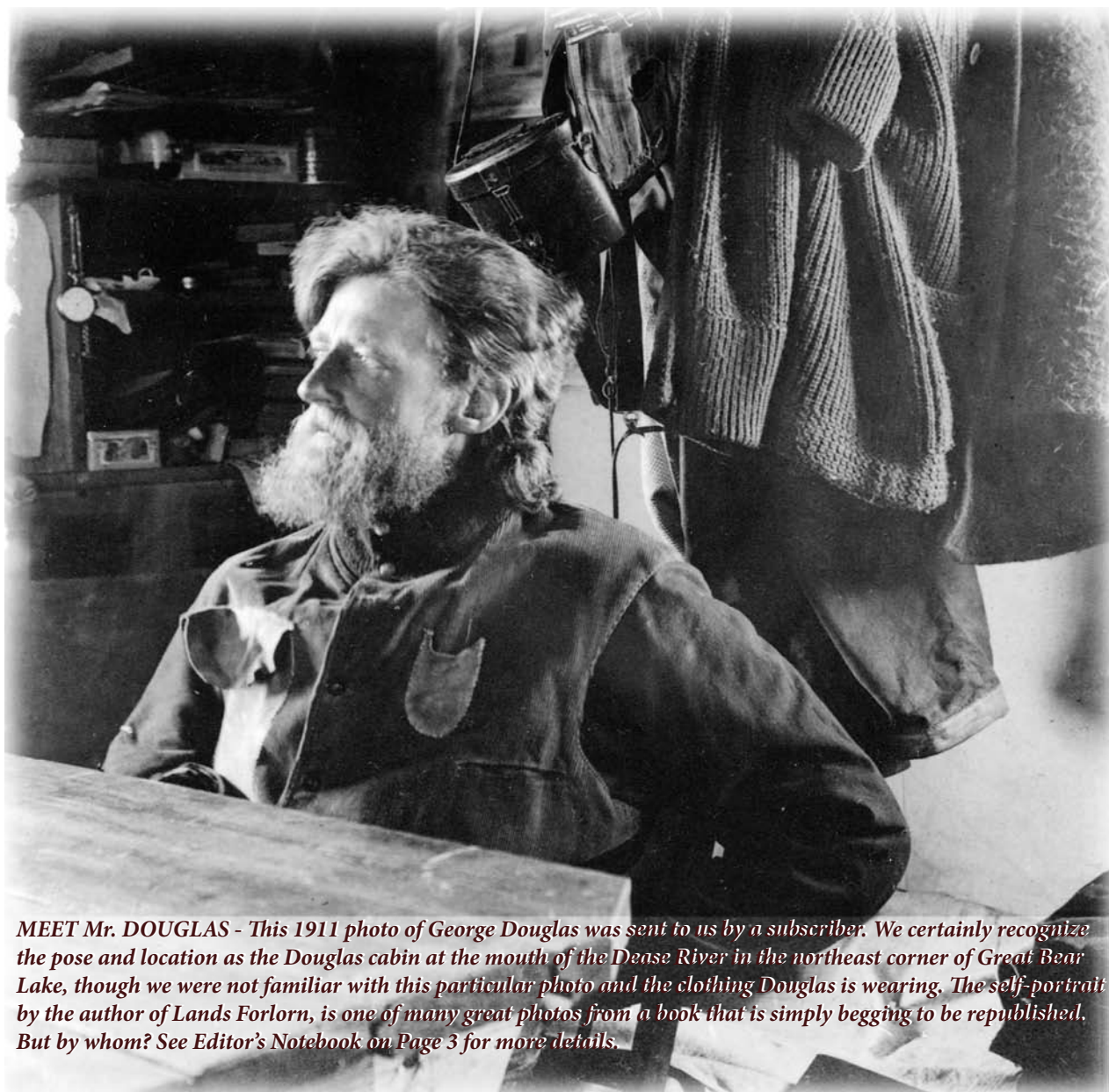




Autumn 2005

The Journal of Canadian Wilderness Canoeing

Outfit 122



*MEET Mr. DOUGLAS - This 1911 photo of George Douglas was sent to us by a subscriber. We certainly recognize the pose and location as the Douglas cabin at the mouth of the Dease River in the northeast corner of Great Bear Lake, though we were not familiar with this particular photo and the clothing Douglas is wearing. The self-portrait by the author of *Lands Forlorn*, is one of many great photos from a book that is simply begging to be republished. But by whom? See Editor's Notebook on Page 3 for more details.*



Fall Packet

Phillip Schubert got in touch with Che-Mun by e-mail after in connection with his trip down the Naskaupi River which begins on Page 6. He also added some interesting info on a related topic which we are happy to pass along.

I saw your mention of the centennial in North West River. As I think you know, I attended it before my trip this year and did a PowerPoint presentation on George Elson at the three day symposium. Elson in fact got a lot of recognition, both by the organizers and the symposium. His character figured prominently in the recreation of the departures in front of the Hudson's Bay Post. They found a local who had an uncanny resemblance to Elson.

The figure who was initially ignored completely by the organizers was Dillon Wallace. Wallace still has two living children who were also ignored completely until the last minute. During the course of the winter and spring, I was able to persuade the organizers to include Wallace in the recreation, pointing out that the descendants of Mina Hubbard, who were going to be there in number, would feel embarrassed if Wallace's descendants had to watch a recreation with only half the story being told. The organizers made amends and included locals playing Wallace and his crew.

The organizers provided financial assistance in order for descendants of Mina to travel from Ireland and England. They finally approached the Wallace descendants at the last second, but by that time, it was too late for any arrangements to be made (the sister lives in Washington State, far from Labrador).

Happily, Anne Hart, Roberta Buchanan and Bryan Greene, presented a balanced portrait of both Mina Hubbard and Dillon Wallace in their presentations at the symposium. This turned out to be the case also in their book, "The Woman Who Mapped Labrador", which in my opinion is the most balanced treatment of the saga in book form yet and a superb piece of work.

It only remains for someone to write a similar book on Wallace. By the way, I came across the following website which provides an exhaustive list of the nearly thirty books published by Wallace, after he switched from

being a lawyer to being an author: <http://www.rattlingbooks.com/templates/authorsdetail.aspx?AuthorId=Dillon%20Wallace>.

I've had the pleasure to have corresponded extensively with Dillon Wallace's daughter, Ann Wallace McKendry, now in her mid-eighties. At my suggestion, she prepared a short article on the latter years of her father, which I put on the internet for her, together with some never before seen photos which she provided. You can see her article at: <http://magma.ca/~philip18/Dillon-Wallace-Our-Dad.html>

We are indebted to Deb Williams of the Outdoor Centre in Vermont for alerting us to this info on the Rupert River diversion.

The review bodies, mandated to assess the potential environmental impacts of the Eastmain-1-A and Rupert Diversion Project, have determined that additional information is required to enable them to proceed to the next phase of public hearings.

Hydro-Québec and its subsidiary, the Société d'énergie de la Baie James, the proponents of the project, received requests for additional information from the Federal Review Panel and from the Provincial Administrator, following the recommendation of the Review Committee (COMEX).

