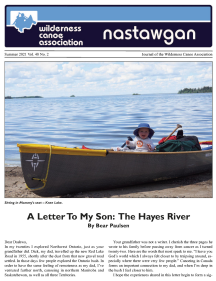
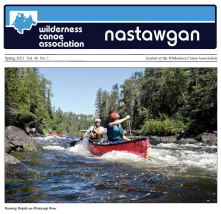
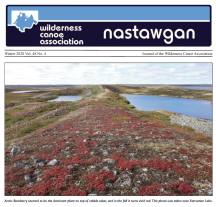
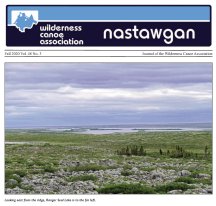
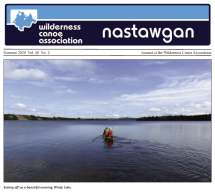
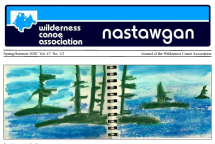
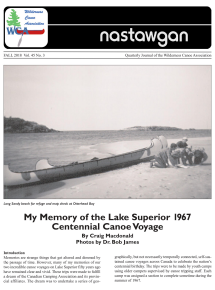
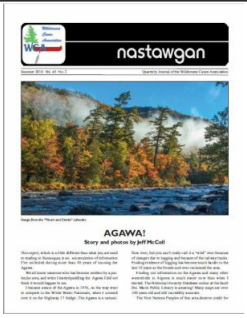
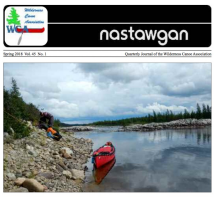
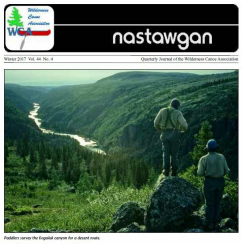
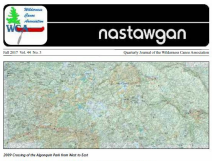
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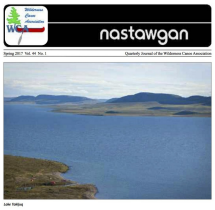
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Spring 2017



Lake Valjoq

Back Door to the Hood River

Story by Rob Dale

Photos by Greg Konighaus, Sara Garlan, Rosemary Warren, Rob Dale

The Hood River is the stuff of legends. In this vast tundra, the Barren Ground caribou migrate, the wolves howl, the wind is ever, still thrive. The Caribou herds migrate hundreds of kilometers during the short, but explosive summer. The midnight sun paints the landscape in hues of orange and red and the endless days. Hands, the river headed over two spectacular Wilberforce Falls and runs through a 200-foot gorge of red Schlippe. A favourite river of both the late Bill Mason and the late Sigurd Olson, George Drought, and their writings help make the river iconic.

To reach the headwaters of the Hood, our group is taking the Thelon River route. We, and Harry Uyesaka, Steve Thomas, Greg Konighaus, and Garry Lake & wife, Cheri Lake, Valjoq. Then resupply and spend 2 more weeks running the

Winter 2016



William on coffee detail

The Great Lug Nut Caper or Surviving The Mistassibi Nord-Est

Dedicated to William Sheils

Story and photos by Dave Young

The Lac St. Jean area of Quebec has some great canoeing rivers, and in 2012 we explored two of them. The names of the rivers are the Mistassibi and the Ashuapmushuan. There is the Mistassibi North-Fork, the Mistassibi North-Est, the Mistassini and the Ashuapmushuan. To complicate matters more, the Mistassibi and the Mistassini come together at the town of Dolbeau-Mistassini, before emptying into Lac St. Jean. In 2012 we did the Nord-Est. We had planned in August to do the Mistassibi North-Est. We had met a group on the Ash that had recommended the Mistassibi

Summer-Fall 2016



The team: Leanne Atchinson, baby Emily, and the author

Up the Grandin River and down the Johnny Hoe River

Story and photos by Dwayne Wehlgemuth

Leanne and I wanted the Grandin River a hundred metres below our push upriver. The current is fast and the water is ice cold. Our progress is slow and difficult. The first night's lunch and breakfast was long ago, as we lay the boat and tanks beside over a tiny fire amongst the thick leatherleaf, bog birch, black spruce, and Labrador tea. Behind the thickly vegetated shoreline lies a more sparsely forested post bog dotted with occa-

sionalwetlands. After lunch and a thorough soaking of the area around the Flat, we carry the boat and begin wading upstream.

Leanne and I had met in Yellowknife in the fall of 2014, and I was on a 2-month, 1100 km canoe trip from the Tlicho community of Whatì to Great Bear Lake via the Grandin and Johnny Hoe Rivers, and back south to Behchoko via the mainland 'Ideo Trail'. We started on Lac La Martre, at Whatì, on

Spring 2016



Climbing up from Indian House Lake.

