

7 Bar L. Hereford Ranch

Moose Creek, MB

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I am more or less forced to write a story for our 25 grandchildren who keep me busy answering questions all day long. Riding down the river in the Skippy L, sitting up front on the barge watching the river go by, or just sitting out in the alfalfa fields watching a bunch of calves lying down with a couple of nurse cows looking after them. These kids just keep on asking questions. They are as bad as our own boys and girls for wanting to know about long ago. Why they called that long point Graves Point, who named Shoulder Blade Island, and why they call the lake across the portage Traders' Lake.

Jennie and I are not going away for a trip this winter the way we generally do, so I will start this story. Our ranch house here is very warm and comfortable. Old Henry Campbell, a good Indian that never went to school, has been the ranch manager for many years. I don't know where he got the name Campbell. Some Hudson Bay clerk long ago might be able to tell us. We have official word from the Hydro Board to vacate here by 1963. The Grand Rapids dam will put six feet of water over all our alfalfa, brome, and clover fields. We have some 1500 acres in tame hay and thousands of acres of lovely pasture fields.

Our trading post is three miles away. Moose Creek that runs out of Moose Lake is open all winter, making a good dividing line for our cattle. This is one of the most unique ranches I know of. We get two cuts of hay on many fields, which runs up to three and one half tons per acre.

I suppose I should start out telling something about Jennie and my parents. My dad, T.H.P. Lamb was born on Cross Gates, Leeds in Yorkshire, on May 27, 1870. When we were little, we asked questions just the same as these children ask questions now. Dad taught school when he was 20 years old. He also taught grown men when he was in the Cold Stream guards in London. The guards had to be six feet or over. Dad was just six feet. He wore the bearskin busbys. He would always add a little history to his dates, saying, "I was born in 1870. The year the German Emperor Bismarck invaded France." Bismarck with the big mustache, was a tough general. He held his army in Paris until France paid so much money in gold. The price he set was so high he thought his army would stay in France six months. Instead, every person dug up their gold of every description and paid Germany off in a few days. When I hear of a Lamb in Canada, we must be related to them. Dad said that in Oliver Cromwell's time during the war of the roses, they killed every Lamb in England, but two. Looks like the Lambs were a bad bunch with spears and cross bows. My dear mother's name was Caroline Alice Marks. She was born at Portside, now called Portsmouth. Mom was a very little woman with red hair. Her parents died when she was very small. Her dad was a sailor. Mother remembers him coming home and holding her on his knee, telling her stories about where they had sailed. Mother was born July 20, 1877. Dad would tease mom about her dad being a bad actor. They flew the Jolly Rodger, and cross bones pirate ships were the things of the day those days. Mom said her dad died at sea. Then we wanted to know where they buried him. Dad said they made him walk the plank with his hands tied behind his back. Mom said no, he was buried in Fiddlers Green. That is the place where all good sailors go. If you were a good, honest man that kept a tight yard line and never stole the captain's rum, you went to Fiddlers Green. Where your ship always had a fair wind, no pumps to man, plenty of fresh fruit and beef stew. But, if you were a bad man, too handy with a crooked knife,

stole rations and other sailor purses, you sure went to Davey Jones locker where you lived on rancid pork and salted barrel beef. Had to holy stone the decks and chalk the cables all day, never got a fair wind. That's where bad sailors were.

Mom's dad and mother came from Kincarden, Ontario. Mom barely remembers her mother Anna Higgins, who is buried at Melfort, Saskatchewan. Her dad, William Armstrong was half-Irish and half-Scotch. At our wedding, he was half Scotch and half rye. He had timber berths at Crooked River, and Mistatim, west of Hudson Bay Junction. He operated sawmills there, was a building contractor, and house mover. He died in Winnipeg some ten years ago.

Dad came out from England when he was 22 years old. He got a school teaching job in Pelly, Saskatchewan. He taught at Poor Mans Reserve, Day Stars Reserve, and at Punnichi Reserve. These school-teaching jobs were very short-term affairs. He got a job working on the railroad laying ties. He wound up in Price Albert where he met the Anglican Bishop who asked him if he would to teach school at Cedar Lake some 600 miles down the river. The wages he offered were very good. Forty dollars a month, you board yourself. Dad got a bark canoe in Prince Albert, loaded his grub and belongings, and away down stream. Ed Height, a tough and rough Welshman, was a Hudson Bay Company factor there. Dad and Height became fast friends. Dad must have been quite a good long distance runner. He often told me how he ran ahead of Mr. Height's dog team. He visited Moose Lake in the summer of 1895 with Mr. Height, who was also in charge of the post here. Dad and Height watched the Indians going through one of their pow-wows, driving the bad spirits away from Mussan's tent. Old Mussan was David Patchinose's great grandfather. He was very old and looked like Old Nick himself. Part of the drum feast was a cooked dog, which everyone had to eat a portion. Dad and Mr. Height had boiled dog ribs that night.

In 1896, Dad was teaching school in Grand Rapids. Angus McLean was the Hudson Bay Company manager, and Rev. C.J. Pritchard was the Anglican Missionary. Only white people were the steam boat crew that brought the Hudson Bay Company freight to Grand Rapids in the summer. This freight was transported over the narrow gauge tramway to the top of the big rapids three miles away. From there, it was loaded on stern wheelers that delivered it to Cedar Lake, Moose Lake, The Pas, Cumberland House, Prince Albert, and as far west as Edmonton. I do not know how mother connected with the church Missionary Society. Anyway, she came out from England, arriving at Prince Albert where she stayed with the Bishop. Rev. C.J. Pritchard wanted a woman companion for Mrs. Pritchard. My mother left Prince Albert on one of the old river steamers. What a contrast it was from Portsmouth, England, to traveling and eating with the Indian crew. Watching the boat crew maneuver the 210-foot Marquest boat past Cold Falls, Squaw Rapids, and all that bad water right down to the head of Grand Rapids. Dad and mother were married in 1896 by Rev. Pritchard. Mr. and Mrs. Angus McLean were best man and bridesmaid. Their honeymoon was a canoe trip from Grand Rapids to The Pas. Cedar Lake can become very rough, having a current running through it and then 90 miles paddling upstream to The Pas. As dad and mother often said, there was no hurry in those days. No telegraph, mail service, radio, or newspapers. People fed themselves along the road with a gun and a fish net. If you met another canoe in the wilderness, they made camp right there to exchange news, visit, or trade a little gunpowder, gun caps, or fish hooks.

In 1899, I was one year old and Eric, my brother, was two years old. Dad moved to The Pas to open a school there. Mr. Henry McKay was the Hudson Bay Company Post manager, and Rev. Hines and Rev. Joseph Reader were missionaries. Readers Lake is named after him. That's all about the whites living there then. I have some old copies of letters and old shop books of

dad's and the Hudson Bay Company, which are very interesting. The Pas was in the Northwest Territories, then later it became Saskatchewan, then Manitoba. I was more or less confused at that time. Never the less, I lived in three provinces without moving out of the same log house. Dad was restless working for the Department of Indian Affairs and reading lessons in the church.

They had saved up enough money from the \$40 a month salary to send to Prince Albert and order a certain amount of trade goods. One of dad's good friends, and a good conservative, Senator T.O. Davis, supplied dad with certain goods. This teaching school and trading on the side certainly was an outrageous thing. According to the Hudson Bay Company in Prince Albert and Winnipeg, inspectors that made an inspection trip through the country inspecting their posts, all wrote letters to Ottawa that Lamb was buying fur on the side while drawing a salary from the government. Dad had his eye on Cedar and Moose Lakes for a long time. This delta country was overrun with fur. By this time, having spent some five or six years around these parts, he knew a lot of Cedar Lake and Moose Lake Indians. Finally, he resigned from teaching at The Pas, canoed to Prince Albert in June, built a barge, then bought a small trading outfit with what money he had saved up, then went into debt for all he could. The barge load of supplies was to last him until the following July or August. Mother had everything packed in The Pas waiting for dad to come sailing around the bend from up river. The July and August summer floods were terrific in those days before very much prairie land was broken up. The whole prairie country would empty its snow waters over the frozen sod into the two Saskatchewan Rivers. The north branch and the south branch plus all the little rivers and streams leading into the main rivers. One trip dad made from Prince Albert to The Pas took only three days and four nights, never landing or tying up once. Laddie, my younger brother, was born in The Pas on April 2, as he was in mother's arms when she walked on the barge with Eric and I at her heels. From now on, all

friendship ceased between the Hudson Bay Company's men and T.H.P. Lamb. He was a free trader in our country, do everything you can to break him. When mother ran out of tea in January, the Hudson Bay Company would not sell dad half a pound. They landed two miles from Moose Lake Reserve, what we call across the portage. The Indians gave that lake there the name of Traders Lake, which is on the map today. Canvas tents were few and far between. Practically every Indian was across the portage, helping dad build a house and to put up a store. Many birch bark tents were erected for storing the supplies and for us to live in. Dad made his barge out of two ply ship lap lumber instead of conventional planking. This lumber was carefully taken apart which floored our house and store, and make beds and tables. Fifty cents per day was the going wage for good axe men. One never sees a broad axe anymore. This axe is sharpened on one side, which is only used for hewing logs. John Buck, John Dorian, Noah Umpherville, the Nasecapo's, Martin's, and George Beaver were very good hewers of wood, making a lovely long hewn house log, which looked as if it had gone through a planer. The first year or two, large spruce bark shingles were put on the roofs also thatched roofs, which kept out the rain very well. Nemoosim, my grandfather, was a very good thatcher of roofs. He would pack big bundles of long hay of a certain type carefully cut with a knife, bundled up so not one blade of hay was facing the wrong way. One man would hand up a pail of mud, Nemoosim would lay the hay just so thick, then mud down so far. When he was finished, the roof looked like it was shingled. Isiah Gavin, one of dad's barge and river men, was an expert at removing the six-foot slabs of green spruce bark from big trees. He immediately placed them on the roof before they could dry. They flopped down on the roof like a blanket and dried that way. Mother would not let the Indians cut some of the 70-foot tall black spruce around the house. One of these, and exceptionally tall tree, was made into a lop stick by Samuel Umpherville. He climbed up about 60 feet or as close as he

could go to the top, trimmed down the limbs so fat, then left a pair of arms or limbs, then out more branches for another ten feet. We could see this lop stick for miles away. Mother had some Indians growing a garden; she always had a good garden. Moselle Captain, a fine old chap, always dug a potato pit and put away seed for the following spring.

Some of the Indians that were building and working for dad moved their families across the portage. They pitched their bark tents closer to the little creek that ran past our place was only a few feet from the water where their bark canoes were pulled up. Gilbert Weanusk (Groundhog) lived over at Traders Lake. He had two wives and was a bowlegged little old man with long hair down to his shoulders.

If dad had to feed the men like we do now, his store would be empty in a week. All that they drew from the store was powder and shot, gun caps for the muzzleloader guns, moose-o-sinnie balls for killing moose. Deer shot balls were smaller, about seven to the load, no sugar and practically no flour. All the tents had a smoke rack at their fireplaces. The women were always working at them; drying fish and meat, pounding pemmican in hewn out logs, birch bark rogens filled with berries, smoked ducks and geese, smoked sturgeon, moose bladders filled with tallow and fish oil. There was always some Indian going or coming in a bark canoe. When a moose was brought in, everyone got a piece of meat. When Eric and I were about four or five years old, mother gave up trying to keep us out of the canoes. I never remember learning to swim. We were splashing in that creek with little Indian boys and girls all day long. One of the times I was really scared in my life was when I was about four or five years old. I went into the heavy timber to look at my groundhog snare one of the Indians had set for me. It had a spring pole tied to the twine snare. When the groundhog got snared, he would pull the trigger, releasing the spring pole, which would hold him high off the ground, choking him in a matter of a few seconds. I had a

habit of running away. Mother would give me fits for being away in the timber. She would say, “Someday you will get lost or the Weatagoo will get you.” I was following a little path when I heard something in the bush. I stopped to listen, afraid to move. Finally, I saw the most terrible looking old woman coming out of the bush. She had a bundle of birch bark on her back. I screamed and tried to run. Old Qua-cheach-he-has, waved her long bark knife, and yelled at me to stop. I started running, then she started to hobble after me, shouting for me to stop. The birch bark was making plenty of noise by willows slapping against it. I really thought this was the real Weatagoo mother told me about. I beat the old woman home by about three minutes, my heart was doing about 180 plus. I was so scared I could not cry. When old Qua-cheach-he-has tried to tell mother she knew I was afraid and all she wanted to do was comfort me and try to say she was my grandmother and would not hurt me. However, that bushy hair with her high nose and black teeth, waving an axe in one hand and a knife in the other, plus the drumming of the birch bark rolls on her back was plenty of evidence for me. It surely must be the dreaded Weatagoo the old people would tell us children about.

Dad must have been very careful with his trading outfit making it last all winter and the following spring muskrat and beaver hunt. Around the middle of June, he would take bark canoes and good men with all his fur and head for Prince Albert for another years supply. It took them two weeks to make the trip up stream. They would leave their canoes at Fort Lacorn to take horses or oxen with carts to Prince Albert about 40 miles travel. They would load their canoes on the scow on their way back. I remember the fur hanging up on the rafters of the old store, big bunches or martin, lynx, silver and cross fox, wolves and wolverine, and thousands of muskrats and beaver. I remember dad telling me back in the late twenties that the government never made a country. Government likes pawns, and 22 caliber men. But, we need 303 men to progress, and

when the government gets hold of a 303 man, it tries to make a 22 man out of him. This may not be altogether correct, but there is a lot of truth in it just the same.

When you look at the hundreds of government uniform men riding around in bombadeers, snow toboggans, and flying around in airplanes, you realize that they were drawing more wages in one month than my dear father made in 12 months.

The Boer War was on when the C.N.R. reached Mafeking in 1900, so they named that railroad siding after the siege of Mafeking. It was much easier to paddle to Prince Albert 600 miles away than freight from Mafeking. The five-mile portage from Cedar Lake into Lake Winnipegosis was a bad muskeg portage. Then, a hundred lakes on that big lake, and another 12 miles from Steep Rock to Mafeking. Cedar Lake could be very rough also. However, Dad would send picked dog teams once a winter to Mafeking for absolute necessities. One dog would always have eight gallons of coal oil; two four-gallon square tins packed in a strong box. These boxes were the same width as a dog toboggan, so they fit well on the back end of the sleigh. Dad would bring one 50-gallon wooden barrel of coal oil from Prince Albert for our use only. The Indians bought candles and used a bitch, which was a piece of rag burning in fish oil in a beat up tin plate. Very much the same as the Eskimo Okulick or stone lamp.

Like every other child, certain things stand out in one's memory for life. The big day was when Dad would arrive from Prince Albert with the winter supply. He kept his dates pretty well, give or take a couple of weeks for bad weather and head winds. The medicine man would give us information where Dad was and when he should arrive. The Ma-tut-o-san cungering tens was long clean willows pushed into the ground. The willows were bent over and tied with whips of green willow bark, making a perfect oversized wasp nest shape. This was covered with birch bark or hides. A small door that the old man crawled through, and his old wife would heat the

round granite stones and pass them inside with a split willow tread on the stoop for handling them. The old gent would pour water on these stones, creating a perfect steam bath so thick that nothing could be seen but your imagination. A lot of humming and talking went on inside this Ma-tut-o-san. The old chap would come out with a lot of first hand information about the men that had left early that spring on the York Boat Brigade for York Factory. They would also tell Mother just about where Dad and his men were and when they should arrive, who was sick in the party, and so on. Gilbert Weanusk and old Moses Martin were the best radiomen in the country 60 years ago. I do not remember Me-ke-wam, but heard plenty of stories about him. Some are told right up to this day, handed down from one generation to the next.

Me-ke-wam was medicine man par excellence. I will put it down exactly as people living at Grand Rapids, Cedar Lake, and The Pas told it to me as a very small boy and many times since. Me-ke-wam was a Moose Laker living at the Northern Narrows, which was the old reserve but never surveyed as a reserve. This is a very pretty place. There was lovely spruce on either side of the Narrows, teeming with fish. There are a lot of stone chimneys or fireplaces standing up a foot or so, marking old cabins or houses. Big trees have grown up pushing the stones and plaster to one side. This would be an archeologist's dream to spend a summer around there. I am sure the many graves would reveal flintlock guns, stone axes, knives, flint and steel, beads and what have you. These people migrated south to the low country in April for a couple of months. They also spent the freeze up months among the ducks and geese in the delta country. Me-ke-wam's favorite camping ground was some 50 miles west at Hill Island and the Pine Bluff area on the main Saskatchewan River. The Hudson Bay Company would send a young white man inland on the return of the York Boats to try and encourage the Indians to not only trap for food, but to secure as much beaver and other furs as possible.

I have one of these white men buried on the west side of my muskrat ranch at Kanawaskack, which is a very pretty place. Missie Thomas (Great Thomas) Umpherville, he is the great granddaddy of all the Umphervilles from here to Prince Albert. The founder of the clan, one of his daughters married Zammery Buck, who died in the teens. Zammery must have been close to a hundred years old when he died.

Eric and I hunted geese and swan with old Zammery. In 1906, he was a very old man, but a dandy shot with his old single barrel muzzleloader, which was an up-to-date gun compared to his older flintlock gun. You can tell that some of these Indians, Umpherville's and Buck's ancestors couldn't have had even a real good suntan. This Grand Rapids dam has bugged up a lot of things. I have it stated in my will that I want to be buried along side of Missie Thomas at Kanawaskack. It is a lovely spruce point leading down to the riverbank on the Head River. I understand there will be six feet of water over that pretty country from the new dam. Missie Thomas and I will have wet dreams, so I will have to change my will.

One spring or early summer, Lord knows how many years ago, possibly shortly after Henry Kelsey had made his last inland trip. A young priest and a very young red headed white man. I did not know his name but have forgotten it. They were exploring the delta with a few axes, and flintlock guns. When they reached Me-ke-wam's camp at Pine Bluff, which is half way from The Pas to Cedar Lake. Me-ke-wam tried to scare these two young adventurers. There is some doubt here about whom was to blame, the young Hudson Bay Company student or the young priest. Anyway, Me-ke-wam drowned both these young people by jumping in their bark canoe and holding both of them by their long hair, one in each hand. Me-ke-wam having help from the evil spirits, could hold his breath under water for a long time.

News traveled back to Moose Lake where the Indians were gathered, waiting on each other to pitch back 22.5 miles across the lake to the old reserve. Me-ke-wam had two wives in his bark canoe. The first night they camped at Pullover Creek camping grounds. The second night they camped at the lower end of Muskrat Ranch. Every night the Kosapachegan was erected. Old Me-ke-wam would come out saying, "All I can see is that we end our journey at Moose Lake camping grounds." "I see lots of people waiting for us there. Things don't look good when the steam gets thick." At the end of the long stretch of straight river, about four miles below Moose Creek where it enters the main river, Willie took me ashore one time about 1908 to show me a long rotten spruce tree. This tree naturally would show up well for two miles down the river. Me-ke-wam and his two wives canoed there, as the next day they would make Moose Lake camping grounds. Me-ke-wam said he was going to catch his bad medicine there, hanging a few birch bark rogans of medicine on the limbs of this great, great tree. The medicine must have been all-powerful, as immediately, the great tree limbs started to wither and die. Many years after the big spruce blew down, this will show you what powerful medicine old Me-ke-wam had. They did not paddle directly into Moose Lake, but passed through what we call Denores Creek and Denores Lake (dad named this lake after my oldest sister). Me-ke-wam would push his bark canoe into the tall bulrushes and lean over on his knee, trying to forecast what reception they would receive when they landed at the camping grounds. All he could forecast was bad. They pushed off again, landing at Moose Lake. Every birch bark tent turned out to watch Me-ke-wam step out of his canoe. It was decided before Me-ke-wam arrived, that word would get to York Factory that this new medicine man and the redheaded white man with yellow hair on his legs had been murdered. It could be possible that no more white men would arrive with flintlocks, knives, and beads. The big problem was who would have nerve enough to

kill Me-ke-wam, which might satisfy the white man at York Factory. They let Me-ke-wam pitch his tent, walking back and forth to his canoe. The Indians decided they would all as one jump out of their teepees, with a flintlock and bows and arrows. All at one time let the old boy have it, which they did, square in the back. Me-ke-wam just kept stumbling and staggering. The bullets or ball shot just would not penetrate his shoulder blades. The arrows would not penetrate his moose hide clothes. By this time, some of the women, whose husbands had been killed by Me-ke-wam's bad medicine thrown from miles away, were at him with fish spears and pemmican stones. Now this is where additions, or the whole truth, have been twisted a little over the years. They made a great fire and burnt Me-ke-wam, but it took all night to burn the flesh off his bones. Then they gathered up the bones, wrapped them in birch bark, putting stones in the parcel, and dumping the remains in the lake. Even to this day, on a very calm evening, one can see bubbles coming to the surface.

