The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY Hudson's Bay Company. OUTFIT 275 JUNE 1944



A Company is Measured not only by its years

BUT BY THE RESPECT IT HAS EARNED

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PRO PELLE CUTEM

The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay

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OUTFIT 275 JUNE 1944

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

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OPENING THE NORTHWEST

by Charles Camsell
Deputy Minister of Mines and Resources

The Alaska Highway (lower left) winds through the huge forested wilderness of the Northwest. National Film Board.

IT is over one hundred and fifty years since Alexander Mackenzie discovered and explored Mackenzie River and it is barely one hundred years since Robert Campbell of the Hudson's Bay Company first traversed the Pelly and Yukon Rivers.

Except for the discovery and development of mineral resources—gold in the Klondike in 1897, oil at Norman in 1921, and gold at Yellowknife and radium at Great Bear Lake in the last decade—the northwest has lain dormant, contributing to the Canadian economy mainly through the fur trade.

Now it has come to life, and Canadians are beginning to realize that here is a part of our national heritage which may have vast potentialities, and should offer to those of our people with the pioneer spirit an outlet for their energies after this war is over.

The war with Japan gave a new interest and importance to the North Pacific region. This part of the North American Continent, long so little known or understood, has acquired in the public mind a strategic importance which was not appreciated before Pearl Harbour. At the same time the region is assuming in the minds of forward-looking people an economic importance due to the new lines of communication being developed into it and through it.

Alaska and Yukon Territory before the war were practically inaccessible except by water along the Pacific coast, and hence were very difficult to reach and, in case of necessity, to defend. While there was some agitation among west coast people, before the war, for an overland connection between Alaska and the rest of the continent, no definite steps, except preliminary surveys, were taken either by Canada or the United States toward the building of a highway. Public interest in such a project was restricted almost entirely to Alaska and the Yukon, the northwestern states, and British Columbia. As for the inside of this northern region, travel was confined, in Canadian territory at least, to the waterways—chief of which were the Mackenzie and Yukon Rivers—as it had been for a century or more.

As airplane travel became more practicable and popular, however, routes were developed from Edmonton northward into the Mackenzie basin and used largely by prospecting and mining companies. Only two or three years before the war, a passenger service was opened northwest from Edmonton to Whitehorse

and Dawson, in Yukon Territory, cutting diagonally across the region now being opened up. After the outbreak of war the Government of Canada, on the recommendation of the Joint Defence Board, further developed and improved this particular route to Yukon by the building of a line of airports at Fort St. John, Fort Nelson, Watson Lake and Whitehorse, and so the present airway known as the Northwest Staging Route came into being. This was the first route in the whole of our north country over which land planes could be used. It was strictly a Canadian undertaking, and as indicated by the Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Munitions and Supply, will be controlled by Canada.

Then, in December 1941, came Pearl Harbour and the entry of the United States into the war. This was followed by the occupation of Kiska and Attu by Japan, and both we and the United States suddenly awoke to the threat to our sovereignty in the North Pacific region by our Japanese enemies. It was obvious at once that the airways would have to be secured and serviced by an adequate ground transportation route, and an agreement consequently was made between Canada and the United States for the building by the United States Corps of Engineers of a military road extending from Dawson Creek, B.C., to Fairbanks, Alaska, now known as the Alaska Highway. Construction was commenced in March 1942, and eight months later the road officially opened for traffic. The highway cuts through 1500 miles of the Canadian wilderness, and its building was a remarkable accomplishment.

At the same time other undertakings were started, such as the Canol Project, which includes oil developments in the Lower Mackenzie, a pipeline west to Whitehorse, landing fields between Edmonton and Norman Wells, and a number of winter roads. These projects have now practically reached completion.

Developments in the North, including the provision of all these transportation facilities, and the resources that become available through them, have thrown a searchlight of public interest on the region, so that people have begun to ask, "What is this country like, and what about the use of these transportation facilities in its economic development after the war?"

Another question among air-minded people arises from a study of the map of the Northern Hemisphere. It reveals that the shortest airway from the centre of the North American Continent to Japan, China, Siberia and other parts of Asia is directly through this region. What influence will the development of such an airway have upon the territory it traverses?

These questions demand an answer. That answer was sought under the auspices of the Joint Economic Committees of Canada and the United States, which decided to sponsor a project involving a systematic study by the two countries of all the problems involved.

This undertaking has been carried out by groups in Canada and the United States collaborating with each other. The Canadian group includes members of interested Federal Departments of Government working in co-operation with the Governments of Alberta and British Columbia.

The territory under joint study has an area of approximately 1,360,000 square miles, more than half of which lies in Canada. It is about the size of Europe, excluding European Russia. It is inhabited by less than 100,000 people, of which the greater number is in Alaska.

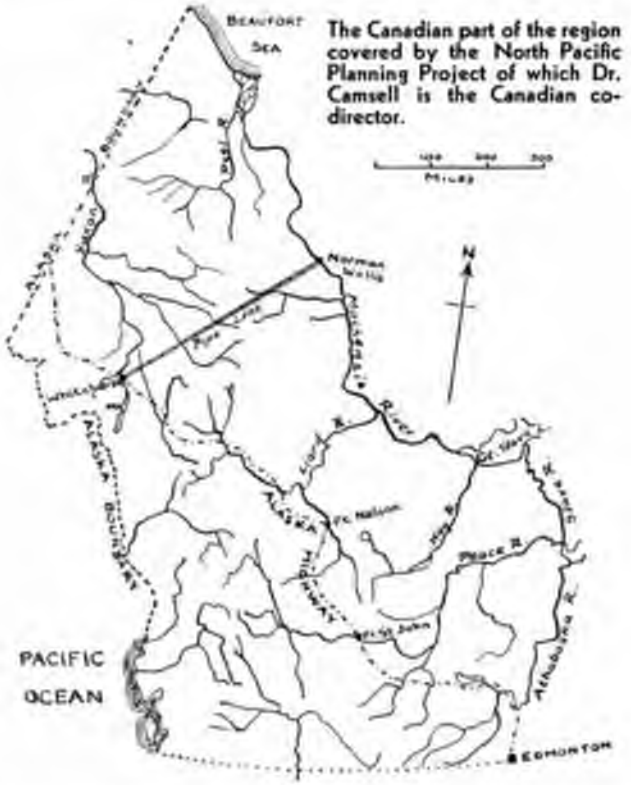
Boundaries of the area are not clearly defined except on the north and west, where lie the Arctic and Pacific oceans. The southern boundary of the area is about latitude 53° N. The eastern boundary follows the broad valleys of the Athabaska, Slave, and Mackenzie Rivers. Within these boundaries lies some of Canada's finest virgin territory, more varied in its resources than most of the unsettled country to the east of it, and, because most of it comes within the influence of warm winds from the Pacific, less rigorous in its climate.

The Canadian part of the North Pacific region, which is all I propose to deal with, includes Yukon Territory, Mackenzie District of the Northwest Territories, northern British Columbia, and northern Alberta. Let me sketch the major features of this vast region, which in area represents about one-fifth of the whole Dominion.

The major physical features of the region trend northwest and southeast. On the east of the area, and outside of it, is an extension of the Precambrian shield, a rocky country of numberless lakes, rolling hills and, as you go north, little or no covering of soil or forests. Bordering this on the west is the northward extension of the Great Plains region, occupied by the northward-flowing Mackenzie River and its tributaries, the Athabaska, Slave, Peace, Liard, Peel, and many others, and bearing on its surface such great lakes as Athabaska, Great Slave and Great Bear.

This region is fairly uniform in contour. Its surface is broken only by isolated hills or ranges of low mountains, and is covered by forest to the shores of the Arctic. A great deal of the country back from the rivers is the typical northern muskeg. While its principal economic value is and has been as a fur-bearing region, it offers in certain areas, notably the Peace River region, considerable opportunity for agricultural development. Its greatest potentialities in mineral resources are in oil. The Norman oil field lies in this area.

West of this, and covering the greater part of the area under study, is the Cordilleran region. This great



The Canadian part of the region covered by the North Pacific Planning Project of which Dr. Camsell is the Canadian co-director.



The valley of the Mackenzie abounds in fish. Most of these are whitefish and trout. Henry Jones.

physiographic unit is essentially mountainous, with high plateaus separating the mountain units. It is more diversified than the other two in its physical characteristics, less uniform in the climatic conditions of temperature and precipitation, and more varied in its natural resources of forests, soils, minerals and wild life. Much of it extends above the timber line; some areas in the coast ranges are snow-covered throughout the year. A strip along the Arctic coast is tundra. Its rivers, Yukon in particular, follow the main northwest and southeast trends. Some of them, however, such as the Peace, Liard, Skeena and Stikine, cut across these trends and provide lines of access into the interior both from the east and from the west.

Through this great region, before the coming of the airplane or the building of the highway, the principal lines of travel were along its rivers, mainly the Mackenzie and the Yukon, first of all by canoe and York boat, and during the last fifty years by steamboat. Today the airplane is the dominant method of transport for passengers.

Against this brief outline of the physical background of the area included in the North Pacific region, let me sketch, as far as is known, some of the resources of the region, and the possibilities of development that are latent therein.

First of all, let me say that the first objective we have in our study of this region is to determine what population we may expect it to support. The answer to that question is contained in another question, viz.: What industries are likely to be developed in it? This will depend upon its basic resources, on its lands, its minerals, its forests, its wild life, its power potentialities, and its transportation possibilities. These are the subjects to which we are giving our first attention, and our first problem is to determine what are the basic resources of the region.

Much has already been done in appraisal of these resources over the last fifty or sixty years, but very much more is still to be done, as a great deal of the country is still a *terra incognita*. Last summer we made our biggest effort so far, and this effort was largely concentrated along the line of the highway, though much was done on oil investigations on the Athabaska and Mackenzie Rivers. Geological parties covered the highway from Dawson Creek to Whitehorse; soil and grazing specialists from the Department of Agriculture traversed the whole length of the highway from Dawson Creek to Kluane Lake and on to Dawson with a view to appraising its agricultural possibilities. We also had two biological parties, one botanical party, one forestry party and one party making a report on its scenic attractions. We also had water-power engineers and others studying transportation problems. The results of all these investigations are now being analyzed and synthesized with a view to bringing out an interim report as soon as possible.

Of the basic resources, let us take first of all its minerals, because, after all, mining has always proved in other parts of Canada to be the spearhead of economic development, and no doubt it will prove to be so here.

The most notable developments in mining so far have been in lode gold at Yellowknife, pitchblende at Great Bear Lake, oil at Norman, placer gold in Cariboo, Omineca, Atlin and Klondyke; mercury, copper, silver, tungsten and coal in the mountains. These, however, do not exhaust the possibilities of mineral development by any means. A variety of rare minerals was discovered in the Precambrian last summer, and throughout the mountains generally there are great areas where prospecting for metallic minerals may be carried on with promise of success.

In my opinion, however, the greatest promise of mineral development lies in oil along the eastern edge of the mountains and on the lower Mackenzie. The bituminous sands of the Athabaska field are well known, and are now being given a thorough test at McMurray. The petroleum resources open the greatest opportunities for early development and for increase of population. In agriculture, the greatest expansion will undoubtedly take place in the Peace River basin, though smaller areas of suitable agricultural land were noted by our parties at Fort Nelson, in north-central British Columbia, and near Champagne, west of Whitehorse. Elsewhere small scale farming operations have been carried on at many points along the main valleys, even to the edge of the Arctic circle, enough at least to serve many of the local needs. This type of agriculture could be greatly expanded.

Of the forest resources, the most valuable are those of the coast belt. The central interior forests of British Columbia have great potential value, but must await better transportation facilities. The northern forests of the Mackenzie basin are of poorer quality and will always be restricted in use to local needs. They have, however, a vital role to play in local developments.

In wild life resources, the fur trade is the North's oldest industry and has been carried on in the North-west for one hundred and fifty years. There is no doubt it can be sustained for all time and even greatly expanded with the application of proper conservation policies. Fish and game animals have always been important factors in the life of the people, especially the natives, and these resources could also be developed as an attraction to the sportsman.

As these basic resources are developed, it will be found that there are ample resources in power to be developed from coal, oil, or water. Specific information regarding waterpower sites is not yet available.

Undoubtedly there will be many who will want to go into this area when the war is over, whether to engage in farming, prospecting or the development of some of the other resources which I have outlined. Here one enters the realm of speculation, though an appraisal of the natural resources of the region gives some basis for an opinion on its population possibilities.

The Precambrian country east of the Mackenzie valley never can be expected to maintain a large permanent population unless there are large mineral developments in that area. Exhaustion of mineral resources elsewhere, or increased demands for minerals, should lead to widespread explorations and discoveries in the North, but it is impossible at this time to predict the extent of developments arising out of such discoveries. One can, however, visualize centres of population throughout this region based upon mineral development.

The section west of Mackenzie River, including the immediate river area itself, offers somewhat greater assurances of sustained population. The soil is better, the climate is more moderate, there is a

Farming in the Peace River block, latitude 56 degrees north. National Film Board.





Right: A far cry from the Klondike miner with his tin pan is this colossal gold dredge operating near Dawson, Y.T. Note the man near the door. W. S. Hare.

heavier forest cover, but, most important of all, here lie the greatest possibilities of oil development that we have in Canada. In the southern portion of this area are also the greatest opportunities of agricultural expansion.

Of a different type are the industries that may support a population on the Pacific watershed. Here we have a climate more mild than that in eastern parts of the continent many degrees farther south, and supported by an ample rainfall. Growth is relatively heavy and rapid, and such agricultural areas as exist are capable of supporting a somewhat concentrated population. Here, too, are definite industrial possibilities—lumbering and the manufacture of paper, for example, and the processing of the valuable fish crops of the sea. Here also are great possibilities for metallic minerals and power developments. It is reasonable to hope that in process of time this area will support a density of population comparable to that now found in No way.

On the whole, I think it would be optimistic to look for a great rush of settlement into our Far North, as seems to be anticipated in some quarters. Comparisons with an area like Siberia, for example, are likely to be misleading. Although Russia cannot be described as an over-populated country, the density of population there is about six times what it is in





Above: One of the oil wells at Norman Wells blows off through the tubing. Right: A mercury mine at Pinche Lake, B.C. National Film Board.

Canada: and other conditions, such as the opening of the Arctic sea route from east to west, which do not exist here, have tended to press the fringe of settlement farther north. Certainly our North will support a larger population than at present, and in many localities a very much larger population, but I think it safe to say that the density of permanent population north of the fifty-fifth parallel is not likely to be as great as that farther south.

My opinion on this matter is influenced by our experience with other roads pushing out through our virgin territory. The National Transcontinental Railway from Winnipeg to Quebec, the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario, Algoma Central, Hudson Bay Railway, Northern Alberta Railways, Pacific Great Eastern, and the Grand Trunk Pacific to Prince Rupert—all these were pioneer roads. Some were very successful in promotion of development and settlement. Others were less so.

Those most successful, such as the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, had the benefit of traversing mineral bearing territory, and traffic associated with the mines was the principal source of revenue. Farming developed later, wherever there was suitable land. Those roads or parts of roads which did not tap the mining areas were not so successful or were much slower in developing population.

The conclusion that I arrive at, therefore, is that in the opening up of this new Northwest the mineral resources are of prime importance and we should tackle first these resources. Agriculture and other primary industries will follow wherever conditions are favourable.

I have been speaking of permanent population, but there is another aspect, in which the picture may differ. That is with respect to *temporary* populations; I mean the population which moves in for a few days or a few weeks to see the scenery and enjoy the freedoms and contacts of the North. Few countries have such attractions to offer, and few have such unmeasured possibilities of development along that line. The Alaska Military Highway, and other trunk channels which may be driven through the wilderness, will in time become arteries for motorized travel; the great water routes of the Mackenzie River provide other means of entry, so that our people and others may respond to the insistent lure of the North. The air routes also will bring many people in response to this lure. For there *is* such a lure. Explain it how you will, men —and also women—who have once tasted the life of the North never seem to be fully satisfied elsewhere. There is something inherent in the human heart and the human soul which responds to the appeal of the wilderness, and which no other appeal can satisfy.

Here, almost at our door, lies the greatest unspoiled recreation land on the continent today. With the return of peace, tourist travel either along the highway or by air, or along its great rivers, will draw many people to Canada, and the Great Northwest will have its share. This stream, however, as I see it, may not reach full flood until the war is over, because the highway that will be handed over to us will be a military road and not a tourist highway, and the other routes need developing for tourism. Much improvement in the road will be necessary before it becomes a highway such as tourists have been accustomed to on this continent, and a little time must elapse before provision can be made for fuel supplies and accommodation.

Colin Fraser (son of Sir George's piper) at Fort Chipewyan, sorting $35,000 worth of furs. Those visible are mainly foxes and muskrats.





