Napoléan-Alexandre Comeau who was appointed postmaster there in 1877.

Starting August 19th, 1998, the Bill Mason stamp can be viewed and ordered at the Canada Post web site:

www.canadapost.ca/CPC2/phil/stamp/stamp.html

Or telephone Canada Post from 8:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. EDT

(800) 565-4362 (Canada and U.S.A.)

(800) 732-0038 (hearing impaired)

(902) 863-6550 (other countries)

A Thelon summer

By L.H. (Larry) WARWICK

From June 24 to August 8, 1997

Canoeists: Jack Oliphant, 63, and Larry Warwick, 59.

This trip was a long-held dream of twelve years. We had read much on the trip: Eric Morse, the Tyrrell brothers, and Billy Hoare, among others. And we carried with us the diaries of Doug Howe (1976) and Michel Landry (1995).

We were hoping to expect the expected: 1/3 headwinds, 1/3 tailwinds, 1/3 still waters! But this was not to be. We were windbound for eight days (and these were early in the trip), had high headwinds for 14 additional days, therefore instead of canoeing from Campbell Lake to Baker Lake we had to settle for Smart Lake to Beverly Lake.

For many reasons this first-time sub-Arctic canoeing experience was not pleasant. There was little time for relaxation, as we were constantly battling the elements. We didn't have much time to "explore", as is our wont. We didn't see as much wildlife as expected, and the Thelon River wasn't as beautiful, or as magical as others found it to be. We are aware of the lyric, "I never promised you a rose garden," so we can't complain too loudly. At the very least we can say that the north threw down a challenge and we take satisfaction from having measured up to the task. Here are some observations on our first Arctic adventure.

RUBBER BOOTS

The first thing that our outfitter, Tundra Tom Faess, did when we arrived in Yellowknife, was to introduce us to Bob O'Hara. Bob is a Minnesota school teacher who teaches 185 days a year and canoes 125! We asked Bob for suggestions in canoeing the Arctic. "What's your footwear?" he enquired. "Rubber bottom/leather-topped boots and hiking boots." He said that the hiking boots were a good item to bring, but that what was essential for the Arctic was high-topped rubber boots. So he took us shopping and that's what we bought. Well, what a blessing they turned out to be. My feet did not get wet once on that 36-day trip—a first for me.



They were so useful. They permitted us to more easily launch and land a canoe, get drinking water in deeper water, land fish, wash clothes and body, and to brush teeth further from shore. They certainly came in handy when mucking around in the swamps. They were the best article of clothing that we took on this trip. Thanks for the fantastic suggestion, Bob!

FLIES

The blackflies and mosquitoes were not as much of a problem for us as they might have been. Why? Well, the numerous high-wind days kept them at bay. But on those days when they were bad, they lived up to their reputation. When under attack, a person eats quickly, by unzipping the head net and shoveling the food in then zipping it shut. One line I coined concerning flies was, "Out here you eat fast and you shit faster!"

The flies seemed to have a special fascination for powdered milk. As soon as you dropped a spoonful of milk powder into the measuring jar of water, the flies descended en masse and covered the milk.

When going to the "bathroom" (#2), a person does not drop his drawers until the last possible

second. Then it's down, out and up. It wasn't until near the end of the trip that we discovered a trick to minimize this ordeal—drop the drawers, reach around and give yourself a quick spray with the fly spray, do your thing, then up bloomers.

Some people go through the nightly ritual of killing, one by one, all the mosquitoes in their tent. This could easily number a couple hundred bugs. We lit a small piece of Pic, and let them choke on the fumes. The only problem with this method is that while lying there reading a book you had to suffer the indignity of having flies drop off the ceiling one at a time and land in your hair, face, eyes, beard, and undergarments. But before long, they'd be gone. In the morning, however, you'd notice a hundred or more flies back on the ceiling. Where did they come from? It seems that black flies experience their own form of, "The Resurrection and the Life!"

The "No Fly" Zone: As mentioned above, the high winds often kept the flies at bay. You would notice them on the ground, but they were unable to launch themselves into the air. When the flies started to eat away at us, we knew we could leave.