When dad would arrive with his barge load of supplies, there was more excitement on the reserve and among us kids than the arrival of the Queen in Winnipeg. Indians with large packing cases, about five feet square, on their backs packing up from the little creek to the warehouse and store. None of these places were flour posts like further south where the Indians had become used to flour. Three or four hundred pounds was about that entire dad had in stock, which was for our use. Dad would have marked down before he left. All the Indians, Nut-tuch-e-quan-e-ga (his order), Johnston Tobacco, Philip Tobacco, Zakoo the wicked one, Nemaguts, Gilbert Weanusk, Kakapeek Antanoo, Supil Jake, were all good hunters. Dad had a new single and double barrel muzzleloader for them. There were many bolts of blanket cloth to make leggings, and colored braid. There were also 25 pound bags of shot, green 50 pound kegs of black powder, cartons of gun caps (100 caps to the little tin packet), small and large axe heads (they made their

own handles), and cartons of sulfur matches (all the old Indians never used matches, they preferred their flint and steel and touch wood). Snow glasses were little wire mesh things with a green glass. They fit almost inside your eye socket. They were better than the green mosquito netting or cheesecloth, anything that would help snow blindness in April. He also brought number 25 gilding twine for sewing and making rabbit snares. There was no copper snare wire in those days, and ten steel traps were about the limit for any good trapper. They made deadfalls for mink, martin, fisher, and bear. As dad became more prosperous, the more good things he brought down. He finally brought mother an organ. I remember that it took about ten men to unload it and carry it up to the house, strapped to two long poles with moose hide ropes. When mother tried this new fangled thing out, all the Indians clapped their hands and marveled at such music. Mother told them to come across the portage the next Sunday, and she would play for them. Being a very hot day, the Indians made a canopy of green leaves, or sunshade, over the organ. It was not long before mother had them humming "Nearer My God Than Thee," and "Oh God Our Help in Ages Past." They brought mother so many strawberries, she did not know what to do with them. The following year dad brought down an Edison gramophone with big cylinder records. The horn hung from a steel tripod. He also brought musical boxes that you wound up, which turned a cylinder with spikes in it, giving real good tunes. He never had enough jaws harps or mouth organs in stock. He sold real Stradivarius violins for six dollars. You had to buy the strings extra. All this time, dad was giving the Hudson Bay Company across the portage a hard time. Old Nemoosim, our favorite grandfather, never missed one day walking the two miles across the portage looking after mother and us kids. He would pack over moose meat or fresh and smoked fish. We were a little too young to paddle, but Nemoosim would put one of us in the bow of his bark canoe. We would paddle and push through the grass up and down little creeks

and lakes gathering Mudhen eggs, canvas back eggs, mallards and teal, and heldiver eggs. When we had a good pile in the canoe, we would boil up a pot of tea and ponask a duck on a stick. Nemoosim would sure take his time smoking his pipe after dinner. For a long time, he would stand up, gazing over the swamp looking this way and that for a moose to come into the water.

One of Nemoosim's practical jokes was to push the canoe along in a foot or so of water in the thick grass, with me looking for the ducks nest over the top of the grass. He would stop the canoe and reach over the side, picking out a dozen canvas back eggs. Then he would say, "My you have poor eyes." Everything was grub. Nemoosim would reach down out of the canoe, bringing up the swans' food. Wap-is-suee-metis-soon-e-nuck, which is the root of the sago plant. They must contain a lot of sugar being very sweet and tender. Nemoosim would fry them in fish oil. I preferred them fresh out of the lake. Cattail roots stripped down to the center part are as white as flour and tastes like an unripe bannoe. When we arrived home with a canoe load of eggs of every description, mother would grade them by putting them in a tub of water. Eggs that sunk were fresh, and the ones that floated to the top were a few days from hatching. She would put the good ones in pails and hang down the well, which was a pretty good fridge. Gilbert Weanus with his two wives had a little house at Traders Lake, where he fed a hundred dogs. Eric and I would walk over to Weanusks' camp to get smoked goldeyes, whitefish, and pickerel. The mile and a half over there seemed like ten miles to us. We were careful not to get off the path in the bay, then through the heavy timber. When we would come out at Weanusks' little clearing, the old woman would shout and laugh and gabble away at each other. "Ah, Nos-o-sim, come here you must be hungry and thirsty." They would dump a smoked fish in a copper kettle hanging over the fire from the tripod smoking rack. These smoked fish really did not have to be cooked. Old Ta-paow would dump the fish on a fresh cut bunch of willow leaves. Eric and I would go at

it with our fingers, fish going in on one side of your mouth and bones coming out the other side. Old Weanusk was either out lifting his net or sitting beside the fire making a paddle or floats for his nets with a drawknife. The old women were always making birch bark canoes for someone on the reserve. They always had spruce whips or roots split, soaking in the water. These were used for sewing the bark building canoes. Nearly every job seemed to be the women's work. They would chop off pitch that strung down from cracks in the spruce, taking bark with it. When they got a good-sized bundle, they would boil the works in a pot. The bark would float to the top, leaving clear pure spruce gum at the bottom. There was not one nail in those bark canoes. The men would cut black spruce trees that had no knots for several feet up. These were cut to lengths of a canoe rib, then were split into very thin boards, finished off with a drawknife, and bent while green. Outside these ribs were real thin boards about four inches wide running lengthwise. The birch bark went over these making a smooth finish. An axe and crooked knife were all the tools the Indians had.

Dad bought the SS Dispatch from Captain Coffee. They brought her over the tramway at Grand Rapids. This job took two weeks, which was good time considering they only had two jack screws. The Dispatch was possibly the first screw driven boat up here. She had a good steam boiler, but her engine was second hand. This was the summer of 1904. Jack Bacon, Joe St. Goodard, Henry Ross, Moise Seyes the Captain, and Benny Dickson the engineer tracked and lined up the Demischarge, Flying Post, and Red Rock Rapids, which are all above Grand Rapids. Sometimes, the Dispatch just stood still mounting these rapids. Benny Dickson crawled over the top of the boiler without anyone seeing him. He screwed down the safety blow off valve. Instead of the valve blowing off steam at 175 pounds, which the boiler inspectors at Selkirk had set this boiler at, she was now set at Lord knows how many pounds pressure. The next rapids they came

to, the Dispatch just seemed to have double horsepower. Benny told dad later that he figured he might just as well go for broke as hanging out in the rapids not moving an inch an hour.

Sturgeon was five cents a pound. Dad had several tent camps around the lake fishing sturgeon and making caviar. The Dispatch would make two rounds to the camps per week, freighting the sturgeon to High Portage. Teams of horses with wagons hauled the heavy boxes over the portage to load on the SS Mockingbird, and other steamboats that were scale fishing on Winnipegosis Lake.

Dad abandoned the Prince Albert barge freight that year. He bought goods in Winnipeg, shipped them to the town of Winnipegosis, then up to the lake, over High Portage, over Cedar Lake, and up the Summerberry River into Moose Lake. Dad had many trying and laughable times with Benny Dickson, who had an unquenchable thirst. Joe Seagram's, number 83 whiskey, was 85 cents a bottle. The fishermen ordered it by the case. My brother Eric was six years old when he made his first trip on the Dispatch to High Portage. He remembers very vividly dad and him walking down to the dock at night just to see if everything was all right. They saw the Dispatch quivering and belching smoke from her smokestack, and sparks flying in the air, yet she was tied to the dock. Dad ran down into the engine room to find Benny standing by the throttles, both of which were wide open. He was drunker than a hoot owl. He thought he was running up the Grand Rapids. Henry McKay and Valantine McKay were there at the time. Henry was drunker than Benny. Being a good friend of dad's, he immediately found a double barrel shot gun, which he was going to use to shoot Benny. Some of the other boys hid the ammunition, so all Henry could do was point the gun at Benny.

I do not remember how the stern wheeler SS Saskatchewan and the John Bull steam boats arrived in these waters. They hauled sturgeon all the way from Cumberland House to High Portage.

The SS Dispatch only lived two years. One cold night in October 1906, she foundered in a storm on Moose Lake. Now, fifty-five years later, you can see her oak bow stem and her boiler when the water is low in the lake. While she operated, dad brought quite a few white men up country with her. George Amus, the German caviar maker, Bobbie and Jimmie Olson, Ms. and Mrs. Bagshaw and family, and the Keddie family crossed High Portage to arrive at The Pas on the SS Saskatchewan around 1907. Teddie Stevenson and Barney Anderson were steam engineers on the Lotty S. and the SS John Bull. The SS Okima foundered on the sand bar at the mouth of Moose Creek about two miles from where I am writing tonight.

In 1907, dad bought a two master sailboat called the Lenore L. He also bought the Kingfisher sailboat. These boats were good freight boats when you had a fair wind. The only time I was seasick in my life was the time dad locked me up front in the little cabin of the Lenore L. We were sailing across Cedar Lake with a strong side wind. The centerboard was down, both sails on one side with full jib out. I was never so seasick in my life. Dad was steering, Jacob and Robert Nascappo were handling the sail ropes, which were threaded through double blocks. We had a big load of freight for the store across the portage.

The summer of 1908 saw the first summer fishing on Moose Lake. The many sailboats looked nice gliding out into the lake early in the morning from the docks and the big icehouse, which stood on the south side of the river close to the mouth of the lake. The steamboats hauled the 150-pound boxes of solid white fish down to High Portage. Dad was making hay here then. I remember dad saying to Thomas Buck during dinner hour that he did not care for any eggs.

Thomas and some other Indians had a kettle full of boiled eggs. Thomas was peeling the neck feathers off the just about hatched chicks, eating them down like oysters. They put haystacks up on foot high platform made of willows. The water was lapping over the banks of the creek. The Indians used syths and homemade hayforks made out of forked willows which worked very well. I remember that they complained that the syth knife became dull quicker where the Saskatchewan River waters had reached up on the hay, leaving it sandy.

Captain Coffee had a franchise on Moose Lake and Cedar Lake exclusive fishing rights. Here was the first time I saw chewing gum. Dad bought us a packet each from the fish shed stores. There were no canvas-covered canoes, but dad had a big cedar canoe which Eric, Laddie and I would use to bring various things from home to the haymakers. I don't know how we managed to navigate that big canoe through the weeds down Joe McKay's creek, into Lenore Lake, and then into Moose Lake. We would get lost pushing and paddling through the tall bulrushes. Even by standing on the thwarts of the canoe, we could not see over the tops of the rushes, trying to find open water patches. We would mark our route by tying bunches of bulrushes in knots. Eric was ten years old, so he was the hunter. All the little cutoffs, creeks, and little lakes were black with ducks. I am sure that if Ducks Unlimited had been in existence they would estimate two or three thousand ducks to a mile of shoreline.

Canvas tents were plentiful by this time. Dad sold eight and ten ounce canvas to the Indians, who made teepee tents. Birch bark tents were gradually disappearing. There could not be any more than five or six in the settlement. The Nasecapoo's, Buck's, Matin's, and Patchenose's still lived in bark tents. Bulky squares of birch bark rolled up were bulky to move around the country. They took up a lot of room in the canoes. When they pitched off to some fresh hunting or fishing place, newly peeled straight poles were made, forming the teepee. They

would unroll the birch bark pieces. Some were sewn into quite large squares. By warming the birch bark in front of the fire, it would straighten out flat, loosing its power to curl up. They knew how to heat each corner and place, taking out the bends. I liked sleeping in a birch bark tent when it was raining. The sound of the rain hitting the tent soon put you to sleep. No matter what camp you arrived at, there was always lots of room for the both of you in any family's tent. Green Balsam branches made a lovely mattress. The little open fire gave good light. Your food was being smoked at the same time from a rack about five feet above the fireplace. The cooking kettles hung down from the rack also. Every week or so the women would clean house by carrying out all the balsam bows, scraping the floor and cleaning out the ashes from the fireplace. They would replace the bows and rearrange the ring of small stones around the fireplace. Spruce bows were not so good for a floor mattress. The needles stuck up every which way. Balsam bows lay flat and tight making a smooth bed. Every morning, the women would hang up the rabbit skins and lynx paw robes outside over a smooth pole. The wind would air them out and all loose hairs would blow away, keeping them fresh and clean. They never had any boxes or stools to sit on like the Masi tribe have in their low cow dung houses in Africa. Everyone sat cross-legged on the balsam floor. Birch bark rogens held dried-pounded fishmeal, berries, and water baskets. Hollowed out wooden plates and basins were in every teepee.

Many teams of horses were by now coming up to Moose Lake to haul frozen fish from many parts of the lake. I think this was one of the hardest jobs ever invented. When I look back on our fish hauling days, I wonder that we did not freeze to death crossing large lakes in January. Played out horses, blinding snow storms with the thermometer down to as low as 60 below zero, camping outside, and no barns for the horses. It took two weeks to make a trip from Moose Lake to Mafeking and back. Some trips took longer; sleighs and dead horses strung out for 150 miles.

One winter, dad had 52 teams hauling from here to Mafeking. Snowplows were not invented until 1912. Captain Sandy Vance invented the push horse snowplow on Lake Winnipeg. This was a great invention and soon spread up to these parts. I have made many steel plows. Horses sharp shod would haul three times their normal load walking on glare ice behind the plow.

I must mention some of the men that helped open up the north; men that appeared so great and wonderful to us boys. They were interested in us also, as there were no other white boys our age around these parts.

George Cowan drifted down river from Prince Albert around 1900. He trapped here on this ranch, killing a hundred mink one winter down Sturgeon Creek. George settled at Thicket Portage, where he died of old age sometime in the 1920's. I did not see or can remember Mr. McCall the Indian agent. He made a yearly trip through here. Nemoosim often talked about Mr. McCall. One time when portaging the party's bark canoe from Moose Lake to Traders Lake, which was about three miles, Mr. McCall stopped about half way across the portage and asked the Indians how far it was to the lake. Today, some 60 years later, you can still see Mr. McCall's footprints in the green sod where he stood. I may say that every time someone crosses the portage, they stop at this place to have a smoke. Without fail, someone will place his feet in McCall's footmarks, rubbing the marks clear of any grass or plant life. Sam McCall, who was director of surveys, was Mr. McCall's son. Sam died in the early thirties.

Mr. Hooker was post manager at Cedar Lake and Cumberland House. He is still living in Edmonton, close to 90 years old. George Spence was also a Hudson Bay Company man at Cedar Lake. W.R. Taylor, who died a few years ago in The Pas, was at Moose Lake before the turn of the century. Charley Adams, H.M.S. Cotter and his brother Sac Cotter, Herbert Reader, Northcoat Reader, and their father Joseph Reader all lived at Onicup on Reader's Lake west of

The Pas. Dad brought Jewls Provoist, a Belgian, out from Winnipeg or some point south. Old Jewls was mother's right hand man. He married one of Gilbert Weanusk's daughters, Georgina. They had one baby girl, born at the same time as my sister, Dorothy. Dorothy was born on May 20, 1902, and they called her Dorothy. Georgina died that same summer. I don't know how they got the baby out. The last I heard a few years ago, she is a Sister Superior in some Montreal Hospital. Billie Hutton, who died at Red Earth a few years ago, was a steam engineer on the Lotty S and the Okimaw boat. To cap them all, Reverend James Settee was a little half-breed minister that traveled about the country, bumming from everybody. Jimmie was the champion preacher and storyteller mixing Indian folklore stories with the bible. Church services never seemed long with Jimmie up in the pulpit, behind the old carron stove. I still have one of dad's wedding presents here on the ranch. However it is pretty well broken up. These carron cast iron stoves were shipped out from Scotland in four sections. Dog teams, folding up in four sections weighing about 100 pounds could transport them. W.C. Lunday took dad's place teaching school at The Pas in 1900. He was a real blokey from the heart of London. His Indian wife, Hellen, was rather wild with a heart of gold. A year or so after dad left The Pas, Mr. Lunday came to Moose Lake to teach school and read the lessons in the little schoolhouse, which was also the church. Johnnie and Willie Lunday, his two boys, won citations in the First World War.

The first breach loader shot gun I owned outright was given to me by Captain H.H. Ross. This single barrel Stevens shot gun was just about the only thing in the world around 1908. Dad was by now selling breach loaders and empty shells, which we loaded ourselves. Driving out the used cap, and using the shell many times until it became like a piece of rag.

Captain Ross had built the city of Medicine Hat stern wheeler. He equipped this boat with the very best of everything, including special silverware, and spring bunks. They were coming

down the river to The Pas. Some measurements or something happened passing Saskatoon. The fine new boat tangled with the light and telegraph wires, upsetting her in the middle of the river. Captain Ross, with his pick crew of very fine gentlemen, lived in the hotel in Saskatoon. Mr. Allingham and Mac Curin, a cattle rancher from out west, were part of the crew. Bill Venables, a locomotive engineer, was the chief engineer. Some of the crew tried driving in the swift waters, bringing up any valuables that they could tie a rope on. Captain Ross would say, "Never mind the gramophone or dinner bell, bring up another case of champagne or that good whiskey." Undaunted, these gentlemen hired Joe Baree with his Parigon boat, to continue their trip down to The Pas and Moose Lake. Captain Ross wanted to trap on Moose Lake. Dad and Ross were fast friends. That fall saw them building a cabin at the East Narrows where Dr. Merryweather had his summer cabin. The whole bunch put together had as much knowledge of trapping as a Hindoo has. Immediately after freeze up on the first ice, they strung poison baits every which way from their cabin. Moose Lake trappers always trapped down Pine Creek, east of the Narrows. Supil Jake, Magnus Martin, Edward Steersman, and other Indians camped a mile or so from the Narrows enroute to Pine Creek. They let their dog teams go loose at their camp. Next morning, there were poisoned dogs strung all over the lake. Captain Ross met the Indians saying how very sorry he was about this affair. Like the polite gentleman that he always was, he paid the Indians about four times more than the dogs were really worth. He sent word in to dad that he wanted three or four good dog teams to move them out and back to The Pas. Johnnie Lundie was one of the dog mushers. They moved out giving away their outfit to the Indians. Captain Ross left for Hong Kong to spend the winter piloting a riverboat up the White River in China. He generally took off for Scotland or some other place during the winter months. He would occasionally talk about Ross Castle in Scotland.

Another one of dad's old steamboats foundered in May on Moose Lake. The SS Laflure was built in Prince Albert for the government surveys branch. Old Sam Baptiste and Richard Ballantyne were firemen on the Northcoat when Louis Riel's boys strung a cable across the Saskatchewan River near Battleford in 1885. Her funnels gave way and the Northcoat drifted free to continue her long trip to Grand Rapids. The valiant Northcoat ended her days on the banks of the Bigstone River at Cumberland House. A few years ago I paced off the distance from where her paddlewheel irons and shaft are buried in the mud to her bow steel shoeing. The length is 210 feet. I sat there smoking while waiting for my passengers, my Norsman aircraft tied up to the bank. What a change in transportation from the time my mother sailed down this swift river on this brave old boat.

The Marquestwa's left to rot on the riverbank just below Prince Albert. In 1938, the late Angus Campbell, founder of M & C Aviation at Prince Albert, cut a solid piece of steel from the Marquist drive shaft to form a mould, which formed the outside part of the famous M & C air bag ski pedestals.

The Northwest, another great river freight steamer, saw her last days at the mouth of Sturgeon Creek a few miles from Prince Albert. The high spring floods and drifting ice demolished her. The Lilly was wrecked on the South Saskatchewan River a few miles below Medicine Hat.

Captain Ross founded the Ross Navigation Company around 1910. He brought the SS Nootin, SS Minisain, and the Sam Brisbin from Collingwood, Ontario. They were all brought over the Grand Rapids tramway. In the early teens, he built the SS Nipawin, a double decker stern wheeler, and then built the SS Tobin. These boats later hauled copper ore from Sturgeon Landing down to The Pas. From there, this rich ore was shipped to Trail, BC for smelting. As

these boats pushed 300 ton barges and ran more or less on schedule with not much adventure, Captain Ross built himself the SS Oh Hell, which had a concave tunnel over the propeller permitting the Oh Hell to travel in much shallower waters. Captain Ross maintained a suite of rooms in the Opasquia Hotel, but lived on the Oh Hell. Sid Gudgeon, a young English lad, was one of Captain Ross's cabin boys.

In the middle teens, an accident happened to dear Captain Ross. He was snowshoeing across The Pas River, shooting ptarmigans. While cleaning his 44 shot gun that evening, there must have been a shell left in the barrel. The shot entered Captain Ross's side, killing him instantly.

The Indians asked that he be buried in their Big Eddy graveyard. In all the years of steamboating, Captain Ross was never known to steam past a family of Indians paddling up stream. He would slow down to lade everyone on board, then send them down to the galley for a feed. Christ Church in The Pas erected a beautiful stained glass window in the church, with the following inscription – To Hamilton Horacious Ross from Ross Casrle, Scotland – A Gentleman.

After nearly 60 years, I still have the black leather gun case that Captain Ross gave me with that single barrel gun that would kick me over backwards every time I let go at pot shooting ducks in that little creek in front of our old log house. I remember crawling through the long wet grass, then aiming at a bunch of ducks, lining them up best I could. When that sulfur black powder went off, I had to step sideways in order to see how many ducks I had got. There would be a line of black smoke hanging over the grass from my gun down to the ducks in the creek.

In 1908, the branch railroad from Hudson Bay Junction was built as far as Westray. Dad hauled fish to The Pas, then down the right of way to lead boxcars at the end of the steel. Old

Norman McKenzie had moved to Cormorant Lake. This lake was also loaded with extra big trout, whitefish, pickerel, and jacks. I was ten years old traveling with dad. Jim Turnbull and John Buck were making a road from Moose Lake straight across country to Cormorant in January. Dad was handing me a cup of boiling tea not far from the Two Islands. I tipped the cup of boiling tea of my leg, receiving a bad burn. John Buck peeled the inner bark from the balsam tree, boiled the mush, and put it on the raw flesh of my burnt leg. We were far from home and could not turn back just because I had scalded my leg. We reached Cormorant Lake to find piles of fish boxes piled up at all the fish camps. Dad transferred horses from the Moose Lake haul, putting them to hauling fish from Cormorant and Clearwater Lake. My leg was in an awful mess when I got home. It took months to heal up.

One of the happiest times of our lives was trapping rats in the spring. Joe Wilson and his fat wife, Jimima were living at Lamb's cutoff in a little teepee. Laughing Jimima was very good to us, skinning and stretching our rats. We had a little birch bark canoe. Traps were hard to come by. What few we had caught rats all day long. We would keep making our rounds, taking out rats and resetting the traps. Jimima made our bannock for us. Little Joe would upset our canoe, and press his lips around the seams of pitch. If you could suck air, that is where the leak was. By holding two sticks with burning coles at the end of them, you would blow between the sticks just enough to melt the pitch, then press it down with a wet thumb. Little Joe's canoe never leaked one drop. Jimima did the steering, while Joe lifted and set the traps. We caught plenty of ducks in traps. By this time, rats had jumped from four for twenty-five cents to the great price of six for a dollar.