His Lordship Goes Voyaging

A primitive painting of Bishop Mountain (who was a giant of a man) on Lake Superior in an H B C canoe. The original hangs in the Synod Hall, Winnipeg.

The second in a series of extracts from rare northern books in the library at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

"The Bishop of Montreal having kindly proposed to the Committee of the Church Missionary Society to visit their Mission at the Red River, in Prince Rupert's Land, they most thankfully accepted the proposal; and made every arrangement in their power to facilitate his Lordship's arduous but Christian undertaking. The following Letters, written to the Secretary of the Society, relate the circumstances of the visit."

Thus begins the "Advertisement" of the little book, "The Journal of the Bishop of Montreal," published in London in 1845, from which the following extracts are taken. The Rt. Rev. George Jehoshaphat Mountain, D.D., D.C.L., was the son of the Rt. Rev. Jacob Mountain, first Anglican Bishop of Quebec. He himself was the first principal of McGill University, from 1829-35. At the time of his journey he was Bishop of Quebec, but retained the title of Bishop of Montreal. He reached the Red River just one hundred years ago this month.

ON the morning of May 16th, I embarked in my canoe at *La Chine*, nine miles above Montreal, where the Company have an important *Depot*. Arrangements were all made for me in the most excellent manner, and with the most careful attention, by direction of Sir George Simpson, the Governor of the Company's Territory.

A new birch-bark canoe was provided, of the largest class, such as is called a *canot de maître*, having fourteen paddles, and being of the length of thirty-six feet. The crew were picked men, and most of them were, more or less, experienced *voyageurs*. One had accompanied Captain Franklin to the Arctic regions in 1825. Eight of them were French Canadians: six were Iroquois Indians, from the village of Caughnawaugha, opposite to *La Chine*, where a Mission was established for this Tribe during the French possession of the country. All, of either race, were Roman Catholics. Our Guide, a functionary who, in a manner, conducts the whole enterprize, was an Iroquois, and a man of the very first reputation in his line: the steersman—of whom there are two, on account of the practice of exchanging the large canoe for two smaller ones, and dividing the crew, at the upper end of Lake Superior—were Canadians. The other eleven men are called Middlemen. One of them, however, who acted as our own cook, and had charge of our provisions and all the apparatus connected with our culinary department, had certain perquisites and privileges above the rest. The Indians all spoke French sufficiently for the common purposes of the day. We were thus seventeen persons in the canoe. Our baggage, bedding, and provisions, with the equipments of the canoe and the tent, were estimated, I think, at the weight of a ton and a half.

We travelled for some few days up the Ottawa, with Settlements or detached habitations within our reach: and, in fact, we were far up this river before we bid adieu to the region where Steamers have penetrated; and inns have been established at intervals connected with their trips; but we fell at once, to avoid all delay and to make sure of keeping our people together, into the habits and rules of the *voyageur*, and our only recourse to the houses was to procure milk, for which payment was always refused, for our tea.

The whole system of travelling on this route is framed with reference to the necessity of accomplishing an enormous distance, presenting many obstructions and tedious delays, within a given time. The season is short; for the navigation is not open before the end of April, and much inconvenience and detention are apt to be encountered if Lake Superior be not crossed, on the downward route, before the end of August—the high winds of September rendering it often impossible, for many days together, for a canoe to proceed at all upon that prodigious expanse of water, and the size of the craft precluding any arrangement for carrying a considerable stock of provisions.

In fact, I was strongly advised to lay my plans in such a manner as, humanly speaking, to ensure my return to *La Chine* before the end of August.

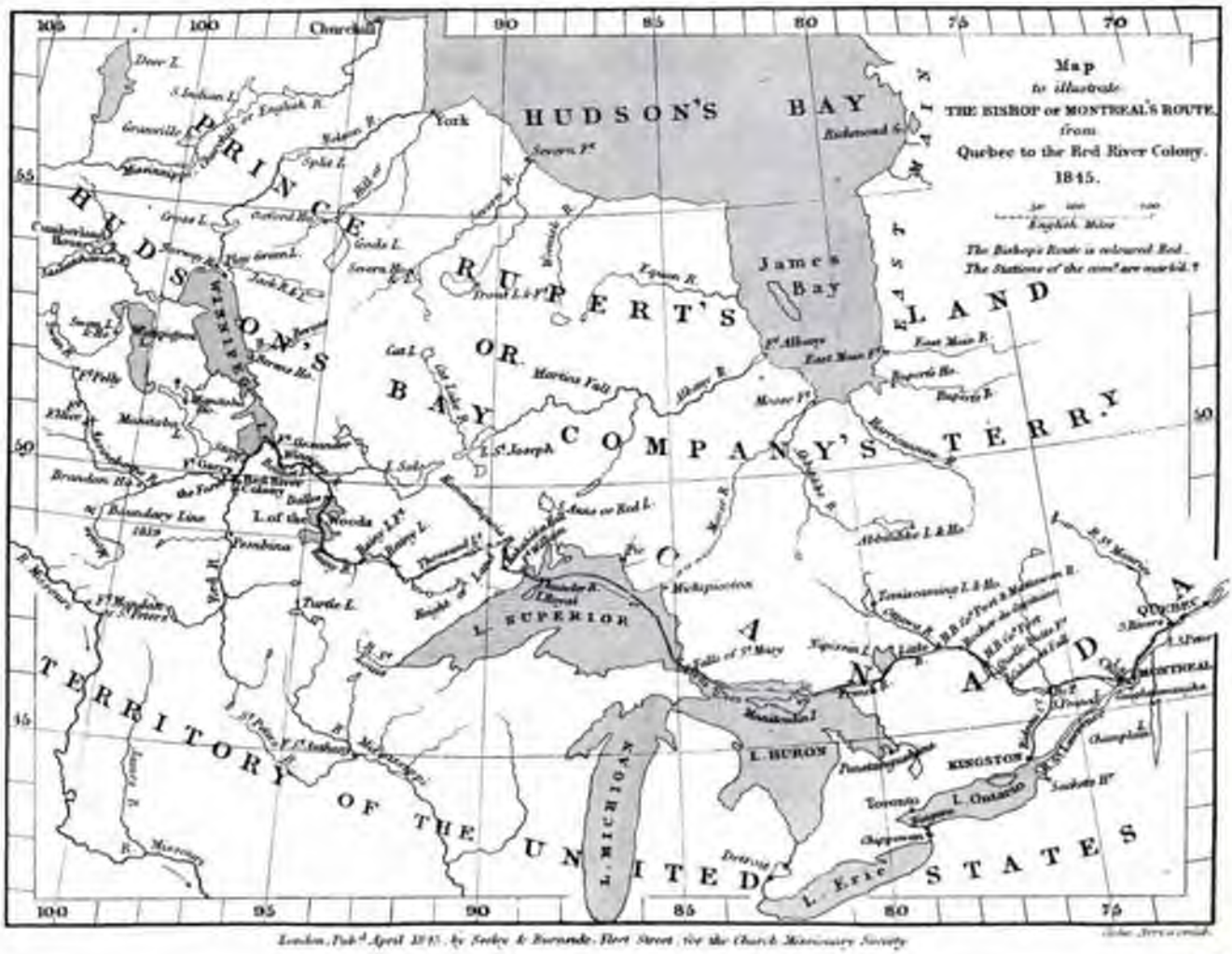
Duties in my own Diocese made it impossible for me to set out before the middle of May. With every exertion, I was not likely to accomplish the voyage, or journey—I hardly know which to call it—in a less space of time than one of between five and six weeks, each way; and being anxious to afford all the time in my power to the Mission, and, if it should have been found necessary, to visit the Catechist's Station at Cumberland, I had evidently no time to lose.

The rules in travelling, observed with more or less straitness according to circumstances, but without any material deviation, are to rise about three o'clock; hastily throwing on your clothes, to jump into the canoe, and push your way on till about eight, when you go ashore, and an hour is allowed for breakfast. It was our practice, while breakfast was in preparation, to make our toilet, going a little apart behind a tree, and hanging a traveller's looking-glass upon one of the branches; and it was in these operations, although often abridged by the omission of the process of shaving, that the mosquitoes and smaller flies of two different kinds, were most annoying. Another stop is made about two o'clock for dinner; but this is usually cold, and only half an hour is allowed for it. We then keep going commonly till a little after sun-set—sometimes a little earlier where the places suitable for camping are rare, as in Lake Superior, and we happen to reach one of them before the day has wholly declined—often considerably later when the nights are fine, and the way without difficulty. Upon two or three occasions, when we found that we could sail, and it was a great point to take advantage of our wind, we ran the whole night. I may here observe, that we are not in the least cramped in the canoe; but can lounge in any posture that we like, or lie at length, if needful, covered over with our blankets, and, in case of rain, a tarpaulin for a quilt, which may be drawn over head and all.

As soon as we go ashore at night, the tent is mounted for the passengers—myself and the Rev. P. J. Maning, who accompanied me as Chaplain. My servant also slept within the tent. The three beds, consisting of blankets and a stout green rug, with cloth pillows, of which articles I had rather more than my share; but without sheets or mattrasses, are spread upon pieces of tarpaulin, and, with the chests, etc., between, precisely fill the wole interior of the tent. Two huge fires are lighted, composed of drift-wood, or fallen trees; or, in some places, of trees felled upon the spot. One of these is close to the tent—and thankful we were, on many a cold wet evening, to get over it:—that for the canoe-men is at some little distance—and then the kettles are set boiling, and the cooking operations begin.

In wet weather the men sleep under the canoe, which is always drawn ashore and inverted at night: they lie two and two together, and the smallest men occupy the places under the bow and the stern. In general

The map from the bishop's "Journal." The word "coms." should be C.M.S., and 1845 should be 1844.





Rt. Rev. George Jehoshaphat Mountain, Bishop of Montreal and later of Quebec. From a lithograph in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal.

they sleep beneath the canopy of heaven. Each man has one blanket. The canoe is examined by experienced hands, while some day-light remains, to ascertain whether any rents have been made in the bark by scraping against rocks in passing through rapids, or otherwise; and the gum which is over the seams is spread, as required, by the application of burning brands. If there has been reason to apprehend more serious injury, some fuller opportunity of day-light is taken, and recourse is had to the keg of resinous gum which is always carried in the canoe, and, perhaps, to spare pieces of bark, of which a supply is also taken.

The distance from *La Chine* to the Red River is commonly estimated at 1800 miles; but it is not accurately known. Sir George Simpson, one of the most remarkable travellers in the world, accomplishes the distance in visiting the Red River—and thence proceeding, by a circuitous route, to Hudson's Bay, and so back, by a different line of route still, till it falls into the Ottawa—in a wonderfully short time. He calls his men at half-past one o'clock, and sets out each day about two a.m.

At times you make a great distance in a day, descending a swift river with an exemption, for some unusual space, from the frequent interruption of *Portages;* or sailing, it may be, along an open lake. Upon other occasions, you are contending against a powerful and turbulent stream and mastering the current opposed to you sometimes by poling, sometimes by the towing-line drawn by the men—who are now in the water, now scrambling along its edge through tangled woods—sometimes by the mere force of the paddle. Or you are brought to a stand by a cataract, or an impassable rapid, and then comes the whole process of unloading the canoe and dividing out every article which it contains to be carried upon the backs of men, others being employed in carrying the canoe itself upon their shoulders; and all this, here over broken rocks, and there, perhaps, through deep and miry swamps. Often you have scarcely re-loaded, and seated yourself again in the canoe, before another similar obstruction presents itself, and the whole double labour of unloading and reloading is to be gone through over again.

In parts of the Winnipeg River, these *Portages* occur in very rapid succession; and some of them are only of a few yards in length separated from each other by a distance of not very much greater. The longest *Portage* upon the whole route is called five miles. Again, on the great lakes, but particularly on Lake Superior, you are liable, even in the best season, to the necessity of lying by, for a day here or a day there, or a couple or more days together, when the winds and waves become too high for the canoe. This detention the *voyageurs* describe by the term *degrader*. We were considered fortunate in not being obliged to pass any one whole day upon the shores of this Lake. It took us eight days to ascend it, and a week to come down.

We experienced more cold, both in degree and in duration, that I had expected. In crossing small bays, as we coasted up Lake Superior, on the 3rd and again on the 5th of June, we broke our way through a thin coat of ice, which had been formed over the whole surface of these bays during the night. It is a very singular noise which is produced by the paddles in this operations, and not unlike distant thunder: so, at least, it seemed to me when it woke me as I happened to be dozing in the canoe. It is only in an extraordinary concurrence of circumstances that the whole of this vast freshwater sea can freeze over. I was assured that this happened in the winter of 1843, after a calm of four days, and during intensely cold weather. No other instance of this is said to be remembered. On the 10th of June, when we camped upon the edge of the River Kamenistiquoia, the ice formed during the night upon the paddles was a quarter of an inch thick. On the 11th, still upon the same river, there was a crust of ice found upon the water left close to our fire in a tin pot.

At Fort William, situated, as I have said, at the mouth of this river, there is a fishery carried on, which employs a good many Indians, of different sexes and ages; the fish being cured for the Montreal market, besides affording the principal food of the dependents upon the Fort. The species is white-fish, of a very excellent quality, and the numbers taken are something prodigious. Five thousand of these fish were taken *in one morning before breakfast* during the past summer. At the distance of about a day's journey up the river, from the Fort, are the Kakabeka Falls—poured down an awful chasm in the rocks—after Niagara, incomparably the grandest and most striking cataract that I ever saw.

The Company's posts, which are established at very unequal intervals, are generally called Forts; and some of them are surrounded by a high and strong stockade. We stopped, both in going and returning, at ten of these posts, the first of which is upon the Ottawa, not above 250 miles from Montreal; and in six instances, taking the two journeys together, we enjoyed their shelter for the night.

The principal posts are in charge of Chief Factors: the next grade is that of Chief Trader: some inferior posts are committed to the hands of clerks. The particular spot is selected on account of some local advantages, and there is usually a kitchen-garden, of very limited produce, some pasturage, and a dairy, attached

to the establishment. At Fort William the dairy is really a very complete affair. I carried a letter from Sir George Simpson to be presented at every post where I should stop; but the kindness and attention which we everywhere experienced at the hands of the Company's servants were marked by an *empressement* which showed them to proceed from spontaneous feeling, and gave the better zest to those comforts and refreshments demanded by the wants of the body, which were tendered in a manner, and under circumstances, stamping them with a resemblance to the exercise of primitive hospitality towards the way-worn stranger. It may be supposed that common things are often by no means common in places like these. At one of the posts, where we brought away some milk, there was no such thing as an empty bottle to be had, and the vessel which we borrowed for the purpose was left at the next Fort with a strict charge that it should be returned by the first opportunity.

At these posts we also procured, when necessary, supplies to be charged in the account: for the provision which we could carry tapered down very rapidly in the hands, or rather in the mouths, of seventeen men. It was not always that we could get food of a very choice kind: in one instance, at a very remote post, our replenishment of provisions consisted of small wheaten cakes, made of very discoloured flour, a pair of fowls, which were a present, and a supply of maple sugar, for ourselves; with pemmican, or pounded buffalo-meat, for the men. But we had always enough to eat, without danger, also, of running short in point of quantity; and we had with us, in the canoe, the accounts of some journeys made by adventurers in the fur-trade, in other parts of these regions, or by men exploring them in the cause of science, whose hardships, privations, and dangers, would have made us blush to complain of anything which we encountered; even if we had not had another Book in our company, which tells us of the Patriarch's pillow of stone, and the Apostle's night and day in the deep, and which teaches us, as the disciples of One who had not where to lay His head, having "food and raiment to be therewith content."

The Indians who are attached to the Forts are far more comfortable in their appearance than the others. That they are a fine race of people physically, I have already said; and I have certainly seen among them some striplings, from fifteen to eighteen years old—sufficiently neat in their persons, with a manly bearing and an elastic tread, their limbs well-turned, their hands and nails well-formed, their dark beaming eyes harmonizing with a profusion of glossy black hair and a sunned complexion—who did seem, altogether, to carry the stamp, if I may so express it, of a natural nobility.

Acts of violence committed upon the persons of the Factors or Traders of the Company must, I apprehend, be of exceedingly rare occurrence. As far as I had opportunities of knowing, the general system pursued at the Forts, with reference to the treatment of the people employed, is such as to gain their attachment. And the Indian hangers-on, in seasons of want, draw largely upon the charity of these establishments. Kindness, united with firmness and decision, appears to be the secret of governing mankind throughout the world, ill as it is understood in too large a portion of it.

