

I T O B A

H. B. Co.

H. B. Co.

Sachigo L.

H. B. Co.

Trout L.

Joller L.

Winisk River

Sandy L.

Severn R.

Windigo L.

Pakhoan L.

Landsdown L.

Winisk L.

Attawapiskat L.

Goose L.

Trout L.

Cat L.

Lake Osnaburgh

Albany

Whiteclay L.

Marlen's Falls H. B. Co.

Gull Rock L.

St. Joseph

White Earth Lake

N

Trumbong

Ogoki R.

Sturgeon Lake

Tashota

Nakina

Kenogami

H. B. Co.

Minalaree

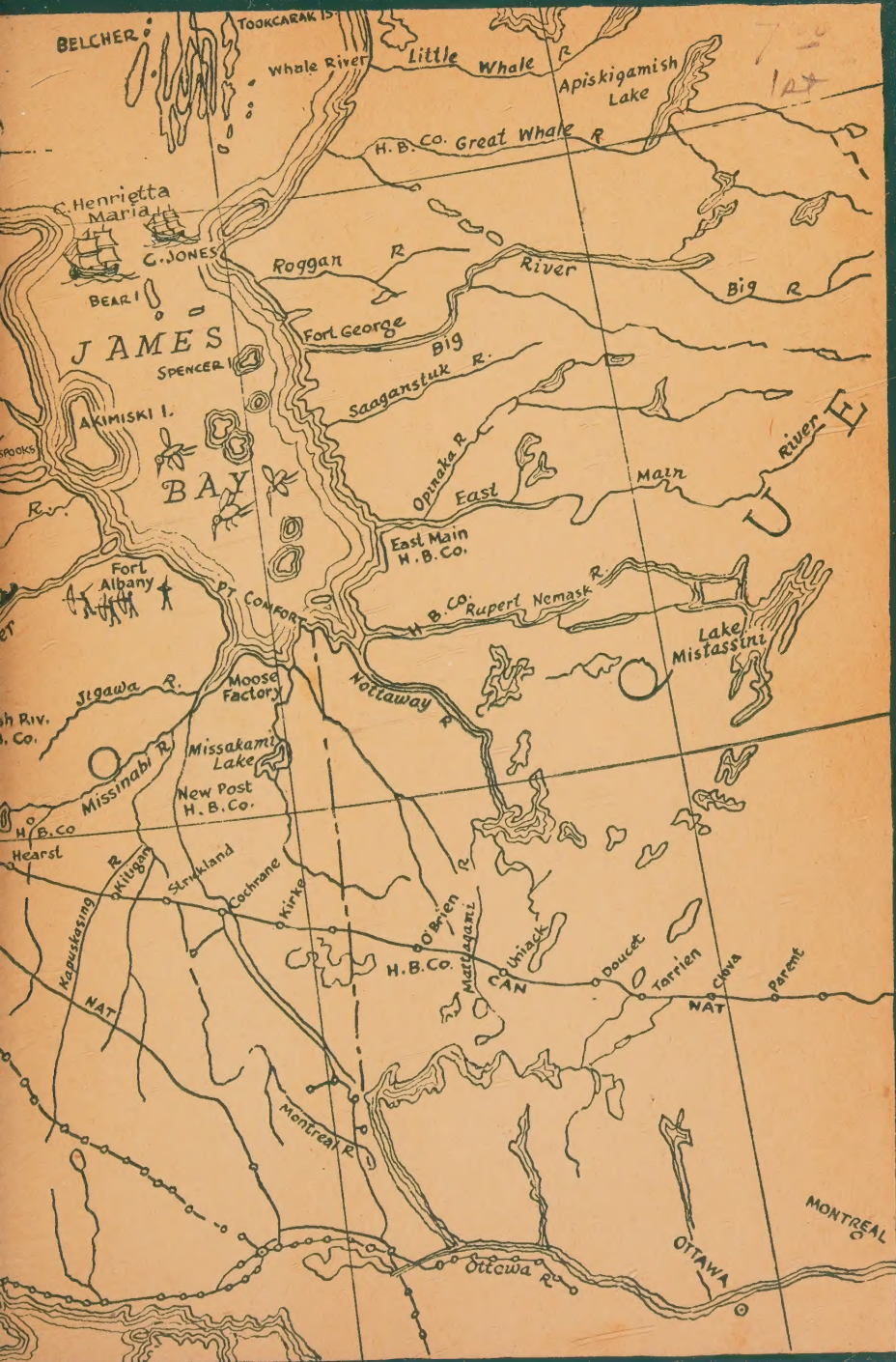
Lake Nipigon

LAKE SUPERIOR

Duluth

Sault





BY DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM

DAVID GOES VOYAGING
DAVID GOES TO GREENLAND
DAVID GOES TO BAFFIN LAND

BY DERIC NUSBAUM

DERIC IN MESA VERDE
DERIC WITH THE INDIANS

BY ROBERT CARVER NORTH

BOB NORTH STARTS EXPLORING
BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

BY BRADFORD WASHBURN

AMONG THE ALPS WITH BRADFORD
BRADFORD ON MT. WASHINGTON

Mike Morrow



Bob at the Home Wigwam

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

A TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY EXPLORES THE
ALBANY RIVER AND JAMES BAY, CANADA

BY

ROBERT CARVER NORTH

AUTHOR OF "BOB NORTH STARTS EXPLORING"

WITH A FOREWORD BY THE INDIAN

JOHN WESLEY

TWENTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK — LONDON

The Knickerbocker Press

1928

BOB NORTH BY
CANOE AND PORTAGE



Copyright, 1928
by
G. P. Putnam's Sons

First Edition



Made in the United States of America

TO THE MANY HOSPITABLE PEOPLE IN CANADA,
FROM LORD WILLINGDON TO THE HUMBLEST INDIAN,

I INSCRIBE THIS BOOK

IN APPRECIATION OF ENCOURAGEMENT GIVEN A LONE
AMERICAN BOY TRAVELING AMONG STRANGERS

FOREWORD

LAST June I took a canoe and paddled and portaged down to the Line where trains pass at Bucke. 12 year old Bob North came back with me. We came by canoe. Some days and nights we camped in the rain. This way we became friends. He has written a book about it. That is good. He asked me questions. We talked together. He looked about much. Every day he wrote with a pencil in a little book. From Osnaburgh House he went away in a canoe down the Albany long ways off to James Bay. I hope we will meet again.

I am a Cree Indian. My name is John Wesley. I have worked for the Hudson's Bay Company at Osnaburgh House at the head of the big Albany River. I am about 37 years old. I was born in a wigwam near Cat Lake, north of Osnaburgh House, here up

FOREWORD

north in Canada. No white people or roads, no automobiles or moving picture shows where I was born. When I was little I trapped and hunted. I wanted to go to school. I traveled 8 days by canoe to Middle Church, Manitoba, to get to a school. Even when little, Indians here in my country go out into the Bush. They paddle a canoe and trap and hunt and go about on the ice. It is good. It makes boys strong men.

Bob North can go about here like an Indian. He is a good boy. He is not afraid. He'd make a fine Indian. He likes our Bush, the lakes and living where no towns. He asked me questions about country north of here where just Indians. I think some day he come back here to go there on snowshoes with dog team and he bring me his book. I will read it and tell him he has put down what is good. Bob is honest. The book will be good. White men will read it and know what this country is like.

I got out to the Line yesterday for first time this year. We had a very bad storm last night. That will give me hard work to get

FOREWORD

back to my Camp. I cannot Tell more about Bob North as I have a 230 mile trip, 10 Days trail, to where I trap for the winter, so I must hurry on my Way. It will be very bad to travel now in short time. Warm weather comes before I get in, that means Hardship.

Good luck to Bob. Po Sho
This means good bye, too.

Handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of a large, stylized 'J' followed by a smaller 'W' and a period.

I am Yours Truly Friend,

JOHN WESLEY (Indian).

Savant Lake, Ont., Canada.

March 14, 1928.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—TO CANADA AGAIN	3
II.—OFF ON MY OWN	19
III.—INTO THE BUSH	35
IV.—NORTHWARD BOUND	43
V.—OSNABURGH HOUSE AND THE ALBANY	53
VI.—FT. HOPE AND INDIANS	73
VII.—WHERE THE CURRENT RUNS TO SEAWARD	89
VIII.—FT. ALBANY	107
IX.—ALONG THE BAY	121
X.—FT. ALBANY AGAIN	139
XI.—MONOTONOUS TRACKING	149
XII.—ENGLISH RIVER POST	165
XIII.—SOUTHWARD HO!	179
XIV.—OTTAWA AND HOME AGAIN	191

ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING
PAGE

BOB AT THE HOME WIGWAM	<i>Frontispiece</i>
MR. E. F. POOLE, FISH AND GAME AUTHORITY	8
BOB, HIS PETS AND HIS SISTER MARY	14
AT COCHRANE. THE BISHOP, ROBERT AND LADDIE	22
A YOUNG WOLF IN CAPTIVITY	30
EVERY INDIAN HAS HIS DOG	38
LAYING THE FOUNDATION FOR THE FUR TRADE!	46
FACTOR WRIGHT'S LITTLE GIRLS	58
I WENT OUT AMONG THE WIGWAMS AT FT. ALBANY	68
MR. AWREY WOULD FLY TO MAKE INDIAN TREATY PAYMENTS	78
INDIAN TREATY PAYMENTS	84
A HALT ON THE PORTAGE	92

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
BOB TAKES A BATH AT MARTIN'S FALLS	100
MY FRIEND TROLLOVE OF THE R. C. M. P.	108
A CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN HAIRCUT	116
A NATIVE OF THE ALBANY	122
ON THE ALBANY THE PAPOOSE IS AT HOME IN THE CANOE	130
A REST ON THE PORTAGE	140
THE MOCCASIN MAKER	150
TWO SMALL TOTS PADDLING A CANOE	156
WINTER SUPPLIES—FISH DRYING IN THE SUN	166
EVERY INDIAN WAS FED ALL HE WANTED	174
A FT. HOPE HUSKY AND HIS MASTER	182
ARGONNE IS GLAD TO SEE ME AGAIN	192

TO CANADA AGAIN



CHAPTER I

TO CANADA AGAIN

TUESDAY, *June 7, 1927. 1st Day.* It is not quite nine months since I last boarded a north-bound train with my pack, after saying good-bye to Mother and Mary. And here I do it again, though now expecting quite different adventurings in Canada. This time Father only goes part way, just to get me started. But I have the experience of my last trip to guide and help me. As I say good-bye and the train moves along, my mind goes back the nine months, every one crammed full of interesting events, opening the way toward a return to the Canadian Bush.

Presently Walton slipped from sight and looking out at the fertile fields under cultivation, I realized that all this was once like the

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

region I was bound for. We visited a bit with a neighbor seated near us, an old time Cornell man who introduced us to his companion who asked questions about Canada for his daughter in Radcliff. Then father began reading to me Jack London's *Call of the Wild*. This absorbed us both. Buck, the dog hero, made me think of my big collie Argonne. I think I understand in my heart what was pulling in Buck's heart towards the wilds. The book especially interested me, not only because somewhat the same surroundings are ahead of me, but also because father attended the same school and university as Jack London and they once wrote for the same little magazine.

As we were reading, the train passed Hamilton and Colgate colleges, and just after we finished the story, we reached Utica. Here we got lunch at a neat cafeteria and then hunted up a jewelry store, recommended to us by a trainman, and bought a good, strong, inexpensive watch. I wasn't looking for one that would cause a very big loss, if smashed up. At 1.30 p. m., we left Utica on the New York Central, headed for the Adirondacks and

TO CANADA AGAIN

Montreal. We looked forward to the trip, as neither of us had ever been on this route north.

We passed through McKeever, a small flag stop from which we set out seven years ago on my first camping trip. It proved the forerunner of many other happy ones. Near Saranac, Tupper Lake and Lake Placid we saw many sanitariums for T. B. sufferers. In this locality, looking well to the east, we caught sight of high mountains, Whiteface, Mt. Marcy, etc., all familiar to us. We recalled one noon two years ago looking over toward Saranac from Algonquin Pass. Then, as we finished our camp lunch, father read aloud from W. J. Stillman's journal of seventy years ago, telling of the time Emerson, Agassiz, Holmes and some others were on their way to camp at Follansbee Pond. Stillman had asked Longfellow to be of the party, but when he learned that Emerson planned to take along a rifle, the poet shook his head vigorously, saying somebody surely would be shot. The mountain people at Saranac didn't know anything about Emerson, Holmes or Hoar, but they craned their heads to see

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

Agassiz as the man who had just refused a seat in the French Senate.

It was pitch dark when we crossed the St. Lawrence River. As soon as we reached Montreal we hunted up a hotel.

I wonder whether this journal will interest anybody seventy years from now.

Wednesday, June 8, 1927. 2d Day. According to a booklet in our hotel room, Montreal is the largest city in Canada, the second largest French speaking city in the world and the headquarters—I imagine Winnipeg would deny this—of the Canadian fur trade. We saw foreign signs and heard French words and saw shoulder shrugging everywhere. If we had had time for sight seeing we would have headed for the Chateau de Ramezay built over two hundred years ago and occupied in 1775 by General Montgomery and the Americans. After his death in the assault on Quebec, a lot of New York territory was named Montgomery County. What is now our home county of Delaware, in 1785, when our people settled Walton, was part of this extensive Montgomery County. The general's wife was

TO CANADA AGAIN

the daughter of an early owner of lands in our region.

Right after breakfast we went to see Mr. E. F. Poole, Fish and Game authority of the Canadian National Railroad. He was very considerate, gave us maps of various canoe routes and talked good sense about camping. We were glad to hear him, for some people talk foolishly about trips. The Stillman journal quotes Agassiz as saying that in camping disguises are dropped and people are found out for just what they are. That's sense, too.

Next, as we were headed for the offices of the Hudson's Bay Company, we passed those of their fur rivals, the Revillon Frères, "founded in 1723." I approached the Montreal offices of the great Hudson's Bay Company with something of a thrill. I thought of the explorer Groseilliers and of Prince Rupert, back in 1670 appointed first governor of the "Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay." We were received very kindly and eventually shown into the presence of Mr. J. Cantley and Mr. George Watson, Scotchmen serving with the District Manager,

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

who did not seem to be about. The Governor Vincent Sale directs general headquarters of the Company at Hudson's Bay House, London, England. He is expected to visit Canada in August. He used to be prominent in India, so we had been told.

I presented credentials and father explained that as I was to travel by canoe into the regions where the Company was supreme, a letter of credit was desired. Thereupon Mr. Cantley filled out a form which he and I then signed and Mr. Watson put his name down as a witness. It was all very interesting. Here is part of the document:

CIRCULAR LETTER OF CREDIT NO. 497.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY,
MONTREAL, P. Q. 8 June, 1927.

TO THE OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF THE HUDSON'S
BAY COMPANY'S POSTS:

SIRS:

This is to inform you that Mr. Robert Carver North, the bearer of this letter of credit, has deposited in the office of the Company at Montreal, Quebec, the sum of Two Hundred and Fifty Dol-



Mr. E. F. Poole, Fish and Game Authority

TO CANADA AGAIN

lars. The amount of any account which he may incur at any of the Company's Posts for goods furnished, moneys advanced or expenses incurred on account of this credit is to be promptly endorsed by you on the back of this letter in the space provided and initialed by him. Duplicate statements in detail of all such endorsements certified by him are to be forwarded through you by first opportunity to this office.

A specimen of Mr. North's signature is appended.
I agree to the above conditions.

The letter of credit secured, we went up town and I purchased a good, serviceable, small folding kodak (No. 116), eighteen six exposure film rolls and a camera case.

Next we went to the University Club, where we met one of father's old college mates, whom he had not seen in over twenty-five years. They had each other's first names and soon straightened out the years as though they had been apart just a little while. Father introduced him as Professor Charles Fryer. He is the head of the History and Extension work at McGill University and we all went over and had a glimpse of the attractive campus.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

Then we entered the McCord National Museum connected with the University and were shown not only most interesting Indian things but also paintings, manuscripts and relics connected with Montcalm and Wolfe.

Before we knew it, the afternoon was going and we just had time to taxi to our hotel, get together luggage and make the 5 p. m. train for Ottawa. About the first thing we crossed the Ottawa River, which is quite a stream.

On reaching Ottawa in the early evening, we found hotels crowded. A big horse race meet was on and also a convention of Canadian city officials. Finally we located a rooming house.

This has been a pretty full day.

Ottawa has about 100,000 population, fine wide streets and looks most attractive.

Thursday, June 9, 1927. 3rd Day. First thing after breakfast this morning we went to the Dominion Department of the Interior. We began at the National Resources Intelligence Branch, where a Mr. Odell obligingly provided us with maps and directions. Then we proceeded to call upon the Minister of the In-

TO CANADA AGAIN

terior, Charles Stewart. When his secretary learned that I wanted to witness the making of treaty payments to the Indians along the Albany River, he said that these would be handled by the Department of Indian Affairs, but that the Agent would go in by plane and the flight would be made under the War Department. He referred us to a Captain Scott of the Air Service. We thereupon hunted up Air Service quarters and found Captain Scott, a tall, most soldierly looking officer. He advised us that the treaty payments being made in Ontario, the flight would be in charge of Captain Maxwell of the Ontario Provincial Air Force. Both Captain Scott and Secretary J. A. Wilson of the Royal Canadian Air Force proved themselves very obliging. Mr. Wilson even took the trouble to send a telegram in my behalf to Captain Maxwell. He told us he had a most high regard for Mr. Vincent Massey, who had kindly provided me with an introductory letter.

