



Summer 2008

The Journal of Canadian Wilderness Canoeing

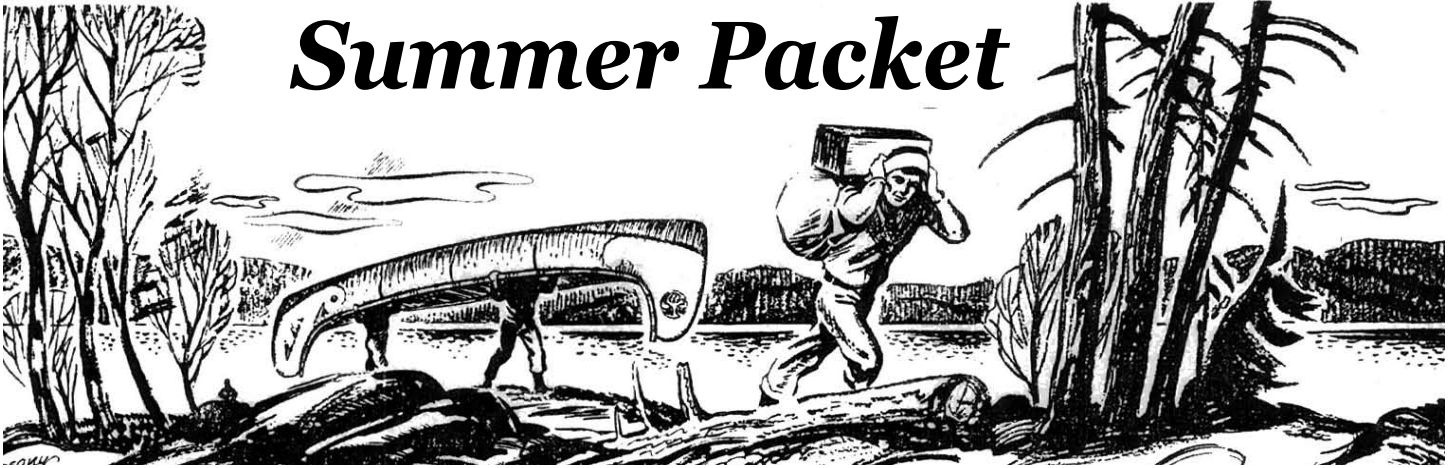
Outfit 133



photo: Michael Peake

THE LAST RAPIDS -- This scouting party on the Rupert River didn't know it in 1982, but they were looking at what would become the last set of free running rapids on this doomed and to-be diverted river. Work is in progress a short way below where this photo was taken at the outlet of Lake Megouez that will send 71 per cent of the raging Rupert's flow through four turbines as it is diverted into the La Grande project enroute to James Bay. The diversion will produce an additional 893 megawatts of power – enough to power Quebec City. With additional downstream inflow, by the time the Rupert reaches its mouth, about half the historic flow will be present.

Summer Packet



Someone took one of Lindy's
ropes for a souvenir hence
the frown.

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LINDY HOPS - One of the world's most famous couples flew across northern Canada in August of 1931. Famed aviator Charles Lindbergh and wife Anne Morrow Lindbergh would again capture the world's attention 7 months later with tragic kidnapping and murder of their baby which captured massive worldwide attention. The pair were photographed here in Churchill enroute to the Orient to survey a possible commercial air route.

The survey flight of Charles and Anne Lindbergh to the Orient departed July 27, 1931, from Long Island, NY. Their itinerary through Canada included Ottawa, Moose Factory and Churchill on Hudson Bay, and Baker Lake in the Northwest Territories. In Ottawa, Lindbergh proudly proclaimed his wife was "crew" in response to a local aviator's statement that he wouldn't want his own wife as a passenger through the uncharted no man's land of the Canadian tundra.

After a 12-hour night flight north from Baker Lake, through a never darkening sky in the land of

the midnight sun, they arrived on the 5th of August at Aklavik on the Mackenzie River delta. Their next stop was Point Barrow, the northernmost tip of Alaska, at the Arctic Ocean. The journey ended off of China when the plane was damaged while being hoisted onto a British ship.

The ragged look of the Bert Austin's photo album was intentional and apparently a popular look of the day. Note the caption which explains Lindy's frown was from someone stealing on of his ropes for a souvenir! The web page is at www.charleslindbergh.com/history/orient.asp.

More than 150 years after the disappearance of Franklin's Erebus and Terror fresh clues have emerged that could help solve Canadian history's most enduring mystery.

A Montreal writer set to publish a book on Inuit oral chronicles from the era of Arctic exploration says she's gathered a "hitherto unreported" account of a British ship wintering in 1850 in the Royal Geographical Society Islands -- a significant distance west of the search targets of several 19th- and 20th-century expeditions that have probed the southern Arctic Ocean for Canada's most sought-after shipwrecks. Dorothy Harley Eber, author of the forthcoming *Encounters on the Passage: Inuit Meet the Explorers*, says the new details about Sir John Franklin's disastrous Arctic voyage in the late 1840s emerged from interviews she conducted with several Inuit elders at Cambridge Bay, Nunavut. The Inuit account -- passed down from 19th-century ancestors who witnessed the British expedition's failed attempt to find the Northwest Passage -- describes "an exploring vessel" that anchored off the Royal Geographical Society Islands during the winter of 1850 because "they were iced-in and had no choice."