We camped at nightfall, on the 21st of June, upon a level rock beside the Winnipeg River, whose whole volume of water here rushes down in an impetuous and roaring fall—called *le petit rocher du bonnet*. At three o'clock the next morning, a cry was raised that the Governor was coming in view; and, accordingly, by the time that we were ready to receive him, Sir George Simpson, attended by his Secretary, stepped from his canoe upon the rock, being on his way down from the Red River. We remained together a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, to arrange some matters connected with an Ordination to be there held, and upon that rock an official letter relating to the subject was written at his dictation and signed by himself. We then parted, to proceed in opposite directions.

The spot, I believe is about 100 miles from the Lower Fort, at the Red River. We passed down the Winnipeg River, stopping to breakfast, and take in some few supplies, at Fort Alexander; and, entering Lake Winnipeg, began to coast round in order to gain the mouth of the Red River. It was Saturday. If it could only be possible to reach the first Church of the Settlement during the night, it might, besides preventing, as it were, the dead loss of another Sabbath, save us a whole week; for I knew that less than three Sundays would not suffice for my duties among the Churches, and I judged that, by diligently improving the time of my sojourn, I might properly accomplish them without remaining for a fourth. This I represented to the guide, and the other men, and they cheerfully undertook to carry me on, calculating that we should reach our destination about midnight, or one in the morning.

It was nine on the Sunday morning when we reached the Church and Mission-house of the Indian Settlement, [St. Peters] distinctively so called. What we saw there, and what contrast it exhibited with things which we had seen on the way, I must tell you, if it please God, another time. We made our distance in thirty-eight days from *La Chine*.



The church and mission house of the Indian settlement of St. Peters, not far from the mouth of the Red River, where the bishop landed on June 23, 1844. His arrival will be commemorated this month in a pageant, in which the present Bishop of Quebec will play the part of his predecessor.

ICE COLD *Aqua Pura*

A series of pictures for a hot summer's day

by D. B. Marsh



Left: Leaving her snowhouse to get some water, an Eskimo girl emerges with her caribou-skin water bucket. A two-inch coating of ice keeps it stiff. The entrance of the igloo is below on her right.

Below: Each morning, the ice that has formed in the hole must be cut away with an ice-chisel. After a very cold day and night, it may be frozen to a depth of two feet.

Below: The hole in the ice where she gets the water is protected from drifting snow by a wall of snow blocks. Sticking up inside it is the long ice-scoop seen in the fifth picture.







Above: Not a St. Bernard dog in an attitude of contemplation, but an Eskimo girl at work with the ice-chisel. The looped rope prevents it being lost if it goes through the ice unexpectedly.

Right: Once the ice in the hole has been loosened, the water carrier goes to work clearing out the floating chips. This scoop is made from barrel steel: primitive ones are made from musk ox horn.



Below: Back at the igloo, she has to descend the deep steps backwards, in case she slips with her heavy burden. The contents of the bucket will freeze inside the snowhouse, but there will usually be a little pocket of water in the centre, when the family wakes in the morning.

Below: When the hole is free of ice, the girl takes her caribou-skin dipper and ladles the clear, cold water into the ice-covered bucket.







On the Kenogami, a tributary of the mighty Albany. S. A. Taylor.

BY RIVER TO ALBANY

A well known professor of history describes a canoe trip he took down the Albany to James Bay thirty years ago.

by A. R. M. Lower
Photos by J. W. Anderson

IN 1914, the year the first Great War began, the government of Canada decided to find out something about the resources of its northern seas. It sent out for this purpose three parties to investigate the question of fish in Hudson Bay and James Bay. M. Comeau was sent round by sea to Hudson Bay, the late C. D. Melville was directed to proceed up the east coast of James Bay and the writer up the west. My little party of myself and two canoemen set out in June along the then incomplete northern line of the Canadian National west from Cochrane. The regular train only ran as far as Hearst, which village, when we reached it, we found experiencing the inevitable baptism of fire that all our northern bush towns have undergone. Leaving the burning town, we pushed on to one of the branches of the Kenogami, which I had been informed gave the easiest route to "the Bay." This proved correct, for on this river, the Nagogami, there were only three short portages, all within the first fifteen miles from the railway, and thereafter no interruptions of any kind down to salt water.

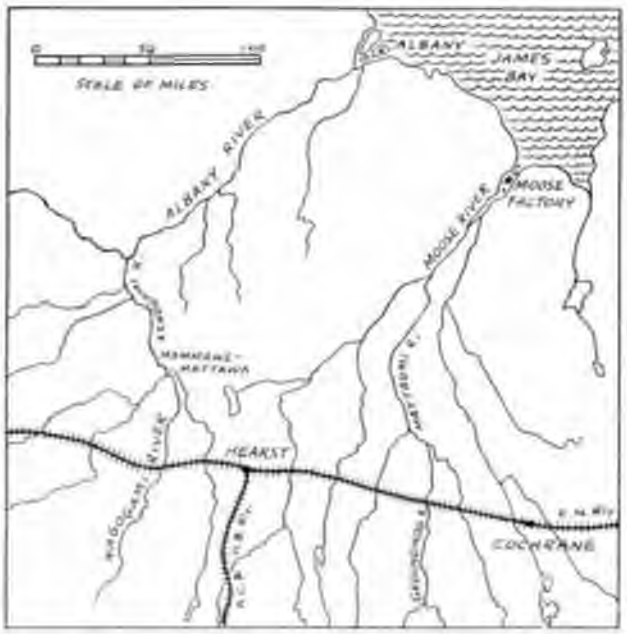
It was a highly interesting experience for a young man just out of college to be sailing into the northern unknown of his country, in complete charge of a little expedition instructed to go as far as possible and bring back as much information, scientific and otherwise, as it could accumulate. Every day or so brought its own fresh and vivid experience. When we reached the point at which the Nagogami entered the Kenogami, we rounded a bend and saw, high up on the bank, the Hudson's Bay Company's post of English River, overlooking the confluences of several large streams which there unite to form the Kenogami and give the place its Indian name of Mamawemattawa, or "Great Confluence." At this point I encountered my first case of northern versatility, for the half-breed trader in charge of the post also officiated on occasion at the little Anglican church there.

When we came to the Albany, so swift was the current we found we could make fifty miles a day. It was an impressive river—wide, swift and straight, with great concave banks clear of undergrowth and "paved" with stones brought down by the spring ice and pressed into the clay banks. At one point, so wide and straight is it that the land disappears behind and cannot be seen ahead—a horizon both up and down stream. Here is a river larger than the Rhine, wider than the Danube and as beautiful as either; yet not one Canadian in a thousand has ever heard of it, let alone seen it. How little we yet know about our country!

After about a week of the easiest canoe travelling imaginable, we rounded a point one day and saw wet mud on the shore. At that time I was a completely inland person, but I knew at once what the wet mud meant: we had reached tide water. It was exciting to come thus upon the sea for the first time by the

natural method of floating down a river rather than to be hurled at it over a railway. Within a mile or two the river opened out and some buildings came into view. Fort Albany, obviously. We paddled on to a little staging at the water's edge and there a man was standing. He greeted us curiously and proved to be the manager of the Revillon Frères post at Albany, which was situated higher up the river than that of the Hudson's Bay. His words were unusual: "You have come from Canada?" This surprising fact having been elicited (incidentally indicating that I was now in a far northern world of its own to which "Canada" was a separate community away to the southward), his next question was, "Have you any news?" That struck me as a bit out of the way, but I soon realized that means of communication were slight and every traveller in consequence a find. They had had a little information up to about a month before my arrival, and were hungry for anything I could tell them.

Fort Albany in those days, despite its smallness and isolation, was an absorbing place. Here was a little barricade of civilization against the wilderness that had been holding out for some two hundred and forty years, a little group of white people whose influence, and indeed authority, had gone up and down the great river valley and along the coasts, giving to all the region, despite its emptiness, the authentic characteristics of a civilized country. Fifty-five years before—in 1869—the Company had surrendered its sovereign rights to the new Dominion, but in all that time few officers of the law, if any, had made their appearance: life had just carried on—without magistrates and policemen, without formal law. Here was a little community of a score of white people—Scots, old-country French, French-speaking Canadians, English and a couple of hundred Indians—where there were no locks on the doors and where crime, in the white man's sense, was unknown. There was a folk tale current at the time of an Indian woman caught in one of the North's cruel winters, her husband lost, who had survived by eating all of her seven children, but it may have taken on magnitude with the years: deaths from starvation or freezing were not uncommon, as elsewhere beyond settled communities, and there may well have been the occasional case of cannibalism. Even so, cannibalism under such circumstances is doubtfully a crime. Of offences against property or person there were none. The little community was literally without the law.



The author left the railway by the Nagogami and came back to it by the Groundhog.

Upon what, then, did the peace rest? I suppose primarily upon the traditional authority of the Hudson's Bay factor, who, like St. Peter, had the power of the keys: if an Indian offended, the white man's stores might not be opened unto him. Secondly, upon

Fort Albany, established in 1679, was the only post held by the Company against the French from 1697 to 1714.





"The Long Christmas Dinner"—without B.P. An Indian feast at Albany.

the intrinsic social morality of the Indians, their traditional code, which might not provide space for as much soap or schooling as we would appreciate but also had no niche for acts that had the effect of "letting down" a fellow antagonist of the wilds. Thirdly, the influence of my good friends, the Anglican and Roman Catholic missionaries. Faithful workers they were and splendid men, sacrificing all thought of life in the outside world for the good of their charges. They brought religion to the Indian in its purest form, they gave him a little schooling and aided him in every way as best they could. The Roman Catholics were especially to be praised for the hospitals they maintained. But it is open to question whether the white man's code of behaviour at its best made a great deal of impression upon the red. Alcohol, his greatest enemy, the missionaries could keep away from the Indian, and they could insist on his marrying his wife and more or less staying married to her. They could clean him up a little, and certainly they could serve him in his illnesses. Some generations of Christianity had also perhaps made his natural temper milder and less cruel: of that point I am not sure, for it is not legitimate to judge the northern woods Indian by the fierce savages further south, the Iroquois or Sioux.

The missionaries themselves would tell me—and rightly so—that their work had another aspect, that man's relation to man is only one half of his religion. I have always valued this opportunity I had to see the missionary in the field for it opened up to me, as nothing else could, the problems—world wide in scope—raised by the contact of one culture with another. Is it a benefit we are conferring or a curse when we send our representatives among "native" peoples: the trader with his strange wares, and the missionary with his strange ideas? The white man's sugar and flour, anyone in the North will tell you, ruin the Indian's teeth; the white man's whisky damns him body and soul. The effort to impose the best values of our civilization upon him may bring almost equally disastrous results. No one knows where the end lies when sophisticated and innocent meet, and who is to say where justice dwells?

It was interesting to a native Canadian to note the curious little survivals about the Hudson's Bay post of old-world customs brought over long ago and long since forgotten "down home." The working day, for instance, started before breakfast, for which time off was given, and went on till about seven at night, but was punctuated by an interval in morning and afternoon known as "smoke-oh," a word that explains itself. At that time there were also a considerable proportion of English goods in the Company's store. These, coming in by sea, were not unduly expensive—very cheap indeed, compared with the astronomical prices one had encountered in inland posts far from the railway.

As a historian I used to enquire diligently for any scraps of legend that had come down in a spot that had witnessed so many stirring scenes. It had been taken by the Chevalier de Troyes in 1686 and later retaken by the English. But I could find no memories of those distant times. The only figure that loomed through the mist was that of Bishop Horden, the Anglican missionary whose mid-nineteenth century efforts had founded the posts of that church around the Bay, a clergyman of courage, character and scholarship whose memory was still green and whose *Grammar of the Cree Language* I am happy to possess.

While at Albany I was introduced to a novel kind of duck hunting: In midsummer the ducks moult and go for refuge to the long grass on the islands in the mouth of the river. Armed with a stick or paddle, you advance into the grass along their runways, and if you are quick enough—and you have to be very quick—you can get quite a bag by knocking them out. I

was not exactly pleased afterwards when I found my Indians had taken all the ducks we got, thrown them into a pot and boiled them up. There are better ways of eating duck than as duck soup. Another bird that affords good hunting on the Bay is the *shee-shay-shoo* or "Yellowlegs." In the summer they can be shot literally by the ton. Nicely boiled with rice they are excellent, one or two making a good meal. There is not a greater game preserve in the world, I suppose, than the marshy western shore of James Bay, where from spring to fall the sky is black with wild fowl of every kind, from yellowlegs to geese. There was not much big game. The country seemed to form the transition belt between the moose to the south and the caribou to the north, with few of either. The year before, it was reported, an Indian had shot a strange animal, like neither of these but more like a caribou than a moose, only smaller. It was probably a red deer, and 1913 therefore marks the beginning of its penetration from the south over the height of land.

My duties took me north to the last stream of any consequence on the west coast; this rejoiced in the name of *Negatosaki*. I remember it vividly, for there I think the supply of those huge flies known in the North as "bulldogs" (very properly called *mikissa*—"eagles" —by the Indians) reached its maximum: it was impossible to sit down for a moment anywhere without having to fight these insects off. I remember what a relief it was when the wind suddenly drew round to the north, the temperature dropping twenty or thirty degrees at once: that cooled the "bulldogs" off too. The supply of wild fowl on the coast was only equalled by the supply of insects. I thought I had seen mosquitoes pretty bad in the muskegs to the south, but I discovered that all my notions about them were elementary. I can recommend James Bay as the terrestrial paradise of the mosquito.

As we turned north from Albany, our easy travelling came to an end. The Bay is inconceivably shallow: when the tide goes out—its average height being only five or six feet—a tide mark of soft mud is left ranging up to three miles in width. Beyond low-water mark the slope is little greater and three or four miles out there are only a few feet of water. This means that canoes must either keep out to sea, sit on the mud between tides or attempt to make dry land before the water ebbs too far. It is impossible to get the Indians to take a chance on paddling out beyond the low-water mark, so travelling can only be done for about two hours either side of high water. We sat on the mud once and for several hours were almost out of sight of water and dry land at the same time.

I returned to Albany about September 15th, 1914. Walking up to the post, I met Mr. Gillies, the factor. He said to me, "Strange things have happened since you were here before." "What are they?" I asked. "We are at war with Germany." Thus, out of the blue, without any of the preliminaries that eased the shock a little for people at home, I heard for the first time, six weeks after they occurred, of the world-shaking events which ushered in our stormy age. There was little more to be learned than the mere fact of war. Not until I got over to Stratton Island later on did more information come in. There, I think they had had some news of the naval engagement off Wilhelmshaven, which the *Nascopie* had picked up on her wireless.



The "Emilia P." of the Revillon Freres Trading Co.

While I was at Albany on my way back, the good ship *Emilia P.* belonging to Revillon Frères put in: among other supplies, she brought an outboard engine for the post manager: I sold him the big 22-foot canoe in which I had made the trip, as I intended going back with the Melville party from Moose Factory, and canoe and outboard were put together in the first piece of gasoline transport in that part of the world.

The journey up the Moose was as hard as that down the Albany had been easy. Spring floods scrape the soil off the underlying limestone, with the result that the river spreads out to enormous widths and virtually disappears. One has to hunt for a lead of water, carry his canoe over to it, follow it as far as it will take him and then look for another: there is no channel. Farther up stream a channel forms and the going is easier. In fact the higher up the river one gets the more water he encounters. We took the Metagami branch of the Moose and then the Groundhog. As we reached the line, about the middle of October, one speculation dominated all others: "Are the Germans in Paris?"

I suppose, with railway and airplane the Bay is not so remote now as it was in those days: probably even the old-timers no longer speak of "you people down there in Canada." Gradually the national frontier moves forward: newer districts are tied in with threads of steel, and civilization takes wing to the remotest north. Sometimes, however, one sighs for the isolation and seclusion that other days could afford.



Building a fire on the Albany mud flats that stretch out to sea for miles at low tide.



"One of the grand figures of the West."

"CAP" ROSS of the SASKATCHEWAN

by A. J. Dalrymple

Cartoons by Pte. J. Simpkins

CAPTAIN Horatio Hamilton Ross was one of the grand figures of the West at the turn of the century. An adventurer of titled family, he had sailed round the Horn, and then made his way by wagon from San Francisco to the Rockies. He operated the Little Bow Ranch on Mosquito Creek in Alberta, and built the Assiniboine Hotel in Medicine Hat.

One of those rare spirits who found delight in making friends wherever he chanced to roam, he was equally at home in the exclusive clubs of Shanghai, the bunk houses of the lumber camps, and the teepees of the Indians. It was said that he only built the hotel in Medicine Hat so that he could entertain his friends, and it was true that he did entertain lavishly for many years across this western country.

It was in 1898 that he opened the hotel. But he was yearning for the water. So he built the S.S. *Assiniboia* to carry freight on the Saskatchewan River. Little freight was carried. But if the venture was not a commercial success, it was a social triumph.