TEMPERATURES

Expeditions

Most of our days were either 4-layer days or 5-layer days. Five layers? Undershirt, shirt, fleece, life jacket, wind jacket, and rain jacket/parka. Most days our heads were 2-layer days—toque-under-Tilley. If the sun was out, you felt its warmth, but as soon as a cloud obscured it, it was cool. On these days I frequently recalled that line from the song, *Oh Susanna*—“The sun so hot I froze to death”.

Peculiar weather systems: One unusual day, we were paddling under two weather systems—on the left, a grey brooding sky, on the right, sunny and clear. For most of the morning we paddled along this demarcation line with the two systems running parallel to each other. Another common occurrence was to see in the distance, rain storms, big sheets of rain, as many as five at a time, and yet you might not get rained on once. You would see this phenomenon because of the Big Sky effect—the limitless horizon that permits you to see in all directions at one time.

THE LANDSCAPE

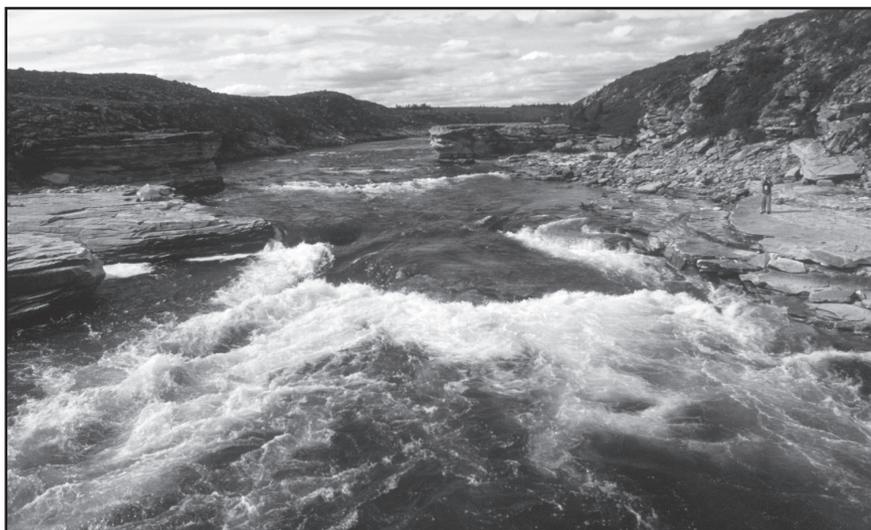
There were times when we felt that this was, “The land God gave to Cain.” It was never easy or even possible to find a good campsite. Bruce Hyer in Ontario use to mark on his maps some campsites as ‘World Class’. Well there were no World Class campsites up here. In fact we were hard pressed to find any good campsite e.g., a flat 8 by 10 camping spot. The ground is either sandy, or pebbly, or muddy, or hummocky, or willow-choked. A lot of the time the ground resembled a construction site, one where a city block has been levelled and the material carted away leaving a ruptured surface recently vacated by bulldozers, with uneven ground, and some “blocks of concrete” still in evidence. Jack kept expecting to see rebar sticking out of that rubble!

Why does the ground up here lack the flat cultivated look of southern lands? I surmise that what we were seeing is what the glaciers left behind 10,000 years ago. Because of the short season and the lack of developed soils, there is nothing that has filled in the holes and depressions, thereby levelling the ground.

Along the shorelines of the rivers and lakes, you actually think you are seeing the marks left by grader blades. The blades in this case are huge blocks/sheets of ice that are pushed along the shoreline each spring. Truly amazing.

SAND

“Sand, sand, everywhere and never a grain to . . .” There are sand dunes, sand beaches, sand flats, sand islands, sand spits and sand storms. Many kilometres of lake and river bottom are sand-laden. Where does this sand come from?



First Falls on the lower Hanbury River just before it hits the Thelon.