Finally, we went to the Department of Indian Affairs, where we met Mr. H. N. Awrey. He said that he and three others would fly to-

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

gether to make the Indian Treaty Payments, starting next Tuesday. He explained that in 1905 the Indians in the regions beyond the Albany River and now known as the District of Patricia, in honor of the famous Princess Pat, entered into a treaty transferring territory to Ontario in return for certain land rights and a guaranteed annual payment of four dollars per man, woman and child. Mr. Awrey told us a lot about the Indians and then and there I decided to be friendly, but not too friendly with the Indian children. If the chance comes I will run races or paddle against them, but I won't wrestle. Mr. Awrey said once his boy went into the Bush with him and had fun wrestling with the Indian children. At least it was fun at first, but he suddenly had to stop wrestling with the boys and start fighting cooties, for it seems our little red brothers sometimes have intimate friends of that kind.

In the afternoon we visited the Victoria Memorial National Museum, where through the kindness of Mr. M. W. Maxwell of New York we found a hearty welcome. Mr. Leech-

TO CANADA AGAIN

man, assistant to the absent Director, took me into the Indian Department. He showed me various sorts of canoes, bows, arrows, snowshoes and the like. He pointed out the things I should be on the lookout for and advised me to pencil on each specimen a number and then in a little note book to set down when and where I found that number.

Meantime father had been in a Mr. Malcolm's office looking for maps with blank spaces for a next year's trip. He rejoined us in great spirits over some large vacant spots north of the upper waters of the Albany, which neither Bell or Tyrell had visited. He said perhaps we could go there in 1928 and I could do something for the museum. Mr. Leechman shook his head, saying to me, "You must hurry through college and get a degree first." Father said he would lend me his, but Mr. Leechman replied seriously, "I sometimes wonder about a degree, but they won't take you without one."

After this, we said good-bye and went to our room. After supper, we killed time by going to see a movie of a favorite book,

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

Michael Strogoff. We are not just strong on movies and were ready to leave in plenty of time to get a berth on a westbound train.

Friday, June 10, 1927. 4th Day. This morning when I woke up we were in the northern part of the Algonquin National Park. It is an altogether attractive region of piney forests, swirling rivers and pretty lakes. We saw immense numbers of logs afloat and in one place the lumberjacks with their spiked poles were breaking a jam.

We passed Somerset, Brant, North Bay and then turning northwesterly entered the mining region, seeing Cobalt, New Liskeard, Timmons and other camps. We saw Lake Nipissing and about that time I began to feel car sick, for the day had grow hot.

Later, we became acquainted with a fine open faced Canadian with the name, West, just next to our own. After a furlough he was returning to Herschel Island, above the arctic circle, where he served the Hudson's Bay Company as inspector. He was very widely read on arctic travel. He said as soon as I was fifteen or sixteen, I should make him



Bob, His Pets and His Sister Mary

TO CANADA AGAIN

a year's visit, which would be a fine experience and give me a broad view of life. Wouldn't that be great! He explained that a boy should be at his prime by sixteen. He said industrious Eskimo women generally had an eye tooth worn down from chewing leather to soften it for boots. This I have heard before.

OFF ON MY OWN



CHAPTER II

OFF ON MY OWN

AND now we are approaching Cochrane. I have said there were interesting events opening the way to this trip and that it started unexpectedly. During the other Canadian outing, I kept a journal, parts of which during February appeared in *The Youth's Companion*. The editor gave me good advice, and warned me not to "coast on my success" but to build further. So I not only dug in harder on my lessons but read more than ever well written books of travel and the like and made

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

reviews of them. I built an Indian wigwam in our woods, slept out a lot in snowy weather, trained my colliers to pull a Canadian toboggan and lately I have done a lot of canoeing.

Then Easter vacation I made a trip by myself to Washington, there getting some letters of reference for use in Canada. The new Canadian Ambassador Vincent Massey, Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover, his assistant J. Walter Drake, our Congressman John D. Clark, and Colonel Lester Jones, International Boundary Commissioner, were most kind to me. I'll never forget Mr. Hoover, as he sat behind his immense desk, a big man with a tired face. As I was leaving, he looked out at me a bit curiously, and said, "Robert, when you're my age, I hope you'll not have the job I have." Another big man whom I saw later was Governor "Al" Smith. And when I met Colonel Theodore Roosevelt I was glad my school marks were all right, for he said his father, President Roosevelt, would say to him and his brothers: "You boys can camp and play all you want, if first your school work is well attended to."

OFF ON MY OWN

My letters proved a regular Arabian Nights "Open Sesame" to me yesterday.

One of the Canadians whom I met in early May was Mr. E. G. Poole whom we saw day before yesterday in Montreal. In May I asked him where to obtain a dictionary of the Ojibway Indian dialect. He referred me to "John of Moosonee, Bishop of the regions about Hudson Bay." He also told me about the Indian payments. A letter to the Bishop finally brought word not only that the payments would be made early in July, but also that he was going to be present at some of them. Then father, not being able to leave home that early on a long trip, sent a telegram to "Bishop John Anderson, Cochrane, Canada," telling of my credentials and inquiring whether I could accompany him.

Last Sunday when I got home from church, I found this reply: "Uncertain whether canoe coming from Osnaburgh to meet me at Bucke will carry more than one passenger. Expect to be Fort Hope July fifth when treaty payments on. Travel by all means. Sometimes real hardships. Leave Cochrane about four-

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

teenth of June. Reckon return end of August. Cannot calculate total expense until return. If willing to take risk, come."

Father, mother and I were all thrilled. We talked it over very seriously. I promised faithfully to be careful of myself and to keep my daily journal and father said he would accompany me to Cochrane.

After father and I reached Ottawa, I telegraphed Bishop Anderson my reply: "Will face the hardships. Reach Cochrane tomorrow evening." And so today I approached my destination all eagerness. Yesterday, someone described my prospective companion in this way, "John of Moosonee is an amiable cyclops, a really grand man. The Indians love him and he is a splendid woodsman."

When we got off our train at Cochrane, we had no trouble in picking out Bishop Anderson. We saw a powerfully built, upstanding man, quietly scanning people. We knew he was the Bishop. We were right. He took us to his home where we met Mrs. Anderson, the young folks and a really fine big dog, somewhat resembling Argonne in looks and dignity.



At Cochrane. The Bishop, Robert and Laddie

OFF ON MY OWN

Alf, a quick, bright high-school boy is the youngest in the family, while the oldest was gassed and shell shocked in the war and now is in the States. Another older son has over two hundred stitches and wounds marking his services as an ice hockey player.

We hadn't been at the Bishop's home but a few minutes when in came a party of Indians all dressed up pale face fashion. They had traveled days and days down from James Bay, bringing their little tots to be baptised. The Bishop said I could see the ceremony. While he entered the church at the back, I went in the front way with the Inidans. I was surprised at the reverence with which they entered the church.

They were fine young people, from eighteen into their twenties, I would say. There were two families, one with a boy and girl, the other with a girl. I couldn't catch the boy's name, the girls were Marian and Cilda. One was a little bit of a baby in a funny basket, not a papoose board. The services were in Indian and I followed in the Prayer Book the best I could. They all knew the Creed and the

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

Lord's Prayer. Presently the Bishop asked questions which I couldn't understand. From one reply, I gathered that the party came from Rupert House which is a noted Hudson's Bay Post at James Bay at the foot of Hudson Bay. One of the young fellows with whom I sat took out a prayer book and stared curiously at the queer signs.

Bed looks mighty good tonight.

Saturday, June 11, 1927. 5th Day. This morning after breakfast, we went around to the stores after some things. The town is sort of an outfitting place for a big country. Besides the main east and west line of the Canadian National Railroad, a little railroad runs north from here some forty miles toward James Bay. In one store I saw the whole group of yesterday's Indians buying trinkets. One of the squaws stopped admiringly before a little brown teapot the size of a teacup. It might hold a drink for a white person, but hardly a taste for an Indian. But certainly it is much better for them to spend for such a toy than for whiskey.

Soon it was time for father's train and we

OFF ON MY OWN

walked toward the depot. Cochrane, they say, was built about fifteen years ago and named after a railroad contractor. It has wide streets, board sidewalks and mostly concrete or brick buildings. It has had a fire, I was surprised to see three banks in a town of about 3,000 population. A bank to a thousand.

It seemed hard to think, as I said good-bye to father, that it would be two months before I could see him again. I wish he could go too. He has always wanted to make through to Hudson Bay.

After lunch I got to journal writing. I'm well fixed this trip. Beside my large 5½ by 8½ in. loose leaf journal I had last winter I have for rough first notes a small 3½ by 6 in. loose leaf, leather cased journal that will go in my pocket. This was given me by one of my very best friends, Miss Clara Colbourn, head of the Rayson Girl's School, New York. Though she lives in the city, she was born in Vermont and loves the mountains. She and mother have been friends for years. Already I certainly appreciate her gift.

My journal written, I went around a bit

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

with Alf. We found our Indian friends sight-seeing. First, they watched the trains and then they visited all the stores. Late in the afternoon the local band, gay in new uniforms, played in the open and there admiring the big instruments was the same Indian group. They'll go home with lots to tell—just as I will come out from their country. This reminds me of what Mr. Awrey told me about some Eskimos who went for an extensive trip visiting various countries and many large cities. Curious to know what wonders made the greatest impression upon their primitive minds, Mr. Awrey asked what they thought most interesting among the things they saw. Imagine his surprise when they replied, "Seeing water come out of a wall in a room when a little knob is turned."

I am getting acquainted with "Laddie," the Bishop's dog. Last winter there was a dog sled race here around a large lake. Laddie having once been leader of a team, easily won because at the sound of the pistol he didn't waste time fighting but started to run. He was used to his dog harness and was at the finish

OFF ON MY OWN

before the other dogs had been untangled by their boy masters. When Alf told me this, I said I'd have to borrow Laddie to teach my dogs about harness work.

Sunday, June 12, 1927. 6th Day. Last night Bishop Anderson went to a place on the railroad west of here, Nakina, I think it is called. After breakfast this morning the rest of us went to church. There was a new minister. In the afternoon I went around the town a bit. I've seen about all of it there is now. Also, I've talked over several things with the Bishop such as the climate of Cochrane and Walton, flies, mosquitos and the like. They tell me Cochrane is quite a hockey place. According to Alf one wouldn't think of buying a pair of skates without being outfitted with hockey stick and puck.

I've had some fun practicing on a ukelele, one with the chords marked and numbered so it's easy. After about ten minutes even I could make some music on it. This is a lively household, lots of young folks and all pleasant and full of fun.

Monday, June 13, 1927. 7th Day. The

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

Bishop has returned, bringing with him a Mr. Northam, Anglican missionary at Ft. Albany, the Hudson's Bay Company's post at the mouth of the Albany River. It was interesting to see a man actually from remote Ft. Albany. He has just come from there by way of the Abitibi River. He told me along the banks of that stream right now the ice is piled fifteen and twenty feet. In conversation the Bishop mentioned that he had intended working through to Baffin Land this year. His diocese is so large that it takes him two or three years to cover it. Last year he went way up the east coast of Hudson Bay, this year we go up the west coast.

Late this evening two Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the famed constabulary of the north, called to see if the Bishop wouldn't interpret at an Indian trial. One of the men was dressed in civilian clothes, the other wore his uniform which is striking. His pants were blue with gold stripes, his shirt was bright red with shiny buttons ornamented with a crown. On his shoulders R.C.M.P. was written in gold letters.

OFF ON MY OWN

This service was organized, one of the men said, in 1873, as the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. Since 1918 it has been the R.C.M.P., with its 900 members scattered far apart over Canada. Colonel Cortlandt Starnes is stationed at Ottawa as chief commissioner. One of our visitors, Constable Trollove headquarters at Moose Factory, by James Bay. The Indian whom he had brought in came from the North country where he had committed several crimes to which he had confessed. This was all most exciting.

Meanwhile there was another arrival, a Mr. Griffin who as missionary at Moose Factory is to conduct an Indian school at Ft. George up the east coast of Hudson Bay.

Besides these present interests, I've had time today to read Victor Hugo's *Laughing Man*. It's a thrilling story written about seventy years ago and tells of England just over two hundred years ago. The Basque *coprachios*, or child stealers with their inhuman methods of deforming children, the wandering showman with his trained wolf, the hero with his disfigured laughing face and the beautiful

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

blind girl, these make a wonderful story. I had planned to read this book later, but it seemed from what I have heard that we will be on the go most of the time except at the Posts and then I want to be keeping my eyes open.

Tuesday, June 14, 1927. 8th Day. This morning the Bishop explained about radio at the north. It seems messages are sometimes relayed from post to post.

After writing on my journal and to mother, I went with Alf while he showed Mr. Northam the town. Alf has been busy preparing for his school examinations so I haven't seen much of him. The Bishop has been in the court house today interpreting the Indian's story.

Next I read part of a book by Wymper on Arctic Explorations. It told about Hudson, Franklin, Kane and many others. Franklin's was the most dreadful tale of all.

Here's a body—there's a bed!
There's a pillow—here's a head!
There's a curtain—here's a light!
There's a puff—and so Good Night!

Hood.



A Young Wolf in Captivity

OFF ON MY OWN

Wednesday, June 15, 1927. 9th Day. This morning the Bishop and Mrs. Anderson were busy packing. After reading what father and I took in last fall, they added some items, including dried fruit and flapjack meal, to the provision list. Mrs. Anderson said I would have charge of the flapjack making, since they were an American standby. While I packed my things, Alf went over to Lake Lillybelle fishing.

Presently, Jock Anderson went in the car to get Alf and I accompanied him. On returning I found the Bishop had sent my pack to the baggage room at the station. Packed tightly in the pack was my brief case in which were my papers and railroad ticket. I did not realize this and slowly killed time. When I got into the car, I asked where my pack was. When we reached the station my pack was on a hand truck being loaded into the baggage car. I grabbed it off, pulled out my brief case and absent-mindedly took out my wallet and carefully put it in my pack. Just before the train started, I found the wallet missing. Bob Anderson said I had put it in my pack. I

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

couldn't remember seeing it and I can't yet, but by climbing into the baggage car I found it. Then over went my pack and though everything fitted tightly in place when packed, a fry pan, a fork, spoon and clothes bag now fell out. Well, I packed up again and got back into the car with still five minutes to spare. But it was all frustrating.

INTO THE BUSH



CHAPTER III

INTO THE BUSH

THURSDAY, *June 16, 1927. 10th Day.*

This morning I woke up at 4 o'clock. I took a seat near a window. About 5.30 Bishop Anderson awoke. An hour later he got off at Ombabica where he had to hold services. I was to go right through to Bucke with the luggage, taking forward a letter to the H. B. Co. man there from the Bishop, explaining his delay.

The train reached Bucke about 10 a. m. and going right in to the station I was welcomed by our last winter's acquaintances, the station agent and his kind wife. Next I went over to the H. B. Co. store and gave the letter to Mr. Mosseau, the factor. Then I stayed

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

around there some little time. Moccasined Indians were in sight over by the woods and I wanted to see them. I did. First in came a boy of about my age. Another Indian boy was with him. I wondered why this one had a mat of hair lying over one eye and his hat cocked forward over on the same side. Finally, I saw that that eye was gone. Then who should appear but my last winter's young trapper friend, Gourdonne. He beamed all over at seeing me, but said nothing.

Next in came a couple of tall young fellows with vizored caps like sea captains'. We saw an Indian trapper wearing one in the Bush last winter. A metal insignia with H. B. C. in large letters was pinned on the front of these caps. I recognized the emblem of the Company. These were Company Indians probably just out from the interior with a packet. Anyway, they are all the real sort one wants to see.

I add this because on the train I thought of a story a clergyman in our county tells. Years ago he was living in Syracuse and his boy, interested in Leatherstocking Tales and a bow

INTO THE BUSH

and arrow, begged to go cut to the nearby Onondaga Indian Reservation. One day he went. After that he broke up his bow and arrows and never talked about Redskins. He had come upon the mighty Indians at the Reservation, but they were in store clothes, with straw hats and tight fitting shoes *and playing croquet!*

I looked over some of the entries in the Post account books to learn about Indian tradings. Here was Joe trading in a dog and receiving an axe, a blanket and snuff. On another page Tom bought corn while box after box of snuff was traded to various Indians. This surprised me a lot.

There are more people about than last winter. They seem a rougher lot, too. Another new thing, there are outboard motors from the U. S. here for sale.

When I went up to Mr. Mosseau's house, I was greeted by an Airedale and a very large gray husky. For lunch we had Italian spaghetti and Irish potatoes cooked by an Indian and believe me it all tasted good. That old squaw is a fine cook.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

Friday, June 17, 1927. 11th Day. The Bishop arrived by early morning train and put up at a nearby house. It seems we are to travel as soon as a motor battery arrives, with three Hudson's Bay Company Indians who are here with a long chestnut freight canoe. They are to take to Osnaburgh House an out-board motor the use of which we will enjoy that far, anyway. The Indians are Dobby, who has but one eye, Paul and John Wesley, a tall, middle-aged man who speaks good English and is captain and everything else including a member of the crew.

So as to see the Indians put the motor on the canoe, I walked along the railroad a good mile over to the little lake where father and I embarked last fall. In the canoe were some paddles which especially interested me. They were long and narrow of blade, made by the Indians themselves and of varying lengths according to the paddler's size.

After lunch I again saw Gourdonne, my young Indian friend of last November and Tom, his father. Tom, a whopping big Indian who knew my father and mother before I was



Every Indian has His Dog

INTO THE BUSH

born, grinned all over and started in asking questions about them. "Where you old man?" he began. "Where you old woman?" Gourdonne said little.

Dividing my journal to date into two parts, I placed them in envelopes addressed home and registered them at the post office. Safe so far!

A small street or path is being laid out in Bucke which is headquarters for Sturgeon Lake goldfields as well as those about Lake Savant.