In the fall of 1905, Captain Ross and a party of friends started on a trip downstream. Everything was smooth sailing until they reached Cedar Lake, and then they ran on a sandbar. Chill winds and flurries of snow warned of approaching winter. The order was given to abandon ship. Captain Ross presented the neighbouring Indians with food from the galley and blankets from the bunks. He hired a couple of Crees to stand by the vessel until he returned. He and his party started out by dog team for the nearest rail line. When they arrived at the "steel," Captain Ross bought a ticket for Cairo. He spent the winter in Egypt.

When the skipper returned in the spring, he found that the ice had broken up the *Assiniboia*, and flood waters had carried away the wreckage. Two faithful redskins stood guard over the boilers, which were half buried in the sand. He paid them.

Returning to his old haunts at Medicine Hat, he sold the hotel and built the S.S. *City of Medicine Hat*.

"He spent the winter in Egypt."





"Three captains took headers over the bow."

It was one hundred and thirty feet in length and was launched in 1906.

Nothing startling happened until 1908, when the master decided to take some friends on a cruise to Winnipeg. At Saskatoon, on June 7, the steamboat hit a cable strung along the traffic bridge and promptly turned over.

The captain then journeyed to Ottawa to collect damages. He was in the capital entertaining and being entertained until September. When he started west again it was with the title of fisheries inspector in the North. On the way he stopped at Collingwood and ordered a tug to be fabricated for him, so that he could inspect the fish. The eighteen-ton boat cost $4,961.41.

He decided to name her the *Sam Brisbin* after an engineer of one of the Northern Navigation Company's steamships, and a fitting ceremony of christening was announced. The proverbial bottle of champagne was broken. Then a trial spin was in order. A crowd of friends gathered on board. Flags flew. Corks popped. Everybody cheered. The engine-room bells rang "Full speed ahead."

The 47-foot *Brisbin* gave a creditable performance, and was heading for the wharf when one exuberant guest dropped the anchor. The *Brisbin* came to an abrupt stop . . . and three captains and a chief engineer took headers over the bow.

But it was all in fun; and the celebration having come to an end, Captain Ross was ready to warp out and set a course for the head of Lake Superior.

His engineer was Harvey Weber, a young assistant draftsman whose acquaintance he had made in the shipyards. Adventure lured Harvey into the North; but adventure is not always one frolic after another . . . for apprentices. Here is an entry in the log of the *Sam Brisbin:* "Steam up at 2 a.m.; decks swabbed at 11.45 p.m.; party of ladies on board; freight, 2 canoe-loads; working nearly 24 hours a day."

It is in the penmanship of homesick Harvey, the 17-year-old "engineer."

But there were happier days to come, when Captain Ross and Harvey and the rest of the crew, attired in white ducks, carefree and happy, cruised hither and yon, hunting and fishing, and enjoying new sights at every turn of the northern river.

Harvey applied himself to navigation, and won his master's papers. He became captain of the S.S. *Nipawin;* and later, president of Ross Navigation Co. Limited, Transport Limited and Arrow Airways Limited.

The *Brisbin* was a sweet little craft, and lacked nothing in appointments, including a telephone system. The fittings were of highly polished brass. Chief among these was a large and ornate cuspidor, burnished to glow like gold. Connoisseurs were wont to refer to it as a work of art, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Then, too, there was the binnacle—although there was no need of a compass on the Saskatchewan river voyages.

In 1910 Captain Ross went east to visit his friends in Collingwood, and returned to the West with the S.S. *The Pas,* a tug that he required for his expanding business. This boat was afterwards used for sturgeon fishing on the Nelson. The last time I saw it, the battered hull was lying near The Pas.

The *Sam Brisbin* met a like fate. In 1930 I saw her lying ashore about two miles east of The Pas; and I was informed that she was to be broken up for firewood.

Although the mention of Captain Ross invariably recalls stories, sometimes quaint, and often fantastic, it would be a grave injustice to leave the impression that he did not have his serious moments. "Cap" Ross



The "Sam Brisbin" with two barges negotiating one of the rivers of the hinterland.

played no small part in the development of the West. He organized the company bearing his name, and he laboured to crack open the mineralized zone of Northern Manitoba.

He is, however, remembered more for his wholesome character, his generosity, and philanthropy, rather than his success in business. I have heard rough men and tough men, frontiersmen of noisy blasphemy, say with quiet respect, "Yes, there's a lot of lads across this western country who are not backward about saying that 'Cap' Ross put them on their feet and gave them a new start."

Captain Ross was probably unaware of such conversations. He was too busy going places. One day he decided to take a party of friends on a cruise. Upon arriving at the dock office in The Pas, he was informed by Harvey Weber that the company's ships were due to sail with cargo on a contract basis. "O, hell!" snorted the master mariner, "I'll buy another boat!" There was one for sale down the river. He bought it on the spot; and, seeing humour in his remark, he christened it the "*O,Hell.*" He and his friends then went on their trip.

The captain took a fancy to the *O,Hell* right from the start; and old "river rats" of the North still talk about that ship and her whimsical owner. Sometimes the vessel would depart from The Pas dressed in glistening white paint, and when it returned it would be a brilliant red. Some persons thought that was rather peculiar, but not so the "Old Man." He simply explained that while he was away he thought the boat would have a snappier appearance if it were touched up with red; and so the crew had been ordered to apply the brush smartly. Then again, on another voyage, the master might fancy another tint; and the sailors would be told off to set things to rights.

Men who served as deck hands on the Ross ships say there was always plenty of food at mealtimes, and plenty of paint and polish between meals.

Did the *O,Hell* go the way of old ships? Yes. In 1930 employees of Ross Navigation Limited towed the remains up the Pasquia River at The Pas, and placed it where the town children could use it as a dressing room when they went down to the river to swim.

Boats and more boats. In 1912, Captain Ross built the S.S. *Minasin*. She was about the size of the *Brisbin*. In 1913 he constructed the *Notin*. The *Notin* was left lying at Cranberry Portage in 1930, with brush growing up around her keel, and her name weathering away. In 1917 the captain had the S.S. *Nipawin* fabricated. She had stateroom accommodations for twenty passengers. This vessel transported mail and freight into the mining regions.

It was about the time the *Nipawin* was constructed that Ross Navigation Limited came into its own. The mineral world had heard of Mandy, the "Big Strike" copper mine in Northern Manitoba. The shaft was 1,000 miles from a refinery. It was decided to ship the ore to Trail, B.C., for smelting.

At that time Mandy was one hundred and sixty miles by waterway and bush road from the railway at The Pas. Shipping the ore meant handling it from the mine across Schist lake, and then to Sturgeon Landing by horses. Then it was placed on barges and moved to a C.N.R. dockside siding at The Pas. A total of 26,000 tons of ore was shipped to Trail.

When the Canadian National Railways pushed their line to Flin Flon, there was no further need of



"He christened it the 'Oh Hell'."

stern-wheelers. The head-frame of old Mandy of "glory hole" fame may be seen on a little evergreen island not far from the railroad.

Captain Ross did not live to see the railway, the tractors, trucks and aeroplanes dim the lights of the old steamships. On the night of February 11, 1925, while cleaning a gun he had used on a hunting trip, a shell discharged, and killed him.

He was buried on a hill overlooking the Big Eddy of the swirling Saskatchewan. The plot is in the cemetery of the Indians of The Pas band. It was their tribute to him, and few Whites have been thus honoured by them. It was fitting that he should rest in the Big Eddy country. He belonged to that region, and it was his to the end.

His flagship, the *Nipawin*, continued in service, running the swift waters of the Big Eddy, until 1930. The vessel was then dismantled. Part of the superstructure was moved ashore and converted into a warehouse. The S.S. *Tobin*, a smaller vessel, and the last of the line, continued handling dwindling traffic between Sturgeon Landing and Cedar Lake until 1941. The superstructure and boilers were then removed. The hull is being used as a barge.

I had the pleasure of travelling aboard the *Tobin* for five seasons with Capt. Herman McKinnon and Engineer Bill Venables. I was, at various times, passenger, supercargo, fireman, cook, wheelsman and historian.

We delivered a lot of freight and we had a lot of fun. Looking back on it now, it seems that we hardly ever turned a wheel on that little steamship but what someone would say: . . ."That reminds me of 'Cap' Ross . . ." And then we would gather around and tell stories of a kindly, ruddy cheeked adventurer whose spirit, I'm sure, still sails the whispering waters of the northland.



The "Nipawin" was the flagship of the Ross fleet, with staterooms for twenty passengers.

Below: Mosquitoes on a shinleaf flower.





Summer comes to the Northland

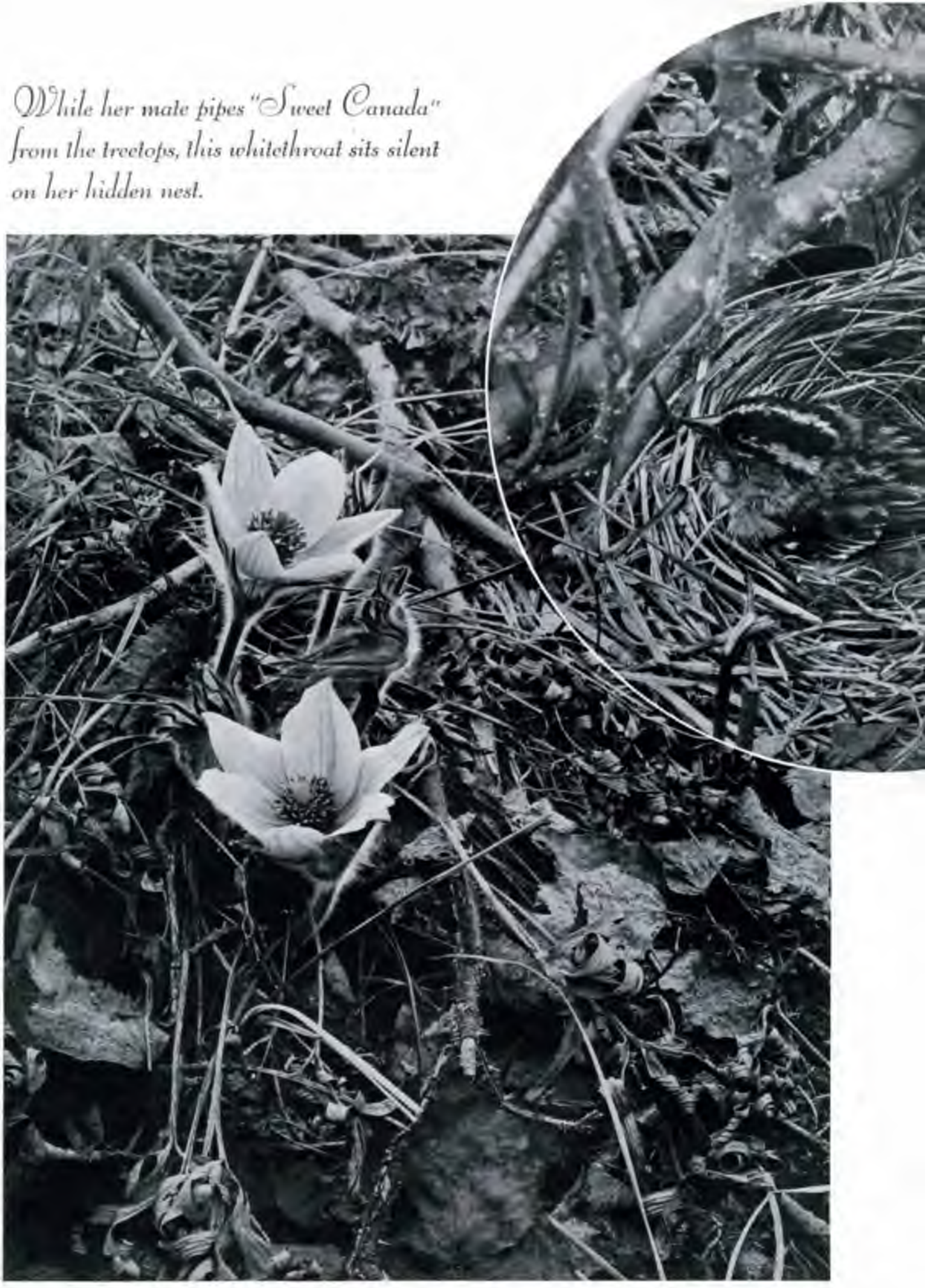
Studies of Nature in the Mackenzie Valley by Henry Jones

These photographs were taken about thirty-five years ago by a little Welshman who came out to the West, worked on river boats, married an Indian woman at Fort Simpson, and lived there and at Fort Norman before settling down at Fort Resolution. He took thousands of photos —many of them on glass plates—as far north as the Mackenzie Delta, picturing for posterity the life of native and fur trader along the great rivers that flow down north. Some of his pictures appeared in the March "Beaver" last year. For more details on the man and his work, see the packet note in this issue.

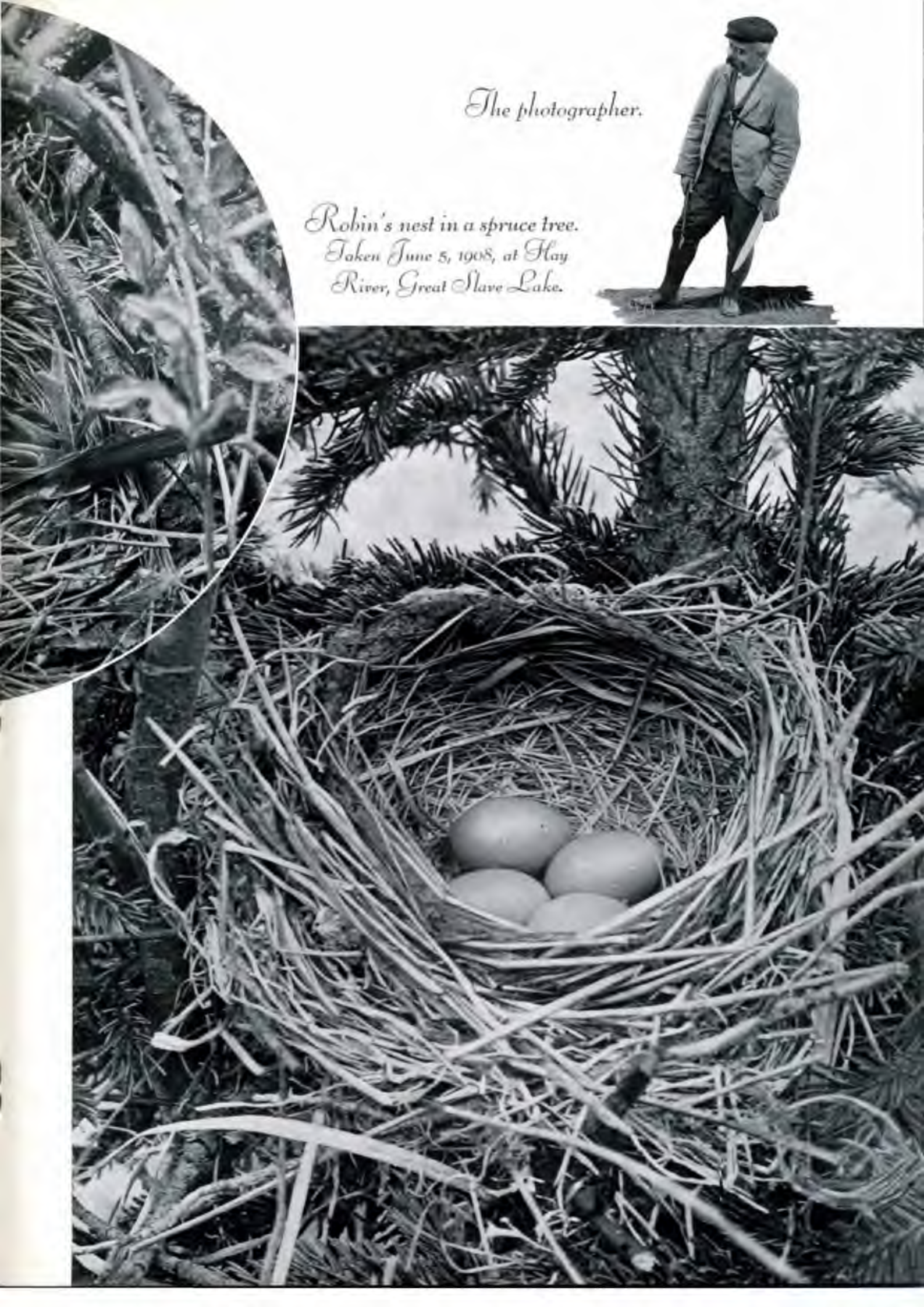


Top left: Botanists please identify. *Duck's nest—probably a mallard's.*

While her mate pipes "Sweet Canada" from the treetops, this whitethroat sits silent on her hidden nest.



Anemones push up through last year's dead leaves and bracken.

