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TORONTO 1 - ONTARIO

Weather on trip:

- 8 July: Dry, windy, moderate temp. To Lythou
 9 July. Dry, cool, pleasant. To La Hache.
 10 July. Dry during day. Thunderstorms at night. At 6 mile hobs.
 11 July. Fair, cloudy during day. Heavy rains all night. " " "
 12 July. Intermittent rain all day; heavy rain at night. " " "
 13 July. Showers all day; clear at night. At Cleuculz.
 14 July. Thunder storm towards evening. Clear at night. Fort St. J.
 15 July. Clear and hot all day. " " "
 16 July. " " " " " " " " "
 17 July. Hot, cloudy. Colder towards evening. " " "
 18 July. Clear and hot in day. Clear at night. Open Aunen.
 19 July. Fresh, warm, windy day. Turning cold at night. Port Sa
 20 July. Cold, windy, overcast during most of day. Fine moon. "
 21 July. Cold, windy, showers aft. and evening. Cold, damp night. "

188th day

TUESDAY, JULY 6

178 to come

- 22 July. Cold, windy, few showers, clearing in afternoon and evening. "
 23 July. Clear and cool, with occasional wind and slight showers. "
 24 July. Clear in early a.m.; cloudy at noon and in afternoon. Warm. To Balduy.
 25 July. Rain before dawn; continued all day. Mild. To Sealey Lake.
 26 July. Almost continuous rain all day, clearing slightly at night. "
 27 July. Cold, windy, dull. Some showers in afternoon. "
 28 July. Mild, generally overcast, clearing towards evening. Sealey to Terrace.
 29 July. Warm and clear most of the day. Best weather in some time. Terrace to Talkwa.
 30 July. Clear and warm. An ideal sunset. Talkwa to Babine.
 31 July. Clear and warm. Golden day. Babine.
 1 Aug. Clear and fair. Slightly cooler in evening. "
 2 Aug. Clear and fair. Cold by sunset. "
 3 Aug. Clear in morning, thunderstorm and heavy rains at night. "
 4 Aug. Rain and dull most of day. Cold. "
 5 Aug. Showery and cool. Heavy thunderstorm and rain from 10 p.m. to 1 a.m. "

- 6 Aug. Clearing in a.m.; with bright afternoon. Threatened storms in evening, but one light shower only. — Babine
- 7 Aug. Clear and warm in morning. Thunder showers afternoon and evening. Babine to Vanderhoof.
- 8 Aug. Generally clear and warm, tho' one shower in afternoon. Vanderhoof to Salmon River
- 9 Aug. Generally clear and mild, with occ. light showers. Salmon River - had bathhouse
- 10 Aug. Occasional heavy showers. Clear in evening. Paritine Lake.
- 11 Aug. Night showers, and few light showers during day. Generally fair. Paritine Lake to Alexandra Bridge

Start of Carstoo trip at approx. 10¹⁵ a.m., leaving Betty Thomas and Mary-Joyce Ireland to look after the 1966 Sesamat Place, newly acquired. To Chilliwack, after detour through Sardis because of flood damage. At Hope, stopped at Quaiat Centre, meeting a Mrs. Maxwell, handicraft teacher, recently appointed to Indian hospital at Hanaimo. A small, keen woman, she used to be a reporter on Van. Province, and has had a long interest in Indians.

From ~~Chatter~~ Hope to Lytton without incident. Stayed with Hawthorne's overnight, sleeping for first time in our new umbrella tent. Met at gas station near Indian village. Mr. Gray, retired from Prov. Police, interested in stones and Indian relics. Found an especially fine spear head. Mileage - approx. 190.