Geographers talk in terms of esker degradation. The tremendous winds that blow continually up here blow the grains of sand off the eskers and deposit them elsewhere, leaving behind smaller eskers of stone, rock and boulders. The eskers are amazing structures. They are all over the place. And you are left to wonder from where this material originally came. The land is flat. There are no hills, cliffs, or mountains in evidence so where did the glaciers get this material to deposit as eskers? Incredible.

THE TWO CONSTANTS

The two constants on this trip were wind and sun. The wind blew often and blew long and strong. It might blow for three days straight with undiminished velocity. During the night the tent would flap fairly violently and during the day there would be no mosquitoes. At times the wind would blow you off balance. When the river’s current finally presented an opportunity to make headway, the head-

wind would set up interesting configurations as it confronted the waves of the rapids. This produced pyramid-shaped waves that shook and shimmied the canoe. In order to proceed down the river, we had to travel sideways, aiming the canoe at the shore, and paddling hard so that the current could push us down the river! Once or twice we thought our paddles were going to snap, as we had to put so much pressure on them to keep the canoe from spinning around and heading back up the river!

The other constant, the sun, only disappeared for about four hours a day. It was possible to wake up at any hour and read a book without requiring artificial light. You might awaken at 3:30 am and have the tendency to get up and get on with the day’s business. It was impossible to get any relief from the sun or the wind, because there’s no shelter. No trees, no cliffs. So you depend on good equipment—a wide-brimmed hat, sun screen, long sleeve shirts and pants are essentials..

DESCRIPTIVE NAMES

Here are some of the names and expressions that sprang to

our minds to describe what we were seeing in the NWT:

- The Land God Gave to Cain*
- A Land of Extremes*
- The Thelon: River of Disappointment*
- Lake Thelon*
- Big Sky Country*
- The Land of 360 degrees*
- The Canoe Trip from Hell*
- The Thelon Wind Tunnel*
- Horizonless Lakes*

THE BEST PART OF THE TRIP? THE PEOPLE

The most enjoyable part of the trip had to do with the wonderful people we met. Bob O’Hara was an interesting character (“I canoe 125 days of the year.”) We were the grateful recipients of his ready hospitality. He took us around to various shops in Yellowknife so that we could buy last-minute items. He drove us to the

Expeditions

Prince of Wales Museum to enjoy an hour of learning about the history of the area. Bob says that he is not interested in canoeing in the southern bush (Shield Country) anymore, having fallen completely under the spell of the North.

We were windbound for three days at Tundra Tom's Whitefish Lake base camp. How interesting were the people we were windbound with Russ from Ontario, and his friend Stefen from Alberta. Ehor and Ian, also from Calgary, and the four young filmmakers from the States, among others. We had a wonderful three days here eating, sleeping, reading, and conversing. (The best three days we spent on the trip!)

TUNDRA TOM

He said he knows Thunder Bay, having been involved in a theatre group at Kam (Kam Theatre Lab?) Now there's a person who personifies the type of individual who has become a legend in the North. He doesn't seem to be well-regarded by others in Yellowknife—fellow business-types, government officials, etc. He's a maverick. He kept telling us that he wasn't in the outfitting business to make money, and there's reason to believe him. I thought it quite telling that he did not get a mention in David Pelly's book on the Thelon. He deserved to be.

This is how Tom gave his preflight safety talk: "Behind this seat, you'll find the first-aid kit. In the back of the airplane is the survival pack. Also back there is the ELT, but it isn't armed. Someone will have to do that if we go down. There are three headsets for the four of us. Share them. Now if we do go down, put your head between your legs and kiss your ass goodbye!"

Tom has quite a collection of native artifacts, a number of them confiscated from his clients. "You are not allowed to take artifacts out of the North. I will confiscate them if I find them." Supposedly he went to the museum folks in Yellowknife and offered the artifacts to them. They said they'd like to have them and directed him to bring them in. Tom said, "No. If you want them, come and get them. I want you to see where they were originally found." Respecting Tom's wishes, Jack, after finding a perfectly formed arrow head, took a photograph and placed it back on its spot.