Saturday, June 18, 1927. 12th Day.

Posted prominently here is a sign reading: "This is to certify that Bucke Post is entitled to keep and sell liquor less than 5% alcohol." However, I have seen no drinking. Indeed, the arrival of the train is the excitement here. Everyone leaves work to meet the train.

At last the battery came today. Tomorrow we will start.

I have just seen another Indian whom father and I met. He is now all dressed up with white shirt and lumberjack.

NORTHWARD BOUND



CHAPTER IV

NORTHWARD BOUND

SUNDAY, *June 19, 1927. 13th Day.* In spite of rain we left Bucke this morning, each of us carrying a pack to the canoe. With their tump lines across their foreheads, the Indians stalked along under big loads. I carried my own outfit, about forty-two pounds. The Bishop lugged two suit-cases.

Once in the canoe one-eyed Dobby sat in the bow, ready to sight rocks and the like. Paul, the Bishop and I were amidships with the outfit. Captain John Wesley sat in the stern, handling tiller and motor.

The little motor took us right along and before we knew it we were at the first portage, which we crossed single file with our various

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

loads. The crew made an extra trip, lugging the canoe. Going through expected mud and water, I was glad to find my high shoes waterproof.

At the upper end of the third lake Dobby pointed direction to the right of the course father and I took last October, and we entered upon a country new to me. About 6 p. m. we arrived at the Savant Lake Post, an outpost, or "Flying Post," as the small establishments of the Hudson's Bay Company are called. It consists of a few rough buildings on a desolate point of land. Before I was born my father and mother visited there, creating excitement, for golden haired women were unknown hereabouts.

The Indians here migrated from Lake Nipigon. They are poor looking. The Bishop, however, donning cassock and robes, held services entirely new for these Indians, including baptisms, confirmations, Holy Communion and marriages. This was the first time, I was told, these Indians had indulged in any marriage ceremony.

At the services there was an old woman with

NORTHWARD BOUND

one eye. She sat over in one corner with an air of superiority.

Monday, June 20, 1927. 14th Day. Leaving the Post this morning, we continued on to the upper end of Lake Savant and into a river followed by many portages and small lakes. Savant is a long body of water with ragged shore line and many islands. We shot some small rapids, which was fun. The river bent about like the Ocklawaha, down in Florida. There was fine timber along the shores.

At one place, on a fallen tree, we saw a long graceful creature. It was an otter. I was much interested, for otters are said to be full of play and to be especially fond of sliding down banks.

We made camp for the night on a portage by Pine Lake. The crew had a shelter of canvas, the Bishop and I a small tent. They cooked moose meat and bannock, while the Bishop and I got along on canned stuff.

After supper, in some papers consigned to Osnaburgh, I found an account of James Evans, the Methodist minister who years ago invented the syllabic form of written language



Laying the Foundation for the Fur Trade! Where an Industrious Beaver had been
at Work

NORTHWARD BOUND

Tuesday, June 21, 1927. 15th Day. Longest day of the year and raining the length of it. There was daylight until 10 p. m. John Wesley early started a fire and finally made three cakes of bannock. This is biscuit dough baked on a frying pan tilted up before the fire.

John Wesley seems a fine Indian and I visited a lot with him this afternoon. As a century ago the Methodist missionaries did great work among the Ojibways, John's inspiring name probably comes from those influences. He says he can read English, Ojibway and Cree and that when only a boy he was taken out to school. He thinks I could learn Indian talk, the main difficulty being that the language of the Ojibways and Crees is different. I showed him an advance copy of my little book, "Bob North Starts Exploring," and I just wish the general public might be as interested.

Finally, I read some of Service's "Songs of a Sourdough." It seemed appropriate reading, only it doesn't give one a good opinion of the north. Of the verses read, I like best "The Call of Little Voices."

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

Wednesday, June 22, 1927. 16th Day.
This morning was fair, except for a strong wind, so we lay around camp with wet blankets spread out in the sun drying.

I had another long visit with John Wesley. He told me that formerly the Manitoba wolf bounty was low and the Ontario somewhat higher, so all the Indian hunters brought their wolf scalps to Ontario. Unfortunately, the Ontario price was brought down to the Manitoba.

Evidently, Indians do not like Chinamen a bit.

John said he once staked out a mining claim and somebody jumped it. Several more that he staked were jumped in the same way. Finally, he put a stake in the ground, bearing this inscription: "Next stake 200 feet up in the air. *Now, jump that* if you can!"

At 4 p. m. we packed up and though the water was very rough, made our way across Pine Lake and into the Pushkokagan River, making camp nearby. A barked tree caused John Wesley to say that white men had camped there before us.

NORTHWARD BOUND

As on other nights we had services and prayers in Ojibway.



OSNABURGH HOUSE AND THE
ALBANY



CHAPTER V

OSNABURGH HOUSE AND THE ALBANY

THURSDAY, *June 23, 1927. 17th Day.*

In the cold air and a gray light we were off this morning at 3.30. We traveled on the Pushkokagan River and a Lake by the same name. We passed two canoes and saw a black dog. Taking a cut-off at our left, we arrived at the Albany about 6 a. m. It is like a lake. It is wider than the mouth of the Hudson. Wonderfully fine timber reaches down to its banks.

It certainly is queer. Though the Albany seems as much of a river as our Susquehanna and Delaware put together, encyclopædias

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

hardly mention it. In the Century Dictionary and Encyclopædia at home there are merely these words: "Albany River. A river in Canada, about 500 miles in length, flowing into James Bay." Surely, it is a great highway to the Bay. We have not entered the Albany by the usual route. Generally travelers come from Sioux Lookout on the Canadian National Railroad, 160 miles southwesterly from here, taking a course along Pelican Lake, English River (there's a second English River further east), Lac Seul and Root River into Lake St. Joe.

Portaging Cedar Rapids, we reached Lake St. Joe about 7 a. m. I was at once interested in seeing two small tots paddling a canoe. My, they were stretching themselves to take big strokes!

Soon we rounded a point and saw on the northern lake shore above a sandy beach a few scattered buildings with a church on a hill. There was a big hole in the roof of the church.

Scattered about were at least a hundred Indians. At a long log wharf was moored a little motor launch, the "Osca." We had with

OSNABURGH HOUSE AND ALBANY

us its new battery. Next to the proud little launch was a birch bark canoe.

At last I was looking on the old Hudson's Bay Company post, Osnaburgh House, first started nearly 150 years ago.

As we came up to the wharf, the post factor or manager, Mr. Hooker, closely followed by Mr. David A. Wright, came down to meet us making us right at home. When father and mother stopped over night at Savant Post, years ago, Mr. Wright was factor and he now welcomed me.

The Bishop and I have been assigned for our stay here to the house where the factor and David Wright live. Like other frame buildings here, it is made of whipsawed lumber. By this I mean that in place of a mill, the logs are sawed lengthwise into boards by the slow handwork of two men, using a saw and a supporting frame. In a day a couple of Indians can saw out about 150 feet of lumber. An every day sort of saw mill at home does about 6000 feet a day! When we were camping two years ago, a friend who had lived in the interior of China described how the coolies whip-

OSNABURGH HOUSE AND ALBANY

prayers. After exhausting myself, I peeked again. Next man was still down. I got to work again. After a time I grew terribly restless so I peeked more boldly.

Everybody in the church except the two Indians next me were seated upright attentively listening. I knew the English service but not the Indian. The two knew Ojibway but were taking their lead from the fellow who traveled with the Lord Bishop.

Finally, the plate started round. To my mortification I felt in my pockets vainly. Nothing there. My wallet was in my pack. The second Indian also seemed penniless. The first one, seeing our needs, gravely passed us each a dime. After church, I learned that the Indians generally pay with rat (muskrat) skins. They are liberal givers, too. Perhaps this might be partly explained by the fact that the bishop's visits are about three years apart! On Sundays such of them as can afford it, wear shoes and put away moccasins.

Osnaburgh House has no regular missionary. However, Joseph, an Indian lay reader,

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

is here and handles services. I have become acquainted with him.

After church the Indians stared at me from a distance. Presently a little Indian fellow about ten started in talking to me. He couldn't understand any English so when I told him I couldn't speak his language, he didn't know what I was saying and kept right on talking. There I stood right in front of him looking dumb and grumpy while he stared at me sort of vexed and rattled on. Probably he supposed everyone spoke Ojibway and was curious to know who I was and where I came from.

David Wright is Justice of Peace and everything seems orderly here. Some Indians got hold of some whiskey from somewhere, but David stopped that. Drink seems a bad business in the Bush the same as elsewhere. When I inquired today about an early hero of mine, an Ojibway father knew years ago, an Indian answered quickly: "Oh, I know dat ——. He bad man. He all right till 1920. Now he trap a little, then spend it all on booze."

There are plenty of books here. David



Factor Wright's Little Girls

OSNABURGH HOUSE AND ALBANY

Wright has a wonderful collection of histories of Canada, England, Scotland and even Rome, besides volumes of Dickens and other novelists. I have started reading *How Canada Was Won* which deals with the French and Indian wars. I find this especially interesting because Jonathan Carver commanded a New England company and in the Bloody Pond Massacre at Lake George nearly lost his life.

The Ojibways seem to be always whittling. They use a long curved knife. These were formerly made of bone or copper. Now at the posts they can get steel blades which they fix into handles. The squaws wear lots of ribbons and beads. Their beadwork is better than any I've ever seen from the Navajos. Their sewing baskets are made of birch bark.

I wish I could hurry up and learn the Indian language. John Wesley says that after you know Ojibway you can learn Cree in four or five days. The trouble is, that while I have many single words I can't string them together worth a cent. As I go toward the Bay, probably my Ojibway will get mixed up with Cree.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

Meantime, their talk sounds to me like a red squirrel's chatter.

Saturday, June 25, 1927. 19th Day. I have been talking with David Wright today. He is planning to establish Scotland House, a trading post on the south shore of Lake St. Joe. By the way, this lake lies about east and west, is over sixty miles long and not over seven or eight wide anywhere. David is very kind to me. Through him I have met his wife and pretty little girls. These youngsters have Indian doll babies tucked into doll sized papoose boards, or carrying cases. My sister Mary would be delighted with these. David has a son attending school at Fort William. The boy is a great hockey player, but doesn't like school and would rather be home here. I like my school, but I think I can understand his feelings. His other son, Eric, who was born about the time I was, met a tragic death. Since gasoline for outboard motors has come into use about Lac Seul, many accidents have occurred from exploded cans of gasoline.

I have come across a litter of the nicest little husky pups, all white, pretty and playful. All

OSNABURGH HOUSE AND ALBANY

right to stay about them until old mother husky comes around and then you get your heels nipped. Before father husky arrives it is best to retreat.

Some of the Indian names I have heard here are Messiah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph. In one family there are four brothers named Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. In addition, however, each has an Ojibway name.

People tell me that there are lots of wolves hereabouts and that they are killing off the moose.

Sunday, June 26, 1927. 20th Day. I went to the English services this morning. All the Indians were dressed in their best whether that was "rags, tags or velvet gowns." I saw one old man with long hair down his shoulders. The Hudson's Bay Company Indian employees wore blue uniforms, and on their caps the company insignia, *i.e.*, H. B. C. on a red flag with the Union Jack in one corner, and those not of the company wore a house flag insignia. All the Indian men wore visored caps like naval officers.

The Bishop married the young post factor

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

to a pretty Indian girl. They are said to make excellent wives.

In the afternoon the Indian boys had a great time jumping. Though they did the high jump, broad jump and hop-step-and-jump, the boys seemed to do all for the fun rather than to beat one another. In the high jump, for instance, they would all go over the same height again and again.

Monday, June 27, 1927. 21st Day. This morning I finished reading the book on Canadian history which proved decidedly interesting.

Then I moved about visiting a bit with Indians. They tell me the country north of here is wild and unexplored, or, as father ascertained in Ottawa, it's "a blank space on the map." Crees, mainly, live there. Though there are no moose, caribou, bear and small game are plentiful. John Wesley says that when he was young two Americans came here from Washington, wishing him to accompany them on an expedition across country to York Factory, thence down the Bay to Ft. Albany and up the river back here. Somebody had

OSNABURGH HOUSE AND ALBANY

wagered them they could not make the trip in a summer. He went along and they won. Though he used to hear from them, no word has come since the War and he thinks perhaps one or both were killed.

Today David Wright looked over my book. Later, he handed me a Canadian five dollar bill and asked that I have sent him as many books as that sum would buy. I certainly take a pride in the thought that the first outright purchase of my little travel volume should be made by a veteran of this land.

He plans to grow some vegetables about Scotland House and asked me a lot about our farm experiences at home. I talked potatoes and said father would write him. Somewhere at home there is a government report on vegetable growing in Alaska and it should be an aid here.

Not only is there a good vegetable garden here, but what greatly surprises and delights me, for I love flowers, a great bed of pansies and other posies.

All afternoon I have written letters and in my journal.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

For supper we had sturgeon and moose meat. I had never tasted either before. I like both very much.

Tuesday, June 28, 1927. 22nd Day. We said good-bye this morning and started down the Albany. They say its outlet into James Bay—the southern end of Hudson Bay—is over five hundred miles from here.

Osnaburgh House and its surroundings are so attractive and the people here so interesting and friendly that I hope some day to revisit this place.

Captain John Wesley and his men have remained here and we are going on with three strange Indians and another canoe.

After portaging Cedar Rapids, there being a fine wind, we sailed. The Indians are good sailors. A sod cloth or old piece of canvas serves them for a sail and they can quickly cut a pole for a mast.

As we traveled down the river, we came within fifty steps of a beautiful young fawn, standing by the water's edge.

The shore line is covered with fine trees.

This reminds me of a difficulty I find in

OSNABURGH HOUSE AND ALBANY

learning Ojibway. I point to a tree and inquire from Mr. Redman what he calls it. He answers and another day I try another Indian and get a different word. Later, it appears the first one gave me the Ojibway for spruce and the next for tree and I'm all mixed up.

Though the Bishop and I are unarmed, the Indians have 25-35 caliber rifles. One of them shot a duck today.

We have made our night's camp on a bluff covered with pines.

Wednesday, June 29, 1927. 23rd Day. As it was raining hard this morning we were delayed a short time in starting. When we got underway, we sailed along at a fine rate. Whenever there is a good wind, we hoist the sail.

In the rapids the front and middle sailor pay just as much attention to steering as does the man in the stern. There is lots of rough weather on the lakes into which the river widens. The old canoe just pitches and tosses, sometimes going up five or six feet, then down again, the bottom sometimes at an angle of 45 degrees. I am getting used to this.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

We sailed through several lakes into which the Albany widens. We passed a couple of Indians out fishing from their canoe.

At Snake Falls we went ashore and portaged. In attempting these falls some years ago four Indians and a transport were completely crushed.

Here, as at other portages by bad rapids, there is big danger. The portage path takes off just a few yards above the dangerous suck of the swift water. If you don't know just where to go ashore, you'd miss the beginning of the carry and be swept on. Our Indians held on to overhanging bushes and boughs as we came near the landing spot. It didn't seem over ten feet to where the stream went down with a twenty foot drop.

On some of the portages we are finding wild strawberries thick.

Thursday, June 30, 1927. 24th Day. We sailed along finely this morning for several hours and then, as the sky grew threatening, made for the shore, where we found shelter under the trees.

Presently the Indians caught a baby duck

OSNABURGH HOUSE AND ALBANY

and putting it into a protected pool, watched it swim around. Then they put it carefully back where they found it. Ducky answered his mother's anxious call and the pair were soon together and off, a fine example of motherly love. I have noticed that when danger threatens their young, these river ducks fly low over the water perhaps an hundred feet distant, then come back to the rescue. Certainly the Ojibways are great nature lovers, also they are forever chuckling and laughing, but their humor is peculiar. For instance, a crew will break out laughing when a hole is snagged in their canoe in the rapids.

Today we found a little grass snake, the first snake I've seen in northern Ontario. The Indians were dreadfully scared at sight of it. This seemed funny for the bad rapids don't phase them. When I told one of them about rattlesnakes, he said most positively that if any snake like that ever came into his country, he and his people would go to the North Pole and live with the Eskimo.

Friday, July 1, 1927. 25th Day. Rain this a.m. Delayed accordingly in starting.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

After it cleared there was a fair wind which carried us along at a pretty good clip. In a couple of hours we sighted near the shore line perhaps half a mile ahead a tiny speck which soon turned out to be a cow moose. Our interest in her was surpassed only by hers in us, for she came steadily towards us. She resembled greatly a mule with cow's ears. When within 100 feet, her curiosity at length satisfied, she quietly trotted off in the bush.

Some hours later, in one of the many lakes into which the Albany so frequently widens, we neared a motor driven canoe in which were two Indians and a Mr. Vincent from Fort Hope. After exchanging greetings and news, we continued on our respective ways.

That evening we made camp on a high bluff, surrounded by tall pines. We pitched our tent near the prospective home of an industrious spider whose building methods vastly interested us, red and white alike.

Yesterday and today I've seen on the portages old pieces of worn out rabbit robe. These native blankets are woven by the squaws from rabbit skins first cut into long strips. One of



I Went Out Among the Wigwams at Ft. Albany

OSNABURGH HOUSE AND ALBANY

these and two Hudson's Bay blankets make an outfit for way down cold weather. A long time ago father and mother had one made at Lake Savant. I can remember as a little tad going out in a sled all muffled up in that warm rabbit robe.

It's interesting: Along these old, old portage paths one sees so many discarded belongings.



FT. HOPE AND INDIANS



CHAPTER VI

FT. HOPE AND INDIANS

SATURDAY, July 2, 1927. 26th Day.

This morning, there being a fair wind, we were carried to the junction of the Albany and Eubamet rivers. According to a Dominion report, immediately north of here are the headwaters of the Attawapiskat River down which, in 1886, Dr. Robert Bell journeyed.