Left Lytton at approx. 10 am. A leisurely day. Through to Spence's Bridge, after taking one picture of the Thompson Canyon, & and a couple of Indian church at Spence's Bridge. From Spence's Bridge to Ashcroft, through exotic, arid, colorful country. Stopped at Ashcroft Mine, talking with her and her Parker and daughter Vashli. Lunch in Ashcroft at the Bloom Café. Picture of old man and parrot; picture of main street. Stopped at Bonaparte Ranch, home of Peggy Parker, student in English 205. Graze about 1,000 head of cattle. From Ashcroft to Clinton, to 70 mile House (dirty, historic corner), to 100 mile House (Mention Cecil Ranch), to Lac de Hache, camping at Cariboo Youth Camp, church project and seats. Ashby (rector of Williams' lake) ^{12nd day} and invited ^{SATURDAY, JULY 10} ^{14 to come} Craydale

From Lac de Hache to Quenel. To Williams lake through quiet rolling country. Scenery generally dull. From Williams lake on through Fraser river country, with some fine sand canyons, impressive in width and depth. Williams lake an active town of about 2,000. Cattle centre. Good stores, wide streets.

On leaving Lac de Hache stopped at Twilight lodge to visit the Gums, friends of Judge McEwen. They were hospitable in the extreme, giving us morning coffee, and two fresh rainbow trout for lunch.

At Marguerite took picture of fine old log house; passed Indian caravans on the move (pictures); stopped at 150 mile House for a beer in a most pleasant pub. Then to Quenel and on to Six mile lake where we camped at Vernon's. Solid lumberstorm began at about 7.30, but tent dry and comfortable. A good night.

Up at 8⁰⁰. Weather clearing but fairly chill. Swam in the lake. Then breakfast. Got boat from Vernon at 10⁰⁰ and fished with fly for about 3 hours. Caught 3 rainbows. Threw back one. All small. Ruth lost one, caught none. Lunch at 2³⁰. Looped in afternoon. Talked with some local fishermen. Two of them had caught 8, using 2 spoms and worms. Lake good for small fish only. One local described Quessal as boom town - lumber, plywood, active gold mines at Wells to the East. Looped and read in afternoon. Thunderstorms threatening. From 7 to 10 pm fished. Caught 7, threw back two. Lost 2, good ones. Biggest about 13 inches. All fine fighters. Total fish kept - 7. All on fly, dry. Rained from midnight on - a heavy, cold, ugly rain. Tent ok, but general feeling dampish.

194th day

MONDAY, JULY 12

172 to come

Up at 9 am. to cold, rainy morning. Breakfast at ten by camp cook - stove on point. At eleven, a visit from Vernon, who rents the boats. He settled here in 1911, with 25 cents as cash reserve. Quessal then a completely frontier town, and Prince George a boom town, with 90 foot bar and 104 bar - keeps behind it. Vernon says country still full of moose, deer, and other game. Some time wolves, few cougar. Duck plentiful, and a few faithful loons are on the lake. Still raining steadily at 2 p.m. Finished reading Shupro's Trial of a Poet. Worth further study; a stimulating, provocative book.

Walked in afternoon; visited ~~to~~ Vernon to see his home - made chains - moose-horns for back and across; moose feet on legs. In evening, magnificent fly fishing. In about an hour, Ruth took four, myself three, all except one about 12 inches. Rain all night.

After filthy night of rain, decided to leave anyway. Packed up and left Six Mile Lake at about 11³⁰ - 10¹⁰ Guesnel for some shopping; then through rather flat, dullish country to Prince George, calling at Woodpecker to see Eve Fawcett's school of her early teaching days. Pop. of Woodpecker district - 80 persons. Prince G. even livelier than in 1943. A boom town, especially in lumber. More hotels per sq. ft. than in any other town I know. Counted five in one small block - Keller House, The Canada, The National, Astoria, the Prince George, etc. etc. All over the place. Visited Bob Harlow's mother and brother. Then on 45 miles to Clucutz Lake, camping at LUANA'S. Fished for an hour, but little rising. A fine sunset after day of rain.