The Royal Geographical Society Islands lie between Victoria Island and King William Island where the Victoria Strait reaches the Queen Maud Gulf. The location of the frozen ship described by the Inuit is nearly 60 miles northwest of the spot that has emerged as the prime search area for Franklin shipwreck hunters. Franklin himself died in June 1847, somewhere west of King William Island. University of Toronto Press, which is publishing Eber's book this fall, is billing the book as a must-read for Franklin aficionados.



Editor's Notebook

Welcome to Summer. It always seems to be the shortest season of the year. We are getting ready to head out on our short jaunt in Pukaskwa National Park on Lake Superior as I write this. Unfortunately, HACC Chaplain Peter Scott and son Ethan will not be able to join us. Ethan suffered a nasty head cut at camp, and while he thankfully will be fine, he cannot be near the water for a while.

This is not the first time fate has intervened in one of our canoe trips in the last decade, though previous interventions were much more tragic. It does serve to remind us of the ephemeral nature of our lives and how changes never stop - both good and bad. It seems you remember the bad ones more clearly. And that's a good point. You have to remind yourself of all the positive things that have happened along the way as well.

It was after our second two-month Barrenlands canoe trip in August of 1995. My three brothers and I had just finished a 1000 mile journey and were at the top of our world. It was our group's 9th major trip in 11 years. We thought it was going to be this way forever. I was about to get married. All was good.

We arrived back into town after a lengthy Twin Otter flight from the central Back River with a stopover at the Morse River cairn from 1985. We got into the hotel and headed out to buy beer and donuts ready for a fun unwind party. When Geoff, Dave and I returned with the goodies, Sean was waiting. He had just phoned home. His wife, Bev, was just diagnosed with cancer—something she would fight for 11 years until it claimed her. Five other close family members would die before Bev. It was the day everything started to change though we had no idea at the time. Coming when it did was perhaps significant, perhaps not. But don't ever take whatever you love to do for granted. Fate wont.

Michael Peake.



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Canoesworthy

Nunavik's new provincial park in Richmond Gulf and Clearwater Lake region won't be called Tasikimi after all. A park working group rejected the name "tasikimi" because elders felt this invented word watered down the two languages, which are already under pressure from French and English.

Tasikimi, with its combination of Cree and Inuttitut, had been promoted as a way for the park's official name to reflect its historic use by Inuit and Cree. Instead, a proposal will go to Quebec's place name commission, asking the Commission de toponymie du Québec, to give the park an Inuttitut name: Tursujuq, which means opening or throat in Inuttitut.

The park is now officially called by a ponderous French name, Parc national Lacs-Guillaume-Délisle-et-à-l'Eau-Claire, usually abbreviated as LGD-LEC or LD-LC similar to how the La Grande dams are referred to in French as LG-1 or LG-2.

Regional councillors also asked the commission to rename Lac Guillaume-Délisle (known as Richmond Gulf in English) as Lac Tasiujaq and they asked for Lac à l'Eau Claire (known as Clearwater Lake in English) to be renamed Lac Wiyashakimi. The resolution says another lake within the future park will be called after Guillaume Délisle, who was a French mapmaker in the 1700s.

The Richmond Gulf sear is also home to unique wildlife. A few hundred seals live 150 km inland at Lacs des Loups Marins or seal lakes region. They're believed to be the only harbour seals in the world that live year-round in freshwater.

Last year, the Committee of the Status of Endangered Wildlife in Canada upgraded the status of these seals to endangered, because there may only be as few as 100 left. The earliest historic record of the seals dates back to 1754. A 1936 expedition to study the seals nearly ended in disaster for a team of American researchers, when, to survive, they had to resort to eating two seal specimens they had captured for study.

Many rivers, waterfalls and lakes are located within the borders of the proposed Tasikimi provincial park.

On the park's western border lies Richmond Gulf, a huge salty body of water, outlined by unusual unsymmetrical hills called "cuestas" - the highest found in Quebec.

Cuestas are tabletop hills with unequal slopes that plunge into the water on one side and drop off more gently on the other side. From the top of those cuestas, a 360-degree view takes in Hudson Bay, the Nastapoka Islands and the immense Richmond Gulf.

A narrow passage connects this gulf to the bay. About 10 km long, this passage, known as the "Goulet" in French, resembles a canyon surrounded by cliffs. Due to the fast-running currents of water, the Goulet remains ice-free all winter, attracting beluga and seals. Meanwhile, fresh water from rivers brings brook trout, Arctic char and whitefish into the gulf.

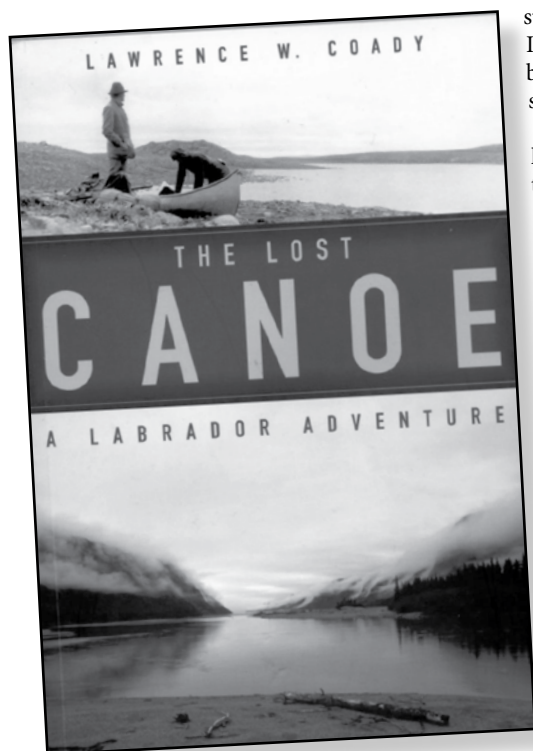
To the east lies Clearwater Lake, made up of two circular basins, the result of a twin meteorite impact 287 million years ago. Rivers dotted by numerous falls crisscross the plateau that connects the lake to gulf.