The review bodies concluded that the Impact Statement prepared by the proponents require more information. The justification for the project, its impact on the aquatic environment and the social and economic considerations are some of the aspects that will require additional support. Once they have reviewed this additional information, the review bodies will decide if the impact statement is sufficiently consistent with the guidelines to allow them to hold hearings. If it is, the review bodies will share the dates and locations of the hearings.

The public had 90 days to submit its observations about the conformity of the Impact Statement of the project. This public comment period ended on April 30. With respect to the conformity of the impact statement stage, the review bodies held a public technical information meeting with the proponents on April 20 and 21 in Montréal. At that meeting, the re-

view bodies were provided with clarifications on the Impact Statement. At the proponents' request, two other technical information meetings were held in Montréal on June 8 and July 12. The transcripts of the discussions between the participants are included in the project registry.

The Eastmain-1-A and Rupert diversion project is located in the James Bay region, north of the 45th parallel and includes the following components:

- The Rupert diversion, which consists in redirecting some of the waters (up to 800m3/s) from the Rupert River watershed into the Eastmain River watershed.
- The construction of an additional powerhouse, the Eastmain-1-A, with an installed capacity of up to 770 MW on the Eastmain 1 reservoir.

The addition of structures at the Sarcelle site, at the outlet of Opinaca reservoir.

The project calls for the construction of 4 dams, 51 dikes, 2 diversion bays flooding an area of 395 km², 12,000 m of diversion channels or tunnel, and 2 permanent access roads.

I think many of us have forgotten about the work on the Rupert. A visit to Hydro-Quebec's excellent web pages clearly shows what they are doing in pictures, video and Flash animation. You can even watch the reservoir fill up!

There is a good, if highly one-sided, PDF booklet available online (www.hydroquebec.com/eastmain1a/en/index.html) which details the project that apparently has no negative effects – only positive ones. Right. They are diverting 71% of the upper river flow which will result in a final flow rate at James Bay of about 48% of normal levels, using their numbers.

Of course, this is all with the support of the James Bay Cree, in what one keen observer called a "tragic capitulation". H-Q is to be applauded for the way they are disseminating the info. As much as we oppose these grand plan dam schemes, they are at least making their side of the story very accessible. Check out www.reverencerupert.org for the other side of the story.

The bottom line is the Rupert is one of Quebec's most beautiful and historic rivers with a rich history in three cultures. It deserves some respect for that alone.



Editor's Notebook

We have voiced the opinion, more than once, about the need for *Lands Forlorn* to be republished. And it seems as though some things are in the works.

Last fall I received the following interesting e-mail right out of the blue:

"I found your interesting web site. Great work. Please be sure and note that I am the legal owner of the copyright to *Lands Forlorn* by George M. Douglas, it's rights assigned to me by Mrs. Douglas. Re-issuing it has been a 20 year-long project. I now have prints from the original negatives, and have numerous never published maps drawn by Douglas as well as abundant other materials. I have been scanning and reproducing the text. It is a true classic."

The writer, Robert Hildebrand, is a former GSC geologist who now lives in Salt Lake City. He currently is a scenic landscape photographer - and a good one. He appears to be well on his way to bringing *Lands Forlorn* back to life. Another publisher in the States was anxious to do it but has now backed off and is doubtful of Hildebrand's claims of copyright.

No one in the existing Douglas family seems to recall Mr. Hildebrand getting copyright but it seems like his motives are pure.

From where I sit, the project can only be done by properly working at the National Archives in Ottawa, where all of Douglas' materials lie. Hildebrand has been getting photos sent to him over a number of years and has promised us something to see pretty soon. I still think you need to see the original negatives and journals to capture the essence of it. There are also maps and manuscripts scattered around - including the hallowed halls of the HACC. Hildebrand has some of Douglas' original hand drawn and unpublished maps.

What George Douglas needs is the Mina Hubbard treatment - as done by the fine team who did the book we review on Page 9. That would be a fitting result.

Michael Peake.



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Canoesworthy

Summer Arctic sea ice coverage fell far below average in 2005, for the fourth year in a row. Winter ice sharply declined and spring melt started earlier, says a study released by the U.S. National Snow and Ice Data Center, NASA and the University of Washington.

Arctic sea ice typically reaches its minimum in September at the end of the summer melt season. On September 21, 2005, the five-day running-mean sea ice extent dropped to 5.32 million square kilometres, the lowest coverage observed since satellites began to track the ice in 1978.

The current decline also exceeds past low ice periods in the 1930s and 1940s. The estimated decline in end-of-summer Arctic sea ice is now approximately eight per cent per decade.

The winter recovery of sea ice extent in the 2004-2005 season was also the smallest recorded in the satellite record. Cooler winter temperatures generally allow the sea ice to "rebound" after summer melting. But, with the exception of May 2005, every month since December 2004 has set a record low ice extent for that month.

Since 2002, satellite records also reveal that springtime melting is beginning unusually early in the areas north of Alaska and Siberia. The 2005 melt season arrived even earlier by approximately 17 days throughout the Arctic.

This summer, the Northwest Passage was open except for about 100 kilometres. The Northeast Passage, north of the Siberian coast, was completely ice-free from August 15 through September 28.

A report by Statistics Canada shows life expectancy in some parts of the north is not keeping step with the rest of the country. It says people in Nunavut continue to have the shortest lives, with an average of 68.5 years. The Canadian average, which increased slightly between 2002 and 2003, is 10 years longer with an average of 80.

Statistician Patricia Tully, who worked on the report, said the numbers for Nunavut need to be handled with care because of its small population.

"We do see that for small jurisdictions, like Nunavut, the patterns of mortality are not stable so you would get much greater variations in the life expectancy from one year to another," said Tully.

The report shows the Northwest Territories has the second lowest life expectancy in the country at just under 75 years. The Yukon is nearest to the national norm with an average of 79 years.

The igloo-shaped St. Jude's Cathedral in Iqaluit, Nunavut, which was extensively damaged by arson Nov. 5, is now "unusable" as a place of worship, said Arctic bishop Andrew Atagotaaluk.

Bishop Atagotaaluk said that if the church had, indeed, been deliberately set on fire, whoever did it was "really hurting bad." The fire marshal's office confirmed that arson was the cause. The cost of the damage has not yet been officially determined.

Bishop Atagotaaluk said that the church, completed in 1972, had been broken into a few times last year and last summer there had been a suicide there.

An Arctic landmark and tourist destination, St. Jude's is a white half-dome, similar to an Inuit snow house, with a spire atop the dome.

Bishop Atagotaaluk expressed the hope that news about the cathedral's fate would "regenerate interest" in the diocese's campaign to raise \$7 million for renovation and expansion. The campaign, which began in 2004, raised \$500,000 as of June. Bishop Atagotaaluk said that the church lost a lot of "treasures" because of the fire. His personal favourite had been embroidered tapestries made by communities across the Arctic, which stretched across the sanctuary. They had depicted various aspects of church and community life.

Also destroyed were locally-handcrafted furnishings, including an altar rail made of oak sleds, and a pulpit made of a small sled with a fish spear; a holy table and a bishop's chair, which had survived a previous fire in the Anglican cathedral in Aklavik were also damaged.

St. Jude's other cherished possessions included a baptismal font with a base made of soapstone from Puvirnituq in the shape of an Inuit oil lamp, a soapstone top in the shape of a cooking pot from the people of Inukjuak and three supporting narwhal tusks from the Baffin Island people.