196th day

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14

170 to come

Left Clucutz Lake at about 11⁴⁵ driving to Vanderhoof by one o'clock. Vanderhoof a quiet, western village, pop. about 400-500, with one main street, and one side street, with good hotel, Liquor Store, Indian Agent, PO on it. Ate at the town's main restaurant, steak dinner 80 cents. Here found Ruby Halloway's niece, holding down summer job as waitress and loving it. At about 2³⁰ went on to Fort St. James, through vast, undeveloped country, free of settlements and traffic. Road - fairly good gravel. At Fort St. James, 40 miles from Vanderhoof, there is a H. B. Post, established 1806; two Indian settlements (said to be Carrier Indians, speaking about same language as Harehoses), and about 150 whites. Found Douglas Lodge, operated by the Conaiches, a lovely place, and put up tent near their winter boat house. Trilled in evening; Ruth got 2 fine Kamloops - about 2 and 3 lbs.

197th day

(see June 15th for addenda)

THURSDAY, JULY 15

169 to come

1948

Up late; breakfast and reading. To village at 2, taking the Lodge chef with us - an ex-sailor, sunk in the Mediterranean; a wanderer, but pleasant, amiable. Saw the village. Good Indian church; old H. B. block-house and buildings; talked with the manager of the Bay-Walker, who was eager to explain that there was still a fur-trading post and not a store. Advised at Dickinson's General Store to see Harry the Jew about fly-fishing, but haven't done so yet. Having returned boat to Lodge, had set no boat for evening fishing, so cast off the shore. Most amazing evening rise, from about 7 to 10. Great hatch of flies - called here salmon-flies. Small trout all around shore, even at my feet. For about 30-45 mins. a rise of large trout fairly close to shore. Experimented with flies. Caught and returned 5 pan fish, and finally landed 17 inch trout. Good fight. At 11³⁰ still light, ^{though sun had set at about 10:30}

198th day

FRIDAY, JULY 16

168 to come

Slept late; read and loafed and got sun-burnt. At 4, went to village; talked for a short time with Father Simpson, new priest at the Indian mission. Fished the river for 3 hrs. Lots of fish but the scum of all flies. Dropped in on BC Forest Service, met Scotty Almond, who took us out for an hour in forestry launch. Kissed my landing net, and went back to river where we had left it. Found a note: "I have your landing net. Johni the Jew." Found Johni living in a shack by the River. Horse dead, but not as well. Johni, 61 yrs. old. in underwear, pants, and a Indian Moccasins, invited us in. Garrulous, rambling character whose mind slipped from Riga, to Latvia, to Berlin, to Wisconsin, etc. Calls himself the Jew because he believes in his race and in the general goodness of people. Walls of hut filled with pictures from movie actresses to famous rabbis. Johni a passionate fly fisherman - likes it because it's a game, a sport.

199th day

SATURDAY, JULY 17

167 to come

1948

Visited in the morning by ^{the} Mrs. McConachie's - the wife of the lodge owner
and the older one, occupation unknown. Had out a hot
day. In the evening caught a few flies at B.C. Forest dock,
without luck; then went to Sat. night dance at
the Lodge. An whole a hell party, with good food,
but met some interesting people, notably the
D. Kingsons, of the General Store, and the
Kirkpatrick (or Kirkpatrick), he a brother
of Myrtle had. Seemed a lost soul. At party, old
Ritchie Clarke (2743 Dundas, Van), Mrs. McConachie's
brother was gaily drunk, as was Walker, the
H.B. Manager. Clarke knows Chinook, was brought
up close to Alberni Indians, and might be
interesting to Hawthorne. To bed at 3 a.m.

200th day

SUNDAY, JULY 18

166 to come

Up at 10; broke camp, and after long farewells with McConachie's left
Fort St. J. at 2⁰⁰. Steak dinner at Silver Grill in Vanderhoof,
again with Claudia as waitress; then by good road to Fort
Fraser, Lejac, Fraser Lake. Three miles out side of
Fraser Lake, branched off to Glen Annan 8 miles further on,
where the Stellatka River flows out of Braucis Lake. This
is a famous fishing spot. Set up tent by the lake side,
rented a boat from a Mrs. Redland, whose son (former
tank man and graduate of Sandhurst OCTU) is fish warden.
Didn't meet son, but met a charming English woman
and nurse in Vancouver. Fished the mouth of the
River for 2 hrs. with only some small rises. Saw
some mighty fish jump, but local fishermen not
having much luck. A beautiful camping
spot, and a marvellous lake.