To the south lies the Nastapoka River, which has a population of landlocked salmon, the only salmon to be found on eastern Hudson Bay.

Information on the future park and Nunavik's two other parks, Pingualuit and Kuururjuaq can be found on the new Nunavik parks web site in Inuttitut, French and English at www.parcsnunavik.ca or www.nunavikparks.ca.

A documentary that will air later this year is clearing up the Canadian Inuit's role in Sir John Franklin's 1845 attempt to discover the Northwest Passage. *Passage*, a National Film Board documentary by Nova Scotia-based filmmaker John Walker, outlines the clash between Inuit oral history and European written history in describing how the British explorer and his crew of 128 men perished in the Arctic.

◆ CANOESWORTHY continues on Page 11



The Lost Canoe
A Labrador Adventure
By Lawrence W. Coady
Nimbus Publishing, 243 pp. 2008
\$21.95 ISBN: 1-55109-658-7

This incredible book came to me right out of the blue - and what a wonderful surprise it was! I suppose I should make a disclaimer here; any book that involves re-tracing an historic canoe trip though trackless Labrador strikes a very strong cord with this reviewer.

During that great decade of northern Labrador adventurers, 1900-10, several mostly American travelers descended on The Labrador. Most famous and infamous of this group were Hubbard, Wallace and Hubbard (Mina) whose 1903 and 1905 trips are the stuff of Labrador legend and many wonderful books. Another famed Labrador expert and frequent traveler was William Cabot, who Leonidas Hubbard consulted before his fateful trip. But there was another person, not as well known, who also produced an excellent book and a great Labrador story.

Hesketh Prichard was an Englishman - a Gentlemen Adventurers in the mode of David Hanbury. Prichard's book, *Through Trackless Labrador* is a tale of heading up the impossibly

steep Fraser River in 1910 and walking to Indian House Lake on the George River - and back again. This is the little-known story so superbly told by author Coady.

But who is Lawrence Coady and how does he write so well? The answer to the first question is he's a retired federal fish biologist from St. John's who early in his career had worked on the Fraser River, north of Nain. This, incredibly, is his first book. We can only pray it won't be his last.

Coady tells the tale of his three summers searching for Prichard's cached canoe on the upper Fraser while retracing his route to the George. Writing with historic insight, wonderful humour and a knack for telling the tales of the trail, this is a book I could not wait to get back to. It is the perfect specimen of it's kind, wrapping up the many elements of an involved story in one very entertaining read.

The Fraser River looks like a seismic slice in the barren Labrador Plateau. Such a deep incision in the impenetrable rock means it's no place for a canoe trip - either upstream or down. It's really a hiking trip with a superfluous canoe. Prichard had visited Labrador in 1903-04 and liked what he saw. He was primarily a hunter and travelled the world bagging game and giving talks about it.

He had the idea to penetrate into the country after having seen the Fraser on A.P. Low's 1896 map. Coady has done a great deal of research on all aspects of this trip - but most importantly - he weaves it all together with a deft touch that's never overbearing or over-boring. It is the craft of a seasoned book writer which he isn't - and yet somehow is.

The "hook" of the book is to locate a canoe cached by Prichard's group and never recovered. No such hook was needed as Coady's skills both as a very rugged traveler himself and an accomplished writer supersede all. There are fewer tougher spots to travel than up to the Labrador Plateau and that was certainly the case for both Prichard and Coady.

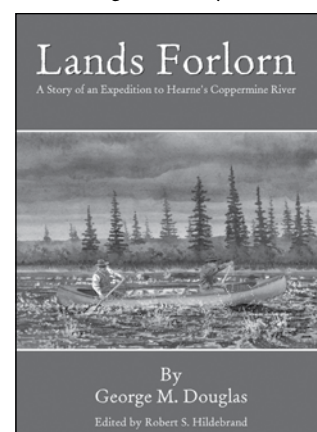
One of the great side stories involved Kate Prichard, Hesketh's mother. She traveled with him to Nain and waited there while he did the trip. The great irony was that she met more of the Inuit, that he wanted to see, hanging around town than her son did on the land!

This is an absolutely wonderful book that is a pleasure to read and a perfect example of the many wonderful stories in our northern history that await fans of such stuff.

Lands Forlorn
By George Douglas
Zancudo Press, 404pp 2008
US\$39.00 ISBN: 978-0-615-19529-2

We looked extensively at this book in Outfit 132 in a rare occasion where we reviewed a book before actually seeing it. Well, the long-awaited re-issue of George Douglas' classic has finally arrived and has met virtually all high expectations and exceeded others.

Robert Hildebrand, whose DNA is tied to the Coppermine region though his many years as a Geological Survey of Canada geologist, has



delivered a superb re-issue of this 1914 book.