Tom has an impressive library of northern books. He even has a few rare copies, Tyrrell's *Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada* (an incredible book of adventure), *Unflinching: A Diary of a*

Tragic Adventure by Edgar Christian and George Whalley's *The Legend of John Hornby*. We spent many glorious hours browsing through them.

THE BOYS

It was along Dickson Canyon on the Hanbury River that we met our first canoeists—six young men, fellow graduates of the University of Waterloo, all 26 years of age. They were from all parts of Canada, except Anders who hailed from Sweden. I was impressed with the trip they had undertaken, paddling from Fort Reliance on Great Slave Lake to Baker Lake. Their first hurdle was Pike's Portage, a 40 km portage (not to be totally walked, as you portage and paddle many small puddles to the height of land). By the time we got to Dickson Canyon, Jack and I had consumed 3.5 litres of fuel and had made no fires because there was "no firewood". When I asked the boys how many litres they had used, they replied—less than one! Imagine how surprised we were when they told us that they had cooked most of their meals by fire. At meal times all six would fan out and gather willow twigs until they had enough to cook with. They agreed that two people would not have had much success in doing this. They reckoned that they had consumed 30 to 40 kg of fish! These young Canadian adventurers sure boosted our flagging spirits and gave our psyches a much needed boost.

THE BROTHERS

At Last Falls on the Hanbury, late in the evening, I inadvertently left my life jacket on the shore, and by the time I had recognized this fact, we were 2 km down the current and in no condition (too tired) to paddle back up. So I was left with the hope that someone might retrieve it for me. (I am, by nature, an optimist.) Well, nine days later, where the Thelon flows into Beverly Lake, and windbound once again, a canoe hove into view. "Is Larry Warwick here?" My life jacket! For the next day and a half we were fortunate to be windbound with Chris and Jonathan Morris. Chris said that if he hadn't found the person who owned the life jacket by the time they got to Schultz Lake, he would have set the life jacket into the water in hopes it would reach Baker Lake on its own!

Jonathan is a budding chef who works at Hogan's Inn in King City north of Toronto, and his brother Chris is a doctoral student in Philosophy at

Cambridge University. Their proposed trip made ours seem insignificant. Their trip started at Yellowknife, and they were to proceed to Schultz Lake, then travel North to the Arctic Ocean, then paddle to the Coppermine River, and find their way back to Yellowknife, possibly a 90 day trip. But of course they were battling headwinds, too, and felt that they would have to scale back their objective. (In fact, they did reach the Arctic Ocean, but had to settle for Gjoa Haven where they ended their marathon trip). [See *Che-Mun 91*]. We invited them to stay with us whenever they pass through Thunder Bay and I promised Jonathan that I'd drop into Hogan's Inn for a meal, the next time I was in Toronto. Up to this point I was thinking of retiring from canoeing, but these two made me reconsider that rash thought!

ANTON & PAULA ZYBACH

We met these Calgaryans on our fifth day on the Thelon. They are whitewater experts and this was their first flat-water trip (at least the Thelon section was flat water). They decided to take an inflatable canoe! With this, they could and did run Class 3 and 4 rapids, (even running Last Falls on the Hanbury!)

For three days we played "hide and seek" with them, then lost sight of them, not knowing if they were ahead or behind us. But since we knew that they were expecting to meet an airplane at Beverly Lake on August 6, we knew that we'd better be there in order to get a flight out. At 3:00 am on August 2, we were awakened by a voice that announced, "We are here to check to see if you are in possession of a Territorial Fishing License!" Our immediate reaction was, "Thank goodness we do have our licenses," then as the cobwebs disappeared, we realized that the voice did not come from a game warden but from Paula Zybach! Because the headwinds played havoc with their inflatable canoe, they'd been getting up at midnight and paddling in order to get to Beverly Lake for the 6th. (Two days previous to this they'd been 84 km up the river!). We rendezvoused with them at Beverly Lake and spent three wonderful days camping and fishing. We caught grayling, pike and lake trout. One very windy day, the wind ripped our tent from its moorings and tossed our canoe into the lake! We shared meals, tea, cake, bannock and stories.