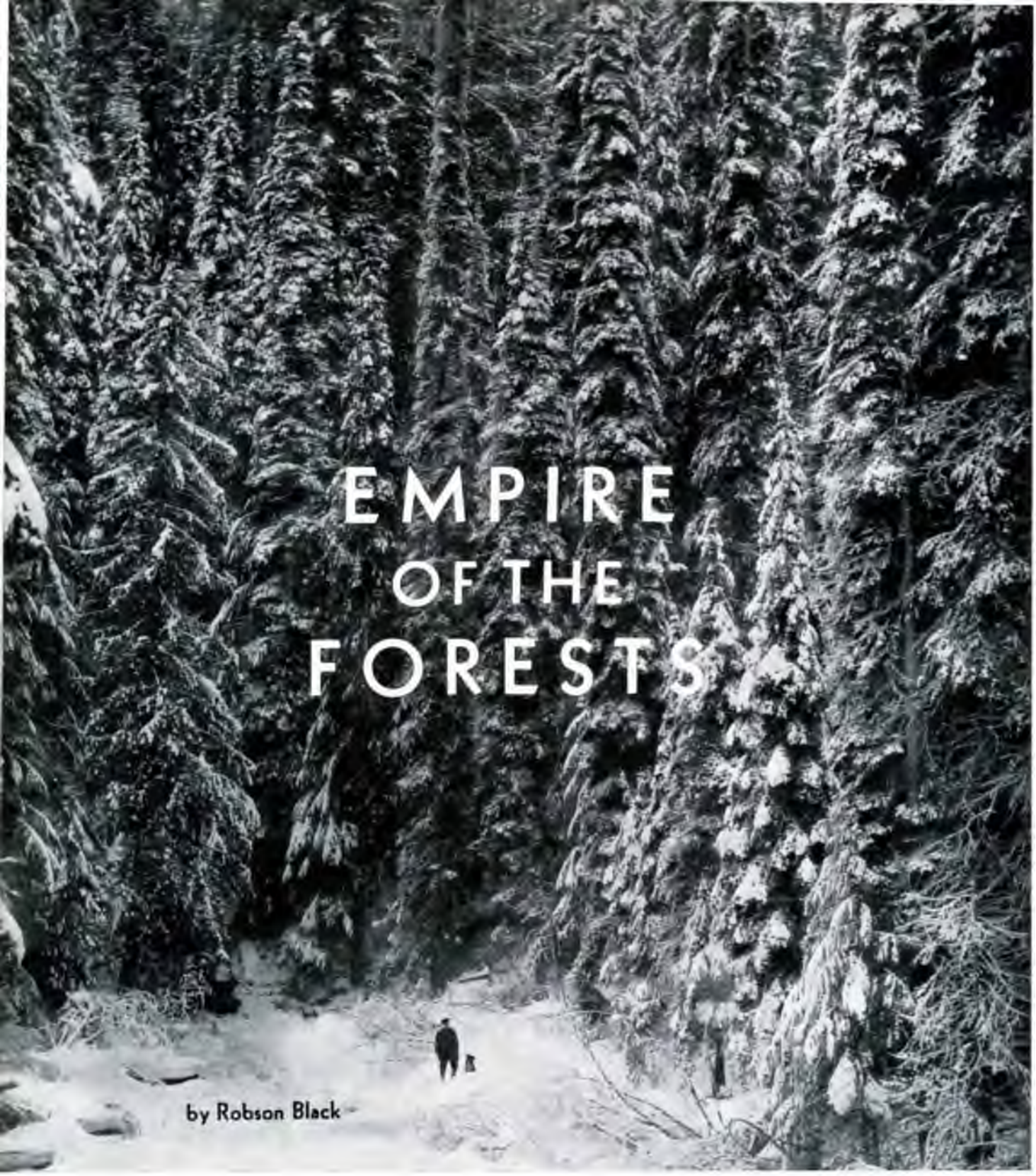


The photographer.

Robin's nest in a spruce tree.
Taken June 5, 1908, at Hay River, Great Slave Lake.

EMPIRE OF THE FORESTS

by Robson Black



This magnificent stand of spruce at Yahk, British Columbia, epitomizes the vast forest wealth of Canada. C.P.R.

THE Prairie West has won its world reputation mostly by wheat, but in the days to come it is likely to win a still greater reputation from the balanced development of its full quota of natural resources. To many citizens of Saskatchewan, for example, the statement that one third of the province (46,000 square miles) is under forest growth comes as a surprise. When we are told that over 30,000 square miles of Manitoba (or nearly three times the size of Belgium) is set aside for forest production, and that 93,000 square miles of Alberta is in the same classification, it broadens our definitions as to the assets and potentialities of the so-called "prairie" regions.

Taking Canada as a whole, virtually six acres of every ten, within the nine provinces, have been limited by nature to the growing of timber trees. Just fourteen percent of our Dominion has possibilities in agriculture. Our Canadian empire of forests, therefore, occupies a larger area than the combined areas of the British Isles, France, Spain, Portugal, Netherlands,

Denmark and Sweden. This surely is a possession worthy of the most rigid standards of conservation. We cannot treat it as a spending account until we first make certain that replenishment more than equals our withdrawals.

The world over, well organized economies have placed their forest resources in the very centre of their economic table. They have ceased to use our kindergarten terms of "heritage" and "endowment," knowing full well that what was a heritage five years ago may become a shambles tomorrow afternoon. They also have no translatable terms for our "unscratched" and "illimitable" descriptions of Canadian natural resources. Most bankrupts begin their descent in an "illimitable" frame of mind.

The whole North American continent has grown wealthy on exploitation of the natural resources. We did so because we kept plunging on to new frontiers. Now the frontiers have gone and we find ourselves required to make the *old* soils and the *old* forests and waters and wild life regenerate their productive powers in unfailing rotation through all the years ahead.

The great barrier to rational handling of our Canadian forest estate is the prevalence of forest fires, the greater part of which is traced to human origin. Between 1930 and 1940, despite valiant work of the forest protection services, four hundred million cubic feet of wood from our national storehouse were destroyed between spring and fall *each year*. One may well ask why, in this age of industrial expansion, must we keep open the gates of this public treasure to that handful of miscreants to whom treasure means nothing, and the public be damned. In the whole Dominion, the number of fire-setters does not run to more than five thousand: and yet the muscular giant of eleven millions still scratches his pate and wonders what to do with them.

Truly, the picture of unending fire destruction of our precious timberlands does not flatter a nation that in four years of war has found nerve and skill to produce a naval and aerial miracle. The fact is that any time we make up our minds to tackle the job, we can so reduce the pillage of forest fires as to make it a merely nominal incident in our management of the nation's woodland properties. If Russia, ringed about

A logging engine hauls some big timber to the mill. C.N.R.





Lumberjacks start to fell a giant Douglas fir. C.N.R.

Nimble as a squirrel on the logs, this seasoned river man guides them towards the jack ladder of the sawmill. C.N.R.





Sawn lumber is stacked ready for delivery to the world's markets. C.N.R.

with foreign invaders and fighting desperately for survival, can take time off to cut her forest fire losses by fifty percent in the past four years, Canada has a poor excuse for her own slothfulness.

Wood and its manufacture have long since become the greatest industry in this Dominion, employing more men, paying more wages, and utilizing a larger capital investment than any other, except agriculture. The products of the forest have been Canada's mainstay in creating favourable foreign exchange to support our vast purchasing programme in war supplies, a steady fund of more than three hundred million dollars yearly.

This, however, is only the first chapter in the development of our forest wealth. New invention, new engineering techniques, are rapidly establishing wood as the supreme raw material in the industrial world of tomorrow. The all-wood Mosquito bomber is merely a bird of augury heralding the new utilization of our Canadian woods in forms that now are beyond prediction. Wartime has created four thousand military uses of wood, and the armies of peace time will carry that number higher. We cannot escape the conclusion that forest materials are on an ascending scale of demand and value; nor can we deny ourselves the satisfaction that this involves a potential bonus of value upon every acre of productive woodland in Canada's possession.

Our problem, then, is to decide whether we, the owners of nearly ninety percent of all forest lands in the Dominion, choose to place those lands on a self-perpetuating basis by sound forest management, or prefer to pare off slabs of the capital stock by sheer public ineptitude. The first course means permanence of industry, employment, and foreign trade; the second course invites a drift to disaster.

This is the day of new social outlooks. Human betterment is not made from foolscap. Wages and homes and clothing and schools are things of solid substance. If any man needs his social outlook rationalized, let him look to the country's natural resources—the soils, the forests, the waters—for from such all wealth arises. But let him look to the forests first, for they are so easily destroyed, yet so readily regenerated and raised to higher standards of production. Conservation is becoming Canada's keyword to an expanding future. It has a pedigree ten thousand years old; and no nation, anywhere under the sun, has ever mocked it—and won.

The great robber of Canada's forest wealth in action. A mighty conflagration started by settlers' land clearing.





The Queen Looks at The Beaver

In the Churchill Club near Westminster Abbey, Her Majesty stands between two men from Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, and reads the September 1939 "Beaver." This is the issue containing the photos of the Royal Rent ceremony at Winnipeg, some of which were taken by Lt. Wallace V. Maclean, on the left. On the right is Group-Captain Paul Davoud, D.S.O., D.F.C., who appears in the picture at which the Queen is looking.

Canadian Army Photo



The Western Arctic District manager, R. H. G. Bonnycastle, tries out the Snowflier in Winnipeg before it goes north.

Over the Sea by Tractor

by Charles Reiach

Four men travel with a heavy load across the sea ice, which proves to be thinner than they expected.

IT happened the year of the Big Ice. Cold northwest winds had brought down ice which was two and three years old from near the Pole, to grind and crash its way into Dolphin and Union Straits. The ice in Coronation Gulf stayed solid till mid-August.

All the summer of '36 the supply vessels *Fort James* and *Audrey B.* tried to barge their way east through dense ice floes. At Coppermine, we had already made the first preparations for passing the coming winter on short supplies, when on September 28 at seven a.m., we saw the tall masts of the *Fort James* against the sky to the north. Coppermine River was already frozen over; however, we got our supplies ashore and under cover, and what a fine feeling that gave us!

The "Audrey B." leaving Perry River. Angus Gavin.



The *Audrey B.*, which had gone further east with supplies, ground its way into Coppermine six days later through two inches of young ice, with the district manager on board.

Owing to the restricted movements of the supply vessels that summer, our outpost at Kugaruak, fifty-six miles east, did not get its supplies. On October 27, it was decided to take an outfit to it by snowmobile. At that time we had a Ford V-Eight Snowflier, which had been brought into the country two years before as an experiment in faster winter travel. Through age and rough usage, the machine had become pretty rickety, and its latest ailment was shedding teeth off one of the gear wheels in the transmission.

The travelling party consisted of G. Claydon of the *Fort James*, the district manager (R. H. G. Bonnycastle) and myself. For safety's sake, in case of a complete and total breakdown, we took along Coyaeuk, an Eskimo, and two dogs with a tiny sleigh—the idea being to walk back and have the dogs haul our bedrolls.

That night all preparations were made. Three Cogmolluk sleighs were loaded up with over two tons of supplies and roped to our strange chariot with eighty-five horses under its hood.

We knew the ice was not very thick, but we figured we could make the trip. Anyway, we *had* to make it before the days got too short for travel. The Snowflier had an open truck body covered in with canvas. Claydon drove. He first took off the door on his side of the cab for quick exit. I was also in the cab and beside the heater. To take the door off my side would have created a draught through the cab, so it was decided that the passenger should sacrifice safety for comfort. The district manager placed safety

ahead of comfort and rode on the second sleigh, and we bundled Coyacuk and his two dogs in behind.

We had been warned about tide-cracks in the ice, so we were on the look out for these. Ours was a queer outfit which took a lot of handling. To make a sudden stop would cause 5,000 lbs. of sleighs and load to crash into our gas tank. Any sudden swerve would cause an upset and broken sleighs.

At six miles out we stopped for a look at the ice. We punched a hole with the ice chisel and measured. Eight inches. Well, it seemed safe enough, and yet 2,000 lbs. of snowmobile and 5,000 lbs. of a load was no feather floating along. We consoled ourselves that salt water ice was supposed to bend before it broke.

We were travelling at about 15 m.p.h. when we saw the first ice-crack a short hundred yards away. It didn't look very wide, and anyway we couldn't stop in that short distance. The crack was running at right angles and Claydon yelled, "Here we go!"

Across, he said, "Did you see that?" "Yes," I replied, "it was about a foot across." "No," he said, "I don't mean that. Did you see the ice *bend* nearly a foot, and the water gush up before we got to the crack? I felt sure our steering skis wouldn't mount the other side."

We saw the next crack about a mile ahead, and it looked like a wide one. We stopped, and it was decided that I go ahead and watch the behaviour of the Snowflier. This crack was about two feet wide, and on a signal the Snowflier came for it. Sure enough, the ice began to vibrate, causing little wavelets along the two-foot width of open water. Then the ice began to settle and the water to flow over it. When the Snowflier reached the crack, we were ready for anything to happen; but it gave a buck and a jump up the other side . . . then safely away with all three sleighs slithering along behind.

Several times we stopped en route to find the ice that same eight inches thick. Halfway there, and about a mile off shore, right in our path, appeared a patch of ice smoother and darker than the rest. This had been an open spot and had frozen over recently. Was it strong enough? Too late to find out. "Step on the gas, brother!" I breathed. Then I filled my



The party en route—the author, Coyacuk, and G. Claydon.

lungs—as if by doing that it might lighten us enough to carry us across that ugly looking spot!

Claydon eyed the width of the doorway for a quick jump. "Get ready!" he said. I pushed my door open and held it there with one foot on the running board. . . .

How thick that ice was, we never knew. We kept our eyes glued on the spot immediately ahead of the jiggling runners, expecting every moment to see them take a nose dive and be swallowed in a swirl of water. As we reached the middle of the newly frozen area, above the noise of the engine and the rattle of the treads we imagined we heard the cracking of ice, and a black line shot out sideways across the dark patch.

The next couple of seconds seemed like hours, as we watched the edge of the old ice draw nearer . . . Then we were across, clattering gaily along over the white expanse, with the three heavy sleighs swaying along behind us.

We made the fifty-six miles in five hours. Claydon drew off the oil that night and found three more gear teeth in it. Next day we back-tracked on our trail, sleighs piled one on the other, Coyacuk all smiles. This was the way to travel in future! Maybe if he had a big hunt that winter he would buy this gas-drinking machine. . . .!

In three hours we were home again, met by the pessimistic locals of the day before. I think they were astounded to see us arrive safe and sound. And I *know* that we were!

L. A. Learmonth.

The midnight sun shines across Coronation Gulf at Coppermine.



MEDICINE DANCE

by A Resident Nurse



Moanday, the medicine man.

DAY was changing into the spooky dusk of an autumn evening. Shadows gambolled in the swamp. "There's somethink ahead!" Nick said, stopping abruptly and fixing eyes on a point where the jack pines lost themselves in gloom.

"Maybe a wolf," I said, shrinking into the shrubbery. A grey timber had crossed our trail a mile back.

"Naw!" Nick said, contemptuously. "It's somethink livin'! It's comin' this way."

Nick was a young Ojibway, soft footed, keen eyed. He was escorting me from a patient's cabin. From the alert of his head I gathered the "somethink livin'" was to be reckoned with. An owl hooted. I ducked.

"*Pakahdeze!*" (He's no harm) Nick whispered.

As he spoke an apparition that almost scared the living daylights out of me crashed through the bushes a dozen yards ahead.

It was Moanday, medicine man. I knew him from the shrug of his lean shoulders and a hand he unconsciously kept closed. He stood, held by my terrified gaze. Nick was looking at him with a "you can't fool me" expression that helped bring my trembling knees to attention.

Moanday's face, painted diagonally with red and green stripes ending in his upstanding hair, looked like a cross between a clown and the keeper of Hades. He proceeded to tie on a black cloth mask he was carrying, obviously to hide his identity, then vanished in the darkening bush.

"He's goin' to make medicine dance," Nick volunteered. "Oh," I said, relieved. "I'm glad he didn't speak."

"Naw, they don't speak." Nick shook a knowing head. "He's come round bush trail. Listen! There's their drum."

I held my breath. There were two beats, a pause, two beats, with weird chanting. It swelled and ebbed uncannily till every rock and tree seemed to pulsate with its rhythm.

Not till I crossed these Ojibway trails did I realize the influence of sound on our responsive bodies.

The primitive Ojibway lies down to rest in such a position that he can hear only music in a stormy wind. Ojibway mothers hang their papooses to sleep in the south wind's lulling note. It is *swáungedaashkáhgad* (comforter), they say.