Up at 9³⁰ to a hot day. Broke camp, but had a long visit from Mrs. Rudden and did not get away until about 11³⁰. Passed up at Endako, some ten or twelve miles away, then through birch and elder country to Burns Lake, where we ate, shopped, and had car greased, oiled, etc. After trying several places located my friend Grey White, formerly of Lake St. George, and had delightful chat with him. I stayed with him overnight in Dec 44 at Hijmegen, where he was in charge of a Pioneer Co. He settled in Burns Lake a year ago, and is now recy of school board, accountant of municipality, etc. Has had tough time getting settled but loves it. At 4 p.m. to Francis Lake Ferry; then on to Ootsa Lake, where we met Mrs. McNeil, and we camping near her cabins. Met the Fitzgeralds from Seattle, also camping here. Moose horns everywhere.

202nd day

TUESDAY, JULY 20

164 to come

Slept till 9³⁰. Cold, raw morning. Walked to Palletier's store, mile and half, bought supply of groceries. At 1³⁰ drove to Henson's, past Marillo, a total of 21 miles from Ootsa over very rough roads. Took 1 hr., 20 mins. At Henson's met Jack Roy (says his right name is Le Page de St. Emard, an old Fr. Can family) who was born in Montreal but has lived in the woods since since 1825. Is a remarkably well-educated person, with an astonishing vocabulary and a quick mind. Another mystery of this country. He now works as handyman for Henson's. Drove to outlet of lake, at Ootsa river, taking young Marshall Fitzgerald with us, and had a fine hour of fly-fishing. Caught 4 fish, but a couple. Took Roy & Coachman and fought with great deal of vigor. Biggest about 15 inches, but firm. Drove home to Ootsa at 9³⁰. Ate fish; to bed at 11 p.m. Fine moon.

Up at 9³⁰ after cold, raw night. Cleaned out car, repacked it. Then Fitzgerald and son picked us up and we trolled up the lake for four miles, in a cold wind that eventually turned to a drizzle. We vainly attempted fly fishing on a beautiful sandy point, then trolled back to get home at 5³⁰ after about 6 hrs. out. Total catch - 11, ranging from $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., with average around 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Beautiful, firm fish - all rainbow. Fitz caught 5, Marshall 3, myself 3, Ruth caught. After drink with the Fitzgeralds, back to a cold tent; cooked fish, and sangily to bed at 9³⁰ or 10⁰⁰. Ruth cold most of the night; myself warm after about first hour.

Fish to date: (27)

~~the~~ Late rising, with morning around tent. In afternoon and early evening went trolling with Fitzgerald and Marshall, while Ruth stayed home with Mrs. Fitz, talking and walking. Trolling was spotty. Went towards east end of lake, then coming back on the south side ran in to small good luck. Total catch for day, 11 the rainbow and one squawfish. Last 1 named, an ugly fish, hump-backed, no teeth round sucker mouth, heavy scales, total weight about 5 lbs. Personal catch - 4 rainbow, and squawfish. Evening saw fine sunset, after windy day.

Fish - (32)

Pack rates from Mrs. Hanson. $\$1.15$ per day for each of first 2 people; 12^{th} for others.

205th day

FRIDAY, JULY 23

161 to come

1948

Up at 7 a.m. and after gassing up, Ruth and I
off with Fitzgeralds (father and son) to Hanson's
near Merrill, to fish in the Ootsa river. Guided
by young chap, Doug, we went in 36 ft. river boat
down the river 4 or so miles, and generally
had consistent sport. Fish on whole ran about
pound or pound and half, but they are superb
fighters and interesting to catch. They took a
good number of flies, but personally I found best
luck with Royal Coachman and Black Gnat, though
they were also taking Brown Hackles. Total catch
for day was 34, I think. I got about 12 or 14;
Ruth 6 or 7; Fitzgeralds the remainder. Largest about
2 lbs. Picked up Nat-Virginia boys who had just caused Circle
Home and to bed at midnight. Total fish: 62. 100.