Why were the people we met on this trip so wonderful, caring, and interesting? It later dawned

Northern Newsl ine

Beatrice Collignon, a researcher from France, who looked at more than 1000 Inuit place names in the Coppermine and Holman areas of Nunavut says Inuktitut place names contain a vital cultural survival kit that helped Inuit families survive for generations.

Collignon says that place names communicate the richness of this life, reflecting humor, good moments and bad moments. Around 40 per cent of the place names she studied relate to what people do on the land, and 60 per cent seem to simply describe the surrounding physical environment.

As an example, Collignon suggests the place name, “hiuqitak” or “the sandy and shallow place.” At first glance, this name may not seem to evoke much, but Collignon learned that many people also called it the “caribou crossing place” instead of the “sandy and shallow place.”

“Why? Because everyone knows that a “hiuqitak” is by its very nature a “caribou crossing place” or “nalluk,” she says.

Much of this information in place names also has an important cultural content. Many places are identified with past events. These names can recall mythical events, such as the three hills near Cambridge Bay called Mount Pelly, Lady Pelly and Baby Pelly.

In Innuinnaqtun, these were the names of three Inuit, Uvayuq, Amaatuq, and Uvayurruhiq, a father, mother and young child, the first human beings in the world ever to die. According to legendary accounts, they perished just as they were reaching the coast in search of food.

Collignon also finds the relationship between Inuit and their territory to be extremely close, even on a linguistic level.

“Look at the term “-miut,” she says. “It’s not Inuit who own the land, but who belong to it. You don’t find this sense of a relationship, of belonging, in any Western culture.”

Production ground to a halt recently, barely a month into shooting on Canada’s first Inuit-made feature-length movie, a number of troubling questions haunted the film’s creators.

Is it possible that the script for *Atanajuat* — based on a traditional oral legend that predates recorded history — is just not good enough by southern Canadian standards?

Or could it simply be that the nation’s heavily subsidized English and French language broadcasters don’t believe aboriginal filmmakers deserve a national audience?

These were the questions that lingered as Isuma Productions Inc. turned the camera off and said goodbye to the 60 or so local actors, prop makers, costume designers and technicians who had been helping to film *Atanajuat* in Igloolik..

Financing needed to complete the film in time for Nunavut’s birthday bash on April 1, 1999 fell through earlier this month when Telefilm Canada informed the company the national Canada Television and Cable Production Fund would not pour any more money into *Atanajuat* this year.

Inappropriate regulations and the privatization of navigation services have placed an unfair financial burden on northern airlines, Canada’s third-largest carrier told MPs in May.

First Air President Robert Davis reported that northern operators face higher costs for weather services, runway snow clearing, fuel refilling and — since the sale of Canada’s air navigation system — “onerous” air navigation user fees.

Davis told the committee that the new charges for air navigation will only drive northerners’ transportation costs upward.

Davis also took aim at federal transport safety regulations, which he said fail to take into account the special conditions facing northern air carriers. Davis cited new regulations that limit the weight of aircraft landing or taking off from runways covered in snow and ice.

A well-know Cape Dorset elder and artist died May 16 in a hunting accident. Quvianaqtuliak Parr, 68, fell through a snow-covered lead in the ice while attempting to join four other men who had been heading towards the floe edge ahead of him. Parr, known widely around Canada for his artwork, was honoured recently for his work on the NWT Legislative Assembly’s mace.

The Manitoban aerospace company behind the world’s first private rocket launch pad has aborted plans to develop SpacePort Canada at Churchill. Akjuit Aerospace of Winnipeg announced that it has simply run out of money waiting for customers.

“Although extensive progress was made by Akjuit in the orbital launch service market, the small satellite industry, the anticipated major customer base for SpacePort Canada, continued to delay launch decisions,” the company stated in a press release. The SpacePort site was formerly a strategic air-command base for the U.S. Air Force, and a sounding rocket test range from the 1950s to the mid-1980s.

Air Inuit managers have deflected consumer concerns about pricing and service by attributing rising cargo rates and passenger fares to cost increases they say are beyond their control. The company blamed rising prices on a combination of stricter federal regulations and new user fees the airline must pay for navigational services.

