The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH



OUTFIT 275
MARCH 1945

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY
Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE — Hudson's Bay Company. — WINNIPEG, CANADA

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THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar; single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company, in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged. The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights will be given freely upon application. Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

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ARCTIC ODYSSEY

Two new records were established by the* St. Roch *last year. Not only was she the first to make the Northwest Passage in one season: she was also the first to travel via the northern route.



Ole Andreasen searches for a lead through the ice.
J. H. Webster.

by Clifford Wilson

WHEN the British explorers of the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th centuries set out for the American Arctic, their object was to find a navigable passage to the Orient that would be commercially useful. Had they discovered such a passage, it would have become one of the world's great arteries of trade. But as the centuries went by, and more and more ships and men were lost in the icy wastes of the Arctic archipelago, it gradually became evident that, even if the odd ship did succeed in finding her way north of the Canadian mainland between Atlantic and Pacific, the passage could never be of any use as a trade route.

One year the ice conditions might be favourable to a certain ship or a certain navigator; the next, the same ship or the same navigator might be frozen in for months at a time. This element of chance is strikingly shown by comparing the two voyages of the R.C.M.P. patrol vessel *St. Roch* through the Northwest Passage. In her voyage from west to east in 1940-2, ice conditions were such that she was held up for two winters. During the second winter, at Pasley Bay, she was stuck fast for eleven months before the ice shifted enough for her to break free. During the summer of 1944, on the other hand, her progress was made comparatively easy, as time and again leads opened up in the right place at the right time.

Sub-Inspector Larsen, her skipper, stresses this point —that just because good fortune helped him to make the Northwest Passage in one season last year, that does not mean he can repeat the performance when ever called upon to do so. The *St. Roch*, like any other vessel, is still subject to the vagaries of Arctic winds and currents, tides and weather, all of which add up to the determining factor for success or failure—ice conditions. The two danger points are in Melville Sound and around Point Barrow, and success or failure in future voyages will probably depend on the amount of ice met with in these two localities.

It is also to be borne in mind that the object of the *St. Roch's* 1944 voyage was not to traverse the Northwest Passage as a feat of navigation. That was incidental to the business in hand—"to patrol through the Northwest Passage by way of Lancaster Sound, Barrow Strait, and Prince of Wales Strait, to the Beaufort Sea, in maintaining sovereignty over the Arctic Islands, and to ascertain if it would be possible to take in supplies from the west to any new detachments of the Force which may be established in the future on islands along the route."

The captain of the *St. Roch* was also required "to erect notices and secure information on the topographical description of the land areas seen, tidal ranges,

water depths, direction of ice movements and currents, fog possibility, etc." And in addition, the R.C.M.P. had in mind the possibility of reopening the posts of Craig Harbour and Dundas Harbour in 1945, and establishing a new detachment at Winter Harbour on Melville Island.

For the 1944 voyage, the stout little eighty-ton vessel was refitted in the east. Her 150 h.p. diesel engine was replaced by one twice as powerful, several cabins were built in, and the galley and mess room rebuilt.

Her skipper for the voyage was Staff-Sergeant (now Sub-Inspector) Henry Larsen, who had commanded her ever since she was launched at Vancouver in 1928. Two other veterans of the 1940-42 voyage accompanied him—Cpl. P. G. Hunt, the clerk, and Cpl. G. W. Peters, who had been second engineer on the west-east voyage and was chief engineer on this one. Ole Andreasen, the mate, had spent about thirty years in the Western Arctic, operating small trading vessels up and down the coast, and had also made the famous ice trip with Stefansson. Rudolph Johnsen, second engineer, and nearly seventy years of age, was another Western Arctic old-timer, having for many years operated posts up there for the Hudson's Bay Company, and been engineer of the *Fort McPherson* and *Nigalik*. Of the rest of the crew of ten, none had ever seen the Arctic, and only F. Matthews and J. S. McKenzie, both Newfoundland seamen, had ever been to sea.

The *St. Roch* left Halifax on July 22, but on account of engine trouble had to put in to Sydney. On July 26 she sailed again, but further trouble necessitated a stop at Curling, in the Bay of Islands, Newfoundland. By August 2 she was off Cape Chidley, the northernmost tip of Labrador, and heading north for Baffin Island. Large fields of ice in Davis Strait forced her to turn eastward towards Greenland, but by August 6 she was headed back towards the coast of Baffin Island.

It was about this time that the gyro compass, which is designed to be unaffected by the nearness of the North Magnetic Pole on Boothia Peninsula, went wrong. From then on, Larsen had to set his course "by guess and by God." The magnetic compass was of some help, but the experience of nearly twenty years of Arctic navigation, coupled with the assistance of those members of his crew who had had experience up there, enabled him to find his way through storm and fog and snow and ice till he emerged from the historic passage.

On August 9, off the entrance to Pond Inlet, the *St. Roch* was stopped dead by the ice and fog. Grapnels were thrown out to a huge floe, and there she lay for three days, until she was able to approach the settlement. Here, at the police post, she unloaded some supplies and picked up a native family, who cheerfully camped aboard in their tent—with their seventeen dogs and long dog-sled—for five weeks. This apparent imposition was really a form of insurance as well as an act of kindness; for had the *St. Roch* been forced to winter in the Arctic—as was wholly possible, if not probable—the Eskimo hunter with his deft-fingered women and his dogs and komatik would have proved extremely useful.

On August 17, with this motley passenger list, the little vessel sailed out of Pond Inlet, north through Navy Board Inlet, and at its northern exit entered Lancaster Sound—the beginning of the Northwest Passage from east to west, through the northern route.





The men who brought the *St. Roch* through the northern route. Top: Staff Sgt. Larsen, Spl. Cst. L. G. Russell, wireless operator; Spl. Cst. G. B. Dickens, cook; Sub. Cst. J. M. Diplock, seaman; Cpl. P. G. Hunt, clerk; Cpl. G. W. Peters, chief engineer. Bottom: Spl. Csts. S. McKenzie, seaman; R. Johnsen, 2nd engineer; O. Andreasen, mate; F. Matthews and W. M. Cashin, seamen. ***C. P. Detloff.***





Cpl. Peters, S. McKenzie and O. Andreasen at the monument erected by Belcher on Beechey Id. in memory of those who died on his expedition. The small tablet commemorates Lt. Bellot, and the large one Sir John Franklin. It was sent out by his widow and set up by McClintock. Right: The headland on Beechey Id. at the foot of which the Pullen cache and the *Mary* were found. ***H. Larsen.***

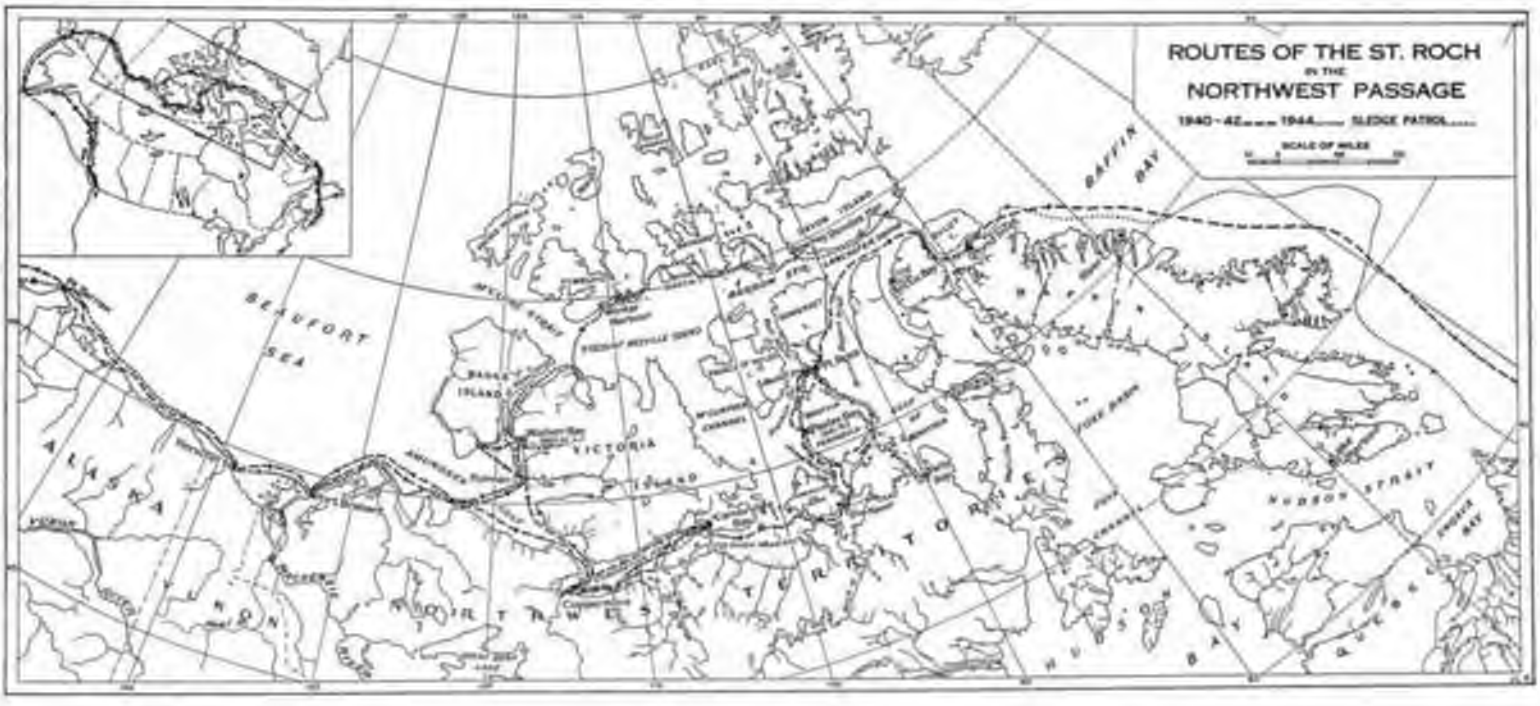
She headed first across the sound to the abandoned R.C.M.P. post of Dundas Harbour on Devon Island. Then coasting westward along the southern shore she sailed up Stratton Inlet, where lie the remains of a prehistoric Eskimo village. There the first cairn of the voyage was built, and records deposited inside. There, too, the first snow of the season sprinkled the bare brown rocks and the tundra.

Westward again, the *St. Roch* ran into some more snow flurries, which cut visibility to almost zero. Next day, August 20, she anchored in Erebus Bay, beneath the great frowning headland of Beechey Island. Parry had come here on his first voyage in 1819 and had named the island after one of his lieutenants. Franklin, on his last expedition, had wintered here in 1845-6. Sir John Ross had been here in 1850 in the *Felix* looking for Franklin, and had left his private twelve-ton yacht *Mary* hauled out on the beach, fully fitted out as a vessel of refuge for the crews of ships which might be wrecked within reach of the bay. Captain Pullen of the depot ship *North Star* had come in 1852 and had left a huge cache which he dignified by the name of Northumberland House. McClintock had been there in 1858, and had set up Lady Franklin's tablet. In 1902 had come Otto Sverdrup; in 1903, Amundsen; A. P. Low, the brilliant Canadian geologist, in 1904; and Capt. Bernier, famed French Canadian explorer, in 1906-8. Then, as late as 1923, the square-rigged Canadian Government steamer *Arctic* had anchored off the beach.

Larsen and his men found the ruins of Pullen's cache behind stone walls. All it contained was some empty barrels and a few lumps of coal. Of the *Mary* nothing remained but pieces of her stem and planking, and her mast stuck upright in the sand. Part of her stem was taken aboard as an interesting relic of ship construction nearly a century old.

On August 22, the *St. Roch* sailed away from that historic spot and the same day met drifting floes—the first they had seen for several days—off Cornwallis

This map by J. L. Robinson is reproduced by courtesy of the Canadian Geographical Journal.





Two members of the expedition inside the cache on Dealey Id., left by Kellett in 1853. ***H. Larsen.***

Island. Following closely along the south coast inside a line of islands, they saw ice stretching in a solid, gleaming mass to the south.

To the north, however, clear water led along the coast as far as Cape Airy. From there, turning west, they followed leads to Bathurst Island. On August 23 they reached Cape Cockburn, on the south coast of Bathurst Island, but ice stopped further progress, and helpless in its grip, they were carried back the way they had come for twenty miles. Not until the following day did they reach Cape Cockburn again. A party went ashore, but found no record of the cairn left by Bernier. In their turn they left a cairn, and inside, a record of the voyage to that point. Climbing to the top of a high cape, they looked out over the enormous expanse of Viscount Melville Sound, hoping to see a lead opening up. But as far as the horizon, they could see nothing but ice.

After consultation, Larsen decided to try a route north of little Byam Martin Island. Several times they were caught in the ice and forced to lose the ground they had gained. But the next day they made the north coast of the island, and Cpl. Hunt with a party went ashore and left the usual record inside a cairn. Looking about them, they saw fresh caribou tracks, but there was no time—or need—to pursue the matter further. More signs of wild life were seen the next day, when, following a lead to the west, they reached the coast of Melville Island and saw twelve musk oxen grazing on the tundra. On this coast they left two more cairns, at Griffith and Palmer Points.

On the 27th a great find was made. In clear weather they approached Dealey Island, and from afar they could see a large cairn topped by three barrels on a pole. It marked the great cache left by Capt. Kellett of H.M.S. *Resolute* in 1852-3. Going ashore, the *St. Roch* men explored its remains. It consisted mainly of barrels and iron cans, filled with all sorts of food and clothing. In the cans were hard tack, canned meats, vegetables and soups, the latter in quart canisters marked "Ox cheek soup prepared by John Henry Gamble, 137 Leadenhall St., London, opposite East India House." In the barrels were peas, beans, chocolate, flour, and tea—but none in a condition to tempt the appetite. The skeletons of two bears nearby suggested what might happen to anyone curious enough to try. Other barrels contained clothing and sea boots, one pair of which was still in good condition. Evidence of a more recent visit was found in the form of two broken rifles and a case of ammunition left by Bernier.

Westward from Dealey Island lay Winter Harbour, named by Parry who spent the winters of 1819-21 there. On the 29th, the *St. Roch* anchored in the harbour and going ashore, the men found a storehouse built by Bernier in 1910, still in reasonably good condition. From one of the rafters they found a bottle hanging, and opening it they found—doubtless with mixed feelings—a piece of paper bearing a record of a visit made in 1929 by one of the greatest of modern Arctic travellers, the late Inspector A. H. Joy, R.C.M.P.

Before leaving the next day, they deposited a record of their own at Parry Rock. Fortune favoured them, and the ice opened up to permit a run of thirty miles to the south. Then the mist descended, and they had to throw out grapnels to a large floe and wait. Meanwhile they took advantage of the situation and filled up their fresh water tanks from pools lying in the hollows of the floe.

On the last day of August they met ice heavier than any they had experienced that season. It was driving in from the west through McClure Strait. Fog came down intermittently and lowered visibility to zero, and at such times the little *St. Roch* could only drift helplessly as the great growlers swirled her about, pounding and grinding against her sides.

For the next two days they alternately drifted and steamed between enormous floes which appeared to have broken up or split only a few days before. But late in the afternoon of the third day, land loomed ahead through the lifting fog. It was the entrance to Prince of Wales Strait, between Banks and Victoria Islands—but which side of the entrance, no one knew. If it were the northern side, passing to the north of it would lead them away from their course and into McClure Strait. If it were the south side, passing to

J. Diplock and S. McKenzie hold up the stem of Sir John Ross's yacht *Mary*, while Staff Sgt. Larsen looks on. ***C. P. Detloff.***



the south could only lead them into Collinson Inlet, which would soon be recognizable. Larsen decided to try the latter course—and soon found that he was in the inlet. The head of this inlet has never been explored, but as it was choked with ice, with more coming in abaft, the skipper put her about and headed for Prince of Wales Strait.

He was now coming to what might prove the most difficult part of the voyage. Since leaving Navy Board Inlet, at the entrance to the Northwest Passage, the sea lanes he had threaded, between the islands of the archipelago, had been reasonably wide. Now, however, there lay ahead of him a strait one hundred and seventy-five miles long, with the land masses converging in some places to within ten miles of each other.

But luck was with him. The long narrow passage stretched away under the sunlight between its rocky shores, almost completely free of ice. Steadily the *St. Roch* ploughed southward, and before nightfall she was through the strait and out into the wide expanse of Amundsen Gulf. She had made the Northwest Passage in eighteen days!

Larsen radioed the good news to R.C.M.P. headquarters at Ottawa, and received in reply congratulations, and instructions to try for Herschel Island and Vancouver. At Holman Island, the next day, the *St. Roch* men called at the H B C post and gave the news of their success to the astounded post manager, Leonard Coates.

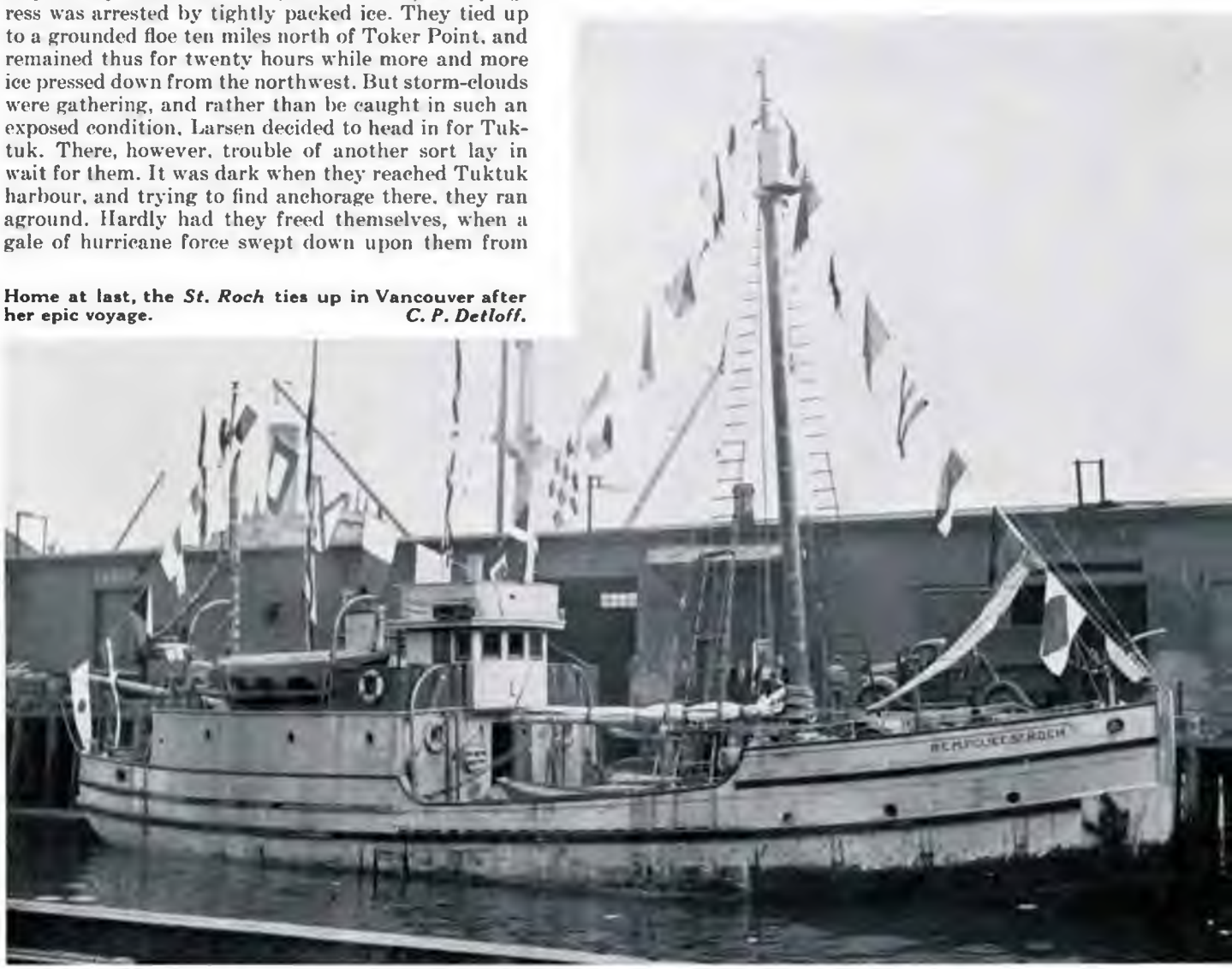
On September 5, they set off for Herschel Island; but by reason of the ice in Amundsen Gulf, had to follow the coastline of the mainland westwards from Cape Parry. Near Tuktuk (Port Brabant) their progress was arrested by tightly packed ice. They tied up to a grounded floe ten miles north of Toker Point, and remained thus for twenty hours while more and more ice pressed down from the northwest. But storm-clouds were gathering, and rather than be caught in such an exposed condition, Larsen decided to head in for Tuktuk. There, however, trouble of another sort lay in wait for them. It was dark when they reached Tuktuk harbour, and trying to find anchorage there, they ran aground. Hardly had they freed themselves, when a gale of hurricane force swept down upon them from out of the north, and for two days they had to ride out the storm at anchor. So great were the waves that some of the Company buildings were washed away.