We now took the paddles which soon brought us to Eubamet Lake. We passed many tents and wigwams, all inhabited by Ojibways. The water became rough and we bounced all about, making our progress much slower.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

About 10 a. m. we rounded Snake Point and came in sight of Ft. Hope. Sitting on a small hillock were two churches, their spires silhouetted against the horizon. No one was expecting us until tomorrow, but the Anglican missionary, Mr. McDonald, who was just in the process of hoisting the Union Jack, immediately made us welcome. Through misunderstanding, however, he thought I was North Anderson, a son of Bishop Anderson. He did not find out his mistake until I was introduced to a Mr. Tosh, a young Scot clerking for the Revillon Frères. In the explanation about names that followed, he said his family name had been McIntosh, but there were so many McIntoshes that his father trimmed the name down to Tosh.

Mr. McDonald added his bit. At theological seminary with him were two other Donald McDonalds—pronounce it Doonal' McDoonal'—and to sort them the professor called them "McDoonal' Major," "McDoonal' Minor" and—well, I'm afraid I've forgotten the third.

It did not take long for all of Ft. Hope to

FT. HOPE AND INDIANS

learn of our arrival, and in a short while the little log mission house resembled a well packed can of sardines. By dinner time Mr. McDonald came near having to use a broomstick to clear enough room to set the table. All afternoon the house was filled with Indians, headed by Chief Papah, talking to the Bishop.

Sunday, July 3, 1927. 27th Day. Today was a busy day for Mr. McDonald and the Bishop. They had several services, besides conferences of various sorts with the chief and others, during which at Mr. McDonald's suggestion I stayed about the house to receive anyone who might come to see him. At noon I started the fire for lunch.

There were plenty of books and magazines in the mission house and I found enjoyment with these. Among other things, I read "Ballads of a Chechacko" by Service. In the afternoon I also wrote several letters and in my journal.

Awaiting the Bishop and the expected government representative were about 400 In-

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

dians of all ages. They are comically eager for that four dollars. I understand one family, that was paid in full at another post, has just arrived here after a long hurried trip. They are here to collect on a papoose born since the other payment. While, in the main, these Indians dress white man fashion, the little boys still retain their native rabbit skin capes or parkas with protecting hoods. The natives are a clean, fine appearing lot. There is a missionary here all the time and his good influence shows. The boys keep their hands clean. I have caught some of them staring critically at my hands.

By the way, these Houses and Forts of the Albany have no military walls and no batteries larger than 25-35 caliber rifles. They are well situated, however, on points jutting out into the water.

Monday, July 4, 1927. 28th Day. Fourth of July! No noise, no one thinking anything about the day! No Stars and Stripes. All this seems mighty queer to me. Anyway, I have put out my little flag to celebrate. Today, at home, father is in the midst of a re-

FT. HOPE AND INDIANS

union of his 1917 military outfit. I would like to be with him. On account of this reunion¹ he could not have gotten away to come with me before July 7th.

Nothing unusual happened this morning or the early part of the afternoon. Then, of a sudden, there was a terrific rumpus, the kind we have at home when there is a fire. Every-

¹From the July 4, 1927, official report of the decennial reunion of the Third Company, Ft. Niagara Officers Training Regiment of 1917: "Hon. A. W. North, next on the program, drew attention to the fact that while others had spoken of the bravery of the company members who had given their lives, he wished to pay tribute to the gentleness of the natures, adding that his son, Robert Carver North, was now exploring on the headwaters of the Albany River, in the Canadian wilds and had left with him a little book which, when he was two years of age and visiting at Fort Niagara, his good friend Pete Wallis, had given to him. In this book Wallis and Crandall, with seeming premonition of their fate had made these entries, on November 10, 1917: "To Bobbie North—Today we are living in the greatest period the world has ever seen. But we hope, and indeed prophesy, that ten years hence you will be living in even a greater day and age—a day and age when democracy shall obtain throughout the world and peace shall reign forevermore—Peter L. Wallis, Jersey Shore, Pa. Age 27. * * *" "Here's hoping that ten years from tonight you may be sitting on your dad's knee, listening to tales of valor and how the officer members of the fighting Third 'Tied the can to Kaiser Bill'—E. C. Crandall, Watertown, N. Y. Age 27."

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

body rushed out of the church, where all were gathered for a service, down to the boat landing. I followed after in time to see all scanning the sky. I heard a faint whirr, then a roar and I knew it was Mr. Awrey approaching by plane. Soon from over a point of land, sailing very low, came the great government hydroplane. After a fine landing, Mr. Awrey jumped out, shook hands with us and then turning to the several hundred Indians crowded about, explained that his money was all used up at Osnaburgh.

Those who understood English laughed and one asked why, having no money, he stopped. At this, turning to Mr. Race of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Awrey asked a loan, explaining that the Cat Lake Indians were more numerous at Osnaburgh than expected. The doctor and two aviators climbed out of the plane, peeling off their helmets and exchanging greetings. It had taken them but two hours, they announced, to make the flight from Osnaburgh. It had taken us four days by canoe.

Though I had hoped to receive an open let-



Mr. Awrey said He Would Fly to Make Indian Treaty Payments

FT. HOPE AND INDIANS

ter of introduction to Canadian aviators, I had left home without any.¹

I now, therefore, walked away, heading toward the post. I was met by Eldridge, Mr. Race's boy of thirteen. He invited me to go out canoeing. We paddled about together and had a good time. He can speak Indian well.

The country here is not as interesting as that about Osnaburgh.

I have been talking with Mr. Awrey, who is very nice to me. He is quite a hand at story telling. Here is one: "I met a polar bear. To defend myself I reached down the bear's

¹The following letter awaited Robert at Cochrane.

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Bob North is a fine boy, who has written a book and is a great friend of many friends of mine. I understand he is heading up into Ontario again and hopes to be able to be taken along on a bit of flying.

He is just the kind of a boy that boys ought to be, and I take pleasure in giving him this letter, recommending him to the best consideration of any aviator friends of mine into whose hands this may come.

R. E. BYRD.
Commander, U.S.N. Ret."

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

mouth and turned bruin inside out, right about face, so the polar bear went the other way." This must be correct, for Mr. Awrey is of the government and must be advised as to inside facts. Here is another: "With one bullet I killed a moose, a rabbit and a jackfish. I wounded the moose, which stepped on the rabbit and fell over dead in the water and killed the jackfish."

Tuesday, July 5, 1927. 29th Day. This morning Mr. Spence, the manager of the local post of the Revillon Frères Trading Company, showed me about and gave me some Revillon candy. He explained the meaning of the Company flag insignia. It is an eclipse of the moon, only it represents the Revillon Frères eclipsing their rival, the Hudson's Bay Company. His post building is a fine three story structure, yet it is built entirely of hand sawed lumber. It contains a fine room in which all the furniture is hand made.

I have learned that the affairs of the Revillon Frères (Brothers) have been in the hands of the same family since the company

FT. HOPE AND INDIANS

began in 1723. The men of this fur company and those of the rival Hudson's Bay Company seem on good terms. Some who now work for one concern have at a past time worked for the other. The Hudson's Bay Company, with over two hundred, has more posts than the Revillon Frères, I am told.

Mr. Spence told me he always thinks in Indian. You cannot swear in the Redman's language, however, for in Ojibway there are no swear words. Mr. Spence was born in the Bush and as a child saw no whites other than the members of his own family, except twice a year. Indeed, he did not learn English until he went away to school.

Presently I wrote some letters, read a while and then strolled about the premises, meeting Major John O. Leach, pilot of the plane. Though a young man, he is a veteran of the World War in which he lost a leg. For this Treaty Payment trip, the Dominion Government borrowed him from the Ontario Forestry service. He kindly showed me parts of the plane, explaining how it works. It seems that they had quite a time getting up into the air

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

when ready to leave Osnaburgh. He willingly agreed to take out letters for me.¹

Meanwhile the Indians had gathered in a big crowd and Mr. Awrey had given to each member of a family four dollars in currency.

He now made a nice little speech and called for cheers for the King and for Lord Willingdon, the Governor General. These were readily given as well as cheers for Mr. Awrey and the Bishop.

It seems that every three years each Indian band up here elects its chief and three councillors, who then make a trip out to Ottawa, where they meet in a great council hall for some official purpose. Sort of inauguration, I suppose.

The head Indian here, Chief Papah, is said to be a great orator. Certainly he and the chief at Osnaburgh are both most earnest speakers, gesticulating forcibly as they orate.

¹ Eight days later Bob's father received a letter from Major Leach, saying: "While flying Dominion government officials on the Indian Treaty flight, I landed at Ft. Hope and found your son Robert who had arrived by canoe. He was looking exceedingly well and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying his trip. I enclose a letter from him."

FT. HOPE AND INDIANS

Their manner and voices are so persuasive that as they talked they convinced me they were right, though I could not understand what it was all about.

Finally, I joined the government men at the Spences and stayed till midnight, listening to stories of the North country. On leaving I was pleased to see many streaks of sunlight. They say that just 100 miles north of here at midnight it looks like sunset.

I slipped in very quietly because everybody had gone to bed. Mr. Spence gave me a long letter to read written by his son about a trip he took from Ft. Hope to Rupert House via the Bay.

This has been a busy day for a single one!

Which reminds me: The government physician who came with Mr. Awrey is Dr. Day. He has been examining the Indians. At Osnaburgh, David Wright and here Mr. McDonald gives experienced amateur care in case of accidents or sickness, but a real physician makes the rounds once a year. The Indians look forward to his attentions. Dr. Day said that

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

most of those who thought they were sick could be cured with a dose of colored water.

It seems to me that missionaries to far away Indians should have medical training.

Wednesday, July 6, 1927. 30th Day. This morning I got packed in a jiffy, but the Bishop was so busy that I needn't have hurried.

Mrs. Spence and Mrs. Race both kindly gave me bread and Mrs. Spence gave me some Revillon candy. Then I took lunch with the Spences and enjoyed moose meat with potatoes grown right here. At these posts the long days make it possible to grow potatoes, lettuce, radishes and turnips. The potatoes are sweeter and nicer than those grown further south. There are no cows, sheep or the like hereabouts. On inquiring about chickens, I was told the Husky dogs stood in the way, gobbling up any travel-stained hen promptly on her arrival. In consequence an egg is a luxury.

Speaking of eating: This morning Mr. McDonald announced that we were to have rat for dinner. I didn't especially relish this idea, so I decided to go over to the Spence's



Indian Treaty Payments. Hon. H. N. Awrey (in center) with my Friend John Wesley (at his right) Interpreting

FT. HOPE AND INDIANS

just before dinner and hang around in hopes of getting an invitation. I ran to get my hat and came back just in time to see the rat. I didn't go over to the Spence's after all. It proved to be muskrat, a delicacy much like chicken. Canadians here call muskrat, "rat."

Near the garden at Osnaburgh there is a big metal sundial. Here, also, there is a sundial, an accurate though small affair. Before it was set up, Mr. McDonald was derisively laughed at, for saying he'd tell time by a big nail which he proceeded to drive part way into a stump. It cast a time telling shadow which presently failed to agree with various post watches. The missionary was laughed at for his contraption until a passing fur trade inspector in checking up, found the time of the nail and stump correct—and the post watches off!

About 1.30 p. m. Mr. Awrey's¹ party took

¹Ten days later Bob's father received from Mr. Awrey a letter saying: "I left Ottawa on the 14th of June for Remi Lake, northern Ontario, where I took the hydroplane for English River, Ogoki, Albany, Attawapiskat and Moose Factory. I made this part of the flight in the short time of two weeks. Then I flew into Osnaburgh, thence to Ft.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

off. All the Indians came down to the water's edge to see the bird fly. It buzzed around on the river, getting up speed. At this the few English speaking Indians laughingly cried, "Aw, go on up. Can't you go up?" Then, when the plane rose, they shouted frantically and threw their hats all around, shaking hands with anyone and everyone.

Hope on the Albany River, where I met your son, who is apparently enjoying his adventure, as he looks more hale and hearty than he did when he called at this office in early June."

During his extensive tour, Mr. Awrey made payments aggregating over eleven thousand dollars to 2880 Indians. He traveled unarmed.



WHERE THE CURRENT RUNS
TO SEAWARD



CHAPTER VII

WHERE THE CURRENT RUNS TO SEAWARD

LEAVING our crew and their big freight canoe behind us, we now pulled away from Ft. Hope in a missionary canoe with David Sugarhead and two other Indians as crew.

The water was rough again. Before dark we had traveled a long way. Then, to my distress, I found that the pages of my journal containing entries made during the past two weeks were missing. That, my sod cloth and my wallet with identification card, I had left at Ft. Hope. I'll write back to Mr. McDonald, but I won't know whether the notes are safe until I reach home. That's a long sus-

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

pense. I am glad I have some duplicate entries.

I've learned how the whiskey-jack, or camp thief, came by his dissipated name. The Indians knew the bird as We-sa-kay-jack, a name which early trappers pronounced Whiskey Jack.

Today I have felt the monotony of the skyline. The fine trees of the Osnaburgh country are missing. There still are trees, inferior ones though. And yet there is a swing to this river travel. I haven't the knack of writing out what I feel, but the Indian Princess Tekahionwake could describe it so I will put down her verses.

I am sailing to the leeward
Where the current runs to seaward
Soft and slow;
Where the sleeping river grasses
Brush my paddle as it passes
To and fro.

My canoe is growing lazy
In the atmosphere so hazy
While I dream.

WHERE CURRENT RUNS TO SEAWARD

Half in slumber I am guiding
Eastward indistinctly gliding
Down the stream.

Thursday, July 7, 1927. 31st Day. It is now just a month since I left home. A good lot has happened since.

This morning we started at six. I fell asleep in the canoe—just started toward slumberland—then, biff, my head went over limply and hit the seat. I woke up to hear all laughing. I'll bet I went to sleep half a dozen times and each time I was mechanically awakened. In disgust, now the Court Jester of the whole crowd, I gave up.

We portaged several rapids that ordinarily would be run, but the Mississippi flood is here in mild form. Lots of trees along the banks are standing in the overflow water. With the river so fierce and high, the Indians will not chance having the canoe crushed by the heavy waves in some of these boiling rapids. In their midst are dangerous whirlpools and one of these we just missed as we swept along.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

I have not mentioned that ever since we left Osnaburgh, we have passed along shores, colored with wild roses as thick as dandelions on your favorite lawn. So many that you cook amidst them and sleep among them. How mother and Mary would love these rioting flowers!

We passed a mother duck and a couple of dozen tiny ducklings. The mother wouldn't leave them on her life.

After dinner I slept most of the time.

I am missing my father. We have camped together every year since I was real little. When we are out, we cook together, work together, read aloud and talk things over. The Bishop is so occupied with missionary matters, that I do not like to bother him with questions.

Towards evening, just brigades of mosquitoes opened broadsides on us, like the Lilliputians on poor Gulliver. At nine o'clock though still perfectly light, we made another camp on roses. More mosquitoes!

Friday, July 8, 1927. 32nd Day. This morning we portaged around lots of rapids,



A Halt on the Portage

WHERE CURRENT RUNS TO SEAWARD

all especially high. About noon we portaged the last one, called Martin's Falls. As the day was very hot, while the crew were portaging I took a bath in the lower end of the Falls.

About 2 o'clock we pulled in shore for lunch.

Pretty soon we heard the putt-putt of a motor and around a bend came a large canoe. In it was an Inspector of the H. B. Co.¹

Presently we got started again and I fell asleep. While I snoozed we passed a moose, they told me later.

I have been thinking about the Ojibways I've seen. So many of them are such noble looking men and so many of them are so fine that I want to put down right here some points about them from an old record of 1850. It says "the Methodists were the first who preached to the Ojibways, or Massissaugas,

¹Though Bob was unaware of it, his letters to London were bearing fruit and about the time this Inspector was passing by, in London Governor Vincent Sale, head of the Hudson's Bay Company, was sending this message: "We have cabled our fur trade commissioner in Winnipeg, asking him to take the necessary steps for meeting the wishes of your son Robert and to commend him to our post managers, and trust his adventure will meet with every success."

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

as they are frequently called. They commenced at Credit River, in Canada West, in 1824." Even before the coming of these missionaries, however, it seems that, in their Grand Medicine Lodge, the Ojibways were given good teachings. Here are some of the instructions: "Listen to the words of your parents. Never pass by an indigent person without helping him. If you see an orphan in want, help him. When you kill a deer or a bear, share it with the needy. When you eat, share with the poor. When the chance offers, help the aged, and then the gods that have favored them will be your friends. Never use improper medicine to the injury of another, lest you, yourself, receive the same treatment."

Saturday, July 9, 1927. 33rd Day. This morning we passed a couple of tents where some Indians were staying. Bishop Anderson had some prayers with them.

A little while later we came to the mouth of the Ogoki River, just below which lies a post of the Hudson's Bay Company. The post factor here is a brother of the Bishop.

WHERE CURRENT RUNS TO SEAWARD

They say we are now about 250 miles from the Bay.

The surroundings here are not especially attractive and the Indians aren't interesting.

I have spent most of the day reading and writing. I wrote to Mr. McDonald at Ft. Hope asking him to send my missing journal home. The Indians who brought us down will take out my letters, I have their names at last.

First comes Captain David Sugarhead. For all his funny name and his habit of sputtering when shooting rapids, he is a fine canoe-man. On shore he is odd looking, because of his unusually short legs. He is a bit near-sighted, too, and in bad water this causes him continually to sputter, "Look out for rocks." Eddie and Stephen made up his crew. Stephen is a rugged son of Chief Papah, up at Ft. Hope.