They also acknowledged that the regional airline’s failed bid to provide transportation services to the Raglan nickel mine has all but dashed any prospects of extending jet service to Puvirnituk. The airline, a wholly-owned subsidiary of Makivik Corporation, may also be the victim of rising expectations.

Travelers in Nunavik used to be happy flying on regular Twin Otters or on the airline’s trademark turbo-prop Hawker Siddeley 748s. Now, they’re demanding to fly aboard modern Dash-8s and Boeing 737s.

For a long time, Puvirnituk has asked for government money to extend its airplane runway to accommodate jets, but the likelihood of this happening diminished

News & Notes

DOG & PELLY SHOW . . . A unique opportunity to experience travel in the high Arctic with Inuit who live there and know the traditional ways of their people who survived in this harsh climate for centuries, by knowing how to remain comfortable and safe in even the most extreme conditions. You will learn how to drive a dog-team, build an iglu, hunt for seal at a breathing hole in the traditional way. The trip will traverse the Boothia Peninsula from Taloyoak, through mountains, down a frozen river valley, across the sea ice, 300 km in all, 12 days during April 1999. No previous experience required. Leader/coordinator: David Pelly, veteran Arctic traveller, writer and historian, who now lives in Ikalukutiak (Cambridge Bay) in the Arctic archipelago. Cost approx. Cdn \$6000 plus airfare, includes all ground costs, Inuit guides, caribou skin clothing, community feast. For more information, contact David Pelly at Box 1097, Cambridge Bay, NT, X0E 0C0 or by e-mail at pelly@polarnet.ca

THAT CANOE NEEDS PAINTING . . . A unique and exciting display of the canoe in Canadian art is being held and the beautiful McMichael Gallery in Kleinburg, just north of Toronto. The show titled, *In the Wilds, Canoeing and Canadian Art*, runs from June 27 to November 1. The show will feature more than 60 works of canoe-related art from the First Nations painters through

Frances Hopkins and the Group of Seven even including notables like Alex Colville and David Milne. There will also be a display of historic canoes and paddles.

Here's a bit of what to expect from the collection's curator Liz Wylie:

"For many people, what readily comes to mind when considering the subject of canoeing and Canadian art is the Group of Seven, and the Group's immediate forerunner and companion, Tom Thomson. In using the canoe to travel into places like Algonquin Park, the Group was not out of keeping with general cultural trends of their time. After the turn of the century, the canoe was no longer associated solely with First Nations people or the fur-trade and exploration, but had been fully adopted by whites, first for hunting and fishing and later, for pure recreation.

"Although it may seem surprising, information on the canoeing abilities of the members of the Group is sketchy. A.Y. Jackson recalls that J.E.H. MacDonald could neither swim nor paddle. Jackson himself was a late starter, but apparently became proficient as a canoeist. At first, however, he was paddled about by Tom Thomson. Lawren Harris mentions having had a canoe shipped north on the Group's boxcar visits to Algoma, (1918-1921), but no reference is made as to who paddled it. In general, the canoeing experience seems less central to the work of such artists as MacDonald, Lismer, Varley and Jackson (and their contemporaries), than to that of Tom Thomson. Most of their best-known works seem very much to have been composed while they were on land.

"Relatively few Thomson paintings have canoes in them; most depict the landscape itself, or could be said to be concerned with "painting-as-painting," the landscape serving as a jumping-off point for his treatment of paint, colour, and space. In those rare paintings of Thomson's in which the canoe does appear, it does so modestly and rather prosaically, merely as another compositional element. Looking at Thomson's paintings and sketches, it is quite easy to imagine