Down a Dead Man's River

By CHARLIE MAHLER

Fifty year's after Arthur Moffatt's death on the Dubawnt River – a canoeing tragedy that still echoes in the minds of today's barrenland paddlers – Che-Mun tracked down the first men to paddle the length of the Dubawnt after Moffatt's group. In contrast to Moffatt, theirs is a story of preparation, competence, self-assurance, and success in the pioneering days of tundra-river paddling.

If a 75-day, 1,150 mile wilderness canoe trip can be summarized with a single fact, consider this one: Paddling a river descended only twice in the previous 70 years, and one that took the life of the leader of its most recent passage, four young men, completing the most remote section of their trip, arrived at the Inuit community of Baker Lake on the exactly the day they planned – August 6, 1966.

Bob Thum, his younger brother Carl, Tom Bose, and David Wilson did not die on the Dubawnt River. Their trip was smooth to the point of being punctual. The four college students, “*Voyageurs Canadiens*” as they dubbed themselves, paddled from Uranium City on Lake Athabasca to Chesterfield Inlet on Hudson Bay efficiently, safely, and without re-supply. They traveled with a confidence and competence that belied their youth -- Bob Thum and Wilson were the group elders at all of 21 – but that reflected their meticulous planning which included two long preparatory expeditions.

After the death of Art Moffatt on the river in 1955, the *Voyageurs Canadiens*, along with paddlers like Stewart Coffin, John Lentz, and Eric Morse, pioneered recreational canoeing in the far north and showed how tundra river paddling, though fraught with inherent perils, could be done safely and happily. Moffatt's tragedy, now 50 years in the past, resonated then as now in the minds of paddlers venturing deep into the tundra wilds. Moffatt died of exposure after two of his party's three canoes dumped in a rapids that now bares his name. Five men ended up swimming in the frigid water. On the tundra, leaderless in already-snowy mid-September, the surviving party was fortunate to return to civilization alive.

For a current paddling generation now used to the modern accoutrements of deep wilderness travel, it's useful to imagine the tundra tripping era before satellite phones and Personal Locator Beacons.

“A trip like that was an order of magnitude more difficult than either of our previous two,” Bob Thum offers. “The run from Stony Rapids to Baker Lake – there's nobody there to help you. Even if you're paying meticulous attention to what you're doing, it's really rather sobering to think what could happen in the middle of that.”

“We thought we might be able to have the airline that flew over that route protect a frequency for us, so if anything happened we might be able to radio up, but they said, ‘No way.’”



Moffatt's grave in Baker Lake.

Into that vast, treeless beyond, in wood-canvas canoes and with enough food, fishing lures, and ammunition, they thought, to feed themselves for the seven-week stretch on the Dubawnt between settlements, the *Voyageurs Canadiens* paddled Joseph Burr Tyrrell's river in the wake of Moffatt.

Because of Moffatt's ordeal, not in spite of it, the *Voyageurs Canadiens* chose the Dubawnt for their crowning trip. “Moffatt is precisely why we took the trip,” Bob Thum, these days a lawyer in Los Angeles, says. “I thought experienced trippers could cover Tyrrell's route safely and skillfully, which we did.”

“Those guys had no business being up

there,” Thum adds matter-of-factly of Moffatt's group. “They were a bunch of guys who didn't know what they were doing and led by a guy with poor leadership skills. They fooled around and did a lot of crap and it finally came back to bite them. This was simply a group of novices led by someone more interested in film than travel, which squandered its time and resources and then made some tragic mistakes.”

Thum came to his hard view 40-some years ago, before he'd paddled a single stroke above tree line, but as he, his brother, and Bose were getting a thorough canoe-tripping education in the Quetico-Superior region of northern Minnesota and Ontario. In 1962, an influential counselor at Ely, Minnesota's Camp Voyageur, which the three attended, told Bob Thum about the two-part *Sports Illustrated* article on the Moffatt trip.

“Dave Millet had remembered it,” Bob Thum recalls. “I don't remember why – he was sort of a dreamer – and then I got my hands on it that fall. He said that if you guys work hard enough, maybe you could take that trip. Of course, I hadn't heard about the barren grounds –nobody had because nobody was going there – but that caught my interest. I thought, maybe when I'm good enough and I've developed good enough skills, maybe we could take a trip up there.”

The contrasts between the Moffatt trip, as gleaned from the 1959 *Sports Illustrated* story and from the 1996 book *A Death on the Barrens* by Moffatt party member George Grinnell, and that of the *Voyageurs Canadiens* could hardly be more stark. While the Moffatt story unfolds as a tragedy just waiting to happen – indifferent leadership, an inexperienced party, short rations, bad chemistry, a plodding pace, and an apparent apathy toward the season closing on them, – the *Voyageurs Canadiens* trip plays out like the final stage of the methodical, multi-year build-up that it was.

“That was kind of our approach to the trip – to get a lot of miles under the belt, get a lot of experience – and prepare ourselves accordingly,” Bob Thum explains. “We wanted to avoid the situation that Moffatt got himself in where he had some experience, but not much. And he went with a bunch of guys that had very little experience. I think he'd gone down the Albany maybe two or three times. That's a nice river, but not a terribly difficult trip.”

Not counting the miles paddled and portaged during their typical camper-summers at



The view looking west into Carey Lake on the Dubawnt River.

— Michael Peake photos

Camp Voyageur, the Thum brothers – the stern paddlers on the Dubawnt – paddled 3,000 long-trip miles in preparation for the tundra crossing. Along with Bose and another paddler they tripped the 1,200 miles from Ely to Fort Albany in 1964; with Wilson, a Princeton classmate of Bob Thum's, and a fourth (but without Bose) they covered the traditional fur trade route from Lake Athabasca to Rainy Lake, including the wicked stretch through Lake Winnipeg, in 1965, an 1800 mile trip.

Thum remembers the middle of the group's Albany River trip – connecting the beaten trails of the Quetico-Superior (now the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness and Ontario's Quetico Provincial Park) to the Albany headwaters – as “backbreaking, the hardest kind of tripping you'll ever do.” The group was forced to cut their own portages through the seldom-traveled country.

The preparatory trips, though long enough to be “lifetime trips” for many a paddler, toughened the group, honed the team's tripping skills, tested

personal compatibilities, and reinforced the notion that the county is big and trippers are small.

Mistakes on the trail, served as lessons learned for the future. “One of the canoes went over on a rapids on the Churchill,” Bob Thum remembered. “We hadn't scouted – a classic mistake – and there was a ledge that went about three-quarters of the way across the river. One boat went over. I thought that's a pretty good lesson as far as not feeling that you're better than the woods.”

“We didn't take a lot of chances,” he continued. “When we got on the Dubawnt trip, we took even fewer chances. You know the old saying about the Indian on the portage: No Indian ever died on a portage. There's lots of opportunities to screw up there, and when you screw up like Moffatt did, when the water's that cold, that can be the end of you.”