When at last the gale abated, Mackenzie Bay between Tuktuk and Herschel Island was jam-packed with ice. For a week the *St. Roch* waited for a lead to open up. Then on September 17 she made a try for Herschel Island, and by steaming between the pack and the shore in fairly shallow water, through the heaviest ice of the voyage, reached it the next day.

Vancouver was still a long way off, the season was late, and many leagues of ice-filled seas beset her course. To all appearances, the *St. Roch* would have to winter at Herschel Island. The Eskimo family, with food and supplies, were put ashore, and the crew prepared to meet the winter.

On the 21st, however, Larsen radioed Ottawa that he was going to make a dash for it. Three days later he was past the point of extreme danger—Point Barrow—and heading southwest for Bering Strait. At Wainwright Inlet they saw the last of the ice, and from then on—save for a two-day storm in early October—it was all plain sailing.

At last, at seven o'clock on the evening of October 16, the little white ship, her hull scarred and pitted from weeks of battle with the Arctic ice, crept through the narrows and under the great Lion's Gate bridge into her home port—Vancouver. And proudly fluttering across her bridge was a large white pennant, proclaiming her as the conqueror, in a single season, of the fabled Northwest Passage, and the first over the northern route.



Home at last, the *St. Roch* ties up in Vancouver after her epic voyage. ***C. P. Detloff.***

OUTGROWN BEAR

by Dan McCowan

Cartoons by James Simpkins

Another is an outgrown Bear wch is good meat
His skin to gett, I have used all ye ways I can
He is mans food & he makes food of man
His hide they would not me it preserve
But said it was a god & they should Starve.
—Henry Kelsey

A FEW years ago the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation installed a powerful radio station at Watrous in Saskatchewan. Known to listeners as CBK, it was named for Henry Kelsey, a Bluecoat schoolboy from far away London. An apprentice lad in the service of Hudson's Bay Company at York Factory in the 17th century, he was not altogether happy in sweeping out the warehouse, in running paltry errands about the establishment and in doing the irksome chores which fell to his lot. He yearned to see something of the interior of this vast and unknown land. One day the factor brusquely told Henry to take a walk—a good long walk. This he did. With a few Indians for company, he hiked inland as far as the great plains of the west. Emerging from the scrubby northern forest and reaching a point somewhere in the neighbourhood of Touchwood Hills, this adventurous youth was, so far as is known, the first white person to see a North American bison and to meet a grizzly bear on the Canadian prairies. He described the latter animal as ". . . . a great sort of bear which is bigger than any White Bear and is neither white nor black, but silver haired, like our English rabbit."

"... they furiously unearth ground squirrels ..."





"... the first white person to meet a grizzly ..."

At that time, and for long afterwards, the grizzly was common on the prairies of Western Canada. Many an individual of the species found covert in the riverside scrub at Portage la Prairie or wallowed happily in mud holes of Qu'Appelle Valley. Alexander Henry, a pioneer packman of southern Manitoba, who later introduced poultry to what is now Alberta, purchased grizzly pelts from Indians in the Souris region nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. In a racy journal he naively speaks of these great grey bears as being malicious, which no doubt they were, having little or nothing to fear from mankind. With the coming of civilization and settlement, the herds of bison soon disappeared, with the result that bears at once diminished in numbers on the plains. Firearms replaced bows and arrows and henceforth the surviving grizzlies were less malicious and much more circumspect. Retreating into remote glens and corries in the Rockies and Selkirks, they now form but a remnant of a former great host.

In days when buffalo herds offered an easy living, the grizzly bears may possibly have been habitually carnivorous. In recent years the creatures have become largely vegetarian in habit, depending chiefly on roots, bulbs, berries and herbage for food. From time to time one hears of a grizzly killing domestic stock in the foothills of Alberta, but such depredations are rare, not one bear in fifty being an habitual killer or a confirmed flesh eater. Before denning up, however, in late autumn all adult members of the tribe apparently find it necessary to revert to a meat diet for two or three weeks. At such times they furiously unearth ground squirrels, laboriously quarry for mar-



"... adept in picking small fruit ..."

mots and are not above disdaining a morsel of a mouse. Profiting from ruthless evictions and numerous bereavements, it is a wise marmot which burrows under massive boulders, a prudent gopher who can scuttle to earth beneath the tough roots of a gnarled larch. There is nothing for the mouse save quick thinking and artful dodging.

Grizzly bears are adept in picking small fruit —huckleberries, blueberries and soapberries bulking largely in the autumn food supply of the animals. In spring they consume great quantities of bulbs of dog tooth violets, spring beauty and the like. It is possible that these bulbs may have medicinal as well as food value, serving partly as tonic, partly as purgative. Trout, spawning in shallow water in summer, occasionally fall victims, while salmon, ascending the rivers of British Columbia in autumn, are readily flipped ashore and eaten by these grizzly monsters. Ants are ever in demand as an appetizer. Both black and grizzly bears spend much time in turning stones and rending rotten logs asunder in search of such diminutive prey. That a grizzly, emulating a vacuum cleaner, thrusts his snout into an ant hill and inhales the inhabitants holus-bolus is, however, untrue. Bears even like the eggs of ground frequenting birds. It is surprising how neatly a grizzly will puncture the fragile shell and suck the contents from the egg of a mallard or a grouse.

Grizzly bears do not mate permanently, their mode of life tending toward a solitary existence. The cubs, born in mid-winter, are naked and blind for several weeks, at which time they must be very helpless; indeed one cannot imagine them surviving in sub-zero weather without almost constant maternal care. I am strongly convinced that the mother of new-born bear cubs is not then, as is commonly believed, in the torpid or dormant state known as hibernation.

Although the grizzly cannot be considered a rare animal, either at large or in captivity, zoologists are yet in ingorance as to whether an adult female produces cubs at intervals of two years or three years. The young, often twins but rarely triplets, run at their mother's heels during their first summer, share her sleeping quarters in the succeeding winter, and in the following spring are driven off with a cuff or a blessing, coupled with the freedom of the hills. They quickly gain size and experience and are generally full grown at the age of ten. The natural term of life is probably not longer than thirty-five or forty years.



"Grizzly bears do not mate permanently . . ."

"That a grizzly thrusts his snout into an ant hill and inhales the inhabitants is, however, untrue."



Standing erect, a large male grizzly may be little short of eight feet in height, but on all fours a full-grown animal seldom exceeds forty inches at the shoulder. Stories of giant bears of this species weighing up to one thousand pounds can usually be heavily discounted. A six-hundred-pound male grizzly is a heavy-weight bear, except in a zoo where superabundance of food and lack of exercise presently develops a grossly corpulent prisoner.

By mid-August the gophers are already drowsy, and at the end of that month one may scan the Alpine meadows in vain for sight of these rodents. Presently the elderly marmots say farewell to the sun and the tawny uplands and slip quietly to bed. Within a few short weeks the grizzly will be on the look-out for a

comfortable room without board and will join the somnolent group in dreamland. So long as there is a bite and a sup to be had, the big grey bear seems loath to turn in; but when, in early November, his ration peters out, it is time for him to retire.

Wandering on grassy meadows, where crisp frost sparkles in the mornings, the dawdling bear moves gradually upwards toward timberline, poking an inquisitive nose into clumps of stunted spruce, stopping to scratch his shoulder blades on the rough bole of a sturdy larch, idly turning fallen logs from sheer force of habit. In a nearby rock slide there may be sundry vaults suitable for occupancy and in that direction he turns his steps, hoping to find a vacant apartment. Otherwise he may be compelled to excavate a chamber in the earth. There are plenty of sheltered sleeping quarters far down in the wooded valleys, thick-set groves where snow-flakes fall gently and gales are tempered to zephyrs by the evergreen trees. But the grizzly spurns such accommodation. He prefers the attic to the basement, the penthouse to the ground floor. At high altitudes in the mountains of western Canada, despite fierce winds, the temperature is generally more stable throughout the winter than in lower valleys of the same region. The air-conditioning up aloft is such that there the grizzly sleeps the more soundly.



"... a thirst which seems unquenchable ..."

In choice of a sleeping place for the winter the animal prefers a dry clean natural cave; but if no such lodging is available a dug-out is soon made ready, the bear being an expert in excavation. Such dens are normally about ten feet in length and of just sufficient width and height to admit one large fat bear entering backwards. In this dim abode the languid tenant sinks quietly to sleep. Furious storms rage around the entrance but he pays no heed; a fretwork of frost forms across the narrow opening of the cell—it matters little. Baneful sundogs or marvellous aurora may gleam and shimmer in the short days and long nights of mid-winter, but such wonders of the firmament are for other eyes than his. In dreams he is afar off—probably salmon fishing or perhaps basking on a sun warmed boulder in September in the midst of acres of berry bushes laden with luscious fruit.



"... a grossly corpulent prisoner."

Avalanches in April are his alarm clock, and then, rubbing sleep from his eyes, he comes downstairs possessed of a thirst which seems unquenchable. Fortunately there are then innumerable rills on all the hillsides and for several days the bear does little else but stretch his cramped and stiffened limbs and drink heartily. Hunger is appeased by small meals of berries, which have been preserved in cold storage under winter snows, and by an occasional snack of succulent bulbs of plants. Thenceforth his life goes on in the usual round through flower-strewn uplands in summer into the mellow fruitful glades of autumn, until his year has come full-circle.

"He prefers the attic to the basement ..."



by J. A. Rodgers

LAC DU BROCHET



The Hudson's Bay post at Lac du Brochet, Manitoba ***B. Dudley***

THE little settlement with the picturesque name of Lac du Brochet (Lake of the Jackfish) is situated, not on the lake of the same name, as one might reasonably expect, but at the northern tip of Reindeer Lake, where the Cochrane River flows in from Du Brochet Lake. Lying just east of the boundary between Manitoba and Saskatchewan, in latitude 57° 40″, it used to be one of the more remote of the Company's larger posts, and is still one of the last links with civilization which fades out into the trackless wastes of the barren lands—or as the Chipewyans call it, "Land of the Little Sticks."

As long ago as 1796 the Company had a post on Reindeer Lake, known as Bedfont House, established by David Thompson and Malchom Ross on the west shore at Vermilion Point. This was the last post at which the famous geographer saw service with the Hudson's Bay Company, for in 1797 his contract expired, and he left Bedfont House on foot, travelled to the North West Company fort at the south end of the lake and offered his services to the Canadian company.

In the winter of 1808-9, Richard Sutherland was sent from Deer Lake House, the H B C post at the outlet of the lake, to winter at the "furthest end" of the lake, and this was probably the first time that a white man had been in the neighbourhood of what is now the post of Lac du Brochet.

Commonly called Brochet, and locally pronounced "Brushie," the present post is not old compared to many other forts of the Company. It was established about 1856 as a Roman Catholic mission. Two years later the Company established a meat post there.

Still noted for the countless thousands of Barren Land caribou which use the surrounding terrain as a winter feeding ground, Brochet was at that time one of the few posts established in caribou country. The Chipewyans in those days were sufficient unto themselves, with little or no interest in trading furs for white man's goods. Even today this tribe lives by, for and with the caribou. The post therefore acted solely as a meat depot and supplied other posts in the southern area. Posts as far south as Norway House, while perhaps not supplied with meat, were certainly supplied with caribou tongues. These "Brochet bananas" are still the delicacy today that they were in those far off times. Records show that they were shipped in the standard ninety-pound bale "with the tips and roots well pared to avoid waste and weight." Despite this practice, which of course has long since ended, the herds of caribou appear to be, if not on the upgrade, at least maintaining their own level.

Gradually, however, as the post developed, the Chipewyans became accustomed to simple trade goods, and before long a fur trade was established. The tide of this trade has flowed and ebbed through the years with the rise and fall of the fur cycle. Good years and poor years, record large fur collections and record small collections, but nevertheless maintaining a steady average. Brochet has the distinct advantage

of never falling to the low levels of many posts during poor fur years owing to the natives being able to live off the country at any and all times. The Chipewyan with his caribou does not realize his good fortune. Place him beside a Swampy Cree in a poor rabbit year and he would cry *idthen* (caribou) in earnest.

During the past five years a new industry has sprung up alongside the fur trade. Commercial fishing has changed the isolated locale of Reindeer Lake into a bustling centre of industry. Whether it is only a transient industry, owing to restricted coastal fishing, remains to be seen. Nevertheless there is indeed a boom, and last count showed fifty-eight commercial camps on the one hundred and fifty mile stretch of lake. The three hundred mile haul of the frozen fish to rail head at Flin Flon is a long tedious journey and the price has got to be good. Pioneers in the industry are Shieff's Limited, traders at Brochet, who sent their first fish out in gunny sacks, the quality of the fish offsetting the packing. Soon they were followed by representatives of the large fish companies, until now the lake is dotted with experienced fishermen of many nationalities.

Meanwhile the Chipewyans in the north remain aloof from any modern industry, wondering, no doubt, whether their faithful *idthen* will be affected.

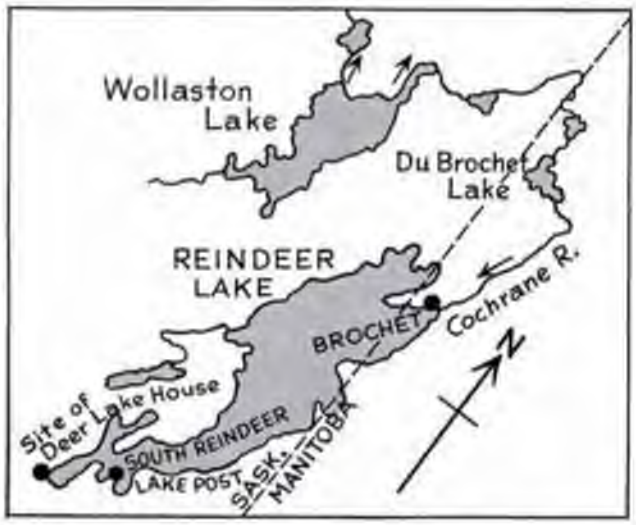
Lac du Brochet post has, discounting the influx of fishermen, a population of approximately five hundred, mostly natives—some four hundred Chipewyans and one hundred Crees, the latter being mixed treaties and non-treaties. The Chipewyans are the real natives, the Crees having immigrated from the southern posts. The Crees live in harmony with the Chipewyans and speak each other's language, but they do not intermarry if avoidable. Later years have seen more intermarrying as, otherwise, the Crees would be forced to marry among themselves.

One cannot review the population of Brochet without focussing attention on four white men who have a combined total residence of one hundred and thirteen years at the post—rather unique in view of the fact that each is still in harness, so to speak. The spotlight is on the Reverend Father Egenolf, Catholic priest, who has resided at Brochet for thirty-nine years. Truly a marvel of energy and endurance, at the age of sixty-eight he is still capable of driving his dogs up into the Land of the Little Sticks if a sick call comes through. He is one of the few real masters of the Chipewyan tongue, which must be heard to be believed. (One automatically dodges, when first hearing the language, to avoid being spat upon.)

Next comes his assistant, Brother Drouin, with thirty-two years residence. The Father fondly regards him as a boy. The Brother's world is small, but his memory of local happenings is amazing. His stories of past events are prefaced with the day, date, and year of the incident, each and all absolutely correct.

Frank Henderson, veteran one-legged clerk and book-keeper of the former Revillon Frères Trading Company, now in his ninth year of service with the H B C, has resided at Brochet for twenty-one years. He also has a good command of the Chipewyan language, although the guttural consonants are softened in keeping with his Edinburgh accent. To watch Frank, on his crutches, serve patiently and capably a store full of gibbering Chipewyans is a sight to be remembered.

With also twenty-one years of residence is James Cumines, erstwhile trader, now field officer—a man



who knows his way in and out of the countless island channels on Reindeer Lake as well as you and I know our back yards.

Lac du Brochet also houses the Company's private commercial radio station VY2F, with its two-way communication. VY2F has been in operation for five

Father Egenolf has spent nearly forty years at Brochet. Here he holds the June 1937 *Beaver*. ***R. A. Talbot***



years and has been a life-saver, literally speaking, in four instances, strangely enough all in a period of six months. First of all, when the wife of the Company's post manager was seriously injured as the result of a gasoline explosion, the station had an aircraft to the rescue from the 225-mile distant base at Channing within a matter of hours. Two months later word was brought to the post that a young fisherman lay deathly ill in a camp on the lake. Again VY2F summoned an aircraft and saved the boy's life by a very slim margin. Later in the summer the field officer, suffering from a heart illness, was flown out as a result of word transmitted by the station. Almost immediately following this the free trader summoned a plane through VY2F for immediate hospital attention for his wife. Two-way radio communication and aircraft have indeed pushed back our frontiers.

Of all the changes Brochet has seen, the greatest has been the metamorphosis in freighting conditions. In bygone days every pound of trade goods was carried on native backs over portage after portage; loaded and re-loaded into York boats; paddled, sailed and poled up rivers and across lakes. Today freight is delivered in the winter tons at a time right to the warehouse door by chugging Diesel "cats," whose only requirement is ice sufficiently strong to withstand their terrific weight. We must remember, however, that a period of some seventy-five years has encompassed this change.

The first change was from York boat to horse teams which came from Prince Albert via Lac la Ronge and Stanley. Trail markings and tumble down stables are still visible in these areas, as are evidences of hardships encountered along the route. Bones of horses which perished by the wayside still dot the country. Freight from Prince Albert was delivered to a supply depot at the south end of Reindeer Lake in winter and transported up the lake by schooner in summer. The



The Roman Catholic Church has been established at Brochet since 1856. ***B. Dudley***

ten-ton schooner used for this purpose was actually brought in from Prince Albert by horses in winter.

As the town of Flin Flon developed, it afforded a nearer railhead. Freighting operations were handled from there, still by horses and still to the south end of the lake, until 1940, when the first daring tractor ventured the full distance up the lake. Tractor freighting is, of course, augmented by air freighting and may, in the near future, be entirely replaced by air transports.