206th day

SATURDAY, JULY 24

160 to come

After morning talk with Bundy (from West Virginia), we
decided to break camp and we were ready to leave by
1¹⁵. Farewells to Fitzgeralds and Mrs. Billy McNeil,
then off at 1⁴⁵ with color photo on way up the long
hill from Ootsa. Got 3 o'clock ferry from
South Bank; at Francois Lake P.O. Talked with
store owners, bus, and Mrs. Heave, who showed
us some interesting paintings by a Mrs. Lindsay.
Also showed us the cocher spaniels, which
they breed. ($\$20$ - $\$25$ for puppies). After breaking
away from Heaves (she a grossing old soul but
nice and he deaf and with a peg-leg), on
to Burns Lake; stopped and gassed; then
drove through Topley and Hornston; pitching
tent at 8 o'clock beside Pookheli River by and Hornston.
Good day with pleasant weather.

From 3 miles West of Houston, where we camped on the bank of the Bulkeley. To Sealey Lake, approx. 96 miles past Head Hazelton on Highway 16. This is a long, lonely drive of about 100 miles, with the road going through the Bulkeley Valley - a wide, farming valley - but rain gave us little chance to see any mountains. At Telkwa, 10 miles east of Smithers, stopped for excellent lunch at Hotel, after long chat with Neil Brody, local fishing expert (good coho and steelhead in river from middle of August to end of Sept.), and short visit with Frank Jakubel, friend of the Geer's, and local mine owner. Telkwa pretty village, facing the river. At Smithers looked for Fowler but didn't find him; then drove to Lake Kathleen to go up side road leading towards Hudson Bay Mt. Glacier. Got good view of Glacier from half way up, but when we got to end (back)

Night of steady, fairly heavy rain. Up at 10⁰⁰ to cold, drizzly day. Breakfast, shave, then at 12⁰⁰ we drove into Old Hazelton, over magnificent bridge across Bulkeley Canyon. Hazelton seen at its worst: mud, rain, grayness. Town small, and largely dependent on Indian population. Stores: Sargent's, Dawson's, H. B. Visited Bill Sargent Sargent and wife and children; wandered through streets; took pictures (including some of stores in baseball park); then back to camp in p.m. rain.

Rain cont'd thru remainder of day, stopping slightly at nightfall.

Road and to bed early.

Up at ten; away at 11. Took some pictures at Hagwikeet, Indian village, outside of Hazelton. Talked with Jim - old ex-chief. He had just come up from Skeena with load of smoked fish. Lunched with Sargents and a Mr. Walton, widower, formerly of Slocan, friend of Dick Harris and Harry Arison. Then with Sargents drove to Kispiox, village famous for its Totems - about a dozen standing and three fallen. Some fine carving. See Marcus Barbeau's work on same. Discussed back of Rolli defective and pictures may be light-streched. Drove on up valley over horrible roads at break-neck speed to Horv's Ranch, then eventually back to Hazelton. Left Sargents and visited old Indian cemetery outside of Hazelton before going to camp. Few Indians to be seen. Nearly all frothing at coast. Note: Marie Wilson with us on trip. Put Indian and married to enfranchised Indian. Cold snow day.

210th day

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28

156 to come

Away from Seely Lake at 11³⁰. To Skeena Crossing, where there is a fine Indian village, with hydrants, water system, good church, many buildings made of finished lumber, only few log cabins. Many fine totems along main street and near church. Noq a common motif. Some totems, notably on rock one, very neat, as was a large carving of an animal said to represent an under-ocean grizzly. Talked with an old Mr. Brown who said he "drew" (carved?) the animal for its owner for 200. Modern touch included a "white" bear skin, which had been nailed over the back of the animal. Brown also directed us to about 6 old, weather-beaten poles, on the very banks of the Skeena below the modern village. These were most impressive, in their carving and their setting.

From Skeena Crossing to Kitwanga, crossing the Skeena in row-boat, rowed by ferryman. Women netting fish along bank. Kitwanga has great series of stupendous poles, nearly all finely colored and in good state of repair. Noq, bear, raven, eagle all common.

