

HOME FOR THE HUSKIES - NEWS UPDATE

11 April 1994

A lot has happened since the fourteen BAS Huskies left Rothera by DASH-7 on 22 February 1994.

As you have already heard their sojourn in the Falkland Islands went well except that sadly Pujok had to be put down there due to severe debilitating arthritis.

Thirteen dogs arrived safely in the UK from the Falkland Islands on 15 March. They were greeted by a blaze of publicity & featured on National & local TV, Radio and newspapers ranging from The Times to the International Housewares Focus !

The Tristar flight from Falklands to UK went without hitch and the RAF were superb in the treatment of our very special cargo. Air conditioning was maintained during the short refuel period at Ascension. The dogs were all well behaved during the flight. The two dog handlers (John Sweeny & John Killingbeck) were able to accompany the dogs throughout the flight - in fact on arrival in UK the men looked more exhausted than the hounds. They have done a sterling job looking after the dogs outbound from Rothera & John Sweeny continues with them to Hudson Bay.

From Brize Norton the dogs were moved to Willowslea Farm Quarantine Kennels near Heathrow for one night before being flown by British Airways to Boston USA.

The dogs were formally handed over to Mahoosuc Guide Services at Boston airport on 16 March.

Tony Simpson (ex Fid) trucked them all to Newry (Maine) calling en route at the Timberland Company factory in New Hampshire for a press conference.

The major sponsorship for the journey from Maine to Hudson Bay has come from Timberland and the Inuit Tourist Board. As a bonus the huskies are carrying mail for the Canadian Postal Service - just like old times.

A few days at Mahoosuc Guides (Kevin Slater & Polly Mahoney) in Newry gave the opportunity for a well earned journey break & exercise period. Of the thirteen dogs, six are relocated in Maine as their new home & the other seven were selected to travel north to Hudson Bay. Those travelling north with John Sweeny & Tony Simpson are : Jake, Ellwood, Tom, Biff, Wendy, Morgan & Urza.

Kevin Slater & Polly Mahoney who have orchestrated the North American arm of this move to new homes in Hudson Bay are travelling in company with their own two teams.

So far they have had an eventful journey:

By pick-up trucks from Newry to Montreal on 22 March. Posed for cameras at several press conferences & appeared on US & Canadian TV. The media even managed a link with Operation Tabarin - by an interview with an ex-crewman from HMS Eagle (a Newfoundland sealer chartered by the Admiralty to support Tabarin in 1944/45 season).

From Montreal the truck journey continued with a night stop in Matagami where heavy snow resulted in a minor accident with one of the trucks (no injuries).

Eventually on 26 March they arrived at the end of the road at the village of Chisasibi (eastern side of James Bay).

On 28 March, a sunny clear day with -15°C the party left Chisasibi heading for Kuujjuarapik (Great Whale Village) (a 6-7 day journey). The dogs were in great form finding all the new sights & smells absolutely fascinating.

On leaving Chisasibi the party comprised:

Dog Team 1 - John Sweeny + Tony Simpson

Dog Team 2 - Kevin Slater + Client + Guide-Freddie Ekoomiak

Dog Team 3 - Polly Mahoney + Client
2 Snowmobiles & Sledges - 2x Film Crew + Guide.

Food dumps are organised for the route & are being flown in by "Inuit Air".

Leaving the Cree Village of Chisasibi the party made its way north along the sea ice & cut inland across lake & stream systems before descending into Hudson Bay.

During this time the dogs have worked hard through deep, soft trail conditions. By all accounts this winter has been exceptionally cold and people have not been making their traditional sojourn from Chisasibi to Kuujjuarapik.

Temperatures are still low dipping to -35 C at night.

On arrival in Kuujjuarapik (4 April) they report as follows:

Quote

"During the days we have experienced brisk, cold & windy travelling, especially since dropping onto the open, frozen expanse of Hudson Bay. Migrating Caribou have been our constant shadow. Both the Caribou and the dogs are making

their way northward to their new home --- the dogs to Inukjuak --- the Caribou to their summer feeding grounds in Ungara. Wendy has been leading the way for Biff, Tom, Jake, Ellwood, Urza & Morgan, who have all been doing well and are glad to be back on the ice. Here in Kuujjuarapik the dogs are resting & we're giving a presentation to the local school community." Unquote.

John Sweeny telephoned me with the news. They plan a few days rest before heading off north again. The dogs have been running really well for 8-9 hour days covering approx 25 km per day but they did manage 40km on the last day. They have all had and recovered from a minor dose of "kennel cough" (a minor 2-3 day bug).

The dogs new owner/handler, an Inuit called Adamie Inukpuk, met them for the first time yesterday and will accompany them on the final leg of the journey to his home village of Inukjuak.

John tells me that Adamie is a quiet, good humoured fellow of about 45 years who speaks very little English. Adamie marked this very special moment in resplendent manner wearing Inuit purple anorak & white trousers. As well as being the village teacher in Inukjuak Adamie is a guide & hunter - with his existing few dogs the new Antarctic dogs will complete his sledge team & add vital new blood to the breeding line.