It's easy today to forget the collective experience, knowledge, and lore accumulated in the years since the nascent days of barren

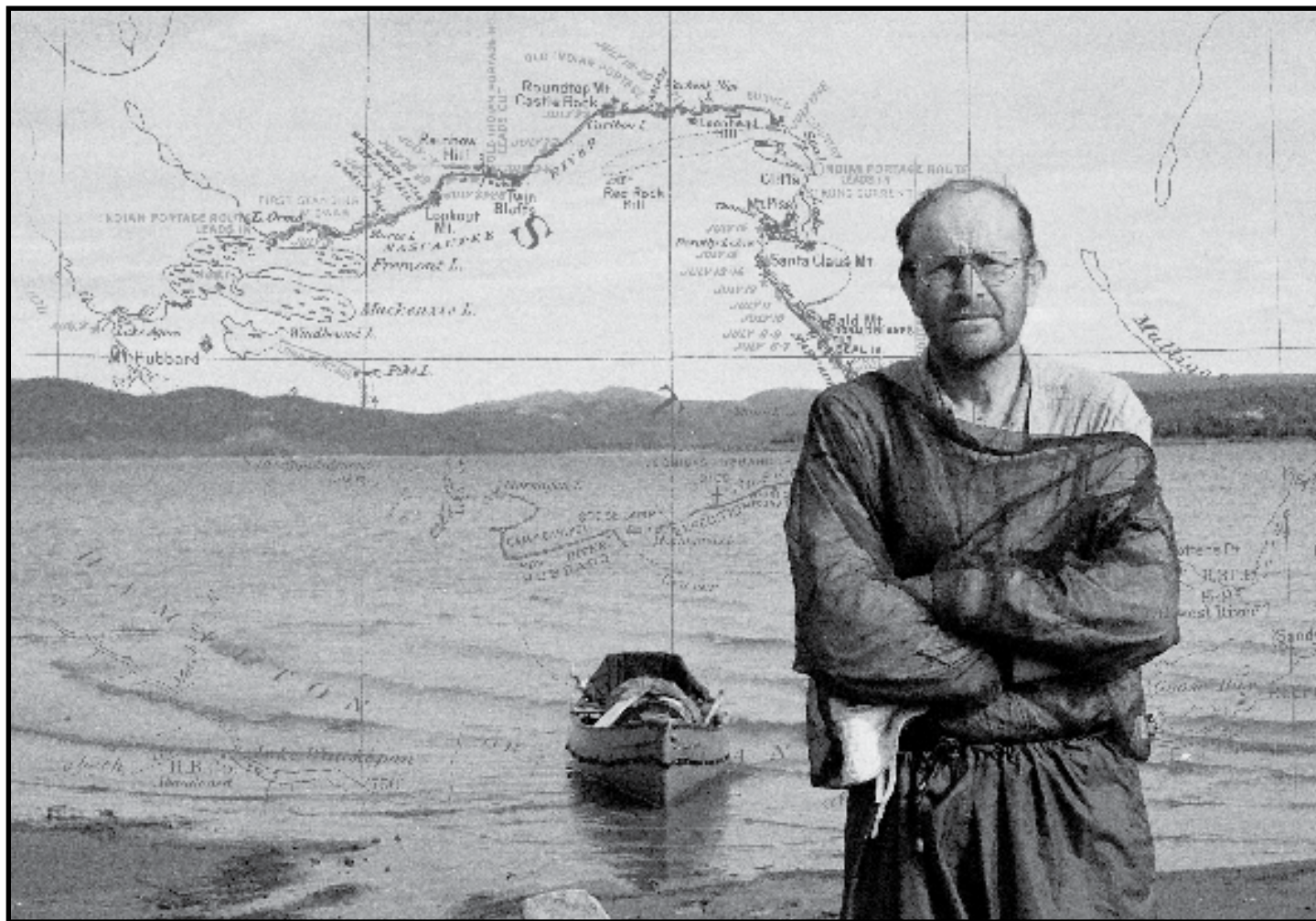
land travel. Advice now found in widely available books, in tripper's journals, and via on-line sources, was impossible to come by in Moffatt's and the *Voyageurs Canadiens* era.

“There was nobody you could rely on,” Bob Thum acknowledges. “I had two things I could look to on the Dubawnt: One was Moffatt, and you couldn't really get anything out of that at all, and the other was Tyrrell. I got a copy of his 1893 report and you could actually get a great deal of assistance out of his writing. And that was it.”

Canadian geologist J. B. Tyrrell led a party of eight including his brother James, three Iroquois, and three Métis on a route that arced from Lake Athabasca to Chesterfield Inlet down to Churchill and back to civilization via the Hayes River and Lake Winnipeg. Traveling by canoe until being rescued late in the season north of Churchill, the party then needed to dogsled and snowshoe south. Tyrrell's trip, under the auspices of the Geological Survey of Canada, clarified the routes of the central

◀ Continues on Page 10

Naskaupi River Journal 2005



Philip Schubert poses for himself during his solo journey down the famed Naskaupi River in Labrador in 2005. The route is best known for those who ascended the waterway, notably Mina Hubbard in 1905. Her map of the river is superimposed over the photo. On the right is Maid Marion Falls. Photos by the author.

By PHILIP SCHUBERT

The Naskaupi River in Labrador may not be the same river experienced by Mina Hubbard and Dillon Wallace in 1905 or by Stewart Coffin in the modern era, but it still has spectacular scenery and, if anything, it presents even larger physical challenges.

I've been exploring different parts of the "front-end" of the Hubbard-Wallace saga since 1999, starting that summer by canoeing Grand Lake, the lower section of the Naskaupi River and the start of the Susan River. In 2003, I lined

up the Red Wine River and then hiked over-land to the remote location where Leonidas Hubbard died of exhaustion and starvation in October 1903. His tragic death launched the saga that has continued to the present day.

This past summer, the village of North West River, the starting point for the trips in 1903 and 1905, hosted a summer-long centennial on the saga. I was invited to a three-day symposium of writers, historians and "explorers from away" in good Newfoundland and Labradorese, held as part of the centennial. I did a presentation based on my 2003 trip and gave attendees

a feeling for the country that George Elson had struggled through in 1903 as he saved his own life and that of Dillon Wallace, thus ensuring that the saga would continue.

Books on the saga had captured my interest and the canoe trip I did in 1999 with friend Gerry Kenney, a published author of books on the north, was my first taste of the north. I had always been physically active, competing in track meets in the 400 metres until my early 50s. Any time I found myself in the vicinity of a mountain I climbed it, but these were always one-day hikes. I had taken my kids on

canoe trips in Algonquin Park but had not experienced something approaching trackless wilderness until doing the Long Range Traverse solo in Gros Morne National Park in the mid nineties.

Gerry and I decided that we would return the following summer and travel to the location of Hubbard's tragic death at the beginning of the Susan River.

I was in my mid-50s at that point and Gerry is some years older than me. To the shock and surprise of both my doctor and myself, I experienced angina when barely back from the 1999 trip and had to undergo an Angioplasty. I gave up my track career at that point, but my cardiologist said that I should keep running and he did not seem to be against wilderness canoe trips. Then, barely two weeks before Gerry and I were supposed to leave for Labrador in 2000, I had a major crisis with my back. Gerry managed to find another partner at the last minute, though he slipped and hurt himself while they were lining up the Red Wine River and they had to turn back.

I was fully recovered in 2001 but Gerry decided that he was no longer able to undertake a major trip like the one planned. I was outside of the canoeing fraternity and did not know anyone else who could do the trip. I also felt that my age and lack of real experience in wilderness canoeing would make it difficult to find someone. Just at that point I read that the Iridium Satellite Phone system had come out of bankruptcy and found that sat phones could easily be rented. That decided it; I would travel solo.