The medicine man straightens his patients' kinked nerves when they throw themselves erect to the thump, thump, thump of his drum. It is a tonic. And this weird racket coming from the medicine lodge challenges the fighting forces of the body to battle. One can feel it tapping some innermost chord.

As we breasted the ridge we could see the gables of the Indian village silhouetted against the sky and figures hurrying past their camp fire to the dance hall.

A week before I had watched Moanday set up this structure, some sixty feet long, with saplings, covering with leaves and twigs. Scenting information, I offered help, which he dismissed with a shrug and smile of understanding.

For nights he had sat by his door whittling pieces of wood into four-inch lengths, staining red and blue stripes across with raspberry and blueberry juice. It looked tedious and complicated, so I stayed apart. When he had a couple of dozen finished, he smiled and whispered confidentially, "Them's bids, askings."

I didn't understand, but Nick supplied the information as we skirted the rock walled creek. "Them sticks was bids. Medicine man he sends them to Indians he wants to come to the medicine dance. All other medicine men come too. Everybody dress up in good clothes."

So I gathered that in good civilized fashion, Moanday asked fellow practitioners, but exercised society's prerogative by leaving out other folks he didn't like.

The drum was rolling into wild staccato, surging and receding with never varying tempo. As we drew closer I could see Nick's body swaying, his eyes glinting. "Let's go see what they're doing," I suggested.

"Naw! Naw!" Nick clutched my arm fearfully and, placing a hand to the side of his mouth, whispered,



A "tender-bird" outside an Indian tent.

"Nobody never see that, no white person. If they see you they'll think I bring you here." I understood.

As we veered to our canoe, moonlight fell athwart the village tender-bird. "That good sign, very good," Nick chuckled, pointing to this guardian of Indian souls that is carved by the medicine man from a spruce block, blessed and mounted on a birch pole above Ojibway villages.

The red and blue spots with which it is decorated did not show in the glancing moonlight, but this dove of peace idea is reproduced in miniature and placed behind many cabins by the medicine man for a couple of packets of tobacco.

Later I got details of the doings inside the medicine lodge from campfire gossip.

At the end of the medicine lodge inside, Moanday erects two poles, a cross-bar between. At the foot of each pole he lays the body of a dog he has killed. Dishes of wild rice and raisins, roast duck or packages of tobacco are then set at intervals round the floor.

The patient, fully dressed and wrapped in a blanket, is carried into the centre. Then the guests, masked and with red and green stripes across their faces, file in, showing their invitations on which they've tied a piece of ribbon. Each guest brings a four-yard print length.

Moanday leading, they parade to the pole erection, approaching the dogs guardedly, backing up several times before a final leap in which they must touch a dog's body with one foot while they throw the print over the cross bar. This takes practice, but Moanday's followers are well schooled, and they have thus demonstrated that while they fear death they can conquer it, providing they've a good stand-in with the medicine man they've bribed with the print length.

Squatting, the guests start refreshments. The medicine men, handicapped by spoons, usually fall behind in the racing marathon but maintain enough dignity to shake ominous heads over their sick charge.

A red painted barrel, half filled with water and stones, with a canful of pebbles on top, is then brought in. Everyone pounds it with a wooden hammer, accompanying the action with face contortions, animal gestures and wailing.

Guests then, kneeling one by one beside the patient, transfer a shell they have tied in their invitation sticks to their mouths, then to the patient's body next his skin.

The pseudo-medicos then pull on an animal skin—wolf, bear or lynx—and, led by Moanday waving a bear's paw, yell an orgy of incantations rising into fury, akin to aboriginal ideas of nether-world antics. This battle song is to vanquish death.

The patient is carried out cured. The medicine men get into a huddle and divide the print, Moanday getting the lion's share.

This is a medicine dance. To the untutored, it appears a gathering and outburst of primitive fury on the evil one; to the patient, a challenge to his fighting forces now bolstered by hope; to the medicine men some good print lengths.

This professional ritual isn't all ease for Moanday however. Much rather would I scrub and sterilize for a major operation than erect a sixty-foot building and cover with twigs, then carve and stain a couple of dozen invitations Indianwise.

Then there is food to provide, which at best is strenuous enough work. Rice and tobacco can only be accumulated by work and saving. However, Moanday carries out his operation with sincerity, always satisfied with its sequel.

One case I knew. Mary was sick. Day and night I had watched her chances of life grow less and our good doctor shake his head. According to chart and symptoms Mary was dying.

Her people came. Could they take her to medicine dance, they asked. They did. A week later Mary was improving. Three weeks later Mary had recovered.

Axel was epileptic, almost imbecile. He was the worst case two hospitals had handled. Chances of improvement seemed definitley remote. After medicine dance he was able at intervals to earn a living. Who can explain?

To Moanday I said once, "Your patients don't always recover." He looked grave, then brightened; "White man's doctor put sick mans in box too sometimes, eh?"

Once or twice when epidemic was sweeping our mission, our well family gathered tin cans, wash tubs, pails, to beat medicine dance "music" beneath our windows. Chasing the young practitioners to the bush did little good, for the music continued and sounded still more dreary from the forest gloom.

When isolation and the gravity of illness was over, however, the aspiring "medicine men's" eyes sparkled. "We helped. We make medicine music for you," they said.

Medicine dance lodge framework, Little Grand Rapids. R. A. Talbot.



WHEN LOST IN THE NORTH

How airmen and others who are stranded in the North may keep alive till rescued.

"Some time in 1943 a United States army airplane went astray in northern latitudes, and was obliged to make a forced landing somewhere in Labrador. Prolonged inclement weather delayed rescue of the crew, and presently they ran short of food. According to one of the men, in a later news interview, they made several sallies from the grounded plane in the hope of finding a few *penguins!* Now the nearest penguin must have been several thousands of miles distant, in fact in the neighbourhood of the South Pole. Of this, of course, the hungry aviators, lacking knowledge of Arctic natural history, were ignorant."

So writes Dan McCowan, F.Z.S., the well known naturalist of Banff, Alberta. In the following article he offers a few suggestions on how men who are lost in the wooded areas of Canada may keep body and soul together, and in the succeeding article, E. J. "Scotty" Gall deals with the same subject as it applies to the treeless regions of the North.

Mr. Gall, who has served the Company in the Western Arctic for twenty years, was once stranded for six weeks on a tiny Arctic island, with no weapons but a bow and arrows which he made himself. He lived on a little bacon, some gulls, and two dogs. When winter set in, he crossed the new ice to a trading post, thirty-five miles away, with a small sled he had built out of driftwood, and his four remaining dogs.

I—Lost in the Woods

by Dan McCowan

DURING an extensive tour of Canadian military camps I have often been asked, particularly by airmen, about emergency foods, about living off the land. What could one find to eat in the Canadian wilderness, in the event of being stranded, is a question which often arises.

Apart from vegetable food, such as roots, bulbs, berries, lichens and fungi, of which there is seasonal abundance, one having some knowledge of the habits and haunts of creatures of the wild might readily contrive, if not to emulate the versatile Robinson family of Switzerland, at least to augment a diet of green feed. Over large areas of Canada, Nature's larder is normally well stocked with fish, flesh and fowl, a good deal of which is to be had for the taking. The cook book adage of "first catch your hare" should of course not be lost sight of, nor should the old proverb about a bird in the hand be forgotten.

Thus, casting about for furred or feathered game most easily captured, one's first choice might well fall upon the lethargic porcupine. This animal has nearly



Standard meal for a starving man in the woods. D. McCowan

all of temperate Canada for its home, is available even to an unarmed man, for a "porky" may be dispatched by a smart tap on the nose with a stick—if you are smart enough to persuade him to expose his snout. Also the flesh is good to eat, when one has an outdoors appetite. Perhaps the most simple method of cooking the animal is that adopted by the Indians—roasting the carcass, *au naturel*, in the embers of a wood fire. This of course is primitive but speedy, and there is little danger of getting a quill stuck in your gullet while you dine.

In wooded parts of the country Franklin's grouse or "Fool Hen" is fairly common. This is a bird easily converted into a meal. It is supremely indifferent to danger from mankind and offers an easy target to anyone capable of fairly accurate aim with a stone. A near miss means nothing to these "dumb clucks"; they will sit as still as milky cocoanuts in a midway booth and permit you to throw again and again. Across the northern coasts of Canada and at high altitudes in the Rockies and Selkirks are many ptarmigan. These grouse—tan, brown and red in summer, almost white in winter—are likewise confiding, permitting near approach of a person on foot and being loath to seek safety in flight. They are not so succulent as a plump pullet or a grain-fed capon, but turned on a green willow spit over a glowing bed of birch or poplar coals they are nevertheless savoury food for a hungry wayfarer.

Unless you were provided with a pick and shovel it would be somewhat difficult to place groundhog on the menu. Even then, I fear you would not greatly

"Wild sheep meat is spoken of reverently around camp fires in the Rockies." D. McCowan

Franklin's grouse is definitely a dumb cluck, and will sit still until you hit it. D. McCowan



relish a groundhog goulash; it is apparently no dish for a gourmet. At least I so gather from the comment of an individual induced to partake of the flesh of one of these animals. He said, "It tasted exactly like wild goats smell."

A person having a gun and ammunition or even a trap could of course have much greater choice of game animals and birds. In the marshes are innumerable muskrats which, if hardly classed as game, are nevertheless quite good to eat. In parts of the United States they are regularly sold in meat markets as Marsh Rabbit. Rabbits can be either shot or snared, and while there is not much nourishment in a hare, yet one of these muscular creatures may form the nucleus for a mulligan or a soup.

The carcass of any one of the half dozen kinds of deer native to Canada would form a banquet for a group of men cut off from civilization and faced with starvation. Wild sheep meat is highly esteemed, is spoken of reverently around camp fires in the Rockies. That of the white goat is much inferior in quality and flavour; indeed I have never quite comprehended how Jacob succeeded in "putting one over" on Isaac by serving him goat flesh as venison, the latter being the old gentleman's favourite dish.

A steak from the rump of a black bear is not to be despised when venison is hard to get. The Canada lynx is not usually considered edible; yet almost one hundred years ago at Jasper House, the fur trader in charge of that post subsisted largely on lynx meat for an entire winter. It is significant that the flesh was minced before being cooked and, so far as my historical culinary records go, this was the debut of the hamburger in what is now the province of Alberta.



This black bear is going to provide a meal for some hungry people. S. R. Crone

And there's always fish . . . S. R. Crone



In a few scattered areas in Canada a hungry person might make a meal from rattlesnake. Reptiles of this type are found along the southern borders of Alberta and Saskatchewan and also in the high hot hills around Kamloops. The meat, as I recall it, is somewhat insipid to the taste; in fact, although it commands a fancy price, there is nothing save perhaps novelty to place it on a par with an inferior sandwich spread. Much more toothsome are the legs of frogs, of which there is no scarcity during the greater part of the year in the swamps of temperate Canada.

On the Pacific seaboard a hungry man might fare pretty well on the sand beaches, where clams are to be found. Mussels are also to be had amongst the rocks, and small crabs are sometimes stranded in pools when the tide is low. There, however, one would look in vain for lobsters, so dear to the palate of a Nova Scotian. There are oysters in Pacific waters, but no lobsters.

With a scoop net or with hook and line a mess of trout or other fish may be had in many streams and lakes. Salmon may be taken with gaff or spear and, even if one is without tackle, or without tools other than a pocket knife, it is possible to fashion a primitive fish trap from willows, weaving these into a tubular basket with an inverted conical end through which fish may readily enter but not easily escape. Placed in a narrow channel where fish are "running," such a contrivance may yield a large harvest of good fresh food.

To castaways, either from a vessel or a plane, even a rudimentary knowledge of natural history may be vitally important. Indeed, in such emergency when food is scarce the individual who knows where sea fowl lay their eggs, who can reveal the secret hiding places of the clams, or lay bare the hoarded wealth of honey bees, may not only save his own life but also that of his shipmates of the sea or of the air.

II—Lost in the Arctic

by E. J. Gall

TO the average person "outside," and even to those who have spent a considerable time "in the country," the thought of finding himself lost in the Barren Lands or Arctic Islands would inspire feelings of extreme helplessness, if not of actual dread.

For the Eskimo, of course, the problem is greatly minimized—although there are times when, owing to a variety of circumstances such as lack of game in certain districts and the capricious nature of the winters, even he is hard put to it to find enough to eat.

However, supposing one is lost, by keeping one's wits about one and one's eyes literally wide open, it may be possible to subsist until help arrives. But for the aforementioned reasons, no hard and fast rules can be given.

The following suggestions are written on the assumption that the lost traveller has on his person nothing but the clothes he wears and the usual objects carried in one's pockets—watch, matches and knife. As different conditions are found in the Barren Lands and the Arctic Islands in summer as well as winter, the notes are divided into four sections.

Barren Lands in Summer

Your direction, of course, you can get from the sun and your watch. When this is settled to your satisfaction, keep to the high ridges of land while walking so that, if any search party is on the look out for you, you will be clearly seen. Besides, if any Eskimos are around, they will see you long before you catch sight of them.

Keep your eyes open for rocks set on end and for rock caches where a supply of dried caribou meat may be hidden. Ravens circling around overhead often lead the way to a freshly killed, half-eaten carcass where a wolf has been disturbed at his meal.

Discarded caribou horns should not be ignored. These may supply material for weapons and fishing implements. The ground squirrel at this season should be fairly plentiful on sandy knolls. They are

The ptarmigan in late spring plumage is hard to see among rocks.





The ground squirrel is tasty—if you're hungry. Lorene Squire.

generally quite tame after you have been in the vacinity for a little while, and a well aimed rock or a snare should ensure a meal. Material for the snare may be got by unravelling some thread from your clothes.

Keep a look out for young ptarmigan, which are usually numerous in August and September. Their colouring, however, so resembles the rocks and lichens where they live that they are at first difficult to see.

Lemmings, which look like stub-tailed mice about four inches long, are to be found either in great plenty or not at all. They can be killed with a stick, but sometimes you can let an owl do the killing for you. Owls often kill them for the fun of it and leave the carcasses to other predators.

Provided you have been successful in securing a nice fat ground squirrel or ptarmigan or lemming, a good way to cook it is to cover it entirely with a quarter inch of clay (of which you will find many patches as you walk along). Place two flat stones on edge about a foot apart, parallel with the wind. In between these lay as much moss or brush as will make a hot fire. Stir up the embers and place your clay roaster in them. Keep piling on more brush or moss. In an hour your meal should be ready; but that, of course, will depend entirely on the degree of your appetite.

If your direction should take you across a creek, choose a pool two or three feet deep with shallows above and below. Look carefully to see if there are any fish lurking there, as not every pool contains fish. When you have ascertained this, place rocks across the upstream ford to prevent the fish from going upstream. Partly close the lower one, leaving room for the fish to enter the pool. Now go downstream about a mile, keeping away from the creek, then wade upstream, throwing pebbles in the water as you go. This sounds arduous, but is generally worth the trouble. When you arrive back at your fish trap, close the gap, making sure there are no holes at which your fish can sneak out.

Provided you are lucky and can see some fish in the trap, the next problem will be to spear them. The Eskimos have a spear shaped somewhat like Britannia's trident, except that the outside prongs are bent in at the point and the centre one is short and barbed. If you have found a caribou horn on your way, this, with the aid of your pocket knife and of willows (which should be plentiful), could make your spear. If not, and if you are too hungry to wait, well aimed rocks should again supply a meal.



Demonstrating the Eskimo fish spear. L. Learmonth.

At this season there should also be many migratory birds, in the south small birds, and further north, towards the coast, several varieties of ducks and geese, whose eggs make good eating.

Barren Lands in Winter

The same procedure of following high ridges of land should be adhered to.

Game will be scarce. All wild fowl, with the exception of ptarmigan, owls and ravens, will have gone south. Ptarmigan may be snared, using the material mentioned before. Their tracks are generally to be found in the vicinity of heavy brush or clumps of willow. After disposing of the ptarmigan, its skin and feathers may be used to secure a future meal, thus:

If you have chanced to see a fox or his tracks, you can make an Eskimo snow trap. To do this select a snow bank. Dig a circular hole about a foot in diameter and four feet deep, using a sharp stone if you have no knife. Make the bottom circumference larger than the top. Place some sharpened willow stakes at the bottom of the hole, sharp ends up. Cover the upper hole with a pan of snow, enough to break easily under the fox's weight, and scatter the skin and feathers of the ptarmigan over it. All you can do after that is to go away for a time and hope for the best.

A blue goose makes a succulent meal or three. A. Gavin.