The teams are now on the last leg of their journey - approximately 500 km to run from Kuujjuarapik to Inukjuak across the frozen Hudson Bay.

Update - John Hall - 11 April 1994

All the BAS Husky dogs are now rehabilitated in the Inuit village of Inukjuak on the NW shore of Hudson Bay. They are retained as two small working teams (6 & 7 in number) with two different handlers.

The group of seven are with Inukjuak's cultural teacher who has been running dogs for many years & is passing his knowledge of handling dog teams on to his students.

The smaller group of six are with a local guide/trapper who guides small expeditions during the early summer months & has a trapping & fishing camp for the remainder of the season.

Guides are respected for their ability to hunt, navigate & handle a dog team. It is one of the few professions that bridges the cultural gap between native ways and the twentieth century.

In the Hudson Bay area most of the indigenous huskies were exterminated in the late 1950's & by 1970 huskies were very scarce on the east coast of Hudson Bay. With the return of dogs there is increased opportunity to pass on traditional skills to the youth. The arrival of the BAS Huskies also coincides with the beginning of a tourist development initiative by Makivik, the Inuit government. It is probable that the huskies will be used on hunting & cultural tourism trips in the very near future.

The Inukjuak community regard these dogs as a gift to their village & there is considerable interest in their welfare as the dogs represent the potential to greatly strengthen the gene pool of existing native dogs. The reestablishment of purebred huskies in this region will provide both a direct link with the past & a means for potential income from guiding & tourism.

The dogs are settling in well. The guide & dog handler from Maine USA who has been assisting BAS with the resettlement of these huskies maintains regular contact with the village of Inukjuak.

The British Antarctic Survey has made strong endeavour to ensure that something positive comes from the unfortunate Antarctic Treaty decision to remove the dogs from the Antarctic Continent.

John Hall

Report on the Resettlement of the British Antarctic Survey Huskies

By John Sweeny

This report covers the removal of the last Huskies from their home at the BAS research station at Rothera, Adelaide Island Antarctica and their transportation to the Inuit Village at Inukjuak, Quebec, Canada. I accompanied the dogs from Rothera on the flight to Boston, and then drove the team from Chisasibi on James Bay to Inukjuak on Hudsons Bay. See maps at the back of the report.

The morning of 22 February, was biting cold and overcast, a typical morning of the austral autumn, and it was fitting weather on this sad day which saw the departure of the last 13 huskies from Antarctica after a continuous presence of almost 50 years. Much has been written of the contribution that the dog teams have made to exploration, science and morale over the years, and their departure on that morning affected all those people who had worked with the dogs, and most of those present on base that morning..

The crates in which the dogs were to travel were loaded into the DASH-7 aircraft the previous evening, so the morning's

preparation only involved exercising all the dogs before leading each dog up the steps of the aircraft and into its allotted box. The dogs all behaved well, no doubt wondering what all the fuss was about, and by 09.30 we were ready for take-off. The flight to Stanley airport in the Falkland Islands took about five hours and all the dogs were well behaved during the flight. A few of the older dogs became nervous and excited during the flight, but soothing words from John Killingbeck seemed to have the desired effect.

We arrived at Stanley on a bright and breezy afternoon to a lively welcome. Two film crews were on hand to record the event, and more importantly, Myriam Booth had organised transportation and accommodation for the dogs and handlers. The dogs were transferred in their boxes from the aircraft to a trailer, and then taken up to a large compound which had been set aside for our use. The dogs seemed to enjoy their first experience of grass and all the new smells and scents. They were tethered on a wire trace, each dog on an individual chain of about one and a half metres, and close enough to his immediate neighbour to be 'sociable'.

During the three week stay in the Falkland Islands, the dogs continued to be fed on Nutrican and were given plenty of water. They seemed to enjoy the warmth and the constant wind kept them from overheating. They were exercised every day, either being let loose to run around the compound which measured about 500 metres square, or being run in pairs or in teams around the compound pulling a Honda four-wheeled ATV. Many people were involved in looking after the dogs during our stay in the Falklands, in particular Charlie Robb and Mike Curtis, who had fenced off our compound before our arrival, and Charlie Siderfin and Steve Cummins who were in the Falklands while waiting to join the RRS *Bransfield*.

Our time in the Falklands seemed to fly past, the weather remained mostly very pleasant, but unfortunately one of the bitches, Pujok, developed severe arthritis and after veterinary consultation and x-ray examination I decided to have her put down.

On 14 March, 1994, we departed from the Falklands aboard a Royal Air Force Tristar freighter aircraft. The dogs were to spend almost eighteen hours in their boxes, on this the longest leg of their journey. Fortunately there was very little freight aboard, and it was possible to check and water all the dogs regularly during the flight. Only one dog fouled his box, all the others displaying great restraint. During the flight the hold temperature was kept at about ten degrees Centigrade, and during our brief stop at Ascension Island, where the evening temperature was a "hoggishly mild" 28 degrees Centigrade, we enjoyed the air-conditioned chill.



Plate 7. Sad Farewell to the huskies on the DASH-7, 22.2.94.

Credit: John Killingbeck



Plate 8. Huskies at Port Stanley airport, 22.2.94.