Eric and I worked harder and got in camp later than Joe and Jimima, but they caught more rats than we did. It was boiled rats and ducks for breakfast, dinner, and supper. One day

when we got in, Jimima dumped out on the grass a pail of steaming geese eggs. They happened to be fresh so it was straight geese eggs and bannock for supper.

In 1911 there was quite a gold rush at Hudson Bay Junction. Donald Marcott, who owned the Eitomamie Hotel, had a yard of turkeys he raised for the dining room. The cook found gold in some of the turkey's crops. Donald passed these samples up and down the long bar. Quite a number of prospectors were passing through, enroute to Herb Lake where gold was also reported. With one foot on the brass rail, leaning over the long bar, it did not take these prospectors long to announce that they were the best gold samples that they had seen in many a day. New York papers printed big headlines of the new found gold at Eitomamie, which was what Hudson Bay Junction was called then. Mr. C.T. Mitchell read about it in Philadelphia, and T.J. Stroud, a mining engineer, read about it in Denver. The stores in Eitomamie were soon sold out of tents, axes, and grubhoes. Claims were being staked only half the legal size. Anything to get a few claims before the other fellow. Mr. Marcott did a land office business in his barroom. The evil day had to come. Assessments eventually arrived back from Ottawa stating the sad news, Fool's Gold.

Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Stroud wound up at The Pas. Dad invited them down to Moose Lake. Being educated men, they were good company for mother and dad. Mr. Stroud stayed until after freeze up and then returned back to Denver. C.T. Mitchell was broke. Dad got Mr. Mitchell a job teaching school. Mother really put her foot down and the three of us boys, no more traveling around the country trapping. Hunting and trapping with dog teams, and trading was for dad. We just must go to school from now on. That winter, the three of us had two and three dogs each. Joe Wilson made the best birch dog toboggans. Sometimes, we would give Lenore, Dorothy, Hilda, and Billie, my four sisters rides. Most of the time they would walk the two miles

to school. Mitch, the old bitch as we would call him behind his back, was well educated. We went to school part of two years. I was just getting out of grade three when dad was very short of teamsters, so we finished school right there forever.

Dad must have had some pull with various departments. The summer of 1911, dad took me along on a canoe trip to Grand Rapids to appoint Mr. Henry McKay as fire ranger. Mr. Mitchell and a Doctor Davis, a Welshman, were with us. The first day we portaged over into Sturgeon Creek that runs through our ranch here. We camped at the mouth where it runs into Cedar Lake. Next camp was at Musk-kaw-ka-pus-o-gan, meaning where they smoked out the bear. Dad set a short sturgeon net. That evening, we caught one big sturgeon. Next morning, we had four. The net was rolled up like a piece of rope. No more sturgeon could have got caught even if they tried. We camped there all the next day smoking strips of sturgeon. Mr. Mitchell and Doctor Davis were having a great time. I did not mind this kind of life also. Mr. Mitchell told us he had been Commodore of the Chesapeake Bay canoe club. Dad appointed him to handle the sail line when we would run with a strong wind. Dr. Davis had his medical bag with him. I never saw such wonderful instruments before. Two or three kinds of forceps, one silver saw, trocars, needles, cat gut thread in bottles of alcohol, hammers and chisels, little packets of Epsom salts, castor oil, belladonna plasters, toothache medicine, and quinine and dover powders. With all this array spread out on the tent floor to dry, Mr. Mitchell was not to be stumped. He laid out his assey, or rock testing equipment. He had Dr. Davis beat for stinking us out of the tent by mixing sulfuric acid with something else. I still have Mitchell's mahogany box that contained his field testing magic.

1912 was the year dad built over at the lake where our present house stands. Bert was born that year. Marsh Ballard and Mrs. Ballard were Godparents to Bertie. Dad brought new

lumber from Fingers Mill at The Pas. Marsh Ballard also built the new store. Dad was district fire ranger, which he turned over to Mr. Mitchell who held this position until his retirement. Elijah Constant, an Indian from The Pas with a grade two education took over the school teaching job. There was no sense in me continuing school as I held one grade higher than Elijah. John George Kennedy succeeded Elijah as teacher. Big John George Kennedy was a grand old man. He was transferred by the Indian Department from Red Earth, which was 125 miles west of The Pas. John George could speak very good English. He had surveyed with Colonel Ogilvey, running the boundary between the Yukon and Alaska. He was a big man with a bay window. His heavy mustache was stained yellow from smoking his big crooked Peterson pipe filled with McDonalds chewing tobacco. He looked funny in church with Mr. Lunday's white surplus on, which was five sizes too small. It only came down to above his knees. All this school teaching and preaching in the church was all right. The Indians heard about far off countries, and elephants in Africa. John George told us all about the Bore War, how long Queen Victoria reigned, and how much money the Government had stored in a big safe in Ottawa. He did not have much faith in white mans medicine; he made his own. He would go far up in the hills and dig up potions from the dark ages. When anyone was sick, they would send for John George. You would see him striding down the road with all the time in the world. He carried a great big bible under his arm. For what reason I don't know. I never saw him read out of it. I think that possibly he was just a little afraid to mix his witchcraft with the sacred law. He was a real old blarney making everyone feel good, which was all right too.

The people were always giving him a dog sled load of wood, a chunk of moose meat or some white fish just in case John George did have the power to direct their departed spirits one way or the other. When he would visit a sick house, we would sneak in to hear John George tell

stories. The houses would be full of people. You could almost cut the tobacco smoke in the room. He was a great believer in white liniment, Epsom salts and castor oil. He would massage the sick mans arms, chest, and legs with his big fat fingers, all the while telling him how so and so had the same sickness but got well very fast by drinking this kettle of herbs. Where John George really shined was at a funeral. It would not take him 20 minutes before he had everyone standing around the grave balling their heads off.

One terribly cold night in January, 1913 found Eric, Laddie, my younger brother (he was 13 years old), Alfred Patchenose, Louis Martin, Alex Buck, stupid George McNabb, Moses Buck, and myself sitting around a campfire at the west end of Egg Lake. Our teams of horses were stamping the snow, tied to spruce trees munching hay all night. Someone looked up from the fire to see a man coming into camp on snowshoes. This is the first time we had seen Art Winn. He introduced himself saying he had snowshoed some 35 miles from Pine Creek, where he had parted his partnership with Birch Auldridge. They had started out from Cormorant Lake with dogs. Art said no one in this world could get along with that man. "I junked the deal giving Auldridge all my fur and my share of the grub." We were very pleased to have a white man among us, especially when he said he was a first class horse doctor.

We all agreed that Art should travel with us to the post where we were sure dad would give him a job. Art was not very tall but he said he measured two axe handles across the chest and weighed 198 pounds with dry socks on. Eric fried a pan of moose meat plus a whole bannock, which filled Art up for the night. We all bunked in together under our rabbit robes by the open fire. Next morning we certainly were glad to have Art with us. The ice had cracked under the heavy loads of fish during the night, making a foot of slush under the snow. The sleighs were frozen in. Art took a heavy long pole, pounding at the runners, loosening them up

for us. He certainly was a horseman all right. He refitted nearly all the horse collars and sweat pads. Finally, we were on the move towards Egg Lake portage. We dined on Moose Lake side just before we hit Moose Lake Bay, making Bacons Island that night. When we fed at dinnertime, Art would go through three feet of ice with the chisel twice as fast as we boys could. When we finally arrived home with the loads, we all followed Art into the house, introducing him to mom and dad. Art had such a great big healthy laugh and he loved a joke. Dad hired him that night. It was not long until mother said she just could not believe some of the stories Art told. Art said he was a fireman on the Great Northern, pulling a train across Nevada, when two robbers boarded the train at some little flag station. One gunman was busy locking up the conductors in the stateroom. The other ran over the top of the cars, and jumped down into the locomotive. Art was just shoveling in a scoop of coal on the fire when the robber put his six shooter in the ribs of the engineer, telling him to stop the engine. "I just turned around and grabbed him by the coat collar and the seat of his pants, threw him inside the fire box, and slammed the door shut." He showed us his gold watch that the vice president of the Great Northern Railway gave him for bravery and saving one of the biggest train robberies in the west. One time, pulling a mile and a half of iron ore cars, going about 70 miles an hour around the big horseshoe bend in the Sierra Nevada mountains, Art fell off the engine. "Well, you know I just ran across that valley and caught the train coming up the grade across the swamp."

The Pas was a real horse town by now. Finger Lumber Company had some 100 teams skidding logs to the Carrot River all the way from camp. One at the border of Saskatchewan right up to Red Earth. Ted Hartnett from Star City was one of the big horse dealers. Gibsons from Melfort supplied Mr. Finger with carloads of horses for the bush. Four horse teams would haul big water tanks to ice the roads during the night. There are still some very good pictures around

showing the tremendous big loads of logs hauled with 18-foot bunks. They started the loads with snatch blocks with the pick of heavy horses that pulled like one horse. The big clydes got on to this starting. They would start to draw then both horses got down to pulling until their bellies were almost touching the snow. Once the load was started, there was no stopping until they reached the landing on the riverbank. They had what they called a nigger jin pole affair operated by another quiet team. The foreman here piled logs sky high. When the river started to break up, they rolled the logs into the river. A Wannagan houseboat with bunks and cook for ten men followed the drive down river. These lumberjacks would run over the floating logs with a cant hook, watching for logjams in the river. The boom camp was at the mouth of the Carrot River, where it runs into the Saskatchewan River three miles above The Pas. When the drive was over, the river would have some 25 miles of solid logs. I forgot to mention the SS C.R. Smith steamboat. She was a paddle wheeler. That is the paddle wheels were on each side of the boat. This permitted the two rope free action from various stern posts. When towing, the C.R. Smith could turn around within its own length. One paddle wheel going ahead and the other reversing. Tommy Paquette was engineer, and Vern Walker and Mackie McLeod were captains. The C.R. Smith sunk at The Pas Bridge one spring when the ice was moving in the river. She was completely demolished.

When we would reach The Pas with our team loads of fish for the Booth Fisheries Company, there was always a horse trading deal going on with Ted Hartnett or Gibsons or some freighter. Art taught us how to trade horses. Any old plug that was always playing out or could not eat his two gallons of oats every meal, we traded him off. Art would put this kind of a horse in the barn for three days feeding, currying him and sometimes he would put a couple of drops of turpentine under his tail. When Ted Hartnett or another horse buyer came around to look at him,

he was an entirely different looking horse than he was when he limped into town. Why we wanted to trade him of course was that he either walked too fast for his mate or he did not match up in colour. With a couple of days rest, his tail and mane brushed out and a little preswazion under his tail, he looked real good. He never was over six years.

Jack Bacon and Joe St. Goodard had a big fish camp at Pickerel Narrows. Dave Perry, the dummy, was fishing at the East Narrows. He married his cook, Matilda, Zakoos widow. Matilda had two girls by Mr. Chantios, a Hudson Bay Company post manager, here at Moose Lake before my time. Matilda the second is Mrs. Roberta Buck. Art said he never would get married, saying that marriage is one of the causes of divorce.

Alex Knight was fishing at Big Wave Island. Noah Umpherville and Buck Robert had two camps on the short portage at the crossing. David Beardy had a camp at the narrows at the crossing. Louis Bacon was at Olsons Island. It was a recognized fact that Louis Bacon was the biggest liar in the country. Art Winn and Charley Rill were tied. However, Art said he had a certificate to show that he was the biggest liar in the state of Iowa. He was born in Charles City. That was the winter Louis Bacon caught a mallard duck in one of his nets under the ice. Word reached dad via the Indians that Louis Bacon had now caught a big snake four feet long in another net. The Indian dog musher said he saw the snake at Louis' camp. The truth finally came out after fishing that spring. Louis was chopping out horse manure from one of Bobbie Olsons old barns. About a foot under the pile of dried manure, Louis had found this big snake curled up for his long winter sleep. Louis hung the snake over a pole rafter by the camp door for everyone to see. Alex Sinclair fished for 40 years at the Old Reserve. Old John Knight's camp was at Ka-kak-wak-pisk, opposite Alex Sinclair's camp. Ka-kak-wa-pisk is the high rocks where the duck falcon or hawk nests on a ledge of rock hanging out from the cliff where no one can rob his

young. One cannot reach it from the top or the bottom of this limestone cliff. It is quite a site to see the Ka-kake shoot out from the cliff, attacking a passing mallard duck. He works the duck high up in the air by flying under him for awhile. Then he will fly almost straight up to make a powerful dive with his claws closed in front of him like a boxer. He strikes the duck with a terrific blow, breaking his back. Here the Kakke will loop the loop to catch the duck in mid air. When he lands the duck, the first thing he does is to telicopoe the skin on the ducks neck over its head, more or less eating the duck alive.

William McKenzie, old Norman's son, always fished in Egg Lake filling around 500 boxes of white fish by New Years. Dad would hire teams from Minnatonis, Swan River, and Tisdale. One winter, he had five or six teams of mules hauling. They were very tough but their small feet were against them. The clydes and bronks would not sink down in the snow so bad as they would eat just so much oats no matter how much you put in front of them. Horse would get colicky, roll around all night and rip their horse blanket to pieces. One very cold day in January, with a 30 mile head wind blowing across Red Earth Lake, we just could not get the horses to face it. After upsetting our loads of boxes in the big snowdrift that was always bad getting on Red Earth Lake. We decided we had enough feed so we went back over the short portage to our open camp again. Jacob Nasecapoo and Robert Nasecapoo also had their own teams hauling fish. This timber was terrific for size and straight towering trees of black spruce. We all went into the bush with axes and crosscut saws to cut logs for a barn and shack. Some were skidding, some building, and some cutting poles for the roof. We picked out a big spruce about four feet at the butt for the ridgepole. Eric organized a thawing out rack where we hauled many horse blankets full of green moss, as the moss would thaw out, which only required a minute or so of heat rising through it. Other men would be busy chinking the barn and shack. We completed these two

building in one day. This was the start of building barns along the road. This first stable barn held six teams of horses down each side. Inland Angling Lake was the next stop 17 miles away. We built more barns that winter. One night Art Winn said he was kept awake by the teeth chattering in the crosscut saw which was outside.

Old Jerimiah Buck drove his big ox hooked up with his little Charley horse. Jerimiah caught rabbits for the swing. Old Jerry was always good for a laugh, being a little deaf with that woe begone look. He always said prayers for us night and morning. He would look at Laddie's or any of our broken moccasins then dig down in his bag giving us a pair that were patched and clean saying, "Put a green rabbit skin over your socks. White men froze badly." Nose, cheeks, and the big toe were the vulnerable parts. Old Jerry always wore a rabbit skin cap. He also wore a rabbit skin coat. These articles were knitted with strips of rabbit skin. I do not know of anything warmer. I was the moose hunter of the gang. When we were storm bound or giving the horses a day's rest while the tongue or a bench of a sleigh was made, I would go moose hunting. The bigger the wind and storm, the better for hunting. I always carried my big snowshoes. Old John Buck made them for me. They were about a foot longer than most any snowshoes, and very light. I could travel about four miles an hour with them. They were very good in thick bush also. When I knew I was getting close to the moose, I would take the snowshoes off, making the up wind part wading in deep snow going very easy. I prided myself seeing how close I could get to two or three moose lying down. If I had to cough, I would scoop a dent in the snow with my mitt and put my face down in it to cough.

I never did beat Art Winn. He shot a moose one summer that was so far away, he had to boil the kettle twice before he got to it. A moose did not last very long with the gang. It was fried meat for breakfast, fried meat for supper and then two horse pails of boiled ribs and tid bits for

supper. Old Jerry would singe the hair from the noses, and split them open every which way. These along with the hearts and various parts of the inside sure made a good feed. Mother would cook big pots of real pork and beans and pour them in thin slabs on a board, freezing them solid. These we would break up and carry in cotton bags. They were quick to warm up in a frying pan. Mother could never make enough to last us very long. The black strap molasses in them sure beat the pork and beans we have these days in cans. Oatmeal cookies in wooden boxes were always good. They were stamped out about the size of a saucer. We were always careful to cover our empty four-pound jam tins. When we threw them away around the dinner place, the little chickadees would get their feet stuck in the empty jam tins or syrup tins, freezing to death. We always had plenty of whiskey jacks and chickadees, especially at the noon dinner stops, which we had in sheltered timber. The whiskey jacks would get very tame. The moment the first curl or black smoke went up from the fireplace, these Hudson Bay Pigeons, or camp robbers, would start lighting on your grub box. Eric was mean to them. He would take a string of sewing thread, tying a small piece of meat, which Mr. Whiskey Jack would grab before his partner could get it. Down would go the meat. Then Eric would pull on the thread. The whiskey jack would hang on as long as he could before giving up the piece of meat. A few drops of whiskey or rum on a piece of bannock was another one of Eric's favorite tricks. A couple of so treated bread would send Mr. Whiskey Jack spinning head long into the willows. He could not stand up properly. The rum must affect his gyro compos and his artificial horizon would be all haywire. Art Winn just could not stand to see a teamster put the bits in the horse's mouths without first holding them a few seconds over the fire or rubbing the bits with your hand. This would take out some of the cold and prevent them from sticking to the horse's lips and tongue. An hour and fifteen minutes to an hour and a half was all the time we could afford at dinnertime. Each teamster would hold his

plate over the fire a second and then wipe off the fish bones or meat with a whisp of hay, throw the grub boxes and pull off the horse blankets, and away we would start. The sleigh runners grinding and reaching through the bush. Art said some of the portages were so crooked that the lead team would be stealing hay from the back team's sleigh.

Half an hour after we pulled out, we would cut a water hole in a creek or the first lake. Everyone took a hand, first with a four-pound axe, then finishing the hole with the ice chisel or shooting a 30-30 shell into the bottom of the hole. The horses would be warmed up again, taking a good drink. The poorest teams always lagged behind in the good road, including old Jerimiah Buck. When I look back now, Jerimiah was more of a nuisance than anyone. But, everyone helped old Jerry. He seemed to be awake all night puttering around, looking at his rabbit snares with a lantern, straightening out horse blankets on the horses, gathering dry wood and birch bark for morning, or saying his prayers. Jacob Nascapoo and his brother Robert trailed behind with their teams of bronks. Old Robert was a real good Indian, not far from being a real pagen. He only used moose hide mitts with no lining in them. He would run out from the trail and grab a couple of cattails, stripping them inside his mitts making a fluffy filling, which was very warm. When we were too cold to strike a match to make a fire, old Robert would laugh and take off his mitts, striking a match. He always carried a little curl of birch bark in his pocket. We called him One Match Robert, and then he would laugh. These Indians were always out of oats. They generally had enough hay along. We never objected in giving them the odd bag of oats. They made this up in many ways to us. Black dark lost on a lake guessing where the portage was. We would stop and have Jacob, Robert, or old Jerimiah come up and peer into the black. Lining up the wind on one side or absolutely stare right ahead. After a few laughs and stamping around, one of them would walk ahead, lining up the direction. If we missed the portage or campsite by

half a mile, they would laugh. White men would curse and swear. Each man just had to look after his feet, hands, and face. Jonah Tobacco, one of dad's steady Indians, always chewed We-kase, a muskrat root that tasted like hot ginger root. This was good to chew providing you could hold it in your mouth long enough. Jonah always had a bunch of these herbs. They range in size from wiener sausage to the size of your little finger. Mother would grate them on a nutmeg grater and give us a drink of the hot peppery stuff for bellyaches or cramps. We-kase was also good poultice for cuts or burns. If one teamster broke an evener or whippetree, first thing was to borrow old Jerry's axe. He kept his axe as sharp as a razor. Jacob or Robert would only take a few minutes to pick out a good straight birch, hew it into shape, and make an evener in 15 minutes, same think making sleigh tongues. White men would get right up close to the fire, pushing others aside trying to get their fry pan and teakettle going. The Indians would hang back and squeeze in, quietly laughing and bowing. Scraping out a few hot coals for their fry pan piled up with chopped moose meat smothered in snow. It took about ten minutes to cook a piece of meat. The gravy or sout was always good if you tossed out the pine needles and rabbit pills first. Three fresh moose tracks crossing the trail would always stop old Jerry or Robert. They would stand there looking at the tracks. "They came from over there, early this morning. The wind was blowing from that way then, they should be laying down over there by now." The odd wolverine track was always interesting. They would look at it and say the thief. Lynx, timber wolf, foxes, mink, and weasels were quite plentiful. Bush caribou were plentiful east of Moose Lake. I shot five one Christmas morning. The Indians said Santa Claus sent them to us. One very cold January evening, I was driving a four-horse team with a big load of fish. About a quarter mile from Eric's Island, which is the deepest part of Moose Lake, all four horses and load broke through the ice. In just about two seconds, all that was showing was four horse heads struggling

and swimming and piling up on each other. The eight-foot swing bunks buoyed up the bob sleighs. The racks were nailed to the bunks, fish boxes floating around. Eric or Laddie pulled the draw pin on their team and galloped around to me. Moses Buck, Andrew Knight and George McNabb just froze in their tracks, spell bound. Other Indians were holding some of the horses by the halters and reigns. Everyone must work fast and have no fear of falling in among the horses. I snatched a logging chain around one horses' neck. At almost the same instant, someone hollered giddyup. The team on the ice was hard to hold. They were prancing around like mad. I think we stretched those four horses' necks out ten feet, dragging them out on the ice. We had a bad wind blowing from the north right on top of us. Eric and the others galloped the half-drowned horses into thick timber, while the rest of us snared fish boxes, hauling them out and removing a board to drain the water, then dragged out the rack and sleigh. We were all laughing at Andrew Knight, Moses, and George McNabb, who by now were more or less mobile and feeling rather guilty. We made ten big fires in a circle around the horses to dry them out, and then patched horse harnesses and reins all night. One December, Laddie put a dandy four-horse team in the six-mile creek halfway to The Pas. I don't think I have mentioned Bill, the best horse that ever had a collar on. Bill was just an exception of all horses I ever knew. Laddie had Bill and a big dappled grey mare by the name of Bess on the lead. When they broke through the ice, Bill was just like a tomcat. He seemed to spring straight up in the air and was out on the ice pulling away backwards in his harness. What happened was Bill broke everything and trampled Bess, cutting her in a dozen places with his sharp shoes. We all camped in the willows that night, building fires to dry out the horses and repairing rigging. Eric boiled white fish in a big horse pail. We all tied into the pail of boiled fish with our fingers. I never tasted anything so good. We had been on the trail quite awhile. Our grub boxes were empty of everything but tea, sugar, and salt. Laddie was a

born horseman. He seemed to have the knack of taking a broken down plug and making a good horse out of him in short time. William McKenzie, old Norman's son, made some money taking out railroad ties at Cormorant in 1912. William went to Winnipeg and bought a team of horses from some bread company. Bill and George were shipped to Cormorant, then went to Moose Lake where Dad bought them from William. This team was about three or four years old. Bill was everything but good, yet he never kicked or bit anyone. The big job was to put a harness on him. When you went between them, Bill would try to walk on the ceiling. He would just crowd you and prance around from daylight till dark. He had to be held back all day. The cunning old devil would pull his evener right ahead, making the other horses pull most of the load. We had to be careful who we hitched Bill with. Running away or bolting was his favorite sport. All the horses could be badly played out but Bill was right there driving ahead all the time. He could play out all three horses every day. He must have been well broke. Absolutely no balky streak in Bill. All he knew was to draw. Any team that got stuck in the slush, we just unhooked them, put Bill and any other horse that was half as good as him on the load, and out she came. As the years went by, Bill's mates died, drowned, shot, or traded off. Bill became just a little quieter, but not much. As wild and frisky as he was, we could always catch Bill with a pail of oats. I was watering Bill and Dad Darkey, a big black that dad had raised at Moose Lake. One day at the waterhole, below the powerhouse at The Pas, I would throw the halter shank over Bill's neck after they had a drink. Bill would gallop through town and back to the barn, which was behind the Bickle block. Bill would run into his proper stall in the barn. However, that morning the old devil swung around after he had his drink and kicked up his heels, hitting Darkey between the eyes, knocking him out cold. After about ten minutes, Darkey came to life. He struggled up on his feet wondering what had happened. Another spring when the haul was finished and all the

horses were let out in the yard one Sunday morning at Moose Lake, Bill galloped past Dolly, a lovely long lanky mare, heavy in foal. Bill kicked up his heels at her, cutting a two-inch gash in her belly. We boys worked all day on Dolly but could not put back and sew up the cut. We led her off in the bush and shot her. Bill was not mean in any way. These accidents just seemed to happen to Bill. When the teams would get into camp, sometimes one team would leave their load out in the lake because they just could not make it. Bill and his mate were always the team to unhook their load and go back for the load that was left out on the lake. Bill's last two or three winters were spent in retirement around the post. He became very tame and quiet. One fine day in May, Bill became very uneasy walking around the yard back and forth. Finally, he left the yard and walked down to the lakeshore. I found him the next day, dead about a mile away. He was always so independent and that is the way he died. If there is a heaven for good horses somewhere, I am sure Bill is up there, king of them all.