These posts I find well stocked with books and magazines. It is easy to understand how welcome reading matter must be way up here, especially during the long winter nights. The factors are well informed men. One of the magazines, entirely new to me, at these Al-

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

bany posts is "The Beaver." This is a quarterly magazine published by the Hudson's Bay Company itself for its people. I find it very interesting.

There are more Roman Catholic Indians here than I have seen before. About half these Indians are of that faith. They are camped together way up the river from the post and the Protestant Indians way down the river. The priests, they say, were here only a day or two ago. Bishop Anderson said that while he held Anglican services here, the Roman Catholic Indians came peering in the door to see what was going on.

Sunday, July 10, 1927. 34th Day. Mr. Anderson, the local manager, told me today that he had had several pet moose calves. The first one, he said, was a great pet, and would come right into the house and follow him around like a dog. Once when his master had grippe, he came in and caught the distemper. He soon died. The second calf used to butt everyone except his master. While that pet was about, Mr. Anderson said there was most always a bunch of Indians on top

WHERE CURRENT RUNS TO SEAWARD

of his woodpile. Finally, he slipped into the store and ate too much wild rice and died.

The next and last pet moose was a female. One Sunday, when Mr. Anderson had on his best clothes, he saw the moose crossing the river. He promptly jumped into a canoe and tried to head off the swimmer. In his excitement, he upset so not only lost his pet but spoiled a new suit to boot.

I read and finished today an interesting book, belonging here, and called "*Chief Mate's Yarns.*"

I am worrying about my notes at Ft. Hope. They will be all right as long as Mr. McDonald didn't burn them as waste paper.

Monday, July 11th, 1927. 35th Day.
This morning I wrote a letter¹ to Mother and Father. In it I asked them to write me at Cochrane, giving directions as to what to do in Ottawa and Montreal. Six weeks of this sort is taking my mind off city life.

Last night an Indian child died just next

¹This letter reached its destination of Walton, New York on August 3.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

door here, in a little log cabin. This morning saws were squeaking, making a small coffin. The child belonged to one of the Catholic families.

They tell me that in recent years T. B. has been increasing greatly among the Indians along the Albany.

Zapi, one of the new Indian crew going on with us from here, is to take part of his family. I am wondering how many this will mean.

Our next stop will be Ft. Albany on the Bay. The next Attawapiskat up the west coast, north from Albany. Then we will return to Albany and perhaps then easterly to Moose Factory, by steamer, I guess. We should get back to the railroad about the 10th of August.

There is a family of future sled dogs out here. They have just learned to walk. Their mother is a noted leader. Just now they were fighting and growling at each other, a regular family quarrel, until the mother stepped right in the middle.

Tuesday, July 12, 1927. 36th Day. We

WHERE CURRENT RUNS TO SEAWARD

got started this morning. Old Zapi's family is rather a crowd of mother, son and Co. They ride in a separate canoe. Co. consists of two brown and white and two pure white huskies and a big black and white cat. All the Indians have cats or kittens around with them somewhere. They lead the cats with cords the size of clothes lines.

Old Zapi and another Indian paddle our canoe. Every once in a while the family canoe has to stop for the canine members to stretch their supply of legs.

I have made friends all ready with the whole family. The son "Isaac" is in his late teens. He is the hardest to make friends with, he is so very silent and thoughtful. The others talk to me and I to them, though they in Indian so we don't understand each other.

Zapi shot a large owl today. Even though it was stone dead, it made faces at me in the canoe. Zapi and Co. had a great feast, only after they got the fellow plucked he had shrunk near the size of a sparrow.

During prayers this evening I found that with so many singing I could repeat the words

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

of the hymns. Of the Lord's Prayer, I have the last three words, *Caganink a Caganink*.

Recently our horizon has been uninteresting: just dull red banks, spotted with cobbles and daily growing higher. Today, we passed the highest banks of the whole Albany River. In places they were just perpendicular sand cliffs, a full 100 feet high, all barren, the tops fringed green with pines. The current in this part of the river is very strong and rushes the canoe along.

Wednesday, July 13, 1927. 37th Day. This morning about 8:30 we reached the Forks, where the English River joins the Albany, having traveled 100 miles since about 10.30 a. m. yesterday. On the maps the junction stream is set down as the Kenogami, but no one here gives it any name other than the English River. Until recently both here and at Martin's Falls there were small out-posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, but they have been abandoned.

From Ogoki here the river has swung so far southward that we are now not over 125 miles from the line of the Canadian National



Bob Takes a Bath by the Lower End of Martin's Falls

WHERE CURRENT RUNS TO SEAWARD

Railroad. The country is getting more desolate, it seems to me.

Soon after passing the Forks we stopped at a tent where a family were fishing. They had moose meat drying over a smoking fire. They proved to be Crees. Bishop Anderson held a short service with them.

There were several little pups around, three with half their tails cut off.

We continued our way slowly, somewhat north of east. The country has changed entirely. We see now bare banks, clay soil and scraggly trees. I would like mission work as such around Osnaburgh, not so much here.

We made camp on a barren bank. On going down to get my pack out of the canoe, I succeeded in knocking it into the river. Nothing further happened. I recovered it, poured the water out and dried the contents. I hope my camera films are not spoiled.¹

Thursday, July 14, 1927. 38th Day. We continued our weary way again this morning.

The Indians are all talking to me, thinking I know Indian. As by watching them, I

¹ Several rolls were.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

can generally find out their wish, I get along by nods. Observing them in a family is interesting. All the Canadian Indians I've met seem so fond and tender of their children. While the men will grip boys' hands to see whether they are nervy, I have not seen the children slapped or punished. In this northern Ontario country there is wonderful muskeg or swamp moss. The squaws clean and dry this and use it about their babies. Laced against a papoose board with the moss all around them—and changed regularly for cleanliness—the youngsters are snug and safe.

Today Zapi shot a duck after a lot of circling and so forth. When after duck, the Indians do not raise their paddles from the water. In this way they avoid any splashing noise.

This is a good place to put down something I've heard that certainly is interesting. To begin with: an Indian's foot in moccasins, is free and natural and they all move along at a great pace. I've noticed this especially on the portages over which, no matter how heavy their packs, they just hustle along. I've heard of an Indian, with a message for one

WHERE CURRENT RUNS TO SEAWARD

of the Mounted Police, running two hundred miles in three days.

For a little while today we stopped at another Cree encampment and had prayers. These riverside services certainly are impressive. Many of the Indians have the wonderful voices one comes across among musical darkies and it is an experience to stand by here in this wilderness, beside a group of finely built Indians and hear their splendid voices ring out in hymns even though I cannot understand the words.

I slept most of today so I haven't much of our doings to write about.

We made camp finally in a mosquito infested place. We built a great roaring fire which, at last, made them beat a retreat.

FT. ALBANY



CHAPTER VIII

FT. ALBANY

FRIDAY, July 15, 1927. 39th Day.

This morning we continued our way as usual. The river must be half a mile wide or more. Pretty soon we came to an Indian encampment. An Indian came out to meet us and informed us that a "Bleeceman" was here.

Sure enough, here was Constable Trollove. He greeted us warmly. He said he was taking an insane woman to Cochrane. He was going up the Albany River as far as the Forks and then up the English River southward to the railroad.

The Mounted Police, it seems, work alone

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

except when it's a woman they have in tow. Then some relative of the prisoner—here, her husband, Mr. Longpeter—goes along.

Constable Trollove said to me: "Robert, I don't look much like a Hollywood Production of a Mounted Police with red shirt and shining spurs, coming dashing up on a jet black horse to save a young girl from an awful brute."

Indeed, he didn't. Old torn overalls, torn shirt, moccasins worn through from tracking, and an old green piece of mosquito bar tied around his head: there, you have his outfit.

He told me that escorting wasn't a very enviable job, since he didn't sleep a wink last night, and seldom did for he was always on the lookout so as not to suffer a getaway. He had reason to feel bitter about one case. He tracked a criminal by dog sled 1000 miles in the bitter cold and 400 miles by canoe and received a rifle ball in his cheek. The criminal came to trial and got merely 15 months in jail, four months of which now are gone.

Constable Trollove is an energetic, tall, fine appearing young man. After a few minutes talk we followed our opposite ways.



My Friend Trollove of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police

FT. ALBANY

About 3.30 p. m. we reached Ft. Albany. It is the largest post we have visited. It is situated on an island by the Bay.

We are stopping at Mr. Northam's house. Mr. Northam (the Anglican missionary) is still on his vacation. He certainly has a wonderful library. It consists mostly of Latin and Greek books and volumes of history. It must have been hard to bring them all here. All of one wall is covered with filled book shelves.

I have been figuring. During the nearly four weeks since we left the Canadian National Railroad at Bucke, we have spent sixteen days in actual travel: three days from Bucke to Osnaburgh House and thirteen days descending the river. Most of the way there has been ice, frequently several feet thick, piled along the banks. Though sometimes it has been hot during the day, the nights have been chilly. I have worn my sweater most of the time. In sleeping I have not used a sleeping bag; just rolled up in two light blankets, made from our own sheep's wool and brought from home. I have shed my high laced boots,

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

for they became too warm in tramping across the portages. I found some old moccasins along the way and they have served me. I lost my rain coat before we reached Martin's Falls and I have spoken of leaving my rubber sod cloth behind at Ft. Hope.

I haven't had a cold and feel fine.

Saturday, July 16, 1927. 40th Day. I have tried to write in this journal more than once a day. But I have let this Saturday slip until this (Sunday) morning and I don't wonder. I have had more fun than almost any other day I know of.

It started in this way. I was standing out by the tents watching the *Pt. Charles*, a Hudson's Bay Co. sailing vessel, tack out to the bay and at the same time listening to the chant of the Indian mothers to their babies. "E, wa, wa, wa, wa, wana," they crooned. "Ewa, wa, wa, wa, waaaana." Of a sudden there appeared a whole band of Indian boys, all about my age. They were kicking a ball. It was just a little rubber ball. Their skill made me ashamed. They would kick a punt, way up over the tops of the wigwams. Even

FT. ALBANY

little bits of tots, smaller than my eight year old sister Mary, would send the ball flying.

A boy, who could speak some English, sort of introduced me.

“These boy, Weely,” he began, indicating one by poking forward his chin and pouted lips in the boy’s direction. “These girl, Many.” So they call the name of Mary. “These is Charley Wynne and these is Stephen.”

I gave my name as Mr. Nobody! They all seemed to understand.

Then we played a game of theirs, a sort of combination of volley ball and football. Presently, they got interested in my compass, watch and so on. We moved into a wigwam, about a dozen of us, from eight to fifteen in age. They found a picture which I dropped, of a goat. They stared at it, uncertain, and asked, “sheep?” I said “goat,” imitating the animal’s cry. They had heard of the baa, baa of a sheep, but the short jerky noise of a goat made them roar with laughter. Also, they were amused by the whinneying of a horse.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

I now showed them some coin tricks. They were perfectly honest, as I have found most other Indians I've met. I dropped a dollar bill and didn't notice the loss. But they politely picked it up and handed me the bill.

Then they went outside. One, Hosiah, opened his hand. I knew something was up his sleeve. He grabbed at my arm, but I fooled him by giving a quick jerk. He went sprawling and I thought he had sprained his wrist for as he landed on it, his wrist turned over. Though it must have hurt like the dickens, he got up laughing and again held forth his hand. I tried the game with several. They soon got on. I changed again. This time I braced my foot against Hosiah's and jerked. He expected me to twist, so he went sprawling.

They are all much stronger than I and more cunning, so I have to work my last moment schemes.

Well, at last we all retired to our houses and wigwams, as happy as you like!

Sunday, July 17, 1927. 41st Day. This

FT. ALBANY

morning it was pouring down rain, or rather spilling it down.

I wrote my journal up first.

After church I hunted up yesterday's friends. At first there were only three of them. With these I whittled away on an old board. My knife slipped and I cut a deep gash, the blade running along my finger and stopping as it hit the joint bone. Strange to say, it didn't pain in the least. The boys uttered exclamations, but all I could do was to laugh. I went into the house, washed the strip that hung down from the bone and put some iodine on it. This made it sting a bit, but only a little. I went out with a roll of bandage and got an Indian boy to tie up the cut.

A stinging scratch from a bramble bush has often made me dance something like a Charleston, but even now in the early afternoon as I write this four hours after the cutting happened, my finger feels just as natural as before.

Bandaging finished, the fun came on. I got a comb and tissue paper and started play-

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

ing "Yankee Doodle!" In fifteen minutes every Indian boy in the neighborhood had come with comb and paper and was playing. Some learned quicker than others but they all readily caught on.

It became a regular Bedlam. Older Indians came running out from tents and wigwams to see what the strange, squealy music was. No band would have made such excitement as did this, the only instrument I can play. I was never in a place where I was so popular. The *E, wa, wa, wa, wa, waana* of the crooning mothers stopped immediately.

Some boys were playing hymns, others Indian songs, but the majority just anything or nothing. Those that played tunes had me beaten in a little while. Then I played "John Brown had a little Indian" and gave them the words. This interested them vastly and they started playing the tune.

Presently they settled down and one brought out an old tin can. They asked me to read the words on it. I did. Some then scattered, returning with a regular garbage pile of old cans. Advancing their lessons, I

FT. ALBANY

got a burned stick from a fire nearby and wrote a few sentences on a board box. After a while I stopped, but everybody talked to me and the English speaking boy said "kool," and pointed to the board. So I labored on till dinner time.

This afternoon I went out for a while, but the Indians seemed somewhat hostile and wanted me to go back to the house. Hiding behind a screen, I peeked out of a window. Their eyes are too sharp, though, and they spied me first thing. I watched. They went up the Revillons. Most all of the Indians around followed.

Then I tried an awful job, cutting my own hair! It was so long that it came down most to my chin. I'll bet I cut my ears and nose a dozen times. Naturally, it didn't come out an even cut, but my head feels better than before.

I went out again. This time the Indians welcomed me as a "spine boy," or fine boy as I take it. I am not sure, though. All the boys are playing combs now. Nearly everybody plays one.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

I have given my name so far as Mr. Nobody, following in the steps of Ulysses and the Cyclops. I finally wrote my true name on an old paper. I shouldn't wonder but what it traveled a mile looking for some one to read it. Nobody could, so my name is still a mystery there.

The English speaking boy finally asked me where I was born. I pointed south with my chin and lips, the way the Indians themselves do, and said, "More'n 1000 miles. You ever heard of United States?" He nodded. I said I lived there where the Yankees come from.

For supper, Andrew Wesley, a native minister here, gave me some rabbit, a loaf of bread and some sturgeon.

I have filled a little bottle with Albany River water to take home.

Monday, July 18, 1927. 42nd Day. This morning it was still raining. I visited several tents and wigwams with the boy Hoshiah. He is about my size and looks more like the pictures of Indian boys than do most real ones.



A Catch-as-Catch-Can Haircut

FT. ALBANY

We went over to the H. B. Co. store with several other boys. There we found a man with a pair of sealskin boots, another wearing a caribou skin parka, but on the whole they were more like white men than the Indians were further up the river.

Here's where I got into a fight, though quite friendly. It was, in earnest, too. We were a pretty good match. Philip, my Indian opponent, was about my size and age, but stronger. Well, first he slipped and we went down together. Then he was on top, not long to be. I got him down and pinned one arm only to find him on top. How it might have ended I don't know because an old man stepped in and told us, if we wanted to fight, to get off the porch. Well, it was raining and everything wet so we didn't.

The Bishop and I were invited to tea at the Revillons. There they told me that Mr. West was at the H. B. Co. post so I went down and, sure enough, right here was the Herschel Island man whom father and I met last month on the train. He said he had been

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

transferred from inspector of the "Western Arctic" to the "James Bay" District. These are H. B. Co. divisions. As he was busy I didn't bother him any more.



ALONG THE BAY



CHAPTER IX

ALONG THE BAY

TUESDAY, *July 19, 1927. 43rd Day.*

Water, water everywhere
And all the boards did shrink,
Water, water everywhere
And not a drop to drink.

About 11 o'clock this morning I went out to the wigwams, taking with me a whole roll of films.

Then I moved around a bit more and near the H. B. Co. store found a garden with let-

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

tuce, potatoes, radishes and other vegetables.

It certainly seems strange. In the North Country there is so much bitter cold weather that one sees lots of men, red and white alike, who have had a finger frozen off. And then to find flourishing lettuce and tomatoes!

About 2 p. m., we left Ft. Albany. It is located on an island, by the way. In one place we had to wait a full hour for the tide. Then we rounded a point and came at last into the Bay.

It was calm water so we got along pretty well. For the first time I now paddled with an Indian made paddle. It is light and strong.

We camped in a mere swamp where mosquitoes were thicker than ever. They are what I call salt water mosquitoes, because they are much larger than the others, though not quite so bloodthirsty. I have only seen them since we came to Ft. Albany. This afternoon my arms were brown with them. After one slap across my upper left arm, I counted fifty-four carcasses.

Wednesday, July 20, 1927. 44th Day.
This morning we got up an hour too early—



A Native of the Albany

(Reproduced through courtesy of Father John M. Cooper)

ALONG THE BAY

Crees and Ojibways alike are dreadfully early risers—so had to wait for the tide. Then we hoisted a sail, which carried us right along at a good rate. There was a strong wind and the morning was very cold.

The two Indians now with us are Allec and Gaius. Gaius is Andrew Wesley's son. They wanted to find a certain little creek for fresh water. We landed and pulled the canoe over the mud flats since the tide was ebbing. These Indians have sealskin boots. I took off my shoes and stockings and went barefoot.

I was getting so thirsty that I managed to gulp down a bit of tea. I don't like it much. I put milk, sugar and salt in it at different times, yet it still seemed as though something was missing. I didn't even taste this mixture, it just went down.