Those of you who read these reviews know that our pet peeve of self-published books are the photographs. Well, Hildebrand who's now a profes-

sional photographer has done the best possible job in transferring nearly century old negatives into non-glossy paper. The rear cover dust jacket photos show how good they really are on the expensive glossy stock but the hundreds of photos inside are of very good quality. Some of the original negatives were not available and other needed extensive digital retouching.

But what is extra-special are the extras Hildebrand has added. The book is reproduced as originally printed and is still superb. But in this re-issue we also get a variety of letters written to and by Douglas before the trip. We also have the original journal notes of Douglas' first trip to the Coppermine - invaluable stuff to historic seekers of the truth. Plus we have new family photos and hand drawn maps of the route from Douglas' journals. And, if all that is not enough, there is a great introduction on the Douglas' history which provides much more insight into the whole story.

Three cheers for Robert Hildebrand for making the hard-to-find *Lands Forlorn* available to us all for an incredibly fair price. Though for something priceless, any price is an amazing one.



Paddle Your Own Kayak

By Gary and Joanie McGuffin

Boston Mills Press, 2008. 208pp

\$34.95 ISBN: 978-1-55046-464-1

This is the logical follow-up to the McGuffin's *Paddle Your Own Canoe* and it says much about the increasing popularity of kayaking that a companion volume was produce. In fact, kayaks seem to have outpaced canoes in media and general public awareness.

No surprises here, another first rate effort from the paddling partners who have been producing quality work for many years. Featuring superb photography and excellent organization, this book takes you through the kayaking process from A-Z.

Living as they do on the shores of Lake Superior, kayaking is a natural and often preferred option for tackling the inland sea and as Gary's photos beautifully show, there are few places more spectacular.

Paddling Partners

Fifty Years of Northern Canoe Travel

By Bruce and Carol Hodgins

Natural Heritage 280pp 2008

\$24.99 ISBN: 978-1-55002-761-7

Fifty years of continuous canoeing together is a feat worth celebrating and that is clearly the idea behind *Paddling Partners* which tells the tale of a wonderful couple, Bruce and Carol Hodgins.

Best known for owning Temagami's Camp Wanapitae and its northern tripping arm, Bruce and Carol have been paddling together since the mid-1950s - and are still at it.

The book is a fairly straightforward account, going through the years in order and often featuring extensive journal entries. I would have liked to see a much stronger editor's hand at work here as the narrative switches back and forth a lot between first and third person which is a bit confusing at times.

Also the photos did not reproduce well, which is unfortunate given the breadth of paddling experiences the two have had. Each have produced their own books previously. Bruce, who teamed with Gwyneth Hoyle to produce the landmark *Canoeing North Into the Unknown* and Carol has done her famous canoeing cookbook which is about to get another update.

Nevertheless, it is an interesting look at a lifetime of paddling by two fascinating people.

Two Teens Beat it to The Bay

On June 15, Sean Bloomfield and Colton Witte, both 18 year-old Minnesota high school grads, completed a 2,250 mile canoe trip from their hometown to York Factory, on Hudson Bay, Manitoba.

Following a route blazed by the late newsman Eric Sevareid and a friend in 1930, and



immortalized in the book *Canoeing with the Cree*, the young paddlers made the trip in 49 days, averaging more than 40 miles a day by paddling as much as 14 hours per day. The pair

of lifelong friends had read Sevareid's book in Grade 7 and determined to follow the route someday. Along the way they were re-supplied twice by their parents and slept in an occasional warm bed. But mostly they paddled, ate cold pizza and at night crawled into an inexpensive tent they bought on the Internet.

They said their motivation to do the route so quickly was to get back and enjoy their post-high school time with their friends in Chaska, Minnesota. The route followed an upstream leg on the Minnesota River and then down the twisted course of the Red River and into Canada and then up the dangerous Lake Winnipeg to Norway House and into the Hayes River which runs to Hudson Bay.

They did not carry a satphone but used the new Spot Messenger which send a location marker though satellites. They were only windbound for part of a day on Lake Winnipeg, known as one of the most treacherous lakes in the country for its shallow depth which produces huge waves.

The pair finished their trip at the historic York Factory on Hudson Bay, the famous post of the HBC and still standing though rarely visited. The twosome are planning to do a 1000 mile trip starting in Canada and heading to Alaska next summer and were treated to a big welcome back party in Minnesota.



Woods Canada Limited has been purchased by The Infinity Sports Group Ltd of Langely B.C. The acquisition includes all Woods Canada Limited trademarks, intellectual properties, and business assets in Canada, the United States and, Europe.

Since the early 1990s, Woods was run by a private group headed by David Earthy in Toronto. Woods was a major supporter and sponsor of the Hide-Away Canoe Club particularly in the 2001 *Labrador Odyssey* expedition.

Established by James W. Woods in 1885, Woods Canada Limited is among the oldest brands of outdoor equipment in the world. Woods will celebrate its 125 anniversary in 2010. Woods' products climbed the Chilkoot Pass with the gold seekers during the Klondike Gold Rush of 1896. They joined J. B. Tyrrell when he mapped the Yukon in 1898 on behalf of the Geological Survey of Canada and sailed with Amundsen on the tiny sloop Gjøa through the Northwest Passage in 1905- 1907. In 1925 Woods' provided equipment for the first successful climb of Mt Logan. Woods' products circumnavigated North America on the St Roch in 1940 and they joined the first Canadians on the summit of Everest in 1982.