I was the blacksmith at the post, repairing sleighs, putting in new runners, reaches and tongues. Making whippetrees by the dozen, ironing off the eveners with a snatch hook in every evener. When anyone wanted a pull, all you had to do was pull the draw pin and drive around to his load, throw a logging chain around his tongue, and hook the chain on the snatch hook. This saved hunting around for a clevis for your evener. We started to catch the horses in October, and started shoeing them in November. When we ran out of Webster's Select blacksmith coal, dad would send a dog team over the thin ice to The Pas to bring 300 or 400 pounds back. We generally ran out of toe caulks and horseshoe nails also. All blacksmiths are proud of their work. Shaping the new horseshoe, punching out the nail holes, welding the toe caulks, sharpening the outside caulk, fitting the shoe, and burning a certain amount of the hoof saved a lot of rasping, which also made a good flat fit. I built a squeezer in the shop where we had to sling up some of

the bad bronks. This squeezer was not used very much, I preferred an Indian holding the horse nostrils with a twister while I had his hind foot between my legs. Nothing can beat youth. Some big horses would push me back and forth until he played out. I would get a few nail cuts through my apron but blood poison was not invented at that time. Some horses would lean all their weight on you, holding a hind foot between your knees. A well-balanced horseshoe hammer, a sharp rasp and hoof cutter, nails and clinching tools all handy in your moveable tray, you could nail shoes on very fast.

Captain Sandy Vance made a winter trip to Moose Lake. He drew us a picture of his wonderful invention. A snow plow for the lakes. My first attempt making a plow was certainly a great help for the horses walking behind. We pulled this plow with four horses abreast and one team on the lead. These horses had a hard time wading up and down in the hard and soft snow pulling the plow. The long string of team traveling behind the plow on glare ice pulled three ordinary loads per team. My next attempt was to make a plow with a 20-foot pole behind. This pole had a ring in the end which went over the tongue of the sleigh which had four horses pushing and pulling 100 boxes of fish some eight or ten tons. I had four pulleys with cable running through them fastened to the pole. A boat steering wheel jockeyed the poles to either side, making the plow go wherever you wanted it to travel. What a great saving of hacksaw blades, breast drills, and rivets. If we had acetylics or electric outfits, these two articles were just not to be had. All welding was done in the forge. Boat rudders, skegs or keel shoeing, ice chisel handles, and plenty of logging chains had to be welded together.

There are very few blacksmiths left and what there are, they all have white hair. Same thing with horse doctors. There would not be one man in 1,000 now that could float a horse's mouth. We carried a tooth file to rub the sharp edges off their back grinders. Sometimes these

edges stuck out, cutting the inside of the poor horse's mouth. We would knock off long wolf teeth with a hammer and chisel. Art Winn was good at repairing a sweeney. A poor fitting collar would sprain the muscles in the shoulder blade. When this happened, the horse more or less had it.

By the middle of March, we generally finished hauling fish to The Pas. Weather at this time was hard on frozen fish. All the camps on the lake were moving their large families back to the post. Nets were hung up on poles to dry, graded, and removal of the corks and leads. Dad was very busy closing out the accounts and paying off fishermen. Everyone was now getting ready to move into the rat swamps in the delta. Some wanted a new canoe, some a new tent, traps, or grub. Ratting skiffs were in demand. I made these by the dozens and sold them for around eight dollars. The first big thaw, we turned out all the horses. They did not take long to disappear. In May, we would ride around the hayfields across the portage looking for new colts. We always took the shoes off the horses and threw them in the corner of the blacksmith shop for next winter.

In the spring of 1911, Eric and I were trapped in Devil's Bay on Trader's Lake. I was 13 and Eric was 14 years old. A couple of dogs and a dog jumper with steel shoeing was our transportation. An old rag of a tent, and one skiff to paddle home after breakup. The dogs trotted along the shore and banks of the creeks. We had no waders. We shot geese and ducks with our 22 rifles. Frank Barker, who died in Flin Flon a couple of years ago, was the Hudson Bay Company post manager at Moose Lake. I think rats were fifty cents each at that time. We made our willow rat stretchers. There was no lumber for that sort of thing. I am sure we never washed our face or hands all spring. We fell through the rotten ice every day. Then, when the creeks started to open up, we waded across. The way you would in July. Some cow moose would run

away and leave their baby to its fate. Others behaved a little different. When you saw the old cow put her ears down flat on her neck, we knew enough to sneak away and run like hell. Once in awhile, a bear would visit our little campsite while we were away lifting traps. About all he would do is gather up rat carcasses and possibly give our tent a swipe with his claws. A strong south wind would bring a thousand mudhens in one night. There would not be any the day before. Weasakajack's story has it that the mudhen is so black and dusty, he is ashamed to travel with the pretty mallards, wood ducks, and broadbills. Weasakajack made the mudhen a little red lantern that he carries on top of his bill. This is the guiding light when he travels from the south at night. They lose this red patch shortly after they arrive or after mating is over. We robbed every goose nest we found, generally killing one of the geese with our 22 first. There was absolutely no thought of conservation in the country. Everything was grub. It is hard to explain the amount of jack fish spawning in the shallow creeks and little lakes. We would club the odd big one to eat. When the Summerberry River went out, Lambs Cutoff poured into Traders Lake, spreading all over the adjoining swamps, filling the country with spawning jack fish and pickerel. Bears would throw fish out on the banks by the hundreds. Crows, gulls, foxes, and wolves had plenty to eat. The rats came out, which means they surface with the first sign of open water. After this time, we set traps away from the rat house. The open creeks became alive, especially in the evenings when we would lift our traps two or three times a day. Walking along the hay banks of the little rivers, we would flush mallard, teal, and nesting ducks. Cooking a rat or a duck over the fire and boiling a pot of tea would disturb the steady croaking of frogs for just a minute or so. If you heard frogs singing behind the willows, investigate it. You would find a pothole with rat signs. The Indians say the rats find these potholes from the songs the frogs sing. I don't know another country in the world that offers so much as our spring season in the rat

swamps. Everything becomes very alive after a long shut in cold winter. No one could get ulcers trapping rats or wading these creeks, then standing by a little fire cooking your supper stripped naked with your clothes blowing on a willow bunch, only to ford another creek in an hour or so. Ka-puk-quak-ta-mes-ta-ga-take was only a few miles west of Traders Lake. Nemoosim, John Dorion, Nemaguts, Samuel Umpherville, and Alfred Tobacco always spent the spring there. There was no such thing as no where to trap like now a days. One day, Samuel visited our little tent. Eric and I were very pleased to see and talk to him. Samuel had a great laugh, and he laughed at everything. Our broken and worn out moccasins, rugged pants, the way we stretched our fur, and our miserable bit of bedding with no pillows.

One of the first things we asked Samuel was who was making that terrifying noise at night. When we imitated it, he said it was a lynx. They travel for mating, letting out a screech every so often. Baby horn owls were flying from tree to tree, but not far. The whiskey jacks were bringing their young around. You can tell the little fellows. They are a dusty black, and don't know very much because they will land right in your cooking pot. Samuel told us that we had our camp in Devil's Bay. Right about here somewhere, the devil came out of the bush, and walked three miles over to Devil's Portage, which is a green spruce bluff on our present rat ranch. No one ever camped in Devil's Bay before, so Samuel had a good laugh at this.

What a shame, the timber around Traders and Driftwood Lakes burned. I have never seen such lovely big spruce trees, towering 60 to 70 feet high. In 1913, we were making hay across the portage, living in our old house and store. Nemoosim was boss as usual. Eric was the official hunter. He would go out before dinner, shooting ducks in the creek. Nemoosim would cook a big horse pail full of boiled ducks. He would throw in a few chunks of rancid salt pork, then thicken the soup with flour. A piece of torn tent was spread on the ground under a shade of birch and

poplar bows. We put it up with a bucking pole. I don't know how we got along without a welding outfit. We always managed to keep the two mowers and rakes going. One hot day in 1914, we were all having dinner upstairs in the old store. I was running upstairs with an armful of pin cherry branches loaded with berries. Halfway up the stairs, a clap of thunder struck. I will never forget the shock I got, sending me tumbling downstairs completely knocked out. When I came to, everyone was sitting around me rubbing my chest and head. Nemoosim was leaning over me telling me that the thunderbird passed by very close. Part of the thunderbird's fire must have hit me. I told him he was perfectly right. You could smell the lightening in the building. It took me a long time to get over this shock. Nemoosim would pack our grub over from the store two miles away and be cooking breakfast by six o'clock. One day, he had big news. Fred Fisher, of Fisher Avenue, was fire ranger on the Ranger boat. Charley Hill was engineer. They brought news from The Pas that there was a big war on. Nemoosim said it was everyone's duty to pray hard to stop the war. Your mother told me this, and the papers showed pictures of a German with a pointed helmet and an Austrian standing together with bayonets drawn. Printed underneath was, "Let them all come." Other pictures of Kieser Willilhelm, riding a white horse leading his army into battle. Mr. C.T. Mitchell joined up. So did Bill Taylor and Barney Stitt. Indians from Moose Lake that joined up were Henry Ross, Willie Buck, Alex Buck, Andrew Sanderson, and John Sinclair. His name was Pa-pach-e-wan, meaning laughing water. John was only in Winnipeg a short time when he was sent to France. He was a sniper. He was killed on the 40th day in the trenches with a bullet in his head. Eric and Art Winn were partners fishing about three miles east of Narrows when they joined up after winter fishing. Eric and Peter Ballantyne went to Valadostock in Siberia and nearly starved to death over there. Eric said if it was not for the Salvation Army, they would have had a bad time. Art Winn formed a B & B gang in France,

building bridges ahead of two troops. He used up three rifles, not having any more room for notches of the stocks. This last war was a kid's war. Flying around dropping bombs from any airplane is not fighting. Your gun got so slippery, you just could not hold it properly. Art made a fine looking Sargent. When he would take his men over the top at four in the morning, he would holler at them, "Come on you sons of Bs, do you want to live forever?"

Jack Waddy was a good Indian agent in The Pas. He was agent at Morley, Alberta before coming to The Pas. He married Jean Campbell of Gilbert Plains. Jean Waddy's dad was Colonel Campbell, who died in France. They were all good horsemen.

I took Eric's job as engineer on the I.D. boat when he joined the army. This job paid \$150 a month for June and part of July. The only real money we made. The I.D. boat had windows all around including the engine room. The engine was a two cylinder Kalenberg, make and break two cycles. Not a gear on the whole engine. It ran just as well backwards as forward by tripping the big brass lever, cutting off the switch, then letting her go again at the extreme end of the quadrant. She would fire on the coming up stroke, which started her running in reverse. She was a good engine. Digging sandbars not having a reverse clutch and also full powers in reverse. Phil Powers, the provincial policeman, Dr. Orock, and an Indian captain made up the crew. The Indian agent and doctor visited the reserves once a year. No Indian was ever taken out to a hospital. There were always a few men and women dying on the reserves with Tuberculosis. The doctor's advice was to try and get as much fresh air as possible and eat plenty of soft foods. It took Samuel Umpherville and Zaccheus Buck all summer to die in Moose Lake. They were reduced to skin and bone, but always cheerful to the last. Dr. Arthur Larose was I.D. doctor before Dr. Orock. Larose was a very dignified little gentleman with a beard. He carried plenty of Epsom salts, castor oil, belladonna plasters, and cough syrup. He never operated on anyone, but

was a good doctor just the same. Dr. Hogg and Orock were on a trip to Red Earth one summer. We had plenty of fun stuck on sandbars in Carrot River. Everyone wading around the boat, stripped naked trying to pry her loose. Waddy killed a moose one trip with an axe. He and an Indian jumped in the canoe we were towing, and took after the moose. They soon had fresh meat for the boat.

In the start of the teens, there was a slow change coming about in the Indian Department in Regina. Mr. Graham with his stiff leg was a cranky old inspector. Never the less, Indian agents were now asking the chief and councilors what they want for the next treaty. I acted as interpreter. There was always the same old build up about Queen Victoria. When she took this country, we would be well looked after. We want to make a garden. We would like two grub hoes, two rakes, and two hayforks. We also want more old people to receive rations. The yearly rations for every reserve those days consisted of 500 or 600 pounds of semi-smoked bacon weighing about 125 pounds per side, two 50-pound chests of tea, 25 pounds of rice, and 50 pounds of rolled oats. Rations must not start until October. These rations were for the hard winter months, for old and crippled people only. However, a good talking chief no matter how young, old, or able, also received one ration. They first Monday of every month was ration day. A $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of tea, two pounds of rice, four pounds of oatmeal, and a chunk of salt pork. You divided up the flour that was not caked in a bag or had coal oil spilled on it. You figure out so many pounds per person. The crisp new one and five dollar bills given out at treaty time made a great day. Apart from this five dollars per head, treaty money I am sure the reserves did not cost the Dominion Government any more than \$150 in rations, garden rakes and grub hoes. There were very few half-breeds who were not recognized in any way since the Government discontinued Scrip. Scrip entitled a half-breed family a quarter section of land that was not yet taken up by

farmers outside or out west. Men from Prince Albert traveled the country buying up Scrip. That is, they paid the half-breed \$1,000 for his scrip, making out the papers and transfers on the spot. I think scrip was discontinued shortly after 1900. Ottawa does not seem to recognize or possibly they do, but keep mum about it. We are heading for a real Indian problem. Every year, there is more relief given out today to one Indian family than was given out to one big reserve when I was a boy. Some families are drawing up to \$250 per month, now compared to less than \$200 per one reserve long ago. The following teachers at Moose Lake that I remember were L.J. Taylor, W.C. Lundie, Jimmie Settee, Elijah Constant, John George Kennedy, John James Cockran, Robert Thomas, and C.T. Mitchell. They had up to seven or eight school children attending school. Today, there are some 160 with 40 on the waiting list for lack of rooms.

I have flown Gaberel Marcou, the Indian Department school inspector and school supervisor around the north for many years. Mr. Marcou has graphs and figures that help him plan and regulate new schools, which amount into the millions of dollars per year. He talks of putting up two new schools, costing three million dollars each. The same as I talk about putting up another grainery for an extra heavy crop of oats. When I mentioned that we still have an Indian problem on our hands, in 50 years I think it will come sooner than that. This Indian population explosion really began when airplanes started to fly out Tuberculosis patients into hospitals and sanitariums. This improvement in medical care, more rations given out, higher food production, special clothing, allowance plus new medicines on the market has the Indian population traveling so fast it makes me wonder how many there will be in Canada in a very few years. The Indian is increasing so much faster than the white people who are bad enough. Gaberel Marcou told me that by 1961, the world's population would be more than three billion. The population of the world at the time of Christ was estimated at about 200 million. For 1800

years, through plagues, wars, and voyages of exploration, it remained roughly steady. But, now she is away on high in the big wheel. The increase now is roughly 50 million per year. At this rate, we will have four billion people by 1980.

Long ago, there were always three or four above average canoe men on every reserve, four men that could really bend a paddle from daylight till dark. In the early teens, a young man named Harvey Isbister cut part of his foot off with a mowing machine. John George Kenndy's grandchild, Harvey was a catch colt from a river around Fort Abacorn. Dad said you must rush him to The Pas where a doctor was established already. The band of Indians was all excited. They picked out Philip Tobacco, Moselle Captain, Alex Sinclair, and another powerful paddler. Mother stuck Harvey's mangled foot into a bag of flour to stop the bleeding. I forgot the time these four strong men made to The Pas. They always strip off their suspenders, but keep a black silk handkerchief around their heads. Another time, Joe Sinclair had his heel shot off by his brother Ben. This was another race to The Pas. Paddling 75 miles in about nine hours. Old Moselle and Philip were my pick of strong paddlers. The canoe would practically jump out of the water once they got going. Dear old Moselle Captain. He was my first game guardian on the muskrat ranch in 1931. He and old Betsy had trapped at Kanaskawack for possibly 50 years. I built them a nice little cabin along side of their old log shack with a sky light and balsam floor. They just would not move into this clean, well-lit cabin with good lumber floors. The old woman said the floor was too hard. Also, you had no place to spit on a clean floor. But with pins bows and balsam floor, which was soft to kneel down on and her open fireplace to spit in and throw the rabbit guts and weasel carcasses. This was her happy home. Sitting on a white man hard chair around a stove cannot compare to sitting cross-legged in front of the open fire with a kettle of fish or meat hanging down from a bar crosswise in the chimney. They required no candles or

lamp. A rabbit or a side of deer ribs oponsaked. That is cooked on a stick with fat running down on the hot coals. Also baking bannock in the fry pan propped up at an angle getting the right brown on it. Moselle and Betsy were real old true Indians. They even spoke as the people would say (proper Cree) just the same as an Exior or Cambridge man would speak nice English.

Moselle used a birch bark canoe up until he died a few years ago. He would always say he just did not feel comfortable in white man's canoe. I can still take you to campsites in the heavy timber at Kanaskawack where Moselle and Betsy had killed a moose. They would move out to the kill in the heavy timber taking a couple of blankets, their knives, one axe, his drawknife, a few snares, and the Me-te-gnan. The fleshing bone made from the skin bone of a moose. This tool is used to cut the flesh and hair from a moose hide, which is laced spread eagle on a square, made of good size poles. They would smoke and dry a whole moose, making it light to pack out of the bush. A tanned hide weighs only a few pounds compared to possibly 200 for a soft green hide.

Old Moselle had such a great laugh it made you fell good just to hear him. Betsy caught just as much fine fur and rats as the old man. It was funny to watch them buy in the store. They would canoe into the post about once a month. Betsy bought so many pounds of flour, and then Moselle had to buy the tea. The old lady had to buy the next article, both shouting at each other because Moselle was a little hard of hearing. He would buy four 30-30 rifle shells. Then the old lady would shout at him saying, "Why don't you buy two more. You know your eyes are getting bad and you missed that last deer." I don't think they ever bought a tin of canned stuff in their life. He would just laugh and shake his head if I suggested a tin of pork and beans or a tin of tomatoes. He would buy a ball of gilding twine or a file or five double spring traps or a new small axe instead. I am sure they did not use a box of matches a year. Their flint and steel and

touchwood had served them well for 60 or so years. Why change now? The old lady had several kinds of roots and herbs hanging from the crossbeams of her shack. The Indians would dog team out to their camp for medicine for their children. They would always camp overnight, giving the old folds all the news and explaining what sickness the child had so the old woman could figure out the right kind of herbs to grind up. They had no clock or calendar, but knew what day it was all the time; so many days till Christmas, and so on. Old Moselle would show me certain places on the ranch where they would put up geese in the fall. Fifty percent speckle bellies or the white fronted goose. At these groveling places, you shoot geese about 30 feet from your blind. Get the goose all lined up, swimming in to grovel. Anything under four or five geese in one shot was not so good. We have some 100 little potholes and lakes on the 54.4 acres of ranch. Old Moselle had a name for every lake and creek, spruce bluff, and high limestone point of rock. Some places, a limestone cliff will run straight up from a slough for 40 or 50 feet. Once nice place we named Strawberry Flats. When Sheila and the children were small, mom and I would paddle up from the old warehouse, which is in the center of the ranch. We always boiled up at the spruce point, then wander up on top of Strawberry Hill. This is great moose country. The flat top is like a park, no underbrush. Bear and moose trails like cow paths all over which way.