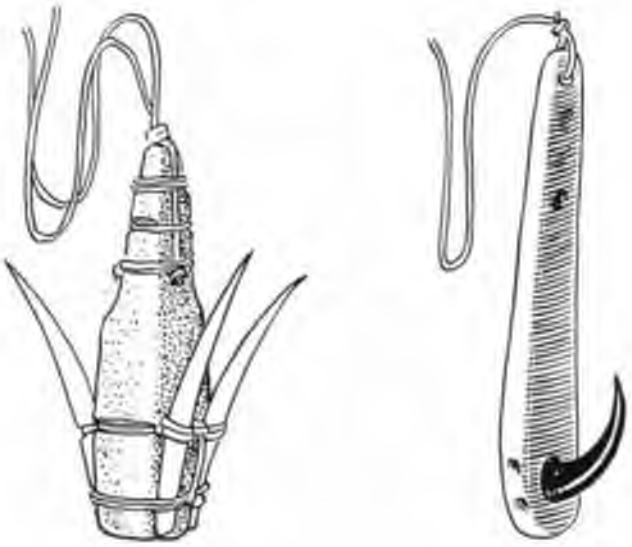
Another method of catching a fox is to get some fairly strong willows and make a deadfall, using willows and rocks.

In some parts of the barrens there is the Arctic hare. You may come across him amongst outeroppings of flat rocks, in the shelter of which he may be found sunning himself on a fine day. He can be killed with a well-aimed rock.

Lemmings burrow into snow drifts, and must be dug out. Their runways can be located by watching a fox prodding his nose and forefeet into the snow, or finding a place where he has done so.

In most of the lakes, and especially in lakes with creeks leading into them, fish will be found. Select a position off a point of low land running out into the lake close to the creek, or, if there is one, close to an island. Choose a spot where there is lots of snow—the ice will be thinner there.

Your pocket knife will have to serve to dig out the hole. The hook you can fashion from a pin or a nail from your boot. If you have picked up a piece of bone, this makes an ideal spinner to which to anchor these. Your clothing will again have to furnish the line, which will have to be braided for strength. Fasten a button or two about six inches from the hook to attract the fish.



Eskimo hooks for jigging. Left: A stone with ivory hooks; right, a piece of bone with a hawk's talon. From the Company's historical collection.

Now let the line sink to about a foot from the bottom. Jerk it up about a foot and let it sink slowly back. This is called jigging and is a tedious job; but don't be too easily discouraged. If you stay with it, you will be rewarded.

It is very important that you should build some kind of shelter each night as you move along. Select a spot where the snow is fairly deep. Don't go under a bluff or overhanging rock, or a gale will snow you under. Try to find a thin rock which will serve as a snow knife. Cut the snow in blocks as evenly and as nearly rectangular as possible. The hole from which you have cut these blocks will be your hut. Lean the blocks against one another, making a roof like that of an A-tent, then patch up the holes with loose snow. If your hut is not deep enough, scoop out the snow from inside.



Goose eggs are luscious—even if ripe—when you're ravenous. A. Gavin.

Arctic Islands in Summer

(July, August and early part of September)

Migratory birds such as ducks, geese and the smaller varieties are to be found in abundance on Banks, Victoria, King William and Southampton Islands, and in the southwestern parts of Baffin Island. Eggs and, later, young birds will have to be your staple diet unless you become proficient with a sling-shot (not a catapult), with which practically every young boy has at one time or another been acquainted, and which still are used by the Eskimos.

Geese usually nest close to the grassy banks of lakes and on the small islands in these lakes. These birds moult in the latter part of July and early part of August, during which time they cannot fly. Eider ducks nest on the tundra and beside small rocks, and you may well pass by the mother bird sitting on her nest without noticing her, as her colouring blends with her surroundings. Gulls' nests are to be found mostly on rocky islands and large lakes inland and on small rocky islands off the coast. Terns lay their eggs almost anywhere, especially on fairly large sandy islands. You can always tell when you are near a tern's nest by the shrill cries and vicious swoops of the angry parents. Smaller birds are everywhere, but their nests are more difficult to find among the many rocks.

An eider duck and her nest. L. Squire and J. Thom.





Even small fry such as these snowbirds are not to be scorned by a starving man. C. A. Keefer.

Fish again are plentiful in the creeks in July. Break-up occurs at this period and there is usually a run lasting for about two weeks; after that fishing is poor until the end of August. This latter run lasts until freeze-up. Tom-cod, however, though not very sustaining, nor particularly appetizing, may be had all the year round by jigging. This holds good for most of the sheltered bays on the south side of the islands.

Seal is fairly plentiful on the salt ice, where they may be seen basking in the sun. But unless you have a gun or have had previous experience and unlimited patience, spearing a seal is a ticklish business on open water, and without a boat it is practically out of the question.

The majority of native camps in summer will be found on the south side of all the islands near the mouths of the creeks, so by following a large creek to its outlet you may be reasonably sure of coming across an encampment.

Arctic Islands in Winter

Nearly all bird life will have disappeared, with the exception of a few ptarmigan, and they, too, disappear in November. There may be some owls around, varying in number from very few to very many, depending on the migratory habits of the lemming. Foxes, too, depend for food on those same little creatures.

On the whole, fish is the one thing which one may reasonably expect to find at all seasons, being fairly plentiful until the end of November, then gradually dwindling in number until the middle of March, when they may again be had by jigging in the big lakes. Tom-cod, of course, may be had by this means all winter.

Sealing on the ice in winter with a spear is an art only acquired by many years of experience and days of standing in the bitter cold with little or no results. All in all, without previous stores cached in the fall, even the Eskimo finds it quite a problem to exist during the long Arctic winter.

Here are some further hints which may be useful:

1. When matches get wet, place in your hair and leave till dry.

2. To quench your thirst in winter take a handful of snow and hold it under your armpit inside your parka till it commences to thaw. Then suck the water from the snow.

3. If you have fallen in water in cold weather, immediately roll yourself in loose snow. The snow acts like a blotter and absorbs the moisture.

4. Provided you have the equipment, there are two ways in which seal can be caught under the ice in the Western Arctic.

One fairly successful way which works in the fall and spring is to dig four holes about two feet back from the seal hole. Place a large (eight-inch) mesh net eight feet square across the hole beneath the ice. Let the net sink two feet below the bottom of the ice. The idea is that the seal follows the lower surface of the ice in coming up to his breathing hole, and afterwards dives straight down, when he is caught in the net.

The other method is to use two or three large cod hooks, letting them hang hard against the ice in the hole. The seal will pass them easily coming up, but on the way down the barbs will penetrate and hold him.

Fish is the staple food in the Arctic. L. A. Learmonth.



SUMMER PACKET



Where Is the Arctic?

A few weeks ago, *Time* referred to Norman Wells as being "100 miles south of the Arctic." What they meant, of course, was south of the Arctic Circle. But it raised again the old question of the exact limits of the Arctic regions.

Going back to Dr. Johnson's dictionary of 1785, we find that he defines the word "Arctick" as "Northern; lying under the *Arctos*, or bear"—that is, the constellation of the Great Bear. But he goes further, and identifies the Arctic Circle as "the circle at which the northern frigid zone begins." This, to say the least, is vague.

The celebrated doctor also points out that the word is often erroneously written without the first c (as indeed it often is to-day) and quotes some lines from Dryden in which it is spelt after the old French fashion *artique*, and made to rhyme with "alike"!

We think the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* comes closer to the mark when they say that the Arctic Circle "has no geographical value as a boundary. A more satisfactory delimitation of the Arctic regions is the area north of the limit of tree growth." But if this is true, the south boundary of the Arctic reaches down to Lat. 54° on James Bay, some 870 miles below the Circle, and as far north as a point on the Horton River, 220 miles above the Circle.

Maybe it's like the snake's tail—you can't tell where it begins, but you always know where it ends.



R. I. 3½ P. and Sheep

One of our ex-fur traders now with the R.C.A.F. reports the finding of a cave near Bella Bella, B.C., containing three Indian coffins, each with a skeleton inside. One of the skeletons was wrapped in what had doubtless been the deceased's most cherished antehumous possession—a 3½-point Hudson's Bay blanket. But we are inclined to regard with skepticism our informant's statement that the label had been altered to read: "Standard for the *Next* World.". . .

And talking of blanket points—we thought we'd heard all the curious explanations as to their meaning that imagination could concoct; but here's a new one, straight from the St. Paul, Minn., *Dispatch*. From their column "Hawf and Hawf" we learn that the points in our blankets are "just another way of indicating the amount of wool in them. A two-point is 50 per cent wool, three-point 75, and four-point 100 percent." This amazing statement is followed by an anecdote about a shopper who saw a "4½ Point Hudson Bay Blanket" in a St. Paul store window, and on enquiring was told by the sales girl that it contained the wool from four and a half sheep. The questions at once arise: what kind of sheep, and what size?

To sum up the actual facts: 1, All Hudson's Bay "Point" Blankets are one hundred percent wool. 2, Back in 1779, the points signified the exchange value in terms of beaver—one beaver per point. 3, Nowadays the points refer to the size (not the weight per square foot) and the only sizes sold are 3½-point (63x81 ins.) and 4-point (72x90 ins.).

Next please?



Henry Jones

A few notes on the man responsible for the beautiful nature photographs in the centre pages of this issue appear on page 24. His story is such an interesting one, however, that it will bear enlargement here.

Henry Jones came from South Wales, and in his youth shipped before the mast on a windjammer, making several voyages to Australia and other distant parts of the world. He came into the Mackenzie Valley from the west coast. When he began taking pictures, we have no means of determining; but a very few of his negatives, such as the one of the robin's nest, are dated, and we do know that he spent several years along the great river. Considering that he travelled as far down as the Arctic—as shown by the picture on page 18 of the December 1942 *Beaver*—he must have been there in the great days of the whalers. But none of his negatives survive, picturing their activities.

Photos of his Indian wife and family appeared in *The Beaver* for March (p. 28) and June (p. 32) last year. The group of his pictures in the earlier issue give some idea of the wide variety of subjects that he photographed. To quote George Pendleton, through whose kindness the Jones negatives came to us: "Nothing was too commonplace for him to record. He spent days looking for birds, their nests and eggs. All plant life

was of interest to him. He went with the Indians on hunting and fishing trips. He watched them at work and play. But above all, wherever he went, he took a camera." His equipment was good, and his exposures were nearly always well timed.

In his old age, Jones died of cancer. But he left to his friend Bill Garbutt, post manager at Fort Resolution, the negatives which Mr. Pendleton now has in his possession, and which will soon be deposited in the safekeeping of *The Beaver* files. Amounting in all to about 350 plates and films, 3¼x4¼ ins., they will constitute a rich fund on which to draw for illustrations in future issues. For they form a unique and invaluable record of life along the great Mackenzie in an era that has gone forever.



Morton's "Simpson"

Those who have been awaiting the publication of A. S. Morton's biography of Sir George Simpson will be glad to hear that it will appear in the book stores this summer. A comprehensive review of the book has already been written for *The Beaver* by Prof. A. R. M. Lower, from page proof; but owing to wartime delays in book publishing, it will not appear in print until the September issue.



Last of the Line

With the death on March 1st of Chief Trader James Ogden Grahame, the old line of the Company's commissioned officers passed forever into history. It was a long line and an honourable one, distinguished by the names of men who laid the foundations of the North and West—McLoughlin, Douglas, Ogden, Work, Campbell, Anderson, Rae, Ross, Sinclair, Rowand, Camsell, McDonald, McTavish, Simpson, MacFarlane, and others too numerous to list here.

Chief Trader Grahame was born into the fur trade at the great depot of Fort Vancouver only four years after the Oregon Treaty was signed. His father, James A. Grahame, was a clerk there, but later rose to the successive ranks of Chief Trader, Chief Factor, and Chief Commissioner. The son started to work for the Company in the year of Confederation, at Fort Victoria. Seven years later, he moved to Fort Garry to become his father's secretary, and thereafter travelled widely with him throughout the West.

In 1879 he was appointed to the rank of Chief Trader, and four years later took charge of Thompson's River district at Kamloops. He established a trading post at Vernon, and in 1892 built a store at Nelson. These three establishments have since become part of the Interior Stores Division of the Company.

Mr. Grahame retired from the service in 1902, and lived in Victoria until his death at ninety-three.

Skookum

In the last *Beaver* we labelled one of Kathleen Shackleton's portraits "Skookum Davis." But we have since learned from *The Shoulder Strap*, the excellent magazine of British Columbia's provincial police, that his name is Davidson, that he is a constable in that province's special police reserve, and incidentally that in the last war he won the D.C.M. and bar, the M.M., and the French Croix de Guerre. We offer our apologies to Mr. Davidson.



"The Beaver"

There seems to be quite a difference of opinion as to the exact character of this magazine. Some people refer to it as a house organ, others as a staff paper, and still others as—of all things—a trade journal.

It's a house organ in the sense that it is published by a company which is not in the publishing business. But it is not a staff magazine concerned with personal news about the employees of the H B C. That aspect of the Company's activities is left to other publications. Each large store has its own staff paper, the Interior Stores Division publishes *The Party Line* (which appeared last month in an attractive new format), the Wholesale Department puts out a paper called *What's Brewing*, Hudson's Bay House intermittently distributes *The House Detective*, and the Fur Trade issues *The Moccasin Telegraph*.

Anyone who thinks that *The Beaver* is devoted exclusively to the operations of the H B C has only to count the pages in this issue in which the Company is not even mentioned. Of the eleven articles listed in the table of contents, seven, totalling twenty-eight pages, do not once refer to the Hudson's Bay Company.

Our subscribers often refer to this quarterly as "educational"—and that's really what it is: a magazine whose mission in life is to be an authoritative and attractive source of information on the Canadian North, past and present.



Gift From Aklavik

The good people of Aklavik on the Mackenzie, one hundred and twenty-five miles north of the Arctic Circle, have clubbed together and bought a blood donor truck for the Red Cross. Indians and Eskimos as well as whites divvied up and sent their money south, so that this important work of the Red Cross could be carried on in the rural districts around Alberta's capital. The mobile clinic consists of a panel type truck equipped with folding seats. It carries a staff of three, who will tap the blood of many a husky son of the North for use on the battlefields of Europe. Representing Aklavik at the presentation in Edmonton on May 9, were Assistant-Commissioner W. F. W. Hancock of the R.C.M.P., and J. Bartleman, manager of the H B C's Mackenzie River District.

Not-So-Scarce Beavers

The response to our packet note of last issue, asking for certain back numbers of *The Beaver*, has been good. Now the only issues of which we are short are those of December 1942 and March 1943. The others are back to the twenty-five cent price level.



Contributors

Robson Black is president and general manager of the Canadian Forestry Association and editor of its illustrated monthly *Forest and Outdoors*. . . . Charles Camsell, C.M.G., LL.D., is Deputy Minister of Mines and Resources in the Dominion Government and director for Canada of the North Pacific Planning Project. The son of Chief Factor Julian S. Camsell, he was born at Fort Liard, N.W.T. . . . A. J. Dalrymple is on the editorial staff of the *Vancouver Daily Province*. . . . E. J. Gall is one of the most experienced Company men in the Arctic. He skippered the *Aklavik* on her historic voyage to Bellot Strait in 1937. . . . Aileen Garland is principal of a Winnipeg school. . . . Jack Hambleton is on the staff of the Toronto *Globe and Mail*. . . . Trevor Lloyd, Ph.D., is on the staff of the Department of Geography, Dartmouth College. . . . A. R. M. Lower is professor of history at United College, University of Manitoba, and past president of the Canadian Historical Association. . . . Archdeacon D. B. Marsh, formerly of Eskimo Point, N.W.T., is at present rector at Courtwright, Ontario. . . . Dan McCowan, F.Z.S., is widely known as a naturalist who lectures and writes about wild life in the Rockies. . . . W. L. Morton is assistant professor of history at the University of Manitoba. . . . Charles Reiach is post manager at Aklavik. He has been with the Company for eighteen years.

London Letter

As this letter is written, England is waiting tensely for invasion day. She has never looked lovelier than in this late spring weather, with her trees weighed down with blossoms. She is like a beautiful garden that contains an unexploded bomb.

When these words appear in print, the great day may have passed. But now the whole country is hushed and waiting. London goes on as usual, but down her streets walk servicemen and women from every Allied nation. Though the country lanes where hedgerows are full of spring flowers, dusty convoys roll—camouflaged tanks, guns and big trucks carrying invasion craft. American jeeps are everywhere. Rows of Red Cross ambulances glimpsed through the trees of a wood remind us what the longed-for Second Front will mean in human suffering. And overhead, looking like white moths in the blue sky, fly huge formations of planes on their relentless bombing missions over enemy territory.

On dark nights lately the sirens have begun to moan again. But to those who were here in the blitz these few short raids by scattered planes are child's play. Only the noise is worse, for the barrage is terrific. None of the Company's staff have been injured in this "little blitz," but Mr. Stacpole, the General Manager, and Mr. Brooks, the Secretary, have each spent all night putting out neighbours' fires.