Brochet also serves as a base for prospectors who are dropped here and there throughout the Land of the Little Sticks by the aircraft of a large mining company. If ever a mineral strike is encountered, Brochet stands well on the way to becoming a sizeable air centre. Meanwhile, as it stands at present—a scattered group of nondescript shacks ranging up to the neatly painted H B C post—it looks as though it had history neither behind nor ahead of it.

Frank Henderson, ready to serve customers in the H B C store, Lac du Brochet. ***B. Dudley***



by Frank H. Ellis



FIRST FLIGHT DOWN NORTH

One of the two all-metal Junkers that made the first flight into the N.W.T. in 1921. ***Mrs. M. Gorman.***

IN spite of Canada's fine aerial achievement in the first Great War, the Dominion was totally unprepared for peacetime flying when hostilities ceased. The only aircraft available of Canadian manufacture were a large number of Curtiss J.N. 4's, which had been built in Toronto, and on which type all pilots trained in Canada received their preliminary flying instruction before going overseas.

Better known as "Jennies," the J.N. 4's were two-seaters, with a top speed of little better than seventy-five miles per hour, and with a non-stop cruising range of around three hours. Firms and individuals with foresight, who regarded flying as a business with perhaps a future, were obliged to look elsewhere in an effort to procure aircraft more suited to Canadian flying needs, and the majority of adaptable planes came from either British or American sources.

Oddly enough, it remained for two German-built, 175-h.p. single-engined, all-metal Junkers monoplanes to be put into use in Canada in 1921, and with those "enemy aircraft," some of our most outstanding flying history was made.

Through the efforts of Charlie Taylor, Imperial Oil Limited representative at Edmonton, the head office of the company was influenced to purchase aircraft in an effort to get company men to the new wells near Fort Norman long before water transportation after the spring break up would, in the ordinary way, allow them to travel north.

A Mr. J. L. Larson, of New York, had obtained the Junkers agency for North America, and had several of the machines available, and as they seemed well suited for the job ahead, Imperial Oil Limited placed an order for two ships.

Captain W. R. "Wop" May and his brother, the late Court May, were at that time operating a small flying company at Edmonton—May Airplanes Ltd.—using a J.N. 4, and as "Wop" May was flying under contract for Captain Fred McCall, of Calgary, that summer, a Lieut. George W. Gorman had taken over piloting of the May Airplanes machine.

Imperial Oil officials in Edmonton approached them with an offer to become company pilots, an offer which both pilots at once accepted. May Airplanes' efficient mechanic, Pete Derbyshire, was engaged as engineer, and towards the end of November 1920 the three of them set off by train for New York, to take delivery of the two Junkers and to fly them to Edmonton.

Everything went according to plan, and the two wheel-equipped monoplanes left New York the third week in December to fly a long, cold air route, which carried them from New York to Edmonton via Sandusky, Cleveland, Chicago (where the airmen spent Christmas Day), St. Paul, Brandon, and Saskatoon.

After the christening party at Edmonton. Standing: C. Taylor, Mrs. McQueen, T. Draper, A. M. McQueen, H. Myhers. Kneeling: G. Gorman, W. R. May. ***Mrs. Gorman.***



May's machine bore Canadian registration lettering, G-CADP, and Gorman's, G-CADQ.

Ice crust on the Brandon airport caused considerable damage to "DQ's" tail, delaying that machine there several days; but May in "DP" pushed on through zero weather to reach Edmonton and land on his own air field on January 5, 1921. With him were Derbyshire, a Mr. John Allan, of Edmonton, and three members of the New York aircraft agency, Ernest Buehl, H. Myhers and "Slim" Lewis. The flights of the two machines across two-thirds of the continent in winter passed with scant tribute, but it was in itself a real flying achievement.

Upon his return to Edmonton May severed his connections with Imperial Oil Limited, as he wanted to continue operations with his own company. To take his place, another pilot in the person of Lieut. Elmer G. Fullerton was engaged, and an additional crew member was also enrolled as rigger-mechanic. He was the late William Hill, another ex-Air Force man, as were all the others.

During their brief stay at Edmonton, the two Junkers were christened by Mrs. McQueen, wife of the then vice-president of Imperial Oil Limited. G-CADQ received the name of *Rene*, and G-CADP was given the name of *Vic*. The machines were then flown to Peace River Crossing, where a landing site, hangar and living quarters annex had been prepared. There they were given a complete check-over, and as the rivers, land and lakes of the northland were still hard-bound in the grip of winter, wheels were replaced with skis, in preparation for the forthcoming adventure into the air where no man had ever flown before.

The possibility of obtaining fuel for the machines en route between Peace River and Great Slave Lake was considered to be a doubtful probability, so the decision was reached to establish a cache between those two points. On March 22 the two machines left their home base together, each carrying 24 four-gallon cans of gasoline and additional oil, and with little incident they reached the H B C Upper Hay River post, one hundred and ninety miles to the north, to land there on the river ice. This was the first flight ever made into the Northwest Territories. With the assistance of a driver, sleigh and dog team kindly loaned to them by the post manager, a cache was quickly established and, after lunch at the post, the airmen flew back to Peace River the same day.



Vic* seen from *Rene*, en route from Providence to Fort Simpson.** ***G. A. Thompson.

Finally, everything was completed for the actual take off, with Fort Norman as their objective. W. Waddell, a Dominion land surveyor in the employ of the company, was the passenger to be carried north, but at the last minute a second passenger was included. The late Sergeant "Nitchie" Thorne, R.C.M.P., had just completed an eight-weeks trek from Providence, escorting to Edmonton an Indian murderer and his victim, and the mountie's request to be flown back to his station at Fort Simpson was immediately granted by Imperial Oil authorities.

With Lieut. Gorman in command of the expedition, the two planes set out on their historic northern trip at 9 a.m., March 24, carrying with them necessary equipment and emergency rations for ten days.

Reaching Fort Vermilion, after being engulfed by bad weather during the three-hour hop, good landings were made near the H B C post, and a royal welcome was extended to the airmen during the three days they were stormbound there.

At 2 p.m. on the 27th they were off again, with Hay River post their objective, and the two hundred miles was accomplished in just under three hours' flying time. Landings were a tricky business in thirty inches of powdered snow. During that hop the first aerial photographs ever taken in the Northwest Territories were made. They were of the magnificent Louise and Alexandra Falls on the Hay River (see *The Beaver*, September 1944), both of which were solidly frozen at the time.

Early on the 28th the fliers left Hay River post, fighting their way through a severe snow storm over Wrigley Harbour before reaching Providence, where landings again proved to be risky on fine snow, measuring over three feet in depth.

After re-fuelling, it required three different attempts before the pilots could get their craft into the air so as to push on to Fort Simpson, the one hundred and sixty-five miles to that post being accomplished in an hour and forty minutes. The Mackenzie River was a jumbled mass of huge ice blocks, and bush scattered about other areas made them a bad landing risk. Thorne, in Gorman's machine, indicated a spot close

First air photo ever taken in the N.W.T. The Hay River, showing the frozen Alexandra (upper) and Louise (lower) falls, March 27, 1921. ***G. A. Thompson.***



to the post buildings at Fort Simpson where he believed a suitable place presented itself and Gorman, being in charge of the venture, went down first to make a landing, undoubtedly with some misgivings.

If such thoughts ever entered the pilot's mind they were well founded. *Rene* had barely touched her skis to the snow crust before they struck a high and unseen drift. In a twinkling, her undergear was ripped off and she slid to a stop on her belly in a welter of flying snow, with a ski and her propeller shattered. Still in the air, Fullerton saw the trouble and, after cruising around a bit, chose a spot some distance away on a nearby snye, where he was able to sit down without damage.

With "DQ" out of commission, it was decided that Fullerton should continue with Hill and Waddell to Fort Norman, three hundred and fifty miles away to the north; but "DP" developed engine trouble, due to the formation of excessive carbon from the low grade fuel they had obtained en route, and plans were changed. *Vic's* propeller was removed and fitted to *Rene*, together with a ski, and Gorman then prepared to finish the job. The machine was flown light to the nearby snye, where better take-off facilities presented themselves for a loaded craft, and with Hill and Waddell as passengers and equipment stowed aboard, Gorman tried a take-off. After a suitable run she lifted clear, but unable to hold her flying speed, she settled down to the rough surface, and in the resultant mix-up the deep drifts again won the battle. Another ski was smashed, and—worst of all—so was the lone and precious "prop."

Things looked black for the fliers at that moment; skis could perhaps be repaired, but without propellers men and machines seemed hopelessly stranded. Airmen who have served in the R.A.F. are renowned for their resourcefulness, and it wasn't long before thoughts began to form that perhaps propellers could be made. Investigation brought to light that the nearby Roman Catholic Mission possessed a fine workshop, and they, and the H B C post, had a number of oak sleigh boards, which were willingly offered for use. Both post manager Fred Camsell and Father Decoux of the mission placed every means at their disposal to assist the grounded airmen.

Bill Hill finishes off one of the propellors made at Fort Simpson from toboggan boards and moose glue.
G. A. Thompson.



In the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company at the post was a carpenter named Walter Johnson and, as a qualified cabinet maker, he had in his possession a complete set of woodworking tools. Hill's knowledge of propeller construction enabled him to pattern numerous tin templates which he shaped from the one unbroken blade of the two useless props. The greatest credit is due to these two men, for although everyone at the post and the mission, as well as their fellow airmen, assisted to the best of their ability in the construction of the "home-made" props, the actual lay-out of the work, the cementing of the planks together with moosehide glue, and clamping them together; the shaping up and final intricate balancing—all was done exclusively by Hill and Johnson. After two weeks of wearying work, two very fine propellers were the result, and they were in every respect worthy descendants of the factory made Hartzshell's originally fitted to the two machines.

In the meantime, Fullerton, Derbyshire and Waddell had top-overhauled *Vic's* engine, doing it right out in the open, with the temperature down around zero most of the time, and by the time the propellers were finished these three men had also lifted the machines up, and fitted new undercarriages and skis to them. To help with these repairs they obtained, with the permission of W. F. Harris, the government agent at the post, some boiler tubes from an old boiler.

Made completely of oak, the first prop was painted red and fitted to G-CADP, Fullerton's machine. It stood up under full-throttle engine test, and enthusiasm soared. Fullerton took the machine up for a flight test, giving the prop a thorough workout in the air for twenty anxious minutes. Upon landing he stated that it had functioned perfectly and that there was absolutely no vibration. Minute examination showed the prop to be as sound and solid as ever. Owing to an insufficient supply of oak sleigh boards to fully form two propellers, the lay-out of No. 2 propeller was slightly different, alternate planks of oak and birch being used in its construction; but it turned out to be just as creditable a job as its No. 1 predecessor, and actually was the truer copy of the two.

The circumstances surrounding the No. 2 prop's tests have been somewhat confused by different versions of what took place. Checking carefully over all the information contained in numerous accounts and letters made available to me by the various men who actually participated in the venture, there can be no doubt that the second prop was fitted to "DQ's" engine and was given a thorough test on the ground; but in view of the jumbled reports it would be unwise to state whether "DQ" was ever airborne with the No. 2 propeller or not.

It was now April 23, and plans were made to leave for Peace River the following day; but in the predawn hours of the 24th, an Indian rushed excitedly to the mission to say that the ice was going out on the Mackenzie. This meant that the snye ice, on which the machines were parked, might move out also at a minute's notice.





Left: G-CADQ after her second crack-up on the snye at Fort Simpson. Below: First aircraft repair job ever to be undertaken in the North. *Rene* being stripped on the snye.
Theo. A. Link.

This was serious. Quickly the airmen dressed and ran to the snye, and immediate preparations were made to take off. The engines were filled with hot water and heated oil, and were started up. Tough luck still dogged "DQ," however. Gorman was attempting a getaway when the tail of his machine broke through the snow crust, damaging it so badly that it was plain she could not fly again until repairs could be brought in after spring break up. A team of oxen were at once pressed into service, and she was hauled to high ground, there to await the day.

It was then decided that Fullerton should fly "DP" light to a frozen lake five miles away, where equipment could be taken over. At the last moment, Jack Cameron, trapper, was asked to go along to act as guide and, as there was no time to waste, he piled aboard with his snowshoes on. Fast as they were, the ice at the down-stream end of the snye, rumbling ominously, was already breaking away in front of them when the airman gave his machine the gun for the take off.

When she reached the end of the snye ice, and shot out over the water and drifting ice blocks, her skis trailed the surface for a hundred feet, sending the spray flying. Certain death lay beneath if they had settled back into that heaving maelstrom; but luck was with them. Nobly, the "home-made" prop bit into the air, and the craft climbed gracefully skywards.

A safe landing was accomplished on the snow-covered lake a few minutes later; yet it took the two men three and a half hours of weary trudging through the bush and snow drifts before they arrived back at the post.

After consultation, it was decided to leave Derbyshire at the post, to do what he could in the way of repairing "DQ" until the necessary parts could be shipped north, and the rest of the party should return to Peace River in "DP."

All equipment was packed over to the plane during the 24th, and at 8 a.m. on the 25th, with Fullerton in the pilot's seat, Waddell beside him to act as "navigator," and Gorman and Hill in the cabin, they said good-bye to their friends of the post and quickly were in the air and away.

The faithful prop cut the air with smooth, steady rhythm, carrying them in a straight, non-stop flight to Peace River, in an elapsed flying time of six hours. Arriving over their home base, they were thoroughly dismayed to see bare ground showing through the snow, so a note was dropped to the caretaker, Charlie Woodman. It stated they would land on Bear Lake, fifteen miles north, which they had noted was still ice bound, and asked that wheels and fuel be dispatched as soon as possible. They were surprised to see another machine, identical to their own, but wheel equipped, sitting right on their own aerodrome.

Six hours and fifteen minutes out of Fort Simpson they were on the ice of Bear Lake, and a fuel check showed luck had really favoured them. They had only two quarts left! The drone of an aircraft engine soon was heard, and down to a landing on the lake came the machine they had previously seen, bringing along their wheels and additional fuel. It belonged to Mr. Larson, who had flown up from New York in the hope of obtaining a buyer for it in Canada.

With wheels fitted, tanks refilled, and skis stored aboard, the machine was then flown in company with the other craft to their home port, bringing to a conclusion the first return flight into the Northwest Territories.

As Imperial Oil headquarters still wanted to get company representatives to Fort Norman, a new prop was fitted to "DP," her wheels were replaced with floats, and soon she was ready to fight it out again with the North.

Piloted by Fullerton, with Hill, Waddell and company geologist Theo. A. Link aboard, they left Bear Lake at 2.30 p.m., May 27. Numerous adventures overtook them en route. They touched at H B C posts at Fort Vermilion, Fort Smith, Hay River, and Fort Simpson; and finally, after a battle with a severe snow storm, and a forced landing on their last hop, they reached Fort Norman on June 2. They were the first men ever to see Great Bear Lake from the air.

Hard luck befell them when landing on the Mackenzie at Fort Norman. A float was smashed to matchwood, resulting in partial inundation of the



Reunion at Simpson, June 1st, 1921. Left to right: Fullerton, Gorman, Hill, Derbyshire, and Walter Johnson, the H B C carpenter who was mainly responsible for making the propellors. ***Mrs. Gorman.***

machine. Only after great efforts was the right wing lifted clear of the water and placed upon a small scow, and in this manner the crippled craft was taken fifty-three miles farther down stream to the site of the Discovery Well, where she had to wait until repair parts could be brought north by steamer.

Gorman later came along from Peace River with the necessary parts for both *Rene* at Simpson and *Vic* at Norman. By August 4th, *Vic* was once again in flying shape, and Fullerton tested her in the air that date. A number of good reconnaissance flights were then accomplished with company geologists aboard before the machine returned south.

She left for the outside on August 6. Fullerton flying her, and aboard as passengers were Gorman, Derbyshire, Mr. McKinnon of Imperial Oil, and Chester A. Bloom, *Calgary Herald* reporter. Hill was awaiting them at Simpson.

Delay was occasioned at Fort Simpson until repairs to *Rene* could be completed, and on August 21, both machines left in company to return to Peace River. Walter Johnson joined the party at Simpson and Mr. McKinnon left them at Fort Smith.

When they left Vermilion at 1.30 p.m. on August 24, Derbyshire, Johnson and Bloom were in "DQ" with Gorman and with Fullerton in "DP" was Hill and most of their baggage. At 4.10 p.m. they reached Peace River and settled down to a landing. "DP" sat down safely on the choppy waters, but "DQ" was still dogged with bad luck. A float struck a submerged object, and was smashed like an egg shell. The machine quickly turned turtle, but her four occupants were safely rescued after receiving a thorough ducking. It was the final chapter in her log of sad experiences; she became a total loss and never flew again.

The return of the aircraft to Peace River brought to an end for the time being the initial flying endeavours sponsored by Imperial Oil Limited.

The two hand-made propellers fabricated at Fort Simpson in 1921 have since come to be considered the most famous props in Canadian flying history. *Rene's* prop, No. 2, remained at Fort Simpson until 1938, when it was donated by Father Gathy, O.M.I., to the National Research Council, and in September of that year it was placed in an honoured position in the National Aeronautical Museum of the National Research Council in Ottawa.

What became of the No. 1 prop with which *Vic* was flown from Fort Simpson to Peace River—the more famous prop of the two—has been a long-standing mystery, for it disappeared without trace.

Rumor had it burned in a northern fire; sent to the 1924 Wembley Exhibition in London; acquired by Standard Oil Company of New York; sent to a museum in the United States, and numerous other misleading trails.

Gradually the writer has traced down all these stories, and all proved to be false. It is now possible to state that he has positively located the whereabouts of the renowned No. 1 propeller, and it is hoped that the present owner may shortly be willing to donate it to the Aeronautical Museum at Ottawa, to be placed alongside its lonely mate.

There can be no better place for those famous props to repose. They will be safe there for all time, and to all who visit the museum they will stand out as a vivid and permanent reminder of the daring and resourcefulness of our early airmen, who fought and overcame all danger and difficulty in their determined and successful efforts in conquering the northland by air.

The home-made propellor that brought *Vic* from Simpson to Peace River.





A large patrol of the North West Mounted riding out of Battleford, about 1876, with a four-horse wagon bringing up the rear. *R.C.M.P.*

SKIRMISH ON PATROL

by E. F. Racey

An exciting tale of Indian fighting in 1885, told by a former member of the North West Mounted Police.

FOLLOWING the engagement at Cut Knife Hill on May 2nd, 1885, between Col. Otter's column and Cree Indians under Chief Poundmaker, the Indians started to wander through the Eagle Hills and Battle River country, trying to eke out an existence on the rabbits and other game they could trap or shoot. The supplies looted from the Indian agency stores had practically all disappeared, the homes of the settlers had been plundered of everything that had been left in them, and the question of food was beginning to worry them. They had to fall back on their bows and arrows and snares when hunting for game, as ammunition had to be preserved at all costs for any further fighting which might crop up.

Their nights were spent in beating their war tom-toms and dancing Indian fashion. This does not mean dancing in the decorous manner of the white people, nor even in the somewhat more abandoned manner of the halfbreeds, whose dances are to a certain extent fashioned on those of the white man, but in the true aboriginal fashion of capering around to the beat of the tom-toms, dressed for the most part in a breech clout, moccasins, paint and feathers.

The dance usually started with a sort of exaggerated goose step with the shoulders well thrown back, then as their excitement increased, they leapt into the air, twirled around, and in fact forced their bodies into all sorts of contortions, at the same time chanting of their deeds of bravery and ferocity. Some of the older bucks would hark back to the days when they fought the Blackfeet or Bloods, when scalps were plenty, and the plains covered with buffalo, times which would come again when the white man had been exterminated —for had not Riel promised that they would fight until this was accomplished and the prairies returned to their original owners, the Indians and the halfbreeds? These nightly orgies kept the war spirit alive; their naturally savage passions were abnormally excited, empty stomachs forgotten, and the younger warriors were animated solely by a desire to emulate the deeds of their elders.