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 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
Outfit 70 - Great Bear to Coppermine, Ungava photos
Outfit 71 - Coppermine planning, Land of Feast & Famine
Outfit 72 - Eric Morse River List, Ungava Journey, J.B. Tyrrell
Outfit 73 - Petawawa River, David Thompson map, NWT regs
Outfit 74 - Pukaskwa River, Helen Falls cairn, Quetico trip
Outfit 75 - Tyrrell pictures, Hearne's route, Heritage Rivers
Outfit 76 - HBC money, MacDougall Pass, Sig Olson, Tyrrell
Outfit 77 - River stamps, Exploration of N. Canada, Book reviews
Outfit 78 - Across the Arctic Mts, LaVase Portage, Food drying
Outfit 79 - Book reviews, Thompson journal, Great Whale stopped
Outfit 80 - Warburton Pike, Wabakimi Park, Merrick's True North
Outfit 81 - Arctic Land Exped, David Hanbury, Diamond development
Outfit 83 - Jacobson's Caribou River, *Canoescapes* rev, Franklin's journal
Outfit 84 - 1955 Moffatt Exped., Winisk R., John Rae's effigy & Cloak-boat
Outfit 85 - Rocky Defiled, Grey Owl movie, Bill Mason bio, Canoe Museum
Outfit 86 - PBS's Backcountry, E. Merrick's Labrador photos, Summerwrap
Outfit 87 - Across the Barrens to Arctic Sound. Dr. John Rae, Cree wisdom
Outfit 88 - Great Whale River, Elliott Merrick's last words, Paddling the Web
Outfit 89 - George River preview, Merrick Memorial, Stew Coffin- George 1967
Outfit 90 - Rat River 1926, George River Online, Chestnut Canoe book rev.
Outfit 91 - Cross Country Voyageur, Arctic Unravelling, Schwatka book rev.
Outfit 92 - Danes on the Barrens, *Ladies & the Rat* review, Grey Owl movie

More News & Notes

that the majority of the artist's small sketches were partially or fully executed while he was in a canoe."

In conjunction with the show there are a number of special programs. These include resident cedar-canvas and birchbark canoe makers in residence, Paddle Talks with Becky Mason on her father Bill, and Kevin Callan on the painting places of the Group of Seven. The closing night will feature Jamie Benedickson author of *Idleness, Water on a Canoe* and a slide talk by Joanie and Gary McGuffin. For more info call 905.893.1121 or see www.mcmichael.on.ca

REVERENCE LOST. . . is an exhibition of painting, photography and sculpture featuring the works of 20 Ontario artists. The creative collaboration will celebrate Ontario's untouched wilderness in order to raise awareness around the provincial government's Lands for Life initiative which seeks to effectively sell off a large area of Crown land in northern Ontario. We are currently compiling an anthology of writings to accompany the exhibition and we would like your help. Since trees, animals and lakes are unable to put pen to

paper we are asking you to do so on their behalf. Please submit

Your original thoughts on Ontario's wilderness and/or the Land's for Life process. Anything goes: short stories, poems, legends, opinion pieces, factual essays, etc. Tell us about a recent canoe trip or your favourite thinking spot at your cottage. Submit a journal entry from a camping trip. Write a profile on someone possibly affected by the outcome of the Lands for Life process, or inform us of innovative environmental initiatives near you. The sky is the limit. All viewpoints welcome.

The collective of artists featured at *Reverence Lost* is working in co-operation with the Partnership for Public Lands. *Reverence Lost* will run from August 27th to September 13th at the Wagner Rosenbaum Gallery in Toronto.

All submissions must be received by August 7, 1998

Please mail hard copy and disk to: Jackie Garrow, R.R # 1 Duntroon, Ontario LOM 1H0. For more information please call Jackie Garrow at (705) 444-7608

Unfortunately, we can not guarantee your work will be included in the

Summer Packet *continued*

Venerable Arctic canoe guide and subscriber **Alex Hall** wrote to comment on last issue's featured article.

"I just could not let Carl Traeholt's article '*Danes across the Barrenlands*', *Che-Mun* Outfit 92, go by without a few comments. There are many errors in Carl's article but I want to single out where they passed me 'with 13 other canoeists'. I can assure him there were no more than ten of us in total. This is the maximum size of any of my parties.

"Actually, I was quite amazed these Danes finally made it to the Arctic Ocean. They were still on the Thelon River as late as July 23 and they were travelling slowly. My clients and I passed them twice and we travel no more than six hours per day. Both times we passed them just before noon and they were just breaking camp. It must have been well into September before they reached Cambridge Bay.