The 6th of June is a little late to catch timberwolf cubs. They are big by this time. I shot the old wolf and caught four pups on Strawberry Hill one time. Bartholomew Umpherville, Willie Knight and I kept these pups for a week around our tent camp where we were repairing a dam. We took them into the post by canoe, but had to kill them. They just would not tame. Another time, Willie Buck, the wise man and I got seven pups out of one den. Sheila, Carol and Skippy nursed them with dolls sucking bottles. They all lived to become a proper nuisance. They grew very fast and followed the children all over the place. When they started carrying out bolts

of knitting yarn, packets of sugar, and anything they saw in the store, it was time we did something with them. However, the children just would not think of having these 75 pound timberwolves destroyed. One day in September, Mack Munrow, who was our accountant at the post, saw the wolves snatch a 24-pound bag of flour from underneath of Andrew Sanderson's arm, ripping it all to pieces. Mack took a 30-30 down from the shelf and shot the whole seven of them in front of the store. These wolves cleaned out all the cats around the place. A cat is supposed to be very agile and quick. Well, they take second place to a timberwolf pup. We have some pictures of the children holding these pups all dressed up in baby clothes, snacking milk bottles. Bears have a habit of climbing up on our trapping cabins. They rip the rubberoid roofing. We always tie open the cabin doors so Mr. Bear just walks in to make a proper inspection. Occasionally, he takes a swipe at a window, breaking a pane or two of glass. He cleans up all the muskrat carcasses and slop pile and duck bones around the place. I never shoot a bear unless he or she persists in robbing our tent camp. It does not take long to put a few patches of rubberoid on the roof. The one and only animal I really hate and kill every chance I get is the timberwolf. When you see a lovely big jumping deer buck killed by wolves, only eating out the tongue and the belly fat, leaving it to kill a cow moose half a mile away, then killing a fox just for the sport of it. I know their temperament and character so well. They are just no good on this earth as far as I am concerned. Dad told me the year they killed the last timberwolf in England, that was a long time ago. England seems to get along very well with no wolves. Right today, there are two moose and six jumping deer lying partly eaten on the rivers between here and The Pas. I fly over them nearly every day. Lord knows how many are killed in the bush that I cannot see from the air. Two winters ago, Baptiste Bercier, the Moose Lake game guardian, poisoned 26 timberwolves around our cattle ranch here. This man should get King George's Medal. Some

game guardians in The Pas try to tell me that we require a certain number of timberwolves to kill off the weaklings. Well, I never saw a wolf kill a sick or weak moose or deer in my life. These game guardians that wear a monkey suit and drive a government truck back and forth of the highway must have read in a western or mens magazine how the timberwolf only kills the cripples. I shot one big dog timberwolf last June chasing the cattle. He was just having fun rounding a herd up and running circles around them. This wolf had a belly full of baby ducks. He was as fat as a pig, living off young ducks and geese who travel from one slough to the other. I saw a moose in the water two miles from here that was badly chewed up. The wolves were just playing with him, leaving the poor thing crippled so badly he could not walk. I hauled this moose out of the lake onto the bank, and peppered him well with poison. But, the wolves never touched him. All that I killed was a bunch of crows, a few hawks and a couple of skunk.

I have been in the bush all my life. Driving dogs, trading around this country, and have never been attacked by wolves. They have followed me for 20 miles, running windward of my dog team just out of sight in the dark crossing lakes. Wolves have sneaked up to fish camps to steal dog puppies and clean up the rough fish and guts around basin holes. They are very smart in their own right. They stick their nose into the snow where a moose walked. They can definitely tell the difference between a bull track and a cow with a calf and a baron fat cow. All tracks look very much alike. One would think a timberwolf would be like a bear, really fight for its young. I was sitting on a rock, looking into a rock cave, listening to baby timberwolf pups crying and malling each other waiting for their mother's arrival. All of a sudden, papa and mama wolf arrived to jump from above, landing practically on top of me. I think they thought I was a moose or bear. I managed to get one shot, killing the female. The male practically flew over the trees. I took the pups, then set snares around the den. The daddy wolf never came back that summer. If

the timberwolf had some bravery or fatherly love for their young, I could have some respect for him. They are hard to trap, poison, and shoot. However, more or less easy to snare in the summertime. I killed four in one lift of my snares in one day two years ago down Sturgeon Creek. You can really kill them from an airplane if you catch a band out on a lake. Jack Hone is an expert with a shotgun, shooting timberwolves. We have had some real good hunts. We cleaned up a bunch of five in ten minutes one time. Any wounded ones that get into the bush is all right too. They cut and eat hamstring moose and deer, leaving the poor things to suffer and die a slow death. Joe Robinson, game guardian in The Pas, is doing a wonderful job poisoning wolves up north. He has carried on with this job for a number of years, flying north putting out poison baits, and some trips checking baits. He has counted over 150 wolves. This means some 6,000 less caribou killed by these wolves.

The first time I ever saw Jean Armstrong was in the middle teens when we were freighting to The Pas. I sometimes saw this little good-looking girl going back and forth to school. She had a bright red coat on. Once time I drove my four-horse team past the school timing it when school was out. As luck would have it, she looked at the fine horses with high scotch collars trimmed with colored braid. Bells on the martingales and circingles and back bands. Shortly after that, without meeting this girl, she moved to Port Alice on Vancouver Island to work in a store. In 1919, her and Flossey, her sister, moved back to The Pas. By this time, I had enough money to afford a ticket into dances, which were held in the old community building. To my surprise, I saw this same girl sitting across the hall. C.R. Neeley, the bank manager of the Bank of Commerce, was walking over to ask this girl for the next dance. I ran across and beat him to her, fumbling for words to introduce myself. She was a very good dancer and said she knew my sister Lenore. She was working in the dry goods department in the Booth

Fisheries big store. All the other girls became seconds after I met this girl. How could I keep a wife, should she consent to marry me? That was one big worry. In 1920, Revillon Freres Company hired me in February to take a complete outfit from The Pas to Reindeer Lake to make a barge and build a tug boat at Rabbit River, which is halfway up Reindeer Lake where Ross Navigation Company freighted with teams from The Pas. The trip took us 21 traveling days, camping out every night. I lived in a shack with Del Simonds, manager for Revillon Freres various trading posts through the north. I had The Pas Lumber Company plain a caulking seam on the planks that were to be used for the scow and boat. I took charcoal in bags for my blacksmith forge. Del Simonds would not stand for me taking blacksmith coal. The freight was \$22 per 100 pounds. The freight on a two-pound bag of salt worth ten cents was forty-four cents for freight. Working alone all the time, I finished the boats by June 15th, five months of steady work. On long spring days, I would work from daylight till dark. I had unheard of wages of \$150 per month with board. No radio, no newspapers or mail, just work. Fred Sweder was the post manager at Rabbit River, no other people around for miles. My old friend Pay-two-o-tum (he comes talking) would drive by lifting his beaver traps. Del had left for Eskimo land with Peter Linklater, a real good Indian. Del was opening Husky posts around Neultin Lake in the baron lands. Doing a big business in white or arctic fox. I finished the summer freighting supplies from Rabbit River to Brochet at the north end of the lake by August. I made a canoe trip with Matt Cowan, the real high inspector for Revillons to Lac La Ronge, and back down to Churchill over Frog Portage into Pelican Narrows and The Pas. I banked \$1100 from that northern job. The following summer in 1921, I went to Fort William and got a job firing on one of the Captain Mizners freight boats to Clearmont, making \$75 a month firing four boilers. Times were hard and jobs were hard to get in those days. I jumped the job end of August in Toronto traveling all

the way to Star City, Saskatchewan for \$15, special harvest excursion. Jennie was visiting in Prince Albert where Flossey was working in a store. I went on to Prince Albert to visit her, then went stoking for 60 cents per acre, making up to eight dollars a day if you did not stop to roll too many cigarettes.

I went hook, line, and sinker, and bought a thrashing outfit from Joe Carson at Valparaiso, paying \$1,800, including all the belts and oil tins. Thrashing carried on into December that year. Everyone wanted his thrashing done. I made a few dollars, then traded the outfit off to Bill Hartnet at Valparaiso for a carload of horses, which I shipped to The Pas. Eighteen heads just filled the car. I sold horses and took some in on trade, always getting a few dollars to boot. Some went up to Hudson Bay Railway, and some to Cumberland. I had more broken down bobsleighs, harnesses, shotguns, 22 rifles, and traps than I knew what to do with when the last horse was sold.

That winter, dad had lots of fishermen out around the lakes. We had this new invention snow plow working pretty good so we moved thousands of boxes directly to Cormorant Lake siding, saving many miles on the swampy country traveling to The Pas. That spring brought a flying boat up here to do aerial photography. I was hired as the engineer's helper to Tommy Sears. We took correspondence courses in airplane engines, sending away our papers once a month. Roddie Ross was pilot, Major Hobbs was in charge at Victoria Beach where the airforce was based. This was my first introduction to the airplane business. We wore black puttee pants with long leather boots with helmets and big goggles. Everyone more or less looked up to us in the restaurants and around town. These Rolls Royce, 12 cylinder V motors, 356 horsepowers were a lot of work. If it was not the engine beds becoming loose on their mahogany beds, it was the plugs fouling up, or the radiators out on the wind would spring a leak. The four big bladed

wooden props had to be balanced every day by adding solder or removing it from the copper tipped blades. Never mind we were flying at eight miles per hour with our ears stuffed with cotton batting and a big helmet on. It would take too long here to tell all the exploits we had. Finishing up, it sunk in the bottom of Cemetery Lake three miles south of The Pas. In August, Mr. C.S. McDonald, a D.L.S. man hired me to transport 11 canoe loads of airplane gasoline in four gallon tins to South Red Reindeer Lake, paddling all the way from Sturgeon Landing. We took the SS Nipawin steamboat as far as the landing, saving 90 miles upstream and 40 miles across Cumberland and Sturgeon Lake. These old Dominion Land Surveyors were tight old chaps. Evenrude motors were just coming into the country and were back savers traveling upstream. McDonald said, "No motors, you must paddle." I hired 22 Indians from Cedar and Moose Lake and a few from The Pas, all canoe men with strong backs for portaging. Our rations for the month we would be away were salt pork, tea, flour, and baking powder, a fish net and rifle. We had a pile of stuff when the steamboat unloaded us at the Landing. The gasoline was in wooden cases with two-fours per case. The castor oil lube oils were in five-gallon pails. This was a special castor oil for airplanes, costing a lot of money. We had to be very careful with our canoe. After a week or so up the Weir River, which is all rapids, I was packing my 300 pounds like the rest of the Indians. Everyone ran on the portages, you got into a dogtrot which made it much easier to pack. The tumplines or pack straps would screech with every step. Rev. Ray and Mrs. Horsfield were newly married missionaries at Pelican Narrows. So were Mr. and Mrs. Alex Chalmers, the Hudson Bay Company manager. Alex Smith was manager there for the Revillon Freres Company. The Reindeer River from Churchill to Reindeer Lake is a long 60 miles upstream with only a couple inches free board on your 19 foot canoe. I will name some of the good men that have already passed away that were on those two trips with me; Jerimiah Buck,

William McKenzie, Norbert Dorion, John James Starr, Frank Sinclair, and Joe Pelly. Joe was my partner and stern man. Frank Sinclair and Moses Buck upset in Devil's Rapids on the Deer River. The cases of gasoline floated. All they lost was their cooking pots and fry pan. We would stop hold a day going and coming at scooping rapids where we would scoop 50 or so white fish with the scoop net that was always hanging there for travelers. We semi-smoked and dried fish for our journey. Henry Ross died last summer. He was always handing out roots and herbs for something or another. I never heard one swear word from any of the men. Everyone was in a jolly mood all the time.

When I tried to get C.S. McDonald to give the men an extra 25 cents a day on top of their two dollars a days wage, he nearly threw me out of the Hudson Bay store at The Pas. We nearly made it from Sturgeon Landing to The Pas in one day, taking a short cut down the Tearing River. Next day, we were in town before dinner, and McDonald only allowed us half a days pay.

In 1922, I bought the most wonderful diamond ring from Mitchell Copp in Winnipeg, paying \$75 hard dollars for it. I was working on the boats for dad at the time. I ran up to the Booth Fisheries store where Jennie was working and slipped it on her finger behind the counter, then ran down to the boat again and away to Moose Lake all in a sweat. H.S. Johnson was the manager of the Booth Fisheries store and fish buying business. He was a grand Englishman who always wore a white collar with a polka dot tie, like dad always did. He was very polite and a proper businessman. Ed Shieff had built two fish boats to push refrigerator barges fishing Cedar and Moose Lake. Simon Bacon built and installed the three-cylinder coal oil burning Kalengburg two-cycle engines. They were very powerful engines swinging four 42-inch steel bladed propellers. These engines stood as high as a man. Dad bought one barge and the Port Nelson boat. The Port Churchill sister boat was wrecked in The Pas River. These tugs were short and

narrow, drawing six feet of water. Norman McKenzie and Loren Bunn were engineers. Mr. Shieff took out thousands of boxes of white fish from Cedar and Moose Lake. Dad operated the Port Nelson a few summers, then sold the engine to Mindy Johannasson at Winnipegosis. Next, dad bought the SS Laflure from Mr. Bill Armstrong, Jennie's dad. Mr. Armstrong was hauling rafts of logs and wood from up river. The Laflure was a stern wheeler with two-cylinder steam engines. When I was away on some other job, dad and a Mr. Harry Saxon, a trapper would make trips to The Pas on the Laflure. Saxon was the engineer, Alfred Sinclair was the fireman, and dad was the captain. Harry Saxon was a cranky old devil. He drifted down river from Edmonton. He said he was a printer in Seattle. Some said he was too handy with his 44 six shooter up country so he just disappeared, winding up at East Narrows on Moose Lake as a trapper. Dad had unloaded some freight at Steep Bank Creek cutoff. The Laflure's bow was stuck fast in the mud. Old Harry Saxon gave her all the steam he had but the boat would not budge. Alfred Sinclair and dad jumped ashore with a plank, trying to pry her off the mud bank. Finally, she started to move backwards. Harry was at the engines inside the engine room, so he could not see what was going on. The Laflure backed away so fast, leaving dad and Alfred standing on the bank, both shouting as hard as they could at Harry Saxon. Both rudders were hard over. Old Harry was backing up going around the river in circles, drifting down stream. Now running upstairs to the pilot house, now down back to the engine. He was a little short chap with a long beard. Alfred and dad running along the bank shouting instructions at Harry whenever he appeared on deck. Harry was shouting above the noise that there was only a quarter of an inch of water showing in the glass with a big fire in the firebox. I never in all my life on this river, ever knew of a captain and first mate jump ashore, leaving the engineer along onboard the ship. Finally, the wind lined the Laflure up straight for the bank. Harry gave her full speed ahead to plow her up on the bank,

once more permitting dad and Alfred to board her. Dad and Alfred laughed over this for many years, but Harry Saxon could never see anything funny about such an ordeal. He was a well-educated chap, always a mystery man. He trapped or more correct, put winters in at the following places; Elm Portage about a mile below the lower dam on our rat ranch, Eric's Island on Moose Lake, Two Rivers Bay where he nearly died, Opiskow Narrows, and a couple of winters at East Arm Narrows. When McKenzie King brought out old age pensions, everyone wanted Harry Saxon to apply for his pension. He would get made and change the subject. It cost us quite a lot keeping this old devil in grub. Sending canoes for him at open waters and outfitting him every fall and hiring men to take him to some new trapping ground. Finally, one night I visited his camp at North Narrows where he was denned up. I told him it was high time he applied for his pension, which was more or less easy to obtain, provided I had his date of birth and place of birth. The old devil dug behind his pillow to draw his 44 six shooter fully loaded. He pointed it at my head saying, "Get out of here." I was looking towards the door. I said as unconcerned as possible, "I have a big box of groceries on my sleigh Harry. Where do you want me to put it?" No one will ever know just how close I came to having a hole blown in my head that night. Not long after, the RCMP took old Harry to the Brandon asylum, where he died shortly after. The old Saskatchewan River had brought down many and varied characters. Some good, some not so good. George Cowan, who traded at Thicket Portage and is buried there, paddled down the river from the foothills above Edmonton in the early 90's. My dad paddled down the river from Prince Albert in 1894 or 1895. I think one of the worst outlaws that ever hit this country back in the early teens was big Bill Engles, alias Bill Joyal. Bill drifted down here in a skiff with his winter trapping outfit. He tented half a mile from here on the riverbank most of the summer. Dad gave him a little credit in the store but he never asked for very much. Bill was a

poison trapper, a real expert with strychnine, timberwolves, mink, and lynx. They said he could even poison a rabbit and weasel. Bill worked his way into Pine Creek about 30 miles east of the lovely East Arm Narrows. He spent most of his summers at the Narrows. He would row his skiff all the way to The Pas every June where he sold his fur and grub. He hung around the poolrooms a bit but was never any trouble. He would only stay in The Pas a week or so, then row back to the Narrows some 125 miles. Dad gave Bill a lovely Airedale pup from a litter he had from a purebred bitch. Bill must have gotten mad at the pup soon after as the Indians found it a few yards behind Bill's tent grounds after he left Moose Creek bloated up with poison. Bill never received any mail all the years he trapped in Pine Creek. He told me one time that he had trapped in Montana, but it got too rough for him there so he pulled out. That is all anyone found out about Bill's past life.

A year or two after Bill was trapping in Pine Creek, a very fine young chap from Nova Scotia by the name of Amedie Arsnault arrived with his trapping outfit. Pine Creek country is big, with lots of room for dozens of trappers. Amedie paddled over to the Narrows with his outfit in August. He tented on the north side where Dr. Merryweather's fishing cabin is today. Bill was camped on the south side. Both men were more or less eyed on each other. Amedie knew Bill was bad and real bad. Bill resented any new trapper coming into such a good fur country. Just by coincidence, some Indian moose hunters were paddling through the Narrows enroute to the post. Bill told them that Amedie had upset in his canoe and had drowned a few yards east of his tent. The Indians found Amedie washing back and forth with the wave, face down a few feet from shore. They brought the body into the post where dad had a coffin made and gave him a proper burial, and notified his family in the east. Bill was a deadly shot with his 303 British. From remarks Bill made the next two or three years, it is assumed he shot Amedie in the back while he

paddled through the Narrows trawling for trout. Two big Belgium brothers moved in from Tisdale country to trap some ten miles east of Bill's camp on Pine Creek. They were not afraid of Bill like everyone else was. These two men had a dandy team of half wolfhound dogs. They purposely visited Bill's camp once in awhile. Bill was always very nice to them. They did not altogether agree with Bill, who told them the best way to keep trappers out of the country was to burn them out. He would not discuss Amedie's drowning, although he was camped right in front where Amedie drowned. One morning in late March, the Belgians found all their dogs dead in their spruce kennels. The toboggan trail leading to Bill's camp was frozen and shiny, so it was absolutely impossible to track any night visitor. Why should all five dogs die the same night? One brother snowshoed 50 miles into the post to see dad, who was a Justice of the Peace and magistrate. Dad asked for some of the dogs' stomachs to be brought out for poison examination at The Pas. This was done to find the dogs had been poisoned all right. They never mentioned their dog loss to Bill and Bill never once asked them why they were not driving dogs instead of pulling a hand sleigh. One brother never visited Bill without the other brother going along, both carrying their rifles. Sargent Coghill of the provincial police made a patrol through the country. He searched every camp along the way for strychnine. Bill put that big laugh at them saying a man is crazy to use poison. "You can do better with deadfalls, steel traps, and snares." Bill's head was as bald as a billiard ball. His right palm was covered with thick callused skin from tamping down the red-hot tobacco in his big crooked Peterson pipe. The Belgians decided to pull out on the last ice, piling on two hand sleighs all they could take out of their camp. They knew the way Bill was acting that it would only be a matter of time when one or both of them would be bumped off. They visited Bill a couple of days before they pulled out, being as nice as possible to him. Bill offered them bannock and tea, and some cooked meat which they refused,

saying they had just boiled the kettle a mile or so down Swan Lake, which is part of Pine Creek not far from Bill's camp. No mention of dogs yet. Bill asked them if they wanted to sell their traps and if they had any flour left over. The Belgians said they might leave some things, which he could have. Bill got a little of what was coming to him that fine hot day in April. The Belgians arrived at Bill's camp pulling two sleighs loaded with bedding, fur, and grub for the long drag into our place at the post. Bill was a very big and powerful man in every way. The Belgians walked in and sat down and started to talk to Bill saying they were fed up with trapping. When Bill got up from his bunk to spit out of the cabin door, both Belgians grabbed Bill around the neck, driving him to the floor. It was all they could do to handle him. Finally, they had his hands tied behind his back and his ankles tied together. Then they sat him on a chair and put a dog chain around his waist. They passed the chain through the cracks in the logs and tied it outside. Then the fun started. They accused Bill of poisoning their five valuable dogs and of shooting Amedie, then upsetting the canoe leaving the waves to wash the body and canoe upside down ashore. Bill denied everything. They took down from the rafter Bill's sourdough kettle, which were his pancakes every morning. They took the large wooden spoon, hitting Bill on his bald head then repeating the questions about Amedie and their poisoned dogs. Bill would not admit anything. Finally, they had cut four long gashes in Bill's head and blood was running down Bill's face and clothes. Then they sprinkled the cuts with a bag of salt. Bill would not admit anything. They told him just because the provincial police could not find the poison that did not make any difference to them. Next they poked all of Bill's guns, shotguns, two rifles, and a 22 through the chinking between the logs, bending them out of shape. Next they made themselves a lunch outside, all the time talking among themselves how no one would ever find Bill in the bottom of the lake in front of his cabin. While they boiled up, they gathered man size

rocks, ripping the sideline from Bill's net tying strings in the stones. The Belgians agreed that Bill's water hole was not large enough to admit Bill's big body and wide shoulders. They started chiseling out the hole, agreed that it was big enough. All this time Bill was tied to the wall, hands and feet around his waist. Blood and salt was running down from his four long cuts. They untied Bill from his wall and dragged him outside. They proceeded to tie rocks to his body in readiness for a visit to the bottom of the lake. Bill still would not admit to poisoning the dogs or shooting Amedie Arsnault. Next they took two gallons of Bill's coal oil, pouring it over the flour, sugar, tea, and loose beans. They threw all of his McDonald plug smoking tobacco in their fire outside. In general, made one hell of a mess of the inside of his house, which would put a bear or wolverine to shame. By this time, Bill was so weak and beat up he could not crawl away from the basin hole in the lake. They gave him a few parting kicks in the rear end and started out for the Moose Lake post and out of the country forever. These two men rested at our house for three or four days before carrying on to The Pas. Dad bought their fur, paying them cash. They reported to the provincial police in The Pas telling everything that they did to Bill Engles or Bill Joyal.