Women work at everything—they are driving horse drays and motor trucks, conducting busses, steering coal barges. They are porters in the blacked-out railway stations, and on the underground. Many of them look tired, after five years of war, but there is a look of triumph in their faces, for they feel the end is not so far away. At a recent demonstration for "Salute the Soldier" week on the ruins round St. Paul's, one of the most striking items watched by the staff was a battery of searchlights manned completely by A.T.S. girls.

We have been active in our savings efforts. The Hudson's Bay Beaver Club more than doubled its target in the City's "Salute the Soldier" savings drive. And at a meeting of members of the Fur Trade in Beaver Hall, addressed by the famous First World War submarine V.C., Admiral Sir E. Dunbar Nasmith, £1000 was collected for British seamen when a tobacco jar was auctioned. The jar, which was made of stone from the bomb-damaged portion of the House of Commons, will now go to America to be auctioned again—this time for American and British sailors.

Distinguished members of the Government, trade, finance and industry were guests at a luncheon in honour of the Governor's knighthood given by the president and council of the London Fur Trade Association, and held at the ancient hall of the Worshipful Company of Vintners.

In addition to his knighthood, the Governor has also been honoured by his appointment to one of the oldest offices in England—high sheriff of the county of London. In a ceremony dating back to the fourteenth century, the King pricks a hole with a silver bodkin against one of the three names nominated for each county by the Lord Chancellor, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord President and Members of the Privy Council, the Lord Chief Justice and two other High Court Judges. This "pricking of the sheriffs" is a custom which has survived from the days when even the King was not expected to be able to write.

Lady Ashley Cooper, in charge of information at the Beaver Club, arranges hospitality for servicemen on furlough. When she finds a Hudson's Bay man, she invites him down to the Governor's lovely old house at Hexton Manor. Among those who have lately found peace and rest there, were Major W. D. H. Frechette from Mackenzie-Athabasca District office, and Lieutenant W. F. Rannie from Fort Smith.

Company staff are playing their parts on many battlefronts. We are especially proud of Corporal H. Willacy, fur warehouse, who has won the Military Medal for distinguished service in Italy. Seven times, in the long drawn out, bloody battle of the Sangro, he waded across the river to lay and repair cables under heavy fire.

Among the thirty-one London staff to be given long service awards this year, were Mrs. L. A. Sach, who now has a third gold bar for forty-five years' service, and J. C. Garrett (fur warehouse), who has the gold medal after thirty years with the Company.

Caviar for Celebrities

Five photos by Jack Hambleton



Near Fort Hope, two hundred miles north of Lake Superior, the Indians catch sturgeon in the Albany River. Left: U. K. "Yorki" Fisger, district forester at Geraldton, Ont., helps an Indian girl to display one of the big fish.



Right: The caviar from the sturgeon is shipped out by air. As soon as the hum of the plane's engine is heard, Indians run down to the river's edge and haul out the fish, which have been caught and tethered to stakes to keep them fresh. Here an Indian administers the coup de grace.



Left: While the caviar is being extracted from the sturgeon, the airmen cook their lunch on the shore.







Above: Sturgeon nets hang up to dry. Right: A pailful of caviar ready for shipment to New York. Below: At the Club Versailles, one of New York's famous night spots, the owners give a party and caviar from Fort Hope is served up on ice, garlanded in flowers. Left to right: Carl Brisson, the screen star, who is the featured singer at the club, and Mrs. Brisson; Nick Prunis, one of the owners; Mr. and Mrs. Larry Rhodes; and Mr. Arnold, the other owner.



Here and There



Left: Sir Patrick Ashley Cooper, Governor of the Company, leaves Buckingham Palace after being knighted by the King. With him are Lady Ashley Cooper, his elder daughter Miss Cynthia, who is a military hospital nurse, and his son, Rifleman James Ashley Cooper.

Below: A fine study of a red fox, by William Blowey, manager of the Company's Steeprock muskrat preserve.

Below, left: An Indian grave in Ontario. Under the birchbark cover was a prayer book, and a miniature tea pail for the departed spirit, made out of an "Imperial Mixture" tin.





Below: Miss Paulette Anigodlok tries out a typewriter at Coppermine post, and Eskimo girls sample some ice cream cones at Aklavik.
L. A. Learmonth and R. P. Smith.





BOOK REVIEWS

Canada's Story

THE PAGEANT OF CANADIAN HISTORY, by Anne Merriman Peck. Longmans, Green and Co., New York and Toronto, 1943.

MRS. PECK is to be congratulated on the production of a readable and sympathetic history of Canada. It will prove of service to American readers who may desire a comprehensive and well told account of the development of their northern neighbour. Canadians whose history has grown rusty will find it a valuable refresher of faded schoolday knowledge.

Yet this reviewer must confess to a certain disappointment. The pageantry of Canadian history is so vivid as to have tempted pens less skilled than Mrs. Peck's. So colourful is Canadian history that it is a standing paradox that Canadians should find it dull. The bold hues, the high scenes, the march of events are not, however, caught and set forth in this book in the style of pageantry. Rather we have a competent narrative, woven of many bright threads indeed, but not a pageant. It would be unfair to make so much of a title were it not that there is a real job to be done here. Mrs. Peck has made a good effort, but has not wholly succeeded.

This partial failure is caused not only by inadequate dramatic selection, but also by lack of full appreciation of two principal motifs of Canadian history. As the St. Lawrence is the key to Canada, so the Canadian river system—the St. Lawrence, the Winnipeg, the Saskatchewan, the Columbia, the Mackenzie, the rivers of the Canadian Shield and the Rockies—is the key to Canadian history. On the web of the waterways the fur traders first traced the outline of the Dominion, and later the railways confirmed the pattern with threads of steel.

One misses Professor H. A. Innis in Mrs. Peck's bibliography. Without a study of his *The Fur Trade*, the history of Canada must seem a curious accident, a failure of Manifest Destiny, or the well known conflict of history and geography of which too much has been heard. Countries are not built by defying geography. Canada grew out of hers.

It is surprising, too, that an American writer should have missed the great parallel of Canadian with American history. The westward expansion of the Dominion raised issues between the English and French in Canada that severely tried the federal structure, just as westward expansion brought slave and free states to the dread trial of the Civil War. Louis Riel and John Brown may well have exchanged nods in whatever haven political martyrs find hereafter, and the soul of Riel marches yet in Canadian history.

The ungracious task of minute faultfinding is not onerous in this case. Mrs. Peck on the whole has slipped deftly through the whirlpools of controversy and kept to the central current. One may question the adequacy of the treatment given to the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, or to the Red River insurrection. Is it really true that assimilation of immigrants has proceeded more slowly in Canada than in the United States, or that the federal government in Canada has more control over the provinces than its American counterpart has over the states? No Canadian can agree, however unfortunate it was for Montgomery that his attack on Quebec was repulsed, that it was unfortunate for Canada. We know Mrs. Peck meant no such thing, but it is a surprising discord which should be eliminated. And as plainsmen we overlook "the three-decker frigates" before Quebec.

The photographic illustrations are excellent and well chosen. The bibliography, though of respectable length, is lacking in ballast, and this lack explains the shortcomings of the text to a large degree.

We have to thank the author for a good rendition of a theme less well known than it might be, and usually badly rendered. We hope it may engage her pen again. —*W. L. Morton.*



Good Neighbours

CANADA MY NEIGHBOR, by Harold B. Clifford. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1944. 308 pages.

IF we are to have peace and good understanding between nations in the post-war world, we must develop in the generation now in school attitudes of friendliness, tolerance, and respect for the manners and customs of other people. Harold B. Clifford, superintendent of a group of schools in Maine, realized that the young people of the United States knew too little about their nearest neighbour, Canada, and in this book he has tried to interest them and to inform them.

Canada My Neighbor is not a textbook, but the boy or girl who reads it will become acquainted with the most significant aspects of the past and present of Canada. It is a supplementary reader in the form of a travel book. A search for heirs to a fortune provides a sugar coating of adventure. An American school teacher, Burt Gray, learns that some of his family emigrated to Canada and decides to spend the summer looking for his relatives. He takes with him his wife and a young niece and a nephew. As the quartette travel from the Maritimes to British Columbia by motor, by boat, and by rail, they learn about Canada in the most effective way.

The author has shown admirable judgment. He has given due value to the traditional and historical without being led astray by the quaint. The Canada the Grays visit is not a land of simple peasants in Quebec, frozen wastes, bearded trappers, and scarlet coated mounties. The attitude to the French Roman Catholics of Quebec is one of respect tinged with admiration. Mrs. Gray buys habitant hand made goods, not as a souvenir of a strange and different country, but because the work is exquisitely done. It must have taken considerable self control to omit any mention of the out-door bake-ovens. The story of the fur trade is told by the custodian of the museum

in the Hudson's Bay Company store in Winnipeg, and by using that setting, the author makes it clear that times have changed and the methods and activities of the Company have changed with the times. It is true that the Mounted Police appear, but their function is to help two lost children to find their friends.

The clashes between the British and American forces are dealt with as the natural quarrels between brothers who were not mature enough to know better than to resort to force to settle their differences.

The author shows that there are rich and prosperous cities in Canada, not unlike those of the United States, that there is a varied population, that there trade and industry have developed along much the same lines as in the United States. The Grays visit wealthy lumbermen, poor fishermen, rich and prosperous farms, dried-up farms in the dustbowl areas of Saskatchewan, small villages and large cities, and they learn to like and respect their neighbours.—*Aileen Garland.*



Great Northwest

THE U.S.-CANADIAN NORTHWEST, by Benjamin H. Kizer. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, and Princeton University Press, 1943. Published in co-operation with the American Council, Institute of Pacific Relations. 66 pages.

HERE, in compact form, is a summary of the economic geography of a vast, thinly populated part of North America, together with an account of Canadian-American co-operation in the northwest and an outline for post-war international planning.

Most of the geography is in an appendix in which the area is treated regionally, without relation to the forty-ninth parallel as a political boundary. The commissioned gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company were inevitably good geographers, because they were observant and intelligent men who studied personally the surface features and the resources of the lands they governed. The logic of geography took them westward and then southward into what is now Washington and Oregon. In spite of them some remote legalists called a line of latitude a boundary and thought that it would stick. The appendix to this book may drive home to those who are still slow to appreciate it that the natural environment is in the long run stronger than any straight line drawn on a map. John Hughes "a Canadian who has made a special study of northern developments," in an introduction that forms an integral and most useful part of the study, emphasizes the value of such a "purely geographic and functional" description of the area irrespective of political boundaries.

The body of the book outlines the main problems of the area under discussion but without defining it clearly. The American author, chairman of the Pacific Northwest Regional Planning Commission, seems inclined to embrace everything from Portland, Oregon, to Point Barrow, Alaska, but Mr. Hughes appears to have in mind only the northern portions—Alaska, the Yukon, Mackenzie District and British Columbia north of the Yellowhead Pass.

The distinction is of far-reaching importance, as the book includes a description of the North Pacific Planning Project, a joint undertaking of the Canadian and United States governments, and it would seem wise for there to be no doubt about what is being studied. The larger area, including parts of the northwestern States, is not a unified pioneer region. Much of its importance is as a potential economic hinterland for Seattle and Portland. On the other hand, the more northerly portion does have a basic unity as a region requiring much fundamental study, as a prelude to the drafting of plans for its ultimate development.

The North Pacific Planning Project is an important experiment in conservation of natural resources. This book may help to call to the attention of those responsible, the need for a vigorous policy of fundamental research in the Canadian-American northwest, including extensive expert fieldwork, adequately staffed office compilation, and backing by some of the "pioneer spirit" that is so much admired in the characters of those who opened the west to trade and settlement, but all too rarely encouraged in our own generation.

This is a small book, but it is so compact and lucid that it is worthy of a more imposing format. There are four good maps and a useful index.—*Trevor Lloyd.*



Shanks' Mare

THE HIKER'S HANDBOOK, by Douglas Leechman. W. W. Norton & Co., New York, 1944. 220 pages.

HERE is a book that should appeal to everyone that likes the outdoors, particularly in these days of restricted travel. It covers the subject of hiking from A to Z, but its interest is by no means confined to those who make a hobby of hiking. The motorist also should find it helpful, particularly in country like the prairies, where places of interest and beauty are few and miles apart; for he can drive to a district worth walking through, and start his hike from there.

The author, whose articles have appeared from time to time in *The Beaver*, has been an enthusiastic hiker for many years, and has practised it on three continents. Some of his chapter headings give the reader an idea of what kinds of information are to be found in the book: Hints on walking, What to wear, Personal outfit, Your pack and how to arrange it, Sleeping out of doors, With map and compass, Lost in the woods, Meat and drink, Woodcraft and trail lore, In the city.

This last may come as a surprise to those who always think of hiking as a pastime for the country only. But Mr. Leechman shows very convincingly what possibilities the city dweller neglects in this regard. A modern city is chock full of interesting sights, but the average inhabitant of it seldom takes the trouble to investigate them.

The book is replete with little sketches and diagrams, which should be of great help to the beginner in making himself at home in the outdoors.—*G. E. Hunt.*

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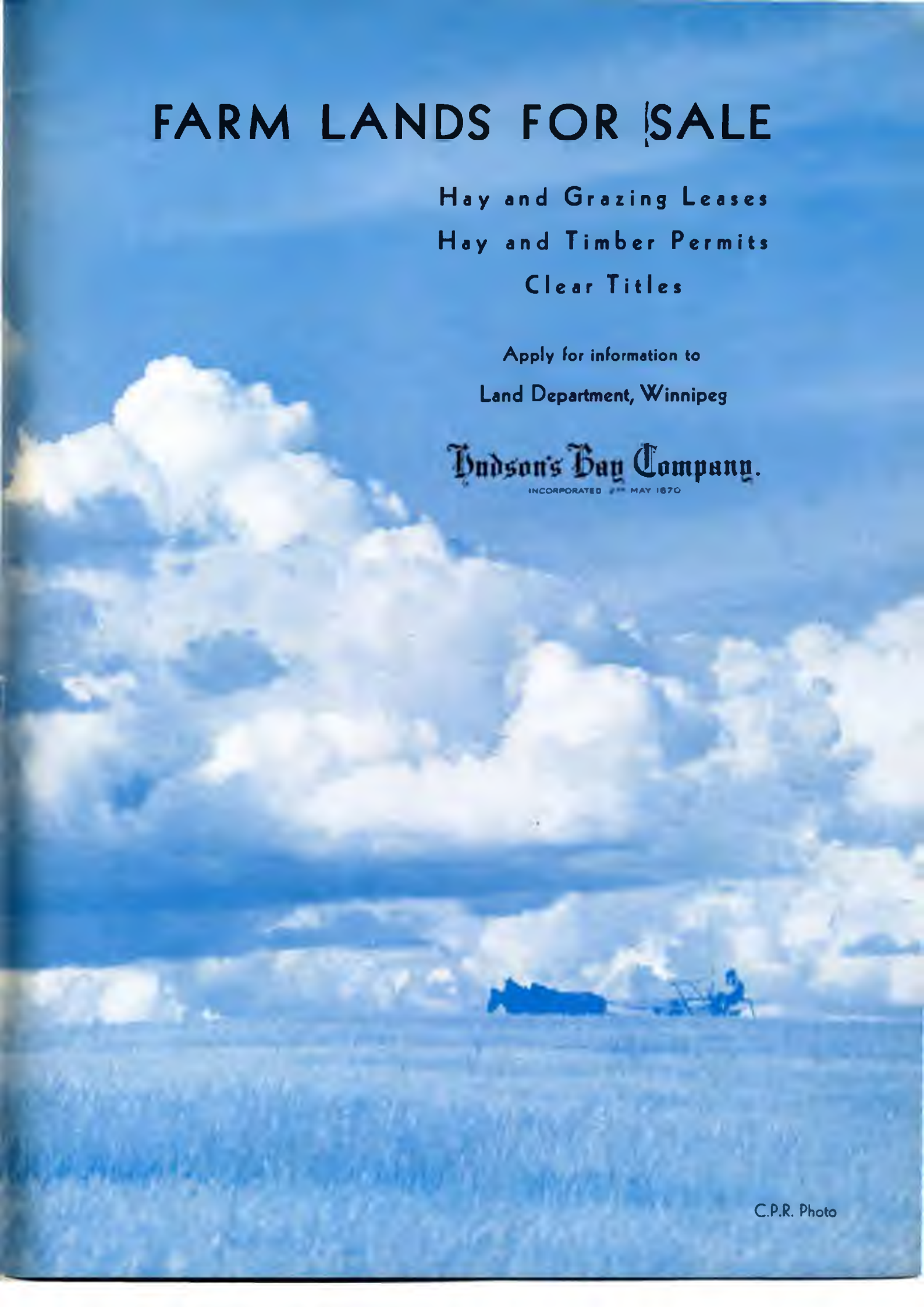
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