Credit: John Cheek



Plate 9. New green span, Falkland Islands.

Credit: John Cheek



Plate 10. Loading huskies at Rothera. "Pris" about to board.

Credit: John Killingbeck

The replacement air crew came aboard at Ascension and once refuelling was complete, we headed off northwards, arriving at a wet and miserable Brize Norton at 04.25.

The dogs were kept in their boxes while in transit to the kennels of Airpets Oceanic, who were taking care of the dogs whilst they were in the United Kingdom. By about 08.00 all the dogs had been housed in their overnight accommodation and enjoyed a breakfast of Nutrican. The presence of so many other dogs in the neighbourhood did not seem to cause much excitement, although the Press event which took place later that morning provided some interest, particularly for Tom, who appeared the following day on the front page of The Times, in what might be called an intimate embrace with one of the British Airways publicity team.

On Wednesday, 16 March 1994, the dogs were again packed into the boxes and transported to the Cargo Terminal at Heathrow where their boxes were put on pallets before being loaded into the hold of a British Airways Boeing 747 for the long haul across the Atlantic. We departed from Heathrow at about 15.30, arriving in Boston at 18.30. It was another wet and miserable arrival. The press conference, organised in the airports Media Centre was unfortunately a non-event due to Nancy Kerrigan's confessions (hotter news at the time).

At this stage I should introduce the people involved in what was called the "Home for the Huskies" expedition which was organised to get the dogs from Boston up to Northern Quebec. Polly Mahoney and Kevin Slater, both dog drivers and guides who together run Mahoosuc guide service. Polly has been working with dogs for almost 20 years, and has lived on her own in the Alaskan bush before returning to her native Maine. Kevin has been involved with dogs for the last few years and previously had worked as a mountain and wilderness guide in Canada, Scotland and the United States. Tony Simpson has been a field assistant and dog man at Rothera in the early eighties and had spent some time in Alaska and in Labrador working with racing teams. He is now based in Maine and is involved in dog racing and in guiding. Liane Benoit is a publicity consultant based in Ottawa, Canada, and together with her boyfriend Louis Molgat, photographer and engineer, undertook the organisation of the Canadian aspects of the expedition.

Briefly then, the plan was as follows: On our arrival in Boston, we would travel to the outskirts of the city where we would spend the night. The following day, 17 March, we would travel to Newry, Maine, where Kevin and Polly are based, on the way stopping for a press conference at the Timberland factory in New Hampshire. After a stop of five or six days we would head North for Montreal and Hudsons Bay with those dogs deemed to be fit enough for the

overland trek from Chisasibi to Inukjuak, a distance of about 500 kilometres.

The week or so spent in Newry was extremely busy, with a large amount of preparation needed before the expedition would depart. Unfortunately, it was now a large group and the demands on logistics and organisation seemed very complicated after spending two years working in two man teams in the Antarctic. One particular job which was most interesting, however, was the construction of a traditional Inuit type sledge, called a Komatik; a long sledge, with solid runners and sturdy cross pieces, lashed together with cord. Like the Nansen sledge, these Komatiks will flex and bend in severe conditions, but unlike the Nansen, the raw materials for a komatik would be readily available at any Inuit village.

On Tuesday, 22 March, we loaded the dogs into the trucks, strapped the sledges to the roof racks and headed North. By this stage, I had decided to take only the youngest dogs on the long trek North, and so the line up of the Admirals, the team which I would be driving, consisted of:

Tom	Jake	Urza
Wendy		
Biff	Elwood	Morgan

Urza and his daughter Morgan were both new to the team, but both fitted in relatively quickly to the already tried and trusted combination of the five 'pups', Wendy, Tom, Biff, all siblings, and Jake and Elwood, also siblings.

That left six older dogs, who were to stay at the Mahoosuc compound for the duration of the trip northwards. At this stage it was not certain where exactly these older dogs would go, for although they still had good breeding potential, they were too old to work or to start learning new tricks.

Wednesday, 23 March, was a beautiful Spring day, and the press conference at Montreal took place outside the city at a place called Lake of the Two Mountains. The frozen surface of the lake provided an ideal background for the cameras of the press and local television companies, but the dogs provided an unexpected highlight when they decided to have a fight and settle some old scores. After breaking up the fight, we retreated to base to treat the wounded. That day proved to be exceptionally warm, and it was necessary to rig up sun shelters to provide some shade for the dogs.

The following morning, we loaded the dogs once more and headed North towards Chisasibi, a Cree village on the shores of James Bay, which marks the end of the road, as far as trucks are concerned. Some heavy snow on the journey made road conditions quite treacherous and provided

us with another incident when the truck skidded, rolled onto its side and the dogbox, mounted on the bed of the truck, fell off. We soon had the dogs out of their boxes and within an hour or so the local tow truck had arrived on the scene and we were back on the road again. The only damage done was to some door panels, a window and the sturdy Nansen sledge mounted on the top of the truck, which suffered a broken handlebar.