Friends tried to talk me out of it, but I liked the idea of a solo challenge in the same way that track had appealed to me. In a 400 metre race, you are running against competitors, but in reality you are running against the physical limitations of your own body and only coincidentally against other runners.

It took me three tries over three years before I worked out all the answers to be able to successfully complete the trip to the location of Hubbard's death. In 2004 I audaciously attempted to redo the entire 600 mile 1905 Dillon Wallace-Mina Hubbard trek solo from North West River to Ungava Bay. I had to abandon after 25 days where I learned some more important lessons, this time in having enough fat in my diet.

In 2005, I limited my objective to traveling down the Naskaupi River from the Smallwood Reservoir to as far as I could





get, hopefully to Lake Nipishish where I had abandoned my trip in 2004. I made my attempt at the close of the symposium in North West River, starting on July 1st.

I had butterflies in my stomach as I was driven from North West River to the town of Churchill Falls, just like I remembered before a big track meet. I had been given written notes on the portages by Wayne Halley, who in 2004, together with partner Carl McLean, had been the first canoeists in 100 hundred years to have redone the trip from North West River, up the Naskaupi and down the George River to Ungava Bay. Wayne considered the initial stage of my proposed route so difficult that he felt it might be beyond the possibilities of someone travelling solo and advised me to fly in further downstream.

Due to the absence of suitable lakes for floatplanes, the only way to fly in would have been by helicopter. Transport Canada's new rules preventing helicopters from carrying a canoe and passengers on the same trip would have pushed the price out of site.

The spectacular waterfalls, which I could not imagine missing, were in this initial stretch. Thus, there I was at Orma Lake, having said goodbye to Alan Gosling, a firefighter in Churchill Falls, who had driven me, my canoe and gear the 150 kilometres up the Orma Dike road from Churchill Falls in his 4-wheel drive truck. The fact of being alone and hundreds of kilometres from the nearest humans on these trips never seems to bother me as (a) I have all my tools for survival with me including my ticket out if needs be in the form of my GPS and Satellite Phone and (b) I am so busy canoeing, portaging, taking in the scenery, putting up and taking down my tent, eating and sleeping that I don't have time to be lonely.

The Orma Dike to the west of Orma Lake, built in order to create the Smallwood Reservoir for the Churchill Falls Hydroelectric Station, has severed the Naskaupi River from its headwaters coming from what used to be Lake Michikamau. As a result there is no easy way to get from Orma Lake to Marie Lake, the Naskaupi flowing out of the eastern end of this latter lake. Wayne in his two trips had tried the two passages found on the north side of Orma, considering both to be non-starters, thus I attempted the remaining passage showing on maps on the southern side. I ended up by spending most of three days portaging across boulder fields and dragging my canoe down a tiny stream enclosed by alders. Thus there is no easy route for the start of this trip but the point is that it is doable.

To my relief, there was a good flow out of Marie Lake and a real river to canoe down, although the physical challenges that faced the Dillon Wallace and Mina Hubbard teams in 1905 are still there. Happily, the spectacular scenery is still present too.

One challenge is the area of the "trough" where Wayne and Carl ended up by lowering paddler, canoe and packs down a cliff by rope and which I took on by way of the wildest lining of my canoe ever in my life, and ended up by swimming along behind my canoe.

At this point begin a succession of waterfalls, of which two of them, Gertrude and Maid Marion, are spectacular. These are the names decided upon by Mina Hubbard during her epic trip past here in 1905. The falls are pristine and it is obvious that only a fortunate few have had the privilege to lay eyes on them over the years. Both waterfalls have drops of at least 100 feet and in the case of Maid Marion, most of it is vertical which results in thunder that can be heard at some distance.

Gertrude is a real challenge to get past and forced me to finally take to the cliffs and lower canoe and gear by rope over 40 feet. I did not attempt to lower myself and was able to scramble down a staircase gorge. Getting around Maid Marion Falls and the lengthy gorge downstream of it posed a major portaging challenge to the rival parties in 1905. Wallace and his team followed the Innu portage to the north, but missed the turn back to the Naskaupi and spent many days struggling westward to Lake Michikamau. Mina's team started down the gorge itself and realizing the impossibility of continuing, looked for an alternative route. Her team member, Job Chapies, a voyageur from the old school if ever there was one, located a route to the south. This was the route taken by me, still entailing 17 kilometres of lakes and trails. I took a picture of a beautiful hill at the edge of one of the lakes and only realized after getting home and reading the recently published book, *The Woman Who Mapped Labrador*, that it was in fact the hill over which Mina "escaped" from the overprotective restrictions imposed by her guides.

You finally reach canoeing country at this point with long stretches of wide, slow moving river winding its way around scenic mountains and down forested valleys. There were numerous flocks of flightless Canada geese, as they moult their flight feathers in July. It made for a lot of comic relief as they honked in panic and flapped helplessly in front of my canoe. You would see them attempting to hide in an undignified fashion in the shrubs at the edge of the river or racing madly up and down the shore.

Unlike my other trips to Labrador, I only saw one black bear the whole trip, this one swimming across the river in front of me. There seemed to be high numbers of songbirds and I was serenaded during the early hours of each morning in a way I never recalled on my other trips.

I had my usual diet of porridge in the morning and, in the evenings, soup followed by freeze-dried meats, vegetables and mashed potatoes. This year I also took pre-cooked bacon, which I ate at noon together with bannock bread, and pre-cooked bacon bits which I added to my supper dishes, in order to try and have enough fat in my diet. I also took refried beans, which turned out to be a real taste treat in the evenings. I finished my meals in the evenings with freeze dried fruits of different types from Bauly.

All of this was cooked over wood by means of a fire shield which I devised a couple of years ago. Soldiers march on their stomachs, according to Napoleon, and coming up with a diet right for me and the means of cooking it were one of a number of issues I resolved for myself as I learned to deal with trackless wilderness and long trips.

My other major "find" this year were the wading boots that one seems only to be able to get from Cabela. I have to thank Wayne for putting me onto them. They look like hiking boots except for being made out of nylon and neoprene and having felt soles. They provide good protection for your ankles and amazing traction on slippery rocks and are a better solution for lining your canoe down rapids than the rubber sandals and neoprene socks that I used before.

I ended my trip at Seal Lake, 26 days and 150 kilometres from the start. Seal Lake flows into a rapid-filled stretch of the Naskaupi which was bypassed by the Innu in an extensive portage passing via Lake Nipishish and emerging on the lower Naskaupi across from the mouth of the Red Wine River. Wallace's team took this portage in 1905.

You cannot avoid the feeling that the spirits of the two magnificent teams headed by Mina Hubbard and Dillon Wallace are still present along the lakes, rivers and valleys of this region. My last camp site on Seal Lake as I waited for my floatplane was at the same spot that Mina and her team camped at on July 17 and 18, 1905. I camped there on July 26 and 27, 2005.

Philip Schubert has been with the Canadian International Development Agency since 1983, travelling extensively to developing countries and helping them meet their needs in energy. He is married, has three grown children and lives in Kanata, Ontario.