During this period, Col. Otter's column was encamped just outside the stockade at Fort Battleford. The soldiers were kept busy with their daily training and their nightly outlying pickets. The Mounted Police, who were attached to the brigade, were kept busy with their daily patrols, covering the whole of the accessible country for miles in every direction. A patrol consisted of five men, including the non-commissioned officer in charge. They would leave camp early in the morning, and seldom got back before sun down. It was dangerous work, as they might at any time ride unexpectedly into some wandering band of Indians, in which case they would either have to fight it out or work out their own salvation if too greatly outnumbered.

One morning Corporal Gordon and four men left camp about seven o'clock with instructions to ride a few miles further out than usual, locate a certain settler's cabin, and ascertain whether two guns—which the settler, when hard pressed by the Indians, had buried in his back yard—were still in their place of concealment, and if so, to bring them back to camp.

Even when provided with more or less accurate landmarks, a small isolated cabin located in the hills and off any definite trail is not an easy place for men none too well acquainted with the country to find, and the mission was rendered doubly dangerous by the fact that the part of the Eagle Hills which we would have to penetrate was a favorite stamping ground of the wandering bands of Indians.

However, orders were orders, and we left Battleford on a trail which, after a very few miles, became little more than a trace. It wound its tortuous way through a rough hilly country, well wooded with poplar bluffs, affording the best of cover for any lurking band of Indians who might have an ambush in mind. For the first eight or ten miles we followed our usual routine of examining the country for a mile or more on each side of the trail, then about noon we had our lunch of hard-tack and spring water together by the side of a small creek, after which it was decided to make a straight push for the settler's shack. The trail, if such it could be called, got rougher, and if possible more tortuous. Finally, at the top of a hill where it turned off at right angles, we rode straight into a large band of Indians travelling in the opposite direction.

The surprise was mutual; a quick glance satisfied us that we were outnumbered about twenty to one, and that we would have to make a running fight of it. Rifles were out and barking cheerfully, almost in an instant. The Indians made a rush at us, whooping and firing at the same time. We emptied a couple of their saddles, then turned to ride for cover further back. One of our men called Spencer, with both spurs in his horse's sides, kept going when we stopped for another stand. We cursed him heartily, checked the Indian advance, and retreated again. Another of our men named Elliot was shot off his horse, but whether killed or wounded we could not stop to find out. In fact we had to break the old tradition which demanded that no Mounted Policeman should, if killed or wounded, be left to the mercy of the Indians. His horse had run away, and if we had stopped to help him or investigate, we would have joined him in the happy hunting grounds in a very few minutes. All we could do was retreat to some cover, turn, and with a few rapid shots —all of which we had proof were not wasted— check their advance, then retreat again. Fortunately we had no further casualties, and the Indians gave up the chase in about half an hour or so.

We arrived without further incident at Battleford, full of the intention to make things as interesting as possible for Spencer, only to find that he was in the hospital. One of the first Indian bullets had hit him in the middle of the back, been deflected by the brass shell of a cartridge in his belt, then had entered his body just to the right of the spine, made a sort of half circle, and come out again through his belt in front, taking with it some of his revolver ammunition. As it took grit to ride ten or twelve miles with a bullet through his innards, we called off our war with him.

A larger party of Mounted Police, including a light wagon and the fastest four-horse team in the outfit, was immediately organized, and almost before we could get our cartridge belts replenished, saddle fresh horses, and get a mouthful of food, we were off again to recover Elliot's body at all costs.

We sped back to the scene of our skirmish, located the spot where Elliot had fallen, found that he had only been wounded and had crawled back into the bush. A number of spent cartridge shells showed that he had made a stand, then crawled further, and made his last stand, very likely on the return of the bucks who were following us. There were also evidences that his wound had not affected his shooting ability, although the Indian casualties had been removed.

We followed the trail of the Indians through the brush and hills on foot, until we came to a point on the Battleford-Swift Current trail where it circled around a sand dune, and there we found poor Elliot's body buried in the sand, but with his head sticking out.

Darkness had come on, and there was no way of conveying the body to the wagon over the rough country we had traversed, nor was there any way of getting the wagon over to the other trail without going back to Battleford. The Indians, feeling confident that we would ride out and get the body, had left it at a spot where they knew that it would be found, and which, as will be explained later, was an ideal point for an ambush. Preferring to risk the ambush by daylight, we returned to Battleford with the intention of making a fresh start in the morning.

The Swift Current trail, travelling south from Battleford, crossed the Battle River about half a mile from the camp, led through a hilly stretch of country abounding in poplar bluffs, and then, just before entering the Eagle Hills proper, there was a high bald hill, from the top of which a person with binoculars or remarkably good eyesight could get a very good idea of what was going on in the camp at Battleford. From this point two trails led up into the Eagle Hills. The one called the "new trail" was the one in general use. It curved up along the top of a ridge flanked on both sides by heavily wooded ravines, but it was not so steep and dangerous as the old trail about a quarter of a mile further east, the surface of which was covered with what one might call a very heavy gravel or round field stones, making very uncertain footing for horses.

The author wearing his Northwest Rebellion medal. A recent photograph taken in Victoria.





Indians in ceremonial dress at Battleford, with some members of the N.W.M.P. By this time the pill-box hat of Rebellion days had given place to the now-familiar Mountie Stetson. *R.C.M.P.*

From the top of these hills it was about four miles to the sand dune in which Elliot's body had been buried.

This digression will enable the reader to get some idea of the country through which a squad of twenty men, together with a light wagon and four-horse team, the latter manned by a teamster and an off man, had to travel when they left Battleford about 4.30 the next morning and proceeded rapidly south on the Swift Current trail, bent on recovering their comrade's body.

Nothing of note happened until we came to the bald faced hill mentioned above. Then a man who had recently patrolled that locality drew attention to a clump of young poplars, which he stated must have grown there very recently. We halted, and a couple of men went to the top, where they found that the young trees had no roots, but had been stuck in the ground very recently in the shape of a U to form a comfortable shelter for an Indian scout. They reported also that it had been occupied until a few minutes ago.

We resumed our rapid pace up the hill over the new trail, and on through the wooded hills until we came to the spot where our comrade's body had been located the previous evening. It had not been disturbed. The men circled around the clearing, picking out the most advantageous points from which any movements in the bush or gullies could be seen, the wagon was wheeled around, the body dug out of the sand, and they barely had it in the wagon when Indians were seen running through the bush from all directions. Hastily the corpse was tied down to the bottom of the wagon with picket ropes, and as the signal was given us to return, rifle fire was poured in on us from all directions. Marvellous to relate, there were no casualties.

We had achieved our objective, and even if we had not been under orders to avoid any unnecessary fighting, our position was untenable; therefore we took our departure at a rapid pace, returning the Indian fire from the backs of our galloping horses. The writer happened to be on the "advance guard" and some instinct caused him to swerve the other two onto the old trail, despite the shouts of the sergeant-major, who was riding with the "support." Fortunately they followed us, and naturally the wagon and escort followed them. It was a wild ride, and wilder still going down the old trail, as an ambush which had awaited us at the regular road, finding that they had been outwitted, made a rush for the old trail, shooting as they came.

The advance guard wheeled at the bottom of the hill and returned the fire, aided by the support on their arrival, to cover the descent of the wagon. The speed with which the wagon came down the hill, bouncing from rock to rock, shook the lower part of the dashboard out, the hasty fastenings of the ropes holding the corpse gave way, and it started to slide out along the wagon pole. Noting this, the off man threw himself backwards into the wagon box, seized the corpse by the head, managed to brace himself, and held it in. Arrived at the bottom of the hill, the wagon was hastily driven under cover for repairs. The men took cover and engaged the Indians, who seemed to be advancing over a fairly wide front. Tom-toms were being beaten from the top of the hill, whoops and yells were resounding from all sides, accompanied by a continuous rifle fire on our position. Notwithstanding the pandemonium which had broken loose, we kept up a steady fire, making a bull's eye now and then. Finally, finding a stiffer resistance than they expected, the Indians started a retreat into the hills again. They made some effort to draw us from our cover, but finding this unsuccessful, decided to call it a day.

The necessary repairs having been made to the wagon during the skirmish, and the corpse fastened down firmly, they were ready to depart when we rejoined them. The return to Battleford was made without further incident.

Following the surrender of the Indians some time later, we were told that the only thing that saved us that day was that their scout on the top of the hill, not expecting us so early, had gone to sleep and barely got clear himself when we investigated his hideout.

Arctic Bay Journal



The author

Extracts from a journal kept at the Company's most northerly post, 460 miles above the Arctic Circle,

by James Bell

ON the last day of the month [October 1943] Fitchett was unfortunate enough to drop one of the hydrogen cylinders on his foot, breaking two of his toes. Bell fixed the toes for him.

November—We had mail from Canon Turner on the 5th, when we learned that his boat was wrecked on the way home, but luckily he was able to salvage most of his supplies. He left here on 27th September and anchored at Echaleouk that night (approximately 35 miles south of the post). When the Canon turned in there was only a moderate wind, but during the night the wind increased to gale force, and the Canon, who was sleeping in the boat, awoke during the night to find that the anchor had dragged and that the boat was bumping against the rocks and the seas breaking over her. He jumped ashore immediately and aroused the natives, but by the time they had rigged up blocks and tackle and got the dogs harnessed the boat was badly smashed. After some difficulty they eventually got her beached, but it appears unlikely that she ever will be seaworthy again.

We heard Mrs. Heslop giving a talk over station CKY, Winnipeg, on the night of the 15th, and her voice came in very clear and distinct. So the Fort Ross staff have safely reached their destination, and Ross has been closed until next year.

December—The staff observed Christmas Day as a holiday. During the afternoon the staff entertained the Met. staff at a cocktail party. Rather potent cocktails—rum and grape juice.

January 1944—New Year's Day was spent as a holiday except for trading 56 foxes with Malla "B" and Kootshik during the forenoon, which is an excellent start for the New Year. In the evening the Met. staff were our guests at dinner. We had a first class meal, which consisted of the following: mushroom soup, roast pork with apple sauce, carrots, peas, mashed potatoes, ice cream with strawberries, coffee and cake. Prior to the meal by way of appetizers the usual toasts were drunk in beer and "Nelson's Blood." All in all the evening was a great success, and especially so when the "Northern Messenger" via CBA came in clear and distinct, and all of us received messages.

Tongwalook brought in his young daughter on the 17th for medical attention. Her nose was badly swollen and one of her nostrils was plugged tight with a piece of solid rubber. Apparently she had been playing with a piece of rubber by shoving it up her nose, when one of the other children gave her arm a shove driving the rubber so far up that in trying to get it out, it broke off, leaving a piece about an inch long plugged tightly in her nose. After some trouble on our part and considerable bawling on the part of the youngster, the offending rubber was eventually hooked out with a bent needle.

February—On the 6th Keegootak and his family arrived at the post in a starving condition. They were hungry at their camp and walked the thirty-five miles from Echalolik in two days, despite the fact that they had no food on the way. Keegootak is blind and unable to hunt, therefore when Nuterakjook, who hunted from the same camp, left with his family for Cape Crauford two weeks ago, Keegootak and his family had no dogs or any means of support. They are being allowed to stay at the post until Keegootak's brothers arrive from McBean Bay, and until that time we will give them rations.

The sun returned on the 7th, after an absence of 90 days, and we were overjoyed to see it again. After spending two winters here, it is quite understandable why the pagan Eskimos in this part of the globe were sun worshippers. Although the sun only shone above the horizon for a few minutes on the 7th, by the end of the month we were having four hours of sunlight.

Apparently Kavavou and the other Dorset natives wish to return home this summer. They had the crazy idea of all leaving Ross this spring and coming to Arctic Bay to await the arrival of the ship. We sent word to Kavavou that the ship would get through without fail this fall, and to enable them to get sufficient supplies taken to Ross to carry them through to ship time, we would send two kometik loads of the goods which they will trade this spring over to the west side of Brodeur Peninsula. He was further advised that on no account should they move over here in the spring.

We had a long winded talk with Takolik in which we pointed out how much better off he was at Ross than he would be if he returned to Dorset. To prove our statements we arranged a radio schedule with Dorset and Mr. Demment kindly arranged to have a few natives on hand so that Takolik could talk to them.[1] During the talk he learned that the top hunter at Dorset this year had caught less than 20 foxes, whereas he has never caught less than 75 foxes since going to Ross, and last outfit had a record catch of 287 foxes. He eventually decided that it was to his own advantage to remain at Ross.

March—The long awaited Constable DeLisle arrived here on the night of the 6th. DeLisle was caught

[1]Takolik talked to his Cape Dorset friends 660 miles away by voice. They replied to him by giving their answer in Eskimo to Post Manager Demment, who translated it into English and sent it by key to Arctic Bay. There it was received by the met. station and passed on to Mr. Bell, who translated it into Eskimo for Takolik.

at Fort Ross last fall through the non-arrival of the *Nascopie*. He left Ross by dog team on October 19th, and travelled here via Pelly Bay, Repulse Bay, and Igloolik. Despite the long trip [about 2,500 miles] he appears to have suffered no undue hardships, and in fact has gained twenty pounds since leaving Ross last fall.

Kungoo, one of the best hunters from this camp, while out hunting at the floe in January, built his igloo too near the floe edge, so that when it commenced to blow hard during the night, the ice on which his igloo was built broke away, with the result that he either perished or was drowned. Peewatook "A," the camp boss at Jens Munk, and the best hunter and trapper in the Igloolik territory, while out searching for Kungoo, had the misfortune to break his leg through getting it squeezed between a block of ice and his kometik. Father Didier set Peewatook's leg, but as a result of the injury he has been unable to hunt or trap.

April—Inoagak brought in Tonga from Elwin Bay on the 10th for medical attention. The old man is suffering from a very large carbuncle on his back. It is still hard and inflamed, but we hope to bring it to a head with poultices before lancing it. As Tonga is past the allotted span of life, healing will be slow, therefore we expect to have him on our hands for several weeks.

Ten teams and about fifty natives arrived at 11 p.m. on the 23rd. Nine of these were from the vicinity of Fort Ross—Lyall, Kavavou, Kovella, Alongnik and Ooksoowetook—the last three Netchilikmuits, also Attagootaluk, Aksagjuak, Iklout and Pudlienook—four Ponds [Inlet] natives, who spent the winter hunting north of Fort Ross . . . By the time we had fed this bunch and let them trade a few immediate needs, it was 5 a.m.

We are treating Kavavou's son Napatchie for a very bad hand. He got his hand frozen in January, and since that time it has not had proper attention, so that it is now in a putrid state and the finger bones are protruding through the flesh. It appears likely that we will have to amputate three of his fingers—too bad, as he is reputed to be an excellent hunter and trapper. In the meantime we are spending four hours daily bathing his hand, and when we have it cleared of deer hairs and filth we will be able to see exactly what will have to be cut away. The natives were out of bandages, so they cut up about twenty foxes to make bandages—rather expensive bandages. Of course the natives have great belief in the healing qualities of animal skins, but, at least in this case, the "magic" did not work.

There is no darkness at all now—just a few hours of twilight, and in another month the sun will be shining for twenty-four hours.

May—Early in the month we had five sick natives on our hands—one with a gangrenous hand, as a result of freezing, which made it necessary to amputate three fingers[2], one with a large carbuncle on his back, one with a broken collar bone, one with a festering ear, and the fifth with gall stones. The gall stone case was treated under radiogram instructions from Dr. McKee [at Pangnirtung], and quickly responded to the treatment given. By the end of the month four of our patients had recovered and departed for their respective camps, and the fifth is making satisfactory progress.

The first snow-birds of the season were observed on the 10th, which is almost three weeks later than their first appearance last year. These hardy little birds must still find the Arctic nights rather chilly.

On the evening of the 24th Canon Turner arrived from Moffet Inlet. He looks well after his trip to the Fort Ross territory. On the journey to Ross he reports that travelling conditions were good, but that he had to spend eight days camped on the ice in Prince Regent Inlet, as nine of his dogs went away chasing a bear—seven of them returned after an absence of seven days, but the other two never showed up and were probably killed by the bear.

The first geese of the season were seen on the 29th—a few gulls also were seen. It appears as if the geese are going to have a pretty thin time for the next few weeks, as to date there is no running water, and very little bare grass on which to feed.

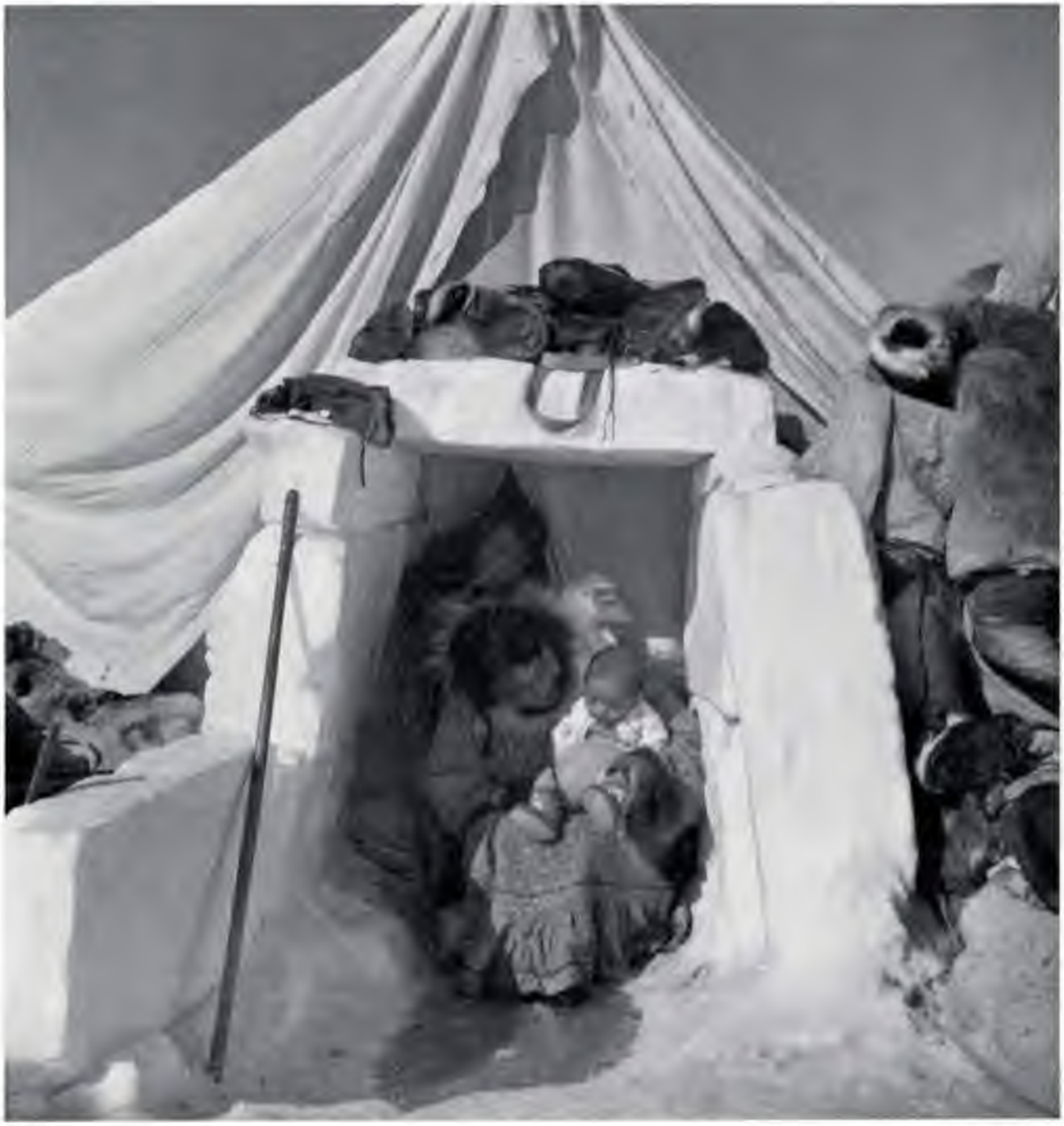
[2]Dr. Dennis Jordan, well known Toronto surgeon who travelled on the *Nascopie* last year, commended Mr. Bell for his skill in handling this amputation.