That night we stayed with Daniel and Louise Garceau, who had dog kennels in the town of Senneterre. While Daniel and Tony had the truck checked out by the local garage, Louise and I took the dogs out for a run along the trails which radiated from their home. They use their teams to take tourists on both one day and overnight excursions in the local area. Later that evening Daniel repaired the Nansen, using the only piece of ash he had left in his workshop.

On Friday morning we departed and drove all day through the vast forests of Northern Quebec. The few mining and logging towns provided the only change in scenery, but the weather was good, and after spending a night in a motel at Matagami, we reached the construction camp at La Grande Riviere on Saturday evening. Here we met up with the other expedition member and the skidoos, which had been lent to the expedition by Bombardier. After another day of packing and sorting, we were again ready for the trail and I was greatly relieved to leave from Point Longue, just north of Chisasibi, early on Monday, 28 March, 1994.

We travelled well that day, the dogs pulling in centreline trace, and both Tony and I skiing alongside the sledge. The temperature was about minus fifteen Centigrade and the sea-ice provided an excellent surface. We stopped that night at a Cree Indian fishing camp. The cabins were all equipped with wood burning stoves, and we had petrol stoves for cooking on. By now our party consisted of Liane Beniot, Louis Molgat and Freddy Oomiak, an Inuit guide from the village of Chisasibi. They were driving two skidoos, both of which were pulling komatiks. Tony Simpson and I travelled with the dogs, which of course were much slower than skidoos.

Our daily travel routine was soon established, with an early breakfast and the dog party being ready for the trail by 08.30, while the skidoo party tidied up, loaded up and followed after us, normally overtaking the dog party by about noon, and then heading on to the night stop to get settled in before the arrival of the dog party. Since this system created a lot of work for the skidoo party, we decided to swap jobs on a regular basis, and as soon as Tony felt confident about driving the dogs on his own he took off with Louis, whilst Liane, Freddy and I followed up with the skidoos.

Three days travel saw us to the winter camp of Abraham and Emily Snowboy, Cree Indians from Chisasibi who were guiding with Kevin Slater and Polly Mahony. Kevin and Polly were travelling ahead of us, accompanied by two fare-paying clients. This winter camp, called a Mithogan, consisted of a large hut, constructed from logs, roofed with pine boughs which are chinked with moss, on the floor are spread smaller pine boughs, which create the most refreshing and pleasant aroma, and in the centre of this room is a wood burning stove. That night twelve of us slept in the Mithogan, but there was room for another twelve, if it had been necessary. We awoke early next morning and headed off through the hills and lakes towards Hudsons Bay. We had been advised by our guides to avoid the area around Cape Jones as this was a popular haunt for Polar Bear, and although every party carried a hunting rifle, no one wanted to meet a hungry bear.

On Thursday, 31 March, 1994, we camped by a lake just south of Hudsons Bay. This was the first time we used our canvas walled tent. This was a single skin canvas ridge tent, just like the common or garden Scout Patrol tent. It was heated by a wood burning stove, which kept the temperature to a pleasant level inside. That night we had our lowest temperature, with the thermometer showing minus thirty centigrade. Next morning, we used dog booties for the first time. These stopped the snow from balling between the dogs toes, and once the dogs decided they were worth keeping on, we made much better progress as we did not have to stop every ten or fifteen minutes to allow any one of the dogs to remove the snow embedded between its pads.

By now we were in Caribou country, and our occasional sighting of these beasts created great interest and bursts of speed from the dogs. We also sighted the occasional fox, which also caused much interest, but the dogs had learnt at a very early stage not to leave the trail, which had been compacted by the passage of the many skidoos along this trade route between villages. By stepping a few inches off the trail, you would end up to your thighs in soft snow. On April Fools Day we reached the sea-ice of Hudsons Bay and from here onwards, most of our travel would be on sea-ice. We stopped that night at an Inuit fishing camp. It was a cold and exposed spot, and on the roof of one of the huts, the skull of a polar bear reminded us all of how close these high predators might be. The dogs enjoyed their first caribou that night as Freddy had shot one that evening. The change in diet was most welcome to us humans as well, as we were tired of dehydrated rations.

Freddy, our Inuit guide, was particularly grateful to be back on 'real' food as he found that the highly processed 'western' food had a bad effect on his digestion.

On 2 April we decided to have a rest day.

We had been on the trail for five days, covering about twenty miles a day, and at this stage a dose of 'kennel cough' was sweeping through the team. This cough had been contracted during our stay in Senneterre, when our dogs had been within ten metres or so of the Garceau's dogs. I was quite concerned that our dogs would be very badly affected by this sickness. It was very alarming to hear and see a dog coughing and gagging early in the morning and late at night, but the 5-way inoculation given whilst at Rothera seemed to have built up a resistance within each of the dogs and within a few weeks all the dogs had recovered completely.

On 3 Sunday April we headed off again. The dogs were running very well after the rest day and the caribou, and by now we could expect to cover 25 miles a day. We camped again that night and the next day headed on towards Kuujjuarapik, a large village at the mouth of the Great Whale river. This village, also called Great Whale, is situated close to the treeline and marks the division between Cree territory to the south, and Inuit territory to the north. The village has two main communities, with about 800 Cree and 800 Inuit. There is also a large airfield, a remnant from the days of the cold war, when this part of Canada was on the 'front line'. The housing and facilities in all these villages is very good. Due to permafrost and the very low winter temperatures (average temperature for January in minus twenty two Centigrade), there are no water or sewage connections to the individual houses, instead, a water bowser or a sewage tanker travel round the streets providing this service to the houses.