The Woman Who Mapped Labrador

The Life and Expedition Diary of Mina Hubbard
By Roberta Buchanan, Anne Hart and Bryan Greene.
490 pages numerous maps and photos
McGill-Queens Press, 2005 \$49.95
ISBN: 0-7735-2924-1

The legend that won't die, now has the book you can't live without. A superb compendium with raw historical data, superb supporting documents, tons of footnotes and supporting material and original maps. Wow!

A century ago, the tale of the Hubbard expedition burned up the pages of the popular press of Canada and the U.S. The story then faded to relative obscurity only to be reborn two decades ago.

This book is the definitive tome on the entire Hubbard saga. The three authors have each taken different parts of the story while having it all centered on Mina Hubbard.

We get a fine biography of the woman by Anne Hart, both before and after her epic journey plus we can read Mina's field journals, edited by Roberta Buchanan and Bryan Greene from the trip complete with expert annotation. Greene also tackles many side issues including the canoeists view – a very important one from this where we sit.

It is well known to researchers that if you want to know the true story go to the source material and that's what they've done here. With all the supporting stories the full and true nature of the Hubbard story can finally come completely out. And it is fascinating stuff!

Much was made of the fact that neither Mina nor Dillon Wallace mentioned each other's presence during their northward journeys. But they did in their journals and the

deductions were correct, they did not like each other.

What I found fascinating is the fact that Mina's enmity began from the first time she was shown Wallace's manuscript. I had always assumed it was after the book was out and the reaction to it but her dislike was organic and intense. She did much to try to discredit Wallace.

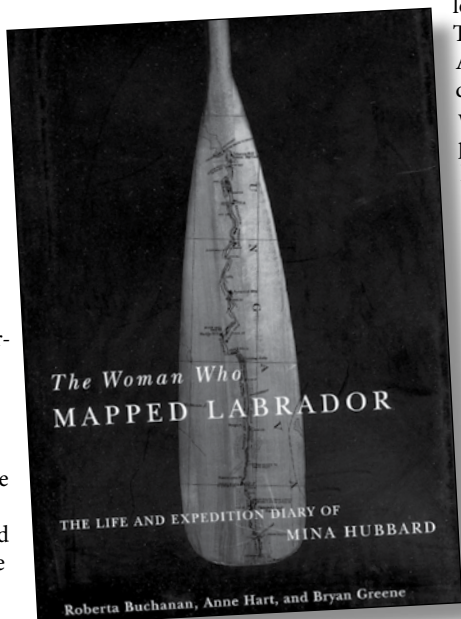
Of great interest, and in this reviewer's opinion, the crucial element which elevates this tale above so many others; is the issue of some type of close relationship between Mina and her guide of guides, George Elson.

This is the 'hook' in the tale and it touches on an endlessly fascinating theme of forbidden love, class and primitive instinct. The point is tackled head on by Anne Hart - and bravo to her for doing so! Too many academics would dismiss the notion as prurient. Nonsense. It is the stuff of life, pounced on by Pierre Berton and Rugge and Davidson in their respective and respected takes on the Mina and George tale.

I thought the title, *The Woman Who Mapped Labrador*, was superb but perhaps overstated. However, the authors make the case it was justified. Mina's maps stood the test of time.

All in all, a superb piece of work. After all; Mina, Leonidas, Dillon, Job, and especially George deserve nothing less than the best. And they got it.

– Michael Peake



Common Plants of Nunavut
by Carolyn Mallory and Susan Aiken
400 pages, hundreds of photos
Nunavut Department of Education 2004
English/Inuktitut and French/Inuktitut
Retail Price: ~\$50 CDN

Every canoe trip needs at least a couple of books, especially long trips on the barrens where you know you'll spend a few days huddled inside a tent. For these days, I always include a field guide for flora – field guides can be read over and over, plus finding, identifying, and photographing flowers is a highlight of every trip.

I knew of two field guides for barrenlands plants when I found this gem, a joint project between the Nunavut Department of Education, Nunavut Wildlife Management

Board, and Canadian Museum of Nature. The book was on display at the Baker Lake visitor centre, but not for sale, either in Baker Lake or at any bookstore I could find. This book is part of a series of field guides distributed to Nunavut schools, and none of the guides were published in numbers sufficient for marketing

to the general public; however, I tracked down a copy at the Canadian Museum of Nature.

Why is this a great field guide? The book is beautifully illustrated; full colour glossy



photos are included for 87 plants (primarily flowers), and most entries have multiple photographs. The field guide is intended for students, so a botany degree is not required to understand the text - I'm particularly fond of diagrams that depict the size of each plant relative to a lemming. But most importantly, there's also a wealth of firsthand knowledge gathered from interviews with elders about the roles of these plants in traditional Inuit life. This information ranges from common uses to translations of the Inuktitut names. For example, in Inuktitut, white heather (Cassipoe tetragona) translates as 'fuel for fire', because of the hot flame produced by the burning plant. White heather was also the plant of choice to cover inuksuit that served as deer fences – white heather leaves move easily in the wind, simulating blowing hair.

The book is available in English and French and both versions include a complete section in Inuktitut syllabics. The price of the book is steep because of the limited print run and numerous glossy photos, but the quality is high. I'm hoping that the Nunavut Board of Education recognizes that there is a demand for these books outside Nunavut; perhaps old field guides for the birds and mammals of Nunavut can be re-printed, and future books (such as an upcoming field guide for insects) can be published in larger runs.

– Andy Breckenridge

To order, contact: Jennifer-Lee Mason
 email: infoservices@mus-nature.ca
 Canadian Museum of Nature



DEAD MAN'S RIVER

barren land's major water courses. Thum also approached members of the Moffatt group.

"I didn't view them as being any kind of model for a tripper. Because of the historical perspective, I wanted to talk to them. Moffatt was gone. I found several of them. I tried to get a perspective on what they had done."

Though Camp Voyageur's Millett had never paddled in the far north, his influence on the group's manner of travel is evident. "We'd all paddled with one particular guide – Dave Millett – who was a fanatic for proper paddling technique – I don't mean paddle-in-the-water – but canoe tripping: what you took; how you kept your camp," Bob Thum recalls.

"We had developed, I think, a really good, tight, tripping style in our years at the camp, and honed it on the Albany. We had the system down pretty good. We knew how to pack, how to avoid excess, how to basically go as light as you can but still eat pretty well. It's kind of basic, it seems, but you have to learn it yourself."

Millett, nowadays a flight surgeon with the FAA, acknowledges an essentialist, detail-oriented tripping ethic. "You planned and you prepared. Everything is checked over, nothing left to chance. You have great respect for where you are going. You have no extra anything you're not going to need. But, on the other hand, you have enough of everything you're going to need."

Millett, still flattered today by Thum's regard for him, saw special qualities in Thum as well. "Bob Thum was the ideal canoeist," Millett says. "He was disciplined, he was smart, and he had the physique. He could paddle all day; he could paddle all night. He was strong; he was tough. I can't think of a better guy to take that trip."

For all of Bob Thum's motivation, leadership, and individual abilities, the trip down the Dubawnt was necessarily a team effort. Aside from the experience that each paddler brought from the earlier trips, each had his own special talents and interests.

As Bose, a former Rhodes Scholar who now works in the Internet telephony field in Minneapolis remembers it; Carl Thum did the lion's share of the cooking while he and Wilson were the fishermen and fish cleaners. Although Carl Thum shot the one caribou the group killed en route, Wilson was the truest shot and the principal hunter, even if Bose didn't always agree with his quarry.