Throughout the past 123 years, Woods' products have been chosen and endorsed by many great adventurers, explorers, outdoorsmen and pioneers of the past century, including Admiral Richard Byrd, Robert Peary, and Bradford Washburn. Today, Woods' remains one of the best selling and most respected brands of camping and outdoor equipment in Canada. The Woods Limited ranges of classic sleeping bags and clothing are still produced in Canada.

The Infinity Sports Group Ltd. is one of Canada's leading sports equipment suppliers. In addition, the Infinity Sports Group designs, manufactures and markets a wide range of outdoor and sporting goods products under a variety of North American and worldwide license agreements. The acquisition cements Infinity's position as the largest volume camping and outdoor supplier in Canada and makes Infinity one of the largest vendors of the category in North America.



SEE Separat



te Spread

Detours de Force

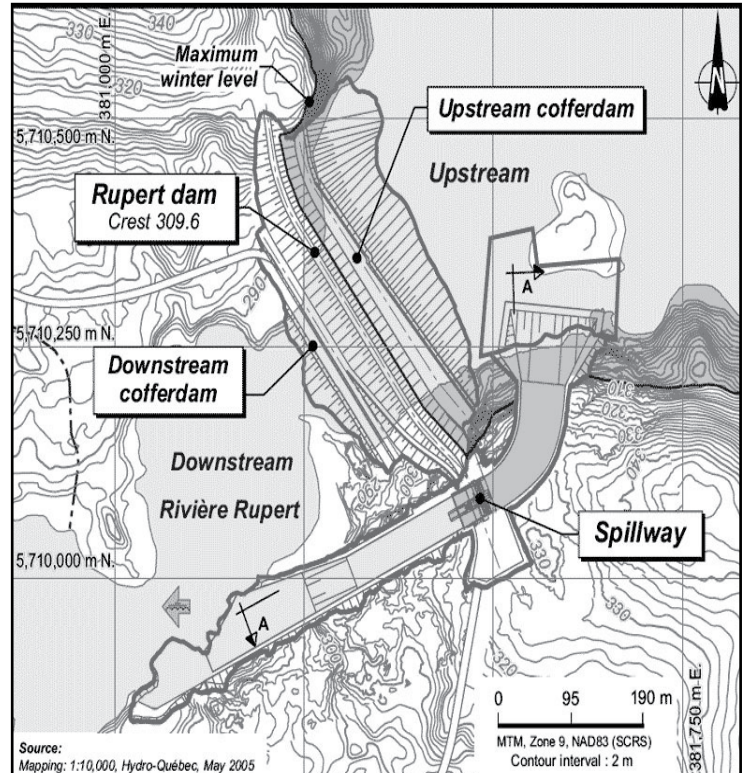
The Rupert River has spent 36 years on the Hydro-Quebec Death List. Selected in April 1971 by Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa, whose name now graces the LG-2 dam, the Rupert along with the neighbouring Broadback and Nottaway rivers were chosen as the centrepiece of a massive hydro-electric scheme.

That NBR project got shoved far back the next year when opposition to the project got too hot and they headed up to dam the La Grande and Eastmain rivers instead. But Hydro-Quebec back burners are always on and they finally conquered the Crees who opposed the plan when, in 2002, the Peace of the Braves was signed and the Crees were now partners in the new Rupert project.

Well, the hydro beavers have been busy since and the Rupert is about to be diverted north into the Eastmain and La Grande systems and powering four turbines before finally entering James Bay. The diversion plan, shown left, is another brilliant piece of engineering that will send 71% of the Rupert's flow northwards. This summer the diversion channel, shown in the photo, will become the new river channel which will allow the construction of the dam across the breadth of the river.

What is really different now is that the whole project is available to look at online. The Hydro-Quebec website is full of slick Flash animations, updated hi-resolution photos, PDF documents and superb maps showing the countryside being radically altered. Check it out at www.hydroquebec.com/rupert/en/index.html.

One section that caught our eye was headed *Social Acceptability*. It details the partnership with the Quebec Crees and the development of the 'Jamesian' community - that group of 28,000 people who work and live in the James Bay area which is an even split of French workers and Crees - not previously a harmonious mix.



Starting at the diversion point below Lac Megouez, 200 miles from James Bay, eight "hydraulic structures" will be built evenly along the river to channel the reduced flow, help fish habitat and likely ensure that no rapids are runnable any longer. By the time the river reaches Waskaganish additional inflows will mean the average flow of the Rupert will be half its historic level. A final irony is that a drinking water plant will be built in the town of Waskaganish which is akin to building a sand factory in the Sahara.

The whole thing should start producing power in 2011-12 and an additional 893mw of electricity will be generated in the H-Q grid. The chance to run the Rupert as it was is now long gone. We trust the economic benefits will help the Crees of northern Quebec. They are paying a huge price for it.



The June 2008 view of the Rupert channel on Hydro-Quebec's website. And (right) the view in the approximate area before the earth moving machines did their thing.



The River and the Beasts

In the summer of 1973, Camp Wabun, a dedicated tripping camp in Temagami with a history of northern Quebec canoeing, paddled the Eastmain River in the year a bridge was being built across it prior to its diversion into the LG2 project. It was a chance to see massive change in action and Rev'd Edmonds, a veteran Wabun guide, recorded it all and later edited this trip journal of which an excerpt on the famed Conglomerate Gorge where the bridge would pass and the water would soon disappear.