We set up camp on the outskirts of the village, and enjoyed the hospitality provided by Niamh and Luc Beaulé. Luc was a Quebecois teacher at the Cree school and his wife, Niamh, comes from Bray, in Ireland. While we were in the village, Niamh's parents were visiting from Ireland so there were four 'paddies' in the village, a very sizable minority!

We stopped at Kuujjuarapik for two days, on the second day we gave a presentation to the local school children about the dogs and sledges and what was happening to the Antarctic dogs. This created great interest as at present there are no dog teams at Kuujjuarapik. This very sad state of affairs is mainly due to a policy which the Royal Canadian Mounted Police embarked upon in the 1950's and 1960's and involved the wholesale extermination of all dogs in all Cree and Inuit villages. The reasons for this policy have never been disclosed to those Cree and Inuit hunters whose sole means of winter transport was destroyed by this policy, and neither was any compensation offered. More cynical inhabitants of the villages who suffered this blow, say the RCMP were encouraged by Bombardier, the skidoo manufacturer to kill

off all dog teams, while others say it was an attempt to stop these traditionally nomadic people from moving away from the 'administrative centres' set up by the Federal Government to look after the Cree and Inuit communities.

Whilst we were at Kuujjuarapik, we were joined by Adamie Inukpuk, an Inuit cultural teacher from the village of Inukjuak, who was to receive the "Admirals". I found this to be a very emotional time as over the next few days, Adamie and I travelled northwards again with the dogs. Excellent sea-ice surfaces and good weather allowed us to cover almost thirty miles in the first day out from Kuujjuarapik, and the dogs seemed to go from strength to strength. Adamie was delighted to see the dogs running on a fan trace, the traditional Inuit method of driving dogs. He was also most pleased to hear our commands "Auk" for right and "Errah" for left, as these are the traditional Inuit commands. I was also very pleased to see Adamie travelling with the dogs; he had a very natural authority and a gentle way of handling the dogs, and, while the Inuit may not be as demonstratively affectionate as us westerners, they do have a great affection for their animals. Adamie was very interested in the use of skis and tried out the skis as we headed North. He appreciated how skiing alongside the sledge made life easier for both the driver and the dog team. At this stage of the journey we were joined by Stuart McGowan, a camera man, who travelled with us as far as Umiujaq, the next Inuit village.

Umiujaq is a newly constructed village, nothing having existed on the site before 1988. Now, approximately 600 people, mostly Inuit, call Umiujaq home. It is situated above the tree line, and besides the municipal services and the airport, there is no employment available in the village.

Recently Hunter Support Groups have been set up in these villages to assist hunters with equipment and supplies and also to find a suitable market for their produce. It is not a simple task as any modern food supply organisation needs a steady supply of materials, where as hunting has traditionally been erratic in its success (hit or miss, if you'll pardon the pun). In this respect, a former BAS scientist Bill Doige, who worked in South Georgia as a marine biologist, is now working on a small-scale seal and caribou processing plant in this village. It is hoped that modern packaging and marketing can open up a lucrative southern market place to the hunters of the North. In this village, we again gave a presentation and demonstration to the school children. For most of them, it was the first time they had ever seen a working dog team.

Our stay in Umiujaq coincided with a storm, which made us very grateful for the shelter and security of the village, but on Wednesday, 13 April we were on the trail again. We were now joined by Peter Inukpuk, brother of Adamie, and



Plate 11. Temporary mobile kennels for huskies. Quebec, March 1994. Credit: John Sweeney



Plate 12. Admirals crossing Cape Jones onto Hudson Bay. Quebec, March 1994. Credit: John Sweeney