"Sometimes we'd be windbound and Wilson would just take off with the shotgun," he recalled fondly. "He was the only one with

any real experience, and he'd just start walking back up in the ridges. And he'd kill ptarmigan and we'd say, 'Don't waste shotgun shells on those dinky things!'"

Canada goose was the favoured bird, and the Voyageurs Canadiens took 34 during the course of the trip.

"Boy, we loved the geese because it was fatty!" Bose remembers. "When we were still down in the tree area, a couple times, each one of us would have a whole goose and cook it on a spit. The grease is dripping down, the flames are coming up – Oh man, that was the greatest thing, because you just crave grease."

With each paddler playing his particular role, the personal dynamics went well, unlike those of the Moffatt party.

"We were a good crew," Carl Thum, now the Academic Skills Center director at Dartmouth, Moffatt's alma mater, says, "experienced, hard working, strong, determined, willing to experience hardship, a good blend of personalities, independent yet reliant on the others. We understood the value of a group dynamic that gave each member an equal voice in discussions, but allowed that the trip leader, Bob, would make any final decisions, if needed."

Wilson concurs: "The unspoken assumption was that Rob was the leader. While I recall becoming inwardly impatient with each of my companions at one time or another, as they surely were with me, I do not recall any significant disagreements. My memory is that most decisions were worked out by consensus."

"There were no horror stories," Bose adds. "We helped each other; there was no question about it. By that time we'd been out together so there were no surprises."

In addition, Bob Thum, it appears, had a nuanced sense of what leadership on a trip like theirs entailed.

"There are only occasional issues when you need a leader," he says. "If we had been four people who had not traveled together before and didn't know the system, then you'd have to have a strong leader. You'd have to enforce discipline; you'd have to make sure things were done the right way. We really didn't need to have that."

The group paddled two 18-foot custom-designed Old Town wood-canvas canoes. The boats were built deeper – with an eye toward the big water along the route – than the standard Old Town Guides of the time. The four paddled the canoes without the spray decking that is common today.

"If the rapids were going to throw that much water over the top," Bose explains, "we were going to portage them. We did not take chances. We shot plenty of rapids, but they

were rapids we should have been shooting. That was Moffatt's lesson."

The trip itself went smoothly. The party lost some time to ice on massive Dubawnt Lake when northeasterly winds blew rotting ice back against the western shore they paddled along. Bose remembers the group waiting out a stomach illness Carl Thum endured later in the trip. In general, though, notations on Bose's maps show campsites steadily progressing down the river toward Baker Lake and Hudson Bay. The group averaged more than 15 miles a day -- counting days lost to wind, ice, tides, rest, and illness -- for the trip's entirety.

For all the impetus the Moffatt tragedy provided Bob Thum as he planned the Dubawnt trip, and for all the cautionary lessons the group took from what went wrong with that expedition, once on the trail Moffatt's presence receded.

"I liked the idea of doing the Moffatt trip," Bob Thum says, "but once we got going, I didn't think about Moffatt at all on the trip, except where the rapids were. And, we went to his grave, of course. I was thinking about making sure this trip got through successfully, rather than thinking about how we were doing against Moffatt."

Wilson, nowadays an attorney in Portland and an accomplished photographer, felt the previous tripper's presence more philosophically. "Those who like to venture into the wild are usually aware, if only in a general sense, of those who have gone before them," he says. "Moffatt's trip gave us both comfort and apprehension. Most of Moffatt's party made it. So we believed that we could make it too. Moffatt did not make it. So we knew that we were vulnerable."

"The absence of signs along the river that others had preceded us, made the experience much more intense. The accomplishments were richer; the apprehensions and fears, more profound," he adds.

In the end, the Voyageurs Canadiens, in successfully completing their trip, found the proper balance between confidence and humility that is still vital today on the tundra trail.

"It sounds sort of boastful," Bob Thum says, "but I think we basically had the system down pretty well by the time we'd finished 4000 miles. We knew exactly what we could do and how to do it. It was a pretty well-oiled machine."

At the same time, Bob Thum and his party never forgot the remoteness and the dangers of the land they were traveling through.

"I would like to think we respected the wilderness as a power far beyond our ability to control."



Canoesworthy

Two teachers at Kangiqsualujuaq's Ulluriaq School are trying to re-

establish the pure Inuit sled dog breed through a project called Qimmiit Utirtut: the dogs are back!

The project recently took off they welcomed three new purebred Inuit sled dog puppies from a breeder in Minnesota.

They are eager to see these puppies grow up and join the team. That's because it's believed that mixed breed dogs, the kind commonly found in Nunavik, are less obedient and more aggressive than pure Inuit sled dogs.

"When the owner gets mad at pure sled dogs, the dogs don't get mad at the owner," one musher said. "The dogs we have now, when you get mad at them, they get mad at you."

They found pure Inuit sled dog breeders in Europe and North America — "not a huge population, even though the dogs came from northern Canada and Greenland." Before getting on the Internet and searching for information, they didn't even know what a pure Inuit dog looked like because he'd never seen one in Nunavik.

To help in the effort to revive pure Inuit dogs in Nunavik, U.S. breeders donated two of the three puppies sent to Kangiqsualujuaq. Makivik Corporation and its airlines, First Air and Air Inuit, provided crates and plane tickets to Kangiqsualujuaq.

The breeding plan is also hoped to build on the excitement of having the pure Inuit sled dogs in the community.

A delegation from Nunavut's Qulliq Energy Corp. visited Greenland recently to see how a hydro-electric project near Nuuk is supplying clean, renewable and locally available power to the city.

Greenland's 36-megawatt power plant opened in Kangerluarsunnguaq, 50 kilometres south of Nuuk, in October 1993. The plant is operated by Greenland Energy Supply/Nukissiorfiit.

This is how the plant works: dammed water from the Tassiliq reservoir flows through huge turbines located deep underground. This produces electricity, which is then sent via a high transmission line half a kilometre across the Ameralik fiord — the longest span in the world, where the power then continues to Nuuk.

One official compared their tour of the underground power plant to a set right out of a James Bond movie. But the real-life advantages of the hydro-electric project were evident — even to representatives from the hunters and trappers associations, who have expressed concern about the environmental impacts of hydro-electric generation. The entire facility in Greenland cost \$220 million to build. Greenland's experience in Kangerluarsunnguaq is interesting to Qulliq because the power corporation is already studying eight sites for similar hydro-electric projects around Iqaluit.

Over the summer, Qulliq issued a request for proposals for hydro-electric generation site surveys in locations around Iqaluit, awarding the contact to Knights Piésold Ltd., based out of Vancouver. Its evaluation and ranking study should be completed early next year.

Previous locations under consideration have included Anna Maria Port, Apex River, Armstrong River, Sylvia Grinnell River, Ward Inlet, Burton Bay, Jordan River and McKeand River. The assessment under way now will touch on such aspects as hydro potential, transmission distances, capital and energy production costs and environmental considerations.

Iqaluit uses about a third of Nunavut's entire consumption of 39 million litres a year. This equals about 275 barrels a day. But in 10 years, it will take more than 500 barrels a day to meet the same power needs.