One fine day in June, we saw a white sail coming across the lake from the East Arm direction. It was big ranchers from North Battleford. They shipped trainloads of hay out of The Pas. Ed sent an Indian runner into town saying he had the barge and Port Churchill frozen in solid at George Holladay's farm some 25 miles up the Carrot. The Saskatchewan River was open as far and past the Carrot. Mr. Vanstone asked dad if we could go help Ed Shieff to get his outfit back to town. His contract with Shieff was six dollars an hour from the time he left The Pas until he got back to The Pas. He knew Ed Shieff Vanstone was afraid he would be stuck for some \$4,000 or \$5,000 a month all winter or until Shieff's outfit got back to The Pas. Six dollars an

hour looked so big to dad. He had Irish Revillon pull out the bow of our barge with a four-horse team so Alfred Sinclair and I could repair the broken planks. We pulled out hoping to break ice in the Carrot up to Ed Shieff's barge and boat. Oscar Finger was frozen in with his gas boat at the boom camp a mile up the Carrot. We broke ice a mile past the boom camp when all of a sudden, the engines big flywheel started throwing water all over the engine room. I barely had time to shut her off and get out on deck when she filled with water. We sank in eight or ten feet of water in a matter of minutes. Alfred said he saw a big four-inch piece of ice swing around the barge, punching a hole in the Port Nelson. We sat in the kitchen part of the barge with a red-hot stove, cursing our luck. You know it's wonderful what a pot of hot tea and a tin of pork and beans can do to a man. We figured if we could only plug that hole in the bow of the boat, we could bail her dry and get back to The Pas. I had a date with a lovely girl for the dance that night, and be damned if I was going to be froze up in the Carrot all winter.

Alfred poked all the pieces of ice away from the bow of the boat. The water measured about six feet down to the broken plank. I took all my clothes off, then put my overalls and top shirt back on. Holding two towels in my mouth with a butcher knife in one hand, I jumped overboard. Holding my breath, I could feel a hole about three or four inches wide and about a foot long between the ribs of the bow. I plugged this crack with the towels as fast as I could then diving again until I felt I had the hole well plugged. The Port Nelson was leaning a bit towards the barge. The water was up a few inches on the windows. We nailed fish box bores here. Theoretically, if we bailed fast enough, she should float. We had two Indians with us, but I forgot their names. I guess they could not have been very good men. We all bailed water through the windows as fast as we could. We would gain pretty well, but if we stopped a minute or so, the water would be back at its old level. Finally, Alfred gave one big holler. I bet the water is

coming in through the hole in the shit house. We never thought about the five-inch toilet vent. It did not take Alfred long to wrap a gunnysack around the broom handle and plug this hole. Immediately after that, the water went down fast. We had her floating dry again in a couple of hours. Next we made a Spanish winch on shore to pull the bow out enough to nail a plank on the hole with a piece of Hudson Bay blanket for a washer. Fortunately, Oscar Finger was stuck broad side down river about half a mile. Alfred walked along the bank to borrow a dry cell battery from Oscar. We had to have this to get the engine started. We wiggled our way back to the boom camp where we took Oscar's boat in tow back to The Pas and the dance that night. Next morning, you could walk across the Saskatchewan River on the ice. Irish Revillon hauled square timber and logs down to the boat. We had them both up high and dry for the winter. I may say Ed Shieff eventually walked back to The Pas. His boats were dry and well frozen in the river. He sued Vanstone and Rodgers for a lot of money. The case was postponed a couple of times due to Vanstone being in North Battleford. Finally, the case was set for the end of May. Ed Shieff had dad and I go to Dauphin, all expenses paid plus so much a mile. Hotel bills and strawberries and cream for breakfast. I remember that very well. I repeated in court just what Vanstone had said to dad and I standing on the riverbank when he hired us (it will be the same as I am paying Ed Shieff, six dollars an hour from the time you leave The Pas until you get back). This would have been all right if the freeze up had not come so sudden. Six dollars per hour sitting in the boat while the Indians loaded 1,000 or 1,500 bales of hay was all right too. The late Judge Bonneycastle gave Ed Shieff all the brakes. I suppose dad had some influence also. Judge Bonneycastle, dad, Ed Shieff, Fred Fisher, county court judge, Jack Bacon, Fred Beatty, Frank Hogan, Barney Stitt and a few other old cronies played poker in Fred Beatty's flour shed office

twice a week. Jack Wanless and Hi Johnson were poor poker players. They always wanted to see that last card which cost them plenty of money.

I heard plows were left frozen solid in the stubble fields on the prairie that year. People were caught frozen in all over the north. Dad lived above our barn behind Burton's house, which is behind the Bickle block today. Alfred Sinclair and I bought ourselves a pair of skates. I bought mine from Mark Courage. He was some relation to CutThroat Rosie or BoxCar Annie. They had a house on Larose Avenue when The Pas lumber teamsters bought their whiskey. Alfred and I had glare and smooth ice across Grace Lake. We dogtrotted over to Poplar Point Lake, and then we had clear skating for 40 miles on the creeks and lakes. All we packed was a teakettle and a little grub, and first class mail from home. Dad's guesstimate was right. The fishermen were on the ice early. Every camp was ahead 100boxes compared to the previous year. I caught four long legged bronks out in the hay fields and put sharp shoes on them. Putting one horse to each horse toboggan and started back to The Pas to get dad and what freight we could handle. Little Joe Wilson was with us, and what a coward he turned out to be. I put my horse in the two-mile creek west of Poplar Point Lake. We put a rope around the horse's neck and hauled him out with Joe's horse. However, little Joe made up in many other ways. Piling dry wood and cooking moose meat. He really excelled in telling stories. How the otter eats more bugs and clams than rats do and so on. I would press him around the campfire for more stories when he was a boy, who made the best birch bark canoe. Goose hunting stories were always good. When little Joe would put his hand out showing the geese coming low over the grass, flock after flock coming, then he would laugh. You would almost think you were in a blind with him instead of sitting by the fire drying out frozen moccasins watching the sparks disappear up into the black night.

The winter of 1924-25, dad bought a big house on Manderville Street in Winnipeg. Lenore, Hilda, Dorothy, and Billie, the little devil, all wanted to take business and typing courses. Bert, Bob, Donald, and Isobell, our baby sister, should have proper schooling. It was enough letting Eric, Tom, and Laddie turn into wild men. The younger bunch must attend proper schools. The Christmas of 1924, Lenore and my other sisters invited Jennie Armstrong down to Moose Lake to spend Christmas and New Years. Mother said Jennie was a very nice and proper little girl. Dorothy and Rev. Mrs. Mable Morris and Jennie were very comfortable making the three-day trip back to town. I rigged up a tent on one of the sleighs, tying down the round heater, which wanted to travel around the tent especially when red-hot and going up and down steep hills. Mrs. Morris read a book to the girls called the Shiek. We all had plenty of fun even if they tent got flattened a few times by a leaning tree hanging over the portages.

We more or less set May 6th for our wedding day a long time ago. Jennie was working in the Eatons store in Winnipeg. That was a very early breakup. The Saskatchewan River broke up on the 20th of April. I had worked long hours on the SS Laflure, which wintered in Lenores Creek and Moose Creek. This is a little river, which has sheltered many a boat over the winter well out of they way of drifting spring ice. I had a string of traps out, which I lifted mornings and evenings. Art Winn was also trapping along the creeks.

Rats were a dollar and a half that spring. I wanted to catch enough to pay for our honeymoon. If I made a good hunt, we would go on a long honeymoon. As it turned out, we went to Minneapolis for a week, then on to Duluth for another week and back to Winnipeg. I guess I did not look very handsome standing up before Rev. Kerr in Knox Presbyterian Church in Winnipeg. Some of the steam pipes that ran under the floor in the Laflure had not been properly drained that fall, making a pipe end plug, which had burst. I would screw in an oak plug

part way in the thread, then pour boiling fish lead in to make a solid plug. One drop of water in the pipe will do the trick. Pouring in the lead created steam. The darn lead shot up past my face like a charge from a shotgun, catching one side of my face and one eye. I just could not get all the scabs off and cleaned up by May 6th. Art Bickford, now Dr. Bickford was the best man. We had rehearsed the wedding well before. In fact, too well. When we were standing up before the minister, he asked me for the ring. I fumbled around, then accused Art of having it last. Camellia Nichols kept on playing the organ and glancing over her shoulder. All the while, Art and I were turning our pockets inside out. Finally, Art found the darn ring in his inside vest pocket. Everyone had a good laugh outside the church when they took everyone's picture. Never again!

I always had a winter job with dad freighting. The summertime was another thing. This worried me a lot. Mother was something like David Copperfield. "Don't worry, something will turn up tomorrow," she would always say. Dad sent us a cheque for \$100 for a wedding present to Winnipeg saying also that he had left his Isobell gas boat at The Pas for us to come home in. I did not even have a fair size canoe or a house or a job. But I did have \$1,800 cash in the Bank of Commerce at The Pas. Dear old C.T. Mitchell have us his little cottage at Moose Lake to live in as he was transferred to LacDubonnet to be a fire ranger. Mitchell's cottage was about 60 feet from our big house. Dad was not busy in the store. Buying Seneca root, Indian moccasins and leather was about all. I charged up our weekly grub out of the store. Dad charged me Indian prices just the same. He always wanted to make men out of us boys. When we bought or sold him anything, he always drove a hard bargain. I know he did this not for the money angle, but to make us tough. In June, Jack Stevenson, who still lives at Wabowden, and Oscar Fredrickson, arrived from Long Lake, Alberta. They were moving their gas fish boats and equipment to Moose Lake to fish the East Arm. Jack Stevenson hired me to keep the five or six gas engines

going, look after the store, weigh fish, make out all shipping invoices to Winnipeg, and to keep books, which was the main thing. He took me around behind the big icehouse to tell me that he and Mr. Fredrickson would pay me \$150 a month, including board. I bought a ten by twelve then. Jennie gathered up a few dishes, our bedding and a few books. We pitched our tent on the point opposite of Dr. Merryweather's cabin at the Narrows. This was about a half-mile from where all the Indians were camped, including a few white fishermen from Alberta. We had no stove, so Jennie cooked everything outside in front of the tent. She caught a seagull, which she raised to become very tame. I was forever repairing these old two-cycle engines, running rabbit bearings, putting birch thresh bearings in the propeller shafts, and a thousand other things to keep these old boats going. I would start out towing a dozen fish boats with two fishermen per boat. After the last boat would be dropped off, I would scoot into a bay on Trout Island to wait for the fishermen lifting their nets. Then I would start out gathering them up, towing the lot back into the fish packing plant. Oscar Fredrickson was a sour sort of man. He would take a dressing knife away from anyone and dress a whitefish and trout for an hour without saying one word. Then he would walk away to some other job. Jack Stevenson was the life of the gang. He had 111 marked on his chin all the time. His lower lip was always overflowing with Copenhagen snuff. He was a past master around a fish camp. He could grade jumbos, large, medium, and small so fast without throwing one fish in the wrong box. His long lanky form with tomato red hair. One could not help laughing at every word he said. Jack had three nets out front of the icehouse. These he would slip out to lift, saying these G.D. fish will help pay the freight on a carload to Winnipeg. One day, someone shouted, "Jack Stevenson is upset." He was standing up in an 18-foot canoe lifting his nets when all of a sudden, he slipped, upsetting the works. Two or three skiffs and canoes paddled out to him. They shouted back, "Jack is drowned. We see no sign of him." The

canoe was floating upside down. Everybody paddled out to help. There was absolutely no sign of Jack Stevenson. Some said that was the last of him. Others said he was not a bad old bastard. All this time, Jack had come up inside the upturned canoe. He hung on to the center thwart where he had his head above water, listening to everything people were saying about him. Someone tried to turn over the canoe but it would not turn over easily. Finally, Jack dove down and came up a few yards away laughing his head off. The Indians are still laughing over Jack upsetting and hiding under the canoe.

Lake Winnipeg was producing heavy. She was on her third millionth pound. Fish prices went down to nothing. Jack and Oscar Fredrickson closed down the camp. We moved all the boats to Moose Creek, paid off the fishermen, and finished for the year. Jack went up the Hudson Bay rail line, lining up lakes and men for winter fishing. Oscar Fredrickson returned back to his farm and fish camps in Long Lake, Alberta. A few days after he arrived home, he took a 30-30 rifle, went behind the barn, and blew his head off. I don't know if it was the poor fish prices, or my bookkeeping that made him commit suicide.

On July 7th, 1926, W.A. Green was opening up Flin Flon mines. He had an office and radiotelegraph fixed up in the Bickle block, keying messages to Flin Flon. He hired me to cut 10,000 cords of wood in Flin Flon. Jennie had Sheila in her arms. She was six months old. We boarded the S.S. Nipawin in The Pas, unloading at Sturgeon Landing. We then used a team across the 15 miles of hell to Beaver Lake landing. The first job I did was build a dock in Beaver City where the wagons unloaded freight on the barge which was sailed and propelled with three evenrudes, across the lake and up Schist Creek to Flin Flon. I made a big dock out of heavy logs and stone that teams could drive out to load the barges. Then, we were off to Flin Flon. Jennie and Sheila lived in tents, canoes, steamboats, and barges. Once we arrived in Flin Flon, we were

okay. I was bust putting out some 75 wood choppers, tents, cooks, and suede saws. I started building a log house in September as the weather was getting cold. Our dear little baby was admired by all the men. She was the only white baby in Flin Flon. I towed logs on the lake for our house at night and put out men in new camps during the daytime. I hired a bunch of Finlanders from Fort Williams plus all the Indians I could get from The Pas. Baldy Green wanted to get the wood cut and corded in the bush for two dollars a cord. I had three crews going, one bunch quitting, one bunch coming in, and another bunch cutting wood. I finished up at the end of February with 9,600 cords. The Ross Navigation Company took the contract to haul the wood to the new mine, which they did in good order. The mine had an unwritten order from the government permitting me to shoot moose for the camps until the much talked of new railroad arrived.

Mother was living in Winnipeg with the children that were going to school. Dad had Lenore and some of the other girls taking turns keeping house for him at the Moose Lake post. Dad was writing to me about buying him out. We finally made a deal. George Cann brought us out from Flin Flon with his old team for \$35. This included everything we owed in the world. We had a dandy radio with a great big gramophone horn that was held up with a tripod. The King radio had about a dozen dials on it. If you had everything tuned in right, we could hear Shannadoah, Iowa and Denver. These stations came in pretty fair about three or four times a week.

Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting stock started off at fifty cents a share but soon climbed to over a dollar. I bought 220 shares a little while ago, paying \$67.50 per share, which shows how smart we are.

It was hard for dad to sell out after trading at Moose Lake for 27 years. He taught me never to throw away anything. No matter how small or what condition it may be in, he would say, "No Tom, someday you will find a buyer for that odd size pair of shoes or old horse harness." Taking stock was some fun. The half kegs of black gunpowder were caked together but still useable. There was odd size mauser rifle shells, spools or faded silk ribbon, pieces of lumber, second hand fish nets, corks and leads, and broken muzzleloader shot guns. I paid him \$2000 cash, the balance of \$5000 was made up in a promissory note at six percent interest. It so happened that rats were plentiful and were worth or started out at a dollar and fifty cents.

Jack Carroll's dad had about 20 small canoes piled up behind his hardware store. They were all colours and sizes. He gave me a deal on the lot. I teamed them to Moose Lake, selling every canoe that spring. I think the average cost was around \$90. I sold them for up to \$200 for the larger canoes. Dad took me around to the Western Grocers manager, which was also Fred Beatty's flour warehouse and Imperial Oil. He also wrote letters to Marshall Wells, Robinson Little and Gualts Ltd. in Winnipeg to recommend his son as a good credit risk. C.R. Neely was the manager of the Bank of Commerce, and he gave me a loan. I put a dozen traders out in the lower delta trading. Jonah Tobacco was trading at Elm Portage, Harry Sanderson at Cedar Lake, Henry Ross at the Two Islands, John Steersman, the chief, had a small outfit for me at the Driftwood Lake cutoff. I dog teamed around to all these camps until I nearly drowned a couple of times crossing floating ice in the Saskatchewan River. First open water, Abraham Buck, the best Indian at Moose Lake and I were away with a canoe load of goods with a jumper on top of our load. We would drag our canoe and goods piled on the jumper over lakes that had good ice. Then into a river again calling at trapping camps, shooting geese along the way. I gave the Hudson Bay Company and the free traders scattered around a hard time. Anyone can make

money on a rising market. I forget how many thousands of muskrats I finished up with around the 20th of May. I sold them for \$2.40 average. The old timers all wanted me to try and locate muzzleloader guns for them. I wrote to the Hudson Bay Company in Edmonton. They had lots of single and double barrels, which were not selling since the more up to date Stevens and Remingtons with conventional shells were coming onto the market. With a muzzleloader, you were never completely out of ammunition. You could always skimp on powder and shot, stretching it out as they would say. Andrew Nasecapoo, the granddaddy of all the Nasecapoo's would laugh at shotgun shells. He never used anything but a muzzleloader. He killed moose summer and winter with his double barrel with ball load. He and his old wife were a paid or undiluted Indians. Alex Buck and I went hunting with old Andrew one summer around 1913. Andrew was alone in his birch bark canoe. Alex and I were together in another birch bark canoe. We went up Devil's River into Devil's Lake, then up a little rapid into Ka-pe-gus-o-wag-i-mick Lake. Alex and I trolled for fish. Our grandfather would cook them for us. His daughter was Alex Buck's mother. She had died when Alex was a baby so Alex and I were old Andrew's grandchildren. We camped at the mouth of the river that runs into Ka-pe-gus-o-wag-i-mick. Alex and I had a mosquito net about three feet square. Old Andrew also had a head net affair held up with four sticks. Paddling up the fast little musked river, the old man pointed out to us little pieces of green weeds broken off that were coming down stream. He whispered that there was a moose in the water up stream and for us to stay behind waiting in our canoe at some fresh moose tracks that were opposite a patch of sago plants. Alex and I sat in our canoe, brushing mosquitoes from our faces just waiting and waiting. All of a sudden, we heard two shots in quick succession up stream. Away we paddled, hoping our grandfather had killed a moose. We came across the old gent wading around a big bull moose tying his moose hide ropes on the legs of the moose.

This was great fun for Alex and me, wading in the creek helping old Andrew manhandle the moose as close to the bank as possible. We were standing in swift water up to our knees, skinning the moose, and lifting the hindquarters, fronts, ribs, breastbone and head into our canoes. I have heard white men swear and curse, butchering if the animal was not held properly. When Alex and I would fall over backwards with a heavy piece of meat on top of us, old Andrew would straighten up and laugh his head off. He looked after cleaning and washing the leaves of the bible; some people call it tripe. Every piece of meat, the insides, heart, and leg bones went into the canoe. The horns were in the velvet stage. The old man cut these off with a hatchet, saying how good they were for medicine. After boiling them, they are like a hard gristle. This special stew was supposed to be good for consumptive people. It made you strong because the horns would become strong later on. Jennie and I saw deer horns hanging up in the market places in Kowloon, opposite of Hong Kong a few years ago. The Chinese used them for medicine. A bear's gall bladder is also used for medicine by the Chinese and the Indians. When we arrived back to our campsite with both canoes loaded right down to the gunnalls, the old man started to make a smoke rack. Alex and I were very busy peeling small sticks, tying them with willow bark on the smoke rack. Then we cut big slabs of birch bark, making a shelter around the smoke rack. Every piece of meat and bone has a name. In cutting the strips, it had to be done just so, following the folds in the hindquarters. Next came the removal of marrow in the leg and jawbones. We rendered down all the suet and fat, putting it in birch bark rogans to take home. I am sure this 1,000 pound moose did not weigh any more than 100 pounds when we were ready to leave camp. The old man showed us two big poplar trees that had been carved many years ago with a man's head, eyes, nose and mouth. Andrew said they did this to change their luck when someone threw a bad spell on your traps or snares. This would change your luck back again to

good hunting. No one ever called Andrew by his Christian name. His Indian name was Pa-quois. He wore his hair down to his shoulders, tied up with a piece of string. He would walk with quite a limp. He said he hurt his knee when he was a small boy. Alex and I would swim in the lake in front of the camp with our birthday suits on. The old man would laugh at us diving and splashing around. His tobacco bag was just like

Nemoosim's, long with draw strings. He would have a few red willow sticks with outer bark peeled off, then scrape the inner white bark in curly bunches every six inches or so. He would stick these up a few feet above the fire to dry. Ka-nik-ah-nick mixed with partridgeberry plant leaves made good tobacco. We were living in plenty. A few smoked fish were among the meat on the rack, plus half a dozen young geese were drying. We had a good variety of food. This kind of life is now taken away from the old people by issuing them a house and rations, telling them they are old. I don't think I will ever retire or withdraw or whatever you like to call it.