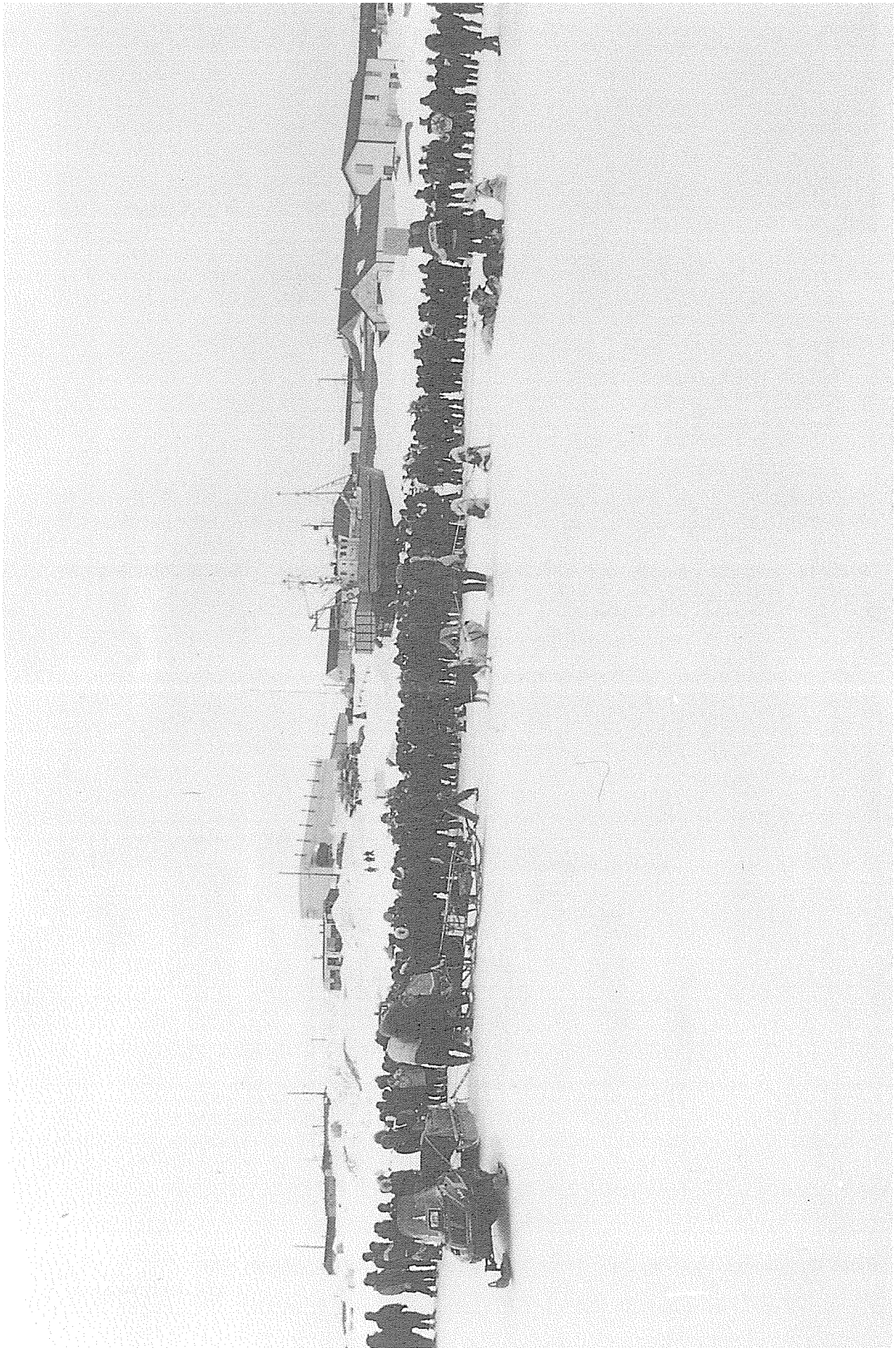


Plate 13. Village of Inukjuak, Hudson Bay, greets Rothera dogs.

Credit: John Sweeney

by Zach Pauloosie, both of whom were to accompany us to Inukjuak, a distance of almost 250 kilometres further North. We covered almost 50 kilometres for each of the next three days. Surfaces were excellent and the dogs in great shape. They enjoyed their first seal meat on Friday, 15 April, after almost three months on Nutrican or other commercial types of dog food. Although the Northern varieties of seal are in general much smaller than the Southern species, the dogs enjoyed this change in diet.

On Saturday the 16th we headed north once again, but very strong offshore winds caused the sledges to capsize every few hundred metres. We spent all of the next day digging out the skidoos and komatiks and attempting to dry out clothing and sleeping bags. It certainly made me appreciate the strength and suitability of Antarctic Pyramid tents and the two man living unit. The Buffalo double layer clothing which I was wearing dried out very quickly with the activity and the gentle breeze, but those in the party wearing cotton and synthetic fibres waited for a few days before getting dried out completely.

On Monday, 18 April, we headed off once more. We were travelling over headlands and across bays to avoid large leads in the sea-ice which the recent storm had opened up. To me this sledging on heather, dwarf willow and peat was a great novelty, though I'm sure it did not do either the skis or the sledge runners any good. I travelled alone with the team for most of the day, savouring what was to be my last days travel with Wendy, Tom, Biff, Jake, Elwood, Morgan and Urza.

We covered approximately 55 kilometres in about nine hours, a very satisfying days travel. The next day was spent drying out clothing and resting, before the final trek into Inukjuak. Adamie had left us for an important meeting in Imiujak and he rejoined us on the evening of 19 April, and next morning we set off on the last leg of the journey along Hopewell Sound, arriving in Inukjuak that afternoon.

A very large proportion of the village had turned out to greet us, and there was much handshaking and introductions to be done. Many of the older folk in the village were quite emotionally affected and there were a few wet eyes. Although there are about six dog teams in the village, they are not pure bred Eskimo huskies, and our dogs 'The Admirals' were everything that the older Inuit expect to see in a husky. The dogs were spanned out that night in front of Adamie's house and the next day we were invited to speak on the village radio about the dogs and about our journey.