Our Indians saw in the swamp grass along the shore something moving which they decided was a caribou. It was wonderfully interesting to watch them stalk. However, after getting within a few rods of their game, they found it was nothing but a stray husky dog.

We had to wait several hours for the tide.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

These tides here are most inconvenient. Finally, when we reached the creek, the water floated down icy through. Even our cool mountain water at home was never as cooling as this.

There were some other Indians wearing parkas and sealskin boots camped near by. They gave us four ducks. They shoot ducks with rifles. I have seen no revolvers and few shotguns this trip.

The Indians I've met this trip are great powder burners. They are forever blazing away with their rifles at ducks or even flying geese. Though they don't often make a hit, they keep right at it.

Thursday, July 21, 1927. 45th Day. Last fall, when I was over near Lake Savant, I thought the waves kind of rough sometimes, but now this Bay in its roughness beats even Pine Lake. Our little canoe bobbed all around and I found it hard to paddle at first, but got used to it later.

We camped at a little creek for the afternoon, waiting for high tide. When it came we moved on till about 7 p. m. For supper we

ALONG THE BAY

ate two of the ducks. First time I've had duck since Christmas or Thanksgiving or some such feast.

Then we went on to the mouth of the Kapiscau River.

Friday, July 22, 1927. 46th Day. Last night the Revillon Frères boat passed on its way to Ft. Albany. It has been to Kapiscau, where that company has a small outpost.

We sailed on till we reached the mouth of the Attawapiskat River. Here we waited for the tide. Since leaving the Kapiscau there has been land a distance off to our starboard. This is Akimiski Island, where there are said to be lots of foxes. Nobody much ever goes there now.

We had lunch and ate the rest of the meat.

I have forgotten to mention that the Indians all around here, right up from Bucke, eat meat by stuffing a lot in their mouths and then cutting what won't go in right off at the lips. It's about the handiest way. Afterwards only have to wipe off the knife. There's not much time wasted over dishwashing. Sand or gravel and poking a dish in the river saves a lot.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

Then, too, half a dozen Indians can eat out of the same bowl. That's household economy.

When the tide came in we went up to the Post. There at anchor was the Pt. Charles, which, for all her head start, just got here yesterday.

We landed and went in the H. B. Co. house with Mr. Duncan, the factor.

I might as well state right here that this is a far away neighborhood with plenty of excitements. The insane woman as well as the man who shot Trollove of the Mounted Police both came from here. Mr. Duncan was with Trollove when it happened. He says that Attawapiskat seems to make Indians go that way. It seems that during the winter all along in front at the post were wigwams where Indians were afraid to go into the Bush because of spirits.

My, these northern Indians are superstitious! Even along the Albany, I heard a lot about their *windigos* or spirit cannibals. A windigo, apparently just loves to snoop about a wigwam and grab up some squaw to eat. Another superstition: At each post the Indians have graveyards and over graves the Indians

ALONG THE BAY

like to place a white flag or a moose skull to drive away evil spirits.

A while ago a man here was in his canoe and suddenly screamed out in Indian, "Help, save me from the spirits. See, see them all around! They're after me. Help!" He never went near that spot again. Another Indian won't look at his traps without a companion, and always takes a lantern when he goes out at night. Simply crazy! Another is absolutely wild, every night dances around in his little hut the size of a kitchen table, yelling and shouting and stamping. Some there are that won't work and become so poor that they have to wear their heavy parkas and capotes in summer.

There's something queer about this place, I say! They ought to start an asylum with this sign up:

SPIRIT PROOF!

ATTAWAPISKAT ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE

COME HERE

TO GET RID OF THE SPIRITS!

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

Well, as this is as far north as I am going to get this year, I may as well put in right here some notes I have. About twenty years ago two geologists, after canoeing down the Abitibi and Moose Rivers—the usual route to the Bay—and visiting Moose Factory and the north, wrote: “James Bay, although it is but 225 miles from the railroad, is one of the most isolated and least known areas in North America.

They traveled along the east coast of the Bay. Of this west coast nobody seems to have written anything in a long time. In the Victoria National Museum at Ottawa, they gave us a little report which told how early explorers came hereabouts looking for the Northwest Passage to the Orient.

“Captain Thomas James and Captain Luke Fox,” says the report, “seem to have been the only navigators who sailed along the coast between the Severn River and Cape Henrietta Maria”—that’s a big point along the coast just north of here—“for the purpose of examining it. They describe a pretty low shore, with shallow water. It must have been in the

ALONG THE BAY

vicinity of the mouth of the Winisk River that the two vessels approached one another in August, 1631. The two captains, both bearing letters from His Majesty King Charles I to the Emperor of Japan were able to compare notes. Captain Foxe, ridiculing James' action in keeping his flag continually flying at the masthead, said to him, to use the quaint language of his journal, "Keep it up then," quoth I, "but you are out of the way of Japan, for this is not it."

Up here there surely isn't any route to Japan, but, certainly, lots of the Indians do look like natives of China and Japan!

Saturday, July 23, 1927. 47th Day. I am writing this Monday. It started this way. I shook hands with an Indian who didn't want to shake but squeeze. Some of them are that way to see if they can make you stop smiling. After his grip, my whole right hand hurt, and on looking at it a lot of yellow pus trickled out. I waited until after breakfast and then mentioned it to Mr. Duncan. He quickly got out a large box marked "H. B. Co. Medicine

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

Chest," and after soaking my hand in medicine fixed it up.

I was invited over to the Pt. Charles by Mr. Mitchell, who has just been transferred to Trout Lake, region west of here and supposed to be the wildest around and the hardest to get at!

I clumsily climbed up the rope ladder to the deck and looked about. The skipper, as are many of the skippers of the H. B. Co. sailing vessels, is a full blooded Indian, Jim Ferris. His crew of four consisted of a mate, a cook and two deckhands. I haven't seen any of the lot except Jim and the mate. The mate is white. Jim is all dressed up in H. B. Co. uniform with the Company flag insignia pinned to his cap.

It would be novel to travel in a vessel where the white crew were under an Indian captain.

The Indians in this country of lakes, rivers and bays are used to sailing their canoes and know just how to strike a wave in rough weather. They say that navigation is the best occupation these Indians can carry on, except, of course, trapping.



On the Albany the Papoose is at Home in the Canoe

ALONG THE BAY

I have met the noted George Linklater, said to be the best dog driver about the Bay. Though just now busy nursing a sick dog, he is much interested in my compass. His mother, aged ninety something, is quite a flapper. A youngster asked her something about her age and she came right back at him, saying, "Just twenty-eight. Are you looking for a wife?"

Sunday, July 24, 1927. 48th Day. This morning my whole right hand was swollen and the bad finger about twice its usual size. Mr. Duncan kindly washed it out and again put on iodine.

I went to church, English service.

Then Mr. Duncan, Mr. Mitchell and I went sailing in the canoe. I have wanted to take several pictures of the Pt. Charles, but each time it slips away under my nose. So while I was in church, off it sailed.

Then we all went to the Revillon Post to tea—with tea for everyone but me.

I am entirely out of journal paper. I hope there will be a supply waiting me at Ft. Albany. For the present I will have to cut some

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

other paper to a size to fit my loose leaf note book.

Here is a story about an Indian of this country. Seeing the man in uniform, a factor asked if he had been overseas.

“Yes,” replied the Indian.

“Were you in France?”

“Yes.”

“Did you cross the ocean?”

“Well, don know about dat, but I drossed one beeg river.”

Monday, July 25, 1927. 49th Day. My swollen hand has gone down so I can write with less trouble. My left hand wouldn't quite get the knack. I write pretty badly with my right hand, but one could make out Indian syllabics more readily than writing done by my left hand.

I believe we are leaving today, but I am not sure. Most of the morning I have been journal writing. Also, I have been thinking of the coincidence that while I have been canoeing and portaging from the railroad for weeks getting into the south end of this great Bay, another boy, David Binney Putnam, whom I

ALONG THE BAY

know, has gone by steamer, probably from New York, up the Atlantic coast and along the north end of the Bay and into Baffin Land, way to the Arctic.

Well, we left Attawapiskat about noon. It rained all the time. This is a rainy, misty region. We reached a river, where we camped, just north of the Kapiscau. All hands were surprised that we hadn't seen either a seal or a whale. Also, Mr. West hasn't arrived, though he was expected some time ago.

So I am looking out for seals, whales and Mr. West.

Bishop Anderson said today that he once knew an Indian who, when he saw you in the distance, would come running up, calling, "Me no your hand shakum yet!" Somewhat of a sticker, at first.

Tuesday, July 26, 1927. 50th Day. We passed Kapiscau this morning; also, an Indian encampment. At about 2.30 p. m. we entered a little stream and put up for the night. Our Indians killed a duck or two and then stood around, whittling and carving pieces of board.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

Their manner with a duck is quite simple. After pulling out the principal feathers, they singe off a good lot of the smaller ones, draw the carcass and then pitch it into a pot of boiling water, feet, legs and head included. This surprised me the first time. Now, I can eat the head quite Indian fashion. Why not? If brains are quite a dish and pig's feet sort of a luxury, why shouldn't duck's head be a tid-bit? It's not bad. Try it yourself!

I went to sleep pretty early, but was wakened and didn't get to sleep again until perhaps 10.30. If I had known what was soon to happen, I would have tried harder to doze off.

Wednesday, July 27, 1927. 51st Day. I was roused out of my blankets at 1 o'clock this morning after about two and a half hours sleep. We started right away.

They say this is the romantic time of the twenty-four hours. It is not so when hauled out into the cold air. No silver moon then casts forth its weird spell over land and sea, no sympathetic, twinkling little stars or slanting Northern Lights above, just a dark sky

ALONG THE BAY

forecasting a storm and a streak of dawn showing along the horizon. Yet dawn at this hour!

Between four and six I slept and got in some more later while waiting for the tide. Allec is bent on making quick time.

A little after noon we passed Mr. West, or what we think was he, so now I only have to look out for seals or whales! It will probably be my luck that we won't see any.

We ate our lunch on a little barren island which is covered with water when the tide is high. Bishop Anderson called it Juan Hernandez Island. If Robinson Crusoe had been wrecked on this spot, he wouldn't have had much to eat or drink, but of course at low tide he could have walked right ashore!

On the island off Attawapiskat, the mission people pastured a bull and some cows, but husky dogs got after one poor Boss and dragged her down as they would a crippled caribou. They have a yoke of oxen there, too, which were brought over from England and are used for hauling things. I haven't heard of huskies bothering these big brutes.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

Soon after lunch we passed three canoes, all under sail, heading northward.

We camped out on a river bank for the night.



FT. ALBANY AGAIN



CHAPTER X

FT. ALBANY AGAIN

THURSDAY, July 28, 1927. 52nd Day.

It was raining hard all this morning and I got soaked. I filled another little bottle from the Bay as a souvenir.

Along about 3 p. m., I think, we turned in to the Albany River once again, reaching Ft. Albany a little later. All my Indian acquaintances and many others were out despite the rain.

Andrew Wesley gave me two letters from home, written July 4th, but, alas, they hadn't received my S. O. S. call for more journal paper! I'll have to cut down some larger sheets to fit into my loose leaf holder. They mentioned receiving several letters from me. I only wish they had said which ones. If I had

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

told everyone I met that I needed paper, they would have known it a week later. My message would at least have traveled as far as the railroad. Though there are no telegraph stations in this Bush country, certainly news travels about by what they term "moccasin telegraph."

Friday, July 29, 1927. 53rd Day. I went out this morning and found Angus and another Indian boy shooting with a bow and arrow. They hit everything they shot at, except when a strong wind opposed, including a thin wire 100 feet away. They even threw up in the air a top to a can about the size of the palm of your hand and Angus hit it twice before it started to fall, then his companion hit it twice before it reached the ground. They handed me the bow and threw the can up. I missed by about three feet and the can hit the ground before I even got a second arrow in my hand.

Unlike the old English bows, the Indian ones are short, probably for convenience in getting about in the Bush. Arrows used just for practice or for a rabbit or a bird, are just



A Rest on the Portage

FT. ALBANY AGAIN

fitted with an empty 25-35 calibre rifle shell at the front end.

After my miss, Angus threw an old can down and hit it as it rolled away. They would rather practice on something moving than stationary.

Since I was here, the boys, hearing me spoken of as Robert, got that name confused with my Mr. Nobody and I find myself now called Mr. Robody!

Today, I have read half through a history of Canada and now my journal is written up.

Saturday, July 30, 1927. 54th Day. I finished the history and was especially amused at the point of view, so different from ours, when it told about the Revolution.

As my forebears were in that war and doubtless faced Canadian soldiers, I want to say right here that it's my guess each respected the other. Certainly I love Canada and respect and feel most grateful to her fine people.

I went out for a while. The boys, much like Tom Sawyer and his friends, have a little treasure bag where they keep their treasures.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

They don't count value. A penny may be traded for a bit of tin foil, or a pencil for an old curtain ring from a dump pile. It is the same with the grown ups. An Indian had been gambling. He proudly told a white man that at cards he had won five dollars from Jim. "But," asked the white, "how did Jim come out?"

"Oh, Jim he get eight dollar off of me."

It rained this afternoon so I read more. Here are some "local items": Ft. Albany was established back in the seventeenth century. In 1704, about the time of the Deerfield Massacre in Massachusetts, the French attacked and were repulsed from this fort. Until recent years there was a stockade, but in these days of planes a stockade may as well be torn down for winter fuel.

Down the Bay east of here is Charlton Island, where ocean going ships of the Hudson's Bay Company take on cargoes for Europe. There are risks in this northern navigation and just recently "The Bay Rupert," a fine new Company ship, was lost.

About 1770 Samuel Hearne, a young Eng-

FT. ALBANY AGAIN

lish explorer, was a great figure in this north country. He struck out from the west coast of the Bay and discovered the Coppermine River and followed it to the Arctic. Before he joined the Company, he served in the British Navy, which he entered when he was younger than I am! Another big figure was Sir George Simpson, who made a canoe and portage trip from this west coast right through to the Oregon country, where he figured a bit in American history eighty years ago. Lord Strachona was a notable governor of the Company and they say the present chief, Governor Charles Vincent Sale, is going to stand out as a great leader. Some ten years ago he served as lieutenant governor.

Sunday, July 31, 1927. 55th Day. It was raining again this morning. That does not interfere with church here, though, and I went to the English service.

Later, I came upon a book called "The Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company," written by George Bryce. If he is the one who wrote Bryce's "American Commonwealth," of which father has told me, then I

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

want to read that, too, for this history is most interesting.

I looked over a "Saturday Evening Post." It wasn't a very late copy, for it told what the Sesqui at Philadelphia was going to be like. I was just glad, though, to see something from my own country.

Today, Andrew Wesley asked me where I lived. I said in New York, not really far from a place called Albany that was also on Hudson—only, River not Bay. This interested him and he asked if I wouldn't be home in about fifteen days. I added three to make good measure.

They say here that they can't catch many fish or get any moose. For fish they have to go way up the river. As for moose, they very seldom get any. It seems hard times for the Indian.

Monday, August, 1927. 56th Day. This morning it was raining hard.

After breakfast I just sat around, waiting for it to stop so we could set out. It finally cleared about 3 p. m., and we got started. Mark Goodwin and his bride-elect are our sole

FT. ALBANY AGAIN

crew. They, like the other Indians here, are Crees.

Just as we were leaving, Andrew called out that they wanted to sing one more hymn, so we paddled along to music. It didn't bring us extra good luck, though, for we hadn't gone far when we struck a snag, ripping a hole in the canoe.

Mark, however, had it fixed up in no time with gum and we paddled along again.

Late that afternoon we made camp once more on the mighty Albany.



MONOTONOUS TRACKING



CHAPTER XI

MONOTONOUS TRACKING

TUESDAY, *August 2, 1927. 57th Day.*

This morning we started tracking. I am in the bow, Mrs. Goodwin soon-to-be in the stern and Mark, harnessed to a long rope attached to the boat, walks along the shore. His is no easy job. He has no path and needs be strong and a steady walker. My job is to look out for rocks. I understand now what pioneers going up the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers had to tackle in upstream travel.

It rained again today. Progress is slow enough truly without the fall of rain.

This is sort of monotonous and so I think of all sorts of things: home, former camping trips in the Adirondacks, Catskills and my last

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

trip to Canada. That was the hardest venture I ever took, because of the ice-covered fallen timber we got into.

I have been lucky to have camped with some fine men who have roughed it and traveled all over. One was on a Mt. Everest expedition, another in mission work in Japan, another for years in China and Siberia. Father was born in the west, is familiar with the Rockies and the Sierra Nevadas and has explored a lot of Mexico. He says if you want to find the good and bad points in a person, just go camping with him.

I was thinking of all this when I got into the canoe this noon and forgot to untie it before shoving off from the bank. It was a joke on me all right, but then it's no worse than getting into your rig without untying your horses! I am sometimes just that way: as absent-minded as the Professor who shaved the cat and put himself out of the bathroom.

Wednesday, August 3rd, 1927. 58th Day.
Raining again! When there comes a chance, we get up a sail, but most of the time the wind is against us. We are advancing very slowly.



**The Moccasin Maker. She is Seated on an Indian Woven Robe Made of Two
Hundred Rabbit Skins**

MONOTONOUS TRACKING

The river banks are high and uninteresting.

I haven't much to write about these days, except my thoughts, so here goes.

I have heard a bit about *Cychology*. I am not sure how you spell it. Anyway, it ought to be interesting if it is what I think it is. First, I may be thinking of a husky and that makes me think of home work training my collies to pull my toboggan husky fashion—that makes me think of our talking over in advance this trip and then I go over it thus far and get to thinking of Mr. West and so doing refers me to Herschel Island. Then I think of the M. P.'s wife who was torn to death there by the huskies. They got her down and started chewing up her legs. (This may seem to you like a story, but it's true. Huskies get crazed when they taste blood). And with her being chewed I am right back at huskies where I started.