"I also did not appreciate (nor will anyone else) at least one, large, ugly fire scar this party left above the high water mark at one of the most beautiful spots along their entire route. My clients were disgusted at the sight of it. Such scars with large amounts of charcoal, blackened roots and partially burnt logs are eyesores that last for many decades north of the treeline. They are the sign of boorish and unskilled campers who do not deserve the privilege of travelling throughout remote, pristine northern landscapes. Over the years, I have noticed that many European canoeists (particularly Danes) are careless with fire. They have degraded many beautiful campsites in the Northwest Territories.

"By the way, the new crosses lying on the three

graves at Hornby Point shown in Carl's photograph were placed there by me early last summer. They are exact replicas of the originals which are in very poor condition but are still standing at the head of the graves. Only one (Edgar Christian's) is still intact. Within the next five years or so, there will probably come a time when it will be appropriate to stand the new crosses at the head of each grave and retire the remnants of the old ones on top of the graves."

Carl Traeholt replies from his home in Malaysia:

"Dear Alex,

"Got your comments on my story. Thanks for your feedback although it seems a bit harsh. Anyway, I think I need to clarify a few things in that respect:

1) Regarding mistakes...well, if you refer to the language, then I have to apologize. I was in a hurry, and I hardly managed to run through and edit it properly...besides, I am not a native English speaker like yourself.

2) Re: 13 canoeists: Sorry for mentioning that. It is my mistake and I didn't know that you had a policy of maximum ten people—but a great policy which I apply myself here in the Malaysian jungle. The reason why I mentioned 13, was that Big River Air had informed us that they had to pick up 13 people and therefore we could "hitch" a ride with the planes coming out and use them for our food drop. But again, no mean intent meant.

3) I am 100% sure that we were NOT at Thelon on the 23rd of July. I checked my log again, and we left on the 22nd about 4 pm across to the Morse River. You must have mistaken us for somebody else. As for travelling slow, yes, we did. The last

Klondike Expedition *continued.*

of the Ontario Marathon canoeing Association and has participated in the historical reenactment of Lt. Governor Simcoe's Expedition from York to Penetanguishene.

Lanni Kirsten Uunila—a fourth year student at Lakehead University in the School of Outdoor Recreation, Parks and Tourism. Laani is taking time off from her research on the needs of sea kayakers in National Parks to participate in the Expedition. She is an experienced whitewater paddler and long distance cyclist.

Carrie McGown—also a fourth year student at Lakehead University in the School of Outdoor Recreation, Parks and Tourism. Carrie will use information from the expedition in a research paper on Tourism in Northern Canada and will extend her long list of wilderness expedition accomplishments by participation.

Jaroslav Roubal—is a mechanic with Canadian Tire in Sault Ste. Marie. Jaroslav brings a variety of skills to the Expedition but is able to participate for only part of the project. He is designated trouble shooter and "fixer" for the project and will do the necessary "vehicle shuttle" from Hay River to Fort Providence before returning to the Sault by bus.

Max Iland—Max has perhaps the longest history of activity in wilderness canoeing among the team. He has had a varied career as a tailor, logger, canoeist and teacher. Max lives in Echo Bay, ON with his wife and two children. Retired, Max now dedicates his time to forest management and wilderness travel, which he describes as an intrinsic part of his genetic makeup.



Photo: Michael Peake

ICON AT WORK -- The image of Bill Mason paddling a canoe is an indelible Canadian icon.

Shown here on his beloved Meech Lake in the fall of 1986, Bill lived to paddle and tell people

about the land he paddled in. His legend and influence have only grown since his death.

Upcoming events

- The first Canadian Canoe Symposium run by the CRCA near Ottawa Aug 14-16. Call 613.269.2910 for details.
- *In the Wilds: Canoeing and Canadian Art* at the McMichael Gallery near Toronto until Nov. 1. Call 905.893.1121 for details or see: www.mcmichael.on.ca

CHE-MUN

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