This proved to be a most memorable occasion with many of the older villagers calling up the radio station to share their reminiscences of working with dog teams when they were

younger. It also became apparent that a great deal of bitterness existed with regard to the circumstances which led to the destruction of their dog teams. I felt afterwards that a sizeable majority within the village felt that these dogs would bring a new lease of life to the teams here and allow them to recapture another part of their cultural heritage which was in danger of being lost completely.

Although our stay in Inukjuak was limited to three days, all of us were confident that the dogs had found a good and appreciative home, and one where their introduction would cause lasting benefit to the breeding population of dogs. In this respect we discussed with Zach Pauloosie whether he would be prepared to accept the six older dogs remaining in the United States on the premise that their breeding potential would be of great benefit to the village. Zach agreed to this, and after our return to Maine, arrangements were made by Kevin Slater to fly the dogs up to Inukjuak.

In conclusion, I am satisfied that our dogs have gone to an appreciative home. One has to be realistic about what difference they will make to the breeding regimes in the Ungava Peninsula, but they certainly introduce vigour and traditional stamina and hardiness to the very poor examples of huskies we saw. Our huskies will suffer a loss of contact with humans, there being no doubt that they received a great deal of personal attention all their working lives in Antarctica, but, the attention they do receive will be genuine concern and respect.

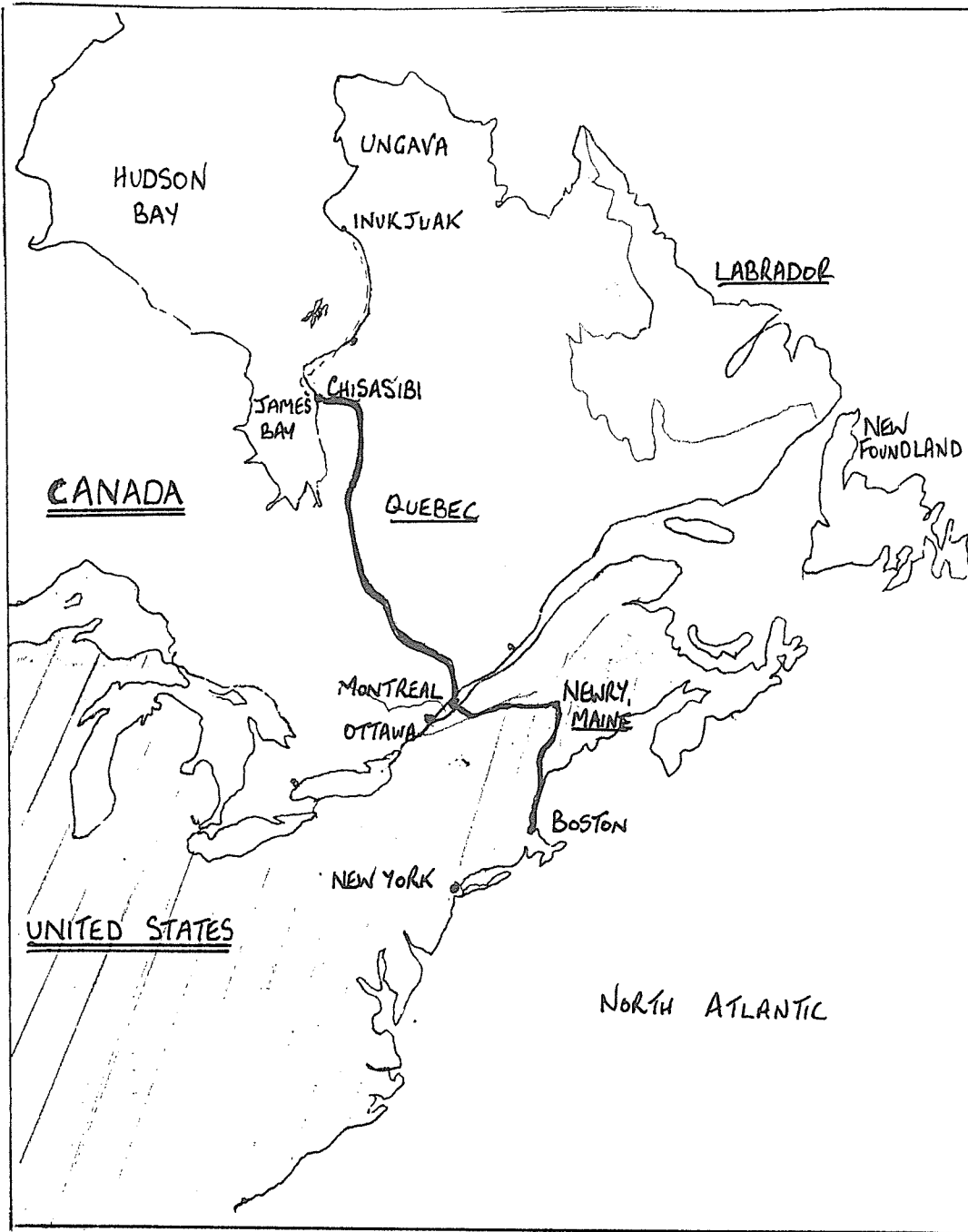
Many people in the village avowed to Adamie's great love of his dogs, and I could see that our dogs were very quickly finding a place in his affection. Although only time will tell what the eventual outcome of this whole enterprise will be, I feel sure that through the efforts of John Hall, Liz Morris and all those who worked ceaselessly on behalf of the dogs at BAS, and the imagination and hard work of all involved in the "Home for the Huskies", a happy ending has been achieved in the sad story of the loss of Antarctica's huskies.