These old people want to do things, make paddles and axe handles, or hunt until they wake up dead some morning. Old people need young friends. Long ago, we considered the old men and women very interesting companions.

The Hudson Bay Company would have a man examine young Scotch boys in Northern Scotland, shipping them out by sailboat to the York Factory. Some would remain water and woodsmen, and keepers of the dogs in the summertime. Others like Gideon Halcrow would read and educate themselves to become post managers and inspectors. Old Norman McKenzie never advanced any further than keeper of dogs. He was an expert fisherman. Norman came from the Orkney Islands, some from the Hebrides, but the majority of them were from north of Edinburgh. Ninety percent married Indian girls. We have lots of McGillivray's, McKenzie's, McDougal's, McDairmaid's, and Umpherville's. Dad would call these people improved scotch.

Old Norman arrived in Moose Lake with a large family in 1904. He had a long flowing beard. I remember he always wore a rolled neck pullover. Someone said he had not taken his sweater off all summer on account of the fish bones in his whiskers. He married Jean Quaskecapoo in Oxford House. Old Jean was a dandy old woman. She gave us many a good meal. Norman drowned at 85 years of age, lifting his fish net at Cormorant Lake. The old boy got his legs tangled up in the net in 1925. John McDonald was the post manager in Moose Lake before we arrived here. He was well thought of. Lord knows how he brought a pair of pigs and two cattle to Moose Lake. He probably used the York boat from Prince Albert. McDonald's garden patches were all over the point. We still find grub hen heads around. Cornwallace King was at the Cedar Lake post. Charley Sinclair and Andrew McDairmaid I remember very well. Mrs. McDairmaid was a Slavey Indian. Old Andrew spoke Chipwian very well, having traded at Stoney Rapids, Resolution, Chipwian and Brochet. He had deep blue eyes. His Indian name was Wap-is-chan-is, the little martin. Mrs. McDairmaid was just one of the grandest persons that ever lived. She made all us children fancy mucklucks. She would walk the two-mile portage to visit mother for the full day. She was the only woman here that could speak English. She spoke Dogrib, Slavey, Chipwian, Cree, and English. I visited this old couple at Fort Fitzgerald in 1936. They must have been well on to their 90's then. They died the following summer. I also visited Frazer and his old woman. Colin Frazers showed me his bagpipes that at one time belonged to Frazer of the Columbia River fame. His two sons, Fred and Roderick are real old men now.

In 1928, the Hudson Bay Company pulled out of Moose Lake after trading here for possibly 200 years. Every year, the Lamb's would give them a harder time. We were doing quite a business in Senegaw Root, shipping thousands of pounds. We hauled barge loads of cordwood to The Pas. More or less to make fright going in for our supplies. The Pas Lumber Company

gave us a hay contract, all we could put up. Seventeen dollars per ton bailed and delivered on the bank of Moose Creek. They hauled it with barges pushed by the David N. Winton on which Tommy Paquette was the steam engineer. Vern Walker, Mackie McLeod Captains, and the Hudson Bay Company did not handle frozen fish, which we did in a big way. The Hudson Bay Company inspectors would fire their post managers and replace them with a new man. Reg Talbot and Hugh Conn, the big shots of the Hudson Bay Company openly said that they could not understand why the Hudson Bay Company ever allowed Lamb's to do so much business and get along the way they did.

Vern Walker and Mackie McLeod were two real good river pilots. They knew every sand bar for 75 miles up to The Pas. Tommy Paquette would always fail his engineer's examination every spring. He operated on a permit for 20 years. He could hardly read or write, but certainly knew how to set the steam valves and look after his steam boiler and run babbit bearings. His twin steam engines that drove the big paddlewheels were always shining brass from top to bottom. He had a big brass spittoon opposite his armchair, and could make a bull's eye every time from ten feet. It was all McDonald's plug chewing tobacco them days. They would push hundreds of tons of hay up and past The Pas to Camp One and the Freezeout for the horses next winter. There was 65 teams hauling logs from the Freezeout Camp. This was before the steam Dinkeys and Caterpillar tractors. The cook at these camps was King Cole. He weighed well over 300 pounds. Earney Mortermer or King of the North is still alive at the old folk's home in The Pas. He is well past 80 years old. Jack Barber, George Davis, Chew Pay and a lot more. They would work hard cooking for large gangs of lumberjacks all winter, then come to town after the drive in the spring to blow every cent they made in a few weeks. Then they would go back to cutting beef, frying bacon and making hot cakes all over again. Earney Mortermer tried three

times to get back to London, England to visit his folks. He got as far as the Hudson Bay junction one summer. Another year he got as far as Dauphin and one year he really got far. He made it to Winnipeg but busted loose again, so he never made it to England. Norweagen Scotty, a little bit of a wizzled up chap, was tattooed on every square inch of his little body. He sailed on ships for 40 years, all over the world. He was hard to understand. He said he burnt his tongue on some kind of a drink in Yokohama or Calcutta or Hong Kong. He had a battle ship tattooed across his chest, which was a masterpiece. The anchor chain went around his neck, then down his backbone. He would never let you see the anchor. His arms were covered with Japanese girls, roses, dagger, and what have you. Scotty said he boarded a sailing ship when he was 15 at Hammerfest of Bergen and had never hears of his relations since. He cooked on our boat, the Skippy L., for two or three summers. Dave Lockwood was another good cook, once you got him out of town. John McKay and the improved Scotty have cooked on our cattle ranch for a number of summers. He also cooks on Government and prospecting parties. I am sure had it not been for John McKay and Art Winn, the First World War would be still going on. John delights in showing people they bayonet scars on his hands, arms and top of his head that he got when the big push was on at Pashingdale. John is not doing badly. He draws \$60 was pension for all his scars and cuts. John packs along his grip and one big trunk wherever he goes. People ask him, "What is in the big trunk?" "Well sir, that trunk is packed full of medals I won cooking hot cakes," he would reply. There is still arguments going on what cook it was that damned the Carrot River with prune stones from the cook shack the winter of the blue snow.

Herman Finger started the first sawmill in The Pas around 1908 or 1909. Orley, Harold, and Oscar, Mr. Finger's three sons, were all good timber cruisers and sawmill and steamboat operators. Orley was mayor of The Pas for one term. Old Mr. Finger came from Wisconsin. He

was a rough and tough German who ran the sawmill with two shifts for 24 hours a day. The David N. Winton lumber people of Minneapolis bought Finger out in the middle teens. This company operated steady without a break until 1959. Fifty years of sawing must have produced well over 200 million board feet of lumber. When the C.C.F. Government in Saskatchewan cut them off from logging in Saskatchewan, they logged the last two years from Moose Lake, hauling with big Uclid. Four wheel drive diesel tractors were hauling up to 20 big logging sleighs at eight miles per hour on an iced road. They logged some 40 million feet, including the Big Island Indian Reserve timber. It was quite a financial loss in The Pas when The Pas Lumber Company pulled out. People also missed sitting on the river bank watching the Alice Mattis and David N. Winton stern wheelers towing big booms of logs all day from the boom camp at the Carrot River to the mill up to the bridge. Charley Tallinger fed the green chain with logs for 30 years. He was just like a squirrel, running over the floating logs. D.D. Rosenberry was the manager for years. George Doren took over the job and was manager for the last ten years.

Elijah Constant, an Indian from The Pas, traded for dad with the Head River Indians for years. Elijah also traded there for me. This was the Nascapoo and Martin family's hunting ground. Ten or twelve families used up a lot of powder and shot every fall. This Os-te-quan-ah-chak camping ground was situated in one of the best duck and goose ground in the country. The Indians did not do much fall rat trapping until the ducks and geese left for the south. Every stage at each tent and wooden tent held many drawn and smoked ducks and geese for winter use.

At the end of the First World War, weasels jumped over the one-dollar mark. Elijah would buy over 2,500 weasels. The weasel has declined very badly. If we buy 200 from the entire Moose Lake band now, we think we have a fair amount. They must be very slow producers, having young only once a year. This delta also produced fisher. Martins were also

caught in the spruce bluffs, which are scattered around the swampy country. Lynx were a very common fur. The Indian women killed more lynx than the men did. It was the women and girls jobs to snare rabbits. They always had a few lynx snares set along their rabbit trails. Elijah's father, old Antione Constant, was the first Indian chief of The Pas band. George Beaver was the first Moose Lake chief. He was one of dad's good hunters. His Indian name was Amisk-okema. He was well named because he was always the top beaver hunter.

The winter of 1919 and 1920 will long be remembered. People on the reserve and camps started to get the flu. Word would come in that so and so died last night. It was not long before every house in the settlement was sick. Eric, Laddie, and I would haul a little hand sleigh with big pots of soup that mother had going on the stove all the time. We would ladle out this beef soup, going from one house to the next. When we came to little Joe Wilson's and Jimima's house, little Joe, who we thought so much of and trapped rats together every spring, was dead. Jimima said she was very sick. We hauled little Joe over to the schoolhouse. The same day, Alfred Tobacco, a big strong man also died. Then, Jimima died that night. Our steady steamboat captain, Alfred Sinclair's, wife died. Aurora was Alex Knight's sister. People then and after marveled just why we three boys, or any of our family did not get the flu. We were in all their houses pushing in soup and blocks of ice and wood well on into January. Finally, we had 21 stiffs piled in the schoolhouse. I cleaned out the blacksmith shop and started making coffins, but lumber was scarce. I would measure every corps carefully, not to waste a board. We put Alfred Tobacco and his little child in one coffin. There did not seem to be the howling and crying there generally is at a funeral. People just did not seem to understand what was going on. Scharlett, the tough one, said she did not miss Alfred so much as the little thing between his legs. No one ever heard of burying two people in one box before. The frozen clay in the proper graveyard was hard

to dig. Dad suggested we pick the gravel ridge about a mile up in the bush to have a mass burial. Loading a team rack with the 21 dead, we buried the whole lot on one long grave. Old Alex Sinclair was the minister. He was real good at this kind of stuff. Pointing his hands to the sky, then to the grave, and to the people he made a wonderful speech. We lost men, women, and children, and a lot of teamsters that winter. Dad had a lot of cattle. We butchered 19 head of steers, feeding the sick that winter. There was no such thing as social welfare or Department of Health or special rations like there is now. The big Lamb house on the point was their only hope. My dear mother and dad were stumped with this new epidemic. They gave everything they had. Eric fixed up a wood sawing machine, which we dragged from house to house sawing wood. I suppose had the flu struck in these times, the government would have paid dad for the steers we butchered to give away to the sick and dying.

In 1917, Ovila St. Goodard and Roy Wright from Tisdale brought down a barge load of Black Angus cattle to start a ranch. They built about three miles down the creek from here, but across Sturgeon Creek in the heavy timber. Ovila St. Goodard was a rearing to go horseman. They hired Indians to build a big log house, cow and calf barns, and large horse barns. Mrs. Goodard was a wonderful cook and manager in general. They had three or four girls, Emily and Leo. I think Emily won the Flin Flon derby three years in a row. I see his name engraved in the big cup, which sits in the lobby in the Chateau Laurier lobby in Ottawa. St. Goodard fished Trout Island and other parts of Moose Lake in the wintertime, utilizing his many fine teams of horses, hauling fish in the winter, then haying in the summer. As the years went by, they did not increase their herd very much, due to loosing calves in the winter months, which none of the vets could explain. In the early 20's, they sold out to Henry Lowe, who batched on the ranch for eight years. He also lost many premature calves. At one time, they blamed it on the bulls. Importing new

stock did not clear up the slipping of calves at around five months. Finally, Henry Lowe butchered tons of beef, hauling it to The Pas to sell to The Pas Lumber Company, and wherever he could find a buyer. Hindquarters sold for six cents. It was not until 1938 that Bangs was isolated and discovered. We take boil tests every so often. Any questionable animals are butchered immediately. All our cattle are Bangs free. We never loose a calf.

In 1908 or 1909, dad started hauling frozen fish to the new railroad, which had reached The Pas from the Hudson Bay Junction. Long strings of teams would arrive at the old home place across the portage. All the teamsters had sheep skin coats. The canvas parka was not discovered yet. The team road followed the river all the way from The Pas, leading into the Driftwood Lake cutoff, then over Traders Lake and around Weanusks point to out post. Dad had a large horse tent at Red Rock, and another tent at Raven's Nest Portage. I remember these tents were badly torn by spring. They were warm when they were full of teams of horses. The river was bad for slush. That was some road to The Pas. There was no sheltered traveling in the middle of the river as both banks always had plenty of slush on top of the ice. In some places, it was two feet deep. In 1910, Mr. H.S. Johnson, manager of Booth Fisheries and dad got together on a deal, each paying half the cost to make an inland straight road across country. Charley Rill of Rills Island contracted to put up barns on this new road. Dad hired Indians from The Pas with several dog teams to blaze this new road. The freight rate of \$2.50 immediately dropped to \$2.00, the down to \$1.50 per 100 pounds. I remember some of the teamster's names. Little Angus Dion, a good four line skinner, and Amedie Laundry, another chap they christened Asket. He was forever asking questions and scared to death of timber wolves and snow snakes. Eric told him these snow snakes would come out of the snowdrifts to wind themselves around his legs, freezing him to death in minutes. There were thousands of boxes of fish piled up in our yard

across the portage. Dad had teams hauling off the lake as far as the old post, then another swing of teams hauling to The Pas. Around the last trip every March, dad would dicker with these southern farmers for horses, winding up buying three or four teams cheap. Harnesses, sleighs, and blankets came too. The snow was always deep, the weather always bad, the horses always played out, and always short of hay and oats. Two or three Caterpillar tractors would have done the work of 50 teams of horses. The million air Major Holt was just discovering and making the Holt tractor, which later became Caterpillar.

My younger brother, Laddie, was always the best rider and as I have said before, he was a natural with horses. He would not be driving a team long before they were the best snap team in the outfit. Going up Rills Creek at the bad hill, everyone would four up at this place. Laddie would put the reigns in a gunnysack and tie them on the hames. Then, he would stand up on his load, 20 yards away from the hill on the river. His team would get going on a trot to hit the hill full gallop. By the time they were over the hump with the load coming over the top, Bill and Darkey would be both down on their knees with their bellies about four inches off the road, scratching and groaning with Laddie standing up high on his load and chirping softly to them. You have to love horses to have good horses. We always fed and boiled up on top of this hill in the thick sheltered bush. The topic of conversation all winter was horses, how old they are, how much did you pay that sorrel, will you trade that black for that road or buckskin. We lived and slept with horses.

Mother finally persuaded dad to buy us three boys two saddles from Eaton's, costing seven dollars each. We rode horseback all summer, traveling the two miles across the portage to the lake, then two miles over to Moose Creek, where the steamboats would tie up and where dad was making hay all summer. When we moved over the lake in 1912, we had a snake fence corral

behind the horse barns. I suppose it was the right thing to do when you were 15 or 16 years old, but I just cannot see any sense in it now. Some of these bronks were very touchy things. It was all you could do to put the harness on them after running wild all summer. I bet you cannot ride that one and that one. No one ever rode that buckskin with the Roman nose. For many years, my shoulder and right wrist would ache before a rainstorm. I blame this from boasting that I could ride that bastard, you watch me. I particularly remember this high jumping buckskin. I lasted about four or five dirty jumps once he started to explode. The next thing I was doing was picking dirt out of my nose, mouth, and ears. Laddie asked me how I liked his saddle. I said I like it fine the time I was in it. Laddie broke a lot of these horses to ride. Alfred Fisher, a half-breed boy from Pelly, Saskatchewan, Old Judge Fisher's son was a good rider also.

The Hudson Bay Inspectors, Indian Agent, or R.C.M.P., or anyone with means always hired a runner to run ahead of their dog teams. Jerimiah Beardy was a good runner, but did not live long enough. Louis Martin, Andrew Sanderson, and Robert were very good runner also. They have a belief that you must never drink cold water or eat snow when running, no matter how thirsty you are. In December of 1914, Thomas Buck, a long lanky Indian, went off his rocker. He would hammer at our kitchen door any time of night, waking dad up to say so and so was going to kill him. Thomas was my namesake. We hunted geese and ducks together for many summers. The Indians became very scared of Thomas. Finally, dad sent word to the R.C.M.P. at The Pas that whenever they had time, to come to Moose Lake and take Thomas out to Brandon. He was a very strong powerful man. I never really saw anything wrong with Thomas. Finally, Sargent Thomas of The Pas R.C.M.P. arrived by dog team. Thomas agreed with everything the police said. I think that was the hardest four dollars I ever earned in my life. Sargent Thomas hired another dog team with moose hide across it for Thomas to ride in. He hired me as a runner

ahead of the dog teams. They never caught me up until the first stable 15 miles out where we camped that night, as we did not leave the post until after dinner. Thomas and I cut the long poles for our open fire that night. He always called me Na-que-mace, meaning namesake. "What are they taking me away for," he asked. "I have not stolen anything." The next day was hard on the dogs on the lakes, but they would catch up to me on the portages. Sargent Thomas paid me off, allowing two days for me to make it back on foot to Moose Lake. He was really generous. That was 1914. Thomas spent 49 years in the Brandon asylum before he died. We visited him a few times in Brandon. He always remembered me. He was a very good patient. In 1955, Edgar Buck got a letter saying his brother Thomas had passed away. The superintendent wanted permission to do a post mortum on him. I had an awful time explaining this to Edgar. Then, he kept hounding me later, wanted to know what they found that killed his brother. I told old Edgar that the doctors found his head chuck full of macaroni.

In 1928, I left mother with Sheila and Carol, the baby, and the store to look after. Willie Buck, Abraham Buck, and I took off with a 17 foot freight canoe on a prospecting trip. We traveled three days down Pine Creek, which is Minieago River on the map. This river seeps out of the east arm of Moose Lake, becoming wider with little lakes and many rapids leading into Cross Lake. Onion Rapids, about half way down the river, is well named. I do not know another place in the north where leaks or wild onions grow. They taste like onions, and grow in cracks between the limestone. We paddled up the Nelson River, then down the Ieatowmamish River with a two-mile portage into Molson Lake. We found a nice vein of high-grade copper on the east shore of Molson Lake, and many iron dykes that did not carry any gold. Traveling down the Nelson, heading for Thicket Portage, we met and visited some Indians gaffing sturgeon at Red Rock Rapids. The late chief and fire ranger, Charley Sinclair, was with them. Charley was a

well-educated Indian. Getting our fill of fresh and smoked sturgeon, spending a couple days visiting, we pushed off down stream. The Indians told us of a few rusty dykes, which we found very easily from the crude map that they gave us. We caught the train at Thicket Portage for Cormorant Lake, where we unloaded. One long day of paddling took us back home. We were gone exactly one month. All we had to show for our hard work was a few bags of samples, which the assay office pronounced a trace of gold here and some copper here. I started haying immediately and started freighting knocked down fish boxes for the winter.

The Premier boat was originally a 30-foot sailboat that I bought from a Winnipegosis fisherman. I bought it pulled up on the bank at the Crossing on Cedar Lake. By this time, I had really plunged buying a Fordson tractor with caterpillar attachment tracks. At least it would travel over deep snowdrifts for hours without tiring like the horses, but a real man killer to drive. A break drum on either back drive wheels would freeze up, permitting the drums to slip. I directed the exhaust pipe with a T pipe to the drums to keep them warm. The exhaust fumes would come up under the driver's seat, giving the driver terrific headaches and dizzy spells. This tractor went to the bottom of Moose Lake many times, but did not drown anyone. Robinson Tobacco and I started off in late March to bring the new boat from the Crossing. How the two of us dug this 30-foot boat out of the snow and loaded it on a set of extended bobsleighs, I just don't remember how we did it. The Fordson caterpillar could just pull it and that's all. We cut poles to corduroy the 10 or 15 snowdrifts approaching the portages, which carried the outfit preventing the works from sinking out of sight. When we would be completely played out, we would shut down the tractor and head for some shelter to make a fire and camp for a few hours. I was very proud of this boat. She was fine in every way, but too small for hauling a good size load of fish. We finally got her home, putting her alongside the barn, which was a sheltered dry

place. Jennie and I would just stand and look at her, wondering how we could improve on her. Finally, we decided to cut her in half like a piece of cake. I stretched the two parts out 14 feet and covered the two parts with old tents and tarps. Then I poured boiling water to her for hours. We carved out the oak ribs to perfection, lined her up on square timbers, laid and mortised in a false keel, then spliced her ribs up a few feet, laying new oak one by fours, joining the 14 feet with each end. I made a trip to Winnipeg, purchasing a six-cylinder Belgium racing car engine from Harry Raynor, who died last year. Harry ran a motorboat garage on Brandon Avenue. When the primer was finished, she was a fine looking boat. Her front freight compartment held 100 boxes of fish, some ten tons including the ice. Naturally, no one was allowed to captain the Premier but Alfred Sinclair. We had a fish run from The Pas, Moose Lake, East Arm, and back down to Cedar Lake to the Crossing and McKenzie Island. Then, up the river 90 miles and back to The Pas. We made this run twice a week. No lay over, we ran night and day. Old Bill Clemmie of the W.J. Guest Fish Company handled our production. We got six cents for whitefish FOB to The Pas. We must have made money some how. In 1934, I built the Skippy L., which is as solid as ever after 25 years summers without a break. She had worn out three diesel engines so far. The Skippy L. cost me \$10,000 in those days, which I suppose would be around \$20,000 now. It pays to build a boat with oak and cypress planking.

