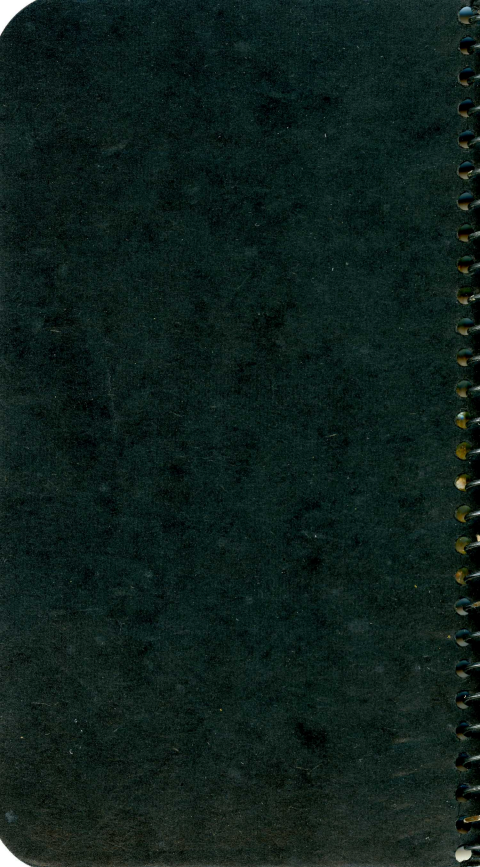


NOTES ON
HBC CHIMO

July 21st 1960
HBC Fort Chimo
Graveyard Fort Chimo
Max Budgell and long liner
July 31st Port Burwell
Return to Chimo
August 9th



HBC Ft Collins

SUNDAY
JULY 25th

1960

business cards

Govt pay slips are
made to their credit
at HBC who can give
cash or kind

GOOD NITE WILLIE

from Pt Barwell

He couldn't meet you
day or night & his
only English was
"Good Night" - so

he was "dubbed"
with the words

DANIEL SNOWBALL

CONLUCY SNOWBALL

PETER PARTRIDGE

NED VNGNATWEENUK

JACOB SEQUALUK

ARCTIC ANGLERS

I wandered along the ridge flanking the river for $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile, then dropped into a gully towards the east, marked the next ridge and walked towards old Ft Olimo.

A pile of stumps & timber caught my attention.

Like some disturbed cairn.

There were 7 coffins
"What a lovely place to be buried" said Rosemary.

The sun shone out of a cloudless blue, a strong breeze

kept flies away &
swept the rocky
tundra with a
fresh northerly
breeze.

The 3 small coffins
had broken, whether
under stress of
weather or dogs one
could not know.

The plants, irregularly
cut & abraded
by the gear of our
sleds sprung apart.

There was utter peace
& quiet.

Towards the team's ultimate
a Christian graveyard
lay, showing wooden
crosses in the sun.

One of the femurs
in ~~the~~ a child's
coffin had been
broken & knitted
together & must have
shortened the person
by 3 or 4 inches
The bone was fused
and they must have
lived some while
after breaking it

As I walked down
the hill, bones,
porous & roughened
lay in banks of
lichen & spagnura
masses white or green
A ^{lower} jaw bone, with 3
teeth, broken by nose

roots cast a shadow
on the white marble
rock.

I followed the ridge
and passed a score
of coffins, wind
blown, sun bleached
~~hunters~~ finally
lead to rest in a
happy hunting
ground.

One of the coffins
was bound with
~~a~~ cooper's bands
from the old HBC
~~store~~ cooperage
where fish was
salted early last
century

Met Seckie & 4 kids

Denna ~~Wendy~~ Ploughman

Joanna Ploughman

Eric Seckels

Kenne Seckels

- We retraced our
steps for a while
past the buckskin
pines & tamarak
trees with waxes
and cones - and
aromatic as spice

THUMBTRIP

DICKY

Max Budget

The Joan Ryan ^F1332

and an unnamed boat ^{two}

40 feet Length

12 " Breadth

7.5 " Depth.

Onboard

~~10 tons~~

1 1/2 tons Buwell

2 tons Gas Riv

2 motors & generators

(1 ton) to Pt Buwell

Packed like a small

suitcase for a

long trip.

1 foot freeboard

Paul Kinlerby

fell in water, once

at St John's 4 1/2 days out

The Joan Ryan

will be hauled
up in Sept at
Grays River when
Miss Jean Ryan
taught at the
Community Hall
during the 2 summers.

The boat will fish
south from Buwell,
no more than 20
or 30 miles on the
Salvador Coast.

The chae seeds
on the surface coming
out of them return
after feeding in
salt water the return
in deep water.

You can see them
waiting for the
river to rise after
a shower of heavy
rain - then off they
go. There isn't one
to be seen next
day.

Davis Inlet
was his home in
Lalradat. We were
born all over Lalradat
2 brothers still live
there.

He was HBC
brother, Leonard is in
Tuktuyaturk
Worked for Bay
from ¹⁹36 - 40. March
then Army.

Return to Labrador
after the war - &
collapse of the fur
trade H.B.C. moved
out. N/d. govt
took over the trading
posts.

At Goose Bay had a
big reunion with
Michel Noora. He was
a good Indian & he
taught me all he knew.
He increased my
sled load as I caught
on.

I can speak Indian
and understand Eskimo
but hope to learn
this summer.

" I enjoy being in
Ottawa as long as
I'm not there too
long. This routine
can get boring.
- It's good to get clean
though once in a
while "

SUNDAY. July 31st '60
The Blarney, an old
Scottish whaler, square
rigged ship with motor.
Brought Spanish fish to
the coast.

Missionary & a student
I'm debt and an Eskimo
was refused more credit he
would go to the missionary
and ask about this
broken by love - when

The missionaries pulled out in 1924 they were deep in debt. The Hanning brought supplies from Britain to trade for seal oil for Lewis & Clark Furs, caribou skins, salt cod when they went in 1924 HBC took over until 1942 when the Newfoundland got back over.

DNA but is on the site of the old Moravian Mission building.

In 1914 Germans were rounded up & interned as a danger to the nation.

This part of the coast the Moravians taught in English. Further down they taught in German. Many go to French hospitals - Language!

Elijah taken to
with friends of Bill's
said "An igloo is better
than a badly insulated
house." After a few
more explanations Bill
took him home.

"Why didn't you tell
me he was an intelligent
human being?" They
asked.

"I thought you might
like to find out
for yourselves" Bill
said.

We seemed to eat all day
after our return after 3:30
p.m. Had Bill's cheesed
pork-loaf with ham. Then
I cooked out cakes for

2 hours. The little stove
wouldn't get hot and the
door wouldn't close.

I also made another
bannock tripe which we
chomped down after another
meal at 8 P.M. of a mess
of Bill's beans, (lots of molasses)
tripe & oat cakes. We then
played cards - Hearts -
which I lost. Always losing
my heart. We went to bed
about 1 P.M. in a tempest
of wind & torrent of rain.

The men retired to the freezer
which Paul Dubois now
has working. "We'll need
two sleeping bags tonight
lads" said my mate
a speedy exit. <sup>(We walked a little
before the storm
to the graveyard & back)</sup>

MONDAY August 1 1960

Skies clear again, bright
blue. Joan announced it was
9:30. We had all slept
in. GLORIOUS. Had a tense
type of breakfast of porage
(made it) bacon coffee, bread
THE EXHAUST CAME OFF THE FREEZER ENGINE

and marmalade.
Finished about 11. Next
Josephine came in for a chat.
As they often do. Only R+J
ever offer them a cup of tea!
Afterwards washed my
smalls, my hair & went
to build up the pathway
"If the Moravians can
do it, then we can" - said
"Damned foreigners."
Joan listened to her voice
on tape & said "It sounds so
monotone on a recording. I
know I don't speak like
that." - Some people will
never learn. Temp 72°
Bill went over to the co-op
store to pack the Polarbear
skin, seal & fox skins.
Joan lay down all a.m.
and peeped at me as I
washed. - haughty -
AND PAUL TURNED BLACK. HE WORKED ALL

at 3:30 we put on pork
scraps, chert potatoes
in the pressure cooker.
at 3:33 Max said "It
should be done in 10 minutes
I'm going to find me a scall
low a bath". I watched
the horizon for his navy
blue hunter pecking over
the tundra in our direction
and he turned up at 4.

"These mosquitoes have just
had a wonderful meal
where's my dinner."

Excellent meal topped
off with bannock kifle
out of the newly working
freezer. Scrumptious.

After lunch at about 5
P.M. went with Bill to see
Emily, who sews so well,
we took in a pattern of some
shirt material. The pattern

was me calls and Bell
felt she could manage
it. It's tricky if you've
been brought up with them
Directions were written in
English, French & Spanish.

NOT Eskimo. The caught
on, made a joke or two &
Bill showed them some
carved teeth. I suggested
Paul's Polon beaver prints
waste & Bill jumped at the
chance. I wanted a couple
& said I'd crack a few out
with a hammer. He said he
crack mine out^e - hammer
if I did. He had a carved
walrus ivory, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long of
a walrus's head. And a star
bear from a small tusk.
hook came in and showed
us some very old flints

and the wooden shafts
of old tools, whittled by
flint axes. - He was
so proud of them. - He
has lived in Pt Barwell
all his life. "All time
all time" he said.

I helped Joseph &
hook to carry up the gear
of the 2 women who will
help with the fishing.
They have a DNA tent
& came from Pt Barwell
to mission house by the
fryer. (I also helped
to clear a path along the
bottom of the cliff) came
back & made some
stones to go with some
they rose, Thank Heaven,
we cannot drive a
car. "how learned" I

was never in one
place (will read) long
enough to learn:

Made a tape of Max
afterwards. Both
rather nervous. We
tried to read the dogs
outside. They howled
and I rushed out "fell
best 2 pairs, if they
went quiet & shaggy.
R. fed them a few bits
of cheese & they ate it
like noblemen. We
came in disgusted &
they started to howl
like mad.

Max's definition of
a dog "They'll
never tip - wonderful
boats." - They just
fill up & sink under

you." - "Wonderful boats."
Max made 3 tape
interviews and we all sat
round it, silent while Max
puffed on his pipe and
told his stories. We had
to button down the windows &
doors to keep ^{out} the noise of the
freezer engines. - Paul got
them going today.

"We'll have to have one of the
cats" said Max. "We're
sleeping in a tent tonight
- It'll be a bit ^{COLD}
in the freezer, -10° below
Zero" We cuddled
down by 1 AM. Joan still
sickly. (Well I would feel ^{more}
sympathetic) Staring stargazing

2nd AUGUST 1960 TUESDAY.

Beating on the door at
4 AM. This is the day
we return to Ohimo, via

George River. Tided
away, deflated the air
mattresses and made a
pot of porage. Just as we
started on our first cup of coffee
the generator stopped.

"Drowned in its own soup"
suffocated, said Max.

The exhaust pipe had broken
and pumped the clean
engine house, full of soot.

Max on the radio said

we were not likely
to go today. The deep

freezer was faulty &

Paul is still lousy.

Came in with mascaraed

eyes, soot to the eyebrows.

All feeling came over me that

our teacher friend is full of

buckets of, good at delegating

duties, responsibility and a great

showman) R had said it's

important that she like us

This is rather fallacious
- when interviewing & up to
I think it's much more helpful
if the ipst. likes the subject
in hand.

When Max was victualling
in St Johns he traded in
a store overmen with rats.

Houhour development & blasting
was shifting rats up town. The
storekeeper kept a shotgun ^{Blazed} off.

"I'll have to wash my hair
or transplant it" said Bell
& put on a kettle.

Before, during & after lunch
I did a lot of a strong about
char fishing. - I was very
difficult. After dishes & R
I was queried across
the narrow by Max
in a daze. He picked
up a frying pan & steel

Wool of the Joan Ryan
and her dropped R+J
on the beach of Jackson
Island. We found our
first Arctic form ancient
tent rings in a gully,
old houses & middens
& climbed the crest of
a hill in a gale of
wind. Magnificent view
being in the Atlantic.
Returned about 5:30 pm.
Max saw us from the
wharf & pulled over in
the day to bring us
home. No artifacts.
We made a dinner &
were just about to
eat when Josephie
dashed in smiling & said
"Henry". We rushed
out there was the
&) old boat.

with old skin
canoe on deck,
chugging in. Loaded
down with CHAR.

Great excitement
Girls came to clean,
Max & Bill regid up
great howls, the tap
spouted geyers of
cold water & Noah &
Willie staggered up &
down with 200 char.

Dinner was late
but creamed chicken
was worth waiting for.
Asked in the 3 girls for coffee.
One with a baby in the load.
They ate oatcakes - the baby
shil too, shivering in a pyjama
top. Went to Emily's house
to buy a hat. Anna & Samie
on floor beside patchwork
quilt, Noah in bed.
TEMP 34° at 9 P.M.

Educational Division of
Northern Administration Board
of DNA.

£180 allow for texts
and library books
for NWT schools. - of
30 pupils.

"no library in Frohisher
Bay"

no school in Port Burwell
had 7 children for a
seasonal school &
12 for full-time schools

LIVING DANGEROUSLY

PERILS OF PT BURWELL

shot in the eye by boiling
oil.

Intense pressure of
the hissing, cooler.
Exploding Coleman stoves
Rolling boulders.
Polar bears

Hitting flippers of
maddened seals.

Pinned to the cliff by
a drifting iceberg.

Frozen in the frozen.

Tom limb from limb
^{little} by lemmings.

Stalked by a staving
herd of huskies.

Things that go "oomph" in
the night.

In summer, dogs are sometimes
put on an island. - The
fit survive, tear each
other to pieces

3rd AUGUST 1960 Wed.
Landed at 6 a.m. as we
expected to leave at
9 a.m. for Ft. Belma.

Freezer kicking smoothly
& chow freezing in the
flash freezer. Wet mist
& intermittent rain, TEMP
ERATURE 38° .

Let the air out of my mattresses
again. Tried to raise
Chins on the radio - no luck.
I am baked buns & cheese ^{buns}
heat brought in a can
of fuel for the space heater

We found out when
it wouldn't light that the
fuel was ~~agora pura~~.
We alternately suffocated,
diked, fled outside &
got wet, weather very
poor. Fuel to sleep in
the morning as my
head could not help
my fingers to write.
Max came in & tried the
radio - got up. Joan
got down. After
lunch, R & Joan & I
went for a walk. Joan
joined us as R had
said "Bob & I will go out
I don't suppose anyone
else wants to go as
Edna don't like to
walk" Joan set up
with a look of determination.

on. Repair, put on a
waterproof & we headed
for the graveyard looking
for puffballs. - Excellent
find. Max slept all
afternoon - with his hat
on in the stove tent.

Bill slept on the camp bed
& Paul sat in the chair.
Played "hearts" in the
evening after finishing a
story about Henry's home-
coming. Max said "you
ought to have those
hearts alone." Max's ideas
of superstitions were funny.

When you go fishing -
never take off your socks
- They might be full of
holes but keep 'em on
It's alright to put others
over them. - As many
as you like - shirt too

Thursday, August 4th 1960
Wakened at 5:30

- It gets earlier every
time. Joan kept quiet
this morning. Had Breakfast
soaked, and washed in
cold water. Bright day
temp 72° in the shade.

Definitely getting away
today, let down my air
matters again! he
slipped moorings at 7:30

a.m. after a greasy squall
down the cliff wharf.

Emily accompanied by
Annie who is to go to hospital
as she occasionally runs a
temp of 107°. (Rheumatic
fever?) He went to pick
up the other Emily who has

lost so much weight & to
whom I delivered apple
juice & pills a week ago

Today the place looked almost
deserted. The sun was
giving a harsh light and
the rocks looked black
and almost forbidding.

The tents were gone and
on the fore shore, 7 packing
cases of ⁵inipit-frame
houses lay waiting
for the winter. The

frail whaler lay in
the shadow of the shore
- ready to return to

Ikhadliaguk with another
dog load.

a slowly moving party
in sparkling white

parkas moved down
the shore to the whaler

The younger women
were leading the oldest
~~women~~ patient. They
had a narrow squeak
nearly hitting the
cliff as they turned to
bring Emily to us.

There were shrieks &
yells from the engine
room to the helm & back.

They skinned to a stop

• Their prow ended in
overhanging on the cliff &

All the day we heard

the shore set up a pining

howling & wailing, fit to

freeze the blood. Emily

& the boat came alongside

she came aboard & Joseph

immediately started the

engine, we turned & I

pull speed ahead.

Turned into the Hudson
Strait. Weather immediately
seemed different, the
water blackened, spume
whitened, clouds thickened
& fingers chilled.

A flight of Sooty Terns
- *hydrophilus* in a full
throng skimmed over
the water, black &
white. On the Labrador
coast, they are called
Arctic pigeons. Also
Phalarope.

Paul Kimbrey who
crewed the G.R. up to
Ungava was once
sailing on the yacht
of some ^{wild} f. lant named
The Isle of Light - It
was a perilous trip
which he spent lying
out flat trying

Vo kept the gill tent
so he was submerged
74 of the time. He was
expected to breathe &
make tea."

hook & Joseph pointed
ahead; at 9:30 -
stormy" said hook "It
comes this way we go
to it."

Just enough we did
it was a constant
shuttle up & down the
^{steps} wet rooftops of the
waves. Did not rain
It lasted 2 1/2 hours
& then the sun shone out
Bill Larman had lunch
surveyed the debris &
said "That cheese makes
the place look a little
more shambolic"

than it is" & climbed
out. We passed a
beautiful ice berg
like a sculptured basin
with hundreds of sea
birds nesting on its
blinding white slopes.
Joseph steered near for
R. to take pictures.
Turned out to be a
glorious afternoon. Had
a cold luncheon of ship's
biscuits, chunks of
cheese & raisins. All
very nourishing. Topped
off with half a tin of
grapefruit. Lay on the
piddle board for nearly
an hour in bright sun.
A sudden cloud front
covering the sun woke me
up and my cold feet

kept me awake.

Cold weather & cold food
is a tough life for an
Eskimo. I went into
the hold which had
carried all the baggage &
people to the Pt Barwell
area & which would soon
be full of fish for the
blow industry. Made
a few cups of coffee &
gave one to Emily, the patient
sitting in the hold with
Annie, 2 to the wheelhouse
& the rest in the fore'st'le.
R sat on the bench &
Kildina when Noah
killed the polar bear
he said "kikomok
Nanook" - which

means "I stalk you
Polar bear" and reflects
the ancient customs
skill observed, hunting
nature, the hunt for
animals for food to
eat & clothing, to wear
stood in the hold with my
head in the hatchway
catching sunshine on
my face. Then got
down to the serious
business of making
stew.

2 cans steak & kidney

1 ✓ bully beef

10 Potatoes

2 Onions

1 Can beans (baked)

1 ✓ tomato soup.

Salt

Pepper

Result Excellent

The 2 patients sat
one each, one sleeping
to starboard & the other
to port. Glad in the
best pure white
parkas, painted hood
and seal skin kamiks
Annie's possessions
were a tinny, a
water proof one or two
bilet articles tied up
in an old cardboard
carton.

after dinner was served
in the hold, I made the
mistake of going to the
foi'stle as the Diesel
stalled & Paul climbed
out of the hold to
attend to yet another
generator. - I was left
alone in the foi'stle

and barely clung
onto my dinner
The thudding in
Graye Koneak's canoe
was nothing to this.

I could hardly keep
my seat, lurched,
swayed, shot, rolled
clung, planted my
feet aside & tried
to fix my gaze on the
Lorizon. — Whata
goh. Compressor ^{motion} engine
& slaves & we stopped.

On the up, I wanted to the
down, a shuddering side
swipe from a wall of
sea — Paul mended
it being sick. — The port
water barrel shifted.

Noah lashed it. Generator
shifted — Spume Paul
mended it.

FRIDAY AUGUST 5

Paul said: "I like the Eskimo people better than white people. You can really trust them."

The freezer was working well & though I believe the system made by POWERS BROS. LTD. LUNENBURG, no-one answered or came per their tents

Max story - "A friend who extracted the tins of rations from a wrecked plane and ate 3 of the concentrated biscuits."

He lay in pain for

3 days, he called in
a doctor. He was flown
in and he asked him
what his last meal
had been. - Biscuits.

"How much did you eat?"

"Three"

- "Three?" said the doc

"It's a wonder you've
any stomach left. One
biscuit is to last a
man 5 days"

The biscuits are made
of germ of wheat and
dehydrated beef.

Joseph & boat rowed
ashore after discharging
the dog. "I raised
the camp. We came
ashore in relays.

John, who had lain
down all trip & taken

no notice of the 2
patents declined
porage cooked in
the hold by R, who
was wet, cold & exhausted
& said to me "I want
to get ashore & get warm,
I'll take these 2 kids
c me" - To the others
she said "I must
get the patients
ashore" For all she
cared they may have
died last night.

The engine which shifted
was got ashore, Paul
spent the morning making
a bracket to hold the ship's
generator and engine
together.

Had a cup of tea at the
Aurifer Fisheries tent

& Gallic scientist.
marion, aged 11, was in
his tent and he said
"she is too young" -

That is what we miss
here - Too young to kiss,
you understand what
I mean."

"I believe you had a party
last night"

"If that is what you call
a party, - well yes."

"I do not like the Eskimo
they are so dirty, they
live like a pig. They
smell"

"Don't it smell like, made of
sealskin, which smell when
they're wet"

"We looked - but there were
no mukluks - they just
smell. My great fear is
I shall come back next

year. We have been
here exactly 4 weeks.
I shall put in a report on
my government.

He plucked his shirt
& said as he sipped
tepid tea. "I am
living like a pig"

R & I agreed he couldn't
smell us too! We escaped.

We eventually pitched
our tent and climbed
into sleeping bags.

Slept until 4 p.m.

Woke, unwashed, teeth
dirty, went to the office

tent & Leo Baraga,

Admin Officer from

Ottawa, welcomed us

with coffee, fruit salad

& hot bannock made

by Edna.

Thinking on Pat Burrell
where breaking billows
sigh & moan &

There stands a cottage
all alone

As far and wide as
eyes can seek

The land is beautiful
A land where blossoms
arise for me,
A land like a man of flower
& tree.

But peace & happiness
here reside

For here death have
abide.

Keith Crowe NSD & Bill
Larson R & I sought

round for a place to pitch
the little gray yellow
tent. We put it to
East of the camp in

a sandy hollow, &
anchored it with rocks,
— some time hence
a bright scientist will
discover another primitive
tent ring. Little will be
known it is 20th Century
At midday we hit
the Bay & came up for
air at 7 P.M. Leo
again produced refreshment
— coffee. Paul had
made & installed a
new bracket on the
Long line which is now
due to go to Binwell tomorrow
Cold squally weather.
Visited trenchmen who
played mouth organ
— Beethoven's Ninth
The fifth & son his
Fêtes de Paris. — West

to Leo's message for dinner.

Joan & Ann did not return to the school site this evening - although it was calm.

Gave 2 packs of tobacco & \$10 to Noah & Josephine who had looked after us so well. - Also my Shetland stockings which I have had for so long & which I may never wear again. After sweeping her thin little legs as she chopped wood yesterday morning, they evidently would be better on her than me.

During the afternoon Josephine shot a seal. These Eskimos waste no time. I wondered

who would cockpit on
the return trip. The
dory was crimson
with blood, and the
little seals eyes were
still wide open, and
flippers so supple &
silken. We went from
tent to tent saying
Goodbye & Goodnight to
Bill, Joan & the French
Bull & J. ate with the
Crawe's. I most monoeyll
alie & said she would
wish us Goodbye in
the a.m. at 7:30.

We passed in the Freyer
annexe. Great dancing
by 11 young Eskimos
to the concertina.

Shuffle & stamp among
the pill boxes & kibbys.
Concentrationist was seen
at's films.

SATURDAY AUGUST 6th
Joan woke us up to
say Goodbye. - 7:10 a.m.

I could have slept 5
more hours. But got
up shortly after. Joan &
Ann had returned.

Awake again in vain. -

Their boat had a huge
leak & was practically
awash when they returned.
John had not mentioned
it the previous night after
using it.

Joan asked us to breakfast
- pleasant.

Rained intermittently &
at 10 a.m. She & Ann
took off. Rosa & May
their helpers.

Vic's exquisite - a
symphony of blue &
violet shades of grey.

Just about to wash
when Keith announced
we would be leaving
by plane — arrival
imminent — gave away
the washing water &
rushed to pack. As
usual a false alarm
has explained the plane
would not be here for
3 hours. Had tea &
Edna & I went for a walk
on a cobblestone ridge
evidently a former shore
(Keith is only keen to
get rid of everything.)
The land seems to be
a succession of ridges
here, all former shores
built up through the storm
of centuries. Came
across a sudden

patch of blue harebells
nodding in the wind.

Red Imukaluk. - widower

Explained to Kirk we had
lost our stores some
place. He gave us a
pack of biscuits, a tin of
chicken broth, tin of
potatoes & cream of shak
& mushrooms. We
sat on a kundra hammock
like two sythans, on
tent packed, air mattress
down & still no sign of
a plane. - Precipitate
as usual. - In a nearby
tent an Eskimo played
Mozartian music on a
gramophone - and a
hilarious celebration

warbled crazily over
the shake, rattle &
roar of the freezer.

Dept. Fisheries, Province
of Quebec have tagged
fish within a radius
of 12 miles from Gray
River. Tagged a
brown humber # 200.

The number of fish
caught is known
care must be taken
of the fish so it will
not die. It is sensitive
at the gills & anus.

Tagging is done around
the left lower jaw.
Tag is aluminium
& engraved with the
year and a code no.
With this year's catch

7 of the tagged fish
have been recaptured.
Three figures give
essential problem now
is to determine the
population of "char"
Grand Maurais.

B. Sc. Fisheries.

Biology - oceanography
hydrography.

from Fishery School
St Anne de la Pocatiere

We cooked some water
for me to wash.
Grand Maurais put
on the kettle & announced
he would guard the
door. "Like a sentry"
I was a soldier you know.
He explained he had
broken his knee caps

3 times, his ribs
twice his front teeth
and an operation
on his head. - The
only thing which is
not broken is my
heart.

I then had a luxuriant
stand up scrub
swept the sand from
the floor, lay down
my coat & scrubbed
blackish flannel
- just finished my
pedicure & wash
when I heard the plane
engines & rushed
out. We tore down
our equipment to
the freezer, loaded
the flat bottomed
boats and headed

for Phil Laviere
and Ken Munks in
the Beaver. Said
Goodbye, loaded Emily
on & we all bundled
in. Paul Dubois, the
ice man; Rosemary;
Kennie & Mauri
Dodds, Annie
Anutik, Phil, Ken
Emily & I. - 10 people
& all their equipment
We seem to spend
our Arctic trip in a
mess of people & cargo.
Had a minute or 2 of
pure fear when we
hit a turbulence that
bounced the heavy
little plane from
side to side, up and
down.

I held Emily's hand
and smiled at her
very weakly & we
held hands till it
was over. I wanted
to hold Paul's hand
& give in to almost
terror. Give me a
long hair any day
in a gale of wind.
Perishing planes!
The land & sky were
surrounded with
cloud lying N.Y.S.
We flopped & bumped
through it, occasionally
seeing green strips &
a metal of lakes.
There must be a
million lakes in
Uganda.
Emily's hair was

black, coarse &
shiny. - For a woman
who had been sick
for a long time, she
was very clean.

You could see the
sun shining on it,
glistening with
cleanliness.

Phil kept climbing
when he hit a good
patch & then lost
sight to get under
the steaming hills

- At times we might have
got out & walked
I prefer sailing.

We arrived over
Ft. Rhinoceros, over the
old HBC site, the wreck
UPSHUR & the
Rupert Island in the
Kessock River

side and Sam +
little Eric met us on
the tiny pier & waved us
wildly in. I misunderstood
the signals & helped unload
the baggage to the pier
where we loudly said
"Hello". We found out
soon that it was a false
alarm again & that
although the plane had been
delayed an hour - it had
left. - We were so glad
to have missed it.

Chris Russell was there in
a smart outfit.

He had arrived an hour or
two earlier from Montreal
after an enforced 4 day
visit when the weather
closed in over Chino.
After a little sorting

out in our "office hotel" we
went over to Dede's ~~home~~
for a scrumptious dinner
which was all the more
appreciated because we
were made so welcome.

Chris Russell wearing a
white apron cooked 12 steaks
salmon which we ate after
elk meat & potato scallops,
topped with fruit salad
& coffee. Ah aah -
Although there was a party
at DOT we scrubbed
round it. Even Chris
admitted he was exhausted.
He had spent 4 days
in Ottawa, being sociably
playing with his children
& getting 10% knocked off
a purchase of furniture.
He did the dishes for
Dede & decided to
go to bed. In lieu

of cocoa, I made
tea. After a chat we retired
rejuvenated & revived by
the tea. — Quelle blunder.

AUGUST 7th 1960.

R up first & roused
me with a cup of French
coffee at 8:45 P.M. I
eventually came round
& rose. We had toast
for breakfast with a
loaf Dedee Radgwin
as the previous night.
Toast never tasted
so good. Sam & Paul
came in to check Paul's
work sheets & Paul
said Goodbye to us.
I was standing in the
kitchen & R doing
dishes.

Paul had washed,

showed and looked very, very clean & happy to be going home. He said "Goodbye, thank you for all you did. I thank you from the bottom of my heart, I shall never forget." My tears started to roll - "I wish you good luck & much good may come out of your work" - All I could say was "Goodbye & thank you Paul for everything." He turned to R & made another farewell. Sam was looking on, puzzled. He would never know how we had come to know each other. 50

completely through the dangers we had passed through together.

I put my hand in the soap suds and started to cry as the others went out. Paul came back in a half minute.

I apologized "It's very silly, but you were so good" "I feel the same myself, here, and promise you will try to see me again" I said I would.

- We will meet again. I suppose it will not be the same - the ~~guards~~ trapping of civilization will guard the basic from each other and we will

have a drink, a chat
and depart disillusioned.

Poor Sam was very puzzled
R & I went over to Leo's
the DNA chef who told
a terrible tale of woe,
he had run out of
fresh meat & potatoes.

I thought of the Madelau
Straits & the frail small
whaler. - What fools
we all are.

A small stroll around
the stained faces & we
returned for lunch to
Leo's. He laid his
hands on us like an
Anglican's confirmation
class.

Came back to the office &
met Ken Marks who had
been on the horseman

yesterday with Phil -
we congratulated him on
his map reading. We
had hugged the coast
for a while, then headed
inland 60 miles to
skirt the storm. - "Yes it
was tricky reading," he
said "it had to be, we
landed ~ 15 gallons
left." - Phil is really
a tough nut. A man's
man and obviously a man
to master a difficult
situation.

Did a line of washing
after lunch though I
felt more like
sitting down, lying
down, or sleeping
even.

Budce came in

and had just told us
Doreen Phillips, wife of
the T.O. of DNA was still
without her husband and
most awful of all - her
cargo being brought off
the Ripsutland had been
left below high water
line and was saturated
all her THINGS from
England had been
standing in salt water
overnight. I am asked
us to go and cheer her up.
Archie McFiggart had
been in charge of operation
which just proves his
ability as a school teacher
R & I went in and she
seemed cheerful enough
until Jack Paton took
her to see the debris. He

returned appalled
in hours. We spent the
hours from 7 - 9 pm
drying & viewing hundreds
of photographs of men
on the beach, myself
at Southport, Ray
in the Air Force, Ray's
brother with his head
shaved cause he had
a tumour. - The "Duck"
on the sands, soaking up
the sun at Blanketing
the greatest trouble was for
a musical statue of the
Virgin Mary, playing
Ave Maria and in the
midst of all the wet-
ness, she came in wrapped
in smiles clutching a cast
metal statue to her bosom
kinkling the flat last

shards of Ave Maria
I retired to bed at
at 9:30 & she gave us
a sticky cinnamon
bag to take home.

We are taking a
long time to catch
up on our sleep.

R. was ready to
turn out the light
before I was — an
unheard of precedent.

AUGUST 8th 1960
MONDAY.

Up early — about 8 A.M.
another fair day. I
made breakfast of
tea, more tea, toast
and pots of coffee &
set to writing. I was
nearly maring to

go. It is a wonderful
feeling wanting to
write & having so
many subjects that you can
hang away on the typewriter
for hours & not run out
of material. I at R.
read a story I was sending
off on the chow fishery &
she actually asked for a
clipping of it and said
it was good. — I am
not satisfied with it
& much prefer my story
on Henry & his home-
coming. I let Sam
& Seder read it &
the day & they both
said they liked it
now it is written I
hate to part with it &
don't want it to go on

the ad page of the
Halifax Mail Star.
a disappearance among
the social page twaddle.
George Koneak was
about & we made several
attempts to get together
and after lunch at Leo's
we settled down in the
bedroom. R. lay on
the top bunk & George
told us of his experiences
with Polar bears.

His first was as a boy
of 12 when he & his
uncle poked a Polar
bear out of his house
& killed it - It
weighed nearly 2 ton
Then he told his
story of the first
Polar bear he killed

and how he enjoyed
Poloniar steaks.
As a boy, George
came near to death
from starvation in
1940. The family
was down to dog
traces when the
dog team found a
dead whale, 2 feet
below the frozen
snow & caught in the
fall ice.

The stories are on
tape.

Shortly afterwards there
were some familiar
faces in the hall.
The fishermen from
George River had
arrived - tired,
cold & hungry.

I fed them on Seder
cinnamon bun &
a beaker of hot
sweet, strong coffee
which they said
Nakomik - Thankyou.
There were Tom &
Stanley Annanack,
& 2 others. One of
whom spoke good
English. He had lived
in Resolute where
his father worked
for the air Force &
at Lake Harbour & in
Chimo. Now he was a
fisherman & when I
asked him where he
preferred to be -
he said "I like to
be a fisherman".
I felt there was

hope for the char
fishery yet.

The day was very
squally & a line of
washing R. & J had
put out kept being
brought in & then put
out again.

George Rinn came on
the sched & was anxious
for the men to return
to help unload the
HBC boat Rupert Island
which was arriving
with all the timber
mill equipment on it.
Max Budgett will
run the mill when the
char fishery is through.
Late in the afternoon
Max came on the
blower.

one of the freezers
had ceased to
work a compression
pipe carrying the
freon had split &
he had sealed off
the valve & wanted
either assistance or
instruction.

The whole outlay of
\$20,000 + depends
on the other equally
unreliable engine
functioning until
September 25th.

Sam wired to
Ottawa - "... should
we take a gamble."
We returned to
write more after
supper. Sam had
given us 2 apples

and there they lay
on the kitchen table,
bright, red & waxy.
Fresh fruit.

R. went over to see
Doreen & help her
hang up some of
the salvaged negatives
& at 9:15, the
Russell who waffles
round like a bull
in a china shop,
came in. Sam &
they asked us over
for tea or coffee.
this is barging
round, hustling
to get to Pt Barwell
- Poor Redde has
her in under her
feet & can't call

the kitchen her
own. Chris asked
"Why did you have
to go to Pt Barwell
to do a story on the
char fishing? You
could have done
it so much more
easily at Fishers
Bay."

He seems to like
us and I couldn't
tell him we were
frightened stiff of
him in Old Fobe.
Kedee told us over
a cup of tea with a
gale of wind howling
outside. The garage
had been a jockey
janitor for an Air
Force Base at one

time and they used to make gallons of home brew. - Always something was brewing on the stove. They were particularly disparaging to him one day so he smiled & went in the kitchen.

There on the stove stood the home brew. "So" said George "I pissed in it. I told my friends but not the O.C. I didn't like him."

We retired to bed at 10:30. I made a cup of cocoa & sipped it in bed. - R was first to go down again tonight. - She really

is exhausted.

AUGUST 9TH. 1960

TUESDAY.

R was up first today
& I followed her,
well slept & rested
after a glorious unbroken
night's rest. - Sunny

& cool after the storm.
We dried all our clothes
round the space heater
overnight & started
packing. I packed
off some tapes.

Two nice ones of Grace
Koneak. One packet
went in today's flight
the other 2 go Saturday
No air basket for all
my eggs!

Made a good tape of
Sedee in the craft

house which is already
beautifully set up.

Had a spanking lunch
Leo, and took a signal
from Bill at Burwell. It
was a clarification of last
night's message & Sam
dispatched it immediately
he got in. He was grateful

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19.80 Alexander,

St Hubert,

Shamley, CP21

R+9 had sat by the

receiver picking up

the scraps of talk

as the came on. Signals

faded, static increased.

we did what we could.

Dites moi pourquoi
la vie est belle
dites moi pourquoi
la vie est gaie
dites moi pourquoi
Oh madame
Est ce que Patrice
vous m'aimez

Ekenis Summer D. Leckman
Among the Ekenis of Labrador
DISK HUTTOR

ANN WILL,
NANTON,
ALBERTA

Background of Pt Barwell.
By all story on tape
Henry returning to birth
place - great loss.

After epidemic what
happened?

How many survived -
much older people.
but blood from George
& Whale Rivers?

Co-op store.

Chow fishing - ropes?
What is the best way to
cook chow - as a Norfolk

main to - Sept Isles

PUIOPUNGA - I forget



