

# COLD-SNAP SUPPLIES

THE  
NORTHERN OUTDOOR  
SURVIVAL REPORT

April 2016 | Volume 1 | Number 1

## Through the Ice

Terry Woolf tells his horror story of plunging into an ice cold lake with his dog team.

## +Angus Charlo

Enjoying an evening bonfire at Duck Lake in the company of a master survivalist.

CANADA \$11.95



0 12345 67890 5

# COLD-SNAP SUPPLIES

THE NORTHERN OUTDOOR SURVIVAL REPORT

April 2016 | Volume 1 | Number 1

EDITOR IN CHIEF | SHANE WEAVER

ASSOCIATE EDITOR | SHANE WEAVER

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR | SHANE WEAVER

ART DIRECTOR | SHANE WEAVER

GRAPHIC DESIGN | SHANE WEAVER

ADVERTISING SALES | SHANE WEAVER

CIRCULATION | SHANE WEAVER

PHOTOJOURNALIST | SHANE WEAVER

Cold-Snap Supplies is published four times a year in Yellowknife, NWT.

Contact: 1867 Maple Road  
Yellowknife, NT  
X1A XXX, Canada  
Phone: 1 (867) 555-5555  
contact@coldsnap.ca

Subscriptions are \$29.95 CAD per year.  
Single copy price at \$11.95 per issue.

Printed in Canada

## TABLE OF CONTENTS



### FEATURE STORIES

- 1** **Gear Spotlight - BAFFIN**  
Mark Hubner, brand manager at Baffin, gives us the rundown on why their products are some of the best gear on the market.
- 2** **An evening out with Angus Charlo**  
Local outdoors-man Angus Charlo takes us out for an evening at Duck Lake, setting up camp and sharing his stories of growing up in the northern communities.
- 3** **Local Lake - Great Slave Lake**  
Where else to start for our first issue but the biggest of them all, Great Slave!
- 4** **Survival Tips - Staying afloat**  
If the worst occurs and the ice beneath your feet gives way, this advice could be the factor between life and death.
- 5** **Through the Ice with Terry Woolf**  
Struggling to stay afloat in ice-cold water after breaking through the ice with your team of dogs is a scene of nightmares. Local video photographer Terry Woolf tells us his tale of survival, and how he has been managing one year later.
- 6** **Pioneer History - Sir John Franklin**  
Discovery the legacy of Sir John Franklin and his final venture during the discovery of the Northwest Passage.
- 7** **What to find at Becks Kennels**  
One of the long-time touring businesses of Yellowknife, look into the company's origins and how it's evolved into the name it is today.
- 8** **Campfire Story with Reg Lafleur**  
Reg reminisces on one New Years Eve he spent out in the woods after a blizzard stopped him and company from reaching home.

Venture to fresh horizons





## Gear Spotlight: *The Baffin Story*

Story &  
Photos by  
Shane Weaver

**F**ounded by Paul Hubner in 1997, Baffin is a brand that has grown to pride itself on durability, comfort, and keeping their customers warm in the cold heart of winter.

Named after Canada's largest island, the outerwear company strives to provide consumers with equipment built to withstand the extreme cold found in the lands from which it draws its title.

"The environment up there really lends itself to what our brand is all about," states Mark Hubner, brand manager of Baffin and eldest son to company president Paul Hubner.

Since his youth, Hubner has worked with his father's company, taking summers jobs to sweep floors, stuff liners into boots, and help out where he could.

After achieving a bachelor of commerce and majoring in marketing management in

2011, Hubner returned to Baffin to assist in the launch of a new line of product, and has been deeply involved ever since.

Inspiration for the business is rooted deeply with the northern culture, in fact, stemming from the work of Hubner's

*"To get out and test our own product in the field, we think that's what helps set us apart and makes us unique."*

— Mark Hubner

grandfather, Peter Hubner.

Long before the establishment of Baffin, Peter worked in the shoe making industry and made frequent trips to northern Canada to harvest sealskin to manufacture fashionable footwear.

During his visits, he picked up on numerous techniques of

the local Inuit including their footwear craftsmanship to survive the cold northern climate, valuable information that he would pass on to his children.