Arctic Bay ***D. W. Munro***





Portrait of a young lady *J. H. Webster*



Spring Sunshine — *L. A. Learmonth*

Among the INNUIT

Six pages of Arctic Pictures





Journey to Pangnirtung

Norman Ross



Above:
Centre of interest
D. B. Marsh





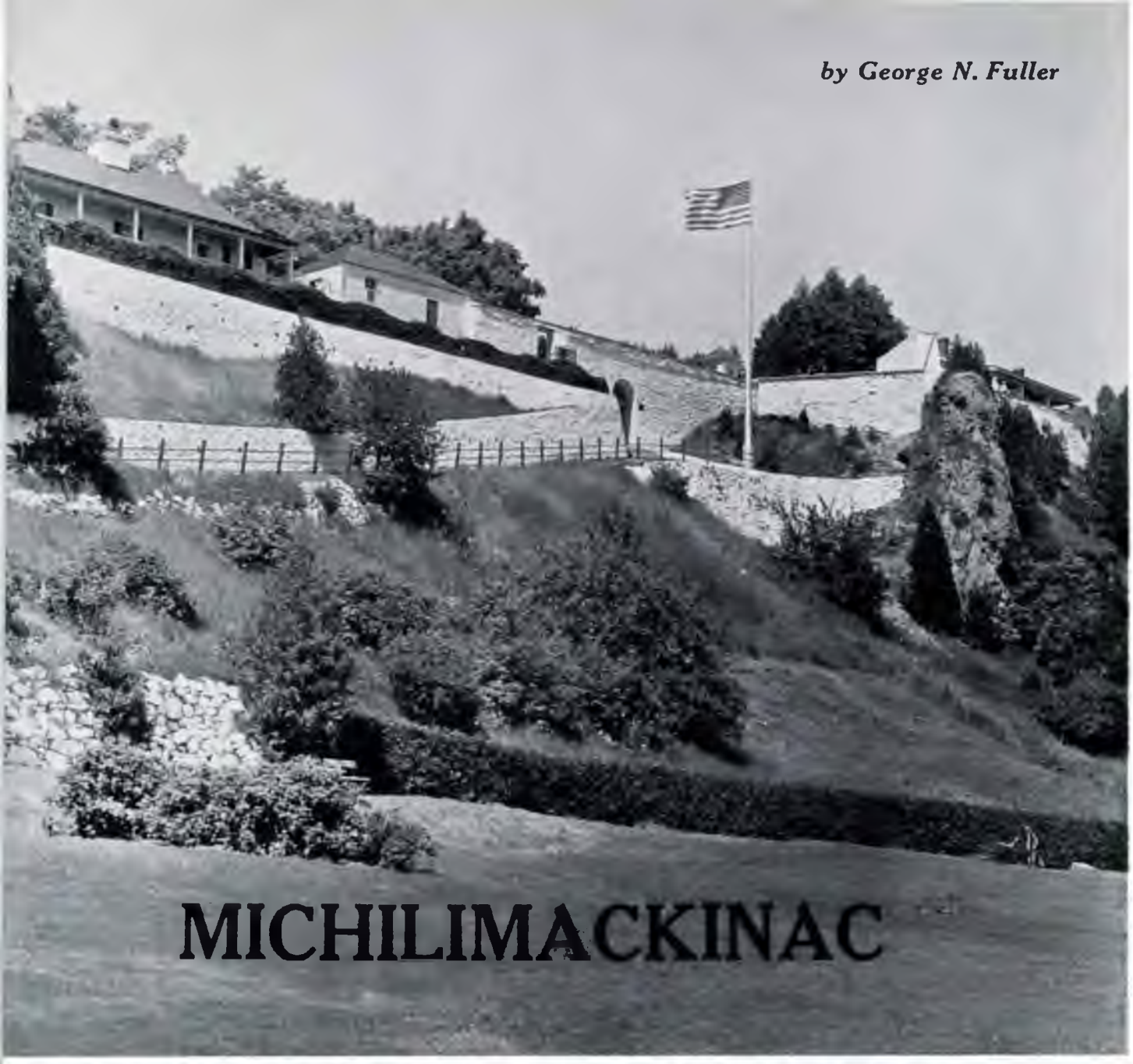
Peter Kamingoak
J.H.Webster



Away at a gallop
J.H.Webster

by George N. Fuller

MICHILIMACKINAC



Old Fort Mackinac, weathered by the years, fits naturally into the rocky landscape.

IN the strait between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan lies the beautiful island called Mackinac. For centuries a meeting place of the Indian tribes and later a fortified place commanding the well travelled waterways between the three upper lakes, it is now a picturesque summer resort, redolent with the memories of famous explorers, missionaries, soldiers and fur traders who long ago beached their canoes upon its shores.

The earliest recorded history of the Mackinac country is the history of the Indian missions, oldest among which are those at Sault Ste. Marie and St. Ignace. Almost all the early missionaries were explorers, like Father Jacques Marquette, who with Louis Joliet discovered and explored the upper Mississippi River. Marquette founded the mission at the Sault in 1668, and the one at St. Ignace in 1671, though apparently the latter was begun by Father Claude Dablon on Mackinac Island in the winter of 1670-71. Marquette had been serving the Huron Indians that winter at La Pointe (on one of the Apostle islands near the modern Ashland, Wisconsin). In the *Relation* of 1671 Dablon speaks of the Hurons as having fled before the Sioux from La Pointe to "that famous Island of Missilimackinac* where we last winter began the Mission of St. Ignace." In the same report Father Dablon sets forth the attractions of the island for the Indians and its advantages for a mission. "It is situated exactly in

*Two interpretations are given the word. Schoolcraft favoured "the home of the great spirits." Others point out that *michi* or *missi* means "great" and *mikinack* "turtle." In Indian mythology the turtle is sacred and a symbol of creativeness. The Great Turtle is Gitche Manitou, and when he created the Earth, the Indians of that region believed, Mackinac Island was the first land to appear above the waters.—G.N.F.

The corruption "Mackinaw" is probably due to the fact that in old French MSS. the letter "c" often resembled a "t," and "at" was pronounced "aw" in old French. E.g., the name of the Canadian hero Dollard was sometimes printed Daulac and sometimes Daulat.—Ed.

the strait connecting the Lake of the Hurons and that of the Illinois [Lake Michigan] and forms the key and the door, so to speak, for all the peoples of the South, as does the Sault for those of the North: for in these regions there are only those two passages by water for very many nations, who must seek one or the other of the two if they wish to visit the French settlements. This circumstance makes it very easy both to instruct these poor people when they pass, and to gain ready access to their countries."

Here in the surrounding waters the Great Spirit had provided an abundance of fish. "No other place," says Dablon, "however it may abound in fish, is properly its abode, which is only in the neighborhood of Missilimackinac." The soil there was excellent for Indian corn. Corn and fish were chief articles of Indian food. Dablon has given us a glimpse of the work of this mission on the island. In the spring of 1671 Marquette left La Pointe to follow his Indians. He stopped at the Sault, and possibly at the island, but in that summer the mission was removed from the island to the mainland where the Hurons had also stopped in their flight, and there on Point St. Ignace we find Marquette with them, as he reports in his famous letter to Dablon in 1672, the mission bearing the name of Ignatius Loyola, founder of the religious order of the Society of Jesus. The reason for the removal may have been the desire that communication with other points might not be at times altogether cut off by waters too stormy for the canoes. In Ivan Rezek's *History of the Diocese of Marquette and Sault Ste. Marie* may be read in detail the story of the early Indian missions of the Mackinac country.

It was over three hundred years ago, in 1634, that the first white man set eyes upon the Straits of Mackinac. In that year, in a birch-bark canoe, accompanied by Huron Indians, Jean Nicolet made a trip from Three Rivers, Canada, to Green Bay, Wisconsin, following the route by the Ottawa trail to Georgian Bay, Sault Ste. Marie, and lakes Huron and Michigan. On this voyage he was the agent of Champlain, who founded Quebec in 1608 and became governor over the woods of Canada. The real object of Nicolet's search was the same as that which had earlier tempted Columbus to brave the terrors of unknown seas, namely, to find a passage to the Orient, where might be obtained the riches of the Indies, where a traffic might be opened up in its gold and silver, its pearls and spices and the luxurious fabrics described by the romancers of the days of Marco Polo. To make a proper impression upon the mandarins and celestials of far-famed Cathay, Nicolet took with him on the journey a "damask robe broidered with flowers," which he wore at Green Bay, no doubt to the amazement and pleasure of the Indians whom he found there. In passing from the Sault to Green Bay, he would naturally go through the Straits of Mackinac and pass Mackinac Island, and it is conceivable that, wearied with the long pull from the Sault, he may have rested on the shores of the island itself. In due course he returned to Quebec, his canoes laden with furs obtained from the Indians. In 1915 a bronze tablet in honour of Nicolet was unveiled at Arch Rock bearing this inscription: "Nicolet Watch Tower. In honour of John Nicolet, who in 1634 passed through the Straits of Mackinac in a birch bark canoe, and was the first white man to enter Michigan and the Old Northwest. Erected on behalf of the State of Michigan, by the Michigan Historical Commission and the Mackinac Island State Park Commission. 1915."

After Nicolet came a long line of explorers, among them Des Groseilliers. There was LaSalle, that romantic figure of early Great Lakes history so vividly portrayed by Parkman, whose ship and its crew, like the Argonauts of ancient Greece in search of the golden fleece, sailed away into the northern waters with their cargo of furs and were never heard of again. LaSalle fortunately was not on the vessel on its return trip, which ended in disaster. On the voyage up the lakes, however, according to the historian of the expedition, Father Hennepin, LaSalle touched at St. Ignace just across from Mackinac Island (1679). Hennepin gives a graphic description of the arrival, how they fired a salute from the ship's cannon (they had five small cannon on board), and how the inhabitants of St. Ignace thronged to the shore to meet them, the Indians yelping with wonder and amazement. LaSalle is described as gorgeously dressed in a cloak of scarlet bordered with gold. He went ashore with his men and betook himself to the little mission chapel, where he gave thanks for a safe voyage. Space does not permit to tell of the explorers whose names are legion, who braved their way into the Mackinac country and opened up its beauties and its riches to the civilized world.

The fur trade was one of the most picturesque of the early occupations of the region. Because of its geographical location, Mackinac Island was to the fur trade what Chicago was later to become in the days of machinery and land transportation. The island as the centre of water transportation dominated the routes of trade. It was the centre of a region of fur-bearing animals, especially the beaver, and, as said, it was a neighbourhood towards which the Indians of the Great Lakes country tended to gravitate.

Part of a map from Charlevoix's Journal, showing "Michillimakinac" and St. Joseph's Islands.





A bugler sounds his call from the ramparts of the old fort. **All photos by Michigan Dept. of Conservation.**

The French regime beginning with Champlain and Nicolet extended to 1760, when the fall of Canada to the British marked the end of French domination on the North American continent. The British regime covered the period up to and beyond the Revolutionary War, to 1796, when the British finally surrendered the northwest posts to the United States. From then on the American regime was dominant, and the great figure in that period was John Jacob Astor, whose American Fur Company was chartered in 1808, and whose central headquarters of operation were on Mackinac Island until his retirement in 1834.

The story of the Mackinac fur trade is an interesting one, but the beginnings are obscure, because the records are few. The Indians went down to Montreal and the traders followed them back. Efforts of government to control the trade gave rise to open violations by independent traders, the *coureurs-de-bois*, typical of whom were Du Lhut and Perrot. On the north the French met British competition in the powerful Hudson's Bay Company. Against competition on the south they built forts Frontenac and Niagara. Fort Michilimackinac was built originally at St. Ignace, about 1680, where Cadillac (who founded Detroit in 1701) was commandant from 1694 to 1697, when the Mackinac fur trade was abandoned, except by the *coureurs-de-bois*. It was reopened in 1715 with the establishment of the fort across the straits near the present Mackinaw City, and flourished until the British took over at the end of the French and Indian wars.

The beginnings of the British regime were marked by the coming of English and Scotch traders to the Mackinac country, among them Alexander Henry, whose book of *Travels* is one of our classic sources of knowledge about the Mackinac fur trade. The British never got on so well with the Indians as the French had done. From the outset there was great unrest among the red men throughout the Great Lakes region. The three great centres of the British fur trade in this area were Mackinac, Detroit and Fort St. Joseph, the latter near the modern city of Niles in southwestern Michigan.

In 1763, under the great Pontiac, the Indians rose against the British, resulting in the massacre of nearly the entire garrison at Fort Mackinac. Henry has left us a description of how he escaped. Pontiac himself conducted the siege of Detroit but was unsuccessful. This outbreak had a marked influence on the British policies of the following years. The British abandoned the system of monopoly and special privilege which they had continued from the French, threw open all of the leased posts, and administered the whole region as part of the province of Quebec.

The change induced a new influx of Scotch and Irish traders, and the new accession of British energy and organizing ability resulting in a notable expansion of trade, particularly northwest of Lake Superior. The effect of the Revolutionary War was to exclude merchants from the rebellious colonies. By the treaty of peace in 1783 the British were supposed to evacuate Mackinac and the other northwestern posts within the boundaries of the new nation, but as said, they did not do so until 1796. They claimed the Americans had failed to carry out certain terms of the treaty. On the other hand, the Americans felt rather certain that British policy was being influenced by persons interested in the northwest fur trade. Indeed the final withdrawal of the British from Mackinac and the other Great Lakes posts did not end their influence, which continued well through the period dominated by the American Fur Company. When the British withdrew

from Mackinac they established the centre of their northern influence on St. Joseph Island, backed by the strong business organization of merchants at Montreal.

The efforts of government and commercial interests in the United States to break the British hold on the fur trade may be mentioned briefly. The American government established a system of government stores for trading with the Indians, known as the "factory" system. In 1808 a store was established on Mackinac Island, but it was captured by the British during the War of 1812 and was not rebuilt. The real struggle was between the great British and American trading companies. Of the British organizations the most powerful were the North West Company and the Michilimackinac Company. In 1808 John Jacob Astor made ready to challenge British influence. The American Fur Company became a strong competitor.

The War of 1812, during which the British captured and held Mackinac Island, caused some confusion, but with the conclusion of peace congress passed an act excluding foreign traders from American territory, and within very few years the British companies were ready to abandon the struggle. Astor bought out the major British interests and continued to dominate the situation until his retirement. He was consistently hostile to the factory system, which was abolished in 1822. In that year a southern branch of the American Fur Company was established with headquarters at St. Louis and became known as the Southern Department. The Mackinac area was called the Northern Department. At Mackinac Island, Astor's agent, Robert Stuart, became a notable character in the relentless war waged against private traders.

The building used as headquarters of the American Fur Company on the island is still standing and is one of the island's attractions for tourists. At the present time its restoration is one of the projects of the Park and Harbor Commission of the city of Mackinac Island, assisted by the Mackinac Island State Park Commission. Another building associated with the Astor period is the so-called Early House, or St. Martin Dwelling, which was used as a retail store, and for which restoration plans are under way.

Here on June 6, 1822, an employee of the Company, Alexis St. Martin, was severely wounded by the discharge of a gun, tearing a hole in his stomach which healed but remained open. He was attended by the fort surgeon, Dr. William Beaumont, whose experiments, with the aid of St. Martin, extending over a considerable period, brought to the world the first direct information concerning the action of the gastric juices.

Still another relic of that day is the Biddle House, once the home of Edward Biddle, a prominent resident of the island engaged in the fur trade. Several other buildings of that period still remain, among them the Mission House, originally the home of the Presbyterian missionary, William M. Ferry, who built the first Protestant mission on the island in 1823. The Mission Church built by Ferry in 1829-30 is still standing and has been carefully restored. It is said to be the oldest Protestant church building still remaining in the Old Northwest. The present Catholic Church, St. Anne's, stands on the site of an earlier one built at the time the church was removed from the south side of the straits to the island about 1826. The old building was later torn down and the new one, begun in 1873, was not completed until in the early nineties. The Old Indian Agency built by the federal government as headquarters of the Indian agent at the island was once a familiar scene, immortalized by Constance Fenimore Woolson in her novel *Anne*. But about 1873 it was accidentally burned.

Fort Mackinac, overlooking the harbour, is of course one of the island's principal points of interest. It was begun during the Revolutionary War, in 1780-81, under direction of the British officer Patrick Sinclair. It was surrendered to the United States at the conclusion of the Jay treaty (1796). In the War of 1812 it was the scene of a stirring episode. Garrisoned by American troops, it supposedly was the key to the whole north country. One night Captain Charles Roberts, in command at the British post on St. Joseph's Island, with a few regulars and some two hundred voyageurs, descended on the island at a point since known as "British Landing" across the island from the fort. Morning found them entrenched on the "Turtle's back," a height commanding Fort Mackinac, where Fort Holmes was later built. Lieut. Porter Hanks, the American commander at the fort, who had not until then received information that a war was on, surrendered the fort at discretion, and the island remained in the possession of the British until the close of the war.

The Americans made one attempt to retake the island, in August 1814, under the leadership of Major Andrew Hunter Holmes, who was killed in that episode. After the close of the war, the British evacuated the fort on July 18, 1815. In 1895 the fort passed from national control to the State of Michigan and now forms part of the Mackinac Island State Park. In

One of the old churches on the island. As no cars are allowed, the horse-drawn vehicles are seen everywhere.





This old blockhouse of stone and timber recalls the more martial days of Mackinac.

1914 several minor buildings were removed. Subsequently important restorations were made. A state museum is maintained at the fort during the tourist season. To saunter along the ramparts of this old structure on a summer day is a delight; to loaf and dream on its walls in the moonlight is an experience to be held long in memory. History and beauty blend here in an unforgettable way.

Mackinac Island is about three miles long by two miles wide, with a beautiful beach drive about nine miles around. It contains over two thousand acres, about a third of which is privately owned. The rest is owned by the State of Michigan and maintained as a state park under the direct supervision of the Mackinac Island State Park Commission. The rugged scenery here, the broad expanse of the Straits of Mackinac and Lake Huron, the exhilarating breezes of the northern climate, combine to make this one of the most delightful boulevards in the world. From this drive the limestone formations of the island rise into a plateau, reaching the highest ground at Fort Holmes. The interior is covered with a growth of lovely woods, mostly beech, white birch, cedar, Norway pine, spruce and hemlock, which in season gives the island from the water view a beautiful cloak of evergreen. These woods are threaded with roads, paths and trails which conduct the traveller to lovely views, springs, quiet resting places and all the natural curiosities of the "Fairy Isle."