Well, that accident makes me think of Major Leach, because he was the first one who told me of it. Then I think of aviation and the war, of the Indians Over There and then back to Mr. West's three brothers who

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

made the sacrifice and to Mr. West and the way they are transferring H. B. C. men and—scratch! We hit shallow water and I realize I have been dreaming!

I guess this is getting kind of tiresome hearing me preach away as if I thought I was a professor, but thought is a lone man's companion!

Thursday, August 4, 1927, 59th Day. Somehow, probably at the "line" or "tracks"—as they refer to the railroad—Mark has learned "It Aint Going To Rain No Moe!" So, every so often he squints at the sky and starts up "It Aint Goin To——."

I am thinking more and more of home, since it is only a couple of weeks away and tracking is tiring and monotonous.

Bishop Anderson takes all this wonderfully. He sits silent in the canoe, much of the time bending forward, head on his hands. He certainly seems well fitted for his immense diocese, which reaches along both sides of the Bay and up into Baffin Land. He knows the Indians and he takes everything as a matter of course.

MONOTONOUS TRACKING

Guessing time is quite a game when you are sort of alone. I look at my watch, wait a long time, then make a guess and look at my watch. At first I felt lucky at coming within 15 minutes of the time. Then I got to coming within 10 minutes. Sometimes now I can look at the watch, then look at the river, which is dark and not clear, and then up at the sky and come back to the watch with a guess within two or three minutes of the time.

Eating kills time, too. We do it irregularly enough to give mother a fit, if she knew about it. We do it when the crew get especially hungry, which means about four times a day. First, is the early meal about 5.30 a. m., with a second breakfast around 8 a. m. About noon we eat again with a supper around 6 o'clock.

Speaking about eating, reminds me of fish.

We have had three kinds, jackfish, sturgeon and whitefish. The sturgeon has few bones and I like it best of all.

Friday, August 5, 1927. 60th Day. I may as well write something about Indian canoe-men. On the Bay they handle their paddles with a long sweep. On the rivers they use a

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

quick stroke with a short sort of circular motion in the air as they lift up the paddle. As they work with untiring action, they look like machines, working mechanically. They have little to say while they are paddling. Their singing and joking is generally done between times.

I read a story one time about the French Canadian canoe and dog sled men along the Albany. It was most interesting, only the author was mistaken in his geography. The French Canadians may be east and southeast of Ft. Albany and the Albany, but they are not at the Fort or along the river.

I have mentioned that since we left Ft. Hope we have seen practically no bead work. They just don't know how to do it, I guess.

Today, we sighted a moose way off in the distance. For all their title "Lord of the Woods," etc., they seem to me to bear a great resemblance to a mule with cow's ears and a big head ornamented with a lot of heavy dead branches.

We see lots of birds. On the portages coming down the river we saw partridges and

MONOTONOUS TRACKING

strange birds, unfamiliar to me. Mostly they were song birds. Along the River there are ducks, owls, crows, loons and some gulls. On the Bay there were lots of gulls and yellow legs. At low tide the gulls were forever going out and sitting on the rocks.

Thanks to flies and mosquitoes I have two or three raw places on my neck which, along with my bad finger, make me look like a wounded war veteran. But what are looks here!

We are still some distance from English River and Pagwa is still further. I am now counting the days to when I'll climb out of a little red gasoline engine- and passenger-car on the railroad and find myself on the platform in front of a little dark station with home at hand!

I made some flapjacks tonight. They came out fine.

Saturday, August 6, 1927. 61st Day. I find now that I am only half through my films and yet nearly through the trip! I'll have to get busy along English River. Up river I've kept saving films for later use. I guess I

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

saved a bit too much. Also, the days were then fine and bright, now they are cloudy with lots of rain.

I have a queer idea about English River Post. Every time I think of it, I picture a sea captain standing out by a flagpole with a telescope in his hand looking across the river.

Mark has given me lots of fun. He knows enough, or so little English so he is funny.

We are getting back to nice country with plenty of trees and other foliage. There are now lots of pine and poplar trees and a few birch.

Going over the trip in my mind, from Bucke to Osnaburgh House and down to Ft. Hope has been the most attractive country. Ft. Albany was of much interest because of the band of Indian boys there. I am glad to feel that I have seen the Bay. Attawapiskat was well worth while because of its weird spookiness!

Sunday, August 7, 1927. 62nd Day. We are getting nearer and nearer the Forks now.

Today has been just the same as the rest recently, with rain, tracking and paddling.



Two Small Tots Paddling a Canoe

MONOTONOUS TRACKING

I don't believe I have described the rope used for tracking. It doesn't seem important to me, but father said to keep track of details, so here goes. It is a very small rope, smaller than a clothes line, but very strong. It has to be small, lest it weigh too much when wet, and it has to be strong to pull a canoe up against a swift current. One end is fastened about half way between the bow and the center of the canoe. The Indian takes the other end, ties a large loop and throws it over his shoulders. Then for him comes the grind. Something like turning a heavy grindstone!

I cooked more flapjacks for supper. They didn't come out well, just swelled way up until the steam came out of the tops. They looked like Mt. Vesuvius. They are all gone, just the same.

Monday, August 8, 1927. 63rd Day. I am getting tired of saying it rained again, but that is the truth.

I have been checking over in my mind Ojibway words that I have picked up. Though most uncertain of the spelling, here is my vocabulary:

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

Paddle, ahkine; he paddles, chema; canoe, chemaun; birch bark canoe, wigwahchemaun; shoot a rapid, nishibow; portage, onegon; cannibal, windigo; dog, mekuahm; snow, sookepo; fuel, nesum; let me see, tuga-tuga; soup, nubook; iron pot, ahkik; loon, nonoing; sleep, nebakin; he is asleep, nebak; tobacco, ashone; log, metig; log hut, metigo-wahhuhegon; snare, nugwagum; salve, puzzymacet; bring, petou; he loves, sagiaa; medicine, mushkeke; my son, mingwis; chief or captain, ogama; look, or see, nagwhike; house, wegwahm; sun, kisis; sick, akoosh.

While I have sort of proved some of these words by reference to an old-time Ojibway vocabulary a missionary at one of the posts showed me, still the different local dialects have confused me a great deal. Another trip I must have one of those vocabularies with me and prove as I go along.

At noon today a small scow loaded with provisions passed us under sail, headed for Ft. Albany. The crew, consisting of six Indians, came ashore where we were eating. They were all big strapping giants, quite de-

MONOTONOUS TRACKING

serving of this title. When these Indians are tall and big, they are whoppers.

The scow was perhaps twenty feet long and five feet wide. A large oar served to steer and several smaller ones to propel it. There was a fair wind to carry the big boat along.

I have already seen at the posts along the Albany, log rafts built up higher than any head and vastly longer and wider than this scow. Numbers of these are slowly poled in to the posts and there sawed up for winter fuel.

I am beginning now to keep an eye out for the Forks.

The flapjacks came out better today.

Tuesday, August 9, 1927. 64th Day. We paddled a good deal today and finally, quite late, came to the Forks. It was good to see the spot, because it showed we were really getting somewhere. Think of it, we made the 150 miles from here to Ft. Albany in three days going down, while tracking up had taken us eight days, every one of them wet and rainy!

We camped near the tents of several Indians.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

We have now left the Albany for good and are going up the English River (marked on many maps as the Kenogami River) to English River Post, then on to Pagwa and on the line.

I am not counting on a very interesting time at English River.

A whole bunch of Indians came about us for a while, puffing furiously at their pipes.

Wednesday, August 10, 1927. 65th Day.
Needless to say it was raining again this morning.

We haven't tracked at all today, just paddled.

My rain coat being gone weeks ago, several times when it was raining today I got the tent about me.

Towards evening we came to several cabins and huts. Here we spent the night. We will probably reach English River Post tomorrow.

I have not set down that this afternoon we met Constable Trollove on his way down the river. Since July 15th, when we saw him, he had taken the woman out, had been to Cochran, where he had seen Mrs. Anderson, and

MONOTONOUS TRACKING

now was way back here again. We chatted a few minutes, getting the news, and then traveled on.

The finger that I cut at Ft. Albany has been festering some more. This time with my knife I've gotten out a mean thorn.

The flapjacks were fair tonight.



ENGLISH RIVER POST



CHAPTER XII

ENGLISH RIVER POST

THURSDAY, *August 11, 1927.* 66th
Day. Well, for a wonder it didn't rain
today. First real let up in two weeks.

In the middle of the morning we rounded a big bend in the river and came upon English River Post. No sea captain greeted us. Instead there were groups of Indians, followed by Mr. Walker, a young missionary here. He is a student at St. John's College, Winnipeg, and is to be ordained in a year or so.

Mr. Coates of the Revillon Frères Company

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

kindly took me in and Mr. Snape of the H. B. Company took care of the Bishop.

I want to mention that the stores of the Revillon Frères are painted black and white and the counters are so bright you can see yourself in them.

After Mr. Walker and I got acquainted, we found our minds ran in nearly the same channels, so we discussed all sorts of things, especially the North Country. He has a wonderful sense of humor and is altogether a fine fellow. With him around things were sure to be lively. He made me feel that he was glad to have me about. Mr. Coates was pretty nice, too, taking me for a walk.

According to the Hudson's Bay Company maps we are now in the upper corner of the Lake Huron District. The Company divides Canada into eleven Fur Trade Districts. Some of them are immense in size. The St. Lawrence Labrador District extends from Montreal and Nova Scotia on the south to the Ellesmere Land and the Pole at the north. All these Fur Districts are odd shaped. To look at the Company map with districts



Winter Supplies—Fish Drying in the Sun

ENGLISH RIVER POST

marked, you'd think all Canada had been gerrymandered.

Friday, August 12, 1927. 67th Day. Mr. Coates told me some interesting things today about the West Indies where he used to live. He also kindly gave me a lump of cocoa from there. Certainly these men of the North Country have trailed about in remote and interesting places.

I went over to Mr. Walker's Indian School for a few minutes. As he is just learning the language, he has George, a fine young Indian boy, as interpreter. At first I sort of upset the school. It seems the giggling girls were very much tickled about the big hole which has worn through the seat of my pants. At present my only other pair are getting dried out. Noah had a roof to his canoe but the rains these days have poured straight down on us.

I helped Mr. Walker by hearing some of the children spell and pronounce. This is what I did: I'd point to the word and tell the Indian to spell and say the word. To an outsider it would have looked funny to see me actually teaching school, especially so when I was

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

soberly correcting a whale of a big overgrown fellow of about fifteen.

The Indian children love Mr. Walker and he them. They all run to meet him, and he is great when it comes to playing with them. He is especially nice to a little deaf and dumb boy. Then there is Andrew. He can't do any work in school, for he is a half wit. Poor fellow, for all his affliction, he is as happy as a lark! Mr. Walker said that when he went back to college last fall he kept forgetting and answered questions in Indian.

Seeing here some children with the curly hair and blue eyes that tell of a white father somewhere back reminds me that I've seen hardly any mixed Indians this trip. Where a post white has an Indian wife, the children take after the mother in face and color. But I haven't seen a dozen breed children this summer.

This being a fine moonlight evening, I've taken a sort of prowling walk around. It has made me feel fine.

Along the banks of this river it is quite muddy, so here at the post a pole has been

ENGLISH RIVER POST

set in the ground at the top of the bank opposite another one set in several feet of water. Between the two a wire is stretched. On this they work rings and a rope with a pail at one end which is lowered for clean water, and saves going down into the mud.

Saturday, August 13, 1927. 68th Day. Today, of course, is a school holiday, so this morning I went around with Mr. Walker to some of the tents. At one I met David, an interesting Indian who was on the firing line overseas. What a change for him from the silence of this land!

This afternoon I fooled with Mr. Walker's typewriter. He said he got it after a fellow student had thrown it away because it was so broken. He fixed it up so now the old machine is as good as new.

Next I went around taking some pictures and hope I had pretty good luck. On our other trips father has attended to the camera. I am rather new at it. Today, I saw some interesting pictures taken by Mr. Coates in the west.

After my snaps I wrote some home letters

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

and to friends, and then went swimming with Mr. Walker. The river was cold so we made a dash for it, finding the water fine when we were once in. The swim gave us both a fine appetite.

Mr. Walker got Minnie Wesley to find another Indian woman who would make a little pair of moccasins for my sister Mary. This evening she brought them around. I tell you I am pleased. The tops are nicely beaded and there is fine silk work.

Life here at English River Post certainly is the opposite of monotonous. I am having such a time as you don't get every day.

Mr. Walker has just told me an experience in his first year at college. During some sort of a convention, he was informed that he was to have the honor of carrying the canopy over the head of the Bishop of the Yukon. He had never heard of this in England, but nevertheless he wrote all his friends there about it in great excitement. He choose his roommate to help him. When the day came, they were told the Bishop, being snowblind, wore goggles. They paraded down the main street of

ENGLISH RIVER POST

Winnipeg, stopping traffic. Of course they looked solemn and proudly stuck out their chests. On their return to study hall, the "Bishop" lifted his goggles. He was one of the senior students. Poor Mr. Walker had a lot of explanatory letters to write his friends.

Sunday, August 14, 1927. 69th Day. I went to the English services today. Then, in the afternoon, I visited Mr. Walker's Sunday School class. When I took a picture of the class, the members were all highly pleased. Sometimes Indians are squeamish about picture taking.

This is Mark Goodwin's home and today in the church he was married. It was a grand occasion. All the Indians were dressed up in their best and Mark had a big dilapidated rosette in his coat. The bride is a slight, attractive Indian girl and certainly looked pretty. She had made the monotonous, rainy trip with us from Ft. Albany, always a good member of the party. She never complained at anything. She did most of the cooking and did it well. Mark must have heard my father who lots of times advises young fellows to go

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

camping with a girl before marrying her!

At the ceremony Mark had a gold ring all ready. This doesn't always seem to happen in the Bush. At Osnaburgh they told of a wedding where the groom, a white man, couldn't find a wedding ring and they had to use a curtain ring. When I was there, three Indian couples were married with one wedding ring. The first bride passed it to the second groom and so on until all were fully tied.

Tomorrow the Revillons are going to give the Indians a feast so there probably will be great doings.

I am interested in Mr. Coates. I never saw any one so buried in dictionaries. He has five or more of the English language and reads them constantly. He might well have been reader of proofs for Noah Webster. This is all a far off country and I suppose every white man in it needs some special hobby. With some it's photography, with others playing an accordian and so on.

We had supper at the Snapes and afterwards I went with Mr. Walker for another of my prowling walks around. As we were on

ENGLISH RIVER POST

the point of turning in, an Indian came up and told Mr. Walker that Mark's wife had fainted. I had never before heard of an Indian fainting. Sarah—that was her white name—had gone through all these days and nights of rain without being any the worse. Of course that was the out of door life to which she is accustomed. I guess her fainting is nothing serious. Just the result of excitement in a small close church, followed by an enthusiastic reception in a tent packed with Indian friends.

If anybody^v wants to know how Sarah was dressed at the wedding, all I can say is that she wore a long dress of some sort of spotted stuff, calico I guess. Back in the Bush the Indian women don't bob their hair and don't as yet wear short skirts and silk stockings. If they ever adopt these paleface fashions, they'll be out of luck for the mosquitoes and flies will make their lives a misery.

I haven't said much about these pests, because what's the use. There have been two kinds of flies. The black ones started at Bucke. I haven't minded them much. At Pine Lake, the day we reached the Albany and

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

one other day the Bull Dog flies, big fellows about the size of bumblebees and black, brown and yellow in color, tackled us fiercely. But the mosquito bites have been the worst. In pitching your tent at night and setting up the netting, one has to be mighty careful not to shut in some mosquitos, for if you do you'll scratch at night. It's the scratching that makes raw spots. There are patent dopes which the factors and missionaries use but the Bishop and I got along somehow without bothering about them.

Monday, August 15, 1927. 70th Day. Today everyone was busy preparing for the Revillon Frères feast. The fur companies give these eats every once in a while to the Indians. This one was held outdoors before the post store. Every Indian was fed all he wanted of beans, tea and breadstuffs of different kinds cooked the way bannock is. In some of this bread there were raisins. First, the men were served all they wanted and given a smoke. Then the women and children were served and the children given peanuts. It looked funny, peanuts up here. Of course every Indian



Every Indian was Fed All He Wanted

ENGLISH RIVER POST

anywhere around showed up. It didn't take long to get all cleaned up slick, because they all have appetites. Before they finished Mr. Walker took some pictures of the crowd for me.

I have heard of an incident which can be told to boys' mothers. At a feast someone offered to a big Indian a plate of "rich in vitamins" lettuce. The Indian turned away with a grunt. "Me no horse," said he, laconically.

About ten o'clock in the evening the Indians had a dance out in a shed. The floor was dirt. Though it wasn't a large dance it was interesting. Men and women together, most of them in moccasins quietly went through square dances to the music of a fiddle. Up along the Albany I was told they dance to tom-toms. An Indian called the figures in English. The dancers didn't seem to know the words but they knew the movements intended and went through them. Everyone was smiling and no one was awkward.

Tomorrow we leave and believe me I'll be sorry. This post is not especially attractive but the people are mighty nice.

SOUTHWARD HO!



CHAPTER XIII

SOUTHWARD HO!

TUESDAY, *August 16, 1927. 71st Day.*

As it was late and we were tired, we did not stay long last night at the dance. It was fun, though, to hear the Indian fiddler's music along with the shuffle of feet. Mr. Coates' light was out so I went over to the little mission cottage and slept with Mr. Walker.