(back)

Left Lake Louise Lake at 8³⁰ To Terrace for some shopping. Then, at 10⁰⁰ headed east. Road fine all day. Mountains clear and lovely. Fine views of Seven Sisters of the Skeena. Stopped for picnic lunch at Skeena Crossing. Took more pictures, including one of pole in memory of a Chief Corvason, who died in 1839, with pole erected in 1945. At Moccasin, to east of New Hazelton, stopped to watch Indians gaffing fish at the falls in Bulkley River. They use a long, spear like pole with great iron gaff hook on end, but when fish is gaffed hook and tip come off main pole, leaving fish dangling, thus preventing escape. About 5 or 6 men were at work, with some old men watching and with children and women clearing and smoking in about 6 smoke-houses. Fish were sock-eye and spring, with some spring close to 50 pounds. Fish are thrown (back)

212th day

FRIDAY, JULY 30

154 to come

Left Terrace at 10⁰⁰ after short street visit with Mrs. D. Okherel, and some shopping. Stopped at Johnson Lake, 9 miles west of Hazelton, where I fly-fished for an hour without luck, but we had an interesting talk with an old man, Foster from Smithers, a railroaman in the district since the "laying of the stake." Interesting story of Indian chief who fled to woods when railway came. "White man bring steamboat of the bush, time for me to die." Also story of Indian who dreamed he was going to die on certain date and so ordered his tomb stone in advance. Kept tomb stone in his front yard for many years after. At Topley decided on Babine; road (27 miles) rough but passable, and we arrived at Topley Landing at 4³⁰. Lake 110 miles long, excellent scenery. Camping on B.C. Forests Service Camping ground. Trilled for home nothing. Fine day.

Another fine day. Washing and clean up in the a.m. At about 2 p.m. rowed up Fulton River, then over a hell of a trail to the so-called Millionaire's Pool, and on to the Falls, distance of about 4 miles. On way back got off trail and temporarily lost twice, but got back on by compass aid. Many signs of bear and moose, but saw no animals. Out of woods at 8 p.m. and fished river for 1 1/2 hrs., catching only one. Saw many amazing sizes of big fish, but they refused all types of flies. Back at camp, ate supper at 10 p.m., then joined campers from Tappan (Hoggs and some body else - Freddy and family) in whiskey and coffee. Walked river to village to listen to Indian band for few minutes; then to bed at 1 a.m.

214th day

SUNDAY, AUGUST 1

152 to come

Lazy morning. Picnicked with Tappan campers up Fulton River, then floated back to camp, casting a few flies without luck. Saw occasional rises, but little actual activity on river. Got back to camp at 5:30, to watch our Tappan neighbors break camp and leave at 6:45. Read the Eustace Diamonds, ate late supper of macaroni dinner and hash, walked and to bed. Day clear and sunny, though evening cold.

~~All under June 20.~~

David Leon says he has totem pole in Burns Lake, but is vague about it. Apparently it's memorial for his grand-father. Some totem poles are like tomb stones - in memory of some one, but not necessarily placed near place of death or burial.

Notes: selling of furs to H. B. by means of long rifle.

His description of epidemic at Old Fort when all people "fall down" in one day, and many die, including his mother.

216th day

TUESDAY, AUGUST 3

150 to come

By agreement, up to meet Paddy Leon for 10 o'clock trip, but Paddy arrived at 10⁰⁰, full of excuses. To Millionaires Pool. Reached by going by boat up Fulton River for a mile, then 50 minutes by trail through brush, over windfalls, and rocks to Pool. Beautiful spot. Fast water at inlet, deep pool, and two fast outlets around a little island. Lots of fish jumping, big ones of 3-5 pounds leaping clear of water. Started with fly, and we caught 3 - Ruth a big one (2 1/2 pounds), myself 2 smaller ones. Then with Paddy, went to island, wading across. Fish refused flies; so Paddy turned to salmon eggs on a single hook. This was murderous. Took six trout in a half-hour. Largest a 3 pound cent-throat. Then Ruth took another, and got a very big one. Total catch - 10. Back at 6³⁰, breaking them for dinner. Visit in evening from Paddy Leon and wife; then Ed Dan and Rosy. Stayed till 10⁰⁰; then food and to bed.