Among the natural wonders of the island, perhaps the most famous are Arch Rock, Lover's Leap, and Sugar Loaf. To get to these and other points quickly, the visitor finds in season good carriage service with driver-guides available. Horseback riding is a favourite diversion on the island. There are several riding stables. Bicycling is common. Automobiles are barred from the island because of the narrow, winding, over-arched drives and the desire to keep these free for walking and cycling. The motorist desiring to visit the island parks his car at Mackinaw City, St. Ignace, or elsewhere on the mainland, and takes the boat trip over, which is one of the delights of the visit, for the approach to the island by water is a memorable experience. Befitting so great a resort, there are abundant guest accomodations to meet all requirements. The Grand Hotel, built in the 1880's, is said to be the largest of its kind in the world.

Mackinac Island was a notable resort even before the Civil War. Thither came Harriet Martineau, English author, in 1836, where she met Henry R. Schoolcraft, then and for many years Indian agent at the island. He says of her visit: "Miss Martineau expressed her gratitude in having visited the upper lakes and the Island. She said she had from her early childhood felt an interest in them." On returning to England, Miss Martineau included her observations in the first of her three volumes *Society in America*. In 1837 came Mrs. Anne Jameson, a charming English writer living at Toronto, who says of the island in her *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles:* "It is a bijou of an island. A little bit of fairy ground."

In that year Captain Marryat was there, one of the best known English novelists of the 1830's. He recorded his impressions and experiences in his *Diary in America*. He was enchanted with the island. Margaret Fuller, intimate friend of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Channing, visited the island in the summer of 1843, and has left a pleasing memorial of the visit in her little volume *Summer on the Lakes*. Paul Kane wrote about "Mackenaw" in his *Wanderings of an Artist* after his visit there in 1845. The poet William Cullen Bryant came in 1846. His observations are included in *The Letters of a Traveller*. Later came Bayard Taylor, in 1855, widely known for his extensive travels. The record of his sojourn at Mackinac is contained in his volume *At Home and Abroad*.

These are but a few of the great and the near-great who visited Mackinac in the early days. After the Civil War it grew rapidly in favour. It began to appeal to the "tired business man" as a retreat and a place to build a summer cottage for his family. Some of these "cottages," as on the West Bluff, are of the proportions of city homes. With the coming of the automobile and greater ease of transportation, the island has become a summer mecca for people from regions near and remote.

Yet, despite its popularity, it still retains its unique charm. And the words of the Canadian historian, Dr. S. E. Dawson, are as true now as they were when he wrote them,* forty years ago:

"It is a spot of unrivalled beauty. Where Nicolet's solitary canoe glided quietly on with no sound but the dip of the paddles, an enormous traffic from the western lakes now passes. Monstrous steamers glide up and down on inland voyages of perhaps a thousand miles; but the distances are so great that the effect of calm still dwells there; and whether the smoke on the distant horizon be from a steamer bound to Port Arthur, on Lake Superior, from Chicago, or Detroit, or even Montreal, there is space as of the ocean itself and no sense of hurry or thronging jars even yet the restful quiet of the scene."

*In *The St. Lawrence*, Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1905.



Pipe Dreams

BY JAMES B. LUSK

HAVE you ever sat at home of an evening with nothing to do except relax with your pipe and your latest *Beaver?* With smoke curling and twisting around your head, you thumb abstractedly through the pages, and then, suddenly, there it is. A face, a building, or even a word—anything that you know so well—and the cogs of memory start turning, turning back to that other time. . . .

The whistle of the engine up ahead blew with a strange, eerie, lonesomeness. The time-table told you that you were speeding north, but the bush and the shacks buried in it dragged by, and you knew that each turn of the wheels took you farther and farther from home. At last the first lap was over, and you remember how you, in your natty city clothes, felt all out of place in that mining town—a frontier town, you called it. You slunk by burly miners and lumberjacks with their plaid shirts and whip-cord breeches. You were dog-tired, but there was no rest for you that night. You stared wide-eyed far into the darkness . . . you were scared . . . mighty scared.

The next day, or was it the day after, you were *There*. You can still feel your knees shaking as you held out your hand and said, "I'm your new apprentice, sir . . ." Piercing steel-blue eyes looked right through you, and told you nothing, but the warm hand-clasp told you everything.

Then there was your first outfit of clothes. Will you ever forget your pride and joy when they handed you your gleaming white parka with the fur around the hood?—only you tried to remember to call it a *koolitak* and not a parka. You ran off a whole roll of film for the folks back home—just pictures of yourself, portraying the Spirit of the North—but you were disappointed when you developed them because your feet didn't look right.

And your first trip with dogs? The exciting days of preparation, the hustle and bustle of the start, and the awful let-down after the first few hours when the utter monotony dawned on you? You passed the time counting the endless whirligigs of wind on virgin snow, listening to the sibilant scrape of runners, and wondering what was beyond that point up ahead. Now seemed everlasting, the days fused in one, and all around you was cold—eternal cold—and your body cried out for a ray of heat.

Spring and summer came, and you were on your way again. This time you laughed at boats and teams —you flew. Do you remember the funny feeling at the back of your neck when the heels of the plane flipped across the waves before she settled down, and how your chest expanded when you stepped out at each post on the way?

From the air, your new post looked like a match box; but you were happy when you got inside it. It was cool, and there were no mosquitoes, and you affectionately fingered the backs of books in the bookcase as you looked for something worthwhile.

The geese flew south and the snow came. Your arm is still sore from the pounding you gave the brass that winter, but it was worth every *didahdit*. Do you remember the chatter on the airwaves through the long winter evening as you talked with your neighbours? You forgot that they were so many miles or so many sleeps away. The Michells at Attawapiskat were not just people on the other side of the "Bay" any more; they lived across the street. And the Watts of Rupert's? Why, they were the folks on the corner. With them so close like that you couldn't be alone.

Suddenly, Christmas was upon you. You went out and tramped for miles looking for the best spruce tree in the country, and you found it. But it looked sad and miserable when you got it in the living-room; it wasn't like the one at home at all, and it looked even sadder and more miserable when you decorated it with all those bits of silver cigarette paper. You gathered the Little People around you on Christmas Eve, and you told them the story of the Manger in Bethlehem, and then everything looked brighter, and more Christmassy.

And then one morning you went out, and the snow birds had come. The tiny vanguards of spring seemed to know that they chirped a message of rebirth from their fluffy throats, and they were not afraid of you when you walked up to them.

The ice in the river groaned, jagged slabs reared up in protest and then belly-flopped, and soon it was gone. The geese came back and the grass grew green. Tiny blossoms poked up in the crevices, and you picked a few because they looked just like the ones at home. You sat looking at them in their vase, and you thought that there must be something in the water that made them die so soon.

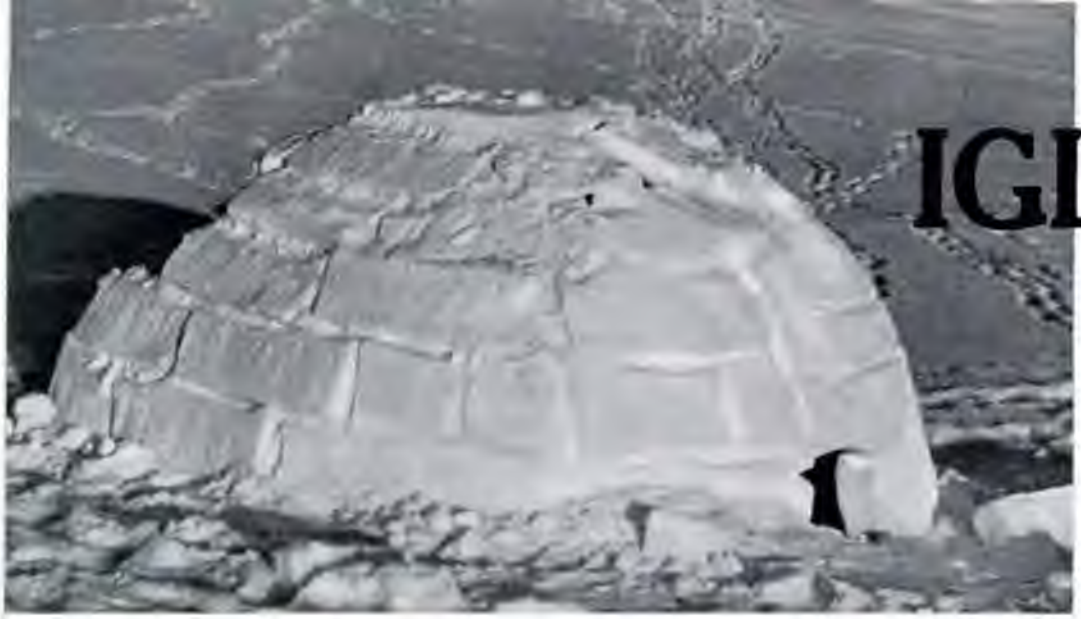
The mail came in August. You felt a lump in your throat when you saw the bold upright strokes of Dad's pen, and the soft flowing lines of Mother's. That night you put all your letters in a pile and arranged them by post-marks, and you figured that if you read one every two nights you would have enough to last you all winter. But it never seemed to work out that way. You read one, and then another, and it was dawn before you knew it.

And remember when you took your first charge? You smiled to yourself when you read, "We congratulate you on the progress you have made . . ." You wondered just what they meant by that, and you were afraid to go on. But you were also afraid to go back, so you took it.

And now, through a mist you can see a flock of Little People standing there before you, their faces turned toward you, waiting, expectant, and ever smiling. And you wonder why you are here and not there with them. You loosen your tie—it feels so tight.

Your pipe has gone out. *The Beaver* has slipped to the floor, its pages crumpled and warped, but you don't give a damn any more.

The sands have run out, and your day is over. All you have left is a pipeful of ashes. . . .



IGLOO and

by Douglas

Trail snowhouse, built for one night only, and therefore without the usual porch. ***J. H. Webster.***

ANY child will tell you that an Eskimo lives in a house of snow called an igloo. Well, some Eskimos do, some of the time, in some places, and any house is called an igloo, whether it is built of blocks of snow or of anything else, as long as it is not a tent.

Actually there are many Eskimos who have never seen a snow house. It is a type of dwelling used everywhere in the Central Arctic, including Baffin Land, Melville Peninsula, Southampton Island, and all the adjacent territory, and used also by the inland Caribou Eskimos, the Netsiliks, and the Copper Eskimos.

In Greenland, they are seldom used except in the northwest; they are rarely seen west of the Mackenzie, except as a temporary dwelling.

Fundamentally, the Eskimos make use of two types of dwelling only: tents in summer, and houses in winter. To-day the houses in the Central Arctic are built of blocks of hard-packed snow; but a common practice in prehistoric times was to build a house of stones, including bones of whales if any happened to be handy, with a thick insulating layer of turf outside the walls and over the roof.

These stone and bone structures are the most widespread of all Eskimo dwellings except the summer tents. They are found along almost the entire Arctic coastline both on the mainland and on the islands as far north as they go. They have been recorded at the far limits of Ellesmere Land, on the Sverdrup Islands, Banks Island and the Parry Group, far north of where the Eskimos live today, telling of a far-flung, hardy population which, for some reason unknown to us, moved southwards to below about latitude 73°, abandoning hundreds, perhaps thousands, of these structures which cost them so much labour.

In some districts, such as Arctic Bay and Port Burwell, I saw them in use a few years ago. Peary, in 1891, actually saw new ones being built when a little village grew up about his winter station in Inglefield Gulf, in northwest Greenland.

They vary in size and shape, some being more or less rectangular and others more circular. All have a tunnel-like passage entry, opening as a rule towards the sea. Generally they are built in a gravel bank, being partly excavated so as to reduce the labour of erecting the walls.

The roof was the great difficulty. Spanning a space of from eight to fifteen feet with something which could carry a heavy layer of turf, perhaps two or three feet thick, was a problem which many less ingenious people might not have been able to solve. Interior supports seem not to have been used, but the cantilever principle was employed in those Peary saw. His illustration shows large thin slabs of stone resting on the walls of the building in such a way that they stretched out towards the middle of the space to be covered, their outer edges weighted down with heavy boulders. From edge to edge of these slabs stretched others, forming a complete roof, enormously heavy and, unless built with very great care, a potential dead-fall which could wipe out all the occupants in an instant.

Far out at sea off the northwest coast of Scotland lies the Isle of Rona where St. Ronan lived the life of a hermit in the eighth century. Here he built himself a house, half underground, with walls of stone, roofed with large thin slabs of rock and insulated with turf! What is more, his house still stands, very much as he left it over a thousand years ago.

Ruined igloo built of stones and whales' bones at Arctic Bay, 1936.



TUPIK

Leechman



Tupik of sealskins at Pangnirtung. The object on top is a buffalo skin. ***D. Leechman.***

Where driftwood was available in the Arctic, logs were used for the roof; in other areas, where the people hunted the whale, the ribs and jaw bones of these animals were used as rafters. Sometimes, when the walls were so far apart that none of the roofing materials available could be induced to stretch from one to the other, no other method was possible but to spread the summer tent over, supporting it as best one could. Such a structure was known as a *karmak* or *kangmak*.

Apparently the Eskimos were not satisfied to use the first materials that came to hand. Peary, in describing these buildings, says: "All the roof and bed platform stones, which must be large, flat, and thin, as well as many of those for the walls, had to be brought by the men on their backs from the mountains, sometimes a distance of several miles. The construction of the igloos falls very largely upon the women, and in an emergency they even assist in bringing stones."

The bed platform is built up of flat stones. ***D. Leechman.***



The interior arrangements of a stone and bone igloo are much like those usual in the snow house; indeed, in all Eskimo dwellings, whether house or tent, the inside is the same in general principle. The entrance tunnel terminates in a small space, not much more than room to stand in very often, at the lowest level of the floor; on each side is a small bench on one of which stands the stone lamp and on the other lies the meat.

At the back is the sleeping platform, some six or more feet wide and extending across the width of the hut. It is from eighteen to twenty-four inches above the floor level. There may be a small window of ice or seal intestines above the doorway which admits a little light, otherwise the dwelling is in darkness save for the seal-oil lamp.

These houses were warm and comfortable, for the thick layer of turf outside the walls and on the roof was a good insulator and the lamps gave plenty of heat. Peary says that the entrance was not closed by a door, but that the cold air from outside sank into the lowest part of the entrance passage and didn't rise into the house proper. So warm was it, in fact, that the people were accustomed to strip to the waist when indoors.

In the spring, when the snow began to thaw in the returning warmth, these underground igloos became very wet and the people moved into their tents for the summer, not returning to the igloo till November.

Hall saw these stone and bone houses on his second voyage to Greenland (1606): "Their winter Houses, which were builded with Whales' bones: the baulkes thereof were of Whale's ribbes, and covered with Earth. They had certaine vaults or roomes underground, 4 square, two yards deep in the Earth. The towne consisted of about 40 houses."

Just what was the prehistoric distribution of the houses built of blocks of snow is a difficult matter for an archaeologist to determine for, naturally, they leave no ruins to be ransacked for specimens. One clue may be found in the distribution of snow knives, those long, thin blades of bone, ivory, or baleen, which were used for cutting snow blocks and for no other purpose. Where they are found, we may assume, the people used to build snow houses.

Snow knives have been found in both the west and east of northern Greenland and in Ellesmere Land.



Cutting out blocks of snow from a drift with a snow-knife. ***J. H. Webster.***

Possibly they will also be found on the many other islands which we know were once occupied by the Eskimos, but so little archaeological work has been done there so far that it is not safe to draw any conclusions. At any rate, it is clear that the area in which the stone and bone houses are found is much larger than that over which snow houses now extend, though these two areas may well have been co-extensive in prehistoric times. This, however, is nothing more than speculation; nothing but more archaeological research in the Arctic archipelago will give us the answer to this question, and many others.

The method of building a snow house has been described so often and in such detail that it seems useless to repeat it. It is an art which few white men acquire, for travellers in the north are generally accompanied by Eskimos, especially during the winter, and they are so much more skilled at igloo building that the work is left to them.

A good deal of experience is said to be necessary before one can become a successful builder. The snow must be carefully selected to begin with, hard-packed by the wind, and all from one snowfall, for otherwise it will be stratified and will split up into layers when lifted.

Most Eskimos make a complete circle with the lowest tier of blocks, before cutting a diagonal to begin the upward circling of the helix. The selection of the right spot at which to begin the upward swing also requires experience and the success of the whole undertaking may depend upon it. I speak entirely from the knowledge of others, for I have never seen, much less built, a snow igloo, having visited the Arctic only in summer.

In the eastern Arctic it is usual to put a small hole in the middle of the roof for ventilation, but this is not done in Coronation Gulf. In the east, too, the summer tent is sometimes used as a lining inside the snow house, held outstretched by thongs which pass through the walls and are secured by toggles of wood or bone outside. This keeps the interior much warmer, for now the temperature can be raised considerably without fear of melting the walls, which are protected by the layer of cold air between them and the skin lining. A ventilating hole usually goes through the skin in line with the one in the roof. In a snow house with no lining the temperature cannot be allowed to get so high.

Where driftwood was abundant, as in the delta of the Mackenzie, the whole house might be made of logs, banked with turf or snow. At Bering Strait, according to Nelson, it was "a rectangular framework of logs, 8 or 9 feet high in the middle and 5 at the sides; this is covered with smaller logs or rude slabs, over which earth is thrown to a thickness of 3 or 4 feet. Raised platforms occupy three sides of the single room and are used for sleeping places, commonly a family on each side."

On the north coast of Alaska, about the Canning River, a curious structure is used which is little known. It consists of a framework of willow saplings, two of which form two parallel arches with their ends thrust into the ground. At right angles to these, other saplings are bent to form a circular or oval structure, with the willows lashed where they cross each other. Over this beehive is thrown a covering of skins, preferably in a double layer, held down by pegs, rocks, or hard packed snow.

These huts are said to withstand the fiercest gales, to be warm and comfortable, easily erected and readily portable. In severe weather they may be banked high

Building a snow igloo. ***J. H. Webster.***



Inside this snowhouse, modern aluminum utensils are hung lamp. Foxes thaw out overhead.



with snow to keep them warmer, and it has been suggested that this custom of banking them with snow blocks may have been the origin of the snow house.

In summer, skin tents are used right across the Arctic from northeast Greenland to Siberia and for many miles southwards into the interior, for the teepee of the prairie tribes is the same structure somewhat modified. The Eskimo skin tent may be of caribou or of seal skin. Usually the hair is scraped off to make the tent lighter in weight and in some cases the skins used in the forward part of the tent are specially treated to make them more translucent, thereby improving the light inside.

Tents are of two principal patterns: a rectangular tent with a straight, ridged roof; and a conical tent. The ridged tent is by far the more common and is found almost everywhere in the Arctic. Sometimes, in the east, a man will make a small conical tent if he is short of skins and will replace it with a ridged tent later. On both sides of Bering Strait conical tents seem to be the preferred form, and they are occasionally seen elsewhere.

Frobisher appears to have been the first to speak of the use of tents by the Eskimos. In 1577, he observed: "Their houses are tents, covered with skins, pitched with quarters foure square meeting at tops, sewed together with sinews; their entrance is always o'er against the Sunne."

The tents, of both types, are supported by poles which may be specially cut for the purpose in areas where the people have access to timber, or of driftwood, sometimes skilfully lashed together, in districts where no good timber is available. A fine set of tent poles is a valuable possession, just as on the prairie.

over the seal oil fire burning in the large, primitive stone
J. H. Webster





Two conical tupiks of caribou skin are placed together to form one dwelling. Bathurst Inlet, 1916.
R. M. Anderson.

The interior arrangements of a tent are just the same as those of the snow house, except that the sleeping platform is not elevated above the ground. It is usually separated off from the rest of the floor space by a pole, a row of small stones, or merely by the front edge of the bedding. The lamp is placed at one side of the entrance and the meat at the other. Bags and boxes line the walls containing clothing, the women's sewing outfits, the men's tool boxes and equipment.