This morning I packed up. I hated to say good-bye. Mr. Coates has told me so much about Tabago and Mr. Walker and I have been so interested in discussing our ambitions that I feel somewhat attached here.

We got started about 9.30 a. m. Mr. Coates gave me some caramels and Mr. Walker some

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

oranges and apples. I won't forget how they all tasted. Except for some wild berries, I haven't had much in the line of fresh fruit this trip.

We have two Indian canoemen, Angus and Willie. Angus is rather short, Willie is very tall.

If people who hadn't been much in the Canadian Bush were coming up here to hunt, for instance, they'd like as not think of this region as the end of the world. But homeward bound, after over a thousand miles of canoeing I feel near civilization. Right now, therefore, before getting to the line, I want to say something of the Indians.

First of all, the whiteman can't get the redman's point of view, so blames him for a lot of things for which he is not at fault.

Lots of people can only complain of Indians. Some say they are not honest. How is it then that you can leave things at one end of a portage while you carry the rest of your outfit over and passing Indians don't disturb what you've left! At Ft. Hope I lost a wallet with some currency in it. An Indian found

SOUTHWARD HO!

the wallet and at once returned it and the money to me.

Some people point to the burned over lands and say the Indians are careless of fires. The many I've seen this long trip are even more careful than father and I. Before leaving camp, we always throw two or three half pails of water on our fire. These Indians throw five or six pails. If near a lake or the like, they throw any burning sticks into the water. They know that a forest fire means the ruining of their trapping and hunting grounds. Burnt timber is soon blown over and then there is a terrible mess for a hunter to get through. They know all this.

They make big fires, too. Perhaps the prairie Indian makes a small fire, but the Ojibway or Cree of this country, with lots of fuel and water handy, makes a big fire. It keeps away the mosquitos in summer and keeps him warm in winter.

Today has been very hot.

We paddled around the first bend, then poled about half an hour and next took to tracking once more. This wasn't so easy for

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

me because in some places I had to walk along a rocky shore and my shoes are light.

We are camped for the night on a high bluff.

I feel quite a responsibility for Mr. Walker gave me some mail to take out.

Wednesday, August 17, 1927. 72nd Day.
We started on again at about 4.30 a. m. While the Indians were poling, I got in several hours sleep which will probably come in handy.

We made a portage about noon. This one merely took advantage of a large bend in the river and cut out a lot of poling.

While I think of it, I'll note that the longest portage this trip was a four mile one on the Albany below Ft. Hope.

On the portage here a couple of dogs came up, wagging their tails joyfully. Willie said they belonged to his brother and disappeared a while ago. He said he could pick them up on his return. When we left they set up a most mournful howl and ran along quite a ways after us.

Every Indian, man or child, has his dog. The children play with the puppies while the grown-ups treat the dogs as we would horses.



A Ft. Hope Husky and his Master

SOUTHWARD HO!

I mean they look on them and feed them as domestic animals that are of service, giving them a good square meal a day besides stray scraps. Every Hudson's Bay Company post I've seen has two nine dog teams and one spare dog. As I have seen three and four hundred Indians gathered at some of the posts and as the canine population equals the human, I haven't lacked dog contact this summer. Lots of these have been huskies. Like his brother the wolf, the husky howls. The fox and dog bark.

We poled and paddled along at a good rate—we covered forty miles—reaching the line at Pagwa about 6 p. m. Not bad upstream. The last ten miles were through a desolate stretch of burned timber. Forest fires and railroads alike mean trouble to the Indians.

At Pagwa I put down my paddle and stepped ashore with some regret.

My great trip is over. Tomorrow canoe gives place to train.

Mr. Walker had given me a letter to Mr. Hughes of the Revillon's here. He invited us to tea and to spend the night. We accepted

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

his kind invitation and enjoyed a fine meal. After tea I wrote to Mr. Walker and Mr. Coates.

I didn't last winter and I don't now just like to leave the Bush, but I will be glad to see father and mother and Mary and to make plans for a prospective winter trip.

Thursday — Saturday, August 18-20th, 1927. 73-75 Days. Both alarms that Mr. Hughes set went off in the early darkness, but he didn't wake up. I lighted a lamp, got dressed and with the Bishop went out quietly to the train, leaving Mr. Hughes still asleep. I would have liked to have bid him farewell.

As I clambered on the train, I suddenly broke away from the dreams I've been in ever since I left the line at Bucke two months ago, and coming back to my sense as it were, realized what I was doing. On the trip it has been mostly journal. I don't mean that I was hindered or missing anything in any way, or that I didn't have time for other things. But morning, noon and night my hand mechanically went to my little book, stuffed in my

SOUTHWARD HO!

pocket. I am not sure but that this helped me to forget even my lost notes.

Last winter father was continually reminding me about my journal. This trip has been different. At first I asked the Bishop some questions. Then I saw he was too absorbed in missionary matters to be concerned over my little journal so I didn't bother him further. Though I have tried my best, of course I have overlooked lots of things. Father would have had details and statistics that I have clean missed. But anyway, I have gotten a lot more about the fine old Albany River than that encyclopædia told, and I have had wonderful experiences and made some fine friends, red and white. I guess I will never be lacking in memories!

And certainly I have an affection for Canada.

I stopped over night at Cochrane, where letters were waiting for me. After sending a telegram to father, I started to clean up. It was a hard job, too. I scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed till I looked white, but when I put on clean linen I saw there was still more

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

to do, so I went at it again. Repeating this three times I decided I was clean enough to do for the present, anyway.

Saturday, after saying good-bye to Bishop Anderson and his kind wife, I took the east bound Canadian National train.

Sunday, August 21, 1927. 76th Day. On arriving at Montreal this morning, there was mother waiting for me. It was mighty good to see her after eleven weeks. We had breakfast together. She wanted to hear all about my trip. I told her a whole lot and then she told me about happenings at home.

When father took me into northern Ontario last fall, people said he was running big risks by taking me out. We got out of that adventure safely, but on reaching home found a Walton neighbor had been run into by an auto while in Albany and that Mary's teacher had been in another auto accident in which she broke her nose and then married her companion which meant a change of teachers for Mary. And now, while I've come out of the Bush O. K. a neighbor who was helping father in haying was upset from the hay wagon

SOUTHWARD HO!

and broke his leg and then his cousin who came to take his place fell from a hay loft and hurt himself. So, I guess one is as liable to an accident at home as off in the wilderness.

Mother and I took a horse cab to see Mt. Royal and the view and toboggan slides. It seemed queer in these days to be riding in a city in a cab drawn by horses.

Towards evening we boarded the train for Ottawa where we are to make some important calls tomorrow.

OTTAWA AND HOME AGAIN



CHAPTER XIV

OTTAWA AND HOME AGAIN

MONDAY and Tuesday, August 22-23, 1927. 77-78th Days. Monday morning we called on Mr. Awrey at the Department of Indian Affairs. He welcomed us warmly and asked about my trip from Ft. Hope where we had been together. After visiting a bit we strolled out and mother snapped a picture of Mr. Awrey and me.

Next we looked up Mr. J. A. Wilson of

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

the Royal Canadian Air Force to tell how nice Major Leach had been.

Making these calls brought to my mind the time when father and I were here in early June. Since that day I have not made any use of my various credentials, just left them in my brief case. Perhaps this was my mistake but I have felt more on my own.

Finally mother and I went out and heard the great carillons in the new Victory Tower in the Parliament buildings here. They certainly are fine.

By the time night came I was more tired than evenings in the Bush.

Mother had not been just elated over the appearance of my hair following the cut I gave it at the Bay, so first thing Tuesday morning I went after a haircut and then got a new pair of shoes.

These items attended to, mother and I called at the American Legation where the Charge d'Affairs, Mr. H. Dorsey Newson received us. When eighteen he served in Canada, he told us, as an Hudson's Bay Company guide, then went to Yale and just last year hunted



Argonne is Glad to See Me Again

OTTAWA AND HOME AGAIN

wolves out from Warsaw on the Russian border.

Certainly Canada attracts adventure seeking young men! At Attawapiskat Mr. Duncan told me how he came from Dundee and when west bound on the Canadian National Railroad got to talking with other travelers on the car and it turned out that everyone of them were young Scotchmen from Aberdeen on their way to jobs in remote places with the Hudson's Bay Company.

Mother and I went with Mr. Newson over to the Parliament Buildings and there upstairs in a large office were introduced to Viscount Willingdon, Governor General of Canada and former Viceroy of India. He is a tall, genial man. He shook hands most kindly and made us feel right at home. Peeking out from under his desk was a small woolly dog. His Excellency, as Mr. Newson addressed him—I had never before spoken to a Lord—asked all about my trip and what I wanted to make of myself. He said he'd like to read my book.

I showed him the copy of Jonathan Carver's

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

book that mother's father gave me just before he died when I was about four years old. It's an old, old book with one cover off, but on the first page His Excellency wrote these words:

"Delighted to have met you and congratulate you on your enterprise, and wish you all success in your future career.

WILLINGDON.

August 23, 1927."

Right here the little dog gave an awful sneeze.

Then Lord Willingdon told how a fine young man from the States had recently visited Ottawa. "Robert," he added, "you pattern your life after that young man and you cannot go far wrong. I do not think anything could spoil that splendid young American, Colonel Lindbergh."

Wednesday-Thursday, August 24-25, 1927.
79-80th Days. Tuesday evening mother and I returned to Montreal and the next morning called on Mr. Cantley of the Hudson's Bay Company and Mr. E. G. Poole the fish and

OTTAWA AND HOME AGAIN

game authority, thanking them for courtesies and bidding them good-bye. Both men were very nice and Mr. Cantley promised me a copy of the new edition of the Hudson's Bay Company's map, showing the Fur Districts.

Then we took the train for New York City and thence home to Walton. There at the station were father and Mary with several friends and Argonne, my big collie dog. It was good to be back.

As soon as we got home, I went out with father and Argonne—together with Maida, his mate—and got out our old canoe and while I started in making a sail like those the Indians use along the Albany River, father opened up a big map they gave him at the Victoria Museum, Ottawa. He asked me questions about my trip and we studied over the vacant spots north of Osnaburgh House.

We hope some day to make through there.

THE END

PUTNAMS BOYS' BOOKS BY BOYS

Three by David Binney Putnam

David Goes Voyaging

David himself celebrated his twelfth birthday May 20th, 1925, when he was on the Equator as a fortunate junior member of the *Arcturus* Beebe expedition. . . . In this book David tells his own story of what he saw and did during three months on the Pacific—volcanoes, sea-lions, diving, bird-nesting, dredging, pirates, lost treasure, sharks, harpooning 'n everything—an altogether happy adventure. The photographic illustrations, and sketches by Isabel Cooper and Don Dickerman, will delight youngsters of all ages from eight to eighty. Price, \$1.75.

David Goes to Greenland

David's account of the American Museum Greenland Expedition, in the summer of 1926, which went all the way to Whale Sound, only 800 miles from the North Pole, on the stout little schooner *Morrissey*, collecting specimens for new animal, fish and bird groups in the Museum, narwhal, Polar bear, walrus, seal and shark, with gun and camera, bow and arrow, and lariat and harpoon.

The sketches in the book are by the Eskimo, Kakutia, up at Karnah, in North Greenland (made on the *Morrissey* for David). There are nearly 50 photographs taken by David and others. Price, \$1.75.

David Goes to Baffin Land

Lucky David makes another voyage north, with his Dad and Captain Bob Bartlett, Peary's old skipper, on the schooner *Morrissey*, to the remote regions of Fox Basin and Western Baffin Land.

David was a member of the whaleboat party sent out for a month along the northern coast of Fox Land. They survived the ice and terrific tides and established the extraordinary fact that some five thousand square miles of land previously set down on the charts actually did not exist.

There was a back-packing inland trip, too, through a country before unseen by white men. There they found fossils, discovered and named mesas and canyons, and David shot caribou and the rare Blue Goose.

Deric, of Mesa Verde, just David's age, was also one of the party, and both boys had a great time.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York

PUTNAMS BOYS' BOOKS BY BOYS

Two by Deric Nusbaum

Deric in Mesa Verde

Deric himself is just thirteen years old. His father, the superintendent of Mesa Verde National Park in Colorado, is an archaeologist, and his mother a student and lover of the fascinating country in which they live. So Deric from the beginning has had rare opportunity understandingly to soak up the unusual interests of his environment. Here is his own story in his own words. It's full of the lore of yesterday and the lure of today—exploring and treasure-hunting finds and adventures, Indians, wild animals, folk-lore, bird-nesting. With many photographs and sketches. Price, \$1.75.

Deric with the Indians

Deric's trip with Indian chiefs and medicine-men of nine tribes of New Mexico and Arizona. Hunting, fireside stories, ceremonial dances, Indian ruins, mountain climbing, life on horseback. Deric's own story of the mystery and romance and thrilling interest of the great Southwest! Price, \$1.75.

Two by Robert Carver North

Bob North Starts Exploring

This is Bob's journal, as he kept it on the trip made with his father into the little traveled bush of Northern Ontario, back-packing, sledding, canoeing. Often it was written beside the campfire or with his blanket tucked around him in some cabin or tepee. A straightforward, simple record of an eleven-year-old boy's impressions and reactions on a journey which would delight 'most any youngster or grown-up. Price, \$1.75.

Bob North by Canoe and Portage

Now twelve years old, Bob continues his explorations into the wilds of Canada, canoeing to James Bay, up the Albany River, and so into the bush—riding the rapids, working with Indians and hobnobbing with the Royal Mounted Police.

Life among the Ojibways offers many thrills and lots of fun. Bob builds wigwams, cooks real American flap-jacks for the party, learns, Indian fashion, to eat the head of a duck . . . but read for yourself the story of these happy days. Price, \$1.75.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York

PUTNAM'S BOYS' BOOKS BY BOYS

Two by Bradford Washburn

Among the Alps with Bradford

Bradford Washburn, 16 years old has a vast enthusiasm for mountain climbing. With his father, Bradford spent some of his vacations in the Alps of France and Switzerland, having the time of his life making many of the world famous climbs.

The book describes the high-lights of his adventures among famous Alpine peaks. . . . Guides, ropes, alpenstocks, ice-axes, crevasses, glaciers, dizzy ascents and descents. A unique record of thrilling sport and adventure. Price, \$1.75.

Bradford on Mount Washington

The story of Bradford's Christmas vacation spent in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and of his most thrilling climb of all—Mount Washington. Bradford, who found summer climbing in the White Mountains a let-down after his Alpine adventure, discovers that winter work is another matter. He found the Mount Washington ascent more arduous than any of the Alps.

Through incredible snows and ice, the boy fought his way to the summit, where he found comparative springtime reigning. How his Swiss experiences stood him in good stead, and the amazing difficulties he overcame are portrayed with simplicity and absorbing interest in this book. Price \$1.75.

One by Halsey Fuller

Halsey in the West Indies

In the Virgin Islands of the West Indies young Halsey Fuller spent the most thrilling winter of his life. He kept a diary of his adventures; and although he tells about his thrills in straight boy-to-boy fashion, his experiences are exciting enough to be of interest to young and old.

Tarantula hunting and shark fishing are two among the many adventures. Voodoo worship is another! The whole book has an air of magic about it, with its scenes placed in the strange and fascinating tropical country of the West Indies. Price \$1.75.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York

THE ADVENTURER SERIES

A book for boys by Fitzhugh Green

Dick Byrd—Air Explorer

THIS is the first volume of "THE ADVENTURER SERIES," books for young people about modern heroes. It is particularly appropriate for Dick Byrd to be the first in the series, for he is the type that fires men to great achievements. He is bold but reserved, brave but cautious, and successful though modest. His exploits somehow dramatize America. And this story of his exploits and life is dramatic only because the real facts about him are dramatic.

No one is better equipped to give a true picture of Commander Byrd, as he is and as he was, than Fitzhugh Green, his intimate friend for many years.

Richard E. Byrd's adventures began at the age of twelve when he went around the world alone. At nineteen he twice broke his leg at Annapolis, in football and gymnasium. After four hard years on a battleship he was retired as unfit for actual service.

But he would not stay down. When war came he learned to fly. Four times he narrowly missed death in air crashes. In 1921 he took part in the first Transatlantic flight when the NC-4 flew across from Newfoundland to Portugal. In the same year he was almost killed on the ZR-2 when she blew up.

Failing to get Congress to let the Navy fly the *Shenandoah* across the North Pole, he took three airplanes to Greenland and flew 6,000 miles over that icy desert.

All this, with the true story of his North Pole and Atlantic flights, makes this book one of the most thrilling ever penned. He has had twenty-two citations for bravery and distinguished service. But his achievements have not left him satisfied. Now for the South Pole! The modern adventurer, in truth.

Young people will find this book not only delightful reading but important in that it constitutes one of the greatest chapters in world history. It will be a treasured addition to their libraries now; a valuable part of their libraries when they grow up. \$1.75.

G. P. Putnam's Sons - Publishers - New York

I T O B A

H. B. Co

H. B. Co

H. B. Co.

H. B. Co

H. B. Co

H. B. Co

H. B. Co

Beaver L.

Bolsouer Lake

Sachigo River

Severn Fawn R.

Winisk River

Sachigo L.

Trout L.

Joller L.

Sandy L.

Windigo L.

Pakhoon L.

Landsdown L.

Winisk L.

Attawapiskat L.

Goose L.

Trout L.

Cat L.

Ft. Hope

Fishing Lake

Marlen's Fall H. B. Co.

Gull Rock L.

Lake Osnaburgh

Albany

Whiteclay L.

Ogoki R.

St Joseph

White Earth Lake

Amnistrong

Mimalaree

Sturgeon Lake

Lake Nipigon

Tashota

Nakina Kenosau

N

T

A

R

CAN.

LAKE SUPERIOR

Duluth



Sau