Story and Photo By The Rev'd JOHN B. EDMONDS

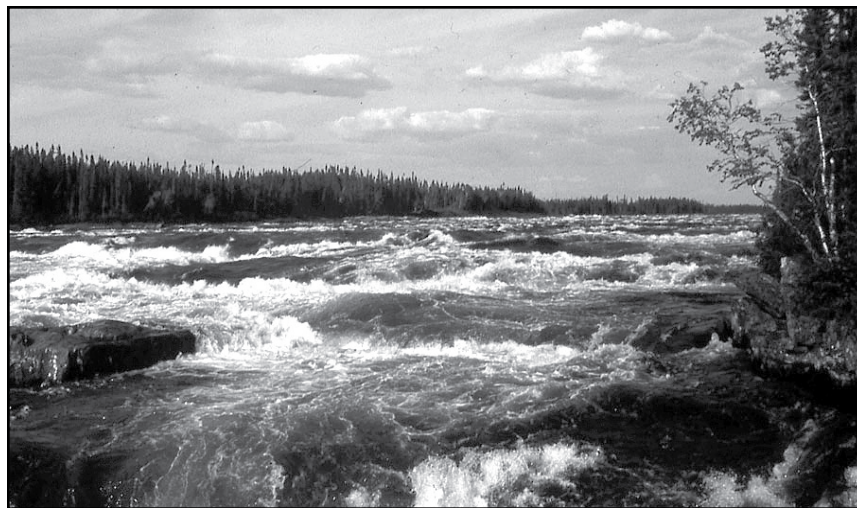
In a day or so we came down upon Conglomerate Gorge. We looked for the start of the portage -- well up from The Gorge itself -- out of earshot of the foaming waters and tucked away in a bay. We finally found the portage. There was no real way to blaze its start, as the trees were either scrubby or dead. Besides, it started up on top of a sand bank. Heaving our gear up to the flat ground above the bank, we noticed that the area was burnt out. The fire couldn't have been but a year or so ago. The burnt smell was still very obvious, and carbon brushed off on you as you walked by the trees and bushes.

The portage around Conglomerate is at least three miles; maybe closer to four. There is a campsite about three quarters of the way through--or further, if you take the earlier of the two endings. We planned to camp there for the night, so there was no great rush that day. That makes the long walks a little more bearable. At least when you are done, you know that's it for the day. About half way between the beginning and the campsite there were great pits dug in the sandy soil. We looked closer and saw that bulldozers had been there. But where they had come from and where they had gone, no one could say. There--out in the middle of the bush in nowhere--were gashes in the earth from giant machines. And, as mysteriously as the machines had come, they had left--though I wondered if I didn't hear, way off in the distance, the faint growl of diesel engines. As we approached the campsite, the forest became green, again. The fire had not reached this far--fortunately for us and for others as well.

In order to shoot the rapids one had to cross the current of The River. The portage was on the left, and the path through the rapids was on the right. The cross-over from portage to rapids was supposed to be possible in moderate to low water.

In high water the waves would be too rough, and the current so strong as to wash you into the next set of rapids before you even made it to mid-stream--if you were even still afloat. The longer trail accounted for all of that. In going back upstream I guessed that the natives would always use the longer option; it would have saved time. As we approached the end of the trail what had been faint whispers of diesel growl were now becoming clearly discernible and sustained.

The others heard it; it wasn't my imagination. Sometimes we heard the diesels; sometimes we heard the rumbling of The Gorge; something was going on. As we got to the shorter end of the portage, we saw where The Gorge spilled out into calmer water. We saw a giant slowly moving eddy in the bay where we were. And high on the hill on the other side of The



The Eastmain River's Conglomerate Gorge as viewed from water level in 1973.

River we saw the land stripped bare and a hillside of gravel. Steamshovels, trucks, and bulldozers worked away like ants, moving methodically, gradually molding the earth to some design, growling and tearing at living things in the process. We were too far away to see men or to call out to any. We walked along the shore down river. Then we realized that the earth was wounded on both sides of The River -- on our side as well; we were at the site of a bridge.

The road's approach from both sides was well advanced. The concrete towers that would hold the steel beams were reaching for the sky. In time the noise would die away. Some of the scars would heal. The bridge would stand. Such is the cost of change and progress. The River had been violated. We clambered over to the site of the bridge, got on a road and headed down stream, and found ourselves headed for the construction camp. It was obvious that the longer trail of the portage had been obliterated. The water was low this year, so we should make the cross-over easily enough. In another year, with high water, the canoeist would have to make his way close to shore and portage those rapids over the ground the construction crews had cleared for the bridge. It would be tricky, perhaps, and extra work; but it could be done. At the camp there were conveniences we never dreamed of in the bush. Hot showers, radio telephone, helicopters buzzing around like flies, pickup trucks and jeeps racing around, people being busy.