I have lost track of the number of open and covered barges I have built and wrecked on Moose Lake. March of 1930 or 1931, I was caught with several carloads of fresh and frozen fish at Cormorant Lake siding. Chicago fish markets folded up. President Roosevelt took over the banks in the States. I was caught with thousands of dollars in wages to teamsters and fishermen. Mr. H.S. Johnson, manager of Booth Fisheries at the Pas, has strict orders not to buy anymore fish. I had some cars enroute to Winnipeg and others being loaded at the track with team loads

enroute from William and Moose Lake. On top of this, I had to buy thousands of dollars worth of groceries, dry goods, waders, gas, and canoes to take to Moose Lake for the spring rat hunt. Talk about a mess. Every trader and fisherman was blaming R.R. Bennett's conservative government in Ottawa. Booth Fisheries froze our fresh fish to put in Manitoba Cold Storage with carloads of our frozen stock. No price put on these fish at all. Fortunately, my credit was good. Gaults Ltd., Marshall Wells, Ashdowns, Western Grocers, Beaver Lumber, Imperial Oil, Harry Tipping, who handled feed and flour, and all the rest of the people I had been dealing with since 1927 were very good in extending me credit to any amount I wanted. All this time, I was tripping back and forth to Winnipeg, trying to lease a 54.240-acre island between the Head River and Summerburry River to take a bank at raising more muskrats than the place was producing. Charley Attwood, who was the Deputy Minister of Mines and Natural, just would not let me into his office. I would sit on the bench in the out office where the girls were busy typing. They would always tell me Mr. Attwood was very busy. I would come back to Moose Lake to write more letters, submitting pencil drawings of proposed dams, dykes, and canals. The more Willie Buck and I walked this area over, the more convinced I was that we could increase the marshes, making 200 percent more rat producing grounds. Dr. Elliot was our Northern Commissioner at The Pas. Being a very fine gentleman, he suggested to me that I bypass all the assistants and Deputy Ministers, Alex Cunningham, the Director of Game, and all the rest of them. I should try to get into Premier Bracken's office. I had never met Bracken or written him, so I was more or less afraid. Finally, on one of my trips to Winnipeg, I managed to get a few minutes with the Deputy Minister, Mr. C.H. Attwood. When I started to talk muskrats and bulrushes, Indians with shovels, bannock and tea, I am sure he thought that here is another of those fellows that has been too long in the north. He just kept rubbing the palm of his hands together, staring at me not

saying a word. D.G. McKenzie was Minister of Natural Resources then. I met him in the hall one day. He immediately invited me into his big spacious office. This tough Scotch farmer turned out to be the best friend I had. He rang up Premier Bracken, saying he was sending a Mr. Tom Lamb over to see him. Bracken was all ears. He called Clarence Jackson, his secretary in to take notes. Then he sent me back to Donald McKenzie's office. He told Donald to try and fix Lamb up some way so he could get started on this new fangled idea of producing more muskrats per acre. It did not take Donald McKenzie long to give me a two-year working agreement preceding a 10-year lease. Next thing, Sam McCall, Director of Surveys got hold of it. This land must be surveyed at your own expense. Then the Game Branch jumped in saying the 40 some miles of shore line must be posted with metal signs not less than 20 inches square posted every 40 rods. I had to say yes to everything. Charley Brown came out that winter with a crew of men and surveyed the area. Remis Sign Company made me signs on white background with red letters. They read: Thomas Lamb, Muskrat Ranch, Trespassers will be prosecuted. Jennie was worrying about where the money was coming from after a bad fish winter. Willie Buck and I made a survey immediately after breakup and rat trapping. We found on the whole ranch just 40 rat houses, which was practically nothing. Mud Lake would drain, Opickopak Creeks, then other creeks would drain into other creeks. Willie, the wise one, was my surveyor and civil engineer. Having spent all his life in these swamps, he knew every high bank, every waterway, and pothole. We got an early start that year putting men out at various jobs. We made our own wheelbarrows, and mud carrying stretchers. Eric had a crew cutting a canal at the upper end to let the July waters flow into the ranch. Wages were fifty cents and a dollar a day for picked men. Mud Lake dam was the sticker. It took us two years to make a more or less permanent job. We hauled tons of rock by barge from in front of our Moose Lake house to the dam. We had teams of horses with

scrapers hauling mud. Ray Bloomquist, the best man I ever had, worked several years for me. One summer, I could not pay him his wages. I gave him an automatic rifle and one of my suits of clothes. We got the Fordson tractor with a double drum winch on the back end to Opickopak dam. I bought this winch from North Star Oil Company in Winnipeg. It had been used in the San Antone mines out of Lac Dubonet. I paid several hundred dollars for it. Charge it up please. This winch pulled two scrapers with handles that men would wrestle and get knocked head over heels every once in awhile. We plugged the river.

Our grub was flour, baking powder, plenty of lard, some sugar as long as it lasted, and sides of salt pork from 500-pound pigs. Everyone made his own tobacco when we ran short. Eric had Alex Knight, Ben Sinclair, Sidney Martin, and a gang up country. Eric did a lot of heavy work that summer. We did not think it was any sin when Louis Martin or Willie would arrive with a bull moose in their canoe. We fished a net at the lower dam and one below the rapids in the Head River. Albert Snye was the cabin builder. He floated spruce logs with my brother Donald all the way down to the lower dam then loaded them on three canoes pushing through the weeds up to Opickopak. They swamped one trip in South Rat Lake. Donald, Bert, and Bob, the younger brothers, would spend their holidays on the ranch. They killed thousands of mosquitoes. We kept this expense and development work up from 1921 to 1934 when we pelted our first rat. I owed so much money around town, I was afraid to go down the street in the daytime. By this time, we had many little dams, canals, and dykes amounting to some 50 work projects altogether. I got permission from the Director of Game and Fisheries to trap our first crop in the spring of 1934. It was quite a job setting out trappers with good outfits. When the smoke cleared away the first week in May, we pelted over 24,000 rats. I also bought some 10,000 trade rats in the store. I

got around \$2.20 for them, which gave me some \$85,000. I went up and down the street paying everyone off in full.

By this time, we had Sheila, Carol, Phyllis (Skippy), Greg, and the twins Donald and Dennie. Three boys and three girls were a nice family. We had a man in the store, which gave Jennie more time down on the rat ranch canoeing from one job to the next. Jennie was expecting in April. She could not find anyone in town to come to Moose Lake to look after the three girls and three little boys. So, she decided to rely on Fanny Buck and Lucy Umpherville, the local midwives. I had a long, lanky team of bronks that were well fed and exercised in the barn in readiness to go for a doctor. This team, Prince and King could make The Pas in nine hours if pressed. On the 12th of April, at six o'clock in the morning, I had three girls and three boys down on the rocks at the lakeshore watching the geese landing on the ice. It was a beautiful, clear morning. Fanny and Lucy were upstairs running back and forth. We had been down on the lakeshore a long time. Finally, we wandered back to the house. Old Fanny met us at the door, all smiles. "Well," I said, "what is it?" She clapped her hands and said, "You have four boys." I just about fainted, running upstairs three steps at a time. I stood by the bed, staring at Jennie with a little bundle lying alongside of her. "Well," she said, "What's the matter? You never acted like that before."

We built our own schoolhouse, paying good teacher's wages for three or four years, then sending the girls to River Bend Girls School and the boys to Ravenscourt School in Winnipeg. We had four boys attending Ravenscourt at one time. I still don't know where all the money came from. Not having much schooling myself, I wanted my kids to do better.

I have paid the Manitoba Government close to \$45,000 in ground rent for the rat ranch to date, not including the thousands of dollars in royalties plus many thousands in hidden taxes on

fuel and gasoline, caterpillar sales tax, draglines, tobacco tax, and trapping licenses. In June of 1934, I went to Winnipeg to see Premier Bracken. I just about had him talked into leasing me the big island running from the fork of the Saskatchewan and Summerberry Rivers down to Little Fish Lake River. This would make a good boundary. I was willing to do and carry out work programs similar to what I had done on our rat ranch. This 200,000 acres could stand spending \$100,000 on the same kind of dams and canals. Bracken was another stargazer, but not for long. He asked me if I would help superintend a works program if he supplied the money. I could see my dream of another larger rat ranch blow right out of his open window. Mr. Bracken had me wait in Winnipeg until the Honorable T.A. Crerar arrived from Ottawa.

Tommy Crerar put up \$50,000 from some account connected with the Indian Department. Arthur McNamara, the Minister of Public Works, put up another \$50,000. D.E. Denmark was the officer in charge. Don is a dandy land surveyor who likes to get things done. Between the two of us, we soon had some 300 men in the swamps doing jobs every which way. The Pas never saw so many government men get off the train before. Canoes, motorboats, draglines, tractors, muskrat experts, duck men, biologists, plant life men, guides, cooks, and even one Hund Low, the Chinaman cooking on the barge, all arrived down river. I could not stand the pace, pulling the pin after one month. It could have been too much smoked bacon and eggs or the thick slices of ham. I went back to our ranch to live off of moose meat and fish. From then on, the government started to manufacture game guardians by the dozen. I don't know what the balance sheet would show if they every produce one. Never the less, the Summerberry marshes have produced millions of dollars in muskrats. Don Denmark also just could not stand the orders coming from Winnipeg. He also pulled the pin right after I quit. The Hon. J.S. McDairmaid was the Minister of Mines and Resources by now. He did not know a muskrat from a pail of Saskatchewan mud.

Every election, McDairmaid would make speeches all over the country, blowing how he was a man of action. "We must not stand still men. We must utilize our resources. He would ring off the thousands of dollars and the thousands of muskrats we were producing, where none were produced before," he would say. He must have been real good, as he was always elected back as the Minister for many terms. Charley Attwood, Don Stevens, Dave Allen, A.G. Malaher, and a lot more would come out from the cape of the Big Wind to make inspection tours down the river. Sam McCall, Director of Surveys, went down to the Louisiana marsh to study muskrats for two weeks.

The winter of 1931, I did not have enough teams with heated cabooses to handle all the fresh fish from William Lake and Moose Lake to Cormorant Lake siding. Fresh fish must be delivered in perfect shape. They cannot arrive to the market overheated or frozen a week after they are caught if they are to be considered good fish. I bought two Ford trucks along with the Fordson tractor, hauling from Burrs Narrows, the north end of Moose Lake to the steel. Teams were relaying from William Lake, traveling eight miles loaded, then exchanging cabooses with the team they met. Ray Bloomquist was the best snowplow man we had. These plows cut out a rut for the wheels and rear housing to just clear the axles. All would be fine on the lakes but the portages were a proper hell. Changing tires at 50 below on some open muskeg. Finally, everything we had was broken down. I hoofed it on foot 25 miles one night to catch the train coming from the north at mile 55 Hudson Bay Railway. A tarpaper shack with a telephone was the only building at mile 55. I put a call in to H.S. Johnson at his house telling him of the repairs I wanted gathered up. Mr. Johnson said to come into town, as he was sure he would send the wrong parts. Standing by the red hot round heater with my pants and drying my underwear, all kinds of things were running through my mind. Teamsters piling up fresh fish at the halfway

every minute and me on foot. Jennie was running the store and keeping the old house from burning down. When I arrived in The Pas the next day, H.S. invited me over to his suite in the Opasquia Hotel to join in a poker game that night. H.S., as everyone called Mr. Johnson, was a wonderful entertainer and host. Ted Stull, with his mechanic, Philpot, was there also. They were flying freight with Val Patriott and two junkers from Wabowden to the Island Lake mines. Ted Stull listened to my tale of woe, then said that he would haul my fresh fish with the junkers. He gave me a price of four cents a pound from our Burrs Narrows camp. I told him I was leaving on the train early the next morning with all my spare parts, but if he saw a cloud of snow streaking or crawling across the lake to be sure and drop down.

Now this is where the hauling of fresh fish with aircrafts was first born. Both trucks had torn out their rear ends right after I had put them in. I was towing them with the Fordson caterpillar in first gear, just about frozen to death when I heard a great noise. Ted and Philpot swooped down over me, then circled in for a bouncy landing. I gave them instructions to start hauling immediately. I would try and get these broken trucks into Cormorant Lake, which I did. I stored them there for the balance of the winter. Ted could not handle all the fish. Val Patriott started in also, then I wired Angus Campbell at Prince Albert, who had a Stinson with a five-cylinder engine. (Lady Wile Fire was her name). I had the three of them going, cleaning up the surplus they had piled up. Now these pilots were contracted to freight to Island Lake. However, they promised to come back every second day. Tilton Ashton was flying a Fooker. People along the Hudson Bay Railway were saying Tom Lake had gone completely crazy. He was hauling fish with an airplane. People thought an airplane belonged to high-class passengers, mining companies, and to fly out dead men. I would get messages and telegrams from H.S. Johnson saying what wonderful quality fish he was receiving. All in good shape, perfectly fresh, and not

half-frozen with the fins broken off. I went down to Winnipeg that spring to start taking flying lessons. Jack Crosby, Cliff Kaake, and a few others were my instructors. Whenever I would go to Winnipeg, I would put a couple of days in at the field opposite the present flying club. I forget the year I got my private license. I did not get my commercial license until 1936 or 1937. Connie Johannasson sold me a rip snorting Stinson in 1935. I hired Carl Yule as pilot with Doug Holland as the engineer. A first class pilot demanded \$125 per month. A licensed mechanic had to have \$50 per month. Doug Holland stayed six years with me. He was one of these chaps you just could not help but like. Before I bought CF-A.U.S., Carl Yule did a lot of flying of fish for me with an old OX5. The leather lined open cockpit in front held about 600 pounds of fish. Carl very nearly killed me one day, shooting wolves over the Crossing Bay. This old crate dropped 100 feet or so, leaving me hanging in the air above the cockpit. Fortunately, I hung on to a flying wire with one hand and managed to wiggle back into the pit. Carl was promoted to a FCW2 hump back Fairchild, which was a good airplane. 1934 produced a lot of flying with fresh cash money coming in from all over. By January 1935, it was time I formed a limited company in case I had a bad accident, which could cause a serious lawsuit, which could break me. Setting up Lamb Airways and Lambs Store as two separate companies was the thing to do. In 1936, I flew A.U.S. down to Saskatoon to have a complete wing and body covers job done. This complete overhaul cost me \$1,700. I left her there, coming home by train. Late in March, I was loading cars of frozen fish down by the C.N.R. station when Jennie sent a messenger down saying Ottawa was calling me. The government muskrat project had a bumper crop coming off. I also had a good crop. Everyone was talking muskrats. The late Horace Halcrow, who was one of Premier Bracken's right hand men, recommended making a survey of the marshes. All the way from Fort McKay on the McKenzie River taking in Fort Chipwian, Fort Fitzgerald, and Fort

Smith, down to Russher River, Fort Resolution, and Buffalo Lake on Great Slave Lake. The Hon. T.A. Crerar told me on the phone to come at once to Ottawa for a meeting. When I arrived in Ottawa, Charley Camsell, the Minister of Mines, had all his deputy ministers in readiness. I never did find out all the names of the dozen or so ministers gathered around the big table in Crerar's office. I had letters of introduction to all the Hudson Bay post managers. Mike Dempsey, the manager of the Buffalo park at the hay camp below Fort Fitzgerald, and all the ministers and high Priests in that country were to give me all the assistance they could making this survey.

The snowdrifts were hard, making dog mushing real good early in the mornings. The swamps and creeks were becoming bare east and west of Fort Resolution where I was working. I was getting the history and behavior of the water from the Slavey Indians. The muskrat country was more or less the same situations as in our country. I could not recommend any work projects in such a short survey. I recommended to Ottawa that they should send Horace Halcrow up there in the summertime. Horace talked better Cree than he did English. He was a good speechmaker in any country. Leaving Chipwian in the late afternoon, I camped at Big River that night. Cecil McNeal was flying for M & C Aviation at Prince Albert. I camped in his house that night. He wanted to start up his own air service. Before we went to bed that night, I had sold him A.U.S. for \$6,000 cash. I landed on the river at The Pas with the ice starting to move. Doug and I put the square nose floats on A.U.S. McNeal and his wife, Reta, arrived by train to fly her away in a day or so. Canadian Airways at Brandon Avenue had a later model Stinson. It was the C.F.A.N.W., which I bought floats, skies, and wheels for \$2,500 cash. Now I was in business again with a later model plane. I forget who I sold A.N.W. to. I worked her hard and took in a lot of money flying to all parts of the north. Early in May, I went to Winnipeg. This was 1938. Konnie

Johannason and I took the train to Chicago, then to Wayne, Michigan, which is about 20 miles out of Detroit. I bought a spanking new Stinson Gull Wing Wonder. The Stinson factories were experimenting and testing a Wasp Junior engine in these new Gull Wing Stinsons. They were not yet approved, so we had to buy one with the 245 Lycoming engine, which was just about half the power for this size airplane. She was a good plane after you got her above 500 feet. From Wayne, we flew down to Alliance, Ohio, where Konnie was to pick up a new Taylor Craft. He had the Manitoba agency for both Stinson and Taylor Craft airplanes. Something had gone wrong with his order. His plane was not ready yet, so we flew back to Winnipeg in my plane. The last Angus Campbell and Dick Mayson were on the riverbank at Brandon Avenue putting floats on their new Waco. They had ferried up from Jack Sanderson's in Toronto. Times were still tough. Angus and Dick slept in their new Waco instead of going to a hotel. I flew B.G.W. practically every day from May, June, and July until the engine cooked out on me taking off from Cumberland House. I landed on the thick bush. One of the float struts came up through the cabin, puncturing my seat and missing my backside by a few inches. The clock stopped at 13 minutes after ten on Friday the 13th. I sold this pile of metal to M & C Aviation in Prince Albert for \$4,000. They rebuilt her. On her first trip, she killed the pilot when she crashed through a house at Waskasoo.

Mr. Hutty, who traded at Nelson House from 1950 until his death a few years ago, was always a good customer for air freight, as were all the Hudson Bay posts up north. One time I flew a planeload of live pigs and chickens for Mr. Hutty. I flew live lynx from Owen Ashley's camp on the far end of South Indian Lake to The Pas. I think these lynx were the most vicious and meanest cargo I ever flew. Another time, I flew 55 live beaver all in one load from Prince Albert to our Saskatchewan rat ranch. Having flown live beaver before from Winnipeg to our

Moose Lake ranch, I knew it was not much good putting them in gunnysacks. The late C.C. Plummer and I had quite a time on that trip from Winnipeg. I secured these live beavers from Loon Lake in the States, straight south of Montreal. About half an hour out of Winnipeg, these exceptionally big beavers just seemed to walk right out of their gunnysacks and immediately started to inspect every part of the plane including getting jammed in between my feet. It was no easy task trying to pull a 60-pound beaver stuck between the rudder pedals, flying at 6,000 feet. Once Chummy Plummer had them herded back off the front seats, they were good passengers. Except for them shuffling back and forth, and standing up to inspect every part of the plane. A Norsman will only hold 40 live beaver. I found that out. I shipped 15 express from Prince Albert. Bert, my brother, met the train at Tisdale, filling the water troughs and treating them to some fresh poplar limbs. Wilfred Sinclair, a smart agile little chap that worked for me for many years, was conductor and head steward from Prince Albert. He did not have any trouble sitting cross-legged behind my seat. His magic wand would keep the immigrants away from the rudder pedals. I had a number of baby beavers in the shipment. We unloaded them in a big truck with high sides in The Pas. Sheila, Carol, and Skippy, along with other schoolmates would dress these little beavers in petticoats and panties. They are cuddly little things. Half the town was in our backyard for a few days looking at the beavers. Malichi Ross and I flew beaver, examined beaver, talked beaver, and wrestled beaver for three days while Wilfred acted as police and watchman around the truck in the yard. Malichi and I tried to place a man and wife in every little lake that would permit us to take off on. Some of the good lily pad lakes were pretty small. We started out making makeshift beaver houses or shelters. None of the beaver thought very much of our choice of a good place. They later made a lodge any place else on the lakes except the spot Malichi and I had picked out. When we would lower them off the pontoon into the water, they

would try and scramble back onto the pontoon again. “They just love this airplane,” Malichi said. This was the first transporting or restocking of beaver in Manitoba. This whole area had been cleaned out of beaver for over 20 years. Gone were the days when the Indian would pile up beaver skins as high as his favorite son's head, or as high as his muzzleloader gun for a new gun. Malichi Ross worked for years with Eric on his rat ranch at Leaf Lake in Saskatchewan. He was one of the very, very few Indians that had attended a boarding school and turned out to be a real good man. He spoke very good English, wrote a lovely hand, and was very polite and honest in every way. Malichi was a great mimic. He could imitate the Rev. Archdeacon McKay down to perfection. One spring while trapping rats on Eric's ranch, he complained of spitting blood. He just would not go to the hospital. Finally, he had to. I don't know if he died of loneliness or galloping consumption. He only lasted a few months. Playing baseball one day, Malichi shouted, “Just look at that son of a bitch run.” He did not notice Archdeacon McKay standing behind him. The Rev. old gentleman pointed his walking stick in Malichi's face saying, “Young man, do you realize that calling a boy a son of a bitch is making a woman lower than a dog?” I suppose different families run in different channels. The Ross families were very good Indians. Malichi's grandmother, a real old Indian woman, brought Laddie, my younger brother, into the world in The Pas on April 2nd, 1900. The nearest doctor was in Prince Albert, which was 600 miles upstream. Bunnum Ross shot himself while hunting moose at Red Rock when Malichi was a baby. He was feeling a moose track with the stock of his gun to see just how hard the disturbed snow was, which told him how many hours old that the track was. Old Henry Ross, who died a year ago, found his brother slumped over in the snow with his cap up on the limb of a tree. The bullet pierced Bunnum's forehead, throwing his cap sky-high. When the ministers and priests arrived here at long intervals to marry and baptize the Indians, they found Indian names very

hard to write down in their records. The Indians were only too pleased to be named after the Hudson Bay post manager or chief factors or post inspectors. Sometimes it was because their Indian name was hard to write and pronounce, and sometimes for necessity. Old Richard Ballantyne, who died many years ago, told me he remembered being baptized in The Pas along with some 25 other boys and girls. He figured he was about 15 as he already had bad ideas about girls. Old Richard never went by any other name but Chest-ta-pan-a-atic, meaning a fish net pole.