The edges of the tent have to be held down by heavy stones, for pegs would not hold in many places, so rocky is the land, and even if the soil did permit, the violent gales would prohibit their use. When a tent is struck and its owner moves on, the ring of stones which held it down lies there for years to come, and these tent rings are found today scattered even more widely and plentifully than are the old igloos.

The door of the tent consists merely of an overlapping of the skins in front, but today most people have rectangular wooden doors, hinged with rawhide straps, falling back at an angle against a wooden framework.

Nowadays the tendency is to substitute a canvas tent for the skin one, for it is lighter in weight and the interior illumination is much better. Those used in the Eastern Arctic are elliptical in shape and are supported by one fairly short ridge pole and only two uprights. Such tents are comfortable and, being low to the ground and rounded, resist the wind well.

A few natives working around the posts and missions even live in white men's houses. But the Canadian Eskimo who travels in search of his living, will always use the tent or the snowhouse of his prehistoric ancestors.

The ridge-pole type of caribou skin tupik, seen in the Western Arctic. *Cpl. Martin.*



SHEEP FOR RED RIVER

by Robert Campbell

Chief Factor Robert Campbell is known chiefly as a fur trader and explorer. Before he joined the fur trade, however, he was employed by the Company at their experimental farm established in 1831 some four miles up the Assiniboine River from Fort Garry. As he had worked on his father's sheep farm in Perthshire, he was chosen to form part of an expedition to the United States for the purpose of bringing a large flock of sheep to the settlement. The following account of this laborious undertaking has been extracted from Campbell's unpublished autobiography.



Chief Factor Robert Campbell, from a photo taken in Glasgow.

ON November 6, 1832, I was instructed to hold myself in readiness to join a party about to start for the United States for the purpose of purchasing sheep, which the Company were anxious to introduce into the Settlement. The very limited—and, I may add, very injudicious—preparations for our departure being completed on the afternoon of the 8th, we commenced our journey, crossing to the east (St. Boniface) side of the Red River at the fort. The expedition was entrusted to the command of Wm. Glen Rae [brother of Dr. John Rae and later son-in-law of Dr. McLoughlin], a clerk in the H.B.Co. service; associated with him was Mr. Bourke, a middle aged retired H B clerk, who was specially engaged for the trip, as were also all the other members of the party except Mr. Rae and myself. We were ten in number, all told. We had two carts and horses carrying provisions, baggage, &c., in charge of two of the men; the rest of us had saddle horses.

We went but a few miles the first day, accompanied by Mr. Thos. Simpson [the Arctic explorer], who camped with us for the night. At the end of our second day, we found the road impassable owing to the succession of swamps, through which the horses could hardly struggle. A consultation was held and the guides reported that the whole country on that side presented similar, as well as other, obstacles; and that the other bank was much dryer and in every way better suited for travelling, except that we would be more exposed to the danger of meeting war parties of Indians.

Being satisfied that we could make little or no progress through such quagmires as we had already encountered, we determined to retrace our steps to the nearest half-breed houses, in order to be ferried over to the west side, and take the chance of falling in with hostile Indians. This resolve was acted upon; and then we moved along briskly, reaching Pembina on the morning of the 12th. Here Mr. Atkins, an American trader, and two men, the only residents of the place, kindly aided us with their canoe to cross the Pembina River. Beyond this we had no trail, and followed the course of the river from point to point. As we were now entering, and had to pass through, the Sioux country, we made a few rules which were thenceforth adhered to, viz.:

(1) Start about 3 a.m. (2) Breakfast about 9, if wood and water were convenient. (3) Camp near sundown. (4) Two to keep watch over camp and horses every night. Generally, after our evening meal, we moved some distance off before lying down for the night in case the smoke from our fire would be seen by the Indians and draw them down on us. On our return we learned that a war party followed us for three days, but gave up the pursuit as they could not overtake us.

On two days we saw herds of buffalo in the distance, which created quite a scare among some of our party, who took them for Indian war parties, one of the men even affirming that he could distinguish the feathers in their head-dresses. However, these fears were dissipated when some of us went after the buffalo and brought back some delicious meat.

The weather continuing favourable, we availed ourselves of it and, pressing on, crossed in turn the Turtle, Goose, Elm and Cheyenne rivers and passed the Grand Forks, the junction of the Red and Ottertail rivers. This place, it may be mentioned, was the debatable land between different tribes of Indians and was a dangerous locality to pass through. Many years before, a party of emigrants were attacked there and most of them murdered. The night we camped in that vicinity we were serenaded by wolves, foxes and owls, which the alarmists took to be war parties signalling to each other, in consequence of which they momentarily expected to be scalped. Every sound was converted into an enemy's signal, and every bush into a lurking Indian.

For several days' march the prairie was burnt, and our horses suffered much for want of food. On the 20th we left Ottertail river and crossed Traverse des Sioux for Lac Traverse, the watershed between Hud-

son's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, and late next day we reached the American trading post beautifully situated on the edge of the lake and at the base of the hills running along it. From Mr. Moore, the gentleman in charge, we received a very friendly welcome.

On the 23rd we reached the bank of the St. Peter's River in time to camp, and at noon next day we came to Lac Qui Parle trading post, the loveliest spot we saw on our journey, also located at the foot of the hills. Mr. Rainville was the gentleman in charge. Next morning we resumed our route, which now lay along the St. Peter's River. We reached the fourth American trading post we had come to. The want of grass on the burnt prairie was telling severely on our horses. They were now so reduced and done up that we had to leave most of them, along with the cart and all baggage that could be dispensed with, in charge of Mr. Leblanc of the post.

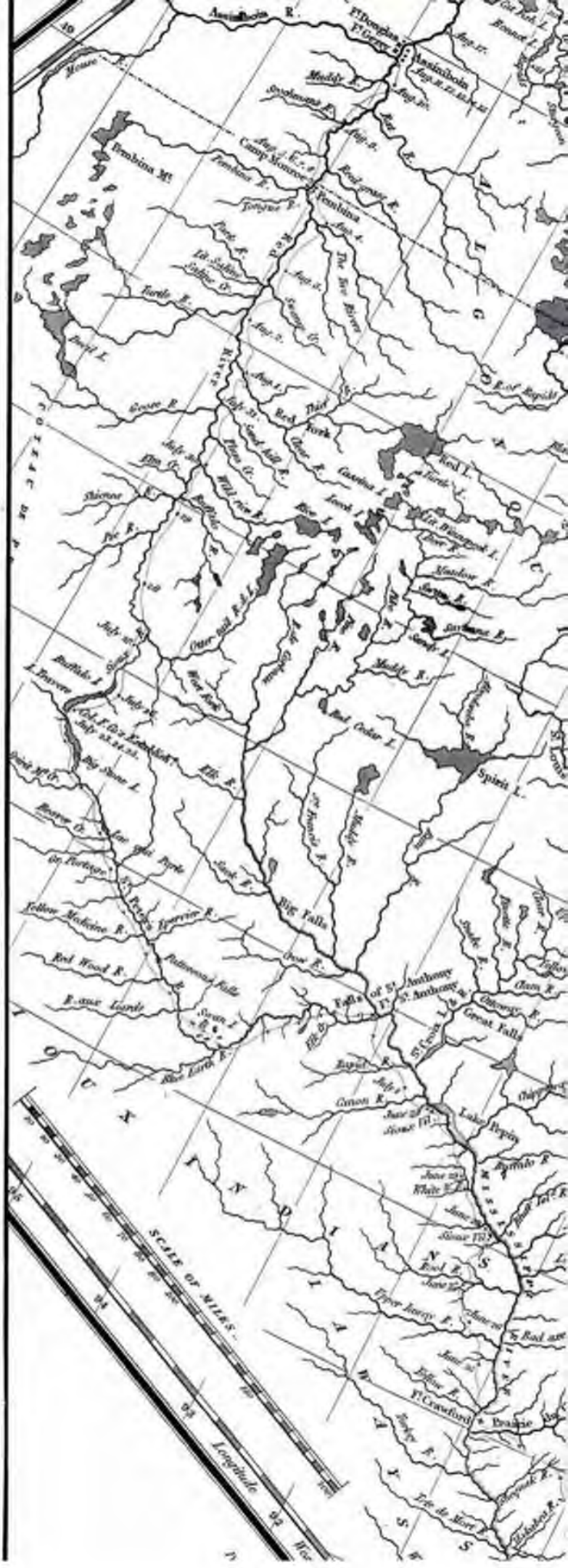
We passed another trading post, "Faribault Fort." We followed a miserable trail to the St. Peter's River, which we forded to the south side, and then continued on through the wood till sundown. Next morning, on awakening we found ourselves covered with four or five inches of snow, and snow still falling. To get warm we started right off, and at dusk arrived at the trading post at St. Peter, directly opposite the garrison at Fort Snelling at the junction of the St. Peter's and Mississippi rivers.

We had all along cherished the hope of reaching St. Peter in time to proceed directly by steamer to St. Louis; but we were sadly disappointed to find the last boat for the season gone, the river frozen up, the ground covered with snow, and the weather stormy. Under the circumstances, other arrangements had to be made for continuing our journey, which unavoidably led to some delay. We were kindly assisted in every way by Mr. Bailly, the gentleman in charge of the fort. A guide, some horses and a flat sled having been secured, we bade adieu to our kind host on 8th December and resumed our journey.

On ascending from the valley to the open country, we found the snow almost gone; so after a couple of days' travelling we had to abandon our sled and carry our baggage ourselves. On the 10th we reached the north end of Lake Pepin at night, and, after two days' hard walking over the rough frozen beach, Labat's trading post, belonging I think to Mr. N. W. Kittson.

As we were starting from the post on the morning of the 13th, a party of soldiers arrived in two wooden canoes with the packet from Prairie du Chien for Fort Snelling. As they had to make the rest of the trip by land owing to the ice above, and as the water was still open down the river, we secured their canoes and sent back our guide and horses by them. In order to crowd all into two small canoes, we lashed them together and kept on day and night without putting ashore, except to cook, till we reached Prairie du Chien at noon on the 15th. The village is picturesquely laid out along the bank, on the edge of a level plain, with a crescent of blue hills as a background. The trading post and garrison, Fort Crawford, are close by.

As no suitable craft could be procured here, we had to resume our route in our canoes, which were so overloaded that the least movement on our part caused



Part of a map of 1825 from Keating's "Expedition to the Source of the St. Peter's River." The dotted line follows Campbell's route quite closely.



Paul Kane's "Sioux Scalp Dance," showing Fort Snelling in the distance. ***Royal Ontario Museum.***

the water to rush in. In the morning we passed the first house we had seen since leaving Prairie du Chien and were told that we were now a hundred miles from that place and that Galena was still twenty miles distant. Thus we continued, having some very narrow escapes in our miserable craft, both day and night, from wind and ice. On December 20th the ice set fast and we had to beach our canoes at a point said to be five miles from Rock Island and three hundred from St. Louis; and again we were fated to take up our beds, baggage included, and walk.

Our Indian-like habiliments and swarthy faces caused considerable wonder to the inhabitants of such houses, settlements and towns as we passed. The people were very inquisitive as to who (the devil) we were, where (the —) we were from, and where we were going, etc., all the more so, no doubt, as scouting parties were then out after "Black Hawk," for which famous warrior our veteran Charles Gaspard Bruce was often mistaken.

A garrison with a few troops was stationed at Rock Island, and there were a few houses on the east side of the river. The weather was very changeable, snow and rain alternating; hence roads were bad and camping very unpleasant. Occasionally we would strike a house, but sometimes only one in thirty or forty miles. On the morning of the 29th we crossed the Illinois River by the ferry at Bairstown [Beardstown] and next day about noon passed through Jacksonville, prettily located on a rising ground. In this town we saw two churches (the first since we entered the States), a seminary, a court house and a jail.

On New Year's Day, 1833, we passed through Carrolton, where the inhabitants flocked out to see us. The roads were fearful. We camped out in rain all night. It was like going to sleep in a shower bath. Next day we hired a waggon to take us to St. Louis, and the following day reached our destination. Thus terminated a journey of no ordinary danger and hardship, performed at a most inclement season in fifty-six days, the distance being about eighteen hundred miles. It may be mentioned that as some of the Red River Settlers were interested in this enterprise, Mr. Rae repeatedly said that he would never think of putting the poor settlers to the extra expense of providing conveyance which would enable us to travel at our ease to St. Louis; hence the exposure and discomfort of the latter part of the journey, of which Mr. Rae nobly and uncomplainingly bore his share.

We remained nearly six weeks inactive between St. Louis and St. Charles, at the same time making diligent enquiries as to the nearest point we could get sheep. In general we were referred to Kentucky, but we thought the distance too great to attempt to bring them from that state, as from the first it was determined to get them at the nearest point possible to Red River at any cost. Messrs. Rae and Burke made a week's prospecting tour up the Missouri to this end in January and from information gained Mr. Rae decided to try the upper settlements of Missouri.

Rae covered Howard county, Bourke covered Boone, and Campbell, Calloway; all scouring the countryside for sheep. Only Rae had any luck, as it appeared at the time. He discovered one, L. B. Marshall of New Franklin, who contracted to deliver the sheep to the Red River men on May 1st. Before March was over, however, Marshall had to confess his inability to collect a large enough flock. Efforts to find them farther east, in Illinois, proved futile.

As a last resource, two of the men with the waggon and spare horses were now directed to proceed on the west side of the Ohio and wait for us at Madison. The rest of us pushed on and arrived on 29th April at Versailles. Near the town was the farm of Mr. Twyman, who had contracted to furnish the sheep. He had all the sheep collected in his parks and had men busy shearing them. Our party immediately set to work also so as to get through sooner.

By 1st May we had all the sheep shorn, marked and counted, ready for marching. On the 2nd we started

with our noisy drove of 1,100 sheep and lambs. Next day added two hundred more to our flock.

On the 7th we crossed the Ohio to Madison and there met our two men. On the 15th Mr. Rae purchased seventy more sheep, which swelled our drove to 1,370. After leaving Madison, though the heat was very oppressive and the mosquitoes very troublesome, it was surprising how well the sheep travelled, averaging ten or twelve miles a day, and sometimes much more over open prairie. We had to swim them over many rivers.

On 22 May we passed through Terre Haute, a very pretty town, and ferried across the Wabash. We had occasionally to sell along the road sheep and lambs that fell lame. We crossed the Illinois River at Fort Clark, or Peoria.

From this point we had no direct road to Rock Island, so a guide was hired who drove the waggon ahead. For the first time we saw that dreadful scourge, the spear grass, growing pretty thick along our route, and noticed a few of the awns sticking in the wool of the sheep. The flies were extremely irritating; one morning five sheep were found killed by rattlesnakes.

The spear grass was now telling severely on our flock. Before this we had never seen or heard of this destructive grass. If we had known its disastrous effects we could have avoided it by making a detour or by waiting till the grass ripened and fell, and thus our flock and selves would have been spared much suffering and pain. The spears worked into the flesh of the sheep, causing putrifying sores which were infested with maggots; then mortification set in, and the result was the death of the victim. The flies were also a constant plague to the poor sheep, which hardly got peace to snatch a mouthful.

At Rock Island Ferry we astonished the natives not a little with our large flock. These same people had seen us in December previous and had taken us for a lot of miserable Indians. After crossing the Mississippi, we were employed shearing the sheep and lambs and pulling the spears out of their flesh. This was sickening work, some of the sheep being one moving mass of maggots and matter.

All the time the flies were maddening. Bourke left us to go round by Galena and St. Peter to meet us above the latter place with a supply of provisions.

We moved our camp three miles on to Duck Creek, but were still engaged at the same nauseating work with the sheep. The wool was sold to some people near there, but when they found that we could not take it with us they withdrew from their bargain, thinking we would have no alternative but leave it with them for nothing.

Mr. Davenport, the Indian trader at Rock Island, a very obliging gentleman, bought some lame sheep from us and sent an Indian guide with us, as we were about to enter the Indian prairie, where there was no trail.

Again under way, with our drove now much reduced from the effects of the spear grass. A great deal of rain had fallen and the ground was very heavy. Our sheep were dropping off and dying in twos and threes; some of them were one mass of suppuration, aggravated by heat, flies and maggots. We again resumed

Peter Rindisbacher's water colour of the two Company forts at Pembina, surprised by Indians on May 25, 1822.
Public Archives of Canada.





"Wanotan and his Son," from Keating's book. Rindisbacher's portrait of this celebrated chief shows him clad in nothing but a breech-clout.

our heart-rending job of shearing them to the skin, picking out the prickly spears and doctoring the suffering animals as best we could. For sheer curiosity we examined the bodies of some of the dead sheep and counted the spears imbedded in the carcasses. The number in some cases seems incredible, amounting to several hundred, some of the spears being several inches deep in the flesh.

We were fortunate enough to hire the services of a Fox Indian chief to guide us to the Sioux boundary, and also to hunt for us. On 2nd July he and Rocke [Sioux halfbreed interpreter] went hunting and brought back a deer and the welcome intelligence that the spears were ripe and falling to the ground. Mr. Rae accompanied Rocke and the chief next day and confirmed the good news. From the effects of the spear grass ravages our flock was now diminished to 670.

(*Note*—The continuation of my journal from 7 July till 7 August was stolen from the waggon on 19 August, which I regretted very much as it contained an account of the most interesting part of our trip.)

The Fox chief and a companion came with us to the borders of the debatable land between them and the Sioux. Further they would not venture. The chief had been of great service to us as guide and hunter, especially in the latter capacity, as red deer and cabri [antelope] were plentiful.

After their departure our only guide was the compass. Jos. Rocke had a slight knowledge of the country from hearsay, which was often turned to good account. We were often so hard up for provisions that we had reluctantly to kill a sheep for the kettle. This we had to do on the evening of the 7th August after effecting the crossing of the St. Peter River, when we broke our fast for the first time that day.

We had been following the stream for some days in search of a suitable place to cross. We now struck the cart trail leading from Lac Qui Parle to Leblanc, on which we had travelled in November. It was a relief to ourselves and stock to have once more a road to follow, and we made good progress homeward.

Arrived at Lac Qui Parle, we found Bourke and Jos. Rocke's father. Our flock of sheep now numbered 295 only. We had also a band of thirty horses. We left Lac Qui Parle, and Mr. Rainville followed us to make arrangements with the Indians at Lac Traverse for our safe passage through their territory.

We found some hundreds of Sioux lodges, under the great Chief Wanata, planted round Lac Traverse post. The Indians came in crowds on horseback to see us, all the time shouting and making a horrible din; still they were friendly. Wanata paid us a friendly visit with Mr. Rainville and Mr. Moore, the trader. Mr. Rae distributed gifts among the chiefs and presented Wanata with a horse to which he had taken a fancy. We parted on good terms. As we raised camp, a chief called Capt. La Guerre and another came to us and said they would escort us for a few days to protect us from any bad Indians who might follow us.

On 21 August we crossed Traverse des Sioux and reached the bank of the Ottertail River in time to camp. Ducks and geese were very plentiful, and our two Indian friends kept the pot boiling. To our surprise, Wanata and his brother rode into our camp. They had come on precisely the same errand as Capt. La Guerre. Their presence with us would ward off any danger from prowling war parties of Sioux, and to this end they accompanied us for some days. We followed as nearly as possible the same course as we had taken going south. We crossed the Cheyenne River. Here the chiefs left us, saying we were now perfectly safe from bad Indians. Mr. Rae gave them presents in consideration of their valuable services. Wanata was a noble specimen of the Indian race; he was tall and commanding in appearance, with most brilliant eyes. His influence among the Sioux was unrivalled.