When the manufacturing company that Peter worked under decided to move operations to the United Kingdoms, his son, Paul Hubner, decided to purchase the manufacturing plant, assets, and machinery to put to use in crafting his own footwear brand, Baffin.

"My dad saw the real opportunity in the temperature rated stuff," explains Mark Hubner.

Product as Baffin undergoes thorough quality control testing to ensure that they will tolerate the harsh outdoor climates.

Boots are placed in freezers that fluctuate between ranges of sub-zero temperatures to test temperature ratings, cold weather slip resistance, and durability that flex tests a boot up and down 50,000 times.

However, aside from the conventional methods quality control analysis, Baffin also personally tests new product lines in the stress test that matters most, the real world.

"By far my favourite part of being involved in the company is being able to test our product, hands down," expresses Hubner.

"If I got a trade show near mountains or something, I'll tag on an extra couple days and try get outside."

He has had the opportunity to put Baffin merchandise to the limits, from mountaineering on Washington's Mount Baker or Banff's Bow Glacier, to skiing across Baffin Island and enduring an expedition to the North Pole.

"To get out and test our own product in the field, we think that's what helps set us apart and makes us unique."



Baffin places a large incentive on their retail partners, working closely with them to support Baffin's presence in the retail space.

Hubner believes that customers benefit by seeing the product for themselves and trying it on at their local retailer.

Next year marks the 20th anniversary of Baffin and the

150th anniversary of Canada. Along with the launch of their new Borealis boot that was personally named by Hubner, Baffin hope to celebrate the landmark dates with a contest for their customers. The prize will be a chance to join the Baffin crew to test new products at a location in northern Canada.





# An Evening with Angus Charlo

Story and Photography by Shane Weaver

Spending an evening on the frozen lakeside in the cover of trees and the warmth of a bonfire that cooks the night's dinner is what many people would consider a privilege of an experience.

Yet, this is merely a lifestyle for Angus Charlo, who was generous enough to take my father, Ken Weaver; my older brother, Vince Weaver; and myself for an evening out to Duck Lake.

Riding on the back of my brother's machine and my father piloting his own, our evening began with a

short snowmobile ride to Charlo's house in the nearby community of Detah. Upon knocking at his door, it was his mother, Judy Charlo, who answered, as Angus was already out preparing his snowmobile.

In awaiting Charlo's arrival, his brother-in-law struck up a conversation with us, pointing out all the nearby homes that belonged to members of the Charlo family. Within the small communal neighbourhood, up to five generations of the Charlo lineage still live, making Angus a grandfather.

Once Charlo made his appearance, garbed in his one-piece snowsuit, black toque and golden yellow gloves, the four of us saddled up on our sleds and headed northeast along a trail the Charlo had no doubt memorized. Numerous times we would cut across open lake, seemingly aimless and exposing ourselves to the open wind, only to identify a far off opening in the trees that leads us into the forest and further along the trail. Charlo expressed that after navigating the snowmobile trails for so many years, they have become as

familiar to him as the lanes on city roads.

After a ride that seemed to last no longer than an hour, Charlo had decided on a point that we would make our landing at Duck Lake. We circled the area with our snow machines, packing down the fresh snow in order to unpack our supplies with ease. The first order of business was constructing a fire before sunset, which during Yellowknife's the winter seasons was as soon as 6:00 p.m. before the sun's light was entirely extinguished.



Bearing axes, the group began hacking at the nearby pine trees, lopping off the branches of pine needles and spreading them across the snow-covered ground to create a dry bed to sit upon. The trunks were laid across a small gap, leaving a space below for our fire to be started.

“Don’t over exert yourself,” explains Charlo.

“If you burn yourself out at the start, you’ll slow down and get cold before you have shelter.”

The bark of birch trees is an excellent fire starter, igniting quickly and burning hot. It does not remain lit very long, however, so it is most practical for applying the heat to kindling that will burn longer. With a small flame established, larger sources of fuel like sticks and branches can be fed into the blaze, until a full-fledged fire rises. It does not take long before the pine trunks that were positioned across the flames ignite, transforming the simple campfire into a towering inferno as the tips of the flowing flame reached well above our heads.