It has been a great honour for me to be so closely involved with the huskies in my two years in the Antarctic. They made every minute worthwhile. It was also a great experience to travel with Adamie and Peter Inukpuk, Zach Pauloosie and Freddy Oomiak. I have had a great chance to see where all our dog driving skills emanated from, and I look forward to returning to Inukjuak in the future to see how our dogs are getting on, and to learn more from these wonderful people. . . .

On behalf of all BAS personnel involved with our huskies, I would like to record our gratitude to the following.

Emily Beers, who looked after the older dogs during the expedition, Liane Benoit, Polly Mahoney, Louis Molgat,

FIGURE 1

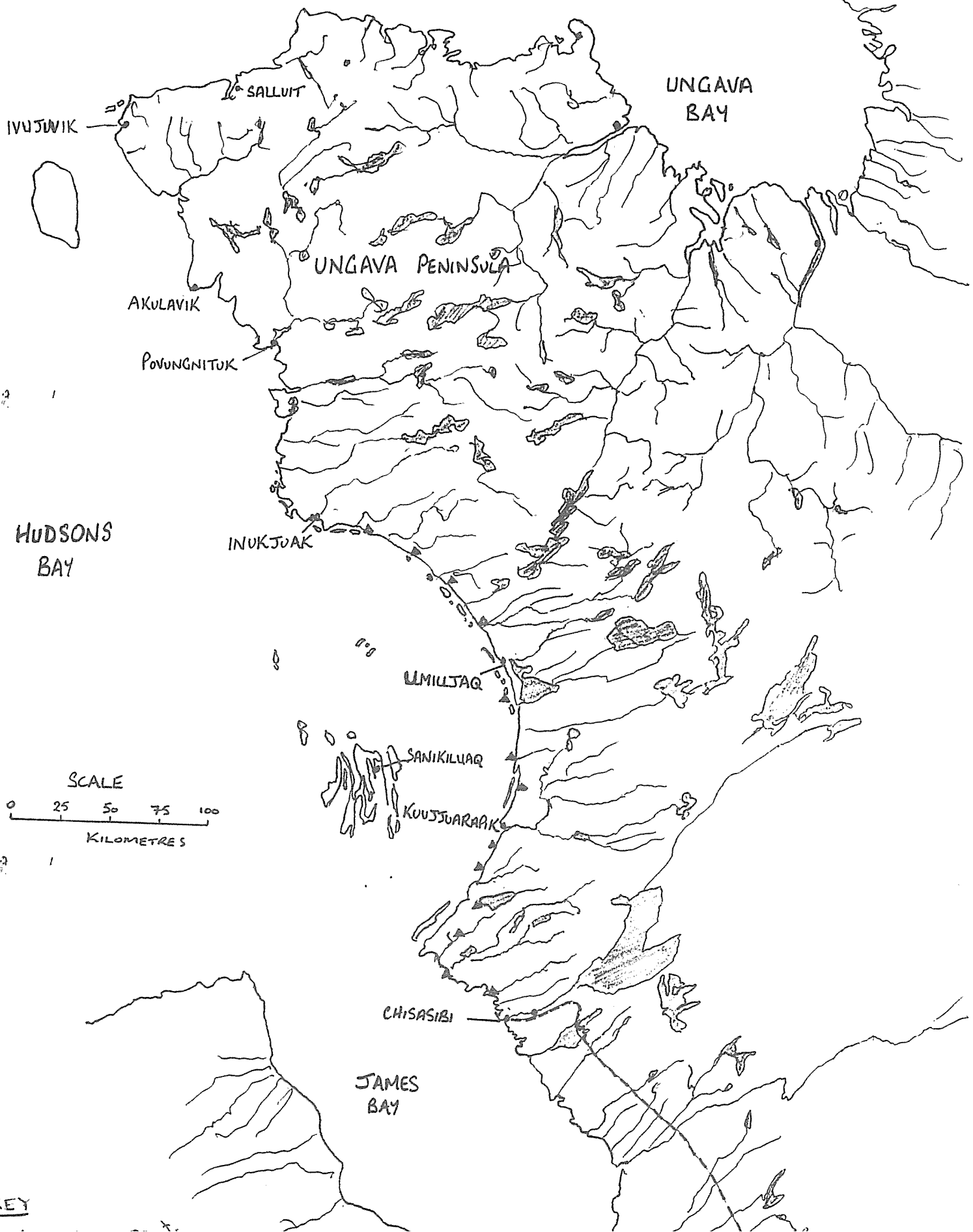


KEY

— Road route

--- Ice route

NORTHERN QUEBEC



Tony Simpson, Kevin Slater, and to all those Firms and individuals in the United States and in Canada whose sponsorship made the expedition possible.

John Sweeny