After breakfast at Maple River, Bourke and Bruce were sent on with letters to Fort Garry. On our route we killed an occasional buffalo bull, but the meat proved terribly lean and tough. . . .

At Grand Point we had the pleasure of meeting a boat sent from Fort Garry with provisions, etc. The crew brought us the first news of the settlement we had heard since we left. They also brought some letters. Next day sixty of our lame sheep and part of our baggage were put on the boat. Mr. Rae, being far from well, went on board also. On 16 September we reached Fort Garry at noon and got the sheep and horses across the river before dark.

Thus terminated our long, harassing and dangerous trip; a trip which was most disappointing in its results. The most of our trouble and the whole of the sad diminution of our flock was brought about by the wild spear grass and our total ignorance of its existence. Had we commenced the trip with the knowledge and the experience which, alas, we bought at so dear a price, we all felt certain that the enterprise would have been an entire success and that we would have brought in our flock all but intact.


NORTHERN LIGHTS
BY JAMES SIMPKINS
IMPERIAL MIXTURE
For heaven's sake, quit posing!
I used to be cold all the time
Ever since he lost his teeth . . .
Whasamatter? Time to go hunting?



SPRING PACKET

275 Years Old

On May 2nd, the Hudson's Bay Company, as "one Body Corporate and Politique in deed and in name," will be 275 years old. In ordinary times, the occasion would be fittingly celebrated. But in wartime such celebrations are out of place. Outside the Company, the only way in which the anniversary will be marked will be through the printed page. Some newspapers and magazines will presumably refer to it editorially; a well known American illustrated magazine will probably run a feature article on it; and *The Beaver* will issue a special anniversary number in June, full of material having to do with the Company's foundation and incorporation.

In this special issue, there will be articles and pictures dealing with the Charter, Prince Rupert the first governor, the original syndicate who formed the Company, Radisson and Groseilliers by Grace Lee Nute, the Coat of Arms by Ramsay Traquair, the Royal Society and the Company by Raymond Stearns, the James Bay Indians of 1670 by Douglas Leechman, and Charles Bayley, first resident governor, by Alice Johnson.



Whale of a Story

Here's another one for the book. It is quoted from a letter published in all seriousness by one of Canada's most reputable papers, whose name, out of the kindness of our heart, we shall refrain from mentioning.

"At a Hudson Bay trading post up north, the boys had tamed a whale and at high tide every day it came up the runway to be milked. It almost gave enough milk for the settlement, but not quite. Someone suggested that if it was petted during milking, it would give more milk—but the big question was how to do it.

"They finally adopted the following plan. During milking two of the huskiest men stood on each side of her head and lambasted her on the snout with all their might, using baseball bats. The whale, thinking that her muzzle was being tickled, gently purred contentedly, and from then on gave double her usual amount of milk. It is almost a believe it or not."

Well, we certainly can't swallow that one. Where would they *get* the baseball bats?

Arthur S. Morton

In the recent death of Arthur Silver Morton, professor emeritus of history at the University of Saskatchewan, Canada has lost a great historian and the Company a valued friend. Known chiefly for his monumental *History of the Canadian West to 1870-1*, Dr. Morton was the author of several other books and articles on that subject, notably *Under Western Skies* (1937) and *Sir George Simpson*, shortly to appear.

Because his *magnum opus* deals with the whole story of the West up to the time when Rupert's Land was surrendered to the Dominion of Canada, it is virtually a history of the Hudson's Bay Company for the first two centuries of its existence. Dr. Morton was able to write such an authoritative and detailed work (the volume numbers a thousand pages) partly because he had spent so much time on original documents, partly because he believed in studying history as much as possible *in situ*. Aided by members of the University of Saskatchewan's Students' Historical Association, which he founded in 1917, he discovered a great many ruins of old fur trade posts, hidden away in the bush of river bottoms; and by travelling the trails and water highways between these half-forgotten forts, he was able to reconstruct with realism the events described by the documents he had read.

Many of his summers were spent studying the letters, journals, and other papers which had been penned within the stockaded forts, and carried by packeteers along the trails and rivers he knew so well. One of his favourite haunts was the Public Archives at Ottawa, and in 1933 he spent his sabbatical year in London, mainly in the archives of the Company.

He was born in Trinidad in the year which ended the Company's rule over Rupert's Land. Six profitable years at the University of Edinburgh ended in his coming to Canada with the degrees of Master of Arts and Bachelor of Divinity. For a time he served the Presbyterian Church in New Brunswick and lectured on church history in Halifax. But the cities of the Old World, with their archival treasures, called him back, and for some years he studied at the British Museum the historical geography of the Roman Empire, the Middle Ages, and the Reformation. In 1912 he came out to Knox College in Toronto, and in 1914 to the University of Saskatchewan. There his interest grew and deepened in the eventful past of the great country that stretches between Hudson Bay and the Pacific.

In 1932 he was elected to the Royal Society of Canada, which nine years later awarded him the

Tyrrell gold medal for his accomplishments in history. Retiring from the chair of history at the university in 1940, he carried on the great work of organizing his province's records until his sudden death at the age of seventy-four. The reputation for scholarly research that he leaves behind will endure for generations, and much water will flow down the South Saskatchewan before a historian of such ability again sets foot upon the ancient highways of the West.

Pork and Beans

We quote from a newspaper story written by a southern Ontario man who had conceivably undergone a spot of leg pulling by a northern Ontario man:

"Under the ancient charter, the Hudson's Bay Company is the only organization in the Empire with the exclusive right to use the Union Jack as a trade mark for its products. This firm could manufacture tinned pork and beans and identify them as an H B C product by displaying the British flag. Think what would happen to another company that tried this."

Ah yes; but think also how it would enhance the flavour of the pork and beans.



Contributors

Most of the contributors to this issue are Company men, past or present. JAMES BELL is manager of the Hudson's Bay post at Arctic Bay, Baffin Island. He has been with the Company for twenty years, all of which have been spent in the Eastern Arctic. . . . J. A. BURGESSE, an ex-Company fur trader, is an authority on the Indians of Quebec. . . . FRANK H. ELLIS is the leading historian of early aviation in Canada. . . . GEORGE N. FULLER, Ph.D., is state historian for Michigan and secretary-treasurer of both the Michigan Authors' Association and the State Historical Society. . . . DOUGLAS LEECHMAN, anthropologist at the National Museum in Ottawa, was the author of the article "Wigwam and Teepee" in the last *Beaver*, to which his present article is a companion piece. . . . JAMES B. LUSK served the Company from 1938-42 at Moose Factory, Great Whale River, and Richmond Gulf. He was camp-trade manager at the latter place until invalided out. . . . DAN MCCOWAN, F.Z.S., is the well known naturalist of Banff. . . . E. F. RACEY was a member of the N.W.M.P. from 1883-8. He now lives in Victoria. . . . J. A. RODGERS is post manager at Stanley, Saskatchewan. He has worked for the Company in central Canada since 1936. . . . NORMAN ROSS, post manager at Lake Harbour, took the magnificent shot on the centre spread of this issue while on the trail between north and south Pangnirtung fiords. The far shoreline at the foot of the mountains is several miles away. . . . JAMES SIMPKINS, former *Beaver* cartoonist, is with the display department of the National Film Board in Ottawa. . . . CANON J. H. WEBSTER has been an Anglican missionary in the Western Arctic for several years. . . . CLIFFORD WILSON is editor of this magazine. . . . C. H. J. WINTER has been with the fur trade for sixteen years. Part of this time he spent at Fort St. James and Fort Nelson.

Poundmaker III & IV

An interesting reaction to W. B. Cameron's article in the September *Beaver* comes from Rev. F. Hayes-Jenkins, principal of St. Alban's Indian School at Prince Albert. Commenting on the story of Poundmaker and William McKay, he remarked that the famous chief's great-grandson, Jimmie Poundmaker, is a pupil in grade 10 of his school, a first class scout, and a patrol leader in his all-Indian scout troop. And he added that Jimmie's father is with the Canadian Army overseas as a gunner. It's in the blood.



Frank Beatton

One by one, the old-timers of the Northwest pass on. Early in January, at Fort St. John, B.C., on the Alaska Highway, Frank Beatton died—a man who had known the Peace River country for over sixty years. He was an Orkneyman who, in 1883, had come out to that land of great distances as a lad of eighteen. Travelling from Lake Winnipeg by York boat and Red River cart, he had been posted first to Dunvegan, and the rest of his long life was spent in that district —with the exception of a few months in 1885-6. At that time he left the post where he was working at Lesser Slave Lake to go to Fort Smith and help build the *Wrigley*, first steamer on the Mackenzie.

After some years at Trout Lake, near Lesser Slave, he moved back with his family to Dunvegan. Later he was at Hudson's Hope for a year, after which he moved to Fort St. John, where he lived until his death. While there, he opened outposts at Fontas, Sikanni, Beatton River (where there is now an airport of the same name) and Nig Creek. In 1912, an epidemic of influenza swept the district, and a great many Indians were carried off. It was largely owing to Mr. Beatton's exertions that the number of deaths was not much greater.

After serving the Company for forty-four years, he was pensioned off at the beginning of 1928, but continued to live at Fort St. John. For several years he was the local sub-mining recorder, and a justice of the peace.

His son John is post manager of the Company's post at Moberley Lake. Two others, William and Frank, and two grandsons, Douglas and Frank Birley, are in the Canadian Army. Another grandson, Derek Birley, has been killed in action.



Henry Jones

It has been pointed out by Mr. C. E. Lamarque that the picture which was supposed to represent Henry Jones, the photographer, in the June *Beaver*, was probably one of Chief Trader T. C. Rae. To support his opinion, he sent us a pencil sketch he made of Jones in 1902, and from that it is obvious that the picture was not one of Jones. Other people who remember the Welshman at once recognized the subject of Mr. Lamarque's sketch, which we hope to publish with the next batch of Jones's photographs. Can anyone else identify the little man on page 27 of the June issue?

Here and There



Top: Snapped by an Eskimo, Kaitok, this photo shows L. A. Learmonth (with the camera that takes so many *Beaver* pictures), Mrs. Gall, and E. J. "Scotty" Gall (extreme right) at Cambridge Bay.
Below: The special prospectors' department set up in the Edmonton store in 1921, when news of the Norman Wells strike brought oil men from as far away as Texas. The sign on the tent reads: "Get equipped here for Fort Norman."
Right: Fresh from the farm to the top of the world. Ken Hunt at Arctic Bay, with the "makings" for some cakes and puddings. *D. W. Munro.*
Bottom: Picnic on Bellot Strait near Fort Ross: Tongalook, Norman Ross, Bill and Barbara Heslop, Fort York tea. *N. Ross.*







BOOK REVIEWS

Indians

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN TODAY, edited by C. T. Loram and T. F. McIlwraith. The University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1943.

OVER five years ago, in September 1939, a group of ethnologists, government officials and others came together in the fifth of a series of conferences on Aborigine-White relations sponsored by the Carnegie Corporation of New York. Called by Yale University and the University of Toronto, jointly, the conference met at the Royal Ontario Museum to discuss and exchange ideas and suggestions relating to the Indian problem in Canada and the United States. No pretence of settling the question was made; rather it was the express intention to comment on the success and failure of the various methods, past and present, of treating it and to suggest and exchange ideas for the future.

The North American Indian Today is the outcome, and comprises a selection of addresses delivered by eminent authorities on certain aspects of Indian life and culture. Edited by two well known anthropologists, C. T. Loram, of Yale, and T. F. McIlwraith, of Toronto, joint chairmen of the conference, this publication is no mere, disjointed collection of lectures such as, all too often, is the case with the usual report of a conference or convention. By a skilful arrangement of the material available, Professor McIlwraith (for upon his shoulders devolved the bulk of the work, Professor Loram having died in 1940) has managed to create a continuity of expression which is most important in a work of this nature, if the reader's interest is not to flag.

The book is divided into nine parts, or sections, each of which comprises two or more addresses on a specific aspect or problem of Indian culture and presenting alternatively Canadian and American points of view. Beginning with the basic culture as it was in the Pre-Columbian period, the effect of contact with whites on various aspects of customs, habits and character is traced down to the present day, and an attempt has been made to explain why the modern Indian, in far too many instances, has been pauperized and is now more of an economic liability than an asset.

In an introductory address, Professor Loram pointed out that the Indian problem is not so much a matter of whether or not the Indian is to be assimilated into the white population—since this is inevitable—but at what rate. Some would have him abandon his own culture entirely, and merge with the general citizenry as rapidly as possible. Others, on the other hand, would retard assimilation so as to enable the Indian gradually to adjust himself to the alien culture, and encourage him to contribute his share to North American civilization generally.

As is apparent in the ideas expressed at the conference, much is to be said for both opinions. Most members seem to belong to the latter school of thought, but it is interesting to note, here and there, a hint of impatience at the Indian's inability, or refusal, to become a white man at short notice.

On the whole, but with a few remarkable exceptions, the Canadian contributions to the conference are somewhat disappointing. There is an apparent lack of enthusiasm—a neglect of careful preparation—which compares unfavourably with the addresses from across the border. However, amongst the better Canadian offerings is an address by R. H. G. Bonnycastle, who represented the Hudson's Bay Company at the conference, and who sketched a brief history of his Company's relations with the Indian, explaining what was then being done by the H B C for his future welfare. Mr. Bonnycastle's advocation of a return to a system of monopolies in the fur trade may shock modern democratic thought; but most traders, missionaries, etc., in direct contact with the Indian, will probably agree with it, or with a co-operative system coupled with the total exclusion of the white trapper from the hunting territories.—*J. A. Burgesse.*



Fact and Fiction

SIXTY BELOW, by Tony Onraet. Jonathan Cape, Toronto, 1944.

THIS is a story of the author's experiences as prospector and trapper in the Great Bear Lake area of northern Canada. Out of work in the depression days, he heard about the rich pitchblende strike made by Gilbert Labine, and with a partner and an outfit gathered here and there drifted down the Peace, Slave and Mackenzie Rivers to Fort Norman, thence up the Bear River to Great Bear Lake. Arriving at the mining settlement of Cameron Bay, he did some prospecting, worked first in a restaurant, then hunted caribou for the mines, and finally turned trapper. He trapped for several winters until the war broke out and then enlisted and went overseas.

The book was apparently written in snatches while he was training with the Canadian Army in England. It was prompted by the urgings of a Dr. Thomas Wood, who lives in England but had met the author at Great Bear Lake in the summer of 1937 while on a tour of the Mackenzie region. Dr. Wood edited the manuscript and wrote an introduction.

Sixty Below is a mixture of fact and fiction which purports to be all fact. There is no reason to doubt that the author visited the parts he describes, but he does so much romancing that anyone who knows the North just has to guess which stories actually happened to him, which are mere hearsay, and which are pure figments of the imagination.

Onraet acknowledges that prospectors and trappers are famous for tall stories, and relates a great many of them as such. The trouble is he does not acknowledge

it when he goes in for romancing himself. Examples of pure fiction are his story about living and trapping underneath the ice of a lake from which the water was drained after freezing, and most of his chapter on Eskimos.

For all that the book is colourful and has lots of valid information about the North, its inhabitants and their ways, trapping methods, sleigh dogs and the creatures of the wild, the seasons, methods of travel, and life generally in that hard region. If the reader doesn't accept it all as gospel truth, it is interesting and entertaining reading about the North in its heyday and before the tremendous changes and developments brought by the war such as Canol, airports, highways and the like.—*R.H.G.B.*



Alaska Highway

THE ROMANCE OF THE ALASKA HIGHWAY, by Philip H. Godsell. Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1944. 235 pages.

THE author of this eloquently written book is not new to the reader and needs no elaborate introduction. As in *Arctic Trader*, *Red Hunters of the Snows*, and the rest, Mr. Godsell impresses the reading public with his extensive knowledge of Canada's hinterland, its peoples and their ways.

The events leading up to the link between the United States and its foster child, Alaska, over Canadian territory, are interesting and manifold. The diversity of opinion over the relative merits of the three routes investigated, the object of the road, and the ultimate selection and completion, constitute a story in themselves. The author touches lightly upon these things, however, confining his book to the lore and romance of the country through which the project leads.

That there is romance interwoven with this biggest road building project of all time in this country is never once forgotten, and we must allow ourselves to be taken back twenty and thirty years before the Alaska Highway was commenced, to appreciate this book. The facts and figures of the immense work will be of profound interest when released, but they could not be truly interpreted and appreciated without knowledge of the contents of Mr. Godsell's current work.

The book also deals with that other great northwestern project—the laying of the Canol pipeline—and thereby gives the author a chance to dwell on his own experiences in the Mackenzie Valley. The incident of the airplane mishaps at Fort Simpson, described in this issue of *The Beaver*, is also given its share of attention, for Mr. Godsell was there at the time. In fact, he admits that he himself suggested making the new propellers from toboggan boards. As in all accounts of the Canol Project (except one), no mention is made of the company which transported the bulk of the men and materials during that first frantic summer of 1942.

The illicit liquor smuggling activities of thirty years ago, as the northern frontier was pushed back, are as revealing as they are humorous. Mr. Godsell touches lightly upon his former fur trading activities at the various points since touched by the highway. He interprets the reactions of the natives to the explosive invasion by foreign soldiers, negroes, war vehicles, bombers and jeeps. He goes so far as to prophesy the future of the Alaska Road when the war is won and we have peace again. This book is written in flowery prose, accompanied by the usual plethora of adjectives. Most of the twenty-three photographs are the work of professionals, and all are beautifully reproduced. The contents are instructive and the reader will be glad of the opportunity to read these interesting and romantic sidelights on the Alaska Highway. The price is not cheap at four dollars. The book is undoubtedly an asset to the home library.—*C.H.J.W.*



ROAD TO ALASKA, by Douglas Coe, illustrated by Winfield Scott Hoskins. Julian Messner, Inc., New York, 1943. 175 pages.

THE most attractive part of this little book is the illustrations, of which there are about seventy, including fifteen full-page wash drawings. Mr. Hoskins has a deft and informal touch, most suitable for a story of this kind. The anatomy of his animals and totem poles is open to question; and it is a little misleading to suggest that Eskimos, snowhouses, and musk-oxen will be found along the Alaska Highway. But on the whole his sketches are admirable.

The same cannot be said for the story. One gets the impression that Mr. Coe has never been north of the 49th parallel. According to the jacket blurb, his one qualification for writing about the North seems to be that he once lived in the wilds of New Jersey. The impression he leaves is that he has written this book from reports, both written and verbal, and that they have lost something in the retelling.

Much is made of the hardships the builders had to undergo. In fact, so much has been written of the hardships of the North since the Americans went in there that it is enough to make dyed-in-the-fur northerners regard themselves in an entirely new and interesting light. Before the day of the Alaska Highway and the Canol Project and the Eighth Weather Squadron and the Northeast Staging Route—and the spate of publicity they have inspired—your true northerner accepted the cold and the mosquitoes and the loneliness as all in the day's work. But now that he reads, in the public prints, that people who live and work up there are akin to heroes, he may shortly be persuaded that life in the North is much tougher than he has always imagined.

One quotation from *Road to Alaska* will suffice to illustrate this point: "Did young men who liked gaiety, and older men who liked comfort, think they could live under the *loneliest and most primitive conditions* [our italics] for months on end, and not crack under the strain? Did these frail human creatures think they could challenge the wilderness to battle—and win? Why, the North had never been beaten."

Fortunately it is only the men who write about these great projects—not the men who carry them out—that indulge in such ridiculous heroics.



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