With the fire ablaze and the night dark, we unpacked our food to prepare supper and rested any snow-soaked gear on branches to dry as we sat around the bonfire’s glow. During this time we shared stories, by which I mean that Charlo shared with us some stories of his life.

Born in Yellowknife on July 5, 1957, and raised in Wool Bay, Charlo grew up learning how to live in the outdoors with his father, Joe Charlo. Be it trapping, hunting, cooking, or preparing camp, his father would take out Charlo, as well as his brothers, to pass on his knowledge of living outdoors to his children while they were young. However, he also wanted his children to receive an education, and enrolled them in the residential schools that were still operational at the time. He wanted them to have the opportunity to choose how to live their lives, in the world

of the outdoors, or to live the city life that they referred to as the “white man’s world”.

“I give you both worlds, now you do what you want to do,” his father would tell them.

At seven years old, Charlo was sent to the residential school in Fort Smith in 1964, where he would spend 10 months of the year under the instruction of the nuns. The teaching was strict and harsh, with children receiving a strapping with a leather belt under the mere accusation of causing trouble. This lasted for six years before the closure of the school programs in

1970. Charlo would go on to finish his education at St. Patrick’s high school in Yellowknife.

For the longest time, Charlo remained begrudging of the residential schools and the faculty that made the experience so grim. However, in 1977, Charlo and some of his friends were in Fort Resolution watching a baseball game, and spotted a group of the nuns that once taught them sitting at one of the tables in the open cafeteria area. Though Charlo had come to spite them for their actions in the past, he seen for the first time the snow white hair of his old teach-





er, Sister Superior. Upon seeing her this way so many years later, he remembered the words of his father to always respect the elders. He made his approach to the nuns' table despite the reluctance of his peers.

"What are you doing?"

"Don't you remember what they did to us?" they questioned.

Though the nuns looked nervous and unenthused as he advanced, upon reaching the table he reintroduced himself to Sister Superior

and outstretched his hand to meet hers. His manners were warmly received with a smile, as she remembered Charlo and introduced him to the rest of the nuns.

"It made me feel so good that I made her day," recalls Charlo.

It was not long before his friends joined Charlo, and the whole group was able to forgive the past and visit together.

Another story Charlo shared with us was a trapping trip from October of 1975 he spent with his

brother, father, and dog team. The three travelled over 70 kilometres southeast to journey from Tibbitt Lake to their trapping location of Buckham Lake.

***"Don't over exert yourself. If you burn yourself out at the start, you'll slow down and get cold before you have shelter."*** – Angus Charlo

However, while his father and brother rode in the dog sled behind, Charlo led the pack in his snowshoes, breaking trail for the dogs and packing down the powder snow with every step. The entire trek took five days just to reach Buckham, taking only the fourth as a rest day. They spent over a week at the lake before they returned home, trapping and fishing all the while, with Charlo breaking trail for all the routes, sometimes twice over on nights of heavy snowfall.

The following year in 1976, the Arctic Winter Games were being held in Schefferville, Quebec, with tryouts to participate in the snowshoe races occurring in the local Detah community.



"What are you doing here?" Charlo's father asked him at home. "All the young men are beside the skating rink."

After all that trail breaking, Charlo had no problem working his way through the tryouts, and was one of the selected to go to Schefferville. After only a weeks worth of training in Edzo, the group of athletes made their trip down for the games, only for Charlo to bring home three gold medals.

As the evening grew late and the fire slowly died, we began to pack up our supplies and haul them to the snowmobiles. As we loaded the machines, Charlo took some time to point out the starlit sky and how to use constellations for basic navigation. After identifying Ursa Major, the Big Dipper, he showed that the tip of the spoon's bowl, when followed perpendicular to the length of the dipper, will point directly to Polaris, the North Star. As many may know, this star lines up with the axis of planet Earth, meaning it can reliably be used to determine the direction of travel. Additionally, this star is the tip of the handle for Ursa Minor, the Little Dipper, which can be a more difficult constellation to identify.

Through the dark of winter night, Charlo led us back to town, once again exemplifying his navigational skills. Upon reaching Yellowknife, we bid Mr. Charlo farewell with a handshake and expression of utmost gratitude for such a serene adventure into the bushes.





# **Henry's** **SNOWMOBILES**

*Quality sleds packaged with reliable service*