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We were asked why we weren't out working on the phone lines. And when we tried to point out that we had walked in to camp from our own campsite, we were told to see the boss. We did that and saw something of the office -- and of the maps showing the progress of the project in the wilderness. I inquired about getting a meal for everybody the next day, made arrangements with the kitchen. And we sat around and watched other people work. It was rather pleasant. The bridge was still under construction. Down near the camp, however, was a barge held in place by a cable which stretched across The River. We watched the vehicles come and go across the waters rushing underneath. This was all below the rapids; but the current was obviously strong. There was something incongruous about the wild River allowing passage to anyone at will. Here we had been trying to find its secrets as we had descended. We would never cross its fury -- or get destroyed, trying. Now other men had thrown steel cables across to defeat the current; had blasted rocks to install bridges; had used the helicopter to cover distances in a moment. I looked at a construction journal that described the operation as a war on intractable wilderness. Yes, it was a war. And, in war, the opposing sides lose their identity. The men lost their humanity -- living with machines for 16 hours a day, seven days a week. Men could not hear the whisper and the roar of the water over the drone of the diesel. The men were intent on conquering nature -- or on getting their paychecks. And they could therefore never learn the more subtle secrets The River could share. And The River had lost its dignity and its fury. It was to be dammed soon. It already was spanned. The River no longer could be a boundary -- between right and left or between north and south. The River no longer was to be feared, because man had cast his machines around it and had started to use it for his purposes -- as he has seen them. The River had lost its capacity to teach. In any war there are only losers -- never a winner. I wondered how these men were the losers in this war. It was a war in the sense that it was executed very quickly. The people we talked with told us how fast they had accomplished their work; how soon they had arrived the preceding spring in the cold and had started work. But the speed served no purpose that I could see but to ensure that the road would be finished about the time others decided it was not such a good idea.

I wondered what the Cree thought about all of this; perhaps he might wish to be consulted just a little further, a little more closely. I wondered how many dams, roads, and cities would have to be built on his own land, before his rights to the land were clarified. As we sat there looking at the construction--or destruction, depending on how you look at it--there was a case before the court: whether the entire project was legal in the first place. Some time later there was court order stopping the work. But the war goes on. Time to head back to the campsite. We started to trudge back, up River, towards the bridge site. A pickup truck gave us a lift. It was a foreman picking up a crew to bring them in for supper. Bumping along the road in the back of the truck saved time. But there was dust, noise, and fumes. People ask me what's so great about the bush. I say it's what's so terrible about those machines.

But we were amused when the truck picked up its homecoming cargo and waited for us to take our pictures of the utterly spectacular view of The Gorge from the bridge. The driver looked at us in disbelief when we told him to go on without us. We spoke mostly English; he spoke mostly French. We were trying to tell him that we were camped up River. He was trying to tell us that there was nothing, nothing, no camp, up River. Finally, realizing that we would have to learn on our own, the hard way, he took off in a cloud of dust.

We were able to get shots of the final plunges of The Gorge, the way water tumbled over rocks and sluiced around the islands and came together at the end in one enormous wave. And we took pictures of the gravel pits, and the developing road, and the scars on the hillside. And then we walked up along the shore into the base of The Gorge and looked more closely at the water and the rocks and how The Creator had put together the combination of rare beauty and power and mystery. And I wondered if the Spirit of The River would leave or die or sleep--now that its precincts had been invaded by another culture and another mind.

Back to the campsite--with stories growing longer all the time and stirring up genuine envy and curiosity. Up early the next morning and loads were carried across to the end. We loaded up in no time. Another danger I had not anticipated lurked under a rock cliff. One of those massive trucks was about to dump tons and tons of boulders, gravel, and sand upon us. The foreman looked down just as the back of the truck began to lift and yelled at us in French. We waved. There was nothing we could do, really. It was not convenient -- or even possible -- to stop or back up. But the rocks didn't come flying down at us as we passed by. And we got to the camp more or less in one piece. Then showers, washing machines, and a prolonged and methodical lunch. The deal was: you can eat all you want in one sitting. I wasn't that hungry. But there was plenty of fresh coffee and good conversation. There was an American who had flown helicopters in the Viet Nam War. He and many other pilots had come to the bush to fly helicopters--at excessively high wages.

Filled to the gills, with pockets stuffed with cookies and cakes, we staggered out of camp and back to our canoes. We loaded up and headed down The River. I don't think anyone was sad to leave the camp, though the showers were a luxury and the meal was a treat. But we didn't belong there. And they didn't belong there, either. Our summer was to be with The River. And to know The River we had to leave behind all the things in the camp. It was unbearably hot. We did not travel far on what was virtually a lake now. We found an abandoned surveyors' camp that had been cleaned up and burnt out. In fair weather it would be good enough. We gambled and stayed there. The weather was holding. Had the wind shifted and the weather turned ugly, we would have been blown right into the water. As it was, we caught what few breezes there were in the heat and found respite from the bugs.

Rev'd Edmonds, 66, has just finished a five year term as Pastor of St Thomas' Church in Moosonee and is returning to his home in Pennsylvania. He spent 20 years at Camp Wabun, his trip down the Eastmain was his last.



CANOESWORTHY *continued*

Actors Geraldine Alexander and Rick Roberts portray Lady Franklin and Dr. John Rae in dramatic portions of John Walker's film *Passage*. Actors Geraldine Alexander and Rick Roberts portray Lady Franklin and Dr. John Rae in dramatic portions of John Walker's film *Passage*. (Nance Ackerman/PTV Productions) The film, which was based on Canadian historian Ken McGoogan's 2001 biography *Fatal Passage*, tells the story of Scottish doctor John Rae, who travelled with Inuit through the Arctic after Franklin's disappearance to find out what happened.

"John Rae, from Orkney, Scotland, trusted and believed in the oral stories of the Inuit, and went back with those stories and defended the Inuit in public as not being liars and that they tell the truth," Walker told CBC News in an interview that aired Monday.

Rae's report, released in 1851, sided with Inuit oral history and concluded that Franklin's crew descended into madness and cannibalism in the Arctic. But Franklin's widow, Lady Franklin, launched a public counter-campaign with famous author Charles Dickens, claiming that Inuit killed the expedition crew. *Passage* made its world debut April 20 at the Hot Docs festival in Toronto. It is scheduled to air on the History Channel later this year.

Canadian Royalties has been awarded an environmental certificate of authorisation for its Nunavik nickel project, in Quebec, Canada, approving the start of construction and development of the mine.

Nunavik, which is targeting output of about 30-million pounds of nickel, 40-million pounds of copper, 1-million pounds of cobalt, 15 000 oz of platinum and 80 000 oz of palladium a year, is expected to begin production in April 2010, Canadian Royalties business development VP Jens Zinke told Mining Weekly Online.

The nickel concentrates produced at the mine will be sold to the world's biggest producer of nickel and palladium, Norilsk Nickel, which also bought a C\$25-million stake in the company last year. Once in operation, Nunavik, which is located 20 km south of Xstrata Nickel's Raglan mine, will be a low-cost producer, as the sale of byproduct metals produced at the operation will cover most of the operating costs.

The project is expected to cost C\$465-million. The environmental permit included approval for a new port – included in the cost estimate – to be built about one kilometre south of the existing port used by Xstrata. New protected area would feature unusual landforms, unique wildlife.

Inuit beneficiaries in Nunavut will, by early July, become part-owners of a new uranium company to be called Kivalliq Energy Corp. About 25 per cent of the proposed new company, will be owned by Nunavut Tunngavik Inc.

Under the deal, details of which were announced May 8 by Kaminak Gold Corp., about 250,000 acres of federal and Inuit-owned land will be consolidated into a single package, known as the "Angilak" property. This area hosts a known, previously explored uranium deposit called Lac Cinquante, which is believed to hold at least 11.6 million pounds of ore with a grade of about one per cent uranium.

Kaminak plans to take all of its uranium interests and spin them out into the Kivalliq Energy Corp. After 36 months, NTI will end up owning one million shares in the new firm, while Kaminak will own

3.6 million shares. Kaminak first announced the deal, the only one of its kind between an Inuit corporation and a uranium exploration firm, this past January. And if the company finds a proven resource of at least 12 million pounds of uranium, they'll pay \$1 million to NTI. No royalties from the project will flow to government. That's because NTI is the legal land owner.

The Canadian government's promised world-class Arctic research station should be located in the Northwest Passage and connected to a network of other research bases across the North, says the Canadian Polar Commission.

In releasing the results of a two-year study on research logistics and infrastructure in Canada's North, the commission says current interest in polar research and Arctic sovereignty would make the Northwest Passage a good location for the High Arctic research station. Ottawa promised the new station in its most recent throne speech.

The commission, a federal government agency that specializes in polar research, also concluded that Ottawa needs a 25-year plan and \$25 million to set up a pan-northern network of about 12 major research stations from Labrador to the Yukon.

Many existing field research facilities in the region are old and falling apart, the commission found. Despite a surge in polar research over the last decade, northern field stations have suffered from three decades of neglect and cannot keep up with the current demand, Hutchinson said.

Environmental groups want Quebec to enlarge and protect the proposed Tursujuq provincial park, located along Nunavik's eastern Hudson's Bay coast.

Several groups, including Laval University's northern studies centre and the Canadian Parks and Wilderness Society, say that if Tursujuq isn't enlarged and protected, the park will be at risk from hydroelectric development.

Environmentalists are worried because two powerful rivers, Little Whale River and the Nastapoka River, flow in and around Tursujuq, which covers 15,000 kilometres of land between Kuujuaapik and Umiujaq. For the moment, Hydro Quebec has no plans to start hydroelectric projects along these rivers. But Hydro Quebec wants to keep the door open to a future power project along the Nastapoka River, according to a submission made at the public hearings.

Hydro Quebec also wants to be able to run power lines, access routes and roads through a corridor in the park, if necessary and doesn't want Tursujuq to be enlarged as it could get in the way of future hydroelectric plans.

To defend its position, Hydro Quebec notes that a goal of Quebec's 2002 Sanarrutik social and economic development agreement with Makivik Corp. and the Kativik Regional Government was to develop hydroelectric power in the region.

The Nastapoka River, whose development is mentioned in the Sanarrutik deal, could produce up to 1,000 megawatts of power, enough to meet the daily needs of about 250,000 homes.

However, the Canadian Parks and Wilderness Society (Quebec chapter), Nature Quebec, and the Canadian Boreal Initiative want to add more than 10,000 sq. km. to Tursujuq's size so the entire Nastapoka River watershed will be included within the park boundaries. The preliminary park master plan now only includes part of the Nastapoka River's headwaters within the park boundaries.



HECTIC PACE -- The Paddling Potter of Orangeville, Al Pace, is shown here during a rare break at his recent month-long Legacy Wild show at the Canadian Canoe Museum in Peterborough. Officially opened by his old friend and Lakefield College schoolmate, Prince Andrew, on May 9, the blend of pottery canoes and themed plates amidst various canoe tableaux were a perfect and popular fit at the CCM and ran for four weeks. Together with wife Lin Ward, the pair also guide several northern canoe trips per year on rivers including the Horton, Keele, Burnside and Mountain. Their website is www.canoenorthadventures.com. Legacy Wild also featured weekly canoe talks by Al and others. Che-Mun Editor Michael Peake also presented HACC Northern Journeys, a new digital show featuring six of the major historically-based canoe trips the HACC has undertaken.

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