A hydro-electric project near Iqaluit might also be able to receive substantial financial assistance from the federal government. That's because changing from diesel-powered plants would help Canada meet its goals for the reduction of greenhouse gas emissions under the Kyoto Protocol.

Thick fog shrouded John Houston's plane in Gjoa Haven when it occurred to him that he might have fallen into the story he was researching.

The Cape Dorset filmmaker had spent the past month touring Nunavut's communities, interviewing about 50 elders to capture the mythical story of Kiviuk, an epic hero alive during the time of creation. In the world of Kiviuk, nothing happens without a reason. After hearing the story told and retold, it was becoming difficult to separate myth from life.

For instance, when Kiviuk paddles his kayak across the waters and notices the surrounding landscape is no longer moving, he knows a goal must first be fulfilled. Carefully searching a nearby island, he finds a tiny lemming trapped in a puddle, calling for help. Once Kiviuk lifts the lemming to safety, he can continue on his way.

Houston also had an unfulfilled goal: he spent two days trying to interview one elder in Gjoa Haven, who had been too sick to speak. When he suggested to his crew, who were also immersed in the story, that they needed to interview him before the fog lifted, no one looked surprised. He met the elder, who spoke of how Kiviuk found a goose wife, how a grizzly bear exploded and how fog first appeared in the world. When he finished, they raced back to their plane, half an hour late, to find out the plane had been delayed by exactly half an hour.

"This comes exactly out of the story."

Kiviuk is a huge, sprawling tale that Houston says has never been fully told. Fragments of it exist in each of Nunavut's communities, passed down over millennia. Some elders who know the story have not told it for an entire lifetime — a legacy of missionaries who warned that Inuit traditions were devil worship.

He also says that Kiviuk is on par with Western epics like Homer's *The Odyssey*, which should make it of interest to audiences outside Nunavut. Houston spent his childhood in the Cape Dorset print shop his father helped establish, where he watched how Inuit seamlessly collaborated and exchanged roles.

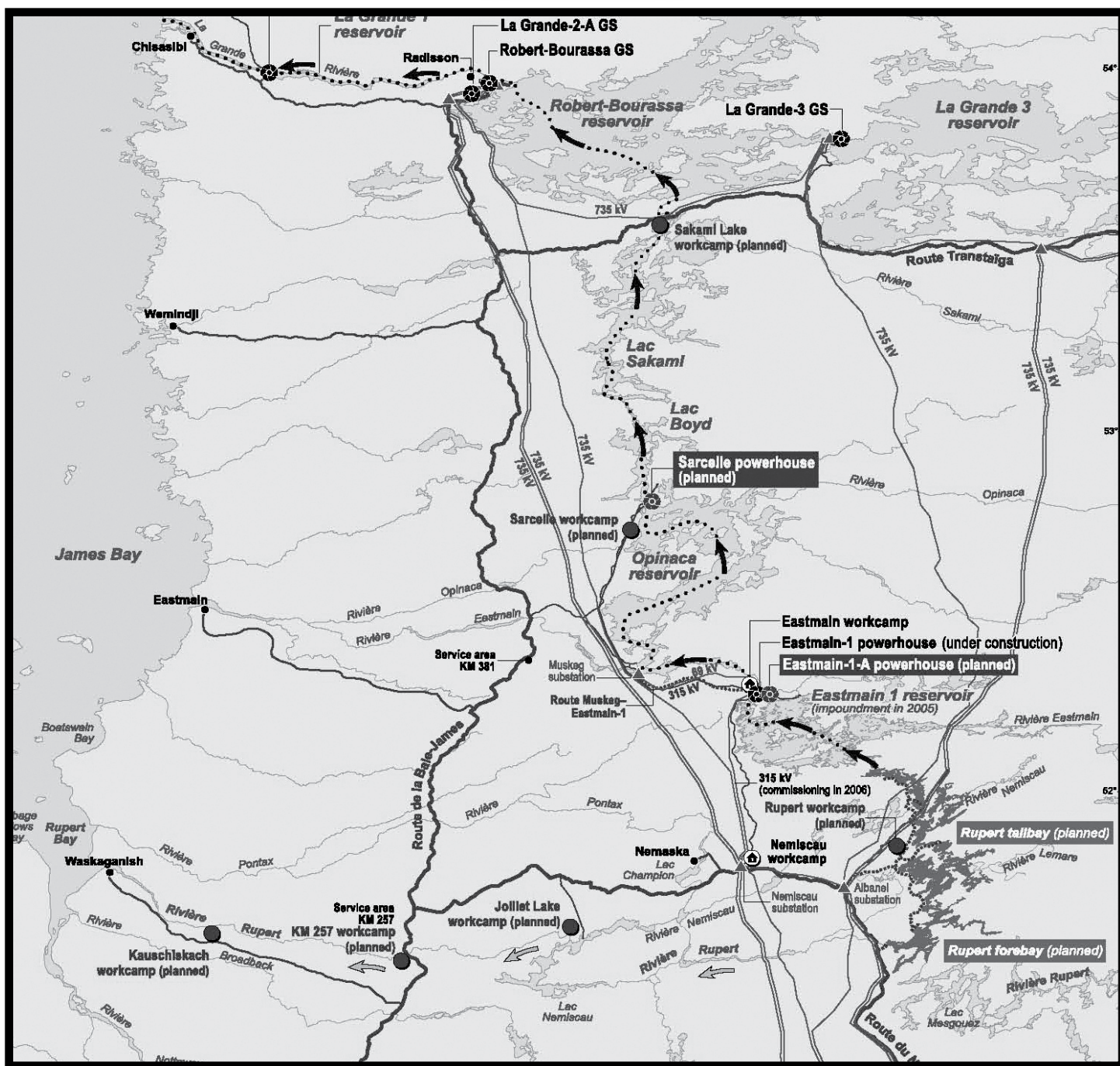
The \$990,000 production was filmed in Iqaluit in November. Houston's last documentary, "Diet of Souls," has been nominated for two Gemini awards last year.

One man's care for his fellow Inuit was remembered earlier this month when a group from Nunavik traveled to Coral Harbour from Akulivik to thank the family of the late Tommy Nakoolak for his help more than 60 years ago.

In the 1940s, Nakoolak worked at the weather station on Nottingham Island, also known as "Tutjaat." There were different Inuit families hired as guides and advisors by these nalattiit [radio operators]. Tommy Nakoolak's family was one," said Eli Aullaluk, the mayor of Akulivik.

During the 1930s and 1940s, Peterhead boats brought hunters from the area of Cape Smith in Nunavik over the Hudson Strait to Nottingham Island for their yearly walrus hunt. There, Aullaluk said, hunters from Nunavik received support from Nakoolak and his family: he supplied them with provisions, such as tea, tobacco, flour and even fuel for their boats.

Then, around 1943 or 1944, a sickness, most likely influenza or measles, struck a group of hunters and two of the men died. The story of Nakoolak has become part of Akulivik's oral history, and Aullaluk said it was told "from time to time by our fathers and mothers who are also now deceased."



QUEBEC RE-DEFINED – The ever-changing landscape of northern Quebec, thanks to Hydro-Québec. The latest diversion is to the mighty Rupert which will be flushed north into the La Grande Project. Work continues on Eastmain 1-A though impact studies are not complete. About 70 per cent of the Rupert's flow will be diverted north, downstream from Lac Megouez.

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