65 fish to date.

Rain all night and most of day. Kept till ten, and rolled out of tent to find Daniel and Rosy, bearing presents - a pair of ~~old~~ gloves and a bear-skin neck piece, to add to sack already given to Ruth. Coffee with the lions. Then came visiting fire-watcher, a tough pole and ex-pat trooper, who had dropped at Hijmegen. Ruth wrote letters and ~~that~~ knitted in afternoon. I bleed in a cold wet tent during most of the day, finishing Eustace Diamonds. Cleared towards evening, and we trolled for about an hour, taking me good, hard fighting rainbow on a Gibbs Stewart-4. Back before another sharp rain, followed by gloomy evening. The worst day since coming to Babine. 34 yrs. ago was declared. (66 fish.)

218th day

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5

148 to come

9th wedding anniversary.

This day we had intended to leave for Ladako, but roads were ~~wet~~ wet and slippery and probably impassable without chains, so we stayed to watch out a drizzly, cloudy day. Cleared at about four o'clock, and we took row boat up the Fulton River for an hour or two of fly fishing but caught nothing. Saw plenty of sock-eye jumping, but they will not take fly and are not considered a game fish. Talked with Tom Mann, UBC graduate, now with Fisheries, and he gave us considerable info on life of sock-eye. Check is made of all fish coming into Babine, circa 500,000. Sock-eye run up Fulton River for spawning, circa 50,000. Also talked with Gelly, of Dominion Fisheries. At 10⁰⁰ pm, hall of Thunderstorm broke, tent floor soaked; spent part of night in car.

After being wet three hours, rain stopped at about 1 a.m. and we moved back into dampish tent. Eventually up at 10 a.m. to a clearing morning. Daniel Leon paid his morning visit and talked fairly coherently about some of his ancestors, and he sang us some Chinook songs, apparently religious in nature, but pleasant in tone. Daniel carries a tune well, and has a thin, pleasant old voice. One song begins "Klei-hawa, papa, papa, monsigneur." Apparently greeting song to visiting church dignitary. Also talked again with Lon Kelly, fisheries man, who lent me little report on sock-eye and told us lot about his work. At 4³⁰ crossed lake with Paddy Leon to troll for an hour. Caught six fine rainbows (2-5 pounds) and lost biggest rainbow I ever saw - about 12-15 pounds. Let would be to take him; I had a six-pound lost leader on, and he got off under boat.

220th day

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7

146 to come (72-fish)

Left Topley landing after morning drink with 3 class-drunk lumberjacks, and a farewell visit to Dan and Roy Leon and to Pa Holmes. Finally got away at 12³⁰ and made 27 miles to Topley in 1 hr. 40 mins. Road full of water-holes but had no tumbles. At Topley stopped at Gold's store, and then drove to the east, ending day's trip at Vanderhoof. Stopped for cheese and crackers outside of Burns lake, encountering three more hard drinking people (the man with the cleft palate singing at top of his voice) and we were forced into another quick start. Drove through grounds of Indian Residential School at Lejac (Oblet's Father), where they have an especially fine farm. Camped at 9³⁰ beside Lejac lake outside of Vanderhoof. Damp, and mosquitoey, but good day.

After warm night, up at 9⁰⁰ and left Venden roof at 10³⁰. Road good, but country between Van. and Prince George dull and unvaried. Road very straight and runs between rows of shrubs and second growth alders. Little to be seen, and only a few farms, though farming area becomes more marked on approaching Prince G. Stopped at Baird's place (Lund's) at Chuculty Lake to recover a forgotten blanket; then in P. G. had milkshake, bought newspapers, and looked at closed shops. At 4³⁰ drove over new Pine Pass Highway (Hart Highway) to Summit Lake, which is on the Arctic watershed. Then returned about 15 miles to Salmon River where we camped in a pleasant spot by bridge. Two deer seen during day - both doe and lovely.