Losing the Trail: Wandering the Quebec & Labrador Barrens

Story by Alan Stirt

Images by Alan Stirt, Dave Brown and Wendy Scott

(Note – Place names are taken from Calvert's *In Northern Labrador* and Hubert's *Place Names of Labrador*, as well as from the Canada Map Office. *In Northern Labrador* is in the public domain.)

"Alan, I've found a scott river but it has too many rivers and it's not a good for hiking. We're going to turn upon country."

In 1966 my wife Wendy Scott and I were on a QWS&L

Quebec North Shore and Labrador Railroad — now the Quebec, North Shore and Labrador Railway — train to Mount Wright. I was starting with another summer, Karl Blotnik, a veteran wilderness traveler and member of the QWS&L, on a trip that would take us through the interior country and the Kogaluk River, which flows from the Quebec/Labrador highlands to the Labrador Sea.

Although I had glimpsed the barrens a few years earlier

Winter 2015



Snow at Whitefish Lake

From Whitefish Lake to Great Slave Lake: Tundra, Trees and Cliffs

Story and photos by John McInnes

Having spent several summers in the 1990s exploring some of the small rivers falling into the East Arm of Great Slave Lake, NWT, I felt that I had seen most of the streams that were possible to canoe into the East Arm (Christie Bay) from the south. Geology was an obstacle here since the Canadian Shield, which is the bedrock of most of the area, runs along the south shore of the lake here, means that the height of land is only a few kilometres inland, and most of

the drainages entering the lake from the south are no more than tiny creeks. The only river of any size entering the East Arm from the south is the Taltheilei River from Snowdrift Lake, it flows southwest parallel to the arm of the East Arm until finally plunging through the McDonald Lake and into the lake.

This final plunge was the problem. The surveyor Guy Blanchet had followed the Snowdrift in 1925. Missing the

Fall 2015



A flat summit photo. Turnaround point on the trip north, at the headwaters of the Back River above Aylmer Lake.

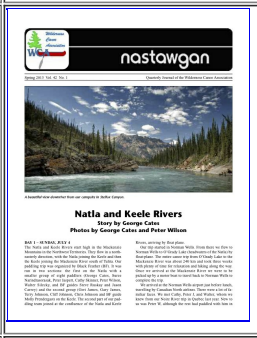
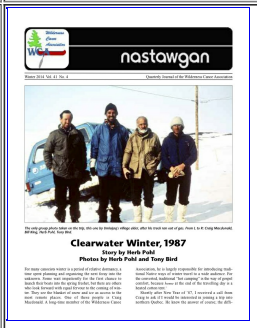
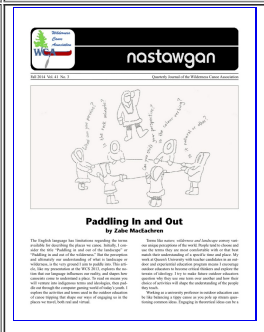
Kinds of Winter: Compass Points, Over the Boulders, Eager...

Story and photos by Dave Olson

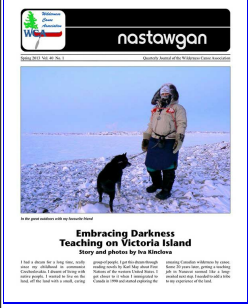
As the sun went down in late afternoon on the 20th of February 2005, I turned my vision above the roar of ticks calling out gently to the team of huskies stretched ahead of me. Their breath rose in the cold air. The sky was clear and the sunset was muffled by the ice-encrusted cloud surrounding my face and it did not carry far. The dogs heard not but they hardly showed at the sound. "What? Ready for it? Ready for another big camp here?" I stood heavily on the sled's steel brake risers,

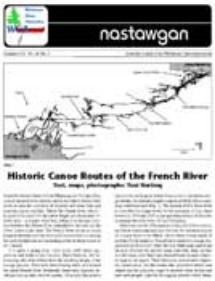
forcing them deeper into the wind-packed snow. Our momentum felt off and my frosty dog faces turned back, baffled to see what I was going to do next. "Whoa," I said again, and then louder, "Whoa!" I was not done with my first week-long, 70-mile, 4-dog sled trip.

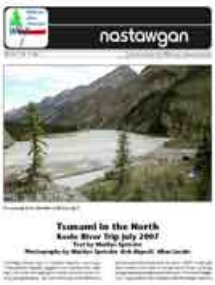
It was time to camp, and the blank white sweep of tundra edged us on there. The sunkissed gale had decimated our day, howling at us from on, shifting slights, probing for weakness

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[Spring 2012](#)	 nastawgan **From the Heart of the Snake**

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