To Prince G. in morning at about 11. Shopped. History of Prince G., 2 pr. of moccasins from Woods Pharmacy, pipe paper, socks, tobacco, etc. Left Prince G. at 1⁰⁰ p.m. Drive to Quenel generally dull, with roads roughish, but from Quenel on country opens up into grazing and farm land, and coming into Williams Lake you get some superb Fraser Canyon scenery. Beyond Williams Lake, we stopped at 150 mile House for a beer and fresh water, then drove almost to Lac La Pêche, camping in a pleasant meadow beside a creek that flows out of Lac La Pêche. Covered about 200 miles during day.

Day generally pleasant but we ran into several wild thunderstorms after leaving Prince George.

Indian moccasins done by Carrier Indians. Woods Pharmacy has some of the best Indian wares we have seen. Moccasins were \$13.75 pr.

Got away from Alexandra Bridge at about 9³⁰. At Spuzzum bought some Indian basket work (one especially fine tray by an old Kootenai Thompson woman - cost \$14.50). Along the Fraser, near Hope, talked with some Fraser River Indians (man, woman, child), who were cleaning and drying sock-eye and spring salmon. Bones out, flesh opened up, then partially sliced with a sharp chopper, then hung for about 3 weeks to dry in partial shade. Quick lunch at Hope, after stopping to talk with handicrafters - Mrs. Maxwell and Mrs. McLaughlin. Stake got a spindle for spinning. Home at about 6⁰⁰, having gone 2500 miles; away 136 days. A fine and exciting trip. Betty and Mary Joyce welcomed us. Everything ship-shape.

226th day

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13

140 to come

Day of business. To bank in morning. Then to Seaman at Pearl Estate. Picked up head of land (20.200745 L), etc., put in strong box. Downtown with Ruth. To Odium - Brown, where I arranged with Roger Odium for \$15,000 fire insurance on house, total coverage of \$5000 on personal effects, furniture, etc., and a \$10,000 liability policy. Ruth got car through safety lane, and changed addresses on registration and driving licenses. We stopped for some household goods (mops, carpet-sweeper, etc.), got a new hat at the Bay. back home by 6⁰⁰. Picked up mail at the office; visited the Ashlans, who move to Carlfield tomorrow. Home to find Betty and Mary Joyce. To bed at midnight.

167th day

TUESDAY, JUNE 15

199 to come

1948

Add July 15 - After our fishing, a young boy in Indian dress came by and stopped to talk. Came here from Colorado, helping to move a Mormon migration of about 30 people. He had lived on the Rangeltan, had work on beet-farm, but he and his father would plan to settle here. A tough, shrewd, observant lad; skilled with his hands; poised; a good talker; friendly.

168th day

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16

198 to come

Add July 25 - off road (deserted gold mine and old army big camp), rain and mists had closed in. After walking through waist-high grass for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, got magnificent views of two glacial falls, coming off glacier above. From here drove on to south Hazelton, then to camping site on Seely Lake, where, in a steady drizzle, we pitched tent for night. Trout rising in lake; did little fly-casting but no luck! To bed at 10⁰⁰, surrounded by moisture and mosquitoes.

Add July 26. Also two fine memorial figures, one similar to "grizzly-whale" of Skeena Crossing. Fine detail of three warriors in canoe, on one pole, reminiscent of early medieval carving. Kitwanga small, but has H. B. Post (log construction), r'y station, two churches, and S. A. stall. Host of poles impressively grouped on south side of main street with mountains forming stupendous background. For the amateur at least, the most impressive display of poles we have seen - the most animated, the most dramatic, the most colorful. Took many pictures, but because of time of day, most of the lighting not good. Also lacked a clear sun.

From Kitwanga, back across the ferry, to Terrace. Kinn's general store now a modernized hardware store. Many of the lower army huts still up, but, on driving to the upper Terrace where the

highlands used to be, found all of the camp gone, though the view as fine as ever. Dinner at Skeena Cafe, where I had the biggest T-Bone steak I've seen since 1941; \$1.25. After gas, drove to Lakeelse lake, about 15 miles from Terrace, the signs say 11. A beautiful lake, with fine mountain